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December

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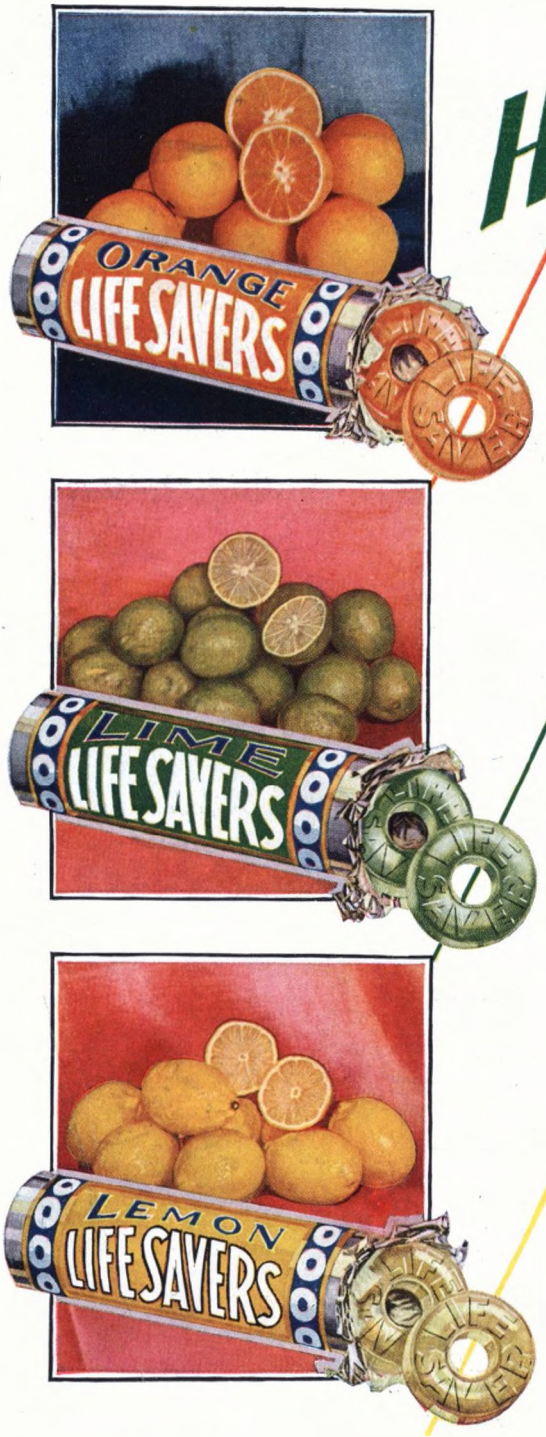

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VOL. LXXXVII NO. 6

Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

Contents of for December, 1929

Features

Serials

Biography

Short Stories

Published monthly by INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY, INC., 57th St. at Eighth Avenue, New York City.

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Do Your Friends Feel Sorry for Your Wife?

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Brave, loyal woman, she would be the last to reproach her husband because he doesn't earn as much as other men whose wives she is thrown with constantly.

"Money isn't everything," she tells him—yet how she longs for his promotion—for that bigger salary that means better clothes, greater advantages for the children, a new car, *more of the comforts and luxuries of life!*

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Would it not mean much to your wife and family if you could increase your income even 50 or 100 per cent—or could acquire and manage a successful business of your own?

These Cases Not Exceptional

And so we could go on, with case after case—yes, thousands of them—and every man could tell of a salary-increase better than 100 per cent which he directly credits to LaSalle home-study business training—

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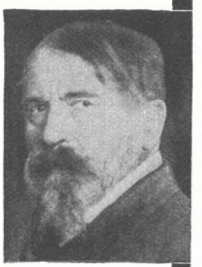

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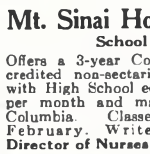

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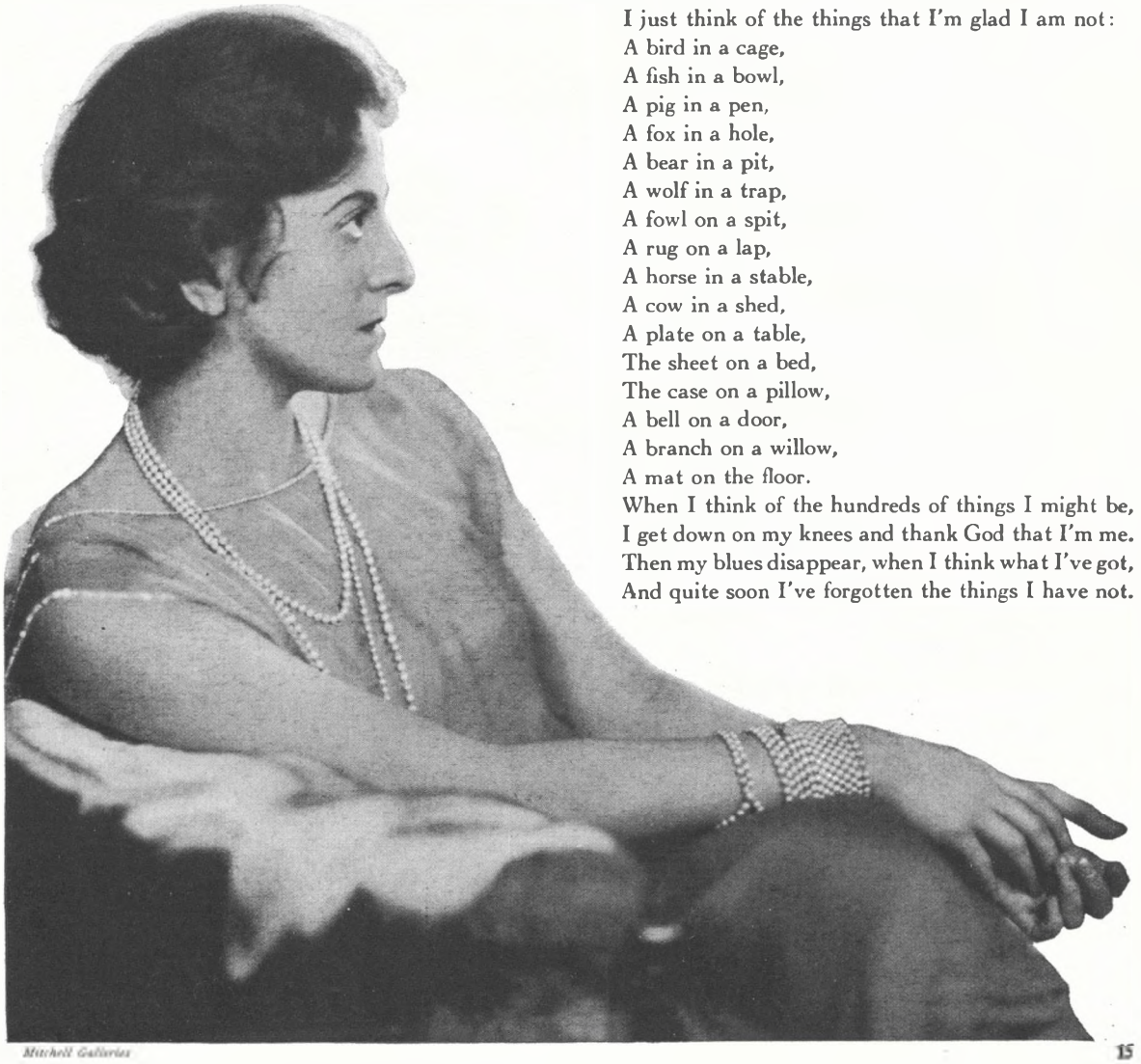
RAY LONG Editor

Compensation

by Elsie Janis

WHEN my luck seems all out
And I'm down at the mouth,
When I'm stuck in the North,
And I want to go South;
When the world seems a blank
And there's no one I love,
And it seems even God's
Not in Heaven above,
I've a cure for my grouch
And it works like a shot—
I just think of the things that I'm glad I am not:
A bird in a cage,
A fish in a bowl,
A pig in a pen,
A fox in a hole,
A bear in a pit,
A wolf in a trap,
A fowl on a spit,
A rug on a lap,
A horse in a stable,
A cow in a shed,
A plate on a table,
The sheet on a bed,
The case on a pillow,
A bell on a door,
A branch on a willow,
A mat on the floor.
When I think of the hundreds of things I might be,
I get down on my knees and thank God that I'm me.
Then my blues disappear, when I think what I've got,
And quite soon I've forgotten the things I have not.



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Phantom

By REX

"IF I didn't know better, I'd swear Big John Dillon was alive," Inspector Kane declared in some irritation.

His two companions, who were examining a collection of fingerprint records and photographs, looked up and one of them nodded. The inspector sat in frowning silence for a while before he went on.

"I've never seen one of these super-criminals we read about but Dillon was the nearest. I've often wondered why he wasn't written up."

"Yeah! These penny-a-liners love that stuff. The way they solve the most terrifying crime mysteries is no trouble to 'em. What d'you say we turn this one over to the Park Row master minds?" The speaker, Harley Baker, a lieutenant of detectives, smiled sarcastically.

"How does this fellow remind you of Dillon?" inquired the third member of the group, Joe Larned by name. He was an alert man of about thirty-five; it was beside his desk that the others sat. Larned had the rank of acting captain and for the past two years he had been in charge of the Bureau of Criminal Identification, a position calling for unusual intelligence and executive ability.

"Technique, for one thing," the inspector told him. "Big John was stronger than a bull and nimble as a cat; he worked alone and he never stole anything except cash and jewels."

Baker nodded again. "Which certainly fits this yegg like a pair of tights. He could have cleaned up in vaudeville, juggling dumb-bells and breaking chains. All he needed was a leopard skin. And he could have cleaned us dicks, too, what I mean! Smart bird! You bet *he* never left any fingerprints on his jobs."

Kane spoke again. "Big John's record is still in the files—anyhow, it used to be. We kept it as a curiosity."

"Strange that he quit second-story work for a bank job and blew himself up. That wasn't so smart." Larned was speaking.

"Oh, Big John got ambitious, I suppose! Wanted to reach the top."

Kane relighted the cigar he had been chewing and waved his match at Larned's desk. "What's strange to me is that with all you've got to go on you can't get any sort of a line on this new guy."

Fingerprints

BEACH

Illustrations by
Frederic Dorr Steele

"We've got no record of him here. Neither have any of the big cities. Maybe he's some amateur."

"If he is, heaven save us from the pros!" said Kane.

"We'll get him," Baker predicted confidently as he resumed his microscopic examination of the photographs on the desk.

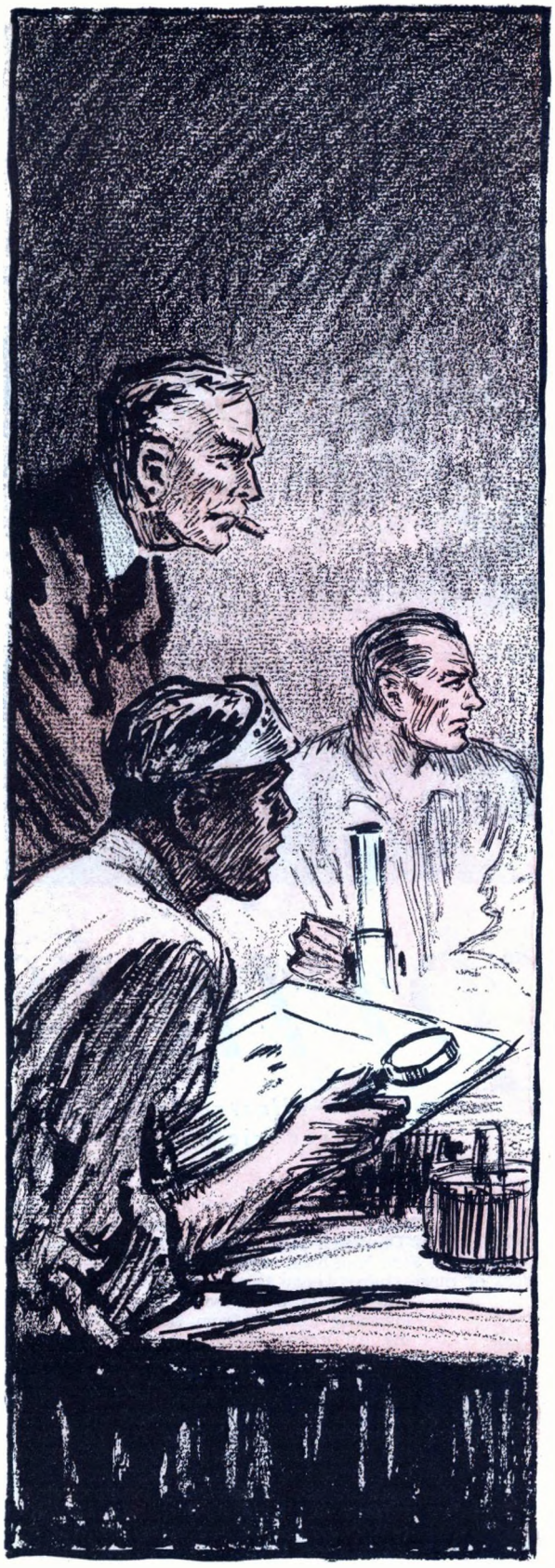
It was a quiet night at 240 Centre Street and for the third time in as many days Kane had come downstairs to the Bureau of Criminal Identification to discuss with its most skillful experts certain robberies which had been growing in importance week by week. Larned's department, with its elaborate equipment of filing cabinets in which reposed the indexed and cross-indexed records of New York's vast underworld of crime, was comparatively deserted at this hour. With the exception of a couple of men at high desks in the rear, the inspector and his two principal aides had it to themselves.

Truth to say, these robberies were important enough to call for exercise of the best brains in the department, for there had been several of them and they were much alike. They had assumed unusual significance when the residence of Danforth Moore, a wealthy citizen on the upper East Side, had been entered and ransacked with a loss of more than twenty thousand dollars. The thief had gained entrance to the premises by lowering himself from the roof and forcing an upper window, a feat calling for strength, agility and daring of a high order.

Later the house of James Merkle, one of the city's wealthiest men, had been burgled in much the same manner and the loss had been even heavier. Only two nights ago the Oswald mansion at Wheatley Hills had been rifled of approximately thirty thousand dollars in cash and precious stones.

In every instance the police had found fingerprints which they had dusted and photographed, proving that the same hand had left them. What seemed amazing was that a burglar as skillful as this one appeared to be should prove so careless as to leave such clues behind him. It bespoke the amateur indeed.

Out of the several perfect prints taken from the scenes



¶ *Larned unfolded the fingerprints of the late John Dillon. "Don't tell me he's alive!" exploded Baker. "Harley's right. Dillon is dead," Kane muttered.*

of the crimes a complete right-hand set had been assembled and Larned had classified it in the usual manner. This had enabled him to turn with certainty to his files. But he had failed to identify the criminal. The markings were so extraordinary as to put them in a class almost of their own; nevertheless, there was no duplicate of them either in the New York Department or in the department of the leading cities to which he had wired.

ASIDE from the value of the loot already taken, the wealth and standing of the robber's victims lifted this crime series out of the ordinary. That which worried Inspector Kane and his subordinates tonight was the practical certainty that it would continue. The trio were still racking their brains over the matter when a uniformed man entered to advise Larned that a Doctor Peters was calling.

A visitor at this hour of night was unusual but Larned told his chief:

"Here's a piece of luck. This Peters is a character. He's nutty but he's something of a criminologist. As a matter of fact I've consulted him once or twice. What do you say if we take him in on this thing?"

Kane agreed readily enough and a few moments later the doctor appeared.

"Come in and join a circle of heavy thinkers," was Larned's hearty greeting. "But first—what brings you downtown at this ungodly hour?"

"I'm trying to find my way home from Brooklyn. Thought maybe we could ride uptown together." The speaker was a heavy-set man of about Larned's age: his cheek bones were high, his face was square and dark and a pair of feverish eyes peered out from beneath bushy brows. It was a strong, a rugged, a passionate face, that lighted up with interest when its owner noted what lay on Larned's desk. As he shook hands with Kane and Baker he smiled and said: "At it again, I see. Don't you ever give the poor crooks a rest?"

The inspector wagged his head. "It's us coppers who never get any rest. Rotten business! Nothing in it. Joe says you're a kind of Sherlock Holmes. Is that right?"

"I'm nothing of the sort. Crime interests me, in an academic way, because it's so easy."

"Easy?"

"It must be, judging from the blockheads who follow it. I'm fascinated by the opportunities it offers to a man of intelligence. Sometimes I wish I'd gone in for it."

KANE smiled a trifle bleakly. "You consider crooks a dumb bunch, eh? Or—maybe you put in with the general public and think we're half-witted?"

"No, no! I merely suspect that a man with a trained mind, a scientist, for instance, could make crime pay better than—well, better than chemistry, which happens to be my line. Unfortunately, we're taught to believe that honesty is the best policy. We read it in our copy books and we accept it as gospel. Foolish, isn't it, when it may be the very poorest policy for some men?

"Generalizations are dangerous. Virtue and vice are the results of conditioning. Happily for you fellows the human mind has an antipathy for new ideas and the average man runs straight because he was headed in that direction . . . Now then, what's the heavy thinking about? What's the problem that calls for aid?"

"We've got a sort of super-burglar on our hands, and we can't identify his fingerprints."

"A super-burglar who leaves an autograph?" The doctor lifted his thick brows incredulously.

"That's one thing that puzzles us. We've made up a complete right-hand set, but so far it hasn't helped us in the least."

Casually Peters examined the photographs on his friend Larned's desk, while the latter told him about the several robberies. As the story took shape the doctor's interest deepened.

"What stumps us is that an expert could have remained unknown," Larned concluded.

"Why call him an expert? Anybody can rob a house. How much has he taken?"

"Close to a hundred thousand dollars."

"And all you have against him is those prints?"

"Best evidence in the world, doctor."

"H'm-m! Yes and no. I've never believed altogether in them. Too perishable, for one thing. A swipe of a handkerchief and the source of your evidence is gone. By the way, I can improve your technique considerably in that respect."

"How?"

"I've worked out a process of my own to develop and fix a print permanently so that it won't rub off. Yes, and I can bring out the markings much better than you do."

"Really?" Kane was interested. "We could use that. There ought to be money in it for you, too."

The doctor shook his head. "Too limited in its use. I'll make Joe a present of it. No, a scientist can't cash in on a thing like that, and when he works out a discovery of commercial importance some big capitalist steals it for his own profit.

"Take this Henry Oswald, for instance. The biggest thief in America! He has robbed a dozen fellows like me—robbed 'em of their ideas. I went to him once on a certain matter, and I know. Pardon me if I don't dissolve in tears at the loss of his diamond cuff links."

BAKER, who had listened in silence, now spoke up. "This new porch-climber is a ringer for a famous crook we had a few years ago by the name of Dillon."

"I remember him," Peters nodded.

"Same line of work. Same peculiar technique. We can usually recognize a criminal by the way he goes about his job, but——"

"If he's Dillon's double, as you say, their fingerprints are probably alike."

"Yeah?" Baker looked interested but incredulous.

"I've a theory that people wear their life stories on their finger tips."

"You mean—like the bumps on their heads?"

"Phrenology is a fake! Skull bumps have nothing to do with the brain inside. Neither is there anything in the other methods of personality reading, so called. Graphologists, head-hunters, skin-scratchers—fakes, all of them!

"But the microscopic lines on a human finger are traced by something other than chance; they're more than skin-deep. Destiny put them there. Remove the epidermis and they'll return, again and again: criminals have tried sandpaper and it doesn't work.

"I venture to say there's a complete and an indelible biography written in those little whorls and loops and tents you look at through your microscopes if you only knew how to read them. For instance, Dillon, you say, had strongly marked characteristics; he was an outstanding figure. If your Mr. X is so much like him, and the facts indicate that he is, then I'll wager their prints would look pretty much alike if it were possible to compare them."

Larned rose from his chair, saying: "You're about to witness a Spencerian tragedy, doc: a deduction

¶ "*Then the entire method of criminal identification upon which your department is built has blown up like Dillon's bomb,*" *Peters suggested mockingly.*

killed by a fact. Fortunately, Dillon's papers are still in our morgue and here goes to kick your infant theory in the shins." He crossed the room and entered an enclosure of heavy woven wire which contained batteries of steel cabinets reaching to the ceiling.

Kane spoke with a faint smile of amusement. "If you can read personality that way, doctor, you're a lot smarter than we are."

"I don't say that I can," the scientist protested, "but that doesn't disprove my contention. Human knowledge is limited and——"

"DON'T hedge! I string with Joe and I'll lay you eight to five these two records won't classify within a mile of each other. That's a wild guess, of course, but—there never were two prints alike. I mean two full sets. No, not even a right or a left hand.

"I suppose it's conceivable that two index fingers or two thumbs might have similar loops or whorls—enough alike to fool an amateur—but we work with sets of five and ten fingers. That parlays the improbabilities up into the millions. You're out on a limb, doctor."

"Here we are." Larned returned with a soiled yellow folder in his hand, which he opened. In it reposed a sheaf of standard department blanks containing the record of the late John Dillon, the reports of his arrests, the histories of the sundry crimes attributed to him, together with photographs, fingerprint forms and the like. One of these sheets, darkened by a series of black smudges labeled "Right Hand," "Left Hand," the captain unfolded and spread upon his desk. "The trouble with you scientists is——"

Larned ceased speaking; his eyes widened; his entire body stiffened. Over his face spread a look of amazement and incredulity almost stupid in its blankness. Baker, who was leaning over his shoulder, uttered a startled, wordless exclamation. Kane and Peters pressed forward.

There was a moment of silence which the inspector broke by declaring:

"That's not Dillon's record." He snatched up the sheet and ran his eyes over it, then he exclaimed: "My Lord!"

Larned retrieved the paper; with a shaking hand he reached for his reading glass and bent over it. When he looked up it was to ask:

"What the devil does this mean?"

"It means that bird is alive," Kane barked. "It can't mean anything else."

In an equally forceful explosion Baker exclaimed: "Alive! I helped to take him up on a shovel. Don't tell me he's alive!"

Still stammering, Kane took the glass from Larned and put his eye to it.

Of the four men Peters was the calmest. Mockingly, triumphantly he spoke to Joe. "You were saying that the trouble with us scientists is—what?"

"Harley's right. Dillon is dead," Kane muttered. "There's no doubt about it."

"Not a bit!" This came from Baker.

In the same tone Peters went on: "Then this discovery indicates that my theory isn't as fantastic as it sounds. It suggests, furthermore, the possibility that the entire method of criminal identification upon which your department is built has blown up like—like Dillon's bomb."

"Ridiculous!" Larned wiped his forehead. "That's absurd. There's some explanation; some mistake."

"'Mistake'? What? Where? How?" Kane demanded.

"I'M BLAMED if I can tell you at the moment, chief."

"Those records are kept under lock and key, aren't they?"

"Certainly."

"They seem to be in order. Who'd tamper with them? And why?"

"I'll swear they're all regular. I—I'm trying to figure this out."

Lieutenant Baker puckered his lips and whistled. "What a pretty story *this* will make for the newspapers."

Kane snapped at him: "It mustn't get out. Doctor, this is Masonic, understand? Buried. Good Lord! I'm getting dizzier by the minute. Why, half the crooks in the penitentiaries would go free if——"

"Precisely. There must be hundreds who are doing time on this kind of evidence. This promises to be an epoch-making evening in the history of crime detection."

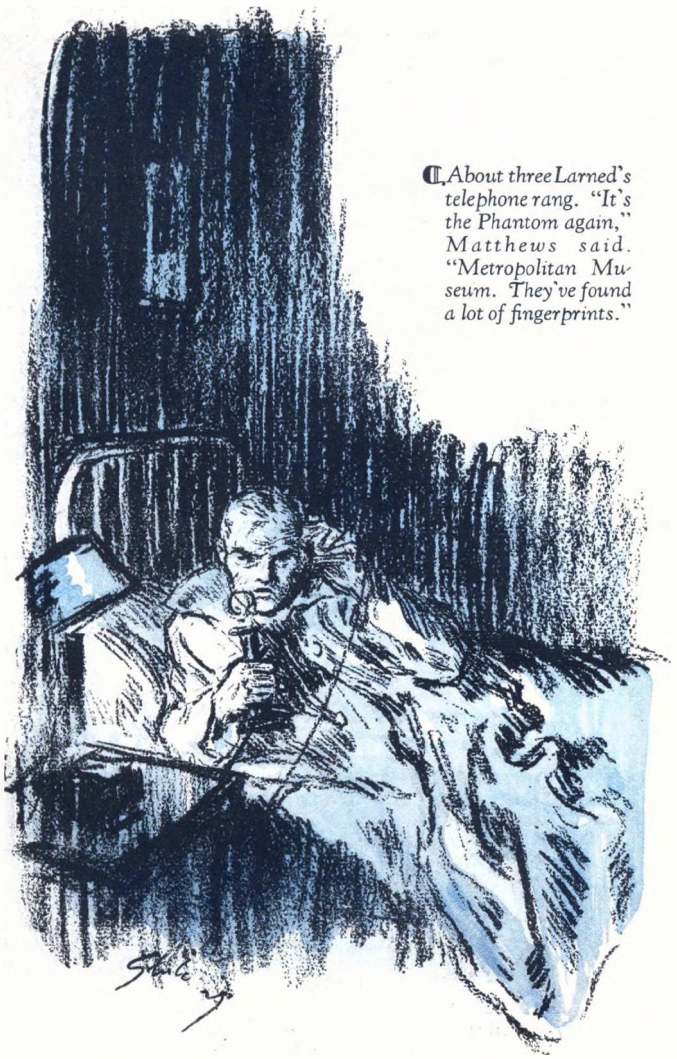
Larned scowled at him. "Epoch nothing! There's some obvious answer to it. I can think of a dozen."

"No doubt," the visitor agreed. "On the other hand, if you can't prove beyond question where the 'mistake' came in, I'm wondering if we have the moral right to cover this up. If it is even remotely possible for an innocent man to be convicted on another's fingerprints——"

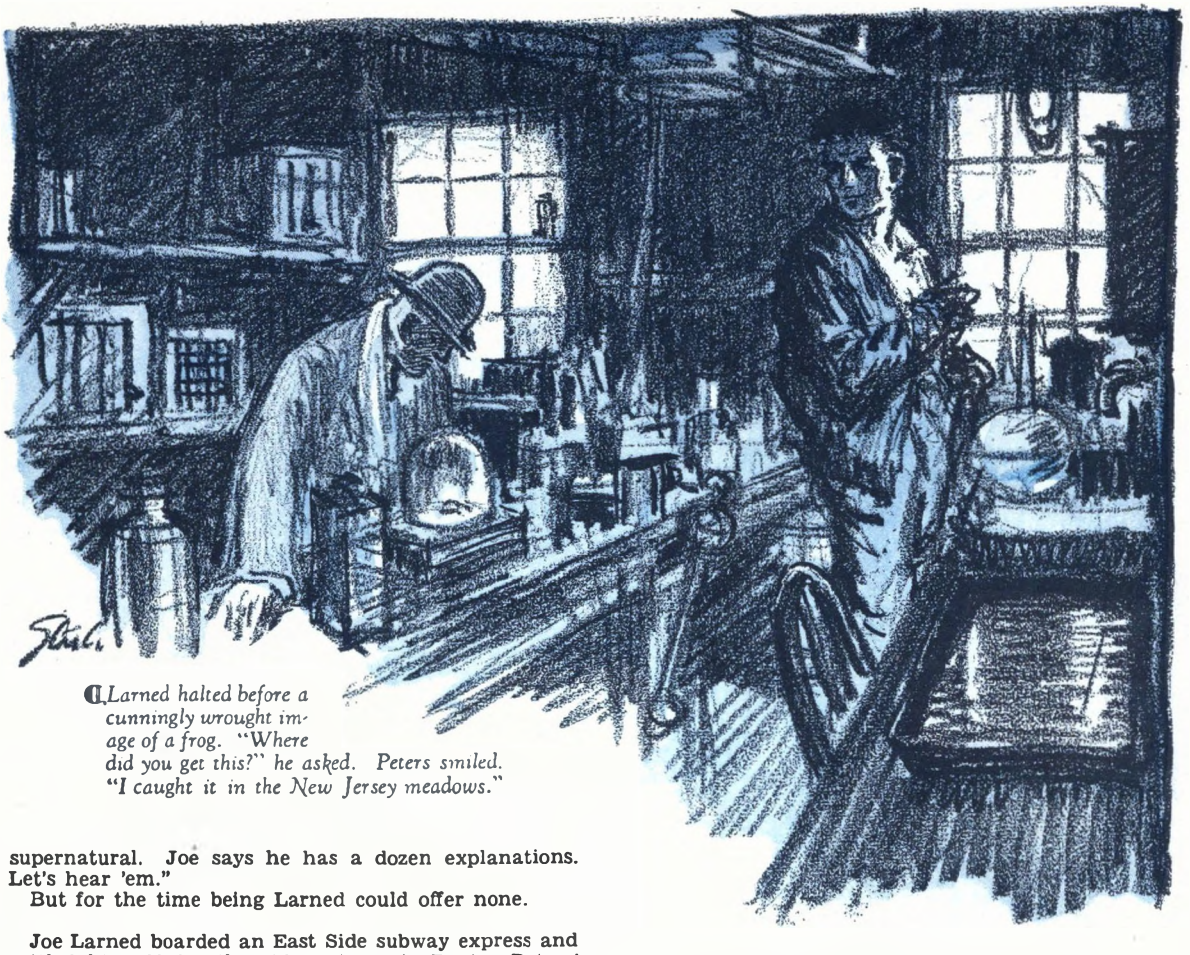
"I'd sooner believe in ghosts," the captain asserted.

Baker agreed. "Me, too."

"Ghosts!" Peters snorted impatiently. "Inferior minds always seek refuge in the



¶ About three Larned's telephone rang. "It's the Phantom again," Matthews said. "Metropolitan Museum. They've found a lot of fingerprints."



Larned halted before a cunningly wrought image of a frog. "Where did you get this?" he asked. Peters smiled. "I caught it in the New Jersey meadows."

supernatural. Joe says he has a dozen explanations. Let's hear 'em."

But for the time being Larned could offer none.

Joe Larned boarded an East Side subway express and settled himself for the ride uptown to Doctor Peters' laboratory. He had put in a busy, almost a sleepless week, and despite his confident declaration that he would succeed, somehow, in accounting for the mystery that had come to light on the evening of Peters' call, he had failed to do so. On the contrary, investigation had only rendered that mystery more bewildering.

It was a relief now to get away from headquarters and to face the prospect of an hour or so with his scientific acquaintance. Peters was erratic, intolerant; his views on many subjects were unsound; nevertheless, he had an active brain, he possessed an extraordinary fund of technical knowledge concerning a thousand unrelated subjects, and Larned invariably felt his own mind quickened and freshened after contact with him.

This was his first visit to the laboratory in some months. He wondered if the doctor had given further thought to this phenomenon. Two identical sets of fingerprints! Impossible! Nevertheless, there they were.

Either Dillon's dead hand had lifted a fortune in gems during the past month or else Nature for once had duplicated that maze of microscopic lines engraved upon the human fingers, and the one supposition was quite as incredible as the other. Larned's tired brain refused to function further. He closed his eyes.

Nobody would have imagined Doctor Peters' workshop to be a laboratory, for it carried no sign and it stood on the bank of the Harlem River in a neighborhood given over to coal and building-material yards, marine ways, yacht-repairing plants and the like. The structure itself had been erected during the war to serve as an emergency chemical plant of some sort but had fallen into disrepair, and this it was that had enabled the scientist to rent it for almost nothing. Just what kind of work Peters was engaged in Joe had never troubled to inquire but he knew it to be some sort of abstract, and doubtless impractical, research along highly experimental lines.

Peters appeared after a while in answer to Joe's repeated knocks and, recognizing the caller, he welcomed him, led him inside.

The front room, formerly the main office, was equipped like any laboratory: wooden shelves carried rows of big-mouthed bottles, racks of test tubes and miscellaneous paraphernalia; in the center were several tables upon which stood retorts and filter stands and graduates and hydrometers and one thing and another. The place reeked of a hundred pungent, acid odors. Under a cluster of lights was a high-powered microscope; a stream of water gushed into a porcelain sink and near the windows was arranged a row of boxes filled with rabbits, guinea pigs and white mice, all no doubt silent and patient collaborators in the scientist's experiments.

"Glad to see you," Peters declared. "I've been expecting you to drop in. Sit down and tell me all about everything."

"Not much to tell, doc. We're still at sea, down at my shop. To a fellow who has spent the better part of his life in the study and practice of criminal identification this Dillon affair is like a bad dream. Last night our mysterious robber scooped the entire Kilvain collection of star rubies and sapphires, the finest in the country. You may have read about it in the papers this morning."

"Yes. I assume he left his autograph as usual?"

"In half a dozen places," said Larned. "Kilvain kept his gems under glass and the phantom——"

"Phantom?"

"That's what we call him. He seemed to go out of his way to make things easy for us. We couldn't have procured better prints if he'd stopped in at Centre Street and made 'em under my direction."

"And they're the same as the others?"

"Identical."

"Say, Larned, *(Continued on page 189)*

The Final Chapters of Mr. Coolidge's

FROM its Opening Chapters, this Human Document Read and Earnestly Discussed features any Magazine ever

NO DOUBT it was the police strike of Boston that brought me into national prominence. That furnished the occasion and I took advantage of the opportunity. I was ready to meet the emergency.

Just what lay behind that event I was never able to learn. Sometimes I have mistrusted that it was a design to injure me politically, if so it was only to recoil upon the perpetrators, for it increased my political power many fold.

Still there was a day or two when the event hung in the balance, when the Police Commissioner of Boston Edwin U. Curtis was apparently cast aside discredited and my efforts to give him any support indicated my own undoing. But I soon had him reinstated and there was a strong expression of public opinion in our favor.

The year 1919 had not produced much on the positive side of our political life. President Wilson had returned from the peace conference at Paris determined to have the United States join the League of Nations as established in the final treaty of Versailles.

He found opposition in the Senate both within and without his own party. In attempting to gain the approval of the Country he had made his trip across the continent and returned a broken man never to regain his strength.

For eight years he had so dominated his party that it had not produced any one else with a marked ability for leadership. During these months the contest was raging in the Senate over the peace treaty, but as a result it had put the leadership of our party in a negative position, which never appeals to the popular imagination, and besides in the Country many Republicans favored a ratification of the treaty with adequate reservations.

Many of the Senators on our side cast their vote for that proposal, which would have prevailed but for the opposition of the regular administration Democrats. In this confusion no dominant popular figure emerged in the Congress, but many ambitions became apparent.

Following my decisive victory in November there very soon came to be mention of me as a Presidential candidate. About Thanksgiving time Senator Lodge came to me and voluntarily requested that he should present my name to the national Republican convention. He wished to go as a delegate with that understanding.

Of course I told him I could not make any decision in relation to being a candidate but I would try to arrange matters so that he could be a delegate at large. When he left for Washington he gave out an interview saying that Massachusetts should support me.

VERY soon a movement of considerable dimensions, started both in my home state and in other sections of the Country to secure delegates who would support me. An old friend and long time Secretary of the Republican National Committee, James B. Reynolds, was placed in charge of the movement and I was gaining considerable strength.

Senator Crane in his own quiet but highly efficient way became very interested and let it be known that I had his support as did Speaker Gillett, who is now our Senator, but then represented my home district in Congress. They both went as delegates pledged to me.

Already several candidates were making a very active campaign. The two most conspicuous were Major General Leonard Wood and Governor Frank O. Lowden. Senator Hiram Johnson had considerable support and in a more modest way Senator Warren G. Harding was in the field. In addition to these several of the states had favorite sons. It soon began to be reported that very large sums of money were being used in the primaries.

When I came to give the matter serious attention, and comprehended more fully what would be involved in a contest of this kind, I realized that I was not in a position to become engaged in it. I was Governor of Massachusetts and my first duty was to that office. It would not be possible for me, with the legislature in session, to be going about the country actively participating in an effort to secure delegates, and I was totally unwilling to have a large sum of money raised and spent in my behalf.

¶ *"Most of the World Figures were at the Conference on Limitation of Armaments."*

Autobiography

has been One *of the most* Widely
had the Good Fortune to Publish

Illustrations by Oscar Cesare

I soon became convinced also that I was in danger of creating a situation in which some people in Massachusetts could permit it to be reported in the press that they were for me when they were not at heart for me and would give me little support in the convention. It would however prevent their having to make a public choice as between other candidates and would help them in getting elected as delegates.

There was nothing unusual in this situation. It was simply a condition that always has to be met in politics. Of course the strategy of the other candidates was to prevent me from having a solid Massachusetts delegation. Moreover I did not wish to use the office of Governor in an attempt to prosecute a campaign for nomination for some other office.

I therefore made a public statement announcing that I was unwilling to appear as a candidate and would not enter my name in any contest at the primaries. This left me in a position where I ran no risk of embarrassing the great office of Governor of Massachusetts. That was my answer to the situation.

Nevertheless a considerable activity was kept up in my behalf, and some money expended, mostly in circulating a book of my speeches. In the Massachusetts primaries six or seven delegates were chosen who were for General Wood and while the rest were nominally for me several of them were really more favorable to some other candidate, partly because they supposed a Massachusetts man could never be nominated, and if the choice was going outside the State, they had strong preferences as between the other possibilities.

At a state convention in South Dakota held very early to express a preference for national candidates I had been declared their choice for Vice President. Some people in Oregon desired to accord me a like honor.

As I did not wish my name to appear in any contest and did not care to be Vice President I declined to be considered for that office. In my native State of Vermont it was proposed to enter my name in the primary as candidate for President which I could not permit. Nevertheless it was written on the ballot by many of the voters at the polls.

When the Republican National Convention met at Chicago Senator Lodge, who was elected its chairman, had indicated that he did not wish to present my name, so it was arranged that Speaker Gillett should make the nominating speech. Massachusetts had thirty-five delegates. On the first ballot I received twenty-eight of them and six other votes from scattering states making my total thirty-four.

As the balloting proceeded a considerable number of the Massachusetts delegates, feeling I had no chance, voted for other candidates but a majority remained with me until the final ballot when all but one went elsewhere and Senator Warren G. Harding was nominated. My friends in the convention did all they could for me and several states were at times ready to come to me if the entire Massachusetts delegation would lead the way, but some of them refused to vote for me so the support of other states could not be secured.

While I do not think it was so intended I have always been of the opinion that this turned out to be much the best for me. I had no national experience. What I have ever been able to do has been the result of first learning how to do it. I am not gifted with intuition, I need not only hard work but experience to be ready to solve problems.

The Presidents who have gone to Washington without first having held some national office have been at great disadvantage. It takes them a long time to become acquainted with the Federal officeholders and the Federal government. Meanwhile they have had difficulty in dealing with the situation.

THE convention of 1920 was largely under the domination of a coterie of United States Senators. They manœuvred it into adopting a platform and nominating a President in ways that were not satisfactory to a majority of the delegates. When the same forces undertook for a third time to dictate the action of the convention in naming a Vice President the delegates broke away from them and literally stampeded to me.

Massachusetts did not present my name because my friends knew I did not wish to be Vice President but Judge Wallace McCamant of Oregon placed me in nomination and was quickly seconded by North Dakota and some other States. I received about three quarters of all the votes cast. When this honor came to me I found I was pleased to accept and it was especially agreeable to be associated with Senator Harding whom I knew well and liked.

When our campaign opened the situation was complex. Many Republicans did not like the somewhat uncertain tone of the platform concerning the League of Nations. Though it was generally conceded that the bitter enders had dictated the platform there were some who felt it was not explicit enough in denouncing the League with all its works and everything foreign, and a much larger body of (*Continued on page 153*)

The Party Dress

¶"*In America you get marriage and love confused,*" *said Chalke Ewing. A passionately for another moment of perfect happiness. She had had them*

The Story So Far:

AS YOU read this new novel by Joseph Hergesheimer you will be amazed by the sheer artistry of story-telling; you will be even more amazed that any man should so know the soul of a woman as Mr. Hergesheimer knows the very soul of Nina Henry.

You met her first as she was preparing for the dance at the country club. Her maid helped her into the new gown her friend Mrs. Gow brought to her from Paris.

Nina Henry studied herself with an acute feminine comprehension mingled with an intense emotional disturbance. That, she told herself, was ridiculous. This was not the first good or becoming or simply expensive dress she had owned. It was more expensive than any of her others had been; it was, as well, the most civilized dress that had ever gone on her back.

Ishtarre had not merely made her look her best; he had made her seem different.

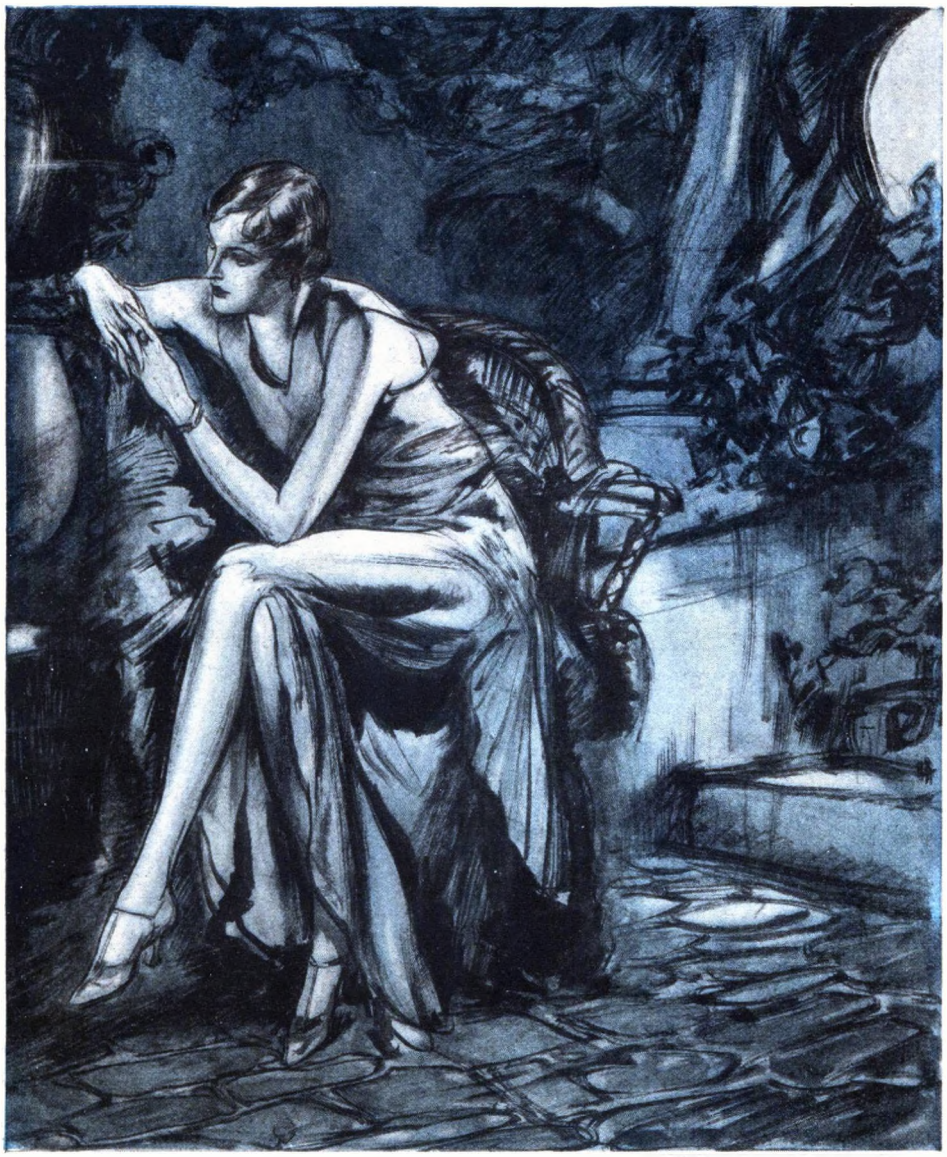
Nina gasped a little. She didn't know if she liked it. She had looked into a mirror and, after more than forty years, found there a stranger in place of herself.

She turned suddenly, slowly with grace, before the glass, and the line that was her body swayed and balanced like a slender column of water in the air. Her hips, always gracefully slim, were now cunningly rounded, at once slight and insisted upon. Her waist was both firm and delicate. Her breasts were molded into a frank perfection.

She sat down. If that is what a dress will do to you, Nina said to herself, it is all wrong. It isn't fair. It's immoral. Nina's varied sensations merged into a general feeling of satisfaction, a sense of power. A renewed vitality swept through her. She thought, I am not a particle old yet. I won't begin to get old for years. I have never looked better, I have never looked so well, in all my life.

A voice behind her suddenly said: "What are you doing, Nina, if anything?" She replied: "Wasting myself on the air and then on you."

THAT *new novel by* JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER



feeling of sadness oppressed Nina. She longed in the past. With Wilson. Poor Wilson!

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

Wilson Henry was a heavy man, with a high-colored young-appearing face, and brown hair streaked with gray.

He looked at her with an obvious appreciation. "Isn't that a new dress?" he asked.

"It's the newest dress you ever saw," she replied with spirit. "It's the dress Mary Gow brought me from Paris and it cost five hundred dollars. You've just got to like it."

Wilson Henry studied her with a lined brow. "It's queer about it," he said; "it isn't short, and it's not specially low, but it's the shortest and lowest dress I ever saw. If you see what I mean."

Nina did see what he meant but she had no idea of admitting it.

Wilson was forty-seven — no, forty-eight; he had a nice body, freshly colored like his face, but now he was really fat. It spoiled his appearance.

They had been married twenty-one years; twenty-one years ago Wilson had been thin, thin and hard and enduring.

Wilson, Nina knew, was having an "affair" with Cora Lisher. She did not realize how far it had gone until in jest she suggested that Wilson give Cora a new car and he had seriously considered her suggestion. But Nina felt strangely indifferent.

The Henrys had two children—Acton was practically nineteen. His first year at Princeton had been an academic and social success. Cordelia was seventeen. They were both good and sensible, Nina knew.

Wilson and the children left, Wilson to call for Cora Lisher. Nina waited for Francis Ambler. Francis had been in love with Nina, she counted, since some time before last May. She asked herself how long she had been in love with Francis. Francis she knew would answer by saying she wasn't in love with him at all.

In Francis Ambler's car she laid a hand on his knee. "You have been marvelous to me, Francis," she admitted. "I hope you don't mind loving me. I mean because I'm older. I hope I won't hurt you."

He smiled at her, his ugly sensitive face full of tenderness. "I'll ask you again, Nina," he proceeded; "will you marry me?" Her hand still rested on his knee and her fingers tightened over it.

"No," she said in a clear firm voice; "I will never do that. You are too young. We will have to be happy, if we can be happy, this way. I mean," she added hastily, "without marrying. I told you not to ask me again, Francis. Well, I mean it."

It was nearly midnight. Nina was in a glow of triumph. She had not, it seemed to her, stopped dancing for a moment.

Nina was certain that she had never, never had such a good time before. The successes of her girlhood were pale compared with this. She saw other women of her own age, far from unattractive, sitting through dance after dance.

What especially engaged her was the fact, uncommon to all her experience, that men rather than women spoke of her dress and praised it.

It was, of course, the dress that changed her; Nina was confident of that; it gave her what she described to herself as an air; yet she was unable to see how a mere dress, however perfect, could have affected her whole mind as well as her appearance.

Several of the party returned home with Nina and Wilson Henry. When they left the morning was definitely arriving.

Nina said: "I don't feel like going to bed. I think I'll walk home with Justin. Since it's only across the street." Wilson asserted that she was crazy.

Nina and Justin went into the Gows' dwelling. A man rose from a low chair in a small somber room where Justin had his books and mostly sat, and Justin Gow said: "Nina, you may remember Mary's brother, Chalke Ewing."

She didn't; he was without association, his face had no significance, for her. He was a small man—that disappointed Nina—with high narrow shoulders and a large nose; his skin was darkly brown—Nina realistically thought of his liver—and his hair was gray.

"Good morning," Ewing said in a voice that Nina Henry found unpleasantly and harshly aggressive.

And it was Chalke Ewing, with his iconoclastic views on America, patriotism—and women, who set Nina Henry's brain in a turmoil.

Ewing turned to Justin Gow. It was plain to Nina that he had dismissed her from his mind.

"You can't be sensible with women. At one time, I have been led to believe, they were lovely and tender and passionate. I read that once they had the courage of their emotions. Perhaps. I've seen one or two, at most two, to whom I was willing to give the benefit of the doubt. That is to say, divine creatures. They weren't American women. American women have found out a very valuable secret—to get a great deal without giving anything. I mean where men are concerned."

Nina disliked Chalke Ewing; he upset her.

Mary said that he usually stayed a month in America, but that part of the time he was in New York. Nina hoped he would spend a great deal of it there.

But in this installment you begin to learn what a big part Chalke Ewing is to play in the life of the *new* woman who is Nina Henry.

¶ *"I don't want you to be with Chalke Ewing or talk about the Greeks, and now you get in a fit about stand you—first you are in a fury over a dress, then*

to him, Nina." "Don't shout at me, Wilson. I can't understand you are excited because I said I was glad to have Acton learn Chalke Ewing. The last man to have a fit about I can imagine."

INDEFINITE sounds which, she recognized, were the discreet movements of Wilson, at last succeeded in waking Nina. Single episodes of the night before, stray memories of faces and voices and acts, returned to her; they multiplied rapidly: soon an overwhelming stream of impressions beat upon Nina's mind. She thought of the success her dress had; of Francis Ambler; Acton attempting to correct her; Roderick Wade drunk and quite willing to meet trouble more than halfway; of Mr. Lea and Evelyn Delaney.

Nina thought systematically of the endless men who had danced with her. She remembered Wilson's agitation about the champagne; she could see Cora Lisher in her badly put together black dress and pink stockings; Justin Gow asking for Annabel. All that brought Nina Henry to Mary's brother, to Chalke Ewing.

Her dislike for him, she discovered, had turned into a general and calm curiosity. Nina was not disturbed by thinking about him. She was not excited by him. She was more than a little amused by her attitude where he was concerned. The patriotic speech she had made in Mary Gow's kitchen seemed irresistibly funny.

It was true that he had been rude, he had thoroughly irritated her, but now, for the first time, she saw the reason for that. It seemed to her to be an important discovery. His rudeness, in reality, was no more and no less than a general personal indifference to her.

That, in every man who was at all possible, irritated every woman with a particle of—of attractiveness left.

Nina, in her bath, realized one curious thing—she remembered almost all Chalke Ewing had said to Justin when she was half asleep. It had made a deep impression on her being, floating between consciousness and dreams. Alcibiades and Pericles and Plato, she repeated to herself.

Nina had a vision that, somehow, destroyed time; she saw the nations of the earth hurriedly becoming other nations. She saw the United States shoddy for a moment and then gone forever.

It really didn't matter what Chalke Ewing said about the United States, Nina informed herself. It would not affect anything. He couldn't hurt it. Of course, he exaggerated frightfully—men nearly always did that—but there was, she hadn't a doubt, some truth in what he said.

What he had said about Cuba, naturally, in comparison with the United States, was just insane. Probably he would admit that today. Nina, searching for stockings of a particular shade, thought of what Chalke Ewing had said American women were like. She deserted that for a moment to recall that he had spoken of two women especially. Neither of them Americans. He had called them divine creatures. They had, very fully, Nina supposed, the courage of their emotions.

WELL, an American woman would have the courage of her convictions with the right man. At the right time. If you found the first, it was almost impossible to discover the other. With the other, the right time, the right man was usually missing. A woman who was a fool was just that—she was a fool. There were so many things that had to be taken into consideration, too. Things different from love. No, American women were not cold; perhaps they were sensible.

Nina rang for Rhoda. She appeared almost at once, the familiar slip of paper, the list of household necessaries, ready. "What do we need, Rhoda?" Nina demanded.

"Why, a pint of cream, Miss Nina, for a pudding; a half-pound of dried beef for the lunch today; a loaf of stale bread; and I want two pounds of prunes, the big size; Mr. Wilson complain about the little; dozen and a half oranges; a pound butter; four pieces of laundry soap; three bunches of parsley; and I haven't got horseradish to make a sauce for the shad roe."

"Shad will soon be over, Rhoda," Nina Henry said.

"That's right, Miss Nina. Seem it's hardly here and then it's gone. Come and go like that. We all do the same—just come and go."

Nina pulled over her hair a small, tight, becoming hat; she found a pair of white suède gloves and went down to the stable. The stable of the Henry dwelling, built, like the house, of square-cut green stone, was still a stable; it resisted every effort to be called a garage. There was a second story; it had an upper door and a pulley for hay, and pointed windows in a Victorian Gothic spirit.

Nina, in her car, pulled on her gloves and backed out upon the driveway. She drove off smoothly and skillfully.

NINA found Mary Gow at Clough's grocery store, and, while Mr. Clough personally was attending to their two lists of requirements, they stood, not without a slight air of aloofness, in a corner and talked. "You must have had a dreadful time with Chalke and Justin," Mary said. "I know what they can be like. Justin said you turned on them in the kitchen. I don't wonder. Chalke seems to have been even worse than usual."

She was, Mary Gow related, at her wits' end about food for Chalke. He liked alligator pears, for example, but insisted that the only place for them was in clear soup. That was the way they ate alligator pears in Havana.

"He thinks you ought to cook oranges with meat. Oranges and beefsteak, Nina. Justin isn't too easy when we are by ourselves. Then Chalke never goes anywhere; he is always sitting on the terrace or downstairs generally, and he's always ready to talk; he doesn't, I guess, get much chance to talk on a sugar central. He doesn't play golf, he won't go near the country club, and he really hates to move. Chalke just sits and drinks and smokes.

"I give you my word, Nina, I'm afraid to ask people to sit and drink with him. After last night you ought to know what I mean. He'll talk that way about anything. Anything!"

She did, Nina Henry agreed, know what Mary meant. "Mr. Henry didn't like the last prunes, Mr. Clough," she explained. "He said they were too small."

Mr. Clough was sorry Mr. Henry had not taken to them. "I am sending you jumbo prunes this time," he went on. "Is there anything else? If there isn't I'll have your bundle put in the car."

Outside, Nina saw Francis Ambler. He said: "You are late at Mr. Clough's today. But I don't wonder. Do you mind if I ride around with you for half an hour?" She would love it, Nina Henry replied, hoping that Wilson would not see them. What, she wondered, if Wilson disapproved of men in the afternoon, would he think of them in the morning?

"I was very happy last night," Francis proceeded when the car was moving; "I saw so much of you. I mean I saw you so often—first for cocktails and then at dinner, dancing, and at your house again afterwards for the champagne. I always associate you with champagne, Nina. Darling, you are my champagne, gold and full of silver bubbles." A succession of lovely sounds returned to Nina's memory, Alcibiades and Pericles and Plato. "What are you thinking about?" Francis demanded; "you are far away from me."

She smiled faintly. "Francis, I was thousands of years away," she answered.

"Well, don't do it again," he commanded her. Francis

dropped a hand on one of hers, and she turned her palm up to meet his grasp. She did like Francis enormously. "I love you, Nina," he said in a low disturbed voice. "Nina, I love you. You know it, don't you?" She addressed herself to a sudden minor emergency at a street crossing. "Do you really love me?" Francis demanded.

Nina nodded affirmatively without, yet, looking at him.

"It was your fault entirely I was so happy last night," he continued; "you promised me so much. Oh, not in actual words, but the promise was in your voice."

She gazed at him with a slight frown. "When was that, Francis?" she demanded. "You don't think you misunderstood me? It is so hard to be sure about voices."

Francis Ambler glanced at her and then looked away. "No," he said quietly, "I didn't misunderstand you. Perhaps I shouldn't have said what I did. In the morning. I was stupid."

He was not, she insisted, stupid at all. "Everyone knows that." Her voice grew almost impatient. "But I don't understand what you meant about a promise."

"You only remember what you decide to remember," he told her.

"Of course I do," she acknowledged cheerfully; "isn't it sensible of me? But I can't very well remember what doesn't happen, can I?"

That, he asserted, was almost disagreeable. "I will tell you, Nina—you made me think that my feeling for you wasn't hopeless. That, some time, you would give me all your love."

She had, of course, made him think exactly that; she remembered completely every word, every implication, of it.

"Francis, dear," she said, capturing his hand. "I couldn't really make you think that when I am not sure myself. I am afraid if you keep asking me to be sure, if you insist on an answer, specially when I'm downtown in the morning, at the grocery store, that you will get an answer you won't like."

THE lines of a sharp effort of self-control appeared around his mouth. For a moment he was older than she thought of him as being. He managed himself remarkably well, Nina realized. At the same time she was more detached than she had been for a long while. It made her a little cruel, a little vindictive. She couldn't think why.

"Where do you want me to drop you?" she asked; "I am afraid I am done."

"Anywhere," he replied. "I am having a brake adjusted. It will be ready now. I'd like to see you this afternoon, of course."

Nina was afraid that could not be managed. "I am certain I'll have to do something about Wilson. He's in a rather bad humor. There was too much gayety for him last night, I imagine."

At luncheon Wilson was, as she had expected, difficult. He was annoyed at Cordelia. In the face of this, Cordelia was splendidly calm. "After this," he told her exaggeratedly, "you are not to spend the night swimming."

When, politely, Cordelia had asked if she might leave the table Nina turned to Wilson Henry. "You simply must be more careful what you say to Cordelia and Acton. If it isn't exactly right, if you're just annoyed and show it, you are lost."

"I don't intend to be afraid of my own children," he replied sharply. "I can't understand how you get anything out of them." He could last night, she reminded him. Last night he had complimented her about that. Wilson fell into a moody silence. "You never do anything with me," he finally complained. "I have a wife and children and a house and three or four—to be exact, four—lazy servants, but I can never get any pleasure out of them."

Nina asked: "What do you want me to do? Play golf?" Yes, he would play golf with her. Since, Nina added privately, he couldn't see Cora Lisher every minute of the day. And night.

"For Lord's sake," he called after her, "don't wear those thin silk stockings. They look like the dickens on a golf course."

Wool stockings, she told herself,

(Cont. on page 213)

"Come in swimming," Wade suggested to Nina and Chalke. "It's too late and I'm too lazy. Who is here?" asked Nina. "Well, I am," he replied, "and so is Constance. The girl in the blue bathing suit is from Claymont. I think I'll swim all night." Nina told him not to be foolish.

MEN haven't *as* much Courage *as* WOMEN.

Clothes they Wear, *while* Women *are*

Therefore,

Cosmopolitan

presents a Plan by

Dr. W. F. DRAPER

(An Assistant Surgeon General, U. S. Public Health Service)

for Sensible Clothes for MEN

WHY do we men undergo day after day the discomfort of clothing which serves no useful purpose other than to shield us from comment and criticism which would result from any deviation from the conventional form of dress? Women have put it all over us at the same time that they have taken it all off themselves, or nearly all!

With their common-sense clothes and their healthier bodies, women are capable of achieving prowess equal or comparable with that of men in tennis, in golf and in other healthful sports. And they can keep a lot more comfortable during the process!

The situation has been reversed and the contrast between their almost ideal mode of dress and our own foolish inhibiting garb should no longer be borne with equanimity.

As I write this I have before me a picture of my father, bearing the date 1872. The style of the hair on the head and face is rather quaint but the clothing is essentially that of today—the same conventional coat and vest; the trousers, white shirt and a tie. The collar, however, appears to be more comfortable than any worn today. The front ends are apparently about three inches apart, leaving a free low space beneath the chin which is neatly filled by the black tie.

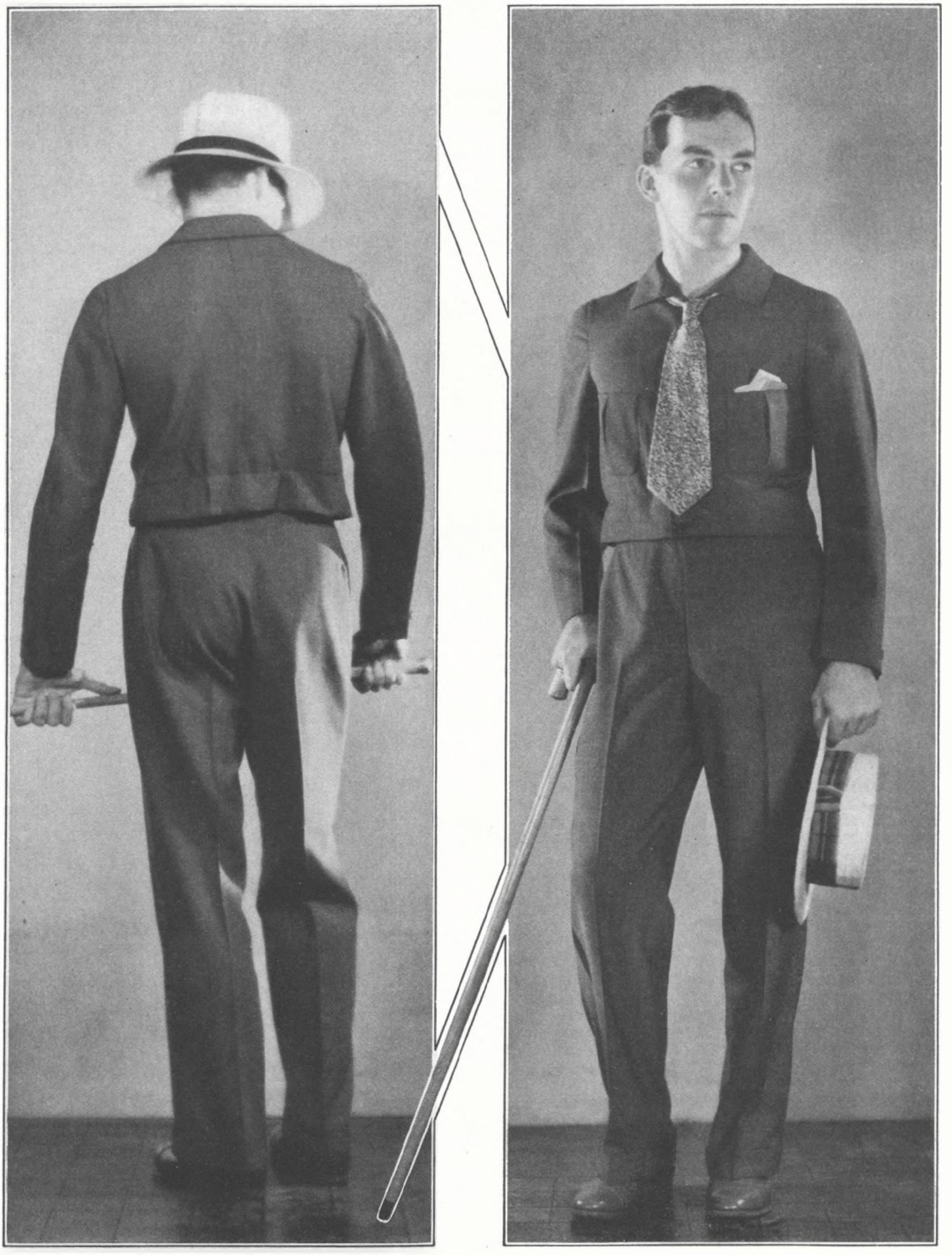
If we had made no advances in our knowledge of hygiene and bodily well-being during the past fifty-seven years, we might assert that we were not subject to the whims of constantly changing style—and take pardonable pride in our ability to hew to the line in the matter of conservative, sensible dress. But our knowledge of hygiene has kept pace with other advances and we know better than to continue to suffer from unnecessary, uncomfortable and unhealthful clothing. As individuals we rebel; but collectively, as men, we bow our heads to the yoke of custom.

It is high time for us men to start our own revolution. Certainly, masculine garb has not kept pace with the advances which have been made in other fields relating to the comfort, ease and enjoyment of living.

Photographs by U. & U.

MESSRS. Hart, Schaffner and Marx entered into the spirit of Dr. Draper's campaign of dress reform and designed the experimental costume—not a radical change from present-day attire—shown in these illustrations.

That's why Men *torture* themselves *in the* Kind *of* *Comfortable* because *of* What They *Don't* Wear.



THIS costume is in one piece, consisting of blouse and trousers, and its entire weight of only twenty ounces is suspended from the shoulders.

WORN without suspenders or belt, and made of extremely porous material, it permits of free circulation of air and penetration of the violet ray.

THE only undergarment necessary is a pair of trunks. The collar may be open at the neck, as pictured, or closed in a Lord Byron effect.

What, then, should constitute a sane and practical form of dress for men? The prime essentials should be health and comfort with due thought to appearance.

It is now generally recognized that a moderate exposure of the surface of the body to the sun and air is highly beneficial to the health and that it prevents and even cures certain forms of illness. For this reason, physicians strongly recommend that children be clothed in such a way as to permit the sun and air to reach a large part of the surface of the body, and sun suits cleverly designed for the purpose may be purchased at almost any store which carries children's clothing.

FOR adults also sun treatment is recommended for a variety of diseased conditions and has yielded favorable results. In order that the beneficial rays contained in the light of the sun may be applied under conditions which do not permit of exposure to the sun itself, artificial lamps have been developed which produce these rays so that they may be applied at will.

Of course almost any good thing can be overdone to an extent which causes harm, and exposure to sunlight is no exception. Unless the skin is afforded an opportunity to build up protective substances and thus prepare itself to endure a degree of exposure to which it has not been accustomed, not only pain and discomfort but even serious illness may result.

A severe burn from the sun is similar in effect to a severe burn from scalding water or from other sources and may have similar consequences. Then, too, there are persons whose skins are of such a texture that they never can be exposed long to the sun without ill effects and who always will require considerable protection.

The effect of moving air upon the surface of the body is also an important factor in the maintenance of bodily health and comfort because of the drying and cooling action of evaporation.

It is little wonder that men are uncomfortable and irritable in hot weather when their bodies are closely enveloped in stagnant, hot, moist air which can escape only very slowly through the texture of three layers of clothing.

When our clothing becomes thoroughly soaked with perspiration as the result of the mild exercise of walking a few blocks on the street we must endure the discomfort until evaporation from these three layers has taken place, and fortunate we are if the clammy garments, once we cease our exercise, do not throw us into a paroxysm of sneezing or result in a cold.

This knowledge of the discomfort and other consequences of even mild exercise in warm weather only too frequently limits us in using our muscles to those times and circumstances when we can follow our exercise by a bath and a complete change of clothing. For perhaps the majority of men such happy circumstances do not occur more than once or twice a week—hence practically no exercise is taken during the summer months.

As a result our muscles grow flabby, our waistlines expand and our general physical condition is far below par and not conducive to a long life or a happy one.

Now that it is known that sunlight and fresh air are healthful, stimulating and comfort-producing agents when applied to the human body, it appears ridiculous that men should cling to a form of dress which permits only the hands and face to be exposed.

While there no doubt are persons far more competent than a doctor to design forms of male attire which will approximate the freedom and comfort which women have achieved, I may venture a few suggestions to indicate the lines along which progress might be made.

POUR LE SPORT costume for men in the new style advocated by Dr. Draper, as conceived and executed in a Fifth Avenue shop for men. The custom-made linen shirt has a modification of the Eton collar, worn loose to avoid constriction. Short sleeves.

DELIVERY from having to wear a coat, except when it is actually needed for warmth, is the first step. This would relieve us of the necessity of forcing our body heat and humidity through the three layers of clothing.

As a substitute for both coat and shirt we might have a blouse or jacket—similar to the one designed by that heroic physician in New York whose poplin Russian-smock suit caused so much comment in the press this past summer. An ideal garment, it seems to me.

Almost if not fully as objectionable as the coat are the close-fitting neckband and collar of the present shirt. These are thoroughly effective in blocking the escape of any hot saturated air that might be inclined to struggle upward and out as a short cut to forcing its way through several layers of clothing.

They impede the motion of the neck and produce a suffocating sensation. Sometimes they irritate the skin and give rise to boils and even worse afflictions.

The collar is the first article to wilt and lose its shape; it becomes stained with perspiration and when that stage is reached it is prone to drag the wearer down with it and make him feel the way the collar looks.

If the present style of collar and studded neckband could be replaced by a soft roll collar sewed to the shirt with an open V-shaped neck in front (such as has become popular already for some occasions), we should have freedom of the neck, relief from irritation (both physical and mental) and some opportunity at least for the escape of hot and humid air from around the body.

If, at the same time, our shirt or blouse sleeves could be docked at the elbow, we should be still happier during the summer months.

Physicists tell us that hot air has a tendency to rise but only because it is pushed up by the heavier cool air surrounding it. The relatively cool air around the ankles becomes heated by our legs and tries to rise.

If it could rise and keep on rising it would bathe our bodies in a constantly changing stream of ventilation. But of course, the belt is diabolically there to prevent it. Again, the hot air surrounding our abdomens and chests would rise and be replaced, but the belt will not allow the cooler air to push it up and even if it did, the tight collar would not let it out.

Therefore, let us do away with the belt as well as the collar and the coat.

What, then, will hold the trousers up? Perhaps the new modes will include a variation of trousers that will not need to be held up, but will fit to the waist like a woman's skirt.

Which brings me to the final analysis of the situation. Suppose we proceed to correct the monstrous defects in men's clothing, particularly those for summer and evening wear, what have we left? Women's summer and formal clothing. Or very near it.

THE trousers of this costume are shorts made of white cotton drill, with two side pockets. No belt is required, straps and buckles at the hips permit of adjustment at the waist. Sport shoes and golf hose complete the costume.

SOMETIMES I think their winter dress for street wear is not as sensible as ours, collar, tie and all—but for the rest, they point the way. We might search long for more suitable patterns — with modifications, of course.

Our underclothing is not so bad. Cut out around the neck and otherwise slightly modified, it corresponds to a woman's "teddy" or slip. While we shall hardly adopt the slip, we should do well to seek a masculine modification of the feminine outer garment known as the skirt. We may insist upon a separate skirt for each leg, but otherwise, in texture and length, it is wholly adequate.

We might, as the ladies do, adopt long draperies for evening wear. Loose hanging "trousers," suggestive of the Spanish dancing costume familiar to every screen fan in America, would not be a bad idea. Also, the soft, open-throated silk blouse worn by the Spaniards would be much more comfortable for dancing than the present "strait-jacket" into which the American man puffs and wheezes when he's going out for an evening's "enjoyment."

I've long since lost count of the times I have asked myself why in the name of all that's sensible a man should put on the heaviest, stiffest clothes he possesses when he is about to embark upon some three or four hours of concentrated exercise on a ballroom floor.

Why, if a woman appeared at a dance bundled up from neck to toe in any such manner she'd be thought insane!

One more item in dress reform—what about pockets? Of course we can't live without them. Pockets of some sort must be provided, no matter how few garments we wear. Perhaps a modification of the Cossack cartridge pockets or of the Highland sporran will be the solution. I'll leave that detail to the tailor.

IF THE most glaring defects in the present styles for men are corrected, perhaps that is all that could be expected in the lifetime of those of us who are now at middle age.

But mayhap in generations to come it will be possible to bare the arms to the shoulders in the summertime and thus to encourage the development of the biceps, triceps and shoulder muscles of our young men.

The ancient Romans—in the height of their cultural glory—dressed thus, and were magnificent figures of men, judging from the priceless relics of their age that exist in our museums today. And who can say but that at some time in the far-distant future a way will be found to free the lower limbs of much that now encumbers them?

There is one thing we men should insist upon having understood, and that is that we are not asking to be made comfortable in situations where we are already fairly comfortable. We can manage, with a little hitching, loosening and profanity, to make out fairly well at the camp, the beach and in the seclusion of our rooms. But we should like also to be comfortable at afternoon teas and evening dances, and while we are about it, why not aspire to comfort even in church?

Whatever costumes we adopt must be recognized, as women's dress now is, as decent, proper and dignified. Can we make the grade? I think we can.

Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell

Lipstick

SITTING by the fire in the barren comfort of furnished chambers for gentlemen, Michael Brayde tried to understand women.

The chambers were situated in the Jermyn Street district because Jermyn Street above all suggests to the wanderer from an alien shore: "I am Memory and Torment—I am Town; I am all that ever went with evening dress."

The sitting room displayed a sort of male luxury expressed in deep armchairs and a Chesterfield, thick carpet, curtains of distinct richness; unfortunately, it lacked books and the pictures on the walls confined themselves mostly to episodes of the chase.

One received an impression of ingrained dustiness such as no vacuum cleaner might conquer. Michael Brayde, with his feet extended towards the blaze and a pipe between his teeth, thought this dust, which one felt yet could not trace, might be a fine psychical deposit from the arid souls of transient tenants like himself who had come home only to find that home really meant a big shady bungalow by an African river in the stillness of the bush and the blaze of the equatorial sun.

Outside, a bitter rain slashed down into the icy street.

Michael Brayde glanced at his wrist watch and observed that it registered six-fifteen P. M.

"Half an hour," he reflected, "before I need begin to change. Ann said I was to collect her at eight. Let me see, it's tails and a white waistcoat nowadays, and white gloves are not worn when dancing. But I can't help wondering why I should be taking Ann out and what I'm doing in England at all. These modern girls are simply beyond me and for the rest I just don't belong."

HE LAY back in his chair, a tall, lean figure with the yellowish tinge of Africa still obvious in his face, and harked back over the course of his life. When war broke out he had been twenty-two, still at Oxford.

After two years in France and a dose of shrapnel the old general at the War Office who knew his father had suggested that machine-gun officers were badly needed in the East African show.

Consequently, the rest of the war comprised service with the King's African Rifles, eternal trekking through the bush after the elusive von Lettow, that intimate acquaintance with the African native which led him when peace was declared to listen to the insistent call of Africa, and afterward to become an assistant district officer in northern Nigeria.

The slow process of time brought promotion to the district officer; England and Europe faded; life represented merely the development of his district, the semi-paternal rule over strange races, that queer, difficult, somehow satisfying life of the white man administering justice in a black country as remote from his own conventions as the moon. And then, nine months ago, his father died and Michael succeeded to the baronetcy and ten thousand a year. Naturally his sense of duty led him to resign, come home, live on the family acres, and play the part of an English country gentleman.

At thirty-seven Michael felt no call to this state of life. For thirteen years Africa had laid on him the spell of her enchantments.

His mother still remained at Brayde Manor, and he couldn't very well push her out. She was always going

¶ *Michael was thinking that in 1914 the nearest policeman would have arrested Ann for indecency.*

By F. E. Baily

The Story *of a* Man who *thought* he *wanted* 'em Old-fashioned

and went not. Her tactics explained these furnished chambers for gentlemen in the Jermyn Street district, and a dinner engagement with Ann.

Michael possessed only the faintest notion who Ann was. Some girl temporarily linked with some man on leave had asked her to make a fourth, because the man wanted to bring Michael along, and Ann and he drifted into what represented for him a device against boredom. And confound it, he really must get up and dress.

MICHAEL rose, knocked out his pipe and told himself: "In Nigeria my boy would just be bringing me the first gin and bitters of the evening. I should drink it, and perhaps another, and then bathe and change and by that time dinner would be served. The cook would have prepared exactly what I liked and the house boys would serve it with a sort of military precision. The sun would have set long ago and the lamps would glow like stars in the dark. I should be living a clean, orderly, despotic life, such as gives a man self-respect.

"Here I pay a ridiculous rent for these filthy rooms, put my cuff links in my dress shirt myself, and go forth to entertain some come-by-chance girl to whom, out of sheer loneliness, I cling as if she were a prince's daughter. Frankly I consider these amenities expensive at the price of a title and ten thousand a year."

ANN'S apartment lay in a quiet square off the Brompton Road. She opened the door herself, draped in some delicately ethereal silk wrapper, a tall dark girl with impeccably shingled hair, singularly pretty in the boyish modern manner.

Her dark eyes glinted momentarily at the sight of this man who walked like a ruler, and carried the best clothes in London as though they were nothing more than string and brown paper.

"Come in, Michael," she said. "My daily woman leaves early if I'm going out. I shan't be long. We've had the most frightful rush today and that's why I'm late. There are the cigarets. Would you like a drink?"

He held her hand in his firm clasp, knowing that if he had kissed her she would have made no fuss. Unfortunately, six months' residence in England had not accustomed him to easy kissing.

"That's all right, Ann. I booked our table for eight-thirty and they'll keep it anyhow. Go and paint your face and fix your hair and put on your best frock, because it's a foul night and you'll need all your comforts. I told the taxi driver to wait. I won't have a drink, thanks."

She nodded and went out. Lighting one of his own cigarets he told himself it seemed a queer world nowadays. There she was in that silk dressing gown, and yet she expected a man to remain unruffled and well-behaved.

No doubt that accounted for the female dominance he noticed everywhere; they just vetoed normal masculine instincts as bad form. Moreover, she kept him waiting deliberately, for of course that yarn about a frightful rush of business deceived no one.

He seemed to remember her telling him she was a partner in a dressmaking firm. Probably they sold about one gown a week with luck and would go bankrupt directly their capital came to an end.

At this point Ann entered. She wore a plain frock of smoke-blue velvet marvelously cut, the skirt short enough in front to show her knees when she walked, its irregular hem declining to midway between knee and ankle at the back. Her legs were perfect in the thinnest of flesh silk stockings. Over one arm drooped a supple gold coat with an enormous white fox collar. She threw down the coat, sat on the edge of the table and asked for a cigaret.

"I've been as quick as I could, Michael, but I'm afraid the taxi must have ticked up a fortune. We'd better hurry before you're ruined."

He smiled, and she liked the line of his mouth under the cropped mustache; gave her the cigaret and lighted it. If she had known the cause of the smile she might

have liked it less. He was thinking that if a lady of no reputation had appeared on the street wearing that frock in 1914, the nearest policeman would have arrested her for indecency.

"I didn't want to hurry you, Ann. I told the driver to wait because on a wet night you never can get a taxi."

She stood up and he held her coat; the tall, slender form, faintly fragrant, rested in his arms for a moment. Then she was walking beside him along the corridor, coat clutched together at the waist to emphasize the curve of breast and hip, a beaded bag in which colors blended miraculously against a dull-gold jeweled frame dangling from one hand.

"Twenty-three or twenty-four, perhaps, devilishly pretty, and all she knows of me is that I'm a friend of Jack and Jack steps out with Mary, and Mary's her friend," Michael was thinking. "And if it were a fine summer night and I owned a fast car and suggested having supper and dancing in Brighton, I'll bet she'd do it like a shot if she felt like it. These girls have no morals or scruples, yet they manage to save themselves by complaining that they thought you were a gentleman, whereas of course it would be just because you *were* a gentleman and not a plaster saint if any trouble arose."

Now he shepherded her under an umbrella to the door of the dripping taxi, directed the driver to the Carlton and followed her into the cab. Inside, in the gloom, he took her left hand in his right, because that is the sort of thing one does in cabs and is expected to do.

"You've got good hands, Ann."

"Thank heaven for something! That's the first charming thing you've said so far. Hitherto, you might have been a youth of stainless virtue forced to take out a scarlet woman as a penance."

In her tone there lurked no malice; the words implied merely well-bred comment on an interesting situation. Michael grinned because she had come so near the truth.

"I'm not young, Ann; I'm thirty-seven and my virtue isn't stainless. I'm just a poor lone man dragged away from my life-work to become a poky baronet on the musty property of my forbears. I can't even get on with the job because my mother remains in occupation. Therefore I turn to you for comfort and you aren't to say cruel, cutting things; you look sweet and decent—like what we are told it is to die for our country."

"My dear Michael, no man would take out any girl who looked either sweet or decent, let alone both, and I get taken out quite a lot. It isn't only buyers and representatives of the hook-and-eye industry who do it, either. I have several gentlemen friends unconnected with my business."

"Darling, I adore you for your business pose. Confess that you'd probably be better off at this moment if you'd lived on your capital while it lasted and then gone gracefully to the workhouse, instead of investing it in a musical-comedy frock shop."

Ann took away her hand in order to discipline a stray curl.

"I don't know how much unearned income you've just fallen into, my dear, but I doubt if they paid you more to be a commissioner in Nigeria than I drew last year. My portion of the profits came to over a thousand and I only have a third share. Don't say you're one of those men who have to despise a woman's brains before they can appreciate the rest of her, 'cause I shall think you stayed long enough in the bush to get a prehistoric mind."

The taxi drew up at the Carlton's entrance, and after Michael had surrendered overcoat and silk hat, he escorted her through the long anteroom to her table by a wall of the oval dining room. She slid out of her coat, sat down and smiled at him.

"I'm only a girl, Michael, and consequently a fool, but do spoil me because any fool girl loves being a spoiled fool girl. And don't give me champagne because it's so obvious and I'd rather have a dry Graves."

Ann sat back and drifted on a dreamy river of contentment while he ordered dinner. It was so restful to be entertained by the right kind of man. If men only knew how essential they were to a girl's enjoyment of life through giving her just the right stimulus and removing the aching necessity of stage-managing her

Pamela and Meriel watched Joyce in scarcely disguised envy. Each contrived to assure Michael without putting it in so many words that no one had bespoken her.

own playtime, they might become intolerably despotic. She said obligingly as the wine waiter went away:

"Now tell me about lions and crocodiles and how you quelled a native rising single-handed by sheer personality, implying all the time subtly but truthfully that a woman's only a woman, but men get things done."

"I shan't. I'd rather tell you how pretty you are, and what a jolly frock you've got on, and how I'm enjoying myself."

"THIS frock isn't 'jolly,' my poor friend. It's a Paris model and a poem. One advantage I have is that at least I display creditably the goods I sell. I wore it for you, really. In the midst of an English winter, with Christmas only a few weeks ahead, nothing cheers up the lonely empire-builder more than a good frock worn by a true-blue girl at home."

"You mayn't believe it but I've hardly seen any frocks since 1914. I went straight out to Africa in 1916, and I've spent most of my leaves in the wilds. Queer in a way because in 1914 I rather fell for frocks and girls and so on. However, Africa teaches you simplicity of life."

"In 1914 I was nearly nine years old. The Great War means no more to me than the Peninsular War or the Wars of the Roses. No wonder you find me so demoralizing and improper, Mike. As for me, I keep a bridle and bit on my tongue all the time I'm with you. I keep saying to myself: 'Not before the child!' and I always feel I ought to shroud myself in a long brown mackintosh for your benefit.

"I believe pre-war people have most peculiar ideas about the amount of leg we ought to show. Try to realize that all my life I've never not shown my legs. They mean absolutely nothing to me."

"Don't be so disgustingly ungrateful. They might be like that woman's over there. They'd mean something to you then."

The dance band began to croon irresistibly. Michael invited her with a look and she rose and gave herself into his arms.

"Don't be too hard on me, will you?" she pleaded. "I know you learned to dance in the days when dancing *was* dancing. Heavens, how I cry sometimes when I realize I was born too late for the lancers, and the schottisch!"

He only laughed and held her in a light, sure clasp, and they began to weave gay, effortless patterns on the parquet floor. Ann felt careless and happy. He was rich enough to spend money on her without any need on her part for scruples of conscience, and he had a definite appeal for her in his detached, speculative fashion. She felt he could take the next ship back to Nigeria without giving her a second thought and longed to deprive him of this splendid immunity. Besides, so far he had neither kissed nor attempted to kiss her.

"In the case of ninety-nine men out of a hundred," she thought, "I'd say that proved definitely that I hadn't been a success, but then if you aren't a success they don't ask you again, and this is our third party; but Jack and Mary complicated the other two. I wonder!"

They drifted back to their table. The waiter brought coffee. Gazing round that charming room,

(*Cont. on page 147*)

More *than* Biography—
the Human Story
of a
Great Human

LINCOLN

Illustration by

"A HOUSE divided against itself cannot stand!" In the crowded hall at Springfield, Lincoln thunders forth this Biblical aphorism, which sounds like a trumpet calling to war. It is part of a speech which, contrary to his usual custom, he had committed to writing beforehand and had talked over with some of his friends. They had objected to this sentence in particular, as unwise.

"But are you not on the side of the abolitionists?" Lincoln had asked them. For Douglas had come to Illinois, and his double-tongued utterances had roused Lincoln to the attack.

He says what he planned to say, and his hearers are startled. He goes on: "I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other . . . I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free."

Then he challenges Douglas, who is absent, to say clearly, unambiguously, what he thinks about Kansas and the Dred Scott decision; to say in plain terms whether he wants to see slavery restricted or enlarged. None the less, he protests against the theories of those abolitionists who advocate forcible interference with any attempt to recapture runaway slaves; he insists that the Dred Scott decision, though morally unjustified, is good in law, and can be fought only by legal methods.

In other connections, he now formulates his deciding theories: "I protest, now and forever, against that counterfeit logic which presumes that because I did not want a negro woman for a slave, I do necessarily want her for a wife. My understanding is that I need not have her for either, but, as God made us separate, we can leave one another alone, and do one another much good thereby. There are white men enough to marry all the white women, and enough black men to marry all the black women; and in God's name let them be so married."

With such striking words he inflames the enthusiasm of his auditors, and the news of this inspiring speech spreads like wildfire. Lincoln understands its importance.

Rather pathetically he says: "If I had to draw a pen across my record and erase my whole life from sight, and I had one poor gift of choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech and leave it to the world unerased." The shadows of coming events are beginning to cast themselves into his mind, and by slow degrees he grows aware of his position as a historical figure.

Now, Lincoln determines to do a thing that never before has been done in American history: He challenges his opponent Douglas to a debate.

> Will it be agreeable to you to make an arrangement for you and myself to divide time and address the same

of the People

By Emil Ludwig

Harvey Dunn

audiences in the present canvass? Mr. Judd, who will hand you this, is authorized to receive your answer; and, if agreeable to you, to enter into the terms of such arrangement.

This is both bold and shrewd. For in this way Lincoln will be able to get the ear of Douglas' audiences. That prospect is far from agreeable to Douglas, who would gladly evade the issue if he could. He says that he has already made all the arrangements for his campaign speeches, and he is surprised that Lincoln did not come forward with the proposal earlier.

Still, he then proposes several towns. Lincoln protests against the implication of unfairness, and agrees to speak at the seven places named. "As to the other details, I wish perfect reciprocity and no more. I wish as much time as you, and that conclusion shall alternate. That is all."

And now they begin in Ottawa, on a platform in the open, their first debate for a seat in the Senate: Douglas one hour, Lincoln one hour and a half, then Douglas a half-hour. So on in succession. Huge audiences flock to hear these redoubtable champions; all Illinois is talking and writing about the contest; the telegraph gets to work, and after the third debate all the country knows about it and asks: "Who are the two fighters on the platform?"

Look at them: they are irreconcilable. The one, called the "Little Giant," is only just over five feet high, but strongly built, with powerful neck and shoulders, deep chest and massive head, vigorous and tenacious, but all the same lively, even elegant. His clothes are well cut, and his linen is spotless. As he speaks, he often shakes back his long gray-sprinkled hair with a quick movement of the head.

His features are mobile; there is the deep furrow of a strong will between his eyes—those fine blue eyes that exercise a seductive force. Not until he stops speaking, not until his face is in repose, does one notice the dull and unwholesome tint of his skin, due to drink and town life. The play of his shapely hands, too, shows that he is not at home in the open air of the country.

But if this man is unduly short and thickset and muscular, the other is unduly tall and lean and bony. His nose is bold; his gaze is questing rather than piercing; his wrinkled visage has no brilliancy of expression. His ill-fitting clothes hang awry on his bony form; they are creased and much too short. His great feet are those of a man who walks slowly and cautiously; his sinewy hands are those of one who has been accustomed to carry loads. It takes a poet to decide at first sight for Lincoln.

The two men mount the platform. Now we are going to hear them! Douglas is the opener this time and is hailed with salvos of applause, which he acknowledges with a gracious gesture as he (*Continued on page 117*)

The Story of a Guy who Just Knew He Had IT

One-Eyed

by Jerome Beatty

¶ *Beautiful smiled. I was sunk. I was in love. I did not know nothing.*

SINCE I broke in the motion picture acting game so successful a couple of months ago, Mr. Editor, I have read most every issue of your magazine, Cinema Confessions, and in the one I bought yesterday like the one I bought about a month ago I am surprised to see how you have not got nothing about me, Oklahoma Jack Gilligan.

I do not raise no complaint about you putting in Bow and Garbo and Davies, for they are prominent stars, too, and perhaps you will say that you know more about getting out a movie magazine than I do. But what is the sense of filling everything up with girls and how did they get in the movies when I get letters almost every day from somebody asking how did I ever get in?

That shows how the public is interested in the life of big male stars like we Westerns and if you could read my fan mail you would be surprised. Just today I got two letters from all over the United States asking for my photo and saying how wonderful I was, one enclosing ten cents in stamps.

I do not want to tell you how to run your magazine but it seems to me like you would want to sell more, and you could if you would run my picture on the front and put under it reading like

OKLAHOMA JACK GILLIGAN NOTED AND HANDSOME MOTION PICTURE SUCCESS KNOWN AS THE JACK OF HEARTS TELLS HIS TRUE STORY BY PUBLIC REQUEST ABOUT HOW HE BROKE IN THE MOTION PICTURE ACTING GAME AND MADE SUCH A BIG SUCCESS AS THE GREATEST WESTERN STAR IN THE WORLD

So I am sending you two pictures to take your choice. The best one is where I have my arms around my horse's head and am looking into his eyes and on the back I have wrote the line from the picture that goes with the scene which is, "Old Pal, whatever the weather, we forge on together, just true pals." It is poetry and I read poetry which shows that I am not dumb like a lot of stars that never read good books.

The other good still that I am sending you is where I am standing with my arms spread out in a very sad pose which could be entitled, "Gone." The pose represents that my sweetheart has run away with a dirty rustler but that Jack of Hearts never forgets an injury and will take a terrible revenge in the fifth reel.

When you put that picture on the cover and the words about how Oklahoma Jack Gilligan tells how he broke in the motion picture acting game you should put something inside telling that, so I am writing you the piece to put inside which is entitled, "How I Broke In the Motion Picture Acting Game By Oklahoma Jack Gilligan the World-famous Star Holder of Twenty-eight Rodeo Medals and Cups and Highly Praised by Press and Public."

It seems like only yesterday when I was not a great movie star. Here I sit with my poetry book and my little wife that I call just My Little Wonder Girl in my big house in Hollywood that I wish all of my public could visit me in.

Every day the mailman leaves thousands of letters in the mail box from lots of people asking me why I do not tell how I broke in the moving picture acting game. The anxious ones must be answered and so I will open my heart and tell the road to my success so that other handsome and good-looking fellows who wish to work hard can travel the old trail to the biggest honor the world can give, a job of famous movie star.

Alas, I must do it. So My Little Wonder Girl kisses me and says, "Good-by, My Big Wonder Boy," and goes downtown to buy her some more diamonds and leaves me alone with myself in the empty room. My Little Wonder Girl has done it all for me except what I did for myself being good-looking and holding a lot of rodeo medals and cups and working hard.

AS THE poet says, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," which he meant to show how a horse is important in everybody's life, even a king's. That is why they call playing the races the Sport of Kings and why race-track guys is all right.

When I felt the call of the motion picture acting game I was teamed up with a Mex named Razor Valero selling tip sheets at Tia Juana. I did not know his true character until the last day of the meet which I will tell you about later.

A stud dealer at the International Club brands us the One-Eyed Jacks, which is a gambling term, even if we did have two eyes and *looked* good.

When I write *looked* good it is just my little joke. I believe that clean fun is always welcome by readers of good books and we ought to have it in our lives and that is why I put that joke in. I do not believe in jokes that offend and I feel sure that that there little innocent joke and the hearty laughter that it causes will not offend none of my public.

Take your deck out of your pocket and deal off the Jack of Hearts and the Jack of Spades, which is the

Jacks *are Wild*

Illustrations by
David Robinson

one-eyed ones, and you will get an idea of why I was the Jack of Hearts and Razor was the Spade. The only difference between me and the picture of the Jack of Hearts was that I did not have a mustache, but Razor did and a mean mouth just like the picture of the Jack of Spades.

We done good through the meeting and on the last day I reckon we had about three grand apiece. I hope my public will excuse me if here I take on the character of a follower of the Sport of Kings and write in the way they talk which is not refined like a movie star talks but it will give you a better idea of what went on. It is hard for us famous writers to do this but it is said around the lot that Oklahoma Jack Gilligan, the Jack of Hearts, never thinks of himself.

So I write down that we had three grand which in movie talk is three thousand bucks.

Before the first race I sold a tip sheet to the swellest girl you ever seen. Easy to look at? Oh, boy! She was alone and looked good to me, so I figured I would cheer her up and when I give her the envelope I says, "Nothing but winners today, miss."

"I hope you're right, Handsome," she answers quick, smiling. You never seen such a smile, not even in a tooth-paste ad. Gosh! If I had not put her fifty cents in my pocket I would have given her the tip sheet for nothing. She seen right away that I was not an ordinary tout that hangs around tracks. "What's your best bet?" she asks.

I could have told her to open up the envelope and look for herself, but I figured I might fix up something, so I says, "Hard-to-Catch in the fourth, Beautiful."

She looked at me and I felt that way once when a horse kicked me on the chin—all tingly.

"That probably will be your name after the race, Big Boy."

"My name is Jack. They call me Jack of Hearts," I says.

"I'll bet you're a great card, Jackie." She laughs and goes in the track.

A minute later I thought up that I might have said I was, but a Queen could take me, but she was gone.

Well, Hard-to-Catch cops and pays $6.80 and Razor and me was on him so we was feeling good. We had picked Barn Door for the fifth and we was going to get a little bet down when along come a telegraph operator we knew named Doc.

"What y'got, Jacks?" he asks.

"Barn Door," I answers because he was a good fellow and we give him our tips for nothing.

"He's a dog, boys," he says. "I got a live one. Jim Minot and Harry Dicker are wirin' all over the country gettin' money down."

"What is it, Doc?" Razor inquires.

"Wouldn't y'like to know?"

"Come on across, Doc," I says. "We won't shove anybody's price down."

"Yodel," he says.

I throws back my head and sings out, "Aaylee—aaylee—oo," until Razor stops me.

"That's the name of a horse, stupid," he explains.

SURE enough, it was, I remembered. The telegraph operator give us all the dope on the killing and we decided to soak the wad and go out as rich, Razor said, as that other smart Jack, Jack Rockefeller.

All at once I thought about Beautiful, that would be betting her money on Barn Door as advised in our tip sheet.

"You get your dough down," I says to Razor. "I'll be back in a minute."

I run up in the stands and found Beautiful in the pay-off line at one of the woman's books. The smile she give me! Oh, boy! Just like Armistice Day, somehow.

Beautiful held up a ticket.

"That cashes on Hard-to-Catch, Jackie," she says. "I'm putting it all on Barn Door."

There was women in front of her and women behind her and I did not want them to know so I whispers to her.

"Listen, Beautiful. Lay off Barn Door. I got a hot one."

She turned her head toward me and her hair brushed my nose. She looked in my eyes. She had some kind of perfumery on that made me weak in the knees. She smiled. I was sunk. I was in love. I did not know nothing.

"What is it, Jackie?" she says softly.

I could not remember—that is how bad I was. I was sort of dizzy. I was roped and tied. I looked at my program and ran down the names. I could not make them out. All at once one stuck out. It stopped me. It was a hunch. A dead cinch. There was the horse, in capital letters, SWEET SMILE.

"What horse, Jackie?" she asks, kind of slow and teasy like.

"Sweet Smile, Beautiful. Sweet Smile. I am going to bet all my money on her because it is a copper-riveted hunch and with all the money I win I'm going to take you to dinner at the Grant tonight. What say, Beautiful?"

She shook her head. "I'm awful sorry, Jackie," she says, and you could easily see how sad she was. "I have to meet a friend on important business." She was up to the window by now and was collecting heavy dough on her Hard-to-Catch ticket.

"Well, we will fix something up, Beautiful." I was panting. I was all out of breath. "I will see you after this race," I gasped and stumbled down the stairs like a locoed mule and got to the books just in time to lay more than three grand on Sweet Smile at 20 to 1.

Razor come along and I showed him my ticket and told him about the hunch.

"Yodel is dough down the sewer," I says. "We'll get rich on Sweet Smile, old kid."

He called me names that I find are used in the motion picture game only by assistant directors in speaking to extras. I will not repeat them here. They were a lot of bad words ending in "fool."

"That Sweet Smile is a grocery-wagon horse from San Berdoo," Razor sneered. "I thought you knew horses."

"Horses," I said, with dignity, "and women. That there is a hunch that cannot lose. You should see the girl! As usual, you will get half."

"Half the girl? Not me!"

"The girl is my own property. Half the winnings, you get."

"Half my eye," he said rudely. "The fifty-fifty thing is off if you are going to pick horses that way. You look at a woman's teeth and tell how fast a grocery-wagon horse can run. I keep what I get on Yodel and you take your dough on Sweet Smile." He said Sweet Smile in a snooty way that I did not like, but I held my temper.

It was a dirty trick that he made out we was not partners any more, but I says to myself chances are his ticket on Yodel will not be worth a hill of beans and mine will be worth more than sixty grand so I should not start a ruckus.

"Much obliged to you," I says, kind of sarcastic. "Grocery-wagon horse, hey, Razor? You will see."

In answer to that he said, all right, he would see and we went over to the rail just as they were off.

Sweet Smile got off in front and I called his attention to the fact. I kept on giving him pointers on how to pick winners until the horses hit the stretch when for some queer reason Yodel came to the front.

"Yeah, Sweet Smile!" Razor shouted at me. "Look! She decided to stop at Mrs. Maloney's with the oatmeal."

It did look that way, for it turned out that Yodel won and Sweet Smile finished sixth.

All my money was gone except eight silver dollars and four bits in change. I was low in mind and decided never to have anything more to do with women. They are always getting you in trouble with fool ideas. Just why this woman thought Sweet Smile would win was more than I could figure out.

Razor come back from the (*Cont. on p. 180*)

I give Sweet Smile a good shaking and told her it was me the Jack of Hearts that had come to save her from a fate worse than death.

Queen Mary's Recipe for SPONGE CAKE

3 eggs (whites beaten separately)
Weight of 3 eggs in powdered sugar (⅞ cupful)
Weight of 2 eggs in self-raising flour (1 cupful)

Put yolks and beaten whites of eggs in basin, sift in sugar and beat up, then sift in the flour. Have ready a cake tin lined with paper. Put in mixture and place in hot oven. If gas is used, lower gas immediately cake is in oven and do not look at cake for at least twenty minutes to half an hour. Gas should be very low. Test with skewer and if the latter is clean when taken out, the cake is done.

Queen Mary *is a Good Cook*

By Evelyn Graham

MANY people will not believe that the Queen of England visits her own kitchens personally, but she does, and there is a small kitchen leading out from those at Buckingham Palace which is kept for her special use. It is tiled in white and the floor has the new rubber linoleum which is so easy to keep clean.

Her Majesty has spent many hours in this kitchen, looking very businesslike in the blue "over-all" which she always wears when cooking. She has a marvelously light hand for pastry, and the King has often remarked that no other pastry comes up to that of his wife.

When King George was dangerously ill, he would accept no nourishment except from the Queen's hands and once when she was feeding him he managed to whisper: "I know you made this; it is so delicious."

The King was, of course, allowed only fluids for a considerable time and Queen Mary used to make for him a kind of milk soup with just a flavoring of cinnamon to make it palatable. Even when she did not actually make the soup, she always added the flavoring because she knew just how much to put in

When the King became convalescent, he liked nothing so much as the light sponge cake which the Queen used to make especially for him. The recipe, which I have given above, may interest my readers. It is as simple as it is delicious.

When Her Majesty inspected Craigweil House with a view to the King's visit, she first of all saw the room it was proposed that he should occupy, and then straightway went down to the kitchen.

"Oh, how attractive this is!" she exclaimed as she entered.

The kitchen at Craigweil House is indeed delightful. The color scheme is white and blue and practically all the cooking is done by electricity.

"This is where I shall do my cooking," said the Queen and, true to her word, she was seen there nearly every morning making the old-fashioned honey cake which the King loves served piping hot for tea.

Queen Mary has a great liking for aluminum and nearly all the pots and pans in her various homes are composed of this material.

All the jams and preserves which are used at Buckingham Palace are, of course, homemade. When the Prince of Wales moved to York House and later to Marlborough House he was always insistent that an adequate supply of these homemade delicacies should be allotted to his kitchens, and so famous are they that once when the Queen was asking a friend what present she would like, the lady replied: "Oh, a pot of your Sandringham damson cheese if you could spare it."

All Queen Mary's homes are run on economical lines; for instance, nothing is ever thrown away that can be cleaned or renovated, and electric light and gas are never used extravagantly. I remember that, during the war, the Queen had labels put all over Buckingham Palace with "Please turn out the light" printed on them, and though, of course, the need for economy is not so great now, Her Majesty still believes in the proverb, "Waste not, want not."

How the Queen has instilled this motto into Princess Mary, who has, in turn, passed it on, was plainly illustrated one day when her son little Gerald Lascelles was at Buckingham Palace. He did not seem satisfied when he had left a room, and when his nurse inquired what was the matter, he whispered, "We didn't turn out the lights and lights cost money."

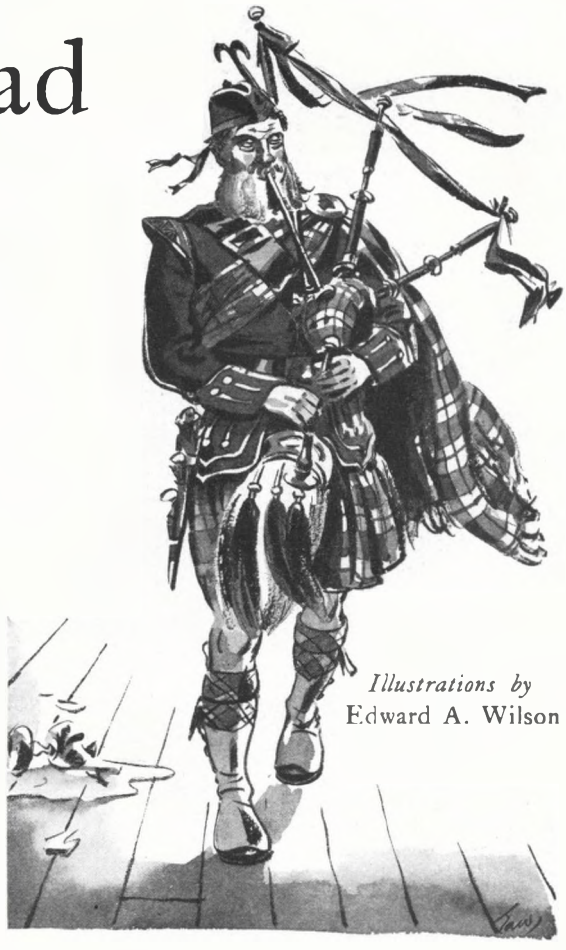
THE Queen invariably studies the comforts of her guests, as all perfect housewives do. When visitors are staying at Sandringham, Her Majesty personally sees that there are flowers in their rooms and that everything is comfortable and homelike before they arrive.

The Queen always rests in her boudoir between tea and dinner, and as she is fond of crocheting, a piece of unfinished crochet work is always lying to her hand. Just now she is making a pink house coat for Princess Elizabeth. The little girl *will* run out of her warm nursery into the cold passage whenever she hears her mother's or her father's voice and the Queen is often anxious lest she should catch cold, so she is making the coat to protect the child on these occasions.

Queen Mary, although she is a Queen, knows as much about the art of housewifery as any woman in England. It is difficult to be domesticated in a palace—but Queen Mary from the pure love of it has triumphed and has turned a palace into a home.

A New Ballad

Sandy MacPherson Held the Floor



Illustrations by
Edward A. Wilson

SAID President MacConnachie to Treasurer MacCall:
"We ought to have a piper for our next St. Andrew's Ball.
Yon squawking saxophone gives me the syncopated gripes;
I'm sick of jazz, I want to hear the skirling of the pipes."
"Alas! it's true," said Tam MacCall. "The young folk of today
Are fox-trot mad and dinna ken a reel from a strathspey.
But what we want's a kiltie lad primed up with mountain dew
To strut the floor at supper time and play a lilt or two.
In all the North there's only one; of him I've heard them speak;
His name is Jock MacPherson and he lives on Boulder Creek;
An old-time hard-rock miner and a wild and wastrel loon,
Who spends his nights in glory playing pibrochs to the moon.
I'll seek him out; beyond a doubt on next St. Andrew's Night
We'll proudly hear the pipes to cheer and charm our appetite."

OH, LADS were neat and lassies sweet that graced St. Andrew's Ball;
Yet there was none so full of fun as Treasurer MacCall.
And as Maloney's ragtime band struck up the newest hit,
He smiled a smile behind his hand and chuckled: "Wait a bit."
And so with many a Celtic snort, with malice in his eye,
He watched the merry crowd cavort till supper time drew nigh.
Then gleefully he seemed to steal, and sought the Nugget Bar,
Wherein there sat a tartaned chiel as lonely as a star;
A huge and hairy Highlandman as hearty as a breeze,
A glass of whisky in his hand, his bagpipes on his knees.
"Drink down your *doch-an-dorris*, Jock," cried Treasurer MacCall;
"The time is ripe to up and pipe: they wait you in the hall.
Gird up your loins and grit your teeth, and here's a pint of hooch
To mind you of your native heath—jist pit it in your pooch.
Play on and on for all you're worth; you'll shame us if you stop.
Remember you're of Scottish birth—keep piping till you drop.
Aye, though a bunch of Willie boys should bluster and implore,
For the glory of the Highlands, lad, you've got to hold the floor."

THE dancers were at supper and the tables groaned with cheer,
When President MacConnachie exclaimed: "What do I hear?
Methinks it's like a chanter, and it's coming from the hall."
"It's Jock MacPherson tuning up," sighed Treasurer MacCall.
Then from the ballroom lo! there leapt a wild and wailing air;
About the festive board it swept, and made the feasters stare.
Profound surprise was in their eyes. "What's that?" demanded all.
"It's Jock MacPherson piping now," cried Treasurer MacCall.
So up they jumped with shouts of glee and gayly hurried forth.
Said they: "We never thought to see a piper in the North."
Aye, all the lads and lassies braw went buzzing out like bees

And Jock MacPherson there they saw with red and rugged knees.
Full six feet four he strode the floor, a grizzled son of Skye,
With glory in his whiskers and with whisky in his eye.
With skelping stride and Scottish pride he towered above them all:
"And is he na a bonny sight?" said Treasurer MacCall,
While President MacConnachie was fairly daft with glee,
And there was jubilation in the Scottish Commit-tee.
But the dancers seemed uncertain, and they signified their doubt
By dashing back to eat as fast as they had darted out.
And someone raised the question 'twixt the coffee and the cakes:
Does the piper walk to get away from all the noise he makes?
Then reinforced with fancy food again they sallied forth,
And watched in patronizing mood the piper of the North.

PROUD, proud was Jock MacPherson as he made his bagpipes skirl,
And he set his sporran swinging and he gave his kilt a whirl.
And President MacConnachie was jumping like a flea,
And there was joy and rapture in the Scottish Commit-tee.
"Just let them have their saxophones with concentrated squall;
We're having heaven's music now," said Treasurer MacCall.
But the dancers waxed impatient, and they rather seemed to fret
For Maloney and the jazz of his Hibernian quartet.
Yet little recked the piper as he swung with head on high,
Lamenting with M'Crummen on the heather hills of Skye.
With Highland passion in his heart he strode the center floor;
Aye, Jock MacPherson played as he had never played before.

MALONEY'S Irish melodists were sitting in their place,
And as Maloney waited there was wonder in his face.

of the YUKON

By Robert W. Service

'Twas sure the gorgeous music—golly! wouldn't it be grand
If he could get MacPherson as a member of his band?
But the dancers moped and mumbled as around the room they sat.
"We paid to dance," they grumbled, "but we cannot dance to that.
Of course we're not denying that it's really splendid stuff;
But it's mighty satisfying—don't you think we've had enough?"
"You've raised a pretty problem," answered Treasurer MacCall;
"For on St. Andrew's Night, you ken, the piper rules the ball."
Said President MacConnachie: "You've said a solemn thing.
Tradition holds him sacred and he's got to have his fling.
But soon, no doubt, he'll weary out. Have patience; bide a wee."
"That's right. Respect the piper," said the Scottish Commit-tee.

And so MacPherson stalked the floor and fast the moments flew,
Till half an hour went by as irritation grew and grew.
Then the dancers held a council and with faces fiercely set,
They approached Maloney heading his Hibernian quartet.
"It's long enough we've waited. Come on, Mike, play up the blues,"
And Maloney hesitated, but he didn't dare refuse.
So banjo and piano and guitar and saxophone
Contended with the shrilling of the chanter and the drone.
And the women's ears were muffled, so infernal was the din,
But MacPherson was unruffled, for he knew that he would win.
Then two bright boys jazzed round him, and they sought to play the clown,
But MacPherson jolted sideways and the Sassenachs went down.
And at that, as at a signal, with a wild and angry roar,
The gates of wrath were riven . . . yet MacPherson held the floor.

Aye, mid the rising tumult still he strode with head on high,
With ribbands gayly streaming, yet with battle in his eye.
Amid the storm that gathered, still he stalked with Highland pride,
While president and treasurer sprang bravely to his side.
And with ire and indignation that was glorious to see,
Around him in a body ringed the Scottish Commit-tee.
Their teeth were clenched with fury; their eyes in anger blazed.
"Ye maunna touch the piper," was the slogan that they raised.
Then blows were struck and men went down, yet mid the rising fray
MacPherson towered in triumph, and he never ceased to play.
Yet woe is me for Scotland! they were but a gallant few,
And could not last although they fought with all the skill they knew.
Then President MacConnachie was seen to slip and fall,
And o'er his prostrate body stumbled Treasurer MacCall.
And as their foes with triumph roared, and leaguered them about,
It looked as if their little band would soon be counted out.
For eyes were black and noses red—yet on that field of gore,
As resolute as Highland rock, MacPherson held the floor.

Maloney watched the battle and his brows were blackly set,
While with him paused and panted his Hibernian quartet.
(For sure it is an evil spite and breaking to the heart,
For Irishmen to watch a fight and not be taking part.)
When suddenly on high he soared and tightened up his belt.
"And shall we see them crush," he roared, "a brother and a Celt?
A fellow artist needs our aid. Come on, boys, take a hand."
Then down into the mêlée dashed Maloney and his band . . .
Now though it was St. Andrew's Ball, yet men of every race
That bow before the great god Jazz were gathered in that place.
Yea, there were those who grunt: "Ya! Ya!" and those who squeak: "We! We!"
Likewise Dutch, Dago, Swede and Finn, Polack and Portugee.
Yet like ripe grain before the gale that national hotchpotch
Went down before the fury of the Irish and the Scotch.
Aye, though they closed their gaping ranks and rallied to the fray,
To the Shamrock and the Thistle went the glory of the day.

You should have seen the carnage in the drooling light of dawn,
And mid the scene of slaughter Jock MacPherson playing on.
Though all lay low about him, yet he held his head on high,
And piped as if he stood upon the caller crags of Skye.
His face was grim as granite and no favor did he ask,
Though weary were his mighty lungs and empty was his flask.
And when a fallen foe wailed out: "Say! when will you have done?"
MacPherson grinned and answered: "Hoots! She'll only have begun."
Aye, though his hands were bloody and his knees were gay with gore,
A Grampian of Highland pride, MacPherson held the floor.

And still in Yukon valleys when the silent peaks look down,
They tell of how the piper was invited up to town,
And he went in kilted glory and he piped before them all,
But he wouldn't stop his piping till he busted up the ball.
Of that Homeric scrap they speak, and how the fight went on,
With sally and with rally till the breaking of the dawn;
And how the piper towered like a rock amid the fray,
And the battle surged about him, yet he never ceased to play.
Aye, by the lonely camp fires still they tell the story o'er—
How the Sassenach was vanquished and MacPherson held the floor.

On the

A Story from the Book of Life

by W. Somerset Maugham

with illustrations by Dean Cornwell

¶ "I didn't think she'd go back to her family. They were as poor as church mice. I had no idea she had so much character."

Road to Mandalay

I MET him at the club at Mandalay. He lived at a place called Thazi and when he heard that I was on my way to Taunggu by car he asked me to stop off and have brunch with him. This is the pleasant meal of Burma that combines breakfast and luncheon.

His name was Masterson. He was a man in the early thirties, with a pleasant friendly face, curling dark hair speckled with gray, and handsome dark eyes.

He spoke with a singularly musical voice, slowly, and this, I hardly know why, inspired you with confidence. You felt that a man who took such a long time to say what he had to say and had found the world with sufficient leisure to listen to him must have qualities that made him sympathetic to his fellows. He took the amiability of mankind for granted, and I suppose he could only have done this because he was himself amiable.

He had a nice sense of humor, without of course a quick thrust and parry, but agreeably sarcastic; it was of that engaging type that applies common sense to the accidents of life and so sees them in a faintly ridiculous aspect.

He was engaged in a business that kept him traveling up and down Burma most of the year and in his journeyings he had acquired the collector's habit. He told me that he spent all his spare money buying Burmese curiosities and it was especially to see them that he asked me to have a meal with him.

The train got in early in the morning. He had warned me that, having to be at his office, he could not meet me; but brunch was at ten and he told me to go to his house as soon as I was finished with the one or two things I had to do in the town.

"Make yourself at home," he said, "and if you want a drink ask the boy for it. I'll get back as soon as I've got through with my business."

I FOUND a garage and made a bargain with the owner of a dilapidated car to take me and my baggage to Taunggu. I left my Madrasi servant to see that everything was stowed in it that was possible and the rest tied on the footboards and strolled along to Masterson's house.

It was a neat little bungalow in a road shaded by tall trees and in the early light of a sunny day looked pretty and homelike. I walked up the steps and was hailed by Masterson.

"I finished more quickly than I expected. I shall have time to show you my things before brunch is ready. What will you have? I'm afraid I can only offer you a whisky and soda."

"Isn't it rather early for that?"

"Rather. But it's one of the rules of the house that nobody crosses the threshold without having a drink."

"What can I do but submit to the rule?"

He called the boy and in a moment a trim Burmese servant brought in a decanter, a siphon and glasses. I sat down and looked about the room. Though it was still so early the sun was hot outside and the *jalousies* were drawn. The light was pleasant and cool after the glare of the road.

The room was comfortably furnished with rattan chairs and on the walls were water-color paintings of English scenes. They were a little prim and old-fashioned and I guessed that they had been painted in her youth by some maiden aunt of his who was now an elderly lady.

There were two of a cathedral I did not know, two or three of a rose garden and one of a Georgian house. When he saw my eyes rest upon this, he said:

"That was our house at Cheltenham."

"Oh, is that where you come from?"

THEN there was his collection. The room was crowded with Buddhas and with figures, in bronze or wood, of the Buddha's disciples; there were boxes of all shapes, utensils of one kind and another, curiosities of every sort, and although there were far too many they were arranged with taste so that the effect was pleasing.

He had some lovely things. He showed them to me with pride, telling me how he had got this object and that, and how he had heard of another and hunted it down, and of the incredible astuteness he had employed to induce an unwilling owner to part with it.

His kindly eyes shone when he described a great bargain and they flashed darkly when he inveighed against the unreasonableness of a vender who rather than accept a fair price for a bronze dish had taken it away. There were flowers in the room and it had not the forlorn look that so many bachelors' houses have in the East.

"You've made the place very comfortable," I said.

He gave the room a sweeping glance. "It *was* all right. It's not much now."

I did not know what he meant. Then he showed me a long wooden gilt box, decorated with the glass mosaic that I had admired in the palace at Mandalay, but the workmanship was more delicate than anything

I had seen there, and this with its gemlike richness had really something of the ornate exquisiteness of the Italian Renaissance.

"They tell me it's about a couple of hundred years old," he said. "They've not been able to turn out anything like this for a long time."

It was a piece made obviously for a king's palace and you wondered to what uses it had been put and what hands it had passed through. It was a jewel.

"What is the inside like?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing much. It's just lacquered."

He opened it and I saw that it contained three or four framed photographs.

"Oh, I'd forgotten those were there," he said.

His soft, musical voice had a queer sound in it, and I gave him a sidelong look. He was bronzed by the sun, but his face flushed a deeper red. He was about to close the box, and then he changed his mind. He took out one of the photographs and showed it to me.

"Some of these Burmese girls are rather sweet when they're young, aren't they?" he said.

The photograph showed a young girl standing rather self-consciously against the conventional background of a photographer's studio, a pagoda and a group of palm trees. She was wearing her best clothes and she had a flower in her hair. But the embarrassment you saw she felt at having her picture taken did not prevent a shy smile from trembling on her lips and her large solemn eyes had nevertheless a roguish twinkle. She was small and slender.

"What a ravishing little thing!" I said.

Then Masterson took out another photograph in which she sat with a child standing by her side, his hand timidly on her knee, and a baby in her arms. The child stared straight in front of him with a look of terror on his face; he could not understand what that machine and the man behind it, his head under a black cloth, were up to.

"Are those her children?" I asked.

"And mine," said Masterson.

At that moment the boy came in to say that brunch was ready. We went into the dining room and sat down.

"I don't know what you'll get to eat. Since my girl went away everything in the house has gone to blazes."

A sulky look came into his red honest face and I did not know what to reply.

"I'm so hungry that whatever I get will seem good," I hazarded.

He did not say anything and a plate of thin porridge was put before us. I helped myself to milk and sugar. Masterson ate a spoonful or two and pushed his plate aside.

"I wish I hadn't looked at those confounded photographs," he said. "I put them away on purpose."

I did not want to be inquisitive or to force a confidence my host had no wish to give, but neither did I desire to seem so unconcerned as to prevent him from telling me something he had in his heart. Often in some lonely post in the jungle or in a stiff grand house, solitary in the midst of a teeming Chinese city, a man has told me stories about himself that I was sure he had never told to a living soul.

I was a stray acquaintance whom he never had seen before and never would see again, a wanderer for a moment through his monotonous life, and some starved impulse led him to lay bare his soul. In this way I have learned more about men in a night (sitting over a siphon or two and a bottle of whisky, the hostile, inexplicable world outside the radius of an acetylene lamp) than I could have if I had known them for ten years.

If you are interested in human nature it is one of the great pleasures of travel. And when you separate (for you have to be up betimes) sometimes they will say to you:

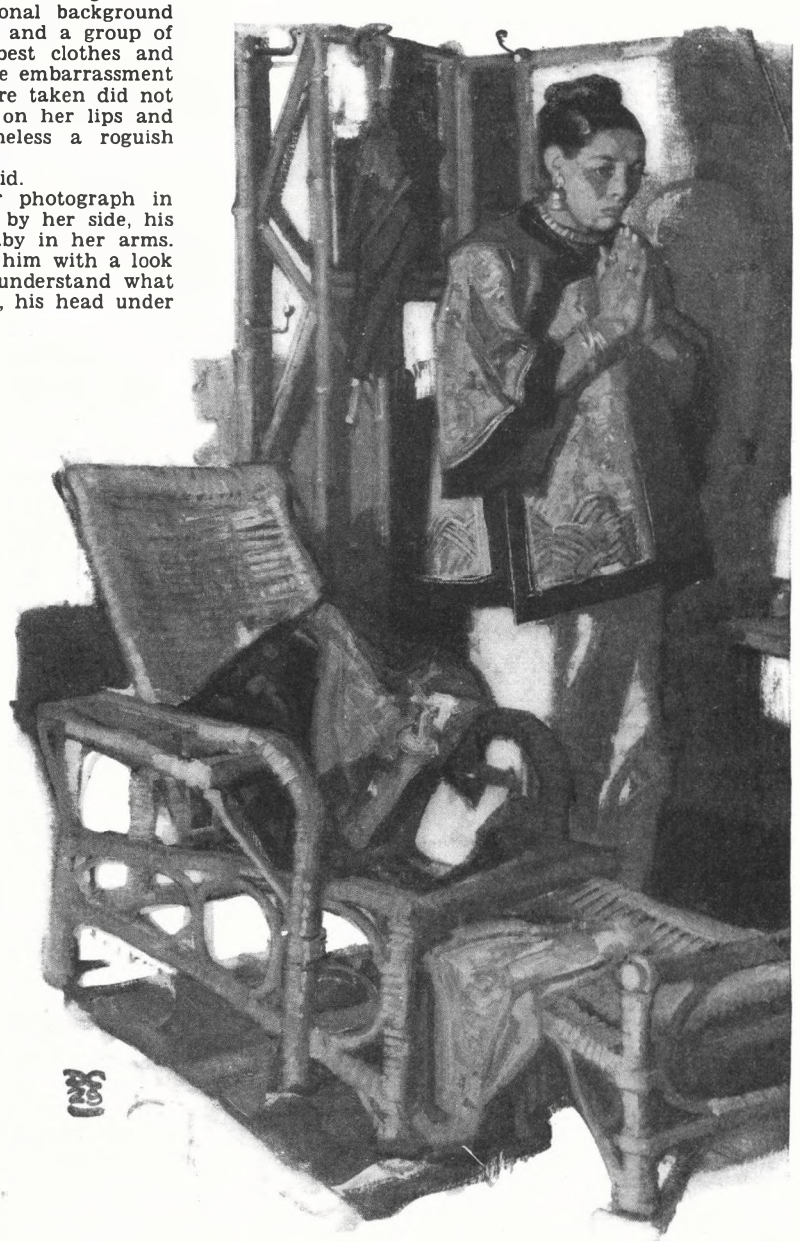
"I'm afraid I've bored you to death with all this nonsense. I haven't talked so much for six months. But it's done me good to get it off my chest."

The boy removed the porridge plates and gave each of us a piece of pale fried fish. It was rather cold.

"The fish is beastly, isn't it?" said Masterson. "I hate river fish, except trout; the only thing is to smother it with Worcester sauce."

He helped himself freely and passed me the bottle.

"She was a good housekeeper, my girl; I used to feed like a fighting-cock when she was here. She'd



have had the cook out of the house in a quarter of an hour if he'd sent in muck like this."

He gave me a smile, and I noticed that his smile was sweet. It gave him a gentle look.

"It was rather a wrench parting with her, you know."

It was quite evident now that he wished to talk and I had no hesitation in giving him a lead.

"Did you have a row?"

"No. You could hardly call it a row. She lived with me five years and we never had a tiff, even. She was the best-tempered little thing that ever was. Nothing seemed to put her out. She was always as merry as a cricket. You couldn't look at her without her lips breaking into a smile. She was always happy. And there was no reason why she shouldn't be. I was good to her."

"I'm sure you were," I answered.

"She was mistress here. I gave her everything she wanted. Perhaps if I'd been more of a brute she wouldn't have gone away."

"Don't make me say anything so obvious as that women are incalculable."

He gave me a deprecating glance and there was a trace of shyness in the smile that just flickered in his eyes.

"Would it bore you awfully if I told you about it?"

"Of course not."

"Well, I saw her one day in the street and she rather took my fancy. I showed you her photograph but the photograph doesn't begin to do her justice. It sounds silly to say about a Burmese girl, but she was like a rosebud; not an English rose, you know—she was as little like that as the glass flowers on that box I showed you are like real flowers—but a rose grown in an Eastern garden that has something strange and exotic about it. I don't know how to make myself plain."

"I think I understand what you mean," I smiled.

"I saw her two or three times and found out where she lived. I sent my boy to make inquiries about her, and he told me that her parents were willing that I should have her if we could come to an arrangement. I wasn't inclined to haggle, and everything was settled in no time. Her family gave a party to celebrate the occasion and she came to live here.

"Of course I treated her in every way as my wife and put her in charge of the house. I told the boys that they'd have to take their orders from her and if she complained of any of them, out they went.

"You know some fellows keep their girls in the servants' quarters and when they go away on tour the girls have a rotten time. Well, I think that's a filthy thing to do. If you are going to have a girl to live with you the least you can do is to see that she has a good time.

"She was a great success and I was as pleased as Punch. She kept the house spotless. She saved me money. She wouldn't let the boys rob me. I taught her to play bridge and, believe me, she learned to play a darned good game."

"Did she like it?"

"Loved it. When people came here she couldn't have received them better if she'd been a duchess. You know these Burmese have beautiful manners. Sometimes it would make me laugh to see the assurance with which she would receive my guests; government officials, you know, and soldiers who were passing through. If some young subaltern was rather shy my girl would put him at his ease at once.

"She was never pushing or obtrusive, but just there when she was wanted and doing her best to see that everything went well and everyone had a good time. And she could mix the best cocktail you'd get anywhere between Bhamo and Rangoon and People used to say I was lucky."

"I'm bound to say I think you were," I said.

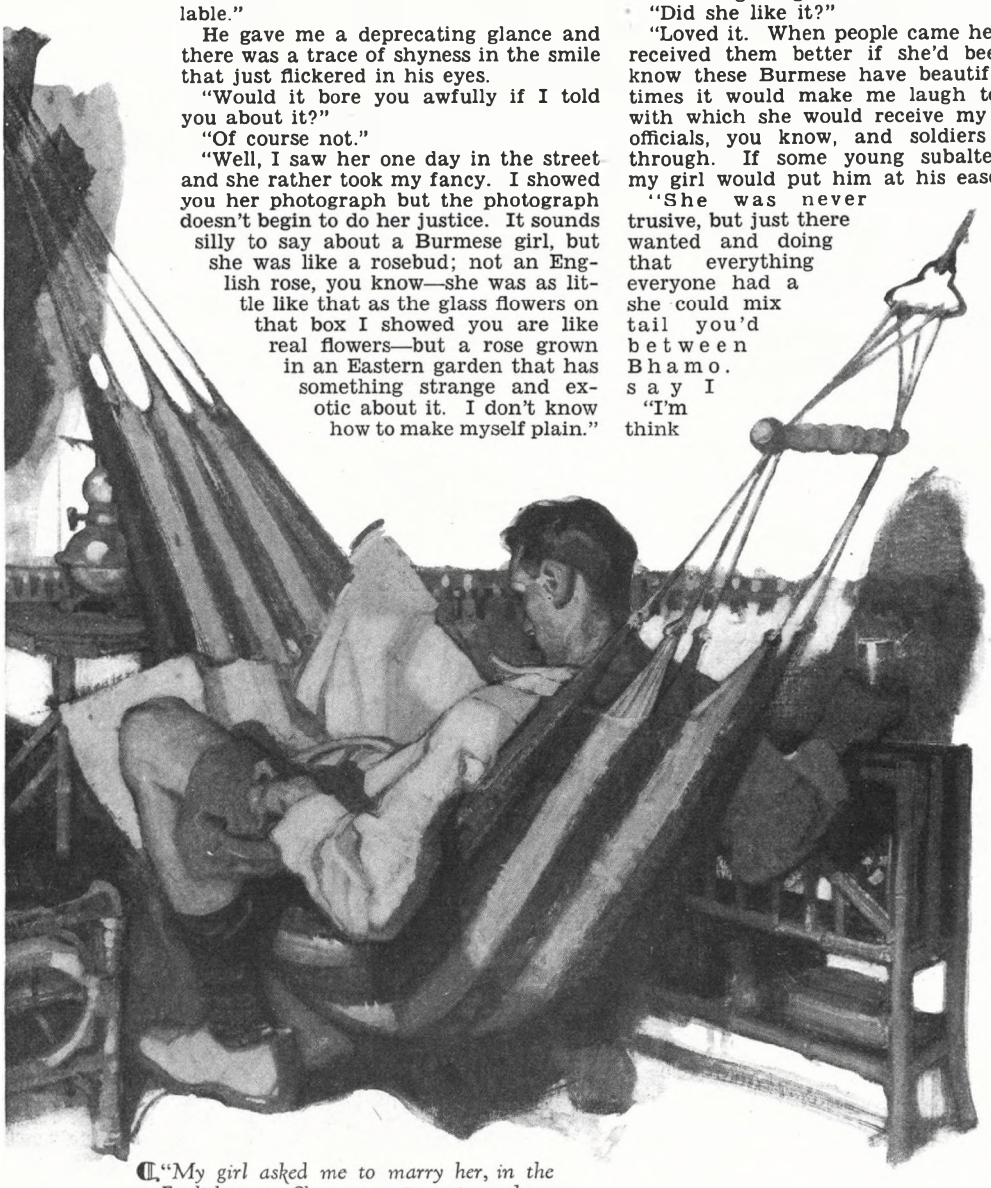
The curry was served and I piled my plate with rice and helped myself to chicken and then chose from a dozen little dishes the condiments I fancied. It was a good curry.

"Then she had her babies, three in three years, but one died when it was six weeks old. I showed you a photograph of the two that are living. Funny-looking little things, aren't they? Are you fond of children?"

"Yes. I have a strange and almost unnatural passion for newborn babies."

"I don't think I am, you know. I couldn't even feel very much about my own;

(Cont. on p. 108)



¶"*My girl asked me to marry her, in the English way. She was quite serious about it. I said I wasn't thinking of marrying.*"

This Woman

She was a $5-a-week Typist; an Independent

By Paula

¶ *Paula Winkler*

AT THE age of fourteen, I laid aside my schoolbooks, tied a neat bowknot in a new hair ribbon, and sallied forth to invade the most masculine world there is, the financial district of lower Manhattan, where I launched my career as a greenhorn stenographer at five dollars a week. At home were my mother and two sisters; we needed the five; pay day was a big event in my week.

That was twenty years ago. Today the financial district rates me as being worth about half a million dollars, the greater part of which has been accumulated within the past five years by playing the stock market. I use the phrase "playing the market" because I am a trader as distinguished from an investor who buys stocks for "the long pull." My purchases and sales average close to one hundred transactions a month, which is high even for the average trader. My profits run close to $1,000 a week, as an average.

From the time I took my first job I had a restless ambition to know what made the wheels go round. I wanted to play a part rather than just lubricate the machinery. For a little more than two years after I took my first job, I seemed always to be moving from one office to another. Now that I look back over that period, I can see that the principal reason for my many changes was that I lost interest in the job as soon as I mastered it.

ALL these jobs were stenographic or clerical or both; consequently, I wasn't doing what I wanted to do. They were too easy. I needed responsibility of an entirely different kind to absorb my energy. In fact I had an emotional need for bigger jobs even before I was prepared to handle them.

I recall now with amusement that I was at one time employed in a bucket shop, and was so green that I didn't even know it. (A bucket shop is a fraudulent brokerage house.) Not until years later did I realize that I had once worked in such a place.

But wherever I worked I studied the business with a view to engaging in it myself. I knew that a woman would have to be much better than a man in order to have a chance at the more desirable jobs. Still, our housekeeping propensities give us a certain advantage. We are more attentive to detail—and no details are unimportant in the financial world. We are neater, too, and prompt.

After having worked up to a secretarial position at thirty-five dollars a week, which was considered an excellent wage for an office woman at the time, I found myself as restless as ever.

I knew what was going on and when something had to be done it was my natural inclination to step to the firing line and do it. This annoyed one of the members of the firm. He admitted that I did the right thing but he had old-fashioned notions about women and their place. He didn't complain about the specific things I did but the mere presence of such a woman rubbed his feathers the wrong way.

One day he called me to his desk and curtly informed

Made $500,000

Here She tells how She became Operator in Wall Street

Winkler

me that two weeks' wages in lieu of notice were awaiting me at the cashier's window, and would I kindly collect on the way out. I did so.

My experience, by this time, assured me of another place; moreover, I always put by a little money and losing my job wasn't a disaster. I decided that I would throw in my lot with a firm that wasn't afraid of a woman just because she was a woman. Times were changing rapidly; we had been through the World War and women had proved their ability in many fields.

I went with another brokerage house at thirty-five dollars a week, but this time the man who employed me said frankly that I would have to make my job there because he had no vacancies but he was inclined to believe that my experience, initiative and ability would show me the way to make myself useful. I liked that—and I worked all over the place. In just a few weeks my employer raised my wage to fifty dollars.

At that time there was active trading in foreign exchange and foreign securities and neither was very well known in this country. The result was that prices would vary on the same day in different European and American markets. Naturally, this opened a way to remarkably easy profits. On my own initiative I did some trading for the house in that field and it brought me recognition that was even more important than a raise to $62.50 a week.

Some time later the government offered a large amount of railroad equipment notes; the railroads were still under government control, consequently these notes were virtually government securities. They seemed to me an excellent buy and I wanted a large block of them for the house. The boss was away. If I carried out the plan I had in mind it meant a commitment of between four and five millions of dollars.

Lack of confidence, however, has never been my failing. I felt so sure that I was right that I got into touch with Washington and made the purchase. It turned out to be very profitable.

Success in these operations resulted in my being given a fairly free hand to trade on the bond market. I think I was the first woman bond trader in the financial district; I believe that I was the only one.

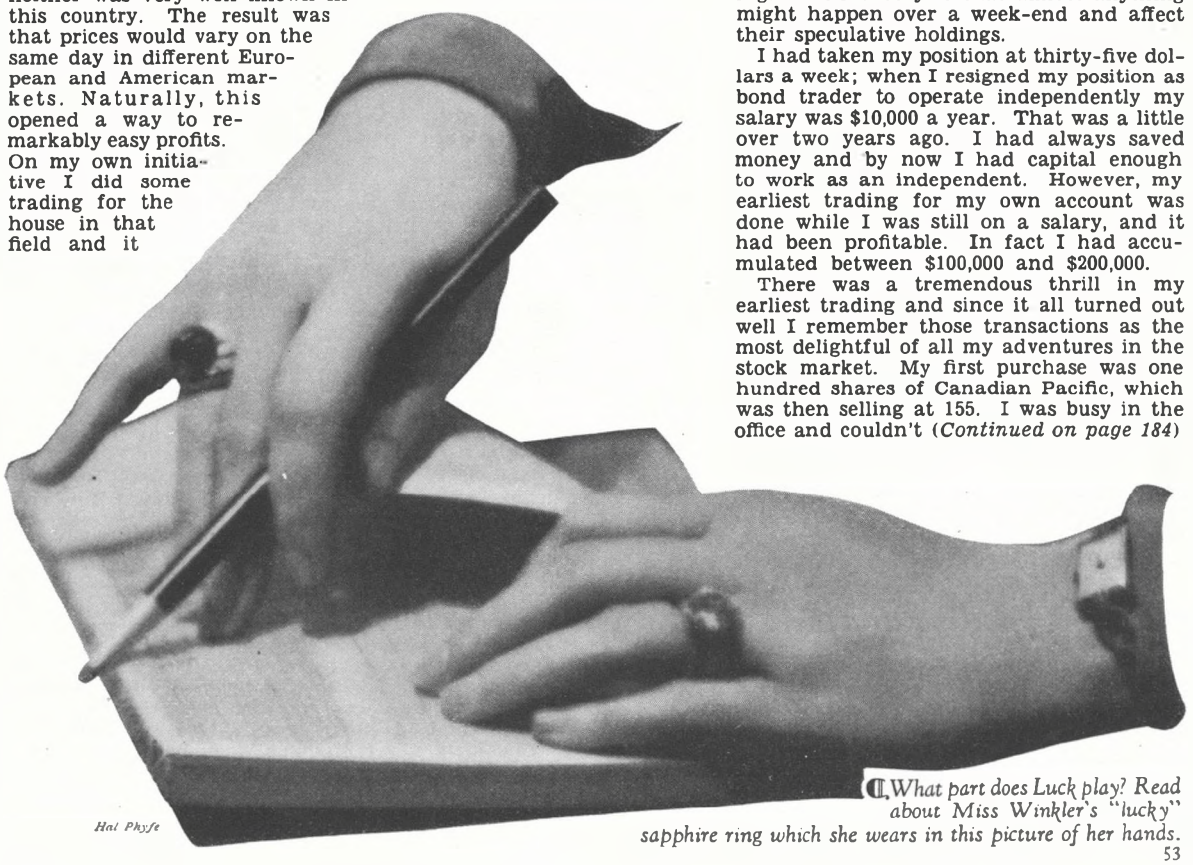
It was in this field that I learned the advantage of getting in and out quickly and frequently for small profits. Later I was to turn that skill to my own use as a private trader.

Today I'm willing to take a loss and get out quickly when the situation doesn't please me. Trading isn't going to stop because I get out so I can always come back in again when I'm ready.

Some traders carry nothing over the week-end and others go a step farther by selling out at the close of the day and going back in the next morning. Their theory is that almost anything might happen over a week-end and affect their speculative holdings.

I had taken my position at thirty-five dollars a week; when I resigned my position as bond trader to operate independently my salary was $10,000 a year. That was a little over two years ago. I had always saved money and by now I had capital enough to work as an independent. However, my earliest trading for my own account was done while I was still on a salary, and it had been profitable. In fact I had accumulated between $100,000 and $200,000.

There was a tremendous thrill in my earliest trading and since it all turned out well I remember those transactions as the most delightful of all my adventures in the stock market. My first purchase was one hundred shares of Canadian Pacific, which was then selling at 155. I was busy in the office and couldn't (*Continued on page 184*)



Hal Phyfe

¶ *What part does Luck play? Read about Miss Winkler's "lucky" sapphire ring which she wears in this picture of her hands.*

JEEVES *and the* Spot *of*

¶ *I found Jeeves staring at the portrait as if it hurt him.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I WAS lunching at my aunt Dahlia's, and despite the fact that Anatole, her outstanding cook, had rather excelled himself in the matter of the bill of fare or menu, I'm bound to say the food was more or less turning to ashes in my mouth. You see, I had some bad news to break to her—always a prospect that takes the edge off the appetite.

She wouldn't be pleased, I knew, and when not pleased, Aunt Dahlia, having spent most of her youth in the hunting field, has a crispish way of expressing herself.

However, I supposed I had better have a dash at it and get it over.

"Aunt Dahlia," I said.

"Hullo?"

"You know that cruise of yours?"

"Yes."

"That yachting cruise you are planning?"

"Yes."

"That jolly cruise in your yacht in the Mediterranean to which you so kindly invited me and to which I have been looking forward with such keen anticipation?"

"What about it?"

I swallowed a chunk of *côtelette suprême aux choux-fleurs* and slipped her the distressing info.

"I'm frightfully sorry, Aunt Dahlia," I said, "but I shan't be able to come."

She goggled. "What!"

"I'm afraid not."

"You poor, miserable hell-hound, what do you mean, you won't be able to come?"

"Well, I won't."

"Why not?"

"Matters of the most extreme urgency render my presence in the metropolis imperative."

She sniffed. "I suppose what you really mean is that you're hanging round some unfortunate girl again!"

I didn't like the way she put it, but I admit I was stunned by her penetration, if that's the word I want. I mean the sort of thing detectives have.

"Yes, Aunt Dahlia," I said. "You have guessed my secret. I do indeed love."

"Who is she?"

"A Miss Pendlebury. Christian name, Gwladys. She spells it with a *w*."

"With a *g*, you mean."

"With a *w and* a *g*."

"Not Gwladys?"

"That's it."

The relative uttered a yowl.

"You sit there and tell me you haven't enough sense to steer clear of a girl who calls herself Gwladys? Listen, Bertie," said Aunt Dahlia earnestly. "I'm an older woman than you are—well, you know what I mean—and I can tell you a thing or two. And one of them is that no good can come of association with anything labeled Gwladys or Ysobel or Ethyl or Mabelle or Kathryn. But particularly Gwladys. What sort of girl is she?"

"Slightly divine."

"She isn't that female I saw driving you at sixty miles p.h. in the Park the other day? In a red two-seater."

"She did drive me in the Park the other day. I thought it rather a hopeful sign. And her Widgeon Seven is red."

Aunt Dahlia looked relieved. "Oh, well, then, she'll probably break your silly fat neck before she can get you to the altar. That's some consolation. Where did you meet her?"

"At a party in Chelsea. She's an artist."

"Ye gods!"

"And swings a jolly fine brush, let me tell you. She's painted a portrait of me. Jeeves and I hung it up in the flat this morning. I have an idea Jeeves doesn't like it."

"Well, if it's anything like you I don't see why he should. An artist! Calls herself Gwladys. And drives a car in the sort of way Segrave would if he was pressed for time." She brooded awhile. "Well, it's all very sad, but I can't see why you won't come on the yacht."

I explained.

"IT WOULD be madness to leave the metrop. at this juncture," I said. "You know what girls are. They forget the absent face. And I'm not at all easy in my mind about a certain cove of the name of Lucius Pim. Apart from the fact that he's an artist, too, which forms a bond, his hair waves.

"One must never discount wavy hair, Aunt Dahlia. Moreover, this bloke is one of those strong, masterful men. He treats Gwladys as if she were less than the dust beneath his taxi wheels. He criticizes her hats and says nasty things about her *chiaroscuro*.

Art

By that light-hearted Englishman

P. G. Wodehouse

"For some reason, I've often noticed, this always seems to fascinate girls, and it has sometimes occurred to me that, being myself more the parfait gentle knight, if you know what I mean, I am in grave danger of getting the short end. Taking all these things into consideration, then, I cannot possibly breeze off to the Mediterranean, leaving this Pim a clear field. You must see that?"

Aunt Dahlia laughed. Rather a nasty laugh. Scorn in its timbre, or so it seemed to me.

"I shouldn't worry," she said. "You don't suppose for a moment that Jeeves will sanction the match?"

I was stung.

"Do you imply, Aunt Dahlia," I said, and I can't remember if I rapped the table with the handle of my fork or not, but I rather think I did, "that I allow Jeeves to boss me to the extent of stopping me marrying somebody I want to marry?"

"Well, he stopped you wearing a mustache. And purple socks. And soft-fronted shirts with dress clothes."

"That is a different matter altogether."

"Well, I'm prepared to make a small bet with you, Bertie. Jeeves will stop this match."

"What absolute rot!"

"And if he doesn't like that portrait, he will get rid of it."

"I never heard such dashed nonsense in my life."

"And finally, you wretched, pie-faced wambler, he will present you on board my yacht at the appointed hour. I don't know how he will do it, but you will be there, all complete with yachting cap and spare pair of socks."

"Let us change the subject, Aunt Dahlia," I said.

Being a good deal stirred up by the attitude of the flesh-and-blood at the luncheon table, I had to go for a bit of a walk in the Park after leaving, to soothe the nervous system. By about four-thirty the ganglions had ceased to vibrate, and I returned. Jeeves was in the sitting room, looking at the portrait.

I felt a trifle embarrassed in the man's presence, because just before leaving I had informed him of my intention to scratch the yacht trip, and he had taken it on the chin a bit. You see, he had been looking forward to it rather.

From the moment I had accepted the invitation, there had been a sort of nautical glitter in his eye, and I'm not sure I hadn't heard him trolling chanteys in the kitchen.

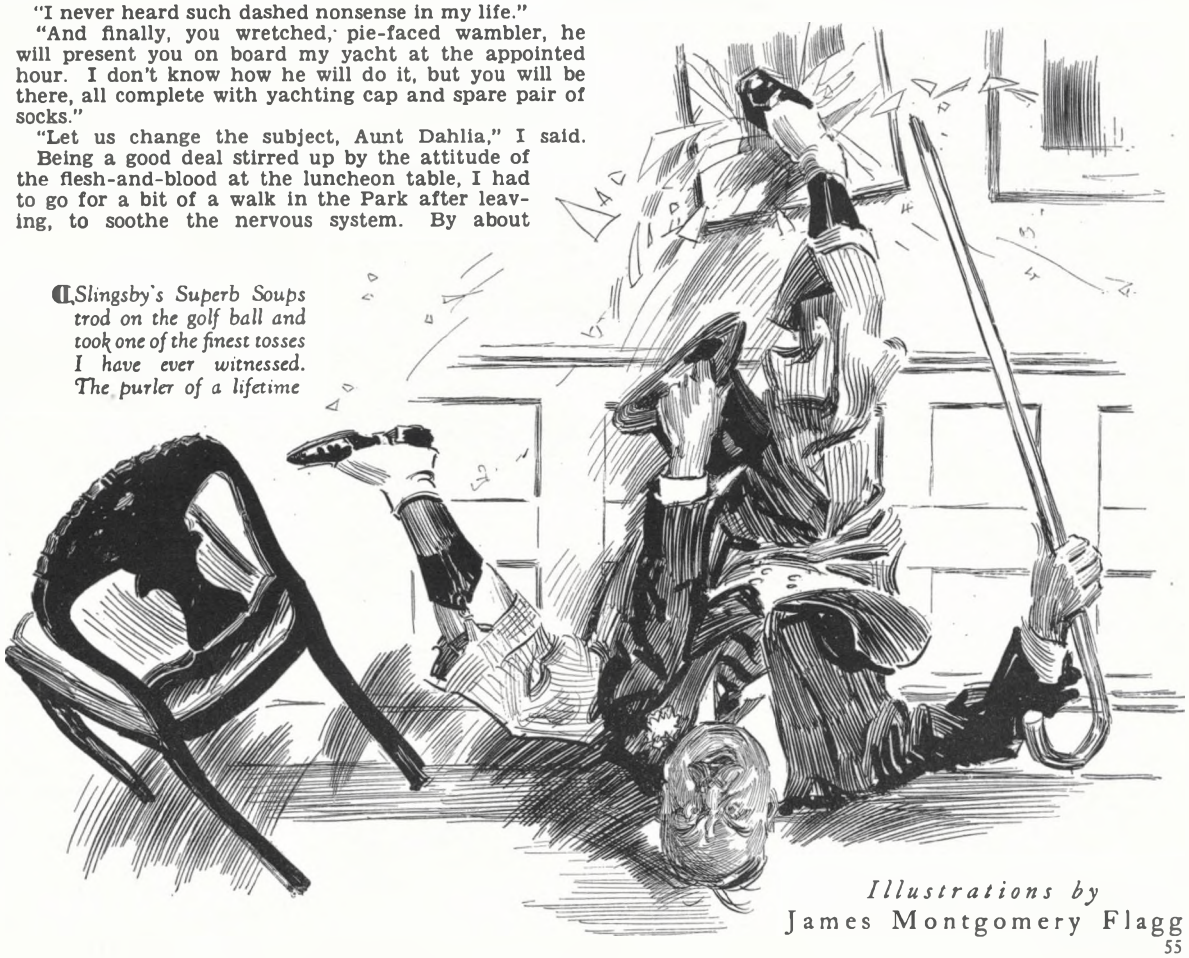
I think some ancestor of his must have been one of Nelson's tars or something, for he has always had the urge of the salt sea in his blood. I have noticed him on liners, when we were going to America, striding the deck with a sailorly roll and giving the distinct impression of being just about to heave the main brace or splice the binnacle.

So, though I had explained my reasons, taking the man fully into my confidence and concealing nothing, I knew that he was distinctly peeved; and my first act, on entering, was to do the cheery a bit. I joined him in front of the portrait.

"Looks good, Jeeves, what?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nothing like a spot of art for brightening the home.



Slingsby's Superb Soups trod on the golf ball and took one of the finest tosses I have ever witnessed. The purler of a lifetime

Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

Seems to lend the room a certain what-shall-I-say?"

"Yes, sir."

The responses were all right, but his manner was far from hearty, and I decided to tackle him squarely. I mean, dash it. I mean, I don't know if you have ever had your portrait painted, but if you have you will understand my feelings.

The spectacle of one's portrait hanging on the wall creates in one a sort of paternal fondness for the thing; and what you demand from the outside public is approval and enthusiasm—not the curling lip, the twitching nostril and the kind of supercilious look which you see in the eye of a dead fish. Especially is this so when the artist is a girl for whom you have conceived sentiments deeper and warmer than those of ordinary friendship.

"Jeeves," I said, "you don't like this spot of art."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"No. Subterfuge is useless. I can read you like a book. For some reason this spot of art fails to appeal to you. What do you object to about it?"

"Is not the color scheme a trifle bright, sir?"

"I had not observed it, Jeeves. Anything else?"

"Well, in my opinion, sir, Miss Pendlebury has given you a somewhat too-hungry expression."

"Hungry?"

"A little like that of a dog regarding a distant bone, sir."

I checked the fellow. "There is no resemblance whatever, Jeeves, to a dog regarding a distant bone. The look to which you allude is wistful and denotes Soul."

"I see, sir."

I proceeded to another subject. "Miss Pendlebury said she might look in this afternoon. Did she turn up?"

"Yes, sir."

"But has left?"

"Yes, sir."

"She didn't say anything about coming back?"

"No, sir. I received the impression that it was not Miss Pendlebury's intention to return. She was a little upset, sir, and expressed a desire to go to her studio and rest."

"Upset? What about?"

"The accident, sir."

I didn't actually clutch the brow, but I did a bit of mental brow-clutching, as it were.

"Don't tell me she had an accident!"

"Yes, sir."

"What sort of accident?"

"Automobile, sir."

"Was she hurt?"

"No, sir. Only the gentleman."

"What gentleman?"

No woman could look so like Lucius Pim who hadn't the misfortune to be related to him.

"Miss Pendlebury had the misfortune to run over a gentleman in her car almost immediately opposite this building. He sustained a slight fracture of the leg."

"Too bad! But Miss Pendlebury is all right?"

"Physically, sir, her condition appeared to be satisfactory. She was suffering a certain distress of mind."

"Of course, with her beautiful, sympathetic nature. Naturally it's a hard world for a girl, Jeeves, with fellows flinging themselves under the wheels of her car in one long, unending stream. It must have been a great shock to her. What became of the chump?"

"The gentleman, sir?"

"Yes."

"He is in your spare bedroom, sir."

"What!"

"Yes, sir."

"In my spare bedroom?"

"Yes, sir. It was Miss Pendlebury's desire that he should be taken there. She instructed me to telegraph to the gentleman's sister, sir, who is in Paris, advising her of the accident. I also summoned a medical man, who gave it as his opinion that the patient should remain for the time being *in statu quo*."

"You mean the corpse is on the premises for an indefinite visit?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jeeves, this is a bit thick!"

"Yes, sir."

And I meant it, dash it. I mean to say, a girl can be pretty heftily divine and ensnare the heart and what not, but she's no right to turn a fellow's flat into a morgue. I'm bound to say that for a moment the Wooster passion ebbed a trifle.

"Well, I suppose I'd better go and introduce myself to the blighter. After all, I am his host. Has he a name?"

"Mr. Pim, sir."

"Pim!"

"Yes, sir. And the young lady addressed him as Lucius. It was owing to the fact that he was on his way here to examine the portrait which she had painted that Mr. Pim happened to be in the roadway at the moment when Miss Pendlebury turned the corner."

I headed for the spare bedroom. I was perturbed to a degree. I don't know if you have ever loved and been handicapped in your wooing by a wavy-haired rival, but one of the things you don't want in such circs is the rival parking himself on the premises with a broken leg.

Apart from anything else, the advantage the position gives him is obviously terrific. There he is, sitting up and toying with a grape and looking pale and interesting, the object of the girl's pity and concern; and where do you get off, bounding about the place in morning costume and spats and with the rude flush of health on the cheek? It seemed to me that things were beginning to look pretty scaly.

I found Lucius Pim lying in bed, draped in a suit of my pajamas, smoking one of my cigarets and reading a detective story. He waved the cigaret at me in what I considered a dashed patronizing manner.

"Ah, Wooster!" he said.

"Not so much of the 'Ah, Wooster!'" I replied brusquely. "How soon can you be moved?"

"In a week or so, I fancy."

"In a week!"

"Or so. For the moment, the doctor insists on perfect quiet and repose. So forgive me, old man, for asking you not to raise your voice. A hushed whisper is the stuff to give the troops. And now, Wooster, about this accident. We must come to an understanding."

"Are you sure you can't be moved?"

"Quite. The doctor said so."

"I think we ought to get a second opinion."

¶ "Yo-ho-ho, Jeeves! In fact, I will go further. Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

"Useless, my dear fellow. He was most emphatic, and evidently a man who knew his job. Don't worry about my not being comfortable here. I shall be quite all right. I like this bed. And now, to return to the subject of this accident. My sister will be arriving tomorrow. She will be greatly upset. I am her favorite brother."

"You are?"

"I am."

"How many of you are there?"

"Six."

"And you're her favorite?"

"I am."

It seemed to me that the other five must be pretty fairly subhuman, but I didn't say so. We Woosters can curb the tongue.

"She married a bird named Slingsby. Slingsby's Superb Soups. He rolls in money. But do you think I can get him to lend a trifle from time to time to a needy brother-in-law?" said Lucius Pim bitterly. "No, sir! However, that is neither here nor there.

"The point is that my sister loves me devotedly; and, this being the case, she might try to prosecute and persecute and generally bite pieces out of poor little Gwladys if she knew that it was she who was driving the car that laid me out. She must never know, Wooster. I appeal to you as a man of honor to keep your mouth shut."

"Naturally."

"I'm glad you grasp the point so readily, Wooster. You are not the fool people take you for."

"Who takes me for a fool?"

The Pim raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Don't people?" he said. "Well, well. Anyway, that's settled. Unless I can think of something better, I shall tell my sister that I was knocked down by a car which drove on without stopping and I didn't get its number.

"And now perhaps you had better leave me. The doctor made a point of quiet and repose. Moreover, I want to go on with this story. The villain has just dropped a cobra down the heroine's chimney, and I must be at her side. I'll ring if I want anything."

I headed for the sitting room. I found Jeeves there, staring at the portrait in rather a marked manner, as if it hurt him.

"Jeeves," I said, "Mr. Pim appears to be a fixture."

"Yes, sir."

"For the nonce, at any rate. And tomorrow we shall have his sister, Mrs. Slingsby, of Slingsby's Superb Soups, in our midst."

"Yes, sir. I telegraphed to Mrs. Slingsby shortly before four. Assuming her to have been at her hotel in Paris at the moment of the telegram's delivery, she will no doubt take a boat early tomorrow afternoon, reaching Dover—or, should she prefer the alternative route, Folkestone—in time to arrive in London at about seven. She will possibly proceed first to her London residence——"

"Yes, Jeeves," I said; "yes. A gripping story, full of action and human interest. You must have it set to music sometime and sing it. Meanwhile, get this into your head. It is imperative that Mrs. Slingsby does not learn that it was Miss Pendlebury who broke her brother in two places. I shall require you, therefore, to approach Mr. Pim before she arrives, ascertain exactly what tale he intends to tell, and be prepared to back it up in every particular."

"Very good, sir."

"And now, Jeeves, what of Miss Pendlebury?"

"Sir?"

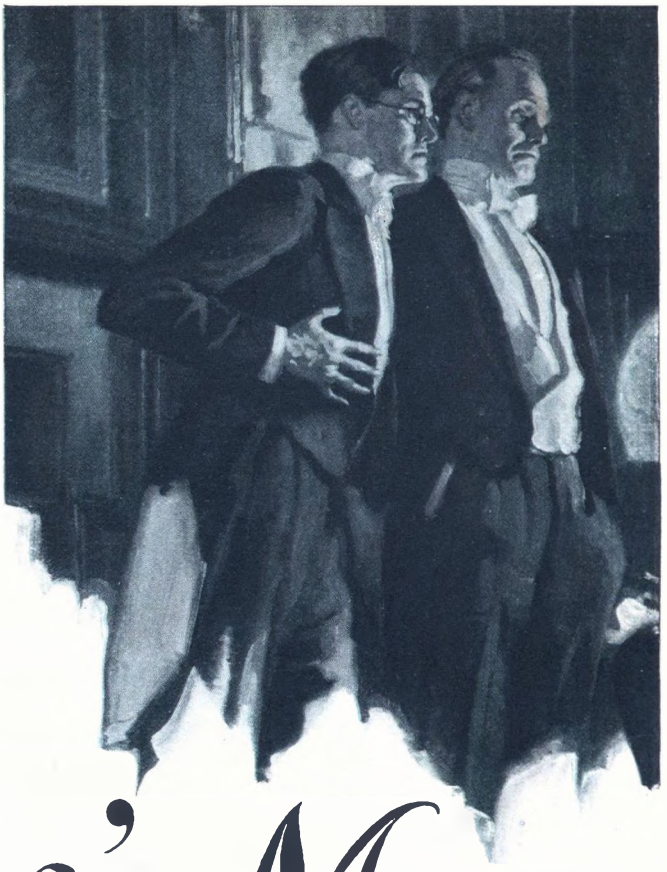
"She's sure to call to make inquiries."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, she mustn't find me (*Continued on page 110*)

A MYSTERY Novel

that Puzzled Us—
and, we Wager,
will Puzzle You—
to the
Very Last Chapter



Ladies' Man

The Story So Far:

THE spectacular murder of Jamie Darricott, the darling of New York's fashionable women and, in consequence, the natural enemy of men, had far-reaching effects in the world of society. For when two ruthless hands thrust him from a window high above Broadway, though thousands saw the murder not one of all the thousands saw the murderer. Only the cruel hands were visible to the throngs below. Those hands—were they a man's or a woman's? No one knew.

There were so many who wished Darricott's death—women as well as men—that the police were baffled. But in the first cast of the official dragnet, together with many well-known crooks, the Fendleys were caught—father, mother, son and daughter—each of whom had ample cause to hate Darricott.

Horace Fendley, first of all, because he had discovered his wife in Darricott's arms on the eve of his latest successes in Wall Street. He had heard her say, "Don't go—not yet!" and his anger had flamed. But instinctively he had absolved his wife. That sneaking, venomous Darricott, he had thought. It was his youth, his charm that had led Helena astray. He must not escape unscathed.

So he had hurled himself toward the young man, intent on punishing him—only to find himself laid low. From that moment on Horace Fendley had determined to avenge himself. Somehow he must pay Darricott back with usury, but only he and Darricott must know . . .

Then there was Helena Fendley, jealous of Darricott's attentions to other women, jealous even of her own daughter, unable to hold him and equally unable to let him go—her smoldering emotions were ready to flame against the fascinating youth whom she could not keep for herself.

Anthony Fendley, too, had long threatened to kill the man who had infatuated his sister at the very moment when he was carrying on an intrigue with their mother. In fact, Anthony had gone to Jamie's apartment early one morning to find Rachel there. Peyton Weldon had warned him of his sister's whereabouts, for Weldon loved Rachel and hated the other man for his attentions to her. Only the fact that Sibyl Page was also there had kept Anthony from violence . . .

After the Fendleys, Sibyl Page came in for her share of publicity, when the police discovered she was the last person known to have been with Darricott before his meteoric plunge to death. As she marched along to face her questioners, her arm bruised and wounded, she remembered vividly her first meeting with Darricott after her arrival in New York from a hunting trip in Africa, and she regretted that she had not stayed at her home in the South after the eventful night of "seeing" New York with that young man.

But she had returned, tormented by her memories of Jamie as well as her fears for him. For in the very moment of her departure a man had growled: "You won't know Darricott long, if——" She had not waited to hear more, but the words had remained in her thoughts.

Sibyl felt that Darricott had been born in the wrong century and the wrong realm. He should have lived in the time of Catherine the Great. He was like Potiemkin, that favorite of the Russian queen.

By Rupert Hughes

¶ *"Whoever kills Jamie," Rachel cried, "I kill!" "Even that won't stop me," said Anthony. "Nor me," said Weldon.*

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

Soon after her arrival in New York Sibyl made an engagement with Darricott. She was preparing to meet him in the lobby of her hotel when a tap sounded at her door.

At her careless "Come in," Darricott himself appeared on the threshold of her room.

"I brought my card myself—to save time—precious time," he said.

THAT delicious-malicious smile of his, that disarming-alarming tone, that impudent-innocent way of rendering one helpless by his own helplessness quenched Sibyl's resentment and frightened her a little, yet frightened her delightfully.

Darricott stood off a moment and studied her as if she were a life-size portrait of herself, and he a connoisseur recognizing an inspired masterpiece. He said as much without words, then came forward, took her hand and held it while his eyes asked her eyes:

"Do you expect me to kiss your hand? or may I have your lips?"

Her eyes cried, "Halt!" With a smile that said, "This time, yes," and with the deference of a general before an uneasy sentinel, he respected the line she drew. Then, very much at home, he started to shoulder out of his overcoat. Rather because he was Jamie Darricott than because she was old-fashioned enough to fear a man in her hotel suite, she said:

"I thought we were dining out."

"It's pleasanter dining in, but of course—anywhere you say."

Even as he deferred to her verbally he freed himself of his overcoat, laid it across a chair, put his hat on it, tossed into its inverted bell his gloves and his muffler, set his walking stick alongside, shunted his dress coat forward at the shoulders and snapped down his waistcoat. Then he advanced toward her with such possession that her hands went out on guard. He gathered them both into his as he said:

"And some people say that prayers are never answered. But here you are! Here we are!"

He drew her aside to a divan, pressed her to sit down, sat by her, and petted her hands as if they were a pair of doves, kissed them as if they were two pets of his. His sharp eyes realized that she was simply studying

¶ "*Desertion?*" *Helena gasped, appalled at branding her husband as intolerable.*

When Gustave came in with a brace of waiters carrying tables Darricott carried the volume to his place and went on reading with no more apology than a comfortable sigh:

"Catherine was fond of caviar, too. Aren't we domestic and imperial and all?"

From time to time, when the waiter was away, he read bits to Sibyl.

"Catherine was the perfect hostess. The Princess Murat here says that when they played cards Catherine had a bowl of diamonds on the table. The winner of a hand took a spoonful. And some of them cheated at that. Umm! that would make even auction bridge interesting . . . I suppose she served pearls for caviar."

Sibyl studied him. He was all for the easy way of acquiring wealth.

"Listen to this. She sends for a young man, has him inspected by an English doctor and two of her ladies, and he finds a thirty-thousand-ruble note in his pocket. How much is a ruble?"

"Half a dollar, or two dollars, I forget." As a matter of fact it was about seventy-seven cents in Catherine's day, but Darricott was satisfied with vagueness.

"Thirty thousand nickels would run into real money." He was fairly panting. "Here's another. Vassilchikoff—or something—if I had a cold I could say it. Catherine gives him a hundred thousand rubles before they begin making love. When she's had enough of him, she slips him another hundred thousand, also seven thousand serfs, also fifty thousand rubles' worth of silverware, also a pension of twenty thousand rubles a year. That's what I call love.

"She made Potiemkin a major general, a field marshal, an admiral, a senator, governor-general, chief of all the munitions factories. Can you imagine a woman today making a man a general? Catherine spent fifty million rubles on Potiemkin. Good Lord, it says here that she spent on her lovers a hundred and ninety million dollars, all told. What pikers we Americans are!

"You call me Potiemkin—why? Where's my Catherine? If I could find her, instead of being dead broke all the time, I'd—do you realize that if Catherine were alive and took a fancy to me, I'd be acting president of the United States, secretary of state, war, navy, interior, treasury, governor-general of the Philippines, and I'd be wearing so many diamonds you'd have to wear smoked glasses to look at me?

"They talk about equality in this country. This is the land of opportunity. They give the women the vote—and the banks, and yet the women go right on expecting men to support them. Only a freak woman refuses money from a man. Only a freak man would accept money from a woman. Don't you see how wrong it all is, or do you?"

Fortunately he did not wait for an answer, but went back into what was the golden age for him.

She studied him as he sat carving his guinea hen and letting it chill on his fork while his eyes blazed with what the pages at the side of his plate told him.

After all, his shamelessness was no greater than that of many a living power. He did not seek wealth by selling widows, orphans and greedy fools mining stocks and oil stocks. He did not work up any secret pools to give the market false values, high or low, and steal millions by artificial panics up or down.

He did not seek for power by going out on political campaigns and duping the public with Fourth of July ideals only to betray all pledges. He did not try to swindle anybody out of anything. He simply offered his gifts of love and accepted contributions, regretting that they were not greater so that he could become more splendid and more lovable.

He read so hungrily and left Sibyl to her own thoughts so long that she passed from loathing to tolerance, and on to pity. And pity is a dangerous way station for a woman's heart. Suddenly he pushed the books aside.

"Well, there's no use crying over spilt gold. Potiemkin had a grand time while he lasted, but he died out under a tree, and Catherine died on her way to the bathroom—lay on the floor for thirty-seven hours. They're both dead and gone. And that's rather a handicap. I'm alive. And (*Continued on page 168*)

¶"Will you divorce me on the ground of desertion?" Horace Fendley asked.

him as a quaint and picturesque animal. She even managed to laugh:

"I love to see you work."

This checked his ardor, but, still holding both her hands in his right hand, he sent his left to his waistcoat pocket for his cigaret case, snapped it open, offered it to her. Since she could not take it, while he held her hands, he set the case on his thigh, took out two cigarets, tapped them, set them both in her lips, put up his case, found his lighter, snapped that, and held the flame to the two cigarets.

Smiling at this, she puffed obediently till both cigarets were aglow. Then he took one of them for himself and, inhaling deeply, as if he were accepting a kiss from her, sent a series of smoke wreaths into the air and said, brilliantly:

"Well! Very well! Perfect, in fact!"

STILL she smiled, not knowing what to say, afraid to be too meekly cordial, too crassly prim, too anything. Either because his pride forbade any more urgent advances, or because he liked to play with a prey that he felt sure of, he said:

"Shan't we get the eating over with?" Taking her silence for consent, he restored her her hands, rose, went to the telephone, called for Room Service and asked for a bill of fare.

While he waited for it, he paced the room, pouring compliments out of his eyes, but merely asking: "Nice time South?"

Sibyl nodded.

"Swell tan you got. Great of you to call me as soon as you got in."

"I've been here for several days. But you've moved."

"Yes. I couldn't stand that height. It got me. I was afraid to go out on the balcony. Silly. But what's the use of being uncomfortable to convince yourself you're brave? What's the good of fooling yourself about yourself? Fool other people if you can and all you can, says I, but fool yourself? No! Why?"

"Why, indeed!"

He glanced at her books indifferently. "'Catherine the Great,' eh? 'Courtships of—,' 'Private Life of—.' Wasn't she the old gal who——" He turned the pages, paused at a picture. "Potiemkin, Po—that's the name you called me. Why?"

"Read the books and see."

"Read 'em and sleep, is what I think about biographies. Here's the bill of fare. May I order?"

The door opened to an unctuous visitor with a professional smile, which widened to a livelier smile as he recognized Darricott, who evidently enjoyed a large acquaintance among *maitres d'hôtel* and waiters.

"H'lo, Gustave," said Darricott. "What do you advise in the way of a little dinner for Miss Page and me?"

"Meestre Darricott always fency caviar to commence. Yes? Tonight ve hef your krim off mushrooms. You like suprême off guinea hen breasts. He is ver' nize. I know your sauce. Is vegetables vit'. For salade you still like vatercresses vit tomadoes? After, maybe, a sveet, maybe no."

He explained to Sibyl: "Meestre Darricott dun't like moch but likes it nize. Iss enough for Ma'mselle?"

Sibyl nodded, but the charm of the escapade was gone in the feeling that Darricott had dined here also with women, perhaps in this room. Gustave's smile was like a greasy sauce.

When the man had gone, Darricott felt that she was in no mood for philandering and picked up one of her books, dropped into a chair and began to read. He was at once so absorbed that he seemed to forget Sibyl, either in a flattering intimacy or an irritating indifference, she could not tell which. Her reference to Potiemkin had plainly wakened his interest.

To escape from the necessity of sitting idle and twiddling her thumbs she turned to a radio cabinet and twiddled the dials. With a power that would have dazed the ancient gods she whisked her ear from city to city, up and down the seacoast and over the mountains, and tasted a sip of dance music, a sermon, an after-dinner speech, a bedtime fable, a political harangue, a symphonic poem, a soprano aria.

Brown Brothers

Those were

By O. O. Mc

CONTEMPORARY historians entirely muff the sentimental side of that glamorous epoch when all America became suddenly "bicycle-conscious." They can tell you—and who gives a whoop?—that 189,000 persons were riding bicycles in New York in 1895, but in their zeal for dry figures they completely ignore what Hollywood calls "the love interest."

Many a silver-haired husband with sprays of crow's-feet is basking in connubial content today because of his catlike grace thirty years ago in touching the back step and springing to the saddle of a red Rambler in a single bound.

The bicyclists who knew their stuff were the Jack Barrymores of those hallowed days. Not many girls could resist the chevalier who drew up in front of their homes and dismounted by rearing the front wheel skyward in the manner of a bucking broncho.

In these unregenerate days a potent Martini cocktail is often the tricky Cupid that catapults a reckless young couple into a blurry midnight marriage—and years of regret.

The bicycle Romeo, like the knight of old, won his lady fair by patiently acquired feats of daring. He spent endless days in back alleys consecrating his life to the fulfillment of the Big Moment when he could pedal past "her" house with his arms folded nonchalantly across his chest, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and possibly whistling some vagrant tune.

There were no gin-swigging and necking courtships or road-house and night-club carousals. Youngsters did not greet the dawn with a hiccup. The bicycle courtship was nurtured in the shadowy dignity of leafy lanes, beside the hush of mill ponds or under the oak at the brow of the hill.

It was a jazzless era. The noisy moan of the saxophone had not yet drowned the dulcet tinkle of the mandolin. Tender hearts were swayed by the unconquerable lilt of:

> But you'll look sweet
> On the seat
> Of a bicycle built for two!

The world was in its springtime and that immeasurable rhythm conjured up a never-to-be-forgotten picture. It inspired many shy swains to give their hair an extra roach and call around to pop the question. Hymen, indeed, owes the bicycle a magnificent debt.

The bicycle came and disappeared so quickly that few of us realized what an important part it played in our drab little town lives. We beheld the sheen of its glossy web and then, like the glitter of a dew-spangled morning, it vanished and became a vague memory.

The truth is that almost the whole of life at the crossroads revolved about the bicycle. It encompassed our hopes and our disappointments. It symbolized our successes and our failures. Families often rose or fell socially as the result of owning this or last year's model.

Today a communal efflorescence is encompassed in landscaping, Tudor garages and the porte-cochère, but in the 'nineties the mark of affluence was the size of the bicycle rack on the front lawn. A "one-bicycle" family had very little standing.

To be among the elect it was necessary for Mama and Papa to own their own bikes—perhaps a tandem—as well as every other member of the family, including what was then known as "the hired girl."

I recall a true story in our town which is worth recording here. A local spoke-manufacturer had expanded his credit to the breaking point. Dark financial clouds gathered and his world was crumbling. His son was summoned home from college and his notes were no longer negotiable at the bank.

In the midst of all this chaos he circled the public square one evening, during the progress of the weekly band concert, astride a dazzling new enameled white and chainless Columbia. By this coup de cycle he circumvented what was inevitable bankruptcy.

FRANKLY, I had intended, if possible, to make this article whimsical and amusing and to voice a few good-natured hoots at the manners and customs of the mauve period. But before I had written a half-dozen paragraphs I found myself caught in the spell of its sheer simplicity.

I somehow feel glad that I was privileged to live through the bicycle days and that life has been a trifle sweeter because of them.

As a bicycle historian I am eminently qualified to speak. With what I hope is fairly becoming modesty I should like to point to my record. I was the first boy in our town to master the feat of climbing through the frame of a bicycle while it was in motion.

I could by turning the front wheel at a left angle stop dead in my tracks and lift my hands from the handlebars. I could suddenly reverse and ride backward. And

Intyre *the* Days

Brown Brothers

once I almost—but not quite—rode with one foot on the seat and the other on the handlebars.

I landed on Vance's stone carriage-block head foremost and many people to this day think that is what is the matter with me.

My most notable achievement in cycling was at the meeting of the League of American Wheelmen in McHale's Grove.

For this I was awarded in front of the grandstand a gold medal appropriately inscribed with:

Champion
Trick Bicycle Rider
of Gallia County, O.
Season 1894

No matter if local sneerers pointed out I was the lone trick-riding entrant and that the gold medal upon inspection next day had turned a slight and sickly green, I had tasted the greatest fame that has ever come to me in this messy turmoil we call life.

And thus does memory play some pleasant tricks as I sit here writing far from old scenes and dreaming of days agone. Standing out starkly in the flood of recollections are those twenty-mile bicycle trips beginning at sunup and ending in the cool of a beautiful summer evening.

Boxes for a lunch alfresco were strapped to the handlebars. We collected, perhaps a dozen of us, at Bessie Lasley's.

There was a joyous take-off as we pedaled through town three abreast, turning corners with military precision, for the open countryside.

There was a song in our hearts that none of us will ever hear again. Mothers in aprons waved farewell from front and side porches and shouted warnings about railroad crossings, frightening farmers' teams and the bull that roamed loose on the other side of the ridge.

Old Mr. Tipton, hobbling to town, would pivot slowly in his rheumatic tracks with another indignant snort of disgust for the younger generation "a-ridin' to hell on bicycles."

Duke Mulford, on his big sprocketed Iver Johnson with the swooping ram's-horn handlebars that almost made his knees crack his chin, would swing out into the lead by the inevitable right of superiority. There was also Aloysius Faber, who called his expensive Munger "a wheel" and who straddled a plush seat, the sissy!

There was also "the certain girl" whose taffy pigtails stood almost straight out in the flying breeze and whose eyes were dewy with a girlish freshness. She wore pink gingham with a diminutive sunbonnet to match and "a certain boy" stole covert glances at her as she pedaled her low-geared machine madly.

Drawing up the rear was Chet Deletombe, who could wiggle his ears and give a deep-throated baa-a-a like a sheep, and who often made his bicycle pump squeak "Over-the-fence-is-out!" He certainly was a card.

Up hill and down vale we flew in breathless ecstasy. Farmhouses, pill-painted barns and rail fences seemed to flatten out as we sped by.

Now and then some farm chicken or hound would dash out to dispute the right of way and down would go a cyclist and up would go a cloud of dust.

Brown Brothers

There were those delightful stops at gurgling little hillside springs, where the hot and dusty would press their mouths to the cool earth to slake burning thirsts—and away we would spin.

Past sleepy Rodney with its scarred inn, general store and an old settler or so watching us out of sight. Then the stop in the old dark covered bridge spanning Mill Creek to sing "In the Good Old Summer Time" and listen to the amazing echo.

And finally the long coast down Cemetery Hill to the glossy green flank where we dismounted to feast. So home in the delightful languor of an opalescent mist.

Young people today, aflame with the desire for a life of thrills, would likely look upon this bright interlude of ours with something suggesting a polite yawn. But to those of us who shared in its exquisite charm and untainted chasteness it is recalled with something suggesting a gulp.

Illustrations by
Marshall Frantz

A Letter from the Queen

By Sinclair Lewis

DOCTOR SELIG was an adventurer. He did not look it, certainly. He was an amiable young bachelor with thin hair. He was instructor in history and economics in Erasmus College, and he had to sit on a foolish little platform and try to coax some fifty young men and women, who were interested only in cuddling and four-door sedans, to become hysterical about the law of diminishing returns.

But at night, in his decorous boarding house, he sometimes smoked a pipe, which was viewed as obscene in the religious shades of Erasmus, and he was boldly writing a book which was to make him famous.

Of course everyone is writing a book. But Selig's was different. It was profound. How good it was can be seen from the fact that with only three-quarters of it done, it already had fifteen hundred footnotes—such lively comments as *"Vid.* J. A. S. H. S., VIII, 234 *et seq."* A real book, nothing flippant or commercialized.

It was called "The Influence of American Diplomacy on the Internal Policies of Paneuropa."

"Paneuropa," Selig felt, was a nice and scholarly way of saying "Europe."

It would really have been an interesting book if Doctor Selig had not believed that all literature is excellent in proportion as it is hard to read. He had touched a world romantic and little known. Hidden in old documents, like discovering in a desert an oasis where girls laugh and fountains chatter and the market place is noisy, he found the story of Franklin, who in his mousy fur cap was the Don Juan of Paris, of Adams fighting the British Government to prevent their recognizing the Confederacy, of Benjamin Thompson, the Massachusetts Yankee who in 1791 was chief counselor of Bavaria, with the title of Count Rumford.

Selig was moved by these men who made the young America more admired than she is today. And he was moved and, in a most unscholarly way, he became a little angry as he reviewed the story of Senator Ryder.

He knew, of course, that Lafayette Ryder had prevented war between England and America in the first reign of Grover Cleveland; he knew that Ryder had been Secretary of State, and Ambassador to France, courted by Paris for his wisdom, his manners, his wit; that as Senator he had fathered (and mothered and wet-nursed) the Ryder-Hanklin Bill, which had saved our wheat markets; and that his two books, "Possibilities of Disarmament" and "The Anglo-American Empire," were not merely glib propaganda for peace, but such inspired documents as would have prevented the Boer War, the Spanish-American War, the Great War, if there had been in his Victorian world a dozen men with minds like his. This Selig knew, but he could not remember when Ryder had died.

Then he discovered with aghast astonishment that Senator Ryder was not dead, but still alive at ninety-two, forgotten by the country he had helped to build.

Yes, Selig felt bitterly, we honor our great men in America—sometimes for as much as two months after the particular act of greatness that tickles us. But this is a democracy. We mustn't let anyone suppose that because we have given him an (undesired) parade up Broadway and a (furiously resented) soaking of publicity on March first, he may expect to be taken seriously on May second.

The Admiral Dewey whom the press for a week labeled as a combination of Nelson, Napoleon and Chevalier Bayard, they later nagged to his grave. If a dramatist has a success one season, then may the gods help him, because for the rest of his life everyone will attend his plays only in the hope that he will fail.

But sometimes the great, glad-hearted hordes of boosters do not drag down the idol in the hope of finding clay feet, but just forget him, with the vast, contemptuous, heavy indifference of a hundred and twenty million people.

So felt Doctor Selig, angrily, and he planned for the end of his book a passionate resurrection of Senator Ryder. He had a shy hope that his book would appear before the Senator's death, to make him happy.

Reading the Senator's speeches, studying his pictures in magazine files, he felt that he knew him intimately. He could see, as though the Senator were in the room, that tall ease, the contrast of long thin nose, jolly eyes and vast globular brow that made Ryder seem a combination of Puritan, clown and benevolent scholar.

Selig longed to write to him and ask—oh, a thousand things that only he could explain: the proposals of Lionel Sackville-West regarding Colombia; what Queen Victoria really had said in that famous but unpublished letter to President Harrison about the Newfoundland fisheries. Why couldn't he write to him?

No! The man was ninety-two, and Selig had too much reverence to disturb him, along with a wholesome suspicion that his letter would be kicked out by the man who had once told Gladstone to go to the dickens.

So forgotten was the Senator that Selig could not, at first, find where he lived. "Who's Who" gave no address. Selig's superior, Professor Munk, who was believed to know everything in the world except the whereabouts of his last-season's straw hat, bleated, "My dear chap, Ryder is dwelling in some cemetery! He passed beyond, if I remember, in 1901."

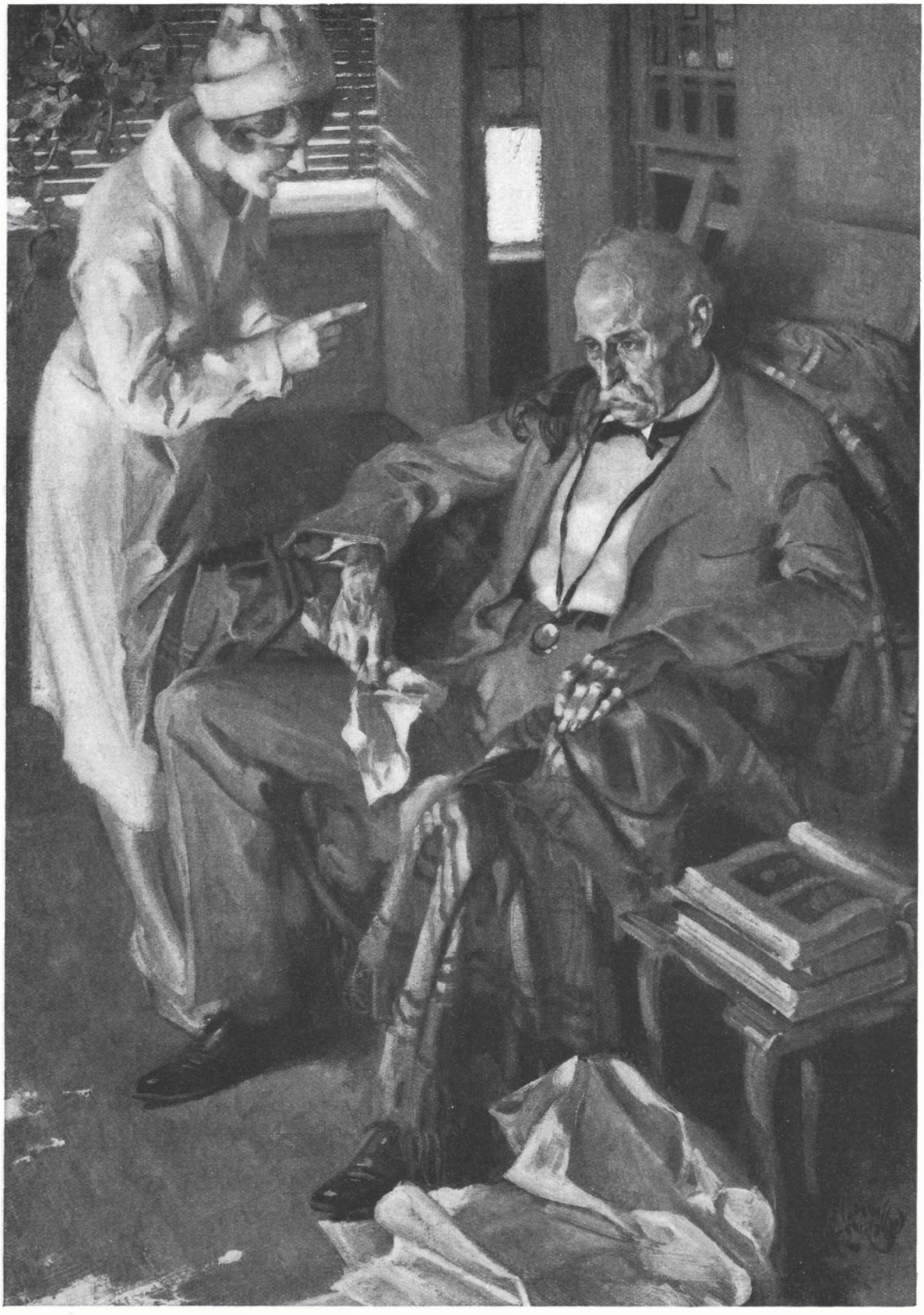
The mild Doctor Selig almost did homicide upon a venerable midwestern historian.

AT LAST, in a bulletin issued by the Anti-Prohibition League, Selig found among the list of directors: "Lafayette Ryder (form. U. S. Sen., Sec'y State), West Wickley, Vermont." Though the Senator's residence could make no difference to him, that night Selig was so excited that he smoked an extra pipe of tobacco.

He was planning his coming summer vacation, during which he hoped to finish his book. The presence of the Senator drew him toward Vermont, and in an educational magazine he found the advertisement: "Sky Peaks, near Wickley, Vt., woodland nook with peace and a library—congenial and intellectual company and writers—tennis, handball, riding—nightly Sing round Old-time Bonfire—fur. bung. low rates."

That was what he wanted: a nook and a library and lots of low rates, along with nearness to his idol. He booked a fur. bung. for the summer, and he carried his suitcase to the station on the beautiful day when the young fiends who through the year had tormented him with unanswerable questions streaked off to all parts of the world and for three tremendous months permitted him to be a private human being.

When he reached Vermont, Selig found Sky Peaks an



¶ *"Daddy, you won't take more than one cocktail tonight?" Miss Tully begged "Maybe I will and maybe I won't," said Senator Ryder. "I'll probably sit up and smoke till dawn. Fact, doubt if I shall go to bed at all." He chuckled as Miss Tully wailed, "You're so naughty!"*

old farm, redecorated in a distressingly tea-roomy fashion. His single bungalow, formerly an honest corncrib, was now painted robin's-egg blue with yellow trimmings, and christened "Shelley." But the camp was on an upland, and air sweet from hayfield and spruce grove healed his lungs, spotted with classroom dust.

At his first dinner at Sky Peaks, he demanded of the host, one Mr. Iddle, "Doesn't Senator Ryder live somewhere near here?"

"Oh yes, up on the mountain, about four miles south."

"Hope I catch a glimpse of him some day."

"I'll run you over to see him, any time you'd like."

"Oh, I couldn't do that! Couldn't intrude!"

"Nonsense! Of course he's old, but he takes quite an interest in the countryside. Fact, I bought this place from him and—— Don't forget the Sing tonight."

At eight that evening Iddle came to drag Selig from the security of his corncrib just as he was getting the relations of the Locarno Pact and the Versailles Treaty beautifully coordinated.

It was that kind of Sing. "The Long, Long Trail," and "All God's Chillun Got Shoes." (God's Chillun also possessed coats, pants, vests, flivvers and watermelons, interminably.) Beside Selig at the camp fire sat a young woman with eyes, a nose, a sweater, and an athletic skirt, none of them very good or particularly bad. He would not have noticed her, but she picked on him:

"They tell me you're in Erasmus, Doctor Selig."

"Um."

"It's a fine school, isn't it? Real character-building."

"Um."

"Real attention to character. And after all, what benefit is there in developing the intellect if the character isn't developed to keep pace with it? You see, I'm in educational work myself—oh, of course nothing like being on a college faculty, but I teach history in the Lincoln High School at Schenectady—my name is Selma Swanson. We must have some good talks about teaching history, mustn't we!"

"Um!" said Selig, and escaped, though it was not till he was safely in his corncrib that he said aloud, "We must *not!*"

For three months he was not going to be a teacher, or heed the horrors of character-building. He was going to be a great scholar. Even Senator Ryder might be excited to know how powerful an intellect was soothing itself to sleep in a corncrib four miles away!

He was grinding hard next afternoon when his host, Iddle, stormed in with: "I've got to run in to Wickley Center. Go right near old Ryder's. Come on. I'll introduce you to him."

"Oh no, honestly!"

"Don't be silly. I imagine he's lonely. Come on!"

Before Selig could make up his mind to get out of Iddle's tempestuous flivver and walk back, they were driving up a mountain road and past marble gateposts into an estate. Through a damp grove of birches and maples they came out on meadows dominated by an old brick house with a huge porch facing the checkered valley. They stopped with a dash at the porch, and on it Selig saw an old man sunk in a canvas deck chair and covered with a shawl. In the shadow the light seemed to concentrate on his bald head, like a sphere of polished vellum, and on long bloodless hands, lying as in death on shawl-draped knees. In his eyes there was no life nor desire for it.

Iddle leaped out, bellowing, "Afternoon, Senator! Lovely day, isn't it? I've brought a man to call on you. This is Mr. Selig of—uh—one of our colleges. I'll be back in an hour."

He seized Selig's arm—he was abominably strong—

Miss Swanson had the supplest waist and the moistest eyes. So Doctor Selig was glad he had not wasted his afternoon listening to that old bore.

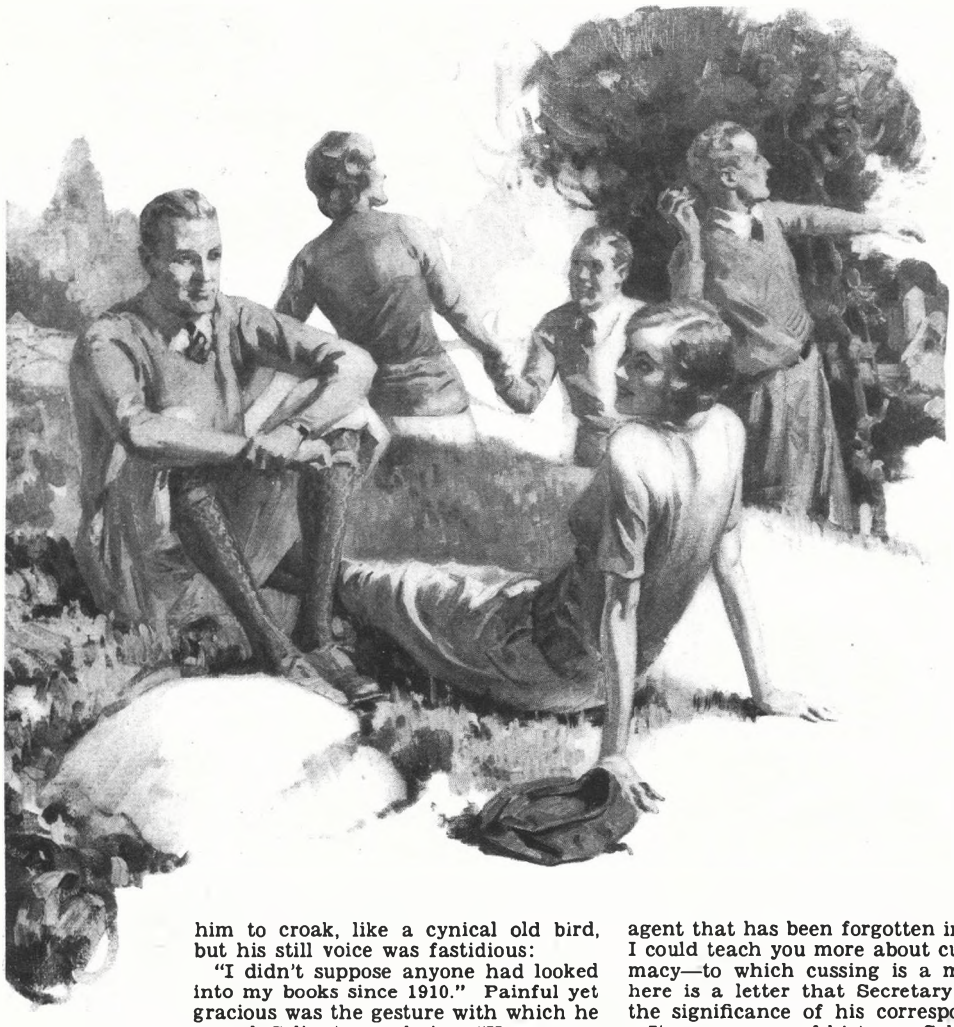
and almost pulled him out of the car. Selig's mind was one wretched puddle of confusion. Before he could dredge any definite thought out of it, Iddle had rattled away, and Selig stood below the porch, hypnotized by the stare of Senator Ryder—too old for hate or anger, but not too old for slow contempt.

Not one word Ryder said.

Selig cried, like a schoolboy unjustly accused:

"Honestly, Senator, the last thing I wanted to do was to intrude on you. I thought Iddle would just introduce us and take me away. I suppose he meant well. And perhaps subconsciously I did want to intrude! I know your 'Possibilities of Disarmament' and 'Anglo-American Empire' so well——"

The Senator stirred like an antediluvian owl awakening at twilight. His eyes came to life. One expected him to croak, like a cynical old bird, but his still voice was fastidious:



"I didn't suppose anyone had looked into my books since 1910." Painful yet gracious was the gesture with which he waved Selig to a chair. "You are a teacher?"

"Instructor in a small Ohio college. Economics and history. I'm writing a monograph on our diplomacy, and naturally—— There are so many things that only you could explain!"

"Because I'm so old?"

"No! Because you've had so much knowledge and courage—perhaps they're the same thing! Every day, literally, in working on my book I've wished I could consult you. For instance—— Tell me, sir, didn't Secretary of State Olney really want war with England over Venezuela? Wasn't he trying to be a tin hero?"

"No!" The old man threw off his shawl. It was somehow a little shocking to find him not in an ancient robe laced with gold, but in a crisp linen summer suit, with a smart bow tie. He sat up, alert, his voice harsher. "No! He was a patriot. Sturdy. Honest. Willing to be conciliatory but not flinching. Miss Tully!"

At the Senator's cry, out of the wide fanlighted door of the house slid a trained nurse. Her uniform was so starched that it almost clattered, but she was a peony sort of young woman, the sort who would insist on brightly mothering any male, of any age, whether or not he desired to be mothered. She glared at the intruding Selig; she shook her finger at Senator Ryder, and simpered:

"Now I do hope you aren't tiring yourself, else I shall have to be ever so stern and make you go to bed. The doctor said——"

"Drat the doctor! Tell Mrs. Tinkham to bring me down the file of letters from Richard Olney, Washington, for 1895—O-l-n-e-y—and hustle it!"

Miss Tully gone, the Senator growled, "Got no more use for a nurse than a cat for two tails! It's that mutton-headed doctor, the old fool! He's seventy-five years old, and he hasn't had a thought since 1888. Doctors!"

He delivered an address on the art of medicine, with such vigorous blasphemy that Selig shrank in horrified admiration. And the Senator didn't abate the blazing crimson of his oration at the entrance of his secretary, Mrs. Tinkham, a small, narrow, bleached, virginal widow.

Selig expected her to leap off the porch and commit suicide in terror. She didn't. She waited, she yawned gently, she handed the Senator a Manila envelope, and gently she vanished.

The Senator grinned. "She'll pray at me tonight! She daren't, while you're here. There! I feel better. Good cussing is a therapeutic agent that has been forgotten in these degenerate days. I could teach you more about cussing than about diplomacy—to which cussing is a most valuable aid. Now here is a letter that Secretary Olney wrote me about the significance of his correspondence with England."

It was a page of history. Selig handled it with more reverence than he had given to any material object in his life.

He exclaimed, "Oh yes, you used—of course I've never seen the rest of this letter, and I can't tell you, sir, how excited I am to see it. But didn't you use this first paragraph in—it must be about on page 276 of your 'Anglo-American Empire'?"

"I believe I did. It's not my favorite reading!"

"You know, of course, that it was reprinted from your book in the 'Journal of the American Society of Historical Sources,' last year?"

"Was it?" The old man seemed vastly pleased. He beamed at Selig as at a young but tested friend. He chuckled, "Well, I suppose I appreciate now how King Tut felt when they remembered *(Continued on page 156)*

The Office Wife

DO YOUNG women in business acquire a new standard of comparison which makes marriage with the average young man a remote possibility? And do executives, who come to rely on the understanding and efficiency of private secretaries, often wish that the same elements of understanding and efficiency existed in their homes? These are the questions raised and discussed in this novel of today.

The Story So Far:

JAMESON looked over the bridge table at his host's wife, lovely Linda Eaton. "Confound it!" he thought. "Some men have all the luck! Larry doesn't half appreciate his."

At twenty-seven, Lawrence Eaton, of the Eaton Advertising Agency on Park Avenue, had been very much in love with Linda, then twenty-two, and she had loved him as much as her nature permitted. Now, after ten years of intimacy, that first sunny passion no longer existed, and sometimes he wondered at himself.

But if, as Jameson thought, Eaton did not appreciate his wife, he appreciated his secretary, bright-haired young Anne Murdock, who had lately succeeded Janet Andrews. Poor Janet's repressed emotional life had finally got the better of her, though Eaton, decently masculine, hated to admit it.

"That's a pretty little Cerberus you have slaving for you now," said Jameson, amused but without malice. "She's too darned good-looking. Some smart lad will snatch her away from you."

"Lord, I hope not!" exclaimed Eaton, aware of an inner rebellion at the thought. "She's becoming far too valuable."

Anne Murdock had, in fact, other ideas than marriage, especially marriage as she had seen it in her own suburban home, and in the little flat where her brother Jim lived with Sara on a tabloid reporter's salary. Even the attentions of Ted O'Hara, a young man on her own rung of the ladder, had not diverted the ambition with which she had entered the Eaton Agency three years before, and she had seen her opportunity to work with a man of Eaton's breadth as the fulfillment of the only dreams she had permitted herself to have.

Yet on her first visit to the Eaton home, to help her employer's wife with some charity appeals, Anne was conscious of things which she had longed for but would never attain—beautiful material things. The only beauty in the Murdock home was that of her sister Kathleen, who had lately deserted it for a career in the chorus of "The Sky Girl."

Lawrence Eaton, however, took his friend Jameson's warning to heart, and proceeded to interview applicants for her position. Unhappier than she had ever been in her life, Anne finally took her business future in her hands.

"Mr. Eaton, has my work been satisfactory?"

"Perfectly," he replied, and then, embarrassed and absurdly crestfallen: "But frankly, I understood you were thinking of making a change yourself. Thinking of getting married. You're young and"—the truth slipped out—"so very pretty . . . You're not—engaged or anything?"

"Of course not. I—I shan't get married, ever!" announced Anne extravagantly. "Why, I like my work."

Eaton believed her—there was a quality of sincerity about her that impressed him enormously—and he experienced a sense of happiness beyond his natural relief at not losing a good secretary. As the winter progressed he intrusted Anne with more and more of his private affairs. Often she would be called to work in the Eaton home after hours, and on these occasions Linda would be out, returning late to drag her husband and his secretary from their work.

"Miss Murdock looks ready to drop, Larry," Linda said, appearing after midnight on one such occasion.

"I'm not tired," said Anne, with a faint suggestion of defiance. "I was glad to get the work done. I—enjoyed it."

Linda only smiled and led the way to the supper table, but a day or so later, motoring with Jameson, she remarked: "Dick, I think Larry's little secretary is falling in love with him."

"That's a—pity," answered Jameson carefully. "Does he know it?"

"Not yet. Perhaps she doesn't either."

But Eaton and Anne were working together that Sunday afternoon, when a call came through which made it necessary to send an Eaton representative to Chicago, and Anne's employer suddenly asked: "Look here, Miss Murdock, could *you* go?"

"Of course I'll go," said Anne, grave eyes intent.

And Eaton thought, watching her: "Of course she would, the *darling!*"

By *Faith Baldwin*

who wrote "Alimony"

IN THE little silence that followed Anne Murdock's reply Lawrence Eaton's gray eyes encountered his secretary's blue ones. The look which endured between them was curiously, searchingly deep. On his part, it was a look of trust, of gratitude and of something more, something unreadable and veiled. In her answering eyes, there was loyalty and an unspoken reassurance.

"Fine!" said Eaton, following that appreciable pause. "We'll go over the ground again together. Get Lawson back on the wire for me, will you?"

She did so and a little later Eaton was saying to an impatient man in Chicago:

"I'm sending my secretary to you—Miss Murdock . . . Yes, she knows what it's all about. She's leaving on the Broadway Limited at two-fifty-five tomorrow afternoon. See that she's met."

A moment's listening, and then Eaton turned to Anne.

"He wants to know what you look like!" he reported aggrievedly.

Anne chuckled. He was staring at her over the telephone as if he never had seen her before. No, not quite like that, but as if he were labeling her in his mind: small, fair, blue eyes. She proposed hastily:

"If you'd tell him not to bother meeting me I could take a taxi to his house."

Eaton, with a sigh of relief, transmitted the message and hung up.

"I didn't suggest that you go tonight," he said, "because it might make it difficult for you to arrange your plans. And there's today's work to get through with tomorrow morning. So, if you're willing, tomorrow afternoon's time enough. You'll reach there shortly after nine on Tuesday, and can probably get an afternoon train back."

When the Lawson plans had been gone over again and Anne had had her instructions, Eaton looked at his watch.

"I've an hour or so before train time," he said, "and my bag's at the station. Suppose we go out and have some dinner?"

She assented quietly enough, but her heart was racing. The moment seemed to mark a new milestone in her secretarial progress. She had often heard comments, a little caustic, about girls who dined with their bosses. Well, why shouldn't they?

¶ Eaton did not wish to look beyond this blue and gold moment of sun and sand and sky and—Anne.

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz

They dined at a hotel, where there was good food and pleasant lights and the melody of music flooding across the tables to veil the clatter of service. Eaton talked animatedly, not of business but of a book he'd read which she, too, had read; of a play they'd both seen. He listened to her observations and said, as if casually:

"We'll have to do a show together sometime, Miss Murdock. If you get as excited as this over a mere discussion of a play you've seen, what would you be like in the audience watching one? I think you'd be

a stimulating companion. Most of us have grown pretty blasé."

Anne laughed. "I'm a fool, of course," she admitted. "I once knew a girl who played small parts. I used to go back to see her between acts, and—well, I suppose it was disillusioning back stage, and yet when I got out in front again, I was as convinced that the things I saw happening were real as if I'd never seen the wheels go round on the other side of the curtain."

She went home that night in Eaton's car after leaving him at the lobby doors—he'd walk across to the station, he said. Leaning back against the upholstery, she found that she was excited—more excited than she'd ever been at any play. She'd dined with Lawrence Eaton! They hadn't talked business. They might have been friends—even a little more than friends.

She told her family of her mission to Chicago and asked: "Haven't we a small bag I could take?"

Mrs. Murdock beamed. "He does trust you!" she commented and went to look for the bag.

But Murdock was wontedly gloomy. "I don't like it," he protested; "shipping you all over the map—a young unprotected girl! Anything might happen."

ANNE'S tickets were secured for her by the office. She had a drawing-room, owing to the orders Eaton had left. She traveled comfortably, slept fitfully and presented herself at Mr. Lawson's house without mishap or misgiving.

Lawson, a middle-aged gentleman in a brocaded bathrobe, received her in his study. A nurse, ushering Anne in to him, disappeared discreetly, after warning her: "Mr. Lawson must not be agitated."

Anne, judging that he had been born that way, did not worry. She opened her brief case, laid certain papers on the library table while Lawson stared at her.

"But you're a woman!" he exploded. "A *young* woman!"

Anne decided not to reply to this obvious statement.

"I thought, of course, you were a man!"

Anne answered demurely: "Mr. Eaton said 'Miss' and 'she.'"

"Well, that could sound like 'Mr.' and 'he,' couldn't it? Well, you're here now," said Lawson in an it-can't-be-helped tone; "let's see what you know about the muddle."

ANNE explained. She then reexplained for the better part of an hour. After which Lawson remarked grudgingly:

"You've a good head. Tell Mr. Eaton it's O. K. with me." He asked her to stay for luncheon but she refused.

"It's my first trip to Chicago," she said, "and I'd like to see something of it before I return."

The library door opened before he could reply, and Lawson Junior, a gay and personable young man, came in.

"Hey, Dad!" He stopped and stared.

His father made the presentations and explanations. So it was that, half an hour later, Anne found herself committed to the daytime sights of Chicago and environs, luncheon and a safe convoy to her train.

She wired Eaton the successful conclusion of her business and wondered how he would like the way she'd elected to cool her heels till train time, if he knew it. Not, of course, that he'd care—nor was it any of his business, after all. But still——

Lawson Junior was entertaining. Anne was amused; the time passed pleasantly to the tune of a little light-hearted flirtation, and eventually he put her on the train with candy, magazines and flowers enough to take her to San Francisco.

"May I look you up when I come to New York?"

"Why not?" asked Anne.

When Eaton returned from Washington she had a verbal report for him. She then said, a little defiantly because she felt curiously awkward:

"After the business was over Mr. Lawson's son took me to lunch and we drove about the city."

"Young Allan? He's a nice boy," Eaton said carelessly and

added, "Glad you had a good time." And Anne found herself relieved and absurdly disappointed.

"I didn't know if you—— He and his father engineered it. It wasn't strictly business," she explained, unnecessarily.

"You deserved some reward for the trip," Eaton told her.

But he remembered, and with no perceptible pleasure, that Allan Lawson was an attractive youngster, and an eligible one. And two or three weeks later, when Allan walked blithely into the office of Miss Murdock, her employer again had occasion to recall his attractiveness and eligibility.

EATON had been talking to Anne at her desk, and he greeted the caller, who remarked coolly:

"I'm taking Miss Murdock to lunch."

Anne shook her bright head. "I haven't time. I'm sorry."

"Dinner, then. Where'll I meet you?"

He ignored Eaton. So the older man stood back, trying to feel amused but only succeeding in experiencing irritation. Anne, sensing that irritation and the inappropriateness of the conversation, answered quickly:

"At my sister's." She gave him Kathleen's address and named an hour. She'd taken to leaving a dinner frock and a change of clothes at Kathleen's. It was easier than going home before an engagement in town when she worked late.

When Allan had gone, Eaton commented dryly: "A fast worker."

"No." She smiled at him. "It's just that (*Continued on page 135*)

Close in Eaton's arms Anne felt curiously drowsy, drugged, yet dangerously wide awake. "I—I oughtn't to dance with him," she thought.

Illustration by
Jack Sheridan

The 12th Man

SOME of the guests offered the famous old man a limited sympathy.

"I suppose it's sensible their keeping you at home, but it must be a disappointment not to watch your grandson play his first big game. I see you have a radio. Hearing's almost as good as seeing a football match."

Doctor Alfred Merrill, professor emeritus of metaphysics, and celebrated philosophical theorist, nodded bravely, but his brown eyes, which hadn't grown old with the rest of him, mildly challenged the neighboring loud-speaker.

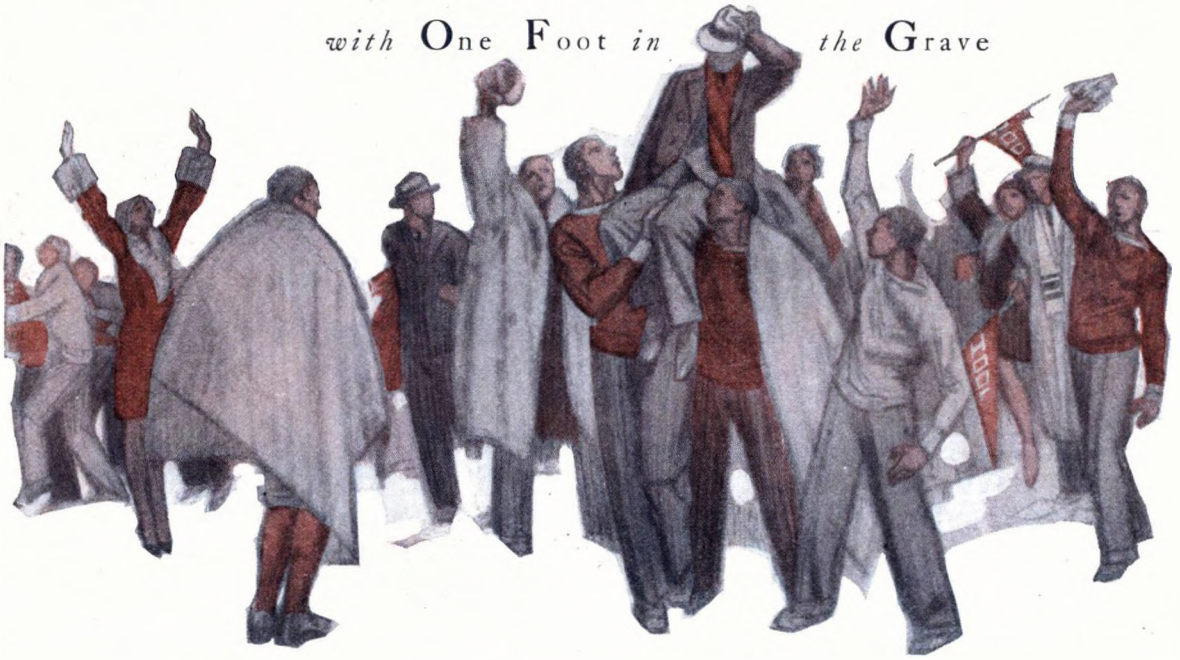
"So my wife assures me; and Robert, too. He's our son, you know; young Alfred's father. He has had the contraption installed as a palliation for my entirely natural chagrin."

The doctor projected exceptionally this morning an illusion of being enthroned. His rather high chair was placed in front of the slate mantelpiece in the library, and former pupils of every age, dragging wives and children, struggled to approach the presence.

The Merrills had dispensed hospitality on big-game days for many years, and now that the doctor was credited with being the oldest alumnus, the number of pilgrims had grown. His wife, as lined as he, and even smaller, paused regularly in her kindly voyages through the crowded rooms to make sure he had everything he wanted and wasn't overexerting himself.

A Football Story by Wadsworth Camp

in which the Hero *is an* Old Man *with* One Foot *in the* Grave



"You're certain you're not growing tired, Granny dear?"

To all the university world the old man was known by this affectionate nickname.

"Not in the least, Helen, my delectable Joan. You mustn't fret about me. Is everyone getting plenty of nourishment?"

She nodded absent-mindedly. "I'm afraid hearing the game over the radio will be pretty exciting for you."

The doctor glanced slyly at the radio. He was by no means convinced that he was going to be subjected to that particular strain; his wife's affectionate concern, in consequence, made him feel very, very badly about his intended immorality.

"You are invariably wise, sweet consort. I shall be careful. I may need all my strength this afternoon." Abruptly he peered, bent forward and called excitedly: "Here come Mr. Carson and little Francie. Please let them through. I must hear what our coach has to say."

A small girl, shapely, yellowish and pretty, danced to the throne ahead of a frowning, nervous man. She shook her curls.

"Granny dear, you taught Father metaphysics once. Surely you can instruct him now that football isn't important enough to disturb the universe."

Doctor Merrill smiled sweetly. "But I disagree with you, my child."

As he started to rise to greet the coach his wife took his arm to help him. He looked at her reproachfully.

"My dear Helen, can't you disabuse yourself of the concept that I'm a cripple? There's nothing the matter with me; nothing whatever. You'll overexert your own self, my dear; an empty sacrifice, since I'm quite capable of self-propulsion."

He appeared to catch himself. He glanced obliquely from his wife to the radio and spoke more softly. "But it's sweet of you, and of course you're right. I'm prone to overestimate my powers."

He sat back and stretched out his hand to the coach. "Your giving me a minute on such a day is a great honor, sir."

Carson's laugh rattled. "You making fun of me, Doctor Merrill?"

The old man was confused. "In what manner?"

"Calling me 'sir.' You not only tried to teach me metaphysics once, sir; you flunked me cold."

Doctor Merrill chuckled. "But metaphysics is a game, too; a trifle different from football, but still a childish game. The rules said I had to penalize the bad tacklers."

THE coach grinned. "You do care a lot for football, don't you, doctor?"

The doctor smiled reflectively. "It works magic with me: it makes me feel myself a child again."

The old lady's laugh was still musical. "A child again! You've always been one, and without any magic except your own. Fancy, Mr. Carson! He actually wanted to go to the game."

The coach studied the wrinkled face. "Then you won't see Alf play this afternoon? That's too bad, sir."

Mrs. Merrill shook her head. "Careful, Mr. Carson. Too much sympathy's a mistake with wayward children. Here are Robert and Marcia. They'll want your news."

Alf's parents were as taut as the coach. "Is our boy fit? Will he hold his own against a veteran?"

Carson lowered his voice so that only Francie and the little family group could hear.

"He's got to do more than hold his own to give us an even chance. The whole right *(Continued on page 199)*

Dear little You

Illustrations by
Charles R. Chickering

ACTION FOR ABSOLUTE DIVORCE
STATE OF MINNESOTA
Supreme Court, County of Hennepin

MARGARET McNAMARA, plaintiff
against
TERENCE McNAMARA, defendant

TO THE ABOVE NAMED DEFENDANT:

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED to answer the complaint in this action, and to serve a copy of your answer, or if the complaint is not served with this Summons to serve a notice of appearance on the plaintiff's attorney within twenty days after the service of this Summons exclusive of the day of service. In case of your failure to appear or answer, Judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Trial to be held in the County of Hennepin. Dated this fourteenth day of September, 1929.

Doolittle, Doolittle & Dunn, Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Office and P. O. Address: 1218 Lake Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

SUPREME COURT, Hennepin County.

.....x

MARGARET McNAMARA Plaintiff,
—against—
TERENCE McNAMARA Defendant.

.....x

The plaintiff above named, for a cause of action against the defendant, alleges:

I.

That the plaintiff was married to the defendant on the 21st day of July, 1917, at Anoka, Minnesota.

II.

That at the time of said marriage, the said plaintiff and the said defendant were then residents and inhabitants of said State of Minnesota.

III.

That thereafter, and on or about the 1st day of April, 1922, the said plaintiff and defendant took up their residence in the city of Minneapolis, Hennepin County, Minnesota, that since the said 1st day of April, 1922, plaintiff and defendant have been and still are actual residents and inhabitants of the State of Minnesota.

IV.

That at various, sundry and divers times the defendant has been guilty of cruel and inhuman treatment resulting in great mental and physical anguish, mortification and sorrow to the said plaintiff, who has always been a good, dutiful, docile and faithful wife to the said defendant and a fond, affectionate and devoted mother to his children.

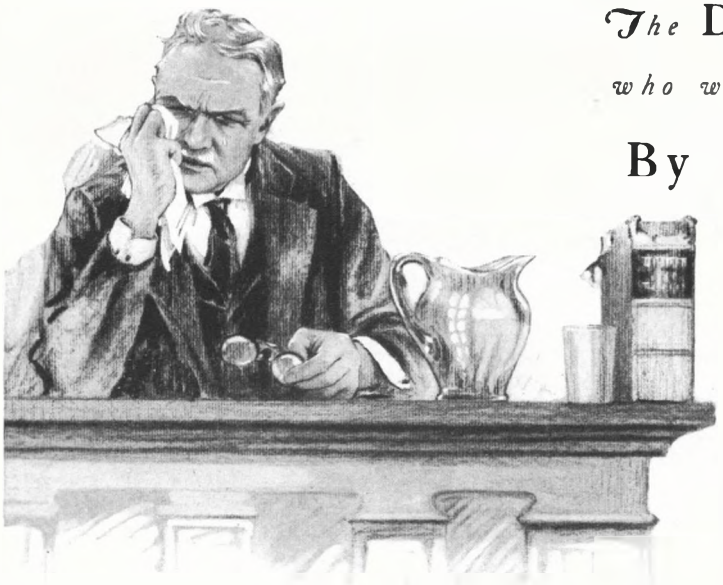
V.

That not more than three years have expired since plaintiff's knowledge of said offenses and said offenses have never been condoned, palliated, or forgiven by the plaintiff.

VI.

That no decree of divorce has been obtained by the said defendant against the said plaintiff in any of the courts of any

All eyes turn with envy to Margaret McNamara, who is sitting up in stiff astonishment and glaring at Terence with murderous wrath.



The Divorce Case of the Man who writes the Heart Throbs

By J. P. McEvoy

"Show Girl" author of

of the states or territories of the United States upon any ground whatsoever.

VII.

That since the marriage of the parties hereto the said plaintiff has given birth to the following children who are now living with the said plaintiff and who are the issue of said marriage, viz.: Alice McNamara, a daughter, aged ten years, Terence McNamara Junior, a son, aged seven years, and Aloysius McNamara, a son, aged two years; and the said plaintiff alleges that the said defendant is an unfit and improper person to have the care, custody, training and education of said children.

VIII.

That the said defendant is employed regularly by the Gleason Greeting Card Co. of Minneapolis, Minn., in the capacity of staff poet, that his duties consist of writing, composing, editing and otherwise preparing for publication poetic sentiments for all occasions such as Christmas, Easter, St. Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, etc., and that he receives by way of compensation and emolument various bonuses and royalties in addition to a regular salary which said plaintiff is informed and believes to be not less than $10,000 a year.

WHEREFORE, and by means of the premises plaintiff prays the judgment and decree of this Court, dissolving the bonds of matrimony between herself and the said defendant together with a reasonable sum out of the property and income of the said defendant for the support and maintenance of plaintiff and Alice, Terence Junior, and Aloysius, the children of said marriage, together with the custody and control of said children with such other and further judgment as shall be reasonable and just herein, together with a reasonable allowance for counsel fees, besides the costs and disbursements of this action.

Doolittle, Doolittle & Dunn,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Office and P. O. Address: 1218 Lake Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

SUPREME COURT, Hennepin County.

.....x

MARGARET McNAMARA Plaintiff,
—against—
TERENCE McNAMARA Defendant.

.....x

The defendant for an answer to the plaintiff of the complaint herein respectfully shows to the Court:

I.

He admits the allegations contained in paragraphs One, Two and Three of said complaint.

II.

He denies the allegation contained in paragraph Four, viz.:

That at no time and under no conditions or circumstances has he ever been guilty of cruel and inhuman treatment, causing the said plaintiff anguish of any kind or description, neither has he through any acts of commission or omission caused said plaintiff to be mortified or saddened, that on the contrary he has

(*Cont. on page 207*)

¶ TERENCE: *You know how it is when you're lonely and alone and far from home, so I wrote a little verse and sent it to my wife.*

Half-Breed

Illustrations by
Forrest C. Crooks

HE LAY just outside the adobe hut wondering at life's strangeness. His mother, somewhere within, shuffled over the hard dirt floor humming in soft, lisping Spanish the song of a maiden and a tall horseman — a song of spring—and from his shadowy corner the boy could see her beating *tortillas* with fat brown hands.

A dog close behind him, flea-ridden and mangy, raised an inquiring ear toward a stream of youngsters pouring by, intent on some noisy game.

One pointed in derision at the silent boy. "Yah, redhead! Yah, longlegs! Yah!"

The shout was taken up by the rest of that diminutive horde as they swept jeering and mocking down the dusty village street. But the boy never moved—only stared with sleepy, half-veiled eyes out over the sun-baked desert.

Now even a casual glance would have betrayed that on this boy had been laid a mark forever setting him apart from the rest of the swarthy urchins who infested the Mexican quarter of Verde. For one thing, the color of those sleepy eyes was blue and about his dark forehead bristled a mat of sandy, reddish hair. Big-boned, too, loose-jointed, with long, dangling legs.

No, he didn't belong to Verde—not entirely. Yet in a sense he typified Verde, seeing that through his very being ran a line of demarcation not unlike the line that bisected the little town of his birth. For you may remember the international boundary cuts through the south end of Verde. Below lies Mexico with its desert, and beyond, the purple hills of Sonora—that little-known country.

Below, too, lies Verde's Mexican quarter—a third of the town, but living under the laws and traditions of Mexico.

So you see, what with national boundaries and racial boundaries and the memories of old feuds, almost anything is likely to happen in Verde. Gringo and Mexican, old world and new, high romance and grim reality—all these serve to make up the little speck of life that lies out there on the edge of the desert and is called with somewhat unconscious humor—Verde.

The shadows had grown longer when his mother stood in the doorway. Her eyes still held a memory of the tenderness and the soft dreaming of the youth that once had been hers. But the slenderness had gone out of her body with the years.

"Eh, *Dios!*" she mocked him. "Must you lie there ever idling away the hours, Miguel *mio?* Daily you grow more like that big slow father of yours. Laugh and play, little son of mine, and be as my people. Play while you are young, for very soon comes a time when you can do no other thing than sit in the sunshine and suck your gums and regret."

He fell to stroking the dog beside him.

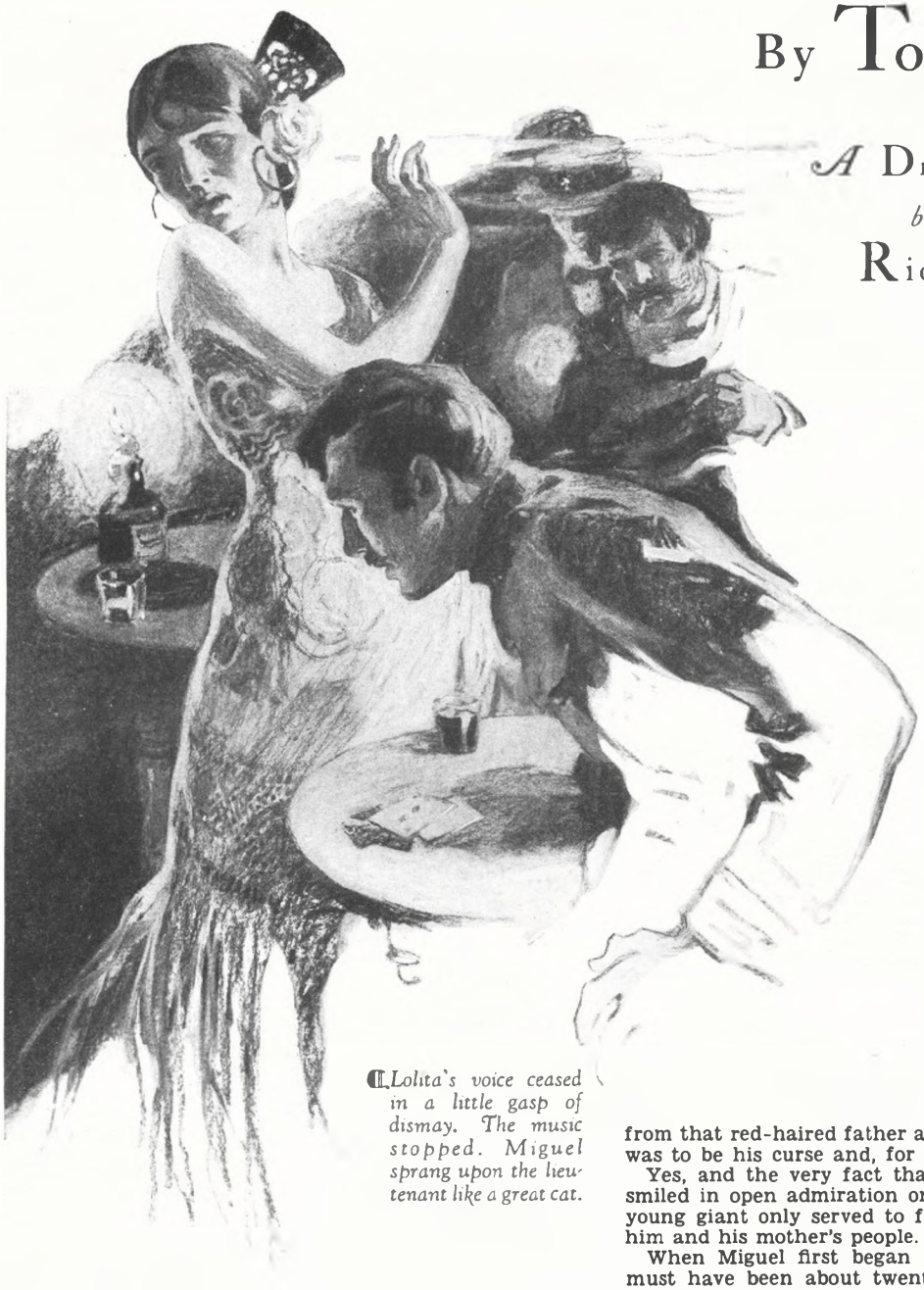
"They call me *'El rojo,'*" he muttered resentfully.

His mother's white teeth gleamed in swift laughter. "Why not? Redhead is not such a bad name. They called your father that, *chico mio.* But your father's hair was like fire." Her deep, full bosom rose in a little half sigh. *"Ai,* how strong he was, *chico.* I have seen him lift a man in either hand, holding them helpless in the air. And that big round neck of his and arms that could crush a man or caress a woman.

"He didn't stay long, but *Dios!* he was a *caballero.* A big silent man without the laughter and sunshine of my people. And then he went away. So be not too

By Tom Gill

A Drama of Love below the Rio Grande



¶ *Lolita's voice ceased in a little gasp of dismay. The music stopped. Miguel sprang upon the lieutenant like a great cat.*

much like him, little son, but run and play and be like those other children, for they are your people and mine."

And perhaps that was why even in those days, days when he was an ungainly youth, the look of half-baffled perplexity and wonderment first came to be a part of him. That attitude of alienation and solitude of soul—it was to bear him grim company throughout the strange world of men. But all this was before I knew him.

His father I never saw. As Red Mike the Americans had known him during his brief stay in Verde, where by brawn and brute force he had lorded it over a section gang on the Santa Fe. As Don Miguel they remembered him in the Mexican quarter, translating the outlandish English as nearly as might be. And Miguel his mother had named the sandy-haired, blue-eyed boy—the boy for whose sake she asked in many prayers to Our Lady something of the quick laughter and the sunshine of her own people.

Well, small wonder they could not understand the silent, lanky youngster. And no wonder the forbidding aspect of the world and the loneliness of his soul became very real portions of his solitary childhood.

He grew up as one apart. The unbridgeable chasm of race stood between him and his mother's people and, of course, to the whites in Verde he was just a "breed." So about the only friend of Miguel's childhood was that mongrel dog.

But he far outstripped the boys of his age in height and breadth of shoulder, and as the awkwardness of youth passed, a kind of catlike grace became an unconscious possession. Miguel was inheriting from that red-haired father a gift of strength that later was to be his curse and, for a time, his salvation.

Yes, and the very fact that the girls of the quarter smiled in open admiration on this slow-moving, sleepy young giant only served to fortify the barrier between him and his mother's people.

When Miguel first began herding sheep for me he must have been about twenty—perhaps a little more. I wasn't eager to take the boy. The *padre* of the Mexican chapel was the cause of my considering him at all.

The old priest had stopped me before the post office one morning.

"I have heard he is shiftless, ill-tempered and discontented, Father," I reminded him. "You know those qualities don't make for success even in sheep-herding."

"Perhaps that is why I am asking you to give him a chance. That is what life has not given him so far—a chance." The little fellow fondled the black crucifix at his waist. "I have known this boy since he came into the world and I can say there is within him both a beast and an angel—and perhaps a poet. Who shall tell which is destined to triumph, my son, except that God shall call forth that portion which best serves Him—and in His own good time."

"Perhaps; but I don't need all that equipment for a sheep-herder."

"He is neither of my people nor of yours," the priest went on, "and so he has been bruised and distrusted of both. I should like to get him out of Verde for a time, for here he feels that every man's hand is against

him—not without reason. There are some life gives no real chance and it would make me happy to know that Miguel gets at least a trial."

And as I still hesitated, he added, "Do you remember a day out there on the desert when you, my son, were glad of a helping hand?"

"I remember. Let Miguel come to me tomorrow."

That's how I first saw him face to face. He was good to look at, slim and powerful like some pagan god, standing at ease before me in the morning sunlight while at his heels a sheep dog looked up in adoration.

Clearest of all I remember that look of puzzled bewilderment and questioning that by now had become as much a part of the boy as the sleepy blue eyes or the sandy hair. Not a sullen look. Perplexity, I suppose, is the nearest word, although that doesn't quite touch it. The hurt perplexity of a pup that has been kicked for no reason at all.

It didn't take long to arrange things. The *padre* had done most of that. And with a slow *"Muchas gracias, señor,"* he left me.

So I became Miguel's employer and as the sunny days passed, I became, too, in a sense his friend. Sometimes I think the only friend his lonely life ever knew. For he talked to me as to no one else except, of course, the *padre*. And by a lucky accident I happened to be with him the day a rattler struck him above the heel and by dint of sucking the wound, cutting a neat Maltese cross in him and rubbing on pipe tobacco, I had the boy limping around and out of pain within twenty-four hours.

Probably he would have recovered sooner without all those incantations, but he promptly conceived that I had placed him under an eternal debt—which was just as well, in view of what happened later.

EACH week during the long summer that followed I made my rounds of the camps and often beside Miguel's little herder's fire we talked together. Talked of sheep and life and immortality. He knew little English, so it is always in Spanish that I remember his slow halting words and that phrase of his commonest of all, "A strange world, Señor."

Strange, surely, for you see somewhere in the mind of Miguel had come as a heritage of that Irish father a passion for justice—an almost fanatical intolerance of oppression. To Miguel the riddle of the universe, its complexities—yes, even its cruelties, seemed things to which there should be satisfactory answers and for some reason he thought I might possess those answers.

But life has a way of asking more questions than life ever solves. And looking back I can't be sure that except for a sincere gift of sympathy I ever helped Miguel in all his perplexed pilgrimage.

"Something of a poet," the old *padre* had said. I remembered that. For within the boy was a strong desire for beauty, both in his life and in the things about him. Comeliness and symmetry—these things he sought. And when in his dealings with man he found discord and ugliness in their stead—well, that too became part of the unsolved riddle that life held for him. Also, as I say, it taught him to strike back.

"Sometimes," he said one evening as he busied himself with coffee and *frijoles*—"sometimes I think a place must be where men would not care for this accident of birth. Is there no such place—even beyond the seas, Señor?"

I SHOOK my head. "I have seen many lands beyond the seas, Miguel, and strange people, but never the place you speak of. Some far-off time maybe, a thousand years——"

"That will be late—for me. Too late." Swift anger seized him. "Not one day of all my days have they let me forget that I am not as others here. The Señores who employ riders and herders take the Mexicano, not me. The young men who dance on the plaza at *fiesta* time, to them I am *'El rojo,'* the red-headed 'breed.' *'Diferente,'* they say and shrug—'he is different.' And they walk away—to laugh when my back is turned.

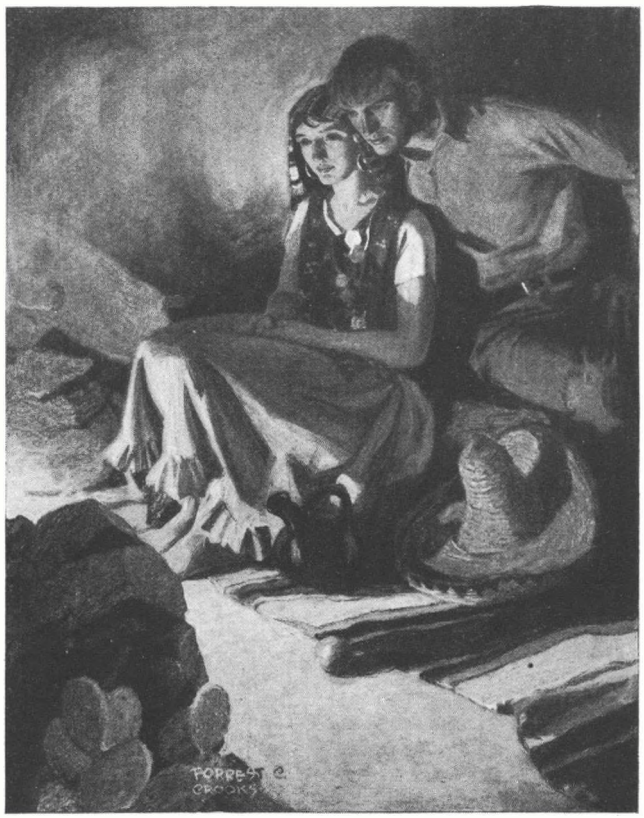
"I know I am not so quick as my mother's people. My thoughts are different. My laughter comes slower and they sneer, *'Que va,* he is stupid, that big clumsy Miguel.' Sometimes I think to go and find my father's people. Would that perhaps be well, *patrón?"*

"No, that would not be well. It would bring sorrow only. For after all you are of the desert and these desert people. And it may be that as the years pass, they will forget the color of your hair and eyes and the difference between you and them.

"But the world outside, Miguel *mio,* is still harsher even to those who are part of it. Stay here with the sheep and the peace that comes from the desert, and some day they will forget."

Yes, perhaps that is what might have happened. The years might have worn away the sharp outlines of his entangled birth; he might even have come to take his useful place there. All these things might have come to pass.

Only Lolita chanced to raise her eyes and smile . . .



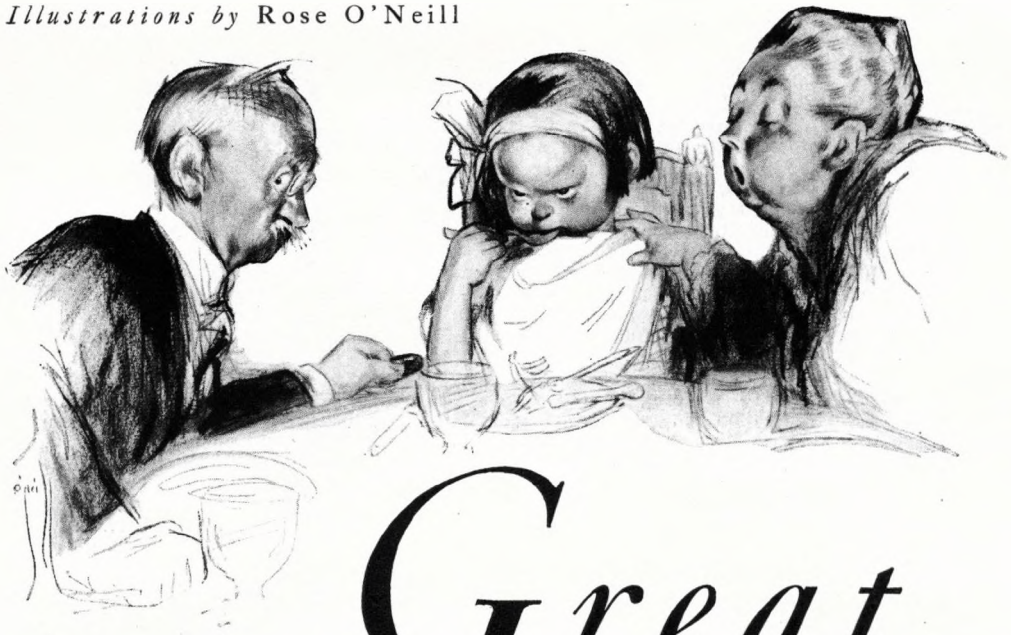
Alone in the desert, beyond the strange ways of man, Miguel and Lolita learned the wonder of love.

You may remember Mendoza's *cantina* on the Mexican side just south of Verde. Thirsty Americans stopping over for the day remember it well. For Mendoza has the largest bar in the border country—and the best marimba band. But Mendoza's greatest claim to immortality, in this world at least, will be based on the fact that in his *cantina* Lolita sang.

Now it would be as easy to describe Lolita as to describe a desert sunset. They share the same radiance, for which man has found no words. But no one ever forgot her.

"A voice of God's own angel," (*Continued on page 129*)

Illustrations by Rose O'Neill



Great Blessings

By Ring Lardner

"THE season again approaches," proclaimed the President in one of his proclaiming moods, "when it has been the custom for years to set apart a day of Thanksgiving for the blessings which the Giver of All Good and Perfect Gifts has bestowed upon us during the year. It is most becoming that we should do this, for the goodness and mercy of God, which have followed us through the year, deserve our grateful recognition and acknowledgment.

"Our fields have been abundantly productive, our industries have flourished, our commerce has increased, wages have been lucrative, and comfort and contentment have followed the undisturbed pursuit of honest toil. As we have prospered in material things, so have we also grown and expanded in things spiritual.

"Wherefore I hereby set aside Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of November, as a day of general thanksgiving and prayer, and I recommend that on that day the people shall cease from their daily work and in their homes and accustomed places of worship devoutly give thanks to the Almighty for the many and great blessings they have received, and seek His guidance that they may deserve a continuance of His favor."

Myrtle Stewart, aged ten, asked her mother for more cranberry sauce.

"Oh, no, dear! You don't want to get sick."

"I won't get sick."

"You will if you have more cranberry sauce. Remember, you must leave room for pumpkin pie."

"I don't want pumpkin pie. I want more cranberry sauce."

"Let her have it, Clara. It can't hurt her."

This was the elder Mrs. Stewart speaking, Clara's mother-in-law.

"She shouldn't eat any sweets at all. Doctor Fred says that's what's the matter with her stomach."

"There's nothing the matter with her stomach. How does Doctor Fred know? He never had any children of his own. When Tod and Harry were Myrtle's age, I didn't refuse them anything, and I can't see that they're any the worse for it."

Tod was Clara's husband and Harry her brother-in-law, who had gone away to Detroit five years ago and was doing well there as a hotel manager with the liquor concession, just for the hotel, not the entire city. His salary was a small part of his income, but his parents didn't know this. His stomach and Tod's were in such condition that they could digest nothing but gin, which had no connection, of course, with the fact that Mother Stewart had indulged them when they were Myrtle's age.

During the first six years of the married life of Clara and Tod, the family Thanksgiving dinner had been at Harry's house. It was bigger and the Harry Stewarts usually could afford a maid. Grace, Harry's wife, had not allowed a hostess' responsibilities to weigh her down. Mother Stewart had disapproved of her because she drank a little, smoked when she liked, and was childless, but her mother-in-law's thinly veiled hostility amused her up to a certain point, and when that point was reached, she walked out on her guests, saying she had promised to play bridge awhile at the Browns'.

Clara neither smoked nor drank, and had brought Myrtle into the world. This had made her the preferred daughter-in-law, but only temporarily. Tod's inability to hold a good job was his wife's fault, and she was too strict with Myrtle. And Grace's depravity was forgotten as soon as she and Harry moved to Detroit and Harry began making fifteen thousand a year, of which he sent home a hundred dollars every Christmas.

Grace had perhaps been wise not to have a child. A hotel was no place in which to bring one up. Besides, she was not strong—compared with Tunney.

This was the fifth Thanksgiving

Father and Mother Stewart had come to Clara's house. It was a habit now and they came without an invitation.

Clara, not blessed with a temperament like Grace's, stood it as well as she could. At the end of the day she always wished she could drink enough gin to revive her spirits, but one small shot made her sick and she had to stay well to take care of Myrtle and Tod, both of whom invariably suffered a decline following a visit from the old people.

However, Clara would not have minded Thanksgiving if it had been the only day in the year when her mother-in-law and father-in-law swooped down on her. They dropped in three or four times a month, usually just before a meal, and Myrtle's grandfather brought a particularly brutal brand of candy.

Worst of all, they had dropped in one evening in July, when Tod and Clara had left Myrtle at home alone while they attended the first show at the Gem. Their voices had awakened Myrtle and she had cried. No wonder, left alone without a light in the house.

"It isn't sweet things that upset her," asserted Mother Stewart now. "It's nervousness. She isn't over her fright and I doubt if she ever gets over it."

"What fright?" said Tod.

"Waking up and finding herself alone in the dark."

"That was nearly five months ago. And she wouldn't have waked up if you hadn't waked her."

"I'm glad we did wake her. Almost anything could have happened. Tramps might have walked right in. They won't stop at anything when they're starving."

"I THINK they'd stop at Myrtle," said Tod. "She's tough."

"That's a nice way for a father to speak of his child! A dear child like Myrtle!"

"Myrtle's a dear child, all right," Tod conceded, "and I imagine she seems even dearer than she is when you don't have to live with her all the time."

"I'd ask nothing better than to have her with me," said Mother Stewart. "I guess her grandmother appreciates her, even if her parents don't."

"Tod isn't both of her parents," said Clara. "I appreciate her."

"But you forget she's just a child. It breaks her spirit, being so strict with her."

"Strict! I don't have a chance to be strict."

"After all, Clara's her mother," said the elder Stewart, slipping his grandchild a chocolate cream under the table.

He felt it was time to change the subject, even if the change were for the worse.

"How's things at the office, Tod?" he asked.

"I don't know," said his son.

"What do you mean, you don't know?"

"Well, Dad, I haven't been there since last Saturday. They let me out."

"What was the matter?"

"They didn't like me, I guess."

"You were only there two weeks."

"That's plenty of time for people to tell whether they like you or not."

"Don't talk so foolishly, Tod!" said Mother Stewart. "Myrtle isn't old enough to understand your nonsense, and children repeat things outside."

"It's only the truth."

"It's not the truth and you know it! Old Kendall hasn't brains enough to appreciate you. Or maybe that boy of his is jealous. And you weren't well, anyway. How could you do yourself justice when you felt so miserable? Besides, it was no place for you, a hot, stuffy, dirty office like that! I don't believe anyone even dusts. I wouldn't worry about losing that kind of a position."

"I don't worry, Mother. I don't worry enough. But Clara worries and I don't blame her."

"I didn't say I was worried."

"There's no reason why you should be," said her mother-in-law. "A woman who has a husband like Tod ought to be just proud and nothing else. Though she ought to worry a little about his health and see that he gets proper food and rest."

"That reminds me, I forgot to take my medicine," said Tod, and went to his bedroom, to the chiffonier where he kept his medicine in a large bottle which someone had labeled Gordon in a spirit of levity.

Mother Stewart took advantage of his absence to inquire

Mother Stewart had disapproved of Grace, Harry's wife, who drank a little, smoked when she liked, and was childless. Grace's depravity was forgotten as soon as she moved to Detroit.

whether he had any prospect of another job, wording her inquiry vaguely so Myrtle would think they were discussing bulbs. It was a waste of subtlety, for Myrtle was too busy stuffing herself to care what the talk was about.

Clara said the only thing in sight was a position with a Chicago firm, getting subscriptions in this territory for a new twenty-volume encyclopedia.

"He would work on a commission, no salary."

"Well, I should think he'd make lots more money that way. Tod has so much charm, people are all so fond of him that I guess they'd buy nearly anything he asked them to."

She had forgotten (but Clara remembered) that Tod had tried out many times before as a salesman and had proved conclusively that he couldn't sell ant eggs to a wealthy turtle.

"Of course you mustn't allow him to take it if it means much walking around, or lugging twenty big books everywhere he goes. He can describe the books and not carry them. Or he could have a set of them here at the house and invite people to come and see them. Maybe you could help by serving sandwiches and ginger ale."

"They aren't even published yet. There's just a prospectus."

"Well, it would save him walking and tiring himself out if you kept that here and invited people in. Harry's feet got terribly calloused once, taking the census."

¶ *Clara had seen the easy-going Miss Butler talking with Tod on the corner one day.*

"Couldn't he have made people come to the house and give their names?" said Clara. "I should think they'd have been more willing when they didn't have to buy anything."

But it was necessary to change the subject again, for Tod was back at the table.

"Myrtle," said Clara, "will you get your grandfather some more water while Mother clears the table?"

"Oh, the poor child! Don't make a servant of her! Maybe that's why she has trouble with her digestion, having to jump up and wait on people in the middle of a meal. Ben doesn't want any more water, and Tod hasn't finished his turkey."

"I can't eat any more, Mother. I'm full."

"Why, you haven't eaten anything at all."

"I've eaten all I wanted."

"Maybe—— Still, Clara's getting to be a pretty good cook. You are a much better cook than you were, Clara."

"Thanks. Oh, Mother Stewart, don't get up! What do you want?"

"I thought if Ben has to have more water——"

"I'll get him some. You sit still."

"Well, all right," said Mother Stewart, resuming her seat; "but rather than see Myrtle——"

"We used to have wine Thanksgivings at Harry's," recalled Father Stewart. "Claret wine. I don't get it any more."

"I'll never forget the Thanksgiving when Grace was so pie-eyed."

"That's enough, Tod!" his mother warned. "Little pitchers, you know."

"I'll bet Myrtle remembers it herself. Do you, Myrt?"

"Remember what?" said Myrtle.

"Little girls mustn't try to understand their father's silly jokes. They must just eat and get big and strong."

Clara hoped Myrtle would not eat all her pie, but she did, though the last few mouthfuls were taken without enthusiasm.

"I'll help you with the dishes," said Mother Stewart.

"No, indeed! It's nice of you to offer, but I couldn't think of letting you. If you'll amuse Myrtle——"

The same two speeches had followed every meal her parents-in-law had eaten at Clara's in seven or eight years.

When Clara was through in the kitchen, she went into the living room and found Father Stewart dozing in his favorite chair. Tod was absent after more medicine. Myrtle was lying on the couch and her grandmother sat beside her, stroking her forehead.

"I don't think she feels very good. She complains of stomach ache. It will take her a long time to get over that fright."

Myrtle slept and Clara wished she could sleep, too, but she had to listen to Mother Stewart.

"I had a letter from Grace Saturday. She apologized for not writing oftener; she said she had so little time. I imagine she helps Harry a great deal. She said she and Harry would love to have us come and pay them a visit, but the hotel was full all the while and we wouldn't be comfortable with the noise and everything.

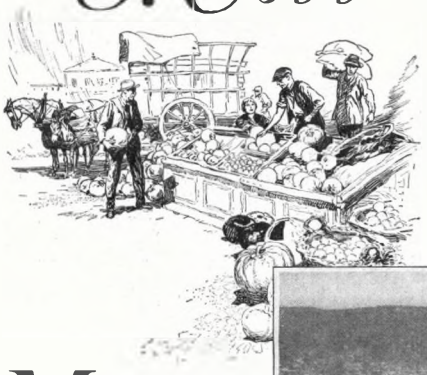
"Grace has turned out to be just the right kind of a wife for Harry. He was very patient with her at the start, always sure she would improve. And she certainly has. It means a lot to a man to have a wife like Grace. Most women don't realize their responsibility.

"I sometimes wonder what would have become of Ben if I had been less understanding. With Tod and Harry to take care of, and doing my own housework, I was pretty busy, but I always found time——"

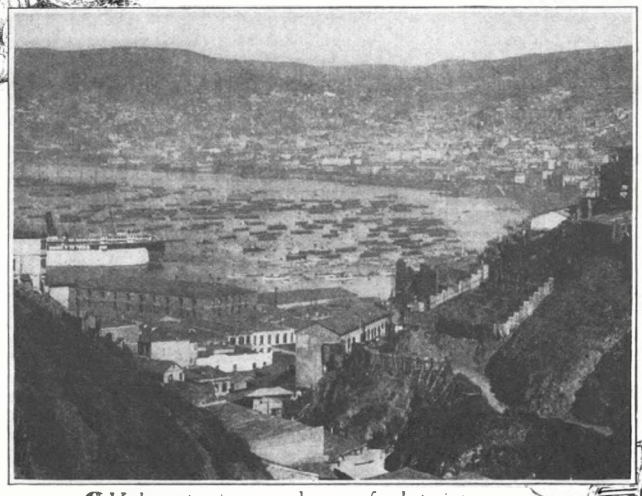
And so on. Clara interrupted the monologue twice. She went to see how Tod's (*Continued on page 132*)

We have Go-

By *Irvin S. Cobb*



THE Yankee of South America. That's the Chilean. The title is deserved. He has energy and snap and the determination to get ahead in this world. He is an up-and-coming chap who keeps both eyes open and both feet on the ground. And unless this amateur



¶ *Valparaiso is as modern as fresh paint.*

given to the languid siesta thing; not so you'd notice it. They call him the Yankee of South America.

If by that they mean to imply that he has energy and snap and the determination to get ahead in this world, the title is deserved. He is an up-and-coming chap who keeps both eyes open and both feet on the ground and unless this amateur observer's calculations are entirely wrong, his republic will, before so very long, be one of the most talked-about and thought-about republics of either hemisphere. And what a whale of a market it should make for Yankee merchandisers—if so be they watch their step and their *P's* and *Q's*.

MAKING use of a somewhat time-worn but graphic bit of slang, and taking into consideration the physical shape of the country and its immediate prospects, you might say that Chile is the shoe string which is destined to grow into the tannery.

It stretches along the west coast like a frayed and narrow ribbon. Its meridian length—that's not including the bays and the outjuts—is considerably more than twenty-five hundred miles. Its greatest breadth, measuring from the interior boundary on the crest of the Andes to tide marks, is two hundred and twenty-eight miles. Its average width, though, is eighty-seven miles.

By reason of this geography and this topography, by reason also of the influences of the Humboldt Current and the trade winds, and what with a lofty altitude at one side of the divide and a total lack of evaporating surface on the other—but we won't go into that now because it would take me all day to tell about it and then I'd probably be wrong—northwestern Chile is a moistureless expanse, whereas in its southern parts stretching on down to the extreme tip of the Fuegian archipelago, it's cloud-bursting most all the time. So you can have your pick of practically any variety of climate you crave—hot and dry, or balmy and dampish, or wet and cold and exceedingly breezy.

There is the desert where nothing grows except through artificial stimulation by difficult irrigation. There is a great central valley lying between the mountains and the foothills that front on the Pacific, and here you find fine cities and fruitful farms and noble vineyards and gorgeous orchards and all the products of a temperate zone. There is next a considerable area of lakes and steamy dense forests where plenty of rain falls, and below this, in turn, you strike the real old Cape Horn weather, and nobody yet has had a kind word for the weather they have around Cape Horn.

So if you labor under the delusion that all Latin-Americans take a siesta in the shade after luncheon, and wish to follow the custom of the country, you should pick your locality with some care. Otherwise you'll either be sunburnt to a deep magenta in twenty minutes or else, as in the case of a sound sleeper, you'll probably drown before you can wake up.

However, there is no valid reason why you should labor for long under that delusion. The Chilean isn't

Regardless of what cultural and political development the future may have in store for the Chilean, these things already are true of him: He is shrewd and strideful and aggressive in business. He is a stout and gallant fighter, none stouter or more gallant; what his army, and more especially his navy did in the War of the Pacific proved that. He is cockily proud of himself and of his race and his language.

Out of his own nature and out of his environment he has wrought a strong and assertive nationalism, so that there is no confusing a Chilean with a citizen of any one of the neighboring countries. In short and in fine, and any way you take him, the Chilean is quite a person and our business men would do well to cultivate his acquaintance more closely.

ASSUMING that you follow the route which we followed, you will stand close in and pass by a seemingly endless and for the most part a tenantless strip before you reach Valparaiso, which is the water gate to Santiago, which is the heart and capital and the metropolis of Chile.

But for us the cruising was not in the least monotonous, because of the frequent stops at the nitrate ports and the copper ports.

Getters *next door*

observer's calculations are entirely wrong, his republic will, before very long, be one of the most talked-about and thought-about republics of either hemisphere. ***AND WHAT A WHALE OF A MARKET FOR OUR MERCHANDISE.***

The program rarely varied. The ship, swinging shoreward where an indent in the land made a harbor of sorts, would bring up and halt half a mile or so out.

Yonder on the sun-baked, dusty rise above the huddled wharves and docks, lay the town, its houses flat and ugly and characterless, its dull fabrics merging into the dun and sterile slope against which it was plastered. Here and there were feeble-looking little splotches of green where some ambitious citizen with a precious trickle of prisoned mountain water had coaxed a debilitated tree or a sickly vine to live; and these made you think of scraps of wilted spinach garnishing a most scorched and overdone beefsteak.

Wealth, tremendous wealth in mineral resources from the heights above and behind, has poured and will continue to pour out of these lone lorn coves but beauty doesn't abide hereabouts. Beauty rarely does abide where man wrests its richness from the patient earth.

Before the anchor chains were out, a whole flotilla of tugs and launches and bumboats was alongside us, the tugs towing barges for lightering cargo off or on, the launches bearing visitors to us and—if the owners had luck—making the trip pay double profits by taking passengers ashore, the rowboats oared by venders of caged song-birds and parrots or fruits or furs or native weaves or what not. And oh, the bumping and the crowding and the jockeying and the bickering and the geysers of fluent Spanish profanity about the bottoms of the lowered gangways!

Keystone View

¶ *Santiago, where a mantilla in the shopping district would create a sensation.*

Unless the port were a port of size, such as Antofagasta is, we tourists exhausted its sight-seeing possibilities in half an hour or so. We briefly examined one such town in which for years and years there have been six Anglo-Saxon residents. There were six of them at the beginning and there are still six. Think of what six Belgian hares would have been able to accomplish in that time!

With the reek of the nitrates still in our noses or with our imaginations daunted by the task of trying to compute the value in dollars of the slabs and billets of raw copper which we had seen piled for shipment, we would return out of the bleak streets and be ferried back to the boat, to find her filled with strange faces and strange voices and with an atmosphere of gayety pervading her upper decks.

For, while we were ashore, the English-speaking residents, men, women, children and babes in arms, had been scurrying aboard. Here for them was brief opportunity for contact with the life in the lands whence they came.

THERE was something pathetic in the eagerness with which these exiled Nordics swarmed up our side; something comic, too, about the rapidity with which tea parties and cocktail parties and impromptu dancing parties formed.

And the captain and the officers would be circulating busily the while they extended the hospitalities of the ship to all and sundry. And in the bar the Japanese boys were working the shakers overtime. And oh, how reluctantly the local troop went down the laddered gangway when the blast that gave warning of imminent departure roared out of our whistle valves!

Lacking the variations in accent to guide us, it still would have been possible to distinguish one of our breed from one of the English breed among these transient guests of ours. The Yankee looked forward to the day when he would be summoned back to the States; the Englishman was afraid that some day he'd have to go back where he came from.

Both, secretly, might be homesick; both probably were; but the difference was that the Englishman, having worked up to a post of responsibility and importance here, knew if ever he were recalled to the home office he must sink back into the so-called middle class from which he had escaped, whereas the American, having no caste prejudices to hamper him, craved the promotion which would land him in a better berth at headquarters. Anyhow, that's how I diagnosed the run of the two groups.

Up the line we (*Cont. on page 163*)

Concluding—

TAGATI

By Cynthia Stockley

Illustration by Rico Tomaso

FENN'S order, not loud, but urgent and imperative, reached Felicia's brain instantly, and without a moment's hesitation she obeyed, dipping her head low. He saw *that,* even while with the clarity and scope of vision that come in tense moments he also saw and heard every one of the several things that happened simultaneously: from the kopje Stella's gun had spoken, and from the orchestra stall Dick's gun had spoken—only these two shots rang out, followed by bedlam across the river whence the koodoo herd stampeded in a frantic commotion of hurtling bodies and flying hoofs; he saw too that Dick Cardross, who in the act of firing had risen suddenly to his feet, had as suddenly pitched forward, and now lay face down on the sloping bank. The next moment they were all scrambling toward him.

Felicia reached him first, then the others together, and between them they turned over the heavy inert form. He was breathing but unconscious, and on the front of his blue sweater a bright red stain showed, slowly spreading.

Felicia gave one glance and turned away, but not to faint, as some women might have done. While the men were investigating, and even as Randal uttered one ominous word, "Intestinal," a sharp sound of tearing linen came from behind them, where the girl was dividing her coat into bandages. Soon she had two firm rolls to lay at the doctor's hand, and turning to Fenn, who supported Dick's head while Castleton was busy stanching and the doctor searching his pockets for his little case, she murmured rapidly:

"I'll take two boys and bring back that stretcher from the stoep—and there'll be things to get ready."

He gave her a grateful nod, and with incredible swiftness she collected her assistants and sped up the slope.

"Is he done for?" queried Fenn, very low. Randal's glance met his for an instant across the prostrate form, and what Fenn read there made answer superfluous; but since in Dick's face there flickered symptoms of returning consciousness a cheerful observation from the doctor in his professional capacity seemed clearly indicated.

"He'll be all right, now we've got a bandage on him. What about your flask, Pat? Anything in it?"

"Rather!" Fenn produced it and unscrewed the silver top that served as a container for a good tot of whisky, and at the sound Dick Cardross revived enough to whisper feebly but emphatically:

"Yes, for heaven's sake, gimme a drink, old man."

"Right you are, Dick!"

"It must be a very young one, though," insisted Randal cheerfully. "No dissipation till we get you safely tucked up at home."

Nevertheless the tot he held to Dick's lips was not so very young, and medically speaking it was wrong,

In "TAGATI," *Cynthia Stockley took you to the Exotic Veld of* Africa—*Next Month,* Fannie Hurst *will* show you *as* Strange Happenings *in Your* Own Home Town. Read "Carrousel!" *It is an unforgettable Short Story*

¶ *From the kopje Stella's gun had spoken. Dick suddenly pitched forward.*

but the doctor knew what he knew. That first brief glance at the ragged gaping aperture and torn intestine had told him more than enough.

With luck Dick might last the night out. With luck—plus the fortunate chance that Randal never went on holiday without drugs and instruments—he might even linger on through the next day; but with that internal hemorrhage, hope might be said to be practically nil.

"I'm a goner, I suppose," croaked Dick.

"NONSENSE!" was the brisk retort. And at that juncture Stella came stumbling among them, white as death, horror stamped on every feature.

"Oh, Dick! Oh, Dick!" She tumbled on her knees beside him, weeping, distraught, full of tender pity, but shrinking from the bloody mess revealed. He tried to speak, but the effort was too much; only a faint groan came from his lips, and he sank back with closed eyes.

"Pull yourself together, Mrs. Cardross." Randal's order was harsh. "You can't do him any good in that state. Give her some whisky, Pat."

She put her hand over her mouth as if in an effort to push back the hysterical emotion that was shattering and tearing her frame with convulsive sobs, and after a few seconds, aided by a mouthful of whisky, she achieved a certain control of her shaking body, but she could not control the trembling of her voice.

"How did it happen?" she stammered, looking from Fenn to the others and back again to Fenn, who stared at her, too astonished for a moment to answer. Then:

"How did it happen?" he echoed. An indignant steely note rang in his voice, and it was unnecessarily loud, thought Randal.

"Shut up, Pat!" he said sharply. "He's coming round again."

Dick opened his eyes, and a faint smile twisted his lips.

"I got the bull anyhow, whoever got me!" he murmured. It was true. They had had no time to notice it before, but there, across the river, at the lip of the pool, the body of a magnificent koodoo buck lay hunched as it had fallen when Dick's bullet brought it thundering down the bank.

"Got the bull? By the Lord, you certainly did, Dick!" assented Fenn heartily.

"Yes, it's your trick, all right, old man," said Randal. "But look here, you mustn't exert yourself talking. Just try to keep quiet until the boys come with the stretcher. Here they are now. That girl made good going of it, by Jove!"

BEFORE the next dawn Dick Cardross had passed to his fathers. It was his *i-Dhlozi* Felicia had seen in the stoep! . . .

Dick Cardross believed that the fatal shot had been fired by Felicia, and Felicia let him pass out of the world so believing.

A perhaps not unnatural conclusion for him to have come to, poor fellow, and even Randal, though regretfully enough, shared it with him. Neither Fenn nor Castleton had the slightest doubt as to whose subtle mind had engendered and fostered the idea, but for the time being they could do nothing about it because of Felicia's resolute attitude. First she forbade, then pleaded with them, for Dick's sake.

"The truth would only cause him greater pain—and what does it matter about me? *You* know I didn't do it, and in any case it was obviously an accident." Of the truth of this last statement she felt certain. So far as Dick came into the matter it *was* an accident, for the bullet had been dispatched on quite a different errand.

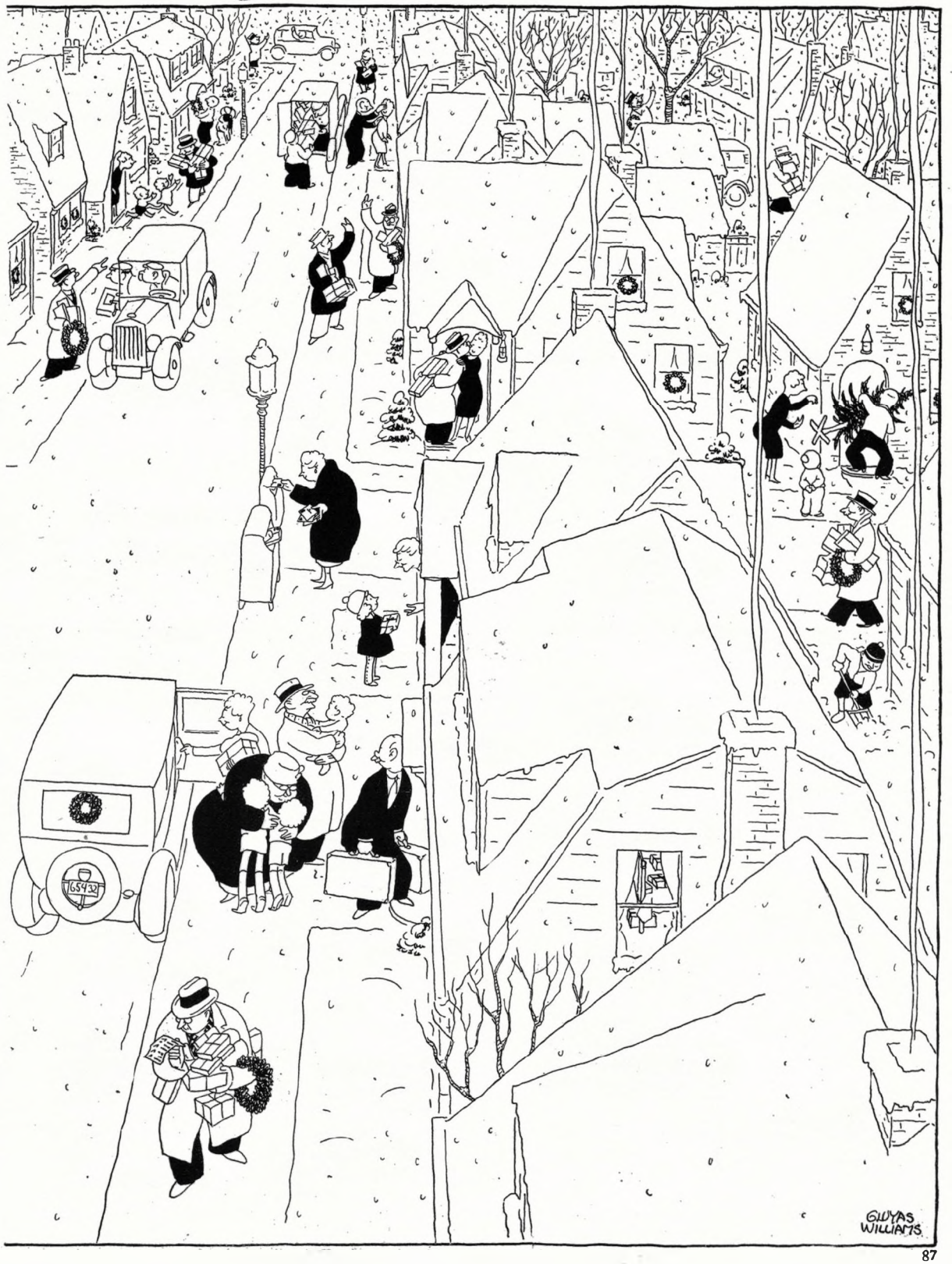
It seemed practically impossible that Dick could have been seen from Stella's vantage point, and but for his rising and Felicia's ducking, it would have been she, not he, who stopped the bullet. The girl knew this, and also that Fenn must be aware that his shout had saved her life; but Dick's last hours did not seem to be the time to say anything about it.

So, in the end, kneeling beside his bed to bid him farewell, she had let the dying man lay his hand consolingly on her bowed head while he whispered comforting words. She must not fret; it was all right, and the best thing that could have happened, anyway, "what with the booze and the rest of it!"

She guessed the meaning of *that,* too. With the philosophy and vision so often given to the dying, Dick Cardross saw clearly how things must be if he lived—with the strangle hold drink had on him and the emptiness of that "shrine" at (*Continued on page 98*)

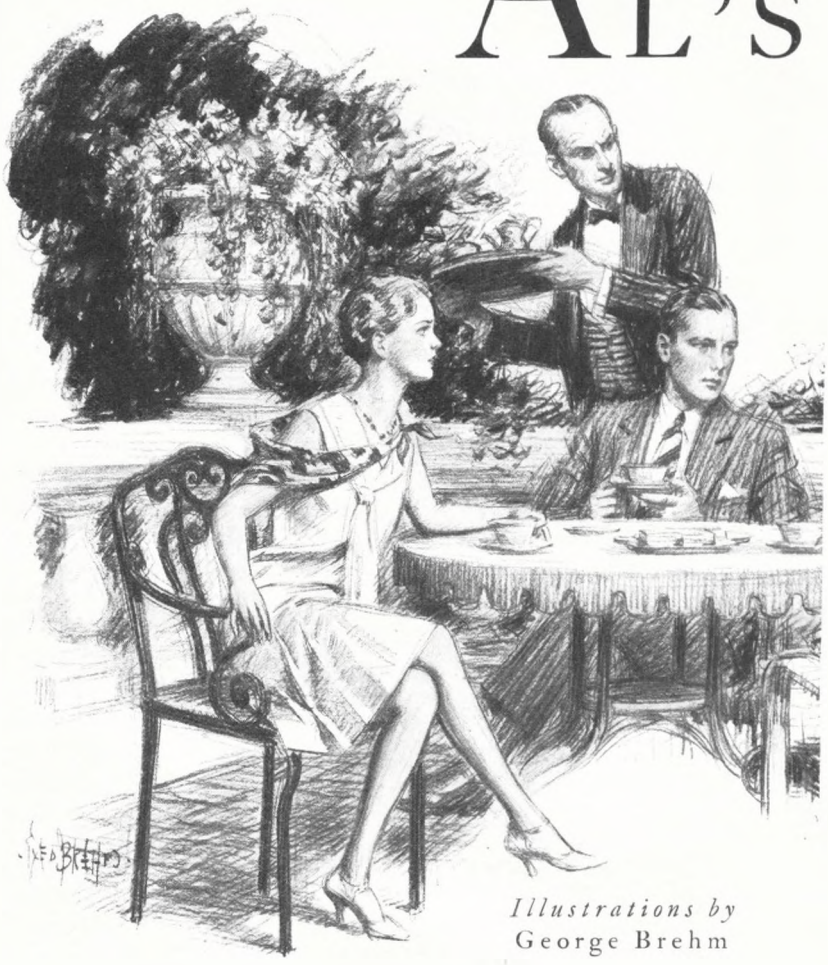
Christmas Eve

by Gluyas Williams



AL'S

By Royal Brown



Illustrations by George Brehm

EXTREMELY long and low-slung, the spectacular beige and chromium-plated sedan shot up the shaded drive toward the house. Its headlong approach suggested a high-powered projectile moving relentlessly toward a huge white target.

Not that the house was so big; it was, relatively, a modest affair for this particular section of Long Island. The whole place, including the private golf links and polo field, swimming pool and conservatories, miniature lake and other such bare necessities, couldn't have set its owner back more than a million or so.

In spite of all this it was livable and here, in season, lived its owner Samuel Sears, such members of his family as were not socially engaged elsewhere, and his personal staff of secretaries and business aides.

One of these, Tommy Jones, had just emerged into the July sunshine when the sedan came into view. As he paused to light a cigaret, he eyed the car, computing its power and cost.

"That bus was never made in America," he decided. "Funny"—his brows knit—"how it suggests ready money and, at the same time, an armored truck."

Now if Tommy had been feminine he would have said subsequently, "I felt the minute I set eyes on that car that something was going to happen."

Actually, he had no such feeling about the sedan. As it came nearer, however, he did make a discovery that turned his leisurely appraisal of beige-lacquer and lavish chromium work into a startled stare. He had recognized one of its occupants.

"Good Lord—Judy!" he gasped.

No degree of intuition, feminine or otherwise, was needed to suggest to him that something—almost anything, in fact—might now happen.

Judy was seventeen and Samuel Sears' younger daughter.

"All her father's tremendous energy and none of his control," was Tommy's most chivalrous estimate of Judy to date.

If he had been asked ten seconds before as to her whereabouts he would have said that Judy was spending the summer on a dude ranch in Wyoming. Personally, he considered Wyoming a splendid place for her. They—Tommy and Judy, that is—had met but once. It had *not* been a case of love at first sight.

"You've said enough," Judy had assured him furiously. And inasmuch as he had gone out of his way to assure her that she was a silly little fool who ought to be soundly spanked, perhaps she had been right. In any event she had added, "I never, never want to see you again." Whereupon she had departed for Wyoming.

Tommy had borne up under that manfully and had even hoped she might be moved to linger there and grow up a bit with the country.

Now she was back. "And it was so nice and peaceful here!" mourned Tommy.

The sedan crunched to an abrupt stop under the white-pillared porte-cochère. The door opened and out stepped Judy. Judy with one eye obscured by a close little hat, with her impertinent nose too whitely powdered, her lips too flamboyantly lip-sticked and her skirts too carelessly disclosing knees that looked nude but weren't. All artifice, Judy.

Slim and vibrant, she turned to address her companion. "Perhaps," she suggested breathlessly, "I'd better—better see Father first, Prince."

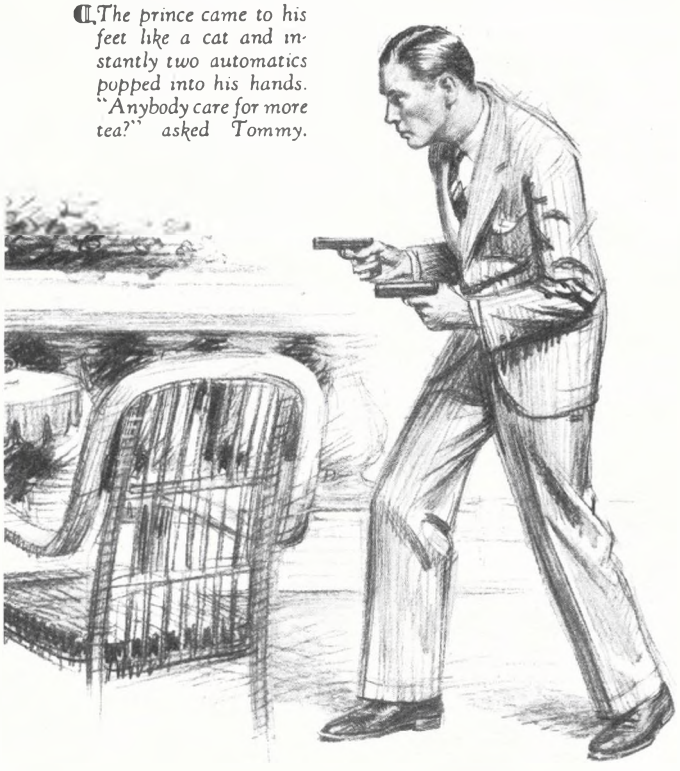
"Prince?" echoed Tommy's thought. "See Father! Good Lord, has she married somebody?"

The possibility hung in mid-air as the Prince disclosed himself. He was young, even younger than Tommy, and dark, with a suggestion of Valentino about him. He was also immaculately attired; the suit he wore might easily have cost one hundred and fifty, the soft summer felt hat and chamois driving gloves were in keeping with the car he drove. Theatrical, expensive.

"Italian, on a bet," ran Tommy's swift appraisal.

PAL

A New Problem *for* Mr. Tommy Jones, *who thrives on* PROBLEMS



The prince came to his feet like a cat and instantly two automatics popped into his hands. "Anybody care for more tea?" asked Tommy.

This before the Prince spoke. He had turned to examine his rear mud guard which had a visible dent in it.

"That chiseling cowboy handed me an accordion pleat," he announced venomously. "Brand-new and look at it. If he'd 'a' done that in Chi I'd 'a' let him have it."

At that, all Tommy's ideas about the Prince turned a complete somersault. There was nothing foreign, certainly, about the language in which he expressed himself. Tommy knew that "cowboy" was gang argot for a taxicab driver who made speed through traffic; "chiseling" was cutting in.

"If that lad isn't a gangster," decided Tommy, "I'll eat my hat—or even that shirt of his."

THE sort of gangster, he meant, who buys foreign cars and pays twenty dollars or so for silk shirts. One of those incredible developments of an incredible era when even crime has become organized like a trust and reaps staggering profits from cultivating the fertile fields created by Prohibition.

An interesting specimen Tommy might have found him—any place but here. Here—well, Tommy was momentarily stunned.

Few people knew in just what capacity Tommy proved of use to Samuel Sears. He came and went at odd moments and had no routine work or routine hours. Tommy's own explanation was seldom twice the same.

"Me? Oh, I'm just the trouble-shooter for the outfit," he might reply with his disarming grin. "Sort of a private Paul Revere, ready to ride at the slightest alarm, you know."

This was obviously humor. But there was fact in it too. Samuel Sears used Tommy in unconventional ways as a personal representative and a personal shock absorber. The best thing that could be said for Tommy was that Samuel Sears liked the way his mind worked in a crisis.

Here, certainly, were the makings of a crisis.

"Heaven knows where she picked him up—but having picked him up, she'd just have to bring him home and startle the neighbors with him," decided Tommy. "Trust Judy not to pass up a chance like that."

Under the circumstances this seemed a more probable as well as a more comfortable theory than that Judy had eloped and was about to ask parental forgiveness. He preferred to believe that Judy was being spectacular.

IN THIS he was only half right, however. To be spectacular was far from Judy's present ambition.

Wyoming, so far as Judy was concerned, had proved a perfect flop. The scenery there had been all that was advertised but when one is but seventeen one's attitude toward scenery is not one of enduring ecstasy.

"Egypt's Queen—why didn't somebody tip me off that dude ranches are just places that old maids come to to rave about sunrises and sunsets and bunk like that?" Judy had demanded of her sole contemporary—also feminine!

This was Mildred Travis from Chicago. Mildred was in Wyoming because she had read a novel by a writer of western stories. She had assured her family she positively craved rest and relaxation, but that was not so.

Mildred craved a cowboy. One, that is, who looked like Gary Cooper. The strong silent sort who suddenly becomes huskily and romantically vocal.

Surprisingly enough, she had found one that looked promising. One of the hands who had so far escaped the movies had long lashes and was certainly strong and silent. Very silent, in spite of Mildred's efforts to woo him to speech.

"But he hardly ever takes his eyes off me when we're riding together," Mildred had remarked hopefully.

Her idea was that romance was being repressed and might yet flame gorgeously. Then one day the strong, silent man suddenly spoke.

"I wish," he had assured Mildred bitterly, "that it had been a mule."

He had left her with that, but in the bunk house he had elaborated.

"I suppose I'm through," he had announced, "and I don't give a hoot in an arroyo. A dude ranch with a lot of females that any self-respecting horse would want to kick the pants off is no place for me, anyway."

It was Mildred who was through, however. She had returned to Chicago and Judy had issued an invitation to herself to accompany her.

Two of Mildred's boy friends had met them at the train and driven them out to Mildred's home in one of those ten-thousand-dollar sedans gilded youth plays around in nowadays. They were socially impeccable

youngsters, still weedy of figure and downy of face; and yet the one who straightway began to rush Judy aped the manners and morals of a gangster and advertised himself as a man-about-town.

"I can show you some pretty wild places," he boasted.

They had made up a party for that very night, slipping off unquestioned and unchaperoned to a road house near Cicero.

"This is a great hang-out for gangsters," Judy's escort assured her as they danced.

JUDY, swaying like a flame to mad music, doubted that. At seventeen she was something of a skeptic; life seldom fulfilled its prospectuses.

"Go on, prove it," she suggested.

Before he could reply a hand fell on his shoulder.

"Back to the side lines, buddy," a voice commanded. "And stay there. No return checks issued."

Judy had a brief glimpse of her partner, open-mouthed and outraged. Then she lifted her eyes to those of the man—or boy—who had so cavalierly claimed her. He smiled down at her; if to the casual he might suggest a sinister moth attracted by her flame, that did not perturb Judy.

"And who are you?" she demanded.

"That is just what I was going to ask you," he answered.

The music stopped with a blare of finality. They were close to the orchestra. He shot a glance at the leader.

"Start it up again and keep going until I tell you to stop, Jack," he commanded in a voice of curt authority.

"Just as you say, Prince," the leader assured him.

"Prince?" questioned Judy. "Prince of what?"

"Of darkness," he replied boastfully.

And Judy had been neither frightened nor displeased. Merely thrilled. Life had made good, surprisingly.

"How long do you plan to keep the poor orchestra working?" she asked.

"Until you tell me who you are," he replied. "And when I'm to see you again."

"Poor orchestra," she mocked.

Nevertheless, she told him. "Why not?" she demanded of Mildred later that night—or rather, earlier the next morning—as they undressed.

"Why not?" Mildred echoed furiously—it was her not unfounded opinion that Judy was already altogether too stuck on herself. "Because he's simply terrible. He's one of Big Al's gang and—why, he's probably done everything, committed murder and——"

"Well, at least," Judy remarked wickedly, "he never said he wished I'd been kicked by a mule."

Mildred flushed. "I don't believe you really gave him your name or anything," she said. "No nice girl would."

"I don't know about a nice girl," admitted Judy, "but I did—and so would you if you'd had the chance."

Mildred had denied this but under a handicap. Actually, of course, crime never has been abhorrent to women. It was part of the wisdom of the serpent that the snake introduced himself not to Adam but to Eve when he week-ended in Eden. And it was not really fear for Judy's safety, as she pretended, but pure jealousy, as Judy well knew, that caused Mildred to go to her father finally and confess what Judy had been up to.

There had been plenty to tell by that time and Mildred's father had summoned Judy and ordered her to pack and go home.

"You can't carry on a flirtation with a notorious gangster under my roof," he had perorated.

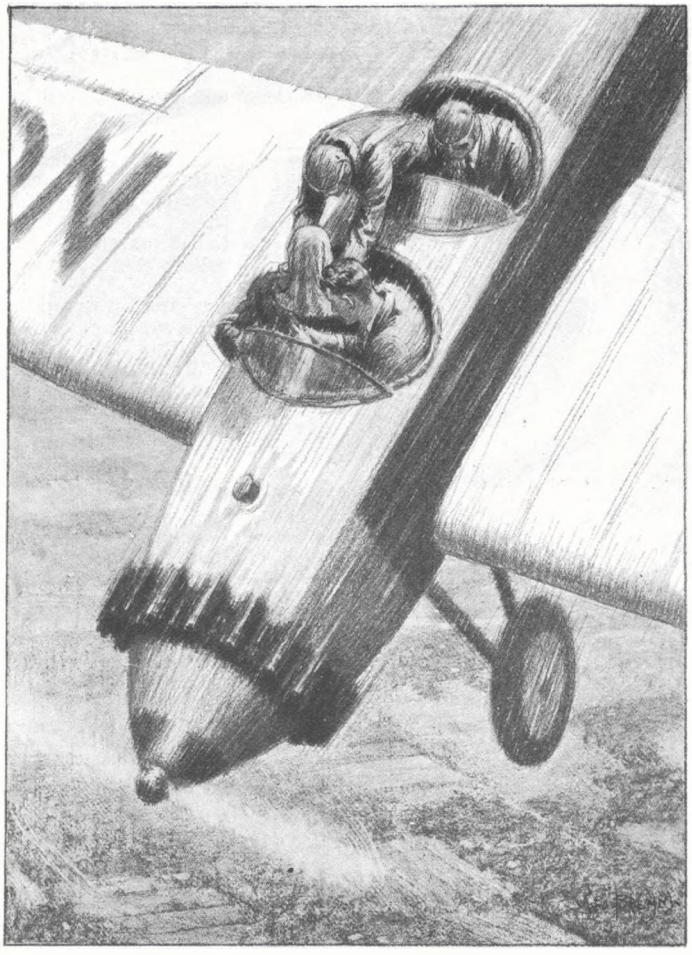
"I never have," she had assured him, wide-eyed with innocence. "I've always flirted with him elsewhere."

Then, as he was about to explode, she had added even more innocently: "Shall I tell him that you forbid me even to say good-by to him?"

"Good Lord, no!" he had gasped. "Do you think I want to live in fear of bombs?"

At the moment that merely amused her. Afterward she got his point only too well.

"All right, then—I won't," she had promised demurely. "I'll just explain that I was called home unexpectedly."



¶ *"Bill's mechanic put a sack over the Prince's head and I removed his guns. Just so he wouldn't get excited and hurt somebody."*

THE truth was that she was ready to go. Although she would have died before confessing it, the Prince was proving a bit more than she had bargained for. At the beginning Judy, for all her flippancy and modernity, had felt not unlike a medieval princess who has a romantic passage with some picturesque outlaw and, at its end, lets him kiss her hand and bids him farewell.

Whether the Prince had the same idea was now a matter of some concern to her.

She decided to phone him that she was called home at once, must go at noon that day. And she did so.

The Prince took that calmly—altogether too calmly, in fact. "I may see you before long," he said—and no more.

This Judy had doubted—until he had appeared on the train speeding her eastward.

"Hello, baby," he said as he slipped into an unoccupied seat opposite her and met her startled eyes.

"Why, what on earth!" she began incredulously.

"I'm going down to New York for Al," he explained. "That New York crowd gets the big head now and then

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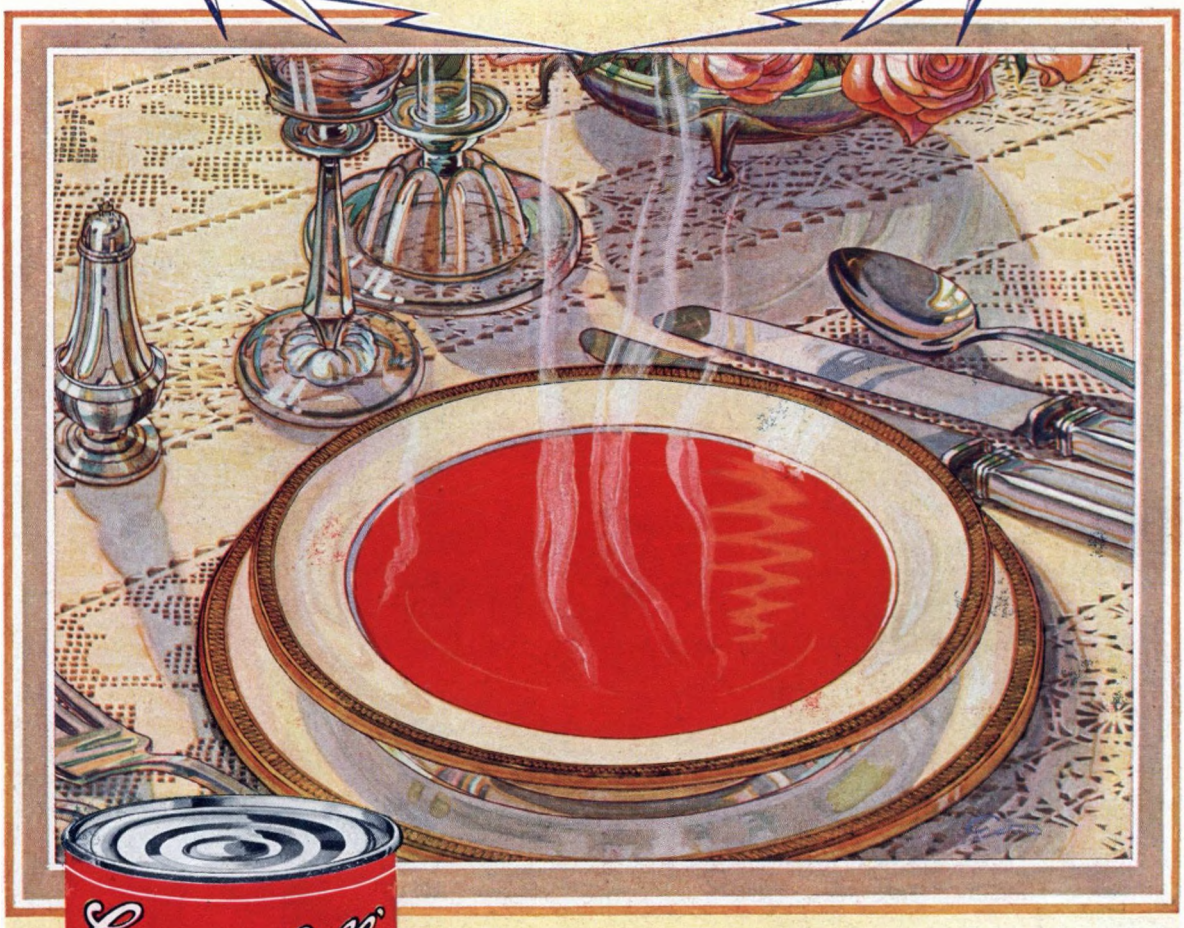

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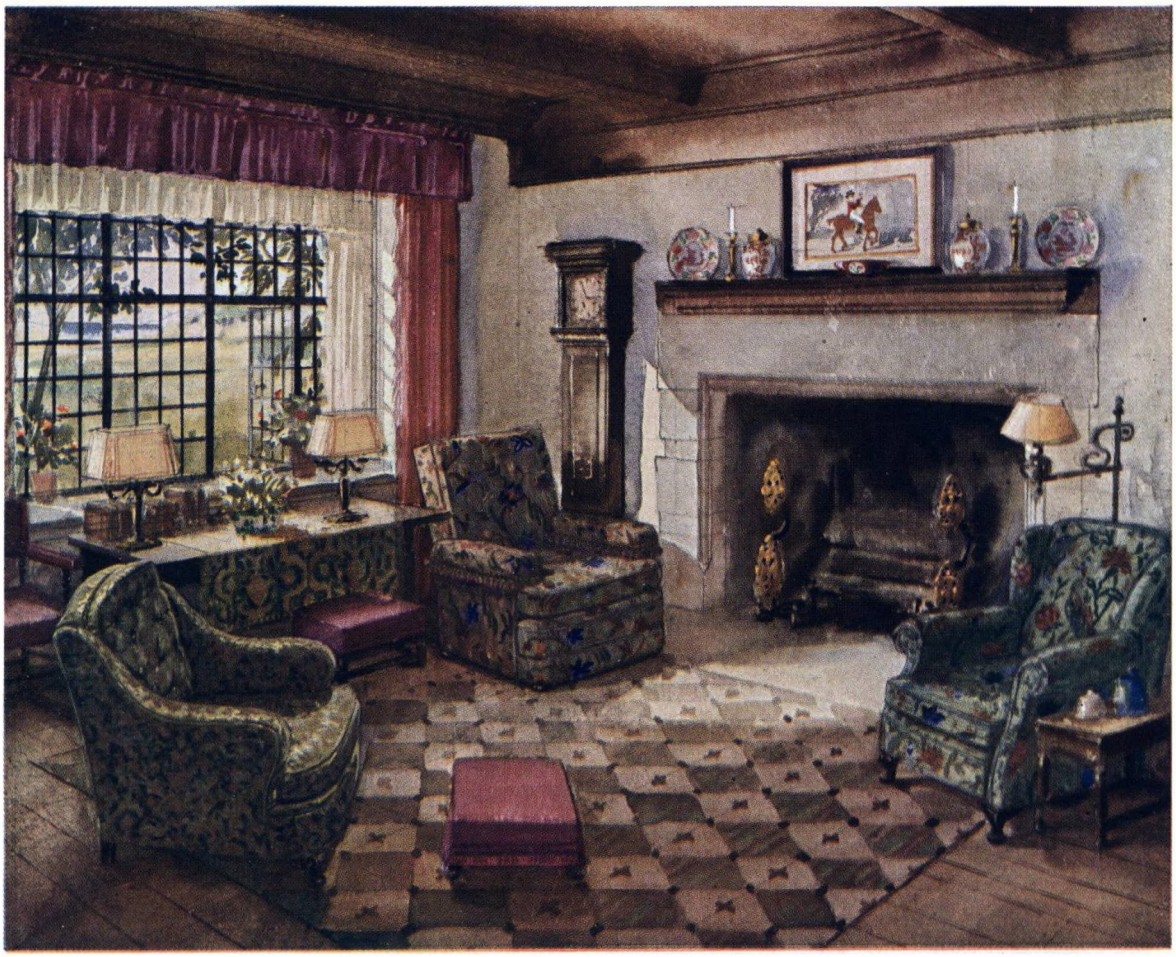

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and needs to be put in its place. I told Al I'd do it."

Al, sometimes known as Big Al, was the shadowy overlord the Prince served.

And so the Prince had made the trip to New York with her.

Judy was not afraid of him—not then. She was even playing with the idea of having him drive her out to Southampton. It had appealed to her sense of the dramatic. Nevertheless, the idea was still unexpressed when they arrived at the Grand Central.

"I want you to see my new car," the Prince had said, then.

This was the sedan that Tommy thought suggested both ready money and an armored truck. Actually, as the Prince informed Judy, it *was* armored. It had to be in his business. He explained that he had wired on and arranged to have it meet them.

"So you could drive me to Southampton—how nice!" suggested Judy.

"So we could take a ride, anyway," the Prince assured her.

THE man at the wheel surrendered it to the Prince and departed; the spectacular sedan moved through the tangled traffic. Presently it stopped at a brilliant hotel; a door man sprang to open the door.

They lunched together, leisurely and luxuriously. The daughter of Samuel Sears, multimillionaire, and the lieutenant of a Chicago beer king.

The Prince tipped the waiter magnificently; they were back in the car, moving across the Queensboro Bridge.

"Glad you like this bus," the Prince remarked. He cast a swift glance at her. "I'm planning to drive you back to Chicago in it."

"D-d-drive me back?" stuttered Judy.

He gave her another swift sidelong glance and for a moment there was a hard fierceness in his eyes. They were curiously bright. If Judy had been more sophisticated she might have realized that within the last sixty minutes the Prince had resorted to drugs, hopped himself up for this, his hour.

"Listen, baby," he commanded. "You haven't been just playing me for a sucker, have you? Because—get it straight—I'm asking you to marry me and——"

He meant it absolutely. She realized that, even though it staggered her. Marry him? She, Judy Sears!

Nevertheless, under the compulsion of his eyes, she answered, "Oh, no. Only, my father—my folks!"

"Say," he protested, "didn't you yourself suggest that I take you out to Southampton? I don't see any need of it, but I'm game if you are. I suppose you want to do it right. Tell your father and——"

"Tell my father!" echoed Judy incredulously. "Why, he'd—he'd hit the roof. He'd say——" She bit that off hastily but the Prince grinned.

"Say I was a crook?" he suggested amiably. "Say, baby, your old man may spring that on *you* but he won't get away with it with me. Sure I'm a crook—and so is he. How do you suppose he made all his money—singing hymns and taking up collections in Sunday school?"

"If you are suggesting," flamed Judy, "that my father——"

"Gee, you're pretty when you get mad," he assured her admiringly. "I'm not arguing anything with you, baby. You can do anything with me you want—except leave me. I've been square with you. I came clean at the beginning. You could 'a' backed out but you didn't. Well, I'm still being square. I'm ready to go straight to your father and——"

"He won't even listen to you."

"That's what they all say, at first. I've heard them say it to Al. Big men like your father back in Chicago. Some of them were sensible; others stuck out. Those that stuck out had to come to Al—on their knees. And I'm in right with Al, see? Some people say Al's just a big crook. Al just laughs at them. He says he's no different from other successful men—and he's dead right."

The curious psychology of the criminal type, the cynical philosophy of the Prince's overlord—and of every crook in Christendom—was unreeled for Judy's benefit.

"Show me a millionaire or a big pol or even a bishop and it's a bet he's a crook, else he'd never got where he was," he finished.

"But they don't go to jail," persisted Judy desperately. "There's no law against what they do."

"They don't go to jail because they hire smart lawyers, fix judges, beat the law just the way Al does," he replied. "What's the difference?"

She had no answer to it. Only the sense of being shot along toward home at sixty miles an hour to a fantastic, incredible meeting between her father and the Prince. The latter must be simply crazy to think of such a thing; she must make him see what her father would think of him.

"Well, they—they don't kill people, anyway," she plunged.

The Prince merely smiled cynically. "Say, didn't you ever hear about the war? How many men were killed? Know what Al says about that? He says it was just a big international gang war between a lot of millionaires." His smile widened. "You just sit easy, baby. Your father isn't going to win any arguments from me.

"And I can give you everything, baby," he went on. "I don't care anything about your old man's money. I'm no millionaire but I'm on my way. I'm close to Al, and I'm telling you this: there's more to Al's racket than just selling booze. The way this country is going, Al is going to come closer to running it one of these days than the President. Why, Al is going to have the President in his pocket. You may not believe it, but you'd be surprised if you knew what I know."

He paused, then added: "You aren't doing so badly, baby—and the time is coming when your old man will be glad to be in with Al, too. Even if he does put up a holler about your wanting to marry me."

"But I don't want to marry you," Judy might have screeched.

Only she didn't. She was, normally, a typical American girl. Sure of herself, attractive enough to attract masculine attention, deft—almost brutally so—in discouraging it when she chose. Even at seventeen Judy had her technique in that respect.

Easily enough done, she had always thought. She had never realized that the reason was that the young male she normally came into contact with was essentially decent and chivalrous.

The Prince was another breed; she knew that, even without sensing that the criminal type breeds the world's supreme egotist. That he went armed she knew. He had demonstrated his virtuosity with an automatic; the celerity with which any one of the three he carried in his specially tailored suits might be flipped into either hand.

"Much farther?" asked the Prince, breaking in on this midsummer day's nightmare.

"Not so very," she said, feeling hopelessly trapped, utterly helpless.

She had lost the innate assurance and arrogance of the typical American girl, accentuated in her case by the background of wealth and the sense of security she had always known. She lacked even the courage to tell the Prince she was not in love with him.

The only plan she had as they shot toward the house was that she must get to her father, warn him. Supposing the Prince should shoot!

Then she glimpsed Tommy. If Judy had been on the way to the stake and had seen that lithe, maddening figure, she would have tilted her nose, lifted her chin instinctively. Because she was extremely conscious of him, she proved it by utterly ignoring him as he came toward them. Tommy sensed trouble and was meeting it halfway.

Nevertheless, his voice was serene.

"Your father left this noon and won't be back until the end of the week," he told her. "Your sister is at Bar Harbor and your brother is off on a cruise."

Judy, poised on the lower step, eyed him wide-eyed. "Father—Father isn't home!" she echoed.

"Nobody expected you, you see," Tommy reminded her. He turned to the Prince and added, "I'll have your bags taken in. Just a moment, please."

He mounted the steps, passed the speechless Judy and entered the house.

"Who's that guy, anyway?" he heard the Prince demand in a fierce whisper.

"Oh, he works for Father," replied Judy, recovering her voice and making no effort to render it anything but distinctly audible. "He gives himself a lot of airs, but he doesn't amount to much."

Tommy merely grinned, ferreted out a footman and returned with him. "I'm having the Prince put in the south suite," he informed Judy blandly.

Judy's too-vivid lips opened as if to form a protest. The south suite—why, a *real* prince had once occupied that!

"And I have also taken the liberty," Tommy went on, "of ordering tea on the terrace."

The Prince, tense and alert, suddenly found his voice. "Say," he began, "I——"

"Oh, I realize you will want time to change and have a shower after your ride," Tommy assured him graciously. "It's now four-twenty. Shall we say tea at quarter to five?"

The Prince—to Judy, at least—looked as if he might produce a gun at the slightest provocation. He looked at her but she dared not look at him. He looked at Tommy, who offered him a cigaret. He took it automatically, and:

"I'll see you on the terrace," Tommy added sweetly.

THE terrace was, normally, a splendid place to be on such an afternoon; one of Tommy's favorite spots. It was brick-paved and a bright awning shaded it from the sun; the view, running eastward to the open ocean, was superb. Here, one might relax and invite one's soul—provided one had not already invited a gunman known as the Prince to have tea there.

As even Tommy would have admitted, this complicated things a bit. He stood there contemplatively and then became conscious that he was to have company. He had expected that. Judy, of course.

"When will Father be back?" she demanded.

"Possibly Saturday; probably not until Monday," replied Tommy.

This was Wednesday. Judy considered that. She felt that she hated Tommy; he was not the confidant she would have chosen but—the Prince was in the south suite; he had three automatics on his person and——

"He's a gangster, a gunman," she blurted out in spite of herself.

"I take it that you are referring to the Prince—not your father," replied Tommy. "Well, I suspected as much."

"You—you suspected it? And you put him in the south suite?"

"Why not?" asked Tommy. "The Prince looks to me as if he might be touchy. Suppose he'd discovered I was holding out on the south suite? He might feel insulted. He may have an idea the best is none too good for him."

"You—you mean you expect him to stay there until Father comes home?" Judy stared. "You—what do you think Father will say about *that?*"

This was something Tommy preferred not to dwell upon.

"Well, what did you expect me to do? Call the police? The Prince was obviously your guest—and who am I to question your taste?"

"I didn't invite him to stay. It was you. You went right ahead."

"With true Arabian hospitality—almost Arabian Nights hospitality," conceded Tommy. "Something like Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. But are you suggesting that you'd have preferred he *didn't* stay?"

"Preferred! Oh, gosh!" wailed Judy.

"Then why did you bring him here?"

"I didn't. At least I didn't want him to stay. Not after—after he said he wanted to marry me and would—speak to Father about it."

"I think mentioning it to your father was the least he could do." said Tommy. He eyed her critically and added, "I suggest you go in now and powder your nose. For the first time since I've known you it actually needs it."

"Oh, you—you fool!" she exploded. "This is serious. You have no idea how serious it is."

"Oh, haven't I?" remarked Tommy feelingly. And added, "Listen, baby—as the Prince himself so well put it—you go into the house and stay there until tea is served. I have a curious feeling that the Prince too may want to talk to me alone. Supposing he should catch you here? He might suspect something and start shooting *ad lib.*"

To Judy that did not seem at all impossible—nothing did now. She glanced around fearfully and fled indoors. Tommy looked at his watch.

"What can be keeping the Prince?" he wondered. "I doubt if he really bothered with a shower."

The Prince, in fact, had other things on his mind. As he surveyed swiftly the luxury that surrounded him, he suggested, for all his sartorial magnificence, a predatory animal braced against attack from any quarter. Then:

"Is that baby trying to kid me?" he demanded of himself.

He was not now referring to Judy. His face hardened; instinctively he produced a vial from his pocket and poured a drift of white powder onto the back of his left hand. He sniffed that and his eyes began to glitter; he seemed to expand physically.

"He'd better not get funny with me," he muttered. "I guess I'll go see where this terrace is."

He found it without difficulty.

"Everything is quite all right, I hope," observed Tommy courteously.

The Prince gave him a quick hard glance. Conger, the butler, was placing a tea service on a wicker table; the Prince, normally, would have waited for him to withdraw. But the drug he had taken was working in his veins, reestablishing his nerve. A magnificent carelessness possessed him.

"Say, are you as dumb as you look?" he demanded.

"That depends on how dumb I look," replied Tommy. He turned to Conger. "You may go. I'll ring when I want you."

The Prince approved of that. "I guess you're not so dumb," he conceded. He reached into his pocket, produced a roll of bills. "I don't suppose you could use a grand?" he suggested.

"Who can't?" retorted Tommy. "But what next?"

"Nothing," the Prince assured him, tendering him the bill. "I'm not starting anything here; it's all on the level. When your boss comes back I'm talking to him. Straight stuff—the way Al does. Never gang a man unless you have to, that's Al's way. Give him a chance to be sensible first. See?"

Tommy didn't especially. So he merely glanced at the bill in his hand.

"Chicken feed," explained the Prince grandly. "To show you I'm no piker. You handed me a swell layout—call it room rent and expense money. See?"

He turned. Judy was joining them. Her nose was freshly powdered, her lips starkly red. She was only a kid; her features, considered separately, were certainly not flawless; at her best she was gaminesque rather than beautiful and yet—even Tommy admitted it—there was in her that which could turn a man's head, drive him a bit mad.

They had tea, served by Conger, whose eyes seemed to bulge, and whose trained hands began to shake visibly.

The Prince was now riding the high tide of the drug; playing Othello to Judy's Desdemona.

"And so," he concluded, "Al said, 'Take him for a ride, Prince,' and we took him for a ride. See? He had it coming to him. He tried to muscle in where he didn't belong."

"How did you persuade him to take a ride?" ventured Tommy. "I should have thought he'd object."

The Prince was amused. "Say, you don't think he knew he'd been framed! He thought Al was his friend, see? He got a big head, thought he could get away with it. It served him right. A guy's a boob to trust anybody."

Judy had hardly opened her mouth either to eat or to speak. The Prince did not notice. He had an audience; no more was needed.

"The police don't bother you in Chicago much these days, I hear," commented Tommy.

"In Chicago—and that's just the beginning of it," the Prince assured him. "If you're in with Al, you're in right everywhere. If I landed in New Orleans broke I could pick up a couple of grand for pocket money in half an hour. If I got into a jam in Frisco all I'd do would be to find out who was 'right' and I'd holler for him and get 'sprung.' See? That's what being in with Al means."

"You must find it a great convenience," observed Tommy.

"And that isn't all, either," continued the Prince. "Business men know that the police are a joke nowadays. If they want protection they have to see Al. Know what Chicago business men paid last year for protection?"

"I don't seem to have the exact figures in mind," confessed Tommy.

"Only a hundred million or so," said the Prince. "And the racket's being put over so that it's going to cover the country too. We've already started in Philadelphia, New York, Cleveland and——"

"It certainly seems to be a money-making idea," remarked Tommy. He glanced at Conger, circling cautiously around. "Fill the Prince's cup," he commanded.

The Prince held up his hand and Conger almost toppled backward. "No more for me," said the Prince.

"Suppose that chap you took for a ride got his gun first?" said Tommy.

"Don't make me laugh," replied the Prince. He came to his feet like a cat and instantly two automatics popped into his hands.

Conger backed away hastily.

"Anybody care for more tea?" asked Tommy. And as nobody did, he added mercifully, "You may go, Conger."

Conger fled. Not he but one of the footmen served dinner that night and he kept his eye on the Prince.

"Conger has been talking," realized Tommy. "Lovely!"

After dinner the Prince took Judy off. She glanced appealingly at Tommy when that was suggested but Tommy remained bland. And if he did not feel as calm as he looked there was, he felt, nothing he could do.

Tommy had a bridge engagement for the evening. He had given lessons in Contract in college and still managed to turn many an honest penny at it. It was after midnight when he returned. The Prince and Judy were still absent and Tommy lingered on the terrace.

Tonight the surrounding peace seemed incredible. The dim coast line, the lighthouse blinking in the middle distance, the ships at anchor with their jeweled riding lights were symbols, normally, of an ordered, secure existence. But tonight they were but a back-drop to make a more dramatic contrast with what was in Tommy's mind.

"I wonder," he mused, "if Al knows what the Prince is up to."

The Prince's invasion might be preliminary to an attempt at blackmail with Al behind it. If Judy had been indiscreet—and what else was she ever?—that might explain it all.

On the other hand the Prince might be actually in love. And he was, obviously, a remorseless young egotist who took unsuspecting victims for a ride and openly boasted of his prowess as a killer.

"Which might create what could be called a superiority complex," decided Tommy. "He may believe he can get away with marriage as easily as he can with murder."

If so, Tommy was sure of one thing. And that was that something should be done before the Prince got to Judy's father. The Prince might believe that Samuel Sears actually would listen to him but Tommy knew better. He had a swift vision of his chief's swift wrath—and the Prince's too-ready artillery.

"I wish," he soliloquized grimly, "that some of the Prince's friends could be persuaded to take *him* for a ride." He grinned momentarily at an afterthought: "The thousand he slipped me would pay the expenses too."

He glanced at his wrist watch. After one. "I'd like to wring Judy's neck," he assured himself.

At two the Prince and Judy returned. Directly a light flashed on in Judy's room over the terrace. Tommy, moving to the south end of the house, saw that the light in the Prince's suite was on as well. Presently it was extinguished.

"I wonder if he wears his artillery to bed," murmured Tommy.

He felt no inclination toward bed himself. He returned to the terrace and discovered that he was to have company.

"I—I can't sleep," explained Judy, almost piteously.

Although Tommy had felt like wringing her neck he softened in spite of himself. Judy had on a filmy negligee more audacious than the pajamas it concealed.

Take off those whiskers - *we know you!*

AREN'T you ashamed of yourself? An honest bar of Fels-Naptha Soap resorting to such methods! Slipping into a Christmas magazine disguised as Santa Claus!

What place have you in a magazine full of Christmas presents? We hope you're not venturing to suggest yourself as a "practical gift for any woman." You know as well as we do that women who have to be practical for eleven and seven-eighths months out of every twelve crave frivolities at Christmas—and bless their hearts, they deserve them!

Ye-es, of course we know that you could be particularly useful while they're *having* to be practical—getting ready for the holiday, and cleaning up afterward. Your good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together, do give *extra* help with every soap-and-water task. *Extra* help that saves a woman's strength. Yes, we admit all that.

But—soap for a woman's Christmas gift! Even Fels-Naptha Soap! . . . No, we're all for silk stockings, or an amethyst ring, or—

What's that? Don't hang your head—speak up!... You weren't suggesting yourself for the woman of the house? You think *washing machines* deserve Christmas presents, too? Ah, now we see what you're getting at! You believe you should be on hand to help every washing machine with the first after-Christmas wash—to help it give its owner a whiter, cleaner, sweeter wash than ever before?

That's an excellent idea... Put the whiskers on again, if you like, and go back to the top of the page. You have our blessing. And just to show that we're in the spirit of the thing, we're adding a little gift of our own—to be sent to any woman who'll take a minute off between shopping trips to write for it.

She'll find excellent use for it whether she uses a washing machine or not—and it goes to her with our best wishes for an easier New Year. Merry Christmas!

C. 11-29

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But there was no audacity, no arrogance, no assurance in her now. With her tousled hair and troubled eyes she looked like a bewildered, frightened child.

"Will you do something for me—if I get you out of this scrape?" demanded Tommy abruptly.

"Anything—anything!" she breathed.

"That's a promise. Don't forget it!"

"I won't," she promised fervently. "But what can you do?"

"I've got a plan, but the less you know the better," he said. "You go to bed and stay there. And don't leave your room in the morning until you get a note from me. That's important. And—remember your promise."

"He's—he's dangerous," she persisted. "He really is. I—I think he's sort of crazy. He'll do anything."

"You aren't telling me any news," Tommy assured her. "Trot along to bed."

She glanced up at him, her eyes luminous. And this time her uplifted face and her costume suggested a small, flushed and lovely child waiting to be kissed before she obeyed. Tommy got that impression and—all but kissed her.

"Don't worry," he said. "It will come out all right."

"Aren't you going to bed?" she asked.

"As soon as I finish my cigaret."

Instead, he went to the telephone. A sleepy, indignant voice finally answered.

"Listen, Bill," commanded Tommy. "What would you do for a thousand?"

"What's this—some sort of joke?" demanded Bill peevishly.

"I mean it. One thousand dollars."

"Anything short of murder."

"Why balk at murder?" asked Tommy. "That's becoming a profitable, almost legalized diversion. You take somebody who trusted you for a ride—— No, wait a minute, Bill. I'm not kidding. Listen."

Bill listened. Then: "Tommy," he said, "I'll do it for nothing."

"Oh, that's not necessary," said Tommy. "The Prince is paying the expenses. Ten sharp, remember—and plenty of gas."

With that settled, he went to his room and to bed. It was almost four. Yet he was up and had finished his breakfast at nine when the Prince appeared. On edge. The Prince was not at his delightful best early in the day.

"Where's Judy?" he demanded curtly.

"Judy?" grinned Tommy. "Why, she's never down to breakfast. She has that in her room. But she'll appear before you are finished probably."

The Prince, however, had finished his breakfast and was becoming peevish when at ten a diversion came.

"An airplane!" exclaimed Tommy. "Landing here. We have a private field. That will get Judy out. She's crazy about them. We'll find her there."

They didn't, naturally. The airplane had landed; a mechanic was already on the ground. Its pilot, known to his intimates as Bill, saw Tommy, but apparently was not acquainted with him.

"Mr. Sears here?" he asked.

"Not at the moment," said Tommy. "Nice bus you have there."

"I wanted to demonstrate it to Mr. Sears," explained the pilot. "It is a sweet one. Care to take a ride yourself as long as I'm here?"

Tommy turned to the Prince. "What do you say?" he asked.

The Prince, taken unawares, shot a swift, suspicious glance at the pilot.

"It's safe," the pilot grinned.

"Say, do you think *I'm* scared?" demanded the Prince.

From her window Judy, still in pajamas, looked down on the flying field. She saw the Prince swagger toward the plane, ascend into the cockpit. Tommy followed. A few moments later the plane took to the air.

A knock on the door startled her unwarrantably.

It proved to be Conger. "A note Mr. Jones said I was to give you, miss."

Judy tore it open.

> The Prince and I are going for a little ride (she read). I may be gone for several days. In the meantime you are to do something for me, as you promised. You are to remain in your room until I return. You are to have even your meals there and if any stranger calls, of course you won't see him.
>
> I expect to return before your father does but I may be delayed. If so, you will please give him this note and explain my absence. After that you will do whatever he thinks best, of course.

What did he mean? Where were they taking the Prince? The Prince was armed. Supposing he began to shoot! 'Way up in an airplane! She had a vision that filled her with horror and, forgetting her promise, she tore off her pajama top, snatched up a filmy nothing and had just slipped into it when there came another knock at the door.

This time—fortunately—it was only one of the maids bearing a tray.

"Mr. Jones asked that it be sent up," she explained. "So sorry you are indisposed, miss."

The matter-of-factness of the maid steadied Judy. She remembered her promise, toyed with her breakfast.

And so began the longest three days of her life. Inaction was always hateful to her; it was terribly so now. Through Thursday, Friday and Saturday she remained in her room waiting for some word from Tommy—or of him. She tried to persuade herself that no news was good news, yet she felt no slackening of strain. Indeed:

"If something doesn't happen before long I'll die," she assured herself toward evening on Saturday. "I promised to stay here but——"

The maid entered with Judy's dinner on a tray. "Mr. Jones is downstairs, miss," she announced. "He said that——"

Judy held her breath. Then: "Mr. Jones!" she exploded. "Downstairs!"

"Yes, miss. He said that he'd like to see you at your convenience but not to hurry. He——" She stopped, horrified. Judy had dashed by her. "But miss!" she protested. "You're not dressed."

It was true. This had been a hot day indoors. Judy stopped, turned.

"Get me shoes and stockings—quick!"

She became a whirling dervish. And, more decorously garbed, she did not even stop to powder her nose, use her lip-stick, or bother with her coiffure. Not a hair was in place nor did that make a bit of difference. Judy, without artifice, was Judy at her best. She catapulted downstairs, colliding with Conger.

"Mr. Jones?" echoed Conger. "He just stepped out to the garage, miss."

Judy also stepped out—in high. She glimpsed Tommy just entering the garage and sped toward him.

Breathless, she shot into the garage. Tommy was standing beside the beige and chromium-plated sedan talking to a chauffeur. Turning, he saw Judy.

"Oh, hello," he said. "How are you?"

"How am I?" she echoed passionately. "I'm nearly dead. I've been cooped up in my room for ages!"

"Well, let's go out and get some fresh air, then," he suggested.

He nodded to the chauffeur.

"Beautiful evening," he remarked as they emerged.

Judy looked up at him infuriated. "You're the most maddening man! Here I've been waiting and—and worrying and—you say it's a beautiful night. What happened, anyway?"

"Happened? Why, we took the Prince for a ride. Didn't you get my note? The Prince is strong for little rides, you know, so we took him to Canada. He's still there, by the way. Will be for the next three months."

"He's—he's alive, then?"

"Alive? Alive and kicking, I'd say. He doesn't like his present quarters at all. But why do you ask?"

Judy bit her lip. He was teasing her, she knew. "Well, he was armed and I thought he might—object."

"I feared myself he might," admitted Tommy. "So Bill and I in arranging the trip decided to remove the Prince's artillery as soon as we left the ground."

"But how could you?" demanded Judy.

"Easy! The plane went into a nose dive and the Prince thought we were going to crash. And while his attention was diverted, Bill's mechanic put a sack over his head and I removed his guns. Just so he wouldn't get excited and hurt somebody. That's all."

"All! What happened then?"

"Why, we went to Canada. Just a little sky lark, as you might say. I knew the Prince liked shooting so I took him up to that preserve that your father and some of his friends maintain. And the Prince shot a rabbit. At least that is what the game warden said."

"What game warden?"

"You wouldn't know who he was if I told you. He's just an obscure official. Why, he hadn't even heard of Al—the Prince's big boy friend. He marched him off to jail like an ordinary criminal."

"For—for just shooting a rabbit?" demanded Judy incredulously.

"Out of season—and on posted land. That's serious in Canada. But it wouldn't have been so bad if the Prince hadn't insisted he never shot the rabbit, that he was being framed and that Al would tear Canada apart when he heard of it. He also resisted an officer, created a scene in the courtroom and made matters so bad generally that he finally got three months at hard labor.

"I hope he'll survive it. It's the first he's ever done, I suspect," said Tommy sympathetically. "But judges are hard-boiled in Canada. And they resent suggestions that they can be fixed."

"Was that why you took him to Canada?"

"That may have been in my mind."

"And you—framed him?"

"Well, yes," confessed Tommy. "That shows you what evil companions do to a hitherto upright young man. I associated with the Prince and all the moral scruples of a lifetime vanished."

"He'll kill you the minute he gets out," prophesied Judy terrifiedly.

"I suspected he might feel that way," confessed Tommy, "so I thought it might be a good idea to let Bill taxi me to Chicago in that air bus of his and drop in on Al. Just a friendly visit."

"You—you saw Al!" gasped Judy. "How did you ever manage to see him?"

"Oh, he's quite approachable and I thought he might be interested in the Prince. I asked him if he knew where the Prince was—and what do you suppose he said?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Al said just that—only more emphatically. He told me he had sent the Prince East to bring back a new car that he—Al, not the Prince—had just purchased."

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I

Wring a cloth from hot water and hold it against the face to open the pores.

II

With tips of fingers work a rich, antiseptic lather of Woodbury's Soap and warm water well into the skin to dissolve all dust, powder and rouge. Wash away with clear, warm water.

III

Rub a small piece of ice lightly over the face to close the pores and tone up the skin. If your skin is very thin or dry, do not use ice. Apply Woodbury's Cold Cream and leave on overnight, to keep your skin soft and vital.

"A DEBUTANTE has to have a good skin. That is why I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face. It keeps my skin just the way I want it to be."—Natica de Acosta, *prettiest debutante.*

"I LOVE the feeling of my skin right after I have used Woodbury's—refreshed, invigorated—deliciously smooth."—Julia D. Evans, *most beautiful woman in the arts.*

"IT'S TERRIBLY HARD to keep your face clean in Chicago. Woodbury's is wonderful for cleansing; it leaves your skin so deliciously soft and smooth. We *love* it!"—Lois V. Dodd and Helen F. Dodd, *prettiest co-eds.*

"ALL THE GIRLS in New Orleans are beautiful. And nearly all of us use Woodbury's. We think it is marvelous. If a girl has any trouble with her skin—she goes right after it with Woodbury's Soap. It surely helps to keep your skin lovely and smooth!"—Lolita Gladys Gelpi, *loveliest sub-deb.*

"WOODBURY'S is wonderfully cleansing, yet with a special delicacy and mildness that I've never found in any other soap."—Mrs. George Franklin Hester, *most beautiful young wife.*

The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, O.

Six most beautiful Woodbury users chosen by John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

"It—you mean it wasn't the Prince's car?"

"Absolutely not. I'm having the chauffeur take it to New York so that one of Al's men can pick it up. He was very much annoyed, incidentally, that the Prince had taken a detour. In fact, I gathered that if the Prince wasn't the best chauffeur Al had ever had——"

"Chauffeur," babbled Judy. "Why, he—the Prince—told me that he was Al's right-hand man; that Al had promised to make a millionaire of him."

"Perhaps Al did. Al is generous with those who serve him, I judge. But what Al says now is that he might have known that the Prince was just another hop-head who would get big ideas about himself and go chasing a skirt instead of attending to business. I'm quoting Al, remember."

Tommy paused, but Judy offered no comment on the affront.

"And Al promised me that I needn't worry about the Prince carrying on any private little vendetta," concluded Tommy. "That he'd attend to that. Al is strong on discipline, of course—and the Prince did talk a lot."

"Do you mean that he'll have him—have him killed?"

"I gathered not. The Prince is a good chauffeur, anyway, and I don't anticipate his early demise. What Al said was, 'I'll put the fear of death into him.' And by the way, Al asked me to apologize to you and assure you that he had no idea that the Prince was using his prestige—Al's, not his—as he did."

Evidently he considered the story told. And then his eyes met Judy's.

"I can never thank you," she began humbly. "I'm sorry I was so much trouble. I—I never thought——"

There was a heady witchery to her in this mood; the promise of her youth, the eternal sorcery of sex seemed to permeate the surrounding atmosphere like a subtle enchantment. For a moment even Tommy sensed that which had driven the Prince a bit mad. And he knew that if he took her in his arms . . .

Instead, he reached for a cigaret and lighted it deliberately. Then:

"Well, you're young yet," he said. "Let's hope in time you'll grow up—and learn to think."

It was brutal, he knew, but he thought it best. She was only a kid and his employer's daughter, besides.

Judy said never a word. She just gave him a long glance and, turning, entered the house. Slowly she went up the stairs to her room and drifted toward the window.

From below, the incense of Tommy's cigaret ascended to her. She tautened.

"I hate him, hate him, hate him," she assured herself passionately. "I think"—her lip quivered—"he's the most insufferable, conceited prig that ever lived. I won't fall for him. I won't! I'll—I'll make him grovel yet!"

A pencil point of light described an arc through the gathering murk; Tommy had disposed of his cigaret. She tautened, wondering what he was thinking. It was as well she could not guess.

"Let's hope," ran Tommy's thought, "she'll reform and give us a little peace. I have my way to make and playing nurse to sweet seventeen isn't my idea of a career.

"Although it's something," he conceded, "to have proved my hunch that it's safer to shoot a man in Chicago than it is to shoot a rabbit in Canada."

Tagati *by Cynthia Stockley* *(Continued from page 85)*

which he had so long worshiped—wherefore, he was content to go.

Dick was buried on the afternoon following the day of his death, and the next day, Christmas Eve, found the members of the house party still at Poinsettia Pass, not because they wished to be there, but because social exigency as well as certain other reasons forced them to continue together for a while longer. An element of pity for Stella, too, seemed at first to enter into this matter of staying on. Her nervous condition was such as to make her unfit for her own society, and Fenn scarcely could ask her to return to Mañana when hysterically she declared she never again could face a place that forever would be haunted by Dick.

If she had merely collapsed it might have made things simpler, for then she could have been taken to the local nursing home, or been given into the care of a trained nurse. But though she was white-lipped and strangely haggard, and her amber eyes were full of despair, she yet seemed infused with a fierce restlessness that demanded company, movement, conversation, even drink.

Above all, she would not be left alone, but clung to the society of the others as a drowning person clings to a floating branch or the arms of a more capable swimmer. And none of them, at first, possessed the requisite cold-bloodedness to cast off her detaining hands.

Felicia had indeed a further reason for pitying Dick's wife and for feeling it her duty, spite of everything, to stand by. For on the morning after the tragedy legal letters had arrived from England bringing startling tidings. Dick, it appeared, had, after all, inherited only half of the countess' fortune.

And, with what seemed a strangely prophetic instinct, the old woman had executed a codicil to a recently made will, to the effect that if he predeceased Felicia the whole of the estate must go to the latter. Thus the girl found herself heiress to ninety thousand pounds, and the fact filled her with bewilderment, for she could not understand why and when the countess had departed from her plan of many years' standing to leave everything to Dick!

In an uneasy frame of mind she broached the matter to Father Drago as they drove back together in his little runabout, after leaving poor Dick in the dorp cemetery, and found that the priest knew all about it. Unable to speak before, as the matter was confidential, he now told her that both the changed will and codicil had been made and signed at his Mission House on that Monday at the beginning of the countess' fatal illness.

The priest himself, with Pagg, witnessed the document, and later he had dispatched it to England. The packet could not have arrived there until about three weeks after the old lady's death, up to which time the solicitors naturally supposed that the former will executed by them, and in their keeping, held good.

"She did not make the change in any spirit of malice or unkindness," explained Father Drago. "You will realize that when you see the actual documents. She loved Dick and wished to benefit him, but she had a curious conviction that inheriting so large a sum would bring him more harm than good. She had, moreover, a great opinion of your wisdom and generosity, and felt that you could be trusted to do the right thing. Her chief anxiety, however, in case of Dick's early death, which she thought quite probable on account of his drinking habits, was that Mrs. Cardross should not have the handling of the money."

"How thankful I am that Dick never knew!" said the girl fervently. "I should have hated to have him look upon me as a usurper of even half his heritage! It seems a special dispensation of Providence that this letter did not arrive earlier."

"It couldn't have. Of course they might have cabled you, but having already cabled Dick to the effect that they held the will by which he benefited, I imagine they considered the changed conditions required something fuller than a second cable to explain away the first. Probably they have written Dick by this mail too."

"And Stella will get the letter—and hate me more than ever," Felicia thought, adding grimly to herself: "Perhaps she will try to drown me this time, poison and shooting having failed!" But aloud she said firmly: "Of course I shall share Cousin Letty's fortune with Stella."

"I'm afraid not," answered the priest. "You will find that stringent conditions are attached in that connection."

"And if I refuse it unless I am allowed to share?"

"Then all of it goes to a mission in Central Africa for converting dear little cannibals," was the dry response.

Thus was a further disquieting problem added to the startling incidents and conclusions crowded upon Felicia during the past few days. Fortunately she had acquired a certain basic sense of peace and security that sat fast in her heart spite of sorrow and horror.

The last and least pleasant reason for staying on was that the police had not yet finished their inquiries and had intimated that it would be more convenient to do so before the party dispersed. The preliminary inquest before the burial had ended with a finding by doctors and coroner of "Death as the result of accidental shooting."

It was not the first nor would it be the last affair of the kind to happen in Rhodesia, and the attitude of those in charge of the inquiry was that it was no use dwelling on harrowing details, especially since they had gathered that one of the women present at the shoot was responsible for the disaster! Bad enough for her already, was the opinion, without "putting her through it" all over again, and for this reason neither Stella nor Felicia was called to give evidence.

It sufficed for general purposes to hear witnesses to the fact that Cardross had received a shot in the back that effectually did for him; that Fenn was using his field glasses at the time with his gun on the ground, while neither Castleton nor Randal had fired a shot. Surely that was enough said!

Poor Dick Cardross had gone west and nothing could bring him back. Bad luck for him, but rotten too for the one who had done it, and the less said the better.

Someone had bungled as usual, was the general conclusion, but the first instinct of all present, as friends of Dick, was to sympathize with Dick's womenfolk. Poor little Mrs. Dick was very much cut up, too, that was clear, and everyone naturally felt sorry for her.

The bullet, by the way, had not been recovered, in spite of the keen search

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LONDON, The Hague, Rome, Washington, Cairo—have all acclaimed the charm, the chic, the dark distinguished beauty of Mrs. Franklin Mott Gunther, wife of the well-known American diplomat.

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Aristocrat in the true sense, Mrs. Gunther comes of a fine old Boston family, the Hunnewells. As a young girl, she went abroad to finish her education.

In Paris, as in America, a beautifully-kept skin is the first essential to chic. Mrs. Gunther chose the famous Two Creams to keep her own skin smooth and clear!

"I have used Pond's," she says, "ever since I was a young girl. For Pond's Creams are utterly wholesome, and I believe the skin should receive simple care." Now Mrs. Gunther finds Pond's two new products delightful: "The Freshener tones the skin so gently," she adds, "and the Tissues are the only immaculate means of removing Cold Cream." This is the complete Pond's Method of caring for the skin:

MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER, *wife of the distinguished American diplomat, is a gracious hostess, whose hospitality has delighted hundreds of travelers abroad.*

Pond's four famous products used by beautiful and distinguished women everywhere—Cold Cream for cleansing, Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream, Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and tone, and Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

(left) *A brilliant sportswoman, Mrs. Gunther excels at golf. During her residence at The Hague she was a familiar figure on the links and two years carried off the amateur championship honors of Holland.*

First, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times a day, and always after exposure. Pat on generously with upward, outward strokes, letting the light, pure oils sink deep into the pores and bring the dirt to the surface.

Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. These new Tissues economize towels and laundry.

Next, after cleansing dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck. It closes the pores, firms, invigorates the skin, leaves it without a trace of oiliness.

Last, smooth in a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream, removing with Tissues.

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made by the police. Mrs. Cardross' gun was also missing, and she had declared her belief that someone had stolen it from the kopje where she left it.

Of course Fenn and Castleton were fully resolved that Felicia should be exonerated. But, for one thing, the ban she had laid on their lips had not been lifted before the inquest; for another, it is not pleasant to point the finger of murder at a wife, especially when no questions are being asked. Besides, the truth was bound to emerge during the course of the further inquiries by the police.

And out the police came, on the morning after the funeral. There were three of them: an inspector and two noncoms.

They stayed about the place all day, systematically questioning each person about the simplest acts and incidents of the day of the tragedy. Not only that, but when they were not questioning they were rummaging around the house, poking and prying into every corner, even the ladies' bedrooms, much to the discomfort of Stella and Felicia.

However, they had to make the best of it and sit in the stoep pretending they didn't mind. It all seemed queer and sinister. Not one of the house party ever had spent a more miserable Christmas Eve.

From a significant gleam in Stella's glance when it rested upon her at luncheon time Felicia felt certain that the solicitors' letter from England had been read during the morning, and that the fact of the countess' changed will was no longer a secret from Dick's widow. The fresh spurt of hatred this knowledge would engender gave food for depressing thought, and but for the basic peace in her soul, the girl scarcely knew how she could have got through the dreary day.

Sitting in the stoep they smoked endless cigarets and tried to talk about impersonal things. But in spite of their outward calm they were all on edge. It was impossible not to realize that the police were acting very oddly.

Fenn thought it invidious that a stranger had come from headquarters to conduct the affair, instead of the local inspector whom they all knew. And Randal indignantly agreed that it looked deuced queer. But after a long private interview with the officer in question the doctor seemed to have changed his mind, and thereafter sat apart, glum as a molting thrush.

Among other unexpected happenings Yank Breddon had turned up. This was his first appearance at the house since he left it the day before the tragedy, but at the funeral he had been a prominent figure. His long-visioned eyes wore a strained, red-rimmed look, giving the impression that he had been crying.

It was well known that he had a great affection for Dick, and it surprised no one to see him, just before the coffin was lowered, edge up and lay a small tribute beside the widow's beautiful wreath. It looked like a scrap of paper that he shoved so hurriedly among the roses, but Yank, being a queer card, was allowed to do queer things. Besides, everyone was emotionally overwrought.

It was at luncheon that Yank reappeared, but he disconcertingly declined to sit down with the rest of them, and instead, picked up some bread and cheese and retired to the back veranda.

"Poor Yank's not feeling so good this morning," Fenn had apologized, smilingly using the old man's own idiom. "His constitootion is a little in arrears."

Be that as it might, in the back veranda Yank remained for the rest of the afternoon, staring out at the veld in a moony trance.

"*The same advice I gave your Dad*... LISTERINE, *often*"

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm, gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright, kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it!

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old-timers—bless their souls—who mixed friendship and wisdom with their medicines.

Used full strength, Listerine kills, in 15 seconds, even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government. Three well-known bacteriological laboratories have demonstrated this amazing germ-killing power of Listerine. Yet it is so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Make a habit of gargling systematically with full-strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle with full-strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it, should it develop.

How to prevent a cold
Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys the germs that lodge there.

It checks SORE THROAT *quickly*

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

At six o'clock the day's long weariness showed signs of ending with the inspector's announcement that it was time he returned to the dorp and got busy on his report, and at once everyone followed Fenn to the dining room for sundowners to speed the parting guests. But even that healing moment was shattered by the news that the unwelcome band would be out again in the morning.

"I shall then," said Inspector Brooke in laconic farewell, "with a view to correcting discrepancies, read you my report made up from your separate accounts. And I may mention that there are considerable discrepancies."

They sat staring gloomily at each other until the last hoof-beats of the police horses died away. Castleton was the first to recover.

"What's he mean by that?"

"There's one thing we'd better get clear at once." Fenn looked stonily at Stella. "It's *got* to come out who shot Dick."

"Of course," agreed Stella instantly, and in turn looked stonily at Felicia. "No one is going to blame you, Shonnie, for what no doubt can be affirmed was pure accident——" She paused, and the silence that fell might truly have been described as bristling, so alive and hostile was it with the anger of Fenn, the loathing indignation of Castleton, and the contempt of the girl, but before any of them could reply Stella finished softly: "And no matter what I may *think*—Dick forgave you, therefore I must."

Felicia did not speak; she merely made a gesture as of brushing away from her the contamination of lies.

"You surely don't suppose you're going to get away with *that?*" exclaimed Fenn roughly, and Castleton exploded:

"My Lord! if ever anyone heard such barefaced——" But Stella interrupted.

"Of course I knew you both would want to protect her—no matter at whose expense! But whatever was said to the inspector, he got the truth from me."

"The truth is not in you if you try to pin the killing of Dick to Miss Lissell. It was one thing to let the poor fellow pass out unaware of the real facts, but it's quite another to let you continue pitching such a tale." Fenn spoke quietly, having regained his composure. "You know as well as I do who did it. I was watching you through the glasses and saw you take aim and fire."

"I am sorry, Pat, but you are lying to protect Miss Lissell, as I knew you would." Fenn turned livid, while she continued rapidly: "But it is only your word against mine, and though I expect you will back up your story by producing her unfired gun, everyone will know how easily *that* could be managed."

"He doesn't need backing up." Castleton also had become composed. Stella's icy malevolence had that effect. He had realized that the only way to cope with her was to be as cool and wary as she was. "I can prove hearing Pat shout 'Duck!' to Shonnie, and seeing her drop like a stone to escape your shot."

Stella smiled at him. "Just the sort of thing I warned Inspector Brooke you *would* say. 'Both being in love with the girl they will lie their souls away in her defense,' I told him. Very chivalrous, no doubt; but I have myself to consider, and not to oblige anyone am I going to have it said that I mishandled a gun to the extent of shooting my own husband."

"That is what it amounts to, however," said Fenn coldly; "though as to mishandling——"

She turned on him like a viper. "I wouldn't have harmed Dick for the world! What do I gain by his loss?—the only man among you, as I know to my cost! It is that girl there"—gesturing toward Felicia—"who stands to benefit, though she shan't do it while I have breath left in my body. Even with you and Castleton backing her, she's got to discount the fact that by Dick's death she gains ninety thousand pounds!"

A breathless petrifaction filled the room at the horrid import of her words. Every brain leaped at once to the hateful element that must be introduced by this fact, if, in the rôle of bereaved wife, Stella persisted in her charge.

False as it was, there could be no counter-action to that charge save from Fenn and Castleton, whose evidence might be labeled biased, or, at best—considering the natural confusion at the scene of the tragedy—mistaken! Stella smiled faintly at their stupefaction.

"*That's* not a motive, I suppose?" she said, and the mocking query still lingered on her lips when Yank Breddon walked into the room and silently pointed a long forefinger at her. It might have been Death itself standing there, tall, gaunt, emaciated, with such a threat in the strange light eyes that even before he spoke she who had been so mockingly intrepid shrank away.

"You lying woman!" His tone, almost gentle, vibrated with menacing reproach. Opening his hand, he exposed a small leaden object, ugly and jagged in shape. "Look at the bullet you put into poor Dick's back!" She backed to the wall, blanching. "I got your gun, too. It wasn't stolen. Oh, no! *I* got it.

"I seen her!" He turned to the others again, resuming the cold narrative style of speaking natural to him, that somehow made his indictment the more relentless. "I was stalking that thyar leopard and had taken up a position in a tree 'way across the river not opposite you people but by that bend that brings it in close to the kopje where *she* was sitting, and I seen the hull thing. I seen her take aim for a long shot before the buck was ever in sight. I couldn't make out what she was up to, and before I knew, the thing was done."

He looked at Stella with his terrible eyes, and she sank onto a chair.

"I don't say she meant it for Dick, mind," he pursued with somber intentness. "The girl was betwixt her and Dick, and she was aiming straight for the girl. But the girl dipped, and Dick got it!" He passed his hand over his eyes.

"By the time I was down from my tree and across the stream she was thyar on the bank with all of you, so I went by and collected her gun—and I spent all night collecting her bullet. Then I wrote it all up in my diary.

"I didn't come anigh Dick for fear I should spoil his dying with the truth. And I didn't mean to tell on her. She was his wife and he loved her. I tore the leaf out of my diary and put it with him in the grave. But *now*"—he turned once more to Stella—"now that you want to lay it to this poor girl, I've give evidence ag'in' you—and I'll give it ag'in in the courts of law, you lying woman!"

"That'll do, Yank," said Fenn. "You've said enough." Linking his arm in the old man's he drew him from the room.

Stella had collapsed, with head against the wall and eyes closed, and Randal quickly got brandy for her. Felicia and Castleton slipped quietly away.

There was no question of sitting down to dinner that evening. Both Stella and Felicia remained in their rooms, and the men made a sort of picnic meal out at the tents, when the whole position was rediscussed among them, and it was finally decided that to save further scenes the best thing would be for Yank to go into town at once and give his evidence to the police.

It was of course unthinkable that any proceedings would be taken against Stella. The thing had been an accident so far as Dick was concerned, and accident it would remain. Yank had cauterized at its very root the base intention to incriminate Felicia, and certainly the fact that she was innocent had to be made public: that was a stern duty they all owed her. But no one would desire to pursue vengeance further. Of that they all felt certain, and said so; all, that is, except Randal, who once more relapsed into glum silence. When they were alone for a moment Fenn inquired about it.

"Is anything the matter, apart from this horrible business of Dick's death?"

"Yes; there is. But I can't tell you, old man. That confounded inspector swore me to secrecy."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Fenn. "There's no end to it!"

While the others drove into the dorp Randal was to take the remaining car and fetch Pagg and Nurse Twilley. The services of the latter Stella doubtless would require on the morrow; and Pagg was for Felicia's benefit.

"I don't want Miss Lissell left alone until she leaves this country," said Fenn, and no one asked him why.

Fenn did not go to the dorp himself. Castleton was obviously bursting to get away for a bit, so he and the old lion-man whizzed away like two reprieved murderers, and Fenn could imagine with what bliss they would settle down to drinks and relaxation in that womanless Eden the club, once the unpleasant business at police headquarters was over. For himself he already felt uneasy at having Felicia so long out of his sight, and the moment the others were well away he wrote a note asking her to come out to the garden to discuss with him one or two important matters.

And presently her slight dark figure came towards him through the dewy dimness of the garden. It was still early, not more than nine o'clock, and in the vaporous purple sky above, jewels were studded thick, scattering a soft radiance.

Felicia approached him slowly, the black gown she wore making her scarcely distinguishable in the darkness from the young trees that grew all about her path. Strangely enough, he had always thought of her in terms and images of trees. He remembered how, that first night he had seen her, the lines of an exile recalling the "blossoming winter plum" had sprung to his memory.

And now, as she came near, the grave narrow beauty of her face dawning from the darkness, the gleam of her arms through filmy lace, her throat like a column of moonlight, he thought of a song he had heard long ago at midnight in a port of Spain: a throbbing, torrid, tender song, intertwined with the heart-break of music.

"A Spanish madrigal!" he said to himself. "She is like a Spanish madrigal—sung by a lover!" And his own heart was suddenly seared with the anguish of unattainable desire.

"I thought we'd better have a talk," he said quietly. "Tomorrow will see the end of this horrible business, I hope, and after that you will be going—soon."

She did not answer this. Only stood very still, and he repeated somberly:

"You will be going soon—back to England." With each word he seemed to strike a blow on an inward wound that was bleeding him white.

"I don't know."

Some day you'll buy her a Frigidaire... *why not for Christmas*

Do not confuse the "Cold Control" with Frigidaire's automatic temperature regulator. The temperature regulator maintains an ideal temperature in the food compartment . . . without attention. The "Cold Control" permits control over temperatures in the freezing compartment and speeds the freezing of ice cubes and desserts.

OF COURSE, she wants Frigidaire! And some day you'll buy it. So why not make that *some day* now?

Give her a Frigidaire for Christmas.

Give her the convenience of making desserts with the famous Frigidaire "Cold Control." Give her the care-free, healthful refrigeration assured by Frigidaire's surplus power. Give her the advantages of self-sealing freezing trays that permit two widely different temperatures in the same cabinet.

In other words, give her a *real* Frigidaire . . . one with the Frigidaire name-plate on it. Then you'll be *sure* she'll have a truly *modern* electric refrigerator. She'll have a cabinet of striking beauty in Tu-Tone Porcelain-on-steel. She'll have the incredible quietness of the Frigidaire power unit . . . a unit that is out of sight and away from dust and dirt. And she'll have the convenient arrangement of the Frigidaire shelves . . . shelves placed at a height that makes stooping unnecessary.

And it's *easy* to give her a Frigidaire. Prices are low and terms can be arranged to suit your convenience. So, avoid the usual last minute rush. Call at the nearest Frigidaire display room and have Frigidaire in your home on Christmas morning. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

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What did she mean by that? And by the soft mysteriousness of her voice? That voice which, even when used for flinging out her little witty mockeries, had always the same effect on him—as if she thrust her fingers inside his breast and folded them about his naked heart.

What a fool he had been to ask her to come out here, to make him burn and bleed afresh, as he had burnt and bled in the silence of every night since first he saw her face! Yet, as the price of her presence he would lie on the rack itself! He knew that.

"Shall we sit down somewhere," he said steadily, "while we talk things over, or do you prefer to walk?"

"Let us walk a little," she answered. So side by side they wandered about the garden while he told her what the other men had gone into town to do, and that it was certain not a breath of blame or scandal would touch her name. Told her, too, of Randal's errand to fetch Pagg and the nurse.

"I couldn't think of your being alone here with Stella—after all that has passed. And I want you to promise to lock yourself in tonight. Some of us will sleep indoors too, and with Pagg in the room next you I think you'll be all right."

"Of course," she said. "And in spite of everything I could never be really afraid or unhappy in this darling place."

He was warmed by the spontaneous generosity of her words. Surprised, too. He had not realized that she liked Poinsettia Pass so much, and said so.

"I think it is the loveliest home in Rhodesia. Even the tragedy of Dick's passing cannot darken it for long. It has a natural resilient existence of its own, independent of what mere human beings may do in it, or to it."

"I'm awfully bucked to hear you say that, because I felt it too when I first saw the place. At once it became my idea to buy and build and eventually to live here, with books and dogs and beasts, away from—oh, away from everything."

"What do you mean by—from *everything?*" He felt her eyes gravely intent upon him.

"The sickening world of false values and rotten standards—the snobbery and savagery. Even from the world's rewards. Perhaps," he added moodily, "because they are barred to me."

"Nothing is barred to you," she said. "Everything is within the reach of a man with brains and a resolute will."

"You're mistaken, I think; but even if it were so——" Well, he left it at that. Not to her of all women would he open up the festering sore of his unknown birth and origin, though doubtless she knew it already.

"You surely could not really think of 'sitting down' to life, here?" she pursued. "Lying down to it would be the right phrase."

HE MADE a sound that might have been a laugh or a groan. She continued:

"To make it your home, I can understand. A place of rest and refreshment to come back to from the tumult, yes! But to bury yourself with dogs and books? *You*, a man of action, one who has ranged the seas and fought in historic battles! Never! I should despise you if I thought you could content yourself with such an existence!"

"I don't think I said anything about contentment!" His lips indeed were twisted in discontent.

"You cannot do it," she urged in a voice that was steel swathed in velvet. "And you will not. You will go back into the scrum where you belong, to wrestle and wrench from it the things you only think are barred to you. You will show the world that a man who has no inherited name is the freer to make a great one for himself, one that will be the world's envy. Here, in Rhodesian political life, is your opportunity. If I were a man in your position, how I would delight to do it!"

"You only think so," he retorted somberly. "If you really were, you'd know that it is never for himself that a man wants the glories of success but to lay them at the feet of a woman—*the* woman!"

"Well, *get* your woman," she said softly, strongly.

Then silence fell between them. Even as all about them Nature lay quiet, yet stirring and throbbing with the forces of life, so for a little space those two were silent, while in heart and pulse the little drums of life were beating loud; and mind, spirit and body were alive with unspoken potentialities.

At last he spoke, making his declaration once and for all to the woman who was not for him. He had not meant to do it, but it was wrung from him.

"There are no women in the world for me since I first saw your face—Appassionata! I can never unrivet you from my soul to make place for another."

"And you never must." Her voice low and golden at his elbow made him tremble, but he did not turn. He thought he must be mad, or she mocking him. Then she touched him, laying her hand on his arm: "You are in my soul too, Pat. You invade my very life!"

When she said his name he knew that it was true; but still he held aloof from her generosity, from the spell of her voice and words. He was a man of principle if not of pedigree, and had fought out with himself this question of accepting a loved woman to whom he had nothing to give in return of those worldly things which women value.

"No. I can't," he muttered. "Don't tempt me. I won't. It is not fit."

"It *is* fit, Pat. It's either you or no one for me."

"I have nothing to give you, Shonnie; no name for you and the proud beautiful children that should be yours."

"It is you they will be proud of," she whispered; "and between us we will make a name for them that will ring through the world."

He would not have been human if he could have resisted further, with that armful of delicate loveliness holding herself to his heart and to his lips. She felt again the thrilling wonder she had known when he had held her in the dance, while he murmured his secret images of her into her hair:

"You are like a little virgin tree, my Shonnie—a young slim larch, or one of those slender brooms all out in bridal array. Your black bird's-wing hair only makes you whiter. It's no use saying these things don't count in a man's passion for a woman. Yet I love you for a hundred other things and qualities not seen with the eye!"

"Oh, Pat! I knew you loved me that day when I was going away to Salisbury, and you looked at me from your car."

"You were so lovely in your white. I felt sick with envy of Dick sitting close enough to touch even your gown."

"And I of the red rose you had in your shirt."

"Blood of my heart! I have inherited the earth—I, who was a beggar!"

"Don't, Pat; it hurts!"

"Can it be true?" He held her from him, gazing at her with passion-darkened eyes. "Did you know on Friday—that first day you came to my house—that while we talked I was taking you into my arms?"

"Yes, I *knew*, and I have been happy ever since. All this misery and agony, all the lies, haven't really touched me because of that. I knew that all was well between us, and it gave me an exquisite peace."

"Shonnie!" How lovers love lingering on each other's names, as though giving themselves a precious gift every time the adored word shapes itself between the lips! "There are so many things to tell you, and"—he hesitated miserably—"and some things I can never explain, and you must not ask about, beloved."

She knew at once what he meant. Stella! But, thank heaven, he was wrong there: *that* skeleton need never clank its hidden bones between them!

"I know more than you think, Pat. I must tell you now that I was in the summerhouse on Saturday night." Aghast, he almost loosed his hold of her, but she went on swiftly: "I had gone there to fetch my slipper from the secret drawer of your desk."

"Good Lord! You knew about that, too?"

MORE explanations then; another chapter to be opened with reticence on the part of the man, and glanced at with lenient understanding by the woman, before it was finally laid aside.

It must be remembered too that Felicia was of the moderns; one who even at a tender age without endangering her pristine innocence "knew praclikally ev'thing." While Fenn, though he had tripped over the lowness of another's standards, had not stepped down from his own.

So the enchanted hour passed and, lost in each other, they wandered in those secret Elysian glades known only to lovers. Until suddenly a shrill clear call broke through the lovely mists, violently dispelling them.

"*Coo-ee!*" It came again, high and clear. Regretfully they wound their way towards the house.

There they found Stella, pacing impatiently up and down before the stoep, clad in cloak and scarf as if for a journey. What could the woman want?

"Where have you been? Where has everybody got to?" was her stormy greeting. "I've been calling for ages!" Then, addressing Fenn: "I want to be taken over to Tagati at once, please."

"At this hour?" he expostulated. "I don't see how it can be managed. Both the cars are away."

"It's of the utmost importance. Where are the cars?"

"One's gone to the dorp; the other Randal's using to fetch Miss Twilley and Pagg in."

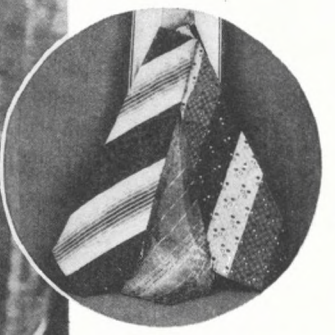
"Why should you drag those two awful females here?"

This was difficult to explain, but he did his best. "For one thing we thought the nurse might be useful to you——"

"Ridiculous!" she snapped, then turned abruptly from the subject. "Anyway, I *must* go to Tagati. I haven't slept for three nights, and now I find my sleeping cachets gone. Those beastly policemen! Padge is the only one who uses the same stuff I do. I *must* get some of his. I'll go mad if I don't sleep tonight!" She stared at them with angry hopeless eyes and seemed suddenly arrested by their serenity. "But you two! What do *you* care?" She turned away with a half-sob.

"Of course we are sorry, Stella," said Felicia gently, "and perhaps when Doctor Randal gets back he can prescribe a draft."

Smiles that attract



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"I hear the car coming now," adjoined Fenn.

"It's no use asking *him* for drafts," opposed Stella fiercely. "I tell you there's only one drug that does me any good—and he hasn't got it, that's certain."

"You never know——"

But at this juncture Randal drove up with his "awful females," a ruffled-looking cargo which silently began to discharge itself, while Fenn expounded the situation with stormy interruptions from Stella. When Randal said that he could find something to make her sleep she became almost frantic.

"You *can't*, I tell you. Besides, there is something else. I must see Padge tonight, and you must drive me over, Pat."

"I'm sorry, Stella," he said firmly, "but under no circumstances can I go to Tagati."

She turned to Randal. "Then, doctor, you must take me! Please! I can't see at night, or I'd drive myself."

The doctor did not appear to take agreeably to the idea.

"We can be there and back in less than an hour," she pleaded. "It *is* inconsiderate of me, I know, but I simply must see Padge tonight. It may even be a matter of life and death." This might have sounded ridiculous but for her wild eyes and tragic mien, and as the doctor still hung back she cried desperately: "If you won't take me I must walk it, that's all!"

After that of course there was no more to be said and Randal sulkily prepared to do her bidding.

He drove off with Stella, the nurse and the domestic repaired indoors, and Felicia and Fenn remained outside.

Once more the dimness of the garden enfolded them, the secret glades opened to their eager feet, and it seemed to them only a few minutes until Randal and his passenger were back again. Then at last Felicia slipped away.

As for the men, once Stella had left them, they seemed to forget the lateness of the hour. They sneaked across to the summerhouse where they could talk unheard. Briefly Randal related the history of the past hour.

"Vyner was not there. He had gone to spend Christmas with the de Wiltons. And, by the way, it seems to be a clear case between Vyner and Miss Hibiscus. At first, Mrs. Cardross insisted on going indoors. She fidgeted about, even rummaging around in Vyner's bedroom. Then, having ascertained that Campbell, who is in charge, was over at the mine house, she insisted on going there.

"I remained at the house. After a while Campbell came across for stationery; said Mrs. Cardross had decided to write a letter to Vyner to be sent off in the morning. We found the stationery, and I went back with Campbell.

"Before we reached the mine house I had a glimpse of our little lady busy at a cupboard in the corner, and she must have been pretty nippy to have got back to the table and been seated meditatively when we went in! However, she wrote the letter and left it with Campbell.

"But strangely enough I heard no more about sleeping drafts. Perhaps she found some cachets in his bedroom—but in that case, what was she looking for in the mine's office cupboard?"

"Haven't the foggiest," was Fenn's reply, given with detachment. When a man has been walking in Paradise with an angel, it is difficult for him to take much interest in the doings of a mere woman he dislikes.

"Very mysterious, anyway," said Randal. "But not so mysterious as what I am about to tell you." The significance of his utterance at last aroused the other's attention. "While Cardross has been dying here, the police in possession of Mañana have been investigating the death of Countess Karamine."

"But—what on earth?"

"You may well ask, my son. And when I tell you, further, that the autopsy aroused the suspicion, which the analysis confirmed, that the old lady undoubtedly died of poison——"

"Good Lord!"

"Yes, a virulent vegetable, or rather *insect* poison, administered in liquid. In fact, we have little doubt that she got the first dose that Sunday morning when she had tea with her hostess before driving over to the Mission. That dose would in all probability have cooked the poor soul's goose for her, for though slow, it's fatal stuff: but to make certain, two or three more doses were administered *—and we know who did it!"*

"I never heard of anything so ghastly," Fenn muttered.

"The evidence is pretty damning. A number of native boys have come forward. One, Malash, who relates having described to his mistress the deadly qualities of the insect in question—*'isi-Bunu,'* they call it—and collecting a specimen for her. One, Jim, who swears that his mistress 'tried' it first on Miss Lissell in a pot of tea, but that the girl escaped by making a fresh pot. One, Frittie, who—later on—was commissioned by his mistress to find more *isi-Bunu* at the price of sixpence apiece, and collected and delivered three to her. One, Marli, who having assimilated all aforesaid information from his 'bruddas' took it upon himself to do a bit of spying, and can affirm that his mistress boiled the insects in her room, bottled the liquid and put doses of it twice in the countess' teapot, and once in her beef tea."

"It's too horrible!" Fenn looked ghastly. "Still, the evidence of a lot of natives against a white woman! Surely——"

"The nurse and maid have made statements, too. There was a day when Twilley found her with the soup—and Pagg swears she once caught her with the lid off the teapot, and a small bottle in her hand. The maid threw out the contents of the pot but she did not throw the incident out of her mind. It appears too that the countess was suspicious and warned her maid."

"It seems incredible," muttered Fenn; but he knew that it was not incredible. "By heaven, what a blessing old Dick pegged it before these horrors came out!" he added fervently.

"You're right! For she will be tried inevitably. The inspector told me about the results of the analysis this morning, with injunctions not to mention it to anyone. But since going to Mañana and finding that they all knew, I don't see why you shouldn't be prepared. By the way, that's why the local police didn't come here—too busy over there!"

"They seem to have been thorough!"

"Yes, and things look as black as they can look for that lady. When it comes out in further evidence that it was *her* shot that killed Dick—though I doubt whether she meant it for him, now that I've heard of her previous 'try' for Miss Lissell—well! Her name will be Mud, as sure as mine *isn't* Jack Robinson!"

Upon which grim conclusion they retired to bed, if not to sleep.

Inspector Brooke and the noncoms arrived directly after breakfast. But neither Breddon nor Castleton put in an appearance. They preferred to shelter at the club till the trouble blew over.

The first thing Brooke had to announce to Fenn was that there would

EXTENDING THE Limits of Man's Opportunity

Only a few generations ago the life of man was circumscribed by his own physical limitations . . . the dexterity of his fingers, the strength of his back, the speed of his limbs, and the labor of domestic animals. . . . The interchange of commodities was slow, difficult. There were no good roads, as we know them today, nor any way to travel swiftly, surely, over these roads. The deeply rutted wagon trail was a long, hard trail. . . . Though boundless acres were all about, it was only the adventurous few who traveled far. Many a man lived and died without ever having been more than fifty miles from home. . . . Then was born an idea that was destined to reshape the frontiers and the future of the entire country—the idea of making a small, strong, simple automobile so low in price that it might be placed within the means of all the people.

THE coming of this new means of transportation not only changed the industrial life of the nation, but helped to change the private lives of every one for all the generations to come.

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All the people are blended together by the flexibility and swiftness of automobile transportation. The prairie farmer, the industrial worker, and the city business man are governed by similar impulses, similar tastes, similar demands upon highly specialized machinery to serve them.

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THAT idea is not merely to make automobiles—not merely to create so much additional machinery and so many millions of additional horse-power—but to make this a better world in which to live through providing economical transportation for all the people.

For that purpose the first Model T was made twenty-one years ago. For that purpose the new Ford is made today. In 1929, as in 1908, it is again helping to reshape the frontiers and the future of the country and to further extend the limits of man's opportunity.

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be no further pursuit of the shooting affair. That had taken second place. The present intention was to arrest Mrs. Cardross on the poisoning charge.

"For I may tell you," he continued, "that we got hold of the last bit of evidence needed, here, yesterday. When we were in her room we took possession of a small bottle containing what might be described as distilled essence of *isi-Bunu*—a fatal concoction.

"We knew she had it, but we scarcely expected to come by it so easily. Of course she was completely unsuspecting or the bottle would have been got rid of long ago. Or, perhaps"—the inspector grinned heartlessly—"she might have tried it on some of you people!"

Fenn went pale at the thought of the person on whom it would have been tried. Instantaneously, his thought was to get his loved one away before she witnessed further distressing scenes.

He told Brooke this and was met by the sympathetic proposal that he should invite Felicia to go for a drive with him; during their absence, the police would get the miserable business over.

"Why not take the little car and run her over to Father Drago's?" was Randal's suggestion, and Fenn jumped at it.

"That's an idea!" he said and at once embodied it in a note to Felicia.

Neither she nor Stella had put in an appearance for breakfast, which was understandable considering the late hours kept by everybody the night before.

However, while Fenn still sat writing his note, Miss Twilley entered with a request from Mrs. Cardross for the use of a car at ten-thirty, as she had business in the dorp that morning. On hearing this Fenn timed his rendezvous with Felicia for ten-fifteen and sealed up his note. Nurse Twilley also reported to the inspector that Mrs. Cardross had packed up and evidently intended leaving the house.

"All to the good, that," commented Brooke when the nurse was gone. "It will save us a lot of trouble if she pushes off to the dorp on her own, instead of obliging us to push her!"

The last words made Fenn jump up. "For the Lord's sake, let me get Miss Lissell away first!"

"All right, all right, get your girl away," said Brooke with a broad grin. Fenn scowled.

"And if you are a wise as well as a dear fellow," Randal murmured mockingly to his irate friend, "you'll see that she isn't a *girl* much longer."

"That's an idea too!" said Fenn to himself. It would be wonderful to bring her back here—his own! But would she consent to a hurried marriage? Well, no harm in trying.

And when she presently emerged from her little side door, coming out to him all in white, he felt a fatalistic certainty that if he put his luck to the test he must win. More than that, at the gate of the garden she gave a deep sigh.

"Oh, Pat," she said, "if I have to go away, and leave this place—and you—I think I shall die!"

At which his heart leaped up in hope.

And by the mercy of God that radiant and lovely day of their lives, ending under the stars at Poinsettia, was not dimmed by even the shadow of tragedy. Lost in each other, alone with night and the fulfillment of that human dream that reaches out to the infinite, they knew nothing, until later, of what had passed after they left.

Promptly at ten-thirty Stella had come out to take her seat in the car. Her filmy gown of black georgette intensified the fairness of her skin, the little primrose rings of her hair, the wistful sadness of her great golden eyes, so that the two policemen lounging in the drive stared at sight of her.

But she cast upon them a glance of cold dislike, bowed cursorily to Inspector Brooke and proceeded with the help of Nurse Twilley to stow herself and belongings into the back of the car. Randal sitting stiffly at the wheel she took for granted.

"I am ready now," she said curtly, and immediately he started up, but not before one of the lounging policemen had nipped in next to him, while Inspector Brooke seated himself at her side.

While she stared inquiringly he mumbled apologies, breaking the news as discreetly as he could that her presence was required at police headquarters. So disquietingly fair and fragile was she in her mourning that the inspector found his job neither pleasant nor easy, and when she had assimilated his statement and carelessly assented, his trained instinct told him that she knew. But her eyes regarded him without a flicker of apprehension.

"A good plucked un, by Jove!" was his thought.

Thereafter they talked easily about things in general. When they passed another car with people she knew in it she waved a greeting. Once or twice she gave her little trilling laugh at some observation of the inspector's, though almost immediately her face resumed the look of reflective sadness natural to a woman widowed within the week.

As they neared the dorp she asked for a cigaret, but when the inspector produced his she shook her head, getting out her own case and offering him one of her special brand. He in turn politely refused, and she selected one for herself and put it between her lips.

He prepared to light it for her, striking a match and guarding its flame with his hands, when suddenly something gave him pause. Perhaps it was the curious sucking sound she made that arrested his attention, so that his quick glance into her lovely eyes was just in time to catch the spasm of agony that lighted them. Once before he had seen someone die of cyanide poisoning, and he recognized what was happening.

It was a pity, as he remarked afterwards, that Randal had not thought to tell him of that midnight visit to Tagati and that little sojourn of Stella's in the mine-head office, where the cupboard containing the cyanide was kept. He would have recognized at once that it was not sleeping cachets she had gone after, but cyanide!

Cyanide, to keep by her in case of need—just in *case* her suspicion was true that the little bottle that had disappeared from her room had been taken not *quite* accidentally by the police. So simple to insert a tiny lump of the poison into one of her cigarets!

Yes, it was a pity for Inspector Brooke. Yet, strangely enough, he was not altogether sorry that he had not known in time to prevent that swift passing.

Certainly she was a wrong un—wrong as they make 'em! But remembering the eyes of her, the trilling laugh and the slim white throat, he reflected that any other ending for her would have been unthinkable. In which conclusion the rest of Rhodesia cordially agreed.

THE END

On the Road to Mandalay *by W. Somerset Maugham* (Cont. from page 51)

I've often wondered if it showed that I was rather a rotter."

"I don't think so. I think the passion many people affect for children is merely a fashionable pose. I have a notion that children are all the better for not being burdened with too much parental love."

"Then my girl asked me to marry her; legally, I mean, in the English way. I treated it as a joke. I didn't know how she'd got such an idea in her head; I thought it was only a whim and I gave her a gold bracelet to keep her quiet. But it wasn't a whim. She was quite serious about it.

"I told her there was nothing doing. But you know what women are; when they once set their minds on getting something they never give you a moment's peace.

"She wheedled and sulked; she cried; she appealed to my compassion; she tried to extract a promise from me when I was rather tight; she was on the watch for me when I was feeling amorous; she nearly tripped me when she was ill. She watched me carefully, and I knew that, however natural she seemed, she was always alert for the unguarded moment when she could pounce on me and gain her point."

Masterson gave me once more his slow, ingenuous smile.

"I suppose women are pretty much the same all the world over," he said.

"I expect so," I answered.

"A thing I've never been able to understand is why a woman thinks it worth while to make you do something you don't want to. I don't see what satisfaction it can be to her."

"The satisfaction of triumph. A man convinced against his will may be of the same opinion still, but a woman doesn't mind that. She has conquered. She has proved her power."

Masterson shrugged his shoulders.

"You see, she said that sooner or later I was bound to marry an English girl and turn her out. I said I wasn't thinking of marrying. She said she knew that. And even if I didn't, I should retire some day and go back to England. And where would she be then?

"It went on for a year. I held out. Then she said that if I wouldn't marry her she'd go and take the kids with her. I told her not to be a silly little fool. She said that if she left me now she could marry a Burman, but in a few years nobody would want her.

"She began to pack her things. I thought it was only a bluff and I called it. I said, 'Well, go if you want to, but if you do you won't come back.' I didn't think she'd give up a house like this, and the presents I made her, to go back to her own family. They were as poor as church mice.

"Well, she went on packing her things. She was just as nice as ever to me; she was gay and smiling. When some fellows came to spend the night here she was just as cordial as usual.

"I couldn't believe she meant to go and yet I was rather scared. I was very fond of her. She was a good sort."

"But if you were fond of her why on earth didn't you marry her? It had been a great success."

"I'll tell you. If I married her I'd have to stay in Burma for the rest of my life. Sooner or later I shall retire,

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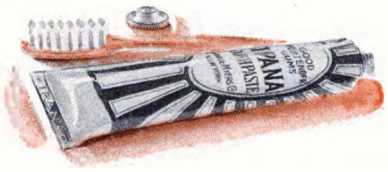

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IPANA Tooth Paste

and then I want to go back to my old home and live there. I don't want to be buried out here; I want to be buried in an English churchyard.

"I'm happy enough here, but I don't want to live here always. I couldn't. I want England. Sometimes I get sick of this hot sunshine and these garish colors. I want gray skies and soft rain and the smell of the country.

"I shall be a funny, fat, elderly man when I go back, too old to hunt even if I could afford it, but I can fish. I don't want to shoot tigers, I want to shoot rabbits. And I can play golf on a proper course. I know I shall be out of it; we fellows who've spent our lives out here always are, but I can potter about the local club and talk to retired Anglo-Indians.

"I want to feel under my feet the gray pavement of an English country town; I want to be able to go and have a row with the butcher because the steak he sent me in yesterday was tough; I want to browse about secondhand bookshops. I want to be said How d'you do to in the street by people who knew me when I was a boy. And I want to have a walled garden and grow roses.

"I dare say it all sounds humdrum and provincial and dull to you, but that's the sort of life my people have always lived and that's the sort of life I want to live myself. It's a dream, if you like, but it's all I have; it means everything to me, and I can't give it up."

He paused and looked into my eyes.

"Do you think me an awful fool?"

"No."

"Then one morning she came to me and said that she was off. She had her things put on a cart, and even then I didn't think she meant it. Then she put the two children in a rickshaw and came to say good-by to me. She began to cry. That pretty well broke me up.

"I asked her if she really meant to go and she said yes, unless I married her. I shook my head. I almost yielded. I'm afraid I was crying too. Then she gave a sob and ran out of the house. I had to drink about half a tumbler of whisky to steady my nerves."

"How long ago did this happen?"

"Four months. At first I thought she'd come back, and then because I thought she was ashamed to take the first step I sent my boy to tell her that if she wanted to come I'd take her. But she refused. At first I thought I'd get used to it, but somehow it doesn't seem to get any less empty. I didn't know how much she meant to me. She'd twined herself round my heart."

"I suppose she'll come back if you agree to marry her?"

"Oh, yes; she told the boy that. Sometimes I ask myself if it's worth while to sacrifice my happiness for a dream. It is only a dream, isn't it? It's funny, one of the things that holds me back is the thought of a muddy lane I know, with clay banks on both sides of it, and above, beech trees bending over. It's got a sort of earthy smell that I can never get out of my nostrils.

"I don't blame her, you know. I rather admire her. I had no idea she had so much character. Sometimes I'm awfully inclined to give way." He hesitated for a little while.

"I think, perhaps, if I thought she loved me I would. But of course, she doesn't; they never do, these girls who go and live with white men. I think she liked me, but that's all. What would you do in my place?"

"Oh, my dear fellow, how can I tell? Would you ever forget the dream?"

"Never."

At this moment the boy came in to say that my Madrasi servant with the car had just come up. Masterson looked at his watch.

"You'll want to be getting off, won't you? And I must get back to my office. I'm afraid I've bored you with my domestic affairs."

"Not at all," I said.

We shook hands. I put on my topee, and he waved as the car drove off.

Jeeves and the Spot of Art *by P. G. Wodehouse* (Cont. from page 57)

here. You know all about women, Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then tell me this. Am I not right in supposing that if Miss Pendlebury is in a position to go into the sick-room, take a long look at the interesting invalid, and then pop out, with the memory of that look fresh in her mind, and get a square sight of me lounging about in sponge-bag trousers, she will draw damaging comparisons? You see what I mean? Look on this picture and on that—the one romantic, the other not . . . Eh?"

"Very true, sir. It's a point which I had intended to bring to your attention. An invalid undoubtedly exercises a powerful appeal to the motherliness which exists in every woman's heart, sir. Invalids seem to stir their deepest feelings. The poet Scott has put the matter neatly in the lines: 'O Woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, When pain and anguish wring the brow——' "

I held up a hand.

"At some other time, Jeeves," I said, "I shall be delighted to hear you your piece, but just now I am not in the mood. The position being as I have outlined, I propose to clear out early tomorrow morning and not to reappear until nightfall. I shall take the car and dash down to Brighton for the day."

"Very good, sir."

"It is better so, is it not, Jeeves?"

"Indubitably, sir."

"I think so, too. The sea breezes will tone up my system, which sadly needs a dollop of toning. I leave you in charge of the old home."

"Very good, sir."

"Convey my regrets and sympathy to Miss Pendlebury and tell her I have been called away on business."

"Yes, sir."

"Should the Slingsby require refreshment, feed her in moderation."

"Very good, sir."

"And in poisoning Mr. Pim's soup, don't use arsenic, which is readily detected. Go to a good chemist and get something that leaves no traces." I sighed, and cocked an eye at the portrait. "All this is very wonky, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir."

"When that portrait was painted, I was a happy man."

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, well, Jeeves!"

"Very true, sir."

And we left it at that.

It was latish when I got back on the following evening. What with a bit of ozone-sniffing, a good dinner and a nice run home in the moonlight with the old car going as sweet as a nut, I was feeling in pretty good shape once more. In fact, I went so far as to sing a trifle. The spirit of the Woosters is a buoyant spirit, and optimism had begun to reign again in the W. bosom.

The way I looked at it was, I saw I had been mistaken in assuming that a girl must necessarily love a fellow just because he has a broken leg. At first, no doubt, Gwladys Pendlebury would feel strangely drawn to the Pim when she saw him lying there a more or less total loss. But it would not be long before other reflections crept in.

She would ask herself if she were wise in trusting her life's happiness to a man who hadn't enough sense to leap out of the way when he saw a car coming. She would tell herself that if this sort of thing had happened once who knew that it might not go on happening again and again all down the long years.

And she would recoil from a married life which consisted entirely of going to hospitals and taking her husband fruit. She would realize how much better off she would be teamed up with a fellow like Bertram Wooster, who, whatever his faults, at least walked on the pavement and looked up and down a street before he crossed it.

It was in excellent spirits, accordingly, that I put the car in the garage, and it was with a merry Tra-la on my lips that I let myself into the flat as Big Ben began to strike eleven. I rang the bell and presently, as if he had divined my wishes, Jeeves came in with siphon and decanter.

"Home again, Jeeves," I said.

"Yes, sir."

"What has been happening in my absence? Did Miss Pendlebury call?"

"Yes, sir. At about two o'clock."

"And left?"

"At about six, sir."

I didn't like this so much. A four-hour visit struck me as a bit sinister.

"And Mrs. Slingsby?"

"She arrived shortly after eight and left at ten, sir."

"Ah? Agitated?"

"Yes, sir. Particularly when she left. She was desirous of seeing you, sir."

"Wanted to thank me brokenly, I suppose, for so courteously allowing her favorite brother a place to have his game legs in, eh?"

"Possibly, sir. On the other hand, she alluded to you in terms suggestive of disapprobation, sir."

"She—what?"

" 'Feckless idiot' was one of the expressions she employed, sir."

" 'Feckless idiot'?"

"Yes, sir."

I couldn't make it out. I simply couldn't see what the woman had based her judgment on. My aunt Agatha has frequently said that sort of thing about me, but she has known me from a boy.

"I must look into this, Jeeves. Is Mr. Pim asleep?"

"No, sir. He rang the bell a moment ago to inquire if we had not a better brand of cigaret in the flat."

"He did, did he?"

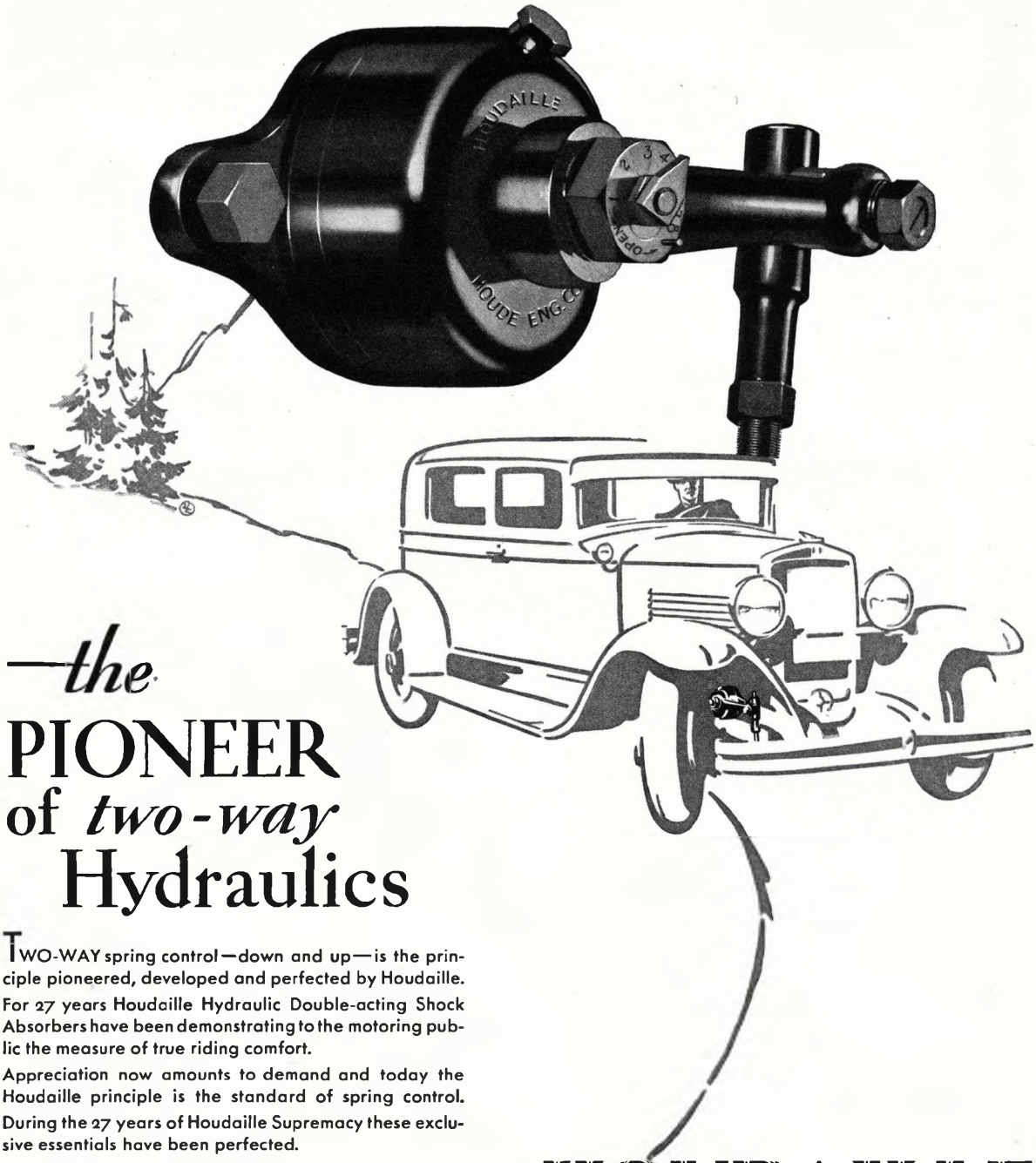
"Yes, sir."

"The accident doesn't seem to have affected his nerve."

"No, sir."

I found Lucius Pim propped up among the pillows, reading his detective story.

"Ah, Wooster," he said. "Welcome home. I say, in case you were worrying, it's all right about that cobra. The hero had got at it without the villain's knowledge and extracted its poison-fangs. With the result that when it fell down the chimney and started trying to



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bite the heroine its efforts were null and void. I doubt if a cobra has ever felt so silly."

"Never mind about cobras."

"It's no good saying, 'Never mind about cobras,'" said Lucius Pim in a gentle, rebuking sort of voice. "You've jolly well *got* to mind about cobras, if they haven't had their poison-fangs extracted. Ask anyone. By the way, my sister looked in. She wants to have a word with you."

"And I want to have a word with her."

"Two minds with but a single thought. What she wants to talk to you about is this accident of mine. You remember that story I was to tell her—about the car driving on? Well, the understanding was, if you recollect, that I was only to tell it if I couldn't think of something better. Fortunately, I thought of something much better.

"You see, that driving-on story was thin. People don't knock fellows down and break their legs and go driving on. The thing wouldn't have held water for a minute. So I told her you did it."

"What!"

"I said it was you who did it in your car. Much more likely. Makes the whole thing neat and well-rounded. I knew you would approve. At all costs we have got to keep it from her that I was outed by Gwladys.

"I made it as easy for you as I could, saying you were a bit pickled at the time and so not to be blamed for what you did. Some fellows wouldn't have thought of that. Still," said Lucius Pim, "I'm afraid she's none too pleased with you."

"She isn't, isn't she?"

"No, she is not. And I strongly recommend you, if you want anything like a pleasant interview tomorrow, to sweeten her a bit overnight."

"How do you mean, sweeten her?"

"I'd suggest you send her some flowers. It would be a graceful gesture. Roses are her favorites. Shoot her in a few roses—Number Three, Hill Street, is the address—and it may make all the difference. I think it my duty to inform you, old man, that my sister Beatrice is rather a tough egg, when roused.

"My brother-in-law is due back from New York at any moment, and the danger, as I see it, is that Beatrice, unless sweetened, will get at him and make him bring actions against you for torts and malfeasances and what not and get thumping damages. He isn't overfond of me and, left to himself, would rather approve than otherwise of people who broke my legs; but he's crazy about Beatrice and will do anything she asks him to.

"So my advice is, 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may' and bung them in to Number Three, Hill Street. Otherwise, the case of Slingsby *versus* Wooster will be on the calendar before you can say What-ho."

I gave the fellow a look. Lost on him, of course.

"It's a pity you didn't think of all that before," I said. And it wasn't so much the actual words, if you know what I mean, as the way I said it.

"I thought of it, all right," said Lucius Pim. "But as we were both agreed that at all costs——"

"Oh, all right," I said. "All right."

"You aren't annoyed?" said Lucius Pim, looking at me in surprise.

"Oh, no!"

"Splendid," said Lucius Pim, relieved. "I knew you would feel that I had done the only possible thing. It would have been awful if Beatrice had found out about Gwladys. I dare say you have noticed, Wooster, that when women find themselves in a position to take a running kick at one of their own sex they are twice as rough on her as they would be on a man.

"Now, you, being of the male persuasion, will find everything made nice and smooth for you. A quart of assorted roses, a few smiles, a tactful word or two, and she'll have melted before you know where you are. Play your cards properly, and you and Beatrice will be laughing merrily together in about five minutes.

"Better not let Slingsby's Soups catch you at it, however. He's very jealous where Beatrice is concerned. And now you'll forgive me, old chap, if I send you away. The doctor says I ought not to talk too much for a day or two. Besides, it's time for beddy-by."

The more I thought it over, the better that idea of sending those roses looked. Lucius Pim was not a man I was fond of—in fact, if I had had to choose between him and a cockroach as a companion for a walking tour, the cockroach would have had it by a short head—but there was no doubt that he had outlined the right policy. His advice was good, and I decided to follow it.

Rising next morning at ten-fifteen, I swallowed a strengthening breakfast and legged it off to that flower shop in Piccadilly. I couldn't leave the thing to Jeeves. It was essentially a mission that demanded the personal touch.

I laid out a couple of quid on a sizable bouquet, sent it with my card to Hill Street, and then looked in at the Drones' for a refresher. It is a thing I don't often do in the morning, but this threatened to be rather a special morning.

It was about noon when I got back to the flat. I went into the sitting room and tried to adjust the mind to the coming interview. It had to be faced, of course, but it wasn't any good my telling myself that it was going to be a jolly scene.

I stood or fell by the roses. If they sweetened the Slingsby, all would be well. If they failed to sweeten her, Bertram was undoubtedly for it.

The clock ticked on, but she did not come. A late riser, I took it, and was slightly encouraged by the reflection. My experience of women has been that the earlier they leave the hay the more vicious specimens they are apt to be. My aunt Agatha, for instance, is always up with the lark, and look at her.

Still, you couldn't be sure that this rule always worked, and after a while the suspense began to get in amongst me a bit. To divert the mind, I fetched the old putter out of its bag and began to practice putts into a glass. After all, even if the Slingsby turned out to be all that I had pictured her in my gloomier moments, I should have improved my close-to-the-hole work on the green and be that much up, at any rate.

It was while I was shaping for a tricky shot that the doorbell went.

I picked up the glass and shoved the putter behind the settee. It struck me that if the woman found me engaged on what you might call a frivolous pursuit she might take it to indicate lack of remorse and proper feeling.

I straightened the collar, pulled down the waistcoat and managed to fasten on the face a sort of sad half-smile which was welcoming without being actually jovial. It looked all right in the mirror, and I held it as the door opened.

"Mr. Slingsby," announced Jeeves.

And having spoken these words, he closed the door and left us together.

For quite a time there wasn't anything in the way of chit-chat. The shock of expecting Mrs. Slingsby and finding myself confronted by something entirely

different—in fact, not the same thing at all—seemed to have affected the vocal cords.

And the visitor didn't appear to be disposed to make light conversation himself. He stood there looking strong and silent. I suppose you have to be like that if you want to manufacture a really convincing soup.

Slingsby's Superb Soups was a Roman-emperor-looking sort of bird, with keen, penetrating eyes and one of those jutting chins. The eyes seemed to me to be fixed on me in a dashed unpleasant stare and, unless I was mistaken, he was grinding his teeth a trifle. For some reason he appeared to have taken a strong dislike to me at sight, and I'm bound to say this rather puzzled me.

I don't pretend to have one of those Fascinating Personalities which you get from studying the booklets advertised in the back pages of the magazines, but I couldn't recall another case in the whole of my career where a single glimpse of the old map had been enough to make anyone look as if he wanted to foam at the mouth. Usually, when people meet me for the first time, they don't seem to know I'm there.

However, I exerted myself to play the host. "Mr. Slingsby?"

"That is my name."

"Just got back from America?"

"I landed this morning."

"Sooner than expected, what?"

"So I imagine."

"Very glad to see you."

"You will not be long."

I took time off to do a bit of gulping. I saw now what had happened. This bloke had been home, seen his wife, heard the story of the accident and had hastened round to slip it across me.

Evidently those roses had not sweetened the female of the species. The only thing to do now seemed to be to take a stab at sweetening the male.

"Have a drink?" I said.

"No!"

"A cigaret?"

"No!"

"A chair?"

"No!"

I went into the silence once more. These non-drinking, non-smoking non-sitters are hard birds to handle.

"Don't grin at me, sir!"

I shot a glance at myself in the mirror and saw what he meant. The sad half-smile *had* slopped over a bit. I adjusted it, and there was another pause.

"Now, sir," said the Superb Souper, "to business. I think I need scarcely tell you why I am here."

"No. Of course. Absolutely. It's about that little matter——"

He gave a snort which nearly upset a vase on the mantelpiece. "Little matter? You consider it a little matter, do you?"

"Well——"

"Let me tell you, sir, that when I find that during my absence from the country a man has been annoying my wife with his importunities I regard it as anything but a little matter. And I shall endeavor," said the Souper, as he rubbed his hands together in a hideous, menacing way, "to make you see the thing in the same light."

I couldn't make head or tail of this. I simply couldn't follow him. The lemon began to swim.

"Eh?" I said. "Your wife?"

"You heard me."

"There must be some mistake."

"There is. You made it."

"But I don't know your wife."

"Ha!"

"I've never even met her."

"Pshaw!"

"Honestly, I haven't."

"Bah!" He drank me in for a moment. "Do you deny you sent her flowers?"

I felt the heart turn a double somersault. I began to catch his drift.

"Flowers!" he proceeded. "Roses, sir. Great, fat, beastly roses. Enough of them to sink a ship. Your card was attached to them by a small pin."

His voice died away in a sort of gurgle, and I saw that he was staring at something behind me. I spun round, and there, in the doorway—I hadn't seen it open, because during the last spasm of dialogue I had been backing cautiously towards it—stood a female.

One glance was enough to tell me who she was. No woman could look so like Lucius Pim who hadn't the misfortune to be related to him. It was Sister Beatrice, the tough egg.

I saw all. She had left her home before the flowers arrived; she had sneaked, unsweetened, into the flat while I was fortifying the system at the Drones'; and here she was.

"Er——" I said.

"Alexander!" said the female.

"Goo!" said the Souper. Or it may have been "Coo!"

Whatever it was, it was in the nature of a battle cry or slogan of war. The Souper's worst suspicions had obviously been confirmed. His eyes shone with a strange light. His chin pushed itself out another couple of inches. He clenched and unclenched his fingers once or twice, as if to make sure that they were working properly and could be relied on to do a good clean job of strangling.

Then, once more observing "Coo!" (or "Goo!") he sprang forward, trod on the golf ball I had been practicing putting with, and took one of the finest tosses I have ever witnessed. The purler of a lifetime. For a moment the air seemed to be full of arms and legs, and then, with a thud that nearly dislocated the flat, he made a forced landing.

And feeling I had had about all I wanted, I oiled from the room and was in the act of grabbing my hat from the rack in the hall, when Jeeves appeared.

"I fancied I heard a noise, sir," said Jeeves.

"Possibly," I said. "It was Mr. Slingsby."

"Sir?"

"Mr. Slingsby practicing Russian dances," I explained. "I rather think he has fractured an assortment of limbs. Better go in and see."

"Very good, sir."

"IF HE is the wreck I imagine, put him in my room and send for a doctor. The flat is filling up nicely with the various units of the Pim family and its connections, eh, Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think the supply is about exhausted, but should any aunts or uncles by marriage come along and break their limbs, bed them out on the Chesterfield."

"Very good, sir."

"I, personally, Jeeves," I said, opening the front door and pausing on the threshold, "am off to Paris. I will wire you the address. Notify me in due course when the place is free from Pims and completely purged of Slingsbys, and I will return. Oh, and Jeeves."

"Sir?"

"Spare no effort to mollify these birds. They think—at least, Slingsby (female) thinks—that it was I who ran over Mr. Pim in my car. Endeavor during my absence to sweeten them."

"Very good, sir."

"And now perhaps you had better be going in and viewing the body. I shall proceed to the Drones', where I shall lunch, subsequently catching the two-o'clock train at Charing Cross. Meet me there with an assortment of luggage."

It was a matter of three weeks or so before Jeeves sent me the "All clear" signal. I spent the time pottering pretty perturbedly about Paris and environs. It is a city I am fairly fond of, but I was glad to be able to return to the old home.

I hopped on a passing airplane and a couple of hours later was bowling through Croydon on my way to the center of things. It was somewhere in the Sloane Square neighborhood that I first caught sight of the posters.

A traffic block had occurred, and I was glancing idly this way and that, when suddenly my eye was caught by something that looked familiar. And then I saw what it was.

Pasted on a blank wall and measuring about a hundred feet each way was an enormous poster, mostly red and blue. At the top of it were the words:

SLINGSBY'S SUPERB SOUPS

and at the bottom:

SUCCULENT AND STRENGTHENING

And in between, me. Yes, dash it, Bertram Wooster in person. A reproduction of the Pendlebury portrait, perfect in every detail.

Of all the absolutely foul sights I have ever seen, this took the biscuit with ridiculous ease. The thing was a bally libel on the Wooster face, and yet it was as unmistakable as if it had had my name under it.

I saw now what Jeeves had meant when he said that the portrait had given me a hungry look. In the poster this look had become one of bestial greed.

There I sat, absolutely slavering through a monocle about six inches in circumference at a plateful of soup, looking as if I hadn't had a meal for weeks. The thing seemed to take one into a different and a dreadful world.

I woke from a species of trance or coma to find myself at the door of my flat. To buzz upstairs and charge into the home was the work of a moment.

Jeeves came shimmering down the hall, the respectful beam of welcome on the face. "I am glad to see you back, sir."

"Never mind about that," I yipped. "What about——?"

"The posters, sir? I was wondering if you might have observed them."

"I observed them!"

"Striking, sir?"

"Very striking. Now, perhaps you'll kindly explain."

"You instructed me, if you recollect, sir, to spare no effort to mollify Mr. Slingsby."

"Yes, but——"

"It proved a somewhat difficult task, sir. For some time Mr. Slingsby, on the advice and owing to the persuasion of Mrs. Slingsby, appeared to be resolved to institute an action in law against you—a procedure which I knew you would find most distasteful."

"Yes, but——"

"And then, the first day he was able to leave his bed, he observed the portrait, and it seemed to me judicious to point out to him its possibilities as an advertising medium. He readily fell in with the suggestion and on my assurance that, should he abandon the projected action in law, you would willingly permit the use of the portrait, he entered into negotiations with Miss Pendlebury for the purchase of the copyright."

"Oh? Well, I hope she got something out of it, at any rate?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Pim, acting as Miss Pendlebury's agent, drove, I understand, an extremely satisfactory bargain."

"He acted as her agent, eh?"

"Yes, sir. In his capacity as fiancé to the young lady, sir."

"Fiancé!"

"Yes, sir."

It shows how the sight of that poster had got into my ribs when I state that instead of being laid out cold by this announcement I merely said, "Ha!" or "Ho!" or it may have been "H'm." After the poster, nothing seemed to matter.

"After that poster, Jeeves," I said, "nothing seems to matter."

"No, sir?"

"No, Jeeves. A woman has tossed my heart lightly away, but what of it?"

"Exactly, sir."

"The voice of Love seemed to call to me, but it was a wrong number. Is that going to crush me?"

"No, sir."

"No, Jeeves. It is not. But what does matter is this ghastly business of my face being spread from end to end of the metropolis with the eyes fixed on a plate of Slingsby's Superb Soup. I must leave London. The lads at the Drones' will kid me without ceasing."

"Yes, sir. And Mrs. Spenser Gregson——"

I PALED visibly. I hadn't thought of Aunt Agatha and what she might say about letting down the family prestige.

"You don't mean she has been ringing up?"

"Several times daily, sir."

"Jeeves, flight is the only resource. Back to Paris, what?"

"I should not recommend the move, sir. The posters are, I understand, shortly to appear in that city also. Advertising the Bouillon Supreme. Mr. Slingsby's products command a large sale in France. The sight would be painful for you, sir."

"Then where?"

"If I might make a suggestion, sir, why not adhere to your original intention of cruising in Mrs. Travers' yacht in the Mediterranean? On the yacht you would be free from the annoyance of these advertising displays."

The man seemed to me to be driveling. "But the yacht started weeks ago. It may be anywhere by now."

"No, sir. The cruise was postponed for a month owing to the illness of Mrs. Travers' chef, Anatole, who contracted influenza. Mrs. Travers refused to sail without him."

"You mean they haven't started?"

"Not yet, sir. The yacht sails from Southampton on Tuesday next."

"Why, dash it, nothing could be sweeter."

"No, sir."

"Ring up Aunt Dahlia and tell her we'll be there."

"I ventured to take the liberty of doing that before you arrived, sir."

"You did?"

"Yes, sir. I thought it probable that the plan would appeal to you."

"It does! I've wished all along I was going on that cruise."

"I, too, sir. It should be extremely pleasant."

"The tang of the salt breezes, Jeeves!"

"Yes, sir."

"The moonlight on the water!"

"Precisely, sir."

"The gentle heaving of the waves!"

"Exactly, sir."

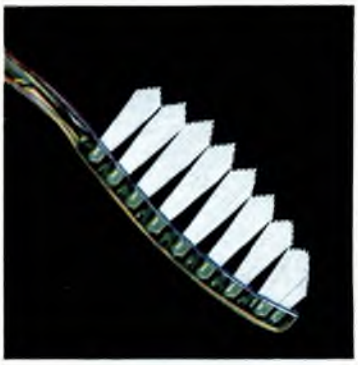
I felt absolutely in the pink. Gwladys—pah! The posters—bah! That was the way I looked at it.

"Yo-ho-ho, Jeeves!" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"In fact, I will go further. Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

"Very good, sir. I will bring it immediately."



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THERE is nothing difficult or complicated in having whiter, more attractive teeth. These plain, common sense facts may aid you.

You should choose a small, correctly shaped brush. Used twice daily, it should not be kept in use for more than 90 days. After that much honest service the cleaning and polishing qualities are impaired. A new brush each 90 days is the rule followed by dentists, for their own teeth.

Also, brush always *away* from the gums—toward the cutting edges; *never across* the crevices. This, too, is what dentists urge.

In DR. WEST'S famous toothbrush you have correct size and shape. It is smaller, by 20% to 50%, than awkward, old-type brushes still sold. Its correct, unusual shape (shown here) enables you to clean every surface and every crevice thoroughly—*and makes correct brushing easy.*

Your favorite store has new DR. WEST'S toothbrushes for each member of your family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; special gum massage, 75c ("professional" brush, 50c). For your protection each brush is sterilized, specially sealed, and fully guaranteed. Get some today to replace your present brushes. See what a difference they make—and *how quickly* it comes.

Your dealer will give you, FREE: *big 25c tube of* DR. WEST'S *tooth paste with purchase of the 50c* DR. WEST'S *toothbrush.*

. . . IT'S YOUR MOVE AND YOU CAN'T LOSE

IF YOU GIVE, OR GET, AN ELGIN FOR CHRISTMAS

Christmas came long before watches, but ever since the two have been on earth together...they've been together inseparably, it seems.

For somehow a watch is the perfect way of saying to those you love, all the things that bubble up inside you when the mellow Christmas season comes along. Perhaps it's because a watch carries your present sentiments long into the future, saying with every beat "may every hour I record be happy as this Christmas day of my presentation."

And this is the best Christmas in sixty years for choosing an Elgin. More styles. More new shapes and sizes. Prices in a closely ascending scale, from $14.85 to $650. New combinations of metals and enamel. New settings of precious gems. A new Elgin watch family . . . the largest in the world . . . but still backed by the old Elgin tradition of fine timekeeping, accurate, faithful service and an unconditional guarantee. A completely American watch for American needs. Your nearest jeweler will be happy to show them.

A...Louiseboulanger Parisienne model, $35.00. B . . . Elgin Avigo, Air Corps specification aviation dial, $23.00. C . . . Callot Parisienne diamond-set, $75.00. D . . . Elgin Legionnaire, $19.00. E . . . Clock and Fountain Pen Set, $37.50. F...Lord Elgin, 15-jewels, $50.00. G... New traveling clock. Choice of blue, beige or black leathers, tooled in gold, $25.00. H . . . 15-jewel movement, 14 karat white gold case, special silk cord attachment, $65.00. I . . . Combination cigarette lighter and accurate Elgin watch, 15-jewel movement, Sterling Silver, $65.00. J . . . 15-jewel movement, in 14 karat white gold filled case, $47.50. K...17-jewel movement, 6 adjustments...green and black enameled decoration on case, $65.00. L . . . Platinum top case, set with 42 selected diamonds, 17-jewel movement, $500.00.

ELGIN

Lincoln of the People *by Emil Ludwig* (*Continued from page 41*)

stands there, the center of approving glances.

He speaks in a vigorous but mellow baritone; his pronunciation is clear; he can suit the action to the word, and what he has to say comes trippingly from the tongue; he fetters his audience by his sophisticated fencing. He is artful and aggressive, blunt and straightforward, bold and self-possessed by turns, thus holding their attention like a coruscating firework—which is forgotten a minute after it has burned itself out.

Lincoln makes a bad entrance, after so sparkling an exit. Ungainly of aspect, he stands on the platform with everything hanging loose about him: clothes, arms and head. His feet are planted firmly, one next to the other; he stands free—no leaning against walls. He has no charm and when he folds his hands, perhaps twiddling his thumbs, you might think him a schoolmaster, beginning with harsh aloofness to cross-examine his pupils.

Lincoln, the Orator

Soon, however, he warms to his subject; his tones are more convincing; he lets himself go. He swings his left arm backward, props his right arm akimbo, makes gestures with his head rather than with his hands, but sometimes expresses his emphasis by pointing his theories into his hearers' heads with a long, bony forefinger.

When, at some great moment, he flings both hands upward to show joy, or when he clenches his fists in silent condemnation against slavery, the audience feels the power of these rare gestures. Ungainly though the orator may be, in such a moment he stands on the platform an imposing figure, and everyone feels that his emotion is genuine.

He begins by making far-reaching concessions to his adversaries. His righteous feeling, his Socratic logic, here on the political platform no less than in the law courts finds the strong points in his rival's case, and with manly consideration he does his best to expound them. This frankness inspires confidence. But he goes on, by degrees, to expose the fallacies of the opposing arguments, cutting these arguments open as if he were in the post-mortem room pitilessly laying bare all the weak spots.

Then, with crystalline sereneness, he proceeds to the offensive. Drawing his instances out of happenings in the daily lives of the farmers who form the majority of his audience, men among whom he has lived and worked, he proceeds from inference to inference in a clear and simple style. Now, as always, his aim is heartfelt, a moral aim; but the path thither is logical.

In debate, Lincoln is transfigured. When he has finished, Douglas, the wily gladiator, proceeds to falsify Lincoln's arguments, since he cannot disprove them; the applause of his friends encourages him to be personally abusive, and whereas Lincoln has poked genial fun at Douglas, Douglas tries to make Lincoln seem ridiculous.

The diplomatist proves a less successful debater than the lawyer; the man used to platform oratory is troubled by the local acoustics, but the farmer masters them. The short man influences the crowd, the long one influences isolated individuals; the former's influence is strong but evanescent, the latter's is slower and lasting.

"So that is what the big chiefs in Washington are like," think people when they hear Douglas. But when they see Lincoln, they say: "If once we could have a man like this in Washington!"

Douglas is successful now, and for a brief space; Lincoln is successful later, and in the long run.

Destiny stands behind Lincoln, driving him on into the slavery fight. Looking back on the pre-war period with a knowledge of the disastrous events that followed, we cannot but ask ourselves whether so fierce a controversy was essential, whether there was no possibility of such a compromise as the moderates of both parties desired.

The Illinois debates did not actually cause the war, but they had wide reverberations: they went further than the discussions of Congress; they arrested the attention of millions; they helped to intensify the conflict.

"I do not wish for a moment to imply that I am unselfish," Lincoln says in a debate; "I do not pretend that I am not eager to be elected Senator. Such hypocrisy is far from me. But I tell you that in this great struggle in which we are engaged, it matters no whit to the nation whether Judge Douglas or I should become Senator. For Douglas, as well as for me, that is a matter of no importance in comparison with the great problem on which the fate of the country now turns."

The immanent moral law which guides Lincoln's whole life, and which in the end will lead him to the cross, drives him forward in such a fashion that the nearer he comes to personal power, the more is he impelled to think only of the cause.

Douglas, too, feels that the forces of destiny are at work. He sends a message to his opponent: "Tell Lincoln I have crossed the river and have burned my boats."

An emotional note, very different from his usual elegant manner, and he probably believes what he says, for he declares more than once: "I do not care whether the vote goes for or against slavery. That is only a question of dollars and cents. The Almighty Himself has drawn across this continent a line on one side of which the earth must forever be tilled by slave labor, whereas on the other side of that line labor is free."

A Snare for Douglas

Lincoln shows that Douglas' doctrine of popular sovereignty necessarily will make slavery a national affair, will lead inevitably to the reopening of the African slave trade. "No one can forbid me to take my slave to Nebraska, just as I can take my horse thither. Why did our fathers make it a capital offense to import slaves from Africa? Why did they not make the catching of wild pigs a capital offense? Why is the slave dealer in the South a person regarded with such contempt that no one will shake hands with him; a person whose children are not allowed to play with the children of the southern gentry, although the children of the slaves may play freely enough with the children of the slave owners? Why have so many slaves been set free, unless from the promptings of conscience?

"If we once abandon the principle of our fathers, that all men are born free and equal, and if we declare that negroes are not the equals of whites, the next step will be to declare that not all the whites are equal . . . What will then become of the fundamental idea of our Constitution, that no one is entitled to issue orders to another unless that other be a consenting party? . . .

"Those who like to play the master will always tell you that really they have no taste for mastership, but are only thinking of the interests of the people who are better off when ruled. This argument of kings becomes none the more forcible because it is employed by the members of a higher race against the members of a lower."

The general concept of social equality always underlies these utterances. When Douglas rails against the northern bootmakers who are on strike for better wages, Lincoln rejoins: "God be thanked that we have a labor system in which people can go on strike!"

Rarely, in these debates, does Lincoln give his passion free rein. What especially moves him is not the curse imposed on those with black skins, but the curse from which those with white skins suffer because of the indolence of their hearts. That is why, in his inner self, he dislikes the ostensibly neutral Douglas more than he dislikes the slave owners, who stand up for their morals.

Once Lincoln sets a snare for Douglas. The question he puts contains the magic antithesis between the two rivals: "Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution?"

The questioner knows that Douglas' own measure of popular sovereignty, which declared that the people of a territory should be left to regulate their domestic concerns in their own way subject only to the Constitution, is incompatible with the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, to the effect that slaves, being property, under the Constitution cannot be excluded from a territory. Lincoln knows that if Douglas answers the question in the negative, his reelection as Senator for Illinois will become impossible. If Douglas says, "Yes," he will estrange the southern voters and will never become President.

For the moment, Douglas wriggles out of the dilemma adroitly enough. "It matters not what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may or may not go into a territory under the Constitution; the people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations."

Thousands of farmers and shopkeepers listening to these subtleties recognize only that a shrewd question has been answered shrewdly. They begin to shout from both sides, and the rival bands begin to play simultaneously, each trying to drown the other. Amid the clamor, no one seems to know the importance of that question. And yet Lincoln's clever trick becomes a matter of destiny when the lawyer develops into a statesman.

Two years later, matters were to turn out as he had foreseen. From the first, when Douglas' answer became known, the South turned against him, for it was the general demand of the slave owners that the Union should everywhere enforce the protection of slavery. In order to win his reelection as Senator, Douglas had forfeited his chance to be President.

Douglas had won the first round. He had inflicted a signal defeat on Lincoln, had returned as Senator to the capital, whereas the other went back to his

lawsuits in the small town: it seemed to be a case of "as you were."

Lincoln had encountered some terrible moments. In Petersburg, where he had been hooted for half an hour; in Ottawa, where some stalwart young fellows had carried him about triumphantly on their shoulders, with his long legs hanging down and his trousers rucked up to the knees; in another town, where he was decorated with garlands. He had to put up with these things, but he hated them.

A lady had teased him by dangling a black doll in front of him, but he had turned the laugh against her by inquiring tranquilly: "Ma'am, is that your baby?" But when, at an open-air meeting, a gentleman on horseback rode close to the platform and shouted, "Would you like to sleep in the same bed with a negro?" Lincoln did not deign to answer, but looked at the man with so great and silent a look that the latter turned about and rode off, followed by the booing of the auditors.

And, in truth, it was not a case of "as you were." A notable thing had happened. All America had got to know the name of Abraham Lincoln. While the Democrats took the chairmanship of the Foreign Committee from Douglas because of his ambiguous rôle, all the North spoke of "Abe the Giant Killer." There was even a new town in Illinois that took his name.

A stranger wrote to him:

> You are like Lord Byron, who awoke one day to find himself famous. You were nothing more than a fairly well-known Illinois lawyer; then, of a sudden, you have a national reputation.

The upshot of it all was that his Illinois supporters began to think, not only that he could be useful to the party, but also that he must be a great man.

What was Lincoln's own view?

On a summer's eve during the debates Lincoln was waiting with Villard at a station. A thunderstorm came up and the two fled into an empty freight car and squatted down in the dark. In these primitive surroundings, without light, without chairs, Lincoln's thoughts roamed back for twenty years and more, and compared today with yesterday.

Soliloquizing, he said that when he had been a country store clerk at New Salem his highest ambition had been to get into the state legislature. "Since then," he went on, laughing, "of course I have grown some. But as to running for Senator, 'my friends got me into it . . .

"Now, to be sure, I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but in spite of it all, I am saying to myself every day: 'It is too big a thing for you; you will never get it.' Mary insists, however, that I am going to be Senator and President of the United States too!"

As he squatted there on the floor, hugging his knees, he shook with laughter at the thought, and said:

"Just think of such a sucker as me being President."

The results of the debates for Lincoln were that he returned home about twenty pounds heavier and several thousand dollars poorer. His income from the law business had fallen off with only his partner Herndon to look after it, while his expenses had been heavy; and although he might now expect to restore the balance, for the moment he was short of money for current expenses.

Still, he was not seriously embarrassed. He had been granted a piece of land by the state in return for his military services of old days and had inherited another piece of land; these two plots, together with the house in Springfield and various moneys owed him, represented a value of somewhere near twenty thousand dollars. In good years his law practice brought him more than three thousand dollars.

Mary's demands were considerable. She thought this a suitable occasion to buy a new carriage, and Lincoln paid the bill without a word. She knew how to live up to his growing reputation, how to smile at the right moment, how to make the prevailing crinoline fashion advantageous to her stoutness; but she made enemies by her overbearing manners . . .

In common with the whole nation, Lincoln feels that the struggle is not yet over. Not even the speech-making contest. For soon both rivals are on stump again in the West, and everywhere it is the defeated Lincoln who (to his great annoyance!) is welcomed by the braying of bands.

In his speeches, now, he tears Douglas' theories to tatters: "What, at bottom, is this popular sovereignty? . . . It implies the assertion that when one man makes a slave of another, no third party may interfere . . . Another's enslavement seems a little matter to Senator Douglas. He is the only man in the nation who has never said whether he regards slavery as just or unjust."

John Brown's Raid

He is full of doubt as to where events are going, and as to what he should do. He is anxious, disquieted. And something happens which cannot fail to increase his discomfiture.

John Brown, a well-to-do farmer, a fanatical abolitionist, an idealist and a militant, again appears on the scene. Three years before, he had played a conspicuous part in several adventures in Kansas; in his most daring adventure the Southerners had killed his son, on whose head they had set a price.

Brown is now a lean, handsome old fellow, with the aquiline nose of an aristocrat, and the beard and flowing locks of a frontiersman; a passionate lover of freedom, inspired with a religious maniac's conviction of God's approval and God's help.

With a guerrilla force of only eighteen men, five of whom are negroes, he captures a United States arsenal, intending to make this the base for starting a slave revolt in the South. This naive raid fails; he is captured, tried, sentenced and hanged.

Within a few weeks he becomes the martyr of the northern abolitionists. And while Douglas is able to make much of the disastrous consequences of this agitation, Lincoln is not slow to grasp how much damage Brown has done.

Ere long he has a chance of saying this in public. The year of the Presidential election has come round once more; it is February, 1860, and the nominations are to take place in May. Not for decades has there been such universal excitement, for everyone knows that the integrity of the Union is involved in these elections.

Issues and moods being thus uncertain, people in the eastern states wish to see this eccentric Westerner, Lincoln, for themselves. His avowed intention to speak in Brooklyn has aroused so much interest that he is asked to deliver a speech at Cooper Institute in New York.

From the start Lincoln is somewhat embarrassed at having to face these shrewd and superior persons, whose moral cloak (he feels) is padded with cotton. Such unsympathetic feelings are, to begin with, reciprocal. The audience notes with disapproval the old-fashioned cut of the speaker's clothes, while he finds his thoughts continually wandering from his topic to dwell upon the contrast between the elegant attire of his auditors and his own ill-fitting coat.

There follow extracts from the reports of two eyewitnesses:

> His head was propped on a long, lean stalk, and not until he opened his hands in a gesture did I realize how huge they were. He began in a deep voice, like one accustomed to open-air speaking and afraid of talking too loud: said, "Mr. Chairman," and used other antiquated expressions. I said to myself: "Old fellow, you won't do; it's all very well for the Wild West, but this will never go down in New York" . . .
>
> In all respects he looked like one of those simple folk with whom he was glad to be numbered. There was nothing imposing about his appearance; his clothes hung loosely on his giant frame; his features were dusky, pale, colorless, roughly chiseled, bearing the signs of privation; and his deep-set eyes were full of care . . .
>
> But as he developed his theme, his face was lit up by inner fires . . . His voice rang out. His oratory was terse; he had, in great measure, the extreme simplicity of the Bible . . .
>
> There was such profound silence while he was speaking, that in the pauses one could hear the hissing of the gas jets. But at the climaxes, there were terrifying thunders of applause. When he wound up, I leapt to my feet and yelled like a mad Indian. So did the others. An amazing fellow!

Thus one evening suffices to win for Lincoln in the East the reputation of a great orator. Other states invite him to speak. A professor delivers a lecture on his Cooper Institute speech. The widening of his fame reacts not only on Illinois but also on himself. For the first time he has contemplated directly what is known as the "great world"; has appraised himself by its standard; has come to recognize the power of its external, the weakness of its internal qualities, and yet in the end the strength of the profounder elements of this noisy world of business.

On his way home he finds his own name in the papers as among the possible Republican candidates for the Presidency. Only a few weeks before, in a list of thirty-four political notables, there had been no mention of Abraham Lincoln. Six months earlier, in a letter expressing a doubt as to whether Chase was the most suitable candidate for the Presidency, he added: "I must say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency." But these six months had taught him much.

Lincoln's Rivals

Now Lincoln suddenly recognizes more enemies within his party than without. The power of the Republicans is growing so rapidly, their program is so well designed to catch the popular imagination, that one who secures the Republican nomination is practically certain of the Presidency, and for that reason many are against Lincoln's nomination.

His rivals are stronger and more influential men, and Herndon writes:

> He had no money with which to maintain a political bureau, and he lacked any kind of personal organization whatever. Seward had all these things, and, behind them all, a brilliant record in the United States Senate with which to dazzle his followers.

Portrait painted for The Hoover Co. by Ralph Fisher Skelton

Am I the Woman of a Year Ago?

I WONDER if you remember me—you husbands to whom I said last Christmas the things I could not say to my husband? ¶ I was the woman whose husband gave her each Christmas some pretty trinket. The woman whose youth was slipping from her too fast. The woman whose cleaning burdens were too heavy. The woman who wanted, but could not ask for, a Hoover. ¶ I'm not the woman of a year ago. ¶ In one short year I have discovered that youth need not go so swiftly—that cleaning duties need not be burdensome. ¶ *For last Christmas my husband did give me a Hoover!*

"GIVE HER A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST"

It seemed natural to expect that Chase, governor of Ohio, or Seward, governor of New York, would be preferred to Abraham Lincoln. Their records in the antislavery campaign were as long and as honorable as his, and Chase had been even more radical; both were Senators, famous lawyers and men with wide political experience in Washington and elsewhere. Seward, in particular, by his culture was superior to the poor provincial, who had only once been at Congress, and then without attracting any attention. Had he not been in the bad books of Greeley, the influential newspaper man of the East, Seward would have been nominated.

By chance, the Republican State Convention of Illinois is held at Decatur, the town into which Lincoln had driven so many years before with an ox team. And here Lincoln receives the name and the symbol that is to help him so much later—Lincoln the "Rail Splitter."

The crowd is fascinated by two old fence rails exhibited by Lincoln's cousin, John Hanks. The man who had split three thousand rails becomes more to them than the man who won an oratorical victory over Douglas.

Lincoln stands there with mixed feelings. His father, who had never been much good, is now described as a famous pioneer; and he himself, who had swung an ax only for the sake of the half-dollar a day he earned by it, is now to be repaid far more richly for his labors after the lapse of a generation!

Does he smile or chuckle to himself? Does he understand how important the old fence rails will be tomorrow? "I suppose I must say something about this. That was a long time ago. It is possible I may have split these rails, but I cannot identify them . . . I can only say that I have split a great many better-looking ones!"

In May, when the National Republican Convention opens in Chicago in a newly built frame hall which had been christened the "Wigwam," forty thousand strangers flock to the youthful city for the great occasion; brass bands and supporters turn up in exceptional force. The general belief is that at this first Republican Convention in the grand style Seward will be nominated. Two thousand of his supporters have come from New York.

Of course Lincoln's friends are busy too: Herndon and Logan; Davis and Swett, and other judges and lawyers who had been old-time associates of his on circuit; the Chicago Tribune espouses his cause. He is also favored by the circumstance that the supporters of other possible nominees are prepared to concentrate on the new man rather than on Seward.

They also manage to prevent Lincoln from being nominated for Vice President, which he at once refuses. At the eleventh hour, he imperils his prospects by his honesty; he sends a note stating that no binding engagements are to be made on his behalf, thus preventing his intimates from buying support by the customary promises of office.

While this goes on, Lincoln remains at home in Springfield, as excited as Carmen outside the bull ring, and hears the shouts of the masses by the telegrams of his friends which he goes to fetch from the telegraph office. He tries to compose his nerves by reading Burns; tries to pitch horseshoes.

In the end, he is taken by surprise when a messenger boy hands him a telegram, with the exclamation: "Mr. Lincoln, you have been nominated!" Shouts from the bystanders!

Lincoln stands silent for some minutes, and then says: "I reckon there's

a little short woman down at our house that would like to hear the news."

Probably the moment of this return home is the happiest in all their married life.

A poet is the first to understand what is happening here; Bryant writes: "A poor flatboat man—such are the true leaders of the Nation!" He finds himself alone in this opinion, for in general the Republican leaders are far from happy. One of them writes:

> I remember that when I first read the news on a bulletin board as I came down the street in Philadelphia I experienced a moment of intense physical pain; it was as though someone had dealt me a heavy blow over the head; then my strength failed me. I believed our cause was doomed.

In the eastern states it is said that Seward has been sacrificed; that he is the real chief of the young party. He is even advised to ignore the decision of the Chicago Convention. But Seward, being a gentleman, is prompt to congratulate his rival, and when the New Yorkers find no one to write an article on Lincoln, he writes the first. though it is a rather cool estimate.

The tone of the Democratic papers is savagely derisive. He is "a third-rate country lawyer." He is "a nullity." He is "in the habit of making coarse and clumsy jokes." He cannot "speak good grammar." He is not a gentleman: is accustomed to sit in his shirt sleeves; tilts his chair. He can split rails, that is all he is fit for. As for his looks, he resembles a gorilla.

The results of the nomination are ominous. For years the Southerners have been vociferating that the Union will break up if a Black Republican is elected President. Now, when there has been a nomination far more offensive to the South than the nomination of Seward would have been, the question of slavery passes suddenly into the background, and the whole nation is inquiring whether Lincoln's election will not involve the break-up of the Union.

The change is such as occurs when a man, who in the course of his career often has had to decide whether to turn to the right or to the left, is suddenly overtaken by grave illness, so that the only question with him is: "Shall I be alive next week?"

Never since the foundation of the United States has the hatred of the South for the North flamed so fiercely. Only the South hates, and that is because the northern condemnation of the "peculiar institution" of the South is a moral one. Those who feel that others regard them with moral contempt, react with passion rather than with argument.

"Free society?" writes a southern newspaper. "We loathe it! It consists of greasy mechanics, unwashed laborers, hard-fisted farmers and crack-brained theorists! Nowhere in the North is there any kind of society in which a gentleman of breeding can suitably mix. The people one meets in the North, especially in New England, are mostly working men trying to cut a shine, and small farmers, persons who would not be fit associates for a southern gentleman's valet!"

While this fresh campaign is in progress, certain army officers in the border fortresses announce: "If this fellow is elected, we throw up our commissions and withdraw to the South." Northern business men take alarm. Trade is bad; southern debtors will not pay their northern creditors; the stock market

becomes jumpy; money is tight; the financial situation "borders on panic."

Everywhere there are meetings in favor of maintaining the Union, advocating compromise. In Boston, an anti-slavery gathering is broken up by an angry mob. Ere long, however, the Northerners begin to realize that the prospect of Lincoln's election as President is, for the South, a mere pretext! They do not want compromise; they no longer desire union with the North; they wish to set up a separate confederation.

No one is more alarmed than Lincoln.

Meanwhile there is a split among the Democrats, as Lincoln, with the eye of the statesman, had foreseen two years before. If Lincoln is the "rail splitter," Douglas may well be called the "party splitter." He wabbles between North and South, and ruins his chances. The South repudiates him.

Soon there are three candidates in the field in opposition to Lincoln, but they are more concerned in fighting one another than in fighting him. This split had been prepared by Douglas and forced into existence by Lincoln, so he himself can be said to have calculated and decided his election.

Threats of Assassination

During this electoral campaign, Lincoln has to change his habits a little, and yet he remains the same. In the morning when he is seen leaving the post office laden with the heavy mail (for he never thinks of sending for it), anybody can walk up to him and accompany him to the Capitol, where the door of his room is open all the morning, although threats of assassination already have been uttered.

He has, however, now taken a secretary, Nicolay, of German origin, serious-minded, diligent, taciturn; a student, who has been studying under him. Later, Nicolay is assisted by Hay, a law student with a poetical disposition, humorous and musically inclined.

All who now flock to Springfield in search of information or advice, or hoping for the promise of a place, are received with equal friendliness—and with equal reserve. And Lincoln tries to answer personally as many as possible of the thousands of letters he receives.

One of the strangest of these letters comes from a little girl, who seems to have made an inquiry about Lincoln's family and to have told him he ought to grow a beard. Here is the reply:

Springfield, Illinois,
October 19, 1860.

My dear little Miss, your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons—one seventeen, one nine, and one seven. They with their mother constitute my whole family. As to the whiskers, since I have never worn any, do you not think that people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I should begin wearing them now?

I am your true friend and sincere well-wisher,

A. Lincoln

In actual fact, however, almost immediately after this he begins to grow a beard. This may have been an old topic of discussion between Lincoln and his wife, for we can hardly suppose that he would do this without her consent.

However this may be, during the next weeks the good citizens of Springfield watch black bristles sprouting on the familiar countenance—familiar and unforgettable in its wrinkled and bony nakedness, whereas the beard and whiskers give his visage a softer and more yielding aspect, deprive the broad mouth of some of its defiance, hide the pointed chin and the scraggy neck and the prominent Adam's apple. Thus it comes to pass that Lincoln's unique portrait is left to posterity considerably softened.

At length in November comes Election Day. According to all the indications, Lincoln's election is practically certain, so that at Springfield and throughout Illinois interest mainly turns on the question of how big the majority is going to be. Just as had happened twenty-five years before in New Salem, so now in Springfield even the Democrats cheer in favor of their beloved townsman.

That was what Lincoln wanted, what he had underlined in his autobiographical sketch. Nothing could have been more gratifying to him, whose fundamental honesty and straightforwardness made him rejoice in the affectionate approval of those among whom he lived; just as nothing was more painful to him at this time than the unanimous hostility of the clergy of Springfield.

In the election, Lincoln receives nearly 1,900,000 votes, and Douglas 1,375,157. The other two candidates secure between them another million votes, so that actually Lincoln is elected by a northern minority. Out of 303 electoral votes, Lincoln receives 180. In fifteen states of the Union, he gets no electoral votes; and in ten states not a single popular vote. But for the first time in the history of the Union, the North uses its numerical strength to vote down the South. This is menacing, but it is also symbolical, for it shows what will be the outcome of a civil war, should war come.

Will it come? That is the question which this serious man is now turning over in his mind day and night; suffocating the hilarity which helps him to live, tormenting him also when jubilant crowds are filing past his house.

There are thousands upon thousands coming to pay homage to him! Has he, then, won a great battle? Has he saved the country, or unified it? Whither is destiny, in which he believes, now leading him? What struggles are awaiting him in that uncongenial capital where people love the South?

He knows his own strength, and he knows his own limitations, for he contemplates himself dispassionately: Is he strong enough to withstand that Douglas atmosphere which can outweary the strongest? Will the North support him when so many Northerners are in favor of compromise? Or will they want him to resign? Can he effectively represent a cause which has, indeed, been espoused by the majority of the nation, when the minority is so hopelessly refractory that the Union made by their fathers is about to be broken?

Thus must he ponder moodily, as from his wooden balcony he watches the interminable processions, listens to the braying of the bands and to the triumphant choruses of the campaign songs, while Mary stands beside him, graciously acknowledging the acclamations of the crowd. She, at any rate, is happy, and so are the children pressing close to her side, and the masses below, thoughtlessly cheering anyone elected.

Abraham Lincoln alone has a heavy heart, thinking that he, who as a boy in a log cabin long ago with a glowing heart had read by the firelight from a tattered book the story of George Washington—was now to be his fifteenth successor.

Not yet, indeed! Four months have still to pass before he can take up the reins of office, and the interval is perhaps the most trying period in his life. In peaceful times, a man who has been nominated for the Presidency can devote the many months that elapse before he begins to wield power to the study of personalities and conditions, to marking out a line of action. It is like the epoch of a betrothal, during which he revolves in an orbit round the Presidency as a pledged lover circles at a distance round his fiancée, pending the consummation of marriage.

For Lincoln, however, there is vouchsafed no such forecast of perfect happiness. He is listening, in imagination, not to the strains of the "Wedding March," but to the threatening pulses of martial music. Evil tidings become terrible facts. There is firing on all sides of the President elect.

On the day after the poll, the Charleston Mercury publishes the information of Lincoln's election under the caption, "Foreign News." The governor of South Carolina officially advocates the purchase of arms and munitions, and in private enters into arrangements with the governors of the other southern states, which for the last four years had been resolved to break away from the Union should a Republican be elected President.

Four days after the election the United States Senators from South Carolina resign. A week later the South Carolina journals issue extras, announcing in gigantic headlines the dissolution of the Union. This, which raises a hubbub in the streets, is premature; but only five weeks afterwards the South Carolina legislature passes an ordinance of secession and begins to organize an independent government.

The North, meanwhile, is clamoring for compromise. Some of the points in the Republican program must be withdrawn; the trouble, say these weak-kneed Northerners, is not due to the recalcitrancy of the southern states, but to the excesses of the radicals. Above all, Lincoln is to blame!

He receives sackfuls of scurrilous letters, in which he is abused as a negro, mulatto, buffoon; in which he is threatened with caning, burning, shooting and hanging. For his part, he is looking neither to the North nor to the South, but towards Washington.

Everything there depends on the conduct of the retiring President: if he remains true to his oath to safeguard and maintain the Union, if he counteracts every attempt at treason, if he strongly upholds the rights of the Union and is prepared to use all the force at his disposal against any state that tries to disintegrate the Union, then attempts at secession will be unavailing.

President Buchanan

Buchanan is a venerable-looking old man, with white hair, but somewhat shifty eyes. He always wears a white necktie, which gives him a somewhat clerical aspect. In truth, he is cold and obstinate, cautious and none the less unstable. Those who extol him as eminently practical do him too much honor, for his cleverness lacks grip, and he is timid in his shrewdness.

Apart from his character and his record, it is natural enough that an old man approaching the end of his term of power should be loath to imperil his reputation, his peace of mind and perhaps his life. Let the tall lawyer from Illinois deal with these thorny matters when the time comes!

Buchanan, elected partly by the South, had, by his election, become chief of the whole Union. Typically enough, therefore, he adopts a middle course, and his main desire is that the crisis shall be held in suspense for another twelve

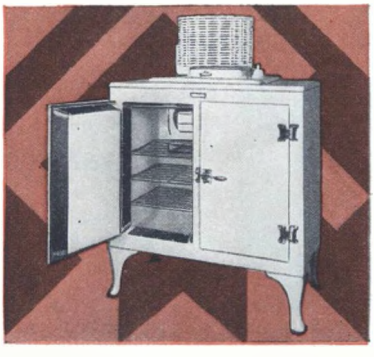
It's always summer-time in your kitchen

Do you sit back and sigh with relief—now that summer is over? Do you think that your children's food is no longer open to the hot-weather dangers of contamination?

It's *always* summer-time in your kitchen. And the dangers of food contamination are present—as long as it is possible for the temperature in your refrigerator to rise above fifty degrees.

Physicians agree that 50 degrees is the danger point in food preservation. Above that temperature, bacteria multiply alarmingly. Moisture, too, helps them thrive. But the constant dry cold of the General Electric Refrigerator checks their growth effectively.

Faithfully, quietly, automatically—every hour of the day and night—the General Electric gives you the perfect refrigeration that safeguards health. It makes plenty of ice cubes, operates without ever needing to be oiled, creates no radio interference. It has an accessible freezing regulator.



Important, too, is the fact that it is the *only* refrigerator which has an all-steel cabinet. It cannot warp . . . its doors cannot sag. It is the perfect cabinet for the safe and simple mechanism which is placed on top in an hermetically sealed steel casing. For details write Section E-12, Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Co., Hanna Building, Cleveland, O.

An Amazing Record

There are more than 350,000 General Electric Refrigerators in use and no owner has ever spent a single dollar for repairs or service. Consider this record when buying a refrigerator.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

weeks, until he can retire to his Pennsylvania home, and there play the part of dispassionate spectator.

Therefore, in a message to Congress, he declares that while a state has no legal right to secede the Federal Government has no power forcibly to prevent secession. It need hardly be said that this message is an encouragement to the South to secede, and that its effect in Europe promotes a conviction that there is no possibility of maintaining the Union.

All the while Lincoln is living quietly in his little house in Springfield, far from the great happenings for which he is so soon to be responsible; listening, pondering, ceaselessly questioning his brain and his conscience.

Should he resign? He is publicly advised to do so. Will anything be gained thereby? Only with a surrender. Ought he to surrender? Never! In this matter the new President is unyielding from the first and will remain unyielding to the last.

"We are told in advance the government shall be broken up unless we surrender to those we have beaten, before we take the offices. In this they are either attempting to play upon us or they are in dead earnest. Either way, if we surrender, it is the end of us. and of the government. They will repeat the experiment upon us *ad libitum*. A year will not pass till we shall have to take Cuba as a condition upon which they will stay in the Union."

Now, week by week, he grows more anxious. His appetite fails; he becomes thinner than ever. His friends declare that his melancholy visage is a danger.

He is on the watch for signs and portents, for between the field of the country lad and the field of the philosopher stands the huge and ancient tree of superstition, casting its shade on either side. Here is a happening recorded by a friend in Lincoln's own words:

Once, after a tumultuous and tiring day, he throws himself down on his old sofa at home. "Opposite where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it, and, looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other.

"I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say, five shades—than the other. I got up, and the thing melted away, and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as if something uncomfortable had happened.

"When I went home again that night I told my wife about it, and a few days afterwards I made the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was somewhat worried about it. She thought it was a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."

Must this not alarm him? How often, during these weeks, he must have asked himself whether he should not retire for the sake of peace, leave the way open for a fresh election, to assuage the intensity of popular passion under new conditions, to prevent the outbreak of civil war by the disappearance of his personality! If he did not give way to such promptings, his decision to persist must have been dictated by positive considerations.

But now he is startled by a sign. Though he tries to explain what happens, though he speaks with the utmost precision of "three inches" and "five shades," though he forgets "nearly but not quite," though he looks for the manifestation again, finds it, and then fails to find it, there remains a disquietude which he cannot banish from his heart.

But Mary faces up sturdily to the uncanny phenomenon. Her vitality is such that she refuses to accept it as a warning of anything that will cost her the goal of her ambition; and yet her infallible instinct, which long before had made her anticipate Lincoln's career, now discloses to her alone Lincoln's end.

Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor is held by Major Anderson for the Union and is, by December, in an extremely difficult situation. From Washington he had been receiving orders and counter-orders to deliver up guns, when he was requiring reinforcements, and at last had retired by his own decision to the strongest position, Fort Sumter, convinced that the authorities were playing double.

There is an uproar alike in the North and in the South; and early in January the President yields to popular clamor, sending a vessel, the Star of the West, to Anderson with supplies. The ship is fired on by the South Carolinians as she enters the harbor, and has to withdraw. This is, in reality, the opening of the war.

In Charleston, there are exultant demonstrations, in which people trample on

the banner of the Union. During this same month of January, five additional states secede: Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Mississippi. Like South Carolina, they all proceed to make ready for war.

In Washington, Black and Cass resign, wishing to have no further responsibility. Cobb, now that the treasury is empty, also resigns, saying openly that it will be his business henceforward to work for the Confederate Government. President Buchanan, hoping to check the progress of national disaster, orders a general Fast Day!

When at Washington on this occasion General Scott wants to hold a review of the troops, Buchanan forbids this at first, and then allows it. By turns, the President commissions officers to the forts and issues counter-orders when they arrive. It is common talk in the White House that documents are being stolen from the archives.

Panic is widespread in the North; there is a general desire for peace. Should business be ruined, should well-being be undermined, for the sake of a few thousand slaves? For an idea? Leading Northerners write to the South proposing an accommodation; and similar attempts are made in Congress.

For news of his own country Lincoln is dependent on smuggled letters and secret messages; he is an imprisoned king. When a captain in the Charleston fort writes secretly to a brother in New York, the President elect, in Springfield, is glad to get a glimpse of the letter, and it is good luck for him that old General Scott, considering himself snubbed by the old President, applies indirectly to the coming one and receives the indirect answer: 'I shall be obliged to him to be as well prepared as he can to either hold or retake the fort, as the case may require, at and after the inauguration."

Thus cautiously the elected of the nation negotiates with a defender of the Union, as if both were spies! Trumbull, in Washington, is nearer to Lincoln, and many letters are exchanged between them. On Christmas Eve, Lincoln writes:

> Dispatches have come here two days in succession that the forts in South Carolina will be surrendered by the order or consent, at least, of the President. I can scarcely believe this; but if it prove true, I will, if our friends at Washington concur, announce publicly at once that they are to be retaken after the inauguration. This will give the Union men a rallying cry, and preparation will proceed somewhat on their side, as well as on the other.

In the beginning of February the representatives of nine southern states assemble at Montgomery, Alabama, and found the Confederate States, with a constitution similar to that of the Union. Jefferson Davis, Senator from Mississippi, becomes president.

"You are President elect. I congratulate you and thank God. The great object of my wishes and labors for nineteen years is accomplished in the overthrow of the slave power. The space is now clear for the establishment of the policy of freedom on safe and firm grounds. The lead is yours. The responsibility is great. May God strengthen you for great duties."

This is among the first congratulations received by Lincoln after his election; it comes from his rival Chase. When Lincoln forms his Cabinet, his main desire is to include Chase and Seward, though both are accounted extremists. Seward takes three weeks to consider and becomes Foreign Secretary; Chase, after three months' deliberation, becomes Secretary of State.

There is a chaffering about the other ministerial offices which Lincoln finds extremely distasteful. He tells a friend: "If I could choose a Cabinet from among the lawyers I traveled with on the Eighth Circuit, I would be able to prevent a war." "But those lawyers are all Democrats," the friend objects. "I would rather have Democrats I know than Republicans I don't know," observes Lincoln.

Before removing to the turmoil of Babel, Lincoln is drawn to the quiet places of his youth. He rides about in that old country, meets the surviving members of the Hanks and Johnston families, orders the neglected grave of his father to be cared for. They laugh when they see him, recalling his funny stories; the graybeards remember the stalwart young fellow who once drove the oxen wagon.

Only his good stepmother is silent, and at parting seems to have warned him of his enemies, as does old Hannah Armstrong. He reassures the latter with a jest: "Hannah, if they do kill me I shall never die again."

Mary is full of cheerful anticipations, speaks continually of "our promotion," and enjoys the present of a new tall hat for her husband. She has made a shopping expedition to New York, traveling by special train, accompanied by her sister and bubbling over with delight.

She gives a great reception, "dressed plainly, but richly, wearing a beautiful full trail, white *moire antique*, with a small French-lace collar. Her neck was ornamented with a string of pearls. Her headdress was a simple one, a delicate

vine arranged with good taste . . . She is a lady of fine figure and attractive manner, and is well calculated to grace and do honor at the White House."

In the afternoon before the departure, Lincoln comes down to his law office to examine some papers. Then he throws himself on the sofa, and there is silence for a time.

"Billy, how long have we been together?"

"Over sixteen years."

"We've never had a cross word during all that time, have we?"

"No, indeed we have not."

Lincoln then recalls some incidents of his early practice, gathers up a bundle of books and papers and starts to leave, but pauses at the signboard which swings on its rusty hinges.

"Billy, let it hang there undisturbed. Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live, I'm coming back sometime, and then we'll go right on practicing law as if nothing had ever happened."

As the two men go home together he says: "I am sick of office-holding already, and I shudder when I think of the tasks that are still ahead." That evening, at the hotel office, Lincoln himself writes the labels for his trunks: "A. Lincoln, White House, Washington, D. C." Then he ropes the trunks with his own hands.

His Farewell to Springfield

It is a cold morning in the middle of February. At the little station there are a hundred people to bid him farewell. In the car are his old friends Judd and Davis, the new secretaries Nicolay and Hay, two governors, some army officers, his brother-in-law Todd; but one of the travelers is a man with a cheerful countenance, and fine teeth. Hill Lamon, whom Lincoln has summoned to come with him; the David who is to cheer up the melancholy Saul.

Mary is on the platform; she will follow some days later. She will join him later and show tact and courage throughout the journey.

There he stands with his curious stovepipe; he steps onto the platform of his car and finds a few words:

"My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a youth to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried.

"I now leave, not knowing when or whether I may ever return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail.

"Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all may yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

The sadness of his words and look, his word about the grave and the timid "yet" of hope have deeply moved the auditors. No one feels hopeful as the train vanishes in the morning mist.

He spends ten days on this journey through the northern states, for everywhere people wish to see him and to listen to him. A good many are disappointed, for his prevailing mood is one of depression, but sometimes he amazes adversaries whom curiosity has brought to his meetings.

On the whole, he is pale and sad throughout this journey, and only cheers up when Hill Lamon plays the banjo and sings coon songs to him. He feels, as many others doubtless feel, that torchlight processions and serenades are out of keeping with the conditions of the time. Moreover, he has to be extremely careful in what he says; and sometimes, after preparing a speech, he has to modify it at the last moment because of telegraphic news from Alabama, where the Southerners are holding a congress.

Before reaching Baltimore he is warned by a detective that there is a plot to assassinate him there. He will not believe it at first and wants to continue his route, but when soon after this Seward's son brings a warning from his father, he makes up his mind to change his plans.

Some of his friends consider that it will make a bad impression. Lincoln, however, is too shrewd, is too much the countryman, to risk his life needlessly for the sake of a public reception, the hundredth during these weeks. Had there been a battle imminent in Baltimore; had it been that the coming of the President was essential for the encouragement of the troops in such a battle!

But he will not, simply to make a parade of courage, put himself in the power of a group of cowardly conspirators. Leaving the last reception at Harrisburg by a side door, in a soft hat, and ignoring the special train that is waiting to take him to Baltimore, he drives to the station and boards the ordinary train, which has been detained to receive "an important parcel for Washington."

Lincoln has only one companion on this journey. His wife, his sons and all the other members of the party travel by the special train. Only one man follows him on this last adventurous part of his journey: Hill Lamon.

In February, it is still dark at six o'clock; the streets are lost in dusk, for the lanterns are out. Only two persons know who is arriving: Seward and Washburn, who come to meet him.

Now the four drive to a hotel. The town is still asleep, though some of the conspirators may have been in Washington eagerly awaiting news of a successful coup in Baltimore.

None of them knows that the man of whom they had hoped to rid themselves is already driving through the lonely streets. Should any of the southern cavaliers pass the carriage on their way home from a late party, they may suppose the travelers to be business men come to Washington on the chance of a munitions contract—or are they spies?

Unrecognized, a stranger, Abraham Lincoln drives through his capital, to become the successor of Washington.

The Inauguration

The fourth of March dawns. Even yesterday in the capital people were still betting against Lincoln's chances. But now at noon, old Buchanan drives up to Lincoln's hotel in an open carriage: clerical of aspect, as usual, with his white necktie; a face much wrinkled, his head twisting to the left, for he has a wry neck; a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat and swallow-tailed coat. They drive off together.

For the first time the streets leading to the Capitol are occupied by troops. Now the stately procession emerges from the entrance of the Senate. The terraces are not as full as they might have been, for a good many people have been kept away by dread of bullets, but there is none the less a brilliant assembly. All eyes are centered on the tallest man in the advancing company, who, carrying hat and stick, walks slowly through the corridor to the platform in front of the east portico in full view of the multitude of spectators.

There he stands, burdened with things which his fashionable wife must have forced upon him, elegantly attired, lest he should look like a backwoodsman. For the first time he is to speak to the nation as a whole, but he is embarrassed by this fine new stick with a gold knob and the terribly shiny top hat. What is he to do? Dreadful moments.

But Fate has sent him his long-time enemy, who, as if in irony, is watching his plight close at hand. Douglas of the serpentine wiles, who can wriggle out of a difficult situation so promptly, and is therefore prompt to help here. Douglas as a rescuer; Douglas as a valet; Douglas who stretches out his short arm to take the shiny hat and hold it for half an hour like a footman till all is over and the new President can take it from the Senator with a friendly nod.

Lincoln has begun by saying that his party never has made any attempt to interfere with the institution of slavery in states where it exists. "I take the official oath today with no mental reservations and with no purpose to construe the constitutions or laws by any hypocritical rule."

During the seventy-two years that had elapsed since the first inauguration of a President under the national Constitution, fifteen different citizens had, in succession, governed her, and generally with success. "Yet, with all this scope of precedent, I now enter upon the same task . . . under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted . . .

"The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere . . . That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no words to them."

There has been applause here and there at notable passages; Buchanan has listened attentively, and so has Douglas, who, the instant the speaker has finished, jumps up, shakes hands with him and expresses cordial approval. But here comes the clerk with the Bible. All rise to their feet, and Buchanan, the retiring President, with his crooked head takes his stand beside Lincoln.

A very aged man presides over the ceremony, pushing his mummylike shape in the black robe to the front: Taney the Chief Justice, who had been responsible for the famous Dred Scott decision. No less patriotic a man, his features betray the emotion he feels when administering the oath in virtue of which his adversary rises to supreme power.

Lincoln, after glancing respectfully at Taney, lays his hand on the Bible and slowly pronounces the oath: "I, Abraham Lincoln, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Now the company disperses, the outgoing President and the newly inaugurated one walking away arm in arm.

Now the carriage drives off to the White House. Mary is radiant. This

TEN MILLION PEOPLE HAVE "ATHLETE'S FOOT"!

WHO'LL KILL TINEA TRICHOPHYTON?

"I" SAYS ABSORBINE JR.

FRIENDS, Absorbine Jr. has news for you. I who have stood by you through many an ache and sprain; I who have soothed your sunburn and bruises, eased your sore muscles and loosened your stiffened necks; I, Absorbine Jr., take up a new crusade in your behalf.

Beware of this tiny monster

A tiny parasite with a big name is on a rampage. Dermatologists call him tinea trichophyton, the parasite that causes a form of ringworm or "athlete's foot".

According to a great skin specialist, 10,000,000 men and women are already infected by this upstart parasite. A bulletin of the United States Public Health Service declares that half the adult population now has it or has had it at some time.

Tinea trichophyton lurks in golf shower rooms, gymnasiums, on the wet tiles about swimming pools, on the floor of locker rooms, hotel rooms, and bathing establishments, waiting for the unwary foot. Then it is carried home to breed on carpets and bath mats, to infect the feet of other members of the family. It's getting so a man can't shoot a quiet game of golf without running afoul of this tiny monster.

This outrage must stop.

So I, Absorbine Jr., have declared war on tinea trichophyton.

In a private combat in a laboratory, dermatologists watched while I slew millions of these ringworm parasites. What I did in the laboratory, I am prepared to do for you.

Look for tinea trichophyton tonight

No one is immune from the attacks of tinea trichophyton. It is possible to be infected for weeks without even knowing it.

The first symptoms of "athlete's foot" usually appear between the toes. Look for these symptoms: if the skin is moist or peeling, cracked or inflamed, or if there are small blisters and itching, or white thickened skin between the toes, you can be almost certain that the ringworm parasite is at work.

Let me at him now before he spreads along the sides and soles of the feet and burrows beneath the skin.

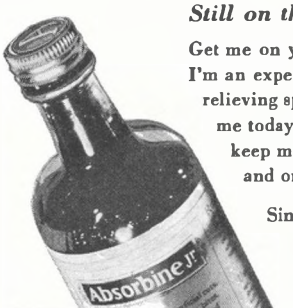
I stop the itching in short order and when I come to grips with tinea trichophyton his game is up.

Still on the job for sundry pains

Get me on your side for aches and pains. I'm an expert in easing sore muscles and relieving sprains, burns and bruises. Get me today at your nearest druggist's and keep me handy in your club locker—and on the bath-room shelf.

Sincerely yours,

Absorbine Jr.



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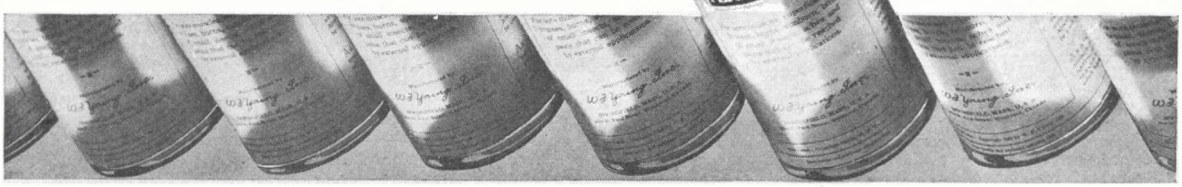

posse of servants, male and female, these silent liveries, cannot fail to remind her of the slave state of her youth. It has been a lovely journey, eight days—and before that twenty years, but now, at last, they have arrived. She is both tired and excited. The goal is reached; the dream has become reality.

How quickly she takes in the suites of rooms and halls, the handsome vases, the soft carpets; how the gilded chairs and the glittering chandeliers flatter her eyes! It seems to her that there is a good deal to be improved, but there will be plenty of time. We have four years, anyhow; nothing but death can expel us from this house.

But Lincoln is heavy-hearted as he stalks through these same apartments, wondering within himself whether there may not be other forces than death to drive him, and the Union, out of this, and while Mary is admiring the damask hangings of the walls, he is asking himself what they may have heard within the last three months. All that awaits him is a writing table, more heavily laden with work than was his old office table in Springfield even in the busiest days; and, as he begins to dictate, perhaps his eyes rove among the cold splendors in search of a familiar leather-covered sofa.

The very first letter he writes, on the same evening, is to William H. Seward, and runs as follows:

> My dear Sir.
>
> Your note of the 2nd instant, asking to withdraw your acceptance of my invitation to take charge of the State Department, was duly received. It is the subject of the most painful solicitude with me, and I feel constrained to beg that you will countermand the withdrawal. The public interest, I think, demands that you should; and my personal feelings are deeply enlisted in the same direction. Please consider and answer by nine A. M. tomorrow.
>
> Your obedient servant . . .

The same regal dignity, the same skillful reserve; an expression of personal esteem, but an ultimatum for the very next morning.

The rats are deserting the ship, thinks the captain; deserting it at the very moment he is taking command. And as he looks out through the window into the night, what does he see and fancy?

Those dark shadows—are they spies, assassins or slaves? Is the town really full of rebels? Surely it must also contain well-wishers, kind citizens, who are considering his strength?

Over there is the Treasury; it is empty; the money has been taken South. That other house over there, the War Office, may contain stacks of documents, but the forces inscribed in the lists are away over the border; so are firearms and ammunition; and there is scarcely a ship left to the North.

In the distance, broad as a sea, flows the Potomac; he can make it out from the window. Beyond it stands the enemy under arms, with forts, money and men—and hearts fired with passion. Tomorrow they will strike; or, if not tomorrow, within a few weeks. Is he, then, master of the White House or only its prisoner?

All depends on one thing: to be strong enough for destiny.

Next Month—Emil Ludwig relates the thrilling events that led to civil war and the victory that was the occasion for the publishing of Lincoln's great Emancipation Proclamation

Half-Breed

(*Continued from page 78*)

Mendoza once said of her, "and the temper of a panther."

"And," I added to myself, "twice as dangerous."

You know out here there are no soft effects of color, no delicate blending of pastels, no hazy outlines. It's vivid. A world of color and contrasts.

And of that world, Lolita was a colorful part. Small and slender and lithe, her little feet seemed fashioned to tread the pleasant ways of romance.

Miguel was with me when I first saw her. It happened to be his first sight of her, too, for all summer he had been out on the range and that night we had ridden in to get helpers for the season's shearing.

Lolita was standing in the center of the dark *cantina*, dazzling and luminous in a circle of warm amber light. She was strumming a big guitar and over one shoulder a Spanish shawl was caught, while the other shoulder gleamed like ivory and her hair was as velvet seen at dusk.

The shadowy room was filled with rapt, indistinct faces. And never a sound, never the tinkle of a glass, never the shuffle of a riding boot.

Lolita was singing her song of the hammock.

"La sombra me da el monte,
Las brisas me da el mar,
Que dulce es la vida . . ."

Yes, life must have been sweet to Lolita in those days. Why not? She possessed those things from which all the sweetness of life is composed—beauty and youth and the adoration of her little world.

And then, as I say, she raised her eyes and smiled at Miguel, and I heard him whisper, *"Madre de Dios."*

"Tengo mi hamaca tendida," sang the fresh youthful voice, and she was singing for Miguel now, as he stood just outside the circle of light like a bronze statue of some hero of other days. Her little teeth were very white and her lips redder than the rose at her shoulder. With all the allurement of her voice and body, Lolita sang to Miguel and kindled a fire in his sleepy eyes.

I never got those helpers for the shearing. But when I left the *cantina* Miguel and Lolita were talking in low tones at a little table and once I caught the deep resonance of Miguel's voice—it had taken on a new quality and all the world could see that for both of them the world now ceased to exist. Meanwhile Mendoza cast many an anxious look at those two love-transported children.

The same Mendoza waved frantic hands before my face next morning. *"'Sus Maria,"* he wailed in his shrill voice. "That red-haired spawn, Miguel—he has stolen Lolita."

"You mean Lolita's gone?"

"Gone! Last night in the moonlight he saddled two horses, my best horses, that son of a gringo swine. They have gone out into the desert, *nombre de Dios.* And what happens to me? *Por Dios,* without Lolita my *cantina,* it is not worth a peso. Señor, in the name of all the saints, what is to hold my patronage?"

"Softly, *amigo.*" I patted him on the shoulder. "It comes to me that those two young people out there are concerned with an older problem than your patronage. As for the horses, I'll see they are returned."

I think they were the happiest days of Miguel's life, those few desert days and nights while, like godlings of a pagan world, those two learned the wonder of each other's love. Alone out there—beyond good and evil and the strange ways of man.

Well, not to all of us is the gift of even a few perfect, lovelit days. Not to all of us do the gods bestow the memory of having held in our arms such beauty as Lolita's, or having been enveloped in the wild splendor of her love. So not entirely could I find it in my heart to pity him, even in the light of what followed, for Miguel had lived.

And three days later I stood in the little chapel while the old *padre* mumbled ancient Latin before those two children of the sunlight. For Lolita had insisted on the amenities of the sacrament. Miguel had shrugged and obeyed.

"Rather would I have stayed out there," he told me, nodding toward the south, "but Lolita—it makes her happier to know the church blesses us. Myself, I owe no debt to either church or my mother's people. Better to have stayed there always."

And again his eyes sought the far-off purpling horizon.

So winter came. And the summits of the Spanish Peaks were hidden in snow clouds and through it all Miguel and Lolita lived the dreamlike days of great lovers in the Mexican quarter. And with them came peace and utter happiness—for a time. Presently the desert began to blossom and another spring had come.

And since in Verde as elsewhere even great lovers must cease from caresses and think at times of the need for food, Miguel sought again his old job of herding my sheep.

"Lolita?" I asked.

His eyes were somber. "Lolita talks again of the *cantina*. It is true she earns there five times as much as I. And how can I say, 'Do not go'? No, Lolita sings in the *cantina* if she chooses, and I must earn pesos while summer lasts and perhaps before another winter I shall think of some way that Lolita may be with me always." He added regretfully, "It was out there in the desert we were happy. Why should we ever have come back?"

So once again the *cantina* welcomed its idol and once again Miguel built his lonely little fires at evening out with the flocks. But he didn't stay there. Not long. For it was a night in early summer when a Mexican boy clattered up to my door.

From his hurried, blundering words I pieced together that Lolita had chosen a new protector—a young lieutenant of the *rurales*. All the quarter knew of it—nightly those two came together to the *cantina* and made no secret of their devotion. And the quarter smiled—how could big stupid Miguel hope to hold Lolita's love! Then someone—filled with Christian solicitude, I suppose—told Miguel. And Miguel had galloped in.

"Where is he now?"

"For the past hour, Señor, he walked up and down through the quarter. He says no word, but we know for what he is seeking. And then as I left to come here, he turned toward Mendoza's. Señor, go to him and send him away."

"What's all this to you?"

"Lolita's lover, Señor, is my brother and I am afraid."

Within five minutes I drew up outside Mendoza's. As I jumped from the car, I saw Miguel peering in through a window. Then silently he pushed open the door.

Beyond the menacing silhouette in the doorway the *cantina* was a flood of light and from out of the blue haze of tobacco smoke streamed that fresh, exultant voice of Lolita's. There she stood, red rose, white teeth and velvet eyes, and her long slender arms resting on the shoulder of a young Mexican officer. Behind the crowd the prodigious Mendoza bulged.

Once the soldier laid his cheek against the girl's bare arm and, at the touch, her voice thrilled. It was the chorus of the hammock song—the song that was once Miguel's.

"*Que dulce*——" In a little gasp of dismay the voice ceased, and following her eyes, the eyes of every man turned toward the door. Deliberately Miguel approached. Inevitable as destiny.

The music had stopped and somewhere out of the silence a woman laughed. Still no one moved and now Miguel had come within arm's length of the two before the soldier rose, one hand on the revolver at his belt. Then Miguel sprang like a great cat and his hands pinioned both the man's arms.

Powerless to move, I watched his brown fingers spread slowly and inexorably about the lieutenant's throat as a shudder ran through the room. Then a snap and a sigh and Lolita's latest conquest slipped to the floor.

Miguel never looked at Lolita once, but made his way toward the door. Still no man moved—not a sound. Only a horseman galloping south, fading into the silence.

And Miguel was gone.

Of course the *rurales* became active. They made daily little sorties out on the desert and back into the foothills. But nothing really happened.

Then a week later a badly frightened storekeeper reported that Miguel had suddenly appeared at his bedside sometime after midnight and forced him to pack a mule with provisions. Two days later a Mexican dispatch carrier was knocked unconscious and robbed.

Perhaps Miguel—perhaps not.

All this marked the beginning of an era of intermittent hysteria for the country about Verde. A killer was abroad. At last Miguel's hand had turned against the mankind that had harried him, despised him and now was driving him like a wild thing over the face of the desert.

And now as the months passed rumor began telling of an outlaw band that had its hiding place out in the desert under the leadership of a big, silent, sandy-haired man. Their number increased and for a year they took heavy toll of cattle and saddle horses. Twice they made open raids on the villages of Sonora.

Legends grow fast in the southwest country and before long Miguel had become a kind of super-devil. And often the *padre*, joining me for coffee and a cigaret, would sit plunged in long silence fingering that black crucifix.

"Miguel's band," he told me one afternoon, with a tired sigh, "is holding for ransom two ranchers of Sonora. It grows bolder and I am fearful of the end. Life, Señor, can seem very cruel unless we keep faith always in the good God. Miguel has lost faith. *Pobrecito*, I pray daily he will depart from his ways and repent and seek the peace of God."

"Father, is it not more likely he will find God out there on the desert than here where man laughed at him and cursed him and made life a burden?"

"God is everywhere. Only, one must trust. Some day I think Miguel will find peace."

I wonder if he ever did. For it was not written that any of us should learn, although once it was given me to look behind the veil. That came a year later, when the power of Miguel and his desert band was at its height.

Alone as usual, I had been riding the foothill ranges and had stopped to let my horse drink at a half-dry buffalo wallow. My thoughts must have been far away, for, as I gathered in the reins, I found myself looking down at a ragged Mexican covering me with an automatic. Beside him stood a comrade. The latter, with many apologies, bound my wrists behind me.

From somewhere back in the mesquite they led two horses and together we headed south. An hour's zigzagging brought us to the base of a limestone cliff where two tents were pitched by a little stream. The place had the air of being a temporary camp. At an order from the Mexican behind me I dismounted and turned to look into the blue eyes of my former sheep-herder.

Miguel stared in sudden astonishment, then whipping out a knife he cut the thongs at my wrists.

"Señor, before Our Lady I am sorry. Those men did not know. You are not hurt?"

I rubbed my wrists. "Not hurt. But you seek novel means of inviting guests."

"I had no thought it would ever be you. See, I am desolate that this should be. But my men bring in any horseman who rides the desert hills. It is from them we learn of the soldiers and sometimes we hold them for ransom. But *Dios*, that has nothing to do with you who are my friend. See, you are free to go. And I shall ride with you. Only let us talk for a while."

The years had added strength to his dark face. Also they had touched with suffering those perplexed eyes. Yes. Perplexed still. But as we talked I saw that life out here had given him freedom and a half-forgetfulness of his bruised youth and of Lolita's treachery.

I think, too, the memory of her vanished radiance must have borne him somber company. She must have been in his thoughts always.

That last talk—I remember it almost word for word.

"There is freedom here," he had said, "and I do not ask for more. Always the world has taken from me and I have no place in it. Once life gave me a great love, but so short a time—then it took that love away. Freedom I have, but I have bought that at a price, *patrón*, and when that is gone, Miguel is done. Not overmuch do I love life and still less do I understand its ways. They are not my ways. But out here is freedom and a kind of peace."

So after all it was, perhaps, only half-heartedly I performed my duty to society by urging Miguel to return. I offered to make intercession for him. "Not always can you live this life of the hunted. Some day——"

"*Si, si.* Some day. *patrón*, a little Mexican soldier looks down his rifle barrel. A bullet strikes, and so Miguel is done. Perhaps. But if I knew it would be a month from this day, I should never return. Law and justice, these are good things, *mi patrón*, when it happens to be yourself who writes the law and deals out the justice. But for me it would only mean the mumblings of strange old men over dusty books and wise, cruel sayings. And at the end long days where there is neither sunshine nor freedom—not even at a price.

"No, Señor, not while I remember the

CORONA *for* CHRISTMAS

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YOU know, quite a lot of people make good with just brains. Successful creative work and high scholastic standing are just as exciting and gratifying as winning in other sports. In the end it gets down to a competition in brains and nothing else.

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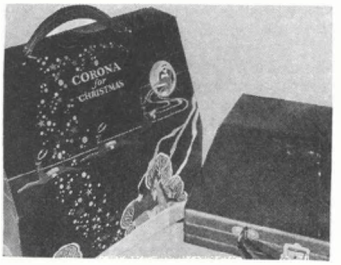


We show here attractive Christmas gift carton and the regular carrying case.

CORONA

grim walls of the prison near Santa Fe. Out here I am the law and I have the sunshine and the wind in my face. And the stars.

"How should I go back and for what should I go back, Señor? What is there for Miguel, the 'breed,' in Verde? It is for the Miguels of the world that the good God made the desert. No, men have taken away my youth, my trust—and Lolita, too, they have taken. So I have no truce to make with men, or with men's ways. And even if they should offer me freedom, what would freedom back there be worth?

"It was out here I first learned at Lolita's lips how sweet life might be even for me. Out here I can forget to hate. And the memory of bitter days is not so keen out here. No, Señor, *mi patrón*, it is kindly meant what you say, but I stay where I have been happy, out on the desert. *Dios mio,*" he cried, and all the heartbreaks of a tortured soul entered his voice, "it was a black day when the big red gringo looked into my mother's eyes."

And so I departed. He rode with me awhile. A silent ride, for somehow we knew, both of us, it was the end. At the edge of the mesquite he stopped.

"Often I think of you and of the times we sat by my fire. I asked you many dark questions. It becomes a little clearer now that not for such as I are the laws of life and man. I have been set as a thing apart by my people and by yours. Always I answered hatred with hatred and blow by blow. Always my back to the wall.

"Eh, Señor, it comes to me I shall die like that. But sometimes with it all I pity a little those men of the cities who go about their selling and buying and growing old and distrusting and fearing—at least I have escaped that, *compadre*, so do not feel too much sorrow for Miguel—whatever comes."

I understood. Yes, even for this hunted outlaw Miguel, I could not feel pity alone. Then he touched my hand.

"*Adiós*, Señor."

"*Adiós*, Miguel."

And just before a clump of mesquite hid him from me, he turned and lifted his sombrero in farewell.

After that events moved swiftly. Out in the foothills near Verde, north of the line, a rancher was found robbed and murdered. Now neither then nor later did there exist a single clue linking the deed with Miguel's band. I'd stake a hundred head of cattle that he had nothing to do with it.

Just the same someone had to pay. So it came about that a squadron of cavalry from the fort and two hundred *rurales* joined forces to hunt Miguel down.

Weeks passed while they combed desert and foothills and laid elaborate ambushes at every water hole. No news came and I began to hope that Miguel had hidden himself for all time. And something of this hope I had voiced to the little *padre* as we sat before the chapel one night in early June.

As I stopped to light a cigaret we heard from down the street the barking of a dozen dogs, then the low stamp of many horses and the rattle of steel on steel. I saw the *padre* stiffen. It was the return of the soldiers.

The captain halted before me.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, there was nothing yellow about that herder of yours," he laughed. "He held us single-handed in the mouth of a canyon while his gang cleared out. Then I got a detachment in behind him and before we opened fire I called on him to throw down his arms and come out and take his medicine.

"You know, that 'breed' just laughed. Just laughed and walked out to meet us with guns blazing in both hands. The boys crumpled him with a hail of lead and I rode up to him. The smile was gone, but the eyes had a look of surprise, a kind of—oh, wonder. Well, it's good to be back in God's country."

Then he barked an order and the column pounded by.

The *padre's* eyes had sought the crucifix above the chapel door. With fingers that trembled, the little man of God traced the outline of the cross.

"*Pax*," he murmured brokenly. "*Pax*."

Yes. Peace to his life-weary soul.

Great Blessings *by Ring W. Lardner* *(Continued from page 81)*

medicine was affecting him. He was on the bed, taking a nap. Later on, the doorbell rang. It was the twelve-year-old Butler kid. He had a message for Tod from his brother. He wouldn't give it to Clara.

Tod woke up and came to the door and the boy gave him the message. Not in Clara's hearing. The boy's brother was Frank Butler, who supplied Tod with medicine and trusted him for the money.

Also in the Butler family was Mamie Butler, a girl about twenty-five, quite pretty and with a reputation for looseness. Clara had seen her talking with Tod on the corner one day. And hadn't she heard Frank say he was going to the football game this afternoon?

Father Stewart was awake again. Tod sat down in the living room.

"Ben," said Mother Stewart, "you might as well tell them our news now."

"I suppose I might. Well, it's just that it looks like we're liable to lose our home."

"How's that?" said Tod.

"Well, Mrs. Davis told us a month ago that we better be looking for new quarters. It seems her boy and his wife are planning on giving up housekeeping and moving in with the old lady. Of course they'd have to have our rooms and—— Well, that's the story."

"When do you have to get out?"

"In a couple of weeks; sooner, if we can find a place."

"It'll be pretty hard," said Mother Stewart, "to find just what we want. It's got to be a place where we can board, too. I can't cook any more and I certainly can't do all the housework, though I could help a little."

"I'd ask you to come here, but there's no room," said Tod.

"We wouldn't want to impose on you and Clara."

"It wouldn't be imposing, but we've only got the two bedrooms. We couldn't take Myrtle in with us. The light would wake her up when we went to bed."

"As far as that's concerned," said Mother Stewart, "we wouldn't mind sharing a room with Myrtle. I'd know she was safe if I was there with her. And Ben and I usually undress in the dark. If we could come here till we find something else, we'd pay our share——"

"Don't worry about it. We'll fix it up some way. Clara and I'll talk it over. Right now I got to run over to Frank Butler's for a few minutes. There's some job he's got lined up for me."

"It's lucky we never sold our old bed," said Mother Stewart.

"Well, Myrtle," said Father Stewart, "you had quite a nap. Maybe your mother would let me give you a piece of candy now."

"She mustn't have anything more now," said Clara. "She has a stomach ache."

"It's gone," said Myrtle.

"But it won't stay gone if you eat any more."

"One piece of candy wouldn't hurt her."

"Honestly, Father Stewart, she has lots of trouble with her stomach."

"I'm sure it's all the result of nervousness," said Mother Stewart. "A child with her imagination ought never to be left alone, especially at night."

After the guests left Myrtle had cramps and Clara summoned Doctor Fred.

"You've just got to regulate her diet," he said. "She'll never be a healthy child till you make her eat right. I know it's hard for a mother to say, 'You can't have this or that,' but you owe it to her and yourself to be strict."

Clara put Myrtle to bed. Tod came back from the Butlers' very late and she had to help him undress. She lay awake a long time.

She knew Father Stewart owed Mrs. Davis for several months' board. He owed her because he spent so much of his small income on tobacco and candy.

The dinner had cost nearly ten dollars and no one had taken the trouble to say it was good. She had had to pay cash for the turkey because Berger's was a cash market and she couldn't get any more credit at Sloan's.

She and Myrtle and Tod were all desperately in need of new clothes, but there was no prospect of having any. Every day brought threats from the gas company, the telephone company and assorted merchants. Doctor Fred hadn't been paid anything for two years.

Clara was thirty-five. At twenty-three she had accepted Tod in preference to Dave Bonham. Tod had gone through college and had interesting ambitions, to go to Chicago or New York and be a journalist or write plays. Dave had graduated from high school and gone to work in his father's garage. When his father had died, he had run the garage for several years and then sold it for a lot of money.

Dave had gone to Detroit and into the real estate business. He had invested in building lots on the edge of the city and now he was said to be worth over eight hundred thousand dollars, and was really worth nearly half that sum.

He had been quite broken up when Clara took Tod, and had remained single. He had no one to support but himself. He didn't drink and it was impossible for him to spend more than a small part of his income. He had heard of Tod's "tough breaks" and offered to lend Clara money, but she had refused.

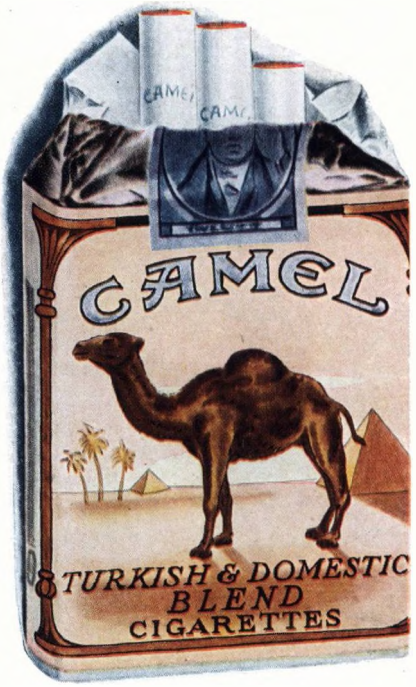
In the days when Tod had dressed well and taken care of himself, he had been a much better-looking man than Dave. But poverty and a steady diet of gin had made him careless of his appearance and now no woman, except, perhaps, the easy-going Miss Butler, could possibly consider him attractive.

Dave had come back to town in October. He had intended spending a week, but had left after one day. He had called on Tod and Clara and talked pleasantly about old times.

The years had not made him handsome. But he dressed so well and looked so clean. He had romped with Myrtle and she cried when he left, though he hadn't brought her any candy. And another thing, he was an orphan.

Cheering

Unforgetable, the thunder of sixty thousand voices . . . unforgetable and tremendous, the rolling crash of cheers. And equally to be remembered, the thrill of pleasure from a cigarette zestful and tangy as autumn . . . mild and incomparably mellow . . . delicate . . . fragrant . . . cheering . . . the cigarette of people who know . . . Camel.



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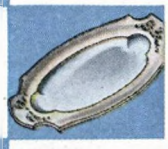

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Red chest filled with Braeburn pattern flatware in Aranium. 29 pieces, $21.25.

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TABLE APPOINTMENTS BY MANNING-BOWMAN

The Office Wife *by Faith Baldwin* (*Continued from page 71*)

he's one of those young men with nothing to do, and lots of money to do it with."

"You don't admire the masculine lily of the field, then, I take it?" Eaton asked.

"Not me!" said Anne with plenty of emphasis if little grammar.

That night she dined and saw a play and went to a night club with Allan Lawson. He was as amusing as he had been on their first meeting, and she liked him well enough, but confessed to herself that she was soon bored.

"My old man wants me to go into the business," he told Anne over the narrow table against the wall.

THE club was crowded. There was a scent of powder and heavy perfume, of food and liquor, in the low-ceilinged room. A Frenchwoman was singing, and the orchestra wailed out the accompaniment. It was all very noisy.

"I suppose," thought Anne, "you can only enjoy it if you're in the right mood. I generally am. But not tonight."

Cigaret smoke hung blue and thick on the heated air. Her eyelids drooped. But she groped out of the drowsiness that threatened her to ask Lawson:

"You will, of course?"

"Not if I can help it! Lawson Locks! Isn't that ridic? I spend my time breaking, not making, them. Love laughs at them, or at their manufacturers, and I," said Allan, "have a sense of humor, too."

Anne laughed. And he went on:

"I've a few shekels of my own, thanks to a dear dead grandma. Work is the only thing I can't see. I'm not sure how long I'll live——"

"What?"

"Who is, nowadays, what with wars and machine guns, airplanes, bad booze and banana peels?" he asked cheerfully. "Anyway, I'm sure I'll be dead a long time. So, while I've the use of life and limb, I intend to suit myself."

He took her back to Kathleen's and tried to kiss her as they stood together in the dim hallway.

"No? Well, no hard feelings, then," he told her gayly. "Some of you kiss and some—fewer—of you don't. When I meet a pretty girl of the 'don't' class that's my hard luck and her poor judgment. Lunch with me tomorrow?"

Anne laughed. "A year ago I might have let him kiss me, just—oh, just because. Why not now?" she marveled.

"No," she told him. "I can't. Remember, I'm a business woman."

"Gosh, how I pity 'em! Listen here, if I go into business after all, will you come and be my little secretary?"

"I certainly will not!" said Anne.

"That settles it. I won't go. I sail tomorrow at midnight anyway. Good night. Look here, girl, take my tip and don't sew yourself to a typewriter. It doesn't pay. Life's too short—and you're too darned pretty!"

It is on record that she never saw him again, but she remembered the slim boy with his top hat tilted on his fair sleek head, his arm flung carelessly about her shoulder, his gay voice whispering, advising, warning.

The next day Eaton asked her how the evening had gone.

"It was fun," Anne told him. "But did you know that he doesn't mean to work—ever?"

Eaton laughed at her gravity.

"Why should he?" he answered. "He inherited several millions on his coming of age. There'll be more, later. The business is safe enough. Safer without the boy than with him, I imagine. There's an older brother, a sound sort, not clever but a plugger. This one's a wild kid, but harmless. By the way, he's the catch of the season in his home town," he added, watching her keenly.

Anne tilted her chin. A gesture which not quite unconsciously drew the attention to the soft red curves of her mouth.

"I can't imagine wanting a man who didn't work either with his hands or with his head," she said. "Think of a husband always underfoot. One who went about throwing ten-dollar bills around."

Eaton chuckled. "I don't think Allan would be much under anyone's foot. Did he really? I mean, throw the bills around?"

"More or less."

"So you can't imagine wanting Lawson," mused Eaton. "Well, what sort of man could you imagine wanting?"

"No kind at all! But if any," Anne contradicted herself, "one who'd fought his way up. He needn't have a lot of money, but he'd be the sort who'd want to make it. Not for the money itself, but for the success it stands for. A big man with vision; a man who'd be willing to take risks and be a sport if he lost out; a—well, a man!"

After a moment's silence Eaton said: "And I think a man such as you describe would want a girl like yourself!"

Then Sanders came into the office and Anne slipped out without answering. At her desk she thought:

"I wonder if I've been an idiot. Of course, I was describing him. I meant it, all right—but I meant him to *know* it, too. And he got back at me, rather. I left the opening. Men," thought Anne further, "hate to be too consciously flattered. Still, he might have thought I spoke of a type all business women meet, and if he also thought it applied to him—well, there's no harm done."

It was not the first time she had said such things to him. Once, not long since, she had remarked, in speaking of a man whom Eaton knew in a business way and upon whose attraction for women he had commented, that "such men" were always married.

"But not always happily married," he had answered, and had ended the discussion quickly.

Since then, she had been thinking.

From the little she had seen of Linda and Eaton together she had reached the conclusion that while they were excellent friends, they were not emotionally involved one with the other. And because she now admitted to herself that Eaton attracted her strongly, she marveled at the dullness—or coldness—of the other woman. She thought, shrewdly enough, that the time would come when Larry Eaton would tire of—friendship and turn elsewhere for a warmer comfort.

But it was impossible not to follow that to its logical conclusion. She knew now that Eaton was not indifferent to her presence, to her nearness. She had seen him flush when, occasionally and accidentally, their hands had encountered.

If she were right, if he cared little for his wife and Linda cared little for him, if he should seek elsewhere and, in seeking, chance upon the nearest person—herself—what would she do?

She told herself defiantly that she would be hurting no one save herself; that no one need ever know. She could keep a clear mind even in a disturbed body. For she did not love Lawrence Eaton, she argued; it was merely that he attracted her as no other man had ever attracted her and that he was englamoured in her eyes by his position as her employer.

Love, she thought, must be something different, something sweet and sane and tender.

No, she did not love Lawrence Eaton, but she wanted him. She wanted too, quite honestly, the business protection and surety that a love affair with him would afford her. She was not ready to admit that such protection and surety is built upon shifting sand.

And consciously and unconsciously she began deliberately to trouble Eaton. But he made no sign and she began to believe that she was a fool to dream of risking so much, to dream of entering into a more intimate relationship with her employer—a relationship of excitement and danger, of half measures and half loaves, which could lead to but one of two conclusions: complete rupture or complete surrender.

She began to go out again with O'Hara. She was not consciously cruel in thus encouraging that hopeful young man. She was simply seeking distraction. But when they were alone together, Ted became more urgent, and when they were with others, his crowd did not interest her. It consisted mostly of "arty" young people who did a great deal of talking in loud voices and who did not, to Anne's mind, accomplish much. The Lindstroms were, of course, the exception; delightful, successful people in their middle thirties.

Nils Lindstrom was a painter of some note, and his wife a sculptor, her specialty being the charming vital figures one sees in so many lovely gardens. Her children—there were three—sat to her for fat urchins and slender ten-year-olds.

Anne liked the Lindstroms and went often to their studio. And she went often to see Sara and the new baby, a girl, who brought her welcome with her.

Toward midsummer Eaton took his secretary to Southampton with him. Linda was giving a house party and had persuaded him to show himself, although his work pressed. She had captured some visiting lions. Jameson was included and several pretty women.

Eaton worked with Anne during the mornings of the week-end, but Linda arranged for her to go to the beach for swimming and relaxation, and tried to make her comfortable and at ease.

IT WAS out of the question that Anne should fit into the party, since she had neither the clothes nor the desire. Her meals were served in the small sitting room of her own suite. Linda saw that she had plenty to read, and a car was put at her disposal.

An odd position, reflected Anne without bitterness—neither servant nor guest.

But a little later that summer she went down again when only Mrs. Lucien and Jameson were there, and was, on that occasion, a guest as the others were.

"Be sure to take Miss Murdock swimming," Linda told her husband one morning. "Dick and I are golfing. You'd better knock off work by eleven."

Later, on the fairway, Jameson asked: "Are you wise? Aren't you throwing them together too much?"

"My dear Dick!" said Linda, amazed and a little offended.

"But in view of what you told me—that the girl might be interested——?"

"What of that? He can't bring her down here and work her to death without my taking a hand. She has to have some recreation."

"Linda," Jameson exploded, "you are either a saint or a fool."

She turned her alert brown eyes to his. "Neither," she observed quietly.

Oh, she knew, she knew now, how much Jameson cared, without a word spoken, and she was turning to him for the companionship her husband did not give—had never given her.

So, dismissing Anne and Eaton from her troubled mind, she wondered instead: "Am I seeing too much of Dick?"

And a little after eleven Eaton and Anne were sunning themselves on the hot white sands before their swim. Anne had tanned slightly; a faint golden glow lay like a veil on her white skin. Her hair was bound with a blue gypsy handkerchief, and she sat with him under Linda's gay umbrella and watched the sea with eyes as blue as the water.

And Eaton, looking at her, thought: "Am I being wise?"

He knew that he was not. Yet did not care, not wishing to look beyond this blue-and-gold moment of sun and sand and sky and—Anne.

Anne's two-weeks' va ation fell in September. She had thought to welcome it, and Mrs. Murdock made great plans for her. Breakfast in bed every morning and lazy hours on the sun-porch. It was to be a peaceful, restorative period.

"You look peaked," Molly scolded; "you've been overdoing. If you go on like this I'll speak to Mr. Eaton, that I shall."

"Mother, I'm all right; please don't worry."

"A mother knows," remarked Mrs. Murdock darkly.

After the first day or so Anne found herself bored. When the week-end came with Labor Day to lengthen it and the Lindstroms asked her and Ted to their cottage in the Catskills, she accepted.

The Lindstroms' rented cottage was attractive and the Lindstroms were hospitable people in the true sense of the word. They permitted Ted and Anne to amuse themselves. Mealtime was a happy-go-lucky, hearty affair, and Anne, playing with the attractive, intelligent, well-brought-up children, or sitting mouse-still near Nils while he worked, or helping Mrs. Lindstrom with her apparently effortless housekeeping, felt rested and envious.

For unconsciously the Lindstroms were showing her the other side of the matrimonial picture. From Friday to Tuesday she was with them, observing their unostentatious, deep regard for one another, sensing the close-knit, beautifully patterned fabric of a happy family life. She said as much to Joan Lindstrom.

"It's wonderful to be here with you. There's something so restful and happy about the way you and Nils and the children live."

Joan looked at the girl quickly. "I'm glad you feel that," was all she said.

"Most people seem so—feverish. There's so much bickering and quarreling."

"Everyone goes through a period of adjustment," Joan told her. "Nils and I have had ours. It's in back of us. It wasn't easy when we were poor and struggling and so ambitious, and the children came along to complicate matters. But if people love each other enough they'll win through."

Anne said, more to herself than to the listening woman: "There's Jim and Sara. They love each other and yet—oh, I don't know—they have so many worries. The children are underfoot and Sara gets overworked and nervous, and Jim—Jim's like most men, impatient when things aren't going smoothly. It does seem to me that nothing I've seen of marriage—except yours—would make me feel I wanted to risk it."

"You're wrong," said Joan. "There are many happy marriages. I think you see the others because you are looking for them. Aren't you trying to find excuses for yourself, Anne?"

"I wonder!" Anne told her and smiled tremulously. "Perhaps I'm a coward. Mother and Father, now—they're happy, I suppose. But it seems to me," Anne said youthfully, "that their marriage is so—dull."

"You're too close to your own people," Joan pointed out. "Happiness right under the eyes is hard to see."

But Anne was turning over another problem in her troubled mind. "How many people who marry really love each other?" she asked.

"As to that, it depends on what you mean by love," Joan answered. "There's just the youth urge, of course: the mating instinct, the purely physical attraction. That passes, unless it has a foundation of trust and respect and comradeship upon which one—or rather, two—may build safely and enduringly."

"But how is one to know?" Anne persisted, feeling Joan had touched her own case.

Joan shook her tawny, cropped head. "There's no rule. But if ever you meet a man whom you'd follow barefoot and hungry and thirsty to the world's end and back, a man you'd work for and work with, you can be pretty certain. It's not the man you can be happy with—for women in their curious way can be happy, after a fashion, with a dozen different men—it's the man you'd be desperately, achingly unhappy *without* who is the man for you. But you have to find out for yourself, Anne."

To herself Joan observed, sorry but not astonished: "She's not in love with Teddy, then."

Because the Lindstroms were happy, because they showed her a side of intimate life which she had hitherto known only from books or glimpsed fleetingly, Anne was particularly sweet to Ted O'Hara during that visit.

If Ted had asked her then she might have said yes, partly because of this influence which caught and held her, and partly because she was aware that in her ceaseless preoccupation with Eaton she was drifting into a desired danger, a danger which blinded her to standards of ethics and morality. As a result of her talk with Joan on that last night at the Lindstroms', Anne wondered how close to each other Eaton and his wife really were. She felt a dull depression and at the same time, picturing the laughing face Eaton had turned to her at the beach that day, she experienced a deep, dreadful troubling of the blood, a clouding and flaming of the senses no longer new to her.

Yes, if Ted had asked her . . . But he did not ask her. And this was due to Joan Lindstrom, to whom he also went for advice.

"I love her. I've asked her to marry me about a hundred times. Sometimes she seems to care—a little," Ted told his hostess. "Other days—well, I'm less than the dust, that's all."

"I don't usually give advice," said Joan. "Still, go slow, Ted. She's at that restless, uncertain stage. Don't try to rush your little Anne into a decision."

So he did not speak but tried to content himself with being a good playmate, and Anne returned home as dissatisfied as ever. There was only one thing to which she could look forward with pleasure, even with a sharp and desperate longing—her return to the office. To the man in the office . .

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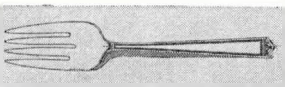

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When ten days of Anne's vacation had passed Eaton telephoned her from Southampton. When her voice reached him over the wires the sudden relief and pleasure that flooded him was distinctly at variance with his apologetic tone.

"I'm so ashamed to ask you to cut your vacation short, but I've been ordered to Hot Springs by my doctor," he said. "Could you possibly come along with Mrs. Eaton and me? We leave day after tomorrow. I have work that must be done and the medical despot permits me to do it—provided I'm away from the office."

"I'll go, of course, Mr. Eaton," she answered instantly.

"That's fine!" The deep vibrant voice, relieved and friendly and grateful, reached her, as intimate as a handclasp.

He went on to make arrangements and when Anne turned from the receiver she was flushed, and her eyes were bright. She went to look for her mother, her cheeks hot and her hands cold.

"Mr. Eaton has been sick," she reported to Molly; "he's been ordered South. I'm going with him!"

"And that you are not!" exclaimed Mrs. Murdock, scandalized. "A young girl traipsing all over the land with a married man!"

"Oh, Mother!" Anne laughed, and it was the first time for ten days that her mother had heard that light-hearted sound. "Mrs. Eaton is going, of course."

Molly had the grace to be ashamed. "That's different," she admitted.

Hot Springs meant clothes. A girl couldn't go in rags. Anne went to town and drew out some of her savings. Luckily it wasn't hard to find sports things and a dinner frock or two.

The trip down was pleasant. She and Eaton—their meeting had been in the press of a railroad station, yet they might have been alone, from the excitement which possessed them both—worked together in a compartment, and Linda yawned over a novel, and wondered if Dick Jameson would be at Hot Springs, and hoped he would—and feared it.

"I certainly am a brute dragging you away," Eaton told Anne, smiling at her over the card table. "There's nothing wrong with me, really—headaches, a touch of neuritis—but my doctor felt that if I went away for a couple of weeks and took the cure I'd be all right for the winter. We've a busy season ahead."

"I—I was thrilled to come," Anne told him. "It's just a longer, much nicer vacation for me, that's all."

"It won't 'all be work,'" he promised. "We'll try to give you a good time."

And as her responsive smile reached him, he thought how glad he would be to let all the work go, necessary as it was, to devote himself to that good time.

ANNE was perfectly happy, she told herself. To work with the chief in such surroundings; to be treated by Linda not as secretary or pseudo-guest but as "family"; to wake mornings and see from her wide windows the green, green mountains; to breathe the clear air and to feel satisfied that her gay little sweaters and short pleated skirts were "right" and that she really differed little from the dozens of smart women—that, thought Anne, was happiness, or very near it.

Jameson arrived in a day or two. And things settled to a routine. He and Linda played golf in the morning while Eaton worked with Anne. They all lunched together in the grill and had coffee on the terrace. In the afternoon Jameson and Linda usually rode while Eaton took Anne driving in a comic little carriage through winding roads.

On these drives they talked little of business. Anne grew to know Eaton well, and he learned something of her life beyond the office.

When they returned Eaton, with reluctance and laughter, would march Jameson off for their not-very-arduous cures. Linda was not taking the cure that season and she usually walked with Anne or sat and talked to her lazily, or they went to their rooms to rest. Then came dinner and the motion pictures in the Japanese room, and afterwards, dancing.

Jameson danced well and he and Linda were a striking couple. He danced with Anne too, and Eaton, who swore he despised dancing, watched, until the night he announced that after all it was only walking to music and took Anne in his arms and made the circuit of the floor with her.

She grew breathless at the proximity, the unexpected sense of being close to him in the permitted embrace of the dance.

"Why do you say you dislike it?—you dance so well," she asked, her lashes lifting with some difficulty. Close in his arms she felt curiously drowsy, drugged, yet dangerously wide awake.

"Do I? But I'm told I don't. It must be you," he murmured, feeling her so light and warm and supple in his clasp, sensing the flow of her limbs against his own, the nearness of the bright hair beneath his bent head . . .

When they stopped, Linda applauded. "Larry, you're coming on! Now, you'll have to dance with me once. You can't beg off again. Have you been taking lessons or something?"

And after that he danced every night with Linda, and with Anne. And Anne thought, half panicky: "I—I oughtn't to dance with him."

She knew that she shook; she knew that her knees were weak, that her heart was light and yet terribly burdened. She was afraid lest she betray to the onlookers this encroaching disturbance. But there was no way out.

She tried to argue that it was absurd. She had danced with so many men, hundreds of miles, she calculated, trying to laugh at herself. And yes, she admitted, by some she had been attracted; by others not at all. But this emotion had the wine of violence in it.

Anne grew round and rosy and tanned. The air, the appetite she brought to her meals, the nights of deep sleep, the exercise, worked wonders. Eaton told her jokingly, yet with a deeper note in his voice:

"If you keep on getting younger you'll lose your job."

"How? Why?"

"I can't have a child in my office, can I?"

Happy? Oh, she was happy, and so was Eaton. He'd not had a real vacation for so long and this was most pleasant—just enough work, and work under such playtime circumstances. Work, he admitted, with so delightful a companion.

For she was that. The finest playmate and coworker a man could imagine. She brought an amazing enthusiasm to everything she did. When he thought of the inevitable ending of this playtime he was instantly rebellious and depressed.

So two weeks lengthened into three. Linda and Jameson, riding over the beautiful paths deep into the woods, pulled their horses to a walk. Linda struck idly at her boot with her crop.

"I've never seen it so beautiful," she told her companion.

"Nor I." Jameson pulled nervously at his mustache. His handsome face was pale under the bronze. The horses walked slowly under the roofing trees.

"Linda!"

He'd come closer. Their horses brushed flanks. His hand was on her gloved hand. It had to happen. He no longer could prevent it. But "Linda!" was all he said.

She was pale now, paler than he. She whispered in confession, with pleading: "Ah, Dick, don't—please."

"All right," he told her heavily; "just as you say, but—you *know?*"

"I know." She looked full at him, the rare tears clouding her brown eyes. "I know, but there's Larry, Dick; there's always Larry—and we can't hurt him, can we?"

There was a wilderness of question in Linda's tone, as if she longed to hear Jameson say, "But we *must!*"

After a long pause he answered as she had known he would answer: "No; no, we can't."

They rode on, neither speaking, and Jameson thought miserably, "I've got to get away." He was wretched. And yet he was triumphant. After all, she knew and she cared.

He could give her everything in her world—the out-of-door life she loved, the close companionship with it. They would be so happy. "But there's Larry, Dick; there's always Larry."

How much did Eaton care for this lovely wife of his? How much?

SO JAMESON, pleading urgent telegrams from New York, left on the following day. And Linda knew the terrible dull let-down, the rebellious ache which follows sacrifice and virtue. Easy to commit yourself to do the right thing, easy to make up your mind, but once deep in the doing of it, how terribly hard!

She amused herself as best she could—golfed, played bridge, rode—there were plenty of people to take Jameson's place. But none could. She was very unhappy.

Anne had not been unobservant. She had watched, without permitting herself much speculation, the frank intimacy between her employer's wife and Richard Jameson. And it had angered her loyalty to Eaton but it had excited her. It was a weapon in her hands. She was up in arms for her chief.

What on earth could Linda see in this other man? Linda, who was married to Lawrence Eaton!

True, Jameson was attractive in his way; witty, and a friendly person. True, he had a great deal of money which he spent well and lazily. But he was not a worker. He was simply a pleasant idle man of large means. He had, thought Anne scornfully, and thereby wronged him, no real force of intellect. All he thought of was horses and golf and games. Besides, he was old.

He was, as a matter of fact, only forty-five, and did not look that. But in comparison with Eaton, from Anne's standpoint, he was ancient. Nor was he as good-looking as Eaton, or as brilliant.

She said something of the sort to Eaton.

"You've got Dick all wrong," he contradicted her. "He's a splendid engineer. He inherited a whale of a lot of money when he was thirty, and gave up his profession. A pity. But he turned his hand to inventing and has been successful at it. He has invented two gadgets that have been adopted by the railroads and which bring him royalties he doesn't need. I understand he's established a research laboratory lately; turns his royalties into it and keeps a number of young men busy."

"But he doesn't really work!"

"No, not in the everyday sense."

He thought, later, how different Anne's attitude was from Linda's. For when Eaton had come into his uncle's money, Linda had urged him to retire.

"We've enough now to live well, and you'd retain your interest in the agency," she had said. "But what's the use of slaving your life away for a little more income? It's not worth it. We could have a marvelous time. The only time to enjoy life is while you're young. Why need you wait till you're too old to enjoy things before you give up work?"

"It isn't the money," he told her. "It's the work itself—the building. I can't give it up. I'd go mad with nothing to do."

That was five years ago. Lately she'd made no complaint, had not mentioned the issue again. She had adjusted herself to it, he supposed.

Yet, he supposed further, she couldn't understand his entire lack of sympathy with her proposition. Perhaps a woman had to be in business to like being in business, he thought, and that brought Anne back to his mind again. She was never far from it.

THE day before they left, at tea in the Casino, Eaton and Linda fell into one of those half-serious, half-joking arguments so common among married people. It was almost the first time that Anne had heard anything approaching intimacy between them. It was thus forced upon her as never before that these two were—*man and wife*.

She lowered her eyes and set down her cup. Her throat ached suddenly; she was terribly aware of embarrassment and of something else, something hot and painful and angrily insistent . . .

Eaton and Linda had connecting rooms, and from Eaton's the living room opened. Anne's room and bath were off Linda's. After Anne had gone to bed that night she heard a door open, heard Eaton come into his wife's room, and then the low sound of their voices.

Her mind turned blank; her heart shook within her. She pulled at the blankets childishly, huddled down into them, crammed her fingers in her ears. But long afterward when the room next door was quiet, it seemed to her feverish imagination that she could still hear that muted murmuring.

She had to face it then. She was compelled to face it because of the jealousy which tore and racked her. She admitted finally the thing she had known so many months, which she had labeled purely physical attraction and which she had actually planned to use to safeguard her business future, was something much deeper; was something which had the power to destroy her.

She knew that she loved Lawrence Eaton with all her heart and soul and quivering body. Knew that she loved him so much that, barefoot and hungry and thirsty, she would follow him to the world's far end and back; so much that she would be desperately unhappy all her life without him.

All that night she lay awake arguing, thinking, feeling, fearing, crying.

The return journey was a nightmare to her. And as soon as she was home again she had to go through the torture of exhibiting a cheerful face, of talking about the trip.

"Did they treat you well?" her father wished to know.

"Of course!" She was indignant. "They were wonderful to me, as if—as if I *belonged*."

Murdock shook his dark graying head. "I didn't mean or want that," he said. "That's not sensible—to make friends out of your class. They employ you. You give them your services for a wage. Keep it at that," he warned.

"Well," flared Molly, "as if the child wasn't good enough to walk out with the Prince of Wales himself! Not that I think too highly of the English gentry," she added hastily, recalling her traditional prejudices.

Anne managed to laugh. But she wanted to get away, to lock herself in her room, to think things out.

"I must resign," she told herself, as her predecessor had done. "I should."

But she couldn't. The job—and above the job, the man—these were the breath of her existence, her whole intimate life.

"I mustn't let it hurt me," she warned herself. "Not too much. It mustn't spoil everything; it's too big and real."

For there was pride in loving him, now that the first shock of revelation had blunted a little. For no woman ever loved a man so entirely lovable.

Except Linda. Linda was his wife. Therefore Linda must have loved him—once. But not now, thought Anne. She couldn't, and be so cool with him. Besides, there was Jameson.

She returned to the office, schooling herself to meet Eaton's needs and to encounter his friendliness—a friendliness now warmed and colored by the remembrance of their three weeks of close companionship.

It wouldn't have been so hard had not her senses betrayed her by a leaping of the pulses, by a shaken knowledge of all his presence meant to her.

During the weeks which followed she became clear with herself. She had known for a long time that Eaton attracted her; she had thought that she attracted him in return. And because she was ambitious, because she had believed in the modern—yet not so modern—code of living your own life, taking the dangers and the perils and the consequences in your stride, she had planned to use this mutual attraction, to foster it, and by it, perhaps, to gain over Eaton the one infallible hold—a hold which may not be enduring but which serves its purpose.

She had thought it would be easy because, attracted as she was, she would have no more shrinking than she would have scruples. She had imagined that Linda did not care passionately for her husband, nor Eaton for Linda. That speculation had become certainty when she had seen Jameson and Linda together.

She had argued that she would be harming no one but herself if she entrenched herself firmly, made herself necessary to Eaton's emotions as well as to his business. She had thought that she could manage him cleverly—the old, rare, Napoleonic combination of the cool mind in the warm flesh.

But it was all changed now. She loved him: she had been compelled to admit it to herself. And loving him, she knew she no longer could play the game, for there no longer was any game to play.

She told herself honestly that she had fancied that if he came to care for her, in the devastating way of men, if she played her cards rightly, it might be possible that, giving a little and withholding a great deal, she could tempt him to the solution of disrupting his marriage—for her.

But that was all over now. She loved him. And she loved him too much. She knew now that she couldn't hold out against him—for marriage. She knew that if she wouldn't be harming herself by accepting the unlegalized position, she would be harming him, exposing him to rumor, to gossip, and hurting him through his business, through his friends.

She could imagine the raw, scornful comments: "Another Big Business Man gone goofy over his steno!" "Hear Eaton is having an affair with that pretty little What's-her-name in his office. What a fool he is!"

She shuddered. She had heard such comments often enough.

She wondered frantically if she should seek another situation. She realized that she was now in the same position that Janet Andrews had been in—Janet whom she had regarded with pity and contempt; Janet who had loved Eaton with all the passion of frustration.

Well, Anne thought dully, she'd been a fool—more of a fool than poor Janet. Probably she'd been in love with the man all along and in concealing it from herself she had built up this legend of wanting him to care for her in order to further her own ambitions.

Now that the legend was thin air, now that she knew the truth, she knew also that not only could she not harm him in any way, but she would not be content with what she had formerly desired he should give her. She would be devastated by anything less than real love.

The game remained only a game so long as two played at it. When one of the players was in earnest, when one of the players staked everything that mattered upon the turn of a card, it was no longer a game.

She could not set herself to win the easy, light response from Eaton upon which she had counted. She must have everything or nothing. And as it was out of the question that she should have everything, she must take nothing in its stead. She therefore set herself the task of undoing all the subtle damage she had already done.

She was cool with Eaton. She was remote. What it cost her, God alone knew. And Eaton at first wondered, then speculated, then grew angry. What had he done, he marveled, to change a warm, glowing, ardent personality into something composed of tinted ice and flexible steel?

Their hands no longer met in fleeting contact. When she stood at his desk she stood as far away from him as possible, a withdrawal not alone of body but, he dimly felt, of spirit.

He went over their association in his mind. He lived again their comradely, happy weeks at Hot Springs; he thought of her in his arms there on the dance floor, so light, so yielding, so perilously, marvelously close. But it was a different young woman who now took his dictation serenely and coolly.

The alteration in her and his subsequent anger and astonishment brought about an inevitable tension, and then a snapping of control. They might have gone on indefinitely in that anomalous situation, waiting for the spark that would set the tinder aflame. But after weeks of slow, almost imperceptible approach on her part, this withdrawal accomplished for her what she once would have hailed with satisfaction.

"Look here," he demanded one evening, when they had been working late and were about to leave the office to have dinner together, "what's the matter with you lately, Anne?"

HER heart missed a beat. It was the first time he had called her Anne. She controlled her voice and asked in return: "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean as well as I do. Have you taken a dislike to me or something?" he asked her, laughing.

"Of course not."

She walked toward the door of his

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office. But he caught her by the slender shoulder. And as he did so, feeling the close satin texture of her skin under the thin frock, desire flared up in him, desire and anger.

She tried to pull away, but he held her firmly and turned her until, still holding her, he had her face to face with him. But he was forced to bend his head to look into her eyes.

"I thought we were such good friends," he reproached her.

"Of course we are. Please let me go, Mr. Eaton."

"Why do you——" But he never finished the question. He looked at the red mouth, quivering a little. He drew nearer and kissed it, realizing as he did so what a fool he was—but he kissed her, nevertheless, carelessly, lightly, and then with a scarcely controlled savagery.

Anne wrenched herself back. She had thought she would die under that terrible pressure of his mouth on her own. She had wanted it so, and so it had come to her, as once she had planned it would, with desire, with lightness, with carelessness, with passion. And she hated it and loved it and wished she might die where she stood.

Once it would have been enough for her, sufficient to ease—and intensify—her body's ache, and sufficient to create in him a longing for repetition, and with every repetition she would have woven a cord to bind him. But now she loved him and it was not enough. It was worse than nothing. It was dreadful and degrading, because she loved it. It was unendurable because it was so sweet and so empty!

She stared at him, the back of her hand caught against her mouth. "You *--you!*" she murmured, and the slow tears rose to her eyes and fell.

He looked at her, fascinated by the spectacle of the slow dropping tears and the small, abased figure.

"I'm sorry," said Eaton in a shaken voice. "It was unpardonable of me. I'm sorry," he said again, almost stupidly, so wretched was he at the sight of her tears. "I—I was angry, I guess. We'd been such darned good friends, you've meant so much to me, and it seemed lately that you—oh, I don't know—disliked me or something. Can you ever forgive me? Can't we go on as before and forget my idiocy?"

Now was her opportunity. One of two things she could do. She could throw herself into his arms and cry out to him that she loved him and wanted him and was his to do with as he pleased for as long as he pleased! Or she could tell him that everything was now altered between them, and she would send in an immediate resignation.

She did neither.

For his own sake as well as for the sake of her love she could not surrender to her love and to him. Neither could she leave him. So she said, very low:

"All right."

"That's—wonderful of you." He held out his hand eagerly, smiling like a boy caught in mischief and yet forgiven. "Please," he begged, "to show that you have pardoned me!"

She put her hand in his, and then said slowly: "Please never mention it again—and, if you don't mind, I'll go home now."

"But"—he was crestfallen—"but we were to have dinner."

"No, not tonight."

And before he could answer, before he could urge her to keep to their original plan as a further proof of her forgiveness, she managed a smile and slipped away to get her things.

He stood where she had left him, frowning, ill at ease, angrier with himself than he had ever been with her. What a fool he had been; what a stupid thing to have done because his sex pride had been wounded!

He'd acted like the sort of man he'd always condemned. Taken advantage of their respective positions, taken advantage of an intimate evening in a quiet room to—to make love to his secretary. Well, not make love exactly. But to express upon unwilling lips his anger and his sudden desire and his male urge for supremacy.

To imperil himself like that, to risk losing the best secretary a man ever had!

"Confound it all!" said Eaton.

But he was disturbed to realize that all that evening the memory of the soft, warm lips beneath his own persisted. He swore his way through a tasteless meal and went to his club to find a poker game in progress. He played idiotically; he drank himself into a bad head and went home in the early hours of morning—still remembering.

Oh, he'd known for months how much she attracted him, but as long as he kept away from her it hadn't been dangerous. But now!

He liked her too much to hurt her. Yet it had been a good many years since he had been so stirred.

Their meeting on the following morning was formal. And after that it was easier for Anne to keep to her resolutions, for Eaton, unconscious of them as he was, was so ready to help her.

And then something happened that pushed Lawrence Eaton temporarily into the background of Anne's thoughts. For when she arrived home one evening, her mother met her and drew her aside with a troubled expression.

"I'm worried about Kathleen," said Mrs. Murdock.

"Why?" Anne regarded her wearily.

"Nothing and everything. She'd not been out for over a week, so I ran into town today—Jim had asked me to go and see Sara, who is miserable," explained Mrs. Murdock, "and then I went down to the flat. That Lola was there. I don't like her; she's good for nothing. She shouldn't be influencing Kathleen. She was nice enough," said Mrs. Murdock grudgingly, "but while I was there someone rang up on the phone—someone named Dolly—and they had a talk. It was about Kathleen they were talking and some fellow named Georgie. I wish you'd find out what's it all about. I don't like it at all."

"Oh, it's probably nothing," said Anne easily. "What difference does it make? Kathleen's bound to meet men, Mother."

"Don't I know that? But what kind of men?" asked Mrs. Murdock. "I heard that Lola say, 'Well, I can't tell her to stay away from him, can I? If he's your property, why don't you manage it?' I didn't like the sound of that. Perhaps it's a married man!" offered Mrs. Murdock in a sepulchral whisper.

Anne thought a moment. Then she said evenly: "I'm going to the theater with Betty tomorrow evening. I'll spend the night at Kathleen's. I've a key, you know. Don't worry, Mother. Kathleen can take care of herself."

She patted the little woman on the back and went up to her own room. Could Kathleen take care of herself? Could any woman—in love? She had once thought herself so much wiser and more self-contained than her younger sister. But she thought so no longer.

After theater Anne went on to Kathleen's and was there alone in the gaudy little apartment until the first of the stragglers, Lola, came in. Although the two had nothing in common, they were on good terms. Anne had seen to that.

"Well, if it isn't Anne!"

"In person. That's a pretty frock, Lola."

"Like it? Want it?" asked Lola, always generous when on the crest. "Take it if you do. Too tight for me, anyway."

"Thanks a lot but it's not my color. Too much red in my hair. Home early, aren't you? Kathleen's out. She gave me a key."

"I'm dead," said Lola, flopping on a couch and lighting a cigaret. "I haven't been in before three for weeks. You don't honor us often, Anne. Why not?"

"Busy. And tired at night. I saw 'Hurry Up' tonight. Good music. That's a pretty girl, by the way, over there in the leather frame. New, isn't it?"

"Doll? She's forty if she's a day," said Lola carelessly. "But she photographs like seventeen. She even gets movie jobs!"

"What does she do?" asked Anne. She had looked at the picture before Lola came in, idly enough and then attentively when she saw the name written across it—"To Lola with Dolly's love."

"How do you mean, what does she do? She's out of the chorus nowadays, but she walks on in good-looking, giddy mama parts in the musical shows. She's playing now in 'Her Husband's Wife.'"

Anne said, with apparent indifference: "It sounds good. I must see it. She looks attractive."

"She's a fool," commented Lola, without malice.

"Why?" Anne wanted to know.

"Oh, you're too young!" Anne expostulated indignantly, and Lola went on: "It's just one of those things. She's got a twenty-five-year-old sweetie, and he keeps her broke most of the time."

Anne's face was expressionless at the information and she asked, with studied naïveté: "Are they engaged?"

"Child, don't make me laugh!"

"Is he an actor?" persisted Anne.

"No visible means of support except the races," Lola answered. "By the way, he's met Kathleen and is keen about her. Doll's ready to scratch her eyes out."

Anne thought, in despair: "Then Molly was right!" and she remembered her father's warning: "If any harm comes of this . . ."

Aloud, she said idly: "Is that so? I'd like to meet him."

"Well, you could give Kathleen a run for her money," commented Lola, eying her critically. "There's a Sunday-night party up at Doll's. Why not come along? You can stay here overnight."

And that was that. When Kathleen came home much later she found her sister asleep on the couch.

Sunday night Anne went to the party at Dolly Davis'. It was incredible, different from any party she had yet attended. There was considerable drunkenness and loose conversation, and much noise and laughter.

Kathleen remarked as they started out: "Why on earth *you* want to come——"

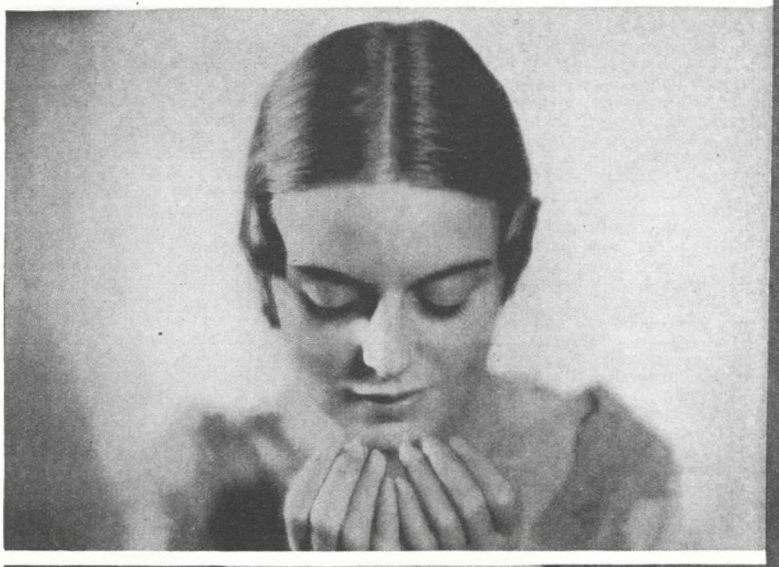
"Curiosity. And just bored."

"Oh, very well. But if you fall down and go boom, don't say I didn't warn you. It's apt to be lively."

Anne made herself agreeable to the hostess. Dolly Davis was a cosmetic beauty, who looked amazingly young. She still had her fair hair and her southern accent, and she was characterized among her close friends as a good-hearted fool. The twenty-five-year-old "sweetie" was much in evidence, playing the host—a narrow-chested, handsome boy, with sleek dark hair and lines under his eyes, and a vicious, over-red mouth.

smooth it on . . .

wash it off . . .



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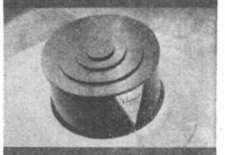

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His name, Anne discovered, was Georgie.

During a rabid encounter between Georgie and Dolly over the matter of too many dances with Kathleen, Anne was able to interfere satisfactorily.

"I like you," remarked Dolly, with maudlin affection. "I like you a *lot*. You're worth a thousand of that high-hat sister of yours. I like you, Anne; I want to do something for you. Have lunch with me tomorrow, next day, every day. You're a good kid, and I *like* you," she repeated inanely.

Anne said quietly: "I'll come tomorrow."

The relationship between Dolly and her sleek-haired Georgie was obvious to Anne. But was it to Kathleen? Anne knew that opposition was fatal to a young person of Kathleen's nature—she knew, too, how futile it would be to try to force an admission from Kathleen as to her apparent interest in Dolly's "property" or to plead with her to see the error of her ways.

There was only one thing to do, Anne thought, and that was to become intimate enough with Dolly to get the story first-hand. And once having obtained it, to go to Kathleen with it.

For the first time in their association, she asked Eaton if she might get away early from work. He consented, regarding her curiously. A few weeks ago he would have asked her why. A few weeks ago she would have told him. But not now.

Anne went to Dolly's for tea several times and found her ready for confidences. She talked almost exclusively of Georgie, and told Anne that it was hard for such a sensitive boy to get ahead in an unkind world.

"He's been unlucky with the horses," she said.

"Doesn't he work?" Anne asked.

"Well, he's a swell hoofer," Dolly said proudly, "and he used to dance in a night club, but his heart isn't strong. He can't stand the gaff."

But all Anne's cultivation of Miss Dolly did not result in any plain statement of fact. Dolly liked Anne in her careless, warm-hearted fashion. But Anne was Kathleen's sister, and Dolly knew how to be wary.

One afternoon, however, she delivered a warning.

"You tell that sister of yours to keep away from Georgie!" she ordered viciously.

Anne's face retained its serenity. "I didn't know she knew him. That is, well."

"What you don't know would fill books," said Dolly. "Now I'm not insinuating anything, you see, but just tell her to keep away—that's all."

"Are you engaged?" Anne asked, so naïvely that she overdid it, and Dolly looked at her with sudden suspicion. But naïveté was a game two could play at.

"Well," drawled Dolly, "it isn't announced yet, of course!"

This encounter left Anne no better off than before. She knew Kathleen well enough to realize that an "unannounced engagement" would never stand in her way if she were really infatuated with Dolly's young man.

In the milieu in which Kathleen had settled herself, property rights were lightly regarded. But she had enough faith in the younger girl's basic decency to believe that if ever Kathleen could be brought proof of Dolly's actual relation with that young man, her sister would turn away. So far her efforts to establish that proof had been wasted.

She determined not to lose sight of Dolly, and because of that determination she joined a party at a night club. Dolly was the titular hostess, although a certain breezy gentleman from the great open spaces paid the bill.

Anne found the party rather amusing. In those days Anne welcomed anything that helped to numb her acute and constant realization of Lawrence Eaton. The work in his office was becoming a nightmare to her. She couldn't stay, and she couldn't leave. She was staying out late at night so that she might sleep dreamlessly, worn with fatigue.

There were a dozen others in the noisy party, and Kathleen quite pointedly had not been included in Dolly's invitation. The fact that Georgie also did not appear was significant to several at the table, and Dolly grew morosely drunk as the night went on. Anne, dancing with the Westerner, suddenly became aware that a man standing in the low doorway was watching her intently. She looked up into her employer's eyes.

A moment later he cut in.

"I didn't know you went in for this sort of thing," he said, and held her closely, as, mechanically, she followed the mazes of the music about the room.

"I don't, often."

"My party hasn't shown up yet," he said. "May I come to your table?"

He did so and was presented to Lola and Dolly and the rest. He stayed with them until several uproarious gentlemen arrived and claimed him, after which the two parties merged.

Anne offered no explanation of her presence. Why should she? It was hardly possible to inform Mr. Eaton that in order to keep a watchful eye upon Kathleen—who wasn't even present—she had cultivated Dolly and her playmates!

As for Eaton, when Anne decided it was time to go home, he took her the short distance to Kathleen's flat.

"Sorry not to have met your sister," he said.

"We expected her," Anne said sleepily.

She was wishing she hadn't gone on the party. She was wishing Eaton hadn't chosen that particular night club for his evening's entertainment. She was wishing she wasn't shut up with him in the dark intimacy of the automobile.

And Eaton, driving home alone thereafter, found himself wondering why he hadn't taken her in his arms and kissed her—again. After all, he knew little about her outside his office. After all, the crowd she ran with was swift.

His senses were a little unsteady, not entirely from the usual concomitants of the evening. When he'd taken her in his arms it was with the sense that she belonged there. Could he ignore any longer, he asked himself, the urgent turning of his whole being toward her?

"It doesn't mean anything serious; it can't!" he thought gloomily. "It's just the unexpectedness of finding her there; the drinks and music and everything."

But when he found her in the office the next morning, he had not forgotten. He remembered only too well. And he admitted to himself with a sick feeling of uncertainty in the future and danger in the present: "I'm crazy about her."

Dictating, talking to her, watching her move about the office, he told himself again and again: "I'm crazy about her." And then he asked himself the inevitable and unanswerable question: *"What am I going to do?"*

Next Month—in Faith Baldwin's Novel of Business Today, Anne Murdock is involved in her sister's disquieting affair and finds in her employer's ready sympathy consolation—and danger

Lipstick

(*Continued from page 39*)

Michael discovered one of the few people whom he had troubled to rediscover, chiefly on his mother's account. Mrs. Severill, who lived in the neighborhood of Brayde Manor, was in London for the little season so that her daughter Joyce might find her feet before being presented at one of the next year's courts. Mrs. Severill smiled at him more or less approvingly.

Evidently Mrs. Severill had given a party for young people and to Michael's eyes it drooped a little. Three dull-looking young men preserved a stolid attitude in the presence of Joyce and two other girls of her vintage, and he scarcely could blame them.

Michael's gaze went back to Ann and his mind became engrossed with a queer problem. He knew why Mrs. Severill had given him only a conditional smile. An eligible bachelor would have been occupied better, in her view, paying attention to Joyce. Her experienced eye took in the perfection of Ann's frock, the miracle of Ann's charm, and she asked herself who Ann was and found no answer to the question. Mrs. Severill saw in Joyce the salt of Dorset's best, and could not approve Michael's taste.

Michael put his problem into words: "Why are the Anns of life, obviously an unscrupulous race, so attractive; and why are the Joyces, a virtuous sisterhood, so deadly dull?"

Then he heard Ann's voice murmuring gently: "Don't rack your poor brains any more, Michael dear. Nobody knows where your nice friends over there get those amazing clothes. Give it up, and teach me to dance like grandma instead. I particularly like this tune."

Once more he held that smoke-blue form in his arms, so imponderable, so obedient to the least hint of guidance. She danced like a leaf before the wind.

Mrs. Severill, beneath her bland efforts to make her party go, thought swiftly: "I must ask him to dinner. That girl's simply an infatuation. He will see that Joyce is different." Then the remorseless logic of experience caused her to think further: "He doesn't *want* Joyce to be different, and it won't do any good, but I must make an effort and so I shall ask him to dinner."

Shortly before midnight Ann wished to be taken home. She must consider, she said, tomorrow and the toiler's need of a night's rest. Cloaked and powdered, she met him in the entrance, and a moment later they were gliding through the rain-swept night.

For a while neither spoke; Ann sat gazing ahead at the string of lamps along Piccadilly and Michael sat gazing at her profile. What, after all, could you understand from the expression in a girl's eyes when it was put there specially to deceive you? She might be thinking how marvelous or how kind-hearted he was, or whether she should have a pink frock or a green frock, or what a poor fish he must be not to kiss her when he had the chance. Well, it was a lonely life and at least he owed it to himself not to earn the reputation of being a poor fish.

Very sweetly she let herself be kissed. He found a sort of idiomatic tenderness about her, a desire to help so that a beautiful rite might be performed beautifully. They were rather breathless kisses faintly flavored with lipstick. He had only begun to kiss her when the cab drew up outside her flat.

She sighed, smiled and gathered up the

hand bag of miraculously shaded beads. At the door a slim white hand met his.

"Good night, Michael, and thanks ever so much. You make a delightful playfellow. You're a darned sight younger and more frivolous than you imagine."

The door clicked behind her.

Heady with male righteousness Michael steadfastly ignored the essential adorableness of Ann, that slender figure so heartbreaking in smoke-blue velvet, that voice like a caress, that beautifully shaped head with its mop of shingled curls. He remembered only her unchaperoned appearance in a silk dressing wrap and her idiomatic tenderness in the taxicab when her kisses tasted faintly of lipstick.

Therefore he neglected her for ten days, refraining from manifesting himself by even so much as a telephone call and refusing to be disappointed because she also gave no sign. Subconsciously he longed for the moral superiority of knowing that she was in pursuit.

He thought cold, cruel things of her on his way to dine with Mrs. Severill. Tonight at least, he felt, it would be demonstrated that blood must tell and Joyce Severill, before the solid background of a home and a parent, would convince him that the girls of England were still sound at heart, and replete with modesty, maidenliness and seemly behavior. Moreover, it would be pleasant to dine at someone's house instead of in a restaurant, with the port gleaming on the ancient mahogany and a stately butler lending dignity to the business of eating and drinking.

Mrs. Severill had taken a house in Lowndes Square, and the majesty of that sacred neighborhood descended on Michael as he rang the doorbell. He still lived more or less in a dream of days before the war when people really inhabited large houses and kept many devoted servants. Thus entering what he supposed to be fairyland, he found he had arrived at the precise moment when the coach was turning back into a pumpkin and the horses into mice.

The servant who took his hat and coat struck him as a trifle quaint, but what else can be expected of a temporary staff hastily mobilized by an agency? The house struck him as dismally barren, but a wise owner locks up the more cherished possessions before letting his home furnished.

The quaint servant conducted Michael to the drawing-room on the first floor, an apartment destitute of furniture save for a few gilt chairs and a large phonograph. Joyce and two other girls were dancing to the music of this instrument, partnered by two young men in the last stages of boredom and another man who was, inevitably, a retired colonel.

Michael greeted Mrs. Severill with old-world politeness. Across the din of the phonograph she screamed a welcome. Presently the record on the phonograph came to an end, the quaint servant arrived with a tray of cocktails, and the dancers flocked round the cocktail tray.

Mrs. Severill introduced Michael to Joyce and Meriel and Pamela. The colonel exclaimed: "Ha! Pleased to meet yer!" and the young men made mooing noises. The young ladies Michael also greeted with old-world politeness, causing them to seem not only intrigued but almost alarmed.

A sort of butler announced dinner. Michael found himself between his hostess and Joyce.

While he ate the very bad dinner provided by a temporary cook of the meanest intelligence, Michael arrived gradually at an estimate of the situation. He was the prize and Joyce had been nominated prize winner. Mrs. Severill flattered him from one side and Joyce threw herself at him from the other. Pamela and Meriel watched her in scarcely disguised envy.

Joyce was a healthy restless young animal, neither pretty nor plain. Her high voice kept addressing him in a series of imperatives.

"Oh, Sir Michael, do tell me about Africa. Oh, Sir Michael, you *must* hunt this season. Oh, Sir Michael, you've simply got to live at the Manor. It's practically on our doorstep. It would be too thrilling."

After dinner he danced with the girls to the music of the phonograph. They seemed so alike in their skimpy frocks with their skimpy minds, but each contrived to assure him without putting it in so many words that no one had bespoken her, and if his thoughts moved in the direction of marriage he need look no further.

Never before had he realized the terrible result of a man-shortage. He began to feel like a hunted animal. Finally, at an early hour, he left.

In the morning he told himself that to be alone in London is no life for a man and departed to spend the weekend at a South Coast town where the golf was renowned. But a steady rain drove him to bridge in the clubhouse; afternoon bridge, drinks, dinner, more bridge and more drinks and so to bed. The return journey on Monday morning seemed a release from purgatory.

The almost affectionate attitude of all the staff at his chambers for gentlemen reminded him that Christmas lay hardly more than a week ahead. He supposed he would go down to Dorset. The necessity presented itself for buying Christmas presents, for he could not go empty-handed.

The blatancy of the shopping crowds in Regent Street irritated him vaguely, and the contents of the shop windows irritated him still more. Who on earth wanted to buy all this rubbish, and who first conceived the idea of commercializing Christmas? The world seemed to have changed out of all recognition.

The Christmases he remembered were essentially family affairs—church in the morning, with a brother and sisters and cousins and uncles home from the ends of the earth, a walk through the woods in the afternoon, and then the Christmas dinner, with old stories out of the past and old wines from dim corners of the cellar, and improvised games or charades afterwards. Now the mode seemed to be to eat your Christmas dinner in a restaurant and dance later with a lot of waiters looking on.

It was then that the idea came to him to find a present for Ann.

He paused, almost startled at his own inspiration. One half of his mind accused him of looking upon Ann with approval, a ridiculous proceeding in the case of a girl who came to the door in her dressing gown and allowed herself to be kissed in a taxi. The other half of his mind explained this apparent inconsistency.

"True, she must be termed unsexed and immodest, but at least she isn't predatory. Compare her, for instance, with Joyce and Meriel and Pamela. They as good as proposed to me and their mammas have pestered me with invitations ever since that awful evening at Mrs. Severill's. Now Ann never attempted to propose and not one word have I heard from her since I took her out to dinner, over a fortnight ago. Therefore she deserves a present, even if it only bears the semblance of a thank offering."

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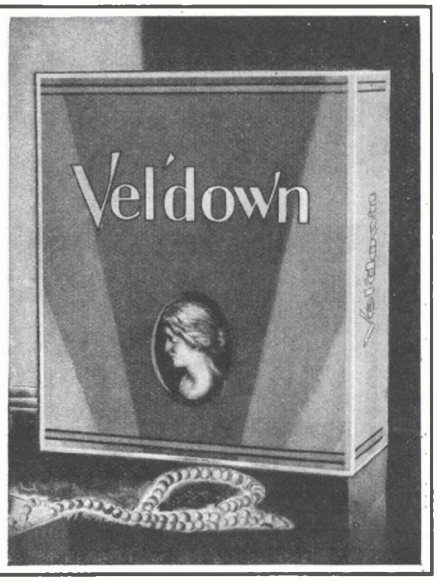

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The question as to what form the present should take puzzled him a little. But finally he decided: "She has a home and she is a girl of taste, so I will give her something for her home." Thereupon he sought a dealer in old silver who knew him, and bought a pair of Georgian-silver saltcellars, frail and delicate and beautiful.

Having lunched at his club he decided to deliver the saltcellars in person. After all, she would be at her place of business, but there resides a subtle compliment in the personal delivery of a gift. Her maid would report the fact and it might give her pleasure.

Yet when he had climbed the stairs to Ann's apartment, it was she who opened the door and uttered a cry of surprise.

"You!" she said with an intonation he found difficult to describe to himself. It seemed compounded of satisfaction and pleasure, blended with hesitation. "It's very nice of you to call to see me," she went on. "Do come in, Michael. I'm glad I happened to be here."

HE ENTERED and she closed the door. They stood facing each other in the tiny rectangular hall. Instead of leading the way to her sitting room she indicated a chair and said:

"Won't you sit down? I seem always to open the front door when you come, but my maid's out shopping. It's so near Christmas, you see. One has to do such a lot of shopping for Christmas."

"Yes," he agreed. "Much of it seems pure waste of time and money but a little of it one enjoys. I've enjoyed doing some shopping for you, Ann. I called to leave a Christmas present for you. Strictly speaking, you oughtn't to open it till Christmas Day."

He offered her the parcel and as she took it a faint color came into her face.

"You're very kind, Michael, but I didn't think you approved of me enough to give me a Christmas present. I'm one of these dreadful modern girls who go out with men on the slightest provocation."

"Everything's comparative, Ann."

"That means you've gone farther and fared worse since I saw you. Oh, Michael, and I thought you were so faithful! I'm almost afraid to open this parcel, because directly I see what's in it I shall understand what you really think of me."

She was pulling off the string and unfolding the brown paper. When at last she drew out the first of the silver salt-cellars, she held it gently, in the manner of one appreciative of beautiful things.

"You know," she told him, "you have charming thoughts of me sometimes. I can't explain why, but I'd have hated to have you give me silk stockings, for instance. This of course is perfect, and besides giving me a perfect thing you've flattered me terribly because you assume this is the kind of present I'd like best. Thank you ever so much."

Michael was thinking: "By heaven's mercy she isn't going to offer me a kiss for it. If she did I'd detest her; that sort of thing goes with silk stockings but not with Georgian saltcellars."

Aloud he said: "I'm awfully glad you're pleased. It isn't fair to give you the sort of thing I like myself and then despise you if it doesn't appeal to you. All the same I'd have been disappointed."

Ann stood fingering her treasures, and then a smile broke over her face.

"Michael, I feel now that I can risk asking you into my sitting room. You've been awf'ly good about being kept in this wretched little hall. You see, there's something queer in the sitting room, and I was afraid you might laugh at me if you saw it. Now I'm not sure you will."

"What makes you think I won't?"

"Who knows? But I'll take the risk."

She pushed open the sitting-room door and he followed her.

The soft glow of an orange-shaded lamp revealed a tall Christmas tree standing by the window. The branches were decked with colored glass globes, colored candles and small toys.

"You see," he heard Ann's voice saying, "I ran out of crackers to tie on the branches and so I sent out for more. That's why I opened the door for you. Do you think I'm a great baby to have a Christmas tree, Michael?"

He shook his head. "Only this morning I asked myself how Christmas in London could have come to mean nothing but restaurant parties and dancing and a concentrated effort on the part of shopkeepers to sell a lot of absurd things nobody wants. Whom will you ask to your party, Ann?"

"Well, I know heaps of young marrieds who aren't too well off, and they haven't the space and the leisure to arrange Christmas trees. So being a so-called idle spinster I have a party just before Christmas, and the kids love it and it gives their mothers an afternoon off and a chance to look at the shops."

"You know, Ann," he said thoughtfully, "you really are rather a dear."

"Am I? Then if I am, will you do something for me? Will you be Father Christmas and give away the presents? I'll get you a red gown and white beard and all you'll have to do is to sneak in quietly and put them on. Then I'll announce you, and when it's all over you can sneak out and come back as your own self for a badly needed drink."

"No, Ann. I'll get my own red gown, if you'll let me. That will be my contribution to the party. When is it?"

"The day after tomorrow. Father Christmas should appear at about four."

"Splendid. And if I do my job frightfully well, would you dine with me afterwards?"

"I'd love to. Thank you, Michael."

As he went down the stairs he reflected ironically: "Somehow I can't see Joyce or Meriel or Pamela having a tree for the children of young marrieds not quite so well-off as themselves."

Suffering acutely from the emotions which afflict the more nervous burglars, Michael stole through the half-open door of Ann's apartment and tiptoed in, under the guidance of a giggling maid. From the sitting room came a murmur of small, delighted voices.

Feverishly he adjusted the long white beard, the fur cap and the scarlet gown sacred to Father Christmas, and sat down to await his summons. At last he heard Ann's voice saying:

"Come on, Michael. It's zero hour."

In her sitting room he found a charming assembly of guests, little boys displaying a mixture of shyness and truculence, little girls already, at the age of five or six, reproducing the pretty assurance and exquisite social tact of their mothers, dreamy babies still harking back to the mysterious world from which they came. All in a moment Michael found himself in an old Dorsetshire mansion with a brother and sisters and grown-up uncles and cousins, every one of them a child either in years or by temperament on account of Christmas.

Instantly he became a great success, so that even the smallest baby welcomed him. He saw gratitude in Ann's eyes. This was a new Ann! Presently she allowed him to escape, to deposit the disguise in a suitcase and return to the party merely as some man who had strayed in out of the cold.

When the last mother or nurse had collected the last child Ann offered Michael a cocktail and sat on the arm of a chair, weary yet triumphant, viewing him with considering eyes.

"You were very sweet to those infants," she said at last. "You're quite a different person from the man who took me to dine at the Carlton. Life's very difficult."

"You're quite a different person from the girl I took to the Carlton. You ought to be ashamed of deceiving me."

"I deceive you? I like that! I was just what you expected me to be and then you went away despising me."

"How dare you say I despised you?"

"But Michael, you did. You wanted a party girl and you asked me, and I was a party girl accordingly because I believe in earning my dinner. I wore my most flippant frock, and I let you kiss me as much as you wanted to——"

"Not as much as I really wanted to."

"Some people are very greedy. I felt all your conscientious scruples through your kisses; you were reproaching yourself for stooping to take out a girl who permitted that kind of thing, and angry with me for permitting it.

"You cast me out of your memory for weeks, and then in a moment of Christian charity something moved you to buy me the sort of Christmas present a really nice girl might love to have. And as you haven't a monopoly of Christian charity I forgave you, not because of your saltcellars but because of your better nature."

There was a flush of shame in Michael's face because he knew she spoke the truth.

"You deliberately gave me that impression!"

"My dear, if one's expected to be a joy girl one is a joy girl. It doesn't matter. I earn my own living. If I'm kissed I can always wash my face afterwards, except that one generally uses cleansing cream nowadays.

"These things don't hurt a woman. You think we're made of sugar but it's only your vanity. We're so good-natured we take our color from the men we're with. It's done, I assure you.

"Let me see, I'm dining with you. What would you like me to be this evening—the bad girl of the family or just a quiet mouse? The point is I'll have to dress the part. One lives up to or down to one's frock."

AS HE listened to her a great revelation came to Michael Brayde. He knew if she would marry him he could give up without repining his bungalow by a Nigerian river, and settle down to be a baronet on a Dorset estate with an apartment in London to salve the monotony. He went over and took her in his arms.

"I am very cross and battered and unpleasant and you are a darling and the most adorable thing in the world," he told her, "but you will marry me—won't you?—because you don't mind taking your color from the man you're with and this I assure you is a fast color, guaranteed fadeless and sunproof and all the rest of it. And I'm going to kiss you to death and if you take away my kisses with cleansing cream I shall only beat you and kiss you all over again."

She let him take her in his arms and turn her face gently to the exact angle for kisses, and said after a while:

"Michael darling, couldn't we go to a grillroom and dine just as we are, because I'm finding this particular frock awf'ly easy to live up to."

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The Final Chapters of Mr. Coolidge's Autobiography (Cont. from page 25)

Republicans who were much disappointed that it did not declare in favor of ratifying the treaty with reservations.

The Massachusetts Republican State Convention in the fall of 1919 had adopted a plank favoring immediate ratification with suitable reservations which would safeguard American interests. While later the treaty had been rejected by the Senate it was still necessary to make a formal agreement of peace with the central powers and for that purpose some treaty would be necessary.

Many Republicans favored our entry into the League as a method of closing up the war period and helping stabilize world conditions. Senator Crane had taken that position in Massachusetts and repeated it again at Chicago.

Since that time the situation has changed. The war period has closed and a separate treaty has been made and ratified. The more I have seen of the conduct of our foreign relations the more I am convinced that we are better off out of the League.

Our government is not organized in a way that would enable us adequately to deal with it. Nominally our foreign affairs are in the hands of the President. Actually the Senate is always attempting to interfere, too often in a partisan way and many times in opposition to the President.

Our Country is not racially homogeneous. While the several nationalities represented here are loyal to the United States, yet when differences arise between European countries, each group is naturally in sympathy with the nation of its origin.

Our actions in the League would constantly be embarrassed by this situation at home. The votes of our delegates there would all the time disturb our domestic tranquillity here. We have come to realize this situation very completely now, but in 1920 it was not so clear. At that time we were close to the war. Our sympathies were very much with our allies and a great body of sentiment in our Country, which may be called the missionary spirit, was strongly in favor of helping Europe. To them the League meant an instrument for that end.

That was a praiseworthy spirit and had to be reckoned with in dealing with the people in a political campaign. This sentiment was very marked in the East where it had a strong hold on a very substantial element of the Republican party. While I was taking a short vacation in Vermont several thousand people came to my father's home to greet me. I spent most of my time however in preparing my speech of acceptance.

The notification ceremonies were held on a pleasant afternoon in midsummer at Northampton in Allen Field which was part of the college grounds and its former President, the venerable Dr. L. Clark Seelye, presided. The chairman of the notification committee was Governor Morrow of Kentucky.

A great throng representing many different states was in attendance to hear my address. I was careful to reassure those who feared we were not proposing to continue our cooperation with Europe in attempting to solve the war problems in a way that would provide for a permanent peace of the world.

Not being the head of the ticket, of course, it was not my place to raise issues or create policies but I had the privilege of discussing those already declared in the platform or stated in the addresses of Senator Harding. This I undertook to do in a speech I made at Portland, Maine, where I again pointed out the wish of our party to have our Country associated with other countries in advancing human welfare. Later in the campaign I reiterated this position at New York.

This was not intended as a subterfuge to win votes but as a candid statement of party principles. It was later to be put into practical effect by President Harding in the important treaty dealing with our international relations in the Pacific Ocean, in the agreement for the limitation of naval armaments, in the proposal to enter the World Court, and finally by me in the World Peace Treaty. All that I said and more in justification of support of the Republican ticket by those interested in promoting peace, without committing our country to interfere where we had little interest, has been abundantly borne out by the events.

Shortly before election I made a tour of eight days, going from Philadelphia by special train west to Tennessee and Kentucky and south as far as North Carolina. We had a most encouraging reception on this trip, speaking out-of-doors, mostly from the rear platform during the day, with an indoor meeting at night. During the campaign I spoke in about a dozen states.

The country was already feeling acutely the results of deflation. Business was depressed. For months following the armistice we had persisted in a course of much extravagance and reckless buying. Wages had been paid that were not earned. The whole country, from the National government down, had been living on borrowed money.

Pay day had come and it was found our capital had been much impaired. In an address at Philadelphia I contended that the only sure method of relieving this distress was for the country to follow the advice of Benjamin Franklin and begin to work and save.

Our productive capacity is sufficient to maintain us all in a state of prosperity if we give sufficient attention to thrift and industry. Within a year the country had adopted that course which has brought an era of great plenty.

When the election came it appeared that we had held practically the entire Republican vote and had gained enormously from all those groups who have been in this country so short a time that they still retain a marked race consciousness. Many of them had left Europe to escape from the prevailing conditions there.

While they were loyal to the United States they did not wish to become involved in any old world disputes, were greatly relieved that the war was finished, and generally opposed to the League of Nations. Such a combination gave us an overwhelming victory.

After election it was necessary for me to attend a good many celebrations. My home town of Northampton had a large mass meeting at which several speeches were made. In Boston a series of dinners and lunches were given in my honor.

Shortly before Christmas Mrs. Coolidge and I paid a brief visit to Mr. and Mrs. Harding at their home in Marion, Ohio. They received us in the most gracious manner. It was no secret to us why their friends had so much affection for them.

We discussed at length the plans for his administration. The members of his cabinet were considered and he renewed the invitation to me, already publicly expressed to sit with them. The policies he wished to adopt for restoring the prosperity of the Country by reducing taxes and revising the tariff were referred to more casually. He was sincerely devoted to the public welfare and desirous of improving the condition of the people.

When at last another Governor was inaugurated to take my place and the guns on Boston Common were giving him their first salute, Mrs. Coolidge and I were leaving for home from the North Station on the afternoon train which I had used so much before I was Governor. It had only day coaches and no parlor cars but we were accustomed to travel that way and only anxious to go home. For nine years I had been in public life in Boston. During the winter I made an address before the Vermont Historical Society at Montpelier and spoke later at the Town Hall in New York for a group of ladies who were restoring the birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt.

After a brief stay at Northampton Mrs. Coolidge and I went to Atlanta where I spoke before the Southern Tariff Association. A great deal of hospitality was lavished upon us by the State officials and the people of the city.

In a few days we went to Asheville, North Carolina, where we remained about two weeks. The Grove Park Inn entertained us with everything that could be wished and the region was delightful.

When the Massachusetts electors met, Judge Henry P. Field of the firm where I read law, who had moved my admission to the Bar, now had the experience of nominating me for Vice President. Twenty-four years had intervened between these two services which he performed for me.

The time soon came for us to go to Washington. A large crowd of our friends was at the station to bid us goodbye although the hour was very early. We went a few days before March 4 in order to have a little time to get settled.

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall met us and gave us every attention and courtesy. When Mr. and Mrs. Harding arrived, we went to the station to meet them and they took us back with them to the New Willard, where we too were staying, in the White House car President Wilson sent for them.

About ten-thirty the next morning a committee of the Congress came to escort us to the White House where the President and Mrs. Wilson joined us and we went to the Capitol. Soon President Wilson sent for me and said his health was such it would not be wise for him to remain for the inauguration and bade me goodbye. I never saw him again except at a distance, but he sent me a most sympathetic letter when I became President. Such was the passing of a great world figure.

As I had already taken a leading part in seven inaugurations and witnessed four others in Massachusetts, the experience was not new to me, but I was struck by the lack of order and formality that prevailed. A part of the ceremony takes place in the Senate Chamber and a part on the east portico which destroys all semblance of unity and continuity. I was sworn in before the Senate and made a very brief address dwelling on the great value of a deliberative body as a safeguard of our liberties.

It was a clear but crisp spring day out-of-doors where the oath was administered to the President by Chief Justice White. The inaugural address was able and well received. President Harding had an impressive delivery which never failed to interest and hold his audience. I was to hear him many times in the next two years, but whether on formal occasions or in the freedom of Gridiron dinners, his charm and effectiveness never failed.

When the inauguration was over I realized that the same thing for which I had worked in Massachusetts had been accomplished in the Nation. The radicalism which had tinged our whole political and economic life from soon after 1900 to the World War period was past.

There were still echoes of it, and some of its votaries remained, but its power was gone. The country had little interest in mere destructive criticism. It wanted the progress that alone comes from constructive policies.

It had been our intention to take a house in Washington but we found none to our liking. They were too small or too large. It was necessary for me to live within my income which was little more than my salary and was charged with the cost of sending my boys to school. We therefore took two bedrooms with a dining room, and large reception room at the New Willard where we had every convenience.

It is difficult to conceive a person finding himself in a situation which calls on him to maintain a position he cannot pay for. Any other course for me would have been cut short by the barnyard philosophy of my father, who would have contemptuously referred to such action as the senseless imitation of a fowl which was attempting to light higher than it could roost.

There is no dignity quite so impressive, and no independence quite so important, as living within your means. In our country a small income is usually less embarrassing than the possession of a large one.

But my experience has convinced me that an official residence with suitable maintenance should be provided for the Vice President. Under the present system he is not lacking in dignity but he has no fixed position. The great office should have a settled and permanent habitation and a place, irrespective of the financial ability of its temporary occupant. While I was glad to be relieved of the responsibility of a public establishment, nevertheless, it is a duty the second officer of the Nation should assume. It would be much more in harmony with our theory of equality if each Vice President held the same position in the Capitol City.

Very much is said and written concerning the amount of dining out that the Vice President does. As the President is not available for social dinners of course the next officer in rank is much sought after for such occasions. But like everything else that is sent out of Washington for public consumption the reports are exaggerated. Probably the average of these dinners during the season do not exceed three a week, and as the Senate is in session after twelve o'clock each week day, there is no opportunity for lunches or teas.

When we first went to Washington Mrs. Coolidge and I quite enjoyed the social dinners. As we were always the ranking guests we had the privilege of arriving last and leaving first so that we were usually home by ten o'clock. It will be seen that this was far from burdensome. We found it a most enjoyable opportunity for getting acquainted and could scarcely comprehend how anyone who had the privilege of sitting at a table surrounded by representatives of the Cabinet, the Congress, the Diplomatic Corps and the Army and Navy would not find it interesting.

Presiding over the Senate was fascinating to me. That branch of the Congress has its own methods and traditions which may strike the outsider as peculiar, but more familiarity with them would disclose that they are only what long experience has demonstrated to be the best methods of conducting its business.

It may seem that debate is endless but there is scarcely a time when it is not informing and after all the power to compel due consideration is the distinguishing mark of a deliberative body. If the Senate is anything it is a great deliberative body and if it is to remain a safeguard of liberty it must remain a deliberative body.

I was entertained and instructed by the debates. However it may appear in the country no one can become familiar with the inside workings of the Senate without gaining a great respect for it. The country is safe in its hands.

At first I intended to become a student of the Senate rules and I did learn much about them but I soon found that the Senate had but one fixed rule subject to exceptions of course, which was to the effect that the Senate would do anything it wanted to do whenever it wanted to do it. When I had learned that I did not waste much time on the other rules because they were so seldom applied.

The assistant to the Secretary of the Senate could be relied on to keep me informed on other parliamentary questions. But the President of the Senate can and does exercise a good deal of influence over its deliberations.

The Constitution gives him the power to preside which is the power to recognize whom he will. That often means that he decides what business is to be taken up and who is to have the floor for debate at any specific time.

Nor is the impression that it is a dilatory body never arriving at decisions correct. In addition to acting on the thousands of nominations, and the numerous treaties, it passes much more legislation than the House.

But it is true that unanimous consent is often required to close debate and because of the great power each Senator is therefore permitted to exercise, which is often a veto power, making one Senator a majority of the ninety-six Senators, great care should be exercised by the States in their choice of Senators. Nothing is more dangerous to good government than great power in improper hands.

If the Senate has any weakness it is because the people have sent to that body men lacking the necessary ability and character to perform the proper functions. But this is not the fault of the Senate. It cannot choose its own members but has to work with what is sent to it. The fault lies back in the citizenship of the States. If the Senate does not function properly the blame is chiefly on them.

If the Vice President is a man of discretion and character, so that he can be relied upon to act as a subordinate in such position, he should be invited to sit with the Cabinet, although some of the Senators, wishing to be the only advisers of the President, do not look on that proposal with favor. He may not help much in its deliberations, and only on rare occasions would he be a useful

contact with the Congress, although his advice on the sentiment of the Senate is of much value, but he should be in the Cabinet because he might become President and ought to be informed on the policies of the administration.

He will not learn of all of them. Much went on in the departments under President Harding, as it did under me, of which the Cabinet had no knowledge. But he will hear much and learn how to find out more if it ever becomes necessary. My experience in the Cabinet was of supreme value to me when I became President.

It was my intention when I became Vice President to remain in Washington, avoid speaking and attend to the work of my office. But the pressure to speak is constant and intolerable. However I resisted most of it.

I was honored by the President by his request to make the dedicatory address at the unveiling of a bust of him in the McKinley Memorial at Niles, Ohio. I also delivered the address at the dedication of the Grant statue in Washington. During these two years I spoke some and lectured some. This took me about the country in travels that reached from Maine to California, from the Twin Cities to Charleston. I was getting acquainted.

Aside from speeches I did little writing. but I read a great deal and listened much. While I little realized it at the time it was for me a period of most important preparation. It enabled me to be ready in August 1923.

An extra session of the Congress began in April of 1921 which was almost continuous until March 4, 1923. While an enormous amount of work was done it soon became apparent that the country expected too much from the change in administration.

The government could and did stop the waste of the people's savings but it could not restore them. That had to be done by the hard work and thrift of the people themselves. This would take time. While the country was improving it was still depressed. There was some unemployment and a good deal of distress in agriculture because of the very low prices of farm produce and the shrinkage in land values.

When I began to make political speeches in the campaign of 1922 I soon realized that the country had large sections that were disappointed because a return of prosperity had not been instantaneous. Moreover the people had little knowledge of the great mass of legislation and administrative reorganization already accomplished which was to prove so beneficial to them within a few months in the future.

After I had related some of the record of the relief measures adopted they would come to me to say they had never heard of it and thought nothing had been done. While my party still held both the House and Senate it lost many seats in the election which made the closing session of the Congress full of complaints tinged with bitterness against an administration under which many of them had been defeated. That being the natural reaction it is useless to discuss its propriety.

While these years in Washington had been full of interest they were not without some difficulties. Its official circles never accept anyone gladly. There is always a certain unexpressed sentiment that a new arrival is appropriating the power that should rightfully belong to them. He is always regarded in the nature of an usurper. But I think I met less of this sentiment than is usual for I was careful not to be obtrusive.

Nevertheless I could not escape being looked on as one who might be given something that others wished to have. But as it soon became apparent that I was wholly engaged in promoting the work of the Senate and the success of the administration rather than my own interests I was more cordially accepted.

In these two years I witnessed the gigantic task of demobilizing a war government and restoring it to a peace time basis. I also came in contact with many of the important people of the United States and foreign countries.

All talent eventually arrives at Washington. Most of the World Figures were there at the Conference on Limitation of Armaments. Other meetings brought people only a little less distinguished. While I had little official connection with these events the delegates called on me and I often met them on social occasions.

The efforts of President Harding to restore the country became familiar to me. I saw the steady increase of the wise leadership of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Mellon in the administration of the government and the passing of some of the veteran figures of the Senate.

Chief among these was Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. He was a great power and had a control of the conduct of the business of the Senate which he exercised in behalf of our party policies that no one else approached during my service in Washington.

In the winter of 1923 President Harding was far from well. At his request I took his place in delivering the address at the Budget Meeting. While he was out again in a few days he never recovered.

As Mrs. Coolidge and I were leaving for the long recess on the fourth of March I bade him goodbye. We went to Virginia Hot Springs for a few days and then returned to Massachusetts where we remained while I filled some speaking engagements and in July went to Vermont. We left the President and Mrs. Harding in Washington.

I do not know what had impaired his health. I do know the weight of the Presidency is very heavy.

Later it was disclosed that he had discovered that some whom he had trusted had betrayed him and he had been forced to call them to account. It is known that this discovery was a heavy grief to him, perhaps more than he could bear. I never saw him again. In June he started for Alaska and—eternity.

Next Month—Major Oliver Newman brings to our readers a human-interest story about another great American—Woodrow Wilson

A Letter from the Queen *(Continued from page 67)*

him and dug him up . . . Miss Tully! Hey! Miss Tully, will you be so good as to tell Martens to bring us whisky and soda, with two glasses? Eh? Now you look here, young woman; we'll fight out the whole question of my senile viciousness after our guest has gone. *Two* glasses, I said! . . . Now about Secretary Olney. The fact of the case was . . ."

Two hours later, Senator Ryder was still talking, and in that two hours he had given Selig such unrecorded information as the researcher could not have found in two years of study.

Selig had for two hours walked with presidents and ambassadors; he had heard the dinner conversation of foreign ministers, conversation so private, though world-affecting, that it never had been set down, even in letters. The Senator had revealed his friendship with King Edward, and the predictions about the future World War the king had made over a glass of mineral water.

The mild college instructor who, till this afternoon, had never spoken to anyone more important than the president of a prairie college, was exalted with a feeling that he had become the confidant of kings and field marshals, of Anatole France and Lord Haldane, of Sarah Bernhardt and George Meredith.

He had always known but till now he had never understood that in private these great personages were plain human beings, like Doctor Wilbur Selig of Erasmus. It made him feel close to King Edward to hear (though the Senator may have exaggerated) the king could not pronounce his own name without a German accent; it made him feel a man of the world to learn the details of a certain not very elevating party at which an English duke and a German prince and a Portuguese king, accompanied by questionable ladies, had in bibulous intimacy sung to Senator Ryder's leadership the lyric, "How Dry I Am."

During that two hours, there had been ten minutes when he had been entirely off in a Conan Doyle spirit world. His notion of prodigious alcoholic dissipation was a bottle of home-brewed beer once a month. He had tried to mix himself a light whisky and soda—he noted, with some anxiety about the proper drinking-manners in diplomatic society, that he took approximately one-third as much whisky as the Senator.

But while the old man rolled his drink in his mouth and shook his bald head rapturously and showed no effect, Selig was suddenly lifted six million miles above the earth, through pink-gray clouds shot with lightning, and at that altitude he floated dizzily while below him the Senator discoursed on the relations of Cuban sugar to Colorado beets.

And once Iddle blatted into sight, in his dirty flivver, suggested taking him away, and was blessedly dismissed by the Senator's curt, "Doctor Selig is staying here for dinner. I'll send him back in my car."

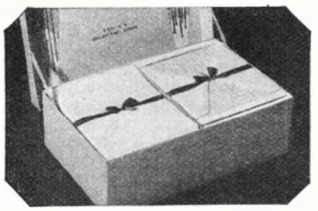
Dinner . . . Selig, though he rarely read fiction, had read in some novel about "candle-flames, stilled in the twilight and reflected in the long stretch of waxed mahogany as in a clouded mirror—candles and roses and old silver." He had read, too, about stag horns and heraldic shields and the swords of old warriors.

Now actually the Senator's dining room had neither stag horn nor heraldic shield nor sword, and if there were still candle-flames, there was no mahogany to reflect them, but instead a silver stretch of damask. It was a long room, simple, with old portraits against white panels. Yet Selig felt that he was transported into all the romance he had ever read.

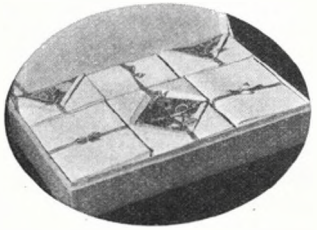
The dinner was countrylike. By now, Selig expected peacocks' tongues and caviar; he got steak and cantaloupe and corn pudding. But there were four glasses at each plate, and along with water, which was the familiar drink at Erasmus, he had and timidly tasted sherry, Burgundy and champagne.

If Wilbur Selig of Iowa and Erasmus had known anything, it was that champagne was peculiarly wicked, associated with light ladies, lewd talk and losses

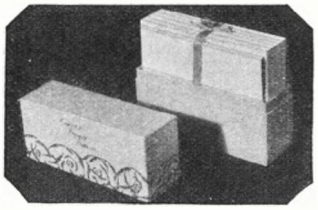
In many charming variations of color and style you may choose these modern writing papers to suit the personalities of your friends



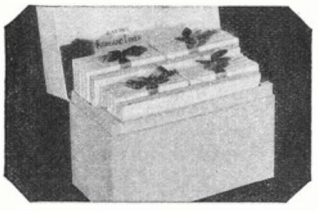
This decorative package of Eaton's Highland Linen will find wide uses; correct for any occasion; distinctive gold edged correspondence cards. $2.50.



A box of Eaton's Trellis has the charm of a beautiful package. The envelopes are lined with a lovely blue and gold flower pattern. $7.50.



Another Eaton's Gift Box. This white, medium sized note paper finds wide popularity with men and women for all social and personal uses. 50c.

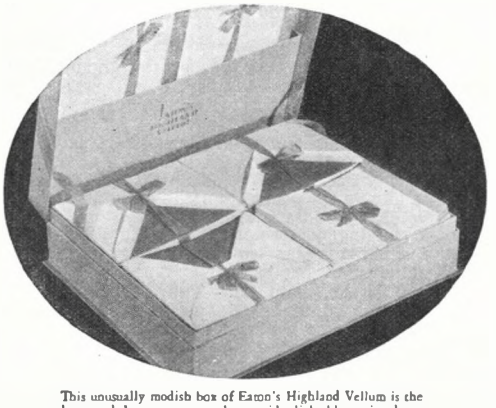


Inexpensive and yet showing taste and thoughtfulness on the part of the giver, this novelty gift box of Eaton's Highland Linen at once pleases. $2.50.

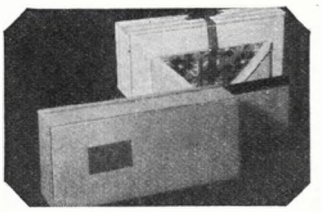
EATON'S HIGHLAND VELLUM—the new, flat-surface writing paper—will continue to be much the mode during the coming year . . . gay, pastel shades of *blue*, *grey*, *silver-grey*, *green*, *buff*, *ivory* and *white* . . . attractive envelopes to match with smart linings in deeper colors. In fact, you will find almost every combination of style, from papers suitable for a young girl to those appropriate to the dignity of the matron.

What a pleasure it is to choose too! For the styles and combinations of Eaton's Highland Vellum (Eaton's Highland Linen and other Eaton papers) are so numerous that you can suit your own whim as well as the personality of your friends. Indeed, that is evidence of good taste in giving—to modify the selection of the gift according to your personal tastes.

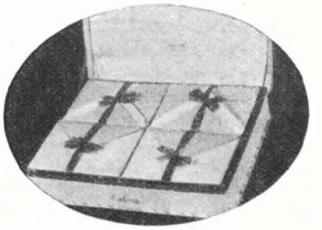
Eaton's Highland Vellum is made by the makers of the famous Eaton Highland Linen, for over 25 years the most popular and widely used writing paper in America. Eaton, Crane & Pike have been quality paper makers for generations. You only have to give Eaton's paper to your friends fully to appreciate the satisfaction and pleasure with which it is received. Look at the many styles pictured on this page, then go to any store where good stationery is sold and choose your gift, *early*. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.



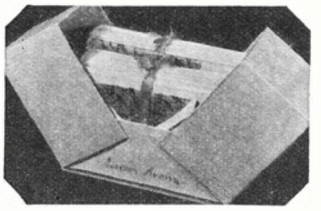
This unusually modish box of Eaton's Highland Vellum is the last word. Its narrow paper has a wide, light-blue stripe down the right hand edge. The envelope lining matches. A very, very smart gift. $3.50.



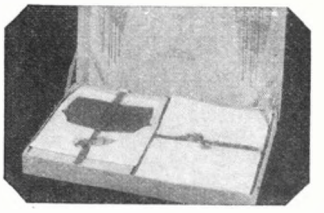
A small package, smartly designed; modern and daintily lined envelopes; a charming gift and at such a saving! $1.



What girl would not thrill to this Eaton's Fancy Gift Box, with its buff lined envelopes in a tan package with a smartly striped cover at $3.



Eaton's Arbor is distinctly feminine; very expressive; and the package is a delightful decorative note as a gift. $2.50.



The blue lined envelopes, the white, correctly sized note paper give an air of distinction and feminine dignity to Eaton's Highland Linen Gift Box. $1.

EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM · HIGHLAND LINEN

Mrs. Cynthia Blackburn Gillmore, daughter of former Representative and Mrs. Spencer Blackburn of North Carolina, is constantly being complimented on the perfection of her skin.

Miss Dorothy McMaster, daughter of Senator and Mrs. W. H. McMaster of South Dakota, possesses the exquisitely clear skin natural to her type of patrician beauty.

Photos by Harris & Ewing.

at roulette invariably terminating in suicide. Yet it was just as he was nibbling at his very first glass of champagne that Senator Ryder began to talk of his delight in the rise of Anglo-Catholicism.

No. It was none of it real.

If he was exhilarated that he had been kept for dinner, he was ecstatic when the Senator said, "Would you care to come for dinner again day after tomorrow? Good. I'll send Martens for you at seven-thirty. Don't dress."

In a dream phantasmagoria he started home, driven by Martens, the Senator's chauffeur-butler, with unnumbered things that had puzzled him in writing his book made clear.

When he arrived at the Sky Peaks camp, the guests were still sitting about the dulled camp fire.

"My!" said Miss Selma Swanson, teacher of history. "Mr. Iddle says you've spent the whole evening with Senator Ryder. Mr. Iddle says he's a *grand* person—used to be a great politician."

"Oh, he was kind enough to help me about some confused problems," murmured Selig.

But as he went to bed—in a reformed corncrib!—he exulted, "I'll bet I could become quite a good friend of the Senator! Wouldn't that be wonderful!"

Lafayette Ryder, when his visitor—a man named Selig or Selim—was gone, sat at the long dining table, with a cigaret and a distressingly empty cognac glass. He was meditating, "Nice eager young chap. Provincial. But mannerly. I wonder if there really are a few people who know that Lafe Ryder once existed?"

He rang, and the crisply coy Miss Tully, the nurse, waltzed into the dining room, bubbling, "So we're all ready to go to bed now, Senator!"

"We are not! I didn't ring for you; I rang for Martens."

"He's driving your guest."

"Humph! Send in cook. I want some more brandy."

"Oh, now, Daddy Ryder! You aren't going to be naughty, are you?"

"I am! And who the deuce ever told you to call me 'Daddy'? Daddy!"

"You did. Last year."

"I don't—this year. Bring me the brandy bottle."

"If I do, will you go to bed then?"

"I will not!"

"But the doctor——"

"The doctor is a misbegotten hound with a face like a fish. And other things. I feel cheerful tonight. I shall sit up late. Till All Hours."

They compromised on eleven-thirty instead of All Hours, and one glass of brandy instead of the bottle. But, vexed at having thus compromised—as so often, in ninety-odd years, he had been vexed at having compromised with Empires—the Senator was (said Miss Tully) very naughty in his bath.

"I swear," said Miss Tully afterward, to Mrs. Tinkham, the secretary, "if he didn't pay so well, I'd leave that horrid old man tomorrow. Just because he was a politician or something, once, to think he can sass a trained nurse!"

"You would not!" said Mrs. Tinkham. "But he *is* naughty."

And they did not know that, supposedly safe in his four-poster bed, the old man was lying awake, smoking a cigaret and reflecting:

"The gods have always been much better to me than I have deserved. Just when I thought I was submerged in a flood of women and doctors, along comes a man for companion, a young man who seems to be a potential scholar, and who might preserve for the world what I tried to do. Oh, stop pitying yourself, Lafe Ryder! . . . I wish I could sleep."

Senator Ryder reflected, the next morning, that he had probably counted too much on young Selig. But when Selig came again for dinner, the Senator was gratified to see how quickly he was already fitting into a house probably more elaborate than any he had known. And quite easily he told of what the Senator accounted his uncivilized farm boyhood, his life in a state university.

"So much the better that he is naïve, not one of these third-secretary cubs who think they're cosmopolitan because they went to Groton," considered the Senator. "I must do something for him."

Again he lay awake that night, and suddenly he had what seemed to him an inspired idea.

"I'll give young Selig a lift. All this money and no one but hang-jawed relatives to give it to! Give him a year of freedom. Pay him—he probably earns twenty-five hundred a year; pay him five thousand and expenses to arrange my files. If he makes good, I'd let him publish my papers, after I pass out. The letters from John Hay, from Blaine, from Choate! No set of unpublished documents like it in America! It would *make* the boy!

"Mrs. Tinkham would object. Be jealous. She might quit. Splendid! Lafe, you arrant old coward, you've been trying to get rid of that woman without hurting her feelings for three years! At that, she'll probably marry you on your dying bed!"

He chuckled, a wicked low delighted sound, the old man alone in darkness.

"Yes, and if he shows the quality I think he has, leave him a little money to carry on with while he edits the letters. Leave him—let's see."

It was supposed among Senator Ryder's lip-licking relatives and necessitous hangers-on that he had left of the Ryder fortune perhaps two hundred thousand dollars. Only his broker and he knew that he had by secret investment increased it to a million, these ten years of dark, invalid life.

He lay planning a new will. The present one left half his fortune to his university, a quarter to the town of Wickley for a community center, the rest to nephews and nieces, with ten thousand each for the Tully, the Tinkham, Martens, and the much-badgered doctor, with a grave proviso that the doctor should never again dictate to any patient how much he should smoke.

Now to Doctor Selig, asleep and not even dream-warned in his absurd corncrib, was presented the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, the blessings of an old man, and a store of historical documents which could not be priced in coin.

In the morning, with a headache, and very strong with Miss Tully about the taste of the aspirin—he suggested that she had dipped it in arsenic—the Senator reduced Selig to five thousand, but that night it went back to twenty-five.

How pleased the young man would be!

Doctor Wilbur Selig, on the first night when he had unexpectedly been bidden to stay for dinner with Senator Ryder, was as stirred as by—— What *would* most stir Doctor Wilbur Selig? A great play? A raise in salary? An Erasmus football victory?

At the second dinner, with the house and the hero less novel to him, he was calmly happy, and zealous about getting information. The third dinner, a week after, was agreeable enough, but he paid rather more attention to the

squab in casserole than to the Senator's revelations about the Baring panic, and he was a little annoyed that the Senator insisted (so selfishly) on his staying till midnight, instead of going home to bed at a reasonable hour like ten—with, perhaps, before retiring, a few minutes of chat with that awfully nice, bright girl, Miss Selma Swanson.

And through that third dinner he found himself reluctantly critical of the Senator's morals.

Hang it, here was a man of good family, who had had a chance to see all that was noblest and best in the world, and why did he feel he had to use such bad language, why did he drink so much? Selig wasn't (he proudly reminded himself) the least bit narrow-minded. But an old man like this ought to be thinking of making his peace; ought to be ashamed of cursing like a stableboy.

He reproved himself next morning. "He's been mighty nice to me. He's a good old coot—at heart. And of course, a great statesman."

But he snapped back to irritation when he had a telephone call from Martens, the chauffeur: "Senator Ryder would like you to come over for tea this afternoon. He has something to show you."

"All right, I'll be over."

Selig was curt about it, and he raged, "Now, by thunder, of all the thoughtless, selfish old codgers! As if I didn't have anything to do but dance attendance on him and amuse him! And here I'd planned to finish a chapter this afternoon! Course he does give me some inside information, but still—as if I needed all the tittle-tattle of embassies for my book! Got all the stuff I need now. And how am I to get over there? The selfish old hound never thinks of that! Does he suppose I can afford a car to go over? I'll have to walk! Got half a mind not to go!"

The sulkiness with which he came to tea softened when the Senator began to talk about the Queen Victoria letter.

Historians knew that during the presidency of Benjamin Harrison, when there was hostility between America and Britain over the seizure by both sides of fishing boats, Queen Victoria had written in her own hand to President Harrison. It was believed that she deplored her royal inability to appeal directly to Parliament, and suggested his first taking the difficulty up with Congress. But precisely what was in this unofficial letter, apparently no one knew.

This afternoon Senator Ryder said placidly. "I happen to have the original of the letter in my possession."

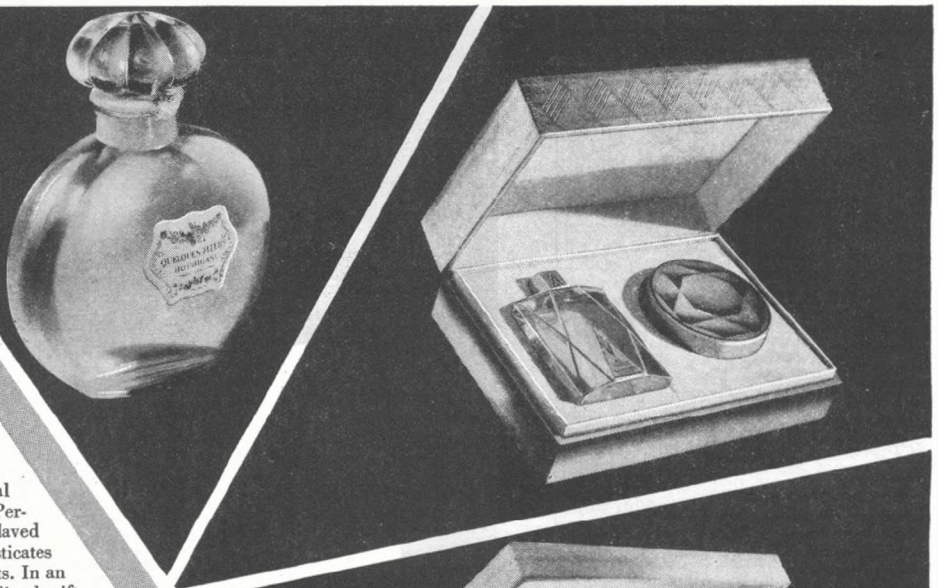
"*What?*"

"Perhaps some day I'll give you a glimpse of it. I think I have the right to let you quote it."

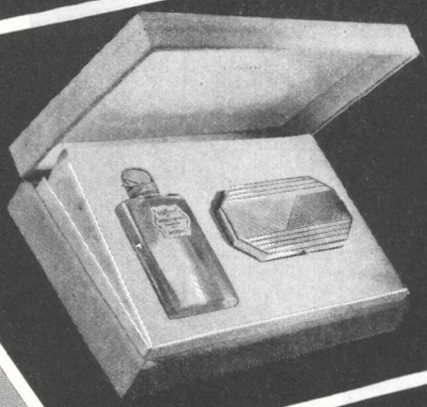
Selig was electrified. It would be a sensation—*he* would be a sensation! He could see his book, and himself, on the front pages. But the Senator passed on to a trivial, quite improper anecdote about a certain Brazilian ambassador and a Washington milliner, and Selig was irritable again. Darn it, it was indecent for a man of over ninety to think of such things! And why the deuce was he so skittish and secretive about his old letter? If he was going to show it, why not do it?

So, perhaps, Doctor Selig of Erasmus was not quite so gracious as a Doctor Selig of Erasmus should have been when, at parting, the old man drew from under his shawl a worn blue-gray pamphlet, and piped:

"I'm going to give you this, if you'd like it. There's only six copies left in the world, I believe. It's the third one

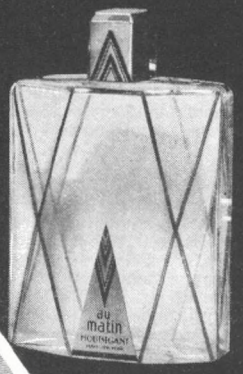


QUELQUES FLEURS—Houbigant's fragrant expression of eternal modern youth. The Perfume that has enslaved the smart sophisticates of two continents. In an exquisite silk-lined gift box, $7.50. Other sizes at $1, $2, $4 and $15.



AU MATIN—a Perfume and a Face Powder achieve an exquisite kinship through a bond of rarest fragrance—breath of flowers at dawn. In a charming silk-lined Gift Set, $10.

QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL in a silk-lined Chamois case that plays treasure chest for these incomparable perfumes and for Houbigant's new gold-toned Triple Vanity containing compact powder, rouge and lipstick, $6.00.

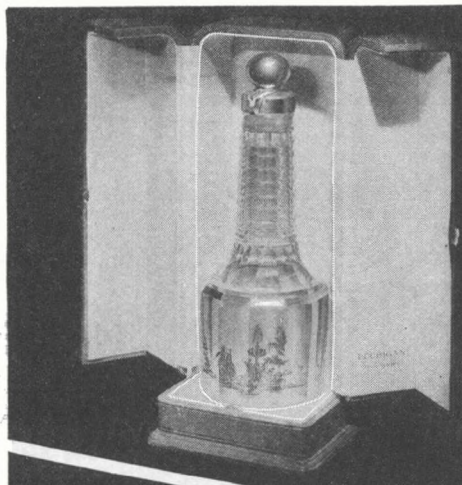


AU MATIN — ecstatic fragrance of the French modernes—breath of dawn's awakening flowers—latest creation of Houbigant—favoured in critical Paris. $10 the Modèle Originale. $18 the Grand Flacon. $20 the Grand Flacon with Atomizer.

THESE ARE GIFTS THAT THRILL IN BOTH THE GIVING AND THE RECEIVING

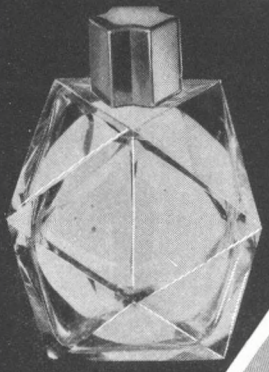
HOUBIGANT

PARIS



LE PARFUM IDÉAL — a fragrance delicately sensuous, seductively mysterious, as lovely as a half-remembered dream. And most attractively boxed, in a coffret of flowered silk, $12.50. Other sizes $1, $1.75, $3.50 and $6.75.

QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL in the most luxurious flacon that ever imprisoned a fragrance. A Louis XV gold embellished bottle serves as a befitting shrine for the supreme perfumes Houbigant. Encased in an individual leather coffret, $25.



QUELQUES FLEURS OR LE PARFUM IDÉAL —a Gift of exceptional attractiveness. The silk lined Chamois case including Perfume and the hexagonal single Compact, $3.00. Items separately, $3.50.

MERE WORDS CAN NEVER EXPRESS DEVOTION AS CHARMINGLY AS THESE EXQUISITRIES

ESSENCE RARE — the world's most perfect fragrance—the ultimate in parfum elegance — the supreme gift! Enshrined in jewel-like splendour, $25 to $125 the flacon.

HOUBIGANT

PARIS

of my books—privately printed and not ordinarily listed with the others. It has, I imagine, a few things in it the historians don't know: the real story of the Paris commune."

"Oh, thanks," Selig said brusquely and, to himself, in the Senator's car, he pointed out that it showed what an egotistic old codger Ryder was, to suppose that just because he'd written something, it must be a blooming treasure!

He glanced into the book. It seemed to have information. But he wasn't stirred, for it was out of line with what he had decided were the subjects of value to Doctor Selig and, therefore, of general interest.

After tea, now, it was too late for work before dinner, and he had Ryder's chauffeur set him down at Tredwell's General Store, which had become for members of the Sky Peaks camp a combination of department store, post office and cafe, where they drank wild toasts .n lemon pop.

Miss Selma Swanson was there, and Selig laughingly treated her to chewing gum, Attaboy Peanut Candy Rolls, and seven fishhooks. They had such a lively time discussing that funny Miss Elkington, up at the camp.

When he started off, with Miss Swanson, he left the Senator's book behind him in the store. He did not miss it till he had gone to bed.

Two days afterward, the Senator's chauffeur again telephoned an invitation to tea for that afternoon, but this time Selig snapped, "Sorry! Tell the Senator I unfortunately shan't be able to come!"

"Just a moment, please," said the chauffeur. "The Senator wishes to know if you care to come to dinner tomorrow evening—eight—he'll send for you."

"Well—— Yes, tell him I'll be glad to come."

After all, dinner here at Sky Peaks was pretty bad, and he'd get away early in the evening.

He rejoiced in having his afternoon free for work. But the confounded insistence of the Senator had so bothered him that he banged a book on his table and strolled outside.

The members of the camp were playing One Old Cat, with Selma Swanson, very jolly in knickerbockers, as cheerleader. They yelped at Selig to join them and, after a stately refusal or two, he did. He had a good time. Afterward he pretended to wrestle with Miss Swanson—she had the supplest waist and, seen close up, the moistest eyes. So he was glad that he had not wasted his afternoon listening to that old bore.

The next afternoon, at six, a splendid chapter done, he went off for a climb up Mount Poverty with Miss Swanson. The late sun was so rich on pasture, pine clumps and distant meadows, and Miss Swanson was so lively in tweed skirt and brogues—but the stockings were silk —that he regretted having promised to be at the Senator's at eight.

"But of course I always keep my promises," he reflected proudly.

They sat on a flat rock perched above the valley, and he observed in rather a classroom tone, "How remarkable that light is—the way it picks out that farmhouse roof, and then the shadow of those maples on the grass. Did you ever realize that it's less the shape of things than the light that gives a landscape beauty?"

"No, I don't think I ever did. That's so! It's the light! My, how observant you are!"

"Oh no, I'm not. I'm afraid I'm just a bookworm."

"Oh, you are not! Of course you're *tremendously* scholarly—my, I've learned *so* much about study from you—but *then*, you're so *active*—you were just a *circus* playing One Old Cat yesterday. I do *admire* an all-round man."

At seven-thirty, holding her firm hand, he was saying, "But really, there's so much I lack that—— But you do think I'm right about its being so much manlier not to drink like that old man? By the way, we must start back."

At a quarter to eight, after he had kissed her and apologized and kissed her, he remarked, "Still, he can wait a while —won't make any difference."

At eight: "Golly, it's so late! Had no idea. Well, I better not go at all now. I'll just phone him this evening and say I got balled up on the date. Look! Let's go down to the lake and dine on the wharf at the boathouse, just you and I."

"Oh, that would be grand!" said Miss Selma Swanson.

Lafayette Ryder sat on the porch that, along with his dining room and bedroom, had become his entire world, and waited for the kind young friend who was giving back to him the world he had once known. His lawyer was coming from New York in three days, and there was the matter of the codicil to his will. But—the Senator stirred impatiently—this money matter was grubby; he had for Selig something rarer than money—a gift for a scholar.

He looked at it and smiled. It was a double sheet of thick bond, with "Windsor Castle" engraved at the top. Above this address was written in a thin hand: "To my friend L. Ryder, to use if he ever sees fit. Benj. Harrison."

The letter began, "To His Excellency, the President," and it was signed "Victoria R." In the few lines between inscription and signature there was a new history of the Great Victoria and of the nineteenth century . . . Dynamite does not come in large packages.

The old man tucked the letter into a pocket down beneath the rosy shawl that reached up to his gray face.

Miss Tully rustled out, to beg, "Daddy, you won't take more than one cocktail tonight? The doctor says it's *so* bad for you!"

"Hey! Maybe I will and maybe I won't. What time is it?"

"A quarter to eight."

"Doctor Selig will be here at eight. If Martens doesn't have the cocktails out on the porch three minutes after he gets back, I'll skin him. And you needn't go looking for the cigarets in my room, either! I've hidden 'em in a brand-new place, and I'll probably sit up and smoke till dawn. Fact; doubt if I shall go to bed at all. Doubt if I'll take my bath."

He chuckled as Miss Tully wailed, "You're so *naughty!*"

The Senator need not have asked the time. He had groped down under the shawl and looked at his watch every five minutes since seven. He inwardly glared at himself for his foolishness in anticipating his young friend, but—all the old ones were gone.

That was the devilishness of living so many years. Gone, so long. People wrote idiotic letters to him, still, begging for his autograph, for money, but who save this fine young Selig had come to him? . . . So long now!

At eight, he stirred, not this time like a drowsy old owl but like an eagle, its lean head thrusting forth from its pile of hunched feathers, ready to soar. He listened for the car.

At ten minutes past, he swore, competently. Confound that Martens!

At twenty past, the car swept up the driveway. Out of it stepped only Martens, touching his cap, murmuring,

"Very sorry, sir. Mr. Selig was not at the camp."

"Then why the devil didn't you wait?"

"I did, sir, as long as I dared."

"Poor fellow! He may have been lost on the mountain! We must start a search!"

"Very sorry, sir, but if I may say so, as I was driving back past the foot of the Mount Poverty trail, I saw Mr. Selig with a young woman, sir, and they were talking and laughing and going *away* from the camp, sir. I'm afraid——"

"Very well. That will do."

"I'll serve dinner at once, sir. Do you wish your cocktail out here?"

"I won't have one. Send Miss Tully."

When the nurse had fluttered to him, she cried out with alarm. Senator Ryder was sunk down into his shawl. She bent over him to hear his whisper:

"If it doesn't keep you from your dinner, my dear, I think I'd like to be helped up to bed. I don't care for anything to eat. I feel tired."

While she was anxiously stripping the shawl from him, he looked long, as one seeing it for the last time, at the darkening valley. But as she helped him up, he suddenly became active. He snatched from his pocket a stiff double sheet of paper and tore it into fragments which he fiercely scattered over the porch with one sweep of his long arm.

Then he collapsed over her shoulder.

Go-getters Next Door

(*Continued from page 83*)

took on one Englishman of seemingly enormous consequence, a person who plainly was not of the head-clerk type at all but instead was of the gentry; probably the resident grand mogul for some big British nitrate concession or copper company. In order to know this, we had only to look at his luggage.

He was going down the coast to spend a week-end, I think, so about all he brought out with him in the way of luggage was one skiff-load, including portable tea caddy, shawl roll, seven or eight bags, gun carrier, hatbox, framed steel engraving of the "Death of Lord Nelson"—we figured it for that—spat case, walking stick, et cetera.

To Antofagasta, which is by way of being a thriving small city, water is carried down by pipes from the mountains of Bolivia. Also in places the lifeless soil has been scooped away and the excavation filled with earth brought in sailing-ships from the south of Chile, hundreds of miles away. The result of this tremendous undertaking is that handsome public gardens and a series of green plazas adorn what otherwise would be a shadeless community. It's a characteristic exhibition of Chilean pluck and Chilean enterprise.

It was at Antofagasta that we made the acquaintance of the edible whiskered sea urchin. Before leaving his native element the edible whiskered sea urchin resembles a meat-ball whose mother, at a critical period, was badly frightened by the House of David baseball team. In that state he carries in a convenient orifice in his tum-tum a tenant or lodger, the same being a fat, dark-gray crab with soft-blue Irish eyes.

Being captured, he is turned over to the official executioner, who pries into his bristle-covered surface with a special tool and dispossesses the boarder from her snug retreat, taking care not to damage her in the operation, and then slices off the urchin's pale pink feelers. These are served raw, with lemon and

vinegar, to the customer and on the plate with them, poor little homeless Colleen Bawn is brought along for proof that the old boy was alive and in good health up to the moment of his decease.

Some native epicures like to eat the foundling while she's still kicking. But, being beginners, we didn't go that far. We let her scuttle off to safety while we tried the main delicacy.

But not with any great enthusiasm, I must confess. We were able to control our appetites. A feeler, on being prodded with the fork, would shrink slightly, and when you got it in your mouth it seemed to wriggle a little, but perhaps that was just my morbid fancy. Be that as it may, I got one bite down and now I am able to report what a sea urchin tastes like. It tastes like a sea urchin.

But the Chilean lobster tastes like an angel. You may order him anywhere, and along with him a wide range of equally delicious sea-foods. And the Chilean cherry is something to write home about and eke the Chilean grapes and likewise the wines.

I think it was at Antofagasta that we heard about the pressed-tin chandeliers. It is a tale which has become traditional, dating to the bygone days when North American manufacturers paid less attention to the needs and the demands of their South American patrons than they do now.

Up in the remoter interior towns there was a vogue for these gaudy, glittery gas chandeliers; there still is, for that matter. So, from away back somewhere in the hinterland of Bolivia a dealer ordered, through a Yankee port agent, one dozen of a certain specified and unusually ornate type of light-metal chandelier. The correspondent in turn transmitted the order to the factory, adding instructions as to packing and boxing.

But the smart young efficiency expert in charge of exports was not to be swept off his feet by the foolish whims of a poor nut in the back country. Accordingly he put those twelve fragile chandeliers in pasteboard cartons and consigned them on their long journey.

A steamer carried them for a matter of several thousand miles to Antofagasta. Then, in rope hoists they were lifted out of the hold and, with hearty good will, were dumped down into a lighter. The lighter took them to the dock and again in slings they were heaved up and slammed upon the planking.

After that they rode for a while on a mountain railroad, changing cars several times, and then on mule-back over a rocky trail, and then for another precipitous stretch on the backs of llamas and—well, anyhow, to make a long and painful story short, when they finally reached their destination they were entirely unsuited for chandeliering purposes but would come in handy any time somebody was going to help celebrate a tin wedding and wanted some suitable confetti to throw at the happy couple.

That sort of thing couldn't happen now, our business men having learned their lesson, but it does seem to me that entirely outside the widening fields of our commercial dealings with these west-coast lands, there still remain opportunities for further expansion which have been neglected and which might respond to the sort of stimulation at which we are supposed to be past masters. For example, the football match is the favorite sport of the young men. The English brought football thither and it took an immediate hold on the fancies of the peoples. But why hasn't baseball been introduced?

I'm willing to lay a small wager that if the dealers in sporting goods had the forethought to send two picked teams of big-league players for a hippodroming tour of South America to play games in every principal city, the result would be an enormous broadening in the markets for their wares. I'm sure the theatrical speed, the fire, the drama of baseball would appeal to the South Americans.

And if I were an architect of swimming pools—there must be swimming-pool architects—or if I were a professional builder of swimming pools, I'd likewise look over the South American prospect before I was many months older. They're going in rather extensively for swimming pools down there.

Here are two suggested items; an industrial statistician or a live consular agent could name you fifty others. Indeed, you scarcely can think of a standard line of Yankee-made products which could not find a broadened market below the equator.

One of the numerous errors regarding South Americans under which we labor here in the northern continent is that since their ancestors had a common Latinesque origin on the Iberian peninsula, they must still be alike, no matter what political divisions may divide them into separate countries now. As a matter of fact, the typical citizen of the Argentine isn't at all like, let us say, the typical Uruguayan, and the Brazilian, being of Portuguese descent, is in all racial ways dissimilar to any South American of Spanish antecedents.

To one traveling as we did from Peru into Chile, this distinction as between the peoples of these adjoining republics is especially marked. The difference starts at the bottom and goes right up through the social strata to the top.

Take the Roto; by the way, that's not short for Rotarian. The Roto is the laborer, the peasant, the Chilean bearer of burdens. Sometimes he is of mixed blood, part Spanish, part aborigine, but more often he is of unmixed Spanish stock. About him there is no whit of the hopeless beaten look one sees in the Indian peon of Peru. He is a hard worker and—on occasion—a hard drinker. Hence the stringent laws against, and stiff punishment for, intoxication in the cities. On slight provocation he grabs his Rotocita and breaks into his native dance.

This dance has a name which an Anglo-Saxon's stiff tongue pronounces as if it were spelled "Quaker." But there is nothing about it to suggest that one of our Quakers first thought it up. On the contrary—oh, very much on the contrary. I should say that the much-vaunted tango of the Argentine must have been invented by a couple of tired letter carriers, but a public dance hall in a Chilean town is no place for a lady to take a nervous husband.

In Lima you find plenty of Old World touches in architecture and in the ways of the people. But Valparaiso is as modern as fresh paint and so, in only slightly a lesser degree, is Santiago. Both of them are kept immaculate too—regular Spotless Towns they are.

However, the same thing may be said for any important city in every important South American country that was visited by us, and we visited five such countries. Uniformly it is as clean as the average city of like size in the United States or in England or in Germany. Invariably it is cleaner and has a better smell to it than some corresponding city in Italy or Spain or France.

Valparaiso claims for itself the finest panoramic setting on the continent. Here I would rate Rio as first for any continent, but certainly Valparaiso, on her

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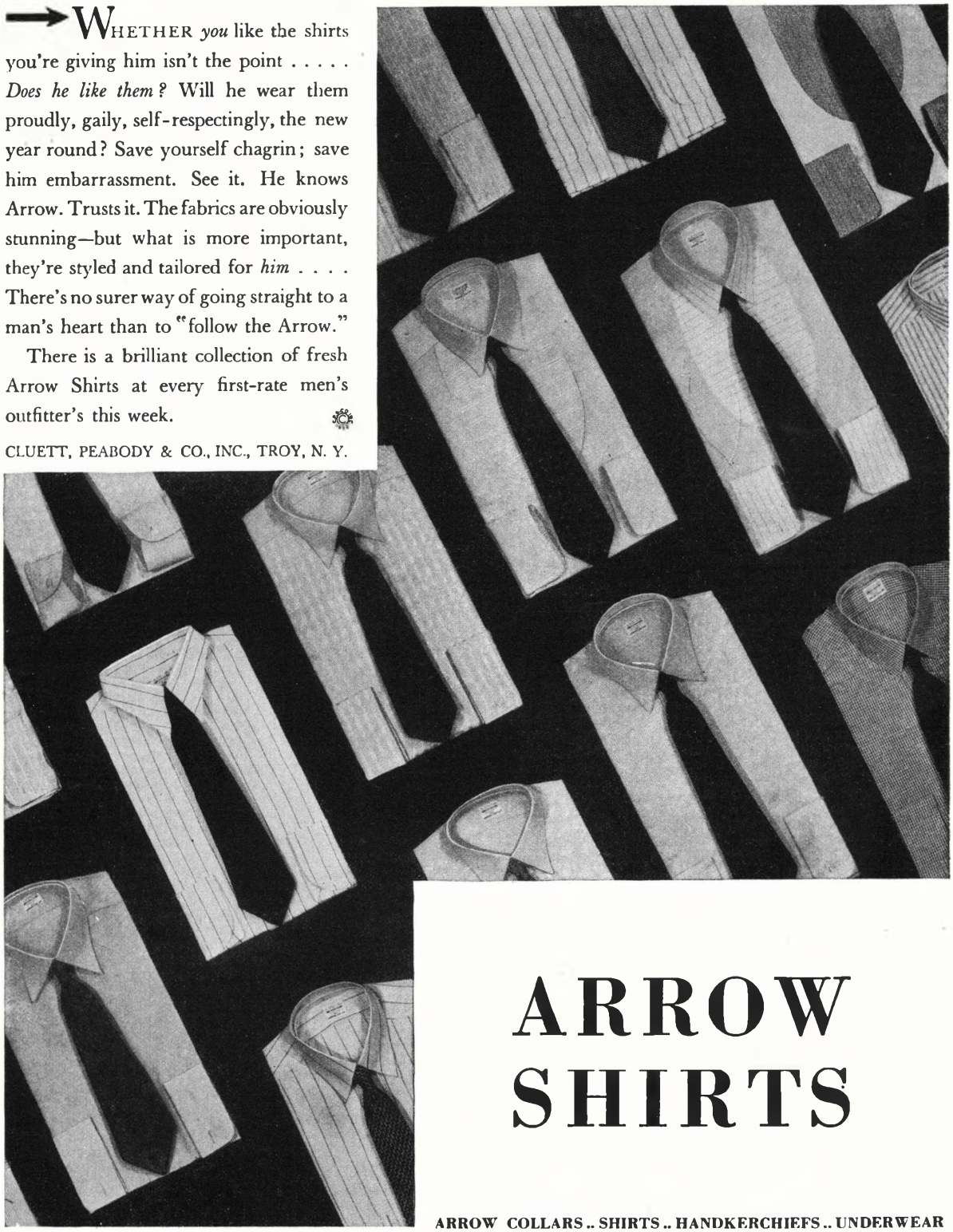

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merits, holds second place in South America. Scenically it is superb, lying as it does in a sweeping natural amphitheater. Its toes are in the salt water but its head is in the mist on the mountains. That's not trying to be poetic; that's trying to be literal.

It is a new city and looks the part. The great earthquake of 1906 rocked it into shards. The gritty inhabitants immediately set to and rebuilded it on extravagantly handsome lines. It is a great seaport, a naval base, a tremendously popular summer resort for residents of the superheated interior. Location and environment, and a climate which would turn a Floridian or a Californian as green with envy as a string bean, make of it a combination of shipping point, distributing center, market place and playground.

I think the handsomest villas I ever saw are in its waterside suburb of Viña del Mar. The Valparaiso Sporting Club in Viña del Mar is a model for the world. Horse-racing, polo, football, cricket, tennis, riding, aquatic sports—they're all there, and all heavily patronized. The hotels are excellent.

In the city proper, the names on the shop-fronts attest the cosmopolitanism of the population; the jam and roar of traffic over the principal streets bespeak prosperity and activity; the presence of plenty of municipal guards, most trimly uniformed and drilled to a high efficiency, proves that the civic fathers know what they are about. The Chilean cops are not only the most smartly dressed cops on the entire hemisphere but they are the snappiest and the politest. It must be a positive pleasure to be arrested by one of these boys.

Santiago, lying one hundred and sixteen miles inland on the Mapocho River, is, in many ways, a duplication of Valparaiso on a much larger and a more luxurious scale. For both of them it may be said that they are alive and alert and—alas!—more or less standardized.

Indeed, I think it is because at present the people of the A B C republics are so avid to seize whatever is in other lands regarded as fashionable and desirable, that new mass ideas are more quickly welcomed by them than by their fellow mortals in certain older countries. They have a sensitive pride in themselves and in their tribal institutions and in their growing literary and artistic development, yet at the same time lack the pride—and the foresight—to exploit their native commercial products on their merits as such.

This readiness to imitate imported wares, this impulse to depreciate the good material things their own people have evolved, is, I'd say, one outstanding defect in the South American temperament. I believe time will cure it, though—time and the attitude of the tourist trade demanding souvenirs produced by domestic craftsmanship.

At any rate, the Santiago scene is much the scene to be observed in any modern metropolis. The women, some of them, may have the melancholy faces which we associate with the Spanish, but they follow the styles in dress which their sisters in Europe and North America follow with so sheeplike a devotion. The only long skirts I saw in Santiago were worn by the clergy, and I'm sure the sight of a mantilla on a shopping street there would create as distinct a sensation as it would on Broadway.

You sit in one of the squares, and the familiar shapes of North American-made cars and taxicabs and busses flash unendingly past, carrying passengers who, so far as their costumes go, could have arrived but yesterday from Fifth Avenue or Fourteenth Street, as the case might be. Bobbed-haired maidens and slick-haired youths promenade past, just as they would in Central Park or on Michigan Boulevard.

Through the trees along the footpaths go bounding sinewy athletes in shorts, wearing the harassed look so customary among members of track teams everywhere—the look of young men who have just remembered where they left their pants and are now hurrying back for them. English sparrows are chippering in the street. Voices speaking German, voices speaking Italian, mingle with voices speaking Spanish.

Across the way is a huge department store, the replica of just such a department store as you have seen in London. But the smart little specialty shop in its shadow must have been transported bodily from Paris. The big restaurant next door is as German as Berlin. Let me interpolate here the fact that Santiago has two of the best restaurants in the world—one featuring German dishes, the other specializing in a glorified French-Spanish cuisine.

The prevalent architecture of the long row of fine stone residences on up the sweeping boulevard unmistakably is borrowed Romanesque. That big cinema palace on the corner surely belongs in New York, and the film which it is showing today has just been received from Hollywood. The lottery hard by is South American, though. Wherever you go in South America there's a lottery shop hard by.

Howsomever, by what I've just said I'd not have you think Santiago lacks an individuality essentially its own. The universal courtesy of the people—for these people have become efficient without surrendering their gracious manners; the two baby mountains, tropically wooded, which jump up right out of the midriff of the municipality; the surrounding terrain which is exceedingly green in some spots and exceedingly sterile in others; the feel of an ambitious striving for betterment and growth—all these create that mysterious thing called atmosphere.

At present a heavy percentage of the revenue of Chile is derived from her nitrate beds and her copper mines; these being largely in the hands of North American and British concessionaries. But those who should know say the day is approaching when her greatest sources of income will be yielded up out of agriculture and lumber and cattle and the like.

This prediction is predicated on the steadily increasing agrarian development in the heavily timbered lake districts in the south-central area where the soil, once it is cleared for the plowman and the rancher, shows an amazing productivity. It is into this belt that a desirable type of European labor is flowing.

In common with her neighboring republics, Chile has sanely devised ordinances governing immigration. By rational systemization settlers are drawn from various countries, notably Germany and northern Italy. Preference is given to sturdy, hard-working, law-abiding breeds. For such as these, special concessions are extended and a measure of public aid sometimes is advanced. At the same time, steps are taken to bar out the turbulent and the unfit.

There is nothing paternalistic about the process. The administration holds by the intelligent theory that a little help in the way of cash advances and land allotments for the prospective colonist at the beginning will shortly be yielding dividends of the most substantial character in the development of lands now untenanted and untilled, and by the incorporation into the social fabric of an orderly, progressive and industrious class of citizens whose progeny will intermingle their blood with the native strains to the ultimate betterment of all concerned.

I was told that extensive areas have become pretty well impregnated with Germanic influences. The prospect appears particularly to appeal to Teutonic home-seekers. These newcomers bring with them the German's instinctive love for orderliness, for regularity, for self-control, for group education; which qualities, being interfused with the inherited Spanish traits of the older ethnological stocks, should produce a race at once practical and romantic, a people energetic in their habits but having impulse and inclination for a high cultural development.

Even to the casual observer it seems certain that with these yeasty, forceful ferments at work Chile, despite her smaller population and her lesser area as compared with the Argentine and Brazil, is destined to become one of the

Mr. Cobb Offers a Tip on Chile to American Exporters

From 1914 to 1928 our volume of trade in principal commodities with Chile has almost tripled. In the pre-war period our exports in these products to that country amounted to $13,870,000. During the past fourteen years this business has steadily increased and last year it amounted to $40,361,000.

The figures below showing our ratio of the total of goods imported by Chile indicate our strength in some fields and the opportunity in others:

Rice	8.6%
Sugar, raw and refined	1.4%
Cotton yarn and thread	50.7%
Cotton fabrics, woven	25.7%
Pine lumber	98.9%
Wearing apparel	12.8%
Paper and cardboard	5.5%
Coal, coke and briquets	15.4%
Petroleum, crude	89.5%
Gasoline	27.0%
Pottery and glassware	13.3%
Cement	8.2%
Iron and steel-bars	13.4%
sheets, plain	11.7%
Iron and steel manufactures	59.9%
wire	21.9%
Tin plate	78.2%
Mining machinery	85.7%
Machinery and tools for manufacturing	51.8%

most powerful and progressive republics in the whole world, as already she is one of the strongest of the New World. It is time for the rest of us to quit thinking of these South American nations as nations where the political destinies of the masses lie at the mercy of demagogic leaders and military upstarts, where revolutions ripen like bananas, where toy governments are set up only to be knocked down.

Especially is it time to quit thinking after this fashion of Chile. In all her history as a self-functioning country, Chile has had precisely as many civil wars as we ourselves have had—which is to say, one. And, speaking offhand, I would say that at this writing Chilean institutions seem to be about as solidly based as our own; and in the cities and the towns which I visited, I judge that a man is just as safe in the possession of his life, liberty, limbs and pocketbook as he would be in any city of like size in the United States—maybe safer.

Furthermore, here a courteous and rarely failing consideration for the stranger appears to be the common attribute of practically all classes.

I heard of one incident illuminative of patience and forbearance under strong provocation which reflects highly upon the Chilean temperament. I do not vouch for the truth of the tale but, as it was thrice repeated in my hearing by three separate English-speaking residents none of whom could be accused of anti-Yankee bias, it had at least plausibility. However, so far as I know, the story never before has been printed.

When the Hoover party reached Valparaiso the town of course was on its best behavior and in its best bib and tucker to welcome its principal guest, our President-elect, and his family and his traveling companions. By the same token, the crew of the battleship which had brought him this far likewise were under strict discipline. But after the Hoovers and their entourage had departed for the interior, I was told, a few high-spirited bluejackets rather went on the loose one night.

According to my information, a roistering band of gobs figured that it would indeed be a quaint conceit to fall upon one of the local traffic cops and take his sword and his pistol and his baton away from him. Then, emboldened by his smiling docility under this mishandling, the merrymakers decided that it would round out and polish off the joke to perfection did they likewise relieve him of his uniform—which they did, leaving him to proceed to his barracks in the embarrassing state of being peeled right down to his undies.

According to one version, a second cop was subsequently subjected to the same treatment. Officially, nothing came of the affair; the police heads did not report the indignity to the commander of our war vessel and in that quarter an effort was made to hush the thing up.

Let us try to picture the same happening with a domestic setting: Assume that a Chilean cruiser came to New York bearing a Chilean president-elect on a good-will tour, and assume that following his reception a squad of frolicking Chilean sailors on shore leave undertook to strip a Broadway cop of his weapons and outer raiment. Can you imagine what that outraged cop would do? Can't you hear the night-stick crunching on those whimsical Chilean skulls? Can't you see the list of injured and missing in next morning's paper?

At the same time permit me, by way of friendly warning, to add that what happened last winter in Valparaiso should not be taken as a blanket invitation for Yankee sailors while visiting that port under different circumstances to go and do what their compatriots are alleged to have gone and done. The average Chilean policeman may be somewhat under-statured but he makes up in spunk and sinewy development what he lacks in height and girth. So, any rollicking seafaring lad of ours who feels that he just must emulate the historic example here recorded would be well advised to spend his spare hours beforehand practicing holding a lily in the hand.

It was in Chile that my companion hitherto referred to, Mr. Bill Hogg, of Houston and all points west, qualified as a master of modern tongues. We had along with us at that time another member of the party who was reputed to speak the purest Spanish—the tongue of the grandees and the hildagos of old Castile. But when he undertook to interview a waiter or a cabman or a porter, there seemed to be a bar against a perfect understanding. I reckon the trouble was that so few of the waiters and the cabmen of South America are Castilian ex-grandees.

Whenever such an impasse occurred, that was the signal for Mr. Bill Hogg to step forward and take charge of the debate. His special vocabulary consisted, I should say, of about twenty words of pidgin-Mexicanese, but such was the force of his personality, such his wealth of gestures, that never once did he fail to get satisfactory responses.

"Bonos notches," he would say, with a sweeping bow, at parting, and the party of the second part would realize that Bill was bidding him a kind good night. Or he would request the taxicab man to convey us to a "fiasco" and the latter would take us to the nearest dance hall. But that was easily fathomed—in almost any land, that which is advertised as a fiesta is liable to turn out a bust.

Once, in Buenos Aires, he delivered himself of a pantomime so graphic, with a few misbegotten nouns so effectively interspersed, that the waiter instantly caught his meaning and presently returned to us proudly bearing exactly what we desired; namely, helpings of barbecued lamb for Bill and me, and as a special order for Mr. Dean Palmer, our compatriot—who among ourselves was now known as the Ultimate Consumer—a shote sandwich, consisting of a roast suckling pig between two slices of baker's bread. Mr. Palmer was especially fond of a shote sandwich.

But I still think Bill's crowning linguistic triumph was reached on the hot afternoon in Montevideo when he craved a double order of ice cream, which down there goes under the general name of *"helados,"* and got it by holding up two fingers and singing out to the attendant: "Hey, bo, dose halitosis!"

My one criticism of the Spanish language is that it does not lend itself to short cuts as our harsher mother tongue does. As an instance of this I beg leave to spread upon the minutes the record of a vivid passage which I encountered on the menu of a restaurant.

This restaurant was German-owned but rather went in for American food, so the proprietor got up his bill of fare in a double-barreled design. The left-hand column was devoted to a list of the dishes of the day printed in English. The parallel column carried the same list translated into Spanish.

One of the dainties recommended was that ancient and honorable stand-by of the North American rabbit fiend, to wit: "Golden buck." My eye strayed to the corresponding entry on the Spanish side of the docket and was held spellbound by a sentence of considerable length. I do not guarantee the spelling —the printer hadn't done so—but, in full, that pregnant paragraph read as follows: *"Tostado Avierto de Queso Derretiro con Hueva Escalfados,"* which, by free interpretation, might be said to mean: "Disarranged Cheese Openly Arrived At on Toast in Connection with a Poached Egg," or words to that general effect. Highly illustrative, you'll concede, and fully explanatory but not terse, not condensed.

I'd love to read the flood of literature which would ensue any time the conscientious word-painter who achieved that descriptive outburst undertook to wrestle with chop suey.

See Buenos Aires with Irvin S. Cobb Next Month—the city where the cost of living is both the lowest and the highest in the world

Ladies' Man *by Rupert Hughes* *(Continued from page 61)*

I'm with you. And that's better than being the dead lover of a fat old harridan. Making love to elderly ladies is my idea of the hardest work there is. The wages are too low. There's no future in the business."

When he begged her to go out to dance or ride in the park, she begged off, determined to keep out of his workshops.

"If it bores you to stay here," she said, "don't let me spoil your evening—not to mention the evening of any one of a host of hungry ladies."

He gave her a look that threw her sarcasm back on herself, and returned to the Catherine books while the waiter trundled out the dinner and the service tables. He continued to read when Sibyl signed the check, keeping her head down to conceal the smile that tickled her lips, for it still seemed strange to find a man who would not fight for the bill. Even while she hunted for her hand bag and the money for the tip he kept the peace.

But when the waiter was gone he pushed the books aside as if they were a liquor of temptation overcome, and studied her with that magic look of his, which at once fondled a woman, approving her beauties, and smiled away the resentments that waken in a woman when a man's eyes take liberties with the features nature has given her.

He sat by her and took her hand in his. His lips moved toward it, but suddenly darted to her lips instead. Surprised, she found nowhere in her soul strength or wish to reprimand or resist, when he pressed closer and crushed her against him.

Darricott's selfish ruthlessness happened to turn him suddenly toward Sibyl in a moment when she had denounced him to herself so completely that reaction had set in; his better qualities pleaded for him, and she had concluded that charm was the only real fascination in a man, of importance to a woman.

He was the more convincing because he was at the moment convinced. She was

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Traveling Set	$1.50	Boudoir Set	$3.00
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NORTHAM WARREN
New York London Paris

new and different and he was weary of his old acquaintances.

"I've been a bad one and I don't mean to boast of it—or apologize either. Maybe I've been what I have because I never met you before. I've looked over a lot of women and an hour is enough to get all they've got to give. But a lifetime with you wouldn't be long enough. You'd hate me in a week, I suppose, but maybe you wouldn't—not if you gave me a trial. Give me a trial, won't you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Marriage, of course. This is a proposal—on my knees!"

He actually dropped to his knees. She laughed but with a catch of ecstasy and when he looked up into her eyes, there was such meekness in his appeal that she could not ridicule him. He was too much of a realist to endure more than a moment of this reverence. He groaned:

"Gosh, but my knees are killing me. I'm not used to this. It's the first time I've been on 'em since I said my 'Now I Lay Me's.' My mother is the only woman that ever saw me like this."

He rose groaning and dusting his shins, sat down heavily and took up the business of the evening:

"There's just one thing that complicates this proposal of mine: there's a superstition in this country that when a man asks a girl to marry him, his offer includes board and lodging. I haven't got a cent, and no prospects."

This *was* a complication. She waited to see how he would solve it. It was like him—like everybody—to justify his shortcomings. He made a bouquet out of his shiftlessness and his reluctance to toil.

"It doesn't seem to me that it would be so darn loving for me to get a job that would take me out of your warm arms every morning early and return me every night so worn out that I had just strength enough to crawl into bed, dead, and sleep up for another early morning dash. That kind of married life—what is it but a series of farewells? I wouldn't want to marry you in order to stay away from you."

He put so much uxorious flattery into this that she forgot its laziness. Frowning at life, he went on:

"Still, you've got to get food and a roof somehow, and where's the necessary cash coming from? If I were rich enough to support you in the manner which you are accustomed to. I'd drag you down to the Municipal Building this minute so as to be on hand the moment the license bureau opened. But I haven't got a cent, and the only job I want is being happy with you."

Sibyl's rôle in the situation was one that she could not figure out. She had to let him handle it. He sighed:

"There's only one solution. Is your paw rich enough to support us both? Just how much money has our papa?"

"I don't know," she laughed without much mirth. "Ask Bradstreet's."

"I did," he answered with an impudence that had the effect of earnestness as well. "I had his commercial standing looked up and he's all right. They say he's got a lot of money and pays his bills, yet he's not what rich men call rich nowadays, and I don't believe he has enough to set me and you up in a palace. I wouldn't be happy in a modest establishment. So you see, I'm really thinking of you all the while."

"I see," she said, not quite content with the situation. There was a certain undeniable element of truth in his words, yet it seemed hardly right to blame her father for not being rich enough to atone for Jamie's shortcomings. He said:

"There's only one hope left. How about you? You go gadding around foreign continents, shoot lions—the license alone is a thousand dollars, isn't it?—you dress like a queen, you have the money look—haven't you a private bank account? Legacies and things like that?"

He had now managed to shift the responsibility to her shoulders. Feeling quite the pauper, she confessed:

"I had a bank account of a sort, but it was overdrawn before I came up here. I have a little income from a little inheritance. It amounts to pin money, that's all."

"We can't eat pins, can we?"

"They've saved most lives by not being swallowed," she agreed dismally.

"There ought to be a way. There must be a way. The Lord meant us for each other, but He never meant for me to work for a living. He surely has some other plan for us."

And now he had put the blame on heaven! His puerile impiety disarmed Sibyl more than his selfish indolence offended her, and she did not put away the arms that went out suddenly and surrounded her with a somewhat childish effect of seeking refuge.

In one of those abrupt shifts of mood that kept him from monotony, he began to hate himself.

"If I were only a decent man, a real man, I'd get out and dig ditches, drive a taxi, be a radio announcer, anything to earn a living honestly. But I know myself too well. I despise myself for being such a weakling, but what good would it do either of us for me to pretend that I'm what I'm not?

"Maybe—maybe if you could love me enough to help me through, and let me see a lot of you while I was working and saving—why, after all, maybe I could find a job—one with a fairly quickish future, and—perhaps—before we both died of old age, I could make enough by hook or crook to offer you a home. I honestly believe that if you could promise to love me and help me, I could start out and make a man of myself and earn the right to have you for my own."

He was falling in love with this new fantasy; he believed his own ambition to be sincere. Having merely to talk about toil and economy, he looked upon them as beautiful and delightful, and went on outlining the future as normal young men outline it to normal young women who expect nothing better than delay and privation and are glad enough if there is the promise of a dream at the end of it, or midway.

Sibyl was bemused at such talk from him. She listened to it as to a serenade, an *aubade*, love at the dawn of a new day. What he proposed was so natural and commonplace that she forgot how unnatural, how uncommonplace a man was improvising the mating-song, and her heart swelled with yearning to be a good, patient wife to an honest young laborer who happened also to be exciting.

He ended his sketch of his plans with a sudden resignation of the vision. "I might stand it, but I can't ask you to. I can't ask you to wait; for of course you couldn't, could you?"

"If I felt that you really meant it, really loved me—and only me—and if I were sure that I loved you, I could wait forever."

"It would probably be just about that long—or a little longer—but it's a bargain! Seal it!"

He went to her and caught her in his arms. She tried to say:

"But I haven't said I loved you. I don't think I do."

He stifled her voice with his. "I know you do. You've got to. We're engaged! We're going to be married."

And now their embrace was apparently sanctioned, sanctified by the franchise of betrothal, and they entered that most perilous realm. Like many another couple, they found that merely saying they could and would wait seemed to make it impossible. A new Darricott overwhelmed a new Sibyl and she reveled in a paradise whose raptures she had never foreseen. With her fears and angers went her safeguards.

In these days when so many have ceased to obey old rules or fear old hells, and when the very word "sin" has come to sound almost as old-fashioned as "crinoline," new religions and new tortures have come into power. The dread of contagion, the sense of immaculateness of person, the divinity of self have taken such sway that individual communion cups have invaded the churches.

From the material to the spiritual the transfer is easy, and certain people are as fanatic about new and exclusive loves as about personal toothbrushes, fresh sheets, constantly scrubbed hands and souls. Purity has a new but all-powerful significance. Cleanliness has gone ahead of godliness, replaced it.

The old fiends of desire were assailed by the new angels of niceness, fastidiousness. They reminded Sibyl of the other women this man's lips had known. She could see only one face, that of Mrs. Fendley, but back of it was a long, long line of women's faces, anonymous yet real. Mrs. Fendley seemed to press in between, until Sibyl felt uncannily that she herself was Mrs. Fendley.

With a groan of revulsion she broke away from Jamie's arms. He was dazed to see her stand rubbing her lips with the back of her hand while she muttered as if to reassure herself:

"I'm not Mrs. Fendley. I'm not your Mrs. Fendley. I'm not yours at all."

He was so startled by what he could only consider jealous bad sportsmanship that he cried: "That's not quite fair, is it?—even for a woman."

She was honest enough to say: "No. It wasn't fair. I apologize."

But when he advanced to take her again, she shook her head with a sincerity that he knew women well enough to appreciate. She explained:

"We've traveled far enough for one evening. You've talked yourself into a proposal and you'll probably have an attack of remorse in the morning. You've—we've rushed me into a state of—of nerves and I've got my remorse already. You'd better run along. It's getting a little late for you to be here, and we'd both better do a bit of thinking. Tomorrow when you wake up, think it over and if you come to your senses, I won't sue you for breach of promise."

"Tomorrow I'll start out and get me a job or die in the attempt."

"Then you can come tomorrow evening and tell me of your adventures, if—if—you haven't come to your senses."

He was about to fix the engagement when he remembered another—two, in fact—one for dinner and the early evening, the other for later. He did not quite dare break the earlier fixture. The woman was Clara Poore, vindictive, jealous, dangerous and needing a bit of soothing sirup.

Sibyl read in his eyes that there was a stir behind his forehead and she was prepared for his evasion when he said:

"Tomorrow evening I'm not free. I've got a date with a man, an important man; he—he might give me a job." The eagerness of his seizure on this pretext did not escape her. She smiled rather wearily than bitterly as he explained: "He's rather a cantankerous old duffer;

a power, though, and I'll go right after him and if I can nail a good job that would be lots better—more loving, I mean—really—than being here in blissful—er—agony, wondering where—and when—I can get a job. Do you see?"

"I see," she said, not specifying just what she saw. "I'm really rather tired. If you don't mind——"

"You poor, beautiful, wonderful! Forgive me for being so—so insane about you."

She let him clasp her and kiss her good night, because it was easier than starting a broil over her suspicions.

After he had closed the door, he tapped softly and when she opened it, asked if he might borrow the Russian books. He gathered them up, kissed her again and again and was finally gone.

She felt strangely lonely. Her rebellion against the one man who had ever swept her off her feet had robbed him of prestige, but left her poor indeed. Like many another woman who has been attracted by a man and remembered that he was a scamp, she found the scamp more fascinating than a nobler man would have been.

As if she had been poisoned by Darricott's strange influence, Sibyl found herself craving more of him with the very infatuation that Rachel felt for alcohol. For alcohol Sibyl had no taste. It did not tempt her, please her or cheer her. But suddenly she seemed to have acquired a craving for Darricott. He offered her no more spiritual advantage than alcohol. His only discoverable recommendation was that he had nothing whatever to recommend him. The lightest affair with him promised only disaster. Marriage would be assured ruin.

Yet the more she told herself all this, the more she longed to risk the hazard. A night of self-condemnation ended in a morning of despondent resolution to resist him at all costs. She even thought of running away, and if the head porter could have secured a drawing-room for her on the train South, she would have taken it. At least she would have tried to. She was still in bed, irresolute, when the telephone rang.

She caught at it eagerly, thinking it must be Darricott. She was amazed to hear the last of all expectable voices.

"Miss Page? This is Miss Fendley—Rachel Fendley."

"Oh, how do you do, Miss Fendley? How are you?"

"Cold sober and bored stiff. I'm sending out another S O S to you. My brother was saying that he had met you on the street and he's quite crazy about you—so am I—and dying to see you. We'd like you to see us in a little better light, home sweet home, domestic felicity and all that. Of course, in the good old decent days, I'd have called and Mother would have called, but the fact is, Father's out and Mother's going to the opera early, and Anthony and I are stuck at home alone and we wondered if you wouldn't—if you're free—as of course you're not—but there's no skin off asking you—if you wouldn't run up and have dinner with us and sit around or run around or what you will!"

"How terribly nice of you," Sibyl answered, caught without a good excuse or the wish for one. "Nothing would be nicer." She believed that she was rather overdoing that word "nice," but her voice enhanced it.

"Bully for you, you're a life-saver," said Rachel, and told her that Anthony would call for her if she didn't mind.

When the prattle was over, Sibyl lay back and thought: "Well! I threw Jamie out because he knew Mrs. Fendley and now I'm dining under her roof."

She wished she had not accepted, yet she was glad she had.

Rachel was as much surprised to be telephoning such an invitation as Sibyl to be receiving and accepting it. Jamie was to blame for that as well as for so many other things.

For weeks Rachel had striven against her infatuation for him and had only increased it. No one had fewer illusions about him than she; but she had no illusions about herself either. From infancy she had been unable to control herself or yield to the control of others.

Suddenly, on this day, she gave up the struggle to resist the suitor who courted her incessantly by his indifference and his unfitness. She called him up and went right to the point:

"Jamie, I've got something important to talk to you about. Can I see you tonight?"

"Horribly sorry, darling, but I've got an engagement."

"Break it, old dear. Give her a good lie and I'll sneak out and meet you somewhere."

"Impossible! Called out of town."

"Liar."

"Honestly. Business. A chance to sell a lot of bonds——"

"A lot of hooey. Come clean, Jamie, if you can. Who's the guilty woman?"

"You shock me by your distrust."

"You'll see me tomorrow night, then. This is important. It—it means money to you."

"Oh, in that case—that's my weakness now. Tomorrow night it is. Shall I come there?"

"No, I'll come to your rooms."

"And come sober for once, will you?—or I'll be out. Make it eight and we'll eat."

"Fine! G'by!"

"'By!"

He had planned to be with Sibyl, but that mention of money—Rachel had money, and was foolish—too foolish to have any right to keep it. He was only sorry that he had to wait so long to learn what was in the wind.

Rachel was so overjoyed at the prospect of being alone with Jamie that when she ran into Anthony she greeted him with a heartiness that shocked him into spilling what was in his own heart.

"Rachel, you remember Miss Page. I'd like to know her better. I'd like you to know her better. She's in town again. I met her on the street."

Through Rachel's mind flashed a jealousy. Sibyl was a crony of Jamie's—how much of one? She was probably the "business engagement" Jamie had lied about. He would be with her tonight! Anthony was saying:

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to ask her up to dinner? Give her a glimpse of how we live really? We didn't give a very good impression of ourselves that morning."

"No, I'm not at my best in the cold gray," said Rachel, thinking hard: an invitation to dinner would give her an excuse for calling the woman up. If she had another engagement, it would be with Jamie; if not, one more woman would be eliminated from the pack that Rachel hated. She said:

"I'm free tonight, if you are. I'll call her up and see."

Sibyl's prompt acceptance filled Rachel with a great affection for her and for her brother. She studied Anthony in tender amusement. To have Anthony love any woman was a relief. To have him take Sibyl out of the Darricott crowd would be wonderful. Rachel agreed with Anthony that Miss Page was a godsend. She wondered what her mother would

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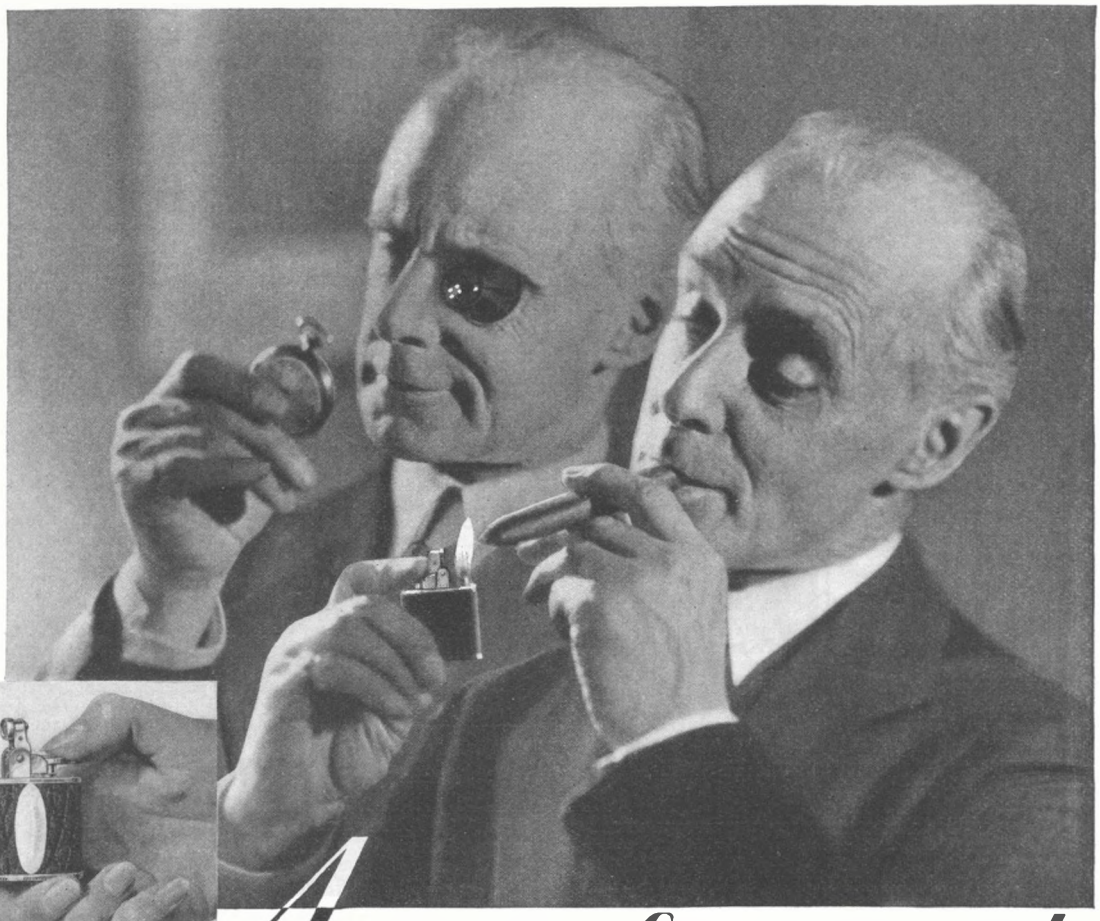

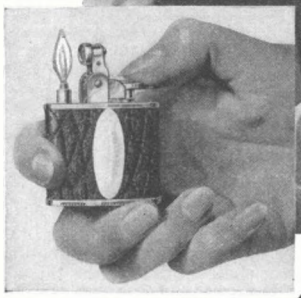

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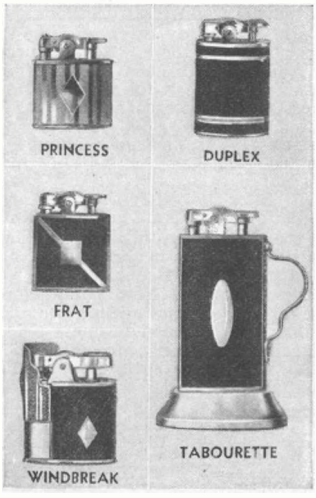

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say of her, especially as a dinner guest.

Fortunately her mother would be out of the house. She was having an early dinner in her room to reach an early opera. Before she came back from the opera, Sibyl would be out of the house.

Rachel did not know that Helena was planning to come home early from the opera to meet her still unbroken, unbreakable habit, Jamie, and was only going to the opera because he had said he could not see her till late, and because she needed the musical nepenthe.

She needed help in the study of her own soul and the earnest contemplation of her future. She had been almost wrecked by the battle between her husband and Darricott, and her husband's subsequent inaction and silence had driven her frantic with suspense. She had fallen back into her old custom of meeting Darricott, but there was something morbid about the situation that was wearing her down.

Her maid, Yvonne, realized her mood and forbore her usual vivacity. She might have been an undertaker's helper dressing Helena for her coffin, and expecting as little cooperation.

While her day clothes went off and her bath was drawn, Helena brooded and went through the familiar motions like a mechanical doll. She felt that she was dead already and glad of it. She wondered if indeed she were not drifting rapidly toward death—or insanity. This latter thought terrified her, but she was too languid to respond to the lash of fear.

Perhaps her diagnosis was correct. She had extraordinary facilities for making it. There is a physician within everyone's soul. When the soul stands off and says to itself, "You are doing wrong," or "You are divinely right," the mystery is sufficiently puzzling; but when the soul says to itself, "You are going mad; you cannot trust yourself," the last bitterness of horror is reached.

Helena had been wrecking her body with her efforts to starve it thin. She had poisoned herself with drugs and baths and exercises beyond her strength. Hours upon hours at beauty parlors, at dressmakers' shops, at wearisome dinners and dances, seeing people, listening to them, lying out of seeing them, carrying on a fashionable affair with a selfish young blackguard whom she could neither relinquish nor retain—all these things were breaking her.

But chiefly she was fagged by the ceaseless dingdong of her alarmed soul. She had a conscience; she longed to be a good woman, a good wife, a good mother. Yet the very gifts of passion that had made her a passionate bride, a passionate mother, were her destruction when her passion was derailed. When Jamie Darricott infatuated her she had a new impulse to keep beautiful and a new terror of failure.

His fickleness, his elusiveness made her try the harder to enmesh him, at least until she could make her soul ready to give him up. This had become an obsession with her. Again and again she steeled herself to a resolution and rehearsed a little speech in which she told Jamie that he must never see her again, that she was sorry and ashamed and the blame was all hers, but he must never come near her again.

But whenever she had her lines ready and her heart ready to deliver them, something happened. Usually it was that Darricott failed to keep his appointment.

Then she was thrown into a panic. She could not bear the thought of his discarding her first, or of some other woman's carrying him off. She would postpone the high resolve and devote herself to getting him back. Once he was back, she let herself rejoice awhile in his company, before she made ready again to banish him.

Her husband had stumbled in upon them at the very time when she was coaxing Jamie to stay long enough for her to nerve herself up to telling him to go. When she had tried to keep the men apart, it had been all for her husband's sake, but she knew that she could never persuade Horace of that.

Her love for her husband came back on her in a flood, and his chivalry in staying by her at the reception had ennobled him into a combination of angel and pitiful martyr. It had even raised in her heart a little hope that she and he might return to their old happiness for their old age.

The one pleasant thing in front of her was the haven of her husband's patient love. If she could tell him of her own before she died! She must. She would!

The tears kept thronging to her eyes so fast that she could not keep the mascaro on her lashes. Again and again she blackened them into a picket fence and again and again the tears leaped over and rolled down, black, obscene, staining her cheeks. She tried to pretend to Yvonne that the mascaro was getting in her eyes and causing her tears. Yvonne pretended to believe her, but she knew.

There was a knock at the door between her husband's bedroom and hers. It had been so long since there had been a tap on that panel that her heart was shaken.

"Come in," she faltered, and watched with an old-time eagerness. She was panting with delight because he had come back to her of his own accord without waiting for her to go to him on her knees and say: "I am well. I have been very ill. But I am well again. Forgive me! Love me again!"

How could he know or suspect that when she smiled at him through the false spikes of black about her glistening eyes, she was regarding him with anything but flippancy? She motioned him to a chair and did not take her eyes off the mirror. She was watching him and herself.

How could he know that a woman is never more sincere than when she can watch herself in a mirror to make sure that her features express perfectly what she wants them to say?

Fendley sat down and tried not to look at the strange woman with recognition of her gleaming and perfidious graces. He rolled his eyes toward the maid. Helena lifted her eyes so that Yvonne in the mirror could catch the look.

Yvonne did not say anything. She was simply no longer there. Helena turned to her husband with zest. He had been rehearsing his speech for some time and had resolved to force it through without delay.

"Helena——" It was not so simple.

"Horace——" Was she mocking him?

"It's not easy to say, but it's got to be said. After the—after the other night—it's plain that we can't go on like this."

She took the wrong turn and her hopes galloped down the other road, only to be recalled by his words.

"We can't have a New York divorce. I have no real evidence against you and I don't like the collusion business, and it wouldn't help me in my present financial position, which is promising but ticklish. Reno is a terrible place and Paris is not as convenient as it was before they worked it to death. But—well, will you go somewhere and divorce me on the ground of desertion?"

"Desertion?" she gasped. The word

smote her as "adultery" never could have. Perhaps in her vocabulary it was the crueler word. To be tempted aside to a vicious folly, a temporary disloyalty, was one thing—but to abandon, discard, cast off—that meant to brand her husband as intolerable, contemptible, while adultery meant merely that he was temptable.

From what he had come to know, and falsely to deduce, concerning her, he never dreamed that she was appalled by the thought of leaving him and branding him as unbearable. He assumed that she was appalled by the thought of leaving New York for so long. So he said:

"I know it will be hard for you to go away and stay long enough to make it legal, but I'm willing to pay the freight."

That slapped her in the face.

"If I went in your place," he blundered on, "I'd lose so much money just now that I couldn't afford to do the handsome very handsomely. If I can stay here and keep clear of any scandal, I can make it worth your while. I'll pay you whatever you say."

"Whatever you say will suit me perfectly," she answered in a voice as hard as a coin. He had thought that his proffer was generous and necessary, and he could not imagine how it hurt and disgraced her—put her on the street with the hired women of the street.

"You'll go, then?"

"Wherever you say; and whenever."

"Will you get yourself a lawyer?"

"Anybody you say."

"But I want you to have one who will protect you from me."

She laughed at that; at least she said, "Ha!" It was a somewhat complicated sarcasm, like ridiculing him for being ridiculous enough to think that she could be ridiculous enough to think that she could ever need to be protected from him. Darricott would have understood it at once, but Fendley could only take it as a further evidence of hard hostility. Amazed that she could be sarcastic at such a time, he grumbled:

"Well, that's settled. I'll move over to the club tomorrow. Good night!"

He smote his palms on the arms of the ivory-enameled chair, swung up to his feet and made for his door, with the gait of an embarrassed elephant. But some people love elephants.

Helena stared after hers, longing to run and fling herself down before him and be trampled by his beloved awkward feet. She could not move and the door closed. She stared into her mirror trying to look the agony she felt. But her features were only actors now and did not know their lines. When Yvonne returned, there was no more trouble with tears on the mascaro.

Helena went to the opera and decided that her husband was another King Mark: he also, on finding his wife with her lover, let the lover go. Instead of waiting to shed her usual pint of tears over the last act, Helena went home resolved that she would not make Isolde's mistake and go to her Tristan too late. She would go to Paris, take Jamie along for company and marry him at once when she was free. She had no doubt of his willingness when she told him how much money she would ask of her husband in the settlement.

The best of it was that she had rid herself of her fear of insanity. She congratulated herself on being just about the only sane person in the crazy world. But in this crazy world that feeling is taken as a final proof of insanity.

When Anthony Fendley called for Sibyl she was astonished by his impressiveness. In his dinner jacket and his

dinner manner he was a third person; neither the madman who had broken in on Darricott's apartment at dawn, nor the embarrassed wretch who had accosted her timidly on the avenue. The difference, too, between his homage and Darricott's!

When Anthony held her fur coat for her, it was as if he lifted up a robe for a priestess. Jamie could never omit to squeeze her shoulders, or throw his arms around her like a stole.

After they were seated in a limousine, which, Sibyl was glad to find, was not Mrs. Fendley's town car, Anthony said:

"I can't forget how good you were to my poor sister, when she was at her worst. She has her good side, though, even if you haven't seen it. But she's going through a terrible phase. She's on the brink of heaven knows what. She's lonely now, and restless, and if she could have a friend like you who could be interesting and amusing as well as decent, it might turn the tide in her life.

"There's no knowing what you saved her from—and me, too. The morning I first met you, if I'd found Darricott there alone with my sister, I'd have thrown him out of one of his windows as cheerfully as I'd toss a snake over a cliff. That would have made a pretty mess of three lives, wouldn't it?

"You may like Darricott. All women seem to. I don't know why, but—— You don't know, I can't tell you, why I can't permit my sister to know him. She knows lots of bad men. I can't prevent that. But Darricott! Even if you like Darricott—especially if you like Darricott—for his sake help me to save my sister from him.

"She likes you, but she resents me. It's terrible to love anybody as I love Rachel and drive her to do wrong just to show me. But I love her all the more, and I appeal to you to try to be friends with her. Won't you? I know you will."

"Of course I will, if she will accept me as a friend. I find her most attractive."

Anthony began to apologize now for his own soul. "I don't mean to be a prig. I suppose I am one, though. They tell me I am. But what's a brother to do when he sees his beautiful sister turning herself into a drunkard, laughing at everything decent, cursing at every suggestion of restraint, hating the people that really love her.

"Peyton Weldon wants to marry her. I can't quite like him. But he loves her. He wants to make her a decent wife. But Rachel makes fun of Weldon, drives him crazy. He has to drink to be with her and that makes the worst of him worse.

"And now she's going mad about Darricott. She thinks she loves him. He can do anything he wants with her—or with any woman. And all he wants to do is evil. He takes their money and their honor and laughs at them. He leaves ruin everywhere he goes. Rachel knows it, but nothing can stop her.

"I'd give my life to save her, but I only madden her. Isn't it frightful to love somebody and to put out your hand and have her run away from it? What's the matter with me? Am I so hateful? Tell me the truth. Do you despise me, too? Tell me!"

He caught at her hand and clenched it. Knowing nothing helpful to say, Sibyl could only answer by returning the pressure of his fingers.

When the car drew up before the Fendley home it had a different look from the morning garishness of her first glance at it when she left Rachel there. Now it was kindly with lighted windows; it was a home. Back of the man who let her in was a cordial maid who took her coat. Rachel came out to welcome her and at the drawing-room door stood Peyton Weldon, sober and stately but amiable.

In spite of herself Sibyl stopped short as a portrait of Mrs. Fendley seemed to sweep forward from the canvas where Sargent had fastened her, ever young, ever glowing, in a blithe immortal felicity. At her side were two young children, Anthony and Rachel undoubtedly, the boy already a zealot, the girl untamable even then.

In all three was the threat of what they had become, and the promise of what they might have been if life had dealt a little differently with them. The unforeseen and irremediable misdemeanors of existence clouded the innocent eagerness of the three and Sibyl felt that what they had since become was life's fault, not theirs.

Two servants came in with cocktails and caviar, olives, twists of bacon and other things. Sibyl took a cocktail and so did Rachel, but with a hidden effort at valor she put the glass aside untouched after she saw that Sibyl had emptied hers. Anthony sipped as a reluctant sacrifice to the duties of a host. Weldon flicked his against his palate with relish and took another.

The butler made an entrance and a bow and the four went into the dining room. Here again Mrs. Fendley was present in a lofty frame. Now she was a girl before she had known love at all, or suspected to what husband fate would consign her or what children would be selected for consignment to her.

Sibyl was glad to meet these two past Helenas who had become so unfortunate a present Helena. It was easier now to do her justice, and impossible to condemn her. Sibyl wondered what she herself would look like and be doing and wanting when she was Mrs.—who on earth would she be when—and if—she became a wife and the mother of a grown man and woman? It was rather terrifying to think.

The absent Mrs. Fendley was all over the place, pleading for herself, acquitting herself of any evil purposes in the evil result. And beneath her feet sat Rachel bursting out of her slight sheath and bursting out of the slight restraints of life.

Her mother had made a gracious triumph of her home and given the world a son who impersonated her better yearnings, but to her daughter she had helplessly transmitted qualities that did not appear in the mother at all. It was as if she had been but a funnel for decanting spirits from another generation. She had gone wrong in her own way, yielding to temptation repentantly, but Rachel seemed to be going wrong eagerly.

Yet Sibyl liked both women, each so alien to the other and to her, yet understandable and irresponsible. She wished that she might help them yet could not imagine how she could. She gave the matter up and remembered that her duty here was not to save or judge but to be friendly for a few hours.

It was not hard to be friendly. There was charm and amiability in the very air. The old butler—they called him Hubbard—was a foster father to the little flock. He had ministered to Rachel and Anthony in their high chairs and had set a hassock in the chair of Master Weldon when he had been a solemn little guest on his best behavior, adoring Rachel the more she broke the rules and rebelled against her porridge and hurled spoons at her brother.

Anthony and Rachel were still children to Hubbard and still appealed to him

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constantly. He had loved them with the incorruptible patience of an old servant who realizes that masters are servants of their own frailties and of the bad traits that go with their good blood.

The dinner was simple and leisurely, each dish and wine offered on a container of silver, china or glass that was like a vase for a flower.

The table talk was as mysteriously palatable as the food; simple comments, experiences and opinions offered without ostentation; no extravagance, no exertion for epigram or spice, no struggle to seem wise or good or superior. It was one of those ideal dinners where neither the food could be remembered nor any of the sayings quoted. Both were digestible and digested and there remained only the memory of an hour of pleasant loafing in a pleasant room.

Afterwards they went into the library, which had been Horace Fendley's office when he had business at home. Perhaps Rachel had been at her best so long that she was tired of juggling nothings. Perhaps Peyton grew too possessive. In any case, he felt so much at home that, as he stood by Rachel, Weldon put his arm about her and said:

"Miss Page, don't you think Rachel and I will make a swell old married couple?"

"Swell," said Sibyl.

"Swell," said Rachel. "Just a little too swell to be true. And that reminds me, Miss Page. You're an outsider and yet you're one of us. I like you. So does Peytie. Anthony is cuckoo over you. Maybe you can end an argument that Peytie and I have been carrying on for weeks and weeks. Once upon a time he bet me a million I'd marry him. He won't pay and I've been imploring him not to be a welsher."

Weldon put out his hands. "Rachel's got me all wrong, Miss Page. I pay my bets when they're due. When—and if—she marries somebody else, she'll find my check for a million right in among the duplicate tea sets and the stacks of service plates that Napoleon broke over Josephine's head. Fact is, I offered to double it if she insists on carrying out what she proposes."

Rachel thrust out her hand and plucked his sleeve. "Don't tell 'em that. You'll only set Anthony wild and he's quiet now for the first time in weeks."

Weldon persisted: "I will tell them, because it's my only excuse for standing your nagging. You'd hardly believe it, Miss Page, but Rachel swears she is going to marry Jamie Darricott. It's funny enough that anybody should think of marrying such an unmarriable flit-about as Darricott, but Rachel actually wants to buy him with my money. That's rubbing it in, isn't it, or is it?"

This was beyond Sibyl's answering. Rachel covered her confusion.

"I don't need your money. I've got enough of my own."

"Any woman that's got any money," Weldon growled, "can buy Darricott—for a while, but the government couldn't mint it fast enough to hold him. I'm crazy idiot enough to go on loving Rachel in spite of the way she treats me. I'd give my right hand to keep her out of the clutches of that bounder."

There was anguish in Rachel's eyes as she pleaded: "Nobody understands Jamie but me. No man, anyway. The more Peytie and Anthony blast him, the more I care for him. What business is it of theirs as long as I'm not asking them to marry him? Good Lord, can't I decide who it is I want to live with? Am I an American free-born white, or what have you? Is this 1929 A. D., or is it 929 A. B.? I ask you!"

Sibyl and Anthony could find nothing to say. Weldon put the padlock on their lips with his grisly finality.

"I'll say in the presence of witnesses what I keep telling Rachel alone: When she marries me I'll give her a check not for one, but for two million dollars. She can light her cigaret with it if she wants to. But she will never marry Darricott, because he won't appear at the altar. I heard him tell her once to take me around to the undertaker's parlor and leave me. Well, that's where she'll find him if she tries to make him her bridegroom."

The threat was so old to Rachel that it had lost the conviction it inspired in Sibyl and Anthony. Realizing that she had an engagement with Jamie the next night, she laughed.

"As if we couldn't run away and get married while you weren't looking."

Weldon laughed too, but gridingly. "As if I couldn't follow wherever you go."

"And will you pay your bet when you catch up?"

"You'll find my check on Darricott's coffin. You can build him a monument with it."

There was no doubt in the world that he meant just what he said. Anthony added hot approval to his cold warning.

"And I'll say this, Rachel: If Peyton doesn't get him, I will. It's because we love you that we say it."

"Love!" Rachel howled. "You don't know what the word means. And while there's all this talk of killing, let me add a word: Whoever kills Jamie, I kill!"

"Even that won't stop me," said Anthony.

"Nor me," said Weldon.

They had gradually organized a mutual murder association but its absurdity struck none of them, least of all Sibyl, who was so deeply involved in their plans and so little suspected.

There was a long grim silence. Finally Rachel mumbled: "If you'll excuse me, Miss Page, I think I'll go to bed."

Weldon gave Anthony a forlorn look. "Good night," he said, and went away.

Rachel sat fuming and plainly longing to be drunk, but abhorring the necessary steps. Her torment was pitiful to watch. Suddenly she began to weep bitterly and Anthony took her in his arms.

Sibyl was in a quandary. She could not bring herself to put an end to Rachel's crazy dream by explaining that Darricott was not free to marry Rachel, but was out this very night looking for a job with a salary so that he could offer Sibyl a home. She felt it sneaking to let Rachel and Anthony assume that Darricott was merely a casual acquaintance of hers, yet she could not imagine herself disclosing what she knew. She wished herself well out of it. But how could she get away? She had to listen to Rachel's sobs die out, watch her dry her tears and pour out more shamefaced apologies.

At last Sibyl said: "If you could call me a cab."

"I'll take you, of course," said Anthony.

Rachel gasped: "Are you going to leave me alone in this—this mausoleum? I oughtn't to butt in on you, but I'm perishing for a bit of night air. Would you mind if I went along? I'll shut my eyes and ears if Anthony wants to tell you how wild he is about you."

This was a triumph of embarrassment. Anthony could not deny, and dared not confirm, the soft impeachment. He summed up everything in one word:

"Rachel!"

That is often all we can reply to each other—just the exclamation of a name. It means everything: a life, a character, a reproach, an exculpation.

There was relief in the business of getting servants to call the car and fetch wraps. But there was more excitement when, just before the coats appeared, Mrs. Fendley came home from the opera to meet her Jamie—every woman's Jamie—and found in her drawing-room with her children that mysterious young woman who had twice carried off Jamie and whose name she did not yet know.

Was she here in ambush for him again? Helena knew that Jamie was likely to appear at any moment.

When Rachel introduced Miss Page, Helena was hardly able to bow. Sibyl rose, seeing the maid with her coat in the hall. Of necessity, Helena said:

"Do sit down," meaning plainly, "For heaven's sake, don't!"

"I'd love to stay, but we were all just leaving," said Sibyl.

Helena's gratitude to Sibyl for removing Rachel and Anthony from the house was enough to befuddle her loathing for her as the beguiler of Helena's last hope, Darricott. Sibyl's pity for Mrs. Fendley was deep enough to confound her jealousy of the woman as a former possessor of Darricott's soul and her anxiety before the woman's extraordinary beauty. Helena's trepidation lent her a vivacity that took her back almost to the youthful radiance of her earliest portraits. She was afraid again and eager, and splendid in her jewelry and the *grande toilette* emerging from the cloak of sables thrown back from her gleaming throat and breast, and topped by her magnificent head.

Anxiously she watched the three pushing their arms back into the sleeves of the winter coats thrust at them by the three servants. Awkwardly she kissed her children good night and mumbled formulas at Sibyl, who answered in kind. The children did not even dream that both women were thinking of Darricott and disputing his possession. When they were on the steps, Rachel said:

"Isn't Mother grand tonight? Escaped from the opera and all."

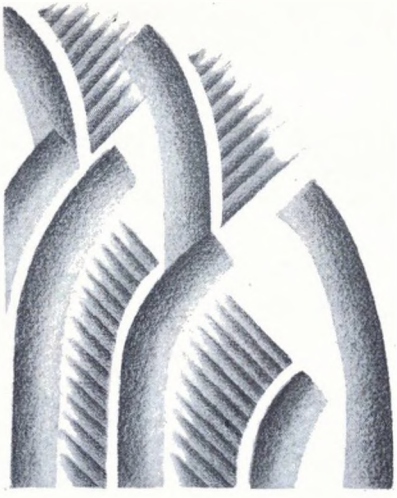
"She's beautiful," sighed Anthony.

"Beautiful!" sighed Sibyl, thinking how cruel she was to take advantage of the poor faded wicked mother and despoil her of the lover she had no right to. Yet she would be doing this beautiful home a great, an almost divine favor in relieving it of Darricott's menace not only to the wife but to the daughter. She had had doubts of the wisdom of seeing Darricott again, but now she felt that she owed to him the act of rescuing him from them as well as them from him.

When the car drove away, she glanced back through the little window to take a last look at that troubled mansion. She caught sight of a taxicab drawing up before it. A man sprang out, paid the driver and climbed the steps. Sibyl recognized that opera hat cocked to one side. Before he could ring the bell, the door opened and he stepped inside.

That woman doubtless let him in herself. Sibyl's heart leaped with a jungle-frenzy, a mad feeling that it was her duty, as it would be her immortal delight, to go back and kill them both.

Next Month in Rupert Hughes' unique mystery novel Horace Fendley, tortured by the memory of the man who has stolen the love of his wife and infatuated his daughter, seeks help in his plans for "getting" Darricott



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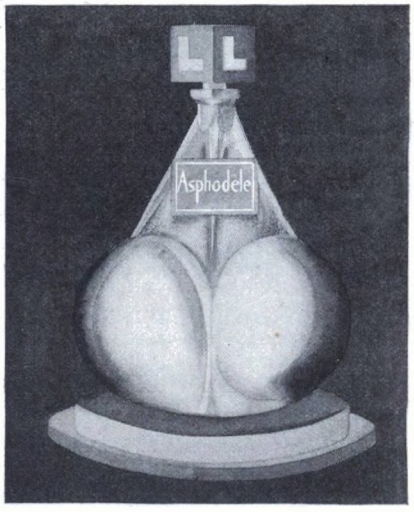

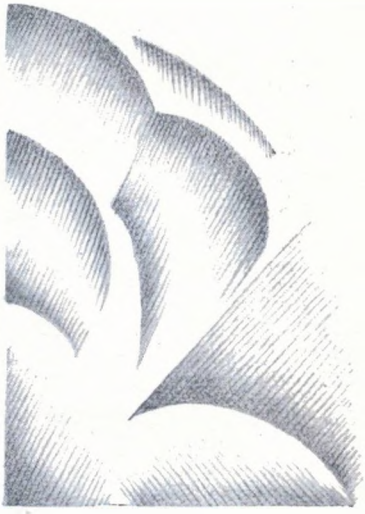

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One-Eyed Jacks Are Wild

(*Continued from page 44*)

machines with a roll that would block the back wheels of a truck on the La Jolla grade. I did not do any more betting.

After the last race we went out to get a bus for San Diego and I saw the Sweet Smile girl ahead of us. She did not seem to need any help in carrying her money, so I lay back.

"There's the dame that did me out of all that dough," I said to Razor.

He looked at her and give a funny laugh as if he knew her.

"Do you know who she is?" I asks.

"Me? I should say not."

"Nice-looking kid," I says.

"Her smiles are as expensive as Mona Lisa's," he says, which is a painting that cost a lot of jack.

I told him where to get off at and we went back to San Diego.

We sat on a bench in a little park and Razor talked high about what he was going to do with all his money with some rum-running gang that he was in with. It did not cheer me up none.

What I thought about love is not in any poetry books I ever read. The way I felt was that you could copper any tips poetry writers give you and win nine races hand-running. I always said women was just expensive playthings and sure enough I was right. No more women for me!

I bought a paper and opened it up. I looked at a picture of a girl on the front page.

"Gosh," I yells. "It's Sweet Smile!"

Razor was looking over my shoulder. "Five thousand dollars reward for her return," he reads. "H'm-m."

I looked at the line under her picture. It said she was "Mary Barry, the Noted Dare-devil Queen of the Movies." Oh, boy! A movie queen. And she called me "Handsome"! Hot dog! The big ones and the little ones they all fall for Jack of Hearts.

I had heard of Mary Barry, but at that time had never seen her in the movies. I did not go to see them, except cowboy pictures, because I had not realized how they bring love and laughter and joy and inspiration, etc., etc.. into the souls of the most lowly and what a service we do for humanity when we work hard in the motion pictures.

Mary Barry was the famous stunt actress that drove cars over cliffs and climbed up the side of buildings without the aid of a net.

She had left her husband flat and he was in a tight place. He was Tom Dennington the famous movie sheik that slays them with kisses and, the paper said, he was deeply humiliated and he wanted her back in his cozy love nest, just them two. He knew that if he could get his little wife back and clasp her in his arms and tell her how he loved her she never would leave him again. He was some kid.

So he said he would give $5,000 to anybody that would persuade her to come back for just a minute so he could show her that she had wronged him bitterly and he could prove that dame she got sore about was his cousin.

Me with eight bucks and here was a chance to make five grand.

"Sweet Smile is in San Diego," I says, "and Oklahoma Jack will take her back to her cozy little love nest and fix up an unhappy home."

"What if she don't want to go back?"

I remembered how she had looked into my eyes, and I said in a firm tone of voice, "That woman will do whatever I say," and strode away.

I wandered all around San Diego looking for Sweet Smile and thinking about how I could go to Chicago with $5,000 and I determined that nothing would stop me rain or snow or cold or heat until I found her. It began to get dark and I got hungry so I went over to a little chow dump where we usually eat.

Just as I started in the place Razor Valero stepped out of a shadow and told me to go eat some place else.

"There is no more room there and the food is very bad, Jack," he says, which was the first time he ever worried about my comfort so I began to think something was queer.

"I guess I will take a chance," I answers and starts toward the door when he shoves a gun in my stomach and two other mugs that was standing beside a car come over.

"Phooey," I says, not being afraid of Razor, and I grabs the gun and twists it out of his hand and throws it in the street just as one of the other guys socks me on the back of the head with something hard. I was reaching for my gun when all three come on me and I go down and they throw me in the gutter behind the car where I lie quiet and try to figure out what it is all about.

I was just trying to get up when Sweet Smile, with a tall dark guy, comes out of the restaurant and all four grab her and push her in the car and beat it.

I had not been riding on the spare tire very long before I got the idea that they was not taking Sweet Smile back to Los Angeles for the $5,000 reward but was going toward Mexico. I judged that they meant her no good and that they must be taking her to dens of vice in Tia Juana for a fate worse than death.

When they hit the Tia Juana road I climbed on top of the car laying flat and holding onto the sides.

They must have heard me because the car slowed down and stopped and Razor got out and looked to see what the noise was and found out when I dived off on him and his head hit the road and he stayed and I got up.

The others was trying to get out all at once and tangled themselves up. I pulled out my gun and pasted them on the bean with the butt.

I dragged the four of them over to the side of the road where there would not any cars run over them and went back to tell Sweet Smile how I had saved her from a fate worse than death.

I stuck my head in the back door and I was much surprised when Sweet Smile reached over and busted me on the head with what seemed to be a monkey wrench. It fortunately did not hit me on a vital spot and I grabbed her arm and pulled her out of the car and give her a good shaking and told her it was me the Jack of Hearts that had come to save her from a fate worse than death.

"I'll say you're a fighting fool, Jackie," she says. "You did all this for me?"

"Just for you, Beautiful," I mumbled as heroic as I could, but my lips was kind of swelled and it did not sound as good as I would have wished. I called her Sweet Smile only to myself, because, I thought, maybe she bet on that horse and lost and there is no good of getting into an argument at this time.

"You sure are a sight," she says, and I guess I was. It was good that she had seen me at the track where I was my real true self. "And I thank you for saving me from a fate worse than death. Where do we go from here?"

"Get in the car, Beautiful," I says.

"I'm with you, Big Boy," she says, which just goes to show.

I turned the car around and started back to San Diego having made up my mind that I would take her back right away to her husband in Los Angeles.

"It must be wonderful to be a great lover like Tom Dennington," I says, thinking maybe I could get her talking.

"He's not so hot," she answers. "I like them strong and tough like you, Jackie." I was kind of sorry to hear that she felt that way about Dennington, kind of.

"I am not so bad on the love stuff, either," I says. "I would like to be a movie actor like he."

"Where'd you get all this muscle?" she asks.

I told her about how I won twenty-eight rodeo medals and cups.

"You'd go good in the movies," she says. "The Amalgamated is looking for a good western star."

"Not me," I says. "I would be at my best as a handsome lover."

"Ho, ho!" she says, in kind of scorn, but I knew how she felt, all right.

And the big trouble was that I knew how I felt. I had loved Sweet Smile at first sight. I was nuts about her now. She had just as much as said she was strong for me. But, alas, such was fate! I was sacrificing my life's happiness, taking the woman I loved and that loved me back to her humiliated husband just so his love nest could be cozy again.

But maybe fate was working not so dog-gone bad. I always said I did not want to marry the best girl in the world because when you are married you have to go to work and stick in one town where maybe they do not have any racing at all. And when they do have it you probably cannot get away from your job and go out to the track.

No, I decided, things was stacking up right smart. I could not marry Sweet Smile if I wanted to, and everything was O. K.

So I figured I might as well give her a good time and tell her how nice she was, without getting me in any jam.

"From the minute I gazed into your eyes, I loved you. I am ready to lay down my life for you," I says.

"Well, you certainly ruined a swell wedding."

"What do you mean, wedding?" I gasps. "You were going to be wed? When?"

"Tonight. Sure. What did you think it was all about, Jackie?"

I was speechless at the immorality of Hollywood although I had heard tell. Here she is, married to Tom Dennington that was offering $5,000 to get her back, and she was going down to Mexico to marry somebody else.

"Didn't you put up that lovely scrap and get yourself all bunged up just for me?" she inquires.

"Sure, sure," I answers, kind of stunned. "I——"

"It worked out fine for me," she says. "I just found out tonight that my sweetie was a rum runner and I never liked him much anyway, even if he was a good spender. From the moment I saw you this afternoon, honey, I wished something would happen to bust it up." She sighed. "Isn't it just like a movie?"

I tried to explain. "Razor Valero was trying to kidnap you."

"That little fellow? What a chance! He was a friend of my sweetie's and warned us that some dumb goof was trying to break up the wedding and if it didn't turn out to be you. Don't you love romantic adventure like this?"

"Uh-huh," I says.

"To be snatched out of your bridegroom's arms by a handsome cowboy!"

I forget just what I said. I began to feel I was lost.

"Romance!" she cries, kind of soft like. "When I saw you, Big Boy, I knew—for years and years, I had been waiting."

I was kind of surprised to hear this. "Did you always love me?" I inquires.

"Always, my own darling Jack of Hearts," she says.

"Well, a Queen always takes a Jack," I says, and she threw her arms around me and the car jumped off the road and run fifty yards and settled.

The wheels had not stopped turning before I found I was going to marry this dare-devil movie star that already was married to an actor in Hollywood.

How it was going to come out I did not know but I just seemed kind of helpless and all mixed up and it was right provoking to find that my power for dominating women was not working. She seemed to be running things now.

"It is not right," I finally says. "Our love is hopeless. I must take you back to your humiliated husband."

"Husband? Jackie, are you just a little goofy? I have no husband."

"Phooey," I says, watching out for a trap. Nobody was going to get me down to Mexico and marry me and get me in a lot of trouble. "This Tom Dennington that's married to you and you ran away from him and that has offered five thousand bucks if you are brought back so he can tell you it was his cousin. I read it in the papers."

She laughs out loud. "Jackie, you certainly need a keeper," she says, kissing me on my black eye. "Are you on the level with this love stuff?"

I said I sure was. What else could a guy say?

"Then stop your worrying. That's a publicity story about Tom Dennington's $5.000. I heard at the studio that they were going to give that out."

I was getting mad. "Look here now," I says. "Publicity story or not, that does not make you any less married. It will not be right for me to become a bigamist and marry you."

She laughed. "You thought I was Mary Barry," she says, "didn't you?"

Oh, boy! I began to see something coming and I did not know whether to laugh or bust out crying.

"Yeah," I admitted.

"You poor boy. And you have been holding back just because of that. I am not Mary Barry. I am Lucy Thompson, her double."

"Double?"

"I do all those stunts that she gets credit for. Because I look like her and am willing to risk my neck, they pay me two hundred dollars a week."

Well, maybe you think I was not flabbergasted. Finally it come over me how it all stood. Everything was all right. Oh, boy! I said, "Hooray!" and I meant it because she was one swell kid and so we got married.

So that is how to become a big star in the motion picture acting game. When we went back to Hollywood it turned out the Amalgamated Studios did not have any jobs as handsome lovers open, so when Sweet Smile told them about my rodeo medals and cups they give me a job as western star at good wages and Sweet Smile quit her job as double and fixed up our big house and as I always told you she is a swell kid.

It shows that success comes to them that grab opportunity, as the poetry book says and I hope my experience will be an inspiration to all.

Sweet Smile asks me to put in will my admirers please enclose ten cents in stamps when they write in and ask for my photo.

This Woman Made $500,000 (Cont. from page 53)

hang over the ticker but some of the other employees whose duties kept them in touch with it would send me notes along with the routine inter-office business communications telling how my stock was behaving. And all the news was good news:

"Canadian Pacific 160," I'd read on a penciled slip of paper sandwiched in between telegrams or other business notes. Then, "Canadian Pacific 165." It was jolly to encounter these bits of good news during the course of a feverishly active day—for you work fast in the financial district.

I had felt sure that Canadian Pacific was a good buy and I didn't worry, but it was stimulating to see it rising so much more rapidly than I had dared to hope. Finally it touched 175. I couldn't restrain myself from taking my profit at this point. For one reason, I needed a vacation and this would give me a nice one. I sold out and pocketed a profit that amounted to more than a year's wages for a stenographer.

The next question was where to go and what to do on my first real vacation. I decided that I'd spend at least a part of the money with the people who had earned it for me, so I bought a Canadian Pacific ticket to the Coast. I learned on that trip a bit more about why Canadian Pacific stock was a good buy; the service they gave so impressed me that on my return I bought a small block of their stock outright to put in the safe-deposit box, partly for sentimental reasons. I've traded in and out of Canadian Pacific on margin many times since then but the block of stock that I put away has never been touched.

Stock trading is supposed to be a cold-blooded, emotionless business but those who engage in it are just as warmly and amusingly human as any other people—which reminds me of a story.

Another of my early purchases, made while I was still working for a salary, was American Express; it also returned me an excellent profit. Shortly after I bought this stock, I learned of a beautiful apartment that I wanted to rent. It was more expensive than I could afford but so beautiful that I couldn't get it out of my mind.

My stocks were doing so well that at last I decided to go ahead and sign the lease. When I was finally at home there, with everything arranged to my satisfaction, I invited friends to visit me. They all made the same comment: "This is a beautiful place, but how can you stand the noise of all that traffic?" And they shook their heads.

In the street below, all day and until late at night, one American Express wagon followed another, all big, heavy vehicles that bumped and banged while the horses' hoofs thundered—you know the kind of hoofs those American Express horses have; big as hams. There was a station near by where express packages were assembled for shipment; about half the traffic under my front windows comprised express wagons.

What made me laugh, though, was that I hadn't noticed this. If they had been any other sort of wagon I'm sure I would have objected but American Express wagons looked mighty good to me.

I had only one really terrible day in the stock market, but that one will suffice for a lifetime. It was the day of the frightful break in prices just before Christmas of 1928. Like most of the other traders, I had not seen it coming; the fact that it caught so many traders by surprise is, of course, what made it such a dramatic day. They were all trying to get out at the same time.

I was carrying a fairly large amount of stocks, something in the vicinity of $400,000 worth. The market went bad right at the start and before I could realize what we were in for, stocks were falling two or three or even five points between sales. As a matter of fact, there were scarcely any bids and the rush of selling orders that had accumulated overnight would make it difficult for me to get sales even if I offered the stocks at heavy losses. Stocks are sold in the order in which the offers accumulate; they have to take their turn. The only way to break out of turn is to offer them "at the market," which means at whatever anyone will bid. When scarcely anyone is bidding that course would be suicidal.

All day long I stood by the ticker watching the value of my holdings melt away, sometimes at the rate of more than a thousand dollars a minute. There had been market breaks before that were sharp and tragic but never had I seen anything like this one, because no one seemed to be buying and that meant that the bottom hadn't been reached.

No matter how much I figured my losses at any given moment during the day the real terror was that I couldn't get out and that no one could predict how much farther this nightmare would go. Thousands of speculators saw their fortunes wiped out that day. My account was too well margined for me to be wiped out, and even if I had lost all the money I then had involved I wouldn't have been broke, but it was a fearful experience.

You see, I look after my ventures every moment in order not to be taken by surprise—and here I was as thoroughly trapped as any greenhorn trading by telegraph on tips from a fortune teller. I felt as I imagine a strong and skillful swimmer might feel if his hands and feet were tied and he was thrown into the ocean to drown. Almost any other sort of death would be less painfully humiliating for him.

Well, there I was, knowing what I ought to do, and with the ticker and the telephone at my elbow, but unable to do anything. I walked up and down like an animal in a cage.

When the market closed my paper losses were, in round numbers, sixty thousand dollars, which is more than I ordinarily hope to make in a fairly good year. That night when I went to bed I cried, and it wasn't altogether the lost money, either; it was that horrible feeling of helplessness.

The aftermath of that day you probably know. The market snapped back quickly and most of the losses were recovered within a month. Some of the stocks went right on to reach new high prices, but some of them are still lagging. On the whole, though, I came out all right. It was a great lesson in the wisdom of caution, large margins and an ample reserve of cash. Shoe-string market players were wiped out by the hundreds that day.

One of the saddest cases in the history of the street was that of the late Baron de Stackelberg, Russian soldier and gentleman. There is a beautiful Helleu etching hanging in my apartment, a gift from the baron for some slight kindness.

The baron came to this country in 1922 and tried to enter into a financial career for which he was unfitted. With probably the best of intentions he became involved in speculation. Not too

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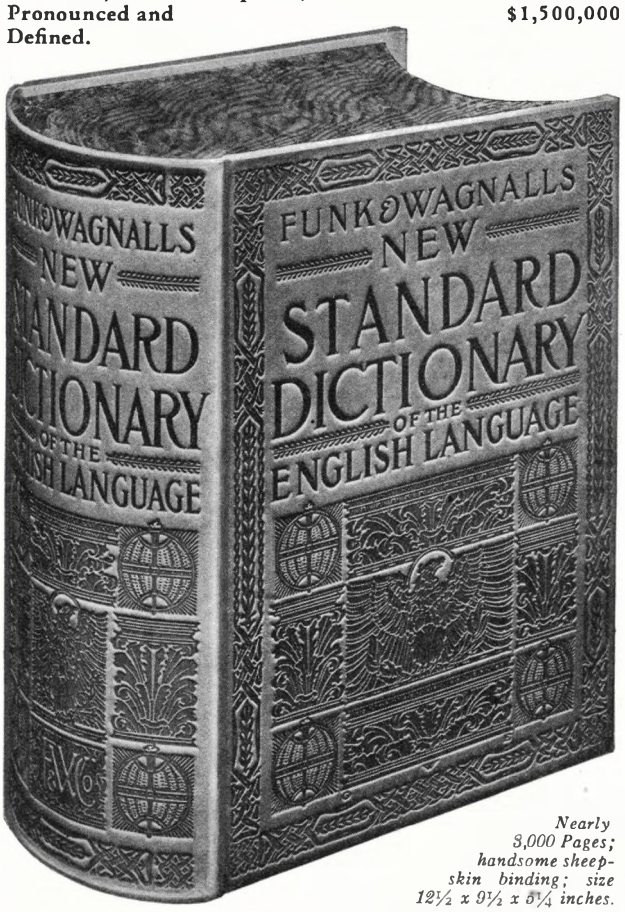

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methodical in his affairs, he became confused and some of his former friends invoked the aid of the authorities. He put up a losing fight to make financial restitution.

One day officers knocked on the door of his New York hotel suite. He received his visitors with Continental courtesy and excused himself for a moment. When he returned from his bedroom he said with courtly dignity:

"I trust you gentlemen will pardon me. I have a rendezvous."

He slumped down dead; he had taken strychnine.

Some of my earliest trading on my own account involved a much larger proportion of my total savings than I should advise anyone else to risk, but my position was unusual and I excused myself on that account. I was within hearing distance of a ticker all day long; the gossip of the office related almost entirely to stocks and bonds; and I felt that the information upon which I acted amounted to something much more substantial than a mere market tip.

I don't trade on market tips and never did. When I risk my money I feel that I know what I'm doing. I analyze the basic values of the securities I buy and reach my conclusions as to their prospects from careful consideration of the whole existing business structure and situation.

My general rule is, "Buy them when they look their worst and sell early when their value begins to be generally realized." I never try to ride a stock for the last penny. I'm willing to take a small profit. No one ever went broke by taking his profits.

That is an old saying in Wall Street and a true one.

The trouble with many amateur traders is that they do neither the one thing nor the other. If they aren't on the job looking after their operations every day they shouldn't try to be traders. They should try the long pull. But if they prefer to take their profits promptly they must be well informed about a great many stocks lest they jump off good ones to take bad ones.

Either way, one usually will find occasions when one goes home mumbling to oneself about how much better one would have fared if one had used the other system.

For example, one of my first purchases as an independent trader was 100 shares of People's Gas at 152. I sold at 165, making a profit of $1,300, but People's Gas later went to 380 and if I had sold at that price my profit would have been $22,800. About the same time I bought 100 shares of Fleischmann at 62 and sold at 75; profit, thirteen points, $1,300. Later Fleischmann went to 100 so I could just as well have made thirty-eight points or $3,800.

I bought Consolidated Gas at 110 and sold at 117; later it went to 180 so I could have made seventy points instead of just seven. I bought 100 shares of Pennsylvania Railroad at 65 and sold at 78; later it went to 110. You see that I made only a small fraction of the possible profits from those ventures, but there is more to the story.

No sudden slumps overtook me to wipe out paper profits and leave me with paper losses that could be recovered only by hanging on for a long pull back to normalcy. I've tried the market both ways. Once I bought 100 shares of Foundation Company at 97 and after hanging on and hanging on I finally sold at 55. I might just as well have sold much sooner before the loss was so great. You can always buy back. I had 100 shares of Mack Truck at 125 and after another long siege of holding sold at 97.

Profits can disappear suddenly in the stock market, as those who have been through some of the sensational slumps of recent years know to their sorrow. I like to take my profits. And I'll take my losses, too, both of them promptly. After trying both methods I found that I got my lickings by hanging on. But it may not be that way with you. Moreover, you may not be in a position to give as much attention as I give to my ticker. I have my own because I don't want anyone around to distract me while I watch the quotations pour out on the tape. There is an art in trading that rises above the scientific fact-finding processes which serve as foundation.

Just as you can teach a boy or a girl to read notes and strike the right keys without producing a musician, so you can know a great deal about the fundamental facts relating to securities and still not have that feel of the market which comes from watching the ticker. I know how to read the notes but when the tape pours out I'm playing by ear, too. I catch the rhythm of it, the overtones of strength or weakness.

After all the facts are in, the tape makes a sort of music to which your whole mind must be attuned. Then you know what's really going on—and what you are going to do about it.

Ample margin and back of that a sound reserve of cash are essential to intelligent trading. You simply can't use your brains and worry at the same time. If you play at all—and I wouldn't advise anyone to do so—surplus income from reserve is the money to play with, not current wages that may be needed at the end of the month to pay the grocer. What you can afford to lose is whatever you can play with reasonably. Then go in with the determination not to lose it. To do that you have to act upon your own reasoned conclusions. If someone tells you that Consolidated Whoozis is a good buy and you take a flyer, you really don't know what you should expect to get out of it, or, if it goes down a point or two, what you may expect tomorrow. You have to act upon your own information in order to estimate the importance of later developments.

The successful trader is quick to realize what prosperity in one place will mean in another. For example, if the grain crops are large and prices good, railroad shares are worth looking into because hauling that grain will mean business. If there is widespread unemployment certain classes of goods will be the first to feel the slack retail trade, while others will be affected much later. All of these things enter into the transactions of the active trader. But beyond such details one must be conscious of the importance of national and international trends upward or downward.

Let me cite, in this connection, one of the most important relatively new factors bearing upon business in the United States: it is the financing of manufacture by acceptance of customers' notes. I sensed at once what that would mean to a large and ever-growing number of industries.

Do you suppose that anything resembling the present sales of automobiles or automatic refrigerators would be possible if the customers had to pay cash for them? Of course not. But it seems to me absolutely sound to sell them on the installment plan. They are useful, durable, and worth the money. The customer is enabled by the finance corporation to pay for goods while enjoying the use of them. What this means to business is almost beyond estimate. It plays a tremendous part in the present healthy prosperity of our country.

When something as important as that comes along a trader with vision will consider what it means to certain industries and act accordingly.

This is now the richest country in the world and by such long odds the greatest industrial country that it is a waste of time to argue about which is second. If our security markets had not reflected something of these sensational changes in our national economic life we should all have been asleep at the switch. The business was being done, the goods were being manufactured and sold at a profit, consequently the dividends were being earned; then why shouldn't the stocks be more valuable?

Those who think that the course of events in our great stock and bond markets during the last five years represents a feverish, unhealthy outbreak of the gambling spirit are simply deaf, dumb and blind. You can lose money in any kind of market, don't forget that; but the country hasn't gone crazy about stocks—it has simply realized that we are in a new world and getting on.

The realization of this great expansion in our industrial and financial operations is what accounts for the sensational successes of the new and colorful personalities now looming up in the news of stock-market operations. The Cuttens and the Fishers, whose profits are counted in the scores of millions, made their money by seeing clearly the meaning of these vast new post-war developments. And along with them have risen such figures as Mike Meehan, whose story out-fictions fiction.

Only a few years ago Meehan was an employee in a theater ticket agency, but when he went into the stock market it was with the same vision of the changed conditions that a few much wealthier men had. He plunged, and yet he plunged with something more substantial than a mere hunch to direct his course. The result was that he counted his gains in millions, and they were the more impressive because he began at the grass roots.

Today he has a large brokerage house of his own and is still feeling his way toward new horizons. He is the man who recently installed brokerage offices on some of the largest transatlantic liners.

I realize that quite a number of unqualified traders have made money by sheer luck. One might say outrageous luck. But then there is luck in all kinds of trading. Luck is an ever-present element in our lives. I believe in luck, too. I don't know any traders who don't. It's part of the game of life and adds zest to it. Certain of my dresses seem to be luckier than others. And the strange succession of good fortune that follows the wearing of certain pieces of jewelry is enough to make anyone superstitious.

I have a diamond and emerald pin that seems to be a veritable charm. It has never failed me. When I have an important operation under way I always go to my safe-deposit vault and bring out this talisman to wear on my breast until the profits are garnered.

Some time ago I bought a sapphire ring with the profits of a day's good luck, a day when the diamond and emerald pin was on the job, and now I find that the sapphire is also lucky. Foolish? Oh, perhaps; but if so, what of it? I haven't quit analyzing stocks because of my lucky jewelry. But it is fun to lug out my treasures, knowing that they have never seen me in defeat.

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NO one appreciates more thoroughly than the well-cared-for patient, what a great service modern dentists are rendering.

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Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for December 1929

Phantom Fingerprints *by Rex Beach* (*Continued from page 23*)

you were disagreeably certain the other night that you could explain the thing. Can you?"

The captain shook his head. "It occurred to me that there must be a mistake somewhere in our filing system, some substitution of records. That was my first thought. But that's out. I reasoned next that Dillon couldn't have lost his life in that bank bombing. I've checked that, too, and it's all right. We've actually got prints taken from his dead hand. The left was pretty badly mangled but the right was perfect. Well, last night that defunct right hand lifted the Kilvain jewels worth over a hundred grand. Laugh that off!"

After a pause the speaker resumed: "You said this case blows up our whole method of criminal identification and I wanted to wallop you. But—I'm blamed if it doesn't threaten to do it. I've been wondering if it's possible that our technique is too crude to reveal all there is in a fingerprint. Are we overlooking minute and microscopic differences?

"I'm groping around, understand; I'm not even thinking straight. What about that new process of yours which is so much better than ours? For heaven's sake, throw me a rope. I'm sinking."

"Gladly! I'll show you more perfect records than you're able to make with your lampblack and chemist's gray; yes, and I'll bring out details you lose completely, but—that won't change the loops and whorls themselves. I don't see what good it will do you in this instance."

Peters rose and busied himself with several bottles, a test tube and an alcohol lamp.

"The principal value of my method," he went on, "is that it makes the imprint permanent; 'fixes' it. But if two people have fingers exactly the same what's the good of it?" Larned made no answer. "Now then, this stuff should heat slowly, the slower the better. Come here; I want to show you something."

The speaker led the way to a door at the rear of his laboratory and flung it open to reveal a room in which were a number of heavy and complicated electrical appliances in process of unpacking and assembling.

"I just got 'em in, and I'm terribly excited," Peters proudly confessed. "Lord! This stuff runs into money; it took every penny I could rake and scrape! What d'you think of it?" The speaker's eyes were shining; his face was alight with eagerness.

"It looks like the death house to me," Larned declared.

Peters grinned. "Well, it's no death chamber. It's a life chamber. Know anything about electricity?"

"Sure! I know enough to retard the spark when I crank my motor."

"This is a broadcasting station. A station to broadcast health, life."

"That sounds crazy enough."

The scientist grunted. "Pasteur, Metchnikoff, the Curies, Röntgen were 'lunatics' at first. Listen, old man, you're a detective and so am I. You've been busy for the past few weeks chasing an evildoer. I'm on the track of a malefactor as mysterious and a million times more dangerous than your housebreaker.

"Your man merely robs; he doesn't kill, and he robs only the rich, which really isn't a serious crime. Robin Hood did that. My villain robs rich and poor; he slays an army of victims and the poorer, the weaker they are, the more merciless he is."

"You're talking about some germ, I presume."

"Exactly. The 'flu germ. I specialized in bacteriology and I'm cursed with a lofty ambition to accomplish something worth while in the way of disease control."

"You don't mean you're going to do it by radio?" Larned's incredulous inquiry evoked an impatient gesture.

"Certainly not. I'll have to give you the idea in unscientific language, for police intelligence isn't high. When we suffer an epidemic the air is full of harmful germs and we breathe 'em in. They make us sick, kill us. All right; science has isolated certain other microorganisms—let's call 'em germs—harmless to us and deadly to them. Certain of these we have learned how to plant directly in the blood; certain others can be breathed into the lungs.

"Very well, I propose to develop hordes of these latter friendly bodies and release them in crowded places. Why not? It's only a step beyond our practice of injecting vaccines with the needle. We broadcast jazz and market reports and cooking recipes, why not broadcast health from our municipal, state and federal health departments? Why not have a scientist like me in the Cabinet as Secretary of Hygiene?"

"Great idea, doc, if it will work. Have you really made any progress?"

"Certainly I have. I'll make more from now on. However, let's get back to our fingerprints." The two returned to the laboratory proper and Peters examined the liquid in the test tube. While he was thus engaged, his caller strolled over to investigate a cage of rabbits but halted before an object which challenged his attention.

It was a glass dome like those used to protect wax flowers, and under it was a cunningly and delicately wrought image of a frog. The animal was extraordinarily lifelike; in contour, in coloring, in the texture of the skin it was perfect. Larned had never seen such a startling piece of modeling.

"Say, doc, where did you get this? Japan?" he asked.

Peters smiled. "No. New Jersey."

"Mighty clever piece of work. Wax, isn't it?"

The doctor joined his friend. "Look again. You never saw a model as perfect as that, did you? Well, it isn't wax and it's no model. I caught it in the New Jersey meadows." Lifting the glass he removed the object and laid it in Larned's hand. The latter recoiled, for it was a frog indeed. It was soft and moist and cold to the touch.

"What the deuce——?"

Peters chuckled. "Pretty good, eh? How long d'you think it has been dead?"

"I don't think it *is* dead. It's only sleeping."

"Eight years! Fact. Every bone, every joint, every muscle and tendon works. See!" Peters moved the frog's legs, opened and closed its mouth, its eyelids. "Hardest kind of subject, too. I can preserve a beef carcass, or any part of it, the same way. Here, let me show you something else." He opened a white enameled cabinet and removed therefrom a platter upon which reposed what appeared to be a raw, freshly cut roast of beef. "This piece of meat has been here longer than the frog."

"You don't mean——?"

"I mean if you cooked and ate it today you'd never know it hadn't come from the butcher yesterday." Peters' voice rose; stridently he declared: "It will be the same eight years from now, or eighty years. Neither sunlight nor air affects it, and this isn't the result of any embalming process either.

"I merely stop the clock, prevent deterioration, arrest decay—something the wisest men in the world have been trying to do for two hundred generations. The Egyptians came closer to accomplishing it than anybody but they were children compared with me. This is the thing I took to Oswald. He said I was crazy."

"You're a remarkable guy," Larned declared with a curious stare. "How many different things do you dabble in?"

"Dabble!" the other exploded angrily. "I don't dabble; I do! I tower head and shoulders above all the scientists, dead or alive."

"No offense. I——"

"Edison, Marconi, Steinmetz, who are they? I——" Peters lowered his voice and altered his tone. "What's the use of talking to you? Anyhow, I've developed this principle far enough to revolutionize the entire problem of food preservation. It will change the life story of the human race."

"Oswald isn't the only great meat packer in the world."

"No, but he's the bell cow, and the others follow. He's a dirty thief. He built his fortune on ideas he stole from poor devils like me; he wouldn't risk a nickel to help a struggling genius, but he'd spend a fortune to cheat the fellow out of the reward for his discovery. That's Big Business. The Behemoths of Industry! I—I'm a Bolshy."

"If your process is original you can patent it," Larned persisted.

"Yes; and throw it open to that pack of robbers!" The speaker scowled ferociously. "They run the Patent Office. The government is in with 'em."

"Nonsense!"

"I know what I'm talking about." Peters insisted stormily. "Didn't Oswald suggest that very thing to me? The old buzzard! But I saw through him. He'd love to get my formulæ and put his chemists at work on 'em. But I fooled him. I called his hand. I told him what he was."

"Did you, really?"

"I certainly did. He said I was a dangerous crank, and had me put out."

"I'm surprised at him," Larned said mildly. "What d'you say we get along with our experiments?"

"Thieving old hypocrite! Jackal! He'll never steal my brains. I'll bring him to his milk." For a moment the scientist muttered, then he shook his massive shoulders and apologized. "Pardon the outburst but—you flaunted a red flag at me and I charged. All right, here we go. I'll put my thumb on each end of a slide and develop one print in the usual manner and one my way. You can compare the results. If they interest you we'll try other substances."

Larned looked on while the speaker dusted one print and sprayed the other with the volatile preparation he had compounded, then stroked it lightly with a fine camel's hair brush. When he finally surrendered the slide the captain uttered an exclamation, for the second impression looked as if it had been cut into the glass itself by some fine-pointed stylus. There was a luster, a brilliance to it unlike anything he had ever seen.

"Don't be afraid to touch it," Peters told him. "It's next to indestructible. What's more important, I can fix a print on substances and surfaces you'd never think of tackling. However, it won't

help you catch your phantom. You need more than a refined technique in his case. You need an intelligence to match his."

Larned was enthusiastic, delighted; he insisted upon a second demonstration and begged Peters to instruct him not alone in the proper use of atomizer and brush but also in the preparation of the materials. These mastered, he made and fixed prints of his own fingers as well as the scientist's upon glass and upon half a dozen other materials.

"This is great!" he declared finally. "I want to show these to Kane. It will be adopted everywhere, of course. Now then, can't you give me some theory to account for the—the phenomenon?"

After a moment Peters shrugged. "Phenomena are common in my work. Every day I struggle with contradictions of natural law more extraordinary than this. They're all simple enough when we learn to understand them."

"You surely don't encounter—phantoms?" Larned ventured.

"Physics is my line, not psychics. But so many great discoveries are hidden just beyond the painted veil that I disbelieve in nothing. Take that frog and that piece of beef: perfect after six, eight years. A reversal of every natural law. A true miracle. Who would believe it?

"Isn't that as incredible as—as a phantom? One more step and I'll solve the mystery of death itself. Life and death are mere matters of chemical change. What is one and what is the other?"

"Don't ask me. I'm a policeman."

"Right. And I'm wasting my breath on you, but when I start talking I enjoy hearing myself. I frequently learn something. This life and death! A momentary arrest of the one and the other follows. I've postponed the operation of decay, as you see; I can preserve tissue indefinitely; only the spark within escapes me. Why is that spark so easily quenched and so impossible to rekindle? What is the nature of it?

"I can produce protoplasm—the chemical matter of life—right here in this room and I can make it do everything but live. What is the force that energizes it? I can analyze and divide and subdivide matter clear back to the ultimate atom, but having done so I'm as ignorant as ever. The secret of the universe dangles just out of my reach.

"Frustration! You're having a taste of it; I get it every day. If I weren't a man of extraordinary mentality I'd crack. Sometimes I get so furious at my limitations that I beat my head and smash things.

"No, I can take the heart out of a living body and keep it beating for a considerable time, but once the beat stops I can't start it again. Why? Nothing of weight or of substance has gone out of it; no chemical change has occurred. Bah! This problem of yours isn't half as bewildering as any one of a hundred problems in chemical research."

"Then explain it, if you're so infernally smart."

But the speaker ran on unheeding: "You talk about phantoms. If you knew more you'd realize that when we trace the physical back far enough it invariably leads into the metaphysical—the material into the immaterial. Take this very mystery of life.

"The smallest known molecule weighs three million-million-million-millionths of a gram, but it travels a mile every second. Back and forth, so! An electron is smaller and travels faster and yet it is less mysterious to an analytical chemist than a sunflower seed. Why does one speck of protoplasm grow into

a plant and another into a police captain or—or a superior man like me?"

"Are you delivering a lecture on science or preaching a sermon?" Larned inquired with a smile. "I'm a square-toed cop holding down a desk. What I want to know is who made those dead fingerprints and how. Go ahead and play ball with your atoms and your molecules to your heart's content. I'm chasing a two-hundred-pound burglar and if he isn't caught I'm likely to lose my job. I was hoping you could give me a lift."

"Use your brains," the chemist snapped.

"You claim I haven't any."

"Humph! I'm poor at flattery. Prove me wrong and I'll apologize."

"What a swell crutch you turned out to be," Larned said as he rose. "However, I'm certainly grateful for this new process, if you really mean——"

"Take it. Use it. To the devil with it! I'll drop in once in a while to keep in touch with your little mystery."

The weeks following that visit to the laboratory were the most troubled that Joe Larned had experienced during all his years on the force. Those baffling robberies continued with monotonous regularity, and although there were the usual clues little could be made of them and the Bureau of Criminal Identification came in for its share of criticism.

The time came when something like a panic overtook the department. Word was passed that action was imperative and if results were not soon forthcoming there would be a shake-up.

So far only Kane and a handful of his trusted men knew anything about those phantom fingerprints, but it was a matter of general knowledge that the spoils of the "Who's Who" robberies were mounting into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. The newspapers began to ask what ailed the police. Editorials hinting at a partnership between the Law and the Underworld were printed.

Peters was an interested observer of these events and despite the patent contempt in which he held police methods, police intelligence, he nevertheless stopped in at Centre Street after every new crime to examine with genuine curiosity the newest fingerprints and to apprise himself of developments. Inasmuch as his process was now being used by the department this interest was natural. He was shown such clues as there were and the case was discussed with him.

He turned out to be, upon better acquaintance, a decided eccentric. He was enormously egotistical but his conceit was so ingenuous, so boyish that it was not unduly offensive.

In his own mind he was a superman, an intellectual giant whose scientific knowledge began where that of others ended, and this, in view of his abysmal obscurity, his total failure to win public recognition, was the more amusing. He was childishly susceptible to flattery, yet he was suspicious even of his friends.

His absurd self-importance was at complete variance with his reasonless distrust of everybody—a queer complex which amounted almost to a fixation. He was firmly convinced, for instance, that the world was in league not only to steal the fruits of his labor but also to discredit him, and Larned, who had confidence in the fellow's ability, tried vainly to argue this conviction down.

But such efforts merely served to set him off on another fantastic denunciation of his imaginary enemies, the overlords of finance. If they suspected the success he had attained in his experiments with food preservation they would never rest until they had despoiled him

of his secret, so he declared. Those buccaneers of Big Business would not hesitate to take his life to get at it, and rather than build up their fabulous fortunes he would let it die with him.

Larned laughed at such talk. "That canned frog of yours looked good to me and I've an idea there's a fortune in it, but if you want to cut off your nose to spite that ugly face of yours it's your business. Your health-broadcasting idea I don't think much of."

"You wouldn't! It's over your head. But the big men in the medical profession are beginning to wonder what I'm up to. If they suspected that I've isolated the influenza germ, they'd never let me get away with it."

"Why not?"

"Numskull! They've been working on the same thing for years. Think they'd let me get the credit? Of course it would put the doctors out of business, so I'd expect them to fight it, but—say! You're one of the fools who think doctors try to stamp out disease. Do lawyers try to end crime? Use your head."

"If you've really got something, why don't you go to a research foundation?"

"They're all in together: doctors, hospitals and drug makers. They're legalized murderers, the whole kit and kaboodle of them. I call it the Disease Trust. But leave them to me; I'll make them eat crow. I know what I'm doing."

Larned gave up. Plainly this fellow, despite his undoubted ability, was more than a little bit "touched." Disease Trust! Legalized murderers!

It was Larned's habit to change the blotter on his desk every week. He used the customary leather-bound pad, about two feet square, and it held six sheets. One morning as he removed the last one in order to turn it over he saw on the smooth inner surface of the pad itself a black smudge which he never had noticed before.

Plainly it was the impression of an inked finger tip and with a queer, sick feeling in the pit of his stomach he recognized its peculiar whorls. He had studied those markings long enough now to know them at a glance.

For a moment he sat frozen; then mechanically he unfolded his magnifying glass and peered through it. Out of that intricate tracery of minute lines the Phantom seemed to leer at him, and his scalp tingled.

Then he cursed under his breath; his face grew black. This was the limit. On second thought there was nothing so mysterious about this thing, for it lay close to the edge of the pad, indicating that some visitor had lifted the bottom blotter, inserted an index finger underneath and deliberately rolled it. Rolled it, to make identification plainer! That much was patent from the rectangular shape of the print.

Larned's muscular fist clenched itself. Here was more than a mocking gesture; this spelled defiance.

Big John Dillon's double actually had called on him and had left his signature just as he had left it at the scenes of his crimes. No accidental clue this; it had been planted. But why?

Larned strode into Kane's office, his eyes smoldering, and the inspector inquired:

"Hello! What's burning you up?"

"I've had a call from our phantom burglar."

"Huh?"

"He's been in my office and left his index-fingerprint."

Kane's chair creaked as he fell back in it. He listened silently as Larned told him of his discovery, then flung the blotter pad down before him.

"This—gives me the creeps," Kane confessed as he stared stupidly at the inky mark.

"That pad holds six blotters and I turn one every three or four days. I'm certain it wasn't there when I filled it last. That means the print was made sometime within the last six weeks."

"Hell's bells! Dillon is dead." Kane's protest sounded petulant, almost hysterical.

"Listen, chief! I've heard that until I'm fed up with it. *This* guy isn't dead. He's alive and he's thumbing his nose at me. Confound him!"

After a moment Kane said: "I guess it's time we came clean to the Big Chief. He's wild and I'm due at his office at eleven for a scalding. That society mob he runs with are getting the jumps and they're gunning for him. He says——"

The speaker leaned forward suddenly, snatched up his desk calendar and began swiftly to turn back its pages.

"S-a-ay! A week or so ago I noticed a fingerprint on this thing. Never thought anything about it until—— Here it is. Good *Lord!*" On the white leaf exposed was another print, a duplicate of the one on Larned's pad.

The men eyed each other silently.

Later that morning Kane entered the Bureau of Criminal Identification and announced to Larned:

"Well! The commissioner has had his. When I told him the Dillon story and what happened this morning he looked kind of queer. Then he went into his desk and dug out three letters he has received recently—three blank sheets of paper, each with five fingerprints on it. Dillon's! He had assumed they were Black Hand warnings."

"Any clues?"

"None. Addressed on a typewriter, posted at Times Square. Here's another bit of news. Several police reporters and some of the city editors have received the same sort of thing. Say, Joe! We've often wondered why our man works with a glove on his left hand, or at least why he leaves nothing but right-hand prints. I—I suppose you know that Big John's left hand was badly mangled, practically blown off?"

Kane put the question in a tone which proved that he could not rid himself of the conviction that unholy forces were at work in this case. To his subordinate, however, the query seemed to open a new line of thought. He frowned.

"Sure, I know all that. It's a queer case, but the queerest thing is the motive back of it."

"Motive? Why, robbery, of course. The guy is on his way to a million."

Larned shook his head. "I don't agree with you. Did you ever do any wrestling, chief?"

"A little."

"Then you know that often the best way to break a hold is to roll with your man. It's plain to me that this bird wants to get his name in the papers—everything goes to show it. We've played our game; now let's play his. What d' you say if we give him some publicity and see what happens?"

"I don't know. I'll put it up to the Big Boy. If he says go ahead we will."

That afternoon the police commissioner called a dozen or more reporters into his office and told them frankly all there was to tell about this modern Raffles who had terrified the wealthy residents of the entire metropolitan district. He showed them actual fingerprints and photographs of others, all taken at the scenes of the "society robberies"; he let them examine Larned's desk pad, Kane's calendar and the sheets of paper he himself had received

through the mail. Then, as a climax, he produced the department file with its record of Big John Dillon, dead now these several years.

Some of these very reporters, by the way, had covered the Traders Bank bombing and had seen the corpse of the giant yegg; others, like the commissioner, had recently received mysterious fingerprints, identical with these on exhibit. It takes something out of the ordinary to stir police reporters, but these men were astounded.

That evening and the next morning the newspapers carried black headlines. New York, in fact the entire country, gasped and rubbed its eyes; this story, vouched for by the metropolitan police commissioner, created a sensation.

Of course a dozen biographies of Big John Dillon were hastily written and eagerly devoured by the public. They made quite a hero out of the dead man.

"This hokum sickens me," Lieutenant Baker growled one day as he flung a story of this sort on Larned's desk. "I knew him and he was just a big bum."

"What became of his body?"

"A bunch of his pals claimed it, but there was some trouble. I forget just what did happen. Anyhow, they let up a squawk and we fanned 'em out."

"Where was it buried?"

Baker shrugged. "I don't even know if it was buried. But cap, you don't have to dig him up to prove he was cooled. I've told you a thousand times he was all torn to bits. I'm overfed on this case; it gives me the heebies. If we're ever going to catch this baby there's only one way to do it."

"How?"

"Plant a bull in the home of every rich man in the city and lay for him. Give 'em riot guns and order 'em to shoot first and then say, 'Hands up!'"

Larned waved the suggestion aside. "There's an easier and a simpler way to get him, Harley. Outsmart him."

"Ah-h!" Baker lifted his brows. "Just like that, eh? And who's going to do it?"

"I believe I can."

"Say! You certainly care for yourself, cap. I bet you been reading a book—some detective story. *You* outsmart him! You and who?"

"Harley, it's the commonplace crimes that are baffling; the more extraordinary they are, the easier they should be to unravel."

"Yeah? Well, if you outthink this bozo, you can write your own detective yarn. Why, I bet the commissioner'll haul off and ask you to take his desk."

Larned smiled faintly. He knew Baker too well to resent his sarcasm. Quietly he said: "I may be wrong but one thing sure, if there's thinking to be done in this department I'll have to do it."

About three o'clock one morning some ten days thereafter the telephone at the head of Larned's bed rang and its alarm brought him out of his dreams instantly. He was fully awake; his brain was functioning even before he heard the voice on the other end of the wire saying:

"Hello! Captain Larned? Matthews speaking. There's been another robbery."

"Whereabouts?"

"Metropolitan Museum."

"*What?*"

"Metropolitan Museum. It's the Phantom again. Biggest job yet. He got away with the Schwartz Collection of antiques. They've found a lot of fingerprints."

"Rush Hobart up right away. I'll meet him there."

Hobart, with his camera and equipment, was waiting when Joe arrived at

the Museum; methodically they went to work.

That morning at breakfast New York was shocked by the greatest sensation it had received in connection with this whole series of "phantom robberies." The Metropolitan Museum! The Schwartz Collection of priceless relics, among which were the jewels and ornaments of kings dead these four thousand years! All gone! Stolen! Possibly destroyed! The city was stupefied.

While this was happening, Joe Larned sat at his desk examining a dozen or more photographs of the various prints taken that morning. Listlessly he ran over them, knowing only too well what they would show, or rather what they would conceal.

Meanwhile he marshaled his facts and checked them over. To him they spelled a straight story and he had no doubt they would convince Kane and the Big Chief, but just what a jury would make of them or what weight as legal evidence they would carry he was uncertain.

So far he had worked on pure hypothesis. Strictly speaking, he had no actual evidence, no single bit of positive, concrete proof; nothing but a line of reasoning. If only——

At one of the photographs he looked again; he bent closer over his magnifying glass and a sound issued from his lips. These prints had been developed and fixed by the Peters process; they were marvelous as to detail and so clear-cut that enlargement by a hundred or by five hundred diameters would merely emphasize their perfect definition. What Joe saw now made his heart leap.

Evidently the Phantom had lacerated his thumb, or cut through the skin at least, for the photograph showed a triangular tear the flap of which had been turned back. There were two such pictures taken at different places in the Museum and Joe studied them intently, compared them. His hand shook when he opened a drawer in his desk and ran through the contents.

He was bent over his reading glass when his telephone rang.

"Hello, cap! This is Peters. Is that true about the Metropolitan?"

"Sure."

The doctor uttered an exclamation. "Any clues?"

"No. Nothing more than usual."

"This just about blows the lid off, doesn't it?"

"I'll say so."

"When can I see you?"

Larned smiled grimly. "The sooner the better. Come quick. I may be pounding a beat by afternoon."

"I'll be there in an hour."

The hour passed and another thirty minutes dragged by. Larned, Lieutenant Baker and the police commissioner himself were in Kane's office anxiously waiting. The commissioner said irritably:

"Don't you think we'd better send out an alarm? It begins to look as if——"

"He'll be here," Larned asserted. "I know him. He's dying to hear all about himself."

"I'm not saying you're wrong, captain, but it's an extraordinary theory and your case is a long way from complete."

"Not in my mind. Run over the list of his robberies and see what it spells. Henry Oswald, a packer who turned down his pet process for preserving meat; Martin Kilvain, food products—biggest in the country; Danforth Moore, head of the Chemical Research Foundation; James Merkle, drug manufacturer. They're all people like that, people he has a grouch against. That's what first put me wise."

Kane's telephone rang; he answered

it, then announced curtly: "Here he is. On his way up. Baker, he's a strong guy and he's queer; if he starts anything, stop him in his tracks."

Baker nodded; he rose and took a position close to the door, which he opened a moment later at Peters' knock. The newcomer was nonplused at sight of the commissioner and apologized for intruding but the latter said:

"Sit down. We've been waiting for you, doctor, and we'd begun to fear you were going to disappoint us."

Peters shot a startled glance from one to another and seemed to read a message in the four unsmiling faces. He stiffened; muttered something about an invitation from Larned.

"Yes. He got you here under a subterfuge."

"I don't understand——" the scientist began.

"Neither do we, fully. That's why we want to talk over these robberies with you."

Peters scowled; he lifted his eyes to the wall clock, then smiled, although with manifest effort, and inquired:

"What is this? An arrest?"

"Precisely."

"Absurd! Arrest—*me?*"

Larned spoke gravely. "Sorry, old man. We're a little slow down here but we're sure. We must seem pretty dumb."

"Insane is the word!" Peters exploded.

Joe went on, heedless of the interruption: "I'll admit I was thick. For a while I actually believed we uncovered Dillon's fingerprints by pure accident. It never occurred to me that you stage-managed the show."

"I can't believe you're in earnest, Joe. This is—fantastic."

"Not more so than your burglaries."

The commissioner agreed. "Yes, doctor, it's by far the queerest case since I took office. Captain Larned has convinced me there's more to it than appears on the surface and he thinks you should have a chance to make a statement. That accounts for the—irregularity of our procedure."

"Am I supposed to break down at this point and confess?" The speaker had regained his composure; his lips curled. "I take it this is the start of your famous 'third degree.' Go ahead; I'm curious to see it function."

"Suit yourself about a confession; we can do without it. What I'd like to know is how you managed to preserve and use the hand of a dead criminal."

"I did that?"

"Apparently. I'm more than a little curious, and of course the public will share my interest. By the way, your place is being searched and the thing will be found if it's in existence."

"Indeed?" There was both rage and mockery in the word. A moment, then with insolent nonchalance Peters took a seat, crossed his legs and lighted a cigaret. He rolled his eyes over his shoulder at Baker and said: "Don't be nervous. I'm not going to make a break. If I did you couldn't stop me."

Once again he glanced at the clock, then: "Well, commissioner, I'm sorry I can't turn pale for you and break out into goose flesh, but I have neither fear nor respect for you Cossacks. So, I'm the phantom burglar! I'm a prisoner and you're going to lock me up. May I ask how you propose to keep me locked up?"

"They don't often walk out of the Tombs."

"I mean, where's this pickled hand? If you fail to produce it, where's your case? Either this is a mighty poor joke or a desperate bluff."

"Say, doc!" Larned was speaking.

"How did you get that expensive laboratory equipment?"

"I bought it."

"But you're broke."

"I bought it on time."

"You paid cash for it."

"Did I?"

"You began buying it soon after the first burglary."

"So I did, Joe. My grandmother died and remembered me in her will. Ask me another."

"All right. Were you working in the dissecting room at Mercy Hospital when John Dillon's body was taken there?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"I do know. I looked up the record. You removed the right hand——"

"And used it like a rubber stamp!" Peters vented an incredulous snort.

"No. You skinned it out and made a sort of glove out of it."

"How gruesome!"

"Smart idea, and it got my goat for a long while—until you bragged so much about your preservative process. Policemen do have a little intelligence. Last night you tore that glove of yours—and that supplied the link that was missing in my chain. Your fingerprint shows through the tear and, thanks to your own method of development, the markings are clear enough to make identification positive."

"You're outlining a better case than I expected," the prisoner admitted, "but fancy a jury giving ten, twenty years to a man of my character on a bit of circumstantial evidence no bigger than that. They'll think you're framing an innocent man with a double print. Of course if you plant the skin of Dillon's hand in my laboratory and it shows a tear on the thumb to match your——"

"I didn't say on the thumb. I mentioned the fingerprint."

"My mistake."

"No mistake at all. Thumb is right."

"Thumb or finger, where is it? Where's your one and only exhibit?"

"Say! What the devil made you pull that job at the Museum?" Kane inquired. "You can't sell that stuff."

Before an answer could be made there came a sound of voices and a stir in the anteroom and the prisoner straightened himself in his chair. There was a knock. Kane opened the door to face Henry Oswald, Danforth Moore, Martin Kilvain and several newspaper men.

Kilvain spoke in some agitation. "Hello, inspector! What's all this about my jewels? Somebody phoned my office for me to get down here on the double quick but nobody in the building seems to know anything about it."

"I got the same message," said Moore, "and so did Mr. Oswald. These reporters claim they were tipped off to a big story on the Museum robbery. What has happened?"

Other questions were voiced, but Peters interrupted by calling out: "Come in, gentlemen. I'm the one who telephoned and I've been waiting for you."

Kane whirled upon him angrily but he declared in the same loud tone:

"Now don't get sore. This is just another bit of stage-management."

"I resent your impertinence," the commissioner growled. "Close the door, Kane."

"Resent it, then!" Peters exploded. "Close that door and I close my mouth. I'm ready to talk, but not to you. I propose to speak to these men and to the people of New York."

Henry Oswald drew attention to himself by saying: "This is extraordinary and I don't get the drift of it but if this man robbed my house I want to hear what he has to say."

"And I mean to have you hear," Peters bellowed. Then to the commissioner: "Understand, I'm not taking matters out of your hands, but—there's half a million dollars in personal property at stake. I defy you to prove I'm your phantom burglar or to recover that property without my assistance. I'm ready to talk, so bring in your stenographers, but I want these reporters to hear me, too. I want everybody."

He waved his arms excitedly. There was an outburst from the newspaper men and the hall began to fill with people attracted by the disturbance.

Followed a scene as strange as any ever witnessed in the domed building on Centre Street. Peters won his point by the very violence of his insistence and Kane's office became almost crowded. The prisoner assumed an air of mingled arrogance and condescension, and began to speak. In spite of the fact that he talked rationally enough, more than one present set him down as mildly mad.

He admitted without preamble that he was the mysterious evildoer but he denied all criminal intent and asserted that his victims themselves had driven him, much against his will, to rob them. Chance had given him the opportunity, several years before, to dissect the hand of a notorious criminal and upon it he had brought to bear the results of certain experiments already well along. He had removed the skin and preserved it without thought of putting it to use.

Simply enough, he told about his efforts to adapt his discoveries to commercial use, his successes and his failures, and his story ran straight; his auditors began to realize that this was no lunatic speaking but a man of undoubted scientific attainments.

Here, they began to suspect, was a genius warped and twisted by a sense of injury, poisoned by a resentment so enormous as to dwarf every other feeling in him. How well or how poorly justified was that resentment his listeners could not decide.

"After I had worked out my process and perfected it I realized that I couldn't get anywhere against the combine so——"

"What combine?" Oswald broke in.

"The packers' combine: the food trust. You should know; you're the head of it."

Oswald looked blank; he stuttered: "My dear man, there's no combine, no food trust. If you have discovered a new way to preserve meats, as you claim, every packer in the world will use it."

"Why didn't you say so when I came to see you two years ago? You threatened to have me thrown out."

"Did I?"

"And you"—the prisoner whirled upon Martin Kilvain—"you called me a visionary crank, an idiot. You're all alike: too busy, too well satisfied, too indifferent. Genius beats its brains out on your doorsteps. But I've made you take notice! I've stopped New York in its tracks and made it listen to me."

"Go on with your story, doctor," the commissioner directed.

Peters' face reddened. "Don't interrupt me! I'm giving a message to the world, and tomorrow it will kneel at my feet. I've touched on only a part of my work; the biggest is to come."

He glared belligerently at Danforth Moore and barked: "You've put millions into medical research, haven't you? You've got the finest brains of the profession at work. How would you like to see a 'flu germ? Have any of your eminent M. D.'s ever shown you one? No. Well, I'll show you a million."

The speaker laughed harshly. "But I'm not going to show 'em to you! Nor to

your subsidized scientists. I know your game. I'm going to show 'em to the world. And I'm going to show the world how to stamp 'em out."

Briefly Peters repeated what he had told Larned long before about his ambition to broadcast antibodies to combat the plague. "I've got it," he crowed. "It'll put your doctors out of business—unless they put me out of business first.

"Show it to them? I guess not. But it took equipment, money, a fortune bigger than I could hope to earn, so I levied a contribution on you fellows who could afford to pay. It was worth the price.

"Yes, I played burglar to get the money for my experiments but I played it in a way to put me on the front page and focus attention on myself. As a climax I rifled the Metropolitan. That was the final crack of the whip.

"I came down this morning to give myself up and arranged for you gentlemen to come here. It so happened that Captain Larned forestalled me a bit, but I flatter myself that my story will command the attention it deserves. The doubting Thomases will never discredit my work. Nobody is going to steal my thunder.

"Science is an exacting mistress; she takes much and she gives little. I've put one over on the medical ring and the penalty I pay is a matter of indifference to me.

"Most of the cash I took was spent on apparatus and the like. I hope you'll mark it off as a contribution to a worthy cause, but suit yourselves. The rest of your money, the jewelry and those gewgaws from the Museum are intact.

"Commissioner, I'm obliged to you. I'm now in your hands."

"I'll begin to put some faith in this outlandish story when I see the loot!" Martin Kilvain exclaimed.

"It's in the vault of your bank. And by the way, here's that amusing relic of the late John Dillon." From his pocket Peters took what indeed resembled a flesh-colored glove.

Henry Oswald, who was near him, snatched it and examined it intently; the reporters crowded close. Then Oswald addressed the commissioner:

"The man's a little demented and suffering a silly idea that he's persecuted. All his talk about a food trust and a ring of doctors is poppycock. I've been trying to convince myself that he's a sham but—this isn't a job of tanning." He passed the glove on. "He's got something! That's the live skin of a human hand! If he can do that and—and the other things he claims, I'm not going to appear against him."

Moore sided with him. "I can't credit his statement that he has isolated the 'flu germ, it's too incredible, but I'd like to have it looked into. Certainly he's no common criminal and after all he hasn't killed anybody."

"'Killed anybody.'" Peters shouted. "Hell's bells! I've saved a million lives."

Later that day Harley Baker stopped at Larned's desk to say, "Well, that nut made good. The jewels were in the bank, all right."

"I fancied they would be."

"Have you read the papers? Gee! You'd think he was some big hero. D'you know what's going to happen? He'll beat the racket. He'll never do a day. Oswald and Kilvain and that bunch will buy his process and the American Society of Bugology will pin a medal on him." The speaker shook his head. "Tough break for us, to outsmart a guy like that and get no credit for it. This is a rotten business, Joe."

The 12th Man

(Continued from page 73)

side of the line depends on his making good. He has the weight, the speed and the heart, and he's a rare drop-kicker, but he's green, and he'll be playing against a senior who knows strategy."

"Alf will outplay his man," Doctor Merrill said with confidence, "and I ought to be there to see him do it."

Robert scoffed. "At his age! Would you believe, Carson, that he tried for days to talk us into letting him go?"

Mrs. Merrill shuddered. "Think of the effort."

"And," said Mrs. Robert, "the exposure."

"And," said Robert, "the excitement."

The doctor's eyes wavered.

"I was out of my head to dream of it; but you've no idea how I love that boy, what he means to me. In him I observe all the active, vital youth I missed because of my times, and, I might add, my figure. I never weighed above a hundred and fifty. Anyway, the only football we had was an untrained mass booting an enlarged black pellet around the campus, with sometimes a brace of folded coats set down for a goal.

"I dare say that's shocking to you, Mr. Carson. It is to me in retrospect. So I'd like to feel this afternoon that I'm on the field with Alf, running with him, tackling with him; if necessary, getting hurt with him."

Mrs. Robert gave a small cry. "Granny! Don't call up such thoughts. I only hope they don't kill our boy today."

A sudden voice grumbled gigantically. "If they do, Mother, kindly tell the Mourning Nations that I died for duty."

Francie shook her yellow curls at the new arrival. "Hello, Atlas! Isn't the world heavy?"

The giant growled, but his gaze was fond. Standing opposite his ancestors he appeared enormous. His weight must have been more than two hundred pounds, and his height and breadth conformed. The coach clapped his shoulder.

"I'm off. Better hurry, Alf. Coming, Francie?"

Doctor Merrill stretched his hands out to the girl. He spoke plaintively. "Aren't you going to kiss an old bag of bones good-by?"

She flung her arms around him and whispered: "It's a tragic shame."

He whispered back tensely: "Get me a ticket, Francie; some kind. Surely your father——"

She backed away, her glance holding his significantly. "I may be back in a few minutes."

The doctor's eyes thanked her. Meekly he said: "Francie, you're a lovable child."

"Child yourself! But I don't mind your thinking me lovable."

She ran after her father. Alf went close to the shrunken figure.

"I've only a second, Granny. Wanted to say I'd rather have you than the whole fifty millions, or whatever it is. It's a foul shame. You could have made it like a lark."

Doctor Merrill's throat was dry. "What's Francie up to? Can you see her? Is she with her father?"

The giant made a contemptuous sound. "No time for sheer silk and stupidity this morning. It's a man's day."

"But Alfred, I want little Francie to come back."

A heavy hand patted the fragile shoulder. "You're one of the men. That's why I came: to tell you not to worry about me. I've shaken off my acute melancholia. I don't want you fretting about

my dashed sentimentality of the past few days. It's only a game, and I'm keen for the whistle. I feel I can breast the wave and climb the mountain."

The doctor's nod was vigorous. "If there's anything in spiritual energy I'll be breasting and climbing with you."

The giant smiled. "I'd rather have you in the stadium in the flesh, Granny, my man."

The doctor's lips moved stealthily. "You might, Alf, if only you would send little Francie here again."

The giant drew back, puzzled. "You never mean you'd have the nerve to slip off——?"

The doctor clasped his hands. "You won't tell on me, Alf? Don't give me away. Your mother and grandmother would put me on gruel and tie me to hot-water bottles. They wouldn't speak to me for weeks. It isn't as if I didn't feel in my bones I'm strong enough."

Young Merrill grasped old Merrill's shoulders. "You know I won't give you away. Go to it, great man, if you can. I'll see if the imp's still about."

The doctor turned back to his court. "Wasn't it thoughtful of Alf to spare me a minute on such a day? You'll be proud of my grandson before dusk does for the light. He'll have made the name of Merrill tintinnabulate."

"But you've already done that, doctor."

"Not in the least. That's only of importance to the president and the board; they have to put up some sort of curriculum. It isn't at all the same thing. Myriads of people never sprang up and scratched throats cheering for me, and are never likely to; but they will for my grandson. Mark my words."

Francie! Francie! He had always believed her such a loyal little body, but she hadn't come back, and the crowd in the library was thinning, and through the window he saw a vast undisciplined army shuffling towards the stadium.

"Is Francie still here, Helen?"

"You can't have everyone, Alfred dear. Francie's got a thousand beaux today. What do you want of little Francie?"

"She said she'd come to salute. this poor fossil again. No matter."

His wife sailed away on her perpetual voyaging. It did matter, more than he had dreamed it could.

From the rear his hand was grasped, and a paper was thrust in his fingers. From somewhere near the back of his head came a warm breath, bearing delectable words.

"All I could get. Side-line pass. If you slip through just at the kick-off nobody'll see you."

"Francie, I love you like my own. Maybe I'll even give you Alfred some day."

"Don't want the zany."

"I will, Francie, if you'll slip my coat and hat to the porch railing, right away. Marcia and Robert have gone and Helen's in the dining room. The moment couldn't be more propitious."

"Done, Granny, but I don't want any rewards. Keep your great lout."

"You will when you've seen him play, Francie."

Doctor Merrill rose and edged to the door, giving meaningless words to the late-stayers. When he reached the porch, he found his coat and hat, and put them on.

It was much simpler than he had foreseen. Already he was concealed by the pageantry of the onpouring army. People spoke to him, took his arm, helped him along towards the stadium, sprawled like an avid monster. Soon he was at the outer gate. The undergraduate ticket-takers stared and murmured as they made way for him to pass. One guided him to a ramp entrance, delivering him into the hands of an usher.

"Scarcely expected to see you, doctor! What's your seat number?"

The bony shoulders squared. "I possess no seat, young man. I'm booked for the side line, but I don't care to go down just yet; not until kick-off time. Can you keep a secret and help me through when the moment comes? If I had a course I'd promise to pass you, provided you didn't hand in a blank paper."

"Sure I'll help you, sir. You might speak to Professor Farrand; he's quite a few miles off me."

Doctor Merrill nodded. "What's your name? I'll supplicate with Farrand. I have no ethics today. That's my secret. I ran off from a sweet but unsound solicitude to watch my grandson play."

The usher laughed his understanding. "You'll see something, doctor. Stand by. You'll be safe here. All your people must be in. Better get a blanket below, sir. You don't want to take cold, and they're disguising. You'll look like one of the squad."

Like one of the squad! The prospect of that miraculous illusion lingered in his brain as he listened to the gorged monster's spasmodic growling.

"Come along, sir. They're lined up. The whistle'll go in a couple ticks."

The usher opened a descending course through the cluttered aisle. With gleaming eyes and steady hand the doctor produced his pass and went in at the gate; and just then a whistle shrilled, and the low, clouded sky seemed to lift before the sudden uprush of dissonant enthusiasm.

He was aware of movement out there, of swiftness and collision, but he failed to distinguish anything; he couldn't extricate his grandson from the ruck. It must be his glasses; his glasses were blurred. He didn't dare attend to them here, for the play might slacken, and Marcia, Robert, or some talebearing idiot, would turn from the field; and he'd be yanked home. But he must manage to focus on Alf.

"I'm hanged! So that was what Francie begged a pass for! Hustle over here, sir."

Carson's eyes rested for only a moment on the doctor. Mesmerically they jerked back to the field. His body was rigid, but his jaws moved perpetually. His hand on the doctor's arm opened and closed. It hurt a little; to the doctor it was a beneficial hurt.

"Make way here for Doctor Merrill."

Two substitutes shoved their fellows along the bench, and the doctor squeezed his meager frame between.

"Jock, fetch the doctor a blanket."

A rubber obeyed, and the substitutes helped the old man enfold and conceal himself in the heavy, harsh cloth. He smiled in his soul. Here he was in the midst of the squad, and up there along the overpopulated cement tiers many thousands thought him an undergraduate, perhaps a great player who would be rushed in at the critical moment to distill the heady draft of victory.

Philosophy had its points even for a superannuated philosopher. If one drew into one's brain that gigantic communal error, one might share it oneself, and for a space dwell in a false world far more real than the unreal world of reality.

Still from time to time one had to shake off the thrilling concept and emerge into the crudities of practicality.

"How's Alf coming on?"

One of the substitutes, strained, bent forward, answered, "Got a whale of a man against him, but I hope he's going to bear up."

It was hard not to be able to see Alf.

The doctor fumbled for his handkerchief, took off his glasses and cleaned them. For a time the white marks untangled themselves, individual bodies shook across the lenses, and once or twice he thought, but only thought, he saw his grandson. From the muttering of the substitutes he drew an impression of unexpected disappointment.

"Alf's outplaying his man, isn't he?"

"I wouldn't say to the point of singing praises."

Doctor Merrill shrank beneath the blanket. To avoid dwelling on the sickening hint he delivered himself once more to the communal error of the packed tiers.

"You jump in there, Merrill, and put a little life in those dead men. Buck up that other Merrill; he's asleep on his feet, and I thought he was going to lick the world."

He gave a sudden start. One of the substitutes grasped his arm.

"Where you going, doctor?"

He slumped back. If only he might rush out and put a little life in Alf and buck up dead men! He had the spirit. Where was the spirit in those strong young bodies? Where was Alf's?

"Mr. Carson, isn't Alf coming through?"

The coach swung swiftly, his jaws moving hard. "He's been put out three times running. They've made twelve yards on three plays just inside him."

The coach moved on, following the game.

What was wrong with Alf? Little Francie would mock him, little Francie who danced through life so casually, yet expected glittering crowns for all her desires, even to the smallest. Suppose he had had to sit by that contraption of Robert's, suffering disaster from the voluble air?

He couldn't have borne that. The careful lot of them were wrong. That would have been worse for him than seeing undreamed-of disaster with his own eyes. But he wasn't seeing. He took off his glasses and wiped them again.

He wondered why the reserve players along the bench craned their necks to look at him. A man strode off the field, blanket trailing. He came straight to the bench, to the shrunken man who had the spirit but couldn't go on in his place. From the rising tiers a half-hearted, perfunctory shout went up.

"Yeah, Merrill!"

A short cheer, and no heart in it! Carson had taken Alf out. He hadn't come through.

"Shove along, you men. Mind? Hello, Granny! See you made it."

The defeated giant sank tiredly beside his ancestor. He stretched out his blanket and drew it over the already blanketed, stooped shoulders, so that they shared its shelter. Carson bustled up, frowning, furious, chewing on nothing.

"You trying to imitate a coal truck?"

"He's outplayed me so far, Mr. Carson. That's all. But I've tired him. Give me another chance."

"I'll give you a chance to talk to Tarleton between the halves."

Carson moved off, concerned as to how his fresh man would size up against the veteran. The giant relaxed, tightened his arm around his grandfather's shoulders and drew him close.

"Don't agonize, Granny. Where's all your philosophy? Tarleton's the line coach. If Carson wants me to talk to him it means he'll put me back next half."

The doctor felt too much sympathy to answer. Alf studied him and seemed to take a swift resolution. He bent close and spoke softly.

"See here. I'll tell you if it means so much to you; but you keep it a hundred percent dark. I wouldn't for the world have Carson or Tarleton dream I was trying to alibi myself; and I mean it. I'm younger and stronger and bigger. I'll get the better of that man next half. I'll learn how to duck him.

"The reason I look so rotten is that he's fouling me on nearly every play. He comes in practically on his face and clutches my left ankle. Holds me out just long enough to make me miss my play."

"But Alf, that's a fifteen-yard penalty. It hasn't been called once."

The bruised jaw set sternly. "And probably won't be. He's as sly as Satan about it; only stops me for a split second, and he screens it with his body. That's why Carson hasn't noticed, or Tarleton, who's supposed to see everything in the line. So the officials haven't caught on, and probably won't. But as he tires I'll give him something to hold."

"You didn't complain to the referee?"

"No chance, Granny. If I spoke to the officials or the coaches about it they'd probably call me a yellow sniveler, trying to put the blame for my rotten play on an innocent man, for that bird's too hanged skillful to let them see what he's up to. Anyway, we're no cry-babies, are we? We take our poison and find our own antidote."

Having entangled himself with strategies Doctor Merrill found the silken meshes agreeable.

"Alf, if he goes in as low as that and is, as you might say, anchored to your ankle, you have two courses: one to try to pull away; the other to put on full steam ahead. In the latter case I don't see how the consequences could help being retaliatory and disciplinary."

He gazed appealingly, a trifle apologetically, at his grandson.

"You understand, Alf, that metaphysically you can't prove that his chin and nose or your right knee have any reality whatsoever, but I venture to say that after a few collisions between these philosophically imponderable objects your opponent would become a stern physicist, a severe rationalist."

Young Merrill shook the thin shoulder and chuckled fondly. "You old scapegrace! You may be a super-metaphysician, but you're a most inferior moralist. I won't play dirt with dirt. I won't go out deliberately to break a man's nose or jaw."

Doctor Merrill sighed. "I don't know what's got into me today. If you take one downward step there's a straight cement road all the way to the bottom of the hill. But I fancy I'd have been a less accommodating football player than you, Alf. I expect that's because I'm so much smaller. I'd have had to be."

He half closed his eyes behind the misted lenses. Already his mind was groping among the silken meshes of deeper strategies. He was recalled by a roar from the multitude, and the springing up and recession of coaches, camp followers, players and substitutes. Alf lingered for a moment to offer cheer.

"Don't fret, Granny, my man. They haven't scored yet, more by good luck than smart playing, I'll admit; and I'm going back next half to learn how to handle that man legitimately."

Then Alf, too, was gone, and the doctor remained on the bench alone, his body huddled beneath his blanket, his mind entangled among the silken meshes; for, with the spectators staring all over the enclosure during the intermission, he didn't dare show himself. As it was, with his back turned, they would imagine him a player with a leg or arm injury that hindered his joining the lesser substitutes who practiced at kicking or passing.

He hugged closer to himself that illusion of being one of the squad until it became the cardinal principle of any strategy he might attempt. Was there miraculously at this dim day-end a position for an old man in the game he had always loved but had never played? It seemed to him that there was.

During the first half Alf had looked a sad failure. In spite of his courage and confidence he'd probably be as bad next half unless something were done to halt that sly fouling. Alf was right. He couldn't complain because he couldn't prove his charge; but an ancient metaphysician might put in his oar if he could formulate philosophically an appearance of proving the accusation.

But Alf must never know. He must never dream that his grandfather had made use of a confidence offered merely in the way of affection and comfort. The doctor smiled as he grasped the arm of a substitute.

"Young man, could you kindly secure for me one of the little slips that have the names and numbers of the players?"

"Surely, Doctor Merrill. Back in a shake."

He tossed his football to a statuesque companion and loped to the barrier. The doctor waited, drawing closer and closer the essential concept of his being one of the squad, of his having been in the game with Alf, of his going in again.

"Here's the inventory, doctor."

Doctor Merrill took the sheet and peered, not at the list of players, but at a small group of names at the foot.

"Thank you very much. Could you, perhaps, tell me if the officials have returned to the field?"

The substitute pointed, and, thus guided, the doctor's misted eyes made out four figures gathered on the side line. They wore white sweaters, and two had on white flannels; the others somewhat pronounced knickerbockers. They squatted on their haunches, chatting, pulling up blades of grass.

"I see that Mr. David Stout is serving as referee." The doctor frowned. "Also that he is a product of Williams College. I have the most unhappy recollection that my textbooks have been used there for many years. That's unfortunate; and a referee is, of course, a monumental figure. Nevertheless, I must petition a word with him. Will you be my intermediary?"

The boy trotted off, and returned in a moment with one of the white-flanneled men. The official bowed respectfully.

"You're Doctor Alfred Merrill. This is an honor, sir."

The doctor looked up timidly. "It is an honor for me, sir, to speak to such an important man on such an engrossing occasion. Your familiarity with my name calls up a most disconcerting thought. Did you, perhaps, at Williams grope among the pitfalls of philosophy?"

Stout laughed. "And went in over my head. Your treatise on aspects of immateriality came close to costing me a year's football, and I picked it for a cinch."

"I am truly sorry, Mr. Stout. Forgive me. If I were actively engaged in instruction now I should pass every man who handed in a paper at all. Can you keep a secret, Mr. Stout?"

The referee squatted at the old man's feet. "I hope so, sir."

"Then possibly you wonder why I sit here alone, wrapped up in a blanket, not daring to look behind me. My family said I was too old to come. So I sneaked off. If they saw me they'd yank me

back. You won't give me away, will you?"

"Not a chance," the referee said indulgently. "Naturally you wanted to see your grandson in his first big show."

"Look at me, Mr. Stout. Isn't such solicitude absurd? I feel as young as I ever did. Sitting here, indeed, I conceive myself as being one of the squad, as playing the game with my boy." By all means he had to cling to that illusion. "Alf and I haven't been going so well; that's what I wanted to speak to you about."

"Looks just a touch overtrained," the referee said; "just off his toes."

The doctor put an appealing hand on the white shoulder. "That isn't it at all, Mr. Stout. If he knew I was telling you this he'd probably never speak to me again, so don't give me away. The man against him, whenever he can get away with it, is clipping him by the ankle."

Obviously the referee didn't care for the implied criticism of his work. His reply snapped. "He hasn't complained."

"Good athletes, Mr. Stout, take their poison and find their own antidote. I fancy some men, not too meticulous about the ethics of games, might have discovered corrective medicine in a judicious employment of the right knee. Alf's meticulously clean."

The referee looked less severe. After all, you couldn't have your feelings much hurt by a fond old dreamer seeking excuses for his favorite's failure.

"Put it out of your head, doctor. If you accuse me of no eyesight at all, give your coaches credit for a little vision."

The doctor's moment had come. Instinctively he lifted his fingers to his glasses. Even the substitutes streaming within reach as they cleared the field for the imminent arrival of the varsity were no more than a blur, but what was the use of a lifetime devoted to philosophy if he couldn't convincingly share the communal error of the thousands behind him; if he couldn't dwell for a brief, thrilling period with the conception of being in the game with his grandson; if he couldn't, through such means, transmute an apparent mendacity to an essential truth which the world cried for?

"You're not considering my eyesight, Mr. Stout. You and the coaches have too many men, too many details to watch; but I have only my boy, and the players he comes in contact with. I know he is fit. He told me this morning he could breast the wave and climb the mountain, and I promised I'd breast and climb with him. When he looked slow and tired, therefore, I knew there must be a subtle cause.

"I wasn't concerned with anyone else, so I played the game with Alf and caught on at last; but it wasn't simple to spot it, because that man's swift as lightning, and he screens it with his body. That's why you and the coaches haven't seen, and believe instead that Alf's gone stale."

The stadium furnished an effect of an abrupt, clamorous disintegration. The teams were back.

Stout sprang up and shouted in the doctor's ear. "If you're right your eyes are sharper than mine, Doctor Merrill."

The doctor spoke dreamily. "One's eyes, or, to phrase it more justly, one's senses, have to be sharp in the service of those one loves."

"Why didn't you speak to Carson?"

"Carson doesn't call penalties!"

Stout grinned a farewell. Plainly he wasn't convinced. "Got to be off on the job. Don't worry. I'll use what eyesight I've been blessed with."

The doctor sighed and relaxed. He had made his play; the result was in Stout's hands. The substitutes returned.

"Alf's back in again."

"I had faith," the doctor said happily, "that he would be."

Again he submerged himself in his heady illusion; yet the game for a long time didn't go any better. The substitutes murmured sullenly as the ball was driven down the field towards their goal; and most of the gains were made around Alf. The doctor suffered. Carson and Tarleton paused near by and suffered, too.

"Twelve-yard line! Only a miracle can stop a touchdown, and I don't believe in them."

Tarleton moaned. "It's Merrill. He's overtrained."

CARSON exploded. "I'll jerk him out." While Doctor Merrill held his breath the line coach objected.

"We've no one better. Jamieson was a flop last half. Better give Merrill a little more rope."

"To hang us with." Carson burst out. "There they go, outside Merrill, all the way! Is he over?"

Across the roar that surged from the other side of the stadium cut the shrill, imperative blast of a whistle. Carson and Tarleton had the appearance of tortured martyrs.

"By gad! Penalty! Theirs or ours?"

"What is it?" Doctor Merrill begged of the substitute next to him.

"Ball was across the line. I expect; but now the referee's got it tucked under his arm and is carrying it back. Look, sir! Five, ten, fifteen yards. Guess it's holding. What a break! Instead of a score, ball's on the twenty-seven, third down, twenty to go. Talk about miracles!"

But Doctor Merrill knew very well what it was: the promulgation of a truth the world had cried for. Amazed, he heard his reedy voice lifted in a thin cheer. Carson swung, grinning nervously.

"Never mean you're cheering your opponent's penalty? I'm shocked, doctor."

"So, Mr. Carson, am I—horrified! I promise not to do it again, although I dare say I may have opportunities."

During the next few minutes he did, and sternly kept his word; but as the suppressed youths informed him of the enemy's damaging retreats for holding he cheered in his heart that he had got into the game with Alf. For hadn't he saved that touchdown rather than his grandson? Wasn't he, as much as the boy, forcing the team that a little while ago had appeared a certain victor back, back, back, fifteen yards at a time? In the thickening dusk the penalties ceased.

"Mr. Carson, isn't Alf going better?"

"Seems awake at last. That's helping. And those penalties! Life lines, but I couldn't diagnose them."

The doctor's smile was thoughtful. "What counts is that the referee did. I think Mr. Stout is a most learned referee, Mr. Carson. We've found ourselves at last. I had faith that we would."

They'd found themselves. Tiring, and forced to play fair, the recent offender wasn't a match for Alf. The hole through which most of the enemy gains had been made was now stonily walled. The doctor's flanking informants resembled steel rolled to the cracking point.

"They've got to kick from their own ten-yard line. Oh, please, somebody get in front of that ball!"

The cement reverberated with a multiple-tongued supplication.

"Block that kick! Block that kick! Block that kick!"

A breathless silence choked the uproar. It was swept away by the deep harmony inflated leather makes when at high speed it encounters unyielding flesh.

"We've got it!"

The doctor's flanking substitutes had gone flabby.

"Tell me, please, did Alf——"

"No. A man tearing through from the other wing."

The doctor clenched his hands. "I had so hoped that Alf——"

"No matter. We've got the ball, and if we can't shove it over from the ten-yard line we deserve a tie or a licking."

But it mattered vastly to the doctor. In his disappointment he was scarcely aware of the heat behind him. The tiers on that side were molten, pouring flamingly toward the ready mold of victory.

"Touchdown! Touchdown! Touchdown!"

The cooling process set in with the team's first attempt to march those ten desperately defended yards. At the close of the third assault the ball had been forced back an equal distance. It rested on the twenty-yard line, and the glowing mass had stopped its flow, ice-cold.

Although he couldn't see anything the doctor weighed the alternatives: a forward pass, probably spotted, almost certainly doomed to failure; or a try for goal. That would call for Alf. As Carson had said last night Alf was a rare drop-kicker, but in this emergency he would have to stand at the best forty yards from the crossbar.

He wasn't sure that he wanted the boy to be placed in that trying position; it was his responsibility, too, when you came down to it, for he had made possible this single opportunity to snatch victory. To him the substitutes' whispers came like shouts across the silence.

"They're taking time out. They're talking it over."

The strain stretched.

"Aren't they ever going to decide?"

"They're lining up, doctor. Yes. Alf's going back. It's a man's boot."

"Where's he standing?"

"Forty-three yards away. Taking loads of room. It's a man's kick."

The doctor held his breath. So, apparently, did everyone else. From all that vast gathering no sound came, except a whispering close at hand.

"There she goes. Good pass! He's got it! Gad, he's slow! It's off! Straight, but not quite enough—not——" The whispering ceased at a sudden hysterical yell. "Over—just!"

The whole world was afoot, dancing madly, slapping backs. The doctor sprang up with the rest.

"I had faith we'd make it."

He hit one of the substitutes on the shoulder. His slight frame trembled from the hearty response. Carson ran over and shook him.

"What a kick! I weep to think I wanted to haul Alf out. Barring holocausts that goal will send a brand-new, painted football to the trophy room."

"I had faith we'd come through, Mr. Carson."

The doctor sat down as the game resumed. He felt very tired, much as if Carson had taken him out after he had done his job, and had told him that he might now rest.

The close of the game aroused him. The team was near. Doctor Merrill fumbled for Alf as he joined in the formal cheer for the vanquished.

"I told them you'd make the name of Merrill ring. I love you, Alf."

Alf was very tired. He breathed harshly. "Better spare a little affection for the referee, Granny. His getting on at last saved my ham. Wonder how he did it."

Appealingly Doctor Merrill grasped one of the stained hands. "It's because Mr. Stout is a keen-sighted man, and I do love him, Alf."

A violent cataract from the stadium tumbled boisterously over the barrier and swept up the players. Alf was snatched away and slung shoulder high. The doctor was buffeted helplessly, but his happiness grew. He was flung against Carson, and the coach grasped his arm.

"Wait a second, and I'll get you out of this riot, doctor."

The doctor made out the blur of a white sweater, and with a sinking heart, realized that Stout was shouting in Carson's ear while he grinned at him. Stout bent at the waist.

"My apologies, Doctor Merrill. You were right. You have sharper eyes than mine, and at your age."

"Don't misunderstand, Mr. Stout. Only eyes of the mind, eyes of the heart. And you promised not to give me away."

Carson didn't let him say any more. He swung him aloft, and shouted gleefully: "Here, some of you lunatics! Up with him! Never mind how, but old Merrill's brain did as much to win that game as young Merrill's kick. Get that? Then march him home—all the way."

Volunteers struggled for the opportunity to take a pretentious place in the slow progression of the conquerors. Desperately the doctor clung to his blanket as he was perched on the throne that only heroes occupy. He wasn't afraid that Marcia and Robert would see him now. He rather hoped that they would, for through his happy confusion ran a glittering thread of appreciation that the oldest alumnus had become the protagonist of a youthful miracle.

He was uneasy, however, about Helen, who couldn't see, who was waiting at home. He did hope she hadn't worried about him.

The perch of a hero was not comfortable. He swayed perilously, clinging to the shoulder of one bearer and the hair of another as they carried him around the noisy field, between the goal posts and through the resounding tunnel by which the mighty always leave the arena. When they were in the open they turned towards home, chanting the score; and many tagged on, reeling crazily in an improvised dance of victory.

They set him down tenderly on his porch. A slight figure stood erect by one of the posts. He spoke wistfully.

"I hope you weren't worried, Helen."

"Not in the least. I knew very well where you had gone."

ONE of his bearers lifted a hand. "You men heard what Carson said!" He whipped out a command, and a long cheer roared.

"They're giving Alf a long cheer, Helen. I knew they would."

"Listen, Granny dear."

In that moment he believed himself back in his glorious illusion, for the cheer ended with his name.

"Granny Merrill! Granny Merrill! Granny Merrill!"

The crowd scattered, and peace returned to the house.

"Helen, I thought—I almost thought they cheered me. Of course I was dreaming."

"They did cheer you, dear. Why?"

"You mean they gave me a long cheer, at my age? Carson said, Helen, that I did as much to win the game as Alf. Of course that's a pack of nonsense, and we mustn't on any account let Alf or Francie get wind of it when they come. You're quite certain people scratched throats for a fossil like me?"

Uncompromisingly she took his arm and started him toward the door. "You have ears, haven't you? Come straight in to the fire, great child. Do you want to catch your death of cold?"

How to be *Generous* to a man at Christmas

JUST how does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how—on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

It will last well beyond the Christmas season . . . For months his mornings will be free from all thought of buying Gillette Blades.

It is reasonable in price . . . Five dollars buys this *ideal* gift. On sale everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Gillette

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Five Dollars

GIVE HIM SHAVING COMFORT IN ABUNDANCE WITH THE FAMOUS FIFTY BOX OF GILLETTE BLADES

Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for December 1929

—they selected FURNITURE

A *gift* for the home! What pleasant possibilities, what delightful anticipations! Rare, indeed, is the present that brings so much lasting satisfaction; so much permanent pleasure . . . And after all, isn't a gift of furniture the most logical, enduringly profitable of all investments?

Good furnishings are more than mere merchandise. They are the elements that make our dreams come true; a constant source of inspiration, and a definite aid to advancement. Thus, the saying: "First . . . furnish the home," is indeed sound counsel.

In this modern age you are judged by the appearance of your rooms. Scanty, inappropriate furnishings give your guests an unfavorable impression that even your gracious manner and clever conversation cannot offset.

And it is so easy . . . so simple, to turn this handicap into real help; to make home furnishings speak in your favor. Just a few new pieces, carefully selected, will "dress up" your home and make a world of difference.

How about one or two occasional chairs, to replace those old-fashioned ones that have served their day? A new table, perhaps, or an attractive desk; a cedar chest, or Martha Washington Cabinet; new furnishings for the dining room and breakfast nook; a modern, comfortable suite for the spare bedroom. These are things within the scope of even a modest Family Budget.

Why not take the first step now? There is no longer any need to do without the things you really ought to have. The modern method of buying furniture lets you have them right away.

Dear Little You *by J. P. McEvoy* *(Continued from page 75)*

been a faithful and devoted husband whose one and only thought, desire and ambition has been to guard and cherish said plaintiff and fulfill her every desire so far as it has been humanly possible.

III.

He denies the allegation in paragraph Five and admits the allegation in paragraph Six.

IV.

He admits the allegation in paragraph Seven, relative to the number, ages, sexes and names of the children who are the issue of said marriage with said plaintiff, but denies he is an unfit and improper person to have the care, custody and training of said children, each and every one of whom is the apple of his eye and the heart of his heart.

WHEREFORE, the defendant earnestly prays that the complaint of the plaintiff be dismissed with costs, and that she be justly chided by the Court and admonished to return to his bed and board.

Floyd W. Powell,
Attorney for Defendant.
Office and P. O. Address:
418 Nicollet Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Courtroom of Judge Cantwell, Supreme Court, City of Minneapolis, Hennepin County, State of Minnesota . . .

Clerk: (singsong) Case fortee-wun . . . case fortee-wun!

DOOLITTLE: Ready for the plaintiff.

POWELL: Ready for the defendant.

DOOLITTLE: May it please the Court and gentlemen of the jury. I know there exists an honest and justifiable objection in the collective minds of society against the dissolution of those ties which bind man and woman together in domestic love and tranquillity. But when in the course of human events it becomes necessary to dissolve those bonds, it is the right, it is the duty of all good men and true to see eye to eye with the facts and steel their hearts against false sentiment and unite in a course of action that will establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity and promote the welfare of human society in general and such individuals in particular as are affected by the issues at stake.

JUDGE: (blandly) Is this eloquent address leading to anything in particular?

DOOLITTLE: (indignantly) Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Proceed.

DOOLITTLE: (with asperity) As I was saying before I was interrupted (Judge sits up—Doolittle hurries on), what I mean to say is, gentlemen of the jury, I am here to present to your unbiased and intelligent judgment the heart-rending story of Margaret McNamara, the plaintiff in this action for absolute divorce, and I feel confident, once you have heard this pathetic story, you will arise as one man and in ringing tones demand that she be freed forever from the galling chains that bind her to that inhuman monster known as Terence McNamara.

POWELL: I object to this unnecessary vilification, Your Honor. My client is a man, not a monster, a man with the milk of human kindness in him, a man even as you and I, and besides——

JUDGE: (to Doolittle) Are you going to prove these statements you are making?

DOOLITTLE: (defiantly) Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Objection overruled.

DOOLITTLE: You have heard my learned though colossally deluded confrere speak of the defendant as a man with the milk of human kindness in him. I say if ever he had such milk in him, which I deny, then it is soured to the consistency of clabber in a thunderstorm, and if I characterize him as a monster it is only because he has proved himself one by such inhuman and unspeakable cruelty to this poor little woman that my blood runs cold when I think of it, and your blood, gentlemen of the jury, will be as ice water when you hear from that witness stand not one, or two, but dozens of acts of insidious torture and exquisite cruelty that this mild-looking poet—poet, God save the mark—has caused to be inflicted on this sweet, demure, gentle, docile, faithful helpmate—this timid, adoring little wife of his youth and doting mother of three beautiful children.

Ah, those children! Think of them, gentlemen of the jury! You have children. You know how their tiny hands are tangled in the tendrils of your heart. How, then, can you look with anything but loathing and disgust upon a man who has been guilty of torturing the mother of three little helpless children?

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn, said the poet—a real poet, not a greeting-card jingler—but man's inhumanity to woman, this man's inhumanity to his wife, what poet could weave the grim tapestry of such a ghastly tale? And now I shall put the plaintiff on the stand to wring your hearts with her pitiful story just as she wrang—wrung mine. Margaret McNamara, will you now take the stand and tell the Honorable Court and these gentlemen of the jury just what you told me a few brief days ago.

(Margaret McNamara, being duly sworn, takes the chair with a grim tight-lipped air that bodes Terence no good.)

DOOLITTLE: You are Margaret McNamara, the plaintiff in this action?

MARGARET: I am, and you know it.

DOOLITTLE: Just answer yes or no, Mrs. McNamara.

MARGARET: Well, what's the idea of asking me who I am? When I first came in to see you I told you who I was. I'm still me, and what's more——

JUDGE: Will you try to keep your witness in hand, Mr. Doolittle.

DOOLITTLE: Your Honor, you must excuse her ignorance of legal procedure. She is under a very great strain.

JUDGE: The Court is also under a great strain and while not unduly jealous of its prerogatives cannot allow the learned counsel to advise it as to what it must or must not do.

DOOLITTLE: Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE: Proceed. (to Mrs. McNamara) Just answer questions yes or no.

DOOLITTLE: Now, Mrs. McNamara, you were married to the defendant on the first day of July, 1917, were you not?

MARGARET: Yes, sir.

DOOLITTLE: And you were very happy together until the defendant began to neglect you and treat you cruelly?

POWELL: I object, Your Honor. Counsel is leading the witness.

JUDGE: Sustained.

DOOLITTLE: When did the defendant begin to neglect you?

POWELL: I object.

JUDGE: Sustained.

MARGARET: Well, he began to drink and run around——

JUDGE: Just a minute. You mustn't answer that question.

MARGARET: You just said I must.

JUDGE: Don't talk back to the Court. (to Doolittle) You mustn't lead the witness.

DOOLITTLE: But I'm trying to show, Your Honor——

JUDGE: Well, rephrase your question.

DOOLITTLE: Do you remember Christmas Day, 1927?

MARGARET: I sure do.

DOOLITTLE: Tell us what happened on that day—tell us in your own words.

MARGARET: Well, nothing happened.

DOOLITTLE: *What?*

MARGARET: I just sat there and waited, all day, and all night and all the next day, and for a week after; just sat there and waited for him to come home. He was out on a bat. He started that morning, Christmas morning, and for no reason. All I said to him was Merry Christmas and he just screamed, "My Lord! I hear enough of that at the office," and grabbed his hat and went out.

DOOLITTLE: And when did you see him again?

MARGARET: It must have been a month; no, it was about six weeks.

DOOLITTLE: Now let me understand you. It was Christmas morning and you just said Merry Christmas to him and he screamed at you and ran out of the house and didn't come back for six weeks. Is that right?

MARGARET: Well, you may think it's right but I don't.

DOOLITTLE: Do you remember the fourteenth of February, 1928?

MARGARET: I hope to tell you.

DOOLITTLE: Just answer yes or no. What happened on that particular day?

MARGARET: He went out on another bat.

DOOLITTLE: Do you mean he got drunk?

MARGARET: Drunk! Cock-eyed!

POWELL: I object, Your Honor.

JUDGE: On what grounds?

POWELL: This is incompetent, irrelevant, immaterial. I submit the plaintiff is not an authority on inebriation and that inebriation *per se* does not constitute cruel and inhuman treatment.

JUDGE: Objection overruled.

POWELL: Exception.

DOOLITTLE: Why did the defendant become cock-eyed, as you call it?

MARGARET: Why? Heaven knows. It was Saint Valentine's Day, and when he opened the mail there were some valentines in it from the children. I sent him one too. It had a lot of lace on it and some Cupids shooting hearts, and it said I love you, dear, I love you more than ever I loved you, dear, before. Won't you be my valentine? Pretty, I call it. But he just poured himself a big drink of Scotch, and then he was gone.

DOOLITTLE: Where did he go?

MARGARET: Out.

DOOLITTLE: And how long was he gone?

MARGARET: Weeks.

DOOLITTLE: Now let me understand you. It was Saint Valentine's Day and out of the goodness of your heart and the depth of your affection and love for the defendant you sent him a poem saying I love you, dear, I love you more than ever I loved you, dear, before, and his answer was to get drunk and desert you for weeks?

MARGARET: That's just the price of him.

DOOLITTLE: And how many times during the year of 1928 did this occur?

MARGARET: Every holiday, Easter, Mother's Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day, the children's birthdays, my birthday, our wedding anniversary.

DOOLITTLE: And on every one of these occasions he would go out on what you call a bat and stay away for weeks?

MARGARET: You said it.

DOOLITTLE: And each time he stayed

away about the same length of time?

MARGARET: Every time a little longer.

DOOLITTLE: Do you remember New Year's Day, 1929?

MARGARET: I do.

DOOLITTLE: And where was your husband on this day?

MARGARET: He rode eighty-seven dollars' worth in a taxicab writing poetry and throwing it out the window.

DOOLITTLE: How do you know this?

MARGARET: The driver delivered him back to the house C. O. D. and gave me some of the poems he picked up off the road. He thought they were valuable but they were just poems like Home is lovely, Home is sweet, Home is a pleasure, Home is a treat—Oh, how could anyone roam, Away from that dear old place called Home.

DOOLITTLE: Now tell me, did this home-singing husband of yours spend any time at home during the past year?

MARGARET: Precious little.

DOOLITTLE: And when he was there if at any time you showed any display of affection, or if the children made any filial overtures toward their father he would immediately grab a bottle of Scotch and disappear for weeks at a time?

MARGARET: *That's* it.

DOOLITTLE: And now you have finally decided to seek redress?

MARGARET: I what?

DOOLITTLE: You have decided that you can't live any longer in this unnatural manner?

MARGARET: Yes. I mean no, I can't.

DOOLITTLE: And when did you finally decide to take this course of action?

MARGARET: On Father's Day.

DOOLITTLE: And when was that?

MARGARET: On June sixteenth.

DOOLITTLE: Your husband was home with you and the children on that day?

MARGARET: He was not.

DOOLITTLE: He wasn't home on Father's Day?

MARGARET: No, nor the day before nor the day before that.

DOOLITTLE: When did you see him last?

MARGARET: I don't know. It must have been a couple of months before. I knew he was coming home because he sent me a new Home Motto. But Al Evans met him at the train, and they went away together.

DOOLITTLE: Who is Al Evans?

MARGARET: Sales manager of the Gleason Greeting Card Company.

DOOLITTLE: And what was your husband doing with Al Evans?

MARGARET: Hitting it up.

DOOLITTLE: Is that all?

MARGARET: No, he was writing poetry for Father's Day.

DOOLITTLE: And what kind of a father would you say the defendant is?

MARGARET: No good.

DOOLITTLE: And what kind of a husband is he?

MARGARET: Terrible.

DOOLITTLE: And you want an absolute divorce and custody of your children?

MARGARET: Yes, sir.

DOOLITTLE: That'll be all. Take the witness.

POWELL: (taking up the cross-examination with velvet guile) Now, Mrs. McNamara, when your husband went away on these trips did he write to you?

MARGARET: Sure.

POWELL: Often?

MARGARET: Almost every day.

POWELL: Do you recognize this handwriting?

MARGARET: Sure, that's Terence's.

POWELL: Can you read it?

MARGARET: Sure, he wrote it on the back of a hotel bill in Lansing. (Reads in matter-of-fact voice): Thinking of you that's all I do, All the day long, all

the night through, Missing your smile and the touch of your hand, The sound of your voice, Oh, you can't understand, The catch in my throat, the ache in my heart, The tears I hold back that are brimming to start, Lonely, disheartened and miserably blue, Sitting here thinking and thinking of you.

POWELL: He wrote that to you from a lonely hotel room?

MARGARET: I don't know how lonely he was but that's what he wrote anyway.

POWELL: And when he wrote to you almost every day they were just ordinary letters, saying I am well and hope you are the same and things like that?

MARGARET: Oh no, he wrote me poetry.

POWELL: And was it good poetry?

MARGARET: (indignantly) Terry is the best greeting-card poet in America.

POWELL: And he was never away from you but what he wrote to you almost every day?

MARGARET: Yes, sir, practically every day.

POWELL: And always poetry?

MARGARET: Yes, sir.

POWELL: (suddenly, in a thunderous voice) What did you do with these beautiful, affectionate, poetic letters?

MARGARET: (startled) Why, I—er—I took them to the Gleason Company and sold them.

POWELL: You mean to tell me you took these intimate outpourings from your husband's lonely heart and sold them for money?

MARGARET: (puzzled) Why, yes, I did. Why not?

POWELL: (triumphantly to the jury) That'll be all.

DOOLITTLE: (leaping to his feet) Just a minute, Mrs. McNamara. Did your husband ever send you any money when he left you for weeks and weeks?

MARGARET: No, he didn't.

DOOLITTLE: Have you an independent income?

MARGARET: I have not.

DOOLITTLE: In other words, you are dependent upon what your husband gives you for food, clothing and shelter for yourself and your little children? And all you got from your husband was poetic scribbles on the back of hotel bills and other scraps of paper?

MARGARET: Yes.

DOOLITTLE: (triumphantly to the jury) That'll be all.

POWELL: Just a minute, Mrs. McNamara. How much salary does your husband get from the Gleason Company?

MARGARET: Two hundred dollars a week.

POWELL: And who collects that salary?

MARGARET: (in a low voice) I do.

POWELL: How do you collect it?

MARGARET: I go and get it or I'd never see it.

POWELL: I move to strike out the last part of that sentence. It is mere conjecture.

JUDGE: Strike it out.

POWELL: So all the time your husband was away from you, you collected his salary every week. And in addition, you sold his messages of love.

MARGARET: I guess so.

POWELL: (thundering) You guess so! You know you did!

MARGARET: Well, yes, I did.

POWELL: (triumphantly to the jury) That will be all.

(A bewildered jury watches a puzzled Mrs. McNamara descend from the stand, and a belligerent witness in the person of her mother take the chair. Her testimony, brief and acrid, leaves the jury in no doubt about her opinion of Terence. It is a relieved counsel for the defense who sees her go. Two female neighbors with X-ray eyes, and large, quivering ears, complete the testimony for the plaintiff, after which counsel for

defense waives cross-examination, makes a passionate opening address and then puts the defendant, Terence McNamara himself, on the stand.)

POWELL: You are Terence McNamara, the defendant in this action?

TERENCE: I am.

POWELL: Did you ever see this piece of paper before?

TERENCE: Let me see it. Why, yes, I sent it to my wife.

POWELL: And did you write the message that is contained therein?

TERENCE: Yes, sir.

POWELL: Tell us how you came to write it, and then read it to us.

TERENCE: Well, let me see; I was in the Elks' Club in South Bend that night and I was thinking about home and the little wife and the children, especially the wife because I missed her so, and I was feeling blue. You know how it is when you're lonely and alone and far from home, so I wrote a little verse and sent it to her, because I felt that way.

I felt blue. (Reads): Blue, yes, mighty blue today, Thinking all the time of you, Just a-wearyin' away, For the things we used to do. Sunshine doesn't seem so warm, Stars don't seem so bright, And there's an aching loneliness, That comes to me at night, When in a far-off happy dream, I walk again with you, And wake to find I'm all alone, And hungering for you.

POWELL: (in a soft, hushed voice) Now, Mr. McNamara, you have heard the accusations made against you today, that on many occasions you have wandered out into the world, leaving your wife and children lonely and alone. Is this true, or isn't it?

TERENCE: (in a far-away voice) The world is a lonesome place to be, when there is never a friend to see, The world is a wide and empty land, without the clasp of a friendly hand, Or the living, warming, comforting glow, Of the smile that says, cheer up . . . I know. The steady pound of a million feet, in the crowded town, through the rushing street, Can fade to a ghostly far tattoo, if no one you meet is a friend to you, In the hurrying throng you are all alone, when you haven't a friend you can call your own. We live alone in a lonesome land, groping to cling to a friendly hand, Alone we walk 'neath a starless sky, till a friend we can love comes drifting by . . . And some are lonely their whole life through, And some like me meet a friend like you.

(A pause, during which can be heard a sympathetic murmur through the courtroom and a loud blowing of noses in the jury box.)

POWELL: (with misty eyes and a faltering voice) You have been called a bad husband, you who have written countless adoring poems to your wife and sent them to her from all parts of the country. What does it matter where they were written or what they were written upon? I know there isn't one woman present in this courtroom who wouldn't have thrilled with delight to receive such a beautiful poem as Blue, yes, mighty blue today, Thinking all the time of you, Just a-wearyin' away, For the things we used to do.

But now, there is something I must ask you that may hurt you, but you must answer. You must give your answer to the Court and to these gentlemen of the jury. Are you a good father? Do you love your little kiddies? Do you thrill at the touch of those baby hands?

TERENCE: (dreamily, but without the slightest hesitation)

Ah, baby hands so small and feeble,
I have laughed at your tender awkwardness,
But that was before you took hold of my heart . . .
And now I do not laugh any more,
For you are squeezing my heart with your fingers—
You are hurting me.

(A loud sob is heard. Terence regards the weeping woman with astonishment.)

JUDGE: You'll have to control yourself, madam, or leave the courtroom.

WOMAN: (weeping noisily) But it's so beautiful, judge. I had a baby and his hands were just like that.

JUDGE: Silence, please! (to Terence) Proceed.

TERENCE: Where was I?

POWELL: You are squeezing my heart with your fingers—You are hurting me.

TERENCE: (pleasantly) Ah, yes, you are hurting me.

I said, "My heart is hard; no one shall soften the hardness of my heart."
But you bruised it when you clung to it;
I said, "My heart is cold; no one shall warm it,"
But you warmed it with the warmth of your hands;
I said, "No one shall take my heart from me—
I shall keep watch over it day and night,
For it will come to grief if I do not guard it";
But your little hands evaded my vigilance,
Your little hands stole into my breast and took hold of my heart,
And you are bruising it . . .

(Weeping woman is led from courtroom, sobbing hysterically. The foreman of the jury wipes his eyes and even the crusty old judge polishes his glasses.)

TERENCE: (with practiced ease)

When I hold you to my heart
You do not hurt me,
But when I go away
You reach out to me wherever I go,
And never do you loosen your grip on my heart.
Never . . . never . . . never . . .
Always I feel your little hands clutched around my heart,
Always I feel your tiny fingers playing with the strings of my heart . . .
Pitifully small . . . pitifully feeble . . .
I have laughed at your tender awkwardness,
But that was before you took hold of my heart,
And now I do not laugh any more,
For you are squeezing my heart in your hands.
You are hurting me.

POWELL: (breaking the spell) And now, just one more question. What answer do you make to the plaintiff, this little mother of those children whose tiny hands have taken hold of your heart? What do you say in reply to her demand that you be put out of her life forever?

TERENCE: (gazes at Margaret and then speaks slowly and clearly)

After a while I may not care
That the sunshine glimmers in your hair
And the warm delight of summer skies
Is deep in the depths of your lovely eyes.
And after a while it may be true
That my heart won't ache for the sight of you
And I can forget your slow, sweet smile,
After a while.

And after a while I may believe
I never had cause to pine and grieve
For the fleeting touch of your little hand,
And it may be, too, I will understand
That though today my heart is blue
My yesterday was glad with you—
And I'll think of you and try to smile,
After a while.

(The solemn hush in the courtroom is suddenly shattered by a spontaneous uproar of applause and cheers and cries of "Bravo" and "Encore." All eyes turn with envy to Margaret who is sitting up in stiff astonishment and glaring at Terence with murderous wrath. The judge pounds his gavel for order as Terence returns to his seat smiling beatifically if somewhat absently at Margaret.)

POWELL: (exchanging a warm look of understanding with the jury) We rest.

DOOLITTLE: (crushed) No questions, and we waive summation.

JUDGE: (gazes sternly at Margaret for a moment, turns a soft look of benevolence upon the dreamy, tousle-haired Terence, and then in crisp, judicial words, addresses the jury) Gentlemen of the jury, it has been distinctly proved here beyond the shadow of a doubt that there can be no question of cruel and inhuman treatment, the grounds upon which this action is based. The defendant has demonstrated to the complete satisfaction of every thinking person in this courtroom that he is a man of unusual character with depths of feeling and tenderness unknown to the average man and a wealth of love for his wife which any woman should be proud to have lavished upon her, and a store of affection for his children which is their haven today and will be their pride tomorrow.

This courtroom still echoes with his words that ring like newly minted gold. I direct you to bring in a verdict for the defendant. (to Margaret) What's that? One more remark like that from you and I'll have you committed to jail for contempt of court . . .

CHICAGO. Oct. 5, 1929.

Mr. Terence McNamara Room No. 1012.

To PEARSON HOTEL, Dr.

Bills Payable When Rendered

190 EAST PEARSON STREET

Apartment: 5 days @	$12.00	$60.00
Restaurant:		
White Rock)	2.50	
Ginger Ale &)	4.00	
Room Service)	1.50	
	5.50	
	1.50	
	3.50	
	$18.50	18.50
Cash—Advance	$100.00	
	50.00	
	$150.00	$150.00
	Total	$228.50

Dear little you, O the comforting charm of you,
Dear little you . . . how you live in my heart;
All your caresses, your fondness, your tenderness
Fill me with love that can never depart;
Dear little you . . . O the softness, the sweet of you,
Comrade in gladness, in sadness true-blue.

WE MUST INSIST UPON IMMEDIATE PAYMENT OF THIS ACCOUNT

Manager

Sweetheart and wife to me,
Dearer than life to me—
Sweet little, dear little, wonderful you.

Terry

Dear Judge Cantwell,

You seem to enjoy Terence's poems so much, I think you'd better have this one too, just the way I got it this morning from Chicago. Of course I haven't seen him since that day in your court, but what do you care?

Very truly yours,

Margaret McNamara.

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YOU may go from Atlantic to Pacific in two days if you are in a hurry. But, whether you come from the Mississippi basin, or the mountain states or the Atlantic seaboard, the sights... scenes...and pleasures of Southern California will reward your journey.

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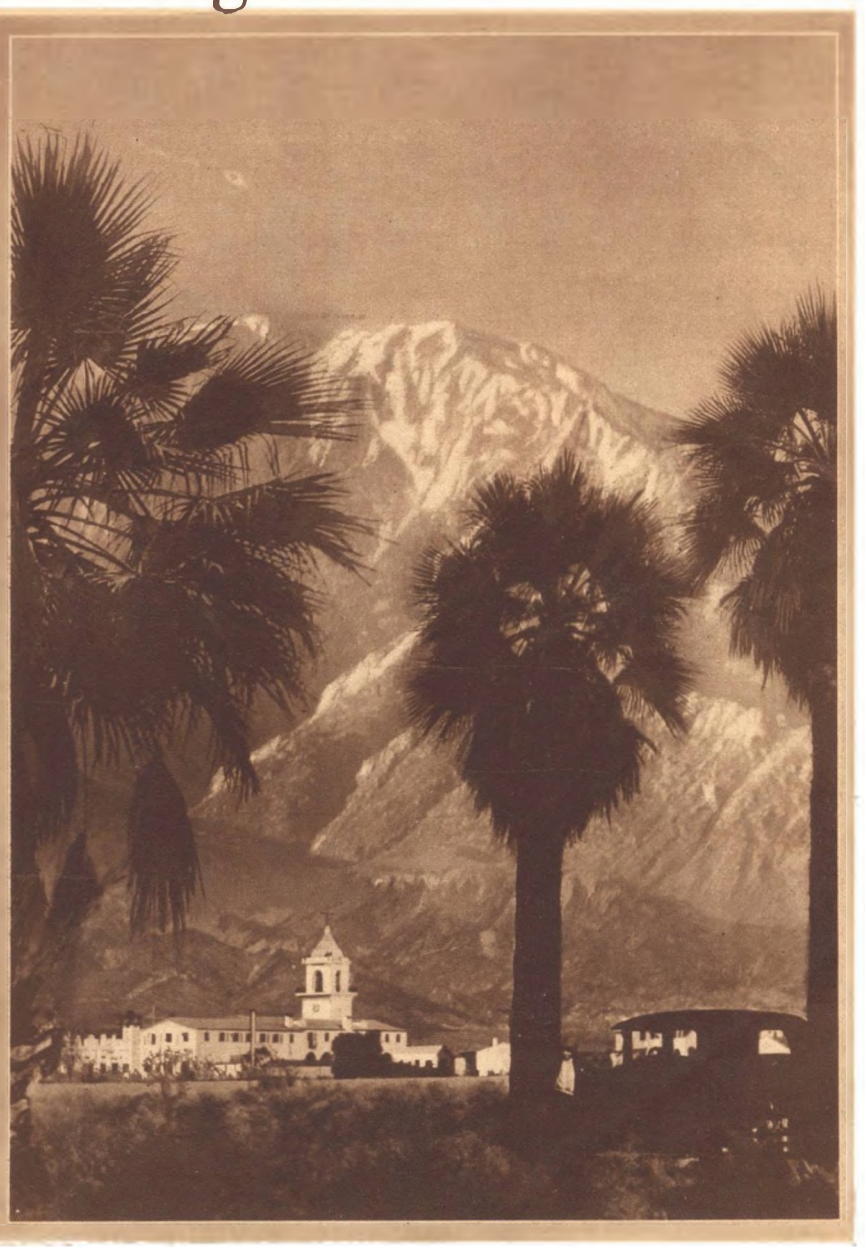

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The Party Dress *by Joseph Hergesheimer* *(Continued from page 31)*

putting on silk, looked like the dickens on her legs.

She explained the stockings, and Wilson, to a number of women invited to her house for a luncheon. "Wilson may be right for other women, or for England, but he isn't for me. I know some things about myself, and one is that my legs won't stand woolen stockings. They make my ankles look enormous. Silk stockings may not be comfortable playing golf, but I am more comfortable uncomfortable in them than if I were perfectly comfortable. If you see what I mean." It was evident that every woman there did.

"If I listened to Wilson and wore them," Nina Henry went on, "and he suddenly saw my legs looked fat, he'd say: 'My Lord, Nina, I never saw such thick legs!' What had gone before wouldn't have a thing to do with it. That isn't justice, but it is men." She was interrupted. "You mean husbands." Nina did. "They want you to dress what they call sensibly and look your best at the same time."

"They are queer about that, too," Evelyn Delaney added. "They want you to look good, but not too good. If men are fresh with you, your husband thinks there is something the matter with them, but if they're not, he thinks something is the matter with you. Whichever way you play it you are wrong.

"A husband thinks something special happens to you when you get married and that your vanity just turns over and dies. He thinks it does. For a while it seems to, when he is still the whole works. Remember I'm not crabbed about this; everybody knows what I think of Ambrose; I'm not too wild, either."

"Evelyn is wrong," said Elsa Carpenter. She was the only woman at the table who'd had a divorce; Elsa, Nina realized, who was not native to Eastlake, was practically the only woman with a divorce she knew; it gave her opinion the additional weight of a wider experience. "A husband doesn't want you to be a whirl. If you act like a whirl, if you let him see you might be a whirl, it upsets him horribly. Husbands are like that."

Mary Gow said: "Cora, what do you think?"

NINA glanced speculatively at Mary and then openly watched Cora Lisher. Cora was even calmer and more deliberate than common.

"I don't know what I think, Mary. I guess not much. I don't bother my head that way. Evelyn Delaney and Elsa are both right if that's what they found out. It depends on what happens to you, doesn't it? What happened to me was different. Thomas was sick all the time I was married to him; he was sick and most of the time I was busy with having Anna Louise. I must say I was very happy. I suppose I did miss something, but it doesn't worry me. When Thomas died I had Anna Louise."

Nina Henry could find nothing interesting, nothing significant, in any of that. It was, principally, commonplace. Cora's face, Wilson had once said, would be ideal for a poker player. Mary Gow, to Nina's secret amusement, continued to question Cora. "What about Anna Louise? What plans have you for her?"

It seemed to Nina Henry that a faint glow, like the first sign of heat on the iron lid of a stove, appeared on Cora's face whenever Anna Louise was mentioned. "I haven't got a plan," she returned; "it's a hope. I want her to be happy. I'll do everything in the world I can to bring that about." The sudden deep sincerity, the passion of maternal love clear on her voice, weakened and brought Mary Gow's questions, her curiosity, to an end.

There was a momentary almost embarrassed silence. Nina—it was her house—spoke first. "Everyone realized that, Cora," she said.

"As usual, I don't agree with anyone," Mrs. Mason Ambler announced cheerfully. Francis Ambler's mother was, perhaps, ten years older than any of the others at the luncheon; she was a heavy woman with a broad benevolent face. "But then," she added, "I belong to another time. You will say that I am a relic of the long past.

"In a way, my dear Nina, in a way, you would be right. I remember a very different world from this. Very different men. I was born the year the Civil War began. Just fancy that. I don't mind a bit telling you. My son's dear father, when I first met him in Pittsburgh—he had just come from Eastlake to take part in his cousin Frank's iron furnaces—was absorbed in things of the spirit.

"Frank did a great deal, in a practical way, for the Methodist church, and Mason assisted him from the first. He became Cousin Frank's right hand. In spiritual affairs. When I accepted Mr. Ambler he asked me to join him on our knees and offer to Him above our supplications and rejoicement. I don't believe anyone else here did that when they got engaged."

The other women there, someone said, were thankful more privately. "That was the keynote of our life together," Mrs. Ambler informed them; "while we were in Pittsburgh, after Frank died and before Mr. Ambler's health failed him, he accepted all the spiritual duties Frank relinquished. His purse was never closed to the needy of the Lord.

"It will make you laugh but it took me years to get over calling him Mr. Ambler. The day my first boy was born—we lost three little boys and a baby girl—I recollect I said: 'Mr. Ambler, I have a son too, like Mary had.' I recollect that his beard almost suffocated me when he leaned down to kiss the top of my head."

"That was fascinating, Mrs. Ambler," Mary Gow said sincerely. "It's hard to realize things have changed so much."

Nina Henry continued: "What amazes me about men generally is their innocence. I wouldn't dare to tell Wilson that; he'd be furious enough to kill me, but it's true. You can tell what a man is going to do, if you've been married to him a little while, days before he does it. Days before he knows he's going to do it." She was careful not to look at Cora Lisher. "Men think they are simply too diplomatic for words, but they are just as transparent as window glass.

"Take Wilson: when he is specially nice and thoughtful I know he is going to do something—well, doubtful. He only wants to do it. He hasn't done it yet. If he is rather exacting, if he considers everything very carefully on what he calls its merits, he's done it. Oh, absolutely!

"You see, if Wilson intends to do anything he thinks would hurt me if I knew about it, he feels sorry for me and he wants to make me as happy as possible. When he's done what he knows I wouldn't like, he thinks if he is very judicious, or a little severe, I won't suspect him of wandering off the path. If his temper gets really bad he was disappointed. It's all quite sweet, really."

Nina gazed carefully at her salad. She told herself she was absolutely clear about Wilson, but, the truth was, she did not understand her feeling where Cora was involved. She didn't mind Wilson's being in love with Cora, she didn't even mind Cora's loving Wilson—a very different thing—and yet, in spite of her truthful indifference, every now and then she was as vindictive to Cora Lisher as she could be.

She had no desire to be vindictive, it was never planned, it simply happened at unpredictable moments. Some persistent deep-hidden emotion tore resentfully at her equanimity. Not only she didn't mind about Wilson and Cora; she actually, Nina recognized, welcomed it. She encouraged them. Wilson Henry in love with Cora, with his heart occupied, was a far pleasanter man to live with than when he had no absorbing interest, no satisfied emotion, like that. She wondered about this whole situation where it touched her children. Hers and Wilson's. Certainly that ought to concern her.

LUNCHEON, Nina realized, had come to an end. She rose. "Delia and Elsa Carpenter and Mrs. Ambler won't be able to stay," she explained; "that will leave just enough for a table of bridge. I have a lot of things I want to do and I'd like it if you paid no attention to me." Mary Gow said: "I'll have to go in an hour, Nina. You can take my place." Mary and Cora Lisher, Evelyn Delaney and Catherine Pryne moved toward the living room.

Nina stood looking absent-mindedly at the remains of luncheon. She lighted a cigaret. What had she been thinking about? Oh, yes, Wilson and Cora Lisher and the children. Acton and Cordelia. Well, there wasn't anything to think about them. There was nothing she could do. Her feeling of detachment from her family persisted. This, Nina concluded, came from the fact that they were so detached from her. They hardly seemed to need her, or Wilson, at all. If both Wilson and she disappeared she was sure their children would keep on living in their present successful manner.

She went slowly into the sitting room and found the auction bridge proceeding smoothly. As smoothly, that was, as possible with Evelyn. Evelyn was unimpressed by contract bridge.

Nina Henry went upstairs and moved vaguely about. Some laundry had arrived in a basket, neatly covered by a towel, and she put it away. She rolled Wilson's socks and laid them in their drawer. Then she went to where her dresses hung—the dress Ishtarre had made looked well even on a hanger. Her best party dress! It gave her a kind of confidence just to look at it.

Nina lightly shook out the tulle. What a fantastic night the celebration of Memorial Day had ended in! Alcibiades and Pericles and Plato. She returned to the subject of Chalke Ewing. He was, really, very good-looking. In a thin positive way. He was at once fragile and very masculine. His voice actually was harsh.

He had been, it came to her now, more than a little drunk. Chalke Ewing knew so much it made her dizzy to think about it. Most of the men familiar to her knew about nothing but business and golf. Golf and a business. Wilson didn't know one thing outside

his lumberyard, golf, and a few local facts. He did not care to understand or talk about anything else. Francis Ambler was better. He could discuss art and he traveled in Europe. He read books. But his opinions too were narrow. They were narrow, Nina decided, not because he had a stupid mind, but because his life was stupid. Principally Eastlake and expensive hotels.

She would have to go downstairs; Mary Gow must be leaving soon. Nina didn't want to play bridge; she didn't want to do anything; she wanted to keep her mind, her thoughts, to herself; to avoid being touched by the life and people around her. She did not, in a way, belong to them; there was so much of her that they never suspected. Knew nothing of. Nina felt as remote as the old Greeks.

Mary Gow put out her cigaret with a gesture of finality and rose. She placed eight dollars on the table. "Thank you, Nina," she said; "I had a splendid time with the worst cards in the world."

Nina Henry's luck was indifferent; she played bridge neither well nor badly; she was, at best, adequate, but absent-minded. Cora played slowly. In the end she, too, made very few absolute mistakes. Delia Bache played skillfully; she was impatient at times, but her annoyance immediately evaporated. "Put it down, Evelyn," she said. "Even Nina knows you've got a club."

"I didn't know Evelyn had another club," Nina admitted. "I thought they were all played. I'll be honester still—I didn't care much. Wilson says that is what's the matter with my golf."

Delia Bache asked: "Well, what do you care about?" Evelyn said she was glad Delia had not asked her that.

Nina was certain it was not games. "Whoever is close to me," she continued, hesitating. "Clothes. Exciting plays about nice people in trouble. I hate the kind where they sing and dance. Chanel perfume. Ishtarre is, of course, divine. Oh yes, and my bath."

A shadow fell on the clear late sunlight of the June day. Nina was dummy and she went to a window. "There is going to be a thunderstorm," she announced. A dark bank of cloud was rolling up over Kingsmill Street; against it the foliage of the maple trees was a pale and chalky green.

"My house is entirely open and nobody is home," Cora Lisher told them.

"We had better stop," Delia said. "We're at the end of a rubber." She had won, she announced, thirty-one dollars. Nina was even. Evelyn lost twenty-one dollars. She would, she volunteered, take Cora at once to her windows.

"I liked being here so much," Cora told Nina Henry.

Nina smiled, entirely pleasant. "I am so glad," she answered. "You must have dinner with us some night soon. I'll send Wilson for you."

Cora thanked her. "It would be perfect. But don't bother Wilson; my car is almost new again."

Nina was insistent. "Wilson wouldn't think it was a bother. He'd love it. You know that, Cora." Cora Lisher said she liked to be independent. "Of course," Nina was sympathetic; "it's fortunate, isn't it, you're situated the way you are. I mean with no man to bother about. I suppose love does make the world go round, but it goes so often in the wrong direction, don't you think?"

"It didn't for me," Cora in effect repeated; "my life was a great deal too busy to go backwards." She was, really, quite idiotic about her life. But then,

Nina reminded herself, when Cora talked about Thomas Lisher now, she meant Wilson. She was both glad and surprised that Wilson seemed to be all Cora could ask for.

When they had all gone there was a faint distant thunder, a momentary gloom, and then the sun poured out again from under the far edge of the storm. The robins whistled with a loud sweetness on the lawn. The telephone rang and Harriet reappeared. "Miss Mary like to speak to you," she said.

"Nina," Mary Gow's voice sounded against her ear, "when I got home I found Chalke here. Back again from New York. I wondered if you and Wilson would come for dinner."

Wilson wasn't home yet, Nina replied. "You know how he is. Or, rather, Mary, you don't know. He won't be long. Can I telephone?" Mary Gow said she might and that Nina's party had been splendid. Nina repeated to herself, Chalke Ewing.

She remembered perfectly what he looked like—hair like a ruffled silver cap, a big nose, and amused uncomfortable eyes. Bright restless eyes. She had thought principally from his eyes that he was sick. Nina wondered what he would complain about, or explain, tonight.

Nina had a simple yellow dress that was almost new—men liked her in it—and a black dress with a string of bright flowers down the back. She had never had it on. She couldn't wear the Ishtarre dress. It was too elaborate and Chalke Ewing had seen it so lately. She laid both the black and the yellow dresses on her bed. She was at the point of calling Cordelia when Wilson came in. Nina saw at once that he was in a doubtful temper. "Mary wants us to have dinner with them," she said without particular emphasis.

"Well, we won't," he replied briefly. "It is too late for me to turn around and hurry out again now."

"Mary's brother, Chalke Ewing, is there again," she added.

"Why don't you go?" Wilson proceeded. It was one of his suggestions without meaning.

"No," Nina said; "dinner is ordered here. I'll stay." She put on the yellow dress. It didn't matter now. She would have to telephone Mary.

"I'll tell you," Wilson went on more cheerfully; "if Ewing is there and you want to see them, if you'd enjoy it, go after dinner. I said something to Cora about taking her and Anna Louise to the quarry. Unless you want to go too. You don't seem to like the quarry."

That might be nice, she answered. He asked her which. "Oh, I won't go to the quarry, Wilson. Take Cora and Anna Louise." There was a picnic, he explained. Cora, though, had decided to go later. He immediately became as cheerful as possible. After his bath he dressed with the greatest care.

"I don't think red is a good color for me," he asserted, standing before a mirror, a tie in his hand. "There is too much red in my face already. Nina, I don't think I look my age, do you?" Everyone, she replied, agreed that he didn't. "I am fat," he admitted. "I'll have to do something about it. I spoke to Standish, he was measuring me, but he said that my waistband hadn't changed since winter. That's pretty good, I must admit. Did you notice the market? Paprus board has gone up again two and three-eighths points."

"That is wonderful, Wilson," she assured him.

"I wonder," he went on, "if you will ever pay any attention to what I ask

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you. I've been standing here with this necktie for five minutes."

She glanced at it. "Perhaps green would be better. You have some very pretty green ones."

Wilson was still dissatisfied. "If you had taken the trouble to look at my socks you'd have seen green was impossible. I could wear blue." Blue, she replied, would be equally good. Her own problem had returned—the yellow dress or the black? She had decided on the yellow and she would wear it. At dinner, Acton told her that she looked right. Nina thanked him.

"Your mother always looks right," Wilson added; "that is, when she doesn't diet. I can't think why you do, Nina. It's a mistake if you want to seem young. You show it in your face."

"I may be wrong," Cordelia announced, "but I doubt if I ever diet. I don't think it will be necessary. I don't believe women will ever get enormous again. I won't be like Anna Louise, of course, but I don't care about that. If I'm to be big I'll be big. It seems to me women used to have a dreadful time. There were so many things they had to do. They had to do them or men wouldn't like them. Or they thought they wouldn't. When I'm twenty I'm certain men will be better trained. One will have to be."

Cordelia, Nina told herself, was a handsome girl. She envied her—practically seventeen. Full of splendid ideas.

"Never mind, Cordelia," Acton said; "someone will love you. No matter how big you are. There are always men willing to be a victim to the biological need. Nature does it," Acton explained.

"Nature is doing it for you," Cordelia retorted; "you are in love with Miss Pryne right now."

"You couldn't do better," Nina told Acton. Catherine, who was almost if not quite as old as Nina Henry, lived on the corner across from the Baches, at Grove Avenue and Kingsmill Street. She was a great deal in Paris; all her clothes were French; and a great many men, young and old, had been devoted to her. Unfortunately, she seemed incapable of any devotion in return. It was probable, now, that she would never marry.

"You tell me I am," Acton said to his sister. "If it's a little fresh I don't mind that. You are usually fresh. But it would give me a moderate degree of pleasure to learn how you know. I can't remember mentioning it."

He was, Cordelia reminded him, always there. "And then you write a lot of letters and tear them up. When you do that you're in love and there isn't another person in your life."

He repeated the formula that, apparently, gave him a great satisfaction. "You tell me there isn't."

Cordelia went on: "Annabel thinks you are and so does Faith Bache."

"Well," Acton announced, "you are right this far—I'll never be in love with Faith or Annabel. They are not æsthetic enough."

Wilson Henry demanded: "What is it they are not enough?" Acton, confused, repeated the word æsthetic. What, his father demanded, did it mean?

"It means conscious of—of higher things," Acton answered; "things like art and literature and polish."

Cordelia went on for him. "Shoe polish."

Nina told her to be still. "I must say you are not very pleasant, Cordelia. If I were you I wouldn't speak of Acton's affairs. Specially if they are affairs of the heart. It means the study of civilization, too, doesn't it?" She turned to

her son. "The Greeks and Romans and old Egypt. If you are æsthetic you have to know about them."

"Of course!" Acton cried. "Mother, you really are wonderful. Who'd ever think you cared about the Greeks and Romans! We ought to read my general history together. It's called 'Ancient Times.'"

Cordelia put in: "It really isn't too late to begin to appreciate Mother."

Acton proceeded: "What I like about Greece is the fact that women were nothing. They wouldn't dare to discuss what men did or thought. They would never have put up with you, Cordelia."

Wilson reentered the conversation. "A little less Greek civilization and more practical sense wouldn't hurt you, Acton," it was his opinion. "It would be better if I kept you in the lumberyard all summer instead of letting you go to Europe."

Acton was instantly, profoundly, disturbed. "You said," he proceeded in an exact strained voice, "that if I worked hard for a month in the lumberyard you would give me five hundred dollars for a month in France."

Nina said decidedly: "Your father will do whatever he promised." She turned to Wilson. "I am glad he wants to travel, and I think it is marvelous he wants to know about ancient history and likes æsthetic people. Paris, yes, and Catherine Pryne, will do him more good than a hundred lumberyards. I want Acton to pick up more than splinters."

"That is just hysterical," Wilson assured her. "No one but a woman would say such a thing. In the first place, if he picks up more than two or three splinters he's a fool. He doesn't know wood. We don't deal in splinters. Mostly, Nina, you are very reasonable, but when you get off, you are a mile wide of the facts. My father was a good millman and I'm a good millman and Acton will have to be one. That's all there is to that.

"If France or Catherine Pryne either teaches him anything useful I'll be surprised. I sent him to Princeton; it's a good university, and it will do him good to come in contact with the boys, but I don't care if he knows about the Greeks or not.

"If you know too much," Wilson Henry insisted, "it just unsettles you. Makes you dissatisfied. The first thing you know you lose your religion." Nina looked at him amazed. "I don't go to church," Wilson admitted; "but I support it. I believe in it. There wouldn't be a United States without the church. We are founded on the principles of the Protestant religion. If we ever get free thought, and we won't, we'll be done for. Finished. Look what happened to Greece without Christian principles. It busted up. The United States is the greatest nation that has ever existed."

Nina wanted to stop him and say that it was only a momentary and shoddy part of the world's history. She didn't.

"Christian principles and American conceptions of business," he reiterated, "have put us where we are. Nothing else will keep us there. I don't want to hear you suggest anything else in front of my children."

She did say quietly: "And mine, Wilson." What, she wondered, after so much, did he think about adultery? Both Acton and Cordelia solemnly got up and kissed her.

When they were gone Wilson asserted that women were the devil. "They come out ahead whether they are wrong or right, and quicker when they are wrong."

Mary and Justin and Chalke Ewing were sitting at the bottom of a flight of steps leading to the garden; the brick walk there formed a variety of terrace. It was dim and the air was sweet with the perfume of honeysuckle. Mary had on white, Chalke Ewing was almost luminous in white linen, Justin had on a loose dark coat and white flannels.

Nina could just manage to see their faces—Justin humorous and inquiring; Mary thoughtful, her expression half absent-minded; Chalke Ewing—for the moment silent—folded in an arrested aggressiveness. They were all, Nina saw, more silent than not, but she felt extremely talkative. She wanted to provoke Ewing into explaining the whole world. He sat smoking one of his long, thin cigars.

"You must admit, Chalke"—Mary spoke at last—"Eastlake is perfect on a June evening."

"When it is dark," Ewing agreed, "and you can't see Eastlake. The night here is simple, like the flowers that make it sweet—honeysuckle and hedge roses and pinks. It isn't disturbing. There is no drama. If you will forgive me for dragging in Cuba again—the tropical night is still, but it is violent. Heavy with emotion. Like it is here before a thunderstorm. The flowers have no scent, that is true; it is all more impalpable. And there is always a breath of music. Never loud. Never completely near. A guitar. I sit on my piazza and hear it. A guitar and maybe a voice.

"The song is always about the right thing. What a song in the Cuban night, to a guitar, ought to be about. Spanish is the language for that; it is tender and not sentimental, romantic and always melancholy. My dear Justin, in Cuba, love seems quite admirable, quite natural. In Cuba it is even important.

"Perhaps that is because the Cubans think it is more important than anything else. They give themselves up to it. They will sacrifice safety and position and their fortunes for love. Their fortunes, Justin. It is ridiculous, but at the same time it is rather sublime.

"Yes, in Cuba love is possible. When you are young. Perhaps it is the setting, the sort of night we have mentioned. The night—remember there is no twilight—falls like a black curtain. Everything is hidden at once. Knives and other things. It is best for love—and the stage is always set.

"Women, young and lovely women, are kept away from danger. That is, danger is created. Melancholy and passionate songs. In Cuba there is—at least, there was—no stupid companionship between men and young desirable women. Oh no, the charm isn't dissipated that way. Companionship of that sort makes everything easy and nothing valuable."

"There, Nina," Mary declared, "now you know what love is like in Cuba. Everything here, it appears, is wrong. I wonder that we managed to get married at all. To anyone."

Nina Henry was silent. Somewhere, buried in all Chalke Ewing had said, there was an enormous truth.

"It sounds beautiful," Mary continued, "but I am afraid Eastlake would suit my charms better. Even the stupid companionship suits me. The humiliating truth is I have never been serenaded; I would have loved it, of course; but that has nothing to do with getting a husband. I wouldn't care to pick one from a balcony in the dark. By his voice. And Chalke, I have even heard they hire voices."

Chalke Ewing said: "You miss the point. I was talking of love. Marriage is not quite the same. I said, remember, that love wasn't ridiculous in Cuba; marriage isn't ridiculous anywhere. It is a very practical and serious formality. In America you get marriage and love confused. The Cubans don't. As a result both love and marriage are more dignified in Cuba, in Spain, than here."

Justin asserted: "You know very well, Chalke, that it is immoral to marry a man if you don't love him. A nice girl, a well-bred girl, simply couldn't do it. You are just full of low Latin ideas. Foreign ideas. We won't have them in the United States. You can't corrupt the purity of our young girls like that. Love and marriage must not be separated."

Ewing said: "In Cuba, Justin, you wouldn't need this monotonous humor you hide behind. You could be honest. I say something about love and Mary interrupts me with marriage. After all, what I was talking about was ornamental and economic. I brought four jugs of rum with me, Justin. I think I can see to make a swizzle out here."

Justin Gow rose and vanished up the steps. When he returned, Adam, the Gows' black informal butler, was with him, carrying a pitcher, bottles of charged water, Angostura bitters, sugar, and a bowl of cracked ice and glasses. Justin had a gallon wicker-covered jug and a long, peeled sassafras swizzle-stick. A small table was moved near and Chalke Ewing proceeded to compound a rum swizzle in the pitcher.

A pleasant odor of bitters and Bacardi rum, different from the scent of flowers, seduced Nina's imagination—she felt that she was in Cuba and not Eastlake, and that the night about her was dramatic with passionate and dangerous emotions.

"I must warn you about this rum swizzle," Justin said to her. "You think it isn't, but it is. You think it won't—but it will. And that is not just a piece of my monotonous humor." It did not actually seem strong, Nina told herself. It was marvelous!

"Yes," Chalke Ewing asserted, "I speak of charming things, of love, and a North American materialism replies. I talk about music and perfume and I hear about husbands."

"We are serious," Justin instructed him; "we want music, like love, to improve us. To teach us something. There is no such thing here as pure experience. It would be a waste of time. The only thing we are willing to waste is money. We will give it away or throw it away. We don't care which. I don't see, Chalke, how, in the face of that, you can call us materialistic."

Nina Henry took a long, cold drink from her glass. For the first time in her life she felt that she knew Justin. Chalke's speech about his humor had explained him to her. Of course, Justin hid behind it. He was, on the surface, all mockery and pretense, but it was simply an armor of words.

Almost all the people she knew, Nina realized, were, in different ways, like Justin Gow; that was, they protected their actual selves by pretended attitudes and assertions. For example, Wilson had been so absurdly bitter at dinner over the Greek and Roman civilizations because he knew nothing about them and he wanted to hide his ignorance.

He was, Nina suddenly understood, a very stupid man. She had never realized that before.

"I want some more rum swizzle," she announced. It was plain to her that she had arrived at a catastrophe, a serious damage to her marriage with Wilson Henry. It was totally different

from anger or resentment or weariness. They were passing, often no more than momentary, states of mind, but this was fixed and immovable. It wasn't, however, what Wilson did not know that bothered her, but what he thought he knew. It was probable that most of his ideas were totally wrong. That was, most of his general ideas. He wasn't wrong, naturally, about lumber mills and yards; he knew a great many little practical, material things; but all the rest was colored by his personality, by what, in order to support his good opinion of himself and of his existence, he wanted to think. Wilson was more personal than any woman Nina could recall.

"Really," Chalke Ewing went on, "I give you the benefit of a most delightful worldly knowledge, and of years of reading, and you throw moral—that is, local—facts at me. The trouble is you are always solemn. You don't know how to be anything else. Your pleasures are the pleasures of a lot of ants. You are like a lot of ants—hard and dry and industrious. The dullest civilization that ever lived. I'm speaking of Americans and not honest bugs.

"You are always having a rotten time," Ewing repeated. "Look at the affairs you humorously call country clubs. What do you do there? You play golf, but I am willing to pass over that in a decent silence. Golf. Sport! At least in Cuba, in the tropics, games are played by professionals. Pelota is a good show if you like shows of that kind. But games, exercise, in the United States are as ridiculous as the politics and morals.

"The idea that exercise is good for you is as absurd as the belief that love is a blessing. You seem to think exercise will cure anything, but all it does cure is the habit of thought. Have you noticed that? It's impossible, for example, to think after you have been moving about violently. As a matter of fact, your mind is poisoned. You are in a state of mental and physical collapse. For the moment you are ruined.

"Most men play games badly, and they are usually in a state of irritation with them; irritation, I don't have to remind you, is one of the most destructive of all humors; and men who are skillful at games pay for their skill by the sacrifice of almost every desirable quality. They are not, I have been very privately assured, even good lovers. A woman who even wants to play games well is a lost creature. She has been betrayed by society and the church. Or else she is a hopeless woman. A clod with bad legs.

"Men who are skillful at games ought to be paid for that and kept away from superior occasions. My dear Justin, when women get athletic, you must realize that something is wrong. It is a sign that better things have failed. A sunburned woman, I give you my word, is a disillusioned woman. The ones who are happy, properly occupied, keep themselves delicately white and pink. The clothes they wear belong to the oldest sport in existence."

Nina laughed loudly and unexpectedly. Justin Gow said severely: "I warned you, Nina. Now you are drunk." She wasn't at all. She was simply undone by what Chalke Ewing had said. Nina didn't know which engaged her more—the obvious truth in it or its plain absurdity. It was totally different from everything she heard in Eastlake. Delia Bache, for example, thought that life wouldn't be possible without golf and contract bridge.

Justin was, he said, the president of the country club, and if Chalke didn't

mind he would like to speak for himself. "You know nothing about them, Chalke," he proceeded, "for the simple reason that you are not married. You miss the fact that they are now, except for a few holidays, entirely feminine. When I go to a dance at the country club I sit somewhere, it doesn't much matter where, until Mary and now Annabel are ready to go home. Mary even tells me whom I must dance with. That is a melancholy fact—once she told me whom I must not dance with. You will miss that humiliation—it's really contempt of court—too in your single condition."

"You always dance with me," Nina reminded him; "I hope it isn't as bad as you say." She concluded, suddenly, that she wouldn't drink any more rum swizzle. The night was accomplished. A feeling of sadness oppressed Nina—the things that surrounded life, nature, were so beautiful that life itself ought to be finer. It ought to be simpler. People ought to be happy. They weren't and she supposed they never would be. Except in moments.

She longed passionately for another moment of perfect happiness. She had had them in the past. With Wilson. Poor Wilson! And yet he was happy, with Cora. A silent curious woman. She had a lovely body, but she wasn't a particle feminine. Chalke Ewing lighted another cigar. His face, in the minute flare of a match, was as dark, as brown, as the tobacco.

He was fragile-looking. Thin. She wondered if he had ever really been in love. She was tremendously curious about that. He had a strange knowledge of women, at once deep and superficial. It was superficial, she thought, because he approached them only with his head. Never, so far as she could find, with his emotions.

He had, of course, lived with women in Cuba. Brown too, probably, like his cigar. That didn't upset her either. She could not think what had happened to her.

All at once she seemed to have lost the ideas that had supported her from birth. They turned out, when she examined them closely, to be nonsense.

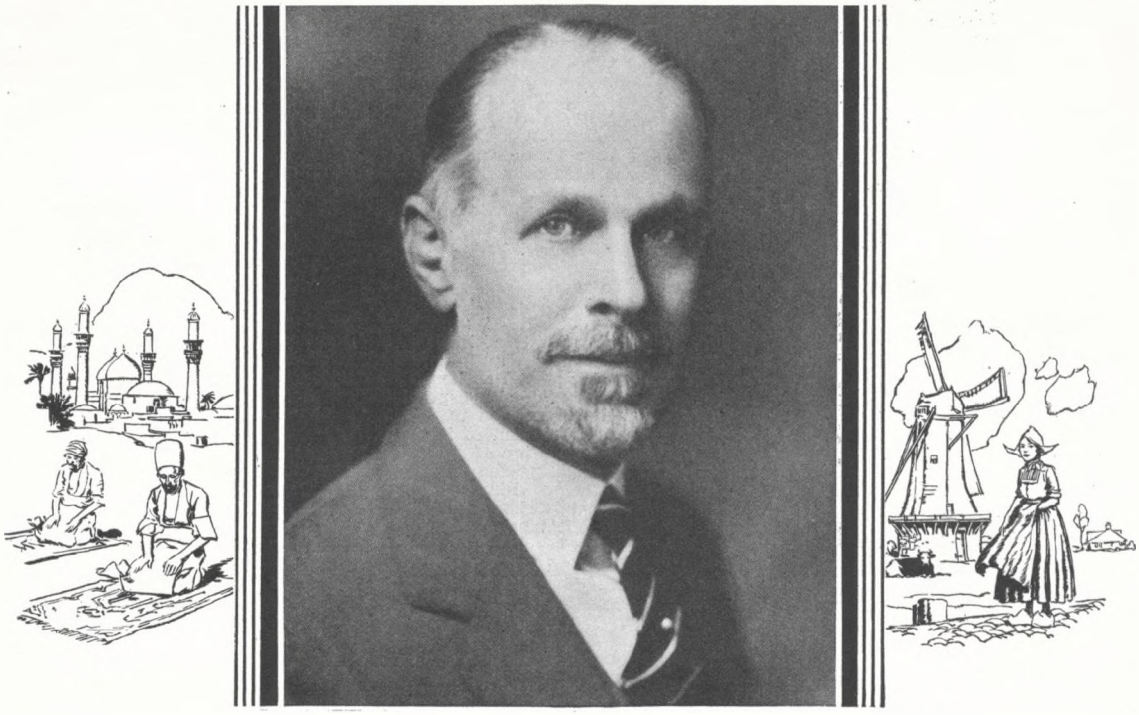
She would have to go on living the same life, though, and be what she had always been, at least on the surface. She couldn't say what Chalke Ewing made nothing of saying. It was different with a woman.

Nina realized that she had never been free since her skirts were let down. They had been let down and then fashion pulled them up again. Wherever she touched her body now, when she was fully dressed, it was soft and natural and eager. That sounded ridiculous, but it was what she meant. Eager. Alcibiades and Pericles and Plato.

Chalke Ewing made another pitcher of rum swizzle. "Is there any ice left?" Mary asked.

"Plenty," Ewing assured her. "In Cuba," he said, "we had a gallon of Bacardi sent every morning with the groceries. We drank it from tall glasses filled with ice. Nothing else in it. Three of us." He had survived some murderous revolutions, Justin suggested. "Oh yes, a few. I rode completely through one on the cowcatcher of a locomotive. The Cubans are bad shots. The juju in the central was worse.

"You see, in Oriente the negroes all come from Haiti. It is quite different there from the magic in Havana. In Havana it is called nañigismo. In Oriente it is brujeria. The details are impossible. You can see the fires out in the waste and hear some of it. A



"The most stimulating pastime I know"

by BURTON HOLMES

Distinguished traveler and lecturer

"I WONDER how many people ever try it—this game I so often play by myself, the most stimulating pastime I know!

"The rules of the game are simple. All you need is an atlas or globe, and imagination.

"If you use an atlas, just open at random. If a globe, twirl it and let it stop where it will. Like a roulette wheel, for this game is in its way a game of chance. Who can say where you will find yourself?

"The atlas opens, say, at India. Or when the globe stops, your finger is on Bagdad. That famous carpet! If you could ride the carpet now, where would you go?

"Paris, of course! Turn the globe again, or find the place in the atlas. Now you've caught the spirit of the game. Why, you're actually there! You can see the Place de la Concorde, the Seine, Notre Dame.

"And while your mind is on cathedrals, where are Chartres, Rheims? You find them, and on the way to Cologne you stop at Brussels; thence to the Netherlands, windmills and dykes.

"Suddenly you remember the boy who stopped the leak with his finger. Hans Brinker, too. How old were you when you read those stories? There's the Rhine. Remember Bingen on the Rhine, the rats and the Bishop?

"So the game goes. The best part of it all is that it is never twice the same. A real game of chance, for chance alone decides where you will start, where you will end up.

"A profitable game, too. You learn geography by the most painless of all methods. What makes it most stimulating, is that it evokes so much of what is already in your mind but more than half forgotten. Here's a game that helps keep your education alive. Learn to play it!"

piece of a chorus or a rubbed drum. They don't pound their drums.

"The beginning of Christianity. The beginnings of the popes at Constantinople and the popes at Rome and the schismatic popes at Avignon. Martin Luther and John Calvin and Bishop Asbury. All of them in the naked negroes painted with entrails and yellow chalk about the fires in a jungle." He was, Nina realized, in his own peculiar way, beginning again to get drunk. "A succession of saviors. The latest is being killed again, finally this time, by his doctors. Pseudo-scientific gentlemen. Trying the old nonsense with oil and water—dogma and truth."

That reminded Justin of something written in the new spirit of history he wanted to show Chalke, and he went into the house. He stayed so long that Mary rose. She would, she explained, find out what had happened to Justin. Mary disappeared, but almost immediately came back to the top of the steps. "He seems to be reading," she told them. "Chalke can interrupt him. Nina, I have some things upstairs if you don't mind. Probably I'll stay there. Why don't you come up?"

Nina did not intend to move, at least in that direction. She was, she thought, too comfortable where she was, with Chalke Ewing. Ewing grew silent. He lighted another cigar. He had smoked at least four, enormous ones, since Nina arrived. It couldn't be good for him. Rum swizzle and long cigars. Men were idiots—they either ignored themselves or thought of nothing but their health.

Chalke Ewing showed no inclination to notice her, and Nina grew stubborn; she decided that he must speak first. He did, at the precise moment, apparently, when he was ready to say something.

"It is very agreeable here," he told her tritely. "If you don't force events you can have a relatively pleasant time even in America."

That, Nina replied, surprised her. "I didn't suppose you thought anything was pleasant here. In reality, I have a very good time."

Ewing said: "I don't believe you for a moment. You have quite a bad time, and show it. You are bored."

Nina laughed. "I don't even know about myself, it seems," she announced generally to the dark. "Anyone can see that I am bored. Well, I believe you are worse than I am. I'll bet you almost anything you have a dreadful time in that disgusting little griddle you call an island. Just listening to the negroes singing in the dark. My life is a thousand times more interesting than that. I have a husband and my children——"

"Why, so you have," he interrupted her dryly; "so you have."

"There are a great many things a man who never marries doesn't know," Nina began. Suddenly she was sick of being silent, of listening even to Chalke Ewing; she wanted to talk, to explain herself; the things she knew, as Nina had discovered before, were different from what men understood, but she did know them. And, after all, they were fairly important. "If you were never married you can only guess at a lot, I don't care how much other experience you had. It doesn't mean much just to have been in love. You must be married."

He pointed out that she had said that before. "Just as a statement it isn't very impressive," Ewing declared. "It isn't necessary, even in a sentimental democracy, for everyone to marry."

Nina said firmly: "I'm sorry, but you will have to be quiet. I have made up my mind to talk myself. I'm tired of listening, I don't care to what. In reality it wouldn't matter much what you might say, I mean to a woman. It wouldn't be important to her. The important thing would be if she cared for you or not. If she didn't care for you, why, you could be simply miraculous and she'd hardly hear you. But on the other hand if she did care for you, everything you'd say would be miraculous. Do you see the difference?"

"Certainly," Ewing assured her; "do you take me for an imbecile? I can assure you that I have had my moments, informal perhaps, but still illuminating."

She ignored that. "It's rather splendid when you think of it," she proceeded; "if a woman likes you, no matter what you are, that woman believes you are perfect. You can do almost anything to her and she'll keep on believing you are perfect. It won't matter, don't you see, if you are wise or not because she'll think you are. If you are the stupidest man in the world she will be certain everyone else is wrong. That is, when she loves you. It is something in her heart. I guess it's an ability to fool herself. And when she doesn't like you, then you can be wiser than anyone else alive and it won't make a particle of difference—she won't listen to you."

"I must say I'm lost," Ewing admitted; "are you explaining the faults of women, things that make them ridiculous, or are you describing their virtues?"

Nina said: "Don't smoke any more cigars and specially don't make another pitcher of rum swizzle. You are practically solid with smoke and rum now. It's silly. I was explaining something about women men either never understand or won't admit. I suppose it hurts their vanity." She hadn't hurt his, Ewing assured her. "Don't be so certain of yourself," Nina advised him. "If you want to talk about the past remember there were a few women around then. From all I've heard they sound very familiar too. The styles were different, but the idea was the same.

"What annoys me is how superior you seem. After all, what are you superior to? You're not very astonishing, are you? A thin man with a darkish face who lives in Cuba. That isn't too much! You read thousands of books because there wasn't anything else for you to do. Smoke and drink rum swizzle and read. You will have to listen to me whether you want to or not.

"Women keep their opinions to themselves too much. They are always afraid they will upset some man or some dinner or something. They are always hiding their real opinions and bringing out others they think everyone will like. I'm sick of it. I don't intend to do it. No, don't interrupt me. It doesn't matter what you think. I've seen you twice now, and both times I kept still just to hear you speak. You knew so much.

"Whenever you had to stop because your breath gave out I wore myself ragged saying how marvelous it was. How marvelous you were. How marvelous it was simply to be there. That's over. You can go in with Justin if you want. You can't either. You can stay here and listen to me. And when I get done, you can tell me I'm miraculous. You can do something.

"Don't you think yellow is becoming to me? You would never suppose I had two children nearly grown, would you? I'm more like a woman in Paris than in Eastlake, don't you think? As soon as you saw me—you know how to finish that without my telling you. Anyhow, finish it."

Chalke Ewing reached for the wicker-covered Bacardi jug. "This isn't just a

drink," he was careful to explain; "it's a necessity. I ought to have a cigar, but I'll give that up. Woman, I'll say you went bad on me. You must have let loose at least a million words in the last three seconds. Don't do that again. It's too hot. It's hotter than Cuba ever thought of being."

"It is not," Nina said; "and I'll tell you what we will do. We'll take a ride in my car. I came over in it and I didn't know why until now. We'll go to the quarry."

He did not, Ewing replied, think he wanted to go to a quarry. That, Nina said, was unimportant. He was going there. She had taken affairs into her own hands. She felt extravagantly cheerful. Happy. Nina almost helped Chalke Ewing out of his chair.

"It will do you good," she assured him, sitting close beside him in the closed interior of her small car.

"I doubt it," he said; "I do for a fact. It doesn't seem natural to be going to a quarry except for a load of tombstones."

Already, she saw, he was improving. The night was still—there wasn't a stir of air—and faintly luminous with starlight. Nina had the strange, the really idiotic, conviction that she was carrying Chalke Ewing away from himself, that she was rescuing him. She wasn't quite sure how.

There was a humorous expectant expression about his mouth. He said nothing.

She had, Nina found, lost her desire to talk, to overwhelm him with her own necessities and ideas. The night stopped her speech and quieted her spirit. Feelings deeper than words, desires hidden beneath her consciousness, took formless possession of her. Chalke's profile, because of his nose, was domineering; in the dark it gave an impression of physical bigness.

The entrance to the quarry was a narrow opening between high irregular masses of rock. Inside, the circular quarry pool lay perhaps forty feet below the level of the surrounding countryside. The precipitous walls of rock and earth reached up to a meadowland.

It was intensely dark in the quarry, but three automobiles were arranged so that six beams of light lay in their different sets of angles across the black water. Nina could see the figure of a man, illuminated against the darkness, on the high diving board at the opposite side of the pool. Suddenly he flung himself out with arms wide, his head far back, but when he hit the water he was straight and rigid.

"That," Nina told Chalke Ewing, "was a swan dive. It was Roderick Wade. He is supposed to do it beautifully."

Ewing was surprisingly quiet. He leaned forward with his chin on the palm of a hand. A girl walked out to the end of the diving board. She had on a brief blue bathing suit, a contracted emphasis of her slim body. She swayed up and down, on her bare toes, and then dropped in a smooth arc through the transverse bars of light into the water. There was a momentary splash. Roderick Wade came out of the pool near the car and Nina called to him. "Is Wilson here?" He came to the car and stood with a wet gleaming foot on the running board.

"Have you got a cigaret and do you mind lighting it for me? Thank you. He was, with Cora and Anna Louise. But they must be gone half an hour. What time is it?" Chalke said that it was midnight.

"Roderick, I don't think you know

Mary Gow's brother," she proceeded. "Mr. Ewing, and Roderick Wade."

Roderick nodded. "Come in swimming," he suggested.

"It's too late and I'm too lazy," Nina replied. "Who is here?" she asked.

"Well, I am," Wade replied, "and so is Constance. The girl in the blue bathing suit is from Claymont. Evelyn Delaney is somewhere in the water with Ambrose, and Acton has just gone home. I think I'll swim all night."

Nina told him not to be foolish. "You do everything so violently, Roderick, you'll be a wreck before you are forty."

He said in a tone of discouragement: "Not till then! That's bad news. I hoped I wouldn't last so long. Thank you again, I can't think why, oh yes—the cigaret." He returned to the water.

Wade was, Chalke said to her, a fine young savage. "Nothing domesticated about him. But he'll lose it. Circumstances will grind him down to a smooth hypocritical perfection."

"You were told not to talk," she asserted; "I'm not interested in anything you could possibly say. This is my affair. I may leave you here with Constance Wade and take Roderick with me."

"It's really absurd," Ewing complained; "there are a hundred things you ought to know, that only I can tell you, and yet I am supposed to keep quiet. I hate to listen. This will end by killing me."

Nina seriously assured him that it would not. "Actually it's splendid for you. You don't know it, but, for once, you are getting rested. In a little while you will be almost normal. Half the time you talk simply because you are nervous. It's not because you have anything to say. You smoke those frightfully strong cigars until you are shaking like a leaf and then you wonder what is the matter with you. Mary is an idiot—she simply ought to put you to bed at nine o'clock. Men are always the same: they are pig-headed and get sick, and then women have a great deal of trouble. Why don't you smoke little cigars?"

"I don't like little cigars," Ewing replied; "they are always dry and hot. Confound it, I will smoke the cigars I want to smoke. There has been enough of this." He produced one of his cigars.

"Smoke your head off," Nina told him. "I don't have to take care of you. Shake like a leaf. If I do leave you here, I won't take another one with me."

He asked: "Another what? You are so inexact."

He knew what she meant, Nina said. "Another man. I'd rather be by myself."

Ewing turned and faced her. "I didn't suggest this," he reminded her; "I didn't want to come. You made me. I'd be much happier with a pitcher of rum swizzle. You seem to be displeased about men, but you won't give me a chance to explain about women."

Nina, at last, asked: "Have you ever been in love?" He filled the interior of the car with a pleasant cloud of smoke.

"The inevitable question," he said. "The one thing that interests women because it's the only thing that interests them. They have to pretend it is important, of course. They couldn't, where love and men are concerned, face the truth. Yes, I have been in love," he assured her, "and a great deal in love, too. I am forty-eight, I have lived forty-eight years, and that is five hundred and seventy-six months. That is rather less than—than seventeen thousand, five hundred and fifty-six days. Do you want me to tell you how many hours it is?"

"No," she replied, "I don't."

"It would be better for you to hear." Chalke Ewing thought for a little. "Four hundred and twenty-one thousand, three hundred and forty-four. Almost. Well, out of four hundred and twenty-one thousand, three hundred and forty-four hours I have been in love perhaps a hundred hours. Not a large part of my life, but it may be excessive. The rest has been devoted to very different things—childhood and geometry and the classic languages, sugar cane, a quantity of books, the excavations in Asia Minor, and a great number of lighter moments."

His answer, Nina discovered, wasn't very satisfactory. It wasn't satisfactory at all. "I was serious," she told him.

"Confound it, so was I," he replied. "I hope you haven't missed what I tried to show you."

She said: "About love being important to women, but not to men? Oh no, I didn't. I was just wondering. I suppose that is why women do it better. You said the American women were cold. You don't seem to realize that they have to be. Love isn't very popular in the United States. With men. They are so much more fascinated by business. Wilson thinks about the lumberyard more than he'd ever think of me." She was moving slowly away from the quarry. "I hope you don't mind, I'm not going back just yet. The night is too divine."

Nina glanced at him. He didn't answer her. The expression of his mouth was unpleasant. They drove along the bank of a stream flowing between willows and holding the reflections of stars. Nina was silent again; Chalke Ewing didn't speak. She turned back toward Eastlake. She imagined it was late, but Nina didn't care.

"Everything but love," she said suddenly, returning to the thread of her speech. Ewing cleared his throat. She stopped in front of the Gows'.

"Good night," Chalke Ewing said with a brief formality. His retreating white figure grew dimmer. There was a light in her own living room and she could hear the radio.

It was Wilson. He turned and stared at her and then looked at his watch. "Where were you?" he demanded. Nina saw that he was disagreeable.

"Oh, a hundred places," she replied cheerfully. "The quarry was among them. I thought I'd see you there."

He demanded: "What time did you go to the quarry?" Midnight, she told him. A flush rose into his face. "What," he inquired, "made you think you'd find me there then? When you knew who was with me. Cora isn't in the habit of doing that."

Nina's patience began to leave her. "What do you mean—doing that? Doing what?" she demanded. "Really, Wilson, you are too silly. I didn't know you thought midnight was late. You haven't, I must say, until now. I can't very well look ahead and see how you are going to feel, if it's completely different, can I?"

"You might as well listen to me," Wilson told her. "There are some things you have got to understand, and you are going to hear them now."

"Don't you think this is foolish?" Nina asked. "We are both tired, and it would be better if we talked tomorrow." He ignored that. Wilson Henry sat down heavily opposite her.

"This town is pretty gay," he began; "we are pretty gay; it has been growing on us. We sit up all night and get drunk and say pretty much what we please. I do it, too; I haven't spoken about it, but I realized what was going on. What was happening to us. Now the time has come to speak about it. To you. I don't care what other people

do. That is none of my business. You are. I expect you to behave in a dignified way. You are my wife. We have children. I have been worried for some time and it can't go on any longer."

Nina was exasperated. "Will you tell me what can't go on?" she cried.

"I made up my mind to speak to you after the Memorial Day dance. That dress! I won't go into it, but it just isn't decent. It gave you I don't know what kind of an air. I saw all the men looking at you. I don't want men to look at my wife that way. I won't have it. Why, you even had a whirl with that young drunk Wade. It's got lately so almost anyone will do for you. Anyone and any time of the day or night."

Nina laughed. "I'm sorry, Wilson; don't get any madder; I can't help it. This is all so—so extraordinary."

He waited until she was silent again. "I can see how you would think it was funny, for a little," he observed. "I'm not done yet. The whole effect of that dress was to spoil your dignity. You looked like a French cocotte."

"Wilson," she told him solemnly, "that is the way we all want to look. We can't, unfortunately, be French cocottes, so we want to look like them. You have no idea what a relief it is."

He cried at her: "Will you be serious! Listen to me. That dress made your body public property. I won't pretend to say how, but it did. You didn't get home then until nearly eight in the morning. I don't know what people thought who saw you on the streets."

Nina interrupted him. "Street, Wilson; I walked across the Baches' lawn from Kingsmill Street."

He glared at her. "Then there was that scene at dinner when you made a great row about some Romans and some Greeks. You encouraged Acton to be impertinent. I tried to tell you a few decent American ideas and accomplishments would be better for all of you, but you wouldn't listen to me. Well, you'll listen now."

"Yes, Wilson," Nina said in a quiet voice, "I will listen now." Suddenly, in place of an overwhelming anxiety to satisfy and quiet him, to reestablish a happy feeling between them, Nina was completely detached. She watched Wilson with a calm impartial discernment.

"Then tonight happened," he proceeded. "Why didn't you tell me you were going to the quarry? You said you were going to the Gows'. Why were you so careful to go to the quarry so late?" He waited for her explanation. She gave it to him fully.

"I did go to the Gows'; I didn't say anything about the quarry because I didn't know then I was going. We didn't decide to go until after half past eleven."

Wilson mocked her tone. "We, so it's we, is it?"

Nina stared at Wilson. "Really, Wilson," she told him, "I think you are out of your mind. I went with Chalke Ewing, I thought you understood that."

He had guessed it, Wilson Henry declared. "You were at the quarry at twelve, and you got home at seventeen minutes of two. Are you going to tell me you were at the quarry almost two hours? At that time?"

She had no intention of telling him that, Nina replied. She had taken a long drive with Chalke Ewing. "It was such a beautiful night, Wilson, I couldn't bear to come home. I could have driven hours more."

"I haven't the faintest idea why you didn't," he told her satirically. "I can't think what did bring you home. Anyhow, we've reached this Ewing. I don't

A BANKER'S OPINION

ONE of our leading bankers is responsible for the statement that advertising, intelligently employed, has been a tremendous factor in raising the general standard of living.

¶ He says that intelligent advertising, by stimulating mass consumption, promotes industrial efficiency and lowers prices.

¶ Advertising in Cosmopolitan is advertising intelligently employed.

¶ Every month Cosmopolitan publishes more important contributions by famous authors than any monthly magazine.

¶ Every month Cosmopolitan has more than five times the circulation of any other magazine selling at an equal price.

¶ Every month Cosmopolitan carries an increasing proportion of the national advertising investment.

¶ Since 1921, while the money spent on advertising has increased about 50 per cent, the advertising expenditures in Cosmopolitan have increased more than 150 per cent.

¶ This is because you—the majority of the better class families of the country—buy more dollars' worth of necessities, comforts, and luxuries than any other group of families of equal number.

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¶ Cosmopolitan is proud of the character as well as of the intelligence and the increasing number of its advertisers. You may buy their products with confidence.

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trust him; I don't trust anything about him; I'm sorry to speak about Mary's brother that way. I dislike all I hear of him. He runs down the United States and that's enough for me. He runs down religion and that is too much for anybody with decency. A man like that in Cuba spends his time drunk and living with native women. You got all that stuff about the Romans from him. I've heard what he talks about."

A wave of weariness swept over Nina. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean you've got to be different," he answered roughly. "I'll make you. I won't have you spending the night with an infidel."

Nina Henry studied him with dangerous eyes. She was wondering what he would answer if she asked him about spending the night with Cora Lisher. She could not, and this was very important, show him that she knew it all.

"I suppose Chalke Ewing is what you would call an infidel," she said instead. "I would never have thought of it. I mean I suppose he was shocking, but he didn't shock me. I can't explain that except I think he wasn't shocking inside. Not in his heart. If he was anything at all inside, he was unhappy. You seem stirred up about him, Wilson, but to me he's a great deal like a child."

That, Wilson told her, was where Chalke Ewing was cunning. He understood how to appeal to women. He had made an art of it. Any man who made an art of appealing to women, he proceeded, was a swine. "A decent man takes care of women," Wilson Henry announced. "He takes care of them and then he forgets them. The others think about women most of the time. You don't understand things like that and so you will have to let me tell you. You will have to do what I say."

Nina asked: "What is it you want me to do, Wilson?"

He studied her, frowning. "Stay away from the Gows'," he answered abruptly. "I mean until Ewing goes back to New York or Cuba or wherever it is he's going next. I don't want you to be with him or talk to him. If you understand me." She said nothing. Wilson moved impatiently. "Well, do you?"

Yes, she said, she did. "I understand you, Wilson," Nina went on, "and I want you to understand me too. I want to be entirely honest. I don't agree with you about Chalke Ewing. There are some things that affect me most I must decide for myself. I will see him again, of course."

"You will like blazes," he declared; "you won't. Did you hear me?"

Nina gazed at him with a sudden feeling of surprise—she saw Wilson completely, isolated from sympathy and decidedly ridiculous. She was, however, more interested in herself. She had lost all her regard, all her love, for him. It had simply gone. It was gone, too, she recognized, forever. He had lost every vestige of power over her.

Wilson had owned his authority over her, Nina discovered, through love; love and fear were intermingled. She gave herself to him in a kind of slavery because of love.

"Don't shout at me, Wilson," Nina said in a metallic voice. "It can't do you any good. You'll simply have to be reasonable about Chalke Ewing.

"I can't understand you—first you are all in a fury over a dress—it's a dress and not a pair of tights—then you are excited because I said I was glad to have Acton learn about the Greeks, and now you get in a fit about Chalke Ewing. The last man to have fit about I can imagine. The truth is he probably thinks I'm terrible. He isn't very loving, I must say. Suppose we go to bed now, Wilson."

"I don't know what has got into you;" he confessed. Obviously he was confused. "You used to try to do what I asked you. I try to be reasonable, but I have to go ahead with you and with my life as well as I can. Take this Ewing—I know he's bad for you. He would be bad for anyone. That is why I don't want you to be with him."

"You don't know that Chalke Ewing is bad for me," Nina contradicted him. "He might be bad for you; he might be bad for everyone else in the world, but good for me. I don't know if he is good for me, but I must have a chance to find out. I must find out for myself. That is what you don't seem to understand.

"Really this is it—you can't think for me. If I ruin myself that will be all right. I won't complain or bother you. At least I'll do it."

Wilson asserted that he would not allow her to ruin herself. "I can stop it and I will stop it. You'll have to listen to me. I am responsible for you."

Nina said: "Rubbish. Ever since the first moment of our marriage I've been taking care of you. Ten times a day I have to meet something without you to help me. Every time I go to a dance men try things. They don't succeed, but it's not on account of you. It's because I won't let them." She came very close to a still sharper reality. "I hope you are managing your affairs as well as I am attending to mine."

"My affairs?" he repeated. "What made you even think I had an affair?"

She reminded him that she had said affairs. "That is very different from an affair. Heavens, Wilson," she went on, "I hope you are having one. Life must be very dull for you if you're not."

He was silent, sunk forward with his head down, his hands clasped, and his knees apart. An attitude of wonder and dejection. Nina was unable to feel sorry for him. She rose and went up to their room. She was busy with vanishing creams and astringents when he came up. He regarded her, Nina thought, suspiciously.

He said over and over: "I can't understand you." He gazed at her speculatively. There were dark marks of weariness under his eyes. His crispness of bearing, his visible masculine pride was a little blurred.

Lying in the dark, her hands caught behind her head, Nina returned mentally to all that had just happened to Wilson Henry and herself. It was, she recognized, serious. She definitely no longer loved him. The ties that had bound her to him were wholly broken.

Wilson, without understanding so much, had been suddenly overwhelmed by humiliation. His pride had been badly damaged. Well, Cora would have to cure it. That, Nina supposed, was possible.

All through their marriage when sacrifice was necessary she had made it. Now she did not propose to sacrifice herself any longer. He would have to accept this new state of affairs. Go to Cora Lisher. She would help him with Cora as much as possible.

When, Nina wondered, would she see Chalke Ewing again? She couldn't imagine what he thought of her.

Now that the bonds that held Nina to Wilson Henry have been wholly broken, will she have the courage to follow the call of her heart? For, in Joseph Hergesheimer's January Installment, Nina falls in love

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Christmas gifts of YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER straight from London's Smartest World

GIFTS so utterly in the Bond Street manner that they bring the feel and fragrance of London's smartest world. . . . Gifts with a tradition for excellence established through eight generations of use by English nobility and gentry. . . . Gifts of soap and powders and perfumes that protect flawless English complexions which are today the envy of the feminine world.

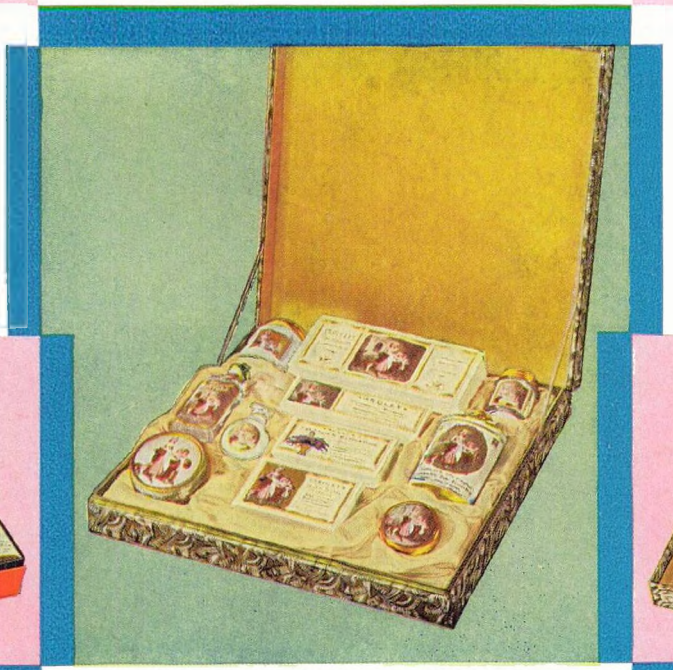
Yardley gifts are the wholly becoming remembrance for gentlefolk to send at Christmas time. Whether you would select a small gift or a more elaborate one, you will find it among these Yardley suggestions. These are luxurious sets for women that contain the soft, clinging face powder—soothing bath salts—fragrant Blossoms for the linen chest or purse—the famous Lavender and the soap favored by social England.

The set for the man may contain the convenient shaving bowl, talcum and a bottle of the refreshing lavender lotion for use after shaving. The prices vary from $1.50 to $12.50 for the sets. Single articles cost from 75c to $12. Your favorite store will have them. Yardley, 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.

ABOVE, *a generous bottle of Yardley's Old English Lavender. Its fragrance seems to hold a delightful "English morning" freshness. The price is $5.*

ABOVE, *the refreshing "Salts and Soap" set. It contains a large bottle of Bath Salts Crystals and one cake of Soap. The price is $1.50.*

BELOW, *"The Gentleman's Package," a fine gift for men. It contains one bowl of Shaving Soap, one bottle of Shaving Lotion and a tin of Talcum Powder. The price is $3.25.*

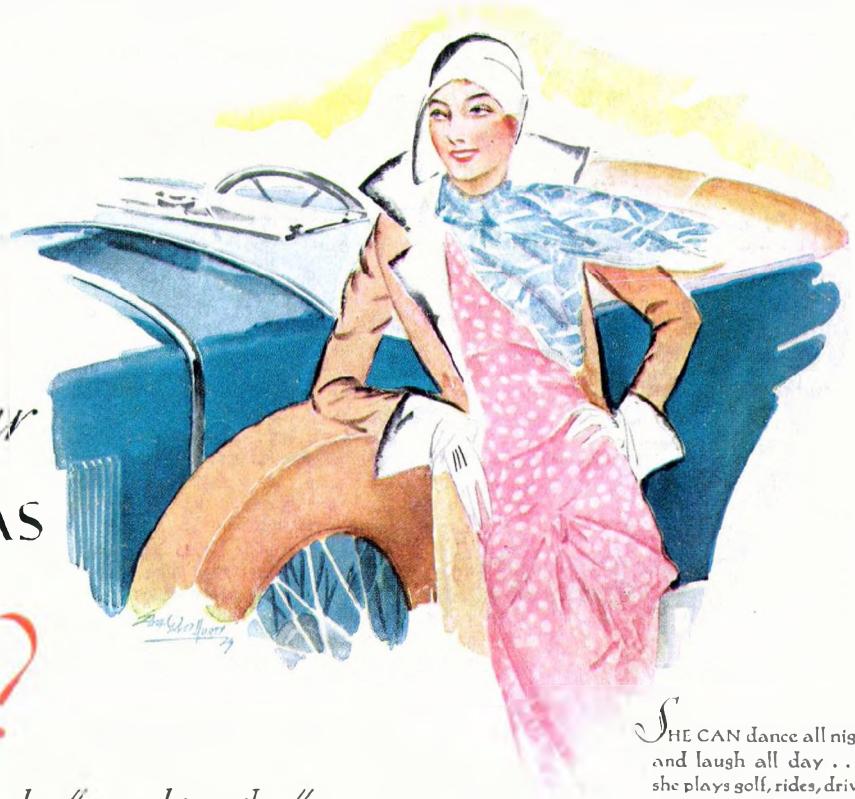


BELOW, *a set for women which contains Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap, Face Powder, Lavender, Compressed Sachet Blossoms and Talcum Powder. The price is $6.50.*

ABOVE, *The Compendium Set, containing the complete Lavender series, Cold Cream, Toilet Soap, Face Cream, Lavender, Shampoo Powder, Talcum Powder, Smelling Salts, Compressed Sachet Blossoms, Face Powder, Bath Salts and Compact. The price is $12.*

Yardley's  English Lavender

Is SHE on your CHRISTMAS LIST ?



SHE CAN dance all night and laugh all day .... she plays golf, rides, drives ... She is startlingly chic, alarmingly sophisticated, disarmingly young ... Behind her wise cracking is a good deal of wisdom — behind her debonair front, the ancient dream of the Prince — who'll come riding in an 8-cylinder roadster!

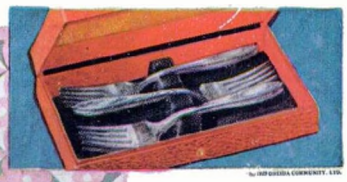
Give her "something silver"
for her "hope chest"
Give her COMMUNITY PLATE

THE BRIDAL CHEST
"Deauville" design illustrated

OR: for a perfectly gorgeous present that she will adore all her life, — could you, would you like, to give her a *complete service* of silverware: knives, forks, spoons serving pieces — in a charming container called the *"Bridal Chest"*? A service of silverware for eight will cost $48.00. For six, $36.50 ... the chest is FREE — really making a second gift, for it's just the sort of thing a young girl likes to keep her gloves in, or her scarves, or odds and ends on her dressing table .... Ask your jeweler to show it to you ...

"Paul Revere" Berry Spoon

PERHAPS, just one lovely thing: this berry spoon, in the *"Paul Revere"* design: (large) $3.50 (small) $3.00.



"Adam" Salad Forks

PERHAPS, a set of salad forks — chic as her clothes — for $7.50 for six. (The design shown is the *"Adam."*)

"Deauville" Dessert Set

OR a "dessert set" — a sugar bowl and creamer — of luminous silverware in the new *"Deauville"* design that is so much talked about ... $10.00.

OR for a gift that epitomizes the brilliant alliance of beauty and use, this double vegetable dish, — in the *"Grosvenor"* design $17.50.

"Grosvenor" Vegetable Dish

YOU CAN MAKE YOUR GIFT SELECTION FROM ANY ONE OF THE DESIGNS ILLUSTRATED

OR this bread or roll tray, in the modern *"Patrician-Moderne"* — the design that so precisely belongs to her generation ... $7.50.

"Patrician-Moderne" Roll Tray

COMMUNITY PLATE

Most Feminine of Gifts

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO