CAN BOMBING SMASH GERMANY IN '44 ? by Raymond Clapper

BEGINNING **A Dramatic Story of Jealousy** BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

Viña Delmar
Eric Hatch
Kathleen Norris
Isabel Moore
Ben Ames Williams
Faith Baldwin

Hearst's International combined with

Cosmopolitan

SEPTEMBER 35¢

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Frances Whiting • Editor

VOL. 115, NO. 3

September 1943

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What's Going On

YOU'RE very interesting people, you two million Cosmopolitan readers. Looking over your shoulder as you read this magazine when you don't know you're being observed, on buses, in trains, on planes and at the newsstand, we learn a lot about you. Whenever one of our staff goes traveling he comes back and tells us who was reading what in the current issue; for example, the man deep in a love story we bought solely for women. We've decided that you like Cosmopolitan because you ARE cosmopolitan, with broad interests, quick appreciation, good taste and a desire to *know*. Right now we suspect that you are tired from summer heat and the strain of work and war and that you want to rest and be entertained. That's why you're reading this magazine. Reading is one of the few restful things left in the world.

Dale Eunson

ALL IN THE FAMILY—*Sinclair Lewis* isn't going to have time for any more fiction until fall, he says, because of a Hollywood assignment. Lucky Hollywood! Then he will do a short story called, "You Seem to Forget." *Kay Brush* says her "Woman About Town" got a little out of hand and is demanding more attention than she can get in a short story. That's all right with us. *Edna Ferber* promises "Grandma Isn't Playing" for October. *Eleanor Mercein* (Kelly) writes from her old Kentucky home that she thinks she has earned a vacation. She has. Her new novel, "School for Wives," is a stunning job. It will be our October book-length novel. *C. S. Forester* isn't resting on his oars after "The Ship." He has just sent us one of the cleverest, most sophisticated short stories we've ever read, the kind you'll read aloud to your friends. Due in October. Remember *Maude Parker* who wrote so brilliantly of the Washington scene while it was still just the Capital of the United States? She has just finished a modern love story, "Made in Heaven" (October Novelette), that will start you guessing who the characters are in real life. *Wilbur Daniel Steele* follows "Her Hand in Marriage" (July issue) with another grand short story, "The Crowning Divorce."

MAY WE PRESENT! Do you remember a story called, "The Private Life of a Hero" (December, 1942)? It was a fine novelette and we were proud of it. Now we present "People Like Us," a new novelette (October) by the same author, who is *Dale Eunson*, an Associate Editor of Cosmopolitan.

Jon Whitcomb's illustration for "No Silver Wings", by Nancy Moore.

He joined our staff last February. Born in the Middle West, Dale was educated and worked first in California. Later, as private secretary to *Ray Long*, former editor of Cosmopolitan, he got a taste of the magazine business, liked it, asked for a job as reader and got that. In his spare time he wrote his first novel, "Homestead." He left Cosmopolitan to free-lance, and did so with conspicuous success in magazines, in motion pictures and most recently in the theater as coauthor of "Guest in the House." With two new plays nearing production, Dale returns to his first love. He wants "the discipline of regular hours and deadlines." "People Like Us" foreshadows, in our opinion, an important career as a novelist if the author prefers that to the theater.

The picture above shows what Dale looks like, but that guileless smile masks a ruthless wit, an uncompromising artistic standard and a deadly determination. Mrs. Eunson is *Katherine Albert*, writer and publicity expert. Their daughter, Joan, is named for a close friend of the family, Joan Crawford. They live in a charming house in Scarborough, New York.

F.L.R.

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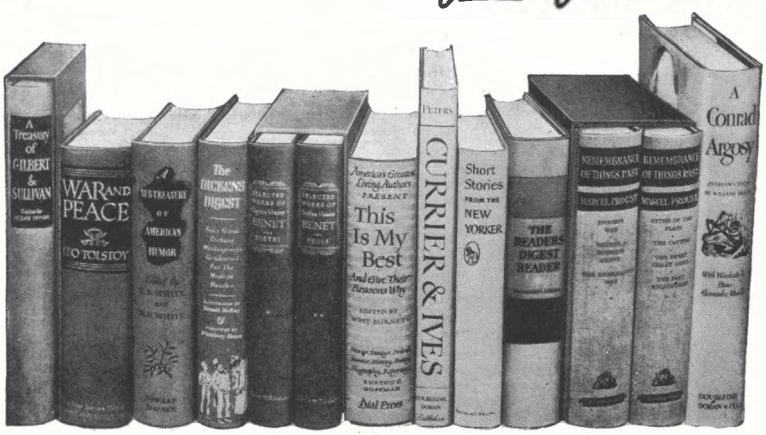

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The Rabbit Who Flunked Mathematics

ONCE a very young rabbit hated arithmetic. His name was George Manship Hoffman, Jr., but everybody knew him as "Manny" and he hated that, too. He was the baby in a family of ninety-seven and got the chicken's neck in every respect. He was not very bright, anyway.

Manny first heard of arithmetic when somebody told him that rabbits were the greatest multipliers on earth. So, when he got to grade school, he expected to be a whiz. He wasn't.

"Dear, dear," his parents would exclaim, looking at his report card. "Another D in Arithmetic, Manny?"

"I can't seem to multiply," Manny would answer miserably. "I just don't get it."

"Never mind," his parents would say in that smug way parents have, "you'll learn soon enough," and once he saw his father wink at his mother.

That didn't bother Manny nearly as much as his poor multiplication marks, for in everything except arithmetic he was very good and even in that he could add, subtract and divide quite nicely.

"Do you think I will ever learn to multiply?" he asked his grade teacher once.

His teacher, who was called Miss Minnie and wore a red wig, cut him off short.

"You're too big a boy to ask foolish questions," she snapped, and Manny's feelings were hurt and he never asked questions again. Instead he burrowed into his studies and developed chronic conjunctivitis and wore glasses. Afternoons and nights, when his brothers and sisters were whooping around the back lots, Manny had his nose stuck in a book.

When Manny was a year old and about to matriculate at college he met a young female rabbit named Jennylou Price from Moultrie, Georgia, and she told him a number of things without his asking.

They were married in their freshman year.

"I'll tell *you* one thing, Jennylou," said Manny earnestly before her first accouchement, "none of that phony stuff for our kids—not even Santa Claus,"

"Darling!" said Jennylou.

BY WARD GREENE

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JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to all men that when she was only four years old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Carruthers to elope with her mother! She drove her father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her! But as a child-bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living—for all his seventy years!

A strange excitement shone in Jenny's eyes whenever she saw pain inflicted—a passion which drove her to do unpredictable things under its impulse. To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature more naked and shameless and merciless than death itself! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father—then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

"Every Woman Is A Wanton"

Yes, she was more than a match for Ephraim, who had once boasted to his friend John Evered that "he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met, and usually found it, too!" Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But the truth was beyond belief—and John, too, fell under her witch-like spell. Who wouldn't—after he had spent a winter's night under a haystack with her?

But John was different, Jenny loved him and their four sons—until she deceived even him with pious Elder Pittridge, to whom she whispered, "You're really good, aren't you? I like making you do things you think are wicked. It torments you so."

In *The Strange Woman* you'll meet an utterly amazing human character at the heart of a rich, gaudy, full-bodied novel—and a character you'll long remember!

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Ethel Barrymore

THE COSMOPOLITE OF THE MONTH

BY

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THERE IS no way to separate Ethel Barrymore, the woman, from Ethel Barrymore, the actress. Not any more. They have fused into one, so that those who see her in the theater receive the fire of her victorious womanhood and those who know her offstage see realities glow under the magnetism and power of her technique as an actress, which has become second nature to her.

Perhaps that's why Ethel Barrymore, in her sixties, after some dark years, is once more queen of the American stage.

Not so long ago Miss Barrymore and I were both house guests in Washington. In a famed upstairs sitting room there was the usual diversified group, including a former Cabinet member, a governor of a great state and a young and slightly nervous marine.

When the night grew late, Miss Barrymore rose and said she was going to bed. She had reached the door when the young marine sprang to his feet and followed her. In a voice that shook a little he said, "Miss Barrymore, I'm just a private in the Marine Corps and you're the greatest actress in the world. But—could I kiss you good night?"

Ethel turned in the doorway. She opened her arms, took the boy into them and kissed him. Then she held him away, looked into his scarlet young face for a long moment, said, "God bless you," and went away.

That's all there was, there wasn't any more, and I suppose any of us would have done the same. Yet I saw tears in everybody's eyes.

Because, you see, none of us except Ethel Barrymore could have done it that way. None of us could have put into the first little smile the sweet and pleased amusement that was so flattering to the young marine; none of us could have put into that long look the whole story of all the Marine Corps means to America, so that behind the boy you saw Wake Island and Guadalcanal and were conscious of her salute to this boy who would soon be fighting for us too. None of us could have put into "God bless you" the stream of golden benediction which he could carry with him into foxholes and onto battlefields. Nor could any of us have made that swift and graceful exit.

Yet it was all natural, simple; she felt those things. Perhaps she felt them all the more vividly because emotion and imagination are her business. Her sincerity was obvious and very touching; it made you poignantly aware that she has two sons in uniform.

Vandamm

Ethel as Miss Moffat in "The Corn Is Green."

What I am trying to get at is that the mother of soldiers, the woman of great heart, had the vast advantage because she knew how to put it over. Somebody once said, "An actress is just a little more than a woman." It isn't always true, but it is true of Ethel Barrymore now.

When I saw "The Corn Is Green" for the third time, the coal strike was on. After the curtain had fallen upon the last act of that play about the coal miners in Wales, that last act in which I, at least, feel Ethel Barrymore does a scene never topped by any other American actress, I went backstage.

"I wish you could talk to our coal miners," I said, and was surprised to hear myself say it.

"I wish I could," Ethel Barrymore said simply.

"What would you say to them?" I asked.

She smiled, and all the witchery of the woman exploded at me. She said, "I wouldn't know until I saw their faces. There are always the right words that should be said, but they must come from the heart; you must dare to speak directly and spontaneously in such a moment. But I should have gone to them, met them face to face, not spoken to them over any radio. I have played this play for three years and I have thought and read a lot about coal miners. Their life is hard. But they are men. There was a truth somewhere that should have been said to them, but it would have had to be a truth that took in their own special confusion and circumstances, not any vast generalities."

The magic was in her voice now, and for a moment I was almost painfully conscious of her heritage. The picturesque gypsy ancestors who roamed England with minstrelsy in the days of the Merry Monarch, Charles the Second. Her grandmother, that incredible Louisa Lane, star of the theater for seventy-five years, no less. Her father Maurice Barrymore, the handsomest man who ever trod the boards in New York, so old-timers tell you, and a dashing and daring wit to boot. The suave John Drew, genius of the art of true comedy, and Georgie Drew his sister, mother of Ethel and John and Lionel.

Ethel Barrymore (*Cont. on page 12*)

Short Cuts to Social Success

by BOB HOPE

1. There are a dozen ways to be a social success . . . looks, clothes, money, brains, money, personality, family, money, youth, beauty, and your own checking account. Me, I became a social success by putting on a big front . . . well, I didn't exactly put it on . . . I took my girdle off.

2. First, dress carefully to make the best impression. I never wear anything beyond ten days—I tire of things quickly, also that's when the free trial offer is up. Of course, if you really want to have something after ten days' trial, try Pepsodent. You'll have a bright smile that nobody can take away from you.

3. Next, always be friendly. Unless you're leaving town anyway, never greet a stranger by saying, "Well, what d'ya hear from your Draft Board?" Instead, give him something pleasant to think about, like..."Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium. It's the special film-removing tooth paste."

4. Learn to dance. I know what it is to be a wallflower. In fact, I once sat in a corner so long I had clinging ivy growing up both legs. Clinging ivy is bad enough. But film clinging to teeth is worse. It dulls your teeth and dims your smile. But Pepsodent with Irium sure gets rid of film in a hurry.

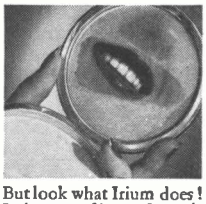
5. Above all, watch your manners. For example...when you drink tea, extend your finger. This is not only polite, but in case anybody tries to steal your sugar, you can poke 'em in the eye. Otherwise, never point . . . unless it's to show how Pepsodent, the film-removing tooth paste, keeps teeth bright.

Only Pepsodent contains Irium

How PEPSODENT with IRIUM uncovers brighter teeth

Film on teeth collects stains, makes teeth look dingy—hides the true brightness of your smile.

This film-coated mirror illustrates how smiles look when commonplace methods don't clean film away.



But look what Irium does! It loosens film—floats it away, leaves the surface clean and bright.

That's how Pepsodent with Irium uncovers the natural brightness of your smile . . . safely, gently.

Eyes Front!

Pretty tough for the Coast Guard these days. They never know what they're going to run into. Here's one of the boys in a terrible spot. He doesn't know if he's patrolling the beaches or the peaches. All he knows is that he's outnumbered, outsmarted and completely disarmed. Better surrender, Mister; you haven't got a chance!

BY Cadwey

(Continued from page 8)

is one of the very few women who have had everything and come through on the other side. Everything. Good and bad. Happiness and sorrow. Triumph and disaster. Joy and pain. So few of us have had that.

Her face has been molded by the years, its beauty has been wrought by the years. You do not think whether she is old or young, because long ago she exchanged the process of growing older for the merits of experience and the enthusiasm of living. The strange eyes set in after the Greek fashion are courageous, though you feel that she has looked often upon fear, as every mother must, and has learned that faith alone can be the antidote for fear. Proud, almost arrogant, the way she holds her head, but it doesn't shock you as arrogance so often does, because you can see so plainly that it is an unbowed head and that often enough life has attempted to beat it down. The mouth is sensitive and humorous, and very clever. Oh, a very clever woman, but she does not consider being clever very important any more. There is something lazy about the shape of her face, lazy and yet tireless, and the signs of a high quick temper are plain to see. But the brow is broad and serene. I would paint in the lines that are there because she dived very deep for them and the serenity behind them now is triumph over pain and loss and tragedy and failures and too much and too little of everything a woman can know.

Press Association

Lionel, John and Ethel with John's son, John Blythe Barrymore.

But the thing that would set you singing inside yourself is that growing older is no longer frightening, it is a magnificent business: the temptations and fevers of youth have gone and left the truth to be lived.

We talked about Lionel—and Jack. Ethel loved her little brother very, very much. It was Ethel who first suggested to him that he do Hamlet; Ethel who worked with him, laughed with him, challenged him on it. The Barrymore wit had always sparkled between them. I I think it was Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley who once said, when Ethel was very ill and unable to play, "No need to worry about Ethel. Jack and Lionel will always take good care of Ethel on the money Ethel gives Jack and Lionel." Actually, they were always incredibly close and I had a sudden feeling that Ethel's pride must have writhed many a time in Jack's last years, or when she listened to him on the radio.

Perhaps she read my thought, because she said, "Going through life without a sense of humor is simply running on the rim. If you let life teach you that . . ." and she grinned at me, eyebrows twisted in the famous Barrymore fashion.

I said, "You haven't missed anything in life, have you?" And the smile got deeper, almost impish, and she said, "I haven't, at that, have I?"

Sometimes nowadays you cannot help knowing that trouble might come to you. Real trouble. Your faith for a moment wears thin and you think of things that might happen; they peep through at you in spite of yourself. I hit one of those the other night and I thought: If anything very bad happened to me, whom would I want to see quickly?

Watching her, I thought that anybody, including myself, would be lucky if it was Ethel Barrymore. And as we sat there talking about politics, on which she is so alert and well-informed; about the morale of the country, which she found so high and strong on her recent record-breaking tour all over the nation; about her boys and mine, her daughter and mine, I wanted to ask her if she had a secret. If she had learned any one thing in her full and crowded years that had brought her to her present strength.

I became deeply aware that for once in my life I was actually looking at a woman who had had everything. From the day when she was born in her grandmother's house in Philadelphia. "Mama always had to go back to Grandma's house because Grandma wouldn't let us be born anywhere else," said Ethel. The Convent of Notre Dame where she decided to be a musician—but Grandmother Louisa Lane wouldn't have that; she proposed to have no abdications in her Royal Family and at fourteen Ethel was in her grandmother's company playing Shakespeare. At twenty a Frohman star in "Captain Jinks"—I remember her so well in that, the tall, beautiful, arrogant girl with the sensitive smile, the never-equaled husky voice, the inimitable walk—though every girl in America tried hard enough to imitate it.

Why, I remember when Ethel Barrymore was the most courted girl in America—and what suitors she had! I remember headline rumors of her engagement to Sir Gerald du Maurier, to the Duke of Manchester, the Earl of Ava, Laurence Irving, Anthony Hope. I remember when she went to a garden party at the special request of Queen Victoria and was introduced to and danced with the Prince of Wales who became Edward VII. And how at one time it was whispered that she was being pursued by the young hero of England, just escaped from Pretoria in the Boer War, Captain Winston Churchill.

That friendship has gone on ever since. And the correspondence to keep it alive. So that when the Prime Minister made his first speech to Congress and received a wire of congratulations from John and Lionel, he wired back: "Thank you very much but where, oh, where is Ethel?"

Painted by Sargent, feted and courted, the inspiration and Egeria of men whose names today are history in the arts and politics and publishing—all that she knows.

But tragedy, too.

Russell Colt was a great catch when she married him over thirty years ago. Of the great Colt family, he had prestige, position, money, and in his dark exciting way he was very handsome. She married him for love; there can be no doubt about that. Because though he might have seemed a great catch to others, he wasn't by any means the best chance Ethel Barrymore had.

"I think he was the only man Ethel ever really loved," her brother Jack told me once.

They lived together a good many years, during the great successes of "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," "Déclassée," "Mid-Channel" and "The Twelve-Pound Look" (written for her by Sir James Barrie). It was a marriage of great love but never a happy one. It ended in a tragic divorce.

Dark years came. Years of failure, of

sheer disaster, when everything she did went wrong. Like all the Barrymores, she had no sense of any kind about money, which should grow on trees. Her plays failed. There was an ill-starred performance as Juliet, a disastrous tour with "The School for Scandal," and the controversial "Scarlet Sister Mary."

So there were suits for bills, bitter humiliations in ridiculous stories in the newspapers, the tragedy of Jack's marriages, and Lionel's ill health—and her own.

My canvas is too small here to paint for you the gallantry and the humor and sometimes the rage with which she met these things.

I suppose it hardly seemed possible that our Ethel Barrymore was facing bill collectors just like the rest of us, fighting in court to get money due from the Colt estate to educate her boys, and playing to empty houses. But those things were pretty bad, no matter how she gilded them with her own courage and gaiety.

So she went into exile, like many a queen before her. And came back. Came back to greater triumph than she had ever known as the old lady in "Whiteoaks," as the schoolteacher of "The Corn Is Green," until now she sits once more firmly upon her throne.

There is something very heartening about the most sensational comeback the stage has ever seen. Made at an age when so many women give up and make no further effort. There is something that gives you a lump in your throat when you see the crowds packing into her theater in every city in America and standing up at the end to cheer her glorious art. It gives you courage. We need courage—lots of it.

I asked her if she could give me the reason for it all, the one thing she had learned, the—well, the simplest rule of her own philosophy worked out through such a life.

"I'm not much good at that," Ethel Barrymore said, almost shyly. "I—I don't think in those terms, exactly. But I'll try. You must learn above all not to waste your soul and your energy and your brain and strength upon all the little things. It takes a long time because gnats are annoying.

"You must learn day by day, year by year, to broaden your horizon. The more things you love, the more you are interested in, the more you enjoy, the more you are indignant about—the more you have left when anything happens."

She was silent a moment and I knew she had forgotten me altogether.

"I suppose the greatest thing in the world is loving people and—and wanting to destroy the sin but not the sinner. And not to forget that when life knocks you to your knees, which it always does and always will—well, that's the best position in which to pray, isn't it? On your knees. That's where I learned."

Then, being Ethel Barrymore, she twinkled suddenly and said, "You grow up the day you have your first real laugh—at yourself. Sometimes it takes a while, but you have to keep trying."

I thought we could leave it at that.

This fall you will have an opportunity to contribute to all relief and service organizations through a single unit—THE NATIONAL WAR FUND. It deserves the support of every American

You can be happy again

A gentle, wise and workable formula to help the many who now are facing the tragedy of seemingly hopeless sorrow . . . . . .

BY HELEN VAN PELT WILSON

TODAY I visited an old friend whose only son was killed in the Coral Sea. I found my once gay companion deprived of her very reason for existence. Aged ten years in these thirteen months, she talked of nothing but her boy. The business she developed after her husband's death for the child's education is going to pieces because she no longer has an interest in it.

It is the same with the little bride I threw rice on last year. Her young radiance went out like a spent electric bulb when word came that "victorious combat in the air" had claimed her husband in Tunisia. Her parents fear for her reason when they find her staring into space, her hands as inactive as her will to live.

These are but two of the multitudes of suffering women today. In subway trains and in railway stations I see women wiping away furtive tears when the set of a soldier's uniform or a tall aviator's sudden smile calls forth some too poignant remembrance.

I know from my own bitter struggle with grief exactly what these bereaved wives, sweethearts, sisters and mothers are enduring. Even today, years later, I taste anguish when I remember the night my small son was taken and that second anniversary of his death when sudden tragedy claimed my sister. And because I understand the nature of sorrow and know the less hard way—there is no easy way—back to a sane, useful, even a happy life, I am eager to share this knowledge. To come to the brink of despair, to consider suicide, to lose health, as I once did, is truly unnecessary.

It was a wise physician who taught me how to deal intelligently with grief. He explained that the physical side of grief is lowered body tone due to the poor functioning of the glands which normally pour enlivening enzymes into the blood stream but which in times of grief actually release depressing secretions.

I was forced to admit that grieving is essentially selfish. A woman who must turn from her husband's grave to cooking and washing for several young children suffers far less than the wealthy widow whose only responsibility is settling an estate. Yet these engrossed women are not less loving nor less sensitive. *They simply have little time for sorrow, being forced to immediate activity for others.*

I discovered also why bereavement seemed so much more endurable for the men of the family who are required to turn from grief to business. It is women who pack up the clothes, give away the toys, rearrange the room, and in the midst of it all, somehow reconcile themselves.

I began to observe how different women met grief. I watched two mothers bereft of only children. One became unbalanced and is now in a sanitarium. The other glows with an inner light of goodness and comprehension. Refusing to be eternally preoccupied by the dead, she adopted twins twelve weeks old. Their care immediately filled her empty days.

These experiences suggest a program which *has proved* as practical a cure for sorrow as the sulfa drugs for pneumonia. I offer it humbly, knowing how very hard it is for a woman bruised and beaten by grief to exert herself positively toward a new way of life.

1. Begin by consulting a doctor who will prescribe for your daily lassitude and nightly insomnia. A nerve specialist I know believes that when bedtime hot milk fails, the controlled use of drugs is wise. "Certain soporific drugs are no more habit-forming than ham and eggs for breakfast," he declares, "and when competently prescribed insure the rest essential for those whose days are trying enough without the additional burden of sleepless nights."

Since for months I was dependent upon his prescriptions, I can vouch for the relief they gave. This same physician also suggests, for women little used to alcoholic drinks, a cocktail or highball before dinner to relax them and stimulate appetite.

2. Plan a busy hour-by-hour schedule for yourself. In wartime this is easily arranged. One young woman widowed at Pearl Harbor is comforted by working with the Interceptor Command. A mother bereaved by Dieppe runs a Soldiers' Convalescent Visiting Service.

Exercise is the most important aspect of any program. Start up a brisk circulation by walking for at least one half-hour morning and afternoon. This will *immediately* check the paralyzing inertia of grief. Have objectives at the post office or library. Find a companion, or if your friends are busy, get a dog.

For me gardening did the most of all. It is such a *real* kind of exercise with purposes of its own; the time spent staking tomatoes is such a rewarding kind of activity. And the sun and air are as comforting to the spirit as to the body. I came to know that peace which unexpectedly descends as one works with the eternal mysteries of seed and soil. And in my garden I often had a sense of man's insignificance. Being put in my tiny human place diminished grief because it diminished me.

At my doctor's insistence, I also tried a handicraft. Following the intricate directions of a sweater pattern, I could not brood. He considers painting much better, however, and says, "It is the most demanding, take-you-out-of-yourself pursuit I have discovered."

3. Strive to discipline your mind toward positive rather than destructive attitudes. It is not easy, and you may not wish to be hopeful. Perhaps a spectacular loss has brought you attention. Perhaps by exciting pity it has given you a hold over others. Such sufferers would rather continue to sorrow.

You who would rehabilitate your thinking, however, must accept what those experienced in grief know well—*time does heal.* Grief, not fed on mournful remembrance, will eventually die from malnutrition. The important thing is to lead an active life.

Some stiff mental work also helps. I forced myself to memorize a great deal of difficult poetry. I learned the Kings of England and their dates. They did me a lot of good!

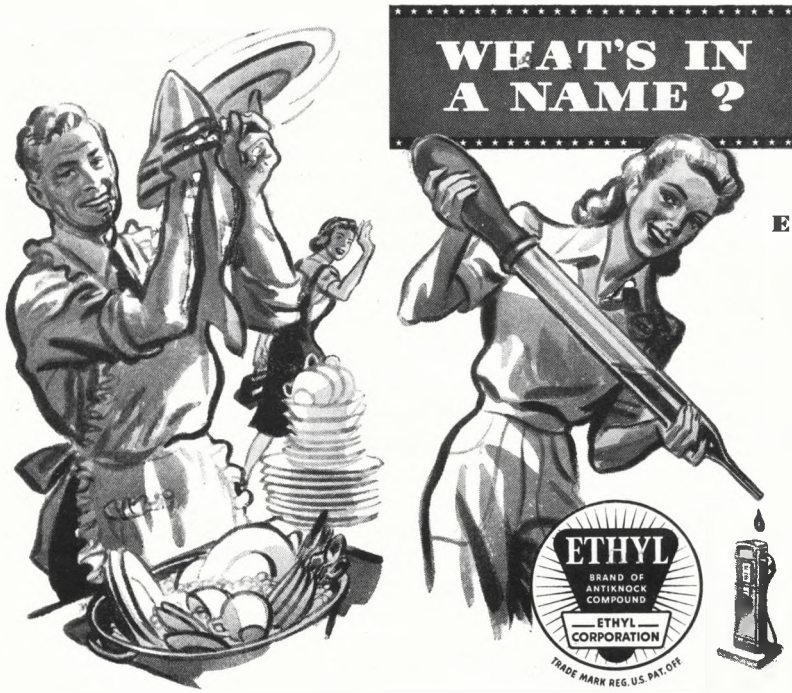
All of this requires patience. If your arm were amputated, you would not get along easily without it for a long time. It is the same when you try to make a livable world again without the person you loved most in it.

4. Avoid making a shrine of grief with black clothes, photographs and mementos. Put away the pipe rack, the college banners, the old electric trains. This is not disloyal to the dead. You will not forget them but only conserve your strength for the living. Give up morbid cemetery visiting which sears the heart and deters recovery. Make anniversaries easier by planning (*Continued on p. 139*)

PENELOPE *says:* "My name means *industrious; a good wife,* and I find factory work no harder than housework. If you can run a sewing machine or vacuum cleaner, you should be able to learn to run a factory machine."

THADDEUS *says:* "My name means *praise* which I have for the women in factories. But women are needed just as much to replace men as bus drivers, hotel and store clerks, ticket takers, teachers and other jobs."

VERNA *says:* "My name means *youthful,* and that's how I feel since I took a job with a food company. Uncle Sam wants two million more women to replace men in essential civilian jobs."



ETHYL *says:* "My name is the *trade mark* name of a fluid that is helping America's armies travel faster by truck, jeep and car. It is Ethyl fluid, which today oil companies put into all their high-octane fighting gasoline to prevent knock and to step up power.

"After the war my trade mark name and emblem will be your guide to better gasoline than you've ever had before . . . and to best performance from the automobiles of the future.

"Remember this when occasionally your service station may be unable to supply you from the pump marked 'Ethyl.' Remember, too, that Ethyl fluid is made only by the Ethyl Corporation."

ADRIAN *says:* "My name means *manly,* and there's nothing unmanly in wartime about letting your wife work. Mine works as a clerk, and at night when we come home I help her with the housework."

FREE BOOKLET TELLS WHAT YOUR NAME MEANS

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free — no obligation — just mail coupon.

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Room 3505, Chrysler Building, New York, N.Y.
Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

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THE COSMOPOLITAN Family Quiz

FATHER

1. What is Olympus?
2. How many degrees are there in a circle?
3. Who was the only President of the U. S. to serve two terms not in succession?
4. What is a light-year?
5. Why do sunspots look dark?
6. Who is the only President buried in Arlington National Cemetery?
7. The drug quinine is obtained from: (*a*) a plant, (*b*) Peruvian bark, (*c*) roots, (*d*) the quince tree?
8. What will "win the war and write the peace"?
9. Why does the Suez Canal, connecting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, have no locks?
10. When was the use of aircraft as troop carriers first advocated?
11. What are the three major ingredients of ordinary glass?
12. Amatol is: (*a*) a paint, (*b*) an explosive, (*c*) a dehydrated foodstuff, (*d*) a medicine?

(*Answers on page 131*)

MOTHER

1. Name three great composers whose names begin with the letter *B*.
2. How can you distinguish whether blood is coming from a vein or an artery?
3. What country was almost ruined by a pair of rabbits?
4. How can you make a new broom last longer?
5. One meaning of corduroy is a kind of coarse cotton cloth. Can you give another?
6. The average human pulse is: (*a*) 62, (*b*) 72, (*c*) 82?
7. From what is cinnamon obtained?
8. The opera "Aïda" was composed by: (*a*) Massenet, (*b*) Mozart, (*c*) Verdi?
9. Finish the phrase with a kind of food: Brussels ——. Irish ——. Concord ——.
10. The male of what small fish bears the young?
11. Is the custom of shifting the fork from the left hand to the right when eating purely American?
12. What throne has had no male heir for 60 years?

(*Answers on page 122*)

BROTHER

1. What city was the original capital of the Confederate States of America?
2. What is a fresco?
3. What does a sailor mean by the "doldrums"?
4. What is another name for the Martin B-26 airplane?
5. Name the most useful of all metals.
6. What city is the "Pittsburgh of Europe"?
7. Can you name the three islands on which Napoleon Bonaparte lived?
8. What is the latest national shrine in Washington, D. C.?
9. Of what is candlepower the measure?
10. "What hath God wrought" was the first message to be sent over: (*a*) the telegraph, (*b*) telephone, (*c*) wireless?
11. In what song is the following line: "We live in fame or go down in flame"?
12. How and in what country did the military khaki originate?

(*Answers on page 118*)

SISTER

1. Do any two 30-day months come together on the calendar?
2. What is the meaning of the word "eureka"?
3. What is an abacus?
4. Is talcum powder vegetable, animal or mineral?
5. What is aelurophobia?
6. Is your funny bone really a bone?
7. How did the states of North and South Carolina and Virginia get their names?
8. What state contains the first national park, the first national monument and the first national forest?
9. Who was the youngest President of the U. S.? What was his age when he took office?
10. Which state capital is the name of a mythical bird?
11. Does a minister, a doctor or a lawyer take the Hippocratic Oath?
12. In "Gulliver's Travels," what is Gulliver's first name?

(*Answers on page 146*)

We will pay $2 for each original question submitted which the Editors find acceptable. Please give the source or proof of your answer. All questions submitted will become the property of Cosmopolitan. Address FAMILY QUIZ, Cosmopolitan, 959 —8th Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

THOUGH MANY a cake of ice has come and gone since this advertisement first appeared, 3 years ago, it's *still* a grand way to suggest to you how downright cool and refreshing a whiskey-and-ice-and-soda can be on a warm midsummer afternoon. What matchless flavor and smoothness will be yours to enjoy—*if the whiskey you use is Four Roses!* Just try it and see!

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Four Roses, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can get More Beautiful Skin in 14 Days!

PALMOLIVE BEAUTY PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what Palmolive's Proved New Beauty Plan did for Dorothy Garfield of Boston, Mass.

"My complexion had lost its come-hither. So I said 'yes' quick when invited to try Palmolive's New 14-Day Beauty Plan—along with 1284 other women! My group reported to a Boston skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the plan to use *at home* for 14 days.

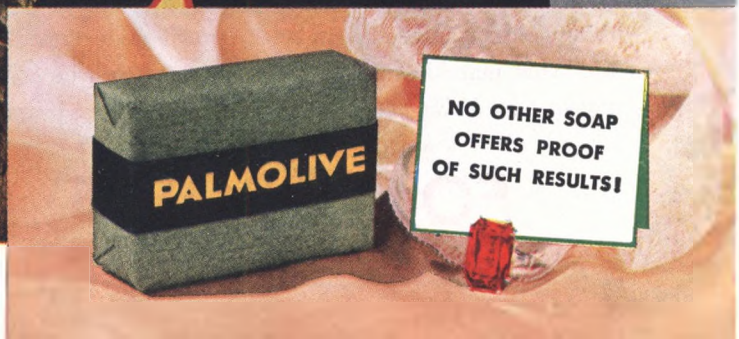
"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then, each time, into your clean face, massage that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather for a full 60 seconds . . . just like a cream. This way you extract the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather. Then rinse carefully and dry. That's all!

"After 14 days, I went back to the doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My complexion was smoother, brighter, *clearer!* Later I learned these and other skin improvements had been observed by *all* the 36 examining doctors. In fact, the final report showed 2 out of 3 women got see-able, feel-able results. Palmolive's my beauty soap now!"

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 Days!

- **Brighter, cleaner skin**
- **Finer texture**
- **Fewer blemishes**
- **Less dryness**
- **Less oiliness**
- **Softer, smoother skin**
- **Better tone**
- **Fresher, clearer color**

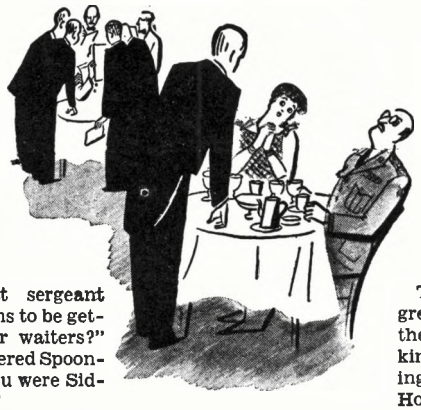
This list comes right from the reports of the 36 examining doctors! Their records show that 2 out of 3 of the women who pretested the Palmolive Plan for you, got many of these improvements in 14 days! Now it's *your* turn! Start this new *proved* way of using Palmolive tonight. In 14 days, look for fresher, clearer, *lovelier* skin!



What's New *in Celebrities*

BY LOUIS SOBOL

Drawings by Roger Duvoisin



A sergeant can get more service than a general if his name happens to be Sidney Kingsley.

IF YOU get your name in the papers without paying, if people turn in your direction when you enter a restaurant, the indications are you're a celebrity.

There are, of course, many types of celebrities. Let me illustrate.

In tribute to a mild-mannered chap named Harry James, adolescents recently milled eight deep in a quivering queue extending a block around the Paramount Theater on Broadway and 43rd Street.

In a plush saloon known as the Riobamba, a frail young man named Frank Sinatra chanted softly of love and frustration. His tuneful moans aroused decidedly turbulent emotions in high-school girls, brides, mothers, grandmothers and moppets. The Moonlight Sinatra mania has spread until it is endemic.

In "21" sat a tall, good-looking youngster in a Marine Corps uniform. His wings advertised his status as a flier.

No one made a fuss about the boy with the crew haircut. Yet he was Joseph Jacob Foss, America's Ace of Aces. He had knocked twenty-six Jap Zeros and their pilot fighters out of the skies in the South Pacific.

The cinema industry offered this year at least one personality to capture the nation's fancy: a tiny, snub-nosed, freckle-pussed towhead named Jackie Jenkins, five-year-old son of actress Doris Dudley. As the inquisitive, lovable brat Ulysses in William Saroyan's document of small-town life, "The Human Comedy," Jackie stole the picture from that veteran adolescent, Mickey Rooney.

Incidentally, Saroyan, though now cloaked in uniform, draws more attention in public places than the generals or colonels who outrank him. Which brings to mind a Stork Club incident. A certain brigadier general, sitting with his wife, summoned genial Jack Spooner and rasped, "If I changed into a sergeant's uniform could I get just a little of the attention that sergeant over there seems to be getting from your waiters?"

"Sure," answered Spooner easily, "if you were Sidney Kingsley."

"Oh, dear," chirped the general's wife, "is *that* the man who wrote 'The Patriots'? I'd love to meet him"—and to the general's dismay she fluttered over to the lowly sergeant to shake hands with him. A few days later Kingsley's play won the Drama Critics' award as the best play of the year.

The playwright of the year probably would be Joseph Fields, son of the late comedian, Lew Fields. Early in January, he boasted the rare distinction of being billed as author or coauthor of Broadway's three most successful plays: "My Sister Eileen," "Junior Miss" and "The Doughgirls." Everyone thought up the original phrase, "Field Day on Broadway."

In any national emergency, various new personalities come under the spotlight. At this writing, for instance, James Francis Byrnes is director of the Office of War Mobilization. Mr. Byrnes was a minor celebrity two years ago when he was Senator from South Carolina. He rose a notch or two when he became an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Now he is the most powerful man in the United States, next to the President himself.

Sometimes a celebrity may not tug a nod from a headwaiter but the cheers ring out, nevertheless. I have in mind one of the great race horses of all time, Count Fleet, Mrs. John D. Hertz's skinny, brown three-year-old. Count Fleet has accomplished what no other horse in the history of racing can boast: he won the five Spring Specials—the Wood Memorial, Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Withers and Belmont.

The youngsters had a great season. In addition to the precocious Jackie Jenkins, there was that amazing twelve-year-old, Skippy Homeier, portraying a particularly obnoxious Nazi import in a play called, "Tomorrow the World." Young Homeier, recruited from radio, was quite the most disliked among the more vicious stage characters.

The ballet came through with a new darling, Agnes de Mille—a frail, capable young woman whose strikingly original choreographic numbers in "Oklahoma!" and in the Ballet Russe have both the balletomaniacs and the conservative masters roaring hurrahs. A niece of Cecil B. DeMille, she has done much to stimulate interest in the American ballet.

A sweet-faced girl who became a celebrity overnight is Lillian Raymondi, the new Metropolitan Opera star who tugged the ecstatic cheers of the critics. The twenty-year-old Lillian comes from Scranton, Pennsylvania, where her father is a baker. Miss Raymondi confesses she suffered none of the heartbreak of disappointments and rejections before her debut at the Met. It was a case of luck, she claims—but the critics and the operagoing customers are hailing her as another Galli-Curci.

Count Fleet

But most of the fine ladies and gentlemen who have been discussed in this piece must take a rear seat—and will do so willingly, it's our guess—when we bring up the names of the Eisenhowers, MacArthurs, Chennaults, Doolittles, Rickenbackers, Bulkeleys, Joe Fosses. To my mind, they are the true celebrities.

Eisenhower **MacArthur** **Chennault** **Doolittle** **Foss** **Rickenbacker** **Bulkeley**

Introducing

a woman destined to be famous

in American literature:

Alpha Orchard, the wife who wrecked her marriage

and embarrassed her friends

because she was jealous

Green Eyes

A HANDBOOK OF JEALOUSY

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

WE DON'T see much of desperately romantic love in a Midwestern city like Cornucopia. Once in a while we hear of a farm hand out in the wheat country who expresses his appreciation of some average young lady by chopping her into little segments. We are still talking about the comely widow who really was one of our own set, but up and married a husky portrait painter twenty years her junior. But mostly our boys and girls go to public school and the State University together, and know too much about each other to sit down and howl at the moon.

She knows that he is scared of skidding on winter pavements, and that in a bathing suit he looks like a skinned cat; and *he* knows that she has a corn on her left foot, that she thinks it is perfectly sensible to wear a mink jacket and no stockings on the street when it's below zero, and that she can beat him at tennis, and does so, often and jeeringly. So they get married with no especial surprise, and their tenderest conversation is as likely to be about garbage incinerators as about kisses and blisses.

That does seem to make marriages last, and if he ever flirts with a redhead at a party, he still goes home to his wife—and she doesn't throw anything at him except a few words comparing him to the more familiar domestic animals, all in good furious fun and no bones or marriage bonds broken.

Yet right here on Agency Hill in Cornucopia, the most respectable social set west of Worcester, Mass., we did have a real Othello affair, and the Othello was female—Alpha Keyes Or-

Everybody made a great fuss over Alpha at the welcoming party. "I do hope you'll all like me!" she cried. "I love you all!"

chard, the handsome young wife of Mr. Wade T. Orchard's bosom. This lady was as great a blue-eyed darling and as active a hellcat as I have encountered in thirty-five years of medical practice.

Wade Orchard was one of our own boys, born right here, on Trojan Road, just under Agency Hill, somewhere around 1902 or 1903. He went to Rexford School and then to Amherst, and came home to sell real estate in his father's firm. He was sound on tennis, sailing, and duck hunting, and he could do three funny stories in Swedish dialect. You see—a reasonable and civilized fellow. And yet he married a girl from the East—Indiana—and brought that female hand-grenade home to blow us up.

He had met her at an Amherst dance, and for two years before he finally imported her, he raved to us about her big blue eyes and golden hair, and he claimed for her an almost preposterous amount of innocent humor. We looked at her photographs and heard him read fairly dumb sentences from her letters, and probably eighty-seven per cent of us were aware that Wade got a special delivery letter from her every other day.

He went East and married her and brought her home, and Rex and May Wetheral gave a cocktail party for the Happy Couple, and hanged if the new Alpha Orchard wasn't every lovely thing that he had claimed for her.

A Dutch doll, but one made of amber and gold lace and mercury, mixed with some dark witch's brew inside her.

The welcoming party was out at the Lake Sunset Yacht Club, on the huge second-story porch with its rustic log railing, looking on the hilly islands of pine and silver birch against the shining water. The afternoon had that curious lightness and candid blueness that you find only in the Northern Middlewest (or, I suppose, in any other place that you have loved and lived in all your life).

I thought, forgetting that after all I was a doctor along in middle age and not a college poet, that no newly married princess in a glass coach had such a welcome as Alpha Orchard.

Alpha cried, and very sweetly, "I do hope you'll all like me! I love you all!"

That well-intentioned young female chump, Freda Erlwein, screamed, "We're all jealous of you."

I thought Alpha looked strange at the word "jealous"; I thought she had heard it before. Freda was yapping, "We all been in love with Wade, one time and another. Come on, everybody, kiss Wade—all the women, I mean."

It was silly, but well-meant and neighborly. Some dozen girls and young married women turned from Alpha for a moment and hugged poor Wade. But I looked at Alpha and saw something as dismaying as prussic-acid poisoning.

She turned from a blue and gold Dutch doll to a gaping demon. She was staring at those decent women as if she hated them, and her pale eyes seemed dark and interestingly close to insane.

Wade evidently expected something unfortunate. He rubbed off a large enthusiastic kiss slapped onto him by Freda Erlwein, elbowed through his harem to Alpha, smiled foolishly, and roared, "What you girls trying to do? Get me in trouble? Want to make Alpha jealous?"

"Alpha" and "jealous"—those two words were to go together for years.

Freda chanted, "Oh, lookit, she *is* jealous!"

Wade bumbled, and I swear the young jackass was proud of it, "Sure! She's the most jealous girl in the country!"

He kissed Alpha lavishly, and it was plain that she liked the idea of being considered something special in the way of jealousy.

"Yes, I *am* jealous!" snapped Alpha. "And I don't care."

My guess was that his inane pride in her jealousy came from the fact that, though he was a good kid, his charms had never been so great that any multitude of girls had gone hysterical about him.

Wait! Remember they had been married for only two and a half weeks. You'll have to take my professional diagnosis for it that Wade was normally an unsentimental fellow with a good eye for small-mouth bass or a bid in spades or selling a "small C. Cod ctge, all conv., adj. bus line, easy trms." Even though he did solemnly read newspaper editorials and then quote them to you at lunch at the club as his own opinions. We thought that he ought to know something about his own wife, and we stood there looking at her when we ought to have been sending for the psychiatric ambulance immediately.

A few of us were embarrassed, but Freda yipped, "We're going to call her Green Eyes, from now on."

So Alpha, merely having been accused of a little paranoia and potential homicide, giggled at her own rare powers of jealousy.

We giggled with her and the party broke up in high spirits.

I believe that in their honeymoon weeks, at home, Wade and Alpha played prettily at the game of jealousy. She would pretend that he was always receiving mushy letters from debutantes, and work herself up into a pretended rage that became half real. Yes, it was a game, but it went on and on, and as an alibi for what Alpha was later to become, it must be said that the fatuous Wade never warned her nor discouraged the game, and he even told us about it.

I knew them as only a family doctor—or a family hired girl—can know people. They have both given me their versions of the truth, and all their friends have given me, perhaps, just a little more than the truth, and here is the way I piece together their story: a research in jealousy, a study in green.

Endings are always beginnings, and the beginning of the marriage of Alpha Keyes and Wade Orchard was the tinkling end of a romantic yarn: boy met girl, with her brother, at a college dance; boy lost girl in a rumpus over her being angry over his being angry over her being angry because his car broke down and he was late; boy won girl and they had a wedding full of organdy, roses, champagne cup, relatives, telegrams, and the higher clergy.

It was not till they were on the train, tied for life to each other's tastes in truth-telling, tooth paste, Tschaikowsky, and keeping the windows open, that Wade looked at her and realized that he did not know her.

So he gaped at her in agitation, and thought what a very pretty young woman she was, and thought that her checked traveling suit was dreadful, and hoped his friend May Wetheral would never see it. He bought Alpha six kinds of nut chocolate, and began to chatter about the skates he had had at the age of eleven, and a pup named Jerry, and the book he had almost finished since his graduation from college.

By the end of their honeymoon, they had become slightly acquainted.

But he could not give the history of his boyhood without mentioning his closest pal in school, Freda Erlwein, with whom he had slid belly-bumping downhill, nor could he leave out the May Presley who was later to be Mrs. Rex Wetheral.

May was three years older than Wade, and she had been to him a combination of guardian angel and prize-fight trainer,

The two women, Alpha and Astrid, stared at each other like pugilists at the weighing-in.

with a distinct touch of Queen Victoria being nice to her Empire. May had smacked him, and tipped him off about the beauties of clean fingernails, and treated him to caramel sundaes. And all this he told to Alpha, with enthusiasm.

Wade and she first began to face each other in the narrow, thin-sided, two-bunk cabin of a lake steamer sailing from Chicago to Duluth. "I don't suppose there's any use telling you that I feel sick, disheartened, simply terrified, at being imprisoned with you in this matchbox while you do nothing but wail for your dear Freda-Weda and Maysie-Waysie, way you been doing on the train. Why didn't you marry one of 'em, marry both of 'em, if you wanted to, instead of expecting me to sit and listen to you yawping about 'em the rest of my life?"

"Wh-why——"

"I hate 'em! Both! I never want to see 'em! Never!"

He spent half their honeymoon in arguing that Miss Erlwein and Mrs. Wetheral were females whom Alpha would highly appreciate, and the other half in being proud that, for the first time in his life, some young woman—who by a coincidence happened to be his wife—loved him enough to be jealous about him.

By the end of their fortnight, Wade knew his wife at least half as well as he had his seventh-grade teacher.

Till now he had not thought much about women; they were either mothers or teachers or just inferior substitutes for men, and they said startling and uncomfortable things like "I got a bone to pick with you!" instead of such manly remarks as "Lez shoot some pool." But now the universe was filled with women like unnatural pink thunderclouds, and he was weather-shy and scared.

So they came to Cornucopia and to the house he had anxiously rented for his unknown bride.

Real estate man or not, all he had been able to afford was an oldish cottage on Trojan Road, which curves at the foot of our aristocratic Agency Hill, in sight of Heaven but slightly outside the brazen walls. It was a decent enough place, sort of picturesque, with a wide porch and gray-painted fretwork on the eaves, and a pigeony old coach-house turned into a garage. A kid would have loved that house, but it was about as smart as a trolley car.

When Alpha looked at it, she wasn't exactly a poor sport. But she did contrast it, sharply and none too quietly, with the back of the big Cajon castle, up on Paradise Avenue, just above them.

She fretted, "It's all right, dear; it's not a bad place to start off in; only I can't stand that big stone hulk up there. I hate to see anything near us that can make us envious."

She didn't keep it up long. Just long enough to take away all of his youthful pride in the first house that was his own.

She turned to and furnished it with extraordinary sense and good taste and economy. She made the long, narrow living room very companionable with blue and yellow linens and lamps of clear bright glass.

Curled with him on the jolly blue couch after the party, looking like his dear little human sunbeam, she caroled, "What a silly girl I been! To be jealous of *those* girls! If I ever saw a commonplace gang of women, it's them! But nice, I mean."

Wade wasn't satisfied until she had kissed him! (*Continued on page 139*)

What's the use of looking like Hedy Lamarr
if you're only a high-school senior
and it's a naval officer you're trying to impress?

The Ensign came

That night, on the balcony of the Blue Parakeet, Sally talked to Tony as she had never talked to anyone before. He understood her!

to Dinner

BY GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

SALLY PADDED barefoot from her bath into her room and began dressing for dinner, meanwhile studying herself in the mirror. A girl in school had told her that a girl in senior year had said that a boy in her class thought Sally looked like Hedy Lamarr.

She threw her head back and tried gazing languorously through her lashes, but the effect was odd. Her cheeks were too round, that was it. She sucked them in a bit, turned her head sideways and observed the result out of the corner of her eye. Yes, it was really quite decided in profile, she thought, especially if she pouted her lips a little.

But as she dressed, she noticed regretfully that the resemblance faded. How could you look like Hedy Lamarr in flat-heeled, dirty brown and white shoes and red anklets and a shapeless red sweater a size too large, with the sleeves pushed up above the elbows as if you were ready to do the family wash? Oh, well, Lamarr or no, a girl had to be in style. Sally grinned at herself, producing a deep dimple in each cheek, and fastened a string of heavy white beads around her neck.

"Sally, are you almost ready?" said her mother's voice, beginning from behind the closed door and ending in front of it, in Sally's room.

"Mother!" Sally spoke in a gently exasperated voice, as though to someone not quite bright. "If you'd only *knock*."

When Mrs. Russell smiled, you noticed with surprise how much she and Sally looked alike. Yes, there were the same deep dimples, the same gray-green eyes and fine white skin and intensely black hair. It was strange, then, how different they appeared at first glance—the mother with her quiet movements, her serene expression; the daughter's eyes restless, her hands never still, her whole body seeming to hold its breath in sharp anticipation.

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Russell said. "I'll try to remember." She watched while Sally ran a comb through her shoulder-length hair. "Couldn't you have dressed up a little?" she suggested then. "I told you we were having company for dinner."

"You mean that ensign you were talking about? Goodness, why should he care what I have on? A brother of an old school friend of Daddy's!"

Sally remembered, now, some fragmentary conversation on the subject of this ensign who used to live here in Laureldale years ago. Something her father had said about his being back from the Solomons with no place to go, and her mother's answer that they would have to entertain the poor fellow.

"It doesn't matter who it is," Mrs. Russell said patiently. "When we have guests, we make them feel they're important enough to—— Oh, well, never mind. If you'll just change your shoes and take off those awful beads—I don't know." She sighed. "I'm sure I was more sensible at your age, about clothes and everything."

Sally grinned. From the top drawer of the dresser she produced a snapshot and held it out to her mother. "Dad gave me this to use against you the next time you bawled me out for the way I dress. He said even girls who looked like this grew up to manage things."

Mrs. Russell stared at the full-length picture of a thin, flat-chested girl with black hair frizzed out around a small face and a felt hat with a feather sitting precariously on one side of her head. In the buttonhole of the camel's-hair coat hanging baggily from her slouched shoulders was a small object which Mrs. Russell recognized as a brass paper clip. Galoshes flapped open around her ankles, although the background showed snowless city streets.

"It says 1922," declared Sally, still grinning. "So you were fifteen, too."

"You and your father——" began Mrs. Russell, but laughter choked out the rest of it. She was still laughing when, a moment later, Sally thumped down the stairs in her dirty shoes, the white beads bouncing against her chest.

Sally sipped her soup with an unusual daintiness and stared at Ensign Tony Renford whenever it was possible to do so unobserved. She could not taste the soup, for there was already a more powerful taste upon her palate—a thick sweetness that extended throughout her body and was unlike anything she had ever known.

Someone, she thought resentfully, should have told her that this Ensign Renford was fourteen years younger than his brother, who was Daddy's school friend. Someone should have told her that he had crisp wavy brown hair that in some funny way made you want to touch it, and a strong, lean, bronzed face that belonged with the dark blue and gold of his uniform. His brown eyes had a sort of stern, remembering sadness in them, and he didn't laugh often, but when he did he laughed with Sally instead of with her parents. She could have worn her new white dress if she had known—the one that Daddy said fitted her too well and Mother said made her look less unfinished.

"When do you suppose you'll be shoving off again?" Sally's father was saying.

"I'm not sure, sir. They don't tell us, you know."

He must be twenty-six or -seven, Sally thought. She remembered how old that would have seemed to her only yesterday. But Tony wasn't old. He shared his laughs with Sally and called her father "sir." He was young—and soon he was going away to fight again.

Sally sat with her soup spoon gripped between her fingers, and in that instant she felt what war was. Not just knitting for the Junior Red Cross, selling stamps at the station and taking care of children while their mothers worked in the defense plants. It was Ensign Tony Renford, young and wonderful, going into battle.

"Sally," said her mother's voice, "your soup."

"I don't care for any more," murmured Sally, dropping her spoon. She saw her parents exchange glances, and although this practice of theirs generally infuriated her, tonight it didn't matter. It didn't matter because Tony was smiling at her, and she had a feeling that he knew what was in her mind—knew and understood, as no one had ever understood before.

The next moment, indeed, he turned to her mother and said, "Mrs. Russell, may I take Sally out dancing if she'd like to go? I may be leaving soon, and there's no one I'd rather——" He caught the smile of Mrs. Russell's approval in mid-air and bounced it back to Sally. "Would you?" he asked her. "Would you go with me?"

"I'll have to dress," Sally answered in a strangled voice. "I—I can't go like this."

She got out of the room before anyone could tell her that she hadn't eaten her dinner. Upstairs, she looked at the familiar wall over her dresser—the wall thumbtacked with glossy photographs of Jimmy Stewart and Robert Taylor and Clark Gable and the others. She wondered why she had put them there. It wasn't for any personal reason—only, she supposed, because all the girls had such pictures hanging in their rooms.

But I'm not like those girls, she thought. I'm different. I'm different from anyone who has ever been born or ever will be. She knew she must be different or Ensign Tony Renford would not have chosen her to be with tonight—a girl of fifteen, when he could have taken out almost anybody.

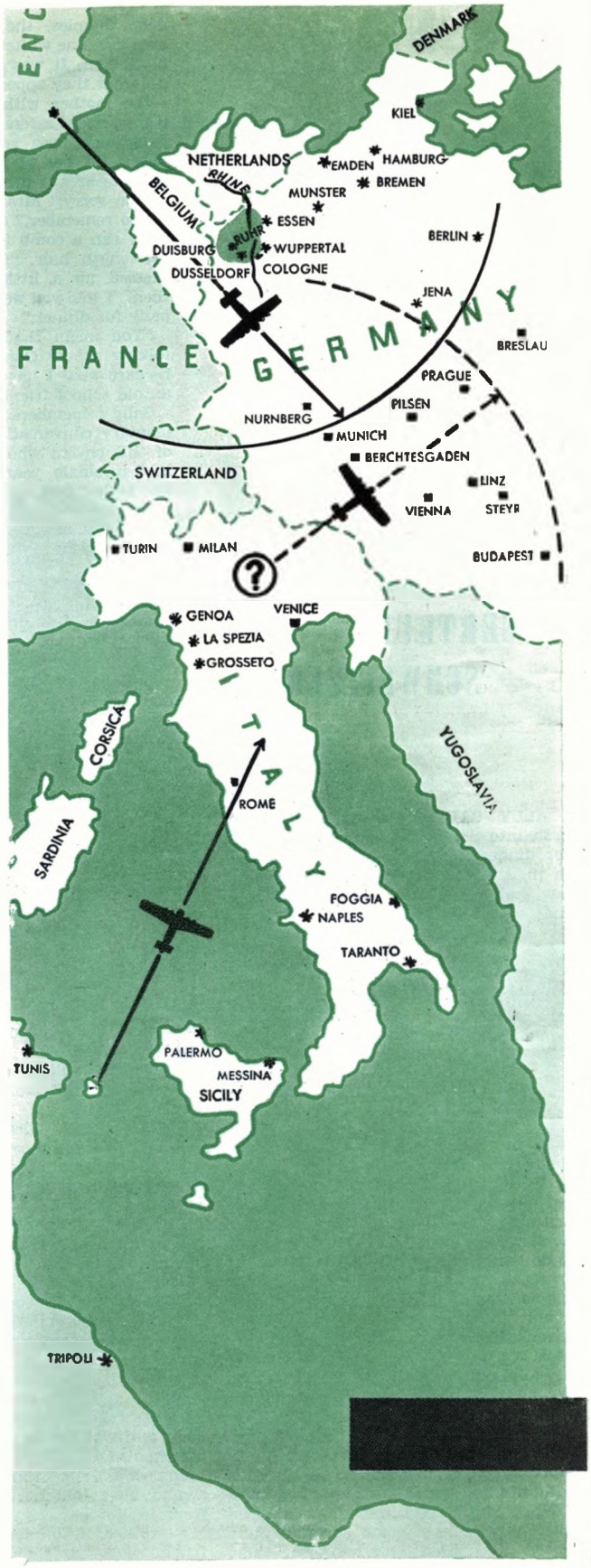
She began undressing and dressing again with cold fingers. The white dress accentuated her straight wide shoulders and molded the smallness of her waist, the slimness (*Continued on page 164*)

CAN Bombing Smash Germany in '44?

Report by wireless from an outstanding American columnist on what chances the Allies have for beating the Nazis with their own favorite weapon next year

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER

LONDON (*by wireless*).—Every day by which the Allied aerial attack can shorten the war means thousands of lives saved. The American and British Bomber Commands can reduce the amount of hacking through that the invasion forces must do to reach Berlin. For every man lost in Allied air raids, for every American who gives his life in such hard air fights as the recent one over Kiel which was the fiercest since the Battle of Britain, thousands of lives in the ground forces will be spared. Hitler's radio may complain that Allied barbarism is bombing German cities. Actually, if the bombardiers of the American Eighth Air Force and the R.A.F. Bomber Command do their work well, it will save German as well as Allied lives by bringing the war to an earlier close.



Can our air forces do it? Can this murderous invention of man now become in our hands a merciful weapon that will deal the knockout blow to the German war machine? If it cannot, there is undreamed-of anguish ahead for all the nations engaged, because while the final outcome of the war is no more in doubt than was the outcome of our Civil War after Gettysburg, the bloodiest period, as Winston Churchill recently so pointedly reminded us, will lie ahead as it did in that war after the Union victory was assured.

I am convinced by the judgment of such friends of air power as Major General Ira C. Eaker, commanding our Eighth Air Force, that even if the airplane cannot clinch the victory, it can make landing on the Continent comparatively rapid and far less costly than it would otherwise be. One cannot spend a day at the American Bomber Command Headquarters in the secluded countryside of England, looking at actual photographs of bomb damage, without being convinced that here is the weapon which, if applied in sufficient numbers, can make Germany or any other place untenable.

We can forget the quarrel over whether daylight or night bombing is better. It was a phony argument because both methods were needed to make full use of the various types of bombers in the most effective way. The R.A.F. and the American Eighth Air Force no longer argue about it but work together as a twenty-four-hour team, dividing up day and night shifts. The only object is to lay bombs down on targets. There have been instances when the R.A.F. has said that American daylight precision bombing was needed, as was the case with the isolated pinpoint of the small powerhouse at the Lorient U-boat base. It took us three trips, but the Eighth Air Force got it on May seventeenth, when from five miles up it put seven bombs into a target area ninety-five by one hundred feet.

On the other hand, British Lancasters are going deeper into Germany than we are able to go as yet.

Don't get any idea that daylight bombing is as easy as it sounds. A lot of slick paper publicity has been going about which leads to unwarranted expectations and impatience from the side lines. Don't ever try to tell Navigator Eddie Mikolowski what a pushover air warfare is. What a story he has to take back to his wife in Worcester, Massachusetts, when he tells her what he did in the Bordeaux raid on May seventeenth! Here's hoping that by the time this is in print he has got that D.S.C. for which he has been recommended.

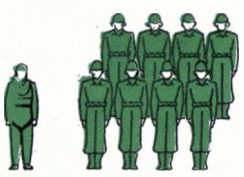
On this raid against the chief Nazi submarine base our air force achieved the highest damage per plane recorded up to that time. Everything depended on Eddie's navigation; on his ability to get into Bordeaux through the German defenses. His comparatively small group of Liberators took off when everyone was feeling a bit low because of the heavy punishment taken on the Kiel raid three days before. The formation had to navigate gingerly. Eddie Mikolowski drove his bombers over a tortuous pattern like a London cabby driving in a blackout. A false turn or any failure to stay on the pattern meant loss of the surprise factor and possible disaster. No radio fixes were possible; the navigator simply had to make an accurate landfall at a certain spot at a certain time down to a minute, over a trip of 600 miles, blind flying. He came in from the right direction at the correct altitude, only thirty seconds off schedule. Timing was important, because that was one of two operations that day and they had to be related. Eddie took his formation over the target. They broke the lock gates in the submarine base and were back at their home airport after 1,200 miles—one minute early!

That kind of execution makes staff work effective and is the only way to obtain any tactical surprise. Reconnaissance photographs the next day showed the Lorient submarines grounded and eleven of them—six of which looked suspiciously like Italian subs—trapped in the basin. The pictures showed water pouring out and, some hours later, washing back in again, as the tides were violent. The retaining wall fell and there was severe damage in the area around the basin—in addition to heavy damage elsewhere from previous R.A.F. raids. Of course, in ten days or so the Germans had made makeshift repairs to the lock, so that they could use the basin again.

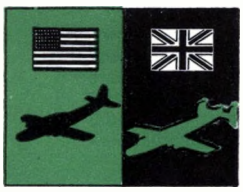
In the matter of repairing bomb damage, it should be noted that this in itself is indicative of the importance of the damage, for repairs are made only under the highest priorities. Obviously, nothing but the most urgent damage can get manpower and materials now. Furthermore, this is all part of the attrition program, and if it can keep the Germans repairing damage only to have the repaired areas knocked out again, then to that extent the Allied bombing keeps them standing in their tracks, using up their declining strength. Added to that is the fact that the joint Allied air attack requires Germany to maintain against it a force of manpower equal to possibly seventy military divisions. That covers thousands of men and women who must do the watching day and night, a large amount of technical personnel required to maintain radar equipment all around the European coast, and numerous other activities which would be unnecessary if it were not for the bombing offensive, so any estimate of the effect of bombings must include such over-all cumulative factors.

Our Eighth Air Force practically destroyed the Focke-Wulf parent plant in the Bremen raid on April seventeenth. This assembly plant accounted for about a third of the production of FW-190's, an estimated total of 230 monthly. But the damage up to now must not be overrated. In London I have heard high-ranking British officers caution against overoptimism in this connection. The industry of the Ruhr has undoubtedly been hard hit, yet it is only a part of the entire German industry—perhaps twenty percent. Germany has industries deep beyond the present Allied range, although reports of her moving all her industry back out of danger appear to be unfounded.

In Sweden recently I talked with Swedish industrialists and bankers who had been in Germany only a few weeks before. One banker who had just returned warned me that our bombing had done relatively little damage, and although he was counting on an Allied victory, he said that we have a long way to go to break the back of the German industrial machine. One Swedish industrialist discovered from orders (*Continued on page 138*)



One flier may save lives of countless soldiers.



Americans and British divide day and night bombings.

Joint air attacks immobilize equivalent of 70 Nazi divisions.

One air raid can equal salvo from 140 light cruisers.

Decorations by Charles Hulling

The map shows how Germany is now being bombed from England and Africa to the limit of practicability, and how other areas can be bombed from the plains of Lombardy after the invasion of Italy. Areas now being bombed are indicated by*. Areas to be bombed are marked with ■.

They CAST NO SHADOW

BY ERIC HATCH

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

A COSMOPOLITAN NOVELETTE

WHEN THE maid announced him, Marion hardly paid any attention. There had been so many odd men who had found their way up to her apartment since Howard had started being totally unable to make up his mind whether he wanted to go to war, or what war he wanted to go to, or when, and had started filling out applications. There had been Navy supply service intelligence men and Army ordnance department intelligence men. There had been Board of Economic Warfare men and Office of Strategic Services men. They had all come to ask her questions about Howard.

She was very bored with Howard. She was bored the way only women can be bored who have married gay young men who seemed full of fight and have watched them grow into mentally flabby middle-aged men with curved stomachs and florid complexions. Marion had begun wondering in the last few months, not so much whether she still loved this man who could so bore her, but how long ago she must have stopped loving him. And the wondering and the knowing that she had stopped loving him had killed something in her.

Lots of women have this happen—they get over it in many ways. Either they fling themselves into the lives of their children; or they start having sneak lunches in restaurants on side streets with men who are just as boring as their husbands but newer; or they take up gambling; or they go out with other women and have four old-fashioneds during an afternoon.

Marion Sanderson could do none of these things. She had no children, and the thing in her that had been killed didn't belong to her. It belonged to the world. It was a spark, an intangible something that had driven her to write—to put her heart and her soul into the minds and bodies of the people she wrote about; to bring their problems, their loves and their laughter out of the nebulous places of imagining and picture them on printed pages.

It had made her famous; it had made her wealthy. It had, in a way, made her wise. And now, because she was wise, the fame, the strong wine of success, made her miserable because she felt they belonged to Marion Evans, the beautiful brilliant girl who had flashed to the top of her world, and not to Marion Evans Sanderson, whose flabby stockbroker husband couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted to go to war or not, and who was boring her beyond words. Marion Evans Sanderson had not written a single line in over a year.

The maid opened the apartment door. Marion heard it close; heard voices. She kept on staring out of the window at the city far below her—at the East River, brightly metallic in the winter sunshine; at the luxurious apartment houses to the south and farther south to the spired buildings of mid-town. She spent hours staring out that window nowadays, thinking about the people in those other apartments—wondering how many of them had found out they didn't love their husbands; had found out that in the midst of success they were failures, that at the full tide of their lives they were washed up.

The maid came into the room and said, "A Mr. John Harris from the government, ma'am."

Marion said, "Show him in."

A few seconds later an anonymous-looking man who could have been any age from the late twenties to the late thirties came from the foyer and bowed. "Official business," he said. "Sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Sanderson."

Marion glanced at him. She thought he looked so exactly like anyone you would meet in the street that he seemed in an odd way not to be there at all, but to be merely a voice dressed in a neat blue suit, white shirt, dark tie and brown shoes. He crossed the room to the low window seat where she was lounging, drew a wallet out of his pocket, flipped it open.

"My credentials," he said.

Marion glanced at them without seeing them and nodded. This was routine stuff. The Navy supply service intelligence men, the Army ordnance intelligence men, the B.E.W. men and the O.S.S. men always did this.

She looked out of the window again, listlessly; then her smooth brow furrowed below the dark hair sweeping upward from it. The boredom was swinging into annoyance. She had suddenly thought: Another one! This is too much!

Lovely Marion Evans, the famous writer, thought it was exciting to meet a G-man. She thought he might have a story. He did, of course, but not the sort she expected, for *she* became the heroine

"You've got to live, John. Got to —for me," Marion was saying when her husband walked into the room.

"My husband," she said, still looking out the window, "comes of old American stock—so old it's moth-eaten. He drinks too much, but not any more than most of our friends. He is thoroughly patriotic. He doesn't belong to any bunds, communistic organizations or political societies. He belongs—God help him—to the Union Club and the Racquet Club and the Creek Club and Piping Rock Club and he loves it, and just in case you're interested, it's my own private opinion that he hasn't the slightest notion that anything has changed in the world since his grandfather owned Box Twenty-three in the Diamond Horseshoe at the Metropolitan. It's too bad, but that's how it is. Oh, and he's a member of the New York Stock Exchange and comes home from work every afternoon wearing a white carnation that he buys from the man on the Stock Exchange who sells white carnations. Anything else?"

There was such a long silence after this that she turned back to the room again. Mr. Harris was smiling at her. Then she noticed he was only smiling with his lips; his blue eyes were looking right through hers into her head. She wondered how she could have thought for one second that a man with eyes so cold and hard looked just like anybody you'd meet in the street.

"I—I shouldn't have talked like that about Howard," she said. "It's not very becoming, is it? Tell me what you want to know about him, and I'll answer your questions like—like a lady."

The blue eyes seemed to withdraw from their penetration of the inside of her head. "I don't want to know anything about your husband," he said. "Perhaps

you didn't look at my credentials. I'm from the FBI."

"Oh," said Marion. An FBI man—the real thing! It seemed odd to have one standing right there in her own living room.

"You had a servant," said Harris. "His name was August. He left your employ on September third, nineteen-forty."

"August!" said Marion, remembering. "He was a wonderful cook, but it got so I couldn't stand having him around. He never believed anything in the papers; he never believed anything except what he heard from Germany on his beastly short-wave radio. He was an American citizen, too." She sighed. "It was a pity. He was a wonderful cook, and so agreeable. Has he done something and you've caught him?"

"He's done something, but we haven't tried to catch him yet," said Harris. "I've just taken up the line. I'm new to this area."

"Is it something he'll be shot for?"

The eyes bored into her again. "What makes you think it might be?"

Marion laughed. She was laughing at herself, because she found that although her conscience was clear as new crystal about August and about everything else in her life, having this G-man fix her with those hard blue eyes made her feel guilty—not guilty of anything special, just guilty. She said, "Don't look at me like that. *I* don't know what August's been up to. I simply got rid of him because I couldn't stand having anybody around me who believed the way he did. Don't you understand?"

"Yes," said Harris, "I understand. Would you mind answering some routine questions? Describing him and so forth?"

He opened a brief case and took out a big yellow pad and a sheaf of typewritten pages. Marion could see the front page was labeled "August Schonbrun." It passed through her mind that there seemed to be an awful lot of pages written about one unimportant German cook. Seeing them gave her a sense of the thoroughness with which men like Harris must work. There was something mechanical about it, just as there was something almost machinelike about the impression of anonymity the man gave.

While he talked, asking her a score of what seemed like unimportant questions and carefully writing down her answers, she watched him. She wondered if he were mechanical, a machine. There was something so impersonal about him, about his voice, that she got the feeling again that he wasn't really there at all. She began to wonder about him as a man. Finally, as he was putting the papers back in his brief case, she laughed again.

"*I* know what it is about you!" she said. "Nobody's ever really seen you anywhere except on a movie screen. *I* wouldn't be surprised if when you walk in the sunshine you don't cast any shadow!"

He looked at her sharply. In his profession he was used to having trite G-man wisecracks made to him by people whose consciences were either amazingly clear or amazingly guilty. Nobody had ever said anything like this to him. For a second it startled him out of the rigid composure that was a product of his training.

"I never stopped being in love with the strange shadowless man I gave myself to so utterly," Marion told John. "You're that man again."

Marion saw it and smiled. It was nice to know she could crack that stiff armor he wore. She hadn't done it on purpose, but it was nice to know she could. It was stimulating. It made something quicken inside her, something that had been dead for a long time.

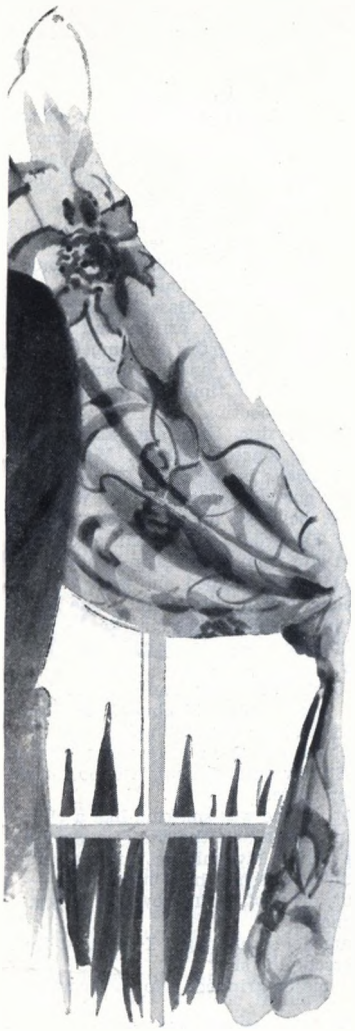
"You're right," John Harris said. "Only I'm surprised at a remark like that coming from you. Society women don't usually do much thinking. It's a pleasure to meet one who does."

The corners of Marion's mouth twitched. "Oh, I do quite a lot of thinking. You'd be surprised."

"I *am* surprised," said Harris. His hard face cracked into a smile—it gave a little the effect of ice breaking on a mountain pond that has been frozen for a long time. "You see, when I came in here and you opened up the way you did about Mr. Sanderson, I thought: Here's just another rich man's wife—beautiful, surrounded by luxury and discontented. I apologize, Mrs. Sanderson, and thanks for the information." He stood up.

"Don't go," she said impulsively. "Stay and talk to me for a few minutes. I am discontented—not the way you think—but I'm good and discontented." She got to her feet, crossed the room and pressed a bell. "I'll have Mary bring us some coffee."

John Harris looked at her with sudden approval. Lots of women—men too, for that matter—asked him to have a drink. None of them had ever shown the rare tact of offering him the one man's drink that he could accept. He watched her stand by the door waiting for the maid. He noticed her now, plenty. He noticed the softness of her upswept dark hair, the whiteness of her skin, her tallness and grace of motion, and he noticed the



way her black dress clung to her body and he wondered why it didn't look vulgar on her. He wondered if it was because the dress was terribly expensive and well-made or if it was because the woman herself was above vulgarity.

Then he took hold of himself. In his business, it was a mistake to wonder about glamorous-looking women. You only wondered about what they had said to so-and-so or where they had been on the night of January sixteenth. You didn't wonder about why their clothes looked a certain way on them. You didn't wonder, either, about what their big gray eyes under black lashes were seeing when they looked at you.

John Harris wondered what Marion Sanderson's big gray eyes under their dark lashes were seeing when she had looked at him and said, "I wouldn't be surprised if when you walk in sunshine you don't cast any shadow." He brought himself up short and started for the door. Just as he was about to hold out his hand to say good-by she smiled at him.

"I'm not going to ask you a lot of questions about J. Edgar Hoover and what spies you're planning to catch," she said. "I was just going to talk to you as if you were a human being—a man—instead of a werewolf."

He too smiled again. "Werewolf!" he said. "That's a good one! All right, I guess I can stick around a few minutes—and I love coffee—and *I* won't ask you a lot of questions about how come you've got enough coffee so you can serve it to company."

She laughed and when the maid came ordered coffee served in big cups and led the way to the white sofa with beige trim and motioned him to sit on it beside her. Instead of asking him what job he had been working on last, she asked him how it felt to be what he was; how he felt when he was in danger, real danger.

There was nothing in his training or in his code that forbade him answering that, and he was thankful to talk. It had been a long, long time since he had been able to sit in a quiet room with an intelligent woman and just talk. It loosened the eternal tenseness that was part of his profession. It stilled an aching loneliness that had been growing in him lately.

The quiet sitting and talking to this quiet man did things to Marion Evans too. John Harris talked well, and in his relaxation his strength showed even more plainly than when he was wary. Marion Evans had never met anyone like him. As he told about himself, she got the feeling of having discovered something new and exciting; she felt the tingling sensation that goes with feeling yourself on the edge of a great adventure. She found her imagination starting to work, weaving vignettes of stories about herself and him, and suddenly she knew she was going to write again—that in some weird way this man had rekindled the spark that had been dying.

When he stood up to go she felt she *must* see him again. She walked to the door of the apartment with him, shook his hand.

"I hope you'll come again," she said. "You can feel safe to drop in any time. I'll never ask you questions you don't want to be asked."

For a second he held her hand, and his blue eyes striking through her gray ones seemed to be physically touching her. "I've loved visiting with you, Mrs. Sanderson," he said, "but dropping in isn't a good idea for us. Why, we're not even allowed to live in the same area for more than six months. Our Uncle Sam doesn't like us to sprout any roots. He says it's dangerous."

She opened the door for him, feeling the same panicky feeling she'd known at parties as a little girl when she thought some special boy was going to pass her without asking her to dance. Then she said to herself: "Marion, this is nonsense! What difference does it make whether you see this werewolf again? Naturally, you're not going to do anything about him if you do see him, are you? Or *are* you?" She answered herself aloud. "No, of course I'm not!" she said.

John Harris smiled at her. "I don't know what you were asking yourself, but that's a bad habit—one of the first things we have to learn is not to answer ourselves out loud."

This made her angry. "Well, Mr. Harris," she said. "*I* don't have to learn it. I'm not a G-man. I'm Mrs. Howard Sanderson, and I can answer myself out loud and standing on my head if I want to. So there!"

She saw a frown cross his forehead and pass like a darkening cloud over his eyes. Then she saw humor come back into them again, and she was a little afraid. This man was trained to ferret things out—all sorts of things. She must be careful. If he had ferreted out what she had just been thinking it would be too humiliating.

"Do drop in," she said. "I want my husband to meet you. He'd be thrilled. He could go down to the Exchange next day and tell all the other little boys about how he'd had a real live G-man at his apartment, complete with shoulder holsters, glamour, steely eyes and everything." She saw him color; saw him open his lips to speak. "Good-by, now," she said and closed the apartment door.

Marshall Beck, editor in chief of one of the country's biggest magazines, looked across the restaurant table and scowled at Marion Evans. He was scowling at her because in a dismally romantic way he had loved her for a good many years and because she was wearing a look in her eyes that he had come to recognize in women's eyes and because he knew she was not wearing it either for him or for her husband. Even if he hadn't loved her in a dismally romantic fashion, he still would have scowled, because when women writers wore that particular look they sometimes could and would write, but mostly they only wanted to sit around and dream. Marshall Beck had been trying to get Marion Evans to write a serial for him; for six months he had been trying to get her out of the slump that had hit her.

"My beautiful chicken," he said now, "I've been watching you all evening. You're looking sparkling again and very shiny in the eyes."

Marion batted her eyes at him. She did it in a way that made him laugh. It was a burlesque of coquettish eye-batting.

"You'd better tell me the why of it," said Marshall Beck.

Kitty Alton, who was svelte and had gleaming teeth and a superb body and all the other things a cover girl should have, gave Beck an arch look. "Would you like Ross and me to dance, Marsh," she asked, "so you can try like mad to find out why Marion's gone sparkly again?"

"Psyche," said March, "I would appreciate your doing just that."

The model gave him a warm smile. She was supposed to be either Marshall Beck's girl friend or Marshall Beck's ornament. No one really knew which, but sometimes when she looked at him like that people wondered if she wasn't a great deal more (*Continued on page 131*)

"One more Jerry in the side pocket, sir," Stubby reported as he munched on a fresh chocolate bar.

A SHORT

THERE MAY BE bluer-eyed and hungrier young men in the Air Corps than Stubby McClure, but I doubt it. And I've seen so many fliers since Pearl Harbor I can tell one by the glint of his eyes—especially a fighter pilot. There's a quickness in the way they see things. Exactly like a bird, and for the same reason. They've got to see things quickly if they want to get back to the nest.

Stubby never seemed to have any trouble getting back. He was a good flier. His trouble was something else—something called confirmations.

I was at Advanced Base K waiting for our new Terrors to arrive, and I saw Stubby make six sorties on bomber escort jobs. Four of the enemy downed, personally, the first time out, which takes flying—and shooting.

Four the first time out—and not a single one since, officially. Why not? *Confirmations* is the word. He was just unlucky enough to do his work where it couldn't be seen, and therefore got no credit. Yesterday, for instance, he returned late from his mission, landed fast as usual, and jumped out with a fresh chocolate bar in his hand. "One more Jerry in the side pocket, sir," he reported.

"Did anyone see him crash?" asked the major.

Stubby's blue eyes had a hurt look. "Just ask Tommy Hepburn. Or Barr. They were hanging around."

Hepburn and Barr were sorry. They'd seen Stubby mixing it up, but too far off to keep score.

"But, sir, he was smoking like a chimney and had a hole the size of a washtub in his rudder. Five minutes' more gas and I could've watched him bump. But——"

"But, my foot. You know you only get a 'damage.'"

"Damage, scrammage! I smeared that Messerschmitt, sir!"

The major grinned. "No confirmation.

No

STORY COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

Confirmation

Stubby had to knock down five Nazi planes to prove he was a fighter pilot, and somebody had to see him. That was his problem and here's how he solved it

BY STANLEY BORTNER

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

Still four down and one to go Get your next one where somebody can see it."

"Where somebody can see it!" Stubby growled, kicking at the Tunisian dust. "Is this a war or a vaudeville show?"

I knew how Stubby felt. He wanted Number Five, and wanted it badly. Outside of the first, the fifth is the big one. Get four and you're a lucky fellow. Get five and you're a fighter pilot. That's what Stubby was after.

Later that day we received word that the Terrors were coming up from the supply base. I was out at dawn next morning waiting for them. So was Stubby. "They tell me," he said, "this new crate of yours has everything a pursuit ought to have. That right?"

"It's not for me to say. After all, I helped to design it."

"I know, I know. But break down a little, won't you, Mr. Whitaker?"

"Well, just between the two of us, I think it's right smart of a piece of work. Takes some flying. Lands hot. Touchy on the controls—awfully touchy. And it's heavy. Won't turn on a dime like a Zero. We don't know yet what it'll do when the pressure's on, but if you want my guess, you'll be flying the fastest, toughest, hardest-hitting pursuit plane in anybody's army."

Just then we saw the flight coming in for a landing and went out on the field. Terrors were old stuff to me, of course. I'd seen them grow from lines on paper to murderous pieces of trouble for the Axis. At least that's what we hoped. We'd done all we could; it was up to men like Stubby to do the rest.

Stubby walked entirely around the nearest Terror, his blue eyes gleaming. The ground crews went to work immediately, of course. At a forward base no planes are left unready for long.

Half an hour later we got our usual raid warning. It came regularly once a day, rain or shine, and once only. But Jerry was methodically unmethodical. You never knew when to expect him.

The major grinned at the first radio report. "Usual number," he said. "They can't be getting many replacements or they'd pile in more stuff against us."

"How far away, sir?" asked Stubby.

"Eight-ten minutes."

"Could I—well, wouldn't this be a good time to see what Mr. Whitaker's done for the Army? The ships are all set."

The major shook his head. "Those things aren't bicycles. They're hot stuff. We'll have three days' training for everybody before they go in the ball game."

Stubby bit into an apple. "Seems a shame to have 'em here and not use 'em."

There was no reply. The major was intent on his receiver. Suddenly he said, "A flight to the northwest. Big. They're up to something. Every available man in the air. Northwest for A and B. South for C. Altitude six-seven thousand. Git!"

There was a scramble. Stubby paused only long enough to say, "Terror, sir?"

The major glanced at me. I'll never know why, but I nodded.

"Terror."

Stubby ran, and my heart sank to my shoes. This was it, with bells on. Ship and pilot strange to each other, against the best the Axis could produce. I ran outside and watched Stubby climb into the first Terror he could reach. There was a pause while he looked for things. Then the motor kicked off. At least those quick blue eyes of his had found the starting switch. But would he find the rest? Flap and wheel controls, motor adjustments, gun buttons, ammunition indicators, oxygen lines. I got cold just thinking of the result if he didn't . . .

The three squadrons got into formation and disappeared. Stubby remained on the field, unmoving. I started to run toward him. But then he began to roll. Got off with a wobble and much too slowly. You just can't go slow in a Terror. But—did Stubby know that?

He was still moving much too slowly as he climbed, trailed after C squadron. I went back to the command post.

"Mr. Whitaker," the major said, "if you'd had time to think about it, would you have let him take it up?"

"Lord, no!" I said. "I'd sooner give dynamite to a baby! If he fights like he took off, there'll be a good man and a good plane to scratch."

"But he won't fight like that, Mr Whitaker. He'll get out of the ship whatever you've built into it."

"You're not worried about him, then?"

He looked grim. "I'm worried about all the boys every minute they're up. But I don't underestimate them. McClure is out gunning for his five. I hope he gets his confirmation this time. Too many 'probables' get any man down."

I went outside, selected a handy slit trench to jump for if the Jerries got through, and proceeded to do some worrying of my own. My job was to send performance reports to the factory. Suppose my first one had to read: "Took off without previous flight training, failed to return." Would that look bad? It would. I could hear the chief engineer shouting, "Fine! Put a man who'd never seen a Terror before in one to go out and fight! So it's lost and *we* get a black eye! Whitaker should have stopped it!"

The slit trench, fortunately, was not needed. The raid did not get through, and after a while our fighters began coming down. I watched for a fat-bodied, low-winged ship. It didn't appear.

The major joined me. "Every man back," he said, "except Stubby."

"Nothing on the radio from him?"

"Not even a check call."

"Probably doesn't know how to turn it on," I said. "Did any of the others see him leave formation?"

A grunt. "He never was in formation. Never caught up with them."

Poor Stubby. He'd missed on something—probably engine mixture—and floundered around at half speed, an easy target. Those blue eyes would never . . .

The major gripped my arm. "Over there," he said. "A dogfight."

Two planes tumbling about high in the air. One chasing the other, twist for twist. The pursuer would dash close and the other would flutter away. It was like a hawk after a wounded, frantic sparrow. The hawk was a Messerschmitt and the fluttering sparrow was Stubby.

"There's something queer going on," the major said. "McClure deliberately gets in front of the Jerry and then twists away just in time to avoid being hit. He—why, the damned fool's *leading* him here."

I heard a sudden tremendous roar and looked up in time to see my fat sparrow come up behind the surprised German and deliver a burst of flame and steel. The Messerschmitt plunged to earth not a mile away. It was over like that.

Stubby streaked for the landing strip, taxied over to where we stood. He climbed out, grinning at me. "You can stop guessing now," he said. "She's the sweetest thing with wings. Even flies bad when you want her to."

I gaped. "You mean you could have taken the Jerry any time, Stubby, and purposely played around like that? Why?"

"Didn't the major tell me to get the next one where somebody could see it?" Happily he bit into a chocolate bar. "Reporting one Schmitty downed, sir. Making Number Five. Confirmed!"

Boomtime for Bootleggers—

Is the bootleg-liquor business

with all its attendant evils coming back to plague America?

YES, says our reporter and here are the facts

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

FOUR BOTTLES stand on my desk. To me, they are warning signals, for they contain samples of illicit gin, rye, bourbon and Scotch which I obtained from an old-time bootlegger who has lately gone back into the racket. Neatly typed drugstore labels, setting forth the price of the product by the gallon or the case, are pasted on each bottle. There is also a notation that the hooch can be bottled under the name and label—counterfeited, of course—of any nationally known distiller. Prices quoted are:

Gin	$4 a gallon	$15 a case
Rye	5 " "	20 " "
Scotch	8 " "	25 " "
Bourbon	9 " "	30 " "

I have also before me the report of chemists who analyzed the samples, which disclosed the rye and bourbon to have been concocted from moonshine alcohol, water, caramel, artificial flavoring and aniline coloring. The gin contained moonshine alcohol, water and flavoring. But in the Scotch the chemists found a definite trace of methyl alcohol, which is poison, indicating the base of the liquor to be denatured, or industrial alcohol. Concerning this the chemists reported:

"The amount [of the methyl] is insufficient . . . to cause any harm to the user. However, its presence suggests that the alcohol used in its manufacture was derived from denatured alcohol and there is no assurance that the job of removing the denaturant would always be as efficient as it was in this case."

I acquired the samples as a result of a simple ruse to which I resorted following the decision of the editors of Cosmopolitan to dig into reports of the mushroom growth of moonshining and bootlegging. Touring bars and liquor stores in midtown New York, complaining of high prices and announcing my intention of henceforth doing business with bootleggers, I gave my name and address to bartenders and salesmen with the remark: "If you know a good bootlegger, have him call any day after five." Some days later the house telephone rang and the operator announced a "Mr. McCoy." It sounded like the real thing and I asked him up.

"Mr. McCoy" was short, suave and immaculate. He sat down, placing a fat brief case between his feet.

"I understand you are fed up on prices," he began.

"Yes. Are there many of us?"

"Enough to make it worth while to go back into the old business," he smiled.

We chatted, and I learned some intimate details of his operations.

"McCoy" and other bootleggers buy their alcohol from "distributors," who buy from gangs of moonshiners who, hiding their stills behind false business fronts, are making huge quantities of illicit 200-proof alcohol. The distributors also buy from other mobs who, through fraud or bribery, divert denatured alcohol from industry and "clean" or "recover" it by simple processes, eliminating the denaturants.

"I've got my own plant," McCoy boasted. "I'm proud of the way we're cutting the alcohol and making the gin, rye, bourbon, Scotch and cordials. We're getting good bottles and one of the best printing houses is making our labels. It'll stand inspection, and taste. Give your friends the real stuff on the first round of drinks and after that one, use mine, with a good mix, and they'll never know the difference."

"McCoy" said frankly that most of his customers know he is selling bootleg. The only persons deceived—at this writing—are the customers of bars where the chief investment is in the license fee, the speakeasies, juke-joints and jive-hives. But "McCoy" admitted he has a "deal on" to ship a lot of stuff into the states where there is an acute shortage of whiskies.

In the weeks that followed I interviewed United States Senators, officials of the Alcohol Tax Unit of the Internal Revenue Bureau, officers of the Conference of Alcoholic Beverage Industries, Inc.; distillers, wholesale and retail liquor dealers, newspapermen, soldiers, sailors and marines, former Prohibition agents, ex-bootleggers, present-day bootleggers and many others. Traveling by plane and train, I gathered data in Washington, Norfolk, New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, Dallas, St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago and other cities.

As a result of this exhaustive inquiry, I can report that the moonshiners, bootleggers and all the rest of the motley mob which once made bootlegging one of America's greatest industries are coming back and a return to the days of the Eighteenth Amendment is just around

the corner! With us already are the speakeasies, bottle-joints, key-clubs and all the other darkened-door hot spots. Worst of all, perhaps, as this is written, are the facts—corroborated by United States Senators Arthur Capper of Kansas, Theodore G. Bilbo of Mississippi and others—that the bootleggers have spread their nets around our seaports, Army, Navy and Marine training centers, and are peddling skull-popping Scotch whisky, rotgut rye, babble-bourbon, calamity-cordials and gabble-gin to our armed forces.

CHEMIST'S ANALYSIS

"This Scotch whisky contains a definite trace of methyl alcohol, a poison. The amount present is insufficient, I believe, to cause any harm to the user. However, its presence suggests that the alcohol used in its manufacture was derived from a denatured alcohol, and there is no assurance that the job of removing the denaturant would always be as efficient as it was in this case."

There are many reasons why the bootleggers are now doing business at their old stands. Bootlegging did not pass from the American scene with repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment but continued a lucrative business in the dry territories, producing scandal after scandal. After Pearl Harbor, with hundreds of thousands of men and boys pouring in and out of training camps in the dry states, a new and fertile field was opened. In the beginning, the bootleggers were content with profits from the resale of tax-paid whiskies trucked from "wet" states. Soon they were adding to these profits by "cutting" real whisky with moonshine alcohol. Today they are dealing almost exclusively in "hooch."

Since the days of the Whisky Rebellion, beating the tax on whisky has been an incentive to moonshiners, and the present all-time high tax has played a large part in the return of bootlegging. On November 1, 1942, the Government jumped the tax from $4 to $6 a gallon and the low-down in Washington is that the tax will be hiked another $2 at the beginning of next year. Present state taxes add another fifty cents to $1.50 per gallon. For illustration, New York Federal and state taxes total $22.50 on one case of twelve quarts of 100-proof whisky. Bootleggers do not buy revenue stamps!

Again, not a drop of legal whisky has been distilled in this country since October 8, 1942. Since that date the entire distilling facilities of the nation have been converted to the production of alcohol for war purposes and the Government needs the total output of 500,000,000 gallons a year for the manufacture of smokeless powder, materials for chemical warfare, synthetic (*Cont. on page 106*)

Many a letter should not have been written—

but here's one that should have been written sooner

The girl with the Lemon Colored Hair

BY VIÑA DELMAR

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER CAUMHOFER

MY DEAR BRUCE:

Claire Conrad has just telegraphed to say that you and Lola were married this afternoon. Claire said that she witnessed the ceremony, and she telegraphed full particulars to me.

I sat down to write a brief note in which I was going to say that I know Lola and you will be very happy, but it is too late for polite lies and already I have discovered that one cannot write a brief note to a man who was one's husband for twenty years. Perhaps you'll throw this letter away without reading it, but even if you do, you cannot rob me of the comfort I will have felt in expressing myself. I was very silent, Bruce, all through those dark days that you and Lola made for me. I was very brave, Claire Conrad said, and I acted with great dignity.

I can tell you now that I was neither brave nor dignified. I did not cry in public because I had learned before I was three years old that this was one of the many things a lady always does in private. And I was not dignified. I was merely a solid chunk of pain, so full of misery and hatred and jealousy that it hurt to be civil, so I was quiet.

I suppose that in romantic reveries you and Lola have often discussed the first time you saw each other. Lovers have a habit of doing that. They like to pretend that time began at the moment when they met. But there were events leading up to your meeting with Lola. They are interesting events because they show how inevitable are the things which happen to us.

You would never have seen Lola if my father hadn't trained me many years ago to pity the underdog, to help him, to spur him on to becoming a top dog. My father's teachings made me the kind of woman who offered friendship to Lola, and because I offered her friendship she is today your wife. It's even more involved than that. Some influence in *his* life made my father the sort of man who taught his daughter to protect the underdog. It goes on like that, Bruce, back through the years.

I want to tell you about the first time *I* saw Lola. Why do I want to tell you? Well, because, Bruce, I've been accused of many things in connection with our divorce. Friends have told me I was stupid. I resent that. I am not a stupid woman, and I cannot bear to have you think I am. I have also heard that I was a smug, conceited fool who thought nothing could threaten the calm security of my life. This too is a lie, Bruce. I worked hard at the job of running my home perfectly; of remaining slim and youthful; of pleasing you in every way. I did these things in a never-ending effort to hold your love and to retain forever the life we had together. Had I been smug, I could have relaxed. I never relaxed.

I made mistakes, of course. Everyone does. And I made a fatal one. I introduced you to Lola. But Bruce, it couldn't have been stupidity or conceit or smugness that blinded me to danger. No woman in her right mind could have guessed Lola would be competition. When one considers your almost fanatical fastidiousness, your pride in correct clothes and manners, your delight in a well-run home. . . Well, Bruce, that brings me back to the first time I saw Lola.

It was in connection with the dances that the tennis club was putting on for officers. We had told everyone that we needed nice young girls to be hostesses at the dances, and we had a lot of replies to our cries for help. I was elected to the job of interviewing the girls who volunteered.

I've never been one to pretend that women understand all about women. We don't. We're fooled on one another just as often as men are, but in choosing my volunteers there was one thing I knew very definitely. I knew that some of the sweet, demure little things I registered would turn out to be common little hussies. But I also knew that common little hussies would never turn out to be sweet, demure little things, so all I could do was list the ones who looked like ladies—and pray. I don't know how Lola heard of our need for hostesses, but somehow she did and when she came I couldn't register her.

She was dressed so cheaply I was

Bruce had a birthday cake made for Lola and then the orchestra at Cherico's played "Happy Birthday to You."


Birthday to Lo

"Claire Conrad has just telegraphed me to say that you and Lola were married this afternoon."

amazed. I had thought all young girls today knew something about the art of dressing. I don't mean that she had paid a small amount of money for her clothes. She had, but that wasn't the point. A hat can cost a dollar ninety-eight, but if it's plain and clean, it needn't make its wearer look cheap. Lola's hat had cost a dollar ninety-eight, I'm sure, but it wasn't plain and it wasn't much else either, Bruce.

The dress was as fussy as the hat, and there were earrings and bangles, and—well, I just couldn't register her. I'll tell you what her clothes did to her, Bruce. They made you take it for granted that that gorgeous lemon-colored hair of hers was bleached. Of course it isn't. It's as real as her velvety brown eyes, but it takes good taste in dressing to make a girl like Lola look striking instead of cheap.

I told her that I was sorry, but I had all the hostesses I wanted. I didn't ask for her name and address, and I tried to dismiss her with a nod and a smile. She wouldn't be dismissed. She stood there turning something over in her mind. After a while she asked if there wasn't something she could do besides dancing with the officers — something that would also be helpful.

That was where my series of little mistakes—that became one big mistake in the end—began. I was impressed by her request. I pitied and admired her. Here was someone who really wanted to help, and I felt that such a spirit should not be discouraged. Naturally, there were other things to do: there was decorating the hall, making sandwiches, and at the dances there would be dishwashing.

I put it squarely up to Lola, and she said she'd be glad to do anything. I was very pleased with her. You don't find young girls every day who are satisfied to do the boresome tasks. My heart was quite warm and merry, thinking of the dear little diamond in the rough who had brought herself to my attention.

After that I forgot about her till the time came to decorate the hall. Women began calling me up to ask me who she was. They didn't like her, Bruce. She was common, they said. Well, of course, you know me. I fought for the girl. If she was willing to help, what did it matter who she was?

The fact that I had championed Lola and made her my special responsibility prompted me to go over to the tennis club that afternoon to see what was going on. She was working, and working hard. There was no argument about that. When I arrived she was up on a ladder draping colored bunting while a dozen women shrieked instructions to her. All other volunteers her age were spending the day getting beautiful in preparation for the evening, but Lola, dusty and weary, attired in an old sweater and a pair of slacks, was decorating the hall. And she was doing it almost singlehanded. The ladies had apparently decided that since she insisted upon being there she could relieve them of much exertion. Lola had become the solitary private in an army of generals.

I walked to the foot of the ladder and smiled up at her and asked how things were going. She said everything was going all right. There was a curious withdrawn look on her face. Her lips had a tightness that I thought I understood. She was being imposed upon and she knew it and she was sore. I thought that was what I read in her face. I was sore myself at the way the ladies were piling the work on her.

I asked her to have a bottle of pop with me. She thanked me but refused, saying there was still a great deal to do. I reminded her—for the benefit of the ladies—that she didn't have to do everything alone, but she went right on working.

I know now what that curious look of hers meant, Bruce. It was the look of one who is determined to take whatever is dealt her; to take it silently and unflinchingly while waiting for some special moment that is bound to come. Of course I didn't know that then. I didn't know Lola. I only ascribed to her the simple emotions of simple people, so I thought she was just angry at being made the tennis club's one-girl war effort.

The afternoon wore on, and the hall was draped and ready. It looked very pretty, too. But the job wasn't finished. There were the sandwiches to make and fruit to squeeze for the punch and a million things like that. Lola worked like a fiend, scampering from one task to another. I interfered no further. I was burned to a crisp, and I had it all figured out what I would say to the ladies when the time came.

It occurred to me that by their behavior they had lost us a darn good volunteer, for certainly the girl would bow out as soon as the afternoon's work was done and we'd never see her again. But at half past five she came over to where I was checking the program for the evening's entertainment and said that she was going home to shower and get a bite of dinner and that she'd be back in time to help wash dishes in the kitchen.

I was stunned. I stared at her. I wanted to tell her, Bruce, that she mustn't be a good-hearted fool. I wanted to tell her that we were imposing upon her. I even wanted to tell her that the ladies who were ordering her around as though she were a paid assistant considered her vulgar and common. But of course I did nothing of the sort. I thanked her, and she went her way.

Naturally, in the light of what occurred, I know that if I had said any of these things to Lola she would only have smiled that knowing smile of hers. She knew everything I would have told her and she didn't care. She knew how to wait.

In the rush of things I had to attend to I didn't think of Lola again until later that night, and I might not have thought of her then if she hadn't been brought to my attention by Helen Stanley.

The dance was in full swing and going beautifully. All my demure little volunteers were dancing nicely with young officers. There was just the proper amount of decorous gaiety in the air when Helen Stanley gasped and directed my attention to a far corner of the hall. There, Bruce, was Lola dancing with a handsome young ensign. Needless to say, she had not showered and dressed for dishwashing. She was wearing an ankle-length organdy dress and slippers with skyscraper heels.

Helen Stanley was beside herself with indignation and demanded to know if I had given the girl permission to be a hostess. Before I could answer, a dozen furious ladies had descended upon me with the same question. That was when Lola became my crusade. I looked at the women and said that the girl had my permission now and that if they wished they could order her from the floor, but when they did I went with her.

The ladies didn't want me to leave, so Lola was tolerated. But they still were upset.

I argued that she had worked hard enough for the dance to deserve a little pleasure from it. I also pointed out that she was young and lighthearted, and that the music no doubt had lured her into forgetting she was not privileged to join our party. The ladies said nothing. They only glared at Lola. Their glaring increased when the music stopped and the ensign led her to the punch bowl for a drink. I was embarrassed by her loud laughter, but she was the underdog and I was committed to calling her boisterousness high spirits.

She had been washing dishes. That much was evidenced by the fact that the front of her organdy dress was splashed with water. She looked messy, but the ensign didn't seem to notice that, though everyone else did. Helen Stanley and I sat on the side lines snapping at each other. She commented on the condition of the wilting organdy, and I replied that someone had to wash dishes. Then

Helen said it was a pity they hadn't been washed by someone wearing something more suitable than a dinner dress. She had me there.

Later I sought out Lola and had a talk with her. It was our first talk. It wasn't our last, however. It seems strange to me now as I sit here writing this that our last talk was about you, Bruce. I found her in the ladies' room repairing her make-up and her hair-do. She wore her hair very long at that time—too long for smartness.

I felt that it was a delicate matter I had to discuss with her. I wasn't happy about it. I hate to hurt people,. and I felt that I was going to hurt Lola. However, there was no way of dodging the issue.

I need not have worried about breaking the news to her that she was not welcome on the dance floor. She knew she wasn't welcome; she had known it when I hadn't registered her as a hostess. She opened the conversation herself with a flip comment on the way the "high hats" had tried to stare her down.

I attempted to say dipiomatically that there must have been a misunderstanding, but she insisted that there had been nothing of the sort. She said she had been standing in the trophy corridor listening to the music and the ensign had asked her to dance and she saw no reason for refusing him.

I couldn't let that pass, Bruce. I had to mention the fact that she had come dressed for dancing. She smiled when I said that. It was the first time I'd seen Lola smile that slow, dreamy smile.

"Of course I came dressed for dancing," she said. "What the hell do you think I was breaking my neck for this afternoon? For the pleasure of dishwashing this evening?"

I suppose that would have been enough for most people. Her impertinence had earned her the fate of being dismissed, but I'm always fascinated by the extraordinary. I had to know more about this girl with the lemon-colored hair. I had to find out what she was all about.

I found out quite a lot. It seemed she had come to us in the first place because she had been under the mistaken impression that officers were all wealthy men from upper-crust families. She told me this. She was quite frank, and she said the ensign had disappointed her horribly. Some chance remark of his had shown plainly that his family had no money.

I was spellbound listening to her, Bruce. After all, when one is thirty-eight and has spent one's life surrounded by people who have been schooled to hide their innermost thoughts, this sort of talk is as entertaining as it is shocking. Lola could do a strip-tease of her hopes and ambitions as unself-consciously as a professional strip-teaser can take off her clothes.

And I began to feel sorry for her again. She was so terrbly young and hard. When she picked up her purse and said she supposed I didn't want her to help next week I wavered. I said I shouldn't have supposed she would want to help, since officers weren't necessarily sons of millionaires.

"Sure, what the devil!" she said. "They can't all be worrying along on service pay."

I told her there was really little use in coming back since we did not want her as a hostess. She grinned and said that was okay, she'd manage. And back she came. (*Continued on page 121*)

Lola's smile warned me that for some reason the fluffy little kitten had turned into a jaguar with sharp, dangerous claws.


When Sinatra

THE PARAMOUNT THEATER in New York has been the home of strange phenomena for a long time. Periodically it has weathered the Commando assaults of frantic jitterbugs who descend by the thousands to quiver, jump and even riot to the music of Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James and other celebrated pipers. At such times police reserves are called out, glass is broken, ushers struggle with unruly mobs, and people wonder what the younger generation is coming to.

Recently a different kind of phenomenon was in progress at the Paramount, during the six-week engagement of Frank Sinatra, the emaciated-looking young man whose "voice is thrilling millions," as the publicity men say. This may or may not be an exaggeration, but there is no question that Frank Sinatra is having an extraordinary effect on a large segment of the female population, especially the younger element from thirteen to eighteen. Every morning in the blue dawn scores, even hundreds of girls gathered around the Paramount doors and waited hours to get in and take the choice front seats for the morning show. Other hundreds surged in the side street around the stage entrance at every performance, armed with autograph books, cameras and sketching pads against the appearance of the Voice. Every square inch to shoulder height on the Paramount's wall was covered with bleeding hearts executed in lipstick, telephone numbers, and sentiments on the order of "Frankie, you're adorable, I'll love you forever. Please call me tonight."

But these scenes in the streets were only a pale indication of the real phenomenon inside the Paramount. The capacity crowds of girls in hair ribbons and pigtails were assembled in a spirit of reverence, in contrast to the raucousness of the jitterbugs who came to hear the big, brassy orchestras. They were sometimes noisy and demonstrative, but not disorderly. The ushers standing in front of the stage to forestall Sinatra admirers who might attempt to leap up and embrace the Voice carried bottles of smelling salts. One of the most spectacular effects of Sinatra rendering "Night and Day," "It Can't Be Wrong," "That Old Black Magic," "As Time Goes By" and other sentimental favorites is that he causes numerous listeners to faint—hence the smelling salts.

The girls are not at all embarrassed by this show of weakness. On the contrary, they are rather proud of it. It is regarded as a gesture of special devotion, and Sinatra's audience is one of the most devoted on record. The countless hordes of girls and women who churn in the wake of the Voice publicly describe themselves as "Sinatra Swooners," and revel in the strange, delicious sensations which overcome them when Sinatra sings. Frequently these sensations are so violent that they produce hysterics. Every day at the Paramount one or more maidens had to be carried out, tearing their hair, foaming at the mouth and muttering wild endearments. One especially severe case was permitted to visit Sinatra in his dressing room, under heavy escort, in exchange for a promise to stay away from the theater in the future. She leaped on the Voice like a football tackle and clung so desperately that it took the chaperons ten minutes to detach her. But the rank and file of Sinatra Swooners regard such antics with disfavor, since they disturb the Voice and provoke outside criticism.

3,000 fan letters a week

1,000 Sinatra clubs

Girls in hysterics

at every performance

Why does this happen . . .

BY FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

Frank Sinatra's fan mail now averages some 3,000 letters a week, postmarked from all over the United States and from many foreign countries, and at least 1,000 Frank Sinatra Fan Clubs are busy collecting Sinatra records, compiling Sinatra memory books, writing ever more passionate letters, and publishing little newspapers devoted to the Voice's virtues and to little confessional articles detailing personal reactions on listening to him sing. In these circles it is customary to sign letters, "Sinatrally yours," and pajamas and night gowns are referred to as "Sinatra Suits." In short, a whole new cult latterly has come into being, and Frank Sinatra seems to be fit for the mantle of Rudolph Valentino or Rudy Vallee.

Many people find it difficult to account for this phenomenon. Sinatra is by no means handsome. He is bony and frail-looking, with deep-set, brooding blue eyes and ruffled brown hair. He dresses in a style which a few years ago would have been called "collegiate." He has a wife and a child, and there is no glamour connected with either his present surroundings or his background. His voice certainly is good of its kind, but if you heard it on a record without knowing about the Sinatra sensation, you probably wouldn't join the Swooners. A New York reviewer wrote recently of a Harry James record with a Frank Sinatra vocal: "To one who has never seen Sinatra, the mystery of his appeal is made no clearer by this recording."

Yet when Sinatra steps out on a stage and sings, there is an almost chemical reaction in the audience. A deathly hush is ended by one huge, collective feminine sigh at the first notes. Sinatra grips his microphone, gazes deeply and soulfully at his admirers, and sings like a medieval troubadour courting a pale lady. His songs invariably are sweet and full of the promise of romance, and his voice invariably is soft, intimate and faintly suggestive. When he hits a line like "You'd be so nice to come home to and love," the little girls squeal and wriggle and clutch one another and moan, "Oh, Frankie." It is at this point that the ushers start waving smelling salts and looking around anxiously for signs of hysterics.

Actually, the mass swooning which has become Sinatra's trademark is not confined entirely to impressionable little girls. It started, apparently, in the Riobamba night club where Sinatra made his one-man debut several months ago. The night-club crowd is older and presumably more sophisticated than the Paramount audience, but the female patrons of the Riobamba reacted almost like their little sisters in the theater. One exuberant lady stopped Sinatra one night and asked for his autograph. He was about to accommodate in the conventional manner when she suddenly ripped open the top of her gown and indicated her brassière. The Voice dutifully signed this garment. He is philosophical about such encounters because he is, after all, a "bedroom singer" (Sinatra's own phrase) and knows what to expect.

Sinatra has been compared to the Pied Piper of Hamelin, but he is scarcely a menacing character, even though he makes girls swoon and grow hysterical and play truant. The answer is not to be found wholly in his singing, which so delights the girls, or in his deceptively frail appearance which strongly appeals to the maternal in his older admirers. In fact, Dr. Louis I. Berg, New York psychiatrist, blames the war rather than the Voice himself for the Sinatra sensation. "Undoubtedly the most important reason for Sinatra's extraordinary appeal is the times we live in," states Dr. Berg. "He must be assessed against the background of war. After (*Continued on page 162*)

Only unto him . . .

The most terrible fear any human being can face is doubt of himself

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON

FANNY EVANS, dreaming over her book beyond the black wall of the low-branched pine trees, started nervously as she heard the sound of approaching feet. A moment later, when she saw Rosamond coming along the footpath, she rose from her garden chair with a cry of incredulous delight, and welcomed the newcomer with an eager embrace.

"Rosamond, my darling, how wonderful to see you! But how you scared me, creeping through the bushes that way."

Rosamond, handsome, modern, in her middle twenties, laughed. "I don't dare telephone because Papa always answers," she explained. "I have to come in like a thief!"

"Of course you do, darling." Mrs. Evans sent a hasty glance toward the dark old house that the dark old garden held in a strangling clutch. "Papa went to town to a directors' meeting, but I'm afraid Florence——"

"You can't even trust Florence?" Rosamond asked, her eyes never ceasing their fond, anxious study of her mother's face.

"Well," her mother said, with a faint smile, "it isn't a question of trusting, really. That is, I would never ask Florence—ask any servant—to conceal anything."

"Papa would be wild, I suppose," Rosamond observed.

"Well, you know your father has never forgiven Barney. He feels that Barney had no right to ask you to marry him and that you had no right to run away with him."

"Oh, darling, I know all that!" Rosamond exclaimed. "But Mother, I was engaged to Barney Squires. Papa had no objection to that. Barney came back from Pearl Harbor with his eyesight all but ruined; he's got to have someone with him all the time. Was *that* any time to tell him that I'd changed my mind?"

"No, no, dear. You and Barney know how I feel," Fanny Evans reassured her daughter. "But with Papa, it's different. He's very generous to you in spite of how he feels," she added quickly. "And I agreed that while he was so generous I wouldn't make any effort to see you. So your coming here——"

"*You* haven't made any effort to see me," Rosamond reminded her. "I took a chance. I saw the notice of the stockholders' meeting and I suspected Papa would go. Mother," she went on, "do you realize I haven't seen you for five whole months!"

"Do I realize it, every moment of it!" Fanny cried. "You see, Papa feels that if I go to see you and Barney it's like saying to all our friends that I approve what he doesn't approve."

"All your friends, Mother!" Rosamond exclaimed. "Who are they? You never see anyone any more."

"But that's my fault; not Papa's, dear. I've felt so weak and silly lately that I don't seem able to make any effort at all."

"Well, I had to see you today," Rosamond said, "because it's happened, and grandma has to know before anyone else does!"

"Oh, darling!" Fanny was electrified. "Rossy, I'm so happy for you! If I could be with you now. Not always, of course. But coming in and out of your little apartment. I've never seen it."

"Would you dare jump in the car now and come to see us? Barney'd be wild with joy."

"No, dear. I wouldn't risk it. Papa says that if I break my word his help to you two stops, and he means it. We couldn't have that—more than ever now. Later on——"

"Perhaps not so very much later on we can be independent of him," Rosamond said, as her mother paused. "Barney's working like mad. He's determined to sell stories, and he actually did sell one last week. But meanwhile, you're not well, Mother, and you're all alone out here."

"Indeed I'm not alone!" Fanny Evans said gallantly. "Papa and I are very

quiet, but you don't mind that so much as you grow older."

"Grow older! That's all right for Papa; he's sixty-four. But you're only forty-five, Mother," Rosamond argued. "I sometimes wonder," she went on thoughtfully, "what Papa was like when you were first married, when you were living in a four-room apartment and doing all of your own work."

"Oh, that was a happy time! He was very different then," Fanny said. She seemed to feel some disloyalty in the statement and added, "That is, he was—simpler. Everything was simpler."

"And then a friend comes to him with an invention and no money to back it, and Papa buys a half interest for six hundred dollars," Rosamond mused. "I wonder if anything like that will happen to Barney and me."

"I almost hope not, dear. Money complicates things."

"It needn't! It could be an unmixed blessing," Rosamond answered. "But cooped up here with Papa; not getting away from this gloomy place day after day——"

"But that is my fault, darling. I seem so purposeless lately," her mother interrupted. "You can't blame Papa for that. I could take walks; I could make friends; he often urges me to."

"He urges you with one hand and holds you back with the other," Rosamond observed. "You know how he acts when anyone comes to this house. It's all very well to say I shouldn't have run away with Barney, but what chance had I to see him if I didn't? Even when girls came to see me it was always Papa, so pleasant and friendly, coming in to say, 'When your friends are gone, dear, I think Mother needs you,' or something like that. A nice way to treat visitors! And as for you—why, no matter who was with you, there was Papa shouting from upstairs, 'Fanny, the moment you're

"Papa feels that Barney had no right to ask you to marry him," Fanny Evans told her daughter, "and that you had no right to run away with him."

free I have something I want to discuss with you!' And now you never see anyone; you never go anywhere. Why you don't go out of your mind I never will know!"

"Papa's made that way, Rosamond. He can't help it. He must manage everybody and everything. But I'm used to him. I see his good side. His sending you and Barney three hundred dollars every month, for instance."

"Which he will stop if you come to see your own daughter! Which he would stop today if he knew I was here!"

"Because he would feel it disloyalty on my part."

"He has no right to feel that way! And believe me," Rosamond said, "the first moment we can do without it, we'll write him a grateful note and never touch a penny of his again. But why, *why* make us all so unhappy? Why not be friendly? He's shut you off from the world in this sepulcher. He's done his best to break your heart and mine, and *why?*"

"Yet Papa is really worried about me." Fanny said. "You don't know how concerned, how kind he can be when he's worried about me."

"But you're not sick?" Rosamond questioned uneasily.

"No. Not physically sick. But Dr. Olzendam thinks I may be having a—a bad nervous breakdown."

"When'd you see Dr. Olzendam?"

"He comes sometimes to dinner, and he comes in other times—any time. He says he likes to walk. It's only about two miles to Pleasantvale, if you go over the hill," Fanny said.

"But what started him coming here?"

"Papa says he met him and they got talking world affairs. They've struck up quite a friendship."

"Isn't Dr. Olzendam the alienist—whatever you call them—who took over that Pleasantvale sanitarium a few years ago?"

"It must be a terrible place," Fanny said slowly, after an affirmative nod.

"Well, any insane asylum!"

"That great gate looks so horrible, like a jail."

"I suppose it is a sort of jail, inasmuch as they won't let you out," Rosamond agreed. "I can't get over Papa and old Olzendam," she added. "How long has this been going on?"

"About two months. He's coming here tonight. He's asked me to come over to Pleasantvale," Fanny said, "but I'm afraid." Suddenly she was convulsed with anguish; she covered her face with her hands, struggling against the rush of sobs and tears that choked her. "I must stop this," she cried desperately. "It only makes me worse! But I'm—I'm so afraid, darling," she faltered, "that if I once go there they might not let me come home again!"

"Mother, what a ridiculous notion!" Rosamond said indignantly. "That only shows you ought to get away from here, leave Papa—oh, only for a while! I know how you feel about your obligations as a wife. And I know it's for Barney and me that you put up with Papa."

"Not entirely," Fanny said, her voice still thick with tears, but her self-control regained. "It's for myself too. I have no money, and if I went away and tried to get a job, how do I know that I could support myself? How do I know what Papa would do? He would certainly stop your allowance, and he would stand before the whole world as an abused husband—a man who had done everything possible to make his wife happy; a handsome home, good servants, fine clothes, every comfort. Don't you see that would make me seem more than ever—more than ever——" She stopped.

"More than ever—what?" Rosamond demanded.

"Queer," her mother answered with a shaken laugh. "So that's enough of that. And now you must go, dear. Don't worry about me, Rosamond," she added, as they walked to the gate. "This has been a hard winter and a bad time; the whole world is nervous and puzzled. But I'll be all right. Give my love to Barney and say how sorry I am about never having you here. But there'll be other summers, and next year we'll have something really to celebrate—imagine having a grandchild! I'm going to think of that whenever I feel myself getting—getting——"

"You don't get blue, do you, Mother?" Rosamond asked. "Not that I'd blame you."

"No; not blue, exactly. Fuzzy-minded," Fanny confessed. "Papa says it's the Davenport blood. We were all a little wild, you know."

"You wild!" Rosamond reproached her. "Anyway, you know now about MacArthur."

"That's what he's to be called?"

"That's what Barney calls him."

Fanny stood smiling at the gate, watching Rosamond out of sight. Then she went into the house and upstairs to her own room.

An imposing house, albeit oppressive and gloomy. Heavy curtains and carpets always in the same set folds and lines; plants in pots; solid furniture. No disorder; no sounds; no voices.

Fanny went up to her bay-windowed corner room. She looked at her fireplace wistfully. A snapping fire would have been nice as the foggy cool spring afternoon closed in. But since they had had to let the outdoor man go to serve his country, she (*Continued on page 157*)

"On You it looks good"

Yes, clothes make the woman, but it isn't always certain just *what* they make her

BY FAITH BALDWIN

Drawings by Burmah Burris

SOMETHING pretty shattering has happened to women who formerly wore clothes. It is evident that they no longer do it with mirrors.

The well-dressed woman nowadays wears a uniform. I wish she would get out of it occasionally. Certain branches of the services demand that she wear it continuously except when she sleeps (I hope) and with this I have no quarrel.

My plaint is not directed toward women in uniform but rather toward those of us who are now rocketing around the countryside wearing habiliments dreamed up by Salvador Dali in one of his grimmer moments.

It has become vulgar to look chic, and fashionable to resemble something that no self-respecting cat would drag in, drunk or sober.

I have long been affronted by slacks on Park and Fifth avenues, to say nothing of Broadway, and bare legs cheesecaking along our Manhattan alleys—especially those of any female over sixteen—give me the horrors. But I can endure these manifestations, for I had a prewar course in Hollywood which included bathing suits under mink coats and synthetic eyelashes tickling dark glasses; I even suffered a sea change at Miami Beach, during which I could look at shorts, a halter, a silver fox cape, anklet socks and high heels, assembled upon one chassis, without doing more than screaming in a whisper. I thought I had seen everything. I was wrong.

I live in a section which isn't suburban nor yet quite rural. Here my fellow citizens have long affected the Country Squire and his Lady, back and foreground, and the migrant, or summer visitors have appeared, come Decoration Day, upon our village streets in not much more than the skin and bones God granted them. In our artists' colony

strange shirts, berets and purple corduroy pants have ever been a trademark of the male, with corresponding fashions for the female. But it took the war to emancipate practically every woman for miles around.

Mark you, I do not advocate trekking to market awheel or afoot, laden with ration book and basket, garbed like the composite choice of the couturieres for the diadem of Fashion's Little Queen—not at any time, be it peace or war. Yet I do contend that a happy medium establishes a sense of proportion and likewise a sense of humor.

Throughout last winter zero temperatures were lowered by the spectacle of our top-drawer women arrayed in ancient corduroys, Mackinaws, cowhand boots and knitted toques. Occasionally, a casual sable cape or tasteful string of pearls completed the picture. But as gentle spring approached the ladies changed to overalls, or blue jeans, and their husbands' elderly shirts. Also, mindful of stamp seventeen reposing in the safe-deposit box, they wore bedroom slippers.

Sometimes they wore stockings. If it so happened that these were of treasured silk or nylon, now as rare as the roc, said gam-glamour was ostentatiously in tatters. Snags were mildly patriotic, runs a little more so and large gaping holes all out for freedom.

I must be a reactionary. Maybe a die-hard, too. But even if this little lifted voice should bring me to the tumbrel, I would still contend stoutly that whether the times bring peace or war a woman who makes an appearance upon the public streets should somehow contrive to look like a woman—not a cross between a rag bag and a scarecrow, with a dash of her adolescent son.

When, now and again, I give utterance to these trivial sentiments, I am informed that the American Housewife is contributing to the War Effort; she is servantless; she lends a hand in all manner of defense operations and plants a victory garden.

Okay, okay—I admit it, being personally acquainted with emergencies. But kitchen or garden, there are still third-best clothes in the clothes closet and wearable shoes on the shelves; there are still combs and brushes, and it doesn't take long to change from dungarees to the old but decent tweed, the cotton dress, the gingham suit.

Lipstick still reigns, and the hairdresser's booth is not neglected. This is gratifying but not enough. For it looks as if woman were beginning to believe that a scarlet smile and bi-monthly hair set are all that is necessary to keep up the morale. The rest of her can go hang.

I wonder what men think—those who return from office toil, ensnarled in Government forms, red tape and busy wires to Washington; those who put in time in the defense factory or return on leave from the Armed Services. What happens to *their* morale when they are greeted by wives or sweethearts, daughters or sisters, or even grandmas, looking for all the world like a regiment of Dracula's Daughters?

Maybe I am wrong. I usually am. Perhaps women have banded together to keep their men on the job. Maybe they don't want them to become homesick when in camp or at sea. Perhaps the nightmare décor is, so to speak, the ultimate patriotic gesture. I know, at least, that if I were a man and had to come home to Alibi Annie wearing my old civilian pants, a checked shirt and cosy-tosies, I would return to war as to the arms of an understanding mistress—or if I weren't already at war, I would kneel before my draft board and plead for instant induction.

But the ladies have an argument. They are helping the war effort by saving their clothes (and may I ask, for what?); they are the living exponents of thrift and stern duty.

Well, sure, girls, it's easier—just reach into the closet like Fibber McGee and take what comes. Junior's raincoat, Sister's shorts, Pop's pants and the beanie Aunt Angie left last time she was here. While you're at it, a catcher's mask wouldn't be out of order. On you, it looks good.

Our country society lady in marketing costume. Horrors!

Seriously, is there anything in the regulations that says women shouldn't look human?

Moderation is a way to spell sanity. I suppose the casting off of fashion's shackles, along with the restricting girdle and the hosiery, is a symbol of freedom. It's simple and it's fun, but, darling, is it cricket? The exorcising of feminine vanity may be praiseworthy but I am beginning to think that it's merely vanity—in reverse. I am not asking for hoopskirts, tiaras or Lilly Daché hats on Main Street or in the market places. I am not asking for your best suit, your sheerest cotton, your treasured shantung. I'm just asking you to look in a mirror without alibis.

I admit that I, personally, would rather look at Dorothy Lamour than at myself. I'm not trying to convert you. All I ask—before they take me away in a strait jacket—is that you exercise a little restraint where it will do the most good. All I ask is that, when I walk down my or any street, I shall once again be capable of judging the sex of the apparition ahead of me by some other means than the southerly fit of her retreaded slacks.

Friend wife in hubby's castoff clothes is no help to *his* morale.

THE COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

Dollar a Year Wife

Come to Washington with me—

or keep your job alone! Thus Sue Travis traded her penthouse

for a one-room apartment and the rôle of forgotten wife.

Would she repent her bargain? BY

KATHRYN WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

SOMETHING was wrong. Something was *very* wrong, and Sue Travis knew it. That was why she kept having those sharp little stabs of fear all the way home in the taxi.

In private life (that is to say, when she was not sitting at her desk in McCrea and Company writing ads that moved merchandise off shelves like magic) Sue Travis was known as Mrs. Jeffrey Baine. And the trouble brewing, which Sue was trying so desperately to measure, had to do with Mr. Baine. He had called her office while she was out. He'd said he would be home for dinner at seven, and asked that she be there *without* fail.

The message might not have produced the reaction it did in Sue, had it not been for two disquietingly cogent factors. The first was: Mr. Baine had no business being in town at all. He was supposed to be in Chicago. When he left on Friday he said he'd be gone two weeks. Yet here it was only Monday and he was back in town.

Such things didn't happen. Not in the Baine household they didn't. Jeff Baine didn't make mistakes in estimate. Large and powerful firms paid him large, impressive fees not to. Oh, he'd slip his schedule a day or two now and then—but *eleven* days! It was unheard of.

Jeff's lips could always make Sue's pulse skip crazily. And they did now.

Then there was factor two which did not concern Jeff. But which did concern someone of the utmost importance on Sue's economic docket. That person was Hugh Farley. "Uncle Hughie," as president of Maplewood Foods Corp., was one of McCrea and Company's most important (and erratic) clients. Once a year Uncle Hughie burst on Manhattan like a gust of wind off the prairies of his native Minnesota. Ostensibly he came to map the Maplewood advertising campaign for the year; actually his purpose was to take the town apart. Which he invariably did, with appalling thoroughness. McCrea and Company treated the Farley visits like migraine headaches. Anticipated them with dread—and cured them with aspirin.

It was absolute ritual with Uncle Hughie that Sue, who wrote all the Maplewood ads, and Mac, president of McCrea and Company, should prowl with him the first night he was in town. After that Uncle Hughie managed to take very good care of himself. Prowling meant catching scraps of practically every floor show east of Broadway and greeting the dawn from that strip on Fifty-second Street known as "hangover hollow"—usually over scrambled eggs and with some visiting movie starlet in Uncle Hughie's lap. Which brought Sue to the crux of factor two in her compendium of fear. *Uncle Hughie had arrived that morning!*

And Jeff knew it. Sue was certain he did. She even recalled explaining to him how important this visit was to McCrea and Company, because the Maplewood contract was up for renewal, and every agency in New York was trying to get it. Yet in spite of this Jeff had told her to be at their penthouse apartment at seven o'clock. Just when she should be meeting Uncle Hughie and Mac.

"It's darn funny," Sue mused, "and I'll bet chance had nothing to do with cutting this puzzle. Jeff Baine cut it himself, and he did it deliberately. If I could just lay hands on a key piece, it'd help." Sue went back to a segment of the past, a five-year-old segment, for verification of her assumption.

Five years ago Mac had offered her the job at McCrea and Company, and Jeff had not wanted her to take it. Not that he was a woman's-place-is-in-the-home advocate. Far from it; he believed jobs were as important to women as to men. But Sue had a job. And, Jeff contended, was doing quite all right for herself. Which was partly true. She was a free-lance ad writer and had several important accounts on her books. But she didn't make ten thousand dollars a year. Which was what Mac offered her. And which Jeff said she didn't *need* to make.

Jeff's office was doing well and they managed comfortably, with more than a dash of luxury on the side. Sue used one room of their four-room apartment for her office, and since she was not beholden to time clocks, often went with Jeff on his business trips. Life was busy and exceedingly satisfactory for the Baines,

until Mac tossed that bright red ten-thousand-dollar apple over the wall of their charming Eden. Then Sue got restive.

After prolonged discussion, and after agreeing that if things turned out as Jeff predicted, she would try *his* way, Sue went to work for McCrea and Company. It hardly seemed possible it had been five years. She'd worked long, hard hours. But it had been fun. Because accounts, big accounts like Maplewood, had been the fruits of those weary hours. And Sue was quite aware that McCrea's impressive profit sheet was not all Mac's doing. She'd had something to do with it too. She knew she wrote a good, provocative ad. And she was grateful for her talent in the same way she was grateful that her body was straight and slim. And that her skin tanned so smoothly, instead of freckling or peeling. And that her eyes provoked people to kind remarks, especially men. And that her hair was crisp and gave off sparks of gold in the sunlight. And had enough curl so she didn't need permanents.

She was not, however, Hollywood's version of a high-salaried woman executive. Even the office boys at McCrea and Company called her by her first name and she did not have calls transferred to the beauty salon when she had manicures and shampoos. Which was why she didn't get Jeff's message until after six, when she came back to the office to sign the letters she'd dictated just before she left.

Marg, her secretary, had put a note on top of the letters. It said:

> Jeff called. Says he must see you. It's important. He won't be at the office. But please be at the apartment at seven without fail.

Sue read the note twice, then turned to the phone and dialed her home number. "Lizzie," she said, when her black angel's mellow "Hello" floated over the wire, "did Mr. Baine call and say he'd be home for dinner?"

"He sho' did, honey." Lizzie's voice always dropped to a croon when Jeff's name was mentioned.

"Did he call from town?" Sue asked. "He isn't due back for over a week. I can't understand——"

"I don't know nothin' about that," Lizzie interrupted. "I jes' know he's comin' home. An' yo' better get here an' get yo' shower an' get purty. I'll have out the new green tea gown."

"All right," Sue agreed, knowing there was nothing else to do since it was evident Lizzie had assumed management of the reunion.

And just as well *that* was, Sue admitted. The ones she'd directed had been going mighty sour of late. Maybe Lizzie's romantic instinct was surer than her own. She hoped so. Because for six months now every time she and Jeff spent an evening together they'd added another bit of curd to their marriage. Nasty, sharp quarrels seemed to blow up from the most innocent remarks, and there they'd be with another spoiled evening on their hands.

As a matter of fact, though Sue hadn't admitted it yet, Jeff had been right five years ago. He'd said she couldn't *earn* ten thousand dollars a year without sacrificing certain personal facets of her life. Sue said she could. Unhappily she'd been wrong. And it hadn't taken long to prove it.

At first, Jeff asked her to go on trips with him, as he always had. And, at first, Sue said she'd go. But she never made it. Some client would wire he was arriving in town. Or a layout would have to be rushed ahead of schedule. Or the art department would start screaming for copy. After this happened about ten times, Jeff stopped asking her. Then Sue got afraid, and tried to arrange more free time to be with him. But she never seemed to manage it. So Jeff went his way alone, and became more and more remote. For a long time now, when they found themselves together, they either acted as though they'd just been introduced—or they fought.

And much as Sue wanted to share Lizzie's faith in a superbly fitted hostess gown, she knew perfectly well it was going to take more than a few yards of green rayon crepe to solve the Baine problem.

When she'd signed the letters, Sue turned to the phone and dialed another number. A minute or two later, in the bar thirty floors below, a waiter approached a table at which two men were seated. To the taller of the men, he said, "Telephone, Mr. McCrea."

The man followed the waiter to a booth at the front of the bar, and every woman at every table he passed looked up—and kept on looking. Maybe it was the sardonic half-grin he had pinned on his lips that attracted them. Or maybe it was his height; he must have been six-one, at least. Or maybe it was the scatter of gray in his hair, or the worldly gleam in his eyes, or the unmistakable sheen of success he wore. Or maybe it just was that Don McCrea was something every woman everywhere hoped she'd find on her tree Christmas morning.

"Mac," said Sue in response to the alert McCrea "Hello." "I can't have dinner with you and Uncle Hughie. Jeff's in town and wants to see me. It's something important. Tell Hugh I'm sorry, will you? And that I'll see him tomorrow?"

For a moment no sound came over the wire. Then words started beating in her ear, words thickly iced with panic. "Gosh,

At the end of her first day in Washington Sue took a look at herself in the bathroom mirror—and burst out crying.

Sue!" Mac exclaimed. "You can't do this. Tell Jeff you'll see him later. Tell him you'll see him tomorrow. Tell him to join us. Tell him anything, but don't wash out. You know how Hugh'll roar. And you know I can't handle him alone."

"I have to see Jeff at seven, Mac," Sue said firmly, knowing perfectly well that Mac hadn't even started arguing.

"Listen, Sue," he pleaded, "Cy Davis has been on Hughie's trail all day. And you know if he gets mad enough, he'll sign with that buzzard, for spite."

Sue's resistance almost broke. She hadn't slipped a business appointment in five years, and habit goes deep. But then she remembered Lizzie's warning. And she remembered that for five years she'd sacrificed Jeff. "I can't meet you, Mac," she insisted doggedly.

The conversation ended eventually, with Mac saying, "All right, if we lose the Maplewood account, it's on your head." Then demanding, "What happened to the Central job? I thought that was going to take two weeks."

Weakly Sue said, "That's what Jeff thought. I don't know what happened. I didn't talk to him; he called while I was out." She glanced at the small electric clock on her desk. It was almost six-twenty. "I've got to rush," she told Mac. "See you in the morning—if you're able." And hung up quickly.

Sue put on her prettiest things, hoping to ward off the bad news she feared Jeff was bringing her.

When she got home, Sue found the lamps burning in the living room, flowers in the dining room, and heavenly odors coming from the kitchen. "Hum," she said, viewing the scene with approval. "Looks like a party."

"It sho' is, honey," Lizzie beamed. "We got rum cake."

As Sue turned down the hall to her room, Lizzie called after her, "Yo' things is out, honey." And sure enough, they were. The blue hostess gown, her briefest scanties, her filmiest bra, and gayest slippers, were collected neatly on the bed. There was, Sue decided, more than a hint of the carnal in Lizzie's romantic instinct.

At five minutes to seven Sue was standing by the fireplace in the living room. The logs cracked noisily and the room was filled with the tang of flaming sap. Lizzie had been in, looked her over and gone back to her kitchen, beaming approval. That was when Sue looked at the clock and went numb.

And when she decided that, since she had just five minutes to admit the truth, she'd better get on with it. Better admit she knew what it was Jeff wanted to talk to her about. *He wanted to talk about them.* It had to come sooner or later. And while she was about it, she'd better acknowledge that the chances were more than good he'd bring up the subject of divorce too. Jeff wasn't one to present a problem, without having a solution handy. And wasn't Reno the popular spa for ailing marriages?

To substantiate that last admission she had more than the clairvoyance ten years of matrimony develops. She could cite specific cases which paralleled hers and Jeff's with sickening surety. For months before they announced they were getting a divorce Mary and Todd Wayne had bickered as she and Jeff were doing. So had Corrine and Clyde Albright. And Lydia and Herb Schilling. And all their friends pointedly ignored the signs of strain, and avoided taking sides, and pretended not to know that Todd Wayne was having blonde trouble. And Lydia Schilling had decided to rekindle a pre-Herb flame. And Clyde Albright wasn't just dancing with that brunette who taught him the rumba.

With a fresh stab of fear, Sue realized that each case she'd used as instance had the same common divisor. Incompatibility was its polite name.

At five minutes after seven, Lizzie came in with the cocktail tray, and asked anxiously, "What yo' guess coulda happened, honey?"

Luckily Sue didn't have to think up an answer, because just then Jeff's key scraped in the lock and Lizzie hurried into the hall. Sue couldn't move. She tried, but the deep pile of the rug held her feet like a magnet. So she just stood, hoping Jeff would mistake inaction for composure. She managed somehow to produce the reasonable facsimile of a smile.

Lizzie's greeting changed to a mumble of disapproval when Jeff said, "Don't bother to take the bags back to my room, Lizzie. I'm leaving again on a midnight train."

Before Sue's mind could grasp the significance of his statement Jeff was standing beside her, saying, "You're looking mighty handsome, Mrs. Baine." And before she could do anything about it he'd trapped her lips in a kiss no board of censors would have passed. Sue tried not to react, but Jeff's lips always made her pulse skip crazily and after a brief struggle she let her heart have its way.

At last her lips were free again, and Jeff was saying, "Soon as I wash I'll mix some drinks." He said it calmly, and without looking at her again, turned and walked down the hall. Sue's cheeks stung. She hadn't meant things should go this way. She'd wanted to be the cool, assured one. So she was acting like an anxious ingénue! By the time Jeff got back she'd managed to revive enough composure to say lightly, "What's this I hear about a midnight train?"

Jeff, measuring Scotch into highball glasses, didn't look up. "I'm sorry," he said (and didn't sound sorry at all), "to cut in on Uncle Hughie. But I'm leaving —*and we've got to talk before I go.*"

So he *had* remembered that Uncle Hughie was getting in today. Then what he had to say was important indeed.

When Jeff finished mixing the drinks he handed her the one with plain water. As he did so, he gave her a searching look, and Sue thought: Here it comes! But what he said was, "Nice people, the Baines. Let's drink to them."

After that he avoided any mention of family affairs, except once, during dinner, when he said, "How's the Maplewood job going? Are the layouts ready for Farley yet?"

Sue was about to ring for Lizzie when he asked the question. But since Jeff was not in the habit of displaying any interest whatever in McCrea affairs, she realized this was only a lead into the subject he really wanted to discuss. She took her hand off the bell. Better keep Lizzie out of this, she decided. With no attempt to conceal her surprise at this sudden interest in her career, Sue said, "Everything's ready for Hugh's okay. Why do you ask?"

Through the candles Jeff's eyes sought hers. "I just wanted to know," he said, "how soon you can get away from those soap ads."

She'd been so sure he would not mention Reno during dinner that she had let down her guard and his question hit her broadside. For a moment she couldn't breathe, let alone think of an answer. When she did speak, pride forced her to say stiltedly, "It can be arranged, I think."

"Good!" said Jeff. "That's what I want to talk to you about—after dinner."

She was only vaguely aware that the steak was as thick as Lizzie promised. That the rum cake was a great success (anyway at Jeff's end of the table). That she remembered to put sugar in his coffee. And that Jeff didn't seem to notice her detachment. But when he sent Lizzie off to the movies, with instructions to stay for the second feature, Sue knew the preliminaries were over—knew this was the main event.

She was sitting on the divan, holding an empty coffee cup in her hand, when Jeff said, "Now, Mrs. Baine, let's talk."

"What shall we talk about?" Sue asked, in a tight, small voice. As though she didn't know!

"Us," said Jeff.

He was leaning against the fireplace, packing tobacco into his pipe. Shadows danced across (*Continued on page 108*)

A SLIGHT CASE OF Kismet

Care to escape the heat and the war? Try this gay, romantic story of a pretty Boston debutante who beards her man in prewar Africa

BY VIRGINIA FAULKNER

FOUR YEARS before General Eisenhower did so, Miss Hester Longstreet and her grandniece, Mandy, invaded Tunisia. Since this was in 1938, and most of the world was still receiving visitors, Miss Hester was armed only with a guidebook and a letter of credit, but there was something about her progress through a foreign land—the grim efficiency with which she marched on major sight-seeing objectives; the relentless thoroughness with which she mopped up every drop of local color—that suggested an army on a business trip.

Like all modern military leaders, Miss Hester had her invasion time table worked out to the fraction of a second. After debarking at Tunis and taking a quick gander at the ruins of Carthage, she announced to her niece that they would set out the next morning on a motor tour of the coast and interior. This brought forth an immediate protest from Mandy, whose ideas about what constituted traveling for pleasure were diametrically opposed to Miss Hester's. In Mandy's opinion, their exploration of North Africa should be restricted to localities where Old World charm was combined with New World plumbing, and where ancient monuments could be inspected in the company of contemporary males.

"Why don't we just stick around Tunis?" she said. "There's tons and tons of things we haven't seen."

"For example?" queried her aunt, selecting a thin black cigar from the box on which she scrupulously paid duty at each frontier.

"Well," said Mandy vaguely, "there are always churches and statues and paintings."

Miss Hester clipped the cigar with a dainty silver penknife. "The natives of Tunisia are Mussulmans and worship at mosques; and the Mohammedan religion forbids representation of the human form. Thus, even if it were possible to visit a mosque—which is not permitted in Tunis—one would find neither paintings nor statuary."

"Touché!" said Mandy. "But that still leaves the native quarter. I know there's one because Chip Fenton told me about it. He says the shops are fascinating."

"When we return to Tunis we shall make a tour of the *souks*. However, if you went there now, you would be foolish enough to purchase perfume and earrings and other objects which can be obtained in the outlying towns for perhaps one-tenth the sum these city merchants demand." Miss Hester blew a smoke ring. "I have arranged an extremely worthwhile itinerary." She consulted a memorandum. "We proceed first to Hammamet—a picturesque resort said to be greatly favored by Continental visitors; thence to Sfax, a garrison and rail center——"

"Said to be greatly favored by locomotives."

"——and thence to Gabès, where we strike inland to Tozeur and Nefta, returning to Tunis via Kairouan, a famed holy city. I think we ought to be able to complete the trip in seven days."

"Is that the record?" asked Mandy cynically. "Okay, Aunt Hester, you start greasing the lightning while I have a stirrup cup with Chip."

The advance down the coast was carried out according to plan. Hammamet, Sfax and Gabès were soon no more than notches in Miss Hester's Baedeker and three rolls of exposed film in Mandy's camera case. It was not until the Longstreet Expeditionary Force headed westward that it made its first unscheduled stop.

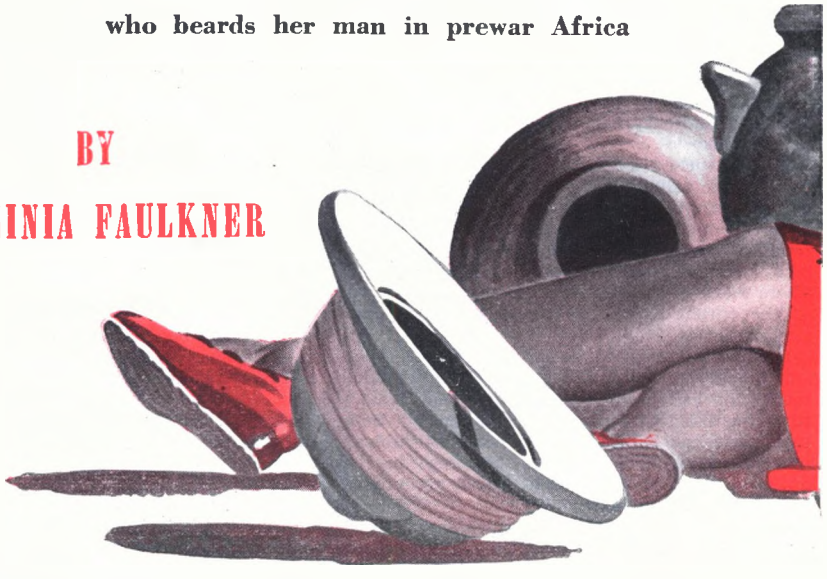
This occurred in the middle of a salt marsh called the Chott Djerid, which lies on the road from Gabès to the oasis of Tozeur.

Since it was February, and the rainy season, the only traces of road were gaunt black stakes like channel markers, set at half-kilometer intervals in the shining plain of water which stretched interminably to the frosty blue horizon. In the center of this glittering desolation a car was stalled.

As they drew near, a man opened the door, stepped into water up to his knees and began signaling with a brilliantly checked scarf.

"Wake Louis-Philippe," said Miss Hester, who was driving.

Louis-Philippe, the courier-chauffeur, was stretched out in the back of the lofty old Peugeot limousine. To Louis-Philippe, accustomed to the physical and psychological hardships of conducting female tourists off the beaten path, Miss Hester had come as a stunning revelation. Never having been in New England, he was unaware that there existed elderly spinsters with the souls of sea captains, and there was nothing in Miss Hester's prim exterior which suggested the reckless or the resourceful, the intrepid or the domineering. Louis-Philippe, however, found out: even before they pulled away from the Tunisia Palace Hotel, he was happily resigned to the prospect of the back seat and his first good rest in five years.



"Réveillez-vous, copain," said Mandy. "We're being flagged. Maybe it's a hold-up."

As Louis-Philippe stirred drowsily and then relapsed into a more profound slumber, Miss Hester stopped the limousine opposite the stalled car.

"Kesker se passe?" she demanded in a shrill voice. *"Vous vous manquez du pétrole?"*

"No," said the man, who was wearing a faded blue trenchcoat and who appeared to be young in spite of a mature-looking red beard. "I have the commotion mechanical; the old jalopy refuses to march." He waggled his thumb in the direction of Tozeur. "Would you be so kindly, ma'am?"

"Get in," said Miss Hester.

"Just our luck," complained Mandy. "Only a hitchhiker; I thought the least we could expect was a mirage."

The man looked at her, shielding his eyes from the glare with his hand, and then splashed around the car to her window. Elbow on sill, he inspected her deliberately. "What's a mirage got that I haven't?" he inquired.

"They don't have mirages at home," replied Mandy, a little breathlessly, "but they do have lots of hitchhikers."

"Now, then," said Miss Hester. "Come along if you're coming, Mr. Whatever-your-name-may-be."

"Ronson," said the man. "Charles Joseph Ronson." He transferred a duffel bag and a dispatch case from one car to the other and coolly climbed in front with the Misses Longstreet. "I haven't sat next to a white woman for months," he announced, wringing out his trouser legs.

"Let's throw him back, Aunt Hester," said Mandy.

"Amanda," said her aunt, "must I remind you again not to distract me when I am driving?"

"Amanda?" said Ronson. "I once knew a girl named Amanda."

"How dull," said Mandy coldly.

"It was, at times," said Ronson. "She was a stuffy creature. Conventional. Like you," he amplified.

"That's where you're wrong," snapped Mandy. "I'm the soul of unconventionality. I'm a thrill-chaser, and I live for the moment."

"The moments in Boston must be terribly few and far between," observed Ronson.

"Do I look like Boston?" asked Mandy indignantly.

"Your aunt's hat does."

"My aunt's hat is from Paris."

"Only Beacon Street," said Ronson, "could so successfully domesticate a Paris hat." He looked at Mandy very intently for a moment, and then asked, "How long has it been since someone's told you that you are astonishingly beautiful?"

"Oh, a good three days," she said airily. "But what do you mean: 'astonishingly'?"

"I couldn't believe my eyes," said Ronson.

"Don't you think it's silly for men to wear beards?" said Mandy. Stretched out on one of the large sagging beds featured by the Hôtel des Postes, she was sipping a cup of tea.

"By silly," said Aunt Hester, "presumably you mean odd, affected or old-fashioned. When are you going to learn, Amanda, that there are more than six adjectives in the English language? I, personally, have always had a predilection for bearded men." She puffed her cigar. "Your granduncle, Quincy Longstreet, had a most——"

"I'll say! I've seen his picture," said Mandy. "But I still say it's spinach, and I still say the——"

"Amanda! Did you speak to Louis-Philippe about securing gentle camels for the excursion to Nefta?"

"No, but you did," said Mandy. "Don't you think I kind of bowled him over? Ronson, I mean."

"He said he hadn't seen a white woman for months," her aunt reminded her.

"Always belittlin'," sighed Mandy. "I bet you'd have described the Battle of Bunker Hill as a 'disturbance in the suburbs.'"

One long table constituted the sole accommodation for diners at the Hôtel des Postes, and shortly after the Misses Longstreet had taken their places, Charles Joseph Ronson came in. He nodded to them politely, then produced a book which he began to peruse with an absorbed air.

"Mr. Ronson," said Mandy, "will you pass the salt?"

With only the briefest of glances, he did so.

"*And* the pepper, Mr Ronson?"

Again he complied, scarcely raising his eyes

Mandy opened her eyes slowly. "Go on and beat me, you great bully," she said in a faint voice.

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

"And the mustard? And the bread?" persisted Mandy. "And that dish of—of red stuff?"

"Will you eat it if I do?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

Ronson shrugged. "No reason," he said, serving her generously. He waited until she had taken a forkful and then added, "Not everyone cares for pickled cocks' combs."

Mandy gulped, choked and reached for her water glass.

"Heigh-ho for meddlers," Miss Hester remarked to her niece.

"You and your vintage wisecracks," said Mandy crossly. "My aunt adores being a character," she told Ronson. "Sometimes she says 'stuff and nonsense' and even 'fiddlesticks.'"

"Horsefeathers!" said Miss Hester trenchantly. "Is this your first visit to Tozeur, young man?"

"No," said Ronson. "I come here often."

"I understand from my courier," said Miss Hester, "that a sheik has a residence here, and that he has a dozen or more wives. A curious life these nomads lead, is it not?"

"Very sensible, in some respects," said Ronson. "Would you care to call on the sheik? He's a good friend of mine."

"I think that would be a most interesting experience," said Miss Hester. Her eyes gleamed. "Do we dress? I remember reading a novel some years ago——"

"We've already seen one sheik," said Mandy. "He looked like a pile of dirty bedding, and he was driving a car. Heigh-ho for E. M. Hull," she added pointedly to her aunt.

Nevertheless, Mandy tagged along when they went to pay their respects to the desert chieftain, who was much impressed with Miss Hester. His French was about on a par with hers, but they managed a lurid conversation about *"les gangstairs de Chicago"* who represented the sheik's sole interest in Western civilization, and about whose exploits Miss Hester was minutely informed. At parting, the sheik presented her with an orange and a set of Paris garters, and she reciprocated with her card and two cigars.

As Mandy followed her aunt down the narrow passageway which led to the street, she discovered that she had left her gloves, and, turning back, saw Ronson pull a package from his coat pocket and hand it to the sheik, who accepted it eagerly. This transaction intrigued her so much that she forgot all about the lost gloves until Ronson returned them to her at the hotel. Inside of one she found a note: "Meet me in the bar as soon as your aunt goes to bed. Or does she?"

The bar was a dismal, low-ceilinged room containing an ancient player piano —the kind you pedal—and a few chipped gilt chairs with red plush seats. The attendant had retired—Tozeur was strictly a nine-o'clock town—but Ronson helped himself to a bottle of cognac and glasses, which he put down on one of the small tables.

"Why did you ask me to come here?" asked Mandy.

"Probably for the same reason you came," said Ronson.

"I thought perhaps you wanted to show me the moon."

"Did you?" said Ronson.

"As it happens, I've seen it before."

"Evidently, then, I was the sole attraction."

"If you're the sole attraction, you'd better be more entertaining."

"Very well," said Ronson. He rose and came around the table toward her. Mandy jumped up so quickly that her chair fell over. "Shall we dance?" he asked in a formal voice.

"There's no music."

"One of us could whistle."

"Give," said Mandy.

Ronson obliged with a few bars of "The Music Goes Round and Round," desisting when he noticed her expression.

"Let's sit this one out," said Mandy.

Ronson picked up the brandy bottle and removed the cork. "You wouldn't, by any chance, have a pencil?"

"No," said Mandy, "and I despise tick-tacktoe."

"They call it noughts-and-crosses in England."

"This is Africa," Mandy pointed out. "Dullest Africa."

Ronson slapped his pockets. "I never play ticktacktoe with chance acquaintances," he said. "I want to mark the bottle, so Felix will know how much brandy to bill me for. It's the Hôtel des Postes' honor system." Continuing his hunt for the pencil, he opened his coat and finally located one in the inside pocket. Mandy saw that he was wearing a gun.

"WHAT are you up to, anyway?" she asked. "I mean, what are you doing here?"

"Collecting material for a book," said Ronson.

"Oh? what sort of book?"

"An autobiography."

"You're not old enough to have had enough happen to you to fill a book," said Mandy inelegantly.

"Things happen fast in the desert," said Ronson, pouring their drinks.

"Well, what do you do when you're not making notes on yourself?" probed Mandy.

"Some questions are indiscreet. That was one of them."

"I'll bet you joined the Foreign Legion and couldn't take it," scoffed Mandy. "I'll bet you're a deserter with a price on your head. A small price," she added.

"Did I forget to take the tag off?"

"Don't be a stuffed burnoose." said Mandy. "Show me your scars and medals; tell me the story of that last stand in the dried-up river bed."

"You've guessed it," said Ronson. "Why should I deny it? I *am* with the Legion; same outfit as Beau Geste."

"Then where's your uniform?"

"Confidentially, I'm a spy. My *nom de guerre* is Beau Peep."

"You think you're so smart!" fumed Mandy. "But I saw you slip that package to the sheik."

"He's a nice old duck, isn't he?"

"I get it," said Mandy. "I can take a hint. But if we *must* change the subject, why don't we talk about me? Haven't you any curiosity?"

"I know all I need to know about you," said Ronson.

"Indeed?" said Mandy incredulously. "Tell, gypsy!"

"I'm not psychic," said Ronson. "I rationalize. For instance. why would you be wandering around the hinterlands in the uninspiring company of an elderly woman unless you were bored with your friends and your normal environment? The obvious deduction is that you're capricious, idle and discontented."

"Just for the record," said Mandy, "I am also rich, beautiful and virtuous. Most people would think that was enough."

"You possess the easy virtues," said Ronson. "You're generous because generosity entails no sacrifice for you; you're truthful because you can't keep a secret: you're brave because you've never been frightened."

"Can I help it if I was born with an ivory tower in my mouth?" flared Mandy. "People are always saying I know nothing about reality because I don't have to worry about my bread and butter. But that's stupid. Being rich is just as much of a reality as being poor; it's merely a different condition in life."

"Quite," said Ronson. "But if you are, as you insist, facing reality, then what are you doing in Africa?"

"Some questions are indiscreet," mocked Mandy. "Don't you think Africa's big enough for both of us?"

"It's a pretty tight fit," said Ronson.

"Just the same," said Mandy, "I remember you seemed pretty glad when we came along and fished you out of the Chott."

"I thanked your aunt," said Ronson.

Mandy fiddled with her drink. "Do you —it's a corny thing to say—but do you believe in Fate or anything?"

"No," said Ronson.

"I do."

"That's because you've got a lazy mind," said Ronson. "You don't bother to figure things out. You just like them to happen to you; you don't care how or why."

"I like to be surprised," said Mandy. "If people knew what was going to happen to them, why would they bother to live?"

"You know what chocolates taste like; why do you bother to eat them?"

"Because I like choc——" began Mandy. "Oh, *all right,*" she said. "But life aren't—isn't chocolates."

"And it's about time you found it out," said Ronson. He drained his glass and stood up. "Good night, Mandy."

"Good night? But—but——"

Ronson turned. "But what?"

"But it's early," said Mandy lamely.

"Do you want me to make love to you?"

"Why—why—certainly not!"

"Well, then," said Ronson, "good night."

Next day Mandy was up not long after the sunrise gun, and her evil humor was stepped up to a fiendish one when she learned that Ronson had borrowed a mechanic from the Army post and headed back into the Chott to retrieve his car. She grumbled all during the excursion to Nefta with her aunt.

When she returned to the hotel, stiff and slightly (*Continued on page 180*)

★ **COSMOPOLITAN PREVIEWS An Important Forthcoming Book**

Once upon a time a group of young American fliers went out to China to fight the Japs. History has recorded their gallant exploits as the "Flying Tigers" but here is their personal story told by the woman who knew them best

BY OLGA GREENLAW

Historian of the A. V. G.

ON THE night of July 17, 1941, in the Peninsula Hotel, Hong Kong, I had a row with a certain Mr. Harvey K. Greenlaw. Mr. Greenlaw then was and still is my husband, but we do not always see eye to eye. I was trying to run away from the most exciting experience of my life—without realizing it, of course.

The only reason I refrained from throwing things was that I had been brought up to regard it as extremely unmannerly for a lady to heave objects at her husband in public. So with commendable restraint I said:

"Okay, Harvey, okay. You run right along with your sour-faced little pal, Colonel Chennault, and don't even give me a thought because I will be somewhere else!"

The gentleman who is my husband said, "Louder, Olga—some people over there in the corner can't hear you."

That irritated me. "Look, Harvey," I snarled at him. "You, for some stupid reason, want to go to Burma. I do not. As you very well know, I simply lo-o-oathe Burma, and as for Rangoon, the place stinks!"

I meant that literally. If there is a dirtier, smellier town than Rangoon west of the Date Line it has not assaulted my nostrils—and up and down China and Malaya I have sniffed some pretty gamy municipalities. I went on to make it clear that I hated everything about airplanes, including the men who flew them, and I particularly disliked a gent in the Chinese Air Force named Claire L. Chennault and wished he

would go back to Water Proof, Louisiana, whence he came.

During the better part of eight years—virtually all of our married life—I had got a full dose of the Orient. I had first gone out to China in 1933, a few months after we were married, to join Harvey who had resigned an Army Air Corps commission to become a member of the aviation mission to the Chinese Government headed by Colonel John H. Jouett. We remained until late 1936. After a long year home, we went back again in 1938, this time with Harvey representing the North American Aviation Company. We had lived and traveled pretty much everywhere from Shanghai to the deep interior.

So there I was—determined to go home. Specifically, to sail on August fourth, on the President Coolidge—now resting on the bottom of the ocean. Nothing would stop us this time. My husband had the tickets in his pocket and there was no further reason for us to stay in China.

"Never mind any more packing, Olga," he said. "Well, yes, you might as well, and send everything home. Leave out your summer clothes."

I said, "Cut out the double-talk, Harvey."

He said, "I'll tell you all about it. For the past three months the Old Man (Colonel Chennault) has had scouts back in the States rounding up pilots, mechanics, technicians to come out here to form a fighting unit under his command. The pilots are kids from Navy, Army and Marine Corps — a picked group to protect the Burma Road. The other ranks are also service men. The Old Man wants me to join up with him as Chief of Staff and Executive Officer. We'll train and outfit in Toungoo above Rangoon . . ."

It wasn't the little frown of seriousness on Harvey's face nor his sincerity and enthusiasm that stirred something within me — it was just plain curiosity.

"You mean this picked group of Americans are going to help the Chinese fight the Japs?"

Harvey responded enthusiastically. "Chennault calls it the American Volunteer Group—the A.V.G. It's important, Olga. We are going out there to fight."

I said, "NO—you're going home with me."

Mr. Greenlaw can be a very persuasive man when he wants to. He did it with a look and a hand over mine.

"It may be tremendously exciting, Olga—and I had a hell of a time getting the Old Man's permission for you to go along as a member of the Group. He's death against women when there's work to be done. But of course if you don't want to come——"

I knew he had me, the dog!

International

The author, Mrs. Olga Greenlaw, wife of the A. V. G. Chief of Staff and official historian of the Group.

I had better explain right here that this book is based on the jottings of a personal diary I kept while I was with the A.V.G., and in spots on the official War Diary of the Group, which it was my job to maintain as a member of the A.V.G. staff. I wrote in voluminous detail and many of the entries were made right on the scene, when such things as bomb raids were in progress.

We landed at Rangoon as the last rays of the setting sun were fading from the great golden dome of the Shwe Dagôn Pagoda—a breathless sight; beautiful enough, almost, to make me forget that the ground approaches to this magnificent temple were a horrible welter of rotting banana skins, cheroot butts and assorted garbage and filth—with odors to match.

We went directly to the Strand Hotel, first class in Burma, third class by American standards. The lobby was a maelstrom of heterogeneous humanity, jabbering in all the languages of Eastern Asia. The Swiss manager, Mr. Vogel, promised us rooms the next day and sent us over to the Minto Mansions, which was Rangoon's second best. As we entered the lobby the first thing to catch my eye was a carrot-colored head surmounting a red face powdered with freckles, above a khaki shirt, shorts—and high-heeled Texas boots! The young man was with three or four others scarcely less colorful, and all were wide-eyed and having themselves a time.

I asked Harvey, "Did you see what I saw?"

He grinned at me. "They're part of our gang," he explained.

"Those little boys? Why, they're just children!" They looked healthy and spirited but very young.

"It's a young man's war," Harvey said.

Colonel Chennault arrived the next morning in his Beechcraft, a bimotored plane, to fly Harvey back to Toungoo, 175 miles north of Rangoon on the main line to Mandalay, where the A.V.G. was assembling to start training at Kyedaw, the R.A.F. airdrome.

After a couple of days Harvey wired me to come along to Toungoo on the Mandalay "Up Mail."

I can brush Toungoo aside with a few well-chosen expletives. There was a main street, rumbling day and night with trucks bound for Lashio and the Road; a bazaar with shops on one side and open market stalls on the other; perhaps forty Europeans all told—and all the bugs God created to fly through the air or crawl on the ground, floors, walls, ceilings, into your food, down your back, up your legs and in your hair. The place was an entomologist's paradise. It was also dusty when dry, a morass when it rained—and *how* it could rain!—and hot and humid always.

Harvey met me at the station. Some of the boys were with him. As he has a way of doing, he had got acquainted with them quickly, and I was sure they were curious to see his wife. What he had led them to expect I could pretty well guess.

Harvey was advancing. "Olga, this is Jack Newkirk"—a tall boy, hawk-faced, sharp-eyed. "And Bob Sandell—you call him Sandy and he'll call you Olga—and John Armstrong" —a slender black-haired lad. "And this here one's Bob Little" —his eyes were large and dreamy. "Ole Olson, the terrible Swede from Chicago, and Red Probst"—the Texas-booted redhead I had seen in Rangoon.

They were all grinning and giving me the once-over from toe to head, drawing their snap conclusions about the Chief of Staff's wife. The thing which impressed me most was that they were so young and so very much alive—which was cruelly ironical, for most of them are dead now, most of those youngsters I met that first night on the funny little station platform beside the railroad line to Mandalay.

The boys started kidding me right away. "Hm-m-m, not bad!" "You're going to like it here, babe." "Harvey, you lied to us—she isn't bowlegged." "Or cross-eyed." "The boss said you were short and fat." That was Jack Newkirk, who always called Harvey "the boss." Red Probst said, "So you're the new little mama." "Not so little—too tall," said another.

We finally wound up in the room Harvey had engaged for

me upstairs above the restaurant, because there were no accommodations for women in the newly built barracks at the airdrome, which was eight miles north of the town. When they had all gone I was a little flustered and breathless—that "Gee, the boys like me!" subdeb feeling.

But as the days rolled along I began to see in a truer light. It was not necessarily that Olga Greenlaw was personally so popular or, by normal standards, any ravishing knockout. But out there in Toungoo, miles from nowhere at the edge of the jungle, I was one of three American women among three hundred American men. The other two were nurses and of necessity were tied down to their duties most of the time. I wasn't so much Olga Greenlaw, an individual, as I was a mirror in which these boys saw reflected the specific woman, or type of woman, uppermost in their minds at the moment of reflection.

Harvey popped in the next morning to take me to see the house he had found for us.

I thought it would do—it would have to!—but it took me and ten coolies ten days to muck the dirt out. After I had unpacked a few things, rearranged furniture, added odds and ends from the bazaar and put my toilet articles on the dressing table it began to look the least bit homelike.

124 Steel Road, Toungoo, Burma—the new Greenlaw mansion, or more accurately, the New Greenlaw Hotel, which it promptly became.

That afternoon I drove out to the airdrome. It wasn't much to look at: a large field hacked out of the jungle; two runways, forming an *X* in the center; one hangar and a few scattered shacks, some still under construction. The main barracks were scattered along the road—well dispersed against bombing raids. I went back to Harvey and said I'd seen everything, but where were the men and planes?

His reply was a formal report. "It's like this: as of today, the A.V.G. consists of one hundred and seventy-four pilots and men and twenty Curtiss P-40 planes, or Tomahawks, as the British call them. Ten more planes are expected to arrive tomorrow. We have some guns but no ammunition as yet, and we expect another one hundred and fifty men shortly and a maximum of one hundred airplanes. That hangar over there contains all kinds of tools and equipment for repairing planes."

"Aren't they new planes?" I asked.

Harvey gave me a look. "They won't be new after these young squirts get through learning to fly them."

"How much are these boys paid?"

"The pilots are divided into wing men, flight and element leaders, and squadron and deputy squadron leaders. The base pay of a wing man is six hundred U. S. dollars a month. Flight leaders get six hundred and seventy-five dollars and squadron leaders seven hundred and fifty. A bonus of five hundred dollars will be paid for every enemy plane shot down —and confirmed.

"We have a complete medical staff of four doctors and a dentist, two female nurses and, last but not least, the chaplain. These all average about five hundred dollars a month. The nurses get two hundred. And—oh, yes, we have a part-time embalmer."

That hit me right in the face and the face showed it. "You mean a man who—ah——"

Harvey suddenly became very serious. "Look, Olga, I'm going to warn you about something. I don't want you to become too attached to any of these kids. They're out here to fight a war—and you can't fight a war without somebody getting killed."

During the long weeks before hell bubbled over, some of the boys were lonely and, for a time, some were desperately homesick. A few simply couldn't take it, so they were sent back to the States at their own expense.

On the eighth of September, while the Colonel was away in Chungking and Harvey in command of the Group, I was at the field watching the boys coming in from early-morning routine flights. All but two had landed. Pilots Armstrong and Bright were missing. Nobody knew what had happened to them.

A nasty little chill ran along my spine. Harvey said, "Just keep yourself together, babe—they'll show up." But I knew he was worried, too.

We were in the mess hall having (*Continued on page 149*)

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Colonel Greenlaw, Bill Williams and General Chennault at Kunming.

Women Can

Andrew Stinson

was human enough to suspect the worst

of his wife and his doctor.

He was not brave enough to suspect the truth

"Please let me go to him," Paul urged. "When he begins to get suspicious he'll make life a hell for you."

A SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

IN LESS than an hour now his faithless wife would be here. She would stand here in his office, her great soft, dark eyes clinging to his face while she made one last desperate appeal to save herself and her lover, Paul Dyer. Andrew Stinson's hands, resting on the green desk blotter, opened and shut in nervous spasms. His head ached. It was an effort for him to focus his eyes. Everything in the big, familiar office appeared blurred. Everything but that letter on his desk.

"Andrew," Loretta had sobbed over the phone, "don't read it, I beg of you. I swear it isn't what you think. It's a letter that went to you by mistake. I'm so upset lately, I hardly know what I'm doing. I put a letter in the wrong envelope. I had meant to send you those tax receipts that you're always forgetting to take to the office."

Yes, he was upset and forgetful himself lately, as what man would not be under such circumstances! To feel that things are going on behind your back, that people are whispering, are laughing at you; to feel so sure that your wife is betraying you! How many times had he surprised a look of pity in the eyes of some intimate friend? They knew. Everybody knew but the fool, the cuckolded husband!

"I suppose it's a letter to Paul," Andrew had said. "That's what it is, isn't it? A letter to your lover. Otherwise, I could read it. You've been stupid and sent me a letter meant for him, isn't that it?" And he had been aware that he was screaming. The violence of his voice exploding against his own ears shocked him back into some semblance of dignity. "If it isn't a letter to Paul," he had asked quietly, "what is it?"

"I can't tell you. Just this once, you've got to trust me. You've got to. You must not read that letter! I'm coming down," she had said. "I'll be there in an hour."

Well, he thought, let her come. He had waited for all these endless, tormented weeks. He could wait forty-five minutes longer. When she got here, he would let her sit in that chair across from him, and he would open the letter slowly while she endured, for a few minutes, some of the exquisite torture he had endured for weeks. He would see her in the last reaches of humiliation. Loretta the proud, the haughty. Loretta the lady. How he had groveled at her feet! How proud and humbled he had felt because she'd consented to marry him!

"Darling," she had said, all those years ago, "you mustn't feel so—so humble! I love you, Andrew. I love you for what you are. The fact that you never went to college doesn't make you less of a gentleman. Inside, you *are* a gentleman, Andrew. You're kind and good and fine in every way."

Yet the first time a man like young Doctor Dyer made a pass at her—a smooth, handsome man, reeking of all the cultural advantages Andrew Stinson had never had—Loretta went overboard. They hadn't fooled him for very long. He'd caught the secret looks they exchanged when they thought he wasn't watching. And once he'd picked up the upstairs' extension—that time when Paul had ordered him to bed after having all those fool X rays taken, just to keep him out of the way, of course—and he'd heard Loretta's voice murmuring, "Please let me tell him my way, and in my time, Paul."

"You don't know what you're letting yourself in for. When he begins to get suspicious—and he will—he'll make life a hell for you. Please let me go to him!"

"No, Paul. No!" She had begun to sob and the receiver had clicked against Andrew's ear. He had sat there in bed dazed, shocked, watching bright sunlight on the rolling lawns of this beautiful home he had built for Loretta. He had sat on, piecing all kinds of odds and ends together, and the pattern they made sickened him. He had dressed and gone downstairs to find Loretta in the garden, cutting tulips.

"What are you doing out of bed?" she had asked. "It's very important, Andrew, that you stay quiet until—until your nerves are rested." But she had not been able to meet his eyes.

"I'm no more sick than you are," he had said. "You wanted to get me out of the way so that you could entertain Paul. He's here every afternoon. I hear you talking down here——"

"Andrew, that's not so!"

Keep Secrets

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

"Don't lie to me!" he had said, and slapped her, hard. Her face had gone very red, and then white. Without speaking, she had gone up to her room. After a while, passing her door, he had heard her crying softly.

Memory of all that pressed in on him now. All at once he jumped up, unable to bear the strain of waiting, and took a turn around his office. He had thrown Paul out of his house, finally. He didn't need a doctor. He needed rest. He needed an end to the suspicions that had gnawed at him. He could almost feel happy that now, at last, it would soon be over. He drew one shaking hand across his forehead and was surprised to find it wet with perspiration. He took out a handkerchief and as he did so, he noticed the long red welt where a carelessly dropped cigarette of Loretta's had burned him.

"Oh, darling!" she had cried, "I've burned your hand."

"It doesn't hurt," he had said. "I guess there's no feeling in calluses like those. Worker's hands," he had said to her and Paul, who was sipping a cocktail and not looking at him. "Stevedore's hands. Did you know that I started in as a stevedore, Paul, before I owned my own shipping company? I've got plenty of scars. I've been kicked around plenty. But I've paid back all the kickers. I've bought and paid for everything I've got—even my lovely wife. She was penniless when I married her. I saved her life, didn't I, Loretta?"

"Yes," she had whispered. "You saved my life. Maybe someday I'll be able to do something almost as big for you."

She had looked queer, he remembered. He had insulted and humiliated her, but she had taken it. It was part of her act, he supposed. Thoroughbreds were always trying to live up to an ideal of themselves. She was always holding herself above his suspicions and his taunts, refusing to fight back. Besides, she was probably expecting to outlive him, to get her hands on his money. He was a good deal older than she. Paul was young. Paul would be alive when he, Andrew, was dead. No. The thing to do was take a new lease on life. Kick Loretta out. Let her go penniless to Paul. Never mind if Andrew loved her with a desperation that could reduce him to this nervous, quivering wreck of manhood because he suspected that she was unfaithful to him. He would get over her. He must get over her! First, he would drag her through the divorce courts. He would disgrace both of them. Dyer wouldn't have much of a reputation left when Andrew Stinson finished with him!

"Andrew."

He turned and saw her standing there, small and slender, her head proud on her straight little shoulders, her eyes wide and appealing and—and desperate. Andrew's heart turned over inside him. How she must love that man, to go through all this for him! At that moment, he hated her! "I've been waiting for you," he said harshly.

"The letter," she said quietly. "May I have it, Andrew?"

A hundred violent, vituperative words rushed to his lips. And yet, when he opened his mouth to speak, he said none of them. Because sensing them, Loretta had stiffened. He had watched her small chin lifting as she braced herself to receive his insults. And, all at once, like some bright light bringing him out of a dense fog, he realized that it was not for Paul Dyer that she had endured these humiliations. It was not because she loved Paul that she had suffered through the nightmare of these weeks. It was because she loved him, Andrew, her husband! It was so obvious now that the wave of relief washing over him left him weak. Some fineness in her, some steel-like courage, had at last found in him the answering trust that she had believed was there.

"No, Paul," Loretta whispered, "let me tell him in my way, and in my time."

"Of course," he said. "I'm sorry I suspected you. You've never lied to me. It was just because I love you so very much."

"I know," she said. "It's all right, Andrew."

"I'm going into the other room to lie down for a moment. While I'm gone, you may destroy the letter. I don't want to know anything about it, Loretta."

"Thank you." Her eyes suddenly filled with tears. When he was gone, she collapsed into a chair and great, shuddering sobs convulsed her. It would have been too tragic if, after all she had endured, Andrew had found out now, so near the end of everything. Thank God that in that last moment, she had, by sheer force of will, convinced him of her love for him and placed herself above suspicion! She opened the letter and held the flame of a cigarette lighter to one corner, her eyes reading the words over as the flame devoured them.

Dear Paul:

No, darling, I cannot tell him. The whole thing is too ironic, isn't it? You and I completely unaware of each other until his suspicions brought us together. Andrew destroying himself with jealousy when the thing that might save him another few months is peace of mind. Paul, the final reports are here from Rochester. You were right. That old head injury—prognosis, negative. Six months at best. I love him, Paul. And at the end, he will be so afraid. A little boy afraid of the dark. I won't tell him what it is until I have to. Meanwhile, I will remember him as he used to be, and that way, I can stand it. If you love me, Paul, help me. Help us both.

Hilda and Jenny watched from the side lines while Maida pulled herself up on the edge of the pool and accepted a drink from Carey.

He married a DOCTOR

After the honeymoon Dr. Hilda Barrington was faced with an important problem—how to take the place of a man in the professional world and still fill a woman's place at home

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

IN THE FIRST INSTALLMENT: "Handsome to the point of repulsion and disagreeable as castor oil" was Dr. Hilda Barrington's verdict on Carey Dennis when they met, briefly, at the fashionable Fairview Hospital in Westchester. Hilda, a resident physician, was a small, dark girl with short curly hair and an extremely attractive mouth. Dr. Roger Spence, with whom she was half in love, had once said that the current crop of hen medics was prettier than the law allowed, but Carey Dennis had regarded her inhospitably. He definitely did not like women doctors.

For that matter, Carey Dennis did not much like people in general. Hilda found that out when they met again, as neighbors in near-by Waynefield, where she had gone into practice with her aunt Dr. Jenny Redding. Carey Dennis, the monied son of a Hawaiian planter, had come from the West Coast to get himself engaged to an Eastern girl, had bought a house for her in Waynefield and then had been jilted. The girl was now the Baroness Maida von Kunst, bride of an Austrian refugee, and Carey lived alone at Halekapu, a name which meant *house keep out* in Hawaiian.

Carey thought he despised Maida von Kunst and saw no reason to change his opinion when she invited herself and her husband Franz to Halekapu. She spoke of buying a place herself and he wondered what her motive might be. Maida always had a motive. Her motive for throwing him over and marrying von Kunst? Was it vanity to believe it hadn't been love?

I might put it up to the diminutive doctor, he thought, smiling. She should be good at that sort of diagnosis, being also a woman. He didn't approve of Hilda, but she interested him. Their mutual hostility was a challenge, holding excitement and amusement.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DRIVING THROUGH the golden light of early evening toward the Redding place, Carey Dennis relaxed at the wheel. He was looking forward to seeing Dr. Redding again, and Hilda Barrington. Arrived, he was astonished to find another car in the driveway, a battered coupé which he recognized. He had been driven in it several times by its owner, Howard Mason, when he was looking for a place in Waynefield. Possibly they would be four at dinner? He was aware of absurd disappointment; he had rather anticipated being the sole masculine element at a feminine dinner table.

Nellie opened the door for him and took him into the living room, where he found Jenny Redding and Howard Mason. His hostess and his fellow guest greeted him cordially, but Hilda was not in evidence.

Howard was making an old-fashioned on the long table under the window, and Jenny vouchsafed the information that Hilda had gone out on a call.

"Don't wait for the girl," she told the two men. She watched them drink their cocktails. She was forbidden alcohol.

Spring flowers and the soft light of June in a pleasant room. Carey relaxed and thought with sudden dislike of his magnificent living room at Halekapu.

They talked, inevitably, about the war. On the day before two hundred bombers had been over Paris. France's position was gloomy, untenable, tragic.

Howard turned to Carey. "Speaking of Europeans," he said, "thanks for sending the Baroness von Kunst to me, Mr. Dennis."

Astonished and uneasy, Carey set down his glass. "Maida? But I didn't."

"She told me she had been visiting you over the week end."

"That's true. She and her husband left for town Monday."

"She's back," said Howard. "Or she was yesterday. She walked into my office around noon, and we spent the rest of the day looking at places. I took her to lunch at the Edgehill. She found a house she liked not far from there. You remember it," he added, turning to Jenny, "the one the Powells built in 'twenty-eight? It's a nice little property and in good condition. She hasn't made up her mind, but here's hoping. She's coming out again this week, bringing her husband. What's he like, by the way?"

"Oh," said Carey, "like a thousand others of his race and type."

"Illuminating." Howard grinned. "It will create a real sensation if they move to Waynefield. We haven't had a title in our midst since the phony *contessa* who turned out to be someone's maid. Of course, other towns are thick with them—Americans married to titles, like the baroness, for the most part."

"There'll be more," said Carey grimly, one part of his mind trying to cope with the fact that Maida, out of pure obstinacy, might insist upon settling near him. He added, "Is she buying?"

"She'd rather rent," said Howard, "with an option to buy."

Through the open windows came the sound of a motor and the squeal of brakes. Jenny said, "That's Hilda, in a hurry, as usual."

The front door opened and shut, and Hilda made a brief appearance. "Hi, everybody," she said. "I'm so sorry to be late. I'll tell Mrs. Mac I'll be a few minutes. Have to shower and change."

"In a doctor's household the meals must be elastic," Jenny explained to Carey, "as Mrs. Mac, our guardian angel, has learned over a long period of years."

Hilda returned presently. She wore a short leaf-green frock; her black hair was damp and curling from the shower, her lipstick fresh. She smelled, Carey noticed, of a pleasant spicy perfume with a lilac base. He had had some idea that, properly, she should reek of disinfectants.

She accepted a drink from Howard's prompt hand. "I may have to go out, but——"

"Oh, by that time," said her aunt, "you'll probably be sober again. Imbibe your poison and let's go in to dinner."

The dining room was low-ceilinged, the mahogany table very old, as were the sideboard and server. There were tulips all about. Nellie served, with interruptions from Mrs. Mac.

Mrs. Mac stood over Dr. Redding. Once she said, "Eat that up," and once she asked, "Did I put in too much pepper?" Howard Mason exchanged badinage with her, and when she came in at dessert time she asked Hilda anxiously, "Is the Bellows baby all right?"

A very informal household. Carey liked it. It had about it the quality of the years he had spent in Hawaii: the same sense of peace and lack of tension; the same feeling of closeness to those who served you.

Dinner was better than good. A vegetable soup, a roast of beef with pan-browned potatoes, peas and Yorkshire pudding, and new asparagus, vinaigrette. And for dessert, something light and ineffable. Wonderful coffee.

Carey said, sighing with repletion, "I like you very much, Dr. Redding, but I wonder if I like you well enough not to be tempted to bribe your cook to come to me. I have a Japanese boy who carves roses out of beets and dreams up elegant canapés. He can cook rice, too. But one becomes very bored."

"I wouldn't trust one of 'em," said Jenny.

"You become accustomed to them as domestics, in the islands," he told her. "We've an enormous Japanese population, you know."

"So I've read," said Jenny. "Still, I'd think people wouldn't sleep easy in their beds out there or on our West Coast, for that matter. I know it's fashionable to laugh at the old scarehead of the yellow peril. But it makes a lot of sense to me."

"The world," said Howard, "is too busy worrying about Hitler's supermen to get excited over the Japs."

"Might be a mistake," said Jenny stubbornly. "Sometimes you never know your enemy until he strikes."

After dinner Jenny excused herself, over Hilda's protest. She said firmly. "You've been on the go all day, Hilda, so I'll take over the office now."

Hilda let her go. There was nothing she could do when the Major took that tone.

She said, "Aunt Jenny's writing some articles. Memoirs, really. I've been at her to do an autobiography but she says it's nonsense. However, I have persuaded her to try her hand at short pieces, mostly concerned with her education in Europe. If she'll do enough of them, she'll have a book in spite of herself. She's pretty outspoken about autobiographies. She says if a man is really great his biography should be written by an able writer after the subject has been dead for some time. She admits she likes fiction with a medical background written by members of the profession because it's usually more accurate than it would be if written by a layman. Still, she'll ask, 'If he's such a good doctor how does he have the time?' and when I tell her, 'But he's retired to devote all his time to fiction,' she just grunts. She's a reactionary."

Carey said warmly, "She's a darling."

Hilda glanced at him, quickening with

Hilda looked at Carey across the child. Her face was white but her eyes shone. She said, "Thanks . . ."

pleasure. She hadn't thought a man of Carey Dennis' type would appreciate the Major; anyone who did was her friend.

The evening passed quickly. Dr. Redding saw three patients and returned to the living room. They played a rubber of contract. Carey was amused to find that Jenny Redding was a wild, reckless, intuitive player, while Hilda was cautious and conventional. You'd think it would be the other way round. They played for a tenth of a cent, and the money went into a clay pig bank for the Red Cross. "I like to gamble," said Jenny happily, "but the only way I can reconcile it with my conscience is to give the money to charity."

Howard left early. He had to rise at the crack of dawn, he said, to meet a farm-hunting client. Carey felt that he should leave at the same time, but Jenny launched into a story of her medical-student days and he remained to listen, fascinated.

Around eleven he rose. "I've overstayed my welcome," he said ruefully. "I'm sure this is very bad form, Dr. Redding, but it's your fault."

She said, "Nonsense!" just as the phone rang. Hilda went to it and returned.

"I have to go out," she said.

"Who is it?" asked her aunt.

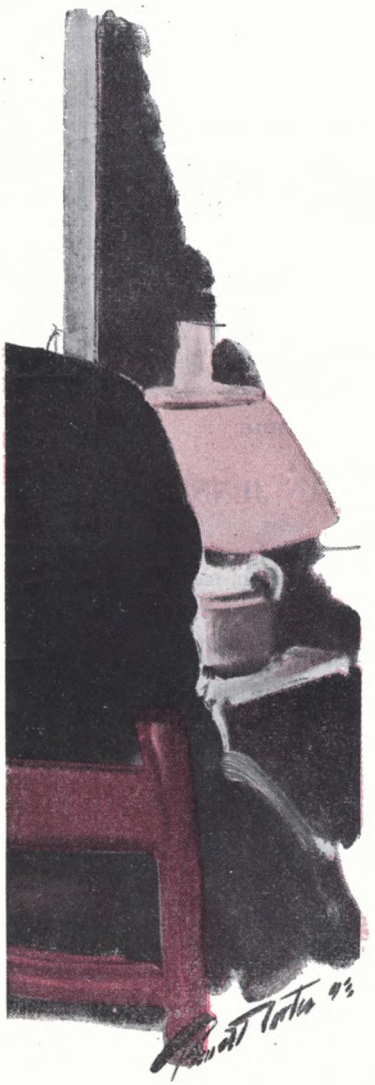
"The Rawling youngster," said Hilda, on her way out of the room. "Sam's away and Lucy's alone. She was pretty incoherent." She came back a few minutes later. She had changed her dress and shoes, carried a topcoat over her arm. " 'By," she said.

Carey asked, "Won't you let me drive you, Dr. Barrington? I'd like to very much. I'll wait for you and drop you off on my way home."

"I couldn't think of it," Hilda said, "but it's good of you. Thanks, just the same."

"You let him," said Jenny. "It's a long way out to the Rawlings'. You aren't used to these roads at night."

Hilda said, "All right," with obvious reluctance, and Jenny grinned fleetingly at Carey.



Driving out along the twisting roads in the sweet, dark night, Hilda said, "I don't know what's come over the Major."

"The Major?" Carey inquired.

"Aunt Jenny. I forgot you didn't know her nickname."

"What should come over her?"

"I'm perfectly capable of getting out to the Rawlings' farm and back, and she knows it."

"Perhaps," Carey suggested, "she wanted to give me the impression that you were slightly helpless in a feminine sort of way—despite your profession."

"For heaven's sake, why should she want to do that? You don't see anything helpless about her, do you?"

"No, nor about you either," he admitted, "but there's a considerable difference in your ages. Possibly your aunt feels you might turn into one of these very modern, hideously efficient young women who scorn all masculine protection. Perhaps she'd like to prevent it as it would reduce your chance of marriage."

Hilda gasped. Then she laughed. "You have unmitigated gall."

"Perhaps," said Carey. "Come, be realistic. I like you, doctor." He chuckled. "May I say Hilda? The other mode of address embarrasses me, especially in tender passages."

"Tender!"

He ignored the exclamation. He went on, "Yes, I like you in spite of myself. Your aunt is a shrewd observer. She has come to the conclusion that a little masculine attention would be good for you, hence——"

Hilda said, "I can pick my own masculine attention!"

"Howard Mason?" Carey asked. "Oh, of course. Good guy. But a little unexciting, I think."

"I suppose you're exciting?" she demanded.

"I have my moments," he admitted modestly.

"We turn left here," said Hilda, "and I think you're an idiot."

"No, you don't. You think I'm egotistical, bad-tempered, rude."

"You put it mildly," she murmured.

"Let's call a truce," he suggested. "I like you. It's a fine night. We are going on a mission of mercy."

"Is that intended to be sarcasm?"

"No. I admit I'm astonished to find myself accompanying you on any mission. But it's interesting."

"You may not think so if you have to wait a couple of hours," she told him grimly.

They reached the farm, and lights blazed from the small, low house. When Carey stopped the car the house door opened and the shapeless, middle-aged woman standing on the threshold said dramatically, "Thank God!"

Hilda was out of the car, her bag in her hand. She ran up the steps. He heard Mrs. Rawling say, "I thought perhaps your aunt——"

The door closed. Carey waited, smoking reflectively. Mrs. Rawling was evidently disappointed. She would have preferred Jenny Redding. Hilda wasn't going to have things all her own way; also, she had a tradition to live up to, he thought. The air was soft about him; an aroused bird spoke musically in its sleep; he heard other small night sounds.

He waited, thinking of Hilda and the odd circumstances which had brought him here to a farmyard near midnight. He thought of Maida and shook his head angrily. If she were deliberately trying to regain his attention . . . But why should she? She had never loved him. She had chosen Franz. She——

The farmhouse door opened, and Hilda called sharply, "You'll have to help me. Hurry!" Startled, Carey jumped out of the car and ran toward her, but before he reached the porch she asked, "Have you ever had diphtheria?"

"When I was in prep school."

"All right; come in." She was enveloped in a smocklike garment. She led him into the kitchen, where water boiled on the stove, and took an old dressing gown from the back of a chair. "It's the best I could do," she said. "Put it on."

"But——"

She went on, "Lucy's no good at all. She's gone to pieces. The father's upstate, buying cattle; the one hired man is drunk in the barn. You'll have to do, in an emergency." Carey was conscious of bewilderment and an unworthy sense of fear. Hilda said, leading him upstairs, "Why didn't she call me before? A sore throat, she thought, and it's laryngeal diphtheria! There's no time for cultures. I managed to get out of her that the boy's never had asthma or hay fever or eczema, so I've administered the antitoxin, but it takes six to twelve hours before there'll be improvement. I'll have to intubate."

They could hear the pitiful labored breathing before they entered the bedroom. The boy was four or five years old. He sat up in bed against pillows, his little chest retracted sharply with every attempt at inhalation.

Hilda spoke to Mrs. Rawling, who stood in a corner, crying. "You must help us, Lucy. Tom will be all right. Go downstairs and put more water on the stove." She pulled up the gauze mask which she had slipped down when she called Carey and took another from her bag. "Put it on," she said, and tied hers more securely in place. There was a clean sheet on the chair. Hilda wrapped it firmly around the child, pinioning (*Continued on page 167*)

1

"Look, honey! We can have a real wedding after all . . ."

2

"Sure! We'd love to have you for our adopted mother . . ."

Cinderellas of War

Confetti and rice and everything nice supplied to service men and their brides who are far away from home

BY DEAN JENNINGS

THE GIRL was young and pretty, but tears had run little trails down her cheeks. "Please help me," she said to the hostess at the San Francisco Y.W.C.A. "I've just found out that my sweetheart is going overseas tomorrow morning."

The hostess put out a friendly hand. "My dear, that's happening to lots of girls here these days."

"Yes, I know." Tears welled again. "But we must get married tonight, before he goes—and all our lives we've dreamed about a real church wedding. We don't know a soul here."

The hostess glanced at the clock. 4 P.M. "We'll try, my dear."

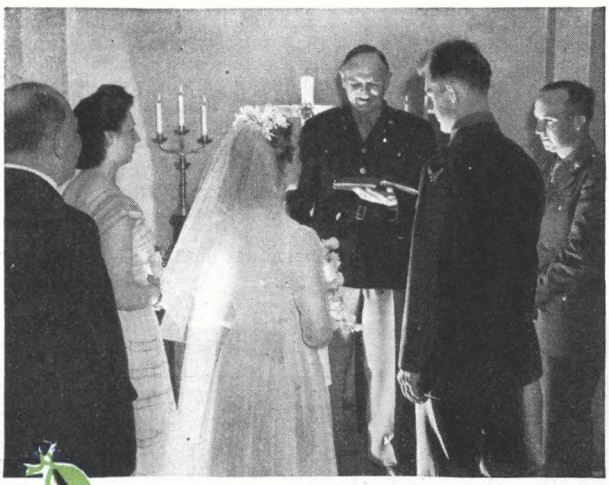
Three hours later, wearing a borrowed gown, a girl from Ohio married a boy from Texas in a tiny chapel at the "Y." But this was no ordinary wartime last-minute wedding. For this Cinderella wore a beautiful corsage donated by a local florist. There was a Mendelssohn march by musicians who volunteered their talents. There was a "father" to give the bride away—he had rushed over from his law office. The bride had acquired a "mother," a San Francisco housewife. There was a bridesmaid and a best man from the USO. There was even a tiered wedding cake, whisked forth in some magical manner by a neighborhood baker.

Now, months later, service men from coast to coast are talking about the San Francisco "Y" marriage plan. For that first hectic wedding has become a permanent fixture, and already some two score young men and women, facing sudden separation by military necessity, have pledged faith and love to each other in ceremonies rich in spirit.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Dean, who originated the plan, now have an impressive group of fellow San Franciscans who give their time and money and effort to these war marriages. There's a long list of pianists, harpists and singers who volunteer. There is a full register of prominent men and women who act as mothers, fathers, best men and bridesmaids at a moment's notice. Ministers of all denominations are on call day or night. People from all levels of San Francisco life have contributed money to the flower and wedding-cake fund. A local photographer takes a picture of each couple as a parting gift. And finally, there's a reception for each boy and girl with wedding presents. The honeymoon? Yes, Mrs. Dean is prepared for that, too, and offers help, whether it's for an hour's ride on a cable car or a week at some resort. She's even found homes and jobs for some of her brides, and if a baby comes later—well, Mrs. Dean has been a mother herself.

Wartime love and marriage are hazardous undertakings at best. But Mr. and Mrs. Dean think they've found an answer in these lovely candlelight weddings, where homesick boys and girls can start even a fleeting life together with beauty, courage and something to remember—just as they would at home.

"You mean we don't even pay for the minister or chapel?"



". . . let no man put asunder . . ."

"Hope I can clean out all the rice before inspection . . ."

"Darling, I bet you could bake a cake like this . . ."

"Gosh! I never thought we'd honeymoon on a cable car."

Straight Shooter

When a man starts killing there's no telling who the final victim will be

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MUENCHEN

JEFF LAZENBY began by poisoning Ed Plant's dog. The two were neighbors, their farms half a mile apart, the abandoned Heath place lying between.

Ed was a man with a family. He had a son in Augusta and a married daughter in Portland, and another daughter and Mrs. Plant at home.

Jeff was solitary. As the saying goes, he "batched" it, doing for himself indoors and out. His farm was indolently managed. He made a small garden every year, just large enough so that after the insect pests had eaten their fill there would still be enough for him. He kept a cow, and he fattened a pig every year, and he made a crop of hay, and that was about all. His house needed paint and shingles, and all his possessions were in a constant state of disrepair. He frequently borrowed from Ed—an axe, a scythe, a spading fork—and Ed, who was a good neighbor, always seemed glad to lend these things.

Once Jeff broke an axe handle, and fetched the axe back and said grudgingly, "It let go on me. I'll get you a new one if you say so."

Ed said, "Sho, forget it. The old handle was cracked anyway. Time I got a new one."

When Jeff borrowed the scythe, he never bothered to grind it before taking it back, but Ed did not complain.

When Jeff was laid up one winter with a broken leg, Ed came down every day to do his chores for him, and either Mrs. Plant or Annie, the daughter who lived at home, always came along to red up the house a mite. Usually they brought along a pot of beans, or some cold meat, or a batch of risen biscuits; they made sure that Jeff had at least one decent meal a day until he was able to be about again.

Jeff would have said, if you asked him, that the Plants were good neighbors; but all the same, their constant kindness, and Ed's good-natured willingness to be imposed upon, planted a seed of hate in Jeff and the seed grew.

Ed's dog, the dog that Jeff poisoned, was a black and white setter, country bred, with a good nose, useful on birds even though he broke shot, hunted rank, and could not be trusted to retrieve. He was not a particularly endearing dog, except that all dogs are endearing. For one thing, he was nervous, forever whining to come into the house or whining to get out of it; so that Mrs. Plant often predicted that she would go crazy if he didn't stop it. For another, he was always hungry, and he would eat anything that he could swallow; day by day he ran a regular route among the near-by farms, checking up on the garbage situation. If the garbage did not suit him, he'd whine at kitchen doors, begging for a handout.

In the hunting field he was even more aggravating. Jeff and Ed sometimes hunted partridges or woodcock together in the fall; but the setter—his name was Spot—was as like as not to go off on a hunt of his own and leave them to their own resources for half an hour at a time. Jeff on these occasions usually became profane, and he said, many a time, "Damn a dog that won't stay in." But Ed took Spot's derelictions with a calm philosophy. "Let him go. I'd just as soon Spot and me sh'd both have a good time."

Ed's patience in this matter, and in such other matters as the broken axe handle and the dulled scythe always irritated Jeff; and he came to transfer this irritation to Spot, and to dislike the dog intensely.

Jeff's home was on Spot's regular beat,

although Jeff never fed the dog and never gave him a kindly word, but drove him away with clods and loud contumely. But Spot, presumably on the theory that since Ed liked Jeff he must be a fine fellow, continued to pay his daily calls. His regular route to the kitchen door led down the slope behind the house, and one year Jeff planted his garden there. Spot did not understand that this made any difference. He continued to come trotting down the slope through the garden; and whatever growing things lay in his path took the consequences. Jeff pelted him and swore at him, but it made not the slightest difference.

The damage to the garden was unimportant, but the damage to Jeff's disposition was considerable. He fretted and fumed and brooded over his wrongs; but he did not complain to Ed because he knew just about what Ed would say: "Sho, he don't hurt your garden enough to matter, Jeff. Don't let it fret you!" There was no use talking to Ed; but Jeff decided that no dog was going to tromple up his garden.

He did not put into words, even in his thoughts, his intent to poison Spot. He simply made some cut-worm balls—bran and molasses and arsenate of lead—and one night he sprinkled them liberally in the garden. A man had a right to put out cut-worm bait, and hiding the pellets under flat rocks as most folks did was too much bother. If a dog came along and ate them, that was the dog's fault. Nevertheless Jeff was up early next morning to see what would happen; and in due time he saw Spot come loping down the hill, discover the tidbits in the garden, and gobble them hungrily, searching out the last one.

Then, still unsatisfied, he came whining at the kitchen door, begging for more; but Jeff drove him away, and Spot went on down the slope toward the woods, on his way to Joe Hall's farm which was normally his next stop.

Jeff watched him from the front window, and before Spot reached the woods Jeff saw him stop and try to vomit. Then the dog went on into the woods out of sight, and no one ever saw him alive again. Jeff took his cultivator and went through the garden row by row till Spot's last track was obliterated.

When Spot failed to come home that day and the next, Ed at first assumed that his absence had a romantic explanation and that he would return by and by. Eventually he made some inquiries that led nowhere. He spoke to Jeff, but Jeff said, "Why, no, I ain't seen Spot, not lately. He's off self-hunting, like as not. He'll be back; give him time."

But Spot did not come back, and his disappearance caused a good deal of speculation in the village. Some thought the game warden might have caught him chasing deer and shot him, but the warden said this was not the case. Some thought he might have been stolen by an autoist passing through, but Ed would not believe this. "I'd hate to think anybody would be low-down enough to steal a man's dog," he declared. "It's nigh as bad as stealing a baby." Equally he refused to believe that anyone had poisoned Spot. "Sho," he protested. "Everyone in ten miles of here knew old Spot, and they wouldn't hurt him." His own announced opinion in the end was that Spot had simply been taken sick and gone off into the woods and died.

Ed's attitude did not fool Jeff for a minute. He was pretty sure that Ed suspected the truth, and he wondered in shaky terror how long it would be before Ed made a direct accusation. As the weeks passed, the tension under which he labored steadily increased. Other people forgot Spot and seldom spoke of him; but Jeff did not. He would never be easy in his mind, seeing Ed every day, waiting always for the word he knew he would someday hear. He would never be easy as long as Ed lived around here, so persistently neighborly, forever offering kindnesses.

Ed had been saying for several years that if he could get a price for his farm he would move away to Augusta. He was tired of farming. Jeff, remembering this talk, wished Ed would hurry up and move. Ed's persistent friendliness he interpreted as an attempt to put him off guard. Ed, he assured himself, was no fool; he suspected him of watching his house at night. Once he saw Ed walking along the border of the woods below his meadow, past where Spot had disappeared. The next time they met, he asked Ed what he was doing down there. Ed answered that he was on his way over to Joe Hall's to see about a heifer calf Joe wanted to sell, but Jeff was not deceived.

It was early in June when Jeff poisoned Spot. By midsummer he was convinced that Ed suspected the truth and only waited for proof. Jeff had a pretty miserable summer, waiting for the blow to fall; and he hated Ed more and more, hated him so deeply that he became convinced that he himself was the one aggrieved.

Ed still talked about selling his farm and moving away. The farm wasn't worth what it would cost to replace the stand of buildings; and Jeff turned this thought over and over in his mind. He decided that if the buildings should burn, if, for instance, a lightning stroke set the barn afire, Ed would probably let the farm go to the town on a tax deed and move away.

One night a thunderstorm worked toward the village from the west, one of those dry storms when the lightning seems to hiss as it flashes, and the thunder comes like cannon claps. Jeff

Jeff had hoped the lightning would strike Ed's barn, but when it didn't he touched a match to the hay and bolted for home.

thought maybe lightning would strike Ed's barn, and he went up the road to watch hopefully. It was the middle of the night, and everyone else was abed; but Jeff kept out of sight all the same. When the rain came, he was crouching in alders not fifty yards from Ed's barn; it was natural for him to take shelter in the barn itself.

Since the storm had broken, there was no longer any danger that lightning would strike the barn. Jeff struck a match to see the mow piled high with hay, thinking how quickly it might have been all ablaze; and it was almost without intent that he touched the match flame to a wisp of hay, and watched the fire run along that stray wisp and the little flames like mice begin to burrow in. Then he bolted for the alders again, broke through them and raced for home. Before he reached his house there was a glare against the sky behind him. He undressed hurriedly and went to bed.

He worried some for fear Ed and Mrs. Plant and Annie would not wake up before the fire reached the house; but then an automobile passed along the road going that way, so he was reassured.

He slept little, and rose at his usual hour, and from his kitchen door saw a smoke pillar rising above the trees and hurried up the hill to Ed's place. House and shed and barn were gone. Ed was there, of course, and a dozen others, men and women; there was furniture in the yard, saved from the house, but that was all. Ed's cows in the tie-up, and the old horse in the box stall, had been burned to death; and the smell of their roasted carcasses tainted the smoke that still rose from the embers.

Ed was sure the thunder shower had passed before the fire started. "I was still awake up till the time it begun to rain," he said, "And I'd have knowed if it had struck anywhere handy here." Some thought a tramp sleeping in the barn might have been careless with matches, but no one had seen a tramp in the neighborhood. Ed's own theory was that the hay had caught by spontaneous combustion, as wet hay sometimes will. "I put in some that wa'n't as dry as it had ought to be," he admitted. "It's my own fault. The more fool me!"

Jeff said sympathetically, " 'Y Godfrey, Ed, it's a shame. You be'n talking about moving to Augusta if you could sell the farm. Reckon you'll move now, but we're sure a-going to miss you around here."

But Ed laughed in a cheerful defiance of mischance. "No, I ain't a-going to move, Jeff," he declared. "I might if it was my own notion, but I won't be driv. Mis' Thomas says she's got room to take us in." Old Mrs. Thomas lived alone in the next house toward the village. "This has kind of got my mad up. I had some insurance. I'll git through the winter, and by next spring I can build again."

"Say, I'm glad to hear it," Jeff assured him: "You need any help, you just call on me."

"I'll count on you," Ed agreed.

So Jeff hated him more and more; and his hatred was suddenly tinged with terror when he discovered, later that day, that he had somehow lost his knife. It was a big old knife, with a snap blade, which he had carried for years in his trousers pocket. He thought he might have lost it in the alders near Ed's barn when he crouched in their cover before the shower; or he might somehow have flipped it out of his pocket when he drew out that match.

Next day, he found Ed clearing away the ashes of house and barn, sifting some of the ashes, and asked in sharp suspicion, "What you doing that for?"

"Just seeing if I can turn up anything worth saving," Ed told him. "Spikes and hinges and all that didn't melt in the fire."

Jeff grunted and went on toward the village without a word to say; but after that he worried for fear Ed might find his knife among the ashes. Ed would recognize it all right.

Not till weeks later did Jeff realize that he might have been wise to say to Ed that day, "Keep a look out for that old sticking knife of mine. I lost it the day I helped you haying. Might have lost it in the mow somewhere." If he had said something like that, he would have been secure against suspicion; but by the time Jeff thought of this it was too late.

It was too late, because if Ed had found the knife he would have said so —unless he was keeping it till he was ready to make a straightforward accusation. Jeff decided that Ed had found the knife and was simply biding his time. Ed continued to be friendly, but Jeff saw in this a designed concealment of treacherous hostility. He began to play a part, offering to help Ed in the work of falling trees which could be hauled to the mill on the first snow and sawed up into house timbers and boards. Jeff had some good oaks, fit for sills and beams, on his land; he insisted that Ed take some of these and refused any payment.

They were working together, falling Jeff's oaks, the day they found Spot—what was left of him—in a clump of ground pine near the river. Ed made the discovery and called to Jeff, a few rods away, clearing the brush around the base of an oak they were about to fall.

"Hey, Jeff," he shouted. "Look here."

"What you got?" Jeff asked. Something in Ed's tone made him wary.

"Here's old Spot," Ed shouted. "See here."

Jeff went cautiously toward the other man. Thinking of his own safety, he carried his axe in his hand. But Ed showed no sign of anger, spoke no word of accusation. "It's just the way I figured," he declared. "He crawled in here and died. See here."

Jeff had to look at what lay there. "Looks like it, for a fact," he assented, watching Ed.

"Poor old fellow," Ed said ruefully. "I wish't he'd come home. I might have fetched him out of it somehow." Jeff drew back, making no comment, his eye on the other man. "I'll fetch a spade down tomorrow and throw some dirt over him," Ed said.

Jeff was convinced that Ed had guessed the truth. He decided that he had had enough work for this day. "I've kind of dropped a stitch in my back, Ed," he announced. "I dunno but I'll go along home."

"We'll call it a day," Ed agreed. "Ma'll want to know about what happened to old Spot."

Thereafter Jeff's uneasiness was intensified. It was impossible that Ed should not now guess the truth. The place where Spot had died was a short half mile from Jeff's house, not ten rods from where Jeff had seen the dog go into the woods that day. It seemed to Jeff that no one, not even such a good-natured blamed fool as Ed, could fail to see the significance of this. Jeff's hatred was so intense that he thought of it as visible in his eyes and on his countenance, thought Ed must have seen it long ago. Jeff took to bolting his doors at night; and he avoided even a chance encounter with Ed, staying much at home, going to the village only when it was necessary.

It was early in October when they found Spot, and Jeff did not see Ed again till the last day of the month. Then, half an hour before dusk, he saw Ed coming down the road; he watched through the kitchen window as Ed approached the kitchen door.

Jeff's teeth were chattering with terror, and he backed into a corner like a frightened rat, as Ed called, "Hello, the house!" Then Jeff saw his shotgun standing in the corner by the door, and he remembered that it was loaded. He picked it up and opened the door. "Oh, hello, Ed," he said. "I was just going up the run to try for a pa'tridge."

"Too dark to shoot, ain't it?"

"Might be, at that," Jeff agreed. "Come in and set."

"Can't stop," Ed said. "What I come down for, Jeff; what say if we go out and get us a deer, first thing in the morning?" The season would open tomorrow. Jeff did not immediately answer, and Ed explained, "I know where there's a pile of 'em, coming in to feed every morning. We'll have one soon's it's light enough to shoot."

"Where's that?" Jeff's question was automatic. He was thinking fast. He knew what was in Ed's mind, all right. Ed knew the truth by this time. Finding Spot's body, finding Jeff's knife in the ashes of the burned barn, he could not help but know. But Ed was a deep one. He wouldn't let on; but he'd plan to get even somehow. That's why he was here now, with this talk of going after deer. Men had been shot by mistake for a deer before now, and would be again. If they went deer hunting in the morning, and Ed came back to the village and said, "Boys, a terrible thing happened. Jeff and me went after a deer, and I thought I saw one and touched her off, and it was Jeff," why, no one would blame Ed. Nobody could help accidents like that.

So Jeff demurred. He didn't want a deer. He didn't believe they would get a shot at one anyway. He made a dozen excuses, and Ed overbore them all, till Jeff in a certain defiance said at last, "Oh, Goshamighty then, all right, I'll go along with you." His lips were drawn back over his teeth. Two could play that dark game Ed had in mind.

But Ed saw (*Continued on page 106*)

THE COMPLETE BOOK LENGTH NOVEL

Who was the lovely lady with the lingering perfume?

What was behind the death of an American correspondent in Berlin?

Who was the man with the monocle?

An adventure-romance of breathless suspense

involving a man with a taste for danger

and two glamorous girls willing to supply it

WOULD THEY come for him today? Perhaps a cell in the Alexander-Platz would be warmer than this room. Odd that he should want to be warm now, when very soon he wouldn't be wanting anything. Knowing what he did, they were bound to kill him.

Wearily, Varick Halsey paced his sitting room—nine steps each way. He tried to amuse himself by watching his breath make a white vapor in the cold air.

Presently he stopped before the cold fireplace with its empty iron grate. He looked at the photographs standing there—pictures of correspondents with whom he had worked. There was Webb Miller, who had died last spring when he fell from a railroad coach in the dark.

He turned to face the room, shivering inside his overcoat. The wintry light of the December afternoon was beginning to gray. Across the street, in some of the houses there were Christmas trees with tinsel decorations, the same as at home.

There was no Christmas tree in this house. Halsey felt sorry for the old couple with whom he boarded. They had lost their only son at Narvik. They seemed to feel that the United States was responsible. If they hadn't started sending things to England, that hateful country would have been conquered long ago. Ever since they draped the black crape around their son's picture in the parlor, Halsey had felt their resentment against him and his country.

If only he had taken other lodgings last spring when the Boehmers first began to change, he wouldn't be standing here now, waiting for the Gestapo. If only he had gone to live with Jack Bradley, Fate wouldn't have sent him along that dark street last September in a blackout. Then he wouldn't have stumbled over the body of the Japanese.

It was the night of September the twenty-seventh, he remembered. That day the Tripartite Pact had been signed between Germany, Italy and Japan. He had been at the Chancellery with the other correspondents watching the efforts of the Nazis to make the world realize the significance of the pact. There had been the usual sickening smugness of the Germans. They had assumed the air of big-brother-protector to their friends the Italians and the Japanese. But Halsey had been more impressed with Japan's part in the pact. True that

Suddenly, among the masqueraders, a man's voice said, "Peter Van der Glass." Someone wanted him to look around.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. M. JACKSON

Kurusu, who signed for his goverment, had seemed a mild man with a touch of shyness. But Halsey had been in Japan, and he understood that deceptive Japanese shyness.

After he left the Chancellery and filed his story, he had gone to Bradley's rooms and had a few drinks. It was very late when he started back to his own quarters. He had been feeling his way in the darkness when he kicked something lying on the pavement. He stooped to see what it was. It proved to be a wallet stuffed with papers. As he stood up and moved along examining the wallet, he stumbled over an obstacle. He stooped once more and saw a man sprawled on the pavement. At first Halsey thought the man had fallen. Then his groping fingers encountered the handle of a dagger.

The realization that this was murder struck him with sudden impact. It was bad enough at any time to become entangled in such an affair, but in Berlin in wartime it might be disastrous.

Something warned him—the scraping of a shoe against the pavement. The thought flashed through his mind that he had come upon murderer and victim almost as the crime had been committed. With the wallet still in his hand, he had fled.

Safe in his rooms, he had examined the wallet's contents. To his amazement, he had found it stuffed with papers covered with Japanese characters. Halsey had a smattering of Japanese, but his knowledge was unequal to the task of free translation. That would have to wait until he could obtain a Japanese-English dictionary. Since the wallet contained no money, he felt it was wiser to say nothing to the police.

There had been no mention of the crime in the newspapers. Then a week later, by accident, Halsey learned that one of the Japanese servants who accompanied the Kurusu party was missing when that gentleman departed from Berlin.

Halsey wondered if the wallet had belonged to the missing servant. If so, why had the man been murdered? Had it been to get possession of the wallet? Halsey wondered uncomfortably if the murderer could have trailed him.

Returning home earlier than usual one afternoon a fortnight later, he had encountered a Japanese sauntering along studying the houses. Halsey was subjected to a searching scrutiny.

A night or two later he had begun the task of making a translation. Almost from the first, he realized why the Japanese had been murdered, and he knew too that he himself was in deadly danger.

The murdered man's name was Tomio Kayama, and he was an American citizen. Kayama, acting as a secret agent, had gained the confidence of his Japanese employers, and here, under Halsey's hands, was his report for the American government. But something had betrayed him; had cost his life.

Night after night Halsey toiled. Each morning, when he left his rooms, he hid the wallet and his notes in the chimney.

As the significance of the documents became clear, he had been tormented with uncertainty as to his future course. What, he asked himself, was he going to do with them? While he kept them in his possession, they would serve as a death warrant if he were caught. If he tried to leave the country, his bags would be searched and the papers would be discovered. There remained the American Embassy.

But would the Embassy officials believe the monstrous things he was translating? For they told the story of a treachery beside which all other German crimes seemed insignificant. It was the secret clause in the Tripartite Pact—the price of Japan's entry into the Second World War. *That price was the assassination of the United States!*

Assassination! Murder in the night. Knife strokes without warning. Halsey gasped at the simplicity of the plot, its deadly feasibility. Happy-go-lucky America would go to bed one night

and pound its ear. Morning would bring a double sunrise—one in the east to show Americans what had been done to them. Another in the west, the blood-red Rising Sun.

The next day Varick Halsey went to the American Embassy. He was asked to return on the following day and left without unburdening himself. As he came away, he encountered in the street the Japanese who had loitered before his lodgings.

In panic, he hurried to his rooms and locked the door. He knelt before the fireplace and thrust his hand up the sooty chimney. *The papers were gone!*

Like a man who has just heard himself sentenced to death, he got up, unlocked his door, walked to the stairway and ran down the steps. He wanted to get back to the Embassy. Perhaps there, when he told his story, they would protect him.

At the front door stood a man who barred his passage. "It is not permitted that you leave this house," he said coldly. "You will return to your rooms and await instructions."

That had been twenty-four hours ago. He had tried sending a messenger to the Embassy. The boy had been stopped and the message taken from him. Halsey had tried to telephone. Unaccountably, the wire went dead.

Hour after hour he tramped the rooms, trying to find some way in which he could communicate with his friends. Day came without hope. Varick Halsey was cut off from his world.

Frau Boehmer brought his breakfast and left without speaking.

At two in the afternoon he began drinking rum. He tried to get drunk, without success. He knew when he stood in front of a firing squad he wouldn't be half as much afraid as he was now. Everybody had to die. It was the reason for his dying that mattered. The thing he knew. The secret clause. How could he tell the folks back home? He must find a way. But how?

Suddenly he knew! In his bag was an unread book. Frantically, he dragged out the old pigskin and opened it. There was the book, as it had come from the publishers. He tore open the wrappings, staring at the brilliant dust cover: "The Stone They Wrote Upon," by Peter Van der Glass.

He remembered the night Peter conceived that title. Three hundred pages, with illustrations.

Three hundred pages! Had he time to write them over? He propped up the book and sat down in front of his typewriter.

Varick Halsey, American, armed with a flimsy idea against the might of Nazi Germany!

Make your fingers fly, Halsey. Type as you never typed before—faster, faster! Type, damn you, type!

In a precise hand, she wrote on eighteen luggage labels: "Lady Maude Winnick, Cabin 97, S. S. Valerian." She was preparing to sail for America to carry on her secret activities.

She wasn't sure just what she was to do when she got there. That would be revealed when she reported to Herr Schmidt, who operated an exclusive antique shop in Lexington Avenue.

When she finished her task, she went to the window and peered into the street. Manuel should be along soon to take her luggage to the docks. The ship wasn't sailing until tomorrow, so she'd enjoy one more night in Lisbon.

She turned to the desk and picked up a packet tied with a red ribbon. She untied the ribbon and spread out the packet's contents. Eight passports, all in perfect condition. At will, she could be an Italian, a Greek, a Swede, a Frenchwoman, even a Russian. She selected a passport with a blue cover, adorned with the golden lion and unicorn of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Neatly written in a white lozenge inset in the cover was the name "Lady Maude Winnick." That was to be her identity for some time.

She made a bundle of the remaining seven passports, sealing it with red wax. They must go to a certain address in Lisbon, to await her convenience.

There remained only the manuscript. A bulky typewritten document which she had received from *Gruppenfuehrer* Reinhard Heydrich, with instructions to deliver it to a certain Peter Van der Glass in New York. It was the last work of the young American correspondent who had met an unfortunate death when he was run down by a truck in the blackout. At least that was the story given the other correspondents when they inquired about him. Lady Maude suspected Herr Halsey's end had been much more unpleasant.

She wondered what was in the manuscript. It was a cultural document, she understood, which *Der Fuehrer* was sending to the United States for reasons of policy. It seemed that, with his last breath, the American had begged the hospital attendants to send the manuscript to America, so his friend could arrange for its publication. She knew Gestapo experts had gone over the sheets searching for concealed messages. Satisfied there was none, this great work was gladly given to the world by the generosity of *Der Fuehrer!*

As Lady Maude finished stowing the manuscript in a handbag, she heard footsteps outside her door. Manuel, no doubt. She hesitated, as her quick ear detected two sets of feet. Perhaps he had brought an assistant. She said, "Come in," in answer to a knock.

Lady Maude had expected two men, but certainly not the two who appeared. They were obviously gentlemen. One, she decided, was English; the other an American.

The Englishman bowed. "I am Captain Gerald Drinkwater of the CID. And this is Mr. Hank Peters——"

"Of the FBI," Peters finished for him.

"I am not interested in the alphabet," Lady Maude said coldly. "Will you please tell me why you are here?"

The man from the FBI bent over her trunks, examining the labels. What did he want?

He turned to her. "These boxes contain clothes?" he asked.

"My wardrobe," she replied acidly.

There was a blinding flash and the whole world seemed to blow up. Later, Peter learned from Frith that he had been knocked unconscious.

"I guess these'll do," the FBI man said to his companion.

"Are you thieves?" Lady Maude cried. "Is that the meaning of those ridiculous letters?"

"You know what the letters stand for, Fräulein Gretchen Kleffner," Captain Drinkwater said.

And Fräulein Gretchen Kleffner, alias Lady Maude Winnick, shrugged. She knew when she was licked.

When the S. S. Valerian docked in New York, a tall, slender, dark-haired girl claimed the luggage marked "Lady Maude Winnick." In Lisbon, this adventure of hers had seemed a gallant gesture. Her knowledge of European peoples, her mastery of a half-dozen languages gained in the years when she had trotted about with her father from embassy to embassy made her an ideal substitute for the other woman. All she needed was courage, and she had plenty of that. But she wondered what sort of man Mr. Smith, the antique dealer, would be.

In the excitement of arriving at the hotel and registering, she forgot these speculations. After that, in her room on the fourteenth floor she performed a leisurely toilet. Then she sat down to finish reading the Halsey manuscript before sending it to Mr. Peter Van der Glass.

When she had finished, she retied the manscript, enclosing a note which explained its arrival in America. *Der Fuehrer's* high regard for cultural documents and all that. She was determined to play her part to perfection. She noted Mr. Van der Glass' address in East Eightieth Street. When the package was ready, she gave it to a messenger.

It was then that the telephone tinkled. A girl's voice informed her that a Mr. Smith was calling. Smith, the dealer in antiques! But how had he learned of her arrival so soon? Then she heard a man's voice: "Is that Lady Maude Winnick?" "Yes." The heavy voice spoke again. "You have been ashore more than four hours. Why have you failed to report?" It spoke volumes for Lady Maude's self-control that she answered merely, "I will come at once." She had been warned not to speak German over the telephone.

Lady Maude replaced the instrument. So that was how it was to be! Watched from the moment of her landing; reprimanded for failing to report immediately. Hitler's methods in America!

Soon she was getting out of a taxicab in front of a building which bore a small brass sign at the entrance to a stairway: "Smith—Antiques." That must be it. Smith in America; Schmidt in Berlin. In either place, an agent of the Gestapo. She climbed the steps to the second floor. On the landing she saw a door with the same modest sign: "Smith—Antiques."

She pushed open the door and found herself in a high-ceilinged room crowded with furniture and *objets d'art*. She walked along the narrow aisle between rows of fine pieces and paused to admire a Regency table in rosewood.

A slight cough made her turn to see a slender, elderly man wearing formal clothes. He looked more like a scholar than a conspirator.

"Is madam interested in the table?" he asked.

She said, "I am here to meet Mr. Smith. He expects me."

The man nodded. "Come with me," he said.

She followed him to a small paneled door. He rapped and a man's voice invited them to enter, but it was not the voice she had heard on the telephone. Lady Maude went in. At a carved-oak desk sat a man of about fifty, she thought; a Prussian type. When he looked up, she caught the cold appraisal in his pale blue eyes. Abruptly, he gestured toward a chair close to the desk. When she was seated, he tilted the desk lamp so that its light shone into her face.

Lady Maude's manner in rising, turning off the light and reseating herself was casual. "I presume you are Mr. Smith," she said as if nothing had happened.

He nodded. "Did you have a pleasant voyage, Lady Maude?" There was a faintly derisive inflection in his pronouncement of the name, which indicated he knew it was assumed.

"Quite," she said coldly, and waited for him to speak.

"You know, of course, why you have been sent to America?"

That was one of the things which had been emphasized in her instructions. *She didn't know.* "No," she said. "I am here to take orders. That is all I was told."

"Good!" said Mr. Smith. "In due time, you will receive your orders. But first I have questions to ask. Already you have seen fit to act independently. You dispatched a package from the hotel."

"You refer to the package I sent to Mr. Peter Van der Glass," Lady Maude said, feeling more at ease. He had accepted her as the agent he had been expecting. That was the main thing. But it was evident he knew nothing about the Halsey manuscript. Briefly she informed him of its history and described its contents.

Mr. Smith seemed confused, as if the fact that she had knowledge not given him had thrown him off balance. He said, "You should have brought this document to me first."

"I was told to send it directly to Mr. Van der Glass. I did so."

"You say this manuscript is an original, written by Varick Halsey, and that it was returned to this country with a view to publication? What is its title?" he asked.

"It is called 'The Stone They Wrote Upon.'"

Abruptly Mr. Smith rose and crossed to a shelf of books, took down a large volume and turned the pages. Presently he began to read aloud. "'Peter Van der Glass, archaeologist, field agent for the Collier Institute. Distinguished for exploratory work . . .'" His voice fell silent as he perused the paragraph. He had almost reached the end when she saw him start. He read aloud, his voice hoarse with suppressed excitement: "'Author of several books on research among American ruins. His outstanding work is the recently published volume, "The Stone They Wrote Upon."'"

With a sound like a pistol shot, Mr. Smith closed the book and glared at her. "That manuscript was a trick to bring information out of Germany! This man Halsey has tricked us. Through you—you!"

"I did exactly what I was told to do," said Lady Maude.

Could Halsey actually have tricked the Gestapo? she wondered. She had read the manuscript and had found no German secrets hidden in its pages, but there must be *something.*

There was no doubt in Mr. Smith's mind about its being a trick. "Fool, dolt, imbecile, to let such a thing escape!"

"Do you refer to me?" Lady Maude asked.

"No. No, of course not."

"Then do you mean *Der Fuehrer?*" she asked.

"No—no. *Der Fuehrer* has been deceived," he gasped. "You must recover the manuscript before it is too late. When you get it, return here. I shall be waiting."

Lady Maude took a taxi to the Eightieth Street address. She placed a gloved finger on the button of Mr. Van der Glass' apartment and pressed. A manservant opened the door.

"Is Mr. Van der Glass at home?"

"No, madam," he said. "Mr. Van der Glass is in Yucatan."

Lady Maude felt relieved. In that case, he couldn't have opened the package. If she could only get it back, she might find a clue to the message it contained.

"I sent him a package this afternoon," she explained.

"Yes, madam, it was received."

"I'm so glad. Would you mind letting me have it back? You see, I sent the wrong one. So stupid of me."

"You are Lady Maude Winnick?" the manservant asked.

"Yes." Something about his manner made her heart sink.

"I am sorry, my lady, but I took the liberty of opening your package. As it seemed important, I sent it out with the mail. But if you will step into the library, I can give you the address of the expedition's headquarters in Yucatan. Then if you care to write Mr. Van der Glass——"

"Of course," she said. "You are very thoughtful."

"My name is Boyd, my lady. Please come in."

HE CONDUCTED her to the library door. She found herself in a room with many books, a desk and a fireplace. She took a chair while Boyd sat at the desk and wrote the address. Then he approached her, holding out a small white paper.

She thanked him and went down the hall again. No doubt Mr. Smith would be furious, but what more could she do?

As Boyd opened the door, he revealed a tall, fair girl carrying flowers. He beamed. "Good afternoon, Miss Frith."

Lady Maude said, "Thank you, Boyd," and went on out.

Inside Mr. Van der Glass' apartment, Miss Frith Leroy regarded Boyd with suspicion. "Who is she, Boyd?" When he had explained she went into the library. As she entered, she stopped. "What's that thing?" she asked.

"That thing" was a linen handkerchief on the floor. Frith picked it up and sniffed daintily. Her nose wrinkled.

"How revolting! Throw it out and bring me some vases."

"Certainly, Miss Frith."

Boyd concealed his amusement as he left the library.

Lady Maude was surprised to find a second man waiting with Mr. Smith when she returned to his office. He had a reddish face and heavy shoulders.

"Well?" Mr. Smith's voice was brittle with anxiety. Lady Maude glanced at the second man inquiringly. "Hertz," Mr. Smith said. "One of us. You may speak. Did you get it?"

"No," she said. "It had already been forwarded to Mr. Van der Glass at his camp in Yucatan."

Mr. Smith snapped, "Where is this camp? Did you find out?"

Lady Maude opened her bag, thankful that she had the address. "I have it written down," she said.

Smith took the paper and studied it. Then he held it out to Hertz. "Leave immediately for this place," he said. "Engage yourself to the expedition as a laborer. You will steal the manuscript and bring it back. Understand?"

Hertz nodded and stood up. "*Heil Hitler!*" he said and

saluted. Lady Maude recognized the heavy voice. He gave her a stiff bow and left the room.

Mr. Smith turned to her. "Return to your hotel and wait for instructions," he said.

Peter Van der Glass shivered in his tropical garments. In this climate, he thought, one was always shivering with the night damps or trying to forget the daytime heat.

He dumped some charcoal on the coals which glowed in the brazier and walked to the breast-high window set in the thick wall. He opened it a trifle, letting in the steady whisper of rain. From this side of the ancient hacienda, the narrow road leading through the jungle was invisible. But if the old car had been anywhere near he would have heard its labored approach. José, who had gone off early that morning to bring supplies and the mail, should have been back before nightfall. Peter wondered what had delayed him.

Slowly he went to the table where he had been working. As he lowered his solid New England Dutch body onto the chair, he reached for his briar pipe. Leaning back, he glanced around the chamber, lighted by an electric battery lamp. In one corner were stones with carved faces which he had brought in for special study. Along one wall were boxes of records. In another corner was his cot, the blankets neatly folded by the Mayan boy who acted as his personal servant.

Peter had always liked the Mayans. He even thought he understood them. That was why he found it difficult to fathom why the men had changed suddenly from a willing lot to a sullen, dissatisfied gang.

He had never had any trouble with his men. He wondered if their unrest had anything to do with the new hand he had hired a few days before. The man, a German, had given Hertz as his name and claimed to be an American citizen. Peter was not well disposed toward Germany, with the memory of Varick Halsey's death fresh in his mind. But the man seemed a willing worker, so Peter had taken him on.

Thinking of the German brought Varick Halsey strongly into Peter's mind. He opened a drawer in the table and took out the newspaper which Boyd had sent him from New York. In a front-page box was the brief story about Halsey's accident: run down by a truck during a blackout. Peter wondered for the thousandth time how it could have happened. Varick was unusually quick on his feet, and his eyes were keen as an Indian's.

While Peter sat brooding over the paper, the sound of the car's engine came to his ears. He went out into the corridor, carrying the battery lamp. He put the lamp down on the floor and walked outside.

While he waited, Peter looked up the hill toward the black hulk of the temple which towered above. He could just see the outlines of the enormous feathered-serpent columns on the ruined walls. The huge brutal heads rested on the ground, the mouths wide open, showing poison fangs, the feathered lips and hollow, deep-set eyes. The bodies of the serpents extended upward over the walls, sinuous emblems of a grim religion which had claimed its victims by the thousands.

A thin wash of light from the headlights of a car went up the temple wall. Peter turned to look down the slope. He was conscious of a number of dim figures behind him. Presently the car sputtered to a stop beside him.

"Bad time of it, José?" Peter asked.

"Si, señor, Muy malo." José explained that the road was like a river.

Peter took the mailbag and tramped back to the building. As he stopped before the front door, a heavy voice said, "Excuse me, Mr. Van der Glass. I thought there might be a letter for me, perhaps." It was the German, Hertz.

"Come in." Peter set the lamp on the table, opened the sack and dumped out its contents. There were the usual bundles of papers, a packet of letters and a parcel addressed in Boyd's handwriting. He shuffled through the letters. "Nothing, Hertz," he said.

The German turned to go. At the door he paused. Peter saw him glance at the parcel before he vanished.

As a matter of habit, Peter looked first for a letter from Boyd. He found the familiar writing and tore open the envelope. In the first line he saw the name "Halsey." Something about a manuscript. "Came by special messenger," Boyd wrote, "with a note from a Lady Maude Winnick." The parcel contained a typewritten manuscript by Varick Halsey. The letter continued: "A short time after I sent the parcel to the post office, I received a visit from a person who said she was Lady Maude Winnick. She asked to have the manuscript returned."

Boyd explained he had suggested that she write Peter and had given her Peter's address. The letter closed with the news that Miss Frith continued to keep the rooms supplied with fresh flowers. Peter smiled at the thought of that gay presence moving about his apartment.

As he picked up the bulky parcel and cut the strings, he wondered what Varick had written. The first line proved puzzling. It was a title: "The Stone They Wrote Upon." Underneath was the author's credit: "By Varick Halsey." Why, Peter wondered, was Varick using his title? His bewilderment increased when he read the first sentence: "At the time when Rome was slowly dying, holding the memory of its great days about it like a brilliant cloak, another Empire beyond the seas was rising from the jungles." It was strange to steal another man's title, but to steal also his opening sentence was going a bit too far. His eyes scanned the next few lines. The whole damned paragraph was stolen without quotes! What the deuce was Varick up to, anyhow?

He began to read again. On the second page he noticed a misspelled word. He read on, engrossed in spite of the fact that every line was familiar. Once again his reading was checked by a misspelled word. He was brought up with a jerk, like a man who hears a sour note in a musical passage.

A vague memory stirred in his mind. Misspelled words. Could Varick have gone to all this trouble to send him a message by the old code they had used as boys? He remembered the notes which had traveled from hand to hand in the schoolroom, their real import safely hidden, they hoped, by the transparent device of misspelled words. Had Varick managed to deceive the Gestapo in that simple fashion?

Pencil in hand, Peter studied every word with care. The first one was "obsidian," misspelled "obsidien." Peter wrote the letter *a* on a blank page of his notebook and searched for another letter. On the next page, he came upon the word "empire," which was written "enpire." Now he had two letters for his word, "Am." At the end of twenty minutes he had the word "American." When he had completed the first fifty pages, there was a complete sentence, which read: *"American life menaced from within by Nazi conspiracy."*

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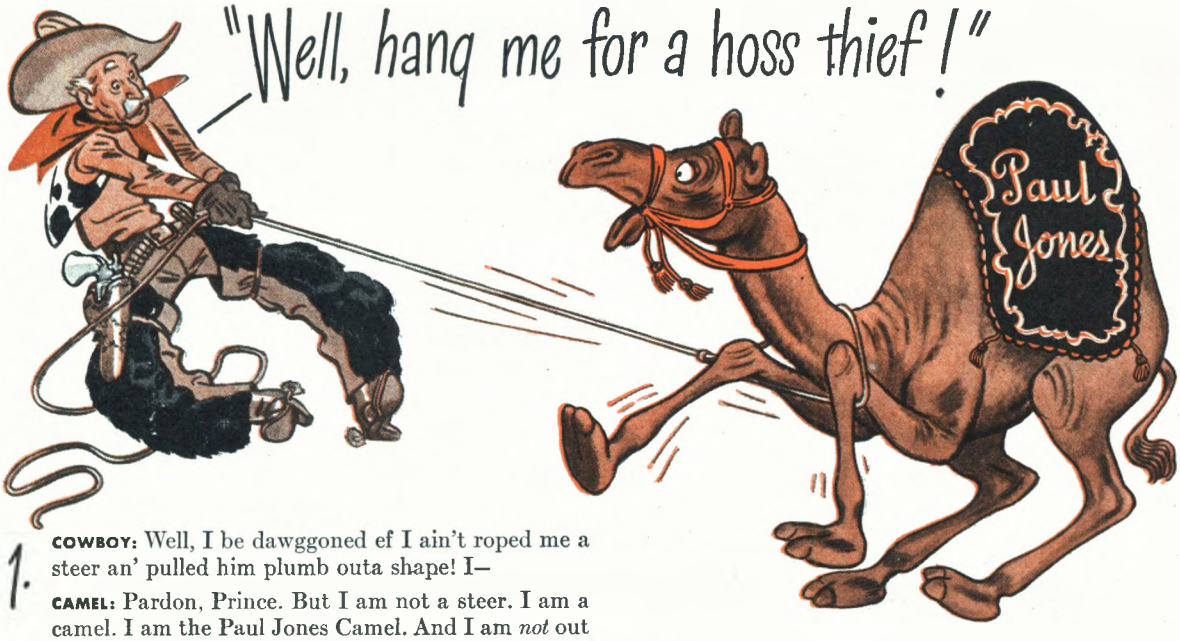
That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene

with

Hair Conditioner

"Well, hang me for a hoss thief!"



1. **COWBOY:** Well, I be dawggoned ef I ain't roped me a steer an' pulled him plumb outa shape! I—

CAMEL: Pardon, Prince. But I am not a steer. I am a camel. I am the Paul Jones Camel. And I am *not* out of shape. I—

COWBOY: Shuh! Who ever heard o' camels in Wyomin'? Dawggonit, pardner, I reckon you are just a steer what don't want to be branded. I—

2. **CAMEL:** Pardon, O Possessor of the Mighty Bowed Legs. But I *am* the Paul Jones Camel. A living symbol of the *dryness* in the magnificent *dry* Paul Jones whiskey. And I come to explain how this *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, brings out *all* the flavor of Paul Jones. Permits you to enjoy the full richness of a fine whiskey!

COWBOY: You come all the way out here just to tell us that? Pardner, seems like you was wastin' time. Ain't nobody on this range got no money fer expensive, superlative whiskies!

3. **CAMEL:** Expensive? Ah no, O Wrestler of Cattle. Paul Jones, for all its magnificence, is most moderately priced.

COWBOY: Well now dawggonit, Camel! Dawggonit, pardner! You jus' leave me unwrassle you from that there rope and we're headin' fer town an' some o' that *dry* Paul Jones!

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

An Explanation to our Friends

IF YOUR BAR or package store is sometimes out of Paul Jones, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our pre-war stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other war products. (Our prices have not been increased — except for government taxes.)

Peter plunged ahead. As the grim message unfolded, he felt that he was the most important American in the world—the only one, perhaps, who could prevent such a disaster as his country had never known.

He thought of what must have happened in the last hours of Varick Halsey's life. Somehow he had stumbled on a plot against the United States, but realized his knowledge was useless unless he could somehow get it out of Germany. Knowing he was doomed, he must have conceived the idea of copying Peter's book in the hope that an unpublished manuscript would receive respectful treatment by the Nazis. There was no doubt now in Peter's mind that Halsey had been murdered. Grimly he promised himself that he would avenge that crime.

He worked on. Germany, ran the warning, had promised Japan to buy her assistance by doing a certain thing which would render the United States helpless, for a time at least. A clause in the Tripartite Pact—a secret clause. When that certain thing had been accomplished, the Empire of the Rising Sun would attack without warning.

What Germany had bound itself to do, Halsey did not know, but he gave a clue. The man behind the Nazi agents in the United States was a German prince who had married an American heiress in 1911. A big society wedding. Identify that wedding and trace the prince. From that starting point, the present plot against the United States could be unraveled.

Nearly five hours had gone by before Peter reached that point. Now the failing batteries in the lamp made further reading impossible. He took the dying lamp and went into the corridor. It gave only a firefly glow as Peter hurried along.

As he turned a corner, something crashed against his head. The lamp dropped from his hands. Peter fell forward beside it. The figure of a man towered above him. Behind the man were the monstrous jaws of the Feathered Serpent, wide open as if about to strike. Then Peter knew nothing.

Mr. Anatole Tregre liked living. Over morning coffee in the patio of his New Orleans home, he made a pleasant picture. His white hair was brushed back from a high forehead; the sunlight was warm on his ruddy countenance. It was a hundred and twenty years since the first Tregre—Traeger, it was then—came up the river in one of the German ships which brought settlers for John Law's colonization schemes.

As he drained the cup, Cash, his Negro butler, shuffled along the tiles with the coffee urn. Mr. Tregre said, "Ask Lady Maude to have coffee with me here, Cash." He added, "Is the gentleman up?"

"Mista Hertz, suh, is almost ready. I tol' him you were having breakfast in the patio, suh."

Mr. Tregre dismissed the Negro and leaned back. He was thinking of the young woman who had arrived late the previous night after he had retired. Cash had settled her in rooms in the west wing as soon as Mr. Tregre had read her letter of introduction from Smith.

He wondered what was keeping Hertz, who also had arrived late the night before, coming ashore from a fruit boat which had crossed the gulf.

Cash appeared again, carrying a telegram. Mr. Tregre opened it. It was a code message from Progreso, Yucatan.

He got up and went into the library, where he opened the third drawer of his desk. There was just space for his hand to reach behind the last partition and take the black code book from its niche.

The message was from Huissel, who operated a travel bureau in Yucatan. Decoded, it said: "Hertz only partly successful. Got manuscript but Van der Glass crossing gulf in special plane. Leave further action in your hands."

As Mr. Tregre replaced the code book in its hiding place he saw Hertz cross the terrace. Then he lighted a match and touched the flame to the telegram and the decoded version.

When he joined Mr. Hertz, he said at once, "You were in Yucatan after a manuscript. Did you get it?"

"Certainly," Mr. Hertz replied. He indicated a bulky mass on a chair beside him. "It is here. There is a code message in it. Van der Glass succeeded in reading part of it. Then his battery lamp failed. When he went along the corridor to the storeroom, I struck him and escaped with the manuscript."

"Let me see the message he had decoded," said Mr. Tregre.

Mr. Hertz handed him some pages torn from a notebook. Mr. Tregre studied them, surprised to realize how serious the matter was.

Hertz saw his expression. "You see the matter was urgent. It is fortunate that I shot and killed Van der Glass before he could communicate what he had learned to anyone."

Mr. Tregre said, "I just received a message from our agent in Progreso. He says you left Mr. Van der Glass very much alive."

"Impossible! I fired at a distance of no more than one foot. Then with colored chalks I drew on the wall the outlines of the Feathered Serpent, Quetzalcoatl, the God of Death."

"I see," Mr. Tregre said. "So the crime would be laid to the Indians. Vengeance for desecration of their shrines. Then you came away in a tearing hurry. Very clever! Your aim evidently was poor, even at one foot. Mr. Van der Glass is now crossing the Gulf of Mexico in a plane."

"But there is no plane, I inquired."

"Another error, I am afraid. Fortunately, we have several hours in which to make arrangements."

Mr. Tregre was conscious of light steps on the tiles. The two arose as a tall slender girl came toward them.

Mr. Tregre stepped forward and took her hand. "My dear Lady Maude," he said, "permit me to introduce myself. I am Anatole Tregre." He turned. "This is Mr. Hertz."

Mr. Hertz bowed. "We have met before," he said stiffly.

Lady Maude Winnick held out her hand. "Of course," she said. "It was my fault that you have had such a long journey."

"Please sit here," said Mr. Tregre, placing a chair. "You will have coffee, of course?"

"Thank you." Lady Maude took the proffered chair. "I hope you have plenty of work for me, Mr. Tregre."

Mr. Tregre poured coffee and placed a cup before her. "You were sent here simply to purchase a piece of property," he said. "When the business is completed, your work is over."

"It sounds—well, unimportant."

Mr. Tregre shook his head. "You are wrong. It is immensely important. You may be sure you are performing a great service, but it will take only an hour. Then we are free to play. This is our season of make-believe—Mardi Gras. Already I have issued orders. Your costume for the masquerade is on the way."

"*Masquerade!*" There was indignation in Mr. Hertz' voice.

Mr. Tregre turned to him. "Precisely, my dear Hertz. You too. For you, I have chosen the costume of a Choctaw chief with feathers. You seem to have a penchant for them."

"And mine?" Lady Maude asked. "What is mine?"

"Let that be the secret of the Masque of Calidore," said Mr. Tregre.

For some time Peter had been fascinated by the gulf water far below the window of the plane. Ever since he recovered consciousness in the corridor of the hacienda he had been wondering what to do. His last memory of a hideous Feathered Serpent had been curiously confirmed by the crude drawing staring down at him from the wall. The disappearance of his notes, the manuscript, the ancient car and Hertz left no doubt as to the identity of his assailant. There was an ache in Peter's head and a pain in his left breast. The twisted metal clasp in his suspender and the flattened bullet he had dug out of the plaster twenty feet away indicated the German's murderous intent. He must have thought the deed accomplished; otherwise, he would have fired again.

Peter had been lucky in Progreso. There he had heard about an American amphibian which was charting a course for future commercial flights. He had wangled a passage on it and thereby saved several days. Now on the water he saw a vast amber-colored crescent which he realized must be the coast of Louisiana. The pain in his head increased. He decided he had better have it examined in New Orleans. The thought reminded him of an old friend—Pierre Demourelle. They had spent a great deal of time together when Pierre was an interne in a New York hospital.

Peter's papers were in order. It took him no more than a quarter of an hour after the flying boat landed on the water to establish his identity. Then, with his single bag in hand, he was taken ashore. From the ranks of waiting taxis, the alert driver of a black-bodied car secured Peter as a fare.

As he settled back in his seat, one of the amphibian's pilots leaned into the cab, grinning. "How about a lift to town, Mr. Van der Glass?" he asked.

"Hop in."

The taxi sped toward the city. Peter stared at the driver's shoulders hunched over the wheel. He had a feeling the fellow was none too pleased that he had given the pilot a lift.

Peter halted the taxi at a corner drugstore, while he hunted through a directory for Pierre Demourelle. He went back to the cab and gave the address of his friend's office.

When they stopped in front of Pierre's building in Canal Street, Peter handed the driver a bill. "Take this gentleman where he wants to go," he said and got out.

As the taxi rolled away, another took its place at the curb. A tall, well-dressed redheaded gentleman emerged.

As Peter entered the building, he glanced back. The tall man was standing at the curb watching him.

On the fourth floor, he found Pierre Demourelle's name neatly printed on frosted glass. There were other patients in the waiting room. Peter sank into a chair.

Presently a nurse entered and came over to him. "You wish to see Dr. Demourelle?"

"Yes." Peter took a card from his case. "Will you be kind enough to give this to him?"

"Of course." In a rustle of starched linen, she was gone.

A moment later Demourelle, slim and tall, with tossed black hair, came through the doorway in his white smock. "Peter Van der Glass, my dear fellow!"

He seized Peter's hand, hurried him into the consultation room and shoved him into an armchair. Talking joyously, the doctor wheeled forward a cabinet containing whisky, a soda siphon and cigars.

"Help yourself," he urged. "I keep this for male patients who expect to die when there isn't a thing the matter with them. They won't believe me until I insist they take a drink and a smoke. Fancy you turning up on this day of all days!"

Glass in hand, Peter smiled. "Why today?" he asked.

"Mardi Gras," said Pierre. "Tonight we celebrate."

"Tonight I'll be in a berth headed for New York."

"That's what you think, my friend! What would Renée say if I let you get away?"

Peter weakened. Through his mind passed a vision of Pierre's lovely sister.

Pierre said, "You're coming out to the house. Now, what's that plaster in your hair? Had a wallop?"

"Fight," said Peter. "Four days ago."

Pierre led Peter to a room where mysterious equipment waited. The nurse appeared. Peter sat in a chair.

"Ouch!" he said as Pierre ripped off the adhesive.

"Steady," said Pierre. Peter heard a buzzing sound. The noise stopped. "All right, nurse, let's have it in a hurry."

While they waited for the X-ray negative, Peter talked about his work in Yucatan. The nurse returned. Pierre took the negative from her and hurried to the window.

He grinned. "You've got a skull like a Cro-Magnon," he said happily. "I'll call the house and tell 'em you're coming." He silenced Peter's half-uttered protest while he dialed. "Hello, Renée. I'm sending you a guest. He's a dear old gentleman, a bit of an invalid. Put him in a quiet room and see that he has warm milk to drink. 'By." He hung up with a chuckle. "Now, before you go, what kind of costume do you want for tonight?" Peter looked doubtful. Demourelle snapped his fingers. "I have it! Henry the Eighth. You'll look superb. The Holbein portrait, you know. All right, nurse, throw him out."

The nurse opened a door which led into the main hallway. A man stood there studying a notebook. As Peter approached he put the book in his pocket. They went down in the same elevator, and Peter hurried through the lobby into the street.

He was trying to attract a taxi driver's attention when he felt someone jostle against him. At the same moment the tall red-haired gentleman appeared at his elbow. His fist went over Peter's shoulders and crashed into something beyond. The man who had followed him from the elevator sprawled on the pavement while people milled about. A clatter of steel was heard, and a knife slithered through their milling feet. The man eluded them with scrambling agility.

The red-haired gentleman rushed Peter toward the taxi. "Inside, Mr. Van der Glass," he said, and closed the cab door. "Take my advice and get out of New Orleans." Peter glimpsed a friendly grin, and then the face was gone.

All the way out to the Demourelle house, Peter wondered about the man's timely interference. There was no doubt that the knife slithering along the pavement had been intended for Peter's back. The redhead had saved his life. The fact that he had remained in the vicinity of Pierre's building while Peter had been inside made it look as if he had expected to do something of the sort. That was startling enough, but how had he known Peter's name? Also, he had advised Peter to get out of New Orleans. Why? There could be no reason except that the same agencies which had tried to eliminate him in Yucatan were still of the same mind. His flight across the gulf must have been known.

He remembered the curious conduct of the taxi driver who brought him from the airport. There was no doubt the man had been on the lookout for him. The fact that Peter had given a ride to the pilot interfered with something very unpleasant which had been arranged for him. Peter's jaw set grimly as he realized what he was facing.

As the taxi drew up before the entrance to the Demourelles' house a gray-headed Negro came down the steps and opened the car door. Peter followed him into the house and up the carpeted stairs to a room overlooking the grounds.

"Ef you wants anything, you jes ring fo' me, suh."

The Negro went out. Peter enjoyed a wash in the bathroom adjoining the chamber. He had just finished dressing when he heard a knock at the door. "Come in," he said, and Renée entered carrying a glass of warm milk on a tray.

She stopped abruptly, staring with widened eyes. "Peter!" she said. She set the tray on a little table, threw her arms about Peter's neck and kissed him. He returned the salute with enthusiasm. She thought of something suddenly. "An old man—and hot milk. Just wait until I see Pierre!"

That night, seated in the family limousine, with a pair of grinning servants in the front seat, the two Demourelles and Peter swept down Canal Street. Renée was arrayed as a lady of Old New Orleans, the stately Peruvian bride of Don Antonio de Ulloa. Her dress was lace; she wore a high comb in her hair and a film of lace draped over it. Her mask lay in her lap. Pierre wore the costume of a Second Empire dandy.

Peter looked down at the short poniard attached to his belt. On his knee rested the sparsely bearded mask of Henry the Eighth.

They were in a narrow passage now. Peter saw balconies with graceful ironwork and shutters. "We have entered the Vieux Carré, the oldest part of New Orleans," said Pierre. "We are almost at our destination. I suggest we mask." He disappeared behind the features of the gallant whose clothes he wore. Peter glanced at Renée and found she too had vanished. In her place was the haughty Peruvian bride. He lifted the broad face of Henry the Eighth and set it in place.

Finally the carriage stopped, and they got out. Masqueraders crowded about them. Tall Negroes stood with their backs to the walls, holding flaring torches aloft. A hundred yards ahead the gates of a courtyard stood open.

In the crush behind them, Peter heard a man's voice say, "Peter Van der Glass." Someone wanted him to look around.

Pierre and Renée glanced back. Peter urged them forward. "If he speaks again, pretend not to hear. I'll explain later." They entered the courtyard.

After a few paces they paused to examine those who followed. Peter saw a tall Indian chief and a gentleman in the uniform of a mercenary guard of the French regime stroll by. The Indian's face gleamed a rich copper in the light of the flaring torches. The mercenary wore a purple cloak with broad-brimmed hat from which trailed a curled plume. Under the cloak gleamed a polished breastplate. The scabbard of a long sword trailed just above the ground. Peter thought the voice which had hailed him might have come from one of these two, but he gave them only the briefest glance. His attention was caught by a figure with them—a tall girl clad in the costume of a sister of the Ursuline Convent. Her face was covered with a scarf of filmy silver mesh instead of a mask. Peter detected a faint fascinating perfume.

Peter and the Demourelles crossed the courtyard, moving toward a second set of gates which opened into a garden. From the balconies above, maskers showered them with flowers and laughter.

Except for the farther end, the garden was in darkness. Palm trees there were draped and lighted, giving them the appearance of a proscenium arch opening onto a stage. At the rear of this stage, a broad stairway ascended into the shadows. Mimes in the costumes of aborigines and sixteenth-century cavaliers were going through an elaborate pantomime.

Pierre whispered, "It is supposed to represent the discovery of Louisiana." Fascinated, Peter watched.

Suddenly he realized he had lost Pierre and Renée. Then at the entrance to a low stone arch, he saw a man and a girl. The girl waved. Peter hastened toward them and was surprised to see the pair move under the arch.

When he reached the arch, he heard a man's voice call, "Come along, Peter." Satisfied, he went forward. He had gone a short distance when he heard steps behind. Turning, he saw the tall Indian with the feathered headdress.

The figure pressed something hard against Peter's side. "Keep going," said a voice which he thought he recognized. Peter kept step with his captor. Then the man bent forward and shoved open a door in the wall.

Peter saw a narrow lane running right and left. A man stepped into sight. Peter recognized the mercenary by the faint gleam of his breastplate. He took Peter's arm and led him across the lane to a low gate in the opposite wall.

On the other side of the gate, Peter found himself in a garden, with palm trees and stars showing above. His captors approached a wall, and a key grated in a lock. A door opened, and Peter went forward. There was the flash of a match. He saw the mercenary putting flame to stubby candles set in bottles. They were in a low, vaulted room without any furniture. In one wall was a fireplace. The candles were placed along the mantel. Behind, Peter heard the door being locked. He glanced about the room and found a second door but no windows. A very satisfactory execution chamber, he thought.

The mercenary approached. He ran his hands expertly over Peter's clothes, extracting his notecase and several letters. These he examined. When he had finished, he burned them in the fireplace and stirred the ashes. The identifying cards in the notecase followed the letters. The empty case he slipped into his pocket.

Meanwhile, the Indian chief examined Peter's garments for laundry marks. When Peter was found, there would be nothing to identify him.

The mercenary now raised Peter's mask. "I regret this, Mr. Van der Glass, but we must recognize the fortunes of war."

He gestured toward the Indian. Peter's arms were seized from behind and a cord passed around his elbows. He lunged forward. A blow smashed brutally against his injured head. The candles spun wildly as he plunged to the floor . . .

His senses came back with a clarity which surprised him. He was bound hand and foot; he was also gagged. But he was still alive, and he wondered why.

Presently he heard a vague sound which seemed to come

Another Pond's Bride-to-Be

BARBARA HODGES

of Rutherford, N.J., engaged to Robert Greacen U.S. Army Air Corps

BARBARA'S RING—is a beautiful clear solitaire, with two small diamonds set in platinum on either side.

A WAR-TRAINED map reader and engineering "draftsman," charming blonde Barbara Hodges is *working*—not just waiting—for the return of her aviator fiancé.

You'd never guess Barbara spends hours at a drafting board daily—her clear, blonde skin looks so fresh and sweet, so beautifully cared for. "Pond's Cold Cream is what makes my complexion happy," she says. "It does *such* nice clean, soft things for my face after a hard day's work—I just adore it!"

This is Barbara's *soft-smooth skin care:*

SHE SMOOTHS on cool, fragrant Pond's Cold Cream and *pats* its lovely softening moistness all over her face and throat with brisk little pats, to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well.

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BARBARA'S SPARKLING FACE has that truly "engaged-sweet" look! "It ought to have," she laughed. "I give it the grandest beauty care I know—with Pond's."

PRETTY GUIDE to two French sailors from the French-American Club. "*C'est magnifique*" the boys exclaim gazing up at the Rockefeller Center buildings in New York. And—"*Elle est charmante*" they chorus about Barbara's typical American loveliness.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

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Start giving *your* face Pond's soft-smooth complexion care—*every* morning, *every* night, for daytime clean-ups, too! You'll love the fresher color it brings up in your cheeks—the softer-to-touch feel it gives to your skin.

Yes—it's no accident lovely engaged girls like Barbara Hodges . . . and society's most noted beauties like Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart and Britain's Lady Kinross prefer Pond's to any other creams. Buy a lovely big jar of Pond's Cold Cream now.

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

from outside the room. He turned his head far enough to see the figure of the Ursuline sister in the doorway.

His glance climbed to the face. A shudder went through him. The veil was gone; in its place was a death's-head mask. He saw the grinning teeth, the cavernous shadows under the cheek-bones and the black holes where the eyes should have been.

The sister knelt beside him. A knife gleamed in her hand! Peter felt the keen blade slide between his cheek and the thong holding the gag. In a moment his mouth was free. Then his arms were loosened, and his legs. As he sat up, assisted by the girl, he was conscious of a faint perfume.

The death's head leaned closer. "You must be quick. They may come at any moment. Can you walk?"

Painfully, Peter got to his feet. The girl picked up the knife; then helped him toward the door leading to the garden.

"Why do you wear that hideous mask?" he muttered as he stumbled beside her. "Who are you?"

"It is the mask of the Society of Lady Embalmers," she said, with a faint note of laughter. "Isn't it dreadful?"

"Lady Embalmers," Peter growled. "What on earth——?"

"Long ago when New Orleans was cursed with terrible fevers which came out of the swamps the Society of Lady Embalmers devoted themselves to the holy task of burying the dead."

"And now you save the living. Is that it?"

"Come," she said. "We have no time for talk."

Heavy steps sounded outside the door. There was fear in the quick way the death's head turned toward Peter.

"Leave him to me," he muttered. His anger helped to force back the waves of dizziness. The handle of the door began to turn. Peter seized it and yanked. As the door swung in, the man on the other side was hauled off balance. Peter's lifted knee smashed against his face. It was the Indian chief. As he sprawled to the floor, the mask was knocked aside, and Peter recognized Hertz.

Peter was a wrestler. With grim effort, he lifted Hertz' arms from behind and bent his body so that it curved like a bow. And like a bowstring, he snapped. His body dropped limply to the floor, and Peter staggered to his feet.

"Quick," the girl whispered, "before the others come." She hurried him into the garden, opened the gate and murmured, "We've saved you twice today. I can't promise again."

"Twice?" He was amazed.

"Red-haired gentleman," she explained. "Please go at once."

"I must thank you. Where can I find you?"

"There is no need for thanks. Please go before it's too late."

"Then—something to remember—anything."

"Remember the Adventure of the Lady Embalmer," she whispered. Her hands brushed his lips so that he was conscious again of the alluring perfume. Then he found himself outside in the alley, and the gate had closed between them.

Peter's chair at the table was placed so that his back was to the wall and he could survey the whole dining car. He had slept in a private compartment with the door locked and the key lashed in place. Three determined efforts to take his life had given him a keen regard for it.

If only he had not lost the Halsey manuscript! As he waited for his breakfast, he wrote out what he could remember of the decoded message. The main fact was the importance of a society wedding which had taken place in the year 1911: a German prince and an American heiress . . .

The North welcomed him with a blizzard. On the station platform, he claimed his bag.

When he entered the main chamber of Grand Central, he heard his name being called by a telegraph messenger holding a yellow envelope. Just behind the boy, he saw two men walking slowly. They were both tall, with high, straight shoulders. One was a half step in advance of his companion. Peter permitted his glance to rest upon the leader, a man in his early fifties with an unmistakably military carriage. His face was gaunt, the skin bronzed and hard. A single eyeglass of rimless crystal glittered as he moved his head.

The messenger boy had passed, and the two men were now abreast of Peter. He was conscious that the Man with the Single Eyeglass was looking at him. He's spotted me, Peter thought, but he isn't quite sure. That telegram was a trick to make me reveal myself. By thunder, they work fast!

As he went through the revolving doors, he manipulated his bag in such a way that he had an excuse for a partial body turn. The Man with the Single Eyeglass and his companion were nowhere to be seen. Peter hurried to the ranks of taxis and jumped into the first, giving the address of his apartment.

So they knew he was in New York! Well, he had had a glimpse of two of his enemies. He would know the Man with the Single Eyeglass anywhere. He had only the vaguest impression of the other one.

When the taxi stopped before his apartment building in East Eightieth Street, he alighted cautiously. Nice home-coming this, he thought as he paid the man.

He had intended telephoning Boyd from the station. The business of the telegram had made him forget. He went up in the elevator to the fourth floor and pressed the button of his own apartment. He stared in astonishment at the stranger who opened the door in Boyd's place.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Where's Boyd?"

The man bowed. "You are Mr. Van der Glass," he said. "I recognize you from the picture in the library."

Peter followed him inside. "Where's Boyd?" he asked again.

"He asked me to take his place for a few days, sir. He was called away on urgent family matters. He'll be very much put out, sir, when he finds you have——"

"That's all right," Peter said. As they went down the passage to his bedroom, the man explained that his name was Brighton and that he had been there since yesterday.

Peter glanced about the room. As he began to strip, Brighton went into the bathroom. The sound of running water followed. When he returned, he asked, "Have you breakfasted, sir?"

"I could do with another. Will you get it for me, Brighton?"

"Certainly, sir. I'll have to run out for a few things. You see, I thought you were in Yucatan." He went out.

Seems all right, Peter thought. Boyd wouldn't go off and leave anyone here he wasn't sure about.

Dressed presently in a tweed suit, Peter went into the library to await breakfast. There were flowers in all the vases. That would be Frith, of course.

He sat down at the desk and went through a pile of mail. He opened a drawer and stared at a small handkerchief lying on top of some papers. He picked it up and became aware of a faint perfume. A vivid memory of a girl in the habit of an Ursuline sister came to him. He remembered a voice of poignant beauty saying, "Remember the Adventure of the Lady Embalmer."

So she had been here in this room! He remembered Boyd's story about the mysterious Lady Maude Winnick. Lady Maude and the Lady Embalmer were one and the same!

A current of air played against the back of his head. He swung around. Brighton stood behind him, a heavy tray balanced in his hand. The tray appeared uncomfortably like a weapon about to descend upon Peter's battered head.

"I like to know when someone enters the room, Brighton."

"I'm sorry, sir. Breakfast is ready, sir, if you please."

"Thanks." Peter decided he didn't care for Brighton.

As Peter finished his orange juice, he heard the chimes at the front door. There seemed to him something furtive in the way Brighton hurried into the hallway. He strained his ears. He heard a girl's voice raised in annoyance. "But this is ridiculous! Of course I'm coming in." Peter knew that voice. Frith Leroy. He strode into the hall. At that moment the door was shoved violently inward and Frith appeared. She was a tall, fair creature with the flush of youth and a frosty morning painting her cheeks.

She thrust a bundle of fresh-cut flowers into Brighton's arms. "I don't know who you are," she was saying, "but you just see that these flowers are——" She stopped, her mouth open. "Peter!" She threw her arms around him, kissed him. "Oh, darling, you're *here!* Why didn't you let me know?"

"Surprise," he said. "Brighton, close the door and put those flowers in water." Peter took Frith's arm and led her to the dining room. "Come and have coffee with me."

"That too," she said joyously; "but mostly I'm just going to look. Who is that horrible man? Where's Boyd?"

Over the coffee cups, Peter explained. He went over the whole extraordinary story from the night in Yucatan when he had read the Halsey manuscript. Frith remembered having met Lady Maude Winnick at the door of his apartment.

"What did she look like?" Peter wanted to know, and he listened intently to Frith's description.

Frith asked, "Why are you so interested in the creature?"

"You see, she was the one who——" He stopped and got up. Crossing silently to the door of the service pantry, he threw it open. Brighton stood there with a tray of fresh coffee.

Peter stepped aside. "Put it on the table, Brighton." The man attempted to close the door as he left the room, but Peter checked him. "Leave it," he said.

"Very good, sir." Brighton went on through the second door leading to the kitchen.

In the library, the clock was striking eleven. Peter remembered he had a job of research to do among the newspaper files. "How'd you like to come along?" he asked Frith.

As they stood waiting for the elevator, Frith touched the plaster on his head. "Does it hurt much?"

"Not now." He glanced at her hands. "Didn't you have a bag or—or anything?"

"How stupid of me! I must have left it in the dining room. Get it for me, there's a darling."

Peter went back to his apartment. As he was about to ring, an attendant came along with the masterkey and let him in. He pushed open the door and stopped abruptly as he heard Brighton's voice, apparently speaking on the telephone.

"Sie sind weggegangen. Sie müssen sich beeilen!"

Who had just gone? He and Frith, of course. Why was Brighton reporting that fact, *and in German?* Peter stepped

Lovely Marguerite Kirchner of Seattle, Washington, says: "Dirt doesn't harm my skin, so long as I take a daily Woodbury Facial Cocktail."

She turned her back on the Social Scene and is finding Romance at work!

Her Recipe for Radiance—a quick Woodbury Facial Cocktail—does Beauty Duty for lovely Marguerite Kirchner

SHE wires panel boards for Flying Fortresses in the Boeing Plant, Seattle. Says Marguerite: "My job is worth every dirty oil smudge a million times over!

"Besides," continues Marguerite, "with famous Woodbury Facial Soap to help freshen and clear my complexion, coarse pores and a dingy, dirt-clouded skin are no beauty problems of mine."

Busier lives—but beauty as usual. Keep *your* complexion radiant, smooth. Use Woodbury—the beauty soap made of pure, fine oils, for the *skin* alone. Get famous Woodbury Soap today—for loveliness.

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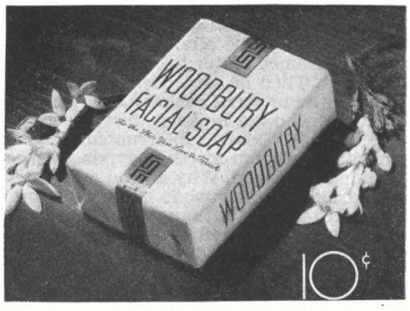


3. "For the Skin You Love to Touch," take a skin-brightening Woodbury Facial Cocktail. Woodbury Soap contains a costly ingredient to insure *extra* mildness. Get it today. Only 10¢.

along the hall. Behind him, the door, caught in a draft, closed noisily. When he entered the library, Brighton was talking in English. "Very good, sir. I'll tell him."

Peter was angry. "You'll tell what to whom?"

Brighton replaced the telephone. "The building manager was asking if there is anything you need, sir. I told him I would tell you he had inquired."

Peter picked up Frith's bag and went out, frowning. Why was Brighton speaking German to the building manager? The manager was Irish!

Across the chrome top of the barrier counter, the library clerk regarded Peter with suspicion. He had just asked permission to examine the newspaper files for the year 1911.

"Say," the clerk demanded, "what is this, a gag? I just got through putting them back on the shelves."

"Do you mean someone has been here already this morning for the same purpose?"

"He's just gone down in the elevator. A Heinie, if ever I saw one, with a monocle stuck in his eye."

So the Man with the Single Eyeglass had already examined the files for the year 1911! For what purpose? The clerk led them along the racks where the bound copies of newspapers were kept. He took down twelve huge volumes, laid them on a breast-high counter and left Peter and Frith to their task.

"You start with January, Frith. I'll take the next month. Front pages and society sections are all we need to read."

They found other weddings, but not the one they sought.

At last an exclamation from Frith attracted Peter's attention. She was staring at a society page from which a large section had been cut. "Peter, look here. It's the story of a wedding, because the last bit's still at the bottom. Do you think the Man with the Single Eyeglass did this?"

"If he was trying to throw us off the trail, it doesn't make sense. By cutting this page he's given us the exact date." Peter beckoned to the attendant. "Know anything about this?"

The clerk's eyes widened. "Anyone who cuts a newspaper's files is—is—— Just a minute, mister. We've got a second set. I'll get it." He came back with a bulky volume. "It's the first time anyone played that trick on me," he said.

"Do you think it was the Man with the Single Eyeglass?"

"Say, it might have been. I had to answer the phone while he was here. I'd like to bust that window in his face!"

Peter turned pages until he came to the society section from which the item had been cut. There it was: "German Princeling Weds American Heiress." A Bavarian title, Prince Friedrich Karl von Heinrich-Muller. He had married Beatrice Loeb, daughter of a German-American shipping millionaire.

When they left the library, Peter picked up a taxicab and asked the man to drive them to Sixth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. There he dismissed the taxi, tucked Frith's arm under his and strolled northward. "What are we looking for now, Peter?" she asked.

"An Indian," he said. As he spoke, he paused before the entrance to a small tobacco shop. Standing on a pedestal at the door was a painted wooden Indian chief, wearing a feathered headdress and holding a bundle of cigars in his outstretched right hand. It was the traditional sign of the tobacco shop.

Behind the counter stood a tall man past seventy. His face was neatly divided by a handsome handle-bar mustache. He was ex-Sergeant of Police Daniel O'Donnell, amateur heavyweight and one-time terror of evildoers.

It was characteristic of Sergeant O'Donnell that his first glance was directed toward Frith. This he followed up with a courtly bow and a twirling of his mustache. Then he spared a glance for Peter. Immediately a foghorn voice boomed a welcome. "Mr. Van der Glass, or my name's not Dan O'Donnell! And this'll be Mrs. Van der Glass. Congratulations."

Frith beamed. Peter introduced them and thereby corrected the error. Then he said, "Sergeant, did you ever hear of a rich man by the name of Richard Loeb? He had a daughter named Beatrice, who got married thirty years ago to——"

Sergeant O'Donnell interrupted. "Married a German prince and lived to weep for the day, as do most who go across the seas for their men. Why do you ask, Mr. Van der Glass?"

"I'd like to know what became of the bride and groom. If you can tell me I'll thank you with another order of Mixture Seventy-seven packed in moisture-proof cans. Is it a bargain?"

Sergeant O'Donnell chuckled. "Sold!" he said. "Old man Loeb died in 'seventeen when he was torpedoed in mid-Atlantic. His missis went after the panic of 'twenty-nine. There was enough of the Loeb money left to take care of the daughter when she came home a widow from Germany."

"Where is she now?" Peter asked.

"Give me five minutes on the phone and I'll tell you that too." The sergeant went into his office in the rear of the shop. He emerged and handed Peter a slip of paper. "You'll find the widow here. She calls herself Mrs. Henry Muller."

Peter picked up the paper. On it was written: "Mrs. Henry Muller, Potsdam, Peter Pan Gardens, Long Island."

"Thanks," said Peter. "Send the tobacco to my apartment."

Under a gray afternoon sky, Peter drove slowly. Potsdam was somewhere along this road.

"There it is," Frith said suddenly, and then he saw the name carved in stone on a pillar. He drove on, seeking a place to turn. At the end of the stone wall surrounding the estate, a narrow lane ran at right angles through the trees. Peter turned into the lane, following the wall. Presently he came to a small iron gate and stopped the car. Through the grillwork, a footpath was visible among the trees. The walk had been swept clean of snow.

"Stay in the car, Frith. If I'm not back in ten minutes, drive to Bayswater and tell the police."

He entered the grounds. Presently the walk curved to join a winding drive which led to a brick house. A thin pillar of smoke rose from one of its chimneys.

Peter walked to the house, lifted his hand to press the bell, and stopped. The door was slightly ajar. Odd, Peter thought. He pressed his gloved finger against the button, but no one answered. He placed his hand against the door and shoved. It swung open, revealing the entrance hall.

"Hello!" he called. "Anyone here?"

There was no reply. This stops me, he thought. He was turning away when he heard a faint scratching noise. Apparently, it came from behind the first door on the right-hand side of the hall. Peter took a dozen steps and pulled open the door. A black cat went past him in a terrified rush. He was turning to leave, feeling foolish, when he saw the body of a woman sprawled on the carpet.

Peter stared at the motionless form. There was a dark stain on the light carpet. One of the woman's hands clutched a man's hat.

Peter went forward and laid his hand on the woman's back, sensing that she was beyond aid by the rigidity of her body. He glanced at the gray hat in the outstretched hand. Something about it held his attention. He pulled it free. Stamped on the leather band inside was "P. Van der G."

Terror clutched at his heart as he got to his feet. He knew now why the hat had held his attention. He had subconsciously recognized it as his own. What was it doing here in the hand of a dead woman?

The thin scream of a police siren penetrated his consciousness. He hurried out of the house and back to the car, still clutching the hat.

Peter drove ten miles at a rapid speed. He was confident no one had seen him leave the lane.

"That was the best example of a mantrap I've ever seen, and like a fool, I walked into it," he told Frith. "If I hadn't recognized my hat, the police would have found it, and after that I'd have done my talking from a cell."

"But Peter, how on earth did that hat——"

"Brighton," said Peter. "I'll bet he's gone when we get back."

"You mean he's one of them?"

"How else could they have got my hat? I suppose they watched us from the moment we left the newspaper office. When our car had been placed in the Peter Pan district, they telephoned the police and told them there was something wrong at Potsdam. My hat was put there to clinch matters. If I hadn't heard that cat scratching at the door I'd have walked away without knowing what I was leaving behind."

"It seems terribly involved, don't you think?"

He nodded. "Ever hear the adage about killing two birds with one stone? I think it fits. They were going to kill the Muller woman and got the bright idea of making me the goat."

There was dismay in Frith's voice. "Peter, what can we do?"

"First, we're going back to the newspaper files. I think we stopped too soon."

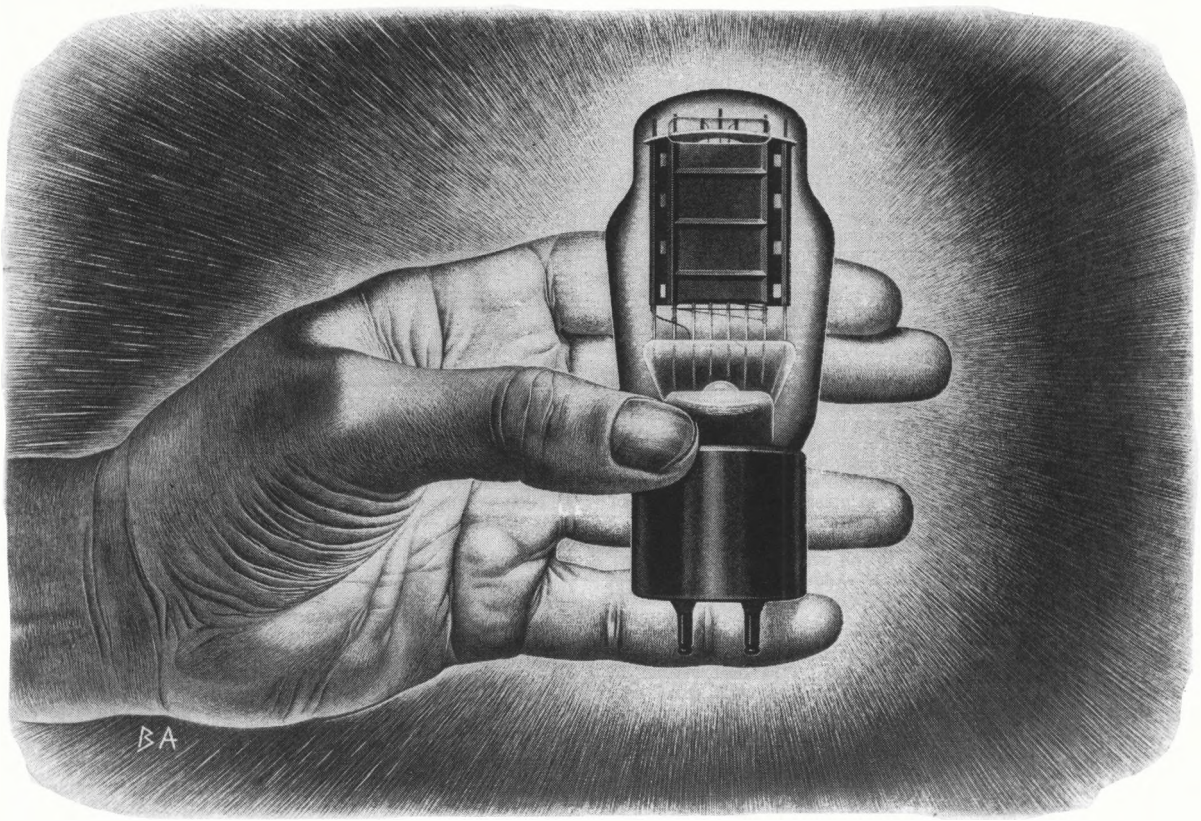
Lights were gleaming in the file rooms, and there was a new clerk on duty when they presented themselves at the barrier. Without comment, he hauled down the big volumes. Once again, they began the task of turning the pages. Half an hour went by, and then Frith gave an excited exclamation. "Peter, look here!" Under her outstretched hand, he saw a heading on the front page of an issue dated July twenty-ninth.

MALLORY-WARRENDER RICHES
NEARING OUTSTRETCHED HANDS
OF TITLE-BEARING GERMAN

Under the main heading was a second in smaller type which read: "Approaching Marriage of Lilian Mallory-Warrender and His Highness Ludwig Wilhelm von Schellendorf, Prince of Bliss-Baden, Absorbing Topic of Fashionable New York Circles."

Side by side appeared pictures of the contracting pair. Lilian Mallory-Warrender was a beauty who followed the Gibson Girl standards. The prince was a typical Prussian. Peter stared at the thin, haughty features. There was something familiar about the face. From the space given to it, there could be no doubt that this match was the one Halsey had referred to.

"IT OUGHT TO GET A WAR MEDAL"



THIS little tube *can't* help you smell. But it *can* help you talk, see and hear. Right now, it helps direct guns, planes, ships. It ought to get a war medal. Its work is labeled Electronics.

But however labeled, the vacuum tube is a great instrument in peace and war.

Dr. H. D. Arnold made the first effective high-vacuum tube in the Bell Laboratories in 1912.

Vacuum tubes made possible the first transoceanic telephone talk by the Bell System in 1915.

Vacuum tubes are now used on practically all Long Distance circuits to reinforce the human voice.

That's why you can talk across the continent so easily.

Over 1,250,000 electronic tubes are in service in the Bell System. Bell Laboratories developed them, Western Electric made them.

But both Laboratories and Western Electric are busy now with war — turning out tubes and putting them to work in many a device to find and destroy the enemy on land, in the air, and under the sea.

After the war, this Bell System army of tubes will work in thousands of ways for peace.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

HELP THE WAR BY MAKING ONLY VITAL CALLS TO WAR-BUSY CENTERS. THAT'S MORE AND MORE ESSENTIAL EVERY DAY

Peter closed the big volume. "Ever hear of the Mallory-Warrenders?" he asked.

Frith wrinkled her forehead. "Vaguely," she said. "But there's no one of that name around town now. Maybe they all starved to death. People sometimes do, you know."

Peter looked at her with contrite eyes. "You've had nothing to eat since this morning. Come along. We'll have dinner."

They dined in a French café and discussed the problem of the Mallory-Warrenders.

"Who can tell us about them, Peter? Sergeant O'Donnell?"

"I was thinking of the Clipper. We'll pay him a visit."

WHEN Mr. Palmer Fort inherited the narrow two-story building on Madison Avenue from his grandfather, the world was hopefully entering a new century. President McKinley, seeking re-election, revealed a full dinner pail to an admiring electorate. Four thousand of the newfangled horseless carriages, retailing at an average price of eleven hundred and fifty dollars, were manufactured in a twelve-month period.

All these facts, and many more, Mr. Fort clipped from the public prints. His grandfather had left behind a mass of clippings in bulky scrapbooks. Clippings had been a hobby for more than fifty years with the elder Fort; the younger thought it his duty to carry on.

In the last thirty years many men and women had found their way to Mr. Fort's door, and rare indeed had been the seeker after information who had gone away unsatisfied. His fees ranged from five to a hundred dollars.

On this evening when the doorbell tinkled about eight-thirty and Mr. Fort opened the door, he saw a solid young man accompanied by a pretty girl. They, in turn, saw a tall gentleman of sixty, with silver hair. On the high-bridged nose were eyeglasses from which dangled a black ribbon.

Mr. Fort smiled as he opened the door wider. "Miss Leroy and Mr. Van der Glass," he said. "I am honored."

Frith looked accusingly at Peter. "You telephoned him."

Peter laughed. "I did not. But I told you Mr. Fort is unique."

Mr. Fort bowed in acknowledgment and led them into his sitting room. A fire burned in the fireplace. Their host invited them to be seated. Then he offered glasses and a decanter of wine.

"It is my business to know people," he explained. "Miss Leroy's face has been familiar to me ever since she rode her pony in the New York horse show at the age of nine. As for Mr. Van der Glass, his work entitles him to a place in my files, even if he were not a scion of one of the oldest families in New York. But I am disturbed to find you in the city, sir. The papers have not mentioned your return."

"Personal matters," Peter apologized. "I shall return to Yucatan shortly. Perhaps, with your assistance, I can make my visit here even shorter than I expected."

Mr. Fort bowed. "I shall be happy to be of assistance."

Peter plunged into his subject without delay. "I should like to know what has become of a family by the name of Mallory-Warrender," he said. "In the summer of nineteen-eleven, Lilian Mallory-Warrender married a German prince. Can you tell me anything of their subsequent history? I should also like to know if they are in this country at the present time."

"If you will excuse me, I shall fetch my files on that family." Mr. Fort left the room. When he returned, he was carrying a bulky folder. He opened it, shuffled the clippings, then leaned back, studying one which he had selected. "As you stated, Mr. Van der Glass, Lilian Mallory-Warrender was married in nineteen-eleven. She accompanied her husband to his estates in East Prussia. In nineteen-thirteen, a son was born to the couple. He was named Erich.

"In nineteen-seventeen, prior to the declaration of war between Germany and the United States, the princess returned to her native land, accompanied by her son. In nineteen-twenty, she instituted divorce proceedings against the prince and obtained her freedom. The same year her son gained the court's permission to assume his mother's family name.

"In the following year, both her parents being dead, the lady inherited the bulk of the family fortune. About that time her ex-husband, the Prince of Bliss-Baden, came to America and made an attempt to force his former wife to return to him. He was defeated by her. The prince returned to Germany and nothing more was heard of him until ninteen-thirty-five, when he came to Washington as an official at the German Embassy. At that time his ex-wife closed the family house, Shaftesbury, in Connecticut. She is reported to have gone to South America with her son. The prince returned to Germany at the outbreak of the present war."

"And the princess?"

"Not a mention of the lady or her son has appeared in the public prints following the report that they sailed for Rio."

"What about her house? Shaftesbury, you called it."

"Shaftesbury is leased to a French refugee, Henri St. Vraine. He is supposed to be writing a book. Some of the papers reported his escape from Brest only a few hours before the arrival of the Germans."

"Can you tell me who manages the Mallory-Warrender estate? Is there, for instance, a law firm in charge?"

Mr. Fort consulted his clippings. "The firm of Hewett, Hewett, Towhy and Tucker."

"No doubt they can tell me where the princess may be found." Peter stood up and took out his wallet. "Thank you, Mr. Fort. You have been very helpful."

He paid the fee demanded. With Frith on his arm, he went out into Madison Avenue, where they found a taxicab.

"Tomorrow," Peter said, "I shall pay a visit to Hewett, Hewett, Towhy and Tucker." Driving uptown, he suggested they spend the rest of the evening in his library.

But when they approached the door of the apartment Peter remembered he had no key. He rang the bell but no Brighton appeared. Peter returned to the elevator and asked the operator to use the masterkey.

The apartment hallway was dark. Peter turned on lights as he entered. At the library doorway he stopped. Frith peered over his shoulder at a scene of confusion. Books were scattered on the floor; the desk drawers were open, their contents tossed about.

The same confusion greeted them in every room. In the bedroom, his clothes were on the floor. On the bed stood his leather bag, the sides slashed.

They went into the kitchen. There they saw two feet bound by ropes sticking out from under a table. Peter shoved aside the table. With apprehension, he recognized his man Boyd. A dark stain of dried blood on one temple indicated how he had been overcome.

A groan came from Boyd's lips. "Boyd, what happened?" There was no reply. Frith brought brandy. Peter managed to get a few drops between his servant's lips.

The strong liquid had immediate effect. Boyd looked past Peter with widening eyes. "The Man with the Single Eyeglass!"

A violent tremor shook Boyd's body. Then he fell back upon the floor. Grimly Peter bent forward, putting his head against the man's breast. He listened in vain.

Mr. Ezra Tucker, junior partner of the firm of Hewett, Hewett, Towhy and Tucker, said, "Damn!" The source of his dissatisfaction was a letter from his most important client—a letter which contained some very unpalatable matter. He wondered what Lilian Mallory-Warrender was up to.

The woman had gone mad over real estate, but not the kind of which Mr. Tucker approved. In addition, there had been heavy withdrawals of trust funds. This money had been used in ways about which its owner had not thought fit to enlighten him, but the real estate purchases were so palpably bad business that he feared the worst.

Besides, Mr. Tucker did not know the whereabouts of his client. Letters of instruction reached him from time to time. These bore a New York postmark but no return address.

The letter now on Mr. Tucker's desk instructed him to make arrangements for the payment of a quarter of a million dollars in cash to the French refugee, Henri St. Vraine, who occupied Shaftesbury. Once more he said, "Damn!"

An icy voice demanded to know what was going on. Looking up, he saw Mr. Towhy with the morning paper in his hand. "Henry, read this," said Mr. Tucker, thrusting the letter across the desk. In exchange, he took the morning paper. Under a two-column heading: "VAN DER GLASS VALET MURDERED," was an account of the finding of the man's body in the apartment of the famous archaeologist.

At that moment a clerk entered and laid a card on the desk. "Gentleman wishes to see you on urgent matters, sir."

Mr. Tucker looked at the card, which read, "Peter Van der Glass." He sat forward. "God bless my soul! What does he want, do you suppose?"

Mr. Towhy picked up the card and examined it. "It's written here on the back. 'In re the Mallory-Warrender family.'"

A few moments later the clerk led Peter into Mr. Tucker's office. Without preliminaries, the lawyer asked the question Peter expected: "What is the nature of your business with the Mallory-Warrender family, Mr. Van der Glass?"

"Perhaps it might be helpful if I tell you about my own business first, Mr. Tucker, since it concerns the welfare of the United States."

Beginning with the night in Yucatan when he received the Halsey manuscript, Peter sketched the story, omitting details about the death of Hertz. He concluded with a request that the lawyer furnish him with information concerning the whereabouts of the Mallory-Warrender family.

Mr. Tucker got up from his desk. "Mr. Van der Glass, you wish to know where Lilian Mallory-Warrender may be found. It may surprise you, sir, to know that I have been trying to discover that very thing for some months."

"Do you mean that you, her lawyer, are ignorant of where she is living?"

"Precisely. She and her son Erich are in this country, but their address I do not know." With surprising candor, the lawyer informed Peter of the situation in which he found

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himself. "If I weren't convinced there is something wrong and that you are on the right track I wouldn't tell you a word of this. But I am sure we can be of mutual assistance."

"Thanks for taking me seriously," Peter said. "May I ask what you know about the present tenant of Shaftesbury?"

"Henri St. Vraine? Not a thing. I have never met the man. He took over Shaftesbury from the owner direct."

"Suppose we go for a drive in the country," said Peter. "Meet me at Fifth Avenue and East Eightieth in an hour."

When Peter returned to his apartment, he found a workman replacing the lock. The thought that Brighton had keys to his quarters had inspired the request. He entered his library and dialed a number. In a few seconds he heard Frith's voice. "How would you like to go picnicking in the country?" he asked.

"When do we start?"

"I'll call for you in twenty minutes."

He hung up, smiling. Wonderful girl, he thought. She knew how to be a man's comrade. No question of *where* are we going? Only *when?* The doorbell rang, and he went to answer it.

A tall, well-dressed young man stood beside the workman who was fixing the lock. "Mr. Van der Glass?" he said.

"Yes."

"Permit me." The young man took a card from his case and handed it to Peter. On it was printed a name and in one corner in smaller type: "Department of Justice."

"Come in," said Peter.

Seated in the library, the young man said, "Sorry to have to speak plainly, Mr. Van der Glass, but I have no alternative. My chief sent me to ask if you'd be kind enough to go back to your work in Yucatan and mind your own business."

"You had better explain," Peter said coldly.

"With pleasure, sir. It simply amounts to this. You've been meddling in matters which concern the Department of Justice. We understand your patriotic interest, but we'd be happier if you'd go away and let us do the job."

"I'll go," said Peter. "But I can't leave until after the inquest. Sorry to have been a nuisance."

He let his visitor out and returned to the library, feeling deflated. Now what? he wondered.

The clock struck the hour with musical notes. Of course. He was going for a drive with Frith. Well, why not? Mr. Tucker would interview the mysterious St. Vraine; he and Frith would enjoy themselves. To blazes with the Mallory-Warrenders! The FBI had taken over.

Seated in the coupé, the three swept north along snow-bordered roads. They had left the main highway when Peter turned into a filling station for gasoline. As he drove up, he saw a black sedan roll away.

There were several men in the car. It seemed to him that the driver's face was familiar. When they resumed their journey, the black car had disappeared.

They entered a district where there were few farmhouses, and the wooded country had a lonely, secretive aspect. Snow lay deep along the banks and among the trees. About a mile down the road, Peter saw a place where a car had turned off. He wondered if it was the black sedan.

As they topped the rise and the wooded landscape opened below, Mr. Tucker pointed to the left. Half a mile away, they saw the chimneys of a house. "There's Shaftesbury," he said. Two hundred yards ahead, they saw a low stone wall.

As they descended the slope into the little valley, the house was lost behind its own woods. Presently the stone wall appeared on both sides of the road. Peter slowed down.

He was proceeding at no more than ten miles an hour when he caught a glimpse of something moving above the coping of the wall. He turned his head quickly and saw a man disappear behind a tree trunk. The light gleamed briefly on the barrel of a gun. A gamekeeper, perhaps.

Presently the stone wall to the left withdrew from the road in a wide inward curve. Massive pillars supported immense iron gates. On one side was a lodge. Peter brought the car to a stop. He touched the horn.

The lodge door opened and a man came out. He was a thickset fellow with a mustache and unsmiling features.

As he stopped beside the car, Mr. Tucker rolled down the window and spoke. "I wish to see Mr. St. Vraine," he said. "I am Mr. Tucker, representing the owners of Shaftesbury."

"I'll phone the house." The man went back to the lodge.

They sat silent in the car until the man returned and opened the iron gates. Peter let in the clutch. The car moved inside, and the gates clanged shut.

Peter saw snowshoe tracks through the woods. There was something else too—the tracks of dogs. Gigantic brutes, he thought, to make such prints.

Almost as the thought formed, a huge tawny figure raced toward them. Behind the leading form were others, three of them; their baying filled the woods. In a moment they were running beside the car, leaping up at the closed windows.

"Don't be afraid," Peter said as he felt Frith's hand clutch his arm. "They can't reach us." He stopped the car under the porte-cochere. A flash of anger made him throw open the door and leap out. His abrupt movement, coupled with his angry command, made the animals draw back. They were gathering for a rush when the lash of a whip sent them cowering backward. A man growled commands in thick German which they obeyed reluctantly.

Peter heard a servant speaking on the steps above, inviting him to enter. Frith and Mr. Tucker got out of the car, and the three ran up the steps.

Peter said to the servant, "Those dogs should be chained."

"They're brutes," the man agreed. "Not fit to be alive."

Peter studied him with interest. It was the first appearance of decency they had encountered. He saw a solidly built man with round features and stiff fair hair. He was obviously of German blood but, judging by his speech, American born.

The man looked at them with honest blue eyes. "You and the young lady can wait in the small drawing room, sir." He indicated double doors across the big hall. "Mr. Tucker is to come with me." The lawyer followed him, hat in hand.

Frith and Peter crossed the hall to the doors the servant had pointed out. When they pushed them open, they found themselves inside a huge room furnished with old-fashioned ornateness. There was a closed door on the far side which Peter opened, revealing a second room much like the first.

"Peter," whispered Frith, "there's *another* door."

They crossed the room, opened the door, moved forward into the moist air of a huge conservatory, and discovered they were not alone. A tall woman of middle age stood at the edge of a mass of purple violets. She had gray hair and eyes that were the same deep violet as the flowers at her feet.

Peter spoke apologetically. "I'm afraid we are presuming, my friend and I. We were left to discover the small drawing room, and we've gone farther than we should." He smiled and indicated the masses of flowers. "They are lovely."

"Please enjoy them," the woman said. "So few people ever see them any more." With a bow, she walked down the aisle.

They passed from the steamy breath of the conservatory, feeling guilty. As they emerged into the larger of the two drawing rooms, they heard Mr. Tucker's voice in the hall.

He glanced at them as they appeared. "Come along, Van der Glass!" he snapped. "Let's get out of this place." He took his hat from the manservant and strode toward the door.

The servant took a step forward as if he wanted to detain them. "I'm Otto Sturmer," he said.

"Well, Sturmer, what is it you want?" asked Peter.

"I—nothing, sir. Good night."

"Good night," said Peter. Curious, he thought. The man acts as if he didn't want us to go but is afraid to stop us.

Tucker threw open the door. Peter was relieved to see the car where he had left it. There was no sign of the dogs.

Peter started the engine, glancing at the lawyer. "I take it you didn't get what we came for."

"Not a thing. Said he didn't know anything about the owner, and in the next breath offered to forward any message I might care to leave. Damned impudence! The man's like something out of fiction. Armed guards, savage dogs, insolent servants, clicking heels, and that eyeglass stuck in his face!"

"Do you mean he wore a single eyeglass?" Peter cried.

"Wore it! Positively mortised into position."

Peter was experiencing a queer, trembling excitement. The Man with the Single Eyeglass. He and the bogus refugee, Henri St. Vraine, were the same person.

Then Frith exploded a bombshell. "Peter," she gasped, "I've got it! The Man with the Single Eyeglass is——"

"St. Vraine," he interrupted.

"Of course. But he's someone else, Peter. *He's the Prince of Bliss-Baden.* That's why he's hiding here in his wife's house. And the woman in the conservatory. She's Lilian Mallory-Warrender. Don't you remember her picture in the paper?"

Peter nodded. "No wonder Mr. Fort couldn't find any trace of her in South America. She's here, with her husband."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Tucker. "I wish I'd known."

At this moment as their headlights fell on the iron gates another car turned in and signaled for admission. The lodge-keeper opened the gates. The machine roared by.

There were two people in the front seat—a man and a girl. The girl was unfamiliar, but the man behind the wheel was the young man who had come to Peter's apartment that morning with a request from the Federal Bureau of Investigation to mind his own business!

"I think I'll take another look at Shaftesbury," Peter said when they were on the road again. "Here, Frith, take the wheel. Wait for me at that gas station where we stopped."

She cried out anxiously, telling him not to be foolish. Paying no attention, he dropped into the snow, swung over the stone wall and hurried into the woods.

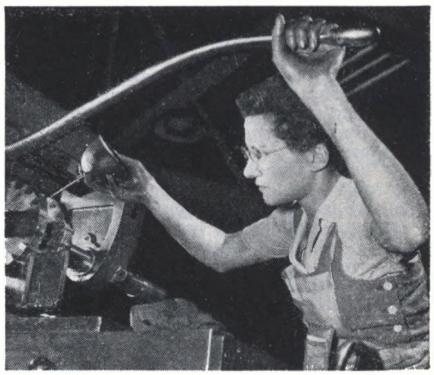
Otto Sturmer held his stubby red hands out. He wondered how a man could hold his hands so steady when inside he felt as if his bones were melting into water.

Westinghouse makes a pledge to a boy in a submarine . . .

. . . that if care and skill and conscience can insure it—every single piece of Westinghouse war equipment shall meet the test of battle with performance beyond expectation . . . that every Westinghouse war weapon shall prove worthy of its high trust.

Westinghouse makes a pledge to a girl at a milling machine . . .

. . . to Ann McCastland, whose husband is with the fighting Marines, and to thousands like her in Westinghouse factories who have loved ones at the fighting fronts—a pledge that in wartime our only business is Victory . . . that we are vitally concerned with anything our "know-how" can design or build to speed the winning of the war.



Westinghouse makes a pledge to a woman and her dreams . . .

. . . that some day, not too far distant, her life shall be richer and happier because of the tremendous progress now being born of research and experience in making war weapons . . . that new electric products, appliances, equipment, shall bring her greater comfort and leisure in the days of peace to come. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.

He hoped his hands would remain steady until he had completed the task he had set himself. It wasn't easy being a man of German descent in the United States these days. There were problems and perplexities. So many things tugging at you—secret underground things. Mama and Papa always said there was no place like the United States. So many opportunities to be a good farmer and raise a family. Nobody in uniform coming to bother you. But they were old. With the young people, it wasn't like that. Otto knew. Even the United States was full of people who wouldn't let a young man or a young woman alone. That is, if they were of German descent.

These people, most of them, hadn't any business being in the country at all. Certainly they hadn't any right to tell an American citizen he should be loyal to *Der Fuehrer* and not the Constitution. It was because he had made up his mind to stop that sort of thing that he had left the farm and was now in this strange house in the Connecticut woods.

The idea had come to him one day when he went to town to get a new gasoline tank for the tractor. That was the day he had met the man who called himself Brighton. His real name was Albert Kling. Brighton argued that, being of German descent, he belonged to Germany and should be loyal to the Nazi party. Otto pretended to agree with him, but all the time he thought that he'd show this fellow if he was a real American or not.

That was more than seven months ago. Before he left the farm to come East with his Nazi friend, he had told his state representative all about it. "Uncle Fritz," everybody called him. He was a farmer and of German descent, like Otto. He loved America just as Otto did. Uncle Fritz had put Otto in touch with agents of the Department of Justice, who told him to go with Brighton, and when he had learned something, to let them know.

Otto had tried hard to learn something, but so far he had failed. He knew this house was being used as headquarters for a plot, and he wondered where the Man with the Single Eyeglass went on his many trips about the country.

Lately Brighton had begun to take him into his confidence. That was how he had recognized Mr. Peter Van der Glass. He knew Brighton had somehow got into Mr. Van der Glass' New York apartment so he could intercept any message which came from Yucatan for the valet, Boyd. He had listened to Brighton bragging about how well he had carried on when the owner returned unexpectedly. He was proud of the exploit because the Man with the Single Eyeglass had commended him. He promised to speak to this man and see if he could have Otto made a full party member.

Otto hoped he would be successful because then perhaps he'd be able to write Mama and Papa. Not once had he been allowed to send them a letter. It worried him. Right now, he supposed, Papa would be out in the old barn with the lantern, milking. The thought sent a wave of homesickness over him, so that he failed to hear the door of his attic room open. Brighton's voice made him realize he was no longer alone.

"Otto, why are you holding your hands out like that?"

Otto did not start or look guilty. But inside, he was frightened. He wished now he hadn't tried to send the letter with the grocer.

He looked steadily at Brighton. "I was just trying to see how long I could hold out my hands without shaking. It's a game we used to play when I was a boy going to school."

Brighton nodded. "I have spoken to Mr. St. Vraine about you," he said. "He wants to see you at once."

Otto felt a glow of excitement. If Mr. St. Vraine felt well-disposed toward him it must mean that the letter had got through, after all. He had sent it to his friends in the Department of Justice, thinking they might like to know what had occurred in the apartment of Mr. Van der Glass. He had found the grocer alone in the kitchen and asked him to post it. The man had taken it and driven off. Otto suddenly realized Brighton was giving him instructions.

"You have only to stand at attention. If His Highness——"

"His Highness?"

Brighton nodded. "Mr. St. Vraine is really His Highness, Prince of Bliss-Baden. He's a great friend of *Der Fuehrer* and head of all the Nazi agencies in this country. There will be great rewards for you if you please him. Now, come along."

Going down the stairway, Otto summoned courage to ask about the beautiful gray-haired lady who lived in the house.

"She is the Princess of Bliss-Baden," Brighton said. "She was divorced under American law, but in the eyes of Germany, she is still a German subject. That is why His Highness has kidnaped her son and is forcing her to pay back the money she stole when she ran away."

"*Her* son? But isn't this young man His Highness' son also?"

"Of course. But he is a traitor to the cause."

They went on down to the main floor. Otto's mind filled with compassion for the beautiful lady. As they approached the library, he heard her voice. She seemed to be pleading passionately. A man's voice interrupted. Otto knew it was the Man with the Single Eyeglass speaking. "You have only yourself to blame. When you deserted Germany——"

Otto and Brighton arrived at the open door as the lady spoke again. "Germany was not my country."

She was standing before the desk, facing the prince. He regarded her with a thin smile of amusement twisting his lips. "You hate Germany, don't you, my dear?"

"Have I ever had reason to do otherwise?"

The prince struck her in the face with the back of his hand. Otto felt his muscles lump with anger, but he remained motionless. As the woman drew back, the prince leaned forward.

"When I have finished with this ramshackle collection of ignorant peasants you call a country, the Nazi flag will float from New York to San Francisco. I'll drag your President behind my car when I drive through the streets. I'll force you to ride with me. Your wretched people will hate you as they have never hated anyone."

"Ludwig, give me my son. Take everything I have."

"I'll take it anyway. When will you have the money I want?"

"I have written Mr. Tucker."

"Write again. I must have it immediately. This time, I advise you to be successful." Suddenly he saw Otto and Brighton. "Well?" The word sounded like the crack of a whip.

Brighton clicked his heels. "Your Highness, this is Otto Sturmer. You ordered me to bring him here."

The merciless gaze shifted to Otto. "You wish to renounce your citizenship and become a German. Why?"

"So that I may serve *Der Fuehrer*, Your Highness."

"If you are taken into *Der Fuehrer's* service you would not betray his trust?"

"Never, Your Highness."

"What is the punishment if you do?"

Otto mumbled, "Death, Your Highness."

The prince tilted the desk lamp so that its light fell upon a white envelope on the blotter. It was a plain envelope, crumpled at one edge. Otto felt the same sickening sensation he had experienced in his room, as if his bones were melting into water. It was the letter he had given the grocer! In the silence he heard the echo of his own words: "*Death, Your Highness.*"

The prince's eyeglass glittered. "You wrote this letter?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

The shining disk came closer. "Who sent you here?"

Otto remained stubbornly silent. The prince struck him. As he started forward, Brighton seized him from behind. When he struggled, Brighton jammed a gun against his side.

The prince took a cigar from a box. Fascinated, Otto watched him light it. "You will talk, Sturmer," he said. The tip of the cigar came closer. Otto did not flinch. He would show these foreigners how an American could stand pain.

"Who sent you here?"

Silence. The hot end of the cigar touched his cheek. Otto lunged with his head, splintering the cigar.

The prince lighted another one. "Brighton, hold his head steady." The woman gave a cry of protest and started toward the door. The prince said, "I wish you to remain, my dear. It will give you a better idea of your son's position." The cigar tip glowed as the prince held it out.

Otto tensed his muscles for a supreme effort. At that moment a man and a girl rushed into the library.

The young man burst into a torrent of words: "What was that man doing here? Why did you let him get away?" He stopped, staring at Otto. "Who is this? What has he done?"

The prince replied, "His name is Otto Sturmer. He has been working here. We caught him trying to smuggle a letter about the Van der Glass affair to the Department of Justice."

"How did he know about that?"

"I believe Brighton talked too much."

The young man said nervously, "Van der Glass was here. I met him at the gates. Why did you let him get away?"

"Control yourself, Gruener," the prince snapped. "What is this about Van der Glass being here? Was he the young man who came with the lawyer?" He glanced at Otto, who muttered, "Yes." The prince looked at his wife. "You had a hand in this, my dear. Your son shall suffer, I promise you."

"Ludwig, I swear I knew nothing."

GRUENER SAID, his voice shaking, "I tell you, it's a trap. First this spy and then Van der Glass. Why did you send me to his rooms today with that silly story about the FBI? They're playing with us. We've got to get out of here."

"*Stop!*" The prince spoke with cold authority. "I have doubted you for some time, Herr Gruener. You will return to Germany immediately. Your lack of confidence brings danger to all of us. But before you leave, I have one more task for you. I am weary of this Van der Glass. You will put an end to him."

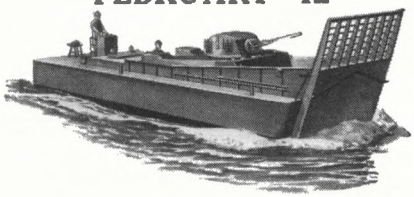
The telephone bell sounded. The prince lifted the instrument to his ear. For a moment he listened. Then he smiled. "How interesting. I shall wait for you here." He was still smiling when he turned. "Herr Gruener, Mr. Peter Van der Glass is about to pay us a visit. Let us be ready to receive him properly."

Important Dates in Pontiac History

MARCH '42

Began volume production of the Oerlikon anti-aircraft cannon which fires over 400 20 mm. shells a minute. Maximum specified daily output of this complex and hard hitting weapon was attained eleven months ahead of schedule. (E Award)

FEBRUARY '42

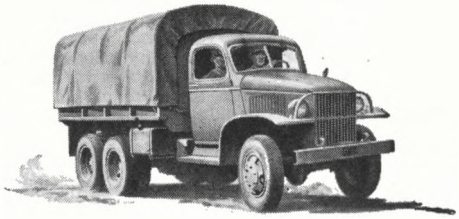


Started production of several hundred different high-precision engine parts for the Detroit Diesel Engine Division of General Motors. Known as the work horses of war, these rugged engines are used in many different power applications by both the Army and the Navy, such as landing boats, etc., etc.

JUNE '42

Received assignment to produce the famous Bofors 40 mm. automatic field gun. Capable of firing 120 rounds a minute, this is the largest automatic weapon used by the Allied Nations. It is "effective against land, air or water targets."

MARCH '41

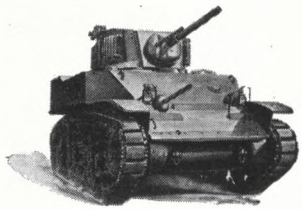


Began to assist General Motors Truck and Coach Division in the production of trucks and transport units for the Army and Navy by supplying them with large quantities of engine parts. This was the first of our three present subcontracting operations.

MARCH '41

Selected to start mass production of aircraft torpedoes —"the deadliest and most complex weapon of the air." Weighing nearly a ton, this "no man submarine" can sink the mightiest ship. It comprises over 1200 separate assemblies and over 5000 parts—one held to an accuracy of 25/one-millionth of an inch.

JULY '42



Extended subcontracting operations by manufacturing the front axles for the M-5 tank, developed by Cadillac engineers—"the fastest tracked vehicle in the world." This axle alone weighs half as much as a Pontiac Six automobile.

When—nine months before Pearl Harbor—we undertook our first production of ordnance, only a slight fraction of our productive capacity and manpower was devoted to that operation. Today we are engaged in the six major war assignments highlighted above—a program which is among the most complex and diverse ever attempted by any American manufacturing organization.

Pontiac DIVISION OF **General Motors**

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS— KEEP AMERICA FREE!

Hugging the rough bark of a pine tree, Peter studied the black bulk of Shaftesbury House. He fixed upon three tall French windows on the ground floor as the probable location of the library. He saw no signs of anyone patrolling the house. The dogs appeared to be safely kenneled. He wanted to verify his belief that the young man who had just arrived by car was the one who had posed as an agent of the FBI. If he was in the same house as the Man with the Single Eyeglass, there would be no doubt he was an impostor.

Peter crossed the snow to a clean walk which ran along the house under the windows. He paused before the center window, his face close to the glass. The curtains, carelessly drawn, gave him a crack through which he could peer into the room.

He saw a desk with a bright light and several people on the far side, their faces in shadow. He saw the gray-haired lady he had met in the conservatory. Standing near her was a tall slender girl in furs and a young man still wearing his overcoat—the one who had posed as an agent of the FBI. A tall man came into view. When a monocle glittered, Peter recognized the Arrogant Stranger who had stared at him in Grand Central. He had got what he came for. Caution warned him it was time to get away.

Turning, he saw a man walking along the path. Peter's heart jumped. He turned to walk the other way. Another figure was approaching from that side. He started across the snow, and his heart sank. Two shadowy forms were coming toward him from the trees.

In a moment they were beside him, and a gun was sticking into his side. They herded him to the porte-cochere

Inside the house, they went into the library, where all the lights had been extinguished with the exception of the desk lamp. This had been twisted so that its rays shone in his face. He was aware of figures standing outside the light.

He counted them. Six—four men and two women. They were masked with narrow black bands across the eyes. All but one. He recognized the man who had admitted him when he first arrived. Otto Sturmer, he had called himself.

At that moment he saw a gleam of light in the shadows as if one of the masked figures held a sword. As if to escape the weapon, the unmasked figure stumbled forward into the glare. "Mr. Van der Glass," he stammered, "my—my name is Otto Sturmer. I'm an American."

"Traitor!" cried a harsh voice. The figure holding the sword stepped into the light. Through a hole in the black band across his eyes, Peter caught a glitter and knew him for the Man with the Single Eyeglass. "Permit me to introduce myself, Mr. Van der Glass. I am Ludwig Wilhelm von Schellendorf."

"He's a spy!" Sturmer said.

With a turn of the wrist, the blade hovered within striking distance of Sturmer's breast, but he did not flinch. "Dead man," said the prince, "you talk too much." The point of the blade spun in a gleaming arc and rested on a button of Peter's coat. "Where did you leave your friends, Mr. Van der Glass?"

"I didn't. They left me."

"Herr Gruener." A second masked figure stepped into the light. "You will take your car and two of the men. Find this gentleman's companions and bring them here."

"Yes, Your Highness."

As he turned to go, Peter murmured, "Part of your duties as an agent of the FBI, no doubt."

Gruener glanced at him sharply and went out. Peter cursed himself for having endangered Frith and Tucker.

"Fräulein Kleffner," said the Man with the Single Eyeglass.

"Yes, Your Highness."

Peter's heart bounded. That same voice had told him to remember the Adventure of the Lady Embalmer. So the girl's name was Kleffner!

The prince addressed her. "What do you suggest I do with this gentleman who shows such interest in our affairs?"

"That is for Your Highness to decide," replied the girl.

The prince frowned. "I had hoped to hear you speak with the voice of Nazi Germany," he said. "We expect it of our women." He turned to the men waiting in the doorway. "Take them both to the courtyard. We shall have some sport."

The men led Peter and Otto Sturmer to a brick courtyard with a high wall surrounding it. Electric lights flooded the court, which was completely enclosed. One side was formed by the house. A low brick building formed the opposite wall. From its general appearance, it seemed to have been built as a stable, but it now housed motorcars.

The men moved away a few paces and left Peter standing with Sturmer. He looked curiously at the young man. "Who are you and what are you doing in this house?"

Sturmer said, "I'm an American. I was working for the FBI. Today I tried to send out a letter and got caught."

"What was the letter about?"

"About your servant, Boyd. The one who got killed. Brighton did that. He's here in this house. I gave the letter to the grocer, but I guess he's one of them too."

"What are these people planning to do? Do you know?"

"Been trying to find out ever since I came here. That devil with the eyeglass is running things."

A door opened in the wall of the house and several persons appeared. "We'll soon find out," Peter muttered.

The prince led the group across the courtyard. Behind him was the slender figure of the Lady Embalmer followed by two men. One of the men was carrying an oblong black box. It looked like a miniature coffin, Peter thought grimly.

The voice of the Man with the Single Eyeglass rang out. "Brighton, place the case on the ground and open it."

The man knelt, laid the black box on the bricks and fumbled with the catch. There was a metallic click and the top opened, revealing a red plush lining. Dueling swords, with steel guards, four in number, lay cradled in the plush.

So that's it! Peter thought. I'm to fight a duel.

Brighton stepped back from the case. Peter glanced at the girl, who was wearing a long dark cloak. When she moved, he caught a flash of cerise lining.

The prince took off his outer garments and rolled up the sleeves of his white shirt. "Mr. Van der Glass, have you any skill at fencing?" he asked.

"None," Peter answered. No use giving anything away.

"That is unfortunate. However, I shall give you every opportunity to defend yourself. Will you choose a weapon?"

"If I defend myself successfully, have I your word that I may leave this place without interference?"

The prince bowed mockingly. "You have my word. But since you have no skill at fencing, you are not likely to succeed."

Peter removed his coat. As he turned to hand it to Sturmer, the man thrust him aside and leaped toward the case of swords. He seized one of the weapons and rushed toward the prince. As the point was within a foot of the Nazi's breast, there was a spurt of fire from the group of men. Sturmer seemed to trip. The sword clattered on the bricks, and he sprawled at the feet of the German. A slow stain spread from below the body. In the silence, Peter seemed to hear Sturmer's voice saying, *"I'm an American."* He had died for that.

There was cold anger in Peter's heart as he stared at the Man with the Single Eyeglass. He knew now that even if he defended himself successfully he would be shot as Sturmer had been. But he made up his mind that if he was going to die the German would go first.

He rolled up his sleeves. At that moment the young woman provided a diversion.

"Your Highness, may I make a suggestion?" she said. "The rules permit combatants to have the services of a second. Mr. Van der Glass is alone."

"Excellent idea. Which of these gentlemen do you recommend?"

"None, Your Highness."

"Who, then?"

"Myself."

The prince stared. Then he laughed. "Mr. Van der Glass, I congratulate you. Fraulein, to your position."

The girl knelt beside the case of swords. She tested two before finding one which satisfied her. As she presented it to Peter she asked, "Mr. Van der Glass, are you ready?" Then in a whisper which barely reached his ear, she added, "Oh, Peter, you fool, why did you come here?"

As he took the weapon in his hand, the odor of that compelling perfume rose to his nostrils. The girl stooped and picked up his coat.

The prince asked, "Is your principal ready, Fraulein?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

THE GIRL stooped to pick up a sword from the case. She walked to one side and faced about with a red swirl. She saluted first the prince and then Peter. The prince returned the salute with faultless precision. Peter followed with some awkwardness. Then they faced each other.

"To your studies, Mr. Van der Glass," commanded the prince. "It is a pity your first lesson should also be your last." He advanced his right foot and fell into the guard position.

Peter recognized the stance instantly. This man is a practiced duelist, he thought. He knew the German intended to kill him but would amuse himself first, toying with his opponent's clumsiness. I must do exactly as he expects, Peter thought, appear inept and stupid. In this way I may trick him into exposing himself. *Watch his hand.*

The prince opened the encounter with an invitation in seconde. Peter should have replied to this by an advance and a feint to the head. He knew this, but following his plan, he whipped his blade downward with a savage smash. Had the blow landed, one or both of the blades would have snapped. The prince avoided the blow by performing an ample circle with the point and then leaped backward, breaking off the initial action.

Peter saw a smile of derision curving his opponent's thin lips. He is satisfied now that I know nothing, he thought. Presently he will leave himself open.

Already the prince was in position, his blade extended, offering an invitation in prime. To this Peter should have replied in the first tempo with a feint of thrust in the low line. He

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Back in 1928, Kodak brought out a film for making home movies in full color. It was merely a start, in the light of what has been done since, but it was the first of its kind, and it brought joy and satisfaction to a great many people.

In 1935, Kodak introduced full-color Kodachrome Film for home movies — and it "had everything." Projected on the screen, it showed, in radiant color, the big moments of "family history"... Now, Kodachrome is shooting records of actual combat for the Army, Navy, and Air Force—for military study, and for training.

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In 1938, the introduction of Kodachrome sheet film led to full-color photographs as illustrations in magazines and newspapers. By showing attractive foods and new things in home decoration, color photography was a guide to better living. With pictures of remote, colorful countries, it brought home the world "as is."

In 1941, color photography moved closer to the familiar black-and-white snapshot—Minicolor prints from miniature Kodachrome Film were made available by Kodak. And for professionals, Kotavachrome prints made from Kodachrome Film in larger sizes. Projection on a screen was no longer the only means of enjoyment ... But full-color prints on paper were still to come.

Last year, 1942, the cycle was complete. Kodacolor Film, usable in ordinary cameras and processed by Kodak, yields Kodacolor prints on paper. The methods of making full-color photography as universal as black-and-white are now fully known.

* * *

Now, Kodak Color Films are "in the service"—better to watch our enemies from the air, and penetrate their camouflage ... to record our troops and ships and planes in action ... and to train our men ... Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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determined to reply to the prince's opening invitation in the required manner, but so awkwardly it would appear accidental.

He did so, and the prince immediately offered a parry in seconde. Peter allowed the prince's parry to force his weapon out of line. The prince disengaged the blades and executed a thrust in the high line with the evident intention of endangering his opponent's eyes. Only the unexpectedness of Peter's retreat caused him to misjudge the distance.

Peter advanced a step, holding his blade with an invitation in tierce. His stance was purposely clumsy. Instantly the prince's blade attempted a cut to the arm. Peter elevated his blade vertically so that the prince's stroke encountered no resistance and swung in a wider arc than was intended. As if by magic, Peter's awkwardness fell from him. He advanced with a lightning coup. The prince tried desperately to parry, momentarily losing his balance. Peter was conscious of a jar running the length of his blade as the cutting edge sliced the side of his adversary's head. Then he leaped backward out of reach and lowered his hand. A rush of crimson stained the prince's temple.

The prince submitted to the hands which closed his wound with strips of plaster. He knew now that his opponent was dangerous.

PETER WAITED. Once he glanced toward the girl. It seemed to him that her head moved toward the stable, as if she tried to convey a signal. Was she suggesting the possibility of escape in that direction?

A harsh command made him glance toward the prince, who stepped forward. Peter experienced a feeling of sickness as he realized this man was going to kill him if he could. He heard again the voice of Otto Sturmer saying, *"I'm an American!"* I'm an American too, Peter thought, and his confidence came back with a rush. I've got a job to do, and by God, I'm going to do it! He sank into the fencer's posture with his sword extended.

The shrill clamor of a bell ringing in the house meant nothing to Peter, but its effect on the others was extraordinary. The prince shouted, "Turn out those lights!" Then he pointed his sword at Peter and issued an order in German. Several of the men started toward him. Now for it, thought Peter. At that moment the glaring lights died.

He ran, heading for the stables. A black figure got in the way. He lunged and felt the sword point check sharply as it encountered cloth and flesh. The figure went down, dragging the weapon from his hand. He plunged ahead, knowing his white shirt would be a target. A second figure blocked his passage. It was the girl. "Quick!" she whispered. "The stables." She thrust his coat into his hands and he flung it over his shoulders, hiding the telltale shirt.

In a moment they were inside the stables. The girl dragged open the door of a car and shoved him through. "Drive straight ahead. Follow the road to the back boundary. You'll have to crash the gates." Fumbling in the dark for the ignition keys, he growled, "Aren't you coming?" The voice said, "No. *Hurry!*" The car's engine roared. He let in the clutch, and the machine heaved forward. He thought he heard a shot behind. He strained his eyes to follow the faint outlines of a road. He dared not use the lights. Under the trees where it was darkest, the car rocked and skidded.

When he had turned a corner and felt the bulwark of trees behind him, he pressed the light switch. Blinding illumination revealed the roadway with snowbanks on the sides. Ahead was a sharp angle, making it necessary to brake the car, which skidded dangerously. As he scrambled around the turn, he found the way blocked by several figures. One of them got a foothold on the running board. Peter drove his left fist through the open window and heard the man grunt as he fell away.

Ahead appeared the white bars of a painted wooden gate. He shoved the accelerator to the floor and bent forward. There was a splintering crash. The machine rocked, but it kept going. When Peter looked again, he was roaring over a dirt road which curved suddenly onto the paved secondary highway. One of his headlights was gone. There was a metallic rattle as if the bumper was smashed, but he was free. He let the car slow down as he struggled into his coat. "She's done it twice," he grunted. "Who is she? What's her game?"

His thoughts checked as he heard a vague mutter mingling with the hum of his motor. The sound grew louder, and he realized it was overhead. He stopped the car and stepped to the road. Somewhere above, a plane was passing, heading south. As he craned his neck, he saw it—a vague outline of wings against the dark sky. Suddenly, as if by magic, the wings were tipped with rose. Behind him in the direction of Shaftesbury, the sky was aglow. He realized the house was burning. The plane melted into the blackness and was lost.

Peter propped the morning paper against the sugar bowl. He was handicapped because Frith was putting antiseptic on his left hand.

"Sit still, Peter. Your knuckles are in an awful state."

"Must have hit the fellow's buttons when I punched him." From what she had told him, he realized the blow had been directed against an intelligence officer.

"Mr. Tucker and I waited at the gas station for ages. When you didn't come, we said we'd better find you! We hadn't gone far when we were stopped by a car full of FBI men. It was the same car we saw at the filling station when we stopped there first. They were closing in on the house. Seems they got a message from somebody. When we told them you'd gone into the woods, they said you were a fool. They told us to wait. Then they climbed over the wall. We heard a shot and a man yelling. Then we heard a motor in the woods."

"That would be me," Peter said.

"I suppose. Then there was the sound of a plane taking off and the sky got all red, so we knew the house was on fire. We waited until the officers came back. They were annoyed because everybody got away in the plane."

"Didn't they catch anybody at all?" Peter asked.

"Only some of the guards who didn't know anything."

"Then the two women must have gone too. The Lady in the Conservatory and——"

Frith sniffed. "Your friend who is so fond of masks."

"Yes." Peter looked sheepish; Frith looked as if she suspected he was thinking about the Lady in the Mask. He was. Where had she gone with the man who had tried to kill him?

The adventure seemed to have ended, so far as he was concerned. The Department of Justice had really taken over this time. Peter was back where he was yesterday. Free, except for the business of the inquest.

Among the news stories on the front page was the arrival at Washington of Admiral Komagata Nu of the Imperial Japanese Navy. Peter wondered if the journey of Admiral Nu could have anything to do with the mysterious secret clause in the Tripartite Pact. Perhaps the Admiral had come to America to observe what progress was being made on the part of his Nazi friends in carrying out their agreement. No doubt the Japanese Ambassador could tell him.

A bell sounded. Frith went to the door.

Peter was reading a paragraph which interested him. Apparently a passenger plane approaching New York had narrowly escaped crashing into a mysterious machine flying without lights. He glanced up as Frith entered, leading a tall well-dressed stranger. Peter recognized the driver of the car at the filling station, and again a curious sense of familiarity puzzled him. "Peter, this is Mr. Lamont, the FBI man who said such *nice* things about you last night."

Lamont held out his hand. "Glad to see you all in one piece, Mr. Van der Glass. You certainly got around Connecticut last night. New Orleans before that."

"The red-haired man!" Peter gasped. "How the devil——?"

"Nothing to do with Satan," said Lamont. "You came between the hare and the hounds. We shooed you to one side."

"We?" said Peter. "You and the Lady Embalmer?" So that's why she's running with the gang!"

"If you're referring to Lady Maude Winnick, you're right."

"I thought she had an English accent, but the Man with the Single Eyeglass called her Kleffner."

"IT'S A LONG story," Lamont commented. "Her name is neither Winnick nor Kleffner. It doesn't matter. She's doing an important job. Her tip sent us out to Shaftesbury."

"Where is she now?"

"I wish I knew. We'll have to wait until she tips us off again if she can. It isn't easy, you know."

"I know," said Peter, and told about Otto Sturmer's attempt to send a letter by the grocer.

Lamont made a note. "We'll find out who supplied Shaftesbury with groceries and pick him up. If only we could have caught this fellow who calls himself St. Vraine!"

"So you know about him?"

"Lady Maude tipped us off to him too. We'd have got him if it hadn't been for the plane. Didn't expect that."

"Do you know his real name?"

"Do you?"

Peter told him. He also told about the large sums which the prince had taken from the Mallory-Warrender millions. "I dare say Mr. Tucker will be glad to give you all the details, now he knows it's going to the German. What are they doing with all that money?"

Lamont shook his head. "That's what we're trying to find out. Before Lady Maude came to America we knew there was a group of Nazi agents operating here which had no connections with the others. It wasn't until she arrived that we were able to spot some of the links. As fast as she contacted them, she tipped us off. That's how I happened to be in New Orleans. She warned me about your arrival and the reception planned for you. You owe your life to her."

"I know."

"We owe you something too. What you learned from the Halsey manuscript."

"How did you happen to hear about that?" Peter asked.

"Lady Maude again. She heard them talking about it in New Orleans. They were afraid you had found out too much. That's why they tried to get rid of you. That was the first we knew about the secret clause in the Tripartite Pact. Have you any idea what the clause is about?"

"Only that Germany agrees to do something before Japan acts. I know someone who could tell you the details."

"The Man with the Single Eyeglass?"

"No. Admiral Nu." Peter shoved the paper across.

Lamont read the story. "Too bad we can't make him talk!"

"Here's something else." Peter pointed to the item about the mysterious plane which had almost brought disaster to a passenger plane. "Flying without lights, heading south. Do you suppose it was the one that got away from Shaftesbury?"

Lamont smiled. "You're pretty quick at this sort of thing, Mr. Van der Glass. We're checking the movements of all private planes last night. It *could* be the one." He stood up. "I'll be running along. Thanks for everything you've done. We're very grateful."

Peter took Frith's arm in a firm grasp. "Take her down to the car, Lamont, will you please? I've got to go to a conference with the institute people."

They walked to the door together. "I'll give you until teatime," she said. "We'll go to Pratti's for dinner."

She kissed him and went down the hall. Peter exchanged a grin with Lamont, who looked envious. Then he closed the door. As he entered the library, he was thinking about the masked girl. It was good to know that she was not a Nazi agent, but he shuddered as he thought of her fate if the Man with the Single Eyeglass became suspicious. His thoughts were brought to an abrupt halt by the ringing of the doorbell. When he flung open the door, Frith stumbled into his arms.

"Peter," she gasped, "Lamont's dead! *They shot him.* As he stepped into the street, a car was waiting."

Peter closed and bolted the door. He led Frith to a chair and brought a glass of sherry. A little color came back into her cheeks when she had swallowed the wine. "Now, tell me about it."

"Mr. Lamont went through the front door first. As I followed, I heard shots and saw him fall. Then a car raced away down the street."

"Frith, you've got to get out of New York. They'll figure you know as much as I do, or Lamont."

"Peter, you mean they'll still try to kill *you?*"

"More than ever now, Frith."

"Darling Peter, where do we put us away?"

"You've got a cousin in Virginia. We'll pay him a visit."

"We? Visit Rupert? Oh, Peter, that's lovely."

"It isn't even safe for you to go home for your clothes. You can drop your mother and father a letter when we're outside New York. You must stay with Rupert until this thing blows over. We'll go down the service stairway and take that car I stole last night. It's in the basement garage. Stay here while I pack a few things, and don't telephone."

He went into his bedroom, wondering at the grim persistence with which his enemies had followed him. Perhaps the Man with the Single Eyeglass had issued orders from the plane. If it hadn't been for the danger he believed threatened Frith, he would have gone straight to the New York Bureau of the FBI and told them all he had told Lamont. Well, he'd write a letter telling about their interview.

It took him only a few minutes to pack his bag and return to Frith. He had his overcoat and a heavy walking stick. In the pocket of his coat was a revolver.

They slipped out the service entrance and hurried down the stairway. In the basement garage, Peter helped Frith into the stolen car, and they swung into the alley. The driver of a white milk car was just getting down with his wire basket filled with bottles. He stared at the European machine as they went by.

Peter saw nothing to arouse his suspicions as they drove toward Fifth Avenue. When they were surrounded by the rolling flood of cars there, he relaxed his vigilance. "There is a writing pad in my bag," he said. "You'd better scribble a note to your people. If it weren't for you, Frith, I wouldn't be running away. You know that, don't you?"

She hugged his arm. "If you want to stay and fight, Peter, I'll stay with you."

Peter felt a warm glow. There was something so honest in her attachment a feeling of humility came over him. Life or death, it was all one to her so long as she was with him. "We'll go on, my dear," he said.

They drove for several blocks in silence. Then Frith glanced through the rear window and said in a frightened voice, "Peter, that milk car we passed in the alley—it's following us!"

They were far downtown when Peter managed to get over an intersection as the light was changing. Frith saw that the milk car had failed to cross. Gleefully she imparted the good news. "Peter, we've lost him."

Frith examined the dashboard. Its various buttons were labeled in both French and Italian. There were several which she didn't understand. Gingerly she touched one. Immediately a prolonged *banshee* surrounded the car with unholy clamor Frantically she worked with the button. As suddenly as it had started, the noise ceased.

"Wasn't that something?" Frith said. "We must have tuned in on a speech by Mussolini. I wonder if there *is* a radio."

She resumed her experiments with the buttons. One opened a sunshine roof, letting in a flood of cold. She hastily closed it Another made the engine sputter. "Just relax," Peter ordered She obeyed by pressing all four remaining buttons with her knees. A gale played around their ankles, a steel radio shaft shot up from the side of the hood, a radio played loud music and a panel in the dashboard fell open, spilling a mass of papers.

Frith turned off the current of cold air, gathered the papers and returned them to the locker. "They're maps," she said and opened one. "It's a map of New York State," she explained, refolding it and shutting the locker door. She was silent, until they swung around the curve leading to the Holland Tunnel. "That milk wagon's here again," she said then.

"There's more than one milk wagon in New York."

"But only one driver with that face. It's sort of *sinister.*"

They roared down into the underwater passage. The stream of traffic went on until finally Peter saw daylight ahead. They were on the Jersey side of the river.

"Is he still behind?" Peter asked a few minutes later.

"Yes, Peter. Four cars back."

"We'll lose him when we hit the meadows." He wondered if there was a machine gun hidden in the van.

The car was racing now. Frith watched through the rear window. Suddenly Peter saw a police car. He coasted to a position just ahead and kept it.

As they approached Newark, a red traffic light flashed. Peter stopped. As he shoved the gears to low, he saw the white milk wagon slide to a position alongside.

He glanced over his shoulder. The police car was still there, four uniformed figures inside. The green light flashed, and he moved forward with the milk wagon alongside. To his amazement, it veered away, making a lefthand turn. The police car also had disappeared.

He glanced at Frith and found her still looking scared. "We're a couple of idiots," he said. He glanced over his shoulder. A black limousine with a liveried chauffeur was just behind. A dignified lady with gray hair occupied the rear seat alone.

They were fifty miles south of Newark when they saw an attractive roadhouse. Peter turned into the parking space. He gave the uniformed attendant a dollar and asked him to keep his eye on the machine. Frith got out of the car carrying an armful of papers. "The maps," she explained. "They might be worth looking at." As they walked to the front door, they saw the black limousine stop alongside their car.

A butler led them into a small sitting room. Peter ordered drinks with luncheon to follow.

Frith spread the maps on a coffee table. Peter heard voices in the hall, and for some reason he could not explain, he thrust the maps inside his coat. "Let's wait. I've ordered a private room," he said, his eyes fixed on the door.

The butler was conducting the elderly lady from the black limousine to a table. The chauffeur accompanied his mistress to her seat and spread a robe over her lap. Then he went out.

Frith glanced at Peter, inquiry in her eyes. He nodded. "Just an idea," he murmured.

A waiter arrived with their drinks. Peter stood up. "Bring them to the private dining room," he said. He offered his arm to Frith, and they followed the waiter, who led them to a room on the second floor.

"Now, let's have a look at those maps." Peter hauled them from his pocket. There were fourteen in all—thirteen of individual states; the fourteenth one of the entire nation. They were all printed in great detail; even the tiniest hamlets and most unimportant side roads were shown. A mass of notes written in red ink covered the maps.

"Peter, look. It says 'airplane factory.' Here, close to Buffalo. And here's one near Syracuse marked 'arms factory.'"

Peter's face was grim as he scanned the telltale map. There were hundreds of red marks, each with its explanation. Army camps, munitions factories, airplane factories, chemical works, ship-building yards, docks—the list was endless. Map after map, the revealing notes marched relentlessly across the forty-eight states. Beside the majority, details of production were noted.

The maps of the individual states were even more carefully marked. In addition to the easily understood notes in red, there were others in green and purple inks which Peter could not understand. Could it be that this mass of notes was concerned with the thing Halsey had been trying to tell him—the secret clause in the Tripartite Pact?

"Frith," he said, "these maps are going back to the New

These Big "Fifteen-Footers"
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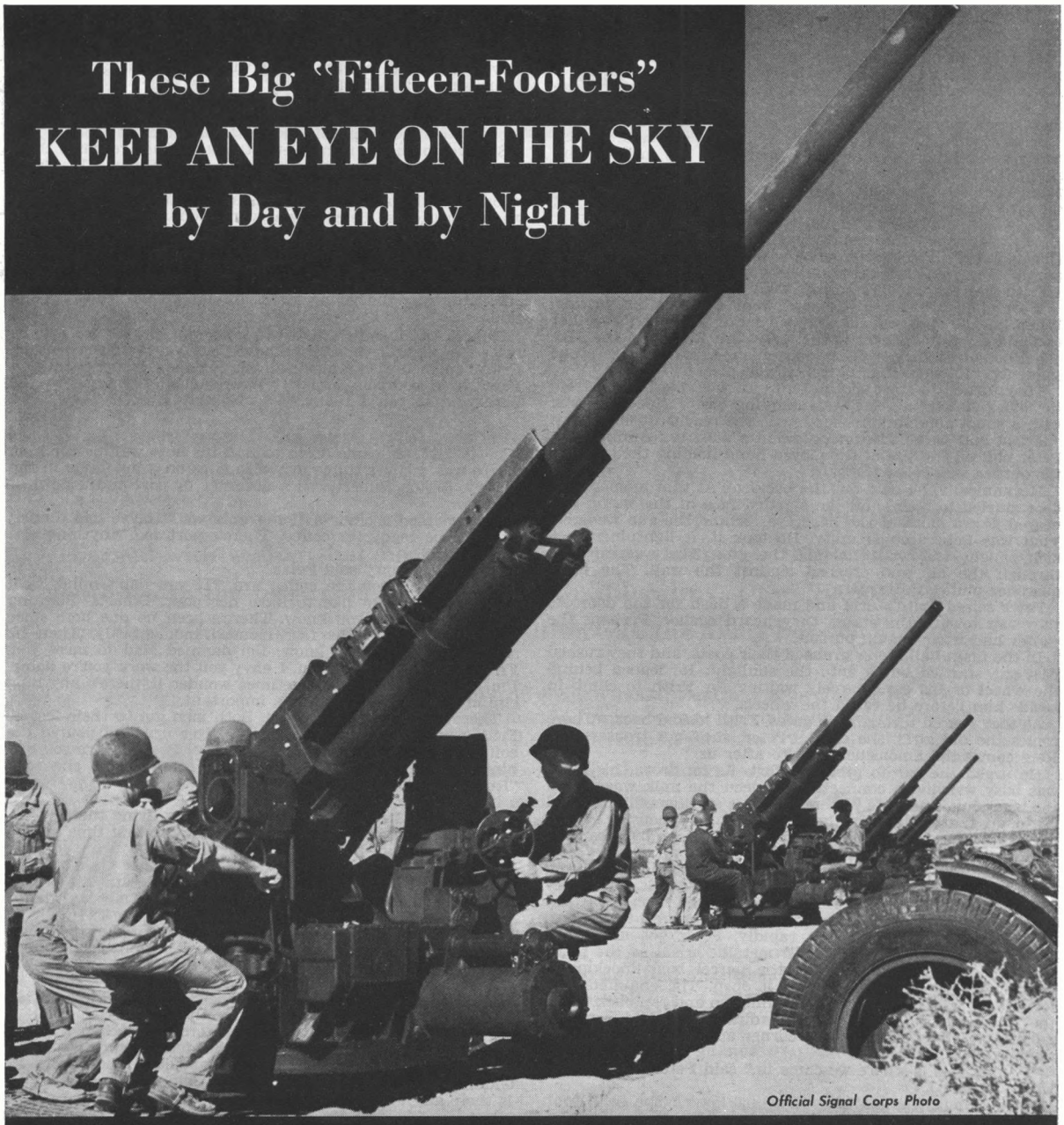

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York Bureau of the FBI. I'll write a note explaining them and send the package by registered mail from the next town."

He rang for a waiter and ordered stationery, wrapping paper and string. When it arrived, he sat down to write a letter telling all he had given Lamont and explaining how the maps had come into his possession. He was engrossed when their lunch was served.

Frith studied a map as she ate. Suddenly she said, "Peter, here's one of those funny purple marks on the map of Virginia. It's in the same county as Stuarts' Planting, Rupert's place." Peter got up from the desk and leaned over, looking at the spot where her fork pointed. "Here's Stuarts' Planting, all along this road. This purple curlicue must be very near it."

Peter examined the map. There was no town, not even a village. Certainly no manufacturing plants were indicated. The purple mark must refer to something different.

Frith was excited. "Tomorrow we'll go see."

"Fair enough," said Peter and went back to his writing. When he had finished, he wrapped maps and letter together and addressed the packet to the New York Bureau of the FBI.

Neither of them heard the door open. A man's voice spoke suddenly. "I'll take that parcel, if you please."

They turned to stare at the figure of the elderly lady from the black limousine. She was standing just inside the room with a small automatic in her hand. She reached behind with one foot and kicked the door shut in a most unfeminine way. Peter noticed the size of the gloved hand holding the gun and the outsize feet below the skirt.

Mechanically, he held out the package. At that moment the door started to open, and the startled face of the waiter appeared. For a moment the hard eyes behind the gun wavered. That was Peter's opportunity. He took it. A lightning place kick caught the wrist holding the gun. The weapon shot through the air and crashed against the wall. The masquerader plunged after it.

Peter seized Frith's arm and made a dash for the door. As they ran toward the stairs, they heard a shot. Perhaps the waiter had tried to stop pursuit.

In the main hall, Peter grabbed their coats, and they rushed past the startled butler into the sunlight. He leaped behind the wheel of his car, scarcely waiting for Frith to climb in beside him before he raced the wheels.

As they roared through the gates, Frith looked back. "There comes the old girl," she cried. "Peter, she's got trousers on! Here comes the limousine. They're after us."

He urged the car to greater effort. As he drove, his mind was busy weaving a connection between the milk wagon and the black limousine. He remembered the sinister milkman had given up the chase when he first saw the limousine. Could the milk wagon have summoned the black car by means of a short-wave set concealed in the van?

Suddenly the outskirts of a little town reached out to enfold them. Peter spotted a green letterbox half a block ahead. Beside it was a parcel box. He jammed on the brakes as they came alongside, leaped out and dropped the parcel in the box. The limousine was following rapidly. Peter got under the wheel and drove on. He heard a metallic crash as the black limousine drove slantwise into the parcel box, knocking it from its moorings and smashing it open. The chauffeur ran toward the wreckage, picked something up and ran back. Then the limousine raced away in the direction it had come. A motorcycle officer rounded the corner and stopped beside the smashed box.

"I think this is where we came in," said Peter, driving now without haste.

Frith slumped beside him. "Darling Peter," she said, "you certainly don't let a girl get bored, do you?"

THE twin headlights flowed far ahead into the night. On each side were forests and hills with intermittent fields. Peter had been driving all day.

When the lights of a roadhouse sparkled, he realized their need of food and hot coffee. He parked in the courtyard, and they went inside. Frith put in a long-distance call to Stuarts' Planting while Peter ordered dinner.

There was a growing worry in his mind about the letter he had enclosed with the maps. He had mentioned the Lady in the Mask. They would know she was a traitor!

Then Frith came into the room holding a newspaper. She thrust it forward, exhibiting enormous black headlines: LADY FROM THE SKY! Peter read the subheads. Fallen from the sky, evidently thrown from a plane, the body of a beautiful woman had been found lying on a sand spit in Chesapeake Bay. She was of middle age—his heart gave a bound—but sank as he heard Frith's words.

"Peter, here's a description of her dress. It's the one she had on when we met her in the conservatory at Shaftesbury."

"Of course," he said. So that was what they had done to Lilian Mallory-Warrender. Like the Muller woman, she had been murdered when she was no longer any use to them. He went on with the story.

The body had been found by a fisherman in the early morning. Fastened to it by leather straps was an iron weight, proving the murderous intent behind the woman's death. Movements of all private planes within flying distance of the crime were being checked.

Frith said, "Peter, when the plane left Shaftesbury last night, it headed south. If it flew over Chesapeake Bay, it was probably going to Virginia or North Carolina."

She was probably right, Peter thought. They resumed their journey. In about an hour they swung in to Stuarts' Planting. They saw lights through the trees and the outlines of a colonial brick mansion. As they drew nearer, the main door was thrown open. Peter saw servants coming down the steps, followed by a tall young man with a mane of hair that was like a bronze helmet. Almost before the car stopped, the tall young man was kissing Frith. "Coz," he cried, "welcome to Stuarts' Planting!"

Frith swung the young giant around. "This is Peter," she said.

Rupert Argall smiled. "Glad to know you, sir. It's going to be twice the night I thought to have." He led his guests inside. Frith vanished with a mountainous Negress. Rupert conducted Peter to a bedroom and left him, saying, "Join me in the library when you're ready."

PETER came down to find his host waiting for him. There was a silver coffee urn with cups on a low table in the library. Beside Rupert was a decanter of port and a bowl of walnuts.

He indicated a chair as Peter entered. "You've had dinner, so you'll be ready for coffee. There's port too. Anything else you'd like?"

"No, thank you," said Peter.

Rupert indicated the coffee urn. "If you don't mind, we'll wait for Frith. I'd like to have her pour. Stuarts' Planting needs that touch, you know. There's been no one here since my mother died." His face clouded momentarily. Then he smiled at Peter. "You know, I'm damned glad to meet you. Frith talks a lot about you. I envy you the work you're doing. I'm happy here, but I sometimes wonder if there's anything else in life for me—something important."

There were steps in the hall. Both men got to their feet as Frith came in. She sat beside the silver urn and poured the coffee. As she passed the cups, she asked Peter, "Have you told him why we're here?" Before Peter could speak, she said, "Rupert, what's west of Stuarts' Planting?"

"West? Why, Gloriana's Guard."

"Of course. I remember now. Is anybody living there?"

Rupert nodded. "Somebody's there for the first time in several years. Man named Brock or Broeck bought it three months ago."

"What do you know about him?" asked Frith.

"Nothing much, Coz. He's a flier, I believe. One day when I was up I spotted a plane on the ground over there."

Frith turned eagerly to Peter. He knew what she was thinking. A landing field—and the purple mark on the map! "Peter," she cried, "that's where the Man with the Single Eyeglass was going last night!"

There was puzzled interest in Rupert's face. "I'd like to take a hand in this game if you'll tell me the rules."

Peter told him the story. Long before he reached the duel in the courtyard, Rupert was on his feet, pacing the room.

Frith said, "Rupert, we think that plane came here—to Gloriana's Guard—sometime between midnight and daybreak. Is there any way of finding out?"

Rupert stared at them. "Shooting stars!" he cried. "Balls of fire falling from the heavens. Scared Negroes all over the place. World's end and sinners' judgment."

Frith laughed. "Now it's our turn. Tell *us* the rules."

"Last night," Rupert said, "there was the devil to pay. I heard about it today. Seems my people had a party and were going home late. They saw the heavens shooting stars. Scared them. Know what they saw, my friends?"

"Landing flares," said Peter.

"Right!" said Rupert. "I'll bet there are *two* planes at Gloriana's Guard now. Want to go and see?"

Peter stood up. "I'm your man," he said.

Rupert got out a pair of automatics and gave one to Peter. Reluctantly he permitted Frith to go with them to the boundary of Stuarts' Planting, where she promised to await their return.

A high wooden fence marked the dividing line. Rupert swung a leg over the top rail. "Here's where you wait, Frith," he whispered. "Keep still. Don't move about." He dropped to his feet on the other side. As Peter started to follow, an impulse made him give his gun to Frith before he climbed over.

The field they crossed was overgrown with weeds. Presently they came to another fence. Beyond it was a dense woods. Once over the fence, Rupert went ahead, following a path invisible to Peter. Then they came to the edge of the woods. Peter saw the outlines of gabled roofs and gaunt chimneys.

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Rupert whispered, "Keep close to the trees. We can get within a hundred yards of the barns." He led the way. When he stopped they were very close to the dark house. Rupert got down on hands and knees. Peter went down too. He wondered if he had been wise in leaving the gun with Frith. His hand closed over a smooth stone.

He saw Rupert just ahead. There was a faint wash of light over the ground. Instinctively they crouched. A man with a lantern had stepped from one of the barns. They watched him walk along the front of the structure and approach the end. As he lifted his lantern they saw the wings of a plane parked under a framework covered with straw. The man walked on until the light revealed the outlines of a second plane. It seemed to be draped in some kind of net. It was a crude job of camouflage. The man went back into the barn, closing the door.

"Two planes," Rupert whispered. "We've holed your fox."

As they resumed the business of crawling, the murmur of a motor came to their ears. Once again a yellow wash of light ran over the ground. A car had turned off the highway and was approaching the house. It stopped, and the lights went out. Two men got out and went into the house.

"LET'S take a look at that car," Peter murmured. Once alongside it, he saw that the metal of the fender on one side was crumpled where the limousine had plowed into the mailbox. "This is it," he said. "Unless they've telephoned about my letter, we're still in time."

Rupert walked rapidly to a flight of stone steps which led downward. Peter followed him.

Rupert flashed a torch, revealing a stone corridor leading under the house. "This runs into all the basements," he said. "I used to play here when I was a boy. If they haven't barred the door, we can get under the other wing."

The passage turned several times before they came to a low door. They squeezed through it and found themselves in a huge cellar. Rupert knelt beside a stone buttress built against the solid masonry. He propped the torch beside him and scraped at the mortar with a knife blade until the stone was outlined. He dropped the knife and leaned against one end of the stone. It swung slowly, moving on an invisible pivot and revealing an oblong hole. Rupert picked up his knife and flashed the torch into the opening. Satisfied, he wriggled through. Peter followed him into a narrow shaft. A sagging wooden ladder led upward, and a current of air blew down from the dark.

Rupert tilted his torch, revealing the top of the ladder resting against a stone ledge a dozen feet above. "Hope it holds," he murmured and climbed to the ledge.

When Peter stood upon the ledge beside Rupert, he heard the sound of voices. He saw his companion working at a wooden plug in the cement of the wall. Then the torch went out. Rupert must have pulled the plug clear, for a tiny pencil of light shot across the blackness.

Rupert put his eye to the hole. "Take a look," he whispered, turning.

Peter glued his eye to the hole. He found himself staring into a large room. Hanging from the ceiling by a rope was a lantern. There were half a dozen people visible. Peter saw the chauffeur of the black limousine and the man who had masqueraded as a woman. Standing with his back to the peephole was the Man with the Single Eyeglass. Beside him was Brighton. The other men Peter had never seen before. But one figure made his blood leap. Seated below the lantern was the Lady of the Mask.

The men were all facing her, and silence had fallen. Limned in paint upon a canvas, the tableau might have borne the caption: *"Accusation."* The harsh voice of the Man with the Single Eyeglass broke the stillness.

"Gretchen Kleffner, what have you to say?"

"Nothing, Your Highness."

"You twice helped Peter Van der Glass escape. Why did you, a German woman, betray *Der Fuehrer?"*

"I am not a German, Your Highness. I am an Englishwoman." The girl's voice was proud.

The Man with the Single Eyeglass turned so that Peter saw the light flash in the crystal. His voice was edged with hate. "Gentlemen, your verdict?"

"Death!" Each man spoke the word.

At that moment they heard footsteps. The chauffeur opened a door. Peter saw two figures moving forward. Between them, they dragged a woman.

He turned to Rupert. "My God, *they've got Frith!* For the love of heaven, man, get us into that room!"

He saw Rupert's gun and cursed his folly for parting with his. He heard a voice crying, "It's the girl with Van der Glass!" Rupert was working in the dark. There was a faint creaking noise, and then a line of light showed in the wall. It widened until there was space for them to pass into the chamber. As Rupert stepped into the room, his voice rang through the chamber like a bugle. The Rebel yell!

The men turned to face Rupert. Frith uttered a glad cry. Someone in the group moved a hand. Rupert's weapon swept around to cover him.

He said, "Now, there's a man who wants to die." He bowed to Lady Maude. "Virginia presents its compliments to England. Will you take my arm?"

She rose with the flowing movement of a dancer. Peter saw that she was smiling, and her face was strangely familiar.

"Very pretty," said the Man with the Single Eyeglass. "I regret that we must put an end to it. We are eight against two. Will you surrender?"

Rupert shoved the English girl behind him. "Get through the panel," he commanded. "I'll hold them."

The prince advanced another step, the men edging forward with him. As Peter backed toward the panel, he remembered the stone in his pocket and took it out.

The first shot from Rupert's automatic sounded deafeningly. The man standing next to the prince went down. The automatic roared three times. Peter had always prided himself upon his ability to throw a ball and hit a target at a hundred feet. He did it now. The stone struck the lantern hanging from the ceiling, smashed the glass and plunged the room in darkness.

He tried to find Frith, but the room was filled with smoke. Then his groping fingers encountered the stuff of a woman's dress. He shoved the girl into the opening and turned in time to drive his fist into a heavy form that fell against him. Arms dragged him to the floor. A groping hand slid toward his throat. He buried his chin in a shoulder invisible to him and whirled his elbow in a wrestler's smashing blow. As he rolled clear, he heard the man groaning.

Only then did he realize the room was strangely still. Somewhere in the house he heard a door slam.

Rupert's torch flashed. He was standing beside the English girl. The light swept the room. The place was empty, with the exception of still figures sprawled on the floor. Peter counted three of them. The rest had gone.

"Frith!" he cried, rising dizzily. "Where is she?"

Rupert's voice was hoarse. "I thought you had her."

The English girl spoke with a break in her voice. "It was my dress you caught in the dark."

Peter ran toward the door. Frith was in the hands of the Man with the Single Eyeglass, and outside were the planes.

Rupert leaped ahead and guided them to the front door. As they emerged from the house, they heard the roar of motors. Even as they turned the corner, one plane left the ground. The other was warming up. They started running, and a bullet whistled past their heads. They fell flat and lay still. More shots followed.

Then they heard a man's voice calling, "Van der Glass! If you come any nearer, we'll kill you."

"Send Miss Leroy back, and we'll hold our fire."

"We'll keep the girl. We won't harm her if you'll promise to keep your mouth shut. Give us a week. We'll keep our bargain if you do."

"Say yes," the English girl whispered. "I know where they're going. We can follow."

Peter called, "All right."

THE ground lights disappeared as the plane rose. Only last night, Peter thought dully, he had seen a plane go off into the night like that, carrying a woman to her death. Now Frith was going!

Rupert and the English girl were talking beside him. Rupert said, "Yes, I own a plane. How did you know?"

"I heard them talking. Do you know where Barbary Island is?"

"It's off Pamlico Sound. It's a private estate."

"That's where they've taken Frith. We'll follow them."

Peter felt the soul come back into his body. "Hurry!" he cried.

Ahead, there was a frowning cliff of cloud that hung over the plane, frightening and monstrous.

They were flying with the automatic pilot in control, while Rupert worked over a roll of charts. Barbary Island was a half-mile of forested rock at the south end of Pamlico Sound. He must pick out a place to land.

Peter looked at the English girl. "Thanks for everything," he said. "And apologies for getting you into this mess."

"You saved me, Peter."

"You're still two up. By the way, I've thought of you as the Lady Embalmer, the Lady in the Mask and Lady Maude Winnick. Would you mind——?"

"It's June Marston," she said.

A window opened in Peter's brain. "Now I know why you looked familiar! You sat for Wilkinson in an eighteenth-century costume, and the canvas was in the London gallery three years ago. 'Lady June Marston with Her Dogs.'

"So we're old friends, after all, Peter."

"How did you get into this thing?"

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[WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY]

"I was on my way home from Switzerland when I got caught in Lisbon. A cousin of mine, Captain Drinkwater of the CID, and an American friend of his in the FBI had caught a German girl named Gretchen Kleffner who was on her way to America. They asked me to take her place, and here I am."

"It's the most courageous thing I ever heard of." Peter hesitated a moment and then spoke of Lilian Mallory-Warrender. "You knew what they did to her, I suppose?"

"I found it out this morning. They're monsters, Peter."

"Do you know anything about her son Erich?"

"He's being held prisoner. That's all I know."

Rupert folded the maps and thrust them into a rack above his head. They had been in the air for more than an hour. June's face showed no sign of fear. Peter understood why she had consented to assume the dangerous rôle of Lady Maude Winnick. This girl and Halsey and Otto Sturmer, all fighting to preserve the truths in which they believed. He thought of Halsey, knowing he was about to die, striving with the last poor means at his disposal to send his warning. He seemed to hear again the voice of Sturmer saying, "I'm an American."

Rupert opened a small trap in the instrument panel, revealing a thermos flask. He unscrewed the cap, poured a cup of steaming coffee and passed the cup to June.

It came to Peter with a shock that he was no longer preoccupied with this girl. He was thinking of Frith in an agony of apprehension. Only now, with the possibility that he might never see her alive again, did he understand how much she meant to him.

He thought about Barbary Island. Something was going to happen there tonight. He wondered what it could be. Suddenly the answer flashed into his mind. He looked about him at the compact interior of Rupert's plane. *Planes!* Why not others like this one, privately owned? They could be berthed anywhere. Run-down country estates and lonely farms, for instance. How easy it would be for them to carry a load of bombs to a near-by chemical plant or an arms factory. The memory of the maps with their masses of information about factories and plants flashed through his mind. That was the answer!

Once the planes were ready with their bombs, they had only to wait for a signal flashed from some central point. Then two or three hundred planes would rise in the night. With no one to suspect their mission, even indifferent navigators could find their objectives. When the load was dropped, explosions and fires would follow. When day dawned, the land would be crippled and helpless before its foes. Then Japan would march! Then the secret clause of the Tripartite Pact would be known to the world!

Peter knew that at last he had the whole story. Was it too late to do anything?

Suddenly his eyes saw somehing far ahead and below—pin points of light that shone at them in the blackness. Rupert turned. "Typewood," he said. "We're over U. S. Highway 70, North Carolina. How's that for navigating?"

He took a flare from a rack, opened the window and dropped it. He dropped another flare, then banked. Looking back, Peter saw the flames flickering on the road. Between them were several hundred yards of pavement.

Rupert turned the plane. Then, with the nearest flare burning just over the nose, he started down. Peter felt the bounce as the landing gear touched the road. The plane rocked awkwardly on the uneven surface. Rupert applied the brakes. The plane stopped.

Rupert grinned. "Halfway between Typewood and Stainer on Highway 70."

Peter heaved a sigh of relief. "There isn't another man in America who could have done that," he said.

Rupert laughed. "I wouldn't want to try it again, my friend." He stood up stiffly and flung open the door. They helped June to the ground. The plane stood in the center of the road, heading south. The flares still burned. Rupert closed and locked the cabin door. "Good-by, old girl. I hope they don't loot you before I get back." He dropped to the ground beside June and Peter. "Stainer's only a hop, step and a jump. Let's go."

"What are we going to do when we get there?" Peter asked.

"We're going to find the Pretty Prostitute," said Rupert.

Crouched in a leather chair, Frith stared at a fire in a granite fireplace. When the Man with the Single Eyeglass had finally made a landing, a guard had caught her arm and hurried her to a lodge of wood and stone in a pine clearing.

The man with Frith pounded on an iron knocker. When the door opened in response, they stepped inside. Frith saw a middle-aged woman with iron-gray hair looking at her curiously. The front door opened, and the man went out. The woman spoke in English: "Come with me."

At the end of the hallway, the woman opened a door, revealing a room in which there were fishing rods and hampers, and gun racks filled with guns. There was a fire burning. As she went toward it, the key clicked in the lock of the door, and the woman's steps retreated.

That was an hour ago, and no one had come near her since. The room in which she was a prisoner had no windows; only shuttered casements, strapped with iron and padlocked. On the desk was a bronze lamp with a green glass shade.

She went eagerly to the case containing guns. There were rifles of various caliber, and several shotguns. But nowhere could she find a single shell or cartridge. She realized that escape was out of the question.

She blamed herself for being in her present predicament. If she had followed instructions, she would never have been caught. But it had grown chilly. Thinking to keep herself warm, she had started to walk up and down. The movement had betrayed her to a man prowling along the fence.

When the lights went out in the big room at Gloriana's Guard, she had run to one side out of the line of fire. In the dark, a man's arms imprisoned her and a hand smothered her cry. While the place roared with booming guns, she had been dragged to the plane. There, in the cabin, she had heard the conference between Peter and the man who had captured her.

How could Peter help her now?

At that moment steps came along the passage. A key grated in the lock. The door opened, revealing a man clad in oilskins and sou'wester. In his arms he carried driftwood. He went to the fireplace and rebuilt the fire.

He finished his work and stood up. He tramped to the door, opened it and turned, his arm going out in the hateful Nazi salute. His guttural voice growled, "*Heil Hitler.*"

What Frith did then was instinctive. Behind the German, she saw a man walking toward them cautiously. It came to her that she must hold the German's attention. She smiled at him. "Stay and talk with me, won't you?" she begged. There was a faint noise in the passage. The German turned. Frith covered her eyes as something crashed against the man's skull, and he pitched forward.

When she looked again, a tall young man with crisp brown hair was closing the door and locking it. In his hand was a short club. He looked at Frith with stormy brown eyes. A puzzled frown creased his forehead.

"You don't look like a German," he said. "Who are you?"

"I'm Frith Leroy. They brought me here in a plane." She studied the high, thoughtful forehead. She spoke softly. "You're Erich Mallory-Warrender, aren't you?"

"That's my name, but—but I don't get it."

Frith was almost hysterical with hope. "I'm Frith Leroy. Peter and Rupert and I were trying to stop them."

"Peter and Rupert? Who are they?"

"Rupert's my cousin, and Peter—he's a friend. We've been fighting the Man with the Single Eyeglass. Tonight, he caught me and carried me here. Where *am* I, Erich?"

"It's an island off the Carolinas. Tonight I'm going to escape."

"Oh, take me with you, Erich. How are you going to get away?"

"They've got boats in the lagoon," he said. "If we're lucky, we can steal one and make a break for it. We're likely to get killed, you know."

Frith laughed. "If I stay they'll kill me anyway. Thank heaven they haven't made a Nazi out of you."

"It isn't from lack of trying," he growled. He walked to the gun case and took down one of the .22 repeaters.

"There aren't any shells for the guns," Frith said.

For answer, he took a handful from his pocket and began slipping them into the magazine. "I've had these hidden for months," he explained. "Been waiting to get in here."

Frith reached for another rifle. "Give me some," she demanded. "How did you manage to get in tonight?"

"They're all so interested in the Roaring Ruby they forgot to lock me in. First time since I came here."

"The Roaring Ruby? What's that?"

"It's a ship. Tonight they got word it was coming in with the tide. It's carrying explosives." He finished loading his rifle. "Come on." He glanced at the unconscious man. "He won't bother us." He opened the door cautiousy. There was no one visible. "If we can make the front door without disturbing Anna, we'll be all right."

Holding their rifles ready, they stole along the passage. Frith supposed Anna was the big German woman.

In a moment they were outside. Frith distinguished the line of a stone wall, the trunks of pine trees, and beyond, the glimmer of water.

Erich took her arm. They went down a path to a sheltering line of trees. When they emerged from the trees she saw a beach. Her eyes informed her they were overlooking the waters of a small, almost land-locked bay. They crept along the edge of the trees for a hundred yards and then dropped on the sand. Presently they saw a group of men at the water's edge.

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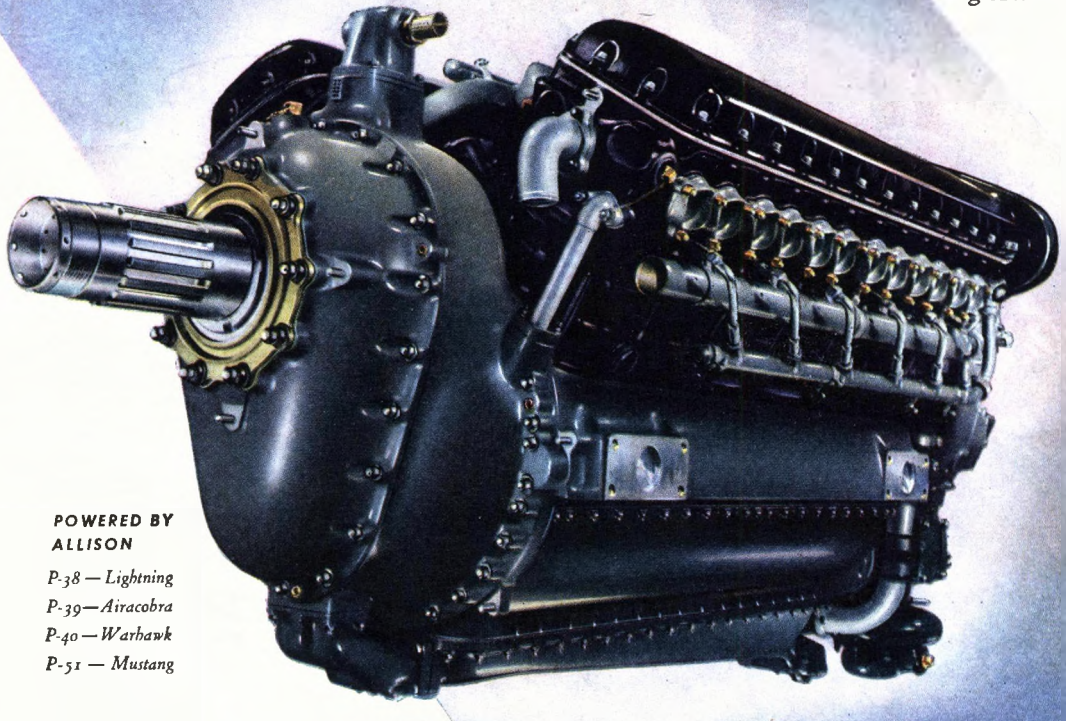

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After the ALL CLEAR

The lights went on, and Warden Brown
dropped in to chat and rest...
I opened up some Seven Crown—
(A warden rates the best!)
We talked of things worth fighting for—
reviewed our garden crops—
Discussed how rationed meat compares
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"I trust," said Brown, "we'll realize
good things are not to waste!"
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SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

Erich whispered, "They're waiting for the Roaring Ruby. When she comes in, we'll try to steal a dinghy. They'll be too busy to see us."

To Frith, time stood still. As her eyes became more accustomed to the scene, she saw several small boats lying at moorings in the bay. Not a glimmer of light showed. The dark made the faint gleam, when it came, all the more surprising. There was a brief answering glow on the beach. Then a black shape loomed in the entrance of the bay; crept closer.

Erich whispered, "No masts, and the funnel cut down. That's so she'd be harder to make out at sea." The black shape seemed to fill the lagoon. They heard a man's voice. It was followed by the rumble of anchor chain. "They're going to unload before daybreak so they can take her into the sound and scuttle her. Before daybreak they'll have the whole cargo ashore on the mainland. They've got trucks waiting."

Frith understood. Her heart pounded with excitement. She remembered the marked maps. She thought she knew where the cargo was going. Oh, if she could only tell Peter what she had discovered!

The men on the beach had already launched small boats and were crossing the water toward the Roaring Ruby. Erich stood up, drawing Frith beside him. They moved swiftly along the sand. On the bay, the dim shadows of dinghies had merged with the black hulk of the Roaring Ruby. They heard little metallic rattles and low voices. As they stumbled along, they watched the beach. It was Frith who saw a stealthy figure moving just ahead. "Look out, Erich!" she gasped. Even as she spoke, arms wrapped around her from behind, wrenching the rifle from her grasp. Involuntarily, she screamed. There was a flash of fire from Erich's gun, and the man ahead of him went down. She heard a guttural oath in her ear. Then she was free as the man leaped past her to grapple with Erich. The clubbed rifle smashed him back.

Erich dragged her toward the trees. "Run for it, Frith," he panted. She obeyed, driven by panic.

The Pretty Prostitute plowed through the dark. Rupert had used the little craft before when he fished these waters. He knew where to find Pete Fortescue, her owner, in his shanty on the outskirts of Stainer.

They routed out the old man. The Pretty Prostitute painted on the stern of his boat was a sardonic memory of distant but well-remembered youth. "Tain't everyone I'd trust her to, Mr. Argall, but I guess you know what you're doin'," he said. "Give us a hail when you're back."

When they came under the lee of a chain of small islands, Rupert said, "Barbary Island's just ahead." He touched the switch and the engine fell silent. The boat drifted in.

Holding the kedge anchor in one hand and a rope in the other, Rupert stepped aft, ready to let go. They were not more than a score of fathoms from the beach when a rifle shot smashed the silence. Others followed. They saw a man run toward a line of rocks which rose in miniature cliffs farther along the beach. Others appeared behind, and the beach flickered with gunfire. The solitary figure on the rocks seemed to pause briefly and then it was gone, plummeting toward the water.

PETER'S first thought was discovery. He waited for the impact of bullets. Rupert leaped for the engine cowling. In the very act of stepping on the starter, he paused. The running figure had gone down the beach, drawing pursuit away from the Pretty Prostitute.

Torchlights searched the waters below the rock where the man had leaped. Then the men made their way into the woods. Almost as the crashing of underbrush died away, the little cruiser's forefoot took the bottom.

"Luck's with us, my jolly mariners," said Rupert. He caught up the kedge and prepared to go over the side.

Peter said, "It seemed to me the man they shot went over the rocks a little beyond where they were looking."

"We'll soon see about that," Rupert murmured. He threw a leg over the side and dropped. The water came almost to his waist. The line dragged over the transom as he waded seaward. When it ceased to trail away, Peter made it fast and Rupert came back. Standing alongside the hull, he held up his arms for June. Then Peter lowered himself over the side and followed to the beach, dragging a bow-line. They walked about a hundred yards before Rupert turned the beam of a torch downward. Slowly the three of them moved along the rocks, hope fading as the white light searched in vain.

"He's gone," Peter said. "God rest him, whoever he was. Too bad, though. Perhaps he could have told us what they've done with Frith."

As they turned away, a voice spoke below them in the dark. The torch in Rupert's hand stabbed a white lance on the water. They saw a man's head and shoulders. "Hold on," Peter said and started down.

He found precarious foothold for his boots at the water's edge and reached a hand toward the half-submerged figure. With Rupert lying on the ledge above and reaching long arms down, they managed to drag him to the top. He lay gasping and shivering while they looked for wounds. "He's not hit," Rupert said. "Let's get him to the Pretty Prostitute."

When they reached the place where the little cruiser rode to her anchor they waded out. Peter helped get their burden aboard, then went back for June. When he returned, Rupert had dragged their prize into the cabin.

The young man drank a mug of rum which Rupert gave him. "I was just about drowned when I heard you speak of Frith," he said then. "Friends of hers?"

"Yes," Peter answered. "Where is she?"

"I left her in the woods and ran away, making all the noise I could so they'd follow me instead of her."

June said, "You're Erich Mallory-Warrender, aren't you?"

"That's right." He looked at the two men. "You're Peter and Rupert. Frith spoke of you."

Rupert asked, "Can you take us where you left her? She's my cousin."

"I'd like to, but I'm afraid my leg's gone. Banged it when I dived." He groaned as Peter's fingers explored. One of the bones was fractured.

"Tell us what's going on here."

He described the arrival of the Roaring Ruby. "They're down on the beach unloading her. You've got until they finish. Keep away from the powerhouse. That's the only place you're likely to find a guard."

"What's it guarded for?"

"RADIO plant. When everything's ready, the signal goes from there to the rest of the gang on the mainland. It's a new plant. Never been used. It's in the woods at the head of the bay."

"We'd better go," Peter said.

Mallory-Warrender looked at him. "I suppose you fellows know you're the only ones who can stop all this."

"Yes. We know. But we've got to find Frith first. If we don't return it'll be up to you. Give us until just before daybreak. If we're not back then, push off."

"All right." Erich's teeth were chattering. "Let's have another drink before you go."

Rupert poured four drinks. June's was the smallest. She drank it, then fought to get her breath. Rupert put an arm around her shoulders and steadied her.

Twenty-four hours before, Peter would have been jealous. Now he was thinking of Frith. He said, "Come along, Rupert."

"There's one thing more," Rupert said. "Lady June Marston, may I present Mr. Erich Mallory-Warrender?"

They left the two laughing, waded ashore and went up the beach toward the dark wall of trees. When they entered the forest, they began calling Frith's name cautiously.

In this fashion, they advanced across the breadth of the island. When they stepped from the forest onto the beach, they lay down, peering over a ridge of gravel. Below was the bay with the dim shape of the Roaring Ruby barely visible. Small boats went back and forth between the ship's sides and a half-dozen powerboats moored just off the beach.

Rupert glanced at Peter. "We can't be far from the power station," he said softly. "Suppose we take a look."

The darkness of the forest gave place to a curious lightening as they came to the edge of a clearing. Rupert's finger pointed to something fluttering in the opening. "It's a bit of rag," he whispered, "caugh on a bush." He pulled it free, then held it to Peter's nose. The delicate perfume he associated with Frith saluted him. "I think they caught her here," Rupert muttered. "Look at the bushes and the grass. They'd take her back for orders."

Beyond the clearing they found a path which they followed. Presently they saw the dark outlines of the lodge ahead. They were halfway around the structure when Rupert stopped, pointing upward. Black strands of wire were visible running from below the eaves. Presently they came to a low post with insulators. From there, they traced the wires to a path in the woods running down toward the bay. That way lay their greatest danger.

Peter took out his gun. Presently he was conscious of a faint pulsation, and he recognized the pounding of a Diesel engine. The powerhouse was ahead.

At the next turn in the path, Rupert went down on all fours. Peter followed. Scarcely a dozen yards ahead, a match had flared. They saw a man's face as he cupped the flame and lighted a cigarette. Save for the accidental lighting of the cigarette, they would have blundered into the sentry and been lost.

Peter suddenly realized that Rupert had gone forward. The blackness was a velvet curtain with a single ruby where the cigarette glowed. Peter counted ten; then twenty. He counted ten again. The ruby was still there. At fifteen, the little spot of red described a crazy hieroglyphic and vanished. Peter ran forward, tripping over struggling figures. Rupert was sprawled over a prostrate form which still flopped feebly.

Even as Peter reached helping hands, the figure ceased to move.

Rupert got to his feet, muttering, "I've got his gun." The path curved again, and there, a hundred yards ahead, was a dim glow. Rupert sank to his knees. He whispered, "I'm going to have a look around," and faded noiselessly away.

Peter was settling cautiously into a position of comfort when four men carrying rifles marched into view from beyond the powerhouse. One of them snapped a command. They stopped in front of the powerhouse, facing each other two and two, standing stiffly at attention.

Peter's heart beat faster as he realized someone of importance was coming. He had no time to ponder who it might be. Other figures came forward. There were three, marching abreast, and behind them another squad of four men.

As the three approached the first group, a command was heard. The men presented arms. The trio whom they honored walked through their ranks. Peter saw that one of them was tall with high straight shoulders—the Man with the Single Eyeglass. At that moment the door of the powerhouse opened, emitting a flood of light. The German turned to make way for the two men who accompanied him. The first stepped forward. The short, swaggering figure which stood in the light was Admiral Komagata Nu of the Imperial Japanese Navy! The other man was also Japanese, probably an aide. The three entered the powerhouse, and the door closed.

What was an admiral of the Imperial Japanese Navy doing on Barbary Island? Was this mysterious visit connected with the execution of the secret clause in the Tripartite Pact? June had said something was to happen on Barbary Island tonight. Was the Man with the Single Eyeglass planning to send the fateful signal while the Japanese looked on? *Was it even now winging its way across the night?*

Peter began to worry about Rupert. Where was he now? When he returned, what would they do about the powerhouse? There were eight armed men at the door, to say nothing of the three who had gone inside. Doubtless, too, there was an engineer in charge of the Diesel. That made twelve.

At that moment the beat of the Diesel stopped. A man came out of the powerhouse and tramped away through the woods. From his overalls, he would be the engineer.

"Peter!" Rupert's low whisper was startling.

"Did you see who went in?" Peter asked.

"Yes."

"Interesting to know what Admiral Nu is *supposed* to be doing tonight in Washington."

"I was close enough to look in the windows. Frith is in there. She's tied up, but I don't think she's hurt."

Peter muttered a fervent "Thank God!"

At that moment the powerhouse door opened. The sentries presented arms. Into the path of light came the two Japanese and the Man with the Single Eyeglass. The three shook hands and saluted. As the Japanese strode away, the armed guard fell into position behind. The German went inside the powerhouse, closing the door.

"He's alone with Frith," Rupert whispered. "Now's our chance."

They approached the powerhouse without noise. Peter caught the doorknob and turned it. The door opened, and the Man with the Single Eyeglass swung around to face two steady guns.

RUPERT kicked the door shut and walked toward Frith's bound figure. The German's face was flushed with fury. Peter's gaze never left that taut figure, but he was conscious of the glittering machinery which filled the room. The prince was sitting at a table on which stood a radio transmitter.

As the last rope fell and Rupert helped Frith to stand, Peter heard him ask, "Has he hurt you?"

"No, Rupert." She came across to Peter then. "Thanks to both of you."

The Man with the Single Eyeglass sneered. "So," he said, "Mr. Van der Glass does not keep his promises, I see."

Peter bowed. "Being without honor, you can still admire it in others. That is interesting."

Rupert said, "Suppose you come over here, my friend." He indicated the pile of ropes he had taken from Frith.

The German stared haughtily. "There is no need to use ropes. I give you my word of honor——"

They laughed at him. Rupert checked his brief mirth and snapped, "Move, you Prussian swine!"

The prince leaped to his feet, and Rupert exploded like a rocket. He uppercut the German with a left. The eyeglass fell. Rupert placed his heel on the rimless crystal and ground it into powder. Then he and Peter seized the German and dragged him across the room, where they bound him securely.

Frith was turning the pages of a small leather-bound book when they stood up. "Peter," she said, "I know what the green and purple marks on the map stood for. Look here."

The book was filled with hundreds of names and addresses. Peter knew each represented a farm or a country estate, and that on each one a plane was hidden. For every plane there was a man waiting beside a radio for the signal which would send him into the air with his cargo of death and destruction.

Now that signal would never be sent. He had only to lift his hand, and the gleaming miracle of wires and tubes on the table would be smashed. But would that slay the Nazi octopus sprawled across the continent? Suppose something happened to him and Rupert before they could reach the mainland? Then this radio might be repaired and the fatal signal broadcast. Why not use the transmitter to warn the mainland and set in motion machinery which would lop off the creature's tentacles and leave it harmless forever? He turned to Rupert.

"Rupert, take Frith to the Pretty Prostitute. In five minutes I'm going on the air to read those names and addresses. They'll be picked up by thousands of listeners."

"Leave you here alone, Peter? Not a chance." That was Rupert. "If you want to go on the air, I'll put you there." As he sat down before the transmitter and reached for the toggle which controlled the power, Peter picked up the black book. The whole deadly plot which he had visualized as he sat in Rupert's plane was here. But for Varick Halsey, typing desperately in a room in Berlin, it might have succeeded. Rupert faced him, smiling. "You're on the air."

Peter picked up the microphone and bent forward.

AT THAT moment there burst on their ears an eerie scream. Savage laughter made them whirl. The German lay on his back, his bound feet elevated to an electric switch on the wall. With his heels he had pressed it and set in action the siren which screamed its warning in the night.

Rupert leaped across the room and drove his boot into the German's face. Then he opened the switch. The screaming siren died into silence. Far away, they could hear the faint shouts of men. There was no time now for escape, but still time to send a warning to the mainland.

"Quick, man," Rupert snapped, "get on with it!" Gun in hand, he stepped toward the door. Peter turned to the microphone. Speaking urgently, he uttered words destined to startle a million people beside their radios.

"Citizens," he said, *"citizens—to arms!"*

Silas Honeybone sat twiddling the dials of a radio in his Vermont kitchen. At this time of the night he and his wife should have been in bed, but a sick cow had kept them up. Suddenly upon their startled ears fell the name of their own village, Rogersville.

"People of Rogersville, Vermont," a man's urgent voice was saying, "go at once to the big barn on the Cranston Farms. You'll find a Nazi plane hidden there. Seize it and arrest the owner. Watch out for bombs."

"Gosh a'mighty!" Silas exploded.

He jumped to his feet at the shrill ringing of the party telephone. Over the wires he heard William Potts, the shoemaker, telling the mayor what he had just heard on his radio. "I heard it too," Silas shouted. "We better do something about it, by gosh!" To which William Potts responded, "I'm goin' down to that barn right away. You comin', Silas?" "Darn tootin' I am," said a new voice on the wire. Silas recognized his neighbor, Tom Jones.

Silas banged up the receiver and reached for his wet boots. As he was dragging the stubborn leather into place, he listened to the voice as it plowed on with its urgent demand for action.

"Citizens—to arms!" boomed the voice. "The new munitions factory at Sandusky is in danger!"

That was on the shores of Lake Erie, far away from Vermont. There would be someone there too, listening. Silas seized his shotgun and dumped a handful of shells into his pocket.

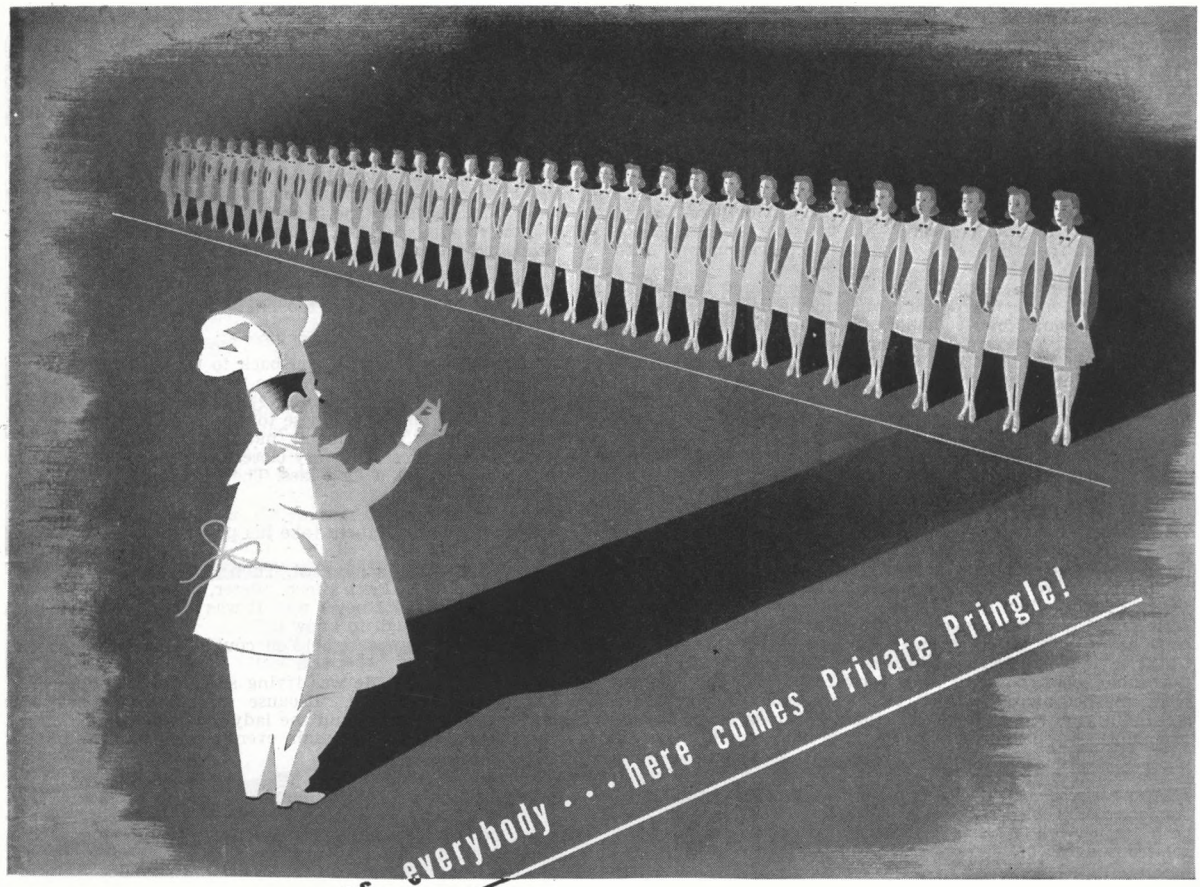
A rush of cold air swept the kitchen floor as he went out. Martha looked sharply at the radio as the voice stopped in the middle of a sentence. Sharp sputtering noises followed. They sounded like rifle shots. Then the radio went dead.

The street was dark when Silas stepped through his front gate. Across the street a door opened and Tom Jones emerged, the barrel of his gun glinting. They heard quick footsteps and saw a little group of men carrying guns.

"Fall in, men," ordered Tim Murray, the volunteer fire chief. "We're goin' out to the Cranston place."

Silas and Tom fell in with the group. Their guns gleamed in the frosty starlight. By thunder, Silas thought, if there's any Nazis out at the Cranston place, we'll show 'em!

The shots which finished Martha Honeybone's broadcast in her Vermont cottage smashed the windows and lights in the powerhouse on Barbary Island. A second spattering of bullets severed electric wires and exploded radio tubes. There was a smell of burning rubber and dust in the room. "Keep down, Frith," Rupert growled. As Peter and Frith crouched on the floor, they heard him at a window, smashing glass from its frame with the butt of his gun. He fired twice. There was a



These days Private Pringle is the most important customer we have. The hungriest, too. He and his fellow members of the U. S. armed forces eat tens of thousands of meals *every day* in Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels and dining cars. And all of this, of course, is in addition to our tremendously increased war-time civilian patronage.

Our 6000 employees—some of whom have worked with the Harvey family through three generations—enjoy serving Private Pringle. He deserves the best . . . and gets it. We know you agree that's the way it should be.

We are grateful that Private Pringle is so overwhelmingly numerous—but with trained personnel so very scarce, food rationing so severe, our great regret is we cannot always give our civilian patrons the old-time Fred Harvey service. Sometimes we can't even serve civilian patrons a meal.

Fred Harvey hospitality, like a lot of other good things, may be temporarily lacking. Thank you for understanding why and being so patient and good-humored about it. When this war is won we promise you again the Fred Harvey service you have learned to expect.

TAKE YOUR PEN *and write a letter today to that boy or girl in service—so eager to hear from home. You'll do a world of good—with such small effort!*

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shattering volley from the forest. The room was swept by a destructive hail which loosed an avalanche of crumbling plaster.

In the stunned silence that followed, Rupert's low voice said, "Peter, get through that back window with Frith. You'll have to run for it before they surround the place."

Peter answered grimly, "Frith's going, but I'm damned if I'll leave you here alone."

The girl clung to him. "Peter, I won't go. I won't!"

At the window, Rupert said, "Frith, get out of here. I can't hold them with this popgun." An invisible hail of death scythed over their heads, and once more the room was filled with falling plaster and dust.

Peter heard a cautious stirring and remembered the prince. A moment later he heard the crunching of broken glass and knew the German had somehow freed himself. The window banged up and a form plunged through the frame. Peter fired once and missed, as a hail of bullets swept the room. The blasts came in volleys. Trained men, Peter thought, firing under orders. It struck him as the strangest thing of all this nightmare that armed men of a foreign power should be here on American soil.

He waited until another volley swept the darkness and then stood up, dragging Frith to her feet. He dropped to the ground outside the window and reached for the girl. They heard Rupert shout, "Down!" and crouched to earth just as another volley smashed through the room.

Peter hesitated, wondering which way the German had gone. "Get ready, Frith. We'll make a run for it."

"But Peter, we can't leave Rupert. Tell him to come now."

"He'll follow when he knows we're in the woods."

He seized her arm and plunged toward the trees. They had gone scarcely a dozen paces when day lighted the world. Under their feet the ground heaved as if an earthquake shook the island rock. It hurled them forward like matches. Peter's head smashed against a rock. His head seemed to burst in a screaming agony of sound. Then there fell upon him a soundless emptiness, so that he heard nothing more at all.

The coolness of linen under his cheek was extraordinarily pleasant. He seemed to lie deeply bedded in something which supported him with soft, engulfing folds. He decided it must be a feather mattress. Then his thoughts centered upon the colored squares of a crazy quilt which covered him. Slowly he moved his head so that he might see more of it. The movement sent a warning pain through his skull. He lifted one hand and was astonished to see the arm sheathed in pink and white striped flannelette.

He was sure he had never purchased such a garment in his life. A twinge recalled the strange ache in his head. Slowly he lifted his fingers to the place. To his amazement, he found a thick bandage.

Peter thought about himself. He was alive and seemed well enough except for his head. He seemed to remember running through a dark woods. Then there was a fight in which he had caught hold of a man and done something with his hands. He couldn't remember what it was, but the memory of a voice saying "Good for you, Peter" followed. Then there was a girl's voice. There was something familiar about these voices, and presently he remembered one of them. It was Rupert's. Then the other voice must have been Frith's. He started up on his elbow, calling, "Frith! Where are you?"

THE tearing pain in his head rocked his senses. He sank back, groaning, and shut his eyes. A voice came nearer, calling his name. Cool fingers touched his cheek, and the voice said, "Peter, you're awake. Oh, darling, I'm so glad."

For a space he was content to lie still, feeling the caress of her hands. When he opened his eyes and looked up, he saw her bending above him, smiling and happy.

"Hello, Frith," he said. "Where the deuce am I—besides in your arms?"

"You're in a bed that belongs to the justice of the peace," she said softly. "So does the nightgown."

"What am I doing here, Frith?"

"Where else should you be, if not with your wife, Peter?"

"My—my *what?* What did you say?"

She hugged him. "Your *future* wife, Peter, I should say. You asked me, you know. In the presence of witnesses."

"It isn't fair, Frith. A man should have the fun of remembering a thing like that. When did it happen?"

"Last night. After you saved my life."

"After I *what?*"

"Poor Peter. Don't you remember anything at all?"

"I seem to remember running through the forest. Then I grabbed someone and had a fight."

"The Man with the Single Eyeglass, Peter. Only he didn't have it then. Rupert smashed it, you know. He jumped out of the bushes at us. That was after the explosion." He groaned; looked bewildered. "Don't you remember that either?"

"There—there was a sort of noise," he mumbled.

"Noise! It was the grandfather of all noises, Peter. One of the shots must have hit something down in the bay. The whole world blew up. You were knocked out for a bit. Then Rupert came running from the powerhouse, yelling for us to get away. You got up, and we did. The whole place was lighted up clear as day. The Roaring Ruby was on fire. We hadn't gone far when the German jumped out at us. He would have killed us both, only you didn't let him."

Peter nodded. Fragments of memory were falling into place. "What happened after the fight?"

"When you finished the prince, you went out like a light."

"Finished him? You mean he's dead?"

"Yes, Peter. Are you sorry?"

Peter shook his head grimly. "He was a man who died too late," he said. "Forty years too late. Then what?"

"RUPERT carried you back to the Pretty Prostitute. All the way you kept asking me to marry you."

"Really? And what did you say?"

"Oh, it was a terrible surprise to me, Peter. But you seemed to want me to say yes so much that I—well, I said it."

Her laughing eyes were very close. Peter felt no pain at all as their lips met in a long kiss. Then he remembered something.

"Where's Rupert?"

"He's out watching them take his plane to pieces so he can ship it home."

Peter thought for a moment. Then: "Where's June?"

A shadow crossed Frith's face. "Peter, you're not——"

"In love with her? I never was. It was you all the time, only I hadn't sense enough to know it."

The shadow disappeared. "You couldn't have her anyway, Peter."

"Why couldn't I?" He was trying shakily to tease.

Frith smiled impishly. "Because she's Rupert's girl. He's head over heels in love, and the lady's ga-ga too."

"We'll make it a double main event," said Peter, and kissed Frith again.

There was only a token patch of plaster visible in Peter's hair a week later as he stood in his New York bedroom with his packed bags around him. Tonight he was going back to Yucatan, but not alone. There would be a new assistant with him: Mrs. Peter Van der Glass, archaeologist.

It had been a busy week since that wild night on Barbary Island. Long conferences with officers of the Department of Justice, verifying his amazing story. With all the facts dovetailed, FBI agents all over the country had rounded up the Nazi gang in droves. It would take months to get the whole complicated conspiracy. But thanks to Peter Van der Glass, they said, the most terrible danger which had ever threatened the United States had been averted. But Peter gave the whole credit to Varick Halsey, who had managed to outwit the German Gestapo before he died.

There was only one spot of dissatisfaction in Peter's mind. He had failed in his efforts to incriminate Admiral Komagata Nu of the Imperal Japanese Navy. It had been established that on the night when Peter said the Admiral had visited Barbary Island he had actually been the guest of honor at a banquet in the Japanese Embassy. The fact that the banquet had been purely a Japanese affair with no Americans present was brushed aside as immaterial.

Peter smiled ruefully. Perhaps he had tried to bring down game which was beyond him, after all. He must be satisfied with having bagged the Man with the Single Eyeglass and his pack. The doorbell rang, and he walked happily along the hall, dismissing Admiral Nu from his mind. He was not to remember him again until a bitter morning in December months later.

He flung open the door. Frith stood there, a laughing, adorable Frith in laced knee boots and a new khaki sports outfit. Laughing, he surveyed her as she pirouetted with outstretched hands. "Isn't it wonderful, Peter? I just can't wait to start digging ruined temples."

He drew her inside, closing the door. "I never kissed a booted lady in my life," he said, and forthwith did it.

"Peter darling, what a wonderful honeymoon we're going to have. Gulf of Mexico, Yucatan jungles, lovely old ruins with gorgeous flowers and birds."

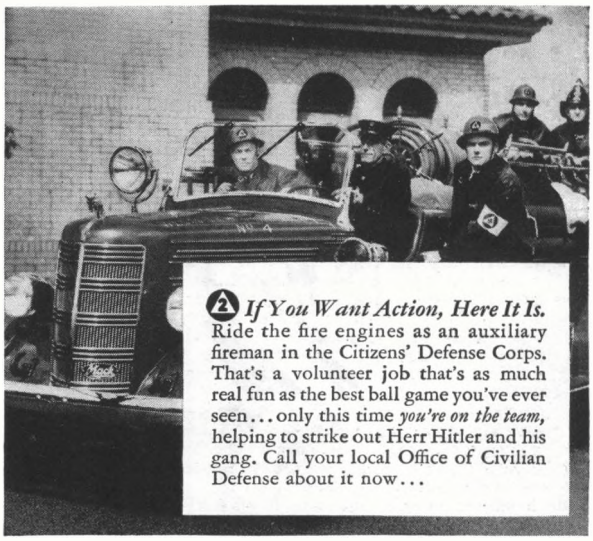
"Work, Frith. Those hands of yours will be brown and hard as leather before you're through. How'll you like that, my sweetheart of the big city?"

For answer, she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. They were both thinking of the years of work which lay ahead, his work, her work too. Going back hundreds of years into the wonderful, dramatic past. It would be hard, discouraging at times. But the sun would be warm on the ancient stones of those abandoned temples. The flowers would flame in tropic beauty. But tropic sun and tropic flowers grew pale beside the glory of what was burning in their hearts.

THE END

1 OH! TAKE US OUT TO THE BALL GAME

When You're a Long, Long Way From Home (Home plate, of course)... far away from the ball park... what can you do but sing those *A Card blues?* Well, you can do a *lot* of worthwhile things instead... things that will help to win this war. Put yourself in this next picture and see what we mean...



2 ***If You Want Action, Here It Is.*** Ride the fire engines as an auxiliary fireman in the Citizens' Defense Corps. That's a volunteer job that's as much real fun as the best ball game you've ever seen... only this time *you're on the team,* helping to strike out Herr Hitler and his gang. Call your local Office of Civilian Defense about it now...

If you're Singing the A Card Blues

3 ***Tomorrow a 500-Mile Run Home*** will be an easy morning's drive. How? In your Cessna Family Car of the Air, of course. It's not like anything you ever see in the air today. And it's going to be as easy to fly as driving an automobile ever was. What's more it's real. It's here right now at Cessna, ready to be built for you as soon as this victory and peace are won.

Until then we're putting everything we've got into building Cessna Bobcats for Uncle Sam. But when peace comes you'll be going to the game wherever it is, from coast to coast... east, west, north, or south... whenever you want to, in your own Cessna Family Car of the Air.

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Priority Delivery by Buying War Bonds Now... Be one of the first to own a Cessna Family Car of the Air after the war. Orders are bound to exceed production. But you can get a preferred listing for early postwar delivery. No obligation to buy. Costs you nothing. Write us today for the simple priority plan. CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Box 1616-CS, Wichita, Kansas.

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SYMBOL OF AIRCRAFTSMANSHIP FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS

Boomtime for Bootleggers (*Continued from page 35*)

rubber, drugs and other medical supplies.

Conversion of the distilling industry to war production has brought about an acute shortage of whisky. According to the Conference of Alcoholic Beverage Industries, there are approximately 400,000,000 gallons of whisky in storage. At the present rate of demand, this supply would last less than two years and much of it, if released during the two-year period (which it will not be), would be "green." For whisky, as the COABI points out, is not a product that can be consumed immediately upon production, but must be set aside for aging. Approximately 300,000,000 of the 400,000,000 gallons of whisky in storage were made for consumption in 1944, 1945 and 1946. Not one barrel of whisky used today is being replaced!

The War Food Administration has not planned to ration whisky and so the distillers, with the future of the industry at stake, have set up their own rationing. Under this plan the distillers—with a demand for 200,000,000 gallons a year —will release approximately 70,000,000 gallons annually. *Keeping these figures in mind, it is not difficult to figure how and where the moonshiners and bootleggers fit into the picture.*

There are two very important factors which must be taken into consideration in relation to the shortage of consumer supplies—the bottles on the shelves. These are (1) the black markets, and (2) the buying up of available stocks by wholesalers, retailers, restaurants, bars and the 150,000 other outlets for whisky in this country. When it became apparent that the distillers would be converted to war production and there would soon be a liquor shortage, smart operators in the twenty-eight "open" states (states in which the liquor business is not a state monopoly) used their financial resources to stock up "for a long war and a long drought." For illustration, the famous Stork Club of New York has an inventory of $250,000 in wines, whiskies and liquors.

At the same time, officials in the seventeen "closed" or monopolistic states lacked funds or foresight when conversion was in the offing and were caught with low inventories. Acute shortages developed in these states, opening new and fertile fields to the bootleggers. Two new rackets developed overnight. Thousands of truck drivers operating between "open" and "closed" states began buying several cases of whisky in the open states and disposing of it at a handsome profit in the closed states. Very soon thereafter bootleggers not only from the closed states but from states and cities in the South, Southwest and Middle West where whisky shortages were acute, rushed to New York and other Eastern cities where huge stocks of whiskies were available and quickly created a gigantic black market by paying from $15 to $25 over the market price and trucking the stuff back to their markets.

Let's go back to "McCoy" who is again in my apartment. McCoy is talking.

"Some time back, an official of the Alcohol Tax Unit said that if bootleggers could get the necessary materials, 'this country would be in a helluva fix.' Well, I guess we're in that fix right now, for the bootleggers and the moonshiners, always adept at overcoming obstacles, are getting plenty of material. The guys in Washington say there's no transportation. That's as big a laugh as it was in the 'twenties and the 'thirties. You grease a palm here, a palm there, and the trucks move along the highway carrying their loads of hooch under the guise of honest draymen transporting milk, fruit, vegetables or high explosives, with truck sideboards fraudulently identifying the truckers.

"I'll give America a tip: Watch out for bootleggers. It won't be long before the legitimate dealers will be doing one of two things: selling packaged hooch, or going out of business."

Straight Shooter (*Continued from page 66*)

nothing unusual in Jeff's manner. He promised to stop by an hour before light and went along home.

Jeff lay awake that night in a quaking terror and a dry-throated fury of hatred. There was no longer any faintest sense of guilt in him. He felt himself aggrieved, persecuted, threatened now with death itself. There is no surer way to come to a friendly feeling toward a man than to do him a kindness; and the converse is equally true. Jeff had done Ed many little harms before he poisoned Ed's dog; but the others had been petty things, ignored by Ed and therefore more irritating to Jeff than to their victim. Jeff had found some solid satisfaction in poisoning Spot, but Ed's refusal to believe that anyone would harm his dog spoiled Jeff's triumph. Jeff hated the other man because he so persistently refused to believe that anyone could hate him, was as complacently sure that the world was a friendly place as that he was friendly toward the world.

But he didn't fool Jeff. Behind that friendliness was treachery; but for treachery Jeff was prepared.

When Ed stopped by to pick him up next morning, Jeff knew what he meant to do. Ed said they would go up over the ridge and down to an old orchard they both knew. "I was in there last week and there was deer tracks everywhere," he said. "I'll take one side of it and you take the other. We'll lay there till daylight and pick out a good one; and have it butchered and be home for breakfast."

"It's your picnic," Jeff told him. "You lead the way." He had no notion of letting Ed come on his heels through the dark and treacherous woods.

So Ed led the way, a mile and a half or so, till they drew near the spot he had in mind. He halted then and Jeff came near him. They spoke in whispers, discussing the draw of the faintly stirring morning air, deciding where they should post themselves.

Jeff insisted that Ed make the decision; and in the end Ed said, "Well, here's the best bet. You know that old blowdown by the big rock, on the south side. You make a circle and come in there and get in between the blowdown and the rock and lay there. That way I'll know where you are and not shoot in your direction. I'll go around and come in the other side, down that little run by the point of alders. I'll lay right under that big blasted hemlock. That way, we can see all over, when it comes light; and we won't shoot toward each other."

Jeff nodded. "Right. I know that old hemlock, and the blowdown too."

"Take the first good chance," Ed whispered. "Don't wait for me. And I'll do the same. Main thing is to get a deer. Don't matter which one gets it."

Jeff agreed and they separated. Jeff

took a few steps to the southward, along the slope above the orchard; and then he paused and stood motionless, listening to Ed's receding steps.

When he was out of hearing, Jeff followed him. He had no notion of taking the post by the blowdown which Ed had assigned to him. Instead, he moved cautiously down the hill on the course Ed had taken; after a few rods he swung to one side, and so he came silently to the upper end of the orchard. He lay down in a hollow to wait for increasing light to make out the top of the blasted hemlock that marked Ed's hiding place

Ed wore a red cap which would be easy to see. Jeff had pulled on a red wool hunting coat; but now, in this hide where he did not wish to be seen, he took it off and laid it aside. He lay on his stomach, screened by a thicket of birches and a clump of ground pine.

The morning was dull and cloudy and it had the feel of rain; and because of the low clouds the light came slowly, so that Jeff had time for thought. He planned what he would say when he told his story. He would tell people that Ed had agreed to hide by the blowdown, clear across the orchard from the hemlock; that they had separated on this arrangement; that when he saw the deer down there under the blasted hemlock, two hundred yards from the blowdown, he never thought for a minute it was Ed. No one could deny his story, and no one would be able to blame him for Ed's death. Everyone knew that you could be fooled when you thought you saw a deer.

He must make sure that Ed was dead, so Ed would be unable to contradict this story; but Jeff was a good shot. This aspect of the problem did not worry him.

As the light increased, he tried to locate Ed, but without success. The spot he had chosen, he realized, was in a slight depression; and from it he could not see the ground under the hemlock, where Ed would be lying. He had been tensely waiting, his rifle resting on a stone and pointed toward where he expected Ed to be, ready to aim and fire as soon as he discovered the man he had come to hate so profoundly; but now, since he could not hope to see Ed from where he lay, he looked around for a better vantage.

There was a large boulder, half-screened by a low spruce, a rod or two away. If he crawled to that boulder and stood up behind it and peered over the top of it through the boughs of the spruce, he would be able to see Ed plain.

He began to crawl that way. With that red coat laid aside, he wore a khaki-colored flannel shirt and an old pair of hunting pants of the same color. He crawled toward the boulder on his hands and knees, choosing his way carefully so that he might make no sound, moving slowly, screened by the little leafless birches. After each forward movement he stopped to pick the spots where his hands should next be set down.

Ed, lying by the base of the old hemlock, had searched the orchard without seeing any deer; but his eyes were still busy, turning this way and that. He saw a deer moving behind a screen of birches a hundred yards up the hill above him. Its head was hidden, but he saw its shoulder and its barrel plainly. Jeff, clear across the orchard by the blowdown, could not see this deer. Ed wished Jeff might have got the shot, but of course they would share the venison. He twisted slowly around and took careful aim just behind the foreleg, well up on the shoulder, and squeezed the trigger.

Ed was a good shot, too. The bullet struck exactly where he aimed.

Dollar-a-Year Wife

(*Continued from page 49*)

At sight of Jeff, Miss Deever let out a scream. "Strip tease, hum?" said Sue, and burst out laughing.

his face and the glow of the fire turned his hair from bronze to copper. He's handsome, Sue thought. *Very* handsome. Maturity becomes him. Some men are like that. Some women too. Being thirty-five hasn't done either of us any harm. Not outwardly anyway. And in a little while we'll discover what it's done to us—inside.

"I closed the office today, Sue," Jeff said.

Sue tightened her hold on the coffee cup. "Did you?" she said. "Why, Jeff?"

"I'm going to Washington tonight. There must be something I can do to help win this war." His voice was calm, positive. Almost solemn. "I've turned the Central job over to Parke and Converse," he said, then repeated, "I'm going to Washington. And I hope I can persuade you to come along. That's why I asked if you could get away from the office right away."

There was a loud clatter as fragments of creamy Wedgwood scattered over the rug and hearth. Sue had dropped her coffee cup.

They both got down on their hands and knees and started throwing chips into the coal scuttle. Sue was laughing. At any rate she was making sounds a stranger might have mistaken for mirth. But Jeff wasn't fooled. He'd heard her laugh like that once before. The time he got hit on the head by a sliced golf ball and was taken back to the club looking, they told him later, quite dead. When he came to, Sue, bending over him, had laughed as she was laughing now.

Jeff reached over and grabbed her wrist, not gently, and pulled her up into the divan. "What's the matter with you, Sue?" he demanded. "Why are you making those silly sounds?"

Her head suddenly seemed too heavy for her neck and she let it fall onto his shoulder. Jeff shifted position and braced her body against his. As his arms closed around her, she said, "I thought you asked if I could get away from the office, because you wanted me to go to Reno."

"Why should I want you to go to Reno?" he asked, too concerned with getting her calm to analyze her words. But when she said, "For the usual purpose, I presumed," their meaning beat its way into his consciousness and he shifted his body again so he could get a full view of her face. "Then you aren't proud of the way the Baines are behaving either." It was more a statement than a question, and he spoke as though he'd come upon something important that he'd been seeking for a long time.

"No," Sue admitted, "I haven't been especially impressed with the Baines' behavior of late."

Watching her closely, Jeff said, "So you thought I'd wandered off the home range, did you?"

"Well, I—I . . ." A delicious calm swept her. Jeff was no actor. His surprise at her mention of Reno was real; there was no doubt of that.

"You what?" Jeff demanded.

"I knew whatever was brewing was frightfully important, darling. And I knew there was only one thing the Baines couldn't work out."

"One of us loving someone else, you mean?"

Gaily Sue said, "Yes." She was a little drunk on her delicious calm.

Jeff looked her full in the face. "You'd better mean what you say," he warned. "Because I'm about to ask you to work out something that may be even harder than the threat of a second Mrs. Baine."

For the barest moment Sue's calm deserted her, Jeff looked so terribly serious. But it came back again, almost immediately, and she said, "What do you want me to do, Jeff?"

Without even hesitating to take a breath, Jeff said, "Give up your job and come to Washington with me."

The delicious calm deserted her for good then, and left her afraid. What a fool she'd been to say that infidelity was the only threat to marriage. Why, this fear was worse, much worse, than the earlier one had been. Jeff had created that other fear. This was of her own making, and this decision would be hers, too.

She cast about frantically for something to say. But all she could think of was, "Oh, Jeff! Don't ask me to give up my job. I've worked so hard to make it important. And it *is* important."

But she knew she didn't dare say that. If she did, he'd be sure to ask if it was more important to her than their marriage. And she didn't have an answer ready to that.

Maybe she wasn't so wrong though. People *did* work other things out if they took time. That was it! If she could just delay giving Jeff a definite answer until she could get some thinking done, she was sure she could devise something less drastic than giving up her job. She asked cautiously, "What are you going to do in Washington, darling—relieve Mr. Nelson?"

"I haven't got a job," Jeff admitted. "I'll get one, though. I met Larry Stillwell a couple of weeks ago; he's in and out of Washington all the time, and says both the Army and Navy need engineers badly."

"But, Jeff, the Army——"

"I know," Jeff interrupted, "the Army turned me down. Slapped me into 4-F. And at the time I thought it was swell that scarlet fever left me with a nice convenient heart murmur, which doesn't interfere with my golf but keeps me from shouldering a musket. Well, I don't feel that way now, Sue. I want to get in and help do this job. And Larry says either service will take me for non-combatant duty, if I'll sign a waiver that I know there's a creak in my heart."

Still proceeding with caution, but with a slight overtone of defiance, Sue said, "I'm sure I don't know what this is all about, Jeff. All I get is, you've made an important decision which involves both of us, without consulting me. That's pretty arbitrary, don't you think?"

"It may seem arbitrary to you now, Sue. But in a little while it won't. We've all got to give up things. And we've got to do it *now*. Not next week, or next month."

He flushed. And for a moment Sue thought she had embarrassed him. And she was glad. He had no right to dictate her destiny this way. Then he spoke, and she realized he wasn't embarrassed at all. There was an electric quality in his voice she'd never heard before. "I've got to do this, Sue," he said. "Don't ask me why. I've tried to reduce it to words, but I can't. I just know that it's up to you and me and everybody else to help build a new world."

Sue momentarily forgot that she was playing for time. The electric quality, she decided, went deeper than his voice. It was emotional. And she waited, trying to catch its rhythm, to find how firmly rooted it was. But it eluded her, so she asked, "Where do I fit into the war picture, Jeff? I'm no engineer. And my job's here."

"There'll be a place for you," Jeff said quietly, "and we'll find it, don't worry about that."

"Suppose we compromise?" said Sue, avoiding his eyes. "Suppose I come to Washington one week end, and you come to New York the next?" She was proud of that speech. Heaven knew she didn't want to go to Washington; she hated the place. And hated trains. But if Jeff felt this terrific urge to help fight the war, she wasn't going to be the one to discourage it. She was American too, wasn't she? And people *did* work things out.

She looked up, expecting Jeff's approval, but was immediately aware that he took no share in her pride. His eyes told her he didn't, even before he said, "There'll be no commuting, Sue. We've tried that, and it messed things up fine. Either you come to Washington, or you don't." He looked at his watch. To remind her, no doubt, that he couldn't wait indefinitely for her to make up her mind.

Sue was furious. "Would it be asking too much," she said, "if I begged a fuller explanation?"

"Of why I'm so stubborn on this point, you mean?"

"Exactly."

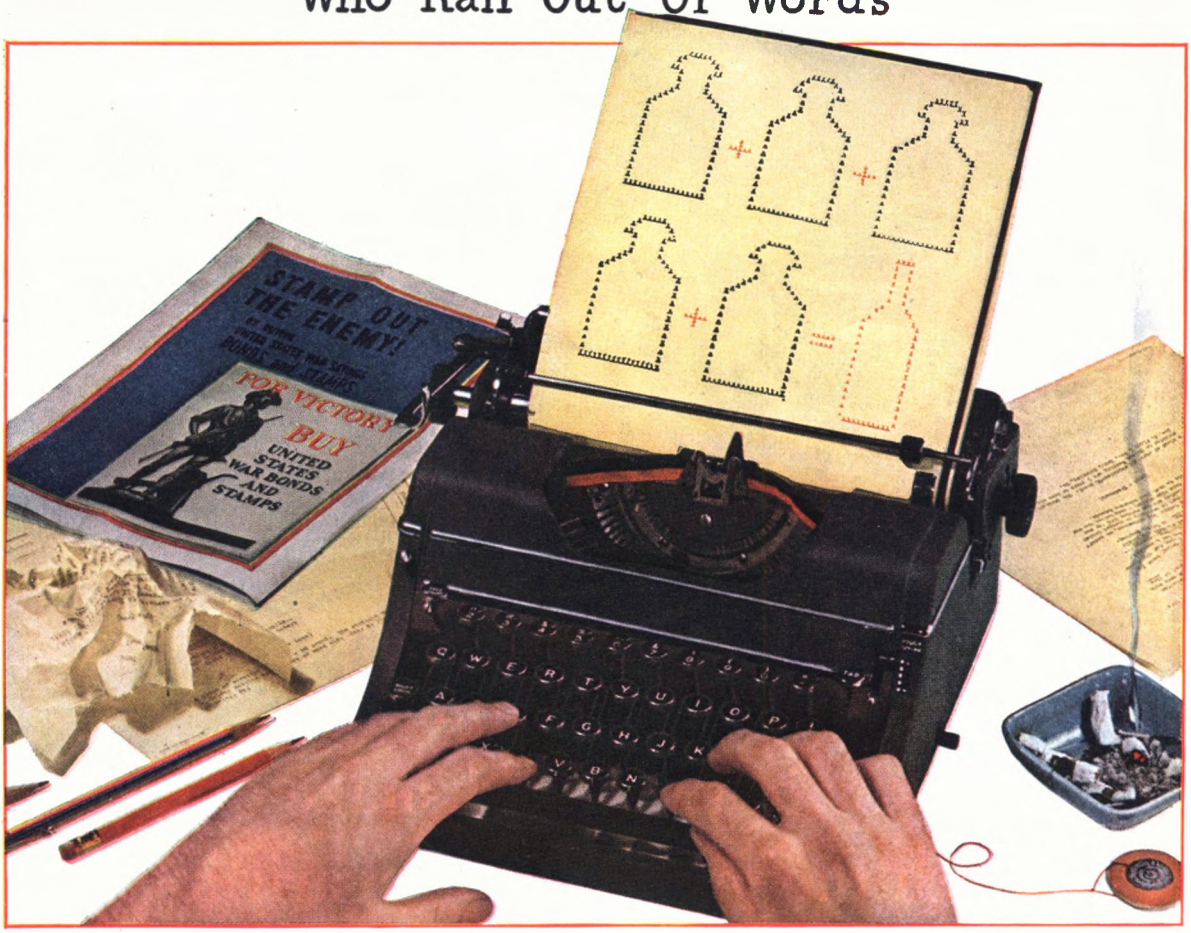
He came and stood over her. "Do you get lonely, Sue?" he asked softly. Without waiting for her answer, he said, "I do. Nights are the worst. When I reach out for you, and you aren't there. After you stopped making trips with me . . ." He means, "after you went to work for Mac," Sue thought. But she didn't say anything, and he went on. ". . . I went to the places we'd been together, but they made me more lonely. So now I avoid them. That's what's happened to us, Sue. We don't *share* things any more."

She evaded his eyes again. He'd said it would be like this. He had known better than she what love demands in the way of nourishment. "So," she said, "it's Washington—or else. Is that it, Jeff?"

"Yes, Sue," he said, "it's—or else. We tried things your way, and we both admit we don't think much of it. So *I* write the words and music for the next act."

It's decent of him, she thought, not to mention that promise I made. She'd agreed that if things turned out this way, she would do whatever he asked her

The Story Of The Writer Who Ran Out Of Words



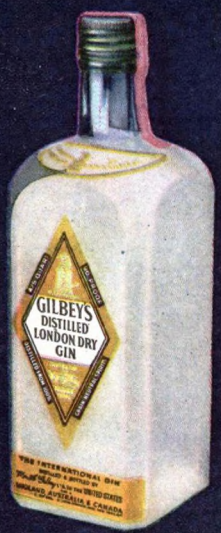
1 WE HIRED a writer to tell you in a few (hundred) words just why Golden Wedding has had no peers for fifty years. He sat and pondered for hours — and the picture above is what he produced. A picture of *five* whiskies equalling *one*.

2 FIVE GREAT WHISKIES "WEDDED" INTO ONE—that's Golden Wedding —and each with a special virtue all its own. *Aroma . . . body . . . character . . . flavor* and *tang*. Subtly "wedded" together, all five become that glorious whiskey — Golden Wedding.

3 TASTE Golden Wedding. Its smoothness and lightness will delight you. Golden Wedding's distilleries are now working 100% for war, but enough whiskies for Golden Wedding — distilled before the war — are available to meet your moderate demands.

A blend of straight whiskies—86 proof. The straight whiskies in Golden Wedding are 5 years or more old. Copyright 1943. Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa. *Tune in Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival every Wednesday evening. Columbia Broadcasting System.*

For the most delicious Gin Rickey in the world, make one with the gin that for nearly a century has been the world's favorite



GILBEY'S
the International
GIN

THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN...ENGLAND...AUSTRALIA...CANADA

to do—before she saw her lawyer. Yes, that was the promise she'd made. *And that was the promise she'd keep.*

Jeff walked over to the radio, snapped on the control button, then snapped it off again. Almost in a whisper, Sue said, "I'll go to Washington with you, Jeff."

He turned and came back to the divan. "I counted on that promise," he said, and leaned down and kissed her.

After a moment, Sue said weakly, "I can't go to Washington with you tonight."

Gently Jeff said, "I didn't mean tonight, darling. I'll have to get set and find us a place to live. That'll give you time to get Uncle Hughie shipped home."

Somewhere deep inside her a spark of hope ignited. Time. *That* was what she'd played for. Maybe—maybe Jeff wouldn't get a job. She'd known a lot of men who'd applied for Army and Navy commissions and were still in mufti. Maybe . . . She forced herself to snuff out the spark, because she knew how awful it would be if she let it go on burning and Jeff did get a job.

She went to the train with Jeff and tried very hard to be gay. But didn't do too well.

Lizzie was waiting up for her when she got home. But Sue did not mention moving to Washington. She didn't say anything to Mac the next day, either, and that night (Tuesday), Jeff phoned *and said he had a job.*

Mac hadn't come into the office until noon on Tuesday. Uncle Hughie, hale and rosy, had arrived at eleven. "The trouble with the West is," Mac complained, when Uncle Hughie left to meet the Hollywood starlet they'd run afoul of in Pierre's at dawn, "it breeds giants."

"Giants," said Sue, "who prey on effete Easterners, and make them turn green."

"Do I look that awful?" Mac protested.

Sue said, "You look pretty awful. You'd better take that hangover out for an airing."

When Jeff's call came through, Tess and Charlie Abbott were at the apartment. Sue had asked them to have dinner with her, because she wanted them, of course. They were two of her oldest and best friends. But she'd asked them for protection, too. Protection from the questions Lizzie might ask. Lizzie, who had coddled and scolded and shielded and loved her all these years. That she should seek protection from devotion like that was the ultimate in absurdity, the final idiocy in the crazy pattern of her day.

Everything had gone wrong. Uncle Hughie was too occupied with the starlet to take so much as a passing glance at the formats Sue had prepared on the Maplewood campaign. Mac was too hungover to talk about anything but taking the pledge. And Marg, Sue's secretary, was in a state of siege. Her best beau had enlisted in the Marines and wanted to make a war bride of her before he left for training camp.

And all day long her promise to Jeff had hung heavy, heavy over her head and by night she realized, all too well, what it was going to cost her to redeem it.

That night, Tess told of GG's (Government Gals) sleeping four and six deep in single rooms. Tess was an officer in the Waacs and Charlie was in the Air Corps. They were in New York on a ten-day furlough.

"You make a padded cell sound delightful," Sue told Tess.

And Tess assured her, "A padded cell in Washington would be heaven—if you could find one."

They had finished dinner and Charlie was in Jeff's room, to get London on the short wave. Tess was sprawled on the divan and Sue was huddled, chin on her knees, in a corner of the love seat, directly opposite. The phone rang, and Sue went into her bedroom to answer it. When she came back Tess gave her a quick look, and said, "Who died?"

"What do you mean?" Sue asked, knowing very well what Tess meant.

"If you feel anything like you look," said Tess, "you'd better tell me where I'll find the smelling salts."

There wasn't any use trying to fool Tess. And Sue knew it. Besides she didn't want to fool her. Tess was one of the best gals she knew. Sue reached for a cigarette, and Tess waited until she'd lighted it before she said, "Well?"

"Jeff's got a job," said Sue.

"Doing what?"

"I don't know exactly. It seems he went in to ask Walt Milland the quickest way to get to headquarters and Walt hired him on the spot. Said his department needed engineers worse than the Army and Navy did."

"So no gold braid for Jeffie, huh? Did he say he had a place to live?" Tess asked. "That's the important thing."

"He's staying with Walt, but says he has a line on something. A spacious one-room, I believe." Tess didn't miss the edge of cynicism in Sue's tone. There wasn't much Tess did miss. Her calm blue eyes searched Sue's face and she said softly, "You don't want to go to Washington, do you, Sue?"

"No," Sue admitted flatly.

"Why not?" Tess always used the direct approach.

"That, darling," said Sue, "is none of your business." They had never been anything but honest in all the years they'd known each other. Which accounted, no doubt, for the endurance of their friendship.

"Okay, kid," Tess said. "But let Tessie give you a tip. Don't be the little martyr, or Jeff'll wham you. And if he doesn't, I will. Get in there and pitch. This is no game of cops and robbers we're playing; this is real. And it's for keeps."

Sue laughed, "What are you trying to do, dear? Enlist me?"

Tess looked at her curiously, and started to speak, but seemed to think better of it and instead, leaned over and took a cigarette out of the box. Then Charlie called, and they went back to Jeff's room to listen to the broadcast from London . . .

As they left Charlie called back from the landing, "See you in Washington, pal."

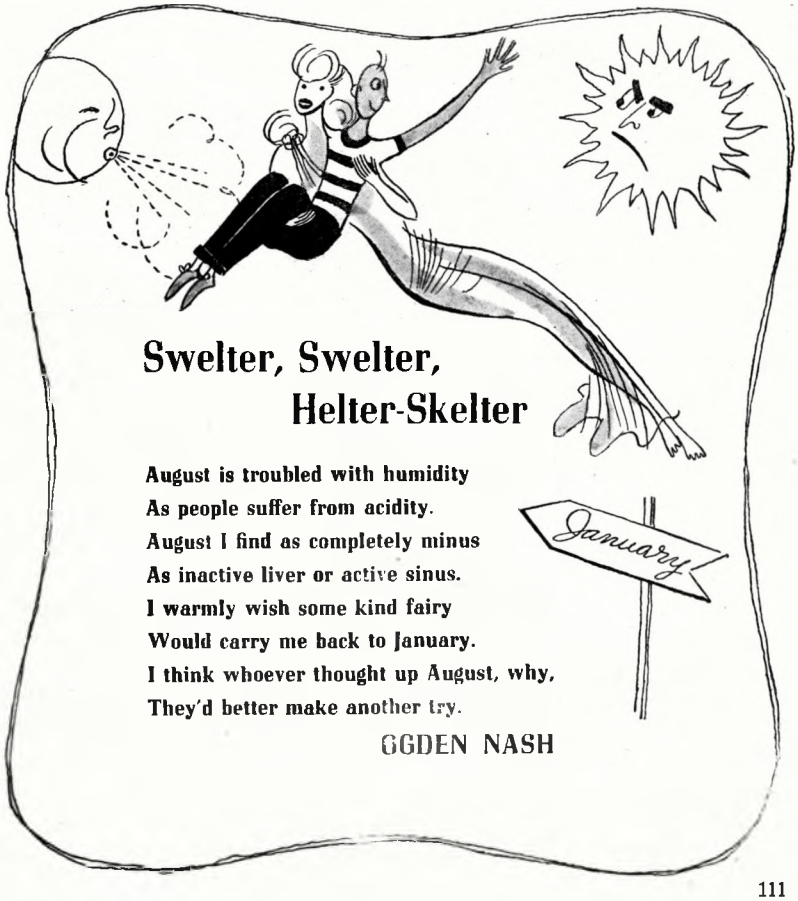
When Sue closed the door, Lizzie confronted her. "What happened, baby?" she demanded, her eyes wide and anxious. "Are we goin' to Washington, lik' Mistah Abbott say?"

How, Sue thought, can I tell her we probably won't have room for her in Washington? In fact, how could she tell Lizzie anything until Jeff told her what to say? She couldn't, she decided. So she lied deliberately. "Mr. Abbott was only joking, Lizzie," she said. But she didn't lie the next night when Jeff called and said he'd found a place to live.

Sue had worked late at the office. It had been another miserable, distorted day. They hadn't been able to get hold of Uncle Hughie, and Mac was sure he'd stepped into some dragnet and been signed by a rival agency. But at four o'clock Uncle Hughie burst in, looking very pleased with life. He'd been busy, it seemed, with his little starlet. They'd been shopping! "And where is baby now?" Mac asked through tight lips.

"At some beauty saloon, gettin' shined up," boomed Uncle Hughie. "We're goin' to a shindig at the Stork Club tonight."

By working fast they managed to get Uncle Hughie's okay on Sue's outline,



Swelter, Swelter, Helter-Skelter

August is troubled with humidity
As people suffer from acidity.
August I find as completely minus
As inactive liver or active sinus.
I warmly wish some kind fairy
Would carry me back to January.
I think whoever thought up August, why,
They'd better make another try.

OGDEN NASH

and his name on the contract, before Mac had to rush him over to meet "Baby."

Sue worked on. It was almost nine when she dropped Marg, still undecided on the war-bride issue, off at her apartment.

Lizzie had the card table set up in the living room and Sue had dinner in front of the fire.

At ten, the phone rang and an operator said, "Washington calling Mrs. Jeffrey Baine." The next minute, Jeff's eager voice said, "Hello, darling. Everything's fixed. I've rented a one-room apartment from a blowzy blonde who's going to Kansas for five weeks. And I've leased the New York apartment," he added triumphantly, "Lizzie and all."

Sue's hand froze to the receiver. "What do you mean, Jeff?"

"One of the Maritime units is being moved up to New York," Jeff said, "and some friends of Walt's, a Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, will take over the apartment—complete with Lizzie. Mrs. Ellis is coming up tomorrow. She'll call you at the office. How soon do you think you can come down?"

She couldn't make her lips move, and Jeff said, "Darling, are you there?"

"Yes," she managed to mumble. "But I don't know when I can get down, Jeff. I'll—I'll call you." How could she know *anything*? She couldn't think.

"I'm moving into the apartment tomorrow night," Jeff said. "I'll call from there."

Sue put the receiver carefully back into its crib, and threw herself down on the bed. She didn't cry. Tears wouldn't help, and she knew it. Tears would not wash a promise away. Nor change Jeff's plan. Nor make him understand how much, how much *too* much, he was asking of her. No, tears would not do any of these things. But some other way she'd make him realize that he had no right to put the hot hand of his fervor on her life like this. Even if she had made him a promise.

How long she lay there, she didn't know. But when she looked up, Lizzie was standing in the doorway. Sue pushed her hair back off her face, sat up, and in a flat voice explained what had happened—and what was going to happen.

"But, baby," Lizzie wailed, "who will do fo' yo' an' Mistah Baine, eff yo' don't take yo' Lizzie to Washington with yo'?"

Wearily Sue said, "I don't know, Lizzie. Mr. Baine is arranging everything."

The next morning Sue went into Mac's office and told him she was leaving McCrea and Company. She had prepared her speech carefully, using quotes from both Jeff and Tess to make it sound convincing, as though her decision were patriotic rather than personal.

When she'd finished Mac said coldly, "Will you please stop singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' off key and tell me what the hell this is all about?"

So Sue explained about Jeff's job (the little she knew about it, that is). And that he'd asked her to come to Washington with him, and she'd agreed to go. Mac hammered questions at her brutally, but she stubbornly refused to admit anything except, "This is my part in the war, Mac."

"But what are you doing?" he demanded. Then answered the question himself, "Keeping house for Jeff! An inglorious rôle for you, Miss Travis, if I may say so. Seems to me you could do better for yourself."

"There'll be a place for me," Sue mumbled. Too weary to think for herself, she plagiarized Jeff's words again.

Mac snapped, "All right, Miss Liberty. Grab your torch and start blazing."

For a moment Sue thought he looked afraid, but he turned his face away so quickly she couldn't be sure. Then he spoke again and she knew she'd been wrong, his voice was as calm as it always was. "Since you've decided to give your all to your country," he said evenly, "I guess there isn't anything for me to say, is there?"

Sue caught the irony, but chose to take no notice of it. "I guess there isn't, Mac," she said. "I'll see that the Maplewood job is all cleared before I leave, of course. And Duncan can handle the Femmette series; she's been mad to get her hands on it anyway. And Marg knows my files backward."

The McCrea offices were in a building behind Rockefeller Plaza. Mac was standing at the window looking down at the roller skaters. Without turning, he said, "We'll manage all right. I'm wondering, though, how you're going to do." He turned and faced her then, and added significantly, "But I'm not really worried, Sue. You'll be back. *Because this is where you belong.*"

On Friday, of the following week, she arrived in Washington. She waited thirty-five minutes for a taxi, but finally got to the address Jeff had given her. It was a large, modern apartment building just off K Street.

"I'm Mrs. Jeffrey Baine," Sue told the girl at the switchboard. "Did Mr. Baine leave a key for me?"

The operator fumbled in the cubicle numbered 520. "I'm sorry," she apologized, "but there isn't a key in Mr. Baine's box."

After a frightful week—*this!*

"Would Mr. Baine have left a message with anyone?" Sue asked dully, aware that the operator was beginning to look worried, as though she thought she might have a case of hysterics to treat and wasn't liking the prospect.

"I'll ring Mrs. Emerson," the operator said brightly. "He might have left word with her."

Mrs. Emerson, it seemed, was the manager of the apartment house, and Jeff *had* left word with her. John, the elevator boy, was to let Mrs. Baine into 520 with the pass key. Mrs. Baine would find a note . . .

John put her bags down. Sue handed him a quarter and he went scuttling back to his elevator. Sue closed the door and surveyed her Eden. She stood on the threshold of a long, narrow room, the entire far wall of which was a series of windows flanked by a pair of faded chintz drapes. The furniture was blond, bargain-basement *moderne*.

Set against the right wall was a magenta studio couch, bound with fuzzy (and very soiled) chartreuse wool. Directly opposite the couch was a desk littered with envelopes, note paper, magazines, newspapers, pencils, pink laundry slips, various items of mail, and a portable radio. On a shelf below was an eight-volume library. Sue glanced at the titles. There was a copy of "Insurance," by Maclean. "My Son, My Son!" by Howard Spring. "Tramping on Life," by Harry Kemp. "Office Wife," by Faith Baldwin. "A Farewell to Arms," by Hemingway. "Remember Valerie March," by Katherine Albert. "The Story of Faust," by Goethe—and The Bible.

Blowzy blondes, Sue decided, had heterogeneous literary tastes.

Grouped intimately in front of the couch were two chairs, and a large, round, mirror-topped cocktail table. By the window, in the best department-store manner, a dinette set was clustered. And a tilt-top bridge table, with large floral design, splotched a corner with color.

The small table at the end of the couch was adorned with a heavy film of dust,

a telephone, a lamp, an overflowing ash tray and a yellow pottery donkey, on whose back several varieties of cacti struggled to exist. Ranged along the window sill was a lank wisp of ivy in a small baking-powder can, and the remains of a poinsettia plant with water-soaked remnants of its Christmas wrapping still clinging to the pot.

Sue looked down at the cocktail table, and didn't smile. The mirror was so grimy she could scarcely tell it was a mirror at all. Two large ash trays were filled with cigarette butts, bottle tops and peanut shells. Jeff's note was propped against a bowl, which supported seven stalks of dusty pussy willow. "The spring touch," Sue observed, reaching across them and picking up the note which read:

Hi, darling!

Hope you don't think this is too bad. Anyway it beats a park bench. Good food's as scarce as lodgings. Haven't had a decent meal since I got here. Could we, do you think, shake the corner butcher down for a steak? As I recall, you're mighty handy with a broiler. Let's shoot at eight. If I can't make it, I'll let you know. Nice having you here, Mrs. B. Damn nice.

J.

Sue dropped limply into the nearest chair. He expected her to cook!

Why, it had been years since she'd run the gamut of a grocery list. She gripped the arms of the chair. Had he meant it, too, when he said they'd have to live on his salary? Was that why he had told her to freeze her bank account and draw on his? And why he'd been so firm about leaving her custom-built clothes in New York? And why he'd suggested she bring some "little wash things" to wear around the house? She'd laughed when he'd said that, because she hadn't thought he meant it. Now she knew he had.

"Well," she thought bitterly, "I didn't bring my mink coat, or any evening things, but I did bring my sable jacket, and the tweeds I'm wearing certainly didn't come from Klein's. And I brought some cocktail things that will do nicely for informal dining, but"— she smiled a tight mirthless smile—"there isn't a 'little wash thing' in the lot."

Suddenly she buried her face in her hands, and moaned, "You were a fool, an utter fool, to let Jeff Baine sell you this—*this dream.* Living in a frowzy one-room apartment. Broiling steaks, scrubbing, cleaning, cooking for Jeff. Mac was right. You certainly picked an inglorious role in this man's war. Or rather," she corrected herself, "Jeff picked it for you."

She sat there a long time, too miserable to move. Too numb to think. Too bewildered to plan. But even misery could not entirely dull her sense of the practical, which eventually warned her, "You'll *have* to plan. If you are going to stay, you'll have to get in supplies. That steak Jeff wants, and things to go with it. Markets close, you know."

She let her eyes wander over the cheap, untidy room. Why should she stay? Why should Jeff expect her to? "Because," a five-year-old echo reminded her, "you promised you would." She stood up then, picked up her purse. She still felt as though she'd died and no one had bothered to put a lily in her hand, but she knew what she was going to do. She was going to redeem that damn promise once and for all—and be free again.

By following John's directions she found the market a block and a half from the apartment. She had never shopped, cafeteria style. The system had appeared on the American scene after Lizzie took over the household, so she didn't know what to do. But she watched

the other housewives, and, by following their lead, managed to assemble the ingredients for dinner and breakfast. Also a supply of soap and cleansing powder.

Jeff called soon after she got back to the apartment and asked if it would make too much trouble if he brought Bill Hurley home for dinner. Bill worked for Walt too, he explained, and had been sleeping on the magenta couch—Washington's housing problem being what it was. "He is," Jeff assured her, "a helluva nice guy."

Dust rag and mop in hand, Sue said, "It won't be a *bit* of trouble, dear." But evidently Jeff didn't catch the bite in her tone, because he said, "Swell, darling. We'll be along about eight."

At a quarter to eight Sue took a look at her bedraggled self in the bathroom mirror—and burst out crying. "Even if the potatoes do burn," she decided, "I'm going to have a shower."

When Jeff and Bill Hurley arrived, Sue was fastening the belt of her tailored, navy blue housecoat. The shower had put a fringe of curls around her face. Usually Sue combed them back. But she didn't tonight. She left them, hoping they would diffuse the restless shadows in her eyes. And evidently they did. For after Jeff had given her a quick, anxious look, he said, with obvious relief, "Good seeing you, Mrs. Baine," and kissed her deliberately and thoroughly, before he introduced Bill. Who, Sue decided immediately, *was* a nice guy. He was taller than Jeff, and blond and passive, where Jeff was bronze and eager.

They talked of cargo tons and vessel dead weights; of stowing problems and stevedores; of crews and courage and stalking U-boats, while Sue wrestled with dinner. Which, amazingly enough, was a success. At any rate Jeff and Bill were enthusiastic. Sue scarcely touched the food on her plate.

Bill left at ten. There was an important convoy to be loaded, and he was going back to the office to pinch-hit for Jeff. When he'd gone Jeff stood looking down at her for quite a long time before he said, "You're miserable, aren't you, Sue?"

She was huddled at one end of the magenta couch, her arms hugging her legs, chin on knees. When Jeff spoke her head fell forward limply and her body quivered with a sob—then another, and another, and another. He did not reach out and touch her, made no move to comfort her in any way. He just let her cry. It was Sue who spoke first. "I'm sorry, Jeff," she gulped, between sobs, "but it's worse than I thought it would be."

Still he didn't speak. Only the dismal evidence of her own frustration broke the silence of the room. Not until she was calm again did he move over to the couch and take her hand in his. "I was afraid it'd be like this, darling," he said gently. "But I couldn't figure any way to avoid it. The truth is, it'll probably be worse, much worse, before it gets better." He moved closer and took her in his arms. "Do you think you want to stay?" he asked.

Sue's eyes, dry now and resolute, looked squarely into his, "I promised, Jeff——"

"That," Jeff interrupted, "was a long time ago. Not much that applied in the past applies now. I've found that out since I've been down here, Sue. There's no carry-over of last year, or last month, or even yesterday. We're reckoning as of now. And tomorrow. And next year. And the next. We've got to gear our personal lives to war speed. And the personal angle isn't going to be very important until this filthy job's done."

Sue glanced up at him. "You sound just like Tess," she said. "And you make me kind of afraid."

It *was* curious. He was looking at her exactly the way Tess had the night she talked about "playing for keeps."

Then Jeff laughed. "I guess I express myself badly. But if you hang around awhile you'll get what I mean. It's in the air down here. You can't escape it." He measured her again with his eyes, "You'll be around awhile, I hope."

Flatly, Sue said, "Yes, I'm staying."

"How long?"

"As long as you expect me to. How long is that?"

"Remember, I just write the words and music. It's up to you how many choruses you sing."

"You mean——"

"I mean you'll have to decide, finally, whether you stay—or leave. I hope," he said softly, "you like it here."

"*Make* me like it, Jeff," she begged.

When Jeff left the next morning, Sue sat surrounded by breakfast litter, an unmade bed, and a heavy vapor of misery. As she finished her coffee, the phone rang. It was Mrs. Emerson, the apartment manager, who asked if she might see Sue sometime before noon. With almost pathetic eagerness Sue asked her to come up in half an hour. When she appeared, the apartment was in order and Sue wore her customary sheen.

Mrs. Emerson was a crisp, competent person, whose gray hair high-lighted sensitive features and warm brown eyes. She captured Sue's fancy, despite the fact she had come to deliver a gloomy bulletin.

Kansas, it appeared, had proved a great disappointment to Miss Deever (the blowzy blonde), so she was returning to Washington on Sunday *and would expect her apartment to be available.* The letter, Mrs. Emerson explained, came in just after Jeff had left for the office.

"Sunday?" Sue gasped. "That's tomorrow!"

"Yes. That's why I asked if I might see you before noon," said Mrs. Emerson. "I feel badly about this, Mrs. Baine. Miss Deever assured both Mr. Baine and me that you could have the apartment for five weeks. Now she wants it back, but I think we can take care of you. Miss Waggoner in six-eighteen has been transferred to San Francisco. If you like her apartment, you may have it. I'll have to ask you to decide by noon, though."

Sue stood up. "I'll take it," she said, "without even seeing it." Her mind had made a quick decision. She'd see Jeff was settled. She'd do everything she could to make him comfortable before—before ...

That was as far as she got, when Mrs. Emerson said, "All right, but let's look at it anyway."

Six-eighteen was on a corner, had two large windows and Sue asked Mrs. Emerson, "How soon may we move in?"

"Miss Waggoner leaves the morning of the first, that's Wednesday," said Mrs. Emerson. "If you'll arrange to have your things brought in late in the afternoon, that will give us time to get the floors waxed and the walls cleaned."

Sue, mellow with relief, said, "We only have clothes, and we'll move them in any time you say."

"You understand, don't you," said Mrs. Emerson, looking worried, "that the apartment is unfurnished?"

"Then, of course," Sue said with morbid finality, "we can't take it. You see, we rented our New York apartment, furnished."

"Washington," said Mrs. Emerson gently, "has a solution for that problem. People *rent* furniture here. And get their dishes and glassware and kitchen equipment from the ten-cent store."

When Sue made no attempt to disguise

her incredulity, Mrs. Emerson amplified her statement. "People who are subject to government or military transfer have to travel light. That is the mother of this invention. And," she assured Sue, "I will tell you where to go, and what to do."

Which explains how three hours later, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Baine found themselves in possession of a cheap one-room duplicate of their New York home.

At dinner, Sue explained to Jeff what had happened. And while she washed dishes, he got on the phone to locate a place for them to sleep from Sunday to Wednesday. On his tenth call, the clerk at the Martinique said there would be a double room available at two on Sunday afternoon.

The Baines were breakfasting late Sunday morning when the phone rang. Jeff answered. A brash female voice said, "Mr. Baine? This is Miss Deever. I'll be right up." And before they had the dishes off the table, there Miss Deever was. "Well," she blared, "didn't Mrs. Emerson tell you I was coming home?"

Sue finally maneuvered her to the hall, but it was not easy to get rid of the blowzy blonde. Sue was in the kitchenette when she heard a scream and turned to see Miss Deever flash by the door on her way out again! She had got in with her own key, to surprise Jeff packing a suitcase in a pair of shorts.

"Strip tease, hum?" said Sue, and burst out laughing.

That afternoon the Baines moved to the Martinique. They had breakfast in their room on Monday morning. And when Jeff left for the office Sue stood by the window watching the men and women hurrying to work in the street below. She stood there a long time, before she looked at the clock, and saw that it was a quarter to nine.

In fifteen minutes Dorothy Duncan would be walking into *her* office, sitting down at *her* desk, picking up *her* phone, "And I'll bet," Sue thought bitterly, "she had *Miss Travis* off that door before I got to Trenton." Her nails dug deep into the palms of her hands. Then suddenly something happened. There was a snap, deep inside her, like the release spring of a trap. And she turned from the window, rushed to the closet, took out her tweed suit and started dressing feverishly.

For an agonized, irresolute minute Sue stood on the top step under the hotel marquee. Then she walked swiftly down the driveway and plunged into the noisy sidewalk throng and picked up the trail of the man in front of her. He turned in at the Department of State. Then she followed the click-clack of a pair of trim heels until they hurried up the steps of the Department of Labor. Then she took up the trail of a pair of square, sturdy heels that led her to the Agricultural Building. Then there weren't any more trails to follow. She stood alone in a deserted street.

A police car pulled quietly up to the curb and Sue asked, "Where's the Union Station from here, please?" The man nearest her pointed back across his left shoulder. "That way. Just keep going, and you'll run into it." Sue turned, and hurried in the direction he'd pointed.

The man at the information desk handed her a time table. A train left Washington for New York, every hour on the hour. Sue looked at her watch. It was nine-twenty. Sue thought: "I can't get to the hotel, pack, and be back by ten. I can make it by eleven, though." She walked around to the taxi ramp, and by some miracle got a cab immediately.

In the hotel elevator Sue took her room key out of her purse. (She hadn't bothered to leave it at the desk.) And

as she opened the door she picked up a slip of paper from the floor. Without glancing at it she put it with her gloves and purse on the desk.

She packed the overnight case first, and put it beside the door. Just as she hung her sable jacket in the large case, the phone rang. Sue didn't move. It rang again. Still she didn't move. And it rang again, but not a muscle in Sue's body flexed, and the ringing stopped. She waited a moment, then went on packing.

When the large case was closed, and locked, and set by the door, she went over to the desk, switched on the lamp and sat down. To clear a space to write she had to shove her gloves and purse to one side; this time there was no avoiding the slip she had picked up. It was a telephone-message blank. It said:

> Mr. Baine called at 9:20 A.M. Please call him immediately. Excelsior 3340 —Ext. 788.

Sue closed her eyes, but the message kept repeating itself in her brain: *Mr. Baine called at nine-twenty . . . Mr. Baine called at nine-twenty . . .*

Slowly her hand reached for her purse, opened it, took out the time table and crumpled it into a wad. As she leaned over to toss it into the wastebasket, someone knocked. Sue got up listlessly, opened the door—and Tess Abbott banged noisily into the room. "Hello, kid!" she said, throwing her arm across Sue's shoulders. "Welcome to Washington."

Sue gulped, "Tess!" and burying her face on Tess' sturdy shoulder, mumbled, "Oh, darling, I never was so glad to see anyone in all my life."

"So it would appear," Tess observed cynically, "since you've all but broken a leg not getting in touch with me." Her eyes wandered to the packed bags at the door, then hurried back to Sue's face. "Going somewhere?" she asked casually.

"No," said Sue, biting her lip.

"Just love to pack, huh?" Tess' eyes bored like insects into Sue's pretense. Then she kicked the door shut and turned the key in the lock. "Now," she said, when she had peeled her cap off her neat blond hair, dug a crumpled pack of cigarettes out of her pocket, and flopped onto the bed, "tell Tessie all about it."

Sue took off her hat and jacket, and lighted the cigarette Tess tossed her. They smoked in silence while Sue walked restlessly back and forth across the room and Tess' calm eyes followed her. Finally Tess said, "Come clean, kid. You *were* leaving for New York, weren't you?"

"Yes," said Sue, dusty dregs of defeat in her voice. "Up to one minute before you knocked, I fully intended to catch the eleven-o'clock train."

"What changed your mind?" Tess asked.

Sue stopped walking and leaned her elbows on the foot of the bed. "A promise that I made Jeff five years ago stopped me. So here I am—stranded on a dream!"

"S'funny," Tess observed, snuffing out her cigarette. "People fall into two distinct groups when it comes to promises. And it's like being born male or female —we don't have much to say about it. The men and women who go before us decide our grouping. Promise-keepers spawn promise-keepers. Just as promise-breakers produce in kind. We've got you neatly filed under promise-keepers. What do we do now?"

"I wish I knew," Sue said fervently.

"I don't get fancy talk," Tess complained. "Decode that 'stranded on a dream' business, will you?"

All of a sudden the storm of resentment which had been gathering in Sue for over two weeks burst like a sputtering rocket in that quiet room. "Tess," she said, the full fury of the storm converging in her voice, "I traded reality for a dream. That's what it amounts to. I left a ten-thousand-dollar job to worry and wash dishes on four."

"And anybody can see you're already sick of your bargain," said Tess curtly.

"I *am* sick of it," Sue agreed vehemently, "and wondering why I'm here. And I'm wondering something else too. I'm wondering how Jeff can expect me to go along with his dream. How can he expect me to stay?"

"Maybe he loves you. Had you thought of that?"

"People who love people," Sue argued, "don't want them to suffer."

Tess got up and whacked Sue on the shoulder. "Let's talk straight, kid," she said sharply. "You're not suffering. And Jeff isn't asking anything he shouldn't ask of you. You're seeing this thing all cockeyed. But Tessie'll fix you up."

Sue started to speak, but Tess stopped her. "In the first place," she said, "what you're having is a violent seizure of habit. Jeff knew you'd have it. Everybody does, at first. That's why he asked me to come by and see you. So here I am. And here I'll stay until I get some sense beaten into you."

Sue tried again to interrupt, but Tess warned, "Ah, ah, ah! Let Tessie have her say. What you've got to do," she prescribed, "is get a new set of habits that fit Washington. Pack the old, worn-out New York set away in moth balls and slam it on the top shelf. You won't be needing it for quite a while. I'm not saying it's going to be easy," she warned "It's painful as colic, while it lasts. But if you'll go right to work on it, you'll be surprised how soon you'll be thinking of the Capitol dome instead of the Chrysler spire." She put her hands on Sue's shoulders. "Are you," she asked, her eyes searching Sue's, "in love with Jeff?"

"Of course I'm in love with Jeff," Sue said. "Do you think I'd be here if I weren't?"

"I don't mean just sort of," said Tess "I mean do you love him all the way inside—as deep as you go? And is he more important to you than anything else?"

Sue didn't answer for a moment, and her eyes didn't meet Tess' eyes. Then she said, "I—I think so, Tess."

"Well," said Tess, "after you've been around awhile you'll *know*. And God help you, if you decide Jeff isn't important to you. You see, kid, you've got things mixed You're not stranded on a dream. New York, Mac, your job, Lizzie, your charming apartment—they're dreams. *This is real.* And it's grim. And serious. Damn serious. Jeff knows how serious it is, and how important. That's why he wants you with him. This is no incident; this is all the rest of your life. Unless you two share this experience, every facet of it, your love won't survive. You're carving your destiny, Mrs. Baine. And take Tessie's advice, don't let your hand slip."

"You and Jeff talk riddles," Sue moaned "You talk about things I don't understand. Intangible things."

"Better start finding out about intangibles, kid."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that since tangibles are being rationed, we'd better cultivate a few intangibles as backlogs."

Sue said impatiently, "I still don't know what you're talking about."

"Intangibles are the things inside of you, Sue. The love you carry in your heart. Your faith in a cause. Your courage to fight for that cause, and your willingness to adjust to its demands These are intangibles. But they're more

important than jobs, or money, or prestige. More important even than mink coats. Without them we can lose this war. And until every mother's son and daughter in America realizes it, we're welshing on those swell kids who are out doing our fighting for us. Am I making myself clear?"

"No, you aren't," Sue admitted, dragging her hand wearily across her eyes. "I still don't see how I can help by cooking and washing dishes and scrubbing floors."

"You're helping Jeff. And rumor has it that he's doing a whale of a job."

"You mean," said Sue, her lips drawing into a thin, cynical line, "my part in the war is to be the woman behind the man behind the man behind the gun?"

Tess thought a moment before she said, "I can see this is going to take time and patience. But between us I think Jeff and I can beat you into line. Get your hat on," she ordered. "School's over for today. We'll have lesson two tomorrow. C'm on, I'm taking you sight-seeing."

While Tess unpacked the bags, Sue combed her hair, powdered her nose and put on her hat. And by the time they left the hotel she was sufficiently rehabilitated to think of something beside herself. "How and where is Charlie?" she asked Tess.

Tess' voice went bleak. "He's on the West Coast," she said. "Headed into the Pacific theater, I guess. And I—I hear it's pretty hot out there." She tried to smile, but didn't make it. And there on that peaceful street, as she caught Tess' hand in hers, the war suddenly became real to Sue. Good old Charlie! Gentle, friendly, warm Charlie! What would he do—with bombs bursting in air?

But contact with reality, unless sustained, is no more permanent than contact with vagary, and events of the next few weeks proved it.

The following morning Tess came to the hotel, but not to call her class to order. She came to tell Sue she was leaving Washington. She was going to Fort Des Moines, Iowa, and was leaving at two o'clock. She called Sue's attention to her new arm insignia, and Sue could tell how proud she was.

Sue helped her pack and went to the station with her. When Tess kissed her good-by, she said, "Remember what I told you, kid. Now hold tight."

"I'll try, Tessie," Sue promised. And went direct from the station to one of Washington's large department stores and bought herself *some little wash things to wear around the house!* It was a good thing she did, too. On Friday the temperature climbed to the low eighties, and on Monday jumped to ninety.

By working feverishly Sue got the shelves washed, closets de-mothed, drawers lined and the apartment in meticulous order for Sunday. (Which was Easter and Jeff worked all day.) And because she did everything with elaborate thoroughness, she managed to keep a "tight hold." On Monday, however, the hold started slipping.

Jeff left at eight o'clock. And when he'd gone Sue's own little private war of nerves began. All her life she'd had a healthy aversion to inaction. Certain forms of luxury, which appealed to most women, didn't interest Sue in the least. For example, she never had breakfast in bed, although a client had sent her an elaborate tray and breakfast set one Christmas. To Sue each new day was a tonic—not to be taken lying down.

She was the only housewife on the sixth floor of the building. All the other tenants were GG's (Government Gals), and the stillness that filled the halls from nine to five was more awful than the haze of cooking smoke and radio din that

beat through them at night. When Jeff left, Sue poured herself another cup of coffee and read the paper from page one to the last line of the last ad on the last page.

And though she washed the Venetian blinds, scrubbed the kitchen and bathroom floors and planned an elaborate dinner, Monday wore a haggard face and moved on listless feet. So did Tuesday and Wednesday. And Sue, who had never had so much as a bowing acquaintance with boredom, came to know it intimately.

She explored all sorts of escapes. She glutted herself on Art. She went to the Senate and House galleries and listened to debates. She deliberately forgot things on her list so she would have an excuse for another trip to market. She became a bosom friend of the woman who sold her vegetables, and the farm woman from whom she bought eggs. And she walked . . . God, how she walked!

Cooking, she found, was an effective frustrate to thought. So she cooked like mad. Any complicated recipe published in the morning paper was more than likely to be found on the Baine dinner table that night. Luckily her basic culinary training was sound, so that even in her first week of feverish action, she produced only one failure. It was a dessert. In the picture it looked deliciously enticing. But when Jeff bit into it, he said it tasted "like library paste à la mode."

Sue had been in Washington not quite a month (and felt she'd been there a year), when in one week Jeff called three successive nights to say he couldn't make it for dinner. The first night she went through the motions of serving herself at the table. The second night she slammed dinner into the refrigerator and settled for a cup of coffee, a cracker, and a magazine. The third night she was so sick with loneliness she couldn't face nourishment in any form, liquid or solid, so the Baine dinner found itself being jolted roughly down the incinerator.

By nine o'clock her nerves had reached the point of absolute frenzy, and she decided to give them an action cure. Going into the dressing room, she wadded her hair into a knot on top of her head, took off the crisp, fresh wash dress she was wearing and put on the one she had scrubbed in that morning (which was neither crisp nor fresh). Then she went to the kitchen, got the scrub pail, the scouring powder and brush, and started scrubbing the bathroom. She all but took the glaze off the tile, but her nerves still shrieked like sirens, so she moved her mopping equipment out to the kitchen and started scrubbing that spotless floor.

Just as she got settled on her knees, the phone rang. She answered it and understood the operator to say that a package was on the way up. Thinking it was the laundry, she left the door ajar and went back to her scrubbing. She had just put her hands deep in the suds again, when a man's voice said, "Having fun?" Over her left shoulder, and through a lank wisp of hair, she looked up—*at Mac!*

Groping desperately for some remark which would contain an element of humor, her mind came upon the worn-out caption, "Believe it or not, I'm waiting for a street car."

But Mac didn't appear in the least amused. Solemnly, almost benignly, he leaned down, took hold of her hands, maneuvered her into standing position and gave her his handkerchief. When she had wiped the suds off her hands he wiped them off his own and put the handkerchief back in his pocket. Then he let his eyes wander over the room. "You certainly have a lovely, spacious home here, Mrs. Baine," he said. As he spoke the familiar, sardonic half-grin appeared, and Sue felt better. Mac in the guise of benevolent guardian was completely unrecognizable.

"Have you had dinner?" he asked.

Sue made a feeble attempt to smooth her hair, and said, "No."

"Where's Jeff?" Mac inquired.

"At the office," said Sue.

Glancing first at the pail of suds, then at the scrub brush, then at her crumpled, *not* fresh dress, then at her hair, Mac said, "Both Baines work the night shift, I see."

Because she was too busy choking back the lump of mortification that had formed in her throat, Sue didn't answer. And Mac said, "Well, Cinderella, if you'll kick off your rags and get out your glass slippers, I'll buy you dinner."

With a certain amount of defiance, and all the gaiety she could muster, Sue said, "All right. I'll meet you anywhere you say in an hour."

"At the Shoreham," Mac agreed, with obvious relief. And made a plunge for the door.

When Sue crossed the Shoreham's crowded lobby she had a curious feeling of having come back home, though she had never set foot in the place in her life before.

At the door of the dining room the headwaiter mumbled a polite, "One, Madame?" And because his practiced eye recognized at once that Madame's sable jacket had a deep expensive sheen, and that only genius could have designed her mad little wisp of a hat, he honored her with his deepest bow.

But when the tall gentleman who had ordered the bronze orchids and ve-e-e-ry expensive dinner came to meet Madame —then he unveiled his all-out smile, and hovered over them like a brood hen.

Sue pinned the orchids on her shoulder, took two good deep sips of her Martini, and said, "Of course," when Mac asked if she'd like to dance.

Dinner was perfect. (Chefs always seemed to season Mac's orders with a dash of ambrosia.) And not until brandy was leisurely disposed of did Mac mention why he'd come to Washington.

Clem Worthton, it seemed, had left McColm-Estes to head one of the important war propaganda units. McColm-Estes was McCrea and Company's closest competitor, and handled the National Soap account. But with Clem Worthton out of the picture, Mac told her, there was more than a good chance McCrea and Company could snag the account—*if he could assure National that Sue would write the ads.*

"Come back to New York, Sue," he urged. "We can make a killing."

Sue bent her head over the large brandy sniffer she had cupped in her palms, and didn't say anything. Mac watched her anxiously. She looked calm, but she wasn't. It'd be fun to get her teeth into that National account. It'd be fun, being back in New York again, and sitting at her desk . . .

"What's the matter with Duncan?" she asked, suddenly seeking Mac's eyes.

"She's all right," said Mac. "But she's not good enough for National. Travis is the only bait I can put on *that* hook. What do you say? It'll mean doubling your salary. Twenty thousand dollars'll buy a lot of war bonds. And in case you haven't recovered from that violent attack of patriotism you were having a month ago, buying bonds will go further than scrubbing floors."

It was the only allusion he'd made to their meeting, and certainly Sue had no intention of prolonging that painful topic. She resumed her scrutiny of the brandy sniffer. After a few minutes of silence, Mac said, "How about it?"

"I—I don't know, Mac," Sue said, uneasily. "I'll have to think it over." Which was true. She *would* have to think it over, and she'd better get some place where she could think in private. When she explained this to Mac, he called for the check, paid it, put her into a taxi and told her to call him in New York in the morning.

She waved good-by to him, and the driver swung the cab out into Connecticut Avenue. The night was soft and warm and a half-moon hung in the sky, but Sue didn't feel the soft air, or see the moon. As they turned into L Street, a siren sounded, followed in rapid succession by another, and another, and another.

"It's the alert, lady," the driver flung over his shoulder. "But I'll try to make it."

At Eighteenth a red light stopped them and just as the green came on, the light went out. So did all the other lights in the block. Her driver went through the intersection, but halfway down the block an air raid warden flagged him over to the curb.

Sue reached across the back of the seat, pressed a crumpled dollar bill into the cabbie's hand, and opened the door. The second her foot touched the pavement the warden demanded to know where she thought she was going.

"Please let me go home," Sue begged. And pointing to the large building at the corner, said, "I live in that apartment house."

"Okay," the warden agreed. "But hurry it up. And remember, don't turn on a light when you unlock your door."

"I won't," Sue promised, and ran across the black, deserted street.

All the elevator boys in the apartment building were floor wardens and were at their posts, so Sue walked up to the sixth floor. By the time she unlocked the door of her own apartment, her breath was coming in shallow gasps. She remembered not to turn on the light, and stood just inside the door waiting for her eyes to adjust to this new degree of blackness. She hadn't known until now that black had so many different shadings.

? ?

Family Quiz Answers
BROTHER

(*Questions on page 16*)

1. **Montgomery, Ala.**
2. **A painting made on plaster while the plaster is fresh.**
3. **The regions of calm near the equator.**
4. **The Marauder.**
5. **Iron.**
6. **Essen, Germany.**
7. **Corsica, Elba, St. Helena.**
8. **Jefferson Memorial.**
9. **Illumination.**
10. **Telegraph.**
11. **Song of the Army Air Corps.**
12. **British soldiers in India dipped their white uniforms in muddy water for camouflage.**

Questions accepted from D. D. Neiswander, Clayton, Mo.; Mary Kathryn Robinson, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Carolyn H. Gault, Cincinnati, O.; John Budwick, Gardner, Mass.; Patty Shoemaker, Neodesha, Kan.; Mrs. Charles H. Wright, Watertown, N. Y.; Mrs. John Doll, Rocky Ford, Colo.; H. M. Mooney, Columbus, O.; Mrs. Jesse Voshell, Cordova, Md.; Mrs. John R. Wilkes, Lewisburg, Tenn.; Mrs. O. J. DeCola, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. F. J. Connors, Cannon Falls, Minn.

? ?

The fabric of American life is woven of simple familiar things. Home and neighbors—a movie around the corner—a table of bridge or a game of horseshoes. Millions of Americans every day enjoy these simple human things in the pleasant company of a glass of friendly SCHLITZ... brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.

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1. With cameras instead of guns in its nose, a P-38 Lightning was photographing the Jap

base of Rabaul. Suddenly ten Zeros dove out of the sun, and before the American pilot knew what was happening, tracer bullets were ripping into his plane and then one engine conked out on him.

2. Somehow, with only one engine left, he had to get away from those ten Zeros. He pulled back the stick, jammed down the throttle, pointed her nose at the sky. By the time the Japs came to, he was five miles up and on his way home.

3. 400 miles later, three more Japs started a deadly game of hide and seek. Still going on one engine, he streaked straight out over the ocean and "Just ran 'em out of gas!" Yes, he

ran them out of gas... but he also ran clear back to New Guinea with photographs that were vital to our Coral Sea victory.

4. The Lightning is used as a camera plane because it can fly faster, higher, and farther than any enemy fighter—can take punishment and still deliver the goods. These qualities result from many months of designing and testing. From hundreds of wind tunnel experiments we developed the non-stall wing design that makes it impossible for a P-38 to go into a tail-spin even on one engine. It's this sort of careful designing and testing that give every Lockheed and Vega plane *extra* strength and *extra* dependability.

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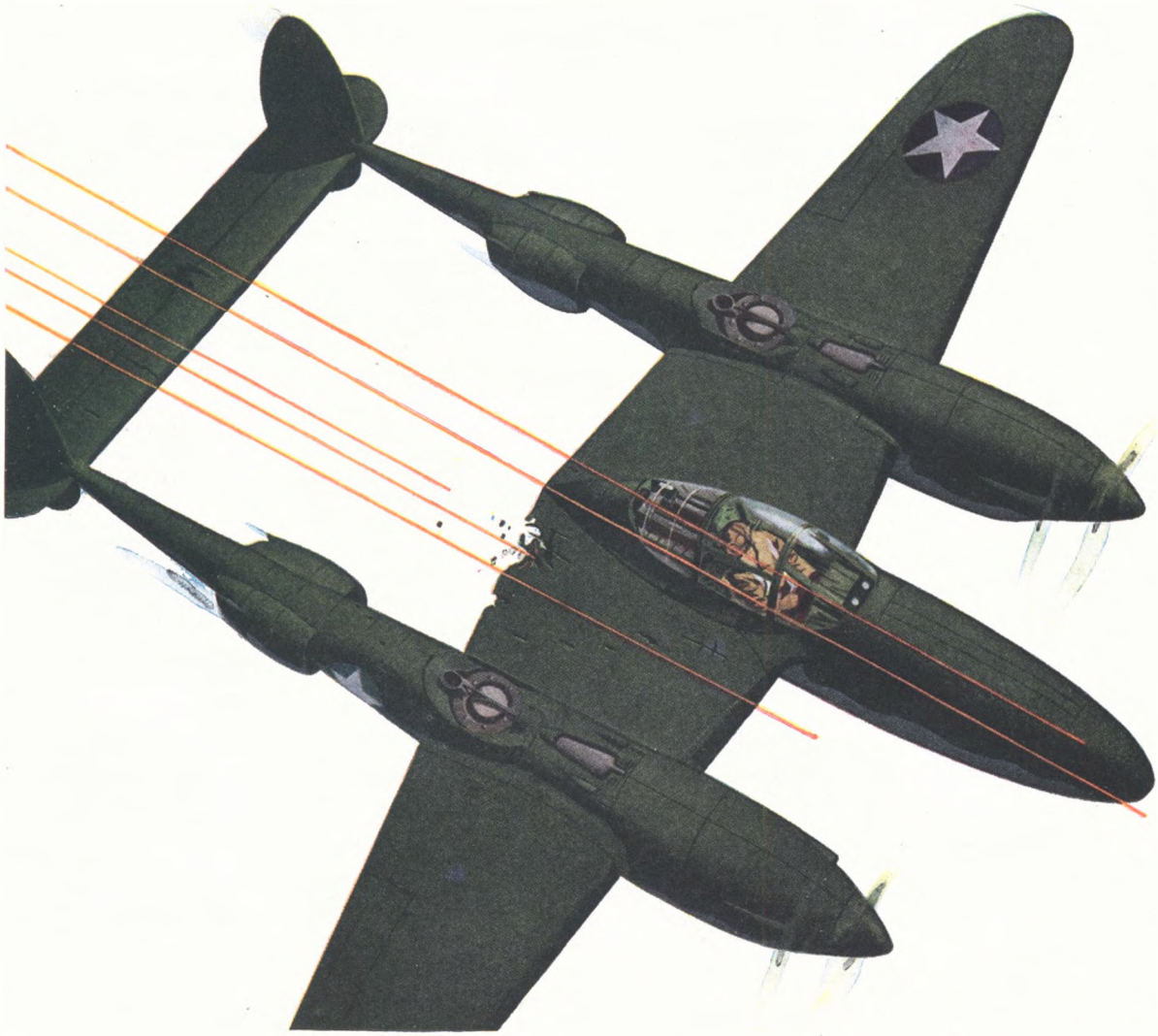

Luckily the Venetian blinds were up, so two shafts of pale moonlight fell across the room. As she took her first step toward them a man's voice said, "Hello, darling."

It came from the deep shadows along the wall where the divan was—and it belonged to Jeff.

After a moment of awkward silence, Sue managed to say weakly, "Hello." She hadn't counted on Jeff being home. She hadn't counted on the blackout either. She hadn't counted at all on that dangerous element of chance, which so often disorders plans.

She'd only counted on a quiet place to think.

"Grab a moonbeam," said Jeff from the shadows, "and come on over."

Hastily unpinning the orchids and laying them on the corner of the desk as she went by, Sue groped her way to the divan.

Jeff waited until she was settled before he said, "Have a good time?" Then he added casually, "How's Mac?"

Another silence stretched to awkward proportions before she managed to say, "How did you know I was with Mac?" Her lips were dry; her palms moist.

"I didn't," Jeff admitted. "It was a long shot."

"Didn't you even know Mac was in town?"

"No, but I suspected that he might be."

"Was that why you came home?" she demanded.

"No. One of my operators reported we were having our first total blackout at eleven, and I thought it'd be nice if the Baines shared the experience. I have to go back to the office," he said wearily. "We're loading a big convoy that's got to go out quick."

"Why," Sue asked, refusing to be deflected from the subject he himself had brought up, "did you 'suspect' Mac was in town?"

"Because Clem Worthton came in to see me today. Wanted to know if I thought you'd consider taking a job with his propaganda outfit. He told me Mac's trying to highjack the National account from McColm-Estes, but said he hasn't a prayer in hell of getting it if a certain well-known Miss Travis doesn't go with the deal.

"Clem says Mac knows it, too. So we figured he'd be down to see you, any day now."

He got up and walked over to the window.

"Would you be interested in Clem's proposition? He says he needs you badly. It seems America must be sold reality. A lot of people still think this is somebody else's war—and somebody else is going to win it for them."

Sue didn't answer, and Jeff added, "Clem said to tell you that you could have an office, or work at home. Of course, you'll be like the rest of us—there's no fancy salary attached. But we'll be sharing the same objective."

Still no answer came from the shadows, and Jeff turned and said, "You're planning to go back to New York, aren't you, Sue?"

She bent her head, but he couldn't see that. He only heard her muffled, "Yes, Jeff, I'm going back."

There was no sound in the room but the hollow ticking of the clock, until two observation planes checking the blackout zoomed overhead and disappeared in the direction of a single light blazing in the top floor of an apartment house a few blocks away.

Jeff muttered, "One fool spoils a perfect score."

More minutes ticked off, and still Jeff made no allusion to her decision.

"Please say something, Jeff," she begged, at last.

In a tired voice, Jeff asked, "What's there to say?"

"I—I can't stand it, Jeff," Sue explained, defensively. "You don't know how awful it is. The days are endless and the——"

"Shut up," snapped Jeff. "At least leave me something decent to remember you by."

"What do you mean by that?" Sue flared angrily.

"Let me think that, for a little while anyway, I was married to a woman—not a welsher. How much did Mac offer you?"

"He offered me ten thousand dollars more than I was getting, if we land the National account. And that, my dear, will buy a pretty neat little stack of war bonds."

"I'll bet that's Mac's argument," Jeff scoffed. "It sounds just like him. Sure it's important to buy bonds, but it's important to give something from the inside of you, too. Mac doesn't know about that, though. He belongs to the group of charming people who think it's bourgeois to believe in a cause enough to fight and die for it. They're the people I consider welshers, Sue. And it makes me sick to see you putting in with them."

Sue's anger blazed high. "What have you done to make me want to stay?" she demanded. "Who are you to talk about welshing? You leave me alone here in this apartment night after night after night. And when you're home, you don't even know I'm here. You talk business with Bill, or someone else you bring up from the office, until you fall asleep.

"What do you care that I'm sick into my bones with loneliness? What do you try to do about it?"

"Not a damn thing," said Jeff evenly. "Nor will I. What right have you to wail and wrap self-pity around you? Compared to the kids crawling on their bellies through jungle slime, and wading in snow, and flying blind through mist, and swallowing desert grit—you've got it soft.

"It's those kids I'm working for, and worrying about. Not a whimpering woman, with a neurosis for 'the old ways.' We're fighting a war, Sue. And this new world we're building is going to have another face. But only the people who fight for it will have the right to share it. I thought you'd find these things out. That's why I held you to your promise I hoped you'd want to help. But you don't. All you want—is to go back. Well, go back. Enjoy the old ways while you can; they won't be around long. And we'll win this war, in spite of you welshers."

Sue faced him defiantly. But before she could speak, he went on, "I'm sorry it has to end this way. I thought you'd understand when I told you until this job's done, the personal is important *only in its relation to the effort as a whole.*"

He walked to the door, opened it, and said curtly, "I'm not adept at good-byes. I'll be gone two hours . . ."

He stood with his hand on the knob. And never in all the years she'd been married to him had Sue seen him as clearly as she saw him, there in that still, dark room.

She saw deep into the core of his heart, and she saw to the outermost rim of his mind's margin. And though she didn't see the tears in his eyes, she knew they were there.

A woman gets to know those things about a man when she's been married to him ten years. "Don't worry, Jeff," she said.

"Please be gone when I come home," he said gruffly, and went out, slamming the door behind him.

Sue walked slowly back to the window. The light still blazed in the apartment house.

"One fool," she repeated, "spoils a perfect score."

A siren sounded. Then another, and another. Street lights flashed on, and windows glowed again. Sue snapped on the desk lamp, which threw a soft glow on the orchids Mac had given her. She picked them up and went to the phone. "Do you have a late date tonight, Jessie?" she asked the operator. And Jessie said she did. So Sue took the orchids down to her.

When she got back to the apartment she took off her sable jacket and mad little hat, packed them in a box that had moth crystals sprinkled in it, and slammed the box 'way back in the corner of the top shelf.

Then she put the milk bottle out. Put coffee in the drip pot. Got out cups and saucers and breakfast napkins and set the table.

Then she got undressed, took a shower, turned out the desk lamp, opened the windows, and got into bed.

"Maybe I'm crazy," she mumbled into her pillow, "but I'm the kind of wife who wants her husband around."

THE END

Coming soon—"Grandma Isn't Playing," a great short story by one of America's most distinguished authors, Edna Ferber

The Girl with the Lemon-Colored Hair (*Continued from page 39*)

I won't bore you with the details of what I put up with from Helen Stanley and the others. They didn't want Lola around.

At the second dance Lola made a neat compromise with her own ambitions and the club's rules. She wore a checked gingham dress, very suitable for dishwashing. Only this was cut low enough to show her pretty white bosom. She didn't go on the dance floor, but she enticed a lieutenant into the trophy corridor, and they stood there chatting.

Lola didn't show up for the third dance. The thought passed through my mind that she had found the work exhausting and unprofitable and was giving it up. I'd have let it go at that, except that Helen and a few other women expressed their satisfaction at her absence and said they hoped she'd never

come back. That infuriated me. I said the girl had worked harder than any ten of them and she merited their thanks instead of their nasty remarks. Also, I added, it was possible she was ill, and it was up to someone to find out.

After saying all this, there was nothing for me to do but look into the matter.

She had no telephone, but Christine Lancing as head of the decorating committee had her home address. And I went to make inquiries. Well, you know where she lived. I forgave her for the cheap clothes and the bangles and her scheming when I saw the house. It was no wonder she craved color and a man who would take her out of such a dingy world.

A dreadful-looking little girl sitting on the doorstep told me that Lola lived on the top floor. I climbed the stairs and rang three times before there was an answer. I was just turning away when the door was opened by Lola herself. She was in a nightgown, and she looked pretty sick. She greeted me feebly, and I told her to jump right back into bed. She obeyed, and I followed her to her bedroom. She was burning with fever.

When I had her reasonably comfortable I went out and phoned for Dr. Sanders. I brought some new bed linen back with me and a few things I knew the doctor would want on hand.

I was prepared to get a nurse for her or to stay there myself. I took it for granted she must live alone. I never thought that anyone who lived with her would leave her when she was so sick. It was surprising to find that Lola had a mother. Have you met her, Bruce?

She came in while I was dusting the bedroom. She had a coat on over a greasy house dress, and her stringy hair was pushed back behind her ears. I felt that no matter what type of woman she was, there was an explanation due her. It was, after all, her house and I was a stranger.

Lola was asleep and I began my little speech, but the woman paid no attention to me. She awakened Lola by screaming at her to get her lazy damn body off the bed.

Just then Dr. Sanders fortunately arrived. He settled everything. Lola's temperature was a hundred and four and she was very ill indeed.

To my amazement, Lola's mother burst into tears at his words. Her other daughter had died two months before, she told us, and if anything happened to Lola it would be more than she could stand.

She was a docile, obedient nurse by the time I left.

I was back in the dingy apartment early next morning. Dr. Sanders had been there before me, and he had pronounced Lola's condition improved.

During the time she was in bed and in the weeks following when I came to take her on little outings I came to know almost everything about her.

I would like to have known her sister, Jewel. Poor soul. I can think of nothing more tragic than a girl of twenty-eight committing suicide for such reasons.

"Jewel and Harry had kept company eleven years," Lola told me. "But what the hell! He had his parents to support and an invalid sister besides. Jewel had Mama and me. Jewel and Harry couldn't ever get married. They couldn't afford it. And if there'd been kids, it would have sunk them. Jewel couldn't see any way out. That's why she did it. I know it is."

I mentioned the fact that Lola could have gone to work. That would have taken a little strain off Jewel. Lola shook her head and told me that she wasn't having any of it. She was going to marry, quick and well. Jewel had been pretty, but she'd got nothing out of life but hard work and emptiness. And now Mama and Lola were living on her insurance.

I remarked that it wouldn't last forever.

Lola shrugged. "My good looks won't either," she said. "I have to hurry."

On an impulse I asked her if she would like to have her looks improved. Her eyes gleamed with interest. It was then that I began building Lola for her big chance. I'm not sure why I did it, Bruce. Perhaps I'd grown fond of her. Perhaps it was that old underdog complex.

Anyhow, I began my lectures on deportment and bearing; on taste and manners; on conversation and voice modulation.

Lola was an apt pupil. She learned a great deal from me, but not as much as

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Family Quiz Answers
MOTHER

(*Questions on page 16*)

1. **Brahms, Beethoven, Bach.**
2. **Blood from an artery comes in spurts; from a vein in a steady flow.**
3. **Australia.**
4. **Soak in warm water three hours, hang upside down to dry.**
5. **A roadway of logs and brush in a swampy place.**
6. **72.**
7. **The bark of a Ceylonese laurel tree.**
8. **Verdi.**
9. **Sprouts. Potatoes. Grapes.**
10. **Sea horse. The male takes charge of the eggs, which are placed in an abdominal pouch and remain there until they hatch.**
11. **Yes.**
12. **The throne of the Netherlands. Queen Wilhelmina's only daughter Princess Juliana is the present heir.**

Questions accepted from Virginia Thompson, Plandome, N. Y.; Harvey B. Siders, Mattapan, Mass.; Murray Coultas, Marquette, Mich.; Edith Wilson, Clinton, Tenn.; Mrs. Winfred Allyn, Mt. Vernon, Ind.; Mrs. Albert Henn, Sauk City, Wis.; Mrs. John R. Wilkes, Lewisburg, Tenn.; John Budwick, Gardner, Mass.; Frank Lebeau, N. Y. C.; Mrs. F. J. Connors, Cannon Falls, Minn.; E. R. Anglade, Louisville, Ky.

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I could have learned from her.

When she was completely well I took her shopping. We stopped first at my beauty shop and had her mane cut. Then I had them make her up so she didn't look all red and pink. She studied herself in the mirror and she was really pleased with what she saw.

Then we bought clothes—good clothes. Lola was clever. She let me choose. I did an excellent job.

I had a serious talk with Lola after I had made what I fondly supposed to be a different person of her. There was no reason, I said, why she shouldn't become an able secretary, and I offered to pay for a business course for her. I told her that to marry purely for money would bring only unhappiness.

She listened meekly and nodded at proper intervals.

But Lola still had ideas of her own. Do you know what she did about the tennis club? She telephoned Helen Stanley and Jessie MacLeish and asked if she could see them.

Naturally, their curiosity as to what she could want led them to agree to meet her at the club.

Well, Bruce, at ten-thirty next morning they got together and Lola showed herself off to them in her new clothes, with her new make-up and her new quiet voice. She explained to them that I had been responsible for the improvement and asked very sweetly if they didn't think she was acceptable now as a hostess. She pointed out to them that I couldn't request her without flattering my own handiwork, but that they couldn't refuse her without criticizing it.

The poor things were in a spot. They had to say yes, so they said it. And Lola became a hostess. I wasn't pleased about her behavior in this matter, and I told her so. She didn't seem to comprehend the reason for my displeasure. She said she'd had to do what she'd done in fairness to me. She said she knew I'd battled for her and that my judgment could only be vindicated by her proving that she wasn't as bad as the ladies thought she was.

Well, it was one way of looking at it, I suppose.

I will say for Lola that she did her job of hostessing well, and if she was still on the hunt for a rich husband, none of the ladies found out about it.

There was a time, Bruce, when I tortured myself by thinking that I was responsible for everything, but that time is past. I know now that Lola's progress was as unpreventable as an earthquake. If you build your house of stone, maybe it will take the earthquake a minute longer to demolish it, but in the end it will lie as flat as the house built of pine board.

Lola was not balked when I said I needed no more hostesses. She thought of something else. She was not balked when I said she could not dance with the officers. Again she thought of something else.

Maybe that's a motto for you to remember: *Lola will always think of something else.*

It was I who thought of taking her out that first night, but it was Lola who mentioned to me that her birthday was coming and it would be very depressing because Jewel had always made a little occasion of it.

That's when I got really bighearted. I told her that my husband and I would take her out. She was overjoyed.

You weren't. I can still remember the expression on your face when I told you what I had let you in for.

It did not add anything to your enthusiasm to have it raining when we drove over to pick Lola up. You groused all the way. As a matter of fact, you carried on so much that I wondered how was the child going to have any fun if her host acted as though he were in mortal agony? I had been looking forward to the evening. If you learned anything about me in twenty years, it must have been that I adore doing things for young people. I know we should have had children, but we weren't that lucky. Had we had them, I wouldn't have been chasing around in the rain that night holding Lola's birthday present in my hand.

You were appalled when you saw where she lived. I didn't blame you for that. I only blamed you for the sulky look on your face. I had to remind you that it was a young girl's birthday and that since I'd put myself out thousands of times for your friends it wouldn't hurt you to reciprocate.

It's funny in view of all that has happened that I bother to hold against you the fact that had Lola been a plain girl you'd have spoiled the evening. It would have meant nothing to you that I wanted the party to be a success. She could have drowned in a puddle in front of her house

as far as you were concerned if she had not been a girl with lemon-colored hair.

I know that for a fact, because even after I spoke to you about your attitude you were still grousing. But once the street light fell on her hair, everything was changed. Yes, everything. But I didn't know it then.

You gave her such a wonderful evening, Bruce. I sat there glowing at her happiness. I was so pleased with you when you arranged for the chef to decorate a cake so that it became a personal birthday cake for Lola. And when at your request, the orchestra played "Happy Birthday to You," I was as thrilled as she was.

I remember being surprised at your willingness to dance. I watched you two out on the floor; you were laughing and having fun, and I thought it would do you good to relax; it made me feel quite bubbly to know that we were giving Lola the best evening she'd ever had.

It's amusing in a bitter sort of way when I think how touched I was by her answer to a question of mine about where we'd go from Cherico's. "Could we go to your house?" she asked me. "I've always wanted to see it, and it would be such a beautiful climax to a wonderful evening."

That's how I came to suggest that we have our late snack at home. Did you know that Lola had suggested it? I'll bet you didn't.

I can still see her in our kitchen, her brown eyes popping in amazement at the size of the refrigerator. I set the table in the breakfast room, and she went around touching things as I placed them. She asked me if the knives and forks were real silver, and when I said they were, she smiled that dreamy smile of hers.

We had fun over the scrambled eggs and coffee, didn't we? It was years since I had seen you so bright and alert. You who always wanted to go to bed the minute you had heard your favorite newscast.

It was three o'clock by the time we agreed there was no use going out in the rain again. Lola would stay. You were concerned lest her mother worry, and you were all for driving her home. But Lola wanted to stay.

I put her in the northeast room, as you perhaps remember. She said it looked like a movie star's bedroom. I recognized that she meant that as a compliment, and I made a mental note that she should have breakfast in bed. That would indeed be a memory to take back to her grim home.

Well, I guess there isn't a lot more to tell you. There are some things, of course, and if you've read this far, I guess you'll continue. It probably seems to you a low, catty trick for me to write out all the things that are discreditable to your wife, but it is difficult for me to see that I owe either you or Lola anything. Neither of you spared my feelings, and it pleases me to write in this frank fashion.

You see, Bruce, I'm not now and never was sold on that bright speech you gave me about this upheaval being no one's fault. You said it was something that had just happened. No one had asked for it. Love had just come along. Well, in answer to that let me say that it's the explanation of a weak and dull-witted fellow. You are dull-witted if you think I don't know that Lola made the terms.

Don't you suppose I know that you would sooner have had an affair with her? But she's no fool. Her price was marriage, and she handled you as easily as she could have handled that young en-

sign if she'd wanted him. And you're weak, Bruce, because you had to have her at any cost.

There's a difference between loving a woman and wanting her because she has lemon-colored hair, but even if you loved her, I would still find no excuse for your breaking up our marriage. If I had fallen in love with someone else, Bruce, you would never have known it. Not for anything in the world would I have given you the heartaches you gave me. I do not see that the simple phrase "I love her" or "I love him" exonerates a man or a woman for causing grief and humiliation to someone who has loyally stood by through all the alternatives to happiness that are mentioned in the wedding service.

If I had been of a suspicious nature I no doubt would have noticed many things after Lola's birthday party. I did notice things, but I mean I would have tied them up immediately with the truth. But the truth never occurred to me, Bruce.

After that rainy evening when you first met Lola she never came to me again seeking advice. She didn't need me any more, but I didn't know that. I sought her out.

The first time I tried to speak to her was at one of the club dances. It was in the powder room. Lola was wearing a new dress. It wasn't the sort I would have selected for her, but it was very pretty, and I wondered how she had acquired it. The thought came to me that one of the other girls had lent it to her. That's being pretty naïve, I'll admit, Bruce, but belief in people is a habit like everything else.

When I stood beside her at the mirror I was instantly aware of that overpowering fragrance she grew so fond of. She had literally drenched herself with it, and in my disgust, I never thought of its price.

In line with my little coaching job I mentioned to her that she needed only a drop of such a heavy fragrance.

She looked at me and gave me that smile. It was full of something cold and mean, Bruce, but I didn't recognize what it was till later. You see, no one had ever given me that sort of smile. I think I would innocently have forced an issue then and there if she hadn't smiled at me in that strange way. But that deadly smile warned me that for some reason the fluffy little kitten that I had picked up in an alley and had brushed and fondled and decorated with a satin bow had turned into a jaguar with sharp, dangerous claws.

There was a meeting of hostesses during the week. Several things had come up which needed discussion. It was my job to conduct the discussion, but I'm afraid I was not very alert. My eyes kept coming back to Lola. She was dressed in a stunning suit which I had not bought for her.

Of course I realized by then that she had found a man with money, but it was some time before I learned which man she had found.

I was troubled about the girl, Bruce. I couldn't make up my mind what I ought to do. In spite of what some people say, it isn't always noble to mind one's own business.

You see, the situation was difficult for me. Because I knew so much about Lola's financial standing, I couldn't ignore the clothes without seeming to approve her method of getting them. On the other hand, how could I, a woman with all the luxury that money can buy, take a high and mighty attitude toward someone who had never had anything out of life?

I resolved to speak to her at least. I went to her house the very next day, but she had moved and left no forwarding address. I dropped her a note, figuring that she had left instructions at the post office. She evidently had, for the note was not returned to me, but she did not telephone as I had requested. So I did not see her again till the next dance, at which she appeared in another new dress.

I told her that I had called and asked her where she had moved. She was evasive, but when I said I'd like to talk to her we went outdoors and walked about the grounds.

I suppose I was sentimental, Bruce, and no doubt very amusing to Lola. I am a sincere woman, so I talked about the daughter I had never had and assured Lola of my willingness to help her at any time. I finished by asking if there was anything she would like to tell me now.

She said no, and she laughed.

I only spoke to her alone once after that. That was the time when she told me what you were too spineless to say yourself. How does it feel, Bruce, to remember you didn't have the courage to tell me that you wanted a divorce? It must be a comfort to know that Lola is strong enough to settle for you all the things you're too weak to face. Of course it doesn't matter that she isn't the kind to respect a man who has less courage than she has.

Heaven help me, I have imagination enough to know what went on through that period when you were never home and I was being told the old reliable story about extra business. Lola was becoming annoyed, wasn't she, Bruce, with your shilly-shallying? She wanted you to divorce me and marry her, and you kept putting it off. She made scenes, and you bought clothes and jewelry. She cried, and you paced the floor.

Oh, how clearly I can see it. You probably told her it wasn't easy to cast aside a woman who had been your faithful wife for twenty years, and piteously Lola asked what was to become of her if you didn't. She no doubt asked you if it was fair that one woman should ruin the lives of two loving souls. And didn't she say that I'd had my chance with you and failed?

Lola was too smart for me, just as she is too smart for you. Somehow, she has age-old wisdom. She knew the danger of delay. She was determined that your spinelessness was not going to interfere with her plans. She has courage enough for both of you, and she has ruthlessness enough for a whole regiment of desperate men.

Remember that, Bruce, and expect no quarter from her when your time comes.

The beginning of the end came with the mink coat you bought for her. It was ridiculous of her to wear it on a sweltering September evening. No, it wasn't, really. She wore it so that people would comment, and they did. The other young girls were aghast at the lovely fur, and Lola told each of them in confidence that you had given it to her. They told their mothers, their friends. The club rocked with the scandal, and women looked at me with pity.

If you think women take pleasure in other women's injuries you are wrong, Bruce. The women of the club were not happy about the thing that was happening to me. No one came to me saying she felt it was her duty to inform me . . . Instead, they made every effort to insure that I heard none of the gossip, and meanwhile, they hoped your affair with Lola would blow over before I ever

had to know. That's why her little scheme with the mink coat was a complete failure.

She had hoped that the club members would come rushing to me with the scandal, that I would promptly divorce you and thus rescue her from becoming a victim of your shilly-shallying. But the club wouldn't play her game, so she had to play alone and she had to play very boldly.

She began dropping your name casually where I could hear it. I heard it, but I didn't believe what I heard. I was certain I had misunderstood, or that she was speaking of another Bruce. She spoke of her boy friend's car and mentioned the make and model, which I recognized as the same as yours. This did not seem unusual to me. Lots of people have cars like yours. When she got the ring with the rubies she made a great to-do over not being able to take it off because the initials inside were a secret.

No one had asked her to take it off. No one even spoke to her nowadays. She did all the talking. You must realize that everyone recognized her for what she was and she would not have been permitted to continue as a hostess except that the ladies were really in a quandary now. How could they dismiss her without embarrassing me?

The whole thing reached a climax at the luncheon that was given the Wednesday after the series of dances ended. It was a luncheon for the hostesses and meant as a thank you to them for helping us older women entertain. To Lola, it meant only one thing—her last chance at making me aware of how matters stood.

I should have been aware, Bruce. I should have known, only it is difficult to get over trusting a man you have trusted for so many years. I don't think I was stupid. Maybe I'm wrong, but I can't feel in my heart that I was stupid. I believed in you.

At that luncheon Lola wore an exquisite turquoise dress, and she looked lovely. She was gay and brazen. She talked a great deal and made jokes about the fact that she wasn't wanted. No one contradicted her. Christine Lancing amused the girls by asking Lola why she had come.

"Just to get used to the dining room," Lola said. "You see, next season I'll be a member."

That was too much for Helen Stanley. She gave Lola a cold stare and said, "I wouldn't bank on becoming a member of this club if I were you. I'd hate you to be disappointed."

"I won't be disappointed," Lola said to Helen. "You won't blackball me when I'm the wife of one of your most prominent members."

"I'd blackball you," Helen said, "if you were the wife of *all* the prominent members, and you might just as well know it."

Several of the girls laughed, and Lola jumped up from the table.

"I will not be insulted in this club," she said. "Bruce won't stand for it. I'm going to tell him."

She marched from the dining room. The silence that had fallen was a deathly, dreadful silence. I realized in that moment that Lola was not really angry; that she had only pretended to be so that she could give me the truth and later pass her brutality off as something she had not been able to control because of her rage against Helen Stanley.

I also realized that the silence would last forever, unless I did something about it. I got up and followed Lola out

of the dining room. She was in the foyer waiting for a cab. I asked her to sit down with me for a minute. She looked at her watch. That was really the moment in which she betrayed her commonness more than she could ever do with clothes or bangles. That glance at her watch, Bruce. She was going to squeeze in a moment for me.

We walked into the library, and Lola waited for me to speak. I asked her pointed questions. She answered them and said that you and she loved each other and intended to marry.

I remarked that it was strange this information hadn't come from you, and she said you were too softhearted to tell me.

Lola and I did not talk long. She had accomplished her purpose, and I had no stomach for watching that triumphant little smile. I longed to wipe it off her face, and at the end of the interview I had that small pleasure, for she was still waiting for a cab when I drove away behind Simmons. Her face was sulky as she watched, and I know now that she was making up her mind that Simmons would dance attention on her shortly.

By the way, Simmons and his wife are here with me. Did you know they paid their own railroad fare out just on the chance that I would still use a couple? And incidentally, they told me that Lola was upset when she discovered I had taken the silver and crystal and china. Poor little fool. She considered I had stolen them. If I'd had more time to work with her, she would have learned that brides sometimes bring these things to the home and traditionally take them away again if they leave.

When I left I was very sad, Bruce. I'm sure I can't make you understand the depths of my misery. I loved you so terribly that I could not vision a life without you. I was sick with despair and jealousy. There was no dignity or serenity in my thoughts. I could find pleasure in thinking of murdering Lola, and there was very little else in which I *could* find pleasure. It seemed so unfair that all our years together had meant nothing to you in the end.

You see, I could not help dwelling on those years. I kept going back in my mind to the beginning. Do you ever think about the fun we had when we were very young and very poor? I thought of it, Bruce, and it hurt so dreadfully that I tried to forget, but I couldn't.

I kept remembering I had wanted you so badly that I quarreled with my father and walked out of his home and left my mother crying. Nothing was important to me except you. I kept remembering our wedding ceremony, and how the little servant girl who was called in from the minister's kitchen as a witness flirted with you throughout the service. We often laughed about that.

And do you remember your car? Poor thing! It groaned and rattled and sprinkled parts of its anatomy all over the roads, but we didn't mind. As I remember, we had twenty-six dollars to spend on the trip, but I don't think any two people ever had more fun for twenty-six dollars.

You kept promising that someday you'd make a lot of money, if only to embarrass my father. You made a lot of money, but it didn't embarrass him, and it never made him change his mind. He still didn't like you. But Mother felt that I should have the things my grandmother intended me to have, no matter whom I married.

Will you ever forget the day the china and crystal and silver arrived in those big crates? We laughed till we were hysterical. We had one little room and no money for dinner that night. We lived in half the room for a month because I wouldn't let the crates go to storage. I knew we'd never be able to pay for them and we'd lose them, so we shared our small space with gorgeous table trimmings when we had nothing to eat.

I thought about our first apartment too, the one we got when you were beginning to earn a little money. I'd come from an elaborate home, but nothing had ever looked as lovely to me as that apartment. I made the curtains for it and no two of them were the same length, but I was awfully proud just the same.

I couldn't stop remembering these things. I'm sentimental and soft and such memories were agony to me and still I couldn't cast them aside.

I went as far away as I could get, but it didn't help because I could not leave my heavy, miserable heart behind. I cried into my pillow at night and spent my days in torture thinking of you and Lola together. Sometimes I'd have glad little dreams in which I was back with you again, and the awakening was so painful, Bruce, that I wanted to die. You see, my life had been planned around you, and now there was nothing for me to do.

You mustn't feel sorry for me, because that's in the past. I'm normal now and happy. Something occurred that changed my viewpoint; that changed everything for me.

I was walking along the street here one afternoon when suddenly I saw a man coming toward me. "He looks so very much like Bruce," I said to myself, and my silly heart shook within me. And then out of the blue the thought came

to me that I was wrong; that he actually bore no resemblance to you at all. He merely looked as you looked when you were much younger than you are today.

I walked to a bench and sat down in the brilliant sunshine, for a thought so staggering had come to me that I had to think it out calmly. The man I married, the man I loved so deeply exists nowhere any more, for that man was slim and black-haired and full of laughter.

The man named Bruce who fell in love with Lola is paunchy, and he's growing gray, and most of the time he's cranky and faultfinding.

The man I married loved me and wanted me above anything in life. That man was gone.

And as I sat on that bench I realized that Lola didn't have the Bruce whom I adored. No one can ever take that Bruce from me, for he has been gone a long while. I had him, and I was a lucky and a happy woman. It took a passer-by to show me that the man I was crying for was a dull, aging man who had taken my love's place without my noticing. I was suddenly quite gay, for I knew that nothing could spoil the beauty of the years I had spent with Bruce. It was like reading a book that has a happy ending.

That's what happened to the Bruce I loved, and to me. Lola never came near us. We lived happily each for the other till the story was through. It ended some time ago, and it doesn't matter what happens to this man who isn't Bruce at all, although he bears his name and gave it to a girl with lemon-colored hair.

I discovered that I could think about our honeymoon again. I could remember without pain, for the man Lola has is not the husband who was mine in those golden days. Because her man is not my Bruce, I can take an honest look at him without feeling disloyal and—yes, she is welcome to him.

I left the hotel the next day and took a house of my own. Soon after, Simmons and his wife arrived, and now I have an exquisite little home. Through war work I have acquired many friends and I am busy in pleasant and useful ways.

It's wonderful to go where one chooses without consulting a husband who always wanted to go somewhere else or stay home. It's fun to do things without considering the whims or plans of a sulky man. I can choose my company now, and therefore it's always pleasant. It's all been heavenly since the day when that man who didn't really look like you walked down the street.

So now I've told you everything, and you'll hear from me no more, though I'll think about you often. I'll wonder what happiness you're finding with Lola when the excitement of possessing her has died. I'll wonder what your friends and she make of one another. I'll wonder how you like her mother, and how Lola will like those cozy evenings when you listen to the newscast and then fall asleep. Oh, I'll wonder a lot of things. I'll think about you often, but I'll make a bet. I'll bet that as the years pass and grow longer and darker you'll think of me more often than I think of you.

KAY

Coming—What can a girl do when her greatest rival for the man she loves is an airplane? Read what Nonny did in "No Silver Wings" by Nancy Moore

NEW Pictures YOU'LL WANT TO SEE

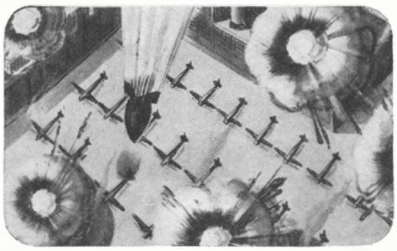
Cosmopolitan lists a few of the many fine pictures now in production in Hollywood. Release dates are approximate, but they will probably be shown at your neighborhood movie during the next few weeks. Titles are subject to last-minute change.

U.A.—UNITED ARTISTS W.B.—WARNER BROS. REP.—REPUBLIC PICTURES
RKO—RKO RADIO PICTURES INC. COL.—COLUMBIA UNIV.—UNIVERSAL 20TH—20TH CENTURY-FOX M-G-M—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

TITLE AND COMPANY		TYPE	STARS	WHAT IT'S ABOUT
Jane Eyre	**20th**	*Drama*	*Joan Fontaine* *Orson Welles* *Margaret O'Brien*	The screen does justice to Charlotte Brontë's classic of the governess and the mysterious master of Thornfield Hall.
Young Ideas	**M-G-M**	*Comedy*	*Susan Peters* *Herbert Marshall* *Mary Astor*	Two high-spirited young people try to break up their mother's second marriage but a surprise awaits them.
First Comes Courage	**Col.**	*Drama*	*Brian Aherne* *Merle Oberon* *Carl Esmond*	A member of the Norwegian underground, Merle plays a dangerous game as she works with the Nazis, only to betray them.
Hers to Hold	**Univ.**	*Comedy Drama*	*Deanna Durbin* *Joseph Cotten* *Charles Winninger*	Gay romance between a war-working deb and an aviator who is afraid of love. Add charming tunes for Deanna.
Background to Danger	**W. B.**	*Drama*	*George Raft* *Brenda Marshall* *Sydney Greenstreet*	American, Russian and German agents tangle as the Allies try to destroy documents which could cause chaos in Turkey.
Wintertime	**20th**	*Musical Comedy*	*Sonja Henie* *Jack Oakie* *Carole Landis*	Refreshing as a julep is this comedy, with Sonja at her artistic best in the ice-skating sequences. Technicolor.
Behind the Rising Sun	**RKO**	*Drama*	*Margo* *Tom Neal* *J. Carol Naish*	Realistic story of the degeneration of an American-educated Japanese when he joins Nippon's army. From Jas. Young's book.
Hi Diddle Diddle	**U. A.**	*Farce Comedy*	*Martha Scott* *Dennis O'Keefe* *Adolphe Menjou*	Pity the newlyweds who almost miss their honeymoon because her mother loses a fortune and his father tries to win it back.
Someone to Remember	**Rep.**	*Comedy Drama*	*Mabel Paige* *John Craven* *Dorothy Morris*	Charming story of an old lady who "mothers" a group of college boys and wins their hearts.

★ ★ ★ Three Good Bets ★ ★ ★

IRVING BERLIN'S "THIS IS THE ARMY" (Warner Bros.). The show that swept the nation is screened with original soldier cast and Irving Berlin music intact, plus notable additions. Following in the footsteps of his father (George Murphy) who produced "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" in World War I, Lt. Ronald Reagan proposes a soldier show for World War II and "This Is the Army" is born. His fiancée, Joan Leslie, accompanies the troupe on tour and they are married during the final performance in Washington.

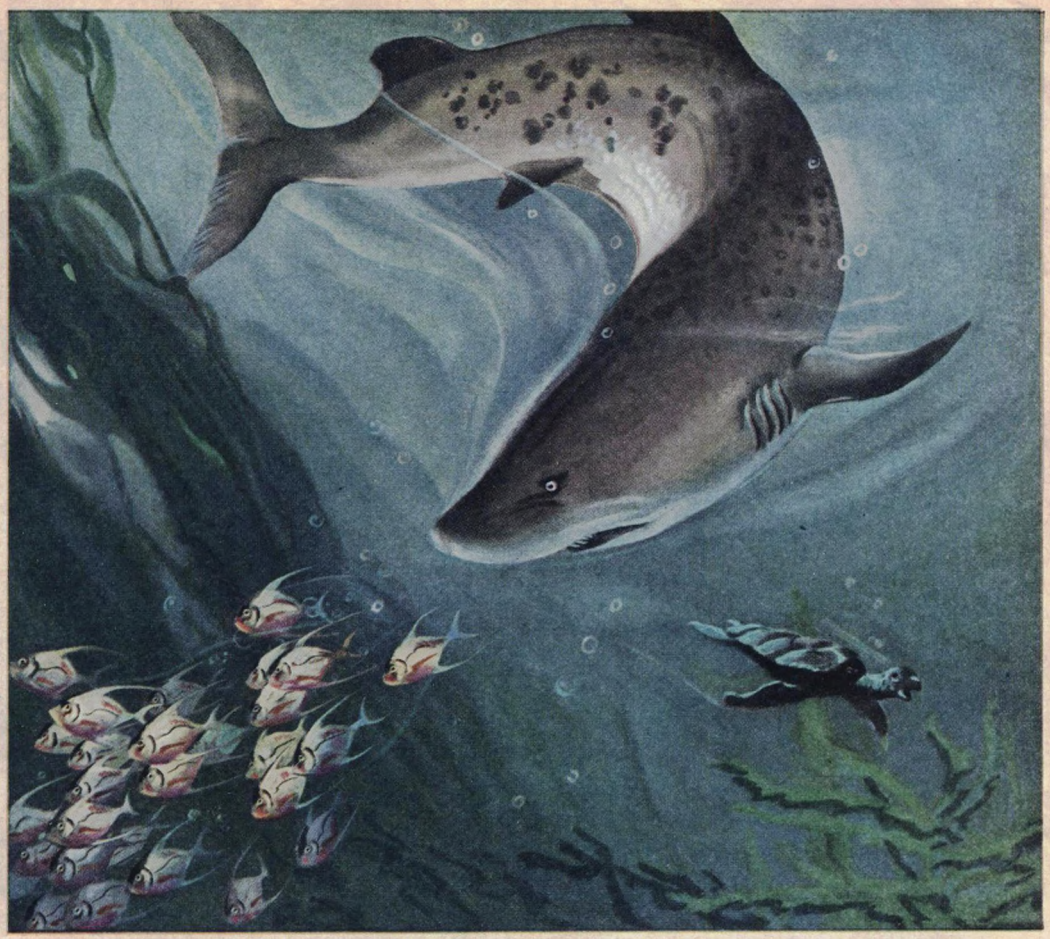


VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER (a Walt Disney Production). The film version of Maj. de Seversky's sensational book tempers its military aspects with the adventurous and sometimes comic history of air power. Maj. de Seversky himself appears, using model planes and a giant globe to illustrate his points. The Technicolor animation sequences, including a review of aviation history, are thrilling. And there's a prophetic foreword by General "Billy" Mitchell.

It is a new cinema experience.

JOHNNY COME LATELY (a William Cagney Production). In 1938 Cosmopolitan published Louis Bromfield's brilliant serial, "You Get What You Give," and James Cagney chose it for his initial independent production.

As an itinerant newspaperman, Cagney wanders into Plattsville in 1906. Under unusual circumstances he goes to work for plucky Grace George, owner of the Shield & Banner. Soon he is knee-deep in her crusade against local corruption. The part is a "natural" for Cagney.



Mr. Big—no Banquets!

There can't be feasts for the big or there'll be oblivion for the little—that's why needed things must be rationed.

That's why we have rules and restrictions, and curbs and quotas—in fairness to all.

And no American who wants to see this thing through is going to overbuy if it means that someone else may be underfed. Or that someone else may have to do without.

And he will understand—if his dealer limits him to one bottle of IMPERIAL at a time—that this is an effort in fairness to all. An effort to distribute the available supply among as many as possible.

"No feasts" is the best assurance of no famine.

Blended whiskey. Eighty-six proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Copr. 1943.

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Would you like to know the rest of this romantic story? Then simply *try* one of the superb table wines of Italian Swiss Colony. Tipo Red or White, perhaps—or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne. Enjoy it with dinner. Notice first its exquisite bouquet. *Then... taste its marvelous flavor!* You'll say these wines are as remarkable as the Colony that makes them.

And just as fine are the famous sweet dessert wines of Italian Swiss Colony . . . such as Gold Medal Label California Port, Sherry and Muscatel. Try *them*, too.

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

THREE GENERATIONS OF WINE-MAKING SKILL AT ASTI, CALIFORNIA

to him than either of those things.

"We'll dance," she said. She turned to the other man at the table. "Come on, Dick. Marsh wants us to dance."

Dick Hunter was an illustrator. He grinned. "And everybody always does what Marsh wants them to do," he said, getting to his feet.

"That's because I'm distinguished and make a lot of money and have power, and am extremely handsome in an elderly roué sort of fashion," said Beck. He bowed, as though to applause. When they had gone he turned to Marion. "Everybody always does what Marsh wants them to," he echoed, "except you."

"I do," said Marion, "except when you want me to write and I can't. The rest of the time I do."

"No, Marion, you don't. I've wanted you to fall in love with me for years. And now you've fallen in love with somebody else."

"Please, *Mister* Beck!" said Marion. "You forget I'm married."

"I don't forget anything," said Beck. "You dined with me a week ago and you were dead. You dine with me tonight and you're alive again; you're more alive than I've ever seen you. Do you know how old you are, Marion?"

She looked puzzled. "Of course I do. I'm thirty-three."

He shook his head. "No, you're eighteen; you're standing on the threshold of life; you're standing on the high top of a wind-swept hill, reflecting the sunshine that's bathing you in its bright light—you're standing there with your head thrown back and your eyes shining and your arms outstretched in welcome to tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes," he said softly. "And it's a wonderful thing to feel like welcoming a new day just because it's a day and because it can bring new life with it." He paused, looked at her hand. "Who is it, Marion?" he asked.

Marion looked away. The orchestra was beating out the dusky rhythm of a rumba. She watched the dancers, saw Kitty and Ross go by, floating on the music. She wished she was Kitty Alton—really young. She wished she was Marion Evans, the little girl who'd been brought up in Connecticut to like boats and swimming and tennis and sunsets. She wished she hadn't tried to be two people—*the* Miss Evans and *the* Mrs. Sanderson. In trying so hard to do this, the real Marion Evans seemed to have been left far behind.

"I'm waiting," said Marshall Beck.

She nodded. "I'm thinking," she replied.

She was thinking about what he had said. She wasn't in love, of course. She'd just been having fun trying to get under that G-man's skin, trying to make him angry; to hurt him a little just to see if she could. She was wondering if now she was subconsciously trying to make herself still a third person—a sort of Gracie Square *femme fatale;* a woman who went around trying to make an impression on strange men just for the sake of building up her vanity. A little shudder passed over her shoulders.

"GHost walking over your grave?" asked Beck.

"Ghost of a girl. Ghost of a nice girl. She used to be me." Marion looked at Beck. "Marsh, I'm not in love with anybody, but the other day I met a man who interested me. I tried to make a dent in his armor. Was that wrong of me, do you think?"

"People who live in glass houses ought to be very careful about trying to make dents in other people's armor."

She looked her surprise. "*Me?* Me live in a glass house?"

"Marion," said Beck, "ever since you stopped loving Howard you've been hideously vulnerable. That's why I've been hoping when the lightning struck you it would be me. You see, if it were me, you wouldn't get hurt."

"The man didn't come back," said Marion. "So I guess I didn't make much of a dent."

"He will come back, if he knows you really want him to."

"I don't know," said Marion. "He—he isn't like anyone I have ever met before."

"They never are," said Beck. "It's like that with girls, too. Kitty Alton isn't like anyone I ever met before. Neither was the girl I used to go around with before her, nor the one before that. I tell myself that isn't true, but I know it is. You see, I've lived so much and so long that I——"

He broke off. Marion was staring across the room at one of the wall tables for two. He let his gaze follow hers. A man and a girl were at the table. The girl looked like a foreigner. She was an aristocratic-looking girl and she wore a low-cut black dinner gown. He wondered why Marion was staring at her. Then he saw the man smile and wave. Marion waved back, and then he knew and he looked at the man again.

"Marion," he said. "I don't get it. He doesn't look very interesting. In fact, *I* didn't even notice him at first."

He saw her color rise. "He's meant to be that way," she said. "He's—he's a G-man." She gave an embarrassed laugh at herself. "Can you imagine it? *Me,* of all people!"

Beck looked again at the man, saw the way his chin set and that he looked lean and fit. He nodded. "Yes, I can imagine it. I'd like to meet him."

"It would be a little obvious for me just to walk you over there and introduce you."

"Yes, it would be very obvious, and you, my poor chicken, are simply dying to do exactly that."

She flashed him a quick smile. "Let's dance," she said.

Marshall Beck was a good dancer. He was also a good general. He maneuvered so that when the music stopped the only logical route back to his table was along the row of wall tables. As they passed the table where John Harris was sitting with the foreign girl, Marion stopped and held out her hand.

"Hello, Mr. Harris," she said. "It's nice to see you again."

Harris stood up. "It's nice to see you May I present Countess Lanzman—Mrs. Sanderson."

Marshall Beck was introduced, and then the countess said, "Won't you sit down and have a drink with us, Mrs. Sanderson?"

"I'd love to," said Marion. She hesitated, looked full at John Harris. "Unless you're——"

"Unless what, Mrs. Sanderson?" His voice was cold.

She'd been going to say, "Unless you're working," but realized in time you couldn't say that to an American secret-service man who was dining out with a German or Polish or Austrian countess. She smiled. "Unless you're in the middle of one of those conversations people are always in the middle of when other people stop at their tables in night clubs."

He smiled too now, approvingly, as though he admired her recovery. "No," he said, "we were just talking about the war. Countess Lanzman was telling me about getting out of Austria. She's had some interesting experiences."

Marshall and Marion sat down then. Harris called the waiter and ordered Scotch and sodas. He was drinking ginger ale. Marshall Beck drew the countess into talk. There was a long silence between Marion and John Harris. Because the room was very crowded they were sitting close together, touching each other. Both of them were conscious of it. Harris put his hand around his glass, slowly turning it.

"You didn't come back," said Marion, and was surprised to hear herself say it. She'd meant to say something quite different.

"I wanted to," said Harris.

"I wanted you to," said Marion.

"I know."

At the same instant it dawned on each of them that this conversation didn't fit any of the circumstances of their last meeting. It had, after all, been their first meeting. It had also been definitely on the formal side, yet now they were speaking in the low voices of people who have already come to mean something to each other.

That was a little frightening. It made Marion feel things were going too fast. It made her want to back off. She put her lips close to his ear and asked, "Have you found my late cook? August?"

"I shouldn't mention it," said Harris, "but I have. I think August's life is going to become very interesting in the next few days. He's a bad boy."

"Who's the girl friend?" said Marion. "A hot spy?"

He grinned. "I shouldn't tell you this, either. But in her handbag are credentials that say exactly the same thing mine do."

? ?

Family Quiz Answers
FATHER

(Continued from page 16)

1. **A mountain in Thessaly believed by the ancient Greeks to be the abode of their gods.**
2. **360.**
3. **Grover Cleveland, 22nd and 24th President.**
4. **The distance covered by light in a year —6,000,000,000,000 miles.**
5. **Because they are cooler than their surroundings.**
6. **William Howard Taft.**
7. **Peruvian bark.**
8. **Food, according to Secretary of Agriculture Wickard.**
9. **Because the Suez is at sea level.**
10. **It was proposed to Louis XVI of France as a possible means of invading England. Benjamin Franklin was so impressed with the idea he wrote a full report of it to the Continental Congress.**
11. **Sand, lime and soda.**
12. **An explosive consisting of TNT and ammonium nitrate.**

Questions accepted from Bert Neiswander, Clayton, Mo.; Mrs. C. A. Smith, Paducah, Ky.; Earling R. Garrison, Whipple, Ariz.; Mrs. G. L. Miller, Ft. Worth, Tex.; Mrs. Daniel R. Moses, Hartford, Conn.; Ruth A. Williams, Blue Earth, Minn.; P. Jerome Longstreet, Columbus, O.; Ray Gentzler, Southbridge, Mass.; Wanda M. Hart, Joliet, Ill.

? ?

"A G-woman," said Marion. "Where'd you find August?"

"Not too far from your house. In Yorkville. That's no secret. The place is a rabbit warren. Always has been. Everybody up there's too good an American citizen. Really good citizens are never really very good citizens. They just take it for granted they are, so they don't do much about it. Like me. Like you too, I guess. We don't feel we have to wave flags."

"How do you know about me?" asked Marion.

"I don't," said Harris. "All I know about you is that you're a rich man's wife and you're discontented and"—he broke off and grinned again—"and you're curious about what goes on inside people's heads. G-men's heads especially."

"I am," said Marion. "Look, how about you and your G-girl friend joining our party? We're all going back to my house after a while."

"I don't know," said John Harris. "In my profession, any friends, any entanglements are taboo, you know. I explained the other day."

Though she hated herself for it, Marion began to get that sense of frustration again. "You'll be pretty safe, with Marsh and Kitty and Dick and your lady helper all there. I don't count Howard, because he'll either be out worrying about things or he'll be asleep worrying about them."

John Harris half closed his eyes. Then he looked at his wrist watch. "We have to wait here for another half-hour until the late shift of waiters comes on." He sighed. "I'd like to be in your house again. I like it there."

"You'll come?" She didn't even try to keep the eagerness out of her voice.

"Yes," he said quietly. "I'll come."

The rest of that evening had, for John Harris, many of the qualities of a dream and some of the qualities of a nightmare. The taxi ride to Marion's apartment, he and she alone because six were too many for one cab; he and she alone in the dark. Then arriving at the apartment, riding up in the elevator together, she had said, "Funny, for *us* to be riding up to an apartment alone together," and he had known exactly what she meant and without meaning to had said, "There has to be a first time for everything."

Then the pleasant hour of Scotch and sodas and soft music coming from a radio that you couldn't see; then one by one the other guests going—Sonya Lanzman whispering to him as she said good night, "Watch your step, Johnny. For a man with your career, she's more dangerous than the Gestapo," and he had said, "You know something about her?" And Sonya had laughed and said, "Yes, Johnny, I know something about her—she's in love with you," and he had known a sense of exaltation that had made him feel quite drunk.

Then an exquisite half-hour alone with Marion in that lovely living room, sitting on the white sofa, she leaning back in one corner, her eyes warm and interested. He was sitting close beside her, talking, just talking—telling about how he got to be an FBI man because a judge in his home town had told him he was too honest to be a good lawyer but prepared his cases with such microscopic detail that he was a natural for a G-man; telling her about his boyhood, about his mother and father, about his ambitions; knowing a sense of escape from the dark world he lived in, knowing a sense of warmth and comfort.

Once their hands accidentally touched, and they drew them apart so suddenly they both laughed. They didn't know why they laughed, but after that they were self-conscious, and a little while after that Howard Sanderson came home. He joined them in a drink and asked all the standard unanswerable questions, and a little after that John Harris stood up to say good-by, held out his hand to Howard Sanderson.

"Drop in any time, old man," said Sanderson. "Least we men out of the service can do for men in it is give 'em a drink now and then and a little hospitality."

"Thank you," said Harris.

"Besides," said Sanderson with a laugh, "it's good for Marion. She's a vivisectionist, you know."

Harris frowned, looked from Sanderson to his wife. He saw her form the word, "No," with her lips. He didn't get it.

"A vivisectionist?"

"Yes, indeed she is," said Sanderson. "She cuts people up into little pieces—'specially unusual people like yourself. Then she puts 'em together again on her typewriter. My wife is a brilliant woman." He saw the look of questioning surprise in Harris' eyes. "Don't tell me you don't know who she is!"

John Harris had the strange feeling that something awful was happening; something that was going to spoil something that was beginning to seem very beautiful to him. He said, "We FBI men don't know everything! We only know things we check up on. No, I don't know who she is. Who is she?"

Marion Sanderson answered him. When she spoke, there was an undertone of desperation in her voice. "I'm a writer," she said. "You've probably heard of me. I write under my maiden name, Marion Evans, and Howard is being ridiculous about it. I'm not brilliant, and I don't cut people up into little pieces and put them together again on my typewriter. I—I—he makes it sound as though I'd just asked you here to—to pump you about yourself."

"Yes," said Harris. "He does make it sound like that."

"I didn't!" cried Marion. "I didn't, and you've got to believe me. You've got to! Honestly, John, if you don't, I don't know ——" She caught her lower lip between her teeth as though to keep herself from saying more, when she had already said too much.

Howard Sanderson laughed. "Methinks the lady protests too much. What do you thinks?"

"*I* think," said Harris, "that it's high time I went back to the dull business of tracking down people with unattractive names who want to do unattractive things to our war effort. Good-by, Mr. Sanderson." He bowed to Marion. "Good-by. And thank you for everything, Marion."

It was the first time he had called her Marion. He thought it would be the last. He had wanted to call her that just once. She closed her eyes and turned her head away. She had never really liked her name before. But when John Harris said Marion, even with the bitterness that she heard in his calm voice, it sounded like music to her. "I'll see you to the door," she said.

"No. I can find my way."

"I—I hope you'll drop in again, John."

She had turned back to him, and he looked into her eyes. For the flash of a second he thought he saw something there that made the things her husband had said impossible and outrageous. Then his training caught up with him. No man in his right mind must ever believe things he thinks he sees in any woman's eyes. He must believe only facts,

hard, cold facts, and the thing he thought he saw wasn't a fact at all; it was only a hint of a dream that he wanted to dream.

He bowed. "It's hard for men in the FBI to have friends," he said. "I explained, remember? No roots; no entanglements—those are the rules. Good rules, Marion. They save us from ourselves." He sighed, as though he were suddenly very tired. "When you write your story about a G-man, don't make him a werewolf. Make him a man like other men, with a heart like other men's hearts. Say that sometimes they get tired, and sometimes, like other men, they get disillusioned. Thanks again, and good-by."

Then he was gone. Marion poured herself a drink. Her husband watched her. He wondered why her hand made the ice in the glass rattle. He supposed it must be because she was dreaming up something to write and was getting excited about it, but he only wondered a little. He had given up wondering about Marion a long time ago. He took the bottle and poured himself a drink and settled down on the sofa.

"That G-man," he said, "you known him long?"

"No," said Marion. "Why?"

"Talks queer," said Sanderson. "D'you suppose they all talk like that? I mean, I'm supposed to be a fairly intelligent man, and *I* couldn't understand what he was talking about. I s'pose *you* could."

Marion sighed an echo of the tired sigh John Harris had left in the room. She felt dead. She felt that she hated her husband, that she hated John Harris, that she hated herself, and that above all she hated her profession and the imagination that made it possible for her to succeed at it.

"Yes," she said, "I understood what he was talking about."

Her husband looked at her sidewise. "You having an affair with him, Marion?"

"No," she said. "Oh, no, Howard!"

God knows, she thought, that was true—what you did inside your own head didn't count. No, she wasn't having an affair with John Harris. She never would have an affair with John Harris. She would never see John Harris again. She had lost him.

"'Course," said her husband, "I'm a stockbroker, not exactly what you'd call a psychiatrist, but I study human nature. My hobby, in a way. *I* would have said there was something up between you two."

"Don't be a goon, Howard," said Marion. She even managed a little laugh. "*You* ought to know by now that writers are always play-acting; that they're always sounding as if they were having scenes with people. I guess that's how they like it. No, Howard, on my word of honor there is not one single thing between John Harris and me."

It sounded convincing, she thought; so convincing she almost convinced herself. Howard Sanderson gave her a long, slow, wondering look. Then he said, "Sort of wish I was drunk." He looked at the tray of mixings on the glass coffee table. "Think I'll *get* drunk." He looked at his wife. "Care to join me?"

She knew his saying that was going to make her cry—for all sorts of reasons. She got up and went into her bedroom.

The bullet came out of the darkness, swiftly, accompanied by a roaring crash and a spurt of orange flame from fifty feet away down the dark passage. With the flash, almost before it had left its gun barrel, John Harris' .45 automatic roared its answer. There was another

crash, another flash of flame, and this time the impact knocked Harris backward against the cellar wall and he felt a pain in his shoulder so hot it seemed more as if it had been caused by the flame than by the bullet. He swung his automatic to his left hand, pointed it and pressed the trigger. In the midst of its thundering August Schonbrun suddenly found the peace he had been unwilling to accept in life.

Harris breathed hard and listened. In the Yorkville cider-and-beer parlor that operated over the cellar as a blind for less pleasant Germanic activities carried on in other parts of the building, feet were pounding—heavy, running feet. Harris thought calmly: I have about seven seconds to get out of here. I'd better get going. It's a pity I had to kill the skunk. He would have led me to the head of the ring. Nasty, suspicious people, the Huns. Why did he have to come look in his filthy cellar before they started their meeting? Then, not so calmly: *How* did I get in here?

He forced his brain to remember how many steps it was to the coal chute from the spot where he had installed the dictograph. Seven steps. Seven steps, seven seconds—nothing to it. Nothing to it for a well man; different for a man with a hunk of lead burning his shoulder. He started moving along the wall, heard the footsteps on the stairs. That was too bad. Then he heard shouts, and the sound of men swinging against a door.

John Harris turned his head toward the body and grinned. "Thanks, rat," he said. The dead man was wedged between the wall and the door. "Five—six—seven. Seven steps." He reached up with his well arm. He thought: Too honest to be a good lawyer—great with that microscopic attention to detail. His hand slid into the wide opening of the chute. Slowly he inched himself off the ground and into the opening. With agonizing pain, he worked his way along it to the manhole cover in the sidewalk, lifted it. The street was quiet; he pulled himself through, slipped the cover back and got to his feet. Those cellar walls were thick; nobody outside the *Stube* had heard a sound; down there it had sounded like an artillery barrage.

He looked up and down the street. He thought: This thing hurts; got to get it fixed. Where to get a phone? Then he realized he couldn't get a phone—that nowhere in this neighborhood could he get help of any sort. The one thing a G-man cannot do is let his identity as a G-man be revealed. That ends his usefulness on a case as surely as a bullet in the right place. Have to get away from here, though.

He started to walk, blindly, staggering because of his wound. He walked east, crossed First Avenue, came to York Avenue; then he remembered—there was safe haven around here. Couldn't go to it for obvious reasons, but it was there; even at three o'clock in the morning, it was there. Then he realized that the steps he was taking were steps he had taken a dozen times before—steps that led a man from the heart of Yorkville down to the river where he could lean on the iron railing and look up at the windows of the apartment houses on Gracie Square.

Marion Sanderson, lying wakeful in the night, heard the ringing of her doorbell. A telegram, she thought, for Howard, appointing him to be something or other in something or other. Why couldn't they wait till morning? *Nobody* could really need a man like Howard *this* badly.

She toyed with the idea of letting the thing ring. Then she realized it wasn't ringing the way doorbells usually do, in spurts that get angrier as time passes. It was ringing steadily, as though someone were leaning against it. It was ringing with a terrible urgency. She swung her long legs over the side of her bed, swept a creamy negligee over her shoulders. Then, closing the bedroom door behind her so Howard wouldn't be wakened, she snapped on the living-room lights, crossed the foyer, opened the front door.

When she first saw John Harris standing there, she wasn't surprised. Instead, she knew a sense of something having happened that was inevitable. Then she looked at his face and saw that it was twisted with pain.

"John! Oh, my dear, what——"

He could barely speak. "August," he said. "Cellar—up the street. Sorry to disturb—usefulness ended if found wounded"—he nodded his head—"over there. Nice of you—let me in—after what I said. Sorry."

She saw then the ragged tear in his blue coat, the crimson ring around it, and when she looked up into his face this time his G-man training made it impossible to deny that the thing he saw in her eyes was fact. Her arms reached out, went around him, pressed him against her; her lips found his, clung, and the sense of peace that comes at the end of a long hard journey flooded into him.

He put his good arm around her. "Love you, Marion Evans Sanderson," he said. "Love another man's wife. Awful—can't help it."

"Neither of us could help this, John, it's"—she ran out of words, an odd thing for a person who used words as a profession—"it's just—just one of those things."

"You'll get blood on your pretty nightdress," he said.

"It's *your* blood, John," she said, and even as she said it she wondered why in really deep moments the old banal remarks were always the only ones that really fitted. Then she came to her senses. "Your *blood!*" she cried. "Blood. We've got to do things about it." She was leading him into the room. "The sofa. Lie down, my darling. I'll hurry."

He stretched out on the sofa and murmured to himself, "Lie down, my darling; lie down, my darling," and thought: Wound's damn near worth it to hear her voice say that. He closed his eyes and called on his strength to fight the wound. "Hell with it!" he said aloud. "G-men don't die! They get killed outright or they go on living."

Then his head fell back and he lost consciousness. He was unconscious when Marion came back from having called her doctor, and the sight of him that way let her know the first real fear she had ever known in her life. She opened his coat, gently cut the shirt away from the wound. Then she took a clean face towel she had brought and pressed it hard against the torn flesh where the blood was bubbling now; pressed it as though by force and will power she could stanch the flow until the doctor came.

"Boy puts finger in dike," she said. "But this isn't a dike, and I'm not a boy. I'm a woman, and this is a man—my man, I guess—and he's dying." With her other hand she found his, clutched it for a second. "John, live! You've got to live—for me. I was only half alive until you came into my life. You've *got* to live, John. Got to!"

An instinct made her look over her shoulder. Howard Sanderson was standing just inside the room, pajamaed and with his hair tousled.

"Marion, what's going on here? Late party of some kind? Don't think I care for it." He advanced into the room. Then he saw Harris, deathly pale now. He saw the blood on his wife's night clothes. He looked at them for a long time. "You're gettin' a lot of copy out of this chap, aren't you, Marion? Well, maybe you'll get some out of me when I get to be a major in ordnance—if I get overseas, I mean."

It was pathetic, in a way. It was so obviously an attempt to combat something he was incapable of combating; an almost childish effort to cling to a romantic concept of himself, to make his wife feel the same concept. It boomeranged. What it did to Marion was to accentuate her husband's inadequacy—the futility and half-heartedness of his efforts to wear a uniform. Howard and his talk about going to war.

She saw then that this man lying on her sofa, whose blood she was wearing like a crown over her heart, whose life she was trying to save—this man had been at war against the enemy for years; had been in the front line. A phrase swept into her head: "Unwept, unhonored and unsung." He hadn't asked to be honored; there was no glory in the kind of war he fought—it was too real for glory. Well, Howard or no Howard, he was going to be honored now.

She looked her husband full in the eyes. "I'm sorry, Howard," she said, "but you've got to know. I love him."

Her husband smiled, shrugged his shoulders. It had come. He'd always known it would, someday. It was her brain, of course, and her imagination. He nodded, feeling old and useless.

"It's almost a relief, Marion," he said, "to have had it happen . . . You've phoned the doctor? Better get a couple of nurses too. I'll phone for 'em if you'll tell me where."

She was astonished. "*You'll* phone for them to take care of *him?*"

"Certainly," he said. "Don't be such a dramatic fool, Marion! Doesn't make any difference if a fellow happens to be your wife's lover or not—if he gets shot fighting your war for you, least you can do is do everything you can for him."

Marion's eyes went moist. "Howard, do you know, until this moment I don't think I've had any idea what it really meant to be a gentleman?"

The first months after he got out of the hospital were, for John Harris and his lady, a sort of golden re-creation of the dream of youth that comes to torture almost everybody over thirty and that once in a blue moon blossoms beyond the dream stage into a phase of life. These months were an idyl; a quiet drifting down a calm, sun-shot stream.

John and Marion were close, those days; closer, they thought, than any two people had ever been since the world began. They were, quite simply, quite frankly, lovers. They did the things lovers must do; they knew the ecstasies and exaltations, the quick fears and sudden angers and jealousies and sadnesses. They knew the sting of gossip, and the joy of having it fail to do more than sting because they lived in a private world of their own. They were complete in themselves. All their lives up to the moment of their first meeting, they put aside.

Thus it was for two months, while winter gave into the eternally heartbreaking tenderness of spring. And then the world outside began to encroach on their private world. There were practical problems to be met and faced, and with them came the end of the idyl.

The problems were clear-cut. It was

impossible for John Harris to continue as an FBI man and to marry Marion Sanderson. Without marriage, it was impossible for them to establish a home together. They met their problems in the way that to them seemed right. Marion started her novel for Marshall Beck. John Harris resigned from the FBI and took a partnership in a downtown law firm. Howard Sanderson's problems had already been met for him. In their whimsical way, the heads of the Army had made him a lieutenant colonel in the ground forces of the Air Corps. He was stationed at Palm Beach; he was getting a divorce, and he had a blond girl friend who came from the Midwest and had never had any money or much fun and who thought he was the most wonderful person she had ever met.

Marshall Beck sat at the carved sandalwood desk that stood in the south window of his apartment. It was a beautiful apartment, high up in a tower. It was full of late summer sunshine and sandalwood furniture and white polar-bear rugs. In his hands was a thin glass prism that he turned from time to time so it would catch the rays of the sun and reflect them on the ceiling in all the colors of the spectrum. He called it his private portable rainbow. Marshall Beck was partial to rainbows as he was partial to everything that was beautiful.

Across the room from him, the warm air from the wide windows riffling her golden hair, wearing shorts and a bandanna, Kitty Alton lay on her stomach on one of the rugs. Her chin was propped on her hands. On the rug in front of her was a typed manuscript. She read quickly and with intense concentration. Presently she turned the last page, grimaced, and rolling over on her side, looked at Beck and shook her head.

"Up to page one hundred and ninety it's terrific," she said. "Then something happens to it. *I* don't know what happens to it, do you, Marsh?"

He looked down at her and smiled. He always smiled when he looked at Kitty Alton. She was his most beautiful treasure—a collector's item, he thought. He twisted his prism so its rainbow fell on her hair, turned it slowly so that the rainbow moved across her face and shoulders.

"The warm caress of summer sunshine," he said. "My girl has a rainbow over her heart. She is very beautiful and I adore her, and I haven't the vaguest idea what the hell happened to Marion after she hit page one hundred and ninety. *I* feel about the story just the way you do."

"You don't know what happened to it?"

"Look, Psyche, nothing actually happens to stories—things happen to the people who write them, and those things show up in the writing. That's where you come in."

"Maybe she had a fight with the werewolf," said Kitty.

"No," said Beck. "That would have put a sting in her words, made them vitally alive. That isn't what happened. The story dies on its feet."

"Marsh, did that girl Psyche you're so fond of ever get fed Cuba Libres?"

"Constantly," said Marshall Beck. "And I like your indirect approach. I'll mix and you think."

Kitty got up and walked over to the huge north window. In the distance, she could see the East River and Gracie Square. It would be fun, she thought, to be a real goddess and sit on a cloud and look down and know everything. Then she laughed. It's kind of fun, she thought, to be Marshall Beck's goddess and sit in his apartment and not really know anything—except that he thinks I do.

Her pretty forehead wrinkled in thought. Marshall, dear, adored Marsh, wanted her to think this out. It was important to him. She must think it out. When he came back a few minutes later and put a tall dark drink in her hand, her forehead was still furrowed. She took a long sip of the drink. Then she swung herself up onto the sandalwood desk.

"You know what, Marsh? I think I've got it for you. They were sizzling. Now they've cooled. The minute he quit being a G-man he quit being the thing she fell in love with."

"He's still the same man," said Beck. "He's still mysterious-looking and lean and hard and—and young."

"Look, Marsh," said Kitty, "people just *are* things. You *are* a magazine editor. I *am* a—a sort of lily of the field. You couldn't be anything else; you'd look silly. *I* couldn't, for instance, be an actress. I'd look silly. Well, because he—or she—thought he ought to, the werewolf *has* tried to be somebody else because the thing he was couldn't get married. I guess it didn't work, that's all."

Marshall Beck nodded. "Psyche, being well-brought-up can be a curse. It makes such a fetish of respectability. It ruins really fine and honorable relationships. It louses up good writers like anything. Should I talk to Marion?"

"No," said Kitty. "I'll talk to the werewolf. He must be miserable."

"He wouldn't take it," said Beck.

"He'd take it from me. He likes me," said Kitty. "I think I can put the bite on the werewolf about this and maybe fix it so Marion can rewrite the end of this serial for you."

"Tell him," said Beck, "that she put the divine spark that makes her write into his hands to care for. Tell him it's important to the world."

"I'll tell him," said Kitty, "that if he doesn't get hep to himself he's going to lose his girl friend and hate himself for the rest of his life."

Beck threw back his head and laughed. "Ponce de Leon thought he found you in Florida. He thought you were a crystal spring—a fountain, instead of a beautiful woman."

"You're teasing me," she said. She got up off the desk and started for one of the bedrooms to dress.

He called after her, "Psyche, it's funny, but I never thought to ask you before. Will you marry me?"

In the bedroom doorway, she turned and gave him one of those smiles that made people wonder about them. "Later," she said, "when we've got our highly respectable friends highly straightened out."

Marion Evans Sanderson was hot and tired. The magnificent view from her study windows looked trite, like a too-often-copied painting. She pushed the typewriter and the sheaf of manuscript away from her and got up. Then she took a shower and began listlessly to dress. John would be here in half an hour to take her out to dinner. He would come in and kiss her, and they would both wonder what had happened to the thing that had burned like bright flame such a little while ago—the thing that had made them seem to be walking alone in high places, with their heads among the stars.

She had just finished dressing when the maid knocked on the door and said, "Mr. Harris is home, ma'am."

John was standing by the window, staring down at the river. She walked over to him and said, "Hello, John."

He nodded, but kept his eyes on the

river. She followed the direction of his gaze. Big gray ships, part of a convoy on its way to the open sea, were moving past the windows. The decks were crowded with drab-colored Army trucks, crates and all the miscellany of war. Long-snouted guns hung over their sterns and anti-aircraft batteries were mounted on turrets amidships. The ships moved slowly under their enormous burdens of potential death.

"You too, John?" she said softly. "Like Howard?"

He nodded. A roaring blast came from a vessel farther downstream. It was a transport, its decks jammed with men who were waving and whistling to people lining the esplanade.

"It's my business, Marion." There was a little silence. "I'm a rotten lawyer. Too honest, maybe. I'm a hunter—a man hunter. I've got to go back to it, Marion. I'm no good this way."

She felt a tingle go down her spine. "What about me, John?" she asked.

"You don't love me any more," he said. "I know that." He saw her lips move, hurried on. "Oh, you love me, I guess, because of what we've been to each other—I don't suppose people get over that in a hurry—but you don't love me the same way. It used to be when I came into the room you lighted up like—like a lot of candles. It isn't like that any more."

She put her arm through his, held it tightly against her. "What's happened to us, John? What *is* it? I've felt it too, of course. It's—it's as if something had died."

"*I* died," he said, "after I quit the FBI. I've been through hell about this, Marion. You see, I never expected to feel about anybody the way I felt about you. I felt I had to make sure of having you for always. I had to marry you. I couldn't ask *you* to marry a man who lived his life in the dark, listening to people in cellars, never knowing when he said good-by whether it was forever. I couldn't do that to *you!* So I pretended to myself that my wound let me out of"—he motioned toward the long line of gray ships—"out of that. I thought I could close my eyes, and when I opened them it would all be gone. I opened them, and it wasn't gone. You were gone."

That shiver ran through her again. "I'm right here, John." She barely whispered it. "I love you, John. I—I belong to you. I always will. I can be married to a man who lives in dark places, who lives in danger. I fell in love with a man like that." She took her arm from his, slid it around him almost shyly. "You've thought I was fragile; you thought because I live the way I do and look the way I look that I was fragile. You've been so gentle with me always except at—except sometimes at first."

Her arm tightened around him. "You thought you couldn't be who you were and marry me because I'd be hurt. Well, I'm a woman, John—a *woman*—and women like men to be cruel. They *like* their men to be strong with them and to hurt them." Tears rushed to her eyes, tumbled over the dark lashes.

"A girl told me that about a week ago," said John. "I never knew it; it's one of the things I'd never checked up on. That nice girl of Marsh Beck's. I only half believed it."

"Look at me," Marion said, "and believe it all the way."

"I've *got* to hurt you now," he said; "got to tell you something. I hate to when I feel—when I feel as if we were back where we once were." He put his arms around her, crushed her. "I don't understand how we got back, but——"

"*I* understand it," she said. "I never

stopped being in love with the strange shadowless man I fell in love with and gave myself to so utterly. You're that man again. Hurt me!" she cried. "Hurt me now while I'm loving you so much it's an agony!"

"Well," he said, "I saw my old boss yesterday. I was going to ask him to give me back my job. Turned out he'd been trying to get in touch with *me*. The Army, G-2—Intelligence. They want me. Special mission. Remember Mark Clark in Africa, just before we landed? This is like that, in another place, of course. It's dangerous as hell and no glory, but if I pull it off I get a colonelcy—a full colonelcy in the intelligence corps of the Regular Army—for life. It's a job I know how to do. Lot of cellar work, but important. I think I can pull it off."

His eyes, looking into hers, were hard. As on the first time they met; they seemed to her to be going right through hers; to be physically touching her.

"If I come back," he said, "I want you to marry me."

"When do you go?"

"I go in a bomber—tomorrow evening."

"That gives us tonight, John," she said. "That gives us tonight—and we can be married tomorrow."

"But——"

"We're done with buts, you and I, John. We're done with dreaming; we're done with half-living. We've got to live all the way now as hard as we can because there isn't time left in the world for anything else. Hold me, my darling—hold me close to you for all the little time we have."

He held her. "*I* think," he said, "we're only just beginning to dream."

Marion Evans picked up the pile of manuscript beside her typewriter and carefully stacked it. This was a good manuscript—you didn't just shove it around. You treated it with respect. Then she snapped off the desk light and looked out the window at the night. Somewhere in the darkness across the endless waters she had a man, a strong man with cold eyes; a hard man—a hunter. She was very proud. The way she felt about him justified everything she had done—everything she had done to Howard, to herself. She was all right now; she'd be alive for the rest of her life. The spark that didn't really belong to her but belonged to the world wouldn't ever die again. She knew that. He'd only been gone two days, but she knew it.

She glanced at the desk clock. Its luminous dial said two. There'd been something she'd been meaning to do all day, something she had to do, something she wouldn't have done a week ago. Two A.M. was pretty late, and Marsh would think she was kidding him, but . . . She snapped the light on, dialed his number, turned the light off again. When she got Beck on the phone she told him he'd have the revised serial in the morning. Then she said, "Marsh, is that nice girl of yours there at this unrespectable hour, by any chance?"

"Respectability," he said, "is only a point of view—a dangerous one. Certainly she's here."

A few seconds later Kitty Alton's voice came over the wire. "I suppose you've called up to bawl me out for sending your man away from you. Well, I'm sorry, Marion, but——"

Kitty Alton was astonished to hear Marion laugh. She flashed Beck a puzzled look; then she listened. She heard Marion's voice say, "No, Psyche, I called up to thank you from the bottom of my heart for giving him back to me."

THE END

Soon: C. S. Forester gives us the delightful true story of his three maiden aunts and how they preserved their modesty in the face of a most embarrassing accident in "The Bedchamber Mystery"

Can Bombing Smash Germany in '44? (*Continued from page 27*)

received that a German factory making locomotive boiler tubing was out of production and a serious shortage existed. Scraps of information of that kind can be accumulated into large piles.

After the initial bombing of the Renault works in Paris by the R.A.F., the repaired plant was bombed by our Eighth Air Force. The loss in truck production is estimated at 3,000 trucks. Reconnaissance photographs show 180,000 square yards of roof damage. But the Germans did repair their truck production, although they made no effort to restore the factory knocked out in the same raid.

What does it all mean? I don't think anybody on our side has a very definite idea of how it adds up. We know we are hacking away at the Reich. I find high-ranking officers of both the American and British air forces who think Germany can be knocked out in the spring of 1944. Others are less optimistic, expecting it not earlier than the fall. I incline toward the latter guess, although I am certain nobody has better than an informed guess to offer at present. Intangibles as well as physical damage will decide the question. England fought on in the summer of 1940 when arithmetic proved she had been defeated. Will Germany do the same? I don't think so, because England always had the hope that with time Allied resources could be mustered, whereas with Hitler time runs the other way. Each week now the American Eighth Air Force is going to grow stronger at a rapid pace.

Bombing damage can and will be increased. Equally important, American heavy bombers are now so well armed that they have unexpectedly become the chief means of destroying German fighter planes. The destruction of the fighter force of the Luftwaffe is necessary before invasion or the final climax of the bombardment campaign is possible. The American program is to destroy fighter factories, fighters in the air and fighters on the ground. As soon as the rate of destruction passes the rate of construction, which should be in the near future, the beginning of the end is in sight. Until then we must be patient in the confidence that there is coming into existence in England now the mightiest airborne hammer that the forge of Mars has ever created.

One day while I was in England we sent out a force of bombers that in a few minutes pounded Bremen with a blast which General Frederick Alexander, Deputy Commander of the Eighth Air Force Bomber Command, said was equal to a battery of six-inch guns firing steadily for two days and nights, or to a salvo from 140 light cruisers. By the time this is in print we will have nearly doubled our air striking power.

Germany is far from smashed, but just for the hell of it we're going to see if we can't do it with Hitler's own favorite weapon.

You Can Be Happy Again

(*Continued from page 14*)

to do something nice for someone else that day.

5. Return to the world, to its business and pleasure. Go to church again. If you cannot get through the whole service the first time, leave by the side door. Go to lectures, to the theater. There will be an increasing number of times when you will find the movie or the lecture unexpectedly engrossing. "Surround yourself with people," my doctor advised. "Keeping up for the sake of appearance leads to keeping up as a helpful habit."

Finally, consider that you may have many, many years of life ahead, since grief rarely annihilates. This time must be passed with other people. Do not be a persistent sufferer who guides all conversation back to the departed. To the world generally offer poise, cheerfulness, and above all, interest in people.

This essentially wise regimen takes tremendous effort. If you can hold yourself to it, however, I *know* that you will soon pass from the destructive stress of grief to that new fullness of life which conquest of sorrow brings. And when you have won your own victory, you will find yourself saying in all sincerity to others who have been bereaved:

"Comfort and reconcilement of spirit are not gifts. They are trophies. You too can win them."

Green Eyes

(*Continued from page 23*)

The thing is that even with her jealousy, Alpha was a charming and affectionate girl. She did love him furiously and at all hours. Having decided that Freda Erlwein was really harmless, Alpha decided to be Freda's best friend from now on. Not just a friend, but her best friend, for Alpha was never able to endure a rival in friendship. For three days she called up the bewildered Freda, gave her tea, insisted on their going to a movie which Freda had already seen. But on the late afternoon of the third day, when Freda was at the Orchards' house for a drink and Wade came in and absent-mindedly kissed her with the spurious affection he would have shown for a customer's cat, Alpha instantly felt that she had been right the first time.

She made a scene.

"Please don't let my presence keep you two from carrying on the way you always have. I'm the modern civilized woman. I don't mind my husband slobbering all over scores of women that used to be his sweethearts. Don't mind *me!*"

"Don't mind her, Freda. She's joking," Wade said.

Freda thought it was one of the poorest jokes of the season, and she went home immediately.

If Alpha had not been canonically adopted into our sacred Agency Hill clan by having married one of the initiates, she would have been exiled into lifelong loneliness right then. But as Wade's wife, nothing could be done about her.

Without knowing just how many dangers hung around her, Alpha extensively "went into society"—by which we mean eating at other people's houses the same food that you would eat at home, plus chicken.

When fall came around and the Better Families moved back in from the Lake, Alpha was tolerated at everybody's house.

Certain innocents, including myself, thought that Alpha would shake down into being a fairly decent Grade-B

Young Matron, but her next border incident was to take our social gallantries too seriously.

I'm afraid we males in Cornucopia do get a little ponderous and try to be skittish and complimentary with the girls. I catch myself at it, even though I am a doctor, who is accustomed to snarling at women, "Come on now, shut up and let's see your tongue."

But Alpha Orchard took these animal noises seriously.

Because all our men were now scared of her reputation for poison-brewing, they hollered at her only the louder and more gallantly—and she sort of liked it.

When Wade acted like the older men and yelped at May Wetheral, "Don't forget you've promised to marry me after you've divorced Rex, and speaking of that, can I get you a highball?" then Alpha would put on her act.

Like the others, I had a simple desire to murder her. But I had no excuse, for deep down I knew that her jealousy was a real disease. Oh, yes, jealousy is fairly common, in even the soundest families.

After a year of this kind of monkeyism, Wade no longer thought that her jealousy was cute and flattering, and I know that after every party they had an old-fashioned knock-down-and-drag-out quarrel.

They got into a regular routine: Saying good-by to the host, very high and happy, had *such* a good time; getting the cold car running, while Alpha tapped her shapely right foot and reported, "Well, I'm glad you had such a nice time with Mrs. Junker. All I could see was you patting her hand. There's just one thing I really must ask of you, Wade—and heaven knows there's very little I ever ask. Of course everybody talks about the way you neglect me and leave me absolutely alone with these horrible dull strangers every time we go out, but just as a matter of pretending to be ordinarily civil to me, I do wish you would try and remember to come around *once* during the evening, and at least *speak* to me . . ."

That would last, back and forth, till they got home, and then she would softly forgive him for doing a lot of things that he hadn't done, and he would kiss her in surrender of his wrath.

But one habit of Wade's always pleased and rather surprised Alpha. He was unexpectedly attentive to his clothes. She said that he was the best-dressed man in Cornucopia.

She noticed that sometimes on an ordinary week-day morning, he would assume his best window display: the double-breasted blue jacket and the four-dollar tie from State Street in Chicago. When she asked him about it—and she always did—he explained that he wanted "to make an impression on a prize customer."

One noon he came back home and changed thus with a smirk that seemed excessive. She felt instantly suspicious, and she was still brooding about it when she went that afternoon to the Cornucopia Women's Club building for a committee meeting of the Civics Circle.

Across the street from the club was a block of new flats, three stories high, tapestry brick with these new big corner windows. Alpha was looking out, bored by the committee, when in one of those windows she saw her husband, wearing the war paint and a white carnation, standing with a woman who at that distance looked pretty.

Wade was laughing with her, shoulder rubbing shoulder with her. Then he and the vile female disappeared back into the room, out of sight, and Alpha went mad.

The other worthy ladies of the committee did not know what had happened. They merely reported later over all the telephones in town that at three-seventeen P.M., Alpha Orchard had stared out of a window, then looked as red and swollen as toothache, then pale and purposeful, and that when the committee meeting broke up, five minutes later, they had left her standing at the window.

She saw Wade and That Woman come out of the apartment house together. Seen closer, That Woman was pretty indeed, slim and fine-drawn, all violets and silver fox, with a small uplifted head.

Alpha flashed out of the room, down the stairs, across the street. She admitted to me, long afterward, that she was possessed by a violence that wanted to break everything. But she walked up and down the block two or three times before she crept into the place.

What she saw kindled her again. Wade and That Woman were drinking together—she never did find out whether it was pop or the lethal beer—at a small and intimate round table.

She stalked up to them. She was so sunk that she had no idea what powerful words would be given to her to say. That Woman was lovely, in a fragile way; perhaps ten whole years older than Wade, but so dripping with superiority that the simple village-beauty Alpha was dismayed.

Alpha never got beyond an "Oh!"

Wade grumbled. "Hello. You here? Like to sit down? Mrs. Bentlund—my wife."

That Woman said, "Howjduh. Mr. Uh, I must run along now. I'll think about it. Good-by, Mrs. Uh."

She was elegantly gone, like a marionette whisked across a toy stage.

Alpha had got no farther than a fairly menacing, "Who is that woman?" when her husband stormed. "What do you mean by following me and a customer? You've lost me a swell sale. I had an awful time coaxing her into this beer-dump in the first place, and then you horn in and give her a chance to escape. You didn't come off so well with your jealousy this time! It's not so funny when it begins to interfere with business!"

Poor Wade! He had handed her the one chance she had never expected. She was cunning enough not to apologize, but to slam right at him: So! That's the way it was! He thought more of his business than he did of their love! Well!

The depression of 1929-1935 did not squeeze Cornucopia as much as it did the more booming industrial cities, and anyway, Wade Orchard was a cautious investor.

They dropped their hired girl and Alpha discovered that cookbooks can be adventurous reading. She turned out fair meals for him, and sometimes even swept under the couch, and kept too busy to take time out for jealousy. She was one of the best cases I ever knew of mop-therapeutics. Their lively touch of poverty saved their sick marriage, and just about the time when Recovery and recovered jealousy were due to arrive, their baby Hazel came to save them again for a while.

Nice baby, Hazel. Beautiful? I wouldn't know about that. What is more important to a doctor is that Hazel slept regularly and kept her food down and had a good, healthy, neighborhood-wrecking yell. And Alpha was wild about her.

It had been ironic that in the first place her exaggerated absorption in Wade should have given that pleasantly ordinary young man a bolder self-confidence. It was the more ironic, though, that he was even more benefited by her letting

him and his business alone for a time, while she crooned over the baby.

I became quite fond of this young, motherly Alpha. I came to have hopes for that marriage. And then, one time when I was called in when the baby was about three years old, I realized that Alpha was not giving as much attention to Hazel as she thought she was.

In public, she was as tiresome as the proudest parent could be, but she had a good nurse, and it was the nurse who got the baby up at night, the nurse who dressed her and amused her.

Oh, she did love that active little squirrel, but it irritated her to have Wade ask first for the baby, not her, when he came home at night; irritated her to have well-meaning visitors say that Hazel was remarkably handsome—and resembled her father!

Soon, Alpha was constantly out in public again, working hard at making herself unpopular.

May and Rex Wetheral were entertaining a cousin from Massachusetts who was a good deal of an ordeal herself. They gave her a party: chicken salad and cold ham and ice cream, everybody help themselves and huddle in groups at card tables set around everywhere, including under the piano and inside the fireplace. Darling May is a sweet woman, but she takes her hostess duties as seriously as a truck driver does holdup men.

She lugged the Guest from table to table, to show off what Massachusetts culture can do, and it so happened that Guest sat down at one table, turning the spotlight of culture full on Wade, while at the next table, not a yard away, sat Alpha—five-feet-two of ears and fury.

Guest bubbled to Wade, "I love it out here in your big, primitive Middlewest."

Primitive my eye!

She lavished on, "Of course in the East we're so close to European manners and international affairs that we're almost you might say kind of decadent. I envy you pioneers!"

Wade poured himself into her arch gray eyes and gushed, "I know how you feel. I went East to college, myself. Amherst."

Guest was oozing an appreciative, "I knew you had—you seem so different," when Alpha swung her chair around and leaned over her husband's wall of shoulder.

Alpha turned on Guest. "I'm sure everybody in our dear pioneer Cornucopia is awestruck by your coming from the East, but it happens that I come from there myself—Indiana!"

Guest looked her all over, and rolled out, "Oh, zully? I'm afraid that where I live, we would scarcely call Indiana 'Eastern'!"

Alpha went all Western, movie-type Western: "Oh, no? Well, in Indiana we never make a show of ourselves by trying to flirt with *all* the husbands at a party . . . Wade! I think it's time we started home!"

During her retirement to Motherhood, the Agency Hill set had forgiven Alpha past jealousies, but to forgive a second time is not merely twice as hard as to forgive once. It is ten times as hard.

Alpha had declared war, and there was universal mobilization.

Several Cornucopia telephones burned up that night. There was no sympathetic giggling now about her being "cute" or a "child bride." They saw her jealousy as the puerile folly of a mature woman. But to herself Alpha was still the gay young Dutch dolly, and she could not believe in their wordless wrath—not for a while she couldn't.

If the Orchards were still seen at the Racquet Club Sunday Evening Buffets,

their old friends didn't often drop in now. Wade and Alpha sat home alone often. In the vicious circle of emotions, the more threatening Alpha became to the peace of her tribe, the lonelier they left her, and the lonelier she became, the more threatening she was. She took to brooding, and brooding is just as corrosive an evil as jealousy.

You can probably do your best brooding if you sit on the edge of a bed, your chin in your hand, feeling that you look tragic and important. But a chronic brooder can carry on almost as passionately while ordering groceries, attending a movie, or taking a bath. The real brooder believes that he is deeper and more sensitive than any of the people around him, but he has to be treated as a plain solitary drunk.

And, from what she has told me since, I am sure that Alpha Orchard got into just this state of brooding, in which common sense committed suicide.

As she could not pin her husband's wickednesses to any particular women, she turned her genius for destruction to an entirely new kind of sadism—jealousy of the opinions and scraps of knowledge that Wade brought out. Like most husbands, he was given to thinking aloud, and when he lectured, "Now if I were running the Government I wouldn't put a tax on enterprise," it didn't mean that he was launching out as an Intellectual Leader—it didn't mean anything. When they were first married, she had taken his opinions gravely. But now she invented three handy little stink bombs to throw at him whenever he got oracular: "Yes, I can read the dictionary, too," and "Am I supposed to be impressed or just amused?" and "That sounds very important, but I haven't noticed any college begging you to become its president."

Over and over and over, hundreds of times, these three sneers, always in the same words. They did not merely jar him; they wiped him out, wiped out his self-respect and dignity.

That's the period when, but ignorantly I gave up Alpha's chances of recovery.

After a season of successes in this new intellectual field, when the fall came along she suddenly insisted on going with Wade on those pheasant-hunting expeditions which had been his one sure refuge from too much womanness.

Alpha's first hunting expedition started out with surprising gaiety and success.

On that early morning of a North-Midwestern October, the sky and brown earth rested in a happy and innocent radiance, and the high blue air seemed lighter than elsewhere. The straw stacks were pale gold, the cement silos on the farms were silver towers. Alpha bounced in the car beside Wade, and sang, and looked back at the guns and hunting coats, and announced, "We're a Jeb Stuart raiding party! Darling, I've decided to become a professional game hunter!"

Wade loved her again, for her joy and force and differentness. In his foggy life, she had been the one cheery beacon, even if sometimes the beacon did turn crimson.

They parked the car at the farm of some people named Koren, and headed into the corrugated slopes of oat stubble. Alpha was carrying a borrowed twenty-gauge shotgun, so dainty and so sweetly balanced that she wasn't afraid of it. Not that she would ever go so far as to shoot it, of course.

The stubble in the stripped fields was prickly to her thin wool stockings, and the clods of earth hard to walk on, but the breeze was kind and murmuring.

"I ought to get out into the country with you oftener. Ought to do a lot more

things with you!" she cried. "Let's go hunting every day now!"

And the solemn young real estate man, who did like to be around with customers in the city sometimes, said as giddily as he could, which wasn't so very giddily, "Yes, that might be a fine idea."

Out of a swale of weeds whirled then a magnificent cock pheasant, a flash from Asian mountains, with iridescent tufted green head and purple-spotted golden breast, as astonishing in those humble fields as a springing tiger.

"It's yours!" yelled Wade.

She feebly raised her gun as though she was working out an idea of running after the bird and clubbing it. She looked helplessly at Wade, who now had his own gun sighted. She was exasperated by the placid slowness with which he swung the barrel, but when he fired, the bird did an aerial somersault and dropped to earth.

She had never before seen a game bird killed. She looked at him with awe, and observed, "Why, you hit it!"

"That's so!" he triumphed.

Toward noon he proposed, "About time for our lunch. Let's go over to the farmhouse, and Mrs. Koren will give us some coffee. She makes the best coffee I ever tasted."

"She does?" Alpha was right back in her old stride. "And who may *she* be?"

"Wife of the fellow that owns this farm."

"So you know your peasant women!"

"She isn't a bit of a peasant! She's a mighty well-educated girl. Used to be a schoolteacher."

"Oh, so now she's a *girl*, is she! How did you happen to know this revolting princess?"

"I sold 'em the farm in the first place, and I've often hunted over it. I always stop by the house."

"Oh! You do! You just feel natural among a lot of foreign Scandinavians!"

"The Korens aren't foreigners. They're the best darn Americans I know. And Gunnar—Mr. Koren—is not only a state senator, but he's on the Senate rules committee, and might be lieutenant governor some day, or even governor. I feel mighty lucky to be considered his friend!"

Meekly, "Oh!"

Her imagination was riding again, and she was convinced that she was going to have an adventure.

She was disappointed, when Mrs. Koren came out on the porch.

For Astrid Koren looked very much like Alpha, of the same age and just as Dutch doll, just as flaxen and blue-eyed, but a stronger woman, and more calm.

When Wade shouted coquettishly, "Well, well, Mrs. Koren, how's the politicianess today?" she answered with quietness, "Quite well, thank you, but Gunnar is very poorly. I'm trying to nurse him. It seems to be anemia."

"Gee, that's too darn bad. Oh—this is my wife. Gee, you'll have to take over Gunnar's politics for him."

"I am. I'm speaking this evening in Aurora for him about the League of Nations. But I think I can still give you your coffee, Mr. Orchard."

"No, no, we mustn't bother you. I hope Gunnar gets well. Bless you! Good-by!"

At parting, the two women stared at each other like pugilists at the weighing-in. Alpha, in her city tweeds, felt uncomfortably that Astrid Koren was alarmingly handsome in her simple gingham house dress, but she noticed how chapped were Astrid's stout hands. Alpha's own hands, she gloated, were unmarked ivory, soft and—well—cuddly!

But deep down she felt that Astrid Koren knew every department of her business as a woman, and could build a

real home on the stormy prairie instead of an imaginary castle on a hill. Alpha suddenly mourned. Somebody had been treacherous, though she couldn't make out just who it was.

As they drove back into Cornucopia, toward evening, it came to her:

"Thank Heaven that disgustingly competent lout of a Koren woman is 'way off here in the country all the time. Not hanging around, like that Wetheral female!"

Wade had taken on a habit of dropping in at the Wetherals' rather often. When Alpha wouldn't go for a Sunday afternoon walk with him, or evenings when she was at a club meeting, he would silently nose in and have a drink and look at their magazines. Sometimes Rex was there with May, and sometimes he wasn't, and it didn't matter.

May had always been like a pet sister and now, without being too curious, she was gratifyingly ready to listen to his troubles, if he wanted to tell them. Occasionally Rex or she would hint, "I don't suppose Alpha ever gets jealous any more." This natural poor fish would rise to this very natural fishing, and in a bewildered way he would find himself telling his old friends that he didn't know how long he could go on standing her madness.

May reassured him, and said, "You know, you don't have to stand it."

Alpha would have been surprised, if she had heard them. It never occurred to her that anything she could do would drive her husband away. Was her marriage not the end and purpose of the universe?

But it occurred to May. She was a fine woman, but no diplomat, and from the earnestly offensive way in which she stared whenever they met, it was obvious to Alpha that, at last, something wonderfully awful was going on.

Her moment of meeting with Astrid Koren had left Alpha feeling so useless and idle and vain that, in self-defense, she wanted to show her superiority by being violent. She would rather have been violent with Astrid herself but meantime she picked out May as a substitute.

She went right at it in her gallant, open way, just when Wade was going to bed for a needed sleep.

She put on her jauntiest bed jacket, and hummed a while. When he gave the final yawn that should have led down into a gentle valley of snoozing, she chirped, "Before you doze off, dear, there's one thing I would like to ask you."

Wade sat up rigidly in bed. He knew the sweet smell of the matrimonial mustard gas.

"Yuh?"

"Just how often do you telephone to May Wetheral?"

"Huh? How should I know?"

"You mean you telephone her so often that you can't keep track of it?"

"I don't mean any such a doggone thing, doggone it!"

"Before you start a perfect cataract of bad temper and bad manners, I would like to know—how often do you see this woman?"

"I don't know how often I see 'this woman.' I never notice. I've known May all my life——"

"I know, darling. The grooves in that record are getting badly worn. Wade! Will you kindly listen, and try and see if you can't pay a tiny bit of attention to me, for once?"

"Oh, spit it out! Cut the sales talk!"

"I want to know just what your relationship to May really is, and I'd like you, for once, not to lie!"

Wade was shocked, furious, plaintive, all in one, and she heard him through with the patience of a professional torturer.

Naturally, this bedtime tantrum got nowhere. Alpha had to go on to a climax, and denounce not only Wade but the sinful May. She did!

This act was laid at the annual Yacht Club Regatta.

A man named Charter Zolling had captured the cream of Agency Hill to watch the show from the top deck of his houseboat. It was a floating Ritz, with a roof-deck the approximate size of the State of Delaware, displaying a bar and a band platform. Here he gave the gaudiest parties we had ever seen, and the local peerage, who had maintained that Mr. Zolling was a mongrel, were now saying that he was a forceful and original gent.

From his floating bastions we watched the regatta. We chattered and felt strong, till we heard Alpha yelping to May Wetheral, "Dear, don't you want Wade to come over and sit with you? Gracious, you haven't held his hand for several hours now!"

In a churchly silence everybody looked at everybody else, horrified. I imagine that our shame wasn't over Alpha's stripping publicly, but her doing so in the presence of the barbarians from outer darkness, Zolling and three or four pals of his whom we had never met before.

Alpha repeated to May, "You haven't held his hand all day."

"That's so," May was speaking evenly.

"Don't you miss it?"

"Not terribly."

"You can hold his hand if you want to."

"Oh, stop it!"

"In fact, there's only one thing that keeps me interested in him, May—the fact that you seem to think he's such a wonder. I wish you'd tell me what you see in him. Personally, I don't find Wade so hot!"

She whooped. She thought she had said something funny, and she looked all around for applause, and met nothing but frigid faces turning away from her, intolerant eyes saying "Unclean, unclean." She was frightened, very, and I knew then that there was still some tiny perilous chance for her soul.

She wanted to apologize—too late. She moved toward Wade, her trembling fingers out to touch his sleeve, but he jumped up and walked away, to the stern of the barge. Then she seemed to collapse.

Alpha felt the town's hatred by telepathy, and since she could not be forgiven, she just got worse.

To any one who knows Mr. Bolby, realtor and Wade's boss, the thought of disturbing his slumbers will seem monstrous.

The firm was conducting a three-day auction on the Capron Estate, ten miles out. Wade was there, and on the afternoon of the first day he telephoned to Alpha that they would have to work late. Old Bolby and he would sleep on cots.

This would have seemed reasonable enough, but the summer cottage of the Wetherals was right next door to the Capron Estate, and May was there, and Rex was in Chicago.

Wade and Bolby worked till one in the morning; a hot night, too, and they not very comfortably seated on boxes at a kitchen table, with mosquitoes raiding in through rusty screens and impartially attacking a kerosene lamp and the flushed forehead of Mr. Bolby. It was fussy work, figures and records scrawled at the auction.

Bolby had been asleep only an hour when at two o'clock, the telephone on a chair beside his cot began to yell curses

and fire alarms. He partly awoke and stared incredulously. He groped for the chair and feebly lifting the receiver remarked, "Wmpf?"

It was a clear and rather delicate feminine voice, brightly awake. "Oh, is this you, Mr. Bolby? I do hope I didn't wake you up."

At two A.M.!

"You did, Madame!"

"Oh, I'm sorry. This is Alpha Orchard."

"And may I ASK——"

"I just wanted to know if Wade is staying with you tonight."

"He is!"

"He did stay there, at the Capron place? He's there now? Not at—some other place?"

"You heard me, Mrs. Orchard, and I heard him telephone you this afternoon that he would be staying here. What is this? If you want to arrest him, come and take him away, quick, and don't let me ever see him again. Or *you*. And don't you ever in your life ever telephone anybody ever later than ten P.M. Ever!"

He did not get back to sleep for one tortured and dragging hour. During it, he could hear Wade stirring in the next room.

"Wade!"

"Sir?"

"You understood that conversation?"

"I did."

"It's your private business if you want to go on tolerating the suspicions of that menace of a woman, but will you kindly keep her from endangering the sanity of all the rest of us?"

"I'll try, sir," said Wade.

When he came home, the next evening, he informed Alpha, "It may interest you to know that Bolby almost fired me for your cute little trick of trying to spy on me."

"Nonsense. He couldn't. With your father founding the firm?" But she was frightened.

He kicked a chair.

But she laughed. "Always the conservative business man! You looked around and picked out a wicker chair that you couldn't hurt much!"

That was so true that he was beaten.

She was less triumphant next day, when May Wetheral walked quietly in and let her have it, with the friendly ease of a gunman inviting a former partner for a ride.

"Alpha, don't you think maybe you better go back East and stay there and sue for a divorce, before Wade does? I know the poor dumb sheep hasn't planned on it yet, but I'll see that he does—Rex and I will—all our bunch will. We'd like to have him back."

Alpha was shattered. It seems improbable, but this was the first time that anyone, including Wade, had ever threatened her with divorce. She sharply stopped her public pranks.

Months before, Alpha had read that Gunnar Koren, the state senator at whose farmhouse they had stopped, had died, and his wife Astrid had been chosen senator in his place.

It appeared that Mrs. Koren had rented out the farm and become principal of a suburban school, five or six miles from Cornucopia. Alpha demanded of Wade whether he had seen this hard-handed siren and he admitted it.

"Yes, I ran into her at the State Planning Commission meeting and golly, in her city clothes, Astrid looks elegant."

"So you call her Astrid now!"

A few months after this, a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, Alpha and Wade were in an unexpected intimacy with Astrid Koren.

Wade was on the edge of forty now. He was eager to serve if he was called

and, rather surprisingly, Alpha decided not to be jealous of the war. It aroused something impersonal and passionate in her. Meanwhile, both of them wanted a civilian share.

Even before the Government called for it, Cornucopia began to gather scrap, and the drive was put in charge of that distinguished teacher, Senator Mrs. Astrid Koren. The Orchards trotted over to her office to volunteer, and she set them to work, all right. She put Wade in charge of correspondence in her office, and appointed Alpha to organize scrap collectors on Agency Hill.

Active, with responsibility on her, Alpha was as happy as though she were leading a battalion. She was the demon collector.

As for the Wade who had always derided Career Women, those Modern Women of whom he had heard so much from classmates living in New York but of whom he had seen so little in Cornucopia, he realized that he was now working with one of them, and that she paid her share of the lunch check, and did not go all hurt and genteel if you had to contradict her. He saw that Astrid Koren had no "line," no special manner with which to impress men—and impress women who were enviably richer or timidly poorer. She could be gay without showing off. But most astonishing of all, Astrid could read a map or a statistical table.

He thought that Astrid looked astonishingly like Alpha, except for her more autumnal coloring and her stronger hands. And so, between her mathematics and her appearance as a new edition of his own particular girl, Wade was in a good way of falling completely in love with Astrid.

Naturally, this one time when he really might have done everything of which Alpha had always been suspecting him, was the one time when she did not suspect him.

Nourished by a creeping warm happiness, Wade began to grow up. A man ought to, by thirty-nine! He was sorry that Alpha would never know this joy of a man and woman working together. To Alpha the infinitive "to work" was vulgar, if not vicious. She had never heard that the idle lady went out of fashion in 1914, and that one need not be either a charwoman or one of the noisier sorts of career women to maintain that work may, on occasion, be as ladylike as jealousy.

All of this Wade dimly knew but he hadn't quite the sense to explain it to Alpha. He just began to slip over the edge into a crater of new love.

I don't blame Alpha entirely. It riles me, too, every time I get dragged to a public meeting, to see how chummy the chairman and the speaker can get up there on the platform.

At the meeting in the parish hall, Wade, as chairman, introduced Senator Astrid Koren as the speaker, and stated that she was a lot like Lady Astor, with traces of Madame Curie and Joan Crawford. Then Astrid, as speaker, began by saying that it was a high privilege any woman would be proud of, to work with dear Mr. Wade Orchard, with his patriotism, his keen intelligence, his never-failing humor and tact and kindness.

All through Astrid's very competent address about home economies, Alpha glowered up at the dark slanted rafters of the parish hall. At the end there was fluttery applause, and Wade and Astrid took it together, a well-matched pair. Alpha had never before had any reason whatever for being jealous. She had plenty of it now.

She lurched up to the platform after the program. While a lot of respectables congratulated Wade and Astrid, together, she stood beating horrible tiny war drums with her right foot. When all the audience were gone, Wade bent over the edge of the platform to say cheerily—but perhaps patronizingly—to Alpha, "How about Astrid and you and me going to the Tambourine Bar and having a drink?"

Astrid swarmed up with, "I'd love it, Wade. I get so little chance to loaf. Alpha, let's go."

Alpha put in, still and cold and careful, "Are you sure I wouldn't be in the way, Mrs. Koren? Loafing isn't any novelty to me. I never have any work to do, except to take care of my baby and my husband and the house, and try to stretch out the dollars that *Mr. Orchard* doles out to me, and carry out every

? ?

Family Quiz Answers
SISTER

(*Questions on page 16*)

1. **No.**
2. **It is a Greek word meaning "I have found it."**
3. **Archaic contrivance for adding figures.**
4. **Mineral: it is made of talc.**
5. **Morbid fear of cats.**
6. **No; it is the place at the back of the elbow where the ulnar nerve runs close to the skin.**
7. **North and South Carolina were named after King Charles II of England, Virginia after the Virgin Queen.**
8. **Wyoming.**
9. **Theodore Roosevelt. He was 42.**
10. **Phoenix, Arizona.**
11. **A doctor.**
12. **Lemuel.**

Questions accepted from Mrs. H. S. Truitt, Norfolk, Va.; D. D. Neiswander, Clayton, Mo.; Anita Lipschutz, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Murray Coultas, Marquette, Mich.; Elsie Parker, Dallas, Tex.; David Mason, Baton Rouge, La.; Bertha Gagnon, Wahalla, N. D.; Daugette Hall, Jacksonville, Ala.; Mrs. John R. Wilkes, Lewisburg, Tenn.; John Budwick, Gardner, Mass.; Mrs. Lewis Brooks, Jr., White Plains, N. Y.

? ?

order that you give, Mrs. Koren. You two better go by yourselves. Probably you have important things you want to talk about. Maybe about work!"

Wade fumbled and came up with, "Nonsense—nonsense—of course we want you!"

In a large brown silence, the three of them walked a couple of blocks to the Tambourine, but as they came to the place, Astrid said sharply, "I've just thought—I have to see a man—thanks for introducing me tonight, Wade."

Alpha saw them look at each other as though they were conspirators who were signaling, "We'll have to get rid of her." That's what she thought their eyes were saying, and maybe, for once . . .

Astrid swung off, around the corner.

"Well, can you beat it!" complained Alpha. "We better take a bus and go home."

"No, let's go in, now we're here. I need a drink."

The Tambourine was one of our new cafés that are so cut up into semi-partitioned booths for minor necking that they look more like refined cattle pens than like a restaurant. There, in a hutch with a row of phony Bavarian beer mugs over their heads, drinking Scotch and plain water, talking quietly, looking almost tediously domestic, Wade and Alpha walked down through danger into catastrophe.

Alpha started out with confident indignation: "Wade! I don't think you realize what you're doing!"

"I'm beginning to."

"You like this Koren woman?"

"Very much so."

"You think she's nicer than me?"

"Yes, I do!"

She choked, and could get out only, "You don't think she's better-looking?"

"If you want me to be exact, I think Astrid is better-looking than you are, and more intelligent than you are, and more fun to talk to—yes, she's a better person than you are—and a lot more interesting."

Alpha wasn't ready for any of that. She could only fumble, "And does Astrid have the same kind of a case on you—the hick!"

"You're always telling me not to be vulgar. Just let me hand that advice back to you. You know—swap Christmas presents! Ha, ha!"

"When you get through with your club-dinner wit would it be inconvenient to let me know whether this woman is in love with you, too?"

He became solemn. "She doesn't know I exist, except as a collaborator."

"Sounds jolly!"

"Well, now I want to tell you it is, too! Astrid is on a different plane from wriggling grubs like you and me!"

"I'm not a wriggling grub!"

"Oh, yes, you are. And how! Compared with her."

"Why don't you run away with her?"

"One reason is that she hasn't the slightest yen for me. Another, God help me, is that I'm still in love with you."

"You certainly pick a fine way——"

"You've held me physically—habit that it's hard to break. That doesn't mean, however, that I'm going to go on letting you crucify me and my friends any longer."

"I honestly don't understand——"

"For years you've been forcing me to hate you as much as I love you. At last, you win. When I see you trying to snub that great woman, I just can't take it any more. I'm finished. And I mean that. Finished."

"Wade, what are you saying? What have I done?"

"Your incessant jealousy, like a clawing cat."

"Now you stop it, do you hear me? You stop it this instant! I'm good and sick and tired of your always harping about my jealousy! What about me? Have you any idea what I've put up with, all these years? How do you think I like standing around watching you flirt with every woman you meet——"

"I do not!"

"And playing the kind-hearted man friend with them, because you're too timid and awkward to make them really care for you!"

"Oh, I am, am I!"

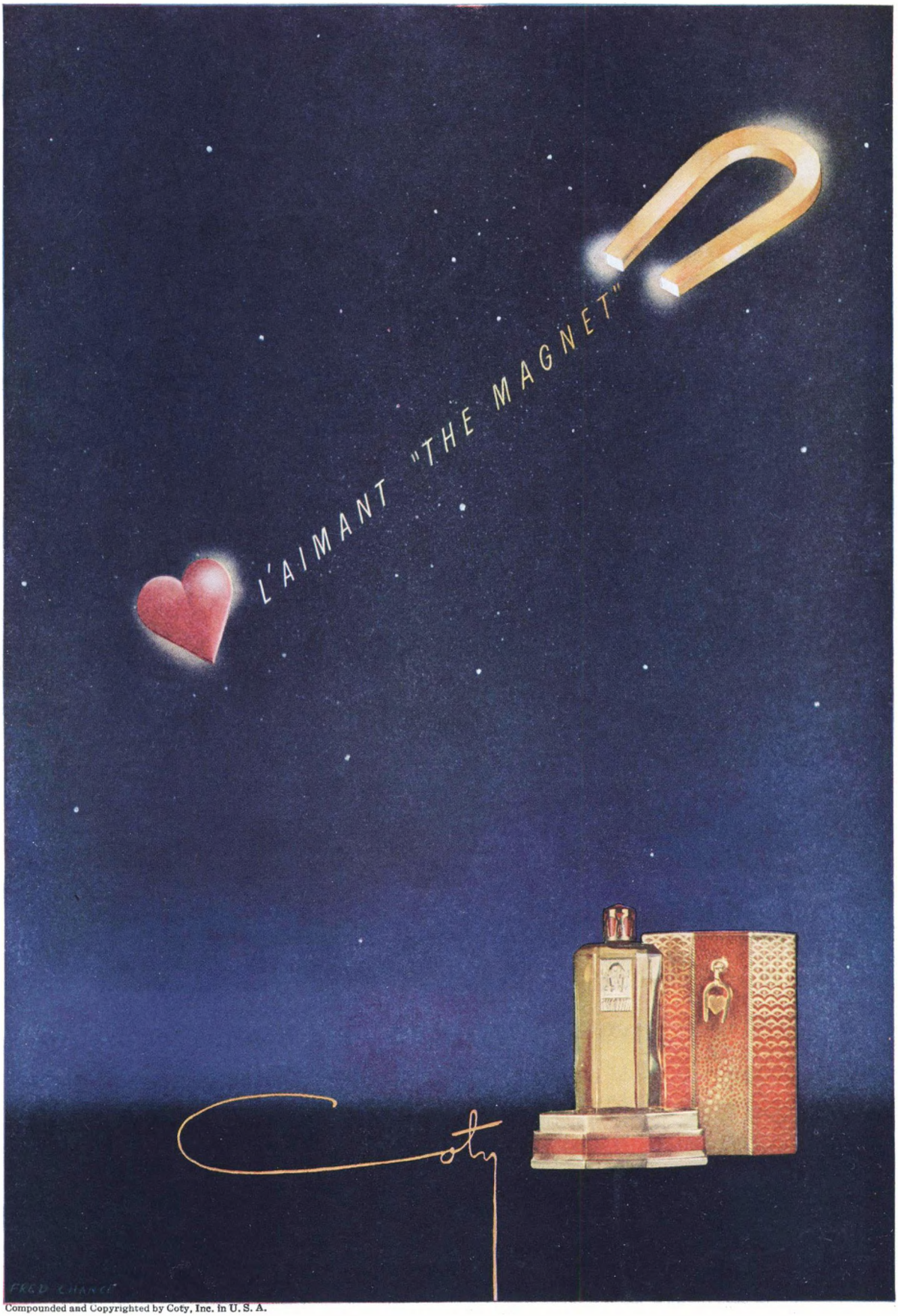
"Yes you are, are you! Maybe I'd think better of you if you *did* have enough nerve and charm to win them over!"

"All right, I will! I'm going to see if I can't win Astrid. Since you think the worst of me no matter what I do, I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. You've been asking for it!"

Beaten, half-fainting, she begged, "Darling, oh, please don't talk like that. We oughtn't ever to quarrel. We both say things that we don't mean."

"I haven't said anything I don't mean, not tonight anyway. Alpha, I want a divorce."

In the concluding installment: Wade continues to insist on a divorce and Alpha undertakes a pilgrimage to Florida—with surprising results



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lunch, with the atmosphere noticeably tense, when the telephone rang. The stationmaster at a village north of Toungoo said two airplanes had collided over the jungle and gone down. Harvey immediately sent three planes out to locate the wreckage. One of the planes presently signaled back to the field that he had sighted the wrecks. The crash party whizzed off in cars. On his way to the scene, Harvey met Gil Bright, scratched and bruised but otherwise all right, riding a bicycle he had borrowed from a native. He said he and Armstrong had collided during a practice dogfight. He had bailed out but was sure Armstrong had gone down with his ship.

Finally the two planes were found, the motors drilled ten feet into the mud. Armstrong was in one. For some reason never determined, he had been unable to bail out. Poor little boy. I recalled how I had decided in my own mind he'd be safe because he was too nice a youngster for anything to happen to him.

Harvey phoned Ed Pawley, head of CAMCO (Central Aircraft Manufacturing Company) in Rangoon, and he sent up a casket and heaps of flowers by special truck, which arrived at dawn the next day. The wives of the British officers in Toungoo all sent flowers and two came over to help me make wreaths. At four o'clock in the afternoon a military service was held in the mess room at the field, our own chaplain, Paul Frillman, reading the service. Armstrong was buried in a concrete vault in the Christian cemetery. The casket was covered with an American flag.

I had seen military funerals before. They are always impressive, but this one ripped large holes out of my emotions. It seemed so very personal, and there was something about being there on the outskirts of nowhere that made it doubly poignant. He rests there now beside the brilliant green jungle: John D. Armstrong, of Hutchinson, Kansas.

It was dark when we left the cemetery, with an oppressive black overcast deepening our gloom. The incident had definitely sobered the boys. Harvey left for the field and Jack Newkirk, Skipper Adair and I went back to the house, settled down on the veranda and tried to keep cool with whisky and sodas.

Sandy Sandell joined us later, dressed in the uniform the A.V.G. had adopted, which was simply shorts, khaki shirt and sun helmet. Sandy said Harvey was staying the night at the field. He was in a talkative mood, and explained how he happened to join the A.V.G.

"I was a second lieutenant in the U. S. Air Corps, stationed in Texas," he said, "when one of the A.V.G. scouts dropped in and explained the setup. It sounded good and I went for it. Why? Well, for one thing there was a lot of fighting going on in the world for causes I believed in and I wanted in on it. I'd been trained to fight but it didn't look then like the United States would ever get into the war.

"I finally received a telegram to report to Eugene Pawley in San Francisco on July fifth." Sandy closed his eyes dreamily. "Oh, that country around the Bay—that's where I'm going to buy me a ranch, settle down and raise cows and alfalfa—and some kids." He sighed ecstatically.

"Don't get ahead of yourself, Sandy," Jack Newkirk cut in. "How do you know we're going back?"

"You're damn tootin' we're going back," Sandy said. "At least, I am. They aren't going to bury me in this Godforsaken country."

Jack Newkirk wanted the lowdown on Al Probst. Sandy, who had known him in the States, said Red was one of those boys who seemed born with a hex on them.

"You know, Jack, you'll find most of us are here for some reason or other—some to forget something they'd like to forget; others for financial reasons, because with a little luck you've got a chance in this outfit to lay up a few dimes and quarters; some for adventure or because they wanted to see the world or wanted to fight—all kinds of reasons—you can't just tell what."

The men in the A.V.G. were little different from those in any other American flying force. Most of them were swell kids—smart, courageous, loyal, enthusiastic and healthy. We had the usual handful of heels, the blowhards, shortsports, bad drinkers, lead-swingers and malingerers, but the vast majority were the kind of men and boys you are proud to know and glad to be with.

But because there was nothing to do in off hours the boys got into a considerable amount of trouble. Some of it was funny and harmless; some of it was not. There were always fights and disorders at the railroad-station restaurant—including the night Harvey had to pop one particularly obstreperous young man over the head with a peppermint bottle. If the boys went hunting, they seemed unable to avoid accidentally shooting an occasional native; if they drank too much they shot up the village—Red Gulch style.

I think the two most serious problems were the lack of mail and the lack of girls. Nobody ever could find out what happened to our mail. We just didn't get any—for literally months at a time.

As for the girls—I may be wrong but I don't think you can run an army successfully for too long a time without a touch of romance. On one occasion a number of Anglo-Indian young ladies were imported from Rangoon for a costume ball the English women held for charity. They were quite nice and well-behaved but some of them were a bit on the sun-tan side and not entirely appreciated. The average American young man past voting age occasionally craves the companionship of an American—or at least approximately American—girl, and for the most part, I discovered, prefers decent girls.

I don't recall exactly when we adopted the shark-tooth paint job which gave the A.V.G. planes such a vicious and distinctive appearance, but this is how it really happened:

In an English magazine Eric Shilling, one of our pilots, saw a picture of a shark-tooth-painted P-40 which belonged to some R.A.F. outfit in the Middle East. All the boys liked the idea, so it was tried on a few planes and then on all of them. Whether it had any psychological effect on the Japs, I do not know.

New arrivals came along steadily for a time and among those I was to know particularly well were Tom Jones, Greg Boyington, Bob Prescott, Freddie Hodges and R. C. Moss.

Before I knew Boyington's name, I used to call him the "Bulldog." He was about five feet eight inches tall, with narrow hips and tremendous shoulders, his head held on by a strong neck. He had very coarse features, large eyes, a wide, flat nose and heavy jowls. An ex-Marine Corps captain, he was the toughest of the lot and most of them were a little afraid of him.

Bob Prescott was a tall, rangy Texas boy who never looked well-groomed, no matter how he tried.

Freddie Hodges reminded me of a bird. He, too, was tall, but very thin, and he had a sharp, pointed face with a long nose. He was terrified of bugs—all kinds of bugs, which was why the boys called him "Fearless Freddie."

Tom A. Jones hailed from Washington State and R. C. Moss—the "Moose," as he called himself—from Georgia. Tom was a tall, handsome fellow of twenty-six or so with beautiful eyes and nose. He said he had worked his way through college by helping in a funeral parlor in Olympia, Washington. Later he went into the Navy, married his girl and had to keep it a secret because it was against Navy regulations to marry.

R. C. Moss was as handsome as Jones, only on a small scale. He had been an adagio dancer and a sculptor's model before he went into the Air Corps. "Olga," he said, "don't you tell anyone I was a dancer. It's a secret and if it gets out, I'll never be able to live it down with this outfit."

One of the last to join our Group was W. H. S. Davis, commonly known as "Daffy." He was an Irishman who had lived in China for twenty years. When the company he was working for in Hong Kong went bankrupt, Harvey induced the Colonel to sign him up. He had a girl, Doreen, in Hong Kong, and grew increasingly worried about her as reports filtered in. He said he was a fool not to have sent for her before the trouble started.

If the Japanese had launched their December seventh morning blitz against Toungoo, Burma, instead of Pearl Harbor, they would have caught Olga Greenlaw sound asleep in her little bed. The telephone awakened me around 7:30, with Harvey on the other end babbling something about our being at war with Japan. I mumbled, "Okay, okay," and hung up. For several seconds it didn't penetrate. Then it did.

I started to dress. The phone rang again—Harvey, telling me to bring him an overnight bag with a few changes in it. He was staying at the field from now on.

I reached the airdrome about ten o'clock, in time to watch a CNAC (China National Aviation Company) Douglas take off for Kunming carrying the first part of the hospital staff and some of the sick, including Tom Jones, suffering from malaria contracted on a tiger hunt.

The field was buzzing in an atmosphere of expectancy. Morning greetings from the boys were punctuated with "Those damn Japs," "Monkey-faced little bastards," etc.

I was issued a helmet and gas mask along with the rest of the men—but no gun. I asked Harvey if I could have one. His husbandly retort was: "There aren't enough for the men. Scram!"

I walked away haughtily. Harvey followed to ask if I had brought his bag and one for myself.

"From now on you're sleeping on the field," he declared. "The town isn't safe. We expect to be bombed any moment."

I headed for the Headquarters Office, vaguely wondering why the master military mind which was my husband's considered it so safe here at the airdrome where a bombing was expected momentarily. I asked was the Colonel in his office? They didn't know. I peeked through the crack of the Colonel's door and almost hit the ceiling when I heard: "Why aren't you working at the diary? Take the empty desk in that room and get at it!"

I said, "Yes, sir," meekly.

Which was the beginning of my official duties with the American Volunteer Group.

Kunming, the ancient capital of Yunnan Province, is approximately the midpoint of the Burma Road between Lashio, its southern terminus, and Chungking, the heart of fighting China. Before the Japs infested Indo-China, Kunming's defense had been its distance from the nearest Japanese flying base, but thereafter it was a sitting shot for Japanese bombers, who love a concentrated few hundred thousand defenseless civilians. The function of the American Volunteer Group was, therefore, to protect the city and the Road from Japanese attack.

I was up early the morning after my arrival at Kunming, anxious to learn if Harvey had come through on the night transport.

Christmas Day didn't add up to much. We were all downhearted—Pilots Martin, Gilbert and Mangleburg had been killed. I found Sandell in Harvey's office—it was his day off. He asked me to take a day off, too. Harvey said, "Sandy, get out of here. You're cluttering up my office. Olga, you go with him."

Sandy suggested I might like to see his quarters before lunch. It was a simple little room, very orderly. The small Army cot on one side, a wash basin, dresser and table. On the dressing table was a picture of Sandy's mother—and another picture, clipped from a newspaper. The girl was pretty. I asked Sandy if she was the one. He nodded.

It was already late on Christmas Day when I thought of Tom Jones and went over to the hospital. He was very blue, bemoaning the fact that the Chinese Government had got a bad deal on him, so far. I changed the subject—had he heard from his wife? Her picture was on the bedside table, a pretty young girl, smiling. Tom's eyes lingered there. "Isn't she beautiful, Olga? Hair the color of yours and she's built like you—maybe not so tall." Then he remembered she had written she expected the baby on Christmas Day.

"I ought to be there," he said. "When a woman is going through that ordeal her husband ought to be with her."

I told him not to worry—she'd be well taken care of.

Early in January, Emil Scott arrived from Chungking with Colonel Chennault. I was particularly fond of "Scotty." He and his pretty young wife, Betty, had spent their honeymoon with us in our villa in Doson, French Indo-China, in December, 1940. Scotty had met her in Honolulu, and had immediately fallen in love with her. The last time I saw her was in Hong Kong when we joined the A.V.G. She went on to Honolulu with their baby girl, left her there and returned to Manila to be near Scotty.

Scotty said, "I am awfully worried about Betty. Manila fell, and she is there. I can't contact her at all—they tell me that the Japs are sending the Americans to Shanghai, and I have hopes that she might have been sent there, too. God knows what happened to her. . . . Look, do you want to see something beautiful?"

He opened his brief case and took out two large photographs of Betty. He kissed the pictures and put them back in the case. "This is the last thing I see when I go to sleep at night—the first thing I see when I wake up in the morning."

I went to bed thinking of Scotty's problem. Poor Scotty! Poor Betty! The next morning I had breakfast with him and drove to the field to watch him take off. He waved good-by from the cockpit and promised to bring me some medicine from Loiwing for my bad cough. He said that he had seen a bottle there in someone's quarters—some stuff the Navy uses. He was going to steal it and bring it to me. He returned the same day about six in the evening, and sure enough, he had the cough medicine.

There was talk of sending reinforcements to Jack Newkirk, whose Second Squadron was now stationed in Rangoon. The First Squadron was drawing numbered tickets out of a hat, to see who the lucky fellows were who would go. In the afternoon, Boyington came to see me.

He said, "You don't like me, do you?"

"What makes you say that?" I asked.

"The other night we went out with the CNAC pilots. I had a good look at you—saw the way you talk to them so freely. But then, they are your old friends. I felt sort of out of place with them."

I said, "You are younger. Those fellows are more my age, you see."

"What do you mean, younger? I am almost thirty. I have two kids—did you know?" I said I didn't. "Yes," he said, "and a wife that I divorced—or rather, she divorced me. It's kind of tough, I guess, for a young, attractive woman to be married to a marine. I was kind of hard to get along with."

On top of the radio I had a photograph of my sister Alicia's two little boys. Boyington picked it up and looked at them.

"My kids are as pretty as these," he said. "Would you believe it?"

I could see the longing in his face. Was this one of the reasons he had joined the A.V.G. and come out to China?

I offered him some tea. He sat very quiet, drinking it. When he finished, he said, "I am going tomorrow with a flight to join Jack's squadron. I wish to say a parting word—you won't take it wrong? You are the only bright star in this place—does a man's heart good to look at you."

Before I could say anything, the door closed and he was gone.

It was Monday when they took off. I went to the field to see them. Eight pilots of the First Squadron went to Rangoon to help Jack. Among them were Bob Little, Bob Neale of Seattle, Washington, the Vice Squadron Leader; Greg Boyington, Flight Leader, and Bill McGarry of Los Angeles, whom everyone called "Black Mac." As usual, I stood there, watching the planes until they disappeared. It always made me feel sad.

thinking: Will I see them again? Who will come back?

I was still in Harvey's office listening to the talk about the mission when Sandy arrived, all dressed up in his old United States Air Corps tunic, with his American silver wings. When he saw me, he said, "I have been looking for you all over. It's my day off again."

We went to my quarters. After tea and sandwiches, he said, "How about me fixing your hair? It looks pretty bad. Have you got a pair of scissors?"

I sat on the floor and he on a chair above me. He clipped my hair here and there, gave it a good brushing, then dressed it. He said, "Stand up and look in the mirror."

I looked and liked Sandy's work very much. He, too, was pleased with it.

Sandy got up suddenly and said, "I'll be right back." Forty minutes later he returned. He was very excited, it seemed to me, and smiling all over his face.

He took off his tunic and said, "Catch," throwing it to me. "I am going to Rangoon tomorrow to relieve Jack Newkirk. You are always talking about wanting a coat like this—well, here's your chance."

I put it on and Sandy said, "It fits as if it had been tailored for you. Keep it."

"Sandy," I said, "I can't do that. I will keep it and have the tailor copy it. How's that?"

"Well, all right," said Sandy, "but maybe—I won't come back." That made me angry. Sandy laughed. "Calm yourself," he said. "Have you got that leather jacket? Let me have it. I'll wear it." I took the leather jacket out of my wardrobe and gave it to him. "Listen," he said, "I have a couple of books that I like—kind of silly, isn't it? Tomorrow I'll bring them to Operations. On, another thing. Send a wire to some friends of mine. Have you got a pencil?" I gave him one and a piece of paper. He wrote: "Allen Guiberson, Dallas, Texas."

"Sandy," I said, "you are acting damn silly. What's come over you?"

Softly he said, "Good-by. Take care of yourself—think of me now and then."

Red Probst came in. He signaled to me with his hand and went outside again. I followed him. "What is it, Red?" I asked.

"Hold out your hand," he said. "Keep it for me." I looked at my hand and saw Red's large gold ring with a two-carat ruby lying on the palm. "If I don't come back," he said, "take it back with you and send it to my mother." He handed me a piece of paper with her name and address on it. Then out of his pocket he pulled another piece of paper. "This," he added, "is a list of the fellows, and how much they owe me. Will you collect for me? They are all poker, bridge, blackjack and crap debts."

The pilots were filing out, going to their planes. Sandy shook hands with Harvey, said, "So long, fellows" to the clerks and at the door shook hands with me. I kissed him. He blushed like a young girl, and all the fellows smiled.

I walked up to the little observation tower and watched the boys get into their planes, taxi and take off. Six P-40's took off and got into formation; then one plane pulled out, made a circle and dived over the Operations shack. The plane pulled up and made another circle, flew low over the shack again and tipped its wings. Sandy saying good-by.

The morning of Saturday, February seventh, was warm and sunny. I started to work quite early, right after breakfast. About eight o'clock I thought I heard someone come into my room—someone whose steps were very familiar. I turned around and looked, but there was no one there. Sometime later there was a tele-

phone message for me from the field. Suddenly, I had a strange feeling in the pit of my stomach.

I ran down the hall to the Personnel Office, picked up the telephone and said, "Hello."

It was Harvey. He said: "We have bad news from Mingaladon."

I interrupted him. "Don't tell me. I know it. It's Sandy. He's dead!"

Harvey said: "I hated to have to tell you, Olga."

I said, "Did it happen this morning about eight o'clock?"

"Yes," said Harvey. "About eight. I'll send you the message right away. He spun in while testing his plane."

I ran back upstairs. My throat felt tight; I couldn't cry.

Suddenly I remembered Sandy had said: "If anything happens to me, go to my quarters and put away my belongings. When they make an inventory, you be there, will you?"

Harvey and I met the adjutant, C. E. Smith, at Sandy's quarters. The room was as Sandy had left it, but it was covered with dust. I walked over to the dressing table and picked up his mother's picture, wrapped it in a piece of paper and laid it back on the table. I did the same thing with the picture of his girl.

It took us about two hours to itemize Sandy's belongings. "What are you going to do with these things?" I asked Smith.

"Store them in the attic of the hostel," he said. "Guess we'll auction off Sandy's phonograph records, maybe some of his clothing, too. No use sending that stuff home."

I said, "I have Sandy's tunic and wings. I will send them to his mother later when I get back to the States."

After dinner, they held an auction in the auditorium upstairs. They always did after a pilot was killed. I never went to them; it seemed to me as if we were vultures, picking up stuff when the men got killed. I was reading some papers when I heard the shuffling of many feet coming down the stairs. Some went on down the hall to the bar or recreation room. Talking, laughing. The dead man was completely forgotten—life went on.

I went outside my door and saw Dr. Gentry, our chief surgeon. "What did you buy, doctor?" I asked.

"All of Sandy's records for sixty-six rupees," he said.

I closed the door and went to bed. Harvey came in with a telegram for me. It was from Red Probst in Rangoon, telling me about Sandy and asking me not to forget to send the message to his friends, the Guibersons of Texas.

Early the next morning I went into town to the telegraph office to send the message: "Allen Guiberson, Dallas, Texas. Sandell killed Rangoon February 7 testing plane after inflicting heavy losses personally upon Japanese." And signed: "Olga Greenlaw."

Several persons have been given, or have attempted to take, credit for the origin of the idea of a voluntary force of American pilots fighting under the Chinese flag. It is my belief that the American Volunteer Group was first conceived in the mind of one person and one only—Madame Chiang Kai-shek. China was desperately in need of help from a lethargic and partially isolationist United States. Something had to be done to make America China-conscious. How better to arouse America than through the exploits of a colorful American Volunteer Air Force who would be ready to give their lives for a free China and for the cause of Democracy everywhere?

Madame had graced the CNAC Number Two Hostel's mess with her presence—to her own amusement and the considerable embarrassment of two of the pilots. What had happened was this:

Late one afternoon, she and the Generalissimo had landed at Kunming en route from Chungking to India. Just about that time Ed Liebolt, a ruddy-faced youngster from the Army, and "Mickey" Mickelson, an ex-Navy lad, were cruising idly across the airdrome in a station wagon, when they spied what they immediately and jointly realized was the answer to every lonesome Flying Tiger's dream—a beautiful Chinese girl.

Ed and Mickey shoved the station wagon into a full power dive and rushed at their beautiful discovery. I would like to be able to quote the dialogue verbatim, but unfortunately Ed Liebolt returned to the Rangoon battle a few days thereafter and was reported missing after a dogfight over Moulmein.

Ed said maybe they'd better match for her and Mickey said it might be a good idea if they first found out if she'd even speak to them. So they eased alongside and Ed bowed politely, saluted and asked, "Going our way?" Mickey added: "Can we take you up to the mess for a spot of tea?"

She staggered them by accepting their invitation in flawless English and then suggested perhaps she'd better tell her husband where she was going, but the boys said never mind him—he'd be there when she got back—and where did she learn to speak American like that? She said she had gone to college in the States, a long time ago, and they told her not to give them that "long time ago" stuff—she certainly wasn't as old as all that. In fact, she was just about the prettiest thing they'd seen since they left San Francisco.

It went on like that all the way to the hostel and even for a moment or two after they entered the mess. Then came the denouement!

On Monday, March ninth, Rangoon fell, and the Japs cut the roads leading to Toungoo, where the Chinese Army had one division. Another Chinese division was stationed at Lashio, but part of this was being moved to the Yenangyaung oil fields. General Alexander's British, Indian and Burmese troops were somewhere in the Irrawaddy Valley and their situation was reported critical. A later report announced that a Chinese vanguard had pushed south of Toungoo.

I was over at Operations when a phone call came through from Changyi. Daffy Davis answered it. He said, "Harvey, it's a woman, and she's asking for you. That's strange."

Harvey took the phone from Daffy, spoke into it and said, "Hello . . . Doreen! How did you get there? . . . Daffy, it's for you—not for me."

The amazement on Daffy's face is hard to describe. He was probably thinking the same as I: How could it be possible for Doreen to get out of Hong Kong? How did she manage to get to Changyi?

Daffy finished his conversation and turned toward us. He could hardly speak. Harvey said, "That's all right, don't say it. You can take my car, if you like, and go right now and pick Doreen up."

Daffy didn't have to be told twice!

A few nights later I had just got to sleep when someone knocked on our door. I heard a strained and excited voice:

"—— CNAC plane crashed and burned—I haven't got the exact location—not far from the field."

Instantly I was wide awake.

Scotty had been piloting that plane!

I jumped out of bed. Harvey was peeling off his pajamas. "Damn it! It had to be Scotty!" His face was grim—pained. "He took off at eleven-fifteen—it's midnight now." He was scrambling into his uniform. "Colonel George was aboard, too, and General Denys." (Major General Denys was the British Military Attaché to China.)

"I am going with you!" I said.

Harvey shook his head. "If they've crashed and burned it'll be a hell of a mess. You stay here." He rushed out.

At five o'clock there was a commotion on the stairs and Harvey staggered in almost carrying a tall man in his forties —a complete stranger. His American uniform was torn to shreds; his trousers were burned and blood-soaked.

Harvey said, "This is Colonel Edwards, Olga, United States Army. Get some whisky."

I poured a stiff drink and held it up to the colonel's lips. I followed that with several cups of coffee. Suddenly he burst into tears. "It was terrible, terrible!" he sobbed.

I took a pair of scissors and ripped his trouser legs open up to the knee, removed his muddy, bloody shoes and cut off the socks. Harvey helped me take off the rest of his clothing and we put him on Harvey's bed. Soon he was asleep.

Harvey and I tiptoed out of the bedroom and went into the office.

"Harvey, tell me, did Scotty die instantly?"

"Everybody was burned so you couldn't tell what was human and what was airplane. Cedar is still out there trying to salvage some of the stuff."

I felt faint and ill. When I got back to my office, M. E. Cedar, Intelligence clerk, was there, looking very pale. He handed me a large Manila envelope. I poured out the contents. Buttons, buckles and a metal miniature propeller. All were blackened and not one of them had a speck of the polished brass. I picked up a piece of cardboard and turned it over. It was the picture of Betty that Scotty had shown me a few nights before. It was all burned around the edges, and only the face was left.

The funeral was at four o'clock the next day, March sixteenth. Our chaplain officiated. There were four deep holes in a row, Chinese wooden coffins suspended over them, draped with the American flag. They played Taps. The crowd dispersed. I silently walked back to Scotty's coffin and placed upon it two white carnations I found in the hostel garden. I breathed a short prayer and said half aloud, "Scotty, these flowers—one from Betty, and one from me. God bless you!" I walked away without glancing back.

I was feeling about as depressed as a woman can feel, when the door opened and Daffy and Doreen walked in. They were holding hands and their faces radiated happiness.

"Olga," said Doreen, "we are to be married tomorrow."

Daffy only smiled; he couldn't say anything. I congratulated them both. They really deserved this happiness. They had waited so long for it!

I had a small ring that only fitted my little finger—an alexandrite set in gold. I found it in my jewelry case. Doreen tried it on. It fitted. I said, "It will do for an engagement ring until Daffy can find one."

As to what the bride should wear—Doreen had salvaged one black suit and a white satin blouse. "I should wear a hat," she said. "Have you one?"

I said I was fresh out of hats but had a piece of white silk jersey she could

make a turban out of. She could add some white cherry blossoms. So we got to work on the turban.

Strange, I thought, as I sewed, how life goes on. One light is suddenly snuffed out—another flames and burns brightly.

St. Patrick's Day was the day of the wedding. Early in the morning my *amah* arrived loaded with white lilies, white cherry blossoms and pale pink peach blossoms. They filled the room with their perfume. We arranged all the vases and had to borrow more to put the rest of the flowers in.

At six o'clock Doreen arrived, already dressed in her black suit and white satin blouse. She pinned the white flowers on the turban and a small corsage on the lapel of her jacket. Her lovely black eyes sparkled. "Do I look all right?" she asked.

I said she looked beautiful, but that she needed gloves. White gloves. I remembered a pair I had never used. They were from Paris. They would be too large for her, but she could carry them. I found them in my old wardrobe trunk, also a pair of black for myself.

"Just like the days when we were in Hong Kong," Doreen said. "Remember? Dressing to go to a tea party."

The first to arrive was the Colonel, dressed in his newest uniform. Then the chaplain, Paul Frillman. "Well, children, let's go upstairs and 'tie the knot,'" he said, and winked at Colonel Chennault.

Looking at Doreen, the Colonel said, "I was a little over seventeen, I think, when I had the first one."

"The first what, Colonel?" I asked.

"The first child. A boy. You people seem to get started a little bit late, to my way of thinking."

Harvey said, "Keep it clean, Colonel. Keep it clean."

As we filed out of the room and upstairs to the auditorium, a pleasant picture greeted our eyes. A white altar on the dais; four large candles twinkling merrily; flowers all over the room; at the edge of the dais two silk brocade pillows. Doreen squeezed my hand; her fingers were ice-cold.

"Who giveth this woman . . .?" said the chaplain.

The Colonel answered, "I, Claire Chennault."

The ceremony proceeded. As the traditional best man does, Harvey fumbled with the ring. Finally, it was over, and Daffy and Doreen were man and wife.

About an hour later the party got into cars, and we drove off to town to the Chinese restaurant. Thanks to Mrs. Chung, I had been able to order a fine dinner the day before. We had two large tables—twenty people.

I was still wearing the black gloves. I took them off and gave them to Bob Little. He caressed them with his fingers. "I think I'll keep these," he said slowly, "and carry them in the pocket of my flying suit for good luck. Oke?"

"No," I answered, "it isn't oke. That's the only pair of black gloves I have—and besides, black isn't good luck."

"Don't be superstitious," he said.

We left it at that, and he kept them.

As I was drifting off to sleep I knew, vaguely but surely, I should not have let Bob Little keep that pair of black gloves.

The days went by and nothing of much importance happened in Kunming. I was planning a quiet evening when Tom Jones came in.

"Aren't going to bed now, are you?" he asked. "It's only eight o'clock."

"I was," I said, "but now that you are here, I'll postpone that."

He walked toward me and placed both his hands on my shoulders. "I have good news. I'm fit as a fiddle! And I'm off tomorrow to join our combat group at Loiwing!"

I had scarcely ever seen anyone so happy, so eager, so full of life and anticipation.

"Thank God," he said, "I'll be able to do my share. I am going down there, Olga, and fight like mad. I've got to make up for lost time."

He handed me a letter, and pointed to a paragraph. "Read that. Can you imagine," he said, "my wife has been spending all my money buying War Bonds. That's swell, but hell, I want my money put away so I can go back to the university. From now on everything I earn, maybe bonuses for shooting down a few Japs, I'm going to send directly to school until I've paid up four years' tuition. You're going to laugh at this, but someday I'm going to be Governor of Washington State!"

I said, "I think it's great, but it means a lot of work."

He suddenly switched subjects. "I want to show you something I found in the Chinese storage house out at the field. It's an instrument for star navigation. Come to the window and I'll show you."

I squeezed beside him in front of the small window. He showed me some of the stars and explained the use of the instrument for night navigation.

"Just before the Colonel left," he said, "I presented a little plan."

"What is it?" I was beginning to get impatient.

"A night raid on Hanoï, Indo-China! I've been on reconnaissance trips as far as Laokai, on the border. I could lead a flight down there to Hanoï and back without the slightest hesitation—at night, I mean. We could sweep over them silently, make three passes over the field, drop all our bombs, and then ground-strafe and get away before they knew what hit them!"

"Are you sure that you feel all right now? No dizzy spells? Perfectly all right?"

"Funny, you asking that. Swear you won't say a word?"

I promised I wouldn't.

"The other day I went on a flight by myself in one of the new P-40E's. I gave it the works for about an hour, then came in with a perfect landing. Here's the secret—when I got out of that cockpit and jumped to the ground, I was so damn dizzy I had to lie on the ground beside the plane for about a half-hour."

"Jones," I said, "tell Sam Prevo. Or let me tell him." Sam Prevo was one of the A.V.G. doctors.

"No, no, no!" he said, almost angry with me. "You swore you wouldn't say anything."

"You win," I said, "but if anything happens to you, I shall feel I was to blame."

He held my face with both his hands and looked at me for a long time before he said, "You won't tell. You promised me . . ." Quickly, gently he kissed my lips and rushed out of the room.

I couldn't go to sleep, thinking of him. My sense of duty told me to tell Sam. My pride in being able to keep a secret and a promise held me back. I prayed hard and long asking God to keep this boy safe, to spare him. After praying, I felt better and went to sleep.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Shortly thereafter the author accompanied her husband on a trip to Calcutta, India, at the instigation of General Chennault. Now that the United States was in the war, the A.V.G. had served its purpose as a unit and was shortly to be absorbed by the Army Air Forces.)

I saw a lot of Tex Hill in Calcutta. Tall Tex, six feet two, and very slim—

serious Tex who seldom smiled. But that day in the swimming pool at the Hotel Cecil he was smiling and his eyes were open wide and were very blue. He talked to me about life in Texas, the country where he came from. I discovered he spoke a quasi-Spanish, learned there in the border towns.

"I wish I had known you better in Kunming," he said.

"Your fault," I answered. "Why didn't you come around? All the others did."

"I was waiting for an invitation. You never asked me."

"No," I answered, "I never asked you, nor did I ever ask the others. If and when we fold up," I went on, "will you join the Tenth Air Force here, or will you go back to the States?"

He frowned and was silent for a while. "There's no reason why I shouldn't. Our country is at war, and I have to fight, whether it is here, Australia or Africa."

"Will you ask for a commission?"

"Yes," he said, "now that you mention it, I would like to get a majority."

"No reason why you shouldn't," I said, "Look at all the 'punks' around here—all majors or lieutenant colonels, and they haven't had the fighting experience you have. Besides being a Squadron Leader and having seventeen Japs to your credit. When you get back there, Tex," I added, "take care of yourself. Don't get too reckless. Come back—for another swim."

"You will see me again," he said. "I have made up my mind to come back; made up my mind that I am not going to be killed. I'll be riding those horses on my father's ranch back in Texas someday."

It wasn't long before Tex Hill left for Karachi. He hated to go, saying that since he had left the States this spot, the swimming pool at the hotel, was the most pleasant one he had been in.

I was coming back from the pool when I heard voices coming out of our sitting room through the open door, and I wondered who was there with Harvey. Suddenly I heard: "She wanted my hat to wear to the funeral . . ."

I went in. There was "Fearless Freddie" Hodges and his wife, Helen. "Hello," I said, happy to see them. "Whose funeral are you talking about, Helen?"

"Tom Jones'," she said.

"No!" I said. "No! That can't be. Not Jones. It isn't true!" I kept repeating to myself, "It isn't true," but Helen's voice was saying:

"It was Saturday the sixteenth. I was standing by waiting to get into the plane going to India. One of the Anglo-Indian girls came by in a car and asked me to lend, sell or give her my hat—the only one I had. I asked her why she wanted a hat, and she said she had to have one for Jones' funeral. That's all I know about it," she ended.

"Strange we haven't heard anything about it," Harvey said. "I'll send a message right away and ask for a confirmation."

My stomach felt as if there wasn't anything left in it and my head swam. I could see pictures of Jones flashing by. Sometimes he was smiling, sometimes serious, his clear eyes fixed, seeing visions of his future, a future as he wanted it to be—he was a lawyer; he was the Governor of Washington State! I saw again the instrument for star navigation he was so proud of.

I looked down at my right wrist, where he had clasped his saber silver chain. "It looks like a bracelet," he had said. "Will you wear it?" I heard him say again to Greg Boyington, "You know, to me, Olga, the Colonel and Mr. Greenlaw are the A.V.G. Without them there

is no such thing. So far I've been unlucky with this malaria, but if I shoot down three Japs, that ought to pay for my keep."

The anxiously awaited message from Chennault, the answer to Harvey's inquiry about Jones, arrived. But what a blow it was!

JONES PRACTICING DIVE BOMBING NEAR FIELD SPUN IN AND KILLED FRIDAY FIFTEENTH MAY AND BOB LITTLE KILLED SATURDAY TWENTY-THIRD BY ENEMY ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE OVER SALWEEN.

"Dear God, dear God," I kept saying to myself. "Not Jones, not Little. Oh, Little, not you, too!" I began to cry. Harvey left his seat near the desk and placed his arms around me.

"Don't cry," he said. "You can't bring them back. I know how you feel. I loved them, too—Jones, Little, Jack Newkirk, Sandy. Remember when we were in Toungoo, at the beginning of the thing, I told you not to let yourself get too attached to these boys because, later, it would hurt you? I told you then that many of these boys were to die. I tried to warn you, dear, to keep you from feeling the things I felt when I was in the Army—when my best friends went away and never came back. Harden yourself and forget about it. Life goes on."

But I couldn't harden myself. I kept thinking about them. I went into the bedroom and spent the rest of the day in bed, trying to read. Harvey had to go to New Delhi and I stayed alone.

It was growing dark, and I was still alone thinking about those boys. Suddenly I wasn't alone. They were there with me. Their presence was so strong I could almost see them. Jones and Bob Little. They were both laughing, laughing for me for being so serious and so heartbroken.

Jones was saying, "I was practicing dive-bombing near the field in Kunming. I got into a power dive, everything turned black. I never came out of it. I spun in. Remember, Olga, when I told you that I had to lie by the plane for a half-hour after testing out one of the P-40E's? I made you promise not to tell Sam Prevo because he would have grounded me. I thought about that when I was diving and before I went blank."

"Yes," I said, "I remember too well. It was my fault that you spun in, Jones. I should have told Sam."

"No," said Bob Little, "not your fault. Look at me. My ship and I exploded in mid-air. Nothing left of me . . . Ha, ha! And your black gloves, Olga. I took them for good luck. You must have the jinx—your friends got killed. Jones, here, Sandy, Newkirk, and me. You picked the wrong ones, sucker . . ."

"But it was fun," said Jones.

"Yeah," said Little. "I took nineteen of them before they got me. The fellows will tell you about it, Olga . . ."

They died for a very much greater purpose than merely playing their vital parts in destroying 600 Japanese planes and sending a thousand or two warlike little brown men to join their equally belligerent ancestors—or, when the showdown came and defeat was inevitable, keeping the Burma Road open so that the red corpuscles of war might flow into China's veins for a few extra days or weeks. They died to bring the bright and warming light of hope and promise to 400,000,000 war-weary Chinese.

THE END

The foregoing excerpts provide some of the high lights from the book by the same title to be published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

Only unto him

(*Continued from page 44*)

and Wilfred had tried to spare Florence all the heavier work. Old Tom Ying, who reigned in the kitchen, obligingly swept porches and paths; Fanny dusted, filled vases; saw to it that Florence's duties were not too much increased. It was no time to take any chance of losing Tom Ying and Florence.

Florence came in a little later to find Fanny stretched on the bed. "Mr. Evans telephoned," the maid said. Fanny's heart stood still. "I told him you were out in the garden, and he said it wasn't important."

"He—you didn't happen to say anyone was with me?"

"Yes'm, I did. I said a lady was talking to you—I'd looked out and seen her—and he said not to call you."

Fanny got up and began to brush her hair, as Florence left the room, and Fanny murmured aloud:

"What'll I tell him? Mrs. Conover. She's always coming in with tickets. No; I can't say that. He'd find some excuse to telephone the Conovers tonight and find out. A woman who wanted to know where the Richards house is? No; because she sat down and Florence might have mentioned that. I can't make a confidante of Florence, poor child. Oh, the corset woman who came here a few weeks ago: I'll say she came again. He can't trace her!"

She was dressed for dinner, lying on the chaise longue, when Wilfred Evans looked in at her.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"Oh, wonderfully, Will. I was out in the garden all afternoon. It was lovely."

"Anyone come in?"

"No; Florence said you telephoned. I wish she had told me."

"It was nothing." He was pulling off his coat and collar, going in and out of the dressing room. "Reason I asked," he said, "was that I saw the little straw seat—the what-d'you-call-it—pulled around close to your chair."

"Oh," she murmured, "oh, yes, that corset woman came in again in a few minutes. She was telling me about her boys in Africa."

"Give you her card?"

"She did the other day, Will, but I had no idea of buying anything from her, and I've lost it."

"I thought I might telephone her and ask her not to bother you again. It might be here."

He was at the letter basket on Fanny's desk, riffling through the letters and papers.

It isn't there, it isn't there. I remember destroying all that sort of thing when I cleaned my desk, Fanny thought, watching him.

"I don't think I'd hurt her feelings, Will," she said moderately. "She didn't bother me at all."

"Know any other women who buy corsets from her?"

She told me of about six in the neighborhood the other day, Fanny said in her mind. Aloud, she answered, "I don't believe I do."

"Dr. Olzendam and another man, Durbrow, are coming to dinner," her husband presently said, parting his gray hair carefully at the mirror. "Durbrow's here from Baltimore."

"Not the doctor who's on the murder case testifying against the man who's pleading temporary insanity?" Fanny felt terror gripping her heart like a cold, hard hand and heard the echo of it in her voice.

"That's the man. Don't look so odd,

Fanny," her husband said, coming over to sit beside her and laying his hand on hers. "It seems he is Olzendam's friend, and he's staying at Pleasantvale while they need him at the trial. I wish you would open your heart to him after dinner tonight. Just tell him honestly how you feel and about that 'fuzziness' of yours."

"Oh, fuzziness!" she said angrily, getting up abruptly and turning toward the door. "I'm going downstairs," she added quietly. "Dr. Olzendam has a way of being early."

When her husband came down to the dimly lighted library a few minutes later she was talking to the two doctors, quite her usual pleasant self. Wilfred snapped up ceiling lights; the room blazed with radiance, and Fanny blinked.

"My wife hates light," said the man of the house. "But I don't like to stumble around in the dark."

"Don't like light, Mrs. Evans?" the younger doctor asked, with a sympathetic smile.

"Sometimes. In its place," she said, meeting his look unsmilingly. "But I like soft lights in a library."

"At all events," Wilfred said, "you can't take lights and put them on the fire, can you?"

Her color blazed up.

"Put things on the fire, Mrs. Evans?" Olzendam asked.

"Oh, that," she said, with an air of dismissing something completely unimportant. "I—I burned up some letters the other night, and Will thought——"

"No; it wasn't the burning of the letters," her husband said, as she faltered. "It was the way it was done. When a lady," he went on lightly, "snatches the letter her husband is reading aloud and flings it on the fire, although previously indicating that she valued it highly—certainly it was kept in her Bible—and when she screams and rushes from the room and out into the rain, hanging on a fence in the dark until she is soaked to the skin, is it any wonder that she scares the aforesaid husband into promising he never will read a letter of hers again? But you see, gentlemen," Wilfred Evans finished, appealing to their sympathy with a good-humored smile, "this wife of mine never has had any secrets from me, nor I from her, and when her Bible happened to be brushed to the floor and an envelope with several letters in it fell out, it never occurred to me that she would feel so strongly about it!"

"Naturally," said Martin Durbrow. His smile went to Fanny's face, which wore a reserved expression. "But old letters can strike fire, can't they?" he asked her pleasantly.

"Sometimes," she admitted. He saw that she had summoned complete self-control, and that she did not intend to discuss the matter any further. She brought the conversation to victory gardens and marketing under the changed conditions. And presently dinner was announced.

At the table, Wilfred Evans asked the alienist about the murder trial that had brought him to California. Was there anything in the wretched Heflin's plea of temporary insanity? Was he a borderline case?

"No; he's a sane man, and a very clever one, acting madness," Martin Durbrow said. "But feigning insanity is one of the hardest things in the world. Especially for a person who hasn't studied it; doesn't know the symptoms. It would be just as absurd for a small boy to try to feign measles or a broken leg. The first doctor who looked at him would know all about it at once. Insanity," he went on, helping himself a second time to Ying's famous scalloped crab and snowy rice, "is definite. I think perhaps *I* could assume it, since I know a good many forms of it. I should go along quite normally—doing normal things, but with suspicious glances about, nervous bursts of laughter, superfluous explanations—yes, I suppose I could manage it. But Heflin can't!"

"So the rat will get his deserts?" Wilfred observed.

Fanny got to her feet with an incoherent murmur that she felt ill and hurriedly left the room. None of the men made any comment upon her departure, and presently they found her in the library by the fire, ready to preside over the coffee cups.

When she and Martin Durbrow were rather conspicuously left to amuse each other half an hour later, he found her serene and charming—amusing, too, in a quiet way.

"While those fellows play backgammon," he said, "let me ask you something. Do you have headaches—pressure on your head anywhere?"

She was instantly constrained. "No-o-o," she answered reluctantly. "I call it 'fuzziness.' I'm alone a great deal; we're very quiet here, you know. I get into a sort of dreamy state, feeling as if I didn't belong in the world." She stopped with a timid, apologetic glance at his face. "There is nothing anyone could do for me that I couldn't do for myself," she began again, proudly. "I know Will is worried about me; I know he wanted me to talk to you. But I think I understand it as well as he does, and I assure you that if I were to be sent to a—to a hospital, it would only make me worse—terribly worse."

"I'm inclined to agree with you," the doctor said. "And about those letters. Did you value them?"

"At one time." There was impatience and amusement as well as shame in her voice now. "Wilfred's finding them and beginning unexpectedly to read them to me shocked me. But it was not because of anything private in the letters. The writer is dead. He was best man at my sister's wedding! I was her maid of honor. We liked each other very much. But that was the war year, and he was killed at Château-Thierry. He wrote me the letters and to have Will start reading them aloud, commenting on them——" She stopped. "My sister and I were very close. She died seven months ago. She was the only person I saw much of, after my daughter's elopement Lydia lived near us; Will was very fond of her and she was wonderful with him. I haven't" —she passed her hand nervously over her forehead—"haven't slept very well since she went away."

"And you've been married how long, Mrs. Evans?"

"Twenty-six years."

"You're much younger than your husband?"

"Yes; I'm forty-five. Will is nearly sixty-four."

"Well," the doctor said, with the air of closing a conversation, "I'm not making a professional call on you. And I think you've been very nice to tell me so much about yourself."

"Did Will tell you about the violets?" she asked.

"Violets? No."

"Well, that was one of the latest scenes," Fanny said. "I know he telephoned Dr. Olzendam about it. I had a little window garden here at my south window where I had violets growing. For weeks I used to carry them to my sister when she was ill. A few days ago there were quite a lot in bloom, and I said I was going to go over to the cemetery to put them on Lydia's grave. I

stayed in bed the next morning, and when Will came in with the newspaper—he always comes in to read it in my room—he said that he had had Florence gather the violets and had telephoned the florist to come with some more and arrange them on Lydia's grave. He said it was to 'spare me.' Does that sound dreadful to you?"

"No-o-o," Martin Durbrow answered, smiling.

"Well, I leaped out of bed, went to the window box, wrenched it apart like a crazy woman," Fanny said, "and pushed the whole thing down into the garden. My hands were dirty and scratched, and I was crying. Of course Will was aghast."

"And how long did that paroxysm last?"

"Oh, fifteen minutes. I was crying all the time that I wanted my sister, wanted my child. I didn't want Will to touch me. I can talk to you," Fanny said impulsively; "I can't talk to Dr. Olzendam. Was that serious?"

"That outbreak? It only makes me think you ought to make more effort, Mrs. Evans. You ought to have a job these busy times."

"I know it. But there's my daughter and her husband. There's a baby coming. If I angered Will, he would stop helping Barney and Rosamond. And he absolutely forbids me to take a defense job. Oh, he is generous; he gives money to drives; he buys bonds," Fanny added loyally. "But he wants me always here."

"You would be self-supporting if you had a job," Martin Durbrow said. "You would be independent."

"Yes, but not after the war. I wouldn't make enough money to take care of four of us."

"Well, I'm going to prescribe for you. I'm going to prescribe long walks. Walk three miles between lunch and supper, and I predict that these nerves will clear up. You're in perfect health, physically," Martin Durbrow said, "and when your daughter has a child, you are going to be the youngest grandmother I ever saw!"

"What's this about being a grandmother?" Wilfred had come in and was standing behind Fanny.

"Dr. Durbrow was talking about Rosamond, and he went on to remote possibilities!" Fanny answered.

"I didn't know you knew we had a child, doctor," Wilfred said, sinking into a chair.

"You mentioned her at dinner," Martin answered. "Don't you remember that you spoke of going to Europe while she was at school?"

"Ah, so I did. One of those cases when all love and care can do is thrown away on a nature that is hard and cold," Wilfred mused.

"That's not true of Rosamond!" Fanny exclaimed.

"Pretty strong language, Fanny," her husband observed mildly.

"Yes, stronger than I meant," she admitted with a nervous laugh. "I don't seem to be able to express myself very exactly these days! Our daughter really is a lovely girl—woman," she told the visitors seriously.

"Only she doesn't happen to be *my* daughter," Wilfred Evans remarked.

His wife's color faded, and her eyes filled with amazement and reproach; she said, "Will!" in a sharp whisper.

"I see no reason why two doctors, both psychiatrists, shouldn't know the truth. My wife and I," he went on, turning to the physicians, "were not so fortunate as to have a child. But some years ago, when I returned from serving my country in France, my wife and a very attractive friend of hers—a portrait

painter—were deeply engaged in caring for a very fascinating baby girl who has since been known as my daughter Rosamond."

"What a funny way to put it!" Fanny protested, her pale cheeks flooded with indignant scarlet. "You knew Elspeth as well as Dana—you knew both her parents. The mother was our friend; she died when the baby was born," she explained. "Dana was killed a few months later, just after Will got back, and we adopted the child. That was it, wasn't it, Will?"

"That was certainly what I was told when I got back," Wilfred agreed. "The wife was dead, and the baby was in your care. I am a very trusting, simple man, gentlemen," he added, "and I always believe exactly what I am told. So for more than twenty years I have believed that Rosamond was orphaned suddenly and that my wife was devoted to her because she loved the mother—and, I may say, the father, who painted that very charming portrait of my wife." He looked up at the oil painting above the mantel.

"Why so silent?" Wilfred asked later, when he and Fanny were alone in their bedroom.

Fanny continued her preparations for bed, brushing the thick fine hair touched with gray, wiping cold cream from her still fresh, firm cheeks. She went over to the bookcase and stood studying the backs of well-worn favorite volumes.

"What have I done?" her husband persisted.

"Nothing," she said levelly. And then, in an irresistible burst: "Will, was it necessary to imply to those men that you had any uncertainty about my being faithful to you while you were away? You know Rosamond was Elspeth Morrison's child; you've never honestly doubted it! And you know it would break her heart to suspect that she isn't our own."

"*I* imply anything against *you!*" he exclaimed in tones of amazement. "My dear, you are not *right!* You are nervous beyond anything you've ever been before," he added gently. "Your safety, your pleasure, have been the great considerations of my life. I said nothing—*nothing* that could possibly be construed into any reflection on you. Good God, what a strange thing to reproach me with after all these years! It was a bitter blow to me that there could not be children in our family. My own strength and vigor and general normality made it seem to me, in those early years, a tragedy. But since then, thinking that a child might have inherited your intense nervousness, your neuroses, I have been reconciled. When I came home from France and found you absorbed in another man's baby, I felt it might be the most wholesome thing in the world for you, especially after poor Dana's death, to adopt her. Is there any reflection on you in *that!*"

He began to walk about the room; he was back in the past now, rehearsing every odd, inexplicable, passionate word and act of which she had been guilty in twenty long years. She had had two fittings on the white lace dress he had bought her, and then when he innocently asked her to go for one more fitting because of a wrinkle between the shoulders, she had said impatiently that she didn't want the dress anyway—a two-hundred-dollar dress!—and had sent it to Minna van Vleet. She had cried for an hour when he had forgotten to give her a message from Lydia—sensible Lydia had only laughed at the omission; after all, the sisters saw each other every day. But Fanny had made a scene. And she had put her hands over her ears and rushed from the Cadogans' dinner table, leaving the company aghast and himself bitterly humiliated.

Oh, well, thought Fanny, she knew the answers. She knew—and he knew—that he had hounded her into buying the extravagant unbecoming dress because "Fuller's wife looks so well in that sort of thing; looks like a lady, anyway." She knew—and he knew too—that she had been ill and tired and hungry for Lydia and nobody but Lydia on the dark wet afternoon when Lydia had telephoned and had been turned away. She knew it was because of his harping, harping, harping on her "fuzziness" that she had left the Cadogans' dinner table. But why aggravate him by reminders?

She must resolutely think of happy times—times when they had traveled with Rosamond in the car to old inns and beaches, or on great ships to Rio and Naples and Southampton. Little Rossy trotting between them along strange streets.

"If you knew that Rosamond was planning to run away with Barney," her husband said presently in his monotonous voice, "and I found that out, it would mean they have had their last penny from us!"

He took a shining pistol from his pocket. It had lost all interest for Fanny. She had seen him handling it every night for many years.

"If you should ever threaten me with this——" he began.

"Threaten you with it! Why should I, Will? I never touch it," Fanny said in a bored voice. He probably tells the doctors I wave it about, she thought scornfully. "I hate a gun," she added aloud.

"——I would feel you ought seriously to consider a long rest at some place like Pleasantvale," her husband continued inexorably.

She was in bed now, and she lay looking at him without speaking. He had entire control of the modest fortune that had been hers as well as of his own money; she did not question it. There was to be no scandal; no publicity in their affairs. Her dignity was precious to her.

But he wanted a guardianship; he wanted to remove from her any power of questioning his administration of their mutual interests.

"Sometimes it would seem simpler just to end it all," he said, still handling the revolver.

She had said to him many times, "Will, go to bed. You'll drive me crazy with your nonsense!" But of late she had avoided that phraseology. She said nothing.

Walking was the cure. Good long walks. Dr. Durbrow had recommended them. Anything that started her blood circulating, stimulated her appetite and helped her to nights of restful sleep was worth trying.

The next afternoon Fanny laced on her strongest shoes, put a straw hat on her head, and striking out through the gloomy eucalyptus and spider-webbed evergreens of the back garden, mounted the trail up the hill. The warm sunshine struck gratefully on her shoulders, and she found new grass sprouting everywhere—in the old wagon ruts; at the bases of the fence posts; across the meadow where cows were grazing.

The first poppies blazed boldly among the young wheat; farther along, where the road rambled under light sprawling oaks, there were creamy flag lilies, a columbine poised like a butterfly on its frail stem, the first blue smoke of the wild

lilac. The March day rippled with bird songs; larks shot up at her feet.

"I ought to do this oftener!" Fanny said aloud.

She went on and on in a very enchantment of spring and solitude and the joy of walking. She had never taken this road before.

When it curved and dipped downhill toward the roots of the village she followed it still; it would be good, she told herself, to get really tired for a change. Down, down, down on the carpet of scented fresh grass, smelling the spring smells of turned earth and growing things; down past a barn with its own sweet dairy odors; on, surprisedly, into a patch of orchard with chairs scattered under apple trees that were just breaking into blossom and a low-roofed Spanish farmhouse for a background.

Fanny stopped, apologetic and bewildered. Two elderly men playing chess looked up at her without surprise; two young women stopped an absorbed conversation to glance at her, but nobody spoke.

She turned, hearing a step behind her, and smiled into the eyes of Martin Durbrow.

"Dr. Durbrow! I crept in upon you the back way. Your friends——" she began confusedly. "You said walk, and I've been walking——"

Flushed, a little tired, warm from her exercise, she finished the broken phrases with a little outspreading gesture of her hands.

"You've walked straight into Pleasantvale," he said.

Fanny's color faded, and she felt her throat thicken. Instinctively she put out her hand, and the doctor gripped it.

He showed her everything: the cool patios where fountains rippled; the dairy and carpenter shop; the small cell-like bedrooms complete with dressing table and reading lamp; the refectory with its black and white flagged floor and its narrow monastery tables; the music room with its hundreds of records; the doves preening and fanning on the low tiled roofs. He introduced her to Mrs. Maloney, the wholesome-looking nurse in the infirmary.

"The front gates on the highway are formidable," said Fanny. "But coming down the hill, with all the flowers and the birds and the white clouds, was like walking into a Botticelli. These people—that nice-looking woman who was fixing flowers in the dining room; the men in the workshop—couldn't they walk up the hill too and away from all this?"

"Our formidable gates are kept only to reassure the public," Martin Durbrow told her. "Any of our people could get away. They don't want to. Most of them dread outsiders—dread contact with the world that didn't understand them. Every day is visitors' day: they can see the few they love."

"Every day is visitors' day?" Fanny took him up eagerly. "Then if one's daughter—if one's daughter wanted to come, nobody would stop her? It would be nobody's business?"

"She could come, and she could bring her baby someday—any day."

"She——" Fanny swallowed. "How did you know? I—I didn't tell you about the baby," she stammered.

"No; but she did. I went to see her, and we had a long talk."

"About me?"

"About you and other things."

"One could read," Fanny said, in a voice that showed she was really thinking aloud. "One could write letters, garden, cook, knit. There are a thousand things . . . Do you really think this place

would help me, make me less nervous, make me sleep better?" she asked the doctor with a sudden rush of tears. Her glance at him held the appeal of a helpless child who knows the power of grown-ups.

"I really do. You would be more free. You would not be here long."

She gave him a rueful smile. "Would you say that even if my coming here meant something you perhaps haven't thought of," she presently asked, as they walked toward the garage—"even then, would you think it wise? I mean, Wilfred's getting free of me and perhaps remarrying. How would I know he wouldn't immediately drop all help to Rosamond?"

"You might make rockbound conditions of help to Rosamond part of your consenting to go away. You might insist upon an out-and-out division of property, so that you could be the one to help her."

He had said it somewhat hesitantly, not knowing how she would take it. It was a pleasant surprise to him, it touched him unexpectedly and deeply, to see the radiance that lighted her face. One of the most beautiful faces, he thought, that he had ever seen.

"Oh, that—yes!" she exclaimed. "Oh, yes; I might do that. That would make anything worth while! And I wouldn't have to stay forever?" The last was more a question than a statement. He met it seriously.

"I can promise you that," said the doctor.

That night Fanny told her husband that she had seen Pleasantvale and had talked to Dr. Durbrow. She was now willing to try any cure Wilfred thought advisable.

"You've never seen that place, Will? It's like walking into a corner of old Spain; it's like a beautiful set in a movie. They have movies too, and concerts, and everyone has to do some kind of work. But Will, sometimes it's easy to walk into those places and not so easy to walk out. How would I know about Rosamond? I couldn't get well if I was worrying."

Her husband met her more than halfway. He would immediately make arrangements that would free Barney and Rosamond from a sense of obligation. Wilfred was exultant, but Fanny trembled with fear of the strange step she was taking; the net that was closing over her. While she lay among her pillows on the couch by the fire with her eyes closed, she heard her husband slip away.

"I trust Martin Durbrow," she whispered to herself, "and he says this is right!"

She must hold tight to her faith in him. She must hold tight to her faith in Wilfred's word too. He had promised that Rosamond should be made independent; but she must move first, he stipulated, to show her honesty of intention. Not until she was firmly cloistered at Pleasantvale would he move. She knew better than to be too insistent.

So she packed her clothes on the following morning, and got into the car beside Wilfred for the short drive. It was a strange drive; they had been married for more than twenty years, but Fanny could think of nothing to say to her husband, and he did not speak. All her terrors about institution life had come back and made her feel cold and weak; the wrench of transplantation was keen; fear that Wilfred would not keep his word, that she had rendered herself helpless to influence him, turned her spirit to lead.

"I really *am* only half sane," she said in her heart.

Pleasantvale's highway gates looked fearful too; there was a horrible clang of iron as they shut behind her; there was something disquieting in the air that she had not noticed yesterday. Even Martin Durbrow looked serious, almost stern, as he met them with brief greetings.

He left Fanny in the care of Mrs. Maloney and asked Wilfred to go into the office for a few minutes. "We have some papers ready there," he said.

Fanny sat on a stone bench in a patio dripping with wistaria and pink roses. A bird balanced himself on the slender silver pencil of water that shot up from the fountain. Peace began to creep into her soul. Minutes went by. Mrs. Maloney answered her only briefly and abstractedly when she spoke. The nurse appeared nervous and Fanny finally fell silent.

Presently there was a sound of scuffling and a thumping fall; then men's voices shouting—and a shot. Fanny turned pale.

"Does that sort of thing happen often here?" she asked Mrs. Maloney.

"Never," said Margaret Maloney. "He isn't our kind—that one. They'll take him to the State this afternoon. It's all right; they had two cops here to handle him."

Fanny could only look her bewilderment. The statement seemed to be directed with some significance at her, but she could not understand it. Before she or the matron could speak again, the two doctors returned to the room.

"It was too bad we had to do it this way, Mrs. Evans," Rudolf Olzendam said somewhat breathlessly, straightening his collar and tie as he spoke, and passing his hand over his disordered hair, "but we were afraid if we told you our suspicions you might betray them in a careless moment, and then he might have done you some violence."

"It was much better that you shouldn't have the slightest idea of his real condition," Martin Durbrow added apologetically. "You were a great help to us. We weren't sure you could have kept him from suspecting if you had known."

"Known?" she cried. "You mean—but not Wilfred—you don't mean——"

She saw their grave faces; saw the older man nod. Then she must have fainted, for she was in a patio hammock when she opened her eyes, and Mrs. Maloney had an icebag on her forehead. Standing near, looking at her concernedly, was Martin Durbrow.

"You're all right?" he asked.

"I'm fine," she answered instantly. But she didn't want to move yet.

"Lie there until you feel better," he directed, "and then I'll take you into the office; there are a few formalities. He's gone—your husband—but there's a man here from the State Hospital asking for some data. Oh, you'll see your husband; you'll see him again when he's quieter. Tomorrow—or in a day or two. And meanwhile, I think your daughter is expecting you to lunch."

Coming—"Flat-Top Jenny," the dramatic story of a great aircraft carrier and her fighting fliers, by H. Vernor Dixon

When Sinatra Sings (*Continued from page 41*)

all, he has been around for quite a few years, but he didn't really catch on until last winter. This phenomenon wouldn't have been possible in 'thirty-eight or 'thirty-nine. With millions of young men away, girls have nothing to do. Maybe they're being loyal to boy friends in the Service, or maybe they never had any boy friends. So you get mass frustrated love, without direction. Here comes along a personable young man who sings romantic songs right to you, seemingly. The girls in his audience are lonesome, and need something. He's a man. Probably they identify him with their boys in the Service, but to many of them he probably represents the first love affair. From earliest times people have had crushes on public idols. Invariably they have been actors, singers, or the like—in any case, people who have used their voices.

"It is natural for these girls to like being part of a crowd that follows Sinatra. Crowds give people courage to do things they might be ashamed to do as individuals. Following Sinatra in a crowd becomes not only legal but the popular, socially approved thing to do. And forming fan clubs to compare notes and so on heightens the whole sensation.

"I don't believe that the situation is *necessarily* unhealthy. In one sense it is a healthy way of exorcising a very unhealthy condition — thousands of girls with no dates, no outlets, whom the war has artificially deprived of beaux. It surely is better to have a mass outward demonstration of love than to have it all tied up inside with no outlet. But if it is carried to extremes it becomes very unhealthy; that is, when it produces mass hysteria and leads to something like the old Valentino craze, with mysteriously veiled ladies making annual trips to lay roses on the grave year after year.

Then again, it is dangerous for some of these girls to become so dependent on one individual. At forty-five they'll be following some spiritualist or cultist, still trying to find happiness in some individual.

"Crazes like this are symptomatic of a neurotic age, a twisted age. It occurs mainly in people who are poor at the business of living. They need help. Parents could do much to remedy the situation by providing social outlets. The whole thing is a reflection on our social structure and educational system. The worst part of it is that it represents such a waste. Love is the most powerful motivating force. But what can be done with love if there are no sweethearts to spend it on? It must be sublimated. Love-energy must be diverted into useful wartime channels that are socially creative. These girls should have some activity, whether it be playing the piano, planting victory gardens, or what not, that benefits society at the same time it benefits themselves.

The Frank Sinatra craze doesn't benefit anybody. The girls are hypnotized by the reflection of what they want to see, and each has a Frank Sinatra in her own heart. Of course, hero worship is a normal human need, and it is natural for people to identify themselves with their heroes. If it's a Lincoln, then it's fine. But the hero must have qualities that the worshiper can emulate. This is impossible in the case of Frank

Sinatra. Thus is lost one of the greatest of all character-building forces."

The Swooners, however, would certainly deny Dr. Berg's contention that Sinatra lacks qualities which they can emulate. One admirer writes: "He is the kind of a fellow who just attracts you. Personally, I think it's on account of his personality. I like everything about him. He's right down to earth—just like one of us fans. He is very nice to talk to and very co-operative. He's completely unspoiled by all his success. He's on top now, and I like to think of him as being unconquerable. Most of us fans look on him as an idol, a symbol, something to look up to, and we like to think that maybe we had a little something to do with his success. No, I don't think Frankie is handsome, although other girls do. His charm, his likable ways and his extra perfect voice are the things that make Frank Sinatra. He's just perfect in every way.

"Another reason we like Frank is his informal way of dressing. We like those sport clothes he wears, because they're like the clothes we wear. I know one girl who looked for three weeks to find a plaid jacket like one of Frank's. Then she wore it to the theater one day and waved to him, and he waved back. I've been following Frank three years now, since I first saw him with Tommy Dorsey's band at the Paramount. I could talk or write about him forever, even though I'm not one of those girls who faint or yell or carry on when they see him. I admit, though, he does give me a queer feeling, like being on a roller coaster, and after I've seen him I don't feel like eating for the rest of the day. Frank just hasn't got a flaw. He will go higher and higher and get better and better, but one thing I can tell you—I'll be in there cheering for him always, and I do mean always. Sinatrally—V. F."

Most of Sinatra's serious fans stress that he looks, talks and acts like one of them. As nearly all the world knows, the Voice was born in New Jersey of parents of Italian extraction, and grew up in the ordinary environment of any youth of twenty-five. His wife was a sweetheart of many years' standing, and though his 1943 income is estimated at a quarter of a million dollars or more, the Sinatras live simply. In short, he represents the modern Horatio Alger legend which his contemporaries understand. They can easily project themselves into his shoes, and are convinced that he takes an interest in them. They have no hesitancy about approaching him, because it is like approaching an old high-school chum who has just made the team. An older man, a more formal man, or a more elaborately dressed man would not inspire the same feeling at all. Sinatra is well aware of this, and misses no opportunity to cultivate the Swooners. As one of them remarks, "Frank keeps a scrap (book) of his fans. If you want a picture of him, he asks you to send a picture of yourself in return. He says this is only fair."

Another thing the Swooners admire is Sinatra's sporting attitude toward Bing Crosby. Although Crosby has not staged any tantrums over Sinatra's rivalry, the Swooners persistently refer to him as a fallen gladiator. "You know, Frankie feels real sorry about Bing and replacing him and everything," one says. "Frankie admires Bing and wants to meet him like anything. In fact, he'd like to get Bing on his radio program."

Sinatra himself accepts his popularity without much question, and is frankly eager to have it last as long as possible. He has no ready explanation of his appeal, but thinks his appearance and manner are the most important factors. "I'm twenty-five. I look, maybe, nineteen," he once said. "Most of the kids feel I'm one of them—the pal next door, say, who can sing and is looking for a break. Okay, I got it. So maybe they feel they know me. I wear the sharp clothes they do, and I kid them around a little. So I'm one of them. And that's the way I want it to be. What the hell, they're nice kids."

Sinatra's fondness for the Swooners is perfectly sincere, but he is not quite the boyish troubadour they imagine. A keen business mind lies beneath his tousled hair, and the Sinatra legend has been fostered in a thoroughly scientific manner. Though fond of singing romantic ballads, Sinatra for relaxation listens to serious music. Though he looks pale and frail, he would like to be a professional fighter, and on more than a few occasions has shown he can take care of himself.

Privately, he might like to dress a little more conservatively, and use a little less adolescent slang. But this would not be good business. So long as he remains all things to all girls he must look young, act natural, talk fast, sing sweet, and make every girl think that he's her man. His managers hope he'll be doing it until he's fifty.

of her hips. It gave a luster to her skin, like prewar cream, and reflected blue lights into her black hair.

Sally walked slowly home from school, remembering last night. She and Ensign Tony Renford had gone dancing at the Blue Parakeet, with Lex Lowney's orchestra, and a cover charge that excluded high-school kids. They had danced and danced, and talked out on the terrace. Tony had asked her questions about herself—about her thoughts and ideals and ambitions. He understood her. He recognized that she was different from the silly kind of girl who was always getting herself caricatured in stories and plays. It was wonderful how he knew, right off like that.

"I guess being an only child makes you more serious," she'd told him. "I mean, you're alone so much that you naturally think more about things and grow up faster."

"What do you think about?" He had looked straight into her eyes and then said it again, softly, "What do you think about, Sally?"

It had made her feel funny, he was so serious, but she answered him, and before long she was talking as she had never talked to anybody before—even telling him the things she had written in the notebook locked in her desk.

"It's not exactly a diary. It's just—well, I call it 'Fragments'; you know, all kinds of stuff that comes to me."

She even quoted some of it to him—the part, for instance, about friendship being life's most precious gift. Of course she had written that nearly three months ago, when she and Hallie Ross had been practically inseparable, and now that Hallie had turned out to be such a stinker, asking Buddy Lowe to the Girls' Easter Dance when she knew that Sally . . . Still, there were other friends to be found.

And she had quoted other parts, because Tony was so interested. About how when you planted a little dead-looking seed in your victory garden and in a few weeks something pushed out of the earth and grew to be a bush full of delicious green beans, then you had to believe in God, no matter what.

And about the time at the beginning of the war, when people talked so much about bombings, and you did your homework in the dining room, not because you were afraid, but because you wanted to be near Mother and Daddy—and such a *family* feeling came over you that it almost made you cry.

Sometimes when she had read that stuff over to herself after she had written it, she had thought it was awfully corny and had almost torn it up. She had thought she would die rather than tell it to anybody. But now that she had told it to Tony, she felt wonderful. Because he had listened to every word, his eyes never leaving her face, and you could see he didn't think it was corny at all.

And later, when he took her home, he held her hand and said, "I can't tell you what this evening has meant to me, Sally. I'll never be able to thank you enough."

She could hardly believe all this had really happened. It seemed like a dream, the kind she had sometimes before she went to sleep at night—so vivid that often she would find herself sitting up in bed, talking aloud in low, throaty, adult tones to some imaginary hero.

Now, as she walked along, she did not talk aloud. Instead, she looked off into the distance through narrowed lids, appraisingly, permitting a small, tolerant smile to come and go on her lips. She could feel the amused sophistication of this expression, harmonizing beautifully with her new sense of maturity.

"Hi, Sally! Whatcha squinting at?"

She tore her narrowed lids reluctantly from the distant scene and opened them full upon Buddy Lowe. He grinned at her, his eyes barely visible through the hair that fell across them.

"Want a soda? I'm meeting the gang at Plaut's."

She nodded and walked beside him. Actually, it meant nothing at all to her to be going to Plaut's with Buddy Lowe. Yesterday she'd have been thrilled, but not today. Today he was only a kid in a loud-checked shirt and unpressed corduroy slacks.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Lost your tongue?"

"I'm thinking about something." She gave a low, throaty laugh. "Last night when Ensign Tony Renford and I were at the Blue Parakeet——"

"What? Who?"

She glanced at Buddy sideways, to see whether he was impressed or merely incredulous. Reassured, she repeated carelessly, "Ensign Renford and I were dancing at the Blue Parakeet last——"

"Hold on!" Buddy grabbed her arm. "You don't mean the guy who just got back from the Solomons? How did you ——?"

"He had dinner with us last night," she said, keeping her voice casual under Buddy's excited interest. "His brother—his much older brother, you know—is a friend of Daddy's."

"*Was*, you mean. He was killed in an air raid in Manila."

"WELL, don't you suppose I know that?" said Sally, annoyed because she hadn't known it. "But where do *you* get all your information?"

"Heck, everybody knows about Tony Renford. They used to call him the Flying Tackle up at State U. I heard a guy say he was the greatest tackle the school ever had, and brainy too."

"Yes," Sally said dreamily, believing every word she spoke. "Tony often speaks of those gay, carefree days." She felt radiant with pride, as though Buddy had been praising her, and she thought it was wonderful to feel like that about somebody else—sort of sublimely unselfish.

"Say," Buddy said, "I never heard you speak of this guy before. You talk like he was an old friend. I didn't even know you knew him."

She gave an amused smile. "There are a great many things about me that you don't know, Buddy Lowe."

"Yeah." He looked at her. "Yeah," he said, grinning, "I guess that's right."

Sally remembered a poem she had written once about his grin—about the way his eyes crinkled up and were lost in the tangle of his lashes. That had been long ago, when she was just a freshman. She laughed to herself at the child she had been then.

In Plaut's, sipping a soda, Sally was soon the center of attention. The boys looked critical and bored, but the girls crowded around her.

"I've seen him," said Mary Judson, who was the high-school belle. "He's divine—in a fatherly sort of way."

Sally smiled confidently. "He wasn't fatherly dancing at the Blue Parakeet. I've rarely been party to a snazzier conga."

A skinny girl with a long, pale face pressed close to Sally. "My father's twelve years older than my mother," she said. "They were sweethearts ever since she was fourteen."

"But Tony Renford already has a sweetheart," said Mary, "right in New York City. And he isn't twelve years older than she is."

Sally felt the blood empty out of her heart, leaving it small and dry in her chest. She wanted to scream that it wasn't so, else why would he be here, taking Sally out dancing, instead of in New York with *her?* She wanted to scream that Mary didn't know anything about Ensign Tony Renford—but it came to her with a slow, dull certainty that it was she, Sally, who knew nothing about him. She hadn't known even the things that everyone else in town seemed to: that he'd played star football for State U., or about his brother in Manila or anything.

And last night—— Why, last night he hadn't said a word about himself. He had only listened to Sally and told her how much the evening meant to him, which could be just what he'd say to any girl, for all she knew. And if he had a sweetheart, or a wife, even, he had hardly had a chance to tell her, with her doing all the talking, pouring out that guff while he politely pretended to think it was wonderful.

Humiliation flooded over Sally, drowning her, choking her, but she only tightened her fingers around the frost-dewed soda glass and raised her head. "So what?" she said steadily. "Last night he wasn't in New York; he was here with me at the Blue Parakeet." She smiled. "It was just a—an interlude." She pushed away her glass and stood up, and they heard her say lightly, "Good-by now," and saw her straight back as she walked to the door, so it didn't matter that her eyes, which they couldn't see, were full of fierce, hot tears.

It didn't matter, outside, that she walked too fast and gulped for air, because no one was around. And when she came in sight of her own front gate she began to run stumblingly, her mind yearning ahead to the comforting concealment of her room, to the familiar feel of the bedquilt against her cheek, its soft, accustomed acceptance of her tears.

But as she reached the gate she saw that there was someone at the front door. It was a girl of perhaps twenty in a beautiful tweed suit, with the matching topcoat thrown carelessly about her slim shoulders. She wore no hat, and the deep, upswept waves of her short hair caught the sun like gleaming golden water. One ruby-tipped finger pushed at the doorbell, and one small, trimly shod foot tapped on the porch floor.

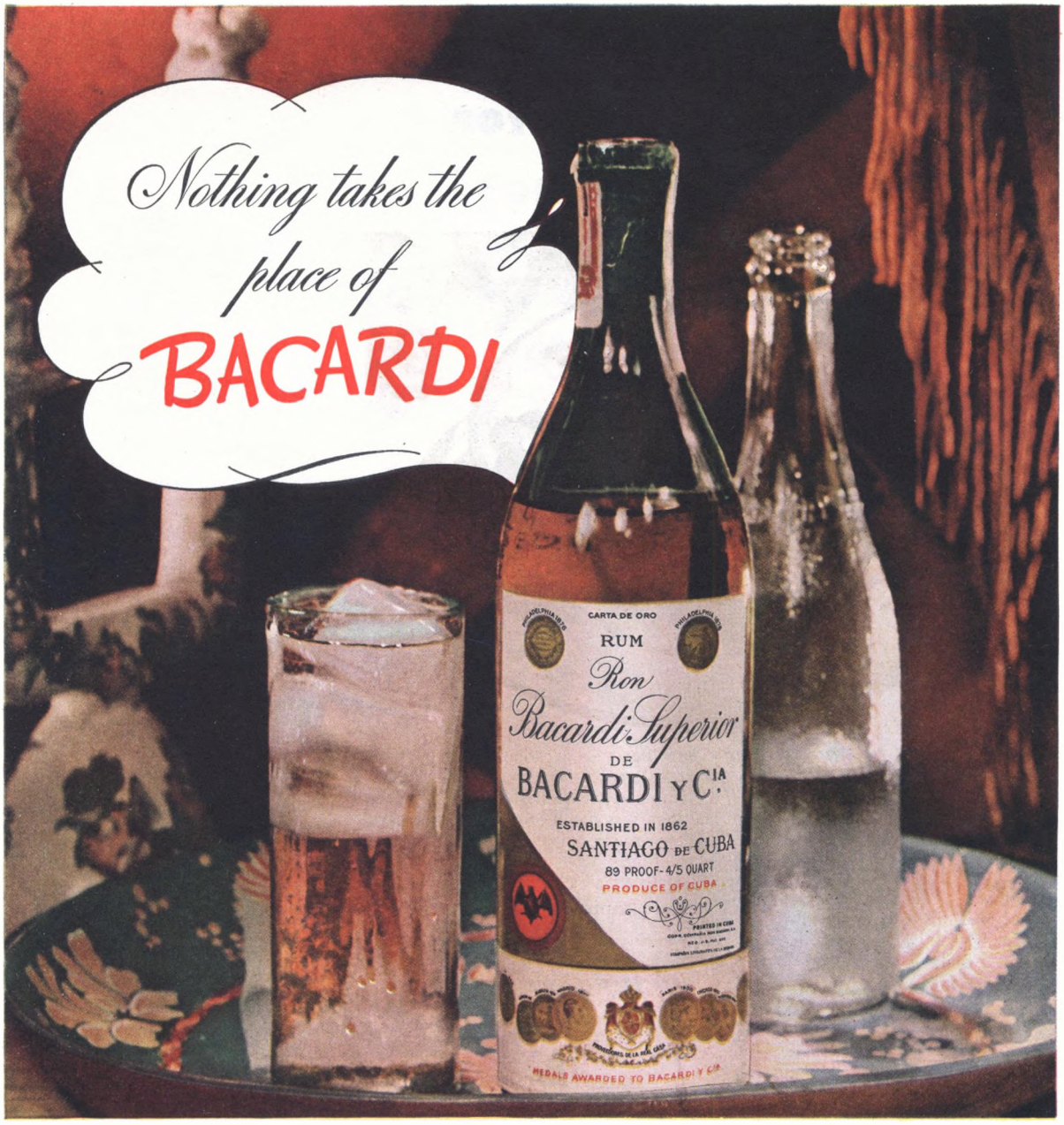
Sally knew at once who she was. She looked down at her own large and dirty saddle shoes and moved forward, feeling all wrong and uncouth and young—ugly young—against the smooth, assured rightness of this girl at the door.

The girl turned as Sally came up, and the finely modeled lines of her face relaxed from their annoyed impatience. "Hello," she said, her voice all low, careful modulations. "Do you live here?"

"Yes," Sally answered brusquely. "Who do you want?"

"I'm looking for Tony Renford," the girl said. "I was told someone here would know where he is."

Sally stood without opening the door. If this girl didn't know where Tony was, then maybe they had quarreled. Maybe they—— But it didn't matter now what



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had happened. She had come after him. A girl like this could come after a man, follow him, and it would be all right. A girl like this could do anything she wanted, and it would always be all right. She would just smile in that confident way, and Tony would forget all about anything that might have happened before.

"He's at the inn," Sally said grudgingly, "but he'll be here for dinner tonight."

"Will he?" The girl smiled now, a warm, ingratiating smile—the kind she might try on a headwaiter, Sally thought resentfully, to get a good table. "I wonder if—say, maybe you'd help me," she said. "I'm Francesca Hunt, Tony's fiancée, and I want to surprise him. Do you suppose you could wangle me a dinner invitation too, and then when he came in, you see, there I'd be?"

Sally looked at her stolidly, refusing to share this conspiratorial atmosphere. Some people certainly have a nerve, she thought, inviting themselves to dinner at a perfect stranger's house. Some people, she supposed, got anything they wanted that way.

"I don't know," Sally said. "You'll have to ask my mother."

"Ask me what?" Mrs. Russell came breathlessly up the porch steps, her arms filled with bundles. "We made a record today, rolling bandages. That's why I'm so late, Sally. Oh, I beg your pardon. Did you want to see me?"

"This is Miss Hunt," Sally said, because she could not bear to hear the girl say it again. "Tony Renford's fiancée. She's come to surprise him."

"Oh, how nice. Sally, open the door, dear." Mrs. Russell looked at the girl. "Tony didn't tell us——" And then, hastily: "Won't you stay for dinner, Miss Hunt? Tony's coming."

It was as easy as that.

Sally sat in the window seat and watched Tony's face as he came into the room. Francesca Hunt was standing at the fireplace, her back to the door, but she turned slowly when she heard his step, tilting her head up so that her throat made a gentle curve from her chin to the deep neckline of her blouse. She stood still, without speaking.

Tony stopped at the door an instant, but Sally saw that his expression did not change except for a narrowing of his haunted brown eyes. "Hello, Francesca," he said quietly.

"Tony!" She breathed the name and held out both hands, and he went forward slowly and took them. After a second he dropped them and turned to Sally's watchful mother and beaming father.

"Good evening," he said. "Quite a surprise, isn't it? I had no idea——" His eyes searched the room. "Where's Sally? . . . Oh, there you are. Why in hiding?"

"I'm not in hiding." Sally slid off the window seat. She spoke carefully. "I just didn't want to—intrude."

She saw them all looking at her, Tony intently, her mother and father with bewilderment, and Francesca—Francesca, who was clever about such things, was looking at her pityingly, knowing, and Sally felt anger beating against her chest with suffocating violence.

Somehow she got through her dinner, washing down the sawdust with plenty of water, trying not to listen to Francesca's low, beautiful voice. But the voice dominated the table, gay with anecdotes.

Once Sally's father said something about Tobruk, and the voice said lightly, "Not the war, Mr. Russell. Not now."

Then Tony spoke his first words since they had sat down. "No," he said. "We mustn't let the war touch Francesca."

There was a difficult moment of complete silence before Francesca went gaily on again.

Sally escaped to her room as soon as she could. She pushed open the casement window and sat near it in the darkness, lifting her hot face to the cool night air. Soon she felt chilly, so she pulled the arms of her sweater down past her elbows, and the stretched sleeves hung shapeless and wide around her wrists. She thought with a sharp nostalgia of yesterday, as of some time ago, when she had looked at herself with her sweater sleeves shoved up like a washwoman's and wondered whether she resembled Hedy Lamarr.

It was then that the voice began again, in the garden under her window—low and beautiful at first, but rising to a rasp. "Tony, you're not glad to see me," it began.

"No. What made you think I'd be?"

"But Tony, that silly scene in New York—surely you didn't mean that. You were just overwrought, fresh from your terrible experiences and everything."

"Francesca, I wasn't just overwrought. I was fresh from my terrible experiences, as you put it—that's true. I was fresh from killing and horror and the death of my brother. But I wasn't overwrought. I was perfectly cold and calm."

"Cold and calm? Oh, my dear! When you stood there practically shouting at my friends and me, telling us we weren't worth the loss of one soldier's little finger."

"You weren't. You're not. That fat man boasting of some trick for concealing part of his income, and the girl who talked about how ghastly it was to have only one cup of coffee a day, and you drinking cocktails in your new fur coat and saying that if things had been managed properly you wouldn't all be freezing for lack of fuel."

"But darling, that's just *talk*. You don't break off an——"

"No, it isn't just talk, Francesca. I looked at you sitting there, so safe and so beautifully kept, and I thought of men dying for you—my brother dying for you—and I wondered why. You don't really believe in anything or care about anything. You haven't even any loyalties."

"Good heavens!" Her laughter rose. "Aren't you being awfully melodramatic, darling, and corny? You and I used to understand each other better than this. After all, we're sophisticated people, not a couple of ingénues to go off half-cocked at the sound of the rolling drum."

"Maybe I'm not so sophisticated any more. Maybe I've changed."

"Oh, Tony, don't be stuffy. I want us to win the war as much as you do, but that doesn't mean I have to become a different person and change my whole ——" She stopped there, and in a second Sally heard her voice again, softer and slightly muffled: "Ah, Tony!"

"That's no use either, Francesca. It's all over. It's gone, that's all. I'm sorry."

"I see. Well, don't think when you come to your senses I'll be waiting with open arms, because I won't be, sailor boy. I won't be."

Sally heard the crunch of the gravel walk, fainter and fainter under the going-away feet of Francesca Hunt. Then Tony's voice called softly, "Sally—Sally, are you there?"

She leaned over the sill, looking down at his silhouette in the garden. "How did you know I was here?"

"I saw you when we came out of the house, and I maneuvered so we'd be where you could hear."

"Why?"

"I wanted you to know how much I needed reminding that there are girls like you. Sweet, funny, serious little girls who will never grow up to be Francescas." He raised his face to her, and the light from a window caught one side of it, so that she could tell he was smiling. "You see, now I can go back and fight for you and know that it will be all right, because you'll take care of the world we win."

"Me?" Her voice was small and frightened. *"Me?"*

"You'll do it. You believe in it," he said "I got my orders this afternoon, Sally.' He laughed a little. "When I see you again, you may be a grown woman. I don't suppose you'll even remember me."

When he had gone, she turned away from the window and lighted the lamp over her dresser. For a long time she stood looking into the mirror, not seeing her face, not seeing the slow, difficult tears that lay on her cheeks—tears unlike any others she had ever shed.

She did not hear the door open or know that her mother stood for a moment watching her and then went out closing the door softly behind her.

After a short interval there was a knock. Sally heard now. She saw the tears on her face and wiped them away impatiently. "Come in, Mother," she called.

She smiled and lifted her head, and she pushed the sleeves of her sweater up above the elbows, as if she were about to do the family wash—or the world's work.

He Married a Doctor *(Continued from page 61)*

his arms. "Hold him as still as possible," she told Carey.

Fascinated, sickened, Carey watched her. She had the intubator ready, the O'Dwyer's tube. He watched her depress the child's tongue, insert her index finger, and presently pass the tube into the larynx. As he watched he saw the miracle occur: the little boy's breathing became easier.

"There," sighed Hilda. She looked at Carey across the child. Her face was very white, but her eyes were steady. She said, "Thanks."

He found that he was sweating.

"Will you call Lucy?" she added. "I'm staying here tonight. The boy has to be kept absolutely quiet."

"How long do you leave that tube in?"

"Two days, three; it depends on how soon the doses of antitoxin take hold. Will you, after you've called Lucy, telephone Mrs. Mabel Jenkins? She's at the next farm. I'd like her to come over and stay with Lucy tonight."

"But you won't get any sleep."

"Oh, enough." Hilda smiled. "Tom will sleep too, under sedatives. But he has to be kept quiet, and I can't count on the mother. Then if you'd phone Aunt Jenny and ask her to send Bill for me in the morning? No, tell her I'll call her. Shed the mask," she advised, "and the dressing gown just outside the door. Get home, out of your clothes and into a bath. It's a good thing you've had it. Thanks, a lot."

He was dismissed. He stood there feeling ridiculous, more shaken than he cared to admit.

Hilda looked up impatiently. She said, "Do hurry. Mrs. Jenkins will help. She often does practical nursing. She isn't afraid of contagion. There's a lot to do," she added, her fingers on the child's pulse.

Carey dropped the mask and gown outside the door as instructed and went downstairs to telephone Mrs. Jenkins, who assured him she'd be right over, and to tell Mrs. Rawling that everything was all right. Then he called the Redding house.

"This is Dr. Redding." Jenny spoke drowsily. Carey explained and heard her come wide awake. She said, "All right, Mr. Dennis." She chuckled. "Had quite a night of it, haven't you?"

He drove home alone through the quiet night. He thought of Hilda, cool, deft, gentle. She knew what to do. She wasn't afraid. Or if she had been, no one would ever know it.

He reached Halekapu, but he felt lonely. He felt afraid. Things happen to people too suddenly—tragic things.

Halekapu was big, and it was lonely, although Sven was waiting up. Sven was Carey's butler-valet.

"Go to bed, Sven," said Carey irritably. He strode upstairs, divested himself of his garments, eased himself into a hot tub and lathered his body with soap.

Lying back in the hot water, he thought of Hilda Barrington in the farmhouse watching beside the little boy. He wondered soberly why people wanted children—too much risk. One moment you had a healthy kid, eating, laughing, talking, running about, and then it got a sore throat and a little temperature, and the first thing you knew it was looking at you with distended, anxious eyes; it was choking to death.

Good God! thought Carey.

He rang up the Redding house early the next afternoon, and Jenny answered. She said, in reply to his inquiries, that the little boy was doing very well. Why didn't he stop in for a cup of tea?

He was leaving the house when Maida and Franz drove up in a sleek long car Maida was hatless, the June sunshine bright on her silver-gilt hair. She made a face expressive of annoyance when she caught sight of Carey on the steps, his car waiting.

"Carey, you were going out?"

"Sorry," he said. "I have an appointment."

"We drove up this morning," she told him, "and took the sweetest house for the summer. I thought you'd give us a drink and then go see it with us. We're moving out next week."

Franz remarked that the little house was *sehr gemütlich*, and Carey shot him a glance of distaste. The Battle of France was raging; word had come over the radio. It was Thursday, June sixth.

He said, "Sven will give you a drink if you'll excuse my rudeness. I can't stop long enough to have it with you as my engagement is urgent."

Maida shrugged. "You were always rude. Franz and I will have our drink on the way home, but we demand rain checks. And you must dine with us, Carey, next week. We'll have a housewarming; just a few people."

They drove off, to his relief. He got into his car and went to the Redding house, where he found Jenny behind a tea table with Hilda sitting near her.

Jenny poured the tea, and Hilda took the teacup Carey offered her. There were shadows under her eyes, and she was a little pale.

He said, "Tell me about our patient."

She told him. Tom was better. Sam was coming home; he could manage his wife.

She added, "I didn't thank you; not really. You were an enormous help."

"I didn't do anything but hold that kid. You had him trussed up like a mummy, anyway," he protested.

"You were there," she said. "And you took orders."

"So I did," he said, astonished, and Jenny shot him a wicked look, as he asked Hilda, "You haven't seen 'There Shall Be No Night,' have you?"

"No."

"Then, some evening, if you could get away——? We'd drive down, have dinner in town and drive back after the show."

Hilda shook her head. "It sounds wonderful, but I'm afraid I can't."

"Nonsense!" said her aunt. "Of course you can. When Tom's out of the woods. For one evening I can cope."

"No night calls," Hilda warned her.

"If there are," said Jenny, "I'll get Bevin up." She chuckled.

"It's a date," smiled Carey. "Perhaps some night, Dr. Redding, you and Hilda would have dinner with me." He added forlornly, "I'm a very lonely man."

"We do not fall for that remark." Jenny laughed. "But I'm dying to see the inside of your house," she confessed.

"Howard dropped by this noon," said Hilda. "He said your friends the von Kunsts had taken the Powell house for the summer." She added, "That will be nice for you."

"Charming," said Carey without inflection, "and for Roger Spence also. But I'm surprised she didn't settle nearer the Spences, as she's his patient."

"You were talking about her the other night," recalled Jenny. "I remember her, at Roger's. A very beautiful woman."

"Very," agreed Carey. He added that he had known Maida von Kunst for some time.

He left soon afterwards. As he pulled out of the driveway he looked back and saw Hilda, small, sturdy. He thought: She's a pretty fine girl, even if she does scare me.

Toward the end of the next week he drove Hilda to town, and they dined in a restaurant he especially liked. Then they saw the Sherwood play. They were greatly moved by it, and driving home, as Hilda had refused to have a late supper in town, he said, "I never thought I'd see you cry."

"Why?" Hilda demanded. "You cried too."

"I always do," he said, unashamed. "Vicarious emotion. It's good for you. But you—you see so much that's real and tragic and even hopeless——"

"Don't say hopeless." She was silent. Then she explained, "You haven't time to cry then, Carey"—his given name came easily to her—"because you're working. You're trying to help, with all the skill at your command. In my case, it's so little, such a beginning skill. It's terrifying. For no matter what the books teach you, you must learn through experience. The Major's always preaching that. I used to think she was old-fashioned." She sighed. She added, "As for the play tonight, Carey, do you think we'll be drawn into the war?"

"I hope to God we won't," he said. "I don't know. Who does?"

"But what do you think?" she persisted.

"I think we'll get in. I believe we'll have no choice."

He thought of the von Kunsts. He had gone to their new house for dinner, reluctantly. The Spences had been there, and some people from New York. There had been something about the atmosphere that bothered him. Franz, perhaps, too tactful, too clever in guiding the conversation; Franz, who said suavely that of course the Nazis must be crushed, but it wasn't America's job.

When they reached the Redding house, Carey went up on the porch with Hilda. Under the porch light an envelope was visible, attached to the knocker by a bit of scotch tape. On it Jenny had written: "Supper ready in icebox. Bring Carey in."

Hilda said, "You are certainly in the Major's good graces."

He said, "You refused to have supper in town."

"It would have brought us home too late. It's late enough as it is." She gave him her latchkey. "Open the door. I can't tell you to refuse Aunt Jenny's invitation!"

Sandwiches in oiled paper, fried chicken legs, beer on ice, but Hilda, preferring to drink coffee, made some. They sat at the kitchen table and waited for it to perk.

They ate their supper, discussed the play once more, and Hilda said soberly, "It was a wonderful evening, Carey. I can't do it often, you know. I would be too uneasy. I have no business leaving Aunt Jenny. She wouldn't call Dr. Bevin if a case came in; she'd go herself, and she mustn't."

He said, "You've never told me why she mustn't."

"Her heart." Hilda looked at him, her eyes very black. "Medical terms——" She shrugged. "It's simpler and truer to say, a tired heart worn with much giving."

"I understand," he said.

While she was putting things away, he sat watching her. He laughed suddenly, and Hilda turned. "What's funny?"

"Nothing, except that if anyone had told me a few months ago——"

"Told you what?"

"Skip it."

"I don't have to. I remember you at Fairview. By the way, how are the ulcers?"

"Why bring that up?"

"Just casually. I'm not your doctor."

"I feel fine," he said.

"You won't," she told him, "if you go on smoking and drinking and doing all the things you shouldn't do."

"You were saying you remembered me at Fairview."

"And afterwards," she said, "when you went into the ditch. What you are thinking is if a crystal-gazer had told you that you would be on good terms with a woman in my profession, you would have said he was out of his mind."

"Possibly."

"But why?" she asked. "Why are we different from other women?"

"Only in being better, more worthy."

"Worthy? How utterly drab!"

"Isn't it? Only in making a mere man feel degradingly inferior. As long as I live I'll never forget the Rawlings' house and Tommy." He shivered. "I was damned near in as many pieces as the kid's mother. No man likes that feeling."

"But it's my job," Hilda said, "and it isn't yours."

"Sure, I know. But we're friends, even if I'd rather you weren't so capable; even if I'd rather you screamed at spiders and sickened at snakes."

"But I do," she said.

"Good."

On the way home, he reflected: Hilda is a woman whose brain and hands have been trained, whose eyes and ears are quicker than most women's. Whose heart is very big.

Big enough to contain love, he wondered; not alone love of humanity, not just love of her profession, of the woman who had brought her up, but a more personal love, intimate and engrossing—love for a man? What would it be like to have such a woman in love with you and

yet know you had a rival always, one stronger than yourself, which all her love for you could not deny?

Driving into the garage, Carey felt oddly depressed. The play, perhaps; all over the world people suffered and had courage.

He thought suddenly: It can't mean that I'm falling in love with her!

If you wondered whether or not you were falling in love, then of course you weren't. Carey, lying wakeful that night, told himself severely that if there was the slightest danger, he could always run away. He needn't see the girl. His acquaintance with her was slight. If he never saw her again, he'd forget her promptly. On the other hand, if he didn't see her, what would she think, and would he be admitting an attraction?

It had been entirely different with Maida.

Maida had been as a golden arrow, straight to the unapprehensive heart.

Carey had met her first in Hawaii. She had come there on a holiday trip with friends. During her stay he had returned home from San Francisco for a visit with his parents, who lived in Oahu —in a house on Diamond Head, a beach house on the windward side of Oahu. He had first seen Maida at a party. He had danced with her under the wonderful stars to the music he loved best, and she was as light and fragrant in his arms as a trade wind.

They had returned to the mainland on the same boat, and Maida had gone on to Del Monte. By that time he knew all about her. She was young, beautiful; she had a great deal of money, and no relatives except an ancient aunt from whom more money would eventually be inherited.

He proposed to her before she left California, and she asked time to think it over. "It's not that I don't love you, darling," she said. "I do. But I'm not sure that I want to marry you—or anybody."

He had followed her East with wires, with flowers, with letters. Finally he'd gone East to see her when a letter had reached him admitting that she missed him. They had become engaged—on the condition that he come East to live. She was a New Yorker. She loved her city passionately. All her friends were in the East.

So after discussions, quarrels and reconciliations, Carey had severed his business connections in San Francisco and bought a partnership in a small, active brokerage office in New York. His partner, Dave Orson, had been a classmate at Stanford who had married an Eastern girl and settled in New York. Good guy, hard-working, clever.

When the engagement was announced, Carey's parents were not happy about it. Their whole life centered in the islands. They had expected Carey to return there one day to manage the considerable interests they held.

Then Maida had decided she would like a country place. They had looked for one together in Connecticut, but she had seen nothing that she wanted. During that time she was summoned to Boston by her aunt, who was ill.

Coming up to Waynefield, through the advice of a man he met at his club, Carey had seen the Hawkins place and had telephoned Maida. She liked the description. Could Carey send pictures? Howard Mason obliged. Maida telephoned that she was in love with the pictures and the plans, so Carey promptly bought the place.

She never saw it until after she married Franz. She had met Franz in Boston. They were married before her letter

reached Carey. She said, "You'll hate me for this always, but I couldn't help myself, darling. The funny thing is I'm still so fond of you. But certain things are beyond one's control."

That was all the story, or his part in it. It was common property. There had been considerable newspaper publicity, and the society columnists had speculated at length.

Once bitten, twice shy. He had been violently in love with Maida; and she had thrown him over.

If he were falling in love with Hilda, it was on the rebound—a long time afterwards. He certainly didn't want to fall in love with a woman who would always put her profession first. He thought grimly: Lovely idea—man marries doctor! He drew a charming mental picture. He and Hilda sitting by the fire in the living room at Halekapu after dinner. Together, alone, and happy. Romantic, too, until the telephone bell rang and Hilda would have to go kiting off to take a pulse or administer a hypodermic.

Absurd!

He thought: But I can't just pull out. I've invited her and the Major to dinner.

All right. He'd ask others too—Maida, say, and Franz, and have Dave and his wife up from town for a week end. He'd ask Mason and the Spences and make a party of it. Nothing intimate. And after that he needn't see her again.

He made plans, set the date. It was still June, and the roads in France were choked with the pitiful procession of refugees.

It was a clear, lovely evening, and when Jenny and Hilda drove up to Halekapu, Sven met them to take their car and tell them that Mr. Dennis and his guests were at the swimming pool. They walked the short distance through a formal rose garden.

Hilda's small feet were silver-sandaled; she wore a dinner dress the color of a talisman rose. "I feel silly," she told Jenny. "I don't know how long it's been since I dressed for dinner."

"Do you good," said Jenny. "I feel very festive, and if I do say it, I look it." She was wearing a long black frock.

Hilda squeezed her arm. She said, "You look wonderful. I'm glad we're late. I hate dragging bathing things to a strange house, getting undressed and climbing back into dinner clothes again, sticky and with the back of my hair wet."

The big pool was cement, painted aquamarine, and water gushed from the stone mouths of dolphins. The stone guesthouse served as a cabaña, and Carey's Jap had set up a portable bar. Everyone else had arrived, they saw as they rounded the corner, and Carey came to meet them in brief Hawaiian trunks.

He said, "You're missing something by not swimming," and added, "I think you know everyone but Gwen and Dave Orson, don't you?"

The Orsons weren't swimming. They sat on the side lines with Jenny, Hilda and Kathy Spence, who wasn't swimming either. She'd just had her hair set, she explained. She was drinking her third cocktail, and her voice was a little shrill. She remarked, to no one in particular, that there was such a thing as having too good a figure. Her narrowed eyes regarded Maida von Kunst who, having raced Roger Spence to the end of the pool, now pulled herself up on the ledge and accepted a drink from Carey, her figure frankly revealed in sea-green waterproof satin.

Von Kunst wasn't swimming either. He was helping at the bar. He brought a Martini to Hilda, a glass of tomato juice to Jenny, and sat down beside them.

Presently the bathers dressed and went up to the house to dine on a sheltered terrace, under the lights of hurricane candles. It was a decorative meal, with things in aspic and champagne plentiful. Hilda sat between Dave Orson, a pleasant chubby man with merry eyes and an anxious mouth, and Roger Spence. Finding herself next to Roger was a surprise. Why? Why should she have taken it for granted that she would be near her host? But Carey had Jenny on his right and Gwen Orson on his left.

Roger said, "Wonderful setup our friend has here."

"Very," agreed Hilda.

He looked at her. He said, "You're very pretty in that shade of yellow and by candlelight, Hilda. You should wear evening clothes more often."

"Of course. They're so convenient in a sickroom." She smiled. "I wonder how appreciative my patients would be if I'd drop in ready for the opera! No, Roger. Only the masculine practitioner can do that and get away with it—tails, and a carnation in the buttonhole."

"Are you accusing me?" Roger demanded.

"I imagine it happens now and then." She added, "Kathy and the baron seem to be hitting it off well."

"Harmless cuss," said Roger. His eyebrows drew together. He went on, with the easy intimacy of old friendship, "I wish Kathy wouldn't lean so heavily on the champagne for her sparkle."

"The baroness isn't having any," said Hilda in surprise.

"No. She thinks too well of her figure and her skin. One cocktail is her limit."

"Doctor's advice?"

Roger shrugged. "Not at all. She's a sensible as well as a beautiful woman." He added, "But not my type."

"I didn't think you had a type."

"I used to believe that, but not now." He smiled at Hilda, and her heart quickened from old habit. Yet, looking up, she saw Carey's eyes on her in a searching regard which she could not translate, and to her astonishment, her heart began to hammer in hard strokes.

Later, they all went into the house, and Carey took Jenny on a tour of inspection of the main floor.

As they returned from the sun porch to the living room he commented, "I gather Hilda has known Dr. Spence for some time."

"We both have," said Jenny. "He used to live in Waynefield. We've kept up with him through the years. He was on the staff of the hospital in which Hilda interned." She added, "He was anxious for Hilda to become his assistant after she left Fairview."

"Oh," said Carey, "I see."

He had seen more. He had seen Roger's smiling regard directed at Hilda, intimate, familiar, colored with more than the warmth of an old friendship. Carey hadn't liked it. He had, in fact, liked it so little that it had shocked him.

Later Maida drew him over to the big fireplace and stood there looking around. She said, "It seems strange, Carey, to be in this house—a house which I selected by mail and never saw until I came here as a guest."

Hilda was standing not far away, talking to Dave Orson. She heard Maida's words and thought: So I was right. She thought, further: Is Carey still in love with her? He must be. A man doesn't forget such a beautiful woman easily, and she's come to live a stone's throw away. When Sven came to tell her she was wanted on the telephone she followed him, glad of the escape. She shut the door of the telephone closet and said, "Yes? This is Dr. Barrington."

Odd, how much confidence it gave her to say that.

When she opened the door of the telephone closet Carey was waiting for her in the hall. She said, "I'm so sorry, Carey."

"I might have known it! I've hardly seen you all evening."

She thought: You could have if you'd arranged the table differently, but she repeated, "I'm sorry. Howard can take Aunt Jenny home if she prefers to stay a while."

But Jenny was already in the hall. She hailed her niece. "Call?" she asked. "All right, let's go."

"Darling, you needn't," said Hilda. "Howard will bring you and——"

"Nonsense!" said Jenny. "I'll go with you."

Hilda gave Carey her hand. She said, "It's too bad, but it really can't be helped."

Sven's wife appeared magically with their light wraps. Sven, she reported, had gone for the doctor's car.

"I wish I could drive you," said Carey.

Hilda shook her head. "You have your job as host. I won't go in to say good night. Will you explain for me?"

He put them in the car. He said, "I'll see you soon," looking at Hilda, as Jenny said, "We had a good time, Carey; thank you for asking us."

Carey stood there after they had left. He had no desire to return to the house.

The life went out of the house with Hilda; all the party feeling, the anticipation. Carey couldn't deny it. How small she had looked in the big rooms, in the long frock which made her look like a talisman rose.

He had put her away from him at the table deliberately. This was to be the dinner to end all dinners. But involuntarily he had watched her—indiscreetly,

too, because Maida had remarked upon it sharply.

He was thinking: Hell and damn. He was thinking: If this had been her party, if she had been hostess . . .

She would have run out on it just the same. That was her job. If you married a woman and you expected that you would be her job . . .

Roger Spence. But Roger was already married. Yet they had a good deal in common—a long friendship; their profession. Perhaps if a girl like that decided to marry she would naturally turn to her own profession. Carey frowned, remembering Jackson, the dapper young physician whom he had seen hovering over Hilda at the Spences'.

She was a very attractive woman. She hadn't Maida's classic remote beauty, but she had so much more—warmth, vitality, charm. And he had seen her in action. He would never forget that. Never!

He went back to the others and was drawn into a circle composed of the Spences and Maida. He spoke Hilda's piece for her, and Roger said, "Good heavens, can't they let the girl alone for one evening?"

Kathy spoke up. Liquor ran like liquid malice in her veins. She said, "Roger's always so concerned about Hilda."

It was a little awkward. Maida came to the rescue, saying, "Doctor Barrington's very attractive. It's remarkable that she hasn't married."

Roger said, "She's very young and very serious about her profession. Marriage even under the best conditions would disrupt her life, although I know many happily married women doctors."

"Most of them marry doctors," said Kathy, "and keep it in the family. That's what Hilda should do. She should marry a man with an established practice; an experienced man, older than herself." She laughed and took the glass from Roger's hand. "It's a pity you're spoken for, darling."

Maida was looking from one to the other, comprehending the situation. She was thinking with relief: So that's it! It isn't Carey at all.

She looked at Carey. What a fool she had been. She hadn't been married to Franz for three months before she knew it. There was nothing she could do about it now. She shivered. She was afraid of Franz. Suddenly she wanted to take Carey aside and tell him wildly, "Carey, I'm afraid of Franz. I wasn't in love with him. I simply went out of my mind about him for a little while. It was like a disease. But now I'm well again, and I'm afraid. I want to leave him, and I don't dare. There's something deadly about that man, cold and deadly. He'd never let me go. I have too much money. Carey, tell me what to do."

Aloud she said, "Carey."

Carey wasn't listening. He was thinking that if ever Hilda Barrington fell in love she would be capable of great intensity. Her eyes betrayed it, and her mouth. She would fall in love with all her heart; with her body and her spirit. If she loved a man, he thought, perhaps she would find it sufficient; perhaps eventually she would relinquish her profession for the full-time job of being a wife to a man who loved her, being the mother of his children.

She was wonderful with children. He had seen her with Tommy. He thought: Why should I run away? and so thinking, was irrevocably committed.

What, Carey asked himself in the days that followed, have I to offer a woman like Hilda Barrington?

He decided that all he had to offer was that which any sincere man had to offer any woman—ardor, tenderness, a growing, urgent love. He realized that more fully as the golden summer declined, and no day passed during which he did not see Hilda for a little while. Sometimes he stopped at the house on his way home from New York; occasionally she came to Halekapu to swim; often on Sundays he had supper with her and Jenny, or they came to him.

He thought: If I had the Major on my side!

He spoke to Jenny toward summer's end. It was September. A selective-service bill had been signed. Winston Churchill's warning of blood, sweat and tears was coming horribly true. London was experiencing the first of the lethal assaults from the air. Great Britain was at war, and the United States, speeding up her defensive production, stirred in her long sleep and recognized prelude to disaster.

Carey and Jenny sat in the living room; Vangie lay across Jenny's feet, half asleep. Hilda had not come home from her afternoon calls.

Carey said abruptly, "You know I'm in love with Hilda?"

Jenny nodded.

"What do you think of my chances?" he asked.

Jenny sighed. "I have no idea, Carey. I believe she's fond of you. Sometimes I think she's in love with you—or fighting the realization."

"Fighting it? Why?"

Jenny answered slowly, "You have a strong personality, which presupposes considerable will. So has Hilda."

"What of it? Is the ideal marriage composed of one weakling and one dictator?"

Jenny smiled. "Sometimes I wonder," she murmured. She added after a moment, "Hilda won't give up her profession, if that's what you're planning."

He flushed to the roots of his coppery hair. "I—I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Oh, nonsense," said Jenny, "of course you have. You'll be jealous as the devil of Hilda's work, and you know it. You've fought tooth and nail against falling in love with her. But if you have an idea you can sweep her off her feet, marry her and then persuade her that woman's whole existence runs true to Lord Byron, you're out of your mind. Be honest. Isn't that what you thought?"

He said uneasily, "Perhaps."

"Dismiss it," said Jenny. "If you two marry you will have to effect some sort of compromise. At that, most marriages are compromise, an armed truce, men and women having been born natural enemies."

"A pretty outlook!" said Carey. "But if Hilda marries me, I'd expect——"

"Good Lord," Jenny interrupted, "there you go, true to form. *You'd* expect! You want—what? You want what most men want and never get: a passionate mistress, a good companion, a perfect hostess and homemaker, and a devoted mother, not only for your children but for yourself." She laughed. "It's a vain hope in every sense of the word, but it serves to keep marriage going."

He said, "You spoke of compromise?"

"Naturally. If you marry Hilda, she'll expect things too—an ardent lover, a loyal friend, an intellectual equal, a genial host and a devoted father for her children, and possibly herself. You won't get what you dream of and neither will she. Therefore a compromise is necessary. You'll have to do most of it, in this instance."

"Perhaps you'll elucidate," Carey said.

"Hilda will have her work; you'll have yours. Hers is more important, whether you grant that or not. She can do fine

work if she's relieved of the necessity of making a living. I'd like her to marry a man with money. She can then work largely for charity. But it wouldn't mean she'll work less, Carey. You'd have to accommodate yourself to a house run by efficient servants, and to a hostess who will desert her own party or arrive late, to begin with. You'll lose sleep, for the telephone will ring at the damnedest hours. You'll have to see Hilda through bad times which have nothing to do with you.

"Last night she lost her first case since she went into private practice. An accident—a baby toddling around the kitchen and a flame from a gas stove. Hilda was up all night. She called a consultant, but there was no hope. She's hardly spoken to me today. She'll lose other cases. You'll have to stand by. There's very little that you can do except love and understand her."

Carey said gravely, "I would do that, Major."

"I believe you. But Hilda's work will interfere continuously with your plans."

He said hopefully, "If we loved each other it would work out."

"Possibly," said Jenny. "I wouldn't know."

After a moment he asked, "Major, do you want Hilda to marry?"

Jenny nodded. "Of course. I did not marry. It was a mistake, perhaps. I'm not sure. I had several opportunities. Only one tempted me. The man was a physician. It would never have occurred to me to be interested in a layman," she admitted, smiling. "But I refused. I was young and ambitious. The man was extremely clever. Perhaps I was jealous; possibly I realized he would go further than I. At all events, I was afraid. In those days, things were much more difficult for women in my profession."

He said, "Things have changed."

"To an extent," said Jenny dourly, "but not far enough. If war comes and women get their chance, perhaps their standing in the profession will be advanced by fifty years. I've been thinking of that."

He said, "War." He shrugged. "I probably won't be called upon to go as my thirty-sixth birthday lies behind me. But sometimes I wish——"

She said, "If it comes you'll find something to do, Carey. You aren't redheaded for nothing."

He asked, "Will you be my advocate with Hilda?"

"No," said Jenny. "If she asks my advice, I'll give it. Otherwise not. I'd like to see her with children." She paused. "And don't think that if she has one child or several she'll give up her work."

The car drove up, a door slammed, and another. Hilda looked in at them, her tired face briefly illuminated. She said, "Hi, you two," and vanished.

"Go home," said Jenny. "I'd ask you to dinner, but it wouldn't be much fun. Hilda may be madly in love with you for all I know, but she isn't interested in you at the moment."

"Okay," said Carey, rising. "How about dinner tomorrow? Am I asked?"

"All right," said Jenny.

That evening Hilda, leaving her dinner almost untasted, wandered into the living room and sat there listless. Her aunt said after a while, "I've a headache, Hilda; I'm going to bed," and watched the girl's face lose its haggard lines, and new, immediate worry take their place. She added quickly, "It's nothing, silly. Come talk to me after the office, will you? I think there's someone outside already. I heard a car drive up."

Hilda nodded, rose and went into the office. Jenny, who had no headache, went

to her room. She thought: She wanted me to take the office this evening. She wanted to crawl into bed and pull the covers over her head. She'll have to learn the hard way.

The office calls were light that evening. Hilda came into her aunt's room and sat down beside the bed. She asked, "How's the headache?"

"Gone. Might have been the humidity," said Jenny. "What went on tonight?"

Hilda told her, with more animation.

At last Jenny changed the subject. "Carey and I had quite a chat today," she said. "I suppose you know his intentions are determined as well as honorable?"

Hilda flushed. "Don't be absurd!"

"All right, if that's the way you want it. But I'm delivering another warning. If you don't want the man, now is the time to discourage him. Carey's not the type to keep dangling like Howard. Of course Carey can always return to his first love," her aunt suggested.

"Meaning what?"

"I haven't been around all summer," said Jenny, "without knowing that von Kunst woman is trying to get him back, husband or no husband. Howard told me about the broken engagement."

Hilda said, "It's not my business."

"Wonderful," said her aunt. "Then you aren't in love with him?"

Hilda started to say, "No," but stopped. She had always been honest with Jenny. She said slowly, "I'm not sure, Major."

"Why?"

"It's so different from——" She stopped again.

"From Roger? Don't flush. I know all about Roger; more than ever you told me. That was three-quarters hero worship. This isn't. You and Carey are grown-up; you are equals. But if you should consider him seriously, there'd be difficulties. All I ask is: 'Would you consider him?' And that's more than I meant to ask."

Hilda rose and looked down at Jenny. "He hasn't said anything, and I don't want him to, Major," she answered.

She left the room and closed the door. Her heart shook. She had lied to Jenny; she had been trying to lie to herself. She wanted Carey Dennis' acknowledged love more than she had ever wanted anything. But she was afraid of being pulled two ways; wrenched apart by the demands of her profession and the demands of her emotions. Nothing she had ever experienced was like this. Her almost childish adoration of Roger Spence seemed unreal and remote.

In the room Hilda had left, Jenny smiled, but her eyes were misty. She thought, and it was like a prayer: Make things come right for her!

In the end, it was Hilda's profession which paradoxically decided matters. On the following Saturday afternoon she went to the door with the last of the afternoon office patients. It was very warm, and as she returned to her desk she was conscious of a feeling of enervation. She sat down and made a note. The telephone rang, and she reached for it.

She recognized Sven's voice. He spoke urgently. He said, "Is this Dr. Barrington? Mr. Dennis has had an accident in the pool. Dr. Bevin is away. Can you come at once?"

She did not recognize her own voice, answering, "I'll be right there." Mechanically she replaced the instrument on the cradle, rose, picked up her bag and left the office by the side door. Mac was out there, cutting grass. She said, as she passed him, "Mac, will you tell Aunt Jenny I've been called to Mr. Dennis'?"

Driving to Halekapu, she tried to organize her thoughts. An accident! How serious? She shivered, her hands cold and unsteady on the wheel. An accident in the pool. It might mean anything—a fractured leg or arm; a fractured skull; a broken back.

No, she told herself crazily, *no!*

She thought: Dr. Bevin will be back soon from his call. He must be. This is Carey; something's happened to Carey. I can't face it. I'll go to pieces.

She drew a long breath and tried to recapture sanity. This is your job, she told herself, no matter who it is.

She wouldn't go to pieces. She had to help Carey; she had to say and do the right things; had to rely upon everything her training had taught her. For what good was it if it could not help someone you loved?

Sven met her at the door. He said, "Mr. Dennis had just returned from New York. It was so warm he went for a swim. There's been a lot of algae since the rain. He slipped on the ledge and struck his head. The superintendent happened to be near by. He called me. We got him out."

Hilda nodded and followed Sven upstairs. Carey lay on his bed. He was unconscious.

For a split second she looked blindly at the still face, erased of the familiar animation and so vulnerable, and felt as if she must remain standing there forever, rooted, helpless, bleeding to death inwardly. The moment passed, and with it the sick shaking of her nerves. Her hands were steady during an examination which revealed no fracture. There was a slight scalp wound, which she treated. She sent Sven for an icebag. And when he reappeared she said, "Please telephone Dr. Bevin again."

Sven left the room, and Hilda sat beside Carey, her fingers on his pulse, her eyes on his face. She saw his eyelids quiver; heard a sound like a sigh. His eyes opened and focused.

He frowned, demanded, "What the hell happened?"

"You hit your head," she said gently. "You'll be all right. But now you must be quiet."

"Hilda," he murmured. His eyes closed. He said, "I've one hell of a headache."

"Yes," she said, "you'll have a headache for quite a while. But there's nothing to worry about."

"Sven called you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I don't like women doctors," he said then. "This is very embarrassing."

She wanted to laugh or to cry. She spoke to him in her heart. She said to him silently: I am not just a woman doctor, darling; I am a woman—and yours. Aloud, she said, "Dr. Bevin will be here as soon as possible."

"I don't want Bevin," Carey said irritably. "I want you. Always. I'm in love with you, damn it, and that's one blow from which there's no recovery."

Her heart turned over; happiness rose in her, sang in her veins, warmed her blood, quickened her pulse. It was in her voice when she spoke, yet all she said was, "Please don't talk, Carey."

"I suppose you think I'm delirious. Maybe I am! I like it. Just one question, doctor." His color was returning, and he smiled. He asked, "Am I going to live?"

"I'm afraid so," Hilda told him.

"With you? Forever? I love you, and if you'd kiss me I'd feel better. Or don't you want to—don't you love me, Hilda?"

She bent, touched her lips quickly to his forehead.

He complained, "You can do better than that—I hope."

"Carey, be quiet." But he tried to take her hand. "Please," she begged, "you must be quiet."

Until Bevin came; until she was sure. No discernible fracture. But she had to be certain; she had to have another opinion.

This was Carey. She loved him. She had known it for a long time and had not dared admit it, even to herself. She had known it in Jenny's room the other day; and irrevocably today, when she picked up the telephone and heard Sven's urgent voice. She had known it with increasing compulsion driving to Halekapu, running up the stairs, entering this room.

"Please what?" asked Carey.

"Please," she said obediently, "please, my dearest."

In the next installment: Hilda and Carey return from their honeymoon to Halekapu—and the adjustments made necessary by Hilda's professional duties

IF YOU'RE MAKING MORE MONEY

...WATCH OUT!

WE WANT TO WARN YOU, before you read this page, that you've got to use your head to understand it.

We also want to warn you that—if you don't bother to read it carefully enough to understand it—you may wake up after this war as poor as a church mouse.

• • •

This year Americans are going to make —minus taxes—125 billion dollars.

But this year, we civilians are not going to have 125 billion dollars' worth of goods to spend this on. We're only going to have 80 billion dollars' worth. The rest of our goods are being used to fight the war.

That leaves 45 billion dollars' worth of money burning in our jeans.

Well, we can do 2 things with this 45 billion dollars. One will make us all poor after the war. The other way will make us decently prosperous.

This way the 45 billion dollars will make us poor

If each of us should take his share of this 45 billion dollars (which averages approximately $330 per person) and hustle out to buy all he could with it—what would happen is what happens at an auction where every farmer there wants a horse that's up for sale.

If we tried to buy all we wanted, we would bid the prices of things up and up and up. Instead of paying $10 for a dress we're going to pay $15. Instead of $5 for a pair of shoes we're going to pay $8.

This bidding for scarce goods is going to raise prices faster than wages. Wages just won't keep up.

So what will people do?

U. S. workers will ask for more money. Since labor is scarce, a lot of them will get it. Then farmers and business men who

feel the pinch are going to ask more money for their goods.

And prices will go *still higher*. And the majority of us will be in that same old spot again—only worse.

This is what is known as Inflation.

Our government is doing a lot of things to keep prices down . . . rationing the scarcest goods, putting ceiling prices on things, stabilizing wages, increasing taxes.

But the government can't do the *whole job*. So let's see what *we* can do about it.

This way the 45 billion dollars will make us prosperous

If, instead of running out with our extra dough, and trying to bid on everything in sight, we buy only what we absolutely need, we will come out all right.

If, for instance, we put this money into (1) Taxes; (2) War Bonds; (3) Paying off old debts; (4) Life Insurance; and (5) The Bank, we don't bid up the prices of goods at all. And if besides doing this we (6) refuse to pay more than the ceiling prices; and (7) ask no more for what we have to sell—no more in wages, no more for goods—*prices stay where they are now.*

And we pile up a bank account. We have our family protected in case we die. We have War Bonds that'll make the down payment on a new house after the war, or help us retire some day. And we don't have taxes after the war that practically strangle us.

Maybe, doing this sounds as if it isn't fun. But being shot at up at the front isn't fun, either. You have a duty to those soldiers as well as to yourself. You *can't* let the money that's burning a hole in your pocket start setting the country on fire.

★ ★ ★

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this Magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

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Wear it out
Make it do
Or do without

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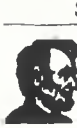

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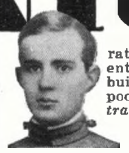

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A Slight Case of Kismet

(*Continued from page 52*)

seasick from the camel ride, Ronson was nowhere to be seen; nor did he appear at dinner.

Wandering into the bar, she found Felix on duty and inquired if he knew where Mr. Ronson had gone.

Felix winked. "M'sieu Ron-son say if you ask to show you this."

He took down from the shelf the brandy bottle which Ronson had marked the night before. On the label was written: "Kairouan. And when we meet again, don't hand me that old line about Fate."

Mandy was in the forecourt of the Grand Mosque, being entertained by a snake charmer and a brace of cobras, when Charles Joseph Ronson tapped her on the shoulder. "Kismet," he said ironically.

"Now, look here," said Mandy, "I'm not blaming Fate, so don't you blame me. Aunt Hester had an itinerary, and Kairouan was on it. And neither rain nor sleet nor something something could stay Aunt Hester in her course."

"Where is she?"

Mandy pointed to the top of the minaret, where a purple hat could be discerned. "Aunt Hester hasn't passed up a bird's-eye view since she was in Venice and didn't go up in the campanile. The next year it fell down. Of course they built another exactly like it, but she still feels gypped."

"She must be a joy to travel with," said Ronson.

"I'd like to see anyone but Eleanor Roosevelt keep up with her," said Mandy. She looked at him with a woebegone expression. "Isn't there any place in Africa to sit down?"

Ronson hesitated. "I've some business with a chap over by the market place. He's got a shop you could sit in."

"I'm hungry, too," said Mandy mournfully. "But people don't seem to eat here."

"It's a religious holiday," said Ronson, "and all Mohammedans fast from sunup to sundown."

"But I'm an Episcopalian," protested Mandy.

Ronson laughed. "Tarik will manage to dig you up something," he said. "Come along."

"Just a minute," said Mandy. She ran over to Louis-Philippe, who was leaning on an ornamental stone lion, half asleep. "Tell Aunt Hester I've gone shopping with Mr. Ronson," she said. "And if I'm not back for dinner, take her to see the dervishes whirl and eat glass. That ought to keep her happy."

"*Ah, oui,*" said Louis-Philippe sagely. "*Très formidable, les dervis—et ta tante,*" he added as she started away.

"*Tu parles, Charles,*" agreed Mandy, who, unlike Miss Hester, had not learned her French in a Swiss boarding school.

Since it was a holiday, the mosques were illuminated, outlined with yellow drops of light against the plum-colored sky.

From the roof terrace of Tarik's shop, Mandy and Ronson looked down on the network of streets leading to the *souks*, where, since sundown, crowds had congregated about the cook shops and coffee stalls. Many sounds rose in the smoky blue air: shrill ululating cries; the jingle of camel bells; the strange flickering wail of a pipe.

"Well," said Mandy in a subdued voice, "thanks for showing me the town, Ronson. Boston was never like this." She thought a moment. "I don't know, though. Maybe it doesn't matter where you are; maybe it's the way you feel. I guess any place seems glamorous when love first knocks you for a loop." She sighed. "And then one morning you sort of come to, and it's just Boston and there's slush on the ground."

"You sound like half of a team of star-crossed lovers," observed Ronson. "Are you pining for someone?"

Mandy shook her head. "Not for anyone in particular. I guess I'm just generally disillusioned about men and love and everything."

"What happened?" asked Ronson. "Ordinarily, a girl like you would have been married lots of times by now."

"I told you," said Mandy. "I'm rich. I mean *I'm* not, but Aunt Hester is, so that makes me an heiress."

"I see. You suspect your swains may have an ulterior motive; and you want to be loved for yourself alone. Is that it?"

"I have been loved for myself alone," stated Mandy, "but that's just as bad as being loved for my money. Because the men who love me for myself alone always want me to live on their incomes; and they're always poor."

"That is very disillusioning," said Ronson.

"Oh, don't be so snooty and ironical! I wouldn't mind being poor if I *was* poor, but since I'm not, I want to be able to nip out and buy myself a pair of shoes when I feel like it. And if I was willing to live mainly on my husband's income, I don't see how he could possibly object to a slight allowance from Aunt Hester."

"Wives are classed as dependents on husbands, not on aunts."

"A woman can love a man just as much even if she's not dependent on him for every pair of shoes."

"That's not the point. You give the woman a right to pay for her shoes, and you give her the right to walk out on you in them."

"If a woman feels like walking out on a man," said Mandy, "it doesn't matter *who* pays for the shoes."

"If a woman's got any sense," snapped Ronson, "she doesn't marry a man she'd feel like walking out on."

"You would be a terrible husband," said Mandy.

"You wouldn't be a wife at all," said Ronson.

"You're a conceited, egotistical—goon!" she cried.

"You're a silly, gibbering debutante!" he retorted.

"I'd like to yank your idiotic beard right out by its revolting roots," sputtered Mandy.

"Just you try!" taunted Ronson. "I'll whale the living daylights out of you, missy."

Like a flash, Mandy stamped on Ronson's foot, seized his chin and gave a vicious tug.

"Beaver!" she cried triumphantly, darting away.

Though Ronson was hard after her, Mandy might have made the stairs to the courtyard if she had not stumbled over a pile of flowerpots. Down she went, and Ronson plunged headlong on top of her. It was a moment before he could disentangle himself; then he scrambled to his knees and turned her over. "Are you all right, Mandy?" he asked anxiously.

Mandy opened her eyes slowly. "Go on and beat me, you great bully!" she said in a faint voice.

"A beating might do you some good," said Ronson.

"You do despise me, don't you?" she demanded.

"No!" said Ronson fiercely. "I love you with all my heart, and I curse the day I ever laid eyes on you."

"You're not just saying that to be contrary?"

Ronson shook his head.

"Well," said Mandy, "that's exactly the way I feel about you. And not only that, I think you've broken my leg."

When Mandy awoke the next morning, her first impression was that she had dreamed the whole episode. But when she attempted to turn over, she discovered that her right leg was in splints.

"Good morning," said Ronson. "How do you feel?"

Startled, Mandy looked around. He was sitting in a low chair with his feet on a taboret.

"Lousy," said Mandy. "Where am I, anyway?"

"At Tarik's," said Ronson. "Don't you remember?"

Mandy thought a moment. "Vaguely. I had a hypo, didn't I?"

Ronson nodded. "It was a greenstick fracture."

"Was I a brave girl? Seems to me I was."

"Your nonchalance was the admiration of all."

"Has my next of kin been informed?" she asked.

"Don't speak of it," said Ronson, shuddering. "It was pretty late when I remembered about your aunt, and she'd practically torn down the *souks* looking for you. She thought for sure I'd put a powder in your coffee and sold you to a sultan."

"Where is she now?" asked Mandy.

"Telephoning Tunis for an ambulance," said Ronson. "She wants to have your leg X-rayed before they put a cast on it."

"Look," said Mandy, "before she comes back I want you to tell me something. And I'm an invalid, so you better humor me."

"Tell you what?"

"Who you are. I mean the works—where you started and when, and how you arrived here, and what you do. In a nutshell," she added.

"In a nutshell," said Ronson, "I was born and brought up and went to college all in the same town; and——"

"What town?"

"New Haven, Connecticut; population one hundred sixty-two thousand. I didn't have much dough, and I wanted to be a writer, so I came abroad. I thought I would settle down at Sidi-bou-Said—where the livin' is easy—and write a book and sell it to the movies for a million bucks."

"What went wrong?"

"Nothing; except the book stank. So then it got to be a question of eating, and hunger, as they say, sharpened my wits. I said to myself: If Americans go for stories about Arab sheiks and the Foreign Legion and native dancing goils, why wouldn't Africans go for stories about gangsters and G-men and gun molls? And the answer is they do."

"You mean," said Mandy, "you're *not* a jewel thief or a spy or anything? You're *not* Pepe le Moko?"

"Pepe le Moko, my eye," said Ronson spiritedly. "I'm *Le Roi des Gangstairs*, the man who brought pulp fiction to the Arabs. My books are selling like hotcakes at five francs a crack. I keep three translators busy; I can't turn 'em out fast enough. It's just like the dope habit; the more they read, the more they want."

"Then that makes you a dope peddler," said Mandy. "I wasn't so far wrong, after all. I knew you were up to something shady when I saw you slip that package to the sheik."

"I've been using him as a guinea pig," said Ronson, "and from the way he gobbles up every word, I guess there's a new market ready-made. I'm going to get out editions in Arabic as well as French."

"If you're a respectable writer," said Mandy, "why the gun? Why the whiskers?"

"Window dressing. It helps sales if the natives think I'm a fugitive. Any tale by *Le Roi des Gangstairs* is straight from the horse's mouth." He jumped to his feet. "I hear your aunt. Do you mind if I duck?"

"You may be excused," said Mandy, "but don't go too far away. I might want to marry you."

"Not me," said Ronson. "There's nothing in the rule book that says if you break a girl's leg you have to marry her."

"It's a debatable point," said Mandy. "Come back when Aunt Hester leaves, and we'll debate it."

A half hour later Ronson saw Miss Hester stalk out of the courtyard and, the coast being clear, returned to the invalid.

"What's happened?" he asked suspiciously. "You're looking very pleased with yourself."

"You're an irascible character," remarked Mandy.

"You're another," said Ronson.

"I know," said Mandy, "so no matter who we married we wouldn't get along with them, but if we married each other we could quarrel to our heart's content. So let's do."

"Let's don't," said Ronson.

"Why not? You admitted that you loved me."

"For yourself alone," Ronson specified. "And you know my views about marriage. I don't want a subsidized wife. She's got to live on what I make and like it."

"In principle, I disagree," said Mandy, "but in practice, I'd have to. Aunt Hester's just disinherited me."

"Oh, yeah?" said Ronson skeptically.

"No kidding. You should have seen her face when I told her I was going to marry a dope peddler."

"*You told her*——"

"She said she'd have the law on you, and I said come what may, I'd wait for you, and she said she wondered how long I'd wait with no money, and I couldn't expect another bean till I came to my senses, and just to show she means business, she's gone to fetch the gendarmes."

"But what for?"

"Why, to arrest you. And when she finds she's been made a fool of, she'll *really* blow her top. Believe me, brother, this is a great day for Boston's Home for Waif Goldfish and Delinquent Parakeets!"

"I don't know," said Ronson doubtfully. "I bet she forgives you."

"Oh, Ronson, use your head!" exclaimed Mandy. "She might have overlooked it if I married a dope peddler, but she'll never, *ever* forgive me for marrying a Yale man."

Ronson snapped his fingers. "That does it."

"So now," said Mandy, "the next move is up to the King of the Gangstairs. And you'd better hurry up and make it before the cops come."

Fashions in Fiction

By LEE RUSSELL

Unconscious that her own signature rates, starlet *Esther Williams* collects stars' autographs on her new *Mabs of Hollywood* bathing suit, with *Spencer Tracy* next to her heart. And lucky Esther gets to play with him in her next picture, "A Guy Named Joe." Other signees read like the Oscar blue book: *Clark Gable, Walter Pidgeon, Nelson Eddy, Joan Crawford, Lana Turner, Eleanor Powell, Hedy Lamarr, Jeanette MacDonald, Ann Sothern, Judy Garland.* The advent of Esther Williams to filmland is just another indication that the five-foot-two formula is undergoing a change. For Esther stands five feet seven inches barefoot. Beauty standards have changed too. This twenty-two-year-old native Californian typifies the new trend for girls who glow with health, vitality and mental alertness. Esther attended public schools, Los Angeles City College and the University of Southern California but spent as much time in their swimming pools as their classrooms. At fifteen she was smashing records and two years later, in 1939, she won the 100-meter free-style national championship. But 1940 was her big year with three spectacular events: Billy Rose made her his star aquacade performer at the San Francisco World's Fair. She met and wed Leonard Kovner, Los Angeles physician. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed her to a long, fat movie contract.

Her coworkers find her co-operative and full of good humor, but Esther insists that she takes her work too seriously. However, her physician husband dispels these tense moments with psychiatric measures by describing his hospital cases. Before he finishes Esther says she "hasn't any troubles at all." By the photograph here and the painting on our cover we'd say there's a normal, healthy, happy girl without a care in the world.

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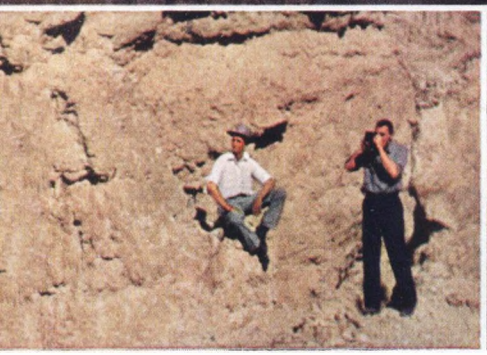
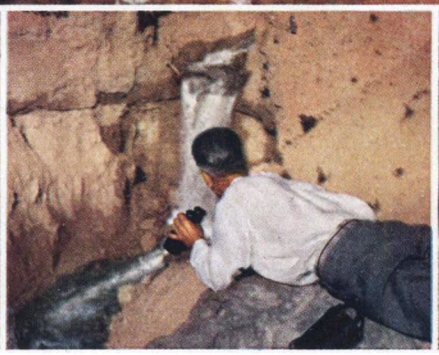
Airplane Spotter IN BAGDAD?

No, sir—it's Bryce Canyon, U. S. A.!

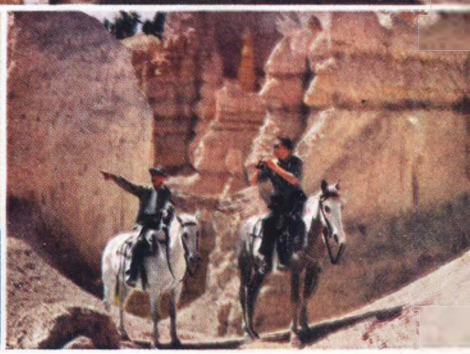
1 **"Those bulbous towers** you see in the background aren't the mysterious minarets of Bagdad," writes the globe-trotting American who sends us the photographs herewith. "Far from being the work of ancient man, they're the work of even more ancient Nature. And they're not located in far-off Arabia, but right here in Bryce Canyon in our own Utah!"



2 **"I list a few** unique thrills in my life (among them, my first taste of Canadian Club). As we rode into this forest of spires, I added still another thrill.



3 **"You can still see** a rushing mountain stream, cutting the limestone into these fantastic shapes. I was told that it took ten years for the water to cut six inches!



4 **"I saw spires** resembling faces, and one that looked like an old friend—like a great Canadian Club bottle.

5 **"Back at the inn,** we agreed that everyone ought to know America's wonders—including the distinctive flavor of Canadian Club."

The distillery is now making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way and you may sometimes find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles go the length of three.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

GIRLS IN BLUE LOVE 'EM TOO!

Milky Way candy bars are one of those favorite *extra good* treats that are part of our American life. No other candy in the world has just that special deliciousness. Pure milk chocolate coating . . . smooth layer of creamy caramel . . . luscious center of chocolate nougat, richly flavored with real malted milk. No wonder Milky Ways disappear so fast these days! (They're being sent to our boys overseas, too) When you crave good candy ask for a Milky Way and if your candy counter is sold out . . . ask again.