Everybody's

SEPTEMBER 1925
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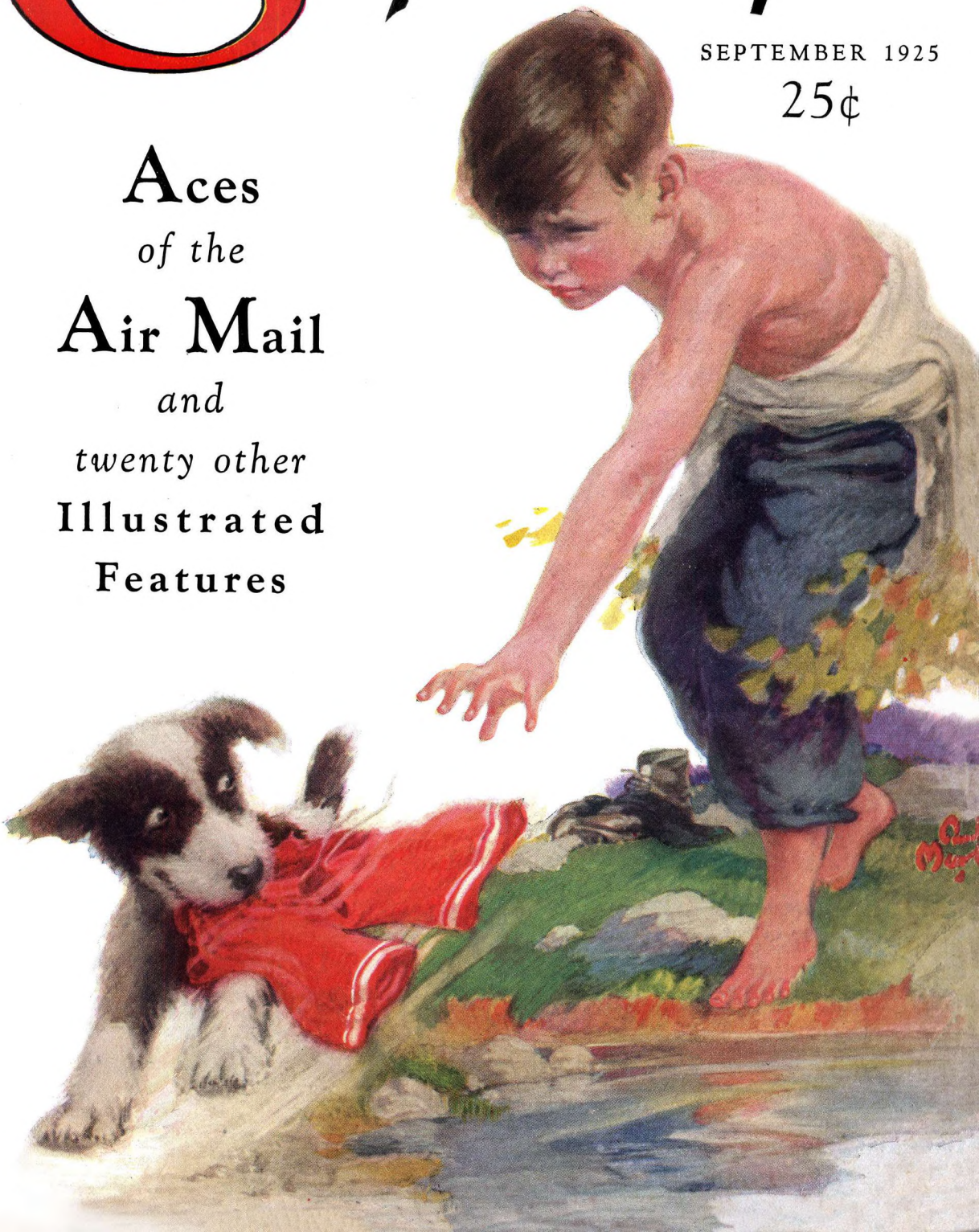

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A Simple Lesson in Arithmetic
For Men Who Want More Money

You may think that my arithmetic is funny, but it certainly worked for me. You can add ten and ten in the ordinary way and you'll never get more than $20—and that's just about what I was earning a week before I left the States for twenty months' active service in France. When I came back I determined that I would not go back to the old grind! I found a way to put one ten alongside of the other so that the total made over a thousand dollars—and that's what I averaged every 30 days for the last twelve months. Through the simple method I'll tell you about I made $13,500 last year.

By *A. H. Ward*

THERE'S no reason why any ambitious man should not follow in my footsteps. I read an advertisement, just as you are now reading my story—it told about W. Hartle of Chicago who had been in the R. R. Mail service for ten years. Hartle made a sudden change—against the advice of his friends—and made over $1,000 the first two weeks. Berry of Winterset, Iowa—a farm-hand—made $1,000 the first month. Chas. V. Champion was elected president of his company at earnings of more than $10,000 a year. F. Wynn made $554.37 the first seven days and Miller, a former stenographer, made $100 a week after making this change.

I investigated and found that what the advertisement said was true. Fact is, you can figure it out for yourself in simple logic.

EASY FOR TWO REASONS

First: There is no money and no future in the routine job. Everyone knows that. If you want to make the real money you must get into the producing end of the business—be a salesman. Wait, now, don't let the word SALESMAN scare you. For the second thing is this: Salesmanship is governed by rules and laws. It is just like learning the alphabet. And men who always have thought that salesmen are "born" and not made, very quickly learn that there are certain definite ways to approach different types of prospects to get their undivided attention—certain ways to stimulate keen interest—certain ways to overcome objections—batter down competition and make the prospect act. And any man can learn these simple principles. I know that because I've proved it to myself!

Of course I didn't know it then. The idea just appealed to my common sense or reason or whatever you call it. I sent for the book that Mr. Greenslade, the president of The National Salesmen's Training Association, will send out absolutely free to any man who writes.

THIS FREE BOOK STARTED ME

After reading this remarkable book I enrolled. Don' think I'm boasting. I'm just stating facts. Within on year, I had averaged over $1,000 a month income—$13,500 the first year—and in addition was elected as a officer of Postl's of Chicago.

Now don't misunderstand me. I don't say that yo can do as well. You may not make a thousand dollar the first month. But I do say that since looking int the matter can't cost you a cent, you should at leas investigate. You can't help but benefit and if you'r any man at all you should double or triple your incom without half trying.

My friends may laugh at me for allowing my pictur to be printed here with my name, but I do so anywa because I realize that my story may be instrumental i showing other men a quick, easy way to realize thei ambitions.

SEND TODAY FOR YOUR COPY

If you really want the good things of life—the thing that only money can buy—I urge you to send the reques blank on this page to Mr. Greenslade. He will send yo Free and without any obligation "Modern Salesmanship, the book that started me on the road to success. The decide for yourself. Even if you don't go ahead yo will be out only two cents. And on the other hand yo may find a way to double or triple your salary in short period. Just mail the attached coupon today wit your name and address.

Yours for success,
A. H. Ward.

National Salesmen's Training Assn
Dept. M-74, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

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National Salesmen's Training Association,
M-74, N. S. T. A. Building, Chicago, Illinois.

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Capless tube with new device

Original tube with threaded cap

Tu-be *or* *not* Tu-be?

Way back in 42 B. C., Publius Syrus said: "Powerful indeed is the empire of ***habit.***"

Sixteen centuries later Shakespeare wrote: "How use doth breed a ***habit*** in a man!"

Since the copyrights of both these authors have expired, I'll use their nifties to illustrate a point.

The Mennen Company perfected an ingenious opening device for tubes that replaced the old-style threaded cap. This invention, applied to Mennen Shaving Cream tubes, was hailed as a masterpiece by millions of men. My mail was flooded with enthusiastic letters.

Yet here and there was a man who frankly confessed that he was "sot" in his tube ideas. The ingrained ***habit*** of years was too strong to change overnight.

Now I know that no Mennen user would give up the cream, even if we packed it in burglar-proof safes. But I want every Mennen fan to know that he can have his cream in the tube that suits him best. We have kept right on producing Mennen's in its original package.

Every druggist has Mennen's in the old tubes as well as the new. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

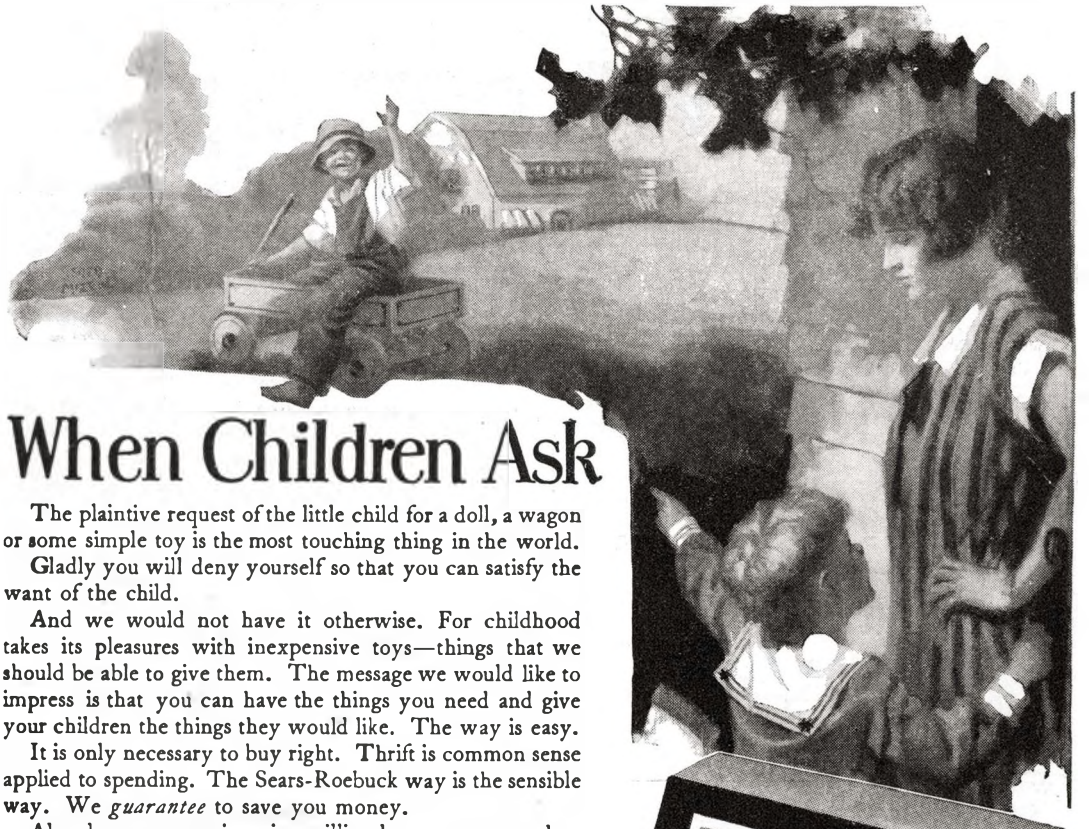
Either type of tube costs 50c and contains the shaving cream that has created more good-will and honest appreciation than any other man-product ever made.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

EVERYBODY'S September, 1925

Published monthly by The Ridgway Company at Spring and Macdougal Sts., New York, N. Y. Yearly subscription $2.50 in advance; single copy 25 cents. Entered as second-class matter Aug. 16, 1899, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

Volume LIII Number 3



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The plaintive request of the little child for a doll, a wagon or some simple toy is the most touching thing in the world.

Gladly you will deny yourself so that you can satisfy the want of the child.

And we would not have it otherwise. For childhood takes its pleasures with inexpensive toys—things that we should be able to give them. The message we would like to impress is that you can have the things you need and give your children the things they would like. The way is easy.

It is only necessary to buy right. Thrift is common sense applied to spending. The Sears-Roebuck way is the sensible way. We *guarantee* to save you money.

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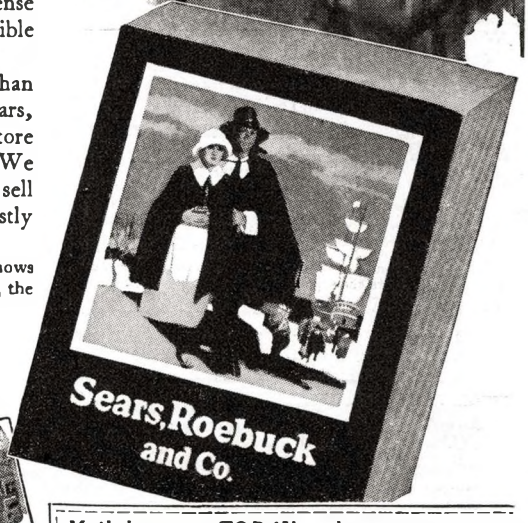
Our New Big Catalog for Fall and Winter is ready for you. It shows 35,000 opportunities to save on everything you need for the family, the home and the farm.



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SEPTEMBER, 1925
VOL. 53, NO. 3

Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
JAMES H. GANNON, President — C. H. HOLMES, Secy. & Treas.
SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK, N. Y.
6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C., England

Entered as Second-Class Matter, August 16, 1899, at the Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. Yearly subscription, $2.50, in advance. Single copy, twenty-five cents. Foreign postage, $1.00 additional. No extra postage for Canada.
EVERYBODY'S takes all reasonable precautions for handling manuscripts submitted, but assumes no responsibility for their safety.

The winsome guardian of your hair cries:

"Simple care is safest!"

MAYBE you don't believe in elves any more, but a lovely real one watches over your hair and she trembles with fear every time you say, "Well, what should I try next?"

"Don't experiment," she pleads. "Just get your hair clean and soft and beautiful, and that is so easy."

Elves don't ordinarily bother much with scientific matters, but they have been investigating the writings of scientific gentlemen who really know.

This is what they found:

"You can keep your hair beautiful and fluffy and glossy by cheerfully shampooing it two or three times a month with pure soap and soft water, and by gaily brushing it every day with a clean brush to give it the glorious sheen that every woman wants."

When it comes to soap, the elves just naturally assume that you will use Ivory. They know it is pure and mild and safe. When you massage your shapely head with that lovely rich Ivory lather and feel the tiny cleansing bubbles getting right down to the depths of your hair, you, too, will know how pure and mild and safe it is. And, oh, how fine your head will feel and how beautiful your hair will look—soft and fluffy and deliciously clean smelling.

You will use Ivory for your face and hands and bath too, of course, just as millions of other careful women do.

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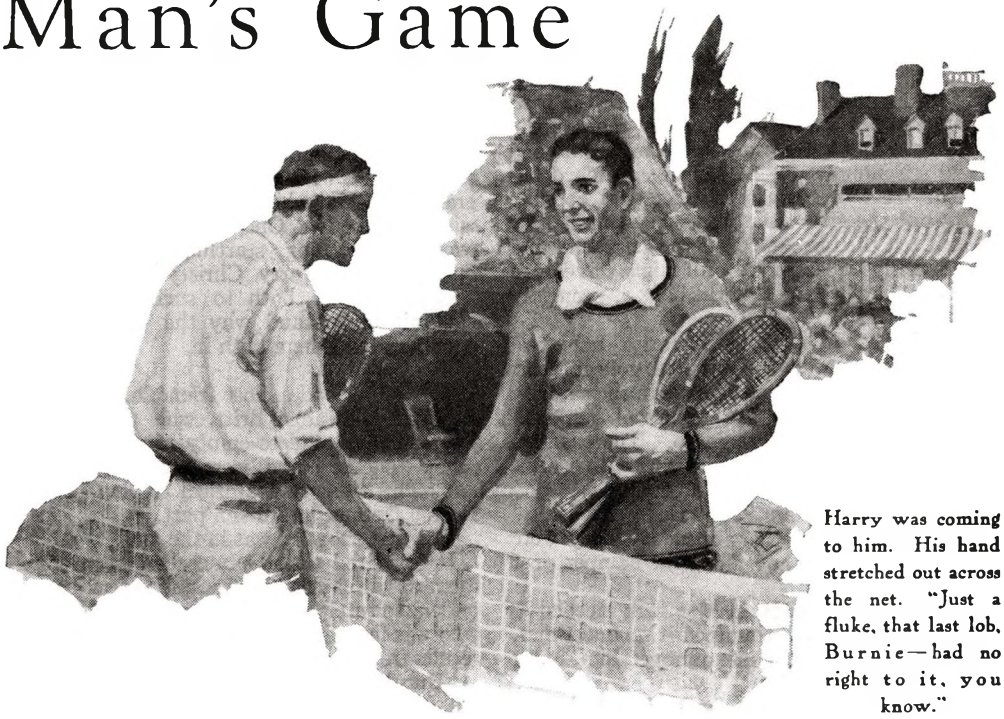
Procter & Gamble

Advertising section continued in rear of book

The story of a young man who was spoiled by getting everything he wanted and of a girl who was "just a woman"

Another Man's Game

by
Will Levington Comfort



Harry was coming to him. His hand stretched out across the net. "Just a fluke, that last lob, Burnie—had no right to it, you know."

BURNIE DETMER had but one dissipation—baths. He began the day with a cold shower, sounds breaking out as from a man in a tight room fighting a pair of eagles. There were other baths—steams, salt-rubs, plain hot sudsy tubs—but nobody was so lost in the roar of his own occupation, as young Detmer in his daybreak ceremony, from which he came forth—a tanned stocky person—walking on the outside of his feet. One caught a clear-eyed eager look—a sincere searching way of looking up to one, as if expectant of being told the one thing he needed most. Years of athletics had built him a body a lot better than the original plan—sturdy neck and chest, loose hanging arms, swift silent movements, a sort of moccasin tread from flexible hips.

Burnham Albright Detmer—entire three family names representing wealth and lands. "Burnie can have anything he wants," was so common a saying among acquaintances that the young man might have fallen to believing it himself, except that during his first year at college two persons came into his life to prevent.

The man was Harry Christy who had looks, brains and the mysterious thing called "manner," not the sort that is readily put on and off. The minor matter of tennis is in point here. Burnie Detmer had commanded all tennis situations in high and prep-school for six years, but was now forced to learn how second place felt—Harry Christy taking two out of three practice sets almost invariably. Moreover the trick was turned with ease, Harry not appearing to take the game seriously even.

Only when he needed it, the stuff was forthcoming—ease and flash to make any opponent show up stodgy. Also without effort young Christy appeared to create impressions upon others. So it was by the close of the first

term, he had Burnie looking up to him, as earthenware might look at alabaster. That was the time Burnie first began to dwell upon the sense of his own inferiority.

Then came Detmer's first real glimpse of Hypatia Brush. Doubtless he had seen her often in the classroom, before the spring morning, in the midst of sordid matters of biology, when a whitish flicker of light came softly out of the ether of space, and settled upon Hypatia's brow. The flicker stayed, at least for Burnie's eyes, so that she moved in a sort of spotlight thereafter; nor was he ever quite convinced that he alone witnessed the phenomenon.

It happened at this very time, the young man was reading a modern novel, in which the hero saw the girl he wanted in the early pages of the story and told her so at once, though anyone could see mountains and chasms stretched between. It was against the toughest possible odds, but the girl of the story was won at last. Burnie felt the force of this hero's character and was secretly appealed to. All might have been different, had he forgotten the book as promptly as it deserved.

There was an evening in early June, two weeks before the end of his first college year, when Burnie and Hypatia, alone in the sorority kitchen, were making sandwiches of ham and cheese and salmon and pimento. There was to be a boat-ride presently in company with others. He put on more butter than necessary.

"The bread's so thin," she said.

That was the way it happened. They were making sandwiches and filling the hamper, just like that.

One of the faucets in the sink needed a washer. Burnie had thumped it several times, because the sound of waste annoyed him, but a fast drip continued.

"You see, some people don't like so much," Hypatia said.

The voices outside were incessant, but muffled. The dusk had an ashen tint and was very warm.

"We're going to have lots more cheese than anything else. We'll put some on the top and some in the bottom," she said.

Then Burnie's voice, hard with strain:

"You must have known, Hypatia. Of course, you couldn't help but see. No other way, absolutely. Couldn't be, you know."

He saw her hands, her profile, her head raised slightly from the bread and butter, then her hushed, awed question:

"Whatever do you mean?"

" . . . Right from the beginning—you. It's got to be. I've got to have—oh, you may not see it now, but you'll see it some day—"

"Got to have—what?"

"You."

Only the rapid drip from the faucet broke the awful silence. The two stood wide apart from each other, staring as if they had suddenly found themselves in dark inexplicable danger.

"From the very beginning, I've known that you're the woman I'm going to marry."

Hypatia was backing out. He saw the oval of her face, dark against the pale dusk of the doorway. Presently he stood alone with the partly filled basket of lunch. Two other girls came in to finish the sandwiches. They found him standing at the sink, twisting the faucet tighter.

Burnie knew his mistake before leaving the sorority kitchen, but it became worse and worse, the more he thought of it; not so much that he had asked Hypatia (girls had to stand for that, of course) but that he had permitted methods of the hero of that novel to get into his own words and manner. Hours of the night getting to sleep, he imagined he heard the drip of that leaky faucet. He wondered how she could be gracious to him when they met, but she was so with everybody. One of the strangest things was that nothing startling happened when Hypatia and Harry Christy came together. Idealizing them both to such a degree, he couldn't understand why the heavens didn't open and take them both in.

HYPATIA had a close friend, a very tall girl named Madge Britt, who gave one the impression of aimless empty arms. They had rooms together, and were walking home one fall night after an oratorical display in which Burnie Detmer had taken part.

The first snowfall was in the air.

It appeared that Detmer had been coming forward with a flash in his public speaking work under the tutelage of a professor named Willard who was famed for drawing forth extraordinary results from the right material.

"Burnie Detmer will sure get what he wants out of this life," said Madge. "Magnetism-mm-mmph!"

No answer from Hypatia.

"Millions behind him and brains of his own."

No word.

"Did you see how he carried the crowd?" Madge prodded further.

"I saw how he was aping Professor Willard's platform presence—if that's what you call magnetism—"

"You didn't keep a secret of it altogether that you didn't like something," Madge thoughtfully remarked. "I saw him catch your eye in the midst of his oration—and promptly lose his place. How do you do the dagger glare like that and never miss?"

"At least there was one who didn't try to make him believe he was Demosthenes," said Hypatia. "Not with Professor Willard's classroom tones in his voice, and that forced earnestness—"

Madge laughed. The echoing sound frightened her.

Her laugh seemed to go the full length of the lonely snowy street of darkened houses, all so separate and respectable.

"What's the matter?" Hypatia asked.

"Just wondering what I'd do if that 'earnestness' of his was turned on me . . . to have a hot breath at one's heels—like that" Madge's voice was low, as she added suddenly. "Anyone can see how he looks at you. He's so full of you—that he can wait, even— He'll get you yet, Patia—"

"Don't say that, please."

"Why not?"

"Burnie Detmer is spoiled right now from getting what he wants—"

"What do you mean?"

"Things come too easy. More than that, he's got to find himself, not be carried away by any professor or book he happens to read—"

"Sometimes you get way over my head, Patia Brush! Maybe you know what you're talking about, but it isn't all money and position—it's Burnie himself *who gets me*—the boy back of—back of the front—the front we're all trying to put on!"

Hypatia's attractiveness in no wise diminished as the terms dragged on, but Burnie Detmer seemed to have suffered a permanent weakening of nerve in her case. It was not so, however, at tennis. With grim effort during three years, his play had crawled up on Harry Christy's, so that he was breaking even, at least, in their practice sets.

There was, of course, a cup for the university singles championship, and this cup got between the two men toward the end of their closing term. For days, every time Burnie thought of this final five-set match with his friend, a breathless tension took his chest, but the event was inevitable. They were the first two in the college and were undefeated as a doubles combination. Harry came into his room the June night before the match.

"You know, I really don't like it, Burnie. I'd a good deal rather escape. It doesn't mean anything—who wins, really."

He sat down across the room, and Burnie's eyes were curiously drawn to the other's right hand, a slim, tanned hand, cigaret stains on the first two fingers. Harry hadn't been taking any better care of himself than usual—sleeping when there was nothing else to do; smoking through the nights over books of poetry and drama, remotely out of range of a college course.

The hand fascinated Burnie now, however, and the man behind it. At the same time competition was hot and restless in his blood. If this were tomorrow night, and he had won the cup, he felt he could give his soul to the fellow sitting opposite—but not now. Of course, it was the way of tennis to talk as Harry was talking, but how much of it did he really mean? Could a man be so game and unselfish, as really not to care if he lost? Burnie couldn't confess to the same; he didn't try to fool himself; yet after all, he vaguely felt that he wasn't playing up to Harry's class right now; that he lacked the sporting blood, somehow.

THAT night he was a long time getting to sleep. It was as if Harry Christy were still in the room, sitting opposite, talking in his languid generous way—something memorable about him that Burnie couldn't name. All he could think of was the word "gentleman."

"What's eating into me?" he jerked up at last. "A fellow has his way to win—"

The more he thought, the more he sweat, and that wasn't good for tomorrow.

Mid-June, logy white clouds back and forth before the sun; still heat and humid, the kind that drains the life out of a man. The two who played so long together in doubles and practice singles, met across a net of the Old South courts, in the center of filled stands. Burnie won the first set, but a sort of pity began to nag him. He seemed to see Harry Christy not across the net, but across the room, languidly protesting that rivalry was a bore . . . slim hand with its yellow-stained fingers. The other playing with his consummate ease, and grace, but languidly, as he had talked the night before.

Suddenly Burnie was stung with the thought that Harry did not mean to take the match.

This had an instant effect upon his play. His own hard nervous thudding game relaxed; he found himself slipping into an imitation of the other's easy graceful style, with the result that the balance of the luck and power had left his side. He was at the mercy of Christy's languid and deceptive style, and the two players were even, after a full hour of play.

Burnie went into the third set free of all trammels of pity. but a deadly caution had taken him over. It would tighten his stroke in a sort of sick and futile way, sending his drives into the net; then it would loosen suddenly, like the letting go of a rubber band, and he would overpress a drive past the back line. A thin voice from the stands, isolated from all the others:

"Play your own stuff, Burnie! Be yourself!"

So even outsiders could see his struggle! Hypatia would see it, as she would hear that voice. It was what he was dying to do and be, but he could not get back into his own slugging game which he had lost falling into the other's—at least, not in the third set which Harry took.

In the fourth, he was doing slightly better, and was running even at three-three, when Harry suddenly came to life. He had force and accuracy, snap and finish; his drives started the stands to a roar; his service jerked at Burnie with wicked breaks, took to sailing from his

racket, or fell dead. He looked ten feet tall and superbly at ease.

Burnie smiled; he was smiling at the end—not only of tennis, but a sort of end of everything; smiling through a red haze, at a hunched, whipped figure of a man, strangely fashioned in all ways for defeat—and this poor thing was himself.

No need of a fifth set. Burnie had lost three straight, after winning the first. Harry was coming to him—nearer. His hand stretched out across the net.

"Just a fluke, that last lob, Burnie—had no right to it, you know. Fact is, I had all the lucky breaks—"

Burnie cleared his throat, wiped the "cotton" from his lips.

"You had all the tennis," he said. "You outgamed—you showed me—something rotten in my whole system!"

Then he felt Harry Christy's arm around him and a sudden hushed warmth in all the voices. It was, someone said afterward, "a sort of smother in the air—not safe to talk in."

The step of Harry Christy sounded in the hall that night. Burnie jumped up from the couch where he had been lying in the dark. He brushed his hands through his rumpled hair and called, "Come in." It was among the hard things he ever had to do to turn on the lights. The two stood together for a second, Burnie carding his rumpled hair through his fingers. Harry turned his back and moved to the big chair he had sat in the night before. A full minute passed.

"I had something to say, when I came in here—"

"I know," said Burnie, "but there's nothing to say—"

Harry lit a cigaret. There was a strange pathetic gleam in his eyes. Burnie became aware the other wanted something, but couldn't speak. In a way he was like a man who wanted to borrow money, but couldn't get up his nerve. Burnie was too lost in himself to help. He had seen himself whipped, full-length—everything about him wrong, all parts touched with pale yellow like the underside of a fish.

Yes, it had been a sort of biological exposure.

"I suppose another time will do," Harry was saying, as he rose and went to the door.

"You sure had a great game working—"

Harry turned away. "It isn't that—it wasn't that, I came for something else . . . another time."

ON THE June night of the final college party, Hypatia Brush wore a white dress. There were other dresses of white in the ballroom, but they were of mere man's contriving. Madge Britt with her powerful reach looked actually pinned together compared.

In the smothery bondage of self-consciousness, Burnie danced with Hypatia. He brought her cake and ice cream, and there were things he tried to say, but her eyes were like fountains of too-high light, and this was the end, for Hypatia lived up-state somewhere. Once when he might have gotten going, Madge Britt started talking; and at the very last, Harry Christy strolled up. The way he looked to Burnie's eyes, standing beside Hypatia, finished off what poor hope he had of seeing her home . . . their parting a sick and formal affair in a crowded room. . . .

"Why didn't you help him a little?" came the wail from Madge, when the two were in the street.

"I'm not his helper—"

"Didn't you see—that he was dying to be alone with you? Didn't you see that look of his—as if you had descended from heaven!"

Hypatia kept her gaze strictly ahead, for her eyes were slowly filling, as Madge's words flowed on and on at her side. She dared not lift her hand, dared not press her eyelids together for Madge noticed everything, even in the dark.

"I'd have picked him up and carried him out of the room in my arms," the tall girl mourned, "and there you stood around letting him suffer—"

The street lamps had all run together.

"I can't help him when he's like that," Hypatia said, her throat gripping every word. "He sees something in me he wants to see—but it's something I'm not—I'm not descended from heaven!"

"You mean he holds you higher than you are?"

"Yes—so lost in his own idea that he couldn't recognize me as I am. I just can't play up to it. And that isn't the worst. He's afraid of something. I saw it tonight, when Harry Christy came near—the same thing people said about the tennis match—that Harry had it on him. I can't."

"You see a lot, Patia Brush, but you don't see what really matters, the struggle, oh, it can't be told, if you won't see it—but the *dearness* back of it all. And he's never looked at another mortal soul in four years, and now we're going away. Anyone would think it's my funeral—"

"I can't help it! He can't be somebody else—or afraid of somebody else—"

"You're not a woman—you're nemesis!"

"I don't know what I am," Hypatia finished unsteadily, "but I'm certainly not what he thinks, and I've got something in my eye—"

Not a stir of wind in the empty street.

Burnie found no one to tell his troubles to, no way to externalize them, with the result that they became a subtle, repressed sort of derangement of mind and feelings. Secretly he took to seeing himself as second-rate; spent a lot of time in his room that first summer at home after graduation (rackets locked away in their presses) adjusting himself to the forlorn idea of

Illustration by R. Pallen Coleman.

Madge had come into Hypatia's room. She was peering down. "What am I supposed to do—keep munching chipped beef? Is anybody dead? . . . Why, Patia, you look starry!"

building his house of life on the shoulder of the hill, instead of on the peak. Sickly pondering, this, but he felt himself forced into it. There was often a strained look about his mouth.

After several family conferences, he was taken on in the Albright Works, a foundry business established by his mother's father. His people found him uncompromisingly slow to accept any advancement on account of hereditary position. It appeared that Burnie couldn't easily forget that his financial problems had mainly been covered by his forebears—serious, sometimes even grim, stewards of the Lord. He was supposed to be doing very well, however, but couldn't see it himself.

There was an afternoon, four years after he began work at the foundry, when he was formally given an office of his own. Moreover, he was alone in this sanctum (twenty-six years old, that strained unlikely smile about his mouth) signing his name on a scratch-pad, "Burnham All-but Detmer." . . . An evening or so later, he dropped into a theater after the first act was begun. He didn't get the hang of the piece at once, but wasn't particular. He felt queer, his thoughts falling into the old ruts—the drip of the faucet in the sorority kitchen, and the arm about his shoulders over the net in the Old South court. The curtain went down, the lights came, and he heard a little cough.

"My God," he said, in the softest most reverent way, "I was just thinking about you!"

Over four years, and they were looking furiously into each other's faces, until Burnie spoke again in the same awed whisper:

"Come on, let's get out of here."

Hypatia turn d from him and spoke to a woman at her right, then arose and followed him out. They were in the snowy streets, the pavement pebbled with hard-packed clots of snow. They found an empty tea-place, and a table. Embarrassment and all its outer truck was slipping in between.

"It's so good to see you. You've changed. . . . Oh, with me, it's still taking courses in things. I keep up the music. Yes, Madge is still with me. She hasn't been all the time, but lately we took a little apartment here in the city—but what of you Burnie? I'm so interested to hear!"

He told her of the foundry. "Of course, they don't trust me to go out after the big contracts," he said, "just the little ones they can afford to lose."

She was looking at him queerly. "Have you been keeping up your tennis?"

"Oh, no, not more than once or twice a month in summer. No indoor work. One doesn't, you know—"

Her thought was, "But one should, you know—"

The feeling stole in upon them that they were grown up and thus they knew they had not been grown up before.

"I might not have let business interfere with my tennis, if it hadn't been for Harry Christy—" he said, and an old rigidity took him.

"You've seen him?" Hypatia asked.

"Not since that day."

"You didn't know he was here in the city? Why, Burnie Detmer!"

"Here now?"

"In the psychopathic wing at Tilbury. His father has done everything—morphia, or something of the kind."

Her words entered his consciousness quietly enough, but then came to a kind of thumping life.

"When did you see him?"

"I haven't, but I don't entirely neglect keeping track of my old friends."

His face was turned away but she watched the profile. It seemed to be played upon by a rising light.

"I'll call on him, of course! Tomorrow, if he'll see me—if they'll let me—"

She couldn't quite understand the intensity of his manner.

"And say," he said, at last, "dragging you out of the theater that way . . . let's try that show tomorrow night."

She agreed. He left her at the door of her apartment, not thinking of going in.

He wanted to be alone. There was something new alive in him, actually alive. Sometimes, it felt like soft rain on parched ground; and sometimes as if a fireplace had been lit after many days in a cold stone room.

"OF COURSE, I knew him in the dark the minute he came in. It was quite extraordinary—the moment when the lights came on and he turned to me—as if he had seen an apparition. He spoke right out, yet so low no one could possibly have heard. Then, the most absurd thing! I turned to Ella Lawrie and told her I was going, and followed him out, at his word. Imagine me in a state like that!"

"Can't," said Madge, who had settled on the lounge like a great bird.

"Things should happen like that," Hypatia mused, strangely elate. "Only in the street we got fussed and self-conscious. Both did. It was slippery. He seemed afraid I'd fall, yet afraid to be officious . . . I seemed to miss something in him. He doesn't look so large, so muscular, I mean. He seems hurt in some way, but what a look in his eyes, when I told him about Harry Christy! He's to go there tomorrow, at least, to try—"

"Lord!" said Madge, from behind her knees, "just as I was beginning to forget! . . ."

Across the room, not rising as Burnie entered, sat his friend.

"I thought I might as well let you come," Harry said, "though it's hard on—us. Let's forget this stuff for the time."

The pale hand busily buttoned and unbuttoned his shirt at the throat. "Nothing to it, anyway," he added.

The eyes were shadowy, a very tired shadowy look, the hands more slender, more stained. Otherwise there was little change.

"In one way I've wanted to see you, Burnie. Once long ago I wanted to tell you something, but I couldn't get up my nerve. It was the night after the tennis match, and I came to your rooms. I don't suppose I'd be willing to tell it now, only I made them give me a shot before your coming. Never would talk in the world, otherwise."

And Burnie, who had been sort of suffocating in sadness at first, was slowly rising into an astonishing thrill of reunion. Harry's old charm was upon him, the old fascinating ideal, living again, enhanced.

"It was this, Burnie: I'm afraid I talked you out of that tennis match. I didn't know it really until afterward—until during the play itself—but I got you all balled up, talking as I did the night before; made you sorry for me. You never could play a soft game, but you fell into mine. When I saw I was getting you, I didn't want it, but I couldn't seem to knock 'em out of the court; I couldn't lose. It wasn't in the cards that day."

Burnie was laughing. "It's only a dub who'll let another pull him out of his game, and the dub has it coming," he said.

"It wasn't quite like that with us," Harry went on. "There was another thing I wanted of you, a lot more than the Cup. Queer, how helpless we were together—"

"What could you have wanted of me?"

"You remember the night before when I came to your rooms?"

"Yes."

"I came to you for help. You always had a rugged sort of grip on yourself that I envied. I got the idea you could help me—"

"I don't see what you could see in me," Burnie said in slow amazement, "but I always wanted something you had."

Everything in him seemed undergoing a lightning change—that Harry Christy had looked up to him.

Harry laughed. "But that dam' Cup was between us—even the night before the match. I couldn't tell you what I came for."

Burnie's voice that now asked the question was awed and husky:

"What was it—that I missed giving you—when you came to see me?"

"You see, I wanted to tell you about this thing—this drug thing. It had me going even then. I had the feeling that if I could tell you—it might help me get a hand on it. We each had what the other lacked, but we couldn't get working together. Of course, you understand this isn't a wail—"

Burnie was studying the face and the shadows around it. There were shadows in the window, shadows in the room, but not in the face before him. There was a moment—he never quite understood it afterward—when he seemed to be looking up at Harry's face, though the other had not left the chair. And at length Burnie heard his own voice:

"God—it would have changed my whole life, too, if I'd known. What was really going on between us makes the tennis match look like marbles!"

Harry nodded. A half hour later, they were together standing at the door.

"No, I'm not going to let you come again, Burnie. Not a particle of use of your coming again. We've said it all. It was only—that we sort of belonged on the same side of the net—"

WHILE at dinner that evening a special letter came for Hypatia. In spite of the sudden feverish stare from Madge Britt across the table, Hypatia took the letter to her own room before tearing the seal.

"I can't make out tonight," it read. "I'd like to be with you, but I couldn't look at a play tonight. I think I'd better stay alone—better all around—and get as much of this straight as I can. I mean what happened at Tilbury this afternoon. B. D."

Hypatia sat down upon the very corner of a straight-backed chair, the letter in her lap. Her first impulse had been to resent his staying away, but she laughed at that, for a flood of light had suddenly burst out of the whole affair; and for the first time she knew something of the meaning of what Madge Britt had been saying all the years. There was a "dearness" to the struggle going on in Burnie Detmer's soul. It wasn't all a sense of inferiority, but an effort to be a great deal more than most people asked of themselves.

Most boys became men—that was all there was to it. They were boys and students; one turned one's back and they were men; but Burnie Detmer grew slowly, kept on growing, passed through stage after stage, slow and not particularly pleasant stages—but kept on growing—to what end?

Hypatia couldn't answer that, but there was a sudden fierce emotion, part girlish, part womanly—not only to be there at the end, but to be along in the processes; to make, to mold—

It was the greatest moment she had lived. For the first time in her life she knew something like this: He was man, she was woman—a tremendous voltage about it. Dreary years of

[*Continued on page 147*]

Curiosity Gave Her a Start

By constantly asking questions about her job, this stenographer equipped herself to become a bank executive. Miss Adeline Leiser has had a lot of fun on her way up the business ladder

by Jeannette Eaton

THERE are probably a million young women in the United States taking dictation this morning. Of that million just how many are taking a real interest in what they write? It is these rare Pandoras, impelled by vital curiosity to lift the lid of routine work and to find out the significance of the letters they click off every day, who become leaders of women in wage earning.

ONE day the president of the American Institute of Banking looked up to see before him the perky little figure of a very earnest and indignant young woman. Immediately he was asked, "Why can't women be members of the A.I.B.?" With tolerant amusement the president replied, "I'll bet you fifty dollars you couldn't get fifty women in New York City to a get-together meeting to discuss the question." The bet was accepted with alacrity and eventually Miss Leiser had applications from six thousand women bank employees all over the country.

Among these Pandoras Miss Adeline Leiser is an outstanding figure. Because sixteen years ago she asked the meaning of her dictation she is now the most influential woman in banking circles. She was then secretary to the comptroller of the Williamsburgh Bank in Brooklyn. One morning a few days after her installation, she had been typing personal letters to depositors. Her employer had approved of her first copy. Yet, in spite of that guarantee of his rightness, she could not believe this letter was correct. Here she was writing to request Mr. Carpenter and Mr. O'Connor to come and collect their accounts because these deposits had mounted beyond the three-thousand dollar mark. Why were they told to withdraw this money? Didn't the bank want business?

These questions goaded her until she could no longer bear the incomprehensible routine. She went into her employer's sanctum and placed the letter before him. "How can this be right?" she inquired. "I thought the bank wanted business. Won't you please explain the meaning of this letter?"

The comptroller was a formidable-looking man. Those who did not know his great kindliness of heart were very much afraid of him. Indeed, Miss Leiser herself was usually timid about approaching him. But in her eagerness to know she met unabashed the deep scrutiny with which he fixed his questioner.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed at last and, even as the girl's heart sank in expectation of a rebuke, he added, "Can it be that I have finally found a secretary who is interested in something besides ideal typing? An intelligent question about the business of the bank! Well, sit down, young lady, and you shall be answered."

Thereupon the awe-inspiring official devoted an hour to instructing his new secretary in the purpose and methods of a savings bank. That hour gave this modern Pandora the key of the treasure box. The very next day she began the intensive study of banking in her own institution. Later she entered the course offered at night by the American Institute of Banking. Given under the direction of Columbia University, this course was conducted with professional rigor. Only those who pass the consecutive examinations during the three or four year periods are eligible for a certificate of the Institute. Night after night Adeline Leiser took her curiosity to classes in economics and bank accounting. Month after month she probed deeper into the technical problems encountered during the day's work. Naturally this earnestness did not pass unnoticed. As it

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When the old Bowery Savings Bank opened its attractive new bank building in the heart of New York City, its officers put Miss Adeline Leiser in charge of its personal service department. Miss Leiser started her business career sixteen years ago as a stenographer in a savings bank and took night-school courses to supplement her work.

Sarazen, with Sande up, is shown leading past the finish line in the brilliant race that won the $25,000 Dixie Handicap at Pimlico last May. A huge crowd turned out to see the premier jockey win a spectacular race.

(Below) A score of jockeys at the opening of the racing season at Belmont Park cheered Sande's return to the track after his injury.

Earl Sande hails from Idaho and left school to ride at the country fairs in Arizona. He is twenty-seven years old and weighs in at from 110 to 125 pounds when in training. It is estimated that his unprecedented record of winnings has earned a quarter of a million dollars for the popular jockey

With Sande Up

Earl Sande has the unprecedented record of riding to victory in twenty great turf classics, including two Kentucky Derbies. He tells how he prepares for a race, manages difficult mounts and keeps himself in trim

by Earl Chapin May

YOU have to know Sande to understand the popularity of the greatest living jockey with all sorts of people—racing followers, owners, trainers, rival jockeys and the general public. This year he made the pluckiest kind of comeback after a bad spill that kept him six months in the hospital. Sande's skilful horsemanship has won him more races and brought him more money than any other jockey, but it is his unfailing good nature, thrifty habits, his sportsmanlike conduct and his modesty that have won for him the high regard of millions of admirers.

TWENTY lean and spirited horses, the pick of the nation's three-year-old's, were lined up behind the barrier at Churchill Downs on May 16th last. Seventy thousand race fans of high and low degree crowded grandstand and infield breathlessly awaiting the running of the fifty-first Kentucky Derby—America's classic for gallopers.

The favorite of the field was Quatrain, winner of the Louisiana Derby and pride of the Frederick Johnson stable. Upon Quatrain's back sat Jockey Benny Breuning, brought from New York to run away with the money. Ranged alongside Quatrain were other fancy full bloods—A. A. Busch's picture horse, Chief Uncas; Bud Fisher's Swope; J. E. Griffith's Single Foot; G. F. Croissant's fast finishing Son of John—each the lord of his own stable. Also prancing behind the barrier, while the elite of turfdom, unchilled by a recent downpour, voiced its enthusiasm, was the black colt, Flying Ebony, son of The Finn and Princess Mary. On Flying Ebony sat Earl Sande, king of all jockeys. But his mount was considered a long shot by most of the experts in that crowd.

Sande felt much the same about his mount as did the thousands of sports who reached the Louisville track via motor cars, special trains and airplanes. Sande regarded Quatrain as the best horse in the field. Word was flashed from group to group, from grandstand to paddock that twenty-four hours before the great American turf feature Sande had offered Benny Breuning two thousand dollars and the winning jockey's fee for Breuning's seat on Quatrain. This was the same Benny Breuning whom Sande had saved on the Saratoga Springs track the preceding August. The gallopers had gotten into a jam. Someone had to go down in a spill. Sande went down and spent six months in a hospital with a multiple fracture of the left leg, a fracture of the ribs and a broken collar bone, followed by several complications. Breuning and Sande were still friends but . . .

Breuning, under contract with Quatrain's owner, had stuck to his mount. No one could blame him for that, Sande least of all. But Sande wanted to win the 1925 Kentucky Derby. The lanky, sandy-haired boy of Norwegian ancestry had several reasons which made money of little consequence to him although he has earned and saved more money than any jockey of our time.

Sande already had one Kentucky Derby victory to his credit. In 1923 he had ridden Harry Sinclair's Zev, also a son of The Finn, to first money on Churchill Downs. In August of the same year he had brought Zev under the Belmont Park wire five lengths ahead of Papyrus, the winner of the English Derby. Those were only two of twenty great turf victories to Sande's credit. But they antedated the big smash at Saratoga on August 6, 1924.

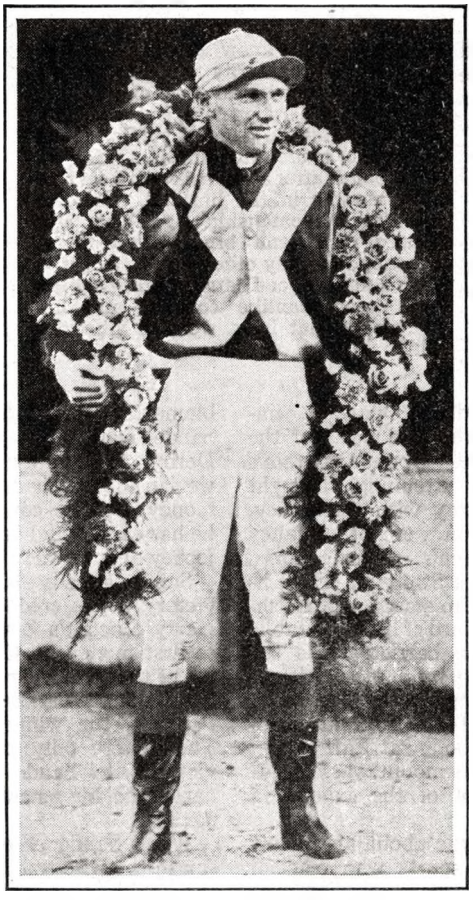
When Sande entered a hospital after that smash the wise track-birds declared the broken one could not come back. Sande had smiled and declared he would be back with the robins in the spring. He had come back. On April 22, 1925, on Sarazen—the same Sarazen which during Sande's enforced retirement had beaten the French Champion, Epinard, on the Latonia track last fall—he had carried the colors of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt II to victory at Havre de Grace in the twenty-five thousand-dollar Dixie Handicap.

After that springtime triumph Sande had

been loudly proclaimed the Babe Ruth of racing, garlanded with roses and wildly cheered. But still the knockers knocked, just as they knocked when Harry Sinclair, for whom he had ridden two years, let him out. They hadn't knocked so loud when Joseph E. Widener, President of the Westchester Racing Association, took him on, and when Sande went to the post on Worthmore and won the Paumonok Handicap in a driving finish at Jamaica on the opening day of the 1925 metropolitan racing season. But the pessimists again started the anvil chorus when sandy-haired Sande, mounted on Swope, was crowded out of the running in the same Preakness that Coventry won. And the victory on Sarazen had not convinced the doubting Thomases that Sande was up to his old form.

And it was in that cloud of doubt as to his ability to stage a permanent comeback after his big smash that young Sande had arrived at Churchill Downs, under contract to ride a W. Ziegler, Junior entry. Joseph E. Widener had no starter in the Derby. Ziegler had second call on Sande's services. But after his best horse, Our General, went wrong, Ziegler had told Sande to find another mount if he wished. When Breuning failed to listen to reason, Sande found himself at the 1925 Derby without a mount. So he had gone to William Duke, Cochrane's trainer, and Duke had put him on Flying Ebony. And there were horse and jockey, at the Derby barrier, apparently far from the money.

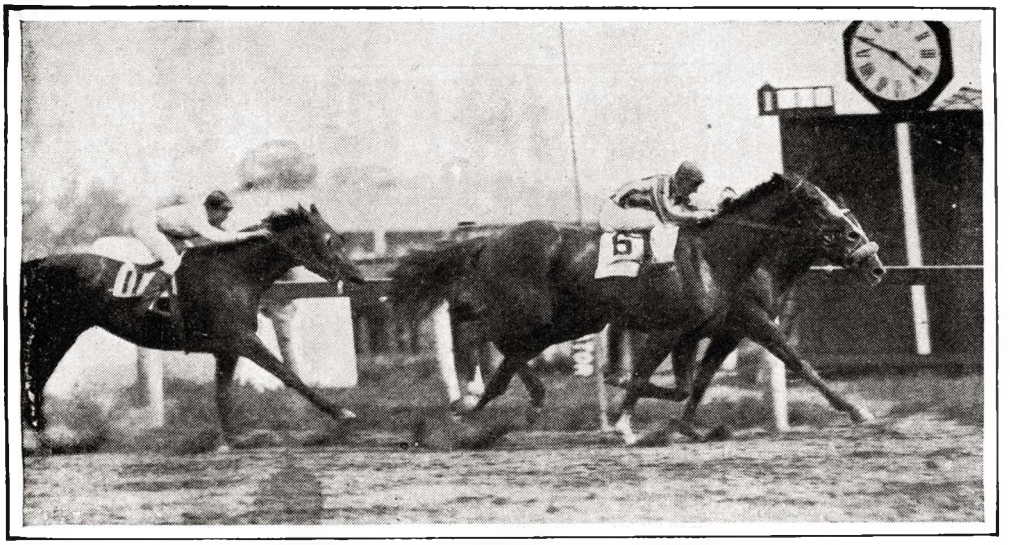
Seventy thousand hearts went up into seventy thousand throats as the starter's webbing snapped, and the finest horses in all America thundered down the track. Single Foot, Captain Hal, Needle Gun and Chief Uncas came clear while the spectators roared. But—the first turn of this mile and three-quarters race found Flying Ebony leading the field with Captain Hal a half length behind. At the back stretch Sande let Captain Hal move ahead. To spectators it may have looked as if Flying Ebony were through. But on the last turn Sande took his horse once more into the lead, though Captain Hal carried wide and bumped Flying Ebony a bit. Then down the stretch came Sande on Flying Ebony, easily, a length and a half to the good, while seventy thousand fans, winners and losers, went wild. Cochrane had won his second fifty-thousand-dollar purse—and Sande had won his second Kentucky Derby.



After spending six months in the hospital recovering from serious injuries sustained in a race at Saratoga, Sande staged a remarkable come-back. He is shown here with the floral horseshoe presented to him immediately following the first race after his enforced retirement. Mounted on "Sarazen" he won his race and established a new track record at Havre de Grace for the three-quarters distance.

For the second time in his short but eventful life the greatest jockey since Tod Sloan jogged back to the judge's stand past a half mile of shouting, cheering race devotees in an ovation Churchill Downs will never forget. His freckled face flushed with victory and wreathed in smiles, he reined in before the grandstand while the floral horseshoe, the crown of triumph on the turf, was placed on Flying Ebony's arched and glistening neck and colt and jockey posed for a brigade of cameramen. Slipping to the ground Sande made his way straddle-legged to the steward's stand where a jubilant owner and congratulating officials awaited him. Sande was himself again, the most popular jockey in America.

This hard-working, serious young blond, now in his twenty-seventh year, ran away from home in a covered wagon, that passed an Idaho country school one morning when he was seventeen years old. Sande—whose name is pronounced "Sandy"—looking



After a hard-fought duel all the way down the stretch, it is in a close neck-and-neck finish that skilful riding counts. Hand riding a horse home is Sande's long suit. Here his mount "Pique" is barely nosing out "Cartoonist" in a closely contested race at the Jamaica, Long Island, track in May of this year.

through the schoolhouse window, saw two race-horses hitched behind the wagon. He slipped out to investigate. The wagon driver said he was going South to enter the horses in the Arizona fairs. He wanted a rider.

Sande was a natural rider—had been from the day he traded a pair of fifteen-dollar chaps for his first pony and made that pony win events in Fourth of July and Frontier Day Celebrations. Sande chucked his school books under a bench and went to Arizona. He has been riding race horses since that day. After the Arizona fairs he turned up on the New Orleans tracks. Joe Goodman gave him his first real job, in 1917 at the old New Orleans fairgrounds of romantic memories. Sande finished second in his first race. On January 22, 1918, he won for the first time on Price S. It must have been a McKinney horse. After leaving Goodman he rode for Johnson and Kane. Then he went to the stable owned by the Canadian, Commander J. K. L. Ross. On the eve of the race between Ross's Sir Barton and the famous Man o' War, at Windsor, Ontario, October 12, 1920, Ross replaced Sande with Frank Keogh. Keogh lost the race and Ross lost a jockey, for Sande soon got his release and in 1921 was racing in the colors of the Rancocas stable.

During 1922 Sande accepted three hundred and forty-nine mounts, rode one hundred and twelve winners, finished second eighty-three times and came in third fifty-eighty times. He was unplaced in one hundred and six of his events. His percentage of wins was therefore .320. Laverne Fator, also from Idaho and with the same stables, rode seventy-six winners that year, got seventy-three seconds and fifty-one thirds and was unplaced one hundred and sixty-six times in three hundred and sixty-six races, with a percentage of .210 to his credit.

These boys from Idaho have long been pals on and off the track. In that year, the first in which Sande became a national figure, his "batting average" placed him alone in the .300 class and brought him into the money with two-thirds of the races he rode, while his pal, with a "batting average" of .210 scored one win out of every five starts. Sande was rapidly becoming one of the great jockeys of history.

Sande's Sensational Winnings

It was during the 1923 racing season that the slender Sande with the unfailing smile became the sensation of this country. During that season he won practically every fixture of importance on the New York tracks, as well as two in Maryland, and several of those in Kentucky. Thirty-nine of these wins had a purse value of $444,125. They included, in addition to the Kentucky Derby, the Belmont stakes; the Metropolitan, Suburban and Brooklyn handicaps; the Withers; the Lawrence Realizations; the Bowie Handicap; the Miller, Alabama, Gazelle, Fashion and United States Hotel stakes and the Stanford Memorial, Saratoga Special and Champagne stakes.

Followers of the sport of kings acclaimed his ride on Tryster in the Empire City Handicap, when he made a sprinter go a mile and a quarter to beat much better horses in one of the season's finest exhibitions of horsemanship. That fall he fooled all the sharks when he took the lead in the one-hundred-thousand-dollar International Match between Zev and Papyrus, and came down through the lane of cheering

thousands—Zev drawing further and further away with his smooth frictionless stride and Sande simply setting there, holding him together for a five-length victory. He capped the climax that season when he made Zev nose out the great In Memorium. That race was so close that the slow-motion picture, taken at an angle, showed In Memorium winning by the proverbial nod. But the judges gave the race to Zev. That horse, largely through Sande's skill, became the biggest money winner in track history.

You have to know Sande to really understand his unprecedented popularity. Race followers everywhere root for him not solely because he rides so many winners.

Sande is famous for many things—for his unfailing good-nature, his abstemious habits, his thrift, his modesty. After he won his second Kentucky Derby he said, in his simple fashion, "I got away well and after I had gained a good position all I did was to hold it. When Captain Hal came up on me I decided to let him do some running. I felt that I had a good and game colt under me and so I did not fear Captain Hal. But all the time toward the end I was expecting Quatrain to come charging down on me. My whole idea was to save a little something to hold him off at the end. He did not threaten and it was rather easy to win."

After he rode Sarazen to victory he confessed, "I wanted to win the first race since my accident and I could not have been on a better horse for my first mount."

When, on Zev, Sande beat the English Papyrus he declared, "Zev won. Everybody knows how good a horse he is now." When, with Sande up, the great Zev nosed out In Memorium at Churchill Downs in 1923 and also easily beat Martingale to first money in that year's Kentucky Derby, Sande was equally modest about his riding.

But the experts who follow the fortunes of the turf are more pronounced in placing Sande on his proper pedestal. Most of the sports writers agree that he would have won the 1925 Kentucky classic on any one of the three horses that finished first, second and third—Flying Ebony, Captain Hal or Son of John. To quote a composite verdict on Sande's performance in that race, "It was," says this record of opinion, "the hand of a master that brought home the most coveted of all prizes in America to Gifford A. Cochrane. Sande was not only alert and first away from the post, he also knew just how to let the black son of The Finn run along."

When not racing, Sande lives the simple life at his home in Jamaica, Long Island. His wife is a niece of Sam Hildreth, famous trainer of thoroughbreds, a profession that Sande, too, looks forward to when increasing age or weight will bar him from the saddle.

One of the greatest race-riders this country has produced never gets excited or loses his temper. He goes calmly and quietly about his work, but he is always ready with a smile and he is quite as popular among the jockeys and in the paddock as among the fans who follow him so faithfully.

This is the more interesting because he is neither a gay spender nor a picturesque "sport."

It is easy for a boy whose bent is toward hell to slide thereto along the greased way provided by race-track, stable and paddock. Life is a gamble for the average jockey. Betting is the backbone of all racing. It is easy come and easy go around the gallopers. Almost any circuit offers a liberal education in the fast life. That is why so many jockeys find the path of glory leading only to an early grave or to an old age of poverty and neglect. Sande will never have that kind of a finish.

Although from the time of his early years in Groton, North Dakota, this young man has, like Albert Johnson and the Fator brothers, knocked around pretty well all over the United States, and although he has been riding racing-stable products since 1917, Sande has lived a careful, strictly temperate life.

Sande's mode of living is best explained by himself. "A jockey must be in as good condition as his horse if he expects to win," says the

The jockies weigh in (above) just before the first International Derby of turf history at Belmont Park, New York, November 20, 1923. Sande is on the scales and Steve Donoghue, premier British jockey, is awaiting his turn. The American entry, "Zev," won handily over the English bred "Papyrus." After the race (right) a special police guard was required to protect Sande from the thousands of enthusiastic well-wishers who swarmed out of the stands to congratulate him in person.

idol of the racetracks. "When I was a kid on my father's Idaho farm I never got up earlier than I do now to gallop horses on the track. Frequently I am in the saddle by daylight. On some spring mornings I gallop fifteen to twenty mounts. In the afternoon I may be up on five different horses. Each spring I have to train down from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and ten pounds or less. That is not so easy for I am more than five feet in height, square shouldered and rather big boned. Riding takes muscle. A jockey has to have strength, with little weight. I keep myself in riding condition by a breakfast of coffee and fruit, a lunch of beef broth and a good supper of meat and vegetables. Naturally I turn in early during the racing season." There's the wild life of one great jockey for you.

On September 14, 1921, in the rectory of the Jamaica, Long Island, Roman Catholic Church, he married Marion Hildreth Casey, niece of Sam Hildreth, Harry Sinclair's miracle working trainer. They live quietly in Jamaica. If he is racing around New York he is in his Jamaica home and asleep at eight o'clock each night. He is in bed and asleep at eight each night no matter where he is. Mrs. Sande, who is his best booster, has seen him win most of his big races.

Scandinavian thrift is personified in Sande. Possibly the hardships endured by his Norwegian parents, bucking the western plains in early days, emphasized this tendency. He has always been a money maker and saver. Under

our track rules a jockey gets a fifteen-dollar fee for riding a race, with a ten spot added for winning! But under these same rules he may also receive annual retainers from horse owners. Mr. Sinclair paid Sande fifteen thousand dollars a year for first call on his services. Sande gets more than that from Mr. Widener and about fifteen thousand dollars from Mr. Ziegler for second call. He is also at liberty to accept retainers when he rides outside mounts. And presents from owners whose horses he rides into the money are by no means uncommon. They will tell you around the stables that Sande has the first dollar he ever earned. It is a safe guess that this premier race-rider of the century is worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in his own name. His record of wins supports this belief. Most of his dollars are in bonds. "You can turn them into money quicker," remarks the canny Sande.

How does he accomplish his feats of track horsemanship? "That secret will go with him to his grave!" many a Sande fan has declared. This jockey is not a free and easy talker. He is the despair of interviewers. He is perfectly willing to tell all he knows but there are many things he cannot tell. The fact is—and it is this characteristic that distinguishes our greatest jockey from nearly all of his brothers of paddock, dirt track and pigskin—he is a natural rider who uses his head—and wins by it. That is one reason he frequently disregards the trainer's instructions.

"No two races are alike," he explains. "You have to think quick and move quick. The average race doesn't last more than a minute and a quarter. Nobody knows what will happen after a field of horses line up at the barrier."

Noted For His Quick Getaways

Sande is distinguished, among other things, for making a quick getaway. He has an uncanny gift for jockeying his mount up to the line just as the webbing snaps. If he is left at the post it is because his mount is hopelessly unmanageable. He admits the importance of the quick start, especially in short distances.

"The only time I can look all ways at once is when the horses are lining up at the barrier," says Sande. "A quick start counts more than any other point in winning a race. Ground lost at the jump-off is mighty hard to make up. A slow breaking horse gets lost in the shuffle nine times out of ten. He seldom has a chance to show what he can do. In the run to the first turn every jockey is trying to get position. If I am ahead I escape a lot of interference. It is easier to take back than to be knocked back. If I am ahead it is easier to miss a jam by dropping back until the others are around the turn. Then I can go up fast and save a lot of ground. But a good deal depends on circumstances. I try to know how each horse and jockey will act—and keep my eyes open."

Sande seldom uses the whip. "I've had to, now and then, on a close finish," he admits, "but the average horse is apt to swerve or stop under it. I've seen many a jockey lose a race by using the whip. A sluggish horse may have to be whipped but he's pretty sure to curl up under it. Hand riding a horse home is my long suit."

It's that knack of hand riding that has placed so many laurels on Sande's sandy brow—that and his unerring judgment of pace. If you watch him in his normal race—the type he generally rides—you will see him sitting easy, far forward, with his large, capable hands and short, strong fingers clinging to the reins about half way between saddle and bit, his whip hanging idle and his voice working overtime. Except that he has everything a rider can have—hands, seat, subconscious balance, brains and the priceless gift of making horses run—he rides much as other American jockeys have ridden since the days of Tod Sloan. Only, upon the horse's withers, in unorthodox style, Sande sticks his toes straight out, with his heels hard against his horse's heaving sides. This rather picturesque peculiarity seems to give him more security and, perhaps, more speed. Many races has he won by jollying his horse into a financially satisfactory finish.

Take his performance with Mad Hatter, for example. That nine-year-old veteran of the track is well named. When he wants to let himself out he can run almost any racer ragged, but when he doesn't want to run he becomes a ghastly liability to his owner and jockey. If Mad Hatter does not want to run he does not run and that's the end of it. If pressed, the old track warrior insists upon sulking. Mad Hatter is one of the horses it does not pay to whip. It is currently believed that if any rider had the temerity to use the whip on Mad Hatter that horse would kick his competitors into the paddock, cast his jockey into the hinterland, bite a section out of the fence rails and slaughter all the stewards.

Yet Sande did several startling things with Mad Hatter last season. At the June Aqueduct meeting in the Queens County Handicap, Mad Hatter was fifteen lengths behind the leader when this mile classic was half run. He seemed hopelessly out of the running. But on the home stretch the Mad one began one of those long distance rushes for which he is famous. One after another he overhauled his rivals, to win by a neck, while the race-mad crowd roared itself voiceless. The old timer gave another similar performance, with Sande up, in the six-furlong Laurelton at Jamaica, and

[*Continued on page 149*]

The story of how an overfull bathtub figured in a boarding house romance

Little Drops of Water

by Malcolm Briry

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

HAD she been asked to discourse for fifteen minutes on hydrodynamics, Gertrude Roberts would probably have exhibited a profoundly inadequate knowledge of the subject. The laws that govern the action of liquids constituted for her an unread volume. To be sure, she might have considered water in its various domestic rôles: as a solvent, a detergent, a beverage—but never in its greater potentialities. Why should she? Her life was concerned with more economic matters; with profit and loss, turnover, and various other commercial topics. No need of scientific education there. And still, had she known the possibilities of an insignificant stream of water, she doubtless would have approached her boarding house, that evening in October, with some trepidation. Fortunately for Miss Roberts, her powers of divination were as inadequate as her knowledge of hydrodynamics. Other things occupied her mind and presented more tangible difficulties. Hobart Mills, for example. He *was* a problem. Or at least, he presented a problem, and she, for one, did not know the solution.

It was but little after five-thirty when she climbed the steps and stabbed at the lock with her pass-key. It had been a busy day for Miss Roberts. A hard day. And she, having passed the thirty-year mark of life and the hundred and fifty mark of Fairbanks scale, experienced an all-gone sensation. The door opened under her administrations and she passed into the dingy hall, leaving behind in the darkening street the rumble of a passing elevated train and overhead in the heavens the last vagrant flare of a beautiful crimson and gold sunset.

Once inside, her nostrils were assailed with the odor of a pot roast dinner. Upon more propitious occasions such a delectable scent would have stirred in her an answering gastronomic ecstasy. But tonight Miss Roberts was almost too tired to respond to such material enticements. Wearily she climbed the stairs, her pudgy hand resting heavily on the balustrade.

Scarcely had she gained the first landing when the door on the left—the door of Mr. Mills' room—opened a crack and that worthy stuck his birdlike head into the hall. He, too, had passed the thirtieth year signpost; in fact, he was nearer forty, but that was a secret shared only with his druggist, his barber, and the wizened tailor on Third Avenue who for twenty years had measured him for his infrequent suits. Mr. Mills prided himself that despite advancing years, he retained some of the usually transient charms of youth. His hair, although undeniably thin, was black—thanks to the druggist—and his clothing, although showing traces of long usage and careful preservation, boasted collegiate lines. This latter, thanks to the wizened tailor and a studious perusal of "What the Young Man Will Wear."

His eyes alone retained something of their pristine splendor. Every one, from Mrs. Midgin, the landlady, to Mr. E. Judson Pearse, the efficiency expert of Bascom Privy and Sons, admitted the fact. Hobart Mills had peculiar eyes, small but bright and peering, suggestive in their snapping vivacity of a birdlike quality. This avian attribute was reflected in his sharp features and his long inquiring nose. Not beautiful, you understand, but shrewd, up-to-the-minute, dominating. And withal, a man's man. Mr. Mills was, furthermore, a bachelor, one of the veteran boarders of Mrs. Midgin's establishment, and an alluring, if somewhat elusive, candidate for any young woman bent on matrimony.

One could never accuse Miss Roberts of entertaining designs on the perennially youthful Hobart Mills—she was far too much a lady for that—but it cannot be denied that frequently in the past, as she sat before her mirror and meditated on the ephemeral quality of life and its attendant hardships, Miss Roberts had thought

wistfully of marriage as a solution to all her difficulties. Unfortunately, she knew but few eligible men—her position as cashier at Zebeninski's Cut Rate Store was responsible for that—and Hobart Mills, if for no other reason than proximity at Mrs. Midgin's table, surreptitiously entered her thoughts during these cerebrations. That was not extraordinary, for had he not at various times asked her rather timorously to accompany him to the theater, and did he not on Christmas Day and other similar hilarious occasions remember her with appropriate greeting cards? To be sure, his attitude had always been decidedly platonic; the most suspicious could not have attached to it a more sinister motive than that of decorous friendliness. Hobart Mills was a lonely man. At times, it is true, especially after a theater party or on receipt of one of the innocuous little greeting cards, Miss Roberts had indulged in romantic speculation and felt the slightest trace of impatience that he did not make a more manifest attempt to promulgate his regard for her. Miss Roberts was no longer young—she admitted the fact to her mirror—and Mr. Mills, despite the cunning devices of his loyal henchmen, the druggist, the barber and the tailor, was long past adolescence. It was high time that something happened. But Mr. Mills seemed quite content that their relations should remain on their long-accustomed basis, and Miss Roberts was far too gentle bred to overstep the proscribed boundaries for such affairs. The problem, without doubt, presented difficulties, and Gertrude Roberts admitted to herself that she was baffled.

It was for this reason, then, as Mr. Mills projected his head into the corridor, that Miss Roberts viewed it with mixed feelings.

"Good evening," said the possessor of the birdlike eyes, smiling wanly. "I thought I heard your step on the stairs."

That was characteristic of Mr. Mills; observant if not exactly diplomatic. Miss Roberts possessed what might not untruthfully be termed a heavy tread, especially at the end of a fatiguing day.

"Good evening, Mr. Mills. It's been a nice day."

That, you will admit, was a statement calculated to lead to almost anything in the conversational field.

"It has, indeed." Mr. Mills edged his thin body through the crack of the door. "Delightful weather, I'm sure." He paused, and Miss Roberts, thinking the verbal exchange ended, turned to resume the ascent to her room, third floor back.

"By the way," he interrupted, "I wonder if you would care to accompany me to the theater this evening? I have two tickets for *Diplomatic Relations*."

Miss Roberts swung about, a feat achieved with noteworthy grace considering her bulk and state of exhaustion. She beamed very diffidently.

"Oh, how nice! I would love to." Amazing how the tired sensation incurred through long hours at the cashier's desk was so quickly dispelled.

Mr. Mills, too, beamed, his bright little eyes diminishing to just mere little pinpricks of visibility.

"I'm glad. We can set out directly after dinner."

A FEW minutes later in her room Miss Roberts viewed herself critically in the mirror that had such an elfish way of playing tricks with her features. Tonight she did look tired, flabby and a trifle drawn about the eyes. Her jowl, too, she noticed with some alarm, displayed a slight tendency to sag. She wondered if the critical Mr. Mills had noticed these silent attributes of advancing years and wearisome business hours? Doubtlessly. An indefinite feeling of alarm seized her; she must not be lax in her personal appearance. A hot bath, she reflected, followed by a careful manipulation of cold cream, would dispel the crow's feet and tighten the sagging muscles; a skillful application of rouge would assist in restoring her piquancy. All was not yet lost. She hummed a mellow little tune as she struggled out of her jacket and unbuttoned her one-piece blue serge dress. The prospect of the theater was invigorating, the company of Mr. Mills would be, at least, diverting, and—this she admitted to her glass with reticence—the possibility that he might ask her to share his name was a matter calculated to make any woman's heart flutter with unwonted alacrity. At least, Miss Roberts's heart.

Still humming the little air she slipped into a kimono and, after a hasty glance at the empty hall, padded on quiet feet to the bathroom at the end of the corridor. Soon the hot water was splashing in the tub, effectually drowning the notes of Miss Roberts's *My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean.*

It was at this point that Miss Roberts unwittingly committed an act that was to be the turning point of her hitherto uneventful life. Years before, from a roommate long since departed in the blissful state of matrimony, she had learned the trick of increasing the tub's capacity by stopping the overflow outlet with a wad of paper. Such an application unquestionably had its advantages and Miss Roberts, like every other comfort-loving mortal, appreciated the advantages of ample hot water. True, such a practice would have met disfavor in the eyes of the penurious Mrs. Midgin had she known of it, but fortunately—or unfortunately—that worthy did not know of all the harmless little tactics in vogue under her hospitable roof.

With people of less generous proportions such a proceeding would have robbed the hot water tank of a great part of its contents. In Miss Roberts's case, however, due to her generous lines, that was a matter whose significance was considerably reduced. Without experiencing any twinges of conscience, Miss Roberts carefully stuffed the outlet with a wad of paper and smiled at the manoeuver.

She smiled again as she relaxed with the more-than-tepid water lapping her sides; smiled as she let herself be buoyed up by the displaced liquid. Alas for the poor unsuspecting Gertrude Roberts!

Under other circumstances it might not be considered of nicety to describe the sensations of such a gentle-bred woman as Miss Roberts while enjoying the luxury of a hot tub. On this occasion, however, the pleasure of a harmless bath need not be hidden by a row of decorous asterisks. Miss Roberts relaxed, allowing her body to sink lower and lower in the glorious water, until only her head and rosy shoulders protruded above the surface, and her arms, miraculously freed of material weight, floated with dreamlike lightness at her sides. She had not turned off the water—there was time for that when it reached the level of the overflow—and for the present she dreamed of fantastic things.

A cloud of soap-perfumed vapor filled the room, fogging the mirror and condensing on the walls in misty droplets. Gradually the cares of the day, like the proverbially Arabs' tents, took silent flight. Miss Roberts closed her eyes, breathed deeply, and allowed herself to slip into that land of rosy waking dreams and pleasant speculation. It is not remarkable that the water had a soothing effect. Within three minutes she was dozing, dreaming of the immediate theater project, and a more remote, but utterly improbable, state of connubial bliss with the elusive Mr. Mills.

MEANWHILE, in the dining-room on the first floor, the boarders were gathering for their evening meal. At the head of the long table Mrs. Midgin, resplendent in a well-preserved dress of black satin and a necklace of fourteen karat—and somewhat discolored—gold beads, exchanged pleasantries with her paying guests. The soup came and went in its transient flight; the tureen of potted meat and vegetables was placed before the landlady; and the boarders, gradually warming to the occasion forgot the tribulations attendant to the day's efforts in offices and stores.

Mr. Mills, at his place down the table, scattered salt on his potato and felt a certain ill-defined irritation. At his side the chair of Miss Roberts was still vacant. To be sure, she was probably preparing her evening toilet, since they were to leave for the theater immediately after dining, but even then, he wished that she would put in her appearance. It was easier to make conversation with the amiable Miss Roberts than with the other boarders, for hers was a pleasing camaraderie, free and open. Not at all like these other women, he reflected, who are either arrogantly silent or simperingly persuasive. The elderly Miss Kane across the table was of the latter classification. Without doubt, she had her cap set for the first eligible man who hove on her horizon. Miss Kane was the sort who, after asking for the vinegar, would say "Oh, thank you, Mr. Mills!" in such a beguiling voice that he felt strangely moved to hurl the oil cruet at her frizzled head. Obviously, Miss Kane yearned for matrimony. Ah, how different was the quiet, attractive Miss Roberts in her unassuming simplicity! There was a woman for one! Mr. Mills wished that she would come down for dinner. Uneasily, he stirred in his chair and with half-hearted interest chewed a morsel or two of obstinate potted beef.

The meat course was almost reduced to the condition of the unhappy soup when, unnoticed by those at the table, a faint gray spot appeared on the ceiling directly over Mrs. Midgin's primly coiffed head. The spot increased, spreading out tentacles over the dingy plaster; expanded in size from that of a teacup to that of a bread-and-butter plate, thence to a dinner plate, thence to a platter, and then—

Without warning, a globule of water descended from the ceiling and splashed into the nearly empty tureen in front of Mrs. Midgin. That good lady, whose attention for the moment had been occupied with her plate, glanced up and then, seeing no untoward disturbance among her guests, returned to her victuals. A minute elapsed. Another drop, this time larger than its predecessor, fell and splashed with unmistakable sound into the dish. Mrs. Midgin jerked up her head.

"Did you hear something?" she asked Mrs. Sandow, the skin-and-bones widow who was sitting at her left.

"Nothing, my dear Mrs. Midgin," that one replied, mopping her plate with a morsel of bread. "Did you?"

"I don't know." Mrs. Midgin's face showed perplexity. "They," indicating the others at the table, "make so much noise a body can hardly hear nothing." Which was, without doubt, too true.

Another minute passed; Mrs. Midgin wrestled with a piece of gristle on her plate. Overhead, where the two drops had appeared, a ring of shining globules formed, gathered, hung quivering for a brief moment, and then splashed down into the tureen. It was too much for Mrs. Midgin. With a carefully laden fork en route to her mouth she paused and fixed Mrs. Sandow with a fishy eye.

"I'm jumpy as a cat, Mrs. Sandow, but I'm sure I heard something that time."

Before she had time to continue another drop fell, and another, and another. They splashed into the dish with startling regularity. Plop! Plop! Plop! Much the same as an agate marble bounds down a flight of steps. One, larger than the rest, falling wide of its mark, landed with surprising violence in the pink and white parting of Mrs. Midgin's coiffure. That good lady, with ill-concealed surprise, raised her eyes heavenward. They remained focused on the ceiling.

"Merciful Master!" she exclaimed. "Look at that!"

Fifteen pairs of eyes followed the direction of hers. The small stream of water—it had until now been little more than a persistent dribble—grew in size. The discolored spot on the plaster became aggravated to impressive proportions. It was now the dimension of a washtub and expanding momentarily. Glistening blobs of water spangled its surface; glistening blobs that imminently threatened to fall. Splash! Splash! Splash! sang the rivulet in the tureen. But Mrs. Midgin had no ears for the great pluvian flow.

In less time than it requires to tell, she had pushed back her chair and beat a hasty exit through the hall door, her skirts swishing behind like a cloud of dust rising in the wake of a rapidly moving vehicle. The boarders, turning their gaze from the spot overhead to the disappearing landlady, leapt from their chairs as one person and fled after her, jostling at the door, crowding down the hall, stampeding up the rickety stairs.

Mrs. Midgin reached the room directly over the dining-room—that occupied by the Mr. Mills—and threw open the door.

What a sight greeted her eyes! The floor, formerly chaste in its virginal barrenness, was now a small lake of placid water, reflecting here and there in miniature ripples the light of the chandelier overhead. Small scraps of paper, washed from under the table, floated like so many fairy ships on its surface; a lead pencil drifted lazily, reminiscent of a log in a small mill pond.

Mrs. Midgin, and those who crowded the door behind her, raised astounded eyes to the ceiling from whence a dozen small streams of water were falling. That ceiling surpassed the one in the dining-room below. It boasted not a spot; its discoloration was uniform. The walls, too, were streaked with moisture, and here and there, in disheartened fashion, the paper had begun to peel.

Mrs. Midgin found but two words to express her pent-up emotions. They were not original with her that evening; she had used them but a few minutes before at the table.

"Merciful Master!"

Gasping, she crowded back against those who stood behind her, and bolted for the stairs that led to the floor above. The others trailed in her wake, much the same as the damned souls in Dante's *Inferno* were blown about by the winds of the underworld. A scurrying troop of feet pounded on the stairs.

The door of Miss Roberts's room stood partly open. Inside, on the bed, were her garments, tossed in disorder, Miss Roberts, herself, was not to be seen.

The horde swept down the soggy hall, splashing in the water that now ran from beneath the bathroom door. That portal, when wrenched by the frantic Mrs. Midgin, naturally proved to be locked.

"She's in there!" she gasped. The pronoun was sufficient; the others knew that she spoke of Miss Gertrude Roberts.

"Suicide!" some one in the rear of the gathering muttered. "Suicide!" echoed on fourteen pairs of lips.

Mrs. Midgin, already saturated with tragedy, could hear no more. What she said implied over-wrought nerves, rather than a deficiency of finer feeling.

"My God! In my house! And all those ceilings ruined!"

With tears of anxiety and anger coursing down her cheeks Mrs. Midgin gave a mighty tug at the refractory door-knob. The lock, a time-worn affair, broke with a snap of metal; the door flew open, and a cloud of suffocating steam poured out. Within from the bowels of the white cloud, there issued a piercing scream, followed by a mighty splash of water. The air of the room, suddenly cooled by the inrushing cold of the corridor, swirled with clouds, and those who stood in the doorway saw a greatly amazed Gertrude Roberts, not drowned as they had feared, but very much alive and rudely awakened from her roseate dreams, rise out of the water in much the same manner that the Venus of old must have risen from the Aegean waves.

MODESTY compels us to draw the impending line of asterisks at this point. The male portion of the investigating committee, realizing that their work was done, dispersed in the twinkling of an eye, their feet beating a sloshing retreat down the hall. Miss Roberts, incased in a wet kimono, crept in tears to her room. The practical Mrs. Midgin, having turned off the flow of water and pulled out the rubber plug, followed after; and those other women who were not to be cheated of a spectacle such as this, bent very attentive ears to the keyhole of Miss Roberts's door, which had been abruptly closed in their faces.

If the metaphors employed in describing Mrs. Midgin's tirade as she faced the tremulous Gertrude Roberts are mixed, it is only because her feelings were equally disordered. With a woman of Mrs. Midgin's temperament, emotions are evanescent things, changing rapidly as the patterns of a kaleidoscope; running

"Merciful Master!" she exclaimed. "Look at that!" Fifteen pairs of eyes followed hers. The small stream of water grew in size. "Splash! Splash! Splash!" sang the rivulet in the tureen.

the gamut of intensity; pivoting, sweeping back again; dying out only to burst forth with added fervor. The shock of being surprised at dinner by a dribble of water falling on her scalp had been quickly superseded by the discovery that her ceiling had taken on the propensities of a well-saturated sponge. This, in turn, was followed by the electrifying revelation that her choicest room, the second floor front, at present occupied by the imperturbable Mr. Mills, had been transformed, by the turning of a faucet, into a miniature lake. And, to complete the hurlyburly, the devastating thought that Gertrude Roberts had met a speedy, if somewhat sudden, death in an overflowing tub—all this had agitated the emotions of the hospitable Mrs. Midgin to a state of polite frenzy.

Explanation on the part of Miss Roberts, punctuated by body-wracking sobs and incessant vocal quaverings, that the whole incident was due to her falling asleep in a rapidly filling tub, brought with it a swift and enervating reaction. Mrs. Midgin felt weak and uncertain. The recollection of her water-soaked rooms, however, served to invigorate her and she vented her pent-up emotions in an exordium that was, to put it mildly, pointed and intelligible.

"Two ceilings ruined!" she wailed, clenching her hands together over her ample bosom, "the floor of Mr. Mills's room a total loss; the walls spoiled; the paper hanging in shreds. My boarders in a panic, and I—who shouldn't be exposed to anything sudden, as the doctor says, on account of my weak heart—I brought to a state of nervous collapse! All because you, as should know better, being a woman grown, choose to plug up the overflow and take a nap in the tub. For shame!"

For shame indeed! As if Gertrude Roberts, ever a woman of finer sensibilities, had not already suffered enough! To fall asleep in a tub —of all places!—to be rudely awakened by having the door yanked from its hinges, to find the entire household staring at her! As if that were not enough to heap humiliation on any woman! Miss Roberts sat dejectedly on the edge of her bed, the damp kimono wrapped about her, her trembling hands pressing a soggy handkerchief to her eyes. Such a sight would have moved to gentle compassion a woman with heart less adamantine than that of Mrs. Midgin. Not so with her! It was her hour, her supreme hour, and she made the most of it. Five minutes of incessant harangue, entirely one-sided, succeeded in breaking down the unfortunate woman's last crumbling wall of reserve. At last, feeling that she could stand no more in her present condition, Miss Roberts rose, and as best she could, considering her meager height, towered over the landlady.

"I tell you, I'm sorry," she said, mopping the last vestige of tears from her cheeks. "I didn't do it on purpose. You know that. I'm sorry it happened; it won't, again. I assure you of that."

"It won't happen again?" Mrs. Midgin's voice had a leering quality. "I should say not! Not for the love of money will I have such an irresponsible creature under my roof. You'll pack your things, please. And—" she paused, remembering that a sudden dismissal of the errant Miss Roberts would not restore her damaged plaster, "you'll pay for the harm you've done. Every cent!"

"Pay? How much do you think it will be?" Miss Gertrude Roberts seized upon this idea as a possible reconciliation with lightning rapidity.

"Eighty dollars!" she said at length, inwardly certain that such a sum would cover all reparations and leave a trifle to placate her disrupted tranquility.

"Eighty dollars!" Miss Roberts wailed with amazement. "Eighty dollars! Oh!" With wavering step she crossed the room and, picking up her well-worn pocket-book removed a meager wad of bills. Hastily she counted them and held them out.

"THERE, see! That's every cent I have. Six dollars. I can't pay you eighty!"

It is, no doubt, bromidic to portray Mrs. Midgin as a grasping, acrimonious woman. Such creatures have figured before in fiction to the possible detriment of a large and flourishing race of landlords. Since, however, the character of Mrs. Midgin must be set down with candor, it would be tampering with inviolable fact to dull the edge of her anger or to soften the metal of her iron-bound breast. Mrs. Midgin had every parsimonious attribute common to her industry. Her more hospitable moments were reserved for the table or parlor after dinner, and for those of her guests who were fortunate enough not to cross her path. Miss Roberts, unfortunately, had fallen in disfavor, and as if that were insufficient, now baited her with a paltry six dollars. Mrs. Midgin sniffed in contempt.

"Six dollars, indeed!"

With a catlike pounce she reached out and snatched the wad of bills. "I'll take this, but remember, you owe me seventy-four dollars more. And," she added as a parting shot, her hand resting on the door-knob, "I'd advise you to find it somewhere."

With that she was gone, and softly, as ripples splashing against a pebbled shore, there came to Miss Roberts's ears the sound made by her landlady's feet on their way down the watery hall. She sank on her bed and, with eyes fixed unseeingly at the wall before her, opened and shut her hands. All was lost! She thought of bitter, morbid things and found in them little consolation. The clock on the mantel struck

seven. Very wearily she rose and, after a while, dressed.

Meanwhile, in the room below, an equally lugubrious scene was taking place. Mr. Mills, having stood in the rear of the rescuers before the bathroom door, was one of the first to flee. Now, in his room, he tried to collect his scattered and harrassed thoughts. It would not be an easy task, considering the disturbing water that covered the floor and still continued to drip from the chandelier. Mr. Mills stepped gingerly over the pool and seated himself, tailor-fashion, on the center table, there to meditate and reach what solution he might.

His first premonition of danger had come with the suspicion that the unfortunate Miss Roberts had put a swift and irrevocable end to her existence. The discovery that she was alive had removed a weight from his heart, but a vague feeling of unrest still bothered him. Could it be possible that behind the apparent innocence of the mishap there lurked something more sinister? Miss Roberts, he reflected, was no longer in her youthful years. Perhaps life had become irksome, perhaps she found the solitary path a bit too forlorn for her congenial nature. His supposition, no doubt, was without foundation, but still Mr. Mills found in it ample ground for meditation.

HE WAS interrupted by the descent of several soggy pieces of plaster that fell into the water beneath him. Without doubt, the entire ceiling was loosened by the percolation from above and might fall at any moment. The prospect was not a pleasant one. Still, what was he to do? Disconsolately he hitched his legs more closely under him and stared at the floor. Life was a queer thing!

He was again interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Midgin, still clutching in her hand the thin wad of bills. She had come to ascertain the extent of the damage and to assure Mr. Mills that he would be made as comfortable as circumstances permitted.

He silenced her with a wave of his hand, sitting before her on the table in much the same manner that an eastern Sultan might have given audience to one of his underlings.

"How did you find Miss Roberts?" he asked very much concerned.

"That huzzy!" Mrs. Midgin, from her place of vantage on the threshold—she did not venture on the inundated floor—spoke so that all might hear. "She's perfectly all right as far as her health goes. I'm the one who suffered, me with my weak heart." She looked about the room critically, at the wall paper that hung in limp ribbons, at the gleaming floor, and at the drooling ceiling.

"I'll send Clara up with a mop and bucket. Ain't it a sight, now! A body ain't safe in the sanctuary of his own room, so to speak, with water coming down like that, I—"

A few more fragments of ceiling fell with resounding liquid notes into the rather large puddle at her feet.

"My soul! Don't tell me the ceiling is coming down!"

"Plop! Plop!" sang other chunks of plaster in answer.

Even the imperturbable Mr. Mills regarded them with some mistrust.

"It's hard to tell, Mrs. Midgin. I shouldn't be surprised."

As if to verify his suspicion, a generous square foot of plaster fell to the corner of the table where it lay, a soggy mass. Mr. Mills stirred uneasily. "No, I shouldn't be at all surprised," he replied.

By this time the agitated Mrs. Midgin was almost reduced to a state of womanly hysterics.

"It ain't safe!" she moaned, leaning against the door. "It ain't safe! Oh, that huzzy!" Sudden determination squared the corners of her mouth.

"I've told her to pack her things. If the ceiling comes down, she goes out tonight!"

An expression of bewildered pain crossed Mr. Mills's face.

"Oh, now, Mrs. Midgin. You wouldn't force her out tonight!"

At that moment, and before he had time to be assured what she would do under such a contingency, there was a soft tearing sound overhead. Mrs. Midgin, agile as a kitten, jumped into the hall. Mr. Mills, at disadvantage, had only time to draw in his head. The remaining portion of the ceiling, having threatened before, now dashed to the floor. The chandelier, caught in the tumultuous descent, swung dizzily. Mr. Mills, stammering something unintelligible, slipped from his perch and made for the door, his head and shoulders liberally covered with the claylike precipitate. Overhead, through the bare laths, dribbled small particles of plaster and loosened nails.

In the hall Mrs. Midgin greeted Mr. Mills with a mixture of solicitation and anger. On such occasions coherent expressions of sympathy are not to be spoken with studied effect. Mrs. Midgin was torn between conflicting passions.

"You ain't hurt?" she asked with some anxiety, and then, being assured by the somewhat perturbed Mr. Mills that save for the slight discomfort caused by wet plaster in his hair he was still uninjured, she turned triumphantly, gathered her skirts in her fist, and shook her free hand at the third floor.

"Out she goes tonight!"

And with that she trotted down the stairs to find Clara, a broom, a mop, and a bucket to start clearing the débris.

For some moments Mr. Mills stood in the hall, irresolutely staring after the departed Mrs. Midgin and absent-mindedly picking pieces of obstinate plaster from his hair. Perhaps there could be devised no better test of a gentleman's chivalry and innate culture than the experience through which he had just passed. It is, luckily, no common occurence to have one's ceiling fall on one's head and Mr. Mills, all things considered, bore it with fortitude. It speaks well for him that his thoughts for the present were more concerned with the unfortunate Miss Roberts than with himself.

"It's too bad," he said reflectively, spitting out an unsavory morsel of the plaster that clung to his lips. "It's a shame." He was afraid that Mrs. Midgin had been unduly severe with the unfortunate Miss Roberts. After all, although it was her fault that the string of catastrophies had happened, she was not intentionally to blame. With his hand caressing his chin he turned and regarded the stairs leading to the third floor.

Going that night! Mr. Mills rolled the words about in his mouth and found the flavor unpleasant. Now that was too bad. Some one ought to see her and offer sympathy. Gingerly he made his way to the stairs. He would be the self-appointed committee.

HIS knock was answered by a somewhat surprised "Come in!"

Cautiously he entered and found the woman, now fully clothed, on her knees before the dresser, transfering her personal effects from the drawers to a well-battered straw suitcase. She turned as he entered, half expecting a revisitation of Mrs. Midgin. When she saw him she struggled to her feet.

"Oh, Mr. Mills! I'm sorry, but I forgot all about the theater."

Her voice was apologetic. Unselfish woman, Mr. Mills thought, to think on such a time as this of her social obligations! His admiration for her mounted steadily. This, despite the fact that Miss Roberts, as she stood before him, did not present a figure calculated to win men's hearts. Her hair had been arranged in the utmost haste and now hung in untidy wisps about her face; her eyes were swollen and red from weeping, and her cheeks, usually a soft apple-blossom pink and white, were now stained crimson from exertion.

Her dress, too, bore silent witness to the speed of her packing. She was wearing a blouse and skirt which, due to her bending before her dresser, now showed a hiatus of an inch. These minor details, however, were quite overlooked by the chivalrous Mr. Mills whose only thought was for her personal comfort, mental and physical.

"Oh, the theater!" he said deprecatingly. "Of course that's postponed. I wouldn't think of your going now." He hesitated and looked about him. "I understand that Mrs. Midgin has asked you to vacate?"

Miss Roberts nodded sorrowfully.

"I tried to explain—"

"Of course. A perfect shame. Quick tempered, is Mrs. Midgin, but a good woman at heart. Of that I feel sure." Mr. Mills's charity spoke well for him. "And I understand that—ah—Mrs. Midgin has asked you to pay for the damage?"

The woman was unable to speak. The suggestion of reparation brought to her unpleasant recollections.

"Of course it's none of my business—I shan't be offended if you tell me so—but did—did she want much?" There was a solicitude in his voice that did not escape Miss Roberts. She replied with resignation.

"Yes. She wants eighty dollars. I had only six. I gave her that."

Mr. Mills made a clicking sound with his tongue.

"A shame, a beastly shame. Exorbitant. I hope you will dispute the charge?"

Miss Roberts shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't need to. I couldn't pay the eighty dollars unless she put it in a lawyer's hands. Why, it would take me half a year to save that much. I—" Suddenly her lip quivered and, turning about, she began to weep softly.

For a moment Mr. Mills was at a loss; his previous training had not prepared him to cope with such emergencies. In fact, he felt decidedly awkward. Something must be done. Of that he felt certain. A woman in tears should always be consoled. Then, summoning his reserve determination, he stepped across the room and patted Miss Roberts on the shoulder, a gentle pat such as one bestows on a vagrant cat.

"There, there! Don't take it so much to heart. What's done is done. I've always said that. No use crying over—" He checked himself. The reference to spilt milk would be decidedly inappropriate. "No use crying," he finished lamely. "I—I—" He did not know how to go on.

Gradually Miss Roberts controlled her emotions and turned about, lifting tear-dimmed eyes to the birdlike, but compassionate face of Mr. Mills.

"You're very kind, Mr. Mills," she managed to say. "I—I want to thank you. And now—"

Her tone implied that his interview was at an end. But Mr. Mills would not be put off. Desperately he swallowed.

"I say, Miss Roberts, if you don't think it too—too forward of me, I'd like to lend you the money. You don't need to worry about paying it back."

There, he had said it! Now that it was out, he waited with some anxiety. He was not accustomed to make such offers.

Miss Roberts, quite swept from her feet by the princely suggestion, tried to find appropriate words and only succeeded in staring at him. Finally she said:

"Why Mr. Mills! Why, I don't know what to say! Oh, I couldn't take your money! I hardly know you." That, of course, was not exactly true, but in a crisis such as this it conveyed her meaning. "I couldn't borrow money from you."

"I don't see why not?" For once in his life Mr. Mills had the effrontery to contradict a woman. Amazing! Something was taking place in his mechanism, something revolutionary.

But Miss Roberts blighted further development of that nature with a shake of her head.

"No. Oh, no. Thank you just the same. But no. I'll find some other way." Her lips were quivering again in a threatening manner. It would not do to break down before Mr. Mills. "Please go! I've got to finish packing. I'm leaving in an hour. And," this as Mr. Mills slowly turned, "and thank you, again. You know I couldn't accept it. We're just good friends—" a shade of wistfulness here—"just very good friends."

Mr. Mills nodded and went out.

For an instant Miss Roberts stood looking after him. Then, as the door latch clicked shut, she sank on a heap of freshly starched linens and stared vacantly before her.

Gone! Well, she had asked him to go. And he went. She couldn't blame him for obeying her; it was the only thing for him to do. But was it? She wondered, and a feeling of resentment swelled within her. No, of course not! He should have taken her in his arms and said, "I love you. Nothing else matters!" But he hadn't. Patently, he didn't love her. Well, could she blame him? She realized that her appearance did not encourage amorous advances; the situation, too, was not one to arouse the tender instinct in a man.

But it had! The fact that he had come to her and offered to help proved that. He had cared, and she had sent him away with a curt "Thank you!" Stupid! Miss Roberts bit her lip in vexation. It was too late now, though. Nothing remained but to finish packing and leave the house. She would go to her married sister. Slowly she rose to her feet and picked up the starched things.

In the doorway of his own room Mr. Mills paused irresolutely and looked at the débris on the floor. He sighed disconsolately: it was not an inspiring sight. His mind, however, was not on the condition of the room but on the woman he had left upstairs. Of course, she had refused his offer. All things considered, he couldn't blame her. It would have placed her in an awkward position had she taken the money. Meditatively he scratched the side of his nose. Women didn't accept loans from gentlemen acquaintances; he should have realized that. Well, it was all over now. In another hour Miss Roberts would be out of the house, perhaps forever. The idea awed him. Forever! It was a long time. But it couldn't be helped. He wondered. Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, he walked the length of the hall and shambled down stairs to the floor below.

MISS ROBERTS stood in the middle of her room and surveyed the bare top of the dresser. For some reason, she hated to leave the house. Not that the house itself meant anything to her, you understand. Quite the contrary. Rather, she disliked the idea of severing all connections with the amiable Mr. Mills in such an abrupt fashion. She sighed mournfully, her fond dream of prospective matrimony vanishing like so much thin vapor.

Suddenly there came a rap on the door. Miss Roberts sighed again. Mrs. Midgin had returned to see that she took with her none of the house property. As if, she thought, she couldn't be trusted! With thin drawn lips she said tersely "Come in!"

Slowly the door opened and Mr. Mills, and not Mrs. Midgin entered. Mr. Mills with his birdlike face even more birdlike, and his bright little eyes squinted together into mere pin pricks.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," he said breathlessly, "but I had to tell you that everything is all right. I've paid Mrs. Midgin and she says you can stay."

Miss Roberts opened her mouth in astonishment.

"You paid Mrs. Midgin!"

"Yes. I decided that you wouldn't mind!" Mr. Mills came forward and stood before her, rubbing his hands together ecstatically.

"But I do mind! I can't let you do that." Surprise was giving way to discomfort. Now the fat was in the fire!

"I don't see why not," answered the redoubtable Mr. Hobart Mills. "Not as a friendly loan, perhaps, but I wondered—" He looked from the floor to the ceiling and then back again at Miss Roberts. "I wondered—probably you haven't—but did you, by any chance, ever think of matrimony?"

Ten minutes later Miss Roberts raised her head from the shoulder of the surprising Mr. Mills, her romantic nature giving place to the more material side of things, and looked at the clock.

"It's quarter past eight, Mr. Mills—Hobart," she said, as if struck by a sudden idea. "I wonder if we haven't time to go to the theater, after all. And—" she paused and smiled at him ingratiatingly. "If we have time we might stop at a cafeteria. I'm nearly starved!"

Everybody's Man Friday

William N. Tobin's business is to do anything for anybody at any time. Like other ex-service men he "came down with a thump" after the armistice. Read how he has found happiness and success tackling jobs other men declared impossible

by Walter S. Hiatt

ODD jobs? "Bill" Tobin has reunited parted couples, furnished homes in the absence of the owners, shipped 5000 freshly minted pennies on overnight notice, hired a dare-devil flyer for a motion-picture, found a market for rattlesnake poison, minded babies, run down rare books and rarer drug plants, collected bills, lectured on "Why Birds Sing" and purchased sewing-thread for an African chief's harem. No wonder he can say, "I get a kick out of every minute of it."

AN EASTERN girl took a trip to the Pacific coast to visit friends. There she met a sunny son of the West. They became sweethearts *pronto*. Their love-making moved rapidly. They became engaged, and swore everlasting fidelity.

At the end of the girl's visit, she went back home, and then came silence. The boy wrote her, but there was no answer. He decided that she had only been playing at love. He brooded over this unfaithfulness, tried to forget it and couldn't.

Finally, in his anguish, the young man told his troubles to a friend. "Why," said that friend, "I know the fellow who can help you. He makes a business of doing anything for anybody any time—a sort of everybody's Man Friday. He sees things differently from other people. Try him."

Out of the depths of his despair the Western lover wrote to this friend of his friend clear across the continent to New York, asking for help. "Please find my lost sweetheart," was the burden of his letter. The man who received the letter duly noted the name and street address of the girl, located a friend of his who lived in the same vicinity, went there, explained the situation to one of the young ladies in the family and asked her to help. She was to call the lost sweetheart on the telephone. The girl's mother answered the 'phone and was told: "This is Helen, I want to speak to Doris." Doris came to the telephone, and a very astonished girl was told the reason for the call and asked to call up later from an outside 'phone, if she was still in love with her Western sweetheart.

Within a half hour Doris was on the 'phone laughing and crying. Of course she was still in love; she had been unable to sleep because of the silence of the man she thought had jilted her. She had suspected her mother of stopping their letters because of objections to the young man's religion, but she hadn't been sure of anything. The man who had engineered this revelation took the 'phone, gave Doris his address and told her to send letters to him. That night he telegraphed the Western man, "Doris still loves you, is writing you."

Within three weeks, William N. Tobin, of New York, the man who will do anything for anybody at any time, received a check for his services, a personal visit from a sweet, grateful girl, and an invitation to a wedding.

There isn't any romance or humanity in business any more, say the skeptics. Here is a man who makes his whole business the helping of humanity in a tight pinch—any sort of an emergency from broken hearts to doubtful bonds.

Lately there was a banker in New York who was considering a transaction with a Kansas City man. He asked Tobin to act as his agent, interview the Kansas City man, and report on the proposition. Tobin saw the Kansas City man, then told his Wall Street client that he, Tobin, wouldn't go any further into the matter. "You're a fool," the banker said. "You're losing money. Why won't you act further?"

"Because I won't do business with anybody I do not instinctively like, or in whose proposition I cannot feel a personal interest," explained Tobin. The Wall Street man went ahead with the proposition and lost money.

But pretty soon he recommended Tobin to a third party who wanted an unbiased opinion on another proposition. The proposition appealed to Tobin, he saw it through, and in the end he made a larger commission than he would have made on the Kansas City matter.

Herein Tobin's experience contributes a side

[*Continued on page 151*]

William N. Tobin never knows what kind of strange request will greet his eyes when he opens his morning's mail. He is thirty-seven years old, a native of Syracuse, New York, and an ex-officer in the Air Service. He started in the unique business of doing anything for anybody at his wife's suggestion after unsuccessful experiments with several other kinds of jobs.

James Franklin Ballard, now seventy-five years old, was born in Ashtabula, Ohio, but has been a resident of St. Louis since he went to work in a drug-store there at fourteen. He devoted all of his time to making a fortune in the drug business before taking up rug collecting as a hobby. He has traveled over four hundred thousand miles to build up the priceless collection of rugs which he has donated to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The picture above is a glimpse of the private art gallery Mr. Ballard built to house his collection of rugs and objects of art

He Combs *the* World *for* Rugs

James F. Ballard of St. Louis has traveled as much as forty thousand miles for a single specimen. His rug-hunting adventures in odd corners of the world rival the thousand and one tales of Oriental romance

by Susie Sexton

A CASUAL glance into a shop window started a successful merchant on the way to becoming one of the world's foremost rug experts and donor of the million-dollar collection in the Metropolitan Museum. In the shop window an astonishingly beautiful rug was displayed. It held the wholesale drug merchant in a spell almost hypnotic. The price was more than he could afford but he resolved to get the rug somehow. He made a cash offer, which was accepted, and with his purchase started a collection now known around the world for its rare items.

FAR south of the Golden Horn of old Stamboul and the turbulent coast of the Black Sea, in the country where the Sultan Haroun al Raschid sought the magic carpet, an American business man was on a quest of his own. Hot on the trail of treasured Persian rugs, he was bargaining with a swarthy-faced merchant. The dealer was true to Oriental tradition and the instinct of his race, cryptic and close. His prices were exorbitant and he did not appear anxious to sell at all. But they did come to terms over one tiny square, hardly larger than the top of a card table, and it happened in a strange way.

As the American was turning away the Armenian's dog caught his eye. He was a cordial canine, far more friendly than his master, even if his assay in fleas would have run even higher. But it was not the personality which makes a dumb pal that caught the trader's eye. The blanket the scratching animal wore in Oriental fashion focused his attention. Out of the corner of one eye, he recognized it for what it was, and it was hard to keep his face impassive.

Now it is easier to buy a dog than a rug in the Near East. So it proved a simple matter for the New Yorker to add a new traveling companion to his party. The rug merchant was glad to sell his dog for only a few dollars—and he did not remove the blanket. That was thrown in for sentimental reasons, or perhaps through thoughtlessness. And that was what the shrewd traveler had banked upon.

For when he returned to the States a short time later, the bit of carpet, long since removed from its lowly state as an animal blanket, fumigated, cleaned and sent away to an expert to be restored, turned out to be a treasure trove. Appraised by critical eyes, it was valued at thousands of dollars. And the American who knew a bargain when he saw one was many times richer.

What hard-headed business man of modern times would admit the historic truth of Haroun Al Raschid's flying carpet? Rug legends such as this are not as popular today as they were in the heyday of Bagdad's magic square. No duplicates of that winged example of the weaver's art are found on the walls of the Metropolitan or other museums of art. It never existed, say the experts, save in the quick-witted brain of the Princess Scheherazade—and in the vivid imagination of American movie directors.

Yet James Franklin Ballard, a drug merchant of St. Louis has long since left the record of the aviator caliph of ancient lore and our own Doug Fairbanks equally far behind. Mr. Ballard, who is seventy-five years old has traveled four hundred thousand miles between St. Louis and Pekin on his way back and forth again and again, carried by magic carpets. At least it is the urge for Oriental rugs which has carried him. He is the dean of rug collectors,

the foremost authority in the world. In the last quarter of a century he has gathered hundreds of these rugs which have become internationally famous. Twice he has circled the globe. Thirty-six times he has visited London. Capitals of the continent have become familiar with his arrivals and departures on hundreds of occasions. One single silken treasure of a lost art led him a chase which extended over forty-one thousand miles.

No other collector of rugs who ever lived has been so widely interviewed. Newspapers of every continent, except Australia, have carried stories about this connoisseur. Tokio hailed him as the dean of loom experts. Petrograd knows him as well as St. Louis or Detroit. Dailies along the Nile never fail to send reporters to his ship. Newspapers in Singapore, Indo-China, Manila, Rangoon, Delhi, Madras, Alexandria, Cairo, Naples, Rome, Constantinople and Smyrna have told their readers of these magic carpets which have carried him to such distant corners.

For nearly fifty years Mr. Ballard devoted all of his attention to building a great fortune in the drug business, which he entered as a boy of fourteen. Born in Ashtabula, Ohio, he spent most of his early life in Almont, Michigan, where he was educated. In 1874 he went to St. Louis, and there he was connected with the firm of Richardson and Company, wholesale dealers, until 1882. It was 1882 before he established the company which was incorporated under his own name two years ago. Today he is president of the C. F. Simmons Company and treasurer of James F. Ballard, Inc., both in St. Louis. And he owns the business of the Henry B. Platt Company in New York. This company deals in that most unromantic commodity, chlorides.

Romance, they say, may wait round the next corner or in the next street, for those who look for it. That was the way it came into the life of James F. Ballard after he had passed the half-century mark. A chance stroll down a New York thoroughfare twenty years ago and a casual glance into a tiny shop window started a successful merchant on the way to becoming one of this country's foremost rug experts. This is how it happened. He was walking down Fourth Avenue in the vicinity of Thirty-third Street and as he went along he glanced with interest into the shop windows. In a tiny store of no great importance an astonishingly beautiful rug was displayed. The wholesale drug merchant stood looking at it for some moments while something of its loveliness seemed to penetrate his consciousness. It held him in a hypnotic spell. Almost involuntarily he walked inside and inquired the price. The dealer mentioned five hundred dollars. That was more than the man from St. Louis could afford to pay, so he went sorrowfully away. None of the other rugs appealed to him as did that one in the window.

As it happened, appointments kept him in the city for several days. All the time he was trying to get the memory of that gorgeous rug out of his mind. He realized that he knew practically nothing about rugs or carpets and yet he was certain that this one was worth having, if possible. The end was a firm resolve to get the rug somehow.

A splendid example of the pleasing coloration and graceful drawing characteristic of the best Chinese rugs of the eighteenth century. The devices in the design symbolize the eight attributes of the immortal genii (fan, sword, pilgrim's gourd, basket of flowers, bamboo tube and rod, flute and lotus flower) and include Taoist emblems of longevity, such as the peach.

The day before his departure for the West found him again in front of the rug merchant's window. He entered the store and laid three hundred and seventy-five dollars in bills on the counter.

"I will give you as much as that for the rug," he said. "Not a cent more. If you want it give me the rug. If not, I'll take the money."

Quick decisions such as this are not in the nature of rug merchants. The man complained he would make nothing on such a sale. But he kept one longing eye on the pile of bills. In the end he couldn't let the money get away. Mr. Ballard took the rug and several others

These are typical Persian rug merchants displaying their wares in the market place. A few Persian carpets represent the highest triumph of the rug weaver's craft. The best of them were woven in a court manufactory in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the Shahs' practice of making presents of them to Europeans of high rank helped to popularize Oriental rugs in the West.

with it. That was the beginning of a collection which today is known round the world.

Many adventures in all sorts of odd corners of the world have attended the making of this collection, as you shall see. And the collector has become in the course of those adventures a very widely known character himself. The most popular of movie stars might well envy his following here and abroad. As a matter of fact, his mail is probably heavier than that of most film celebrities. When a native prince in far-off Jaipur or a potentate in the Caucasus has a rug to sell, a letter is despatched from these high places to one of Mr. Ballard's addresses. Aristocratic mandarins, trying to salvage imperial fortunes, hurry their emissaries to this American to bargain for the sale of carpets on which their ancestors, under the great Wall of China, have trod for centuries.

In New York lovers of the beautiful know him for the magnificent gift of one hundred and twenty-nine rugs worth a million dollars, presented in May, 1922, which has made the Metropolitan Museum's collection of Oriental carpets and rugs the most notable in the world. Nineteen Ghiordes and Kula prayer rugs, rare and beautiful enough in themselves to distinguish any collection, are a feature of the Ballard gift. Ushak, Ladik, Bergama and other looms of western Asia are represented in lavish magnificence. There is a particularly fine group of Turkish rugs of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Two great Dragon carpets of the Armenian highlands hang beside Damascus rugs from the far-off edge of the Syrian desert.

Another section is devoted to Caucasian and Central Asiatic rugs, types which formerly had no duplicates in the Metropolitan. A few Persian carpets represent the highest triumphs of the textile art. Carpets from Spain fashioned lovingly by some fine old hand of picturesque Castile—Hispano Moresque bits—Kabistans and Kazaks—an early "star" carpet—the fire worshipper's rug—flowering plant designs of Kerman—fragments of a "vase" carpet and a late garden type—their softened glories and lost colors all shine here.

So unselfish were Mr. Ballard's motives in his gift to the Metropolitan that he permitted the museum officials to chose one hundred and twenty-nine rugs in accordance with their needs and tastes regardless of his own affection for any special pieces. As a result some of the rugs which he loved best—he has his favorites like any other master—are now on view where the public may acquire, if it will, the donor's love for them. An instance of this is shown in the fact that the prayer rug on which Mr. Ballard's daughter was married is now in the Metropolitan. No one thought of its family association when it was carried away. And while the former Miss Ballard may have some regrets her father is convinced that no sacrifice is too great for art. And so the rug remains.

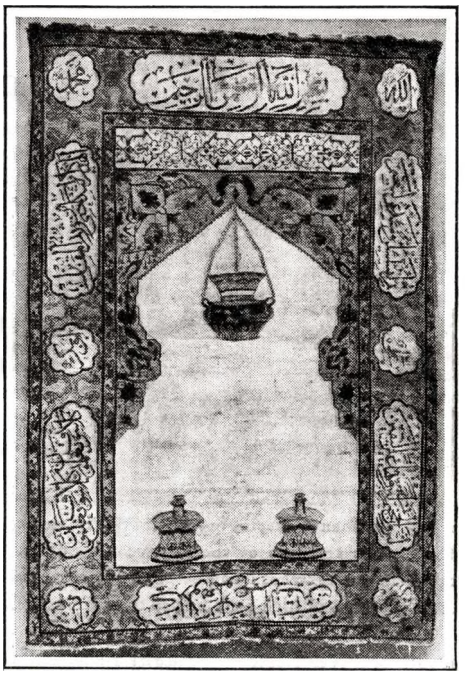
Several years ago Mr. Ballard built a splendid art gallery as an addition to his magnificent home in St. Louis. It contains one hundred and eight rugs as rare as those in the Metropolitan. They are surrounded by other works of art which Mr. Ballard has collected in his travels. Among the paintings is a Joshua

Reynolds, one of the finest in this country.

An early addition to the Metropolitan's rug collection will be a marble bust of Mr. Ballard by Paul Manship. It will cost ten thousand dollars, the gift of H. L. Pfeiffer, an admirer of the St. Louis man's very great generosity.

Scheherezade's short stories become the lightest of summer reading compared with the thousand and one tales woven into the history of the Ballard collection and its donor. Even the least of his rugs has a hundred threads of intrigue, massacre, warfare or idyllic peace woven into it. Mr. Ballard himself has faced death many times to bring them back to American shores. Each of his crusades has had some climax of dramatic intensity.

There are two sound principles of modern business which Mr. Ballard, who is a Christian Scientist, has always used in his hunt for rugs. The first is that you can get anything if you try hard enough and carry the hunt into every corner that might conceal it. And the second—that a soft voice sends the cover flying off treasure chests that would never yield to a hammer.



A most unusual specimen of Turkish prayer rug. The distinctive feature of all prayer rugs is the pointed apex of the arched panel, which is turned toward Mecca, the Holy City, when the Mohammedan kneels to pray. Additional ornaments in this rug include a hanging mosque lamp, two pricket candlesticks and, in the border, the text of a chapter from the Koran in Arabic characters.

The sound sense of the latter policy was proved in a certain trip around the world as well as the sagacity of the former. During many years Mr. Ballard had been searching for an almost lost specimen of the famous Seljuk Turk "bird rug" woven about 1550. When he arrived in London dealers shook their heads over a seemingly hopeless quest. And the Paris rug merchants did not look a whit more hopeful. But such trifles do not discourage Mr. Ballard. He headed East.

His traveling companion was a Britisher, also an expert on weaves and looms. Passing through Thrace on the third night out from Paris three soldiers with fixed bayonets entered their train at one o'clock in the morning. Under the direction of two officers both passengers were made prisoners of war. The Greeks and Turks, it seems, were then engaged in one of their frequent struggles. And the Greeks were taking no chances.

It was just here that Mr. Ballard demonstrated his theory about the superiority of Quaker calm over brute force. His British companion outraged at the affront offered to a peaceful subject of "His Majesty, the King," protested over his capture loudly and indignantly. Appeals to the Foreign Office and the House of Lords were the least of his threats.

But the attitude of the drug merchant from St. Louis was quite different.

"Let's use a little diplomacy and keep out of jail," said Mr. Ballard to his friend with quiet assurance. "Just keep still and let me handle this."

Describing this encounter Mr. Ballard said:

"The officer in command of the detachment which made us prisoners was a pleasant young chap. There was something about him I liked instantly. You know how some people seem to be in tune with each other right from the start. So it seemed with us. I took to the young officer at once. And I assured him that nothing on earth would give me greater pleasure than to accompany him to jail. My attitude was that he had done me a great favor to take me off the train, that I was deeply indebted to him and would be glad to go wherever he wished."

The upshot of this diplomacy was that instead of going to jail for the rest of the night Mr. Ballard and the Britisher, amply guarded by their five captors, were marched persistently from one hotel to another. Neither the American nor the Englishman could understand the language spoken between the innkeepers of various sorts and the soldiers. But both soon realized that their captors were really trying to get them a decent place to sleep. Not a single room was to be had however.

Finally toward three o'clock in the morning an innkeeper with a tender heart turned up along their route. He did not have a room, to

his regret, ah, no! But it would give him great pleasure if the two foreign gentlemen would accept comfortable rocking-chairs on his front porch until the general, before whom the prisoners would have to appear, reported for court duty in the morning.

In that particular neighborhood and at that season of the year mosquitoes were as numerous as black and white heads in a crate of French pin boxes. Nevertheless the captives were delighted to sit down. But the leader of the band still had something on his mind. It developed that he actually proposed to depart leaving them unguarded. First, of course, he asked their permission, carefully pointing out that it would not do either of them the least good to try and get away, anyway. They promised to remain seated, or at least in the immediate vicinity.

The officer was away for about twenty minutes. He returned triumphantly with the news that he had found a man who owned double beds in which they might pass the remainder of the night until six o'clock. So off went the procession to their new sleeping quarters where the two suspects dozed soundly until it was time for them to go to Adrianople for sentence.

When they were finally arraigned in court the general was plainly enough impressed by the highly favorable report of the young officer. The great man explained apologetically to Mr. Ballard and his friend that he was responsible for every stranger who entered the land. Traveling was a risky business. Nevertheless he did not like to make enemies of such polite gentlemen and they were now free to go. So affable did he become in releasing them from custody that he offered the services of the young officer as a guide through Adrianople for the rest of the day. The travelers accepted with thanks.

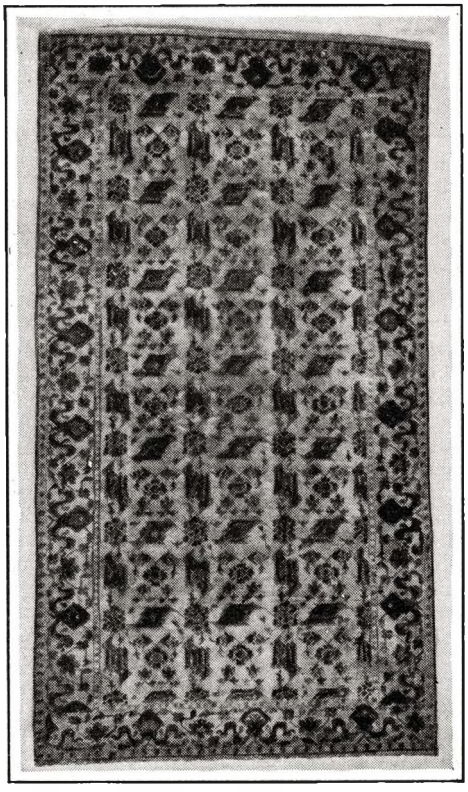
Suddenly the St. Louis man had an inspiration. He would explain to this friendly young Greek his weary search for the Seljuk "bird rug." Who knows, perhaps, he might be just the man to ferret it out. The officer was all interest at once. Of course he would help. If such a rug was in Adrianople, they would find it.

They had a pleasant tour of the city. Administration now and then of a little inward cheer, both food and drink, kept the soldier good natured. At last in an almost demolished shop behind the city walls the long quest came to an end. Mr. Ballard found his rug. Whereupon the Greek officer immediately asked for a job in New York!

But that was not the end of adventure for the "bird carpet." The new owner was shortly to face death on its account.

The next day Mr. Ballard went to Constantinople. It so happened that was the very night the Turks got news of the capture of Smyrna. Twenty thousand blood-thirsty warriors of the Prophet came over from Stamboul to soak the town in blood. It was a night of rioting and fiendish murder. The battle raged all night, even in the corridors and halls of the Tokatalina Hotel where Mr. Ballard was registered. Four persons were killed before eleven o'clock, and the struggle went on until morning. But the American managed to escape alive, and he escaped still guarding his precious treasure, the Seljuk rug, in his arms.

The place he headed for, of all places in the world, was Smyrna. It was from there his ship was to sail. The same blood-thirsty mob, of course, was headed the same way. He arrived at the height of the panic. By a combination of energy and luck he got aboard the S. S. *Lamartine* just as the city was fired. He was in the nick of time. Nineteen dead bodies floated past the ship as he climbed on deck. The water was black with frantic refugees.



No finer example of the Turkish "bird" rug is known than this specimen in the Metropolitan collection. Mr. Ballard obtained it only after an adventurous search that nearly culminated in the loss of his life. The rug is of wool. On a cream-white background, the pattern is worked out in tan, red-brown, blue and olive green.

A child was born on the shore. The mother picked up the baby and managed to reach the *Lamartine*. There the sailors took the baby and laid the mother tenderly on the deck. Slaughter went on in the city until the Turks had killed one-third of the population of four hundred and fifty thousand. One man saved his life by standing with his head barely above water for eight days and nights. It was from scenes like this that the *Lamartine* finally steamed away. Safely aboard, Mr. Ballard still guarded the "bird rug" which now graces the walls of the Metropolitan Museum.

A search of forty-one thousand miles is represented by Mr. Ballard's latest rug purchase, which has not yet reached this country. It seemed for a time as if this prize could not be found no matter how widely the expert looked for it. It was a particular Indo-Persian Ispahan, he was after. Before he got it he had very nearly twice circled the globe for a bit of a rug fourteen feet by eight.

On his second trip around he was hot on the scent. Rangoon was ransacked in every corner. Utter failure! The next stop was Benares. Failure again! Then Agra, Delhi and Jaipur way off in the heart of Rajputana. But no rug. The two possible hiding-places left were Bombay and Madras.

A Long Search Rewarded

Now newspapers never fail to report Mr. Ballard's coming and going in the Far East. So it was not strange that the Bombay *Times* should have carried a spread-eagle story of the rug hunt. Thus it chanced that on the day when he was to sail away from the city, Mr. Ballard received a message. It was from a Persian acquaintance who had learned of his arrival and wished to extend an invitation to tea in his home on the Nepian road.

"When I arrived," remarked Mr. Ballard, "I found myself in the most beautiful gardens I have every seen anywhere in the world. It seemed as if I had fallen into a little corner of Paradise, so gorgeous were the colors and so magnificent the blossoms which surrounded us. Tea was served in the garden. Later, my host took me into the house. It was as perfect as the garden.

"This man had an almost flawless collection of works of art. The walls were hung with Spanish and Persian embroideries and brocades of the fifteenth century. His Chinese porcelains were priceless. And there on the floor was just the one rug I wanted in all the world. Moreover the man was willing to let me buy it. Luck was with me that time." Luck—and forty-one thousand miles of patient searching.

This rug is said to have the glow of old reds in the carmine vermilion shades which distinguish Italian, Spanish and Persian velvets and brocades of the sixteenth century.

Another Indian rug in the Ballard collection has nine hundred and twenty hand-tied knots to the square inch. Two inches a day—the rate at which it was woven—distributed the making over thirty years.

One of his most valuable rugs is the second best known example of a garden rug in the world. It is so delicately fine that it is spread out on a dais. It was bought at a fabulous price and Mr. Ballard has since refused to sell it for fifty thousand dollars.

Eighteen years ago Mr. Ballard decided he must own a small rectangular rug priced at twenty-five thousand dollars. Only recently he bought it for fifteen thousand dollars. As the rug weighs a little over three pounds this represents a record price for wool—over four thousand dollars a pound.

Love stories centuries old are contained in the romantic bethrothal rug or Kis-Ghiordes. Brides-to-be of the Orient prepared this bit of carpet as the more modern maiden builds her hope chest. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries she wove into it an idyll of hopes and dreams. On her wedding-day she presented it to her husband.

Prayer rugs are a history in themselves. There are numerous examples of those on which the Mohammedan prayed alone. Others were used by man and wife. These symbolize the seven Egyptian days of creation. There are also seven Mohammedan borders.

Three languages are woven into an Asia Minor rug. On the outside or main border one may read a surah or chapter of the Koran. In the center medallion is a short surah—No. 112—which is surrounded by a Turkish script that spells "Whosoever prays upon this carpet, may God make him attain his desire, and from Heaven may his sins be wiped out."

Tamarlane, it seems, was the first business man to see the value of the three balls as a coat of arms suitable to his profession when he became monarch of all he surveyed in 1390. His insignia appears in the outer border of one such rug, alternating with two diagonal tiger stripes which were a mark of imperialism and good fortune as well.

General Forsythe once owned a most famous rug which saw enough of butchery and strife to justify its possession by a great military man. At the height of its beauty it was the cause of battles in which hostile Arab tribes cut each other up. At one period of its history its jealous owners even hacked it to pieces so that their victorious enemies could not enjoy its loveliness. Deep in the ground they buried the fragments until peace settled once more on the land. Then the lovely old pieces were taken from their grave and joined together again. Today the rug hangs, again in perfection, on the Metropolitan walls.

Authorities of both the British Museum and

The weaving of an Oriental rug requires infinite patience on the part of native craftsmen. The fine texture of the rug depends on the closeness of the warp threads and the fineness of the hand-tied knots. One rug in the Ballard collection has 920 such hand-tied knots to the square inch. The rate at which it was woven—two inches a day—required thirty years of exacting labor.

Columbia University have assisted in the interpretation of inscriptions on these rugs.

Now why are Oriental rugs like these so valiantly sought for and so nearly priceless? Well there are various reasons. For one thing, rugs such as Mr. Ballard has collected are relics of a lost art. The secrets of their weaving are not known today. Nor can their colors be duplicated. Most of them belong to ages which antedated the sixteenth century.

These ancient weavers understood the blending of surprise and contrast on their looms as the modern rug-makers never will achieve them. Persian and Indian artists surpassed all others in curves, symmetry and rhythm. And the Turks were the great masters of color. Their tones and shades produced effects of dazzling beauty.

Apparently the Chinese rug is more familiar to Americans today than those of the Near East. Nevertheless Near Eastern influence is beginning to be evident in both European and American rugs of modern manufacture. Sometimes, however, Oriental designs in occidental products often produce amusing results. The Chinese rug has been popular, thinks Mr. Ballard, largely because so many army and navy people from the United States buy them on trips to China from the Philippines and carry them back to this country.

Almost invariably the Chinese rug has a field of buff, yellow or kindred shades with contrasting light and dark blue tones. Floral forms are the prevailing motifs, with the peony as the favorite. Among animal designs the dragon or hydra predominates. The running fret and the swastika are frequently seen, too, with other characters. Usually the Chinese patterns are simple by comparison with others of the East.

Most of the really beautiful color blendings of the Persian and Turkish weaves can never be duplicated in modern times. This is partly because these vegetable dyes used in the really valuable masterpieces are secrets of the past which can never be copied in aniline shades. They have a softness and brilliance of tone which the artificial color never produces.

In the Ballard collection there are rugs such as the prayer and betrothal rugs which were used for floor coverings only in the olden days. The modern beauty lover may adapt them to wall decorations or other ornamental purposes but their originators stood upon them to pray or for their marriage rites. Chinese rugs differ in this respect since they were many times intended for wall hangings solely.

Rug Collecting Highly Specialized

To tell the genuine in rugs requires years of study and a vast knowledge of ancient looms, the history of the weavers, their national life, and their religious symbols. Clever imitations are as numerous in this field as in any other and only the expert knows how to buy.

Mr. Ballard never discusses the financial value of his treasures except with reluctance. He dismisses the price tag as unworthy of discussion by comparison with the tones and histories of these rugs. Other collectors, knowing

[*Continued on page 182*]

Mile High Monte *of*

by

Clem Yore

He turned, gave some orders, and dashed away after the vanishing riders. The gelding

"HEY, Monte!"

"Yea, bo!"

"Slide over thisa way, *pronto!*"

Monte touched his pony with a spur and rode up to his foreman who stood near the harness shed. "Uh-huh," he smiled, "whatcha wishin'?"

"You ain't a-goin' out with that cavvy this mornin'."

"Man, y'u jest nacherly turns my day plumb blue. I was figgerin' on gettin' me some wild turkey along 'bout ev'nin'."

"Th' old man's a-loanin' y'u out to one of them cookin'-stove outfits, up no'th."

"W'at?" there was consternation in the question. "Does he reckon that I'm goin' to shiver myse'f warm this winter?"

"I'm jest a-tellin' y'u. Here's w'at he say to me. 'Tell Monte I'm a-wantin' him to tumble in with that Kansas City shipment I'm sendin' out today; and that at Tucumcari he falls out th' car, an' we goes on without him. When he gets there he'll be met; an' a tall hombre, panatella-built, with a wart on his nose, an' a wen on his chin, will give him more particular orders.' "

"Was that all he said?"

"He knows y'u! An' y'u knows him! Mr. Aiken knows y'u'll do it."

"An' this yere round-up goes on without me? Man, how can it just be?"

"Sling a hoof now an' don't look so hawg-sick."

"Wait a minute! W'at kinda job this goin' be?"

"I dunno. Reckon y'u gotta be a-tailin' some bad boys. But I'm riskin' a reckon that there's calico at th' bottom it. Calico an' a case note a month. Y'u aint to do nuthin' but keeps yore mouth shet, yore ears open an'

the Bell Bar Bell

A Complete Novelette

Illustrated by James C. McKell

felt his mood and tore at once into the lead. The chase assumed a killing pace.

look natural. Th' old man wants y'u to arrive as silly lookin' as y'u is."

"Now see yere," responded Monte, a saddened note in his voice, "I ain't a goin' to yank my gun no more."

"Who was a-sayin' nary thing about y'u jerkin' yore iron?"

"Well—"

"Well, hell! Ain't y'u right well enough acquainted with th' old man to know he don't get none of his boys in no jam, at no time? Now, ain't y'u?"

"But, I don't like th' smell of this yere job. All th' time it's a cryin' out loud, with silence. I don't like silence. Come clean now, Eddie, who I gotta kill?"

"Y'u ain't gotta kill nuthin'. 'Xcept, maybe, time; an', then there's a gal in it. Some bad hombres is a tryin' to edge her into th' county-farm by slidin' out her stock on her. Then she's right off some seminary back East where they been a-learnin' her how to crochet an' make quilts. Her dad's daid an' she's hollered help from th' old man. That's all I know."

"Young? Is she?"

"Yearlin'!"

"What's her color?"

"Chestnut I reckon. Kinda blondish in spots an' pink eyed, too, from what the old man was a-sayin' last night. Doon's her name."

"An' she's a-wantin' to keep what cows she's got an' jest don't savvy how? Is that it? An' her name's Doon? Doon, didja mutter?"

"Yep, that's it. Whatta y'u say? Give it to me, quick!"

"I'm a-ridin' with them white-faces as far as Tucumcari. Then I meets this wart-wen gazabo an' lissens to his chatter."

"Thatta boy! Now get what y'u want an' I'll sling yore saddle an' bridle in with the boys. Nary word about nuthin', hear me?

Nobody's to know y'u're hell-bent-for-trackin'."

"Didja say she was a chestnut filley?"

"Pink eye, too. But don't get stall-shy!"

"All right, I'm quiet, but, till I sees her, I'm sizzlin' inside. I c'n sizzle cain't I?"

"Fry! I don't care. But take a old timer's words an' while y'u're fryin' don't begin fallin'—God! thata way's plumb awful."

"So long, old infectious, I'm goin' to get a comb an' a new pair of arm-garters." And he ran into the bunk-house.

THAT night, down in the freight-yards at Tucumcari he fell out of a stock-car and on top of him dropped his saddle, blanket and bridle. When the train rolled by, and was nothing but a single spot of ruby in the far distance, he slung his saddle over his shoulder and walked toward a water tank beside which ran a road. Here a man stepped to his side and whispered, "Right thisa way. I gotta buckboard a-waitin'."

"Has y'u gotta match, also?"

"Yep, there it is!"

Monte struck the match and as its light flared up he saw a twisted, genial face staring enigmatically into his own. Instantly the light was thrown away and a thick darkness fell, once more about the pair.

"Lead on to th' chariot," said Monte, "I saw that wart and wen an' I shore knew it was y'u."

"My name's Jeb Tilton an' I'm escortin' y'u to a dance. After that y'u jest gotta go it, mostly, all th' time, alone."

"Solo, at a dance?"

"Y'u don't look like y'u'd need much prod-din' to make y'u understand all y'u know about a dance."

During the nine-mile ride, northwest of the town, Monte's companion talked about cows, country and cow-punchers; but he said but little that would have served to enlighten Mile High on what was to take place when the dance was reached.

As the team rolled out of the thin timber and started down a long decline a light was seen in the bottom and after a while the note of screeching violins broke out upon the air.

"That must be, exactly, it," spoke Monte.

"Yep, that's her; an' now, buddy, w'en y'u gets in there y'u wanta wait."

"Wait! Man don't y'u know I'm et up with waitin'? W'at I wants fr'm y'u, right now, is news. Why for am I a-goin' to this dance; when does I scatter; an' who does I meet? Tell me that an' then I'll wait some mo'."

"I can't tell y'u nuthin' if they ain't nuthin'. Th' fact of th' matter is that if somebody's at that dance y'u'll ride up in th' hills, quite a stretch. If they ain't nobody there then y'u'll come on home with me an' push yore face ag'in my feed-trough 'til that somebody does locate us. Y'u bin a wo'kin for me, if anybody asks y'u somethin', an' now y'u is quit. See?"

"Uh-huh, an' what's yore outfit?"

"Bar Circle Cross . . . hoss ranch."

"Will I be headin' out tonight?"

"Maybe."

"How'll I know when this said somebody bumps into me?"

"She'll make herself known."

"Is it a she?"

"Ain't skeered is y'u?"

"Nope! But I'd shore like to take th' bridle off on all this Miss Mystery."

"Y'u gotta fall into that job. If y'u riles this gang, what th' boys on this range is after, y'u might as well keep goin' no'th an' go to wo'k in a shoe factory. Y'u gotta be spades-wild, in this country to be worth a two-bits worth."

"That's me . . . spades-wild. Seems like this is a spook job."

"An' afore y'u crawls out this rig unhook them guns from yore pants. Man, that's a high-ball to any that y'u shore knows yore squash, w'en it comes to Colts."

"I always wear 'em tied down."

"Unbutton 'em, I tells y'u! Unbutton 'em, I tells y'u!"

Mile High Monte untied a piece of whang leather from an eye-let, in the bottom of each gun holster, and pulling the strips from around his legs stuffed them in a chaps pocket. Then the team stopped before a schoolhouse and the two men entered the building. A dance was in full swing and two fiddlers were busy upon a raised platform grinding out the music for a square dance. Hardly had Monte entered the room before a group of men, in a far corner, centered their attention upon his figure. He was introduced by Tilton to several men and women and at the completion of the dance sat down on a bench and chatted casually with two young cow-men.

One of the musicians approached the group and wiping the perspiration from his brow, said loudly, "I'm done a-callin'. Cain't somebody take this next one? It'll be 'Hell Among th' Yearlin's' an' will need a good, husky voice. Let's get goin'! Some of y'u boys! How about y'u, feller?" he said fixing Monte with a smiling eye. "Y'u shore looks corn-fed. C'n y'u call it?"

"I reckon I c'n call it, even if I cain't dance it."

"C'm on, right in th' center of th' floor. Gettem shuffled an' away we go. Folks!" sang out the fiddler, "Here we come!"

Monte took a position in the middle of the room just as the music began "Hell Among th' Yearlin's."

At that moment there was a commotion at the door and a young woman dressed in doe-skin breeches stepped out of the night and stared, eyes blinking, around the room. Monte saw a flash of recognition as her gaze met the

face of Tilton and the next instant she was crossing the room to meet the grizzled old rancher. Instinctively he felt a rush of emotion and a scarlet flush mantle his cheeks. He swung about and yelled.

"Let's get goin', folks, don't let that 'air music go to waste. This way, two sets! Stampede ev'rybody!"

Dancers crowded the floor and two sets were filled at once. Just as the music crashed to a finale for the opening call, a large heavy set man, leading a small slender cowboy by the hand, stalked into the first set and took a position.

"Too late," cried Monte catching the eyes of the pair. "This set is plumb full."

"But we're yere," announced the large man.

"This set's full, podner," replied Mile High, "an' th' groceries is all sold."

"I reckon—" began the big man.

"C'm on Bert," said his companion pulling him from the floor, "I told y'u this yere heifer-brand wouldn't get us no place." He jerked a bandana from a sleeve which had marked him as a woman. The two men walked away just as Monte made his first call.

"All to yore places, straighten up yore faces,
Tighten up yore back bands and let out yore traces.
Honor yore podner, circle right an' left.
An' all join yore paddles an' heavy on th' heft."

The girl talking to Tilton swung around at the sound of the caller's voice and she caught and held Monte's eye for a fraction of time.

The music took a fresh frenzy and good natuer percolated about the room. Over in a corner the man called Bert stood silently watching the tall figure of the dance-caller edging about between the sets. Once more Monte's voice was heard.

"Horse an' a mule an' a cow an' a calf,
Grab yo're honey . . . swing once an' a half."

"Who is he?" asked Bert.

"I dunno, yet, Bert, but he's shore there."

"Whatta y'u mean?"

"Did y'u slant a eye at them pants?"

"Thay's Alabama wool stuff an' th' fuzz is all wore off th' fatty part of th' legs."

"Meanin' which?"

"That bird's had his guns cinched down, right recent."

"Shore enough!"

"See there! Ain't I right?" He indicated Monte.

"Y'u shore is! Now, we gotta get his number, certain."

Monte moved into the jumble of figures and was lost to view but his voice was heard ringing high above the mad strain of the violins.

"Meet yore honey an' pat her on th' head.
If she don't like biscuits feed her corn bread."

And again, as he ordered the men in the center of a circle composed entirely of women.

"Birds hop out an' th' crows hop in.
All join hands an' go it ag'in.
With yore right foot up an' yore left foot down
Jay bird peckin' in th' frozen ground."

As the dance continued Jeb Tilton and the girl at his side edged close to the musicians' stand where they knew the caller would go as soon as the last number was finished. Never for a single instant did the girl remove her eyes from the tall form of Mile High as it bobbed and bounced among the dancers. And she heard every number distinctly, as called.

"He's slowin' 'em down," whispered Jeb, "and he'll be comin' out right soon."

The figure went with a great precision and with singular dispatch. Those frontier dancers took the quadrille seriously. Then came the last call.

"Tell the fiddler, Jeb, to play a waltz, next; and play it soon," spoke the girl. Jeb moved away and bent over the swaying shoulder of a musician. The fiddler nodded and looked at the girl. Monte's voice sounded loud and clear and the house fairly shook with a renewed vibration from the dancing feet.

"Th' last flicker . . . boys an' gals . . . th' very last flutter. Ladies bow an' gents bow under, grab yore hon an' hug like thunder. Hurry y'u gals, this shore won't do, to let these big boys outfling y'u."

MONTE wiggled out to the edge of the swaying couples, waved both hands above his head and the music stopped with a dissonant wail. A cheer arose. Women crowded about him; boys slapped his back; a young girl brought a large gourd full of water.

After he drank he walked to Jeb who grabbed his arm and pulled him toward the girl.

"Mile High," he said, "this yere is Miss Mildred Doon."

Monte inclined his head awkwardly. "Pleased to meet y'u ma'am," he said.

"Get yore pardners for a waltz," sang out the fiddler.

"Our dance," said the girl at Monte's side quietly, looking up and smiling into his face.

"Don't y'u pity yore feet ma'am?" asked Mile High.

"I'll take care of them," she answered, "anyhow, I've got my boots on."

He held out his arms and she slipped to his side and stepped away in perfect rhythm to the old-fashioned air. They were the first couple to take the floor and somehow the graceful presence they made rather subdued the primitive dancers so that no one followed them until they had made one complete circuit of the room; then the floor became a

rushing, pushing jam and Monte and the girl were lost in its very heart.

"I'm leaving here as soon as this is finished," said Mildred out of the hollow of Mile High's shoulder, "and when I go I want you to follow me in fifteen minutes."

"Where?" he was dumbfounded.

"To a freight wagon under the cottonwoods near the water trough. It's the one with a tarp top. See that you are not followed, and, if all is safe, crawl in on the far side, lie down, cover yourself with some old sacking and stay there until the wagon moves out."

"But my saddle an' bridle, thay's in Jeb's rig."

"They're in our wagon this very minute. I have been waiting for you for two hours. We must get away from here before Bert or any of his gang can get a line on you."

"Who's Bert?"

"He's the big fellow you would not allow to crowd the first set."

"Uh-huh, an' I reckon he's about due to crowd me, too, if I'm around, directly. Gotta bad eye, that boy."

"No, but Jeb says he and his crowd are wondering who you are and what you're doing here."

"Jeb's chinnin' him right now. Looka yonder!"

The girl glanced over Monte's arm and saw Tilton in the circle of Bert's men holding forth in an animated conversation with the leader of the cow-hands.

"This yere business of yourn ma'am's, a right funny business, ain't it?"

"We'll talk over everything as we drive *home*," she replied so low he scarcely caught the words. Then she added, "I think you are a mighty fine dancer. What did you mean by saying you'd step on my feet?" The way she had said *home* struck like a chill.

"Shucks!" he answered, "shucks! I cain't dance."

"The idea! Why, it's almost over. But I suppose those fiddlers do get a little tired."

"I think they're sure enough ornery. An' I was just a gettin' settled to where I was likin' it a heap."

"Never mind, there'll be other dances, up at the Bell Bar Bell, and more girls, too. I've school friends coming soon."

"Well, maybe so, but if you'll let me, ma'am, I'd say that with y'u up yonder there'll be a flock."

"Oh! oh!" she responded, "they told me you were bashful."

"Ya'as ma'am I shore am; an' I'm truthful, sometimes. Here's where we dies plumb out."

"Now I'll run over and say good-by to Jeb and let Bert see me. Fifteen minutes from now you follow."

"Tell Bert that slug I stuck in his shoulder ain't nothin' but a legal notice."

The waltz ended and Mildred broke from Monte and rushed up to Jeb.

"Good night, Mr. Tilton," she said, "I'll be driving on now."

"Good night, Miss Mildred. Oh! say, don't y'u know Bert Benson?" he asked suddenly.

"By name, that's all, I believe. How do you do Mr. Benson."

"Howdy, ma'am," replied Bert, "y'u an' that tall puncher shore fling yore feet, pretty-like, too."

"Thank you," she answered as she moved away; then she turned back. "Bring your boys and come to one of our dances."

"When?"

"We'll let you know real soon."

"Count me in," replied Benson, "I'm just a wonderin' if that big fella you was sidewheelin' with is a goin' to ride for th' Bell Bar Bell."

"Mr. Tilton says he's leaving the country," she replied.

"Mebbe not," answered Benson, and Mildred fancied she detected a strain of scorn in the reply.

"Good night," she waved and wound her way from the room.

Jeb kept Bert busy for some moments then joined Monte who was, at that instant, the center of a group of dancers. Soon Benson and three of his men edged to the circle and after a moment, as a polka began, he was introduced to Mile High and together they moved to a bench near a window; Tilton following.

"Jeb's been a-tellin' me y'u was shovin' on somewhere's," he began by way of an opening.

"Yep," answered Monte, "country's always a-callin' me, seems-like."

"Top hand?" Benson asked, nonchalantly.

"Mostly!"

"I'm needin' a real good man."

"Sorry, but I reckon I better be high tailin' up in th' hills. I've fought sand long enough, someways."

"When y'u leavin'?"

"When am I leavin', Jeb?" Mile High questioned turning to the rancher who had watched the by-play between the two.

"Boy, that's just thirteen to th' dozen too many for me. If y'u was a-askin' my advice, I'd say stay hereabouts an' grow up with th' cows. Thay's money yere, an' it's growin' fast, eh Bert?"

"Let's hit th' air, fella," remarked Bert and the group walked across the room and out the door. At a corner of the front porch, Benson pulled a long bottle from a hip pocket and extended it to Monte. "Take a snort outa that," he said grimly, "it'll do y'u plumb good besides helpin' y'u a lot."

"Nope!" replied Monte, "I'm way off that stuff. Last time I had any I mixed a quart an' a pint an' had a right fine drink. Seems like it was so good it took me an' shook me like a hog shakes a diamond back. I ain't right sinful, thataway, not very much."

He waved the bottle aside and looked steadily into the larger man's eyes. Benson laughed softly, lifted the bottle to his lips and drank deeply; then passed the liquor among his friends. Jeb had returned to the dance floor and Monte was about to follow him when Bert touched his arm and motioned him to a dark corner of the porch.

"Y'u is on th' square, about shovin' on," he said.

"Yes, I'm a-leavin' soon."

"That's good enough," came the reply, "this yere country's right crowded with fast ones."

"What kind of talk is that?" shot Mile High softly, a tone of echoing menace in his words.

"Last time one of yore speed was ridin yere, he stayed yere."

"Y'u savvy yore own line of talk *compan-ero*," returned Monte, "but if y'u is right decent to stranger fellas seems like to me y'u oughta translate it."

"Y'u got me."

"I reckon I gets y'u, now; just from what's shinin' outa yore eyes. An' now y'u get this: Sometimes when a man don't like a man he looks thata way outa his two eyes. You done said yore say an' took yore look. Now it's my time. C'n y'u see something in my eye? Look at it!"

Benson stood for a fraction of time gazing malevolently into the deep and contracted centers of Monte's eyes; then he turned and without a word nodded to his men and with them re-entered the dance room. Mile High glanced casually about, saw that he was unobserved, sauntered from the porch and moved toward a deep shadow and down this hastened to the white somber form of the wagon under the cotton-woods. Without hesitation he raised a side of the tarpaulin, stepped on the brake-block, crawled beneath the canvas side-wall and settled himself in the wagon-box. He then pulled a pile of gunny-sacks over his body.

"She's as soft-spoken as a turtle-dove a-cooin' in the moonlight."

In a few moments the wagon started to move and after what seemed an interminable time, during which, from the creaking strain of the wagon and harness, he estimated the vehicle had climbed a steep ridge, he felt the brake go home and a loud squeaky noise arose from the wheels.

After a moment he felt the sacks jerked from his feet and heard a woman's voice say, "Come on up on the seat Monte, the night is simply beautiful and it's all down hill now, almost to home." He recognized Mildred Doon's voice.

Home!

The word struck him again as it had affected him when she had uttered it in the hall and he raised himself on a knee, crawled over the spring-seat and sat beside her.

"My gracious," he exploded as the moon-swept region below burst in a fantastical panorama before his vision, "That shore is beautiful."

"Now we can talk," she replied. "And I want you to know how very much I appreciate the thing you are about to do for me."

"What thing?" he asked, almost feverishly.

"Make the Bell Bar Bell safe for a woman to operate."

"I ain't done nothin' yet, except make myself a tough place in Benson's estimation," and he told her of the interview he had had with the ranchman on the schoolhouse porch. They talked continuously for the next three hours and Monte heard from the girl's lips a brief history of her fight against almost overwhelming odds; and after this a narrative of calves that turned up missing, hands that left her employ without reason or explanation, of horses stolen and water-holes gone dry.

And he looked out over the sky line and did not see a mite of the beauty there; for his mind was quite busy with other matters.

At daybreak the wagon rattled into the front gate of a ranch. And that was how Mile High Monte came to the Bell Bar Bell. He made himself a shake-down in the wagon, which he had backed under a shed, and fell asleep.

And as he slumbered he dreamed of a slender form beneath the canvas cover of a prairie-schooner and a shapely foot that ever and anon jammed a long brake-rod down; and a pair of tiny hands holding thin black lines and driving expertly, a team of fancy, buckskin horses. And ever the intimate jostle of the seat.

When he crawled out of his bed he heard a silvery voice singing out under a pepper tree and hurriedly he ran to the wash-trough and plunged his head deep in the cooling water.

THE winter passed and spring came with a rush.

Mile High Monte had put in the long months to much good. He had learned the country for one thing; got acquainted with ranchers for miles around; had built pole-corrals in more than twenty hidden spots around water-holes where there was some small amount of feed and did this particular job without telling any one, not even his boss, Mildred. All in all, he fortified himself.

He had arrived at the Bell Bar Bell at a time when all the hands were away changing feed-grounds and when they returned he had been introduced as the new range-rider and stray-man. His job was to be a lone one; one that he was sole master of. He had demanded that his movements should be held strictly secret, and Miss Doon complied with every provision to the very letter. He didn't like the foreman nor had he any strong regard for six of the eight hands; but two of these, Buck Tedmon and Curly Smith, mere boys, he had warmed to immediately. They were open in all their acts; hard workers, good riders, good-natured cow-hands and he had told Mildred to tie to them in case of trouble.

Days at a time found him riding high levels, crossing and recrossing his own trail often, and back-tracking all ground repeatedly; but never had he discovered sign of rustlers. Bert Benson, whose ranch was fifty miles to the north, had not been seen all winter nor had any of his men. Monte decided Bert had other fish to fry, than working this side of the range, and he had about given up the idea of trouble from this quarter when one late afternoon he changed his mind.

As he was resting his pony in the *pinon* above a narrow shelf-trail on a spur that led to the big timber of the high-feed pastures, he saw Bert riding between two Apache Indians.

This he figured "bad medicine" and he acted promptly.

Quickly, he covered the open timberland, and headed Bert and companions off just as they were about to drop down into Dead Man's Sink across which went the trail to Squaw Pass. Casually he rode out from behind a sentinel rock and immediately caught Benson's eye. The Indians were visibly chagrined as well as amazed, for Monte greeted them in their own language, with an easy manner, which nettled them. They made no reply.

"Lost somethin'?" he asked Benson.

"Just trailin'," came the response, "ev'rything peaceful this way?"

"Yep," replied Monte, "an' I reckon we aims to keep her just so."

Benson sneered and rolled a cigaret. With a casual glance across the foreground flat and a sweep along the underbrush down which Monte had ridden, he saw that no companions had followed the stray-man. Then he became courageous.

"Thought y'u was shovin' on," he snarled, licking his cigaret deftly and reaching beneath a pony-hide vest for a match. But when he saw Mile High's fingers hook themselves in his cartridge-belt, he pulled a light from an outside vest pocket. Monte smiled.

"Cain't y'u remember where at y'u keep yore fire-sticks?" he asked. Benson made a monosyllabic utterance to his Indians. And they turned directly toward the road leading to the distant range; and Bert directed his horse after them.

As they rode away Monte called to the bucks in Apache.

"In the day when trouble comes, you boys will have to look out for yourselves," he said in a high, loud tone of banter.

The three men rode rapidly away without looking back.

When they were no more than bobbing black spots in the middle distance Monte darted into the timber; spurred his horse at a mad pace through the trees, and after a ten-mile ride dismounted before a corral, changed his tired horse for a fresh pony and once more hit the long trail. Twice before sundown he

made other changes and at nine o'clock dashed up to Jeb Tilton's ranch and called the old man out.

"Y'u got them ponies corralled yet, Jeb?" he asked.

"Hell's bells, yes. I've had 'em thataway for two months. Thays four of 'em between here an' Sawtooth. After that y'u c'n see Musty an' his crowd for all y'u want. What's up?"

"I'm a wantin' to git over th' range an' into Youpee just as soon as I can, an' maybe a little before."

"Meanin' which?"

Then Monte told him of what he had seen that afternoon.

"Apaches?" muttered Jeb. "I wonder if them devils is a comin' thisaway soon? It's been two year since we had a bresh with them babies. I wonder if Benson's siccin' them on us, now?"

"I'm a-wantin' to know just that, an' then, I'm a-wantin' to let Bert slant a eye on me. He's makin' for Youpee; I c'n tell from th' way he headed across them big cinder-flats. And I'm figgerin' on doin' that eighty mile from yere in just short of six hours. C'n I do it?"

"Have y'u et?"

"Nope!"

"Get down!"

"Nope! Sling me some feed in a sack an' I'll chomp on this ride. I jest figger I'll be stompin' on time all th' while if I slides into Youpee fast enough to head off Bert. He had forty to do from where I had a hundred an' twenty. Rustle me a biscuit or a bean, willya?"

Just as Jeb rushed from the house with a lunch and a canteen of coffee Monte had saddled a fresh horse and was in the saddle, ready to run. He reached down, grabbed the food, and stuffing it in a saddle pocket, tore away.

THE fifteen miles to the next relief horse, all down hill, he made in a minute less than one hour. Here he completed a swift change once more and tore out across the flat country headed for a long black silhouette which he knew to be the foot of the range around which he had to ride to reach his destination. Occasionally he pulled at the coffee and ate a snack of the lunch. Change after change he negotiated in fine and rapid style until he came to the last horse belonging to Musty.

This animal was a tall, rangy, thousand-pound, thoroughbred gelding, beautifully limbed and easily distinguished anywhere. When Monte slipped his saddle on its back he smiled through dust caked lips as he felt the animal quiver with an anxiety to be on the road.

"Old lady legs, y'u an' me, won't we show 'em?" he softly chatted into a standing ear as he pulled on the bridle. "We gotta show these runt-honored hombres, eh? C'm on, baby, let's get out where th' moon shadows fly."

He was off; and Youpee was less than twelve miles away.

That gelding simply ate up the distance and when the small village was reached it darted down a back street. Here its rider dismounted beneath some cottonwoods, washed out its mouth with a hatful of water and tied it securely to a ring in a tree. Then he sauntered uptown and into a saloon. He was a stranger there and at his entrance several men playing cards glanced at him critically and the saloon-man pushed a bottle to him as a mark of deference.

"I wants y'u to gargle that one on me," he said. "If I ain't forty kinds of a liar, I'm lookin' at one ridin' son-of-a-gun."

"Huh!" smiled Monte, "y'u ain't got nuthin' like sweet claret, have y'u?"

"Gawd amighty," sang out the bar man. "Claret? Did y'u say claret?"

"Yea, bo! Y'u spells it with a big letter C."

And just as Mile High was tasting the first of the cool light wine Bert Benson stepped into the room, alone.

"Howdy Benson," greeted Monte, "y'u ambles, don't y'u?"

Bert stared like he was looking into the face of a dead man.

"When did y'u pass me?" he asked almost in a whisper.

"If I was a-tellin' y'u about that, why y'u'd know just twice as much as me. Have a drink?"

"Not a damn thing. Boys!" he shouted. "This is that Alec, I was a-tellin' y'u all about. This is th' fast Jasper from down on th' Rio Hondo. Slant a eye at them hands an' them guns. He's a killer!"

The room went stale with the coarseness of his laughter. Across his face spread the look of an angered rattler and deep down in the centers of his eyes a dull fire glowed and faded and glowed again. Monte was reclining on an elbow so facing the room that all men including Benson were directly under his vision. He continued to drink his claret. Then . . .

So swiftly, the action seemed a blur, Bert's hand flew up and Monte's wine flew out and into Benson's face. And upon the flash of that unbelievable instant, Mile High's hip spit flame and Bert wheeled, clawed at a shoulder, and fell face down on the floor his head under the brass rail of the bar. Men arose from their chairs, hands grabbed at leather sheaths; but watching eyes above the hands saw the slim and smiling figure at the bar slowly backing toward the single door of the adobe . . . a gun in either hand. Then the inmates of that room heard his slow and almost womanish drawl.

"I just dropped over to say howdy to y'u boys an' let y'u know I'm kinda Godfather to

them cows of th' Bell Bar Bell. Tell Bert that slug I stuck in his shoulder ain't nothin' but a sorta legal notice. Next time I'm goin' to drop it a inch; an' keep on droppin' a inch till I finally flats one of my forty-fives agin' his yellow heart. *Adios, pobrecitos!* An' I won't be needin' no escort to get me out of town in style. Th' first time that door opens, till y'u hears me an' my screw-tail braidin' dust down this highway, that's eggzactly when I'm goin' to do some pot-shootin'. An' I wants ev'ry civet-cat in sound of my voice to know that down on th' Hondo is where we shoots more pigeons than any race livin'."

The door flew open and he was gone. It closed with a bang.

Instantly, it seemed, to the denizens of the Spider's Place there sounded the clatter of hoofs back of the resort and soon the *clip-pety-clop* became nothing but a rapidly diminishing tattoo.

"*Ai!* I myself have drank much whisky."

Bert stirred and sat upright. Over his face spread a look of utter amaze.

"Who did that?" he asked.

"Y'u was lookin' at him," announced the bar man, "an' I'm sayin' it was slick. Where'd he wham y'u?"

"In th' shoulder fat an' she's bleedin' wet. My overalls an' boots is sure a mess. Some of y'u harness makers slant a eye over this hole."

Under examination Bert's wound proved to be superficial and except for a slight loss of blood he would suffer no serious consequences. Rough tampons were made and the bleeding stopped. A buckboard was secured and the injured man driven up the valley to an old Indian doctor for treatment.

Before he left Youpee however he had started five riders out to waylay and "get" Monte and it was decided to watch for the range-rider in the high timber which he was known to frequent. The following morning Benson sent word to a wondering score of Apaches and they moved back from the vicinity a distance of thirty miles. They were waiting till the white man's wound was healed and while they waited they knew there would be plenty of whisky. Some white men always gave an Indian whisky. That was good! Very good! They'd wait, patiently.

IT WAS a little before dawn when Monte rode into Musty Hopwood's corral and put away the gelding; then he stood at the fence and sang out, "Hallo, th' house! Hallo th' house! Is y'u all a-goin' sleep all day?"

A shutter flew open and a head stuck out of a window.

"Who it tis?" came a query.

"Me! Monte, an' I'm sure nervous about sleep."

In a moment Musty had admitted him and Mile High sat on a bed pulling off his boots as he recounted the adventures of the night.

"Gimme five hours' sizzle in these cornshucks an' then throw in th' milk cans," he said. "I gotta be hittin' th' grit not later than nine."

"Man," said Musty, "y'u is shakin', I tells y'u. I never see bed clothes shiver such a much in this shack before. How come?"

"Boy," smiled Monte, "them laigs has slipped one hundred and thirty-five damn dirty miles since four o'clock. I'll be a-ridin' all th' time I'm sleepin'."

"Well, old rooster, pound that ear an' I'll have y'u up an' goin' like y'u was stoppin' at th' Southern in St. Louis. How y'u like yore pan-cakes?"

"Plenty! That's all, plenty."

"You'll shore have 'em. Just like mother use to make, too. Good night!"

"Good night, old picket-pin! Oh! say, Musty, I gotta cheat y'u outa that geldin'. I just gotta have that baby. He'd plumb die of a broken heart if I didn't ride him away."

"All right, send me down some old tom cat. Anything'll do that'll eat sand. I don't care. Good night, again!"

But Monte was dead to the world. . . .

It was with a certain, large measure of satisfaction that Mile High jogged along on the back-trail to his home. He rode the great long-legged gelding and fifteen miles away changed a saddle to another horse and led the thoroughbred for the rest of the day. When he drew up at Jeb Tilton's that night he put the horse away with instructions to the rancher to

bring it to an agreed point several days later.

He had accomplished his first bit of strategy. And had by his great ride around the range thrown what he called "the fear of the Lord" into Benson and his crowd. Now, he determined to allow such confusion to work slowly and effectively while he set about laying traps for the ultimate breaking up of the gang. The arrival of the Indians from their native ground, three hundred and fifty miles to the west, was something inexplicable and vague to him. He had seen but two, yet. Bert Benson was with them and that spoke volumes to the common sense of the young rider. He knew that where two Apaches rode there would be more. What were they there for? And how soon would they show their hand?

He knew that General Crook was off the border: that General Wilcox and Al Sieber were chasing a mixed banditry hundreds of miles to the south; that there was no thorough organization of the settlers and that if the Indians were on a foraging and murderous mission the country should be aroused at once. He had the natural antipathy of the frontier against calling for soldiers, yet, it seemed justifiable at this time.

To Tilton he made no mention of his fears but instructed the aged man to gather up all the dependable men and stock he could and to prepare himself for defense at a moment's notice.

"How many good hands has y'u down in this neck of th' prickly-pear?" he asked.

"Well, let's see! There's me an' Andy, that's two. An' Jake an' Frank, up th' Big Swale, that's four an' I reckon if th' Petterby boys is home I c'n gather them up, too. That'll be six."

"Six!"

"Uh-huh. An' what I means, they *is* six. What th' hell do y'u want a mob for, to fight Injuns? Didn't Forsyth an' Stillwell an' them fifty underdone soldiers from hell-to-breakfast whup old Roman Nose when he had twelve hundred with him?"

"But that was at Beecher's Island. We ain't got no island."

"Well, then what y'u think?"

"Y'u ride into Tucumcari an' send out this letter I'm gonna write. I got some friends in Denver City as might help a heap. Got any paper?"

"Sure, I got paper. Reach up in that javacan. Now where th' hell's my pencil? I bet I loaned it to Al Petterby. Nope, there it tis!"

"Stand back, Jeb," ordered Monte. "Stand back, I tells y'u. I cain't spell if y'u watches me."

The brief note was torturously prepared and held up in satisfaction, when finished. Tilton read to himself:

Shorty Kelso,
c/o The Gilded Cage Saloon,
Denver City,
Colorado.

I'm down at the Bell Bar Bell outfit thirty-five miles from Tucumcari. And I'm sure up in trouble so's I jest kin wiggle one ear. A gel owns the outfit and a bad hombre by the name of Bert Benson is framing her to get what she's got. I'm a wanting 15 good boys from the mile-high country to come here and help. The Apaches is out and 24 carat hell is jest about to simmer. Come a fanning and a fogging and bring some Spencers and plenty shells. And, say, have old Petersen work them rifles over so's they won't jam. I want 'em to pump when we needs them to go. Jeb Tilton will have hosses at Tucumcari but you sin warped, homeless hounds better bring yore leather and blankets. I ain't got nuthin' to pay you with but yore pay'll be a dollar a day. Wait till you see the boss. She looks in the eye like a sunrise over the Medicine Bow and she's soft-spoken like a turtle dove a-cooing in the moonlight. I'll give Jeb orders how you thieves is to come up to where I am at. Remember the Alamo—the scrap at Wagon Box and don't let these fellows down here think we ain't got no white men on Cherry Creek. Let's spread the Gospel.

Yores top and bottom, all the time, MONTE.

When a man don't like a man he looks thata way outa his two eyes.

"Boy!" yelled Tilton, "to look at y'u in th' face a fella w'u'dn't reckon y'u knew nuthin', flat. I wish I c'u'd write that easy. Now spill yore talk."

Hurriedly Mile High told Jeb that when Shorty arrived that he wanted him and his companions to find him on the high hills back of the Bell Bar Bell near a round-up location called West Fork. Jeb knew the exact spot and understood precisely what was desired.

In a brief time both men rode away from the ranch.

That night Monte

camped behind a large pinnacle rock up in the big trees some ten miles from the Bell Bar Bell. And next morning as he was cooking breakfast he heard a loud whistling sounding through the trees. Shortly thereafter Buck Tedmon rode into sight one leg wrapped around a saddle horn and his lips pursed in a serious musical operation. He spied Monte at once.

"Hallo!" he shouted, "Mile High, I reckon I should oughta spank y'u."

"Fall off an' whittle y'u a piece of this meat."

"Meat, man, I et two hours ago. Th' missus is plumb worried about y'u. Sent me on my way to tell y'u to head in to th' house."

"What's wrong?" Monte pulled a strip of bacon out of the embers. "She ain't hu't or nuthin'?"

"Nope! But yestiddy noon four men slid up to th' bunk-house an' confabed with Don Pardee an' th' foreman sent me an' Curly out to mend harness. Two hours after them babies rode off an' then Pardee tells Miss Mildred he's a quittin' an' a takin' th' other boys with him. He said th' country was too pore for them."

"I knowed it," commented Monte. "She's popped. Ain't she?"

"Them fellas, Mile High, belongs over in Youpee country. Curly recognized one of 'em. They're wo'kin' for Benson an' y'u c'n braid that for six strands of fact, too."

"Uh-huh! Well y'u an' Curly Smith's a stickin', ain't y'u?"

"Y'u bet! An' we ain't aimin' none, yet, to be leavin' till Miss Mildred nails up th' cook-shack door an' bails out th' well."

"Thata boy, I'll bet y'u ain't got much in y'u at times exceptin' yore mother."

"Th' hell I ain't. It mighta bin my mother as give me th' hunch to stick close to a gal in trouble, but it shore is my own idee about wantin' to hurry damnation to some of these bat-browed critters callin' themselves men."

"Where's th' cows?"

"Up in th' northwest timber."

"An' how many hosses has y'u got down at th' corral?"

"'Bout thirty-five head."

"Plenty grub?"

"Old Jim Wong slid out for town early this mornin' for a load of chuck an' hoss feed. Y'u oughta seen him puttin' them big mules over. Miss Mildred ordered some ca'tridges, too. Is y'u comin' in with me?"

"No! I'm slantin' a eye over th' country an' hopin' these fellas will leave some wo'kin' sign. How many yearlin's we got y'u reckon, that ain't been burnt with th' Bell Bar Bell?"

"Say, Monte, Curly tells me that they ain't been a shore enough brandin' job on this ranch since he come two year ago. He figgers close to eighteen hundred head must be runnin' without a mark on 'em."

Monte ate in silence and after the meal rolled a cigaret and then said to Buck:

"Y'u tells Miss Doon that I'm ridin' all these high hills back in th' timber an' won't be showin' myself 'til I got news. I wanna get a count on all our strings an' look over that drift-fence to the west. I reckon thay's goin' be a slidin' out of cows off'n this feed-ground soon an' they'll be headin' for Youpee over Squaw Pass. Every night I'll hang up my shirt on that dead pine which is a layin' in front of them Twin Owl rocks. I'll put it there just as th' sun goes down an' y'u all c'n slant a look at it through them big army glasses. If it's there, I'm here; if it ain't, well then, I ain't. Get me?"

"I'll tell her; an' if we wants y'u then what?"

"Stretch a throw-rope from th' stringer-log of th' stable to th' near hinge-post of th' big gate. An' on this hang three white sheets, longwise. I'll gettem, don't y'u worry none about that. An' I'll be makin' pretty much of a semicircle, most th' time, where th' house will be in th' center of it."

"Anything else y'u wanta send down?"

"Just tell Miss Doon that I hopes she don't worry none about them boys a-quittin'. An' tell her I got some man-flesh comin' what will shore whip these cows into shape pretty slick. And Buck here's something for y'u an' Curly, but not for her. Not a single squawk to her, y'u understand."

"Lead yo' ace. Around wimmen I'm tongue-tied."

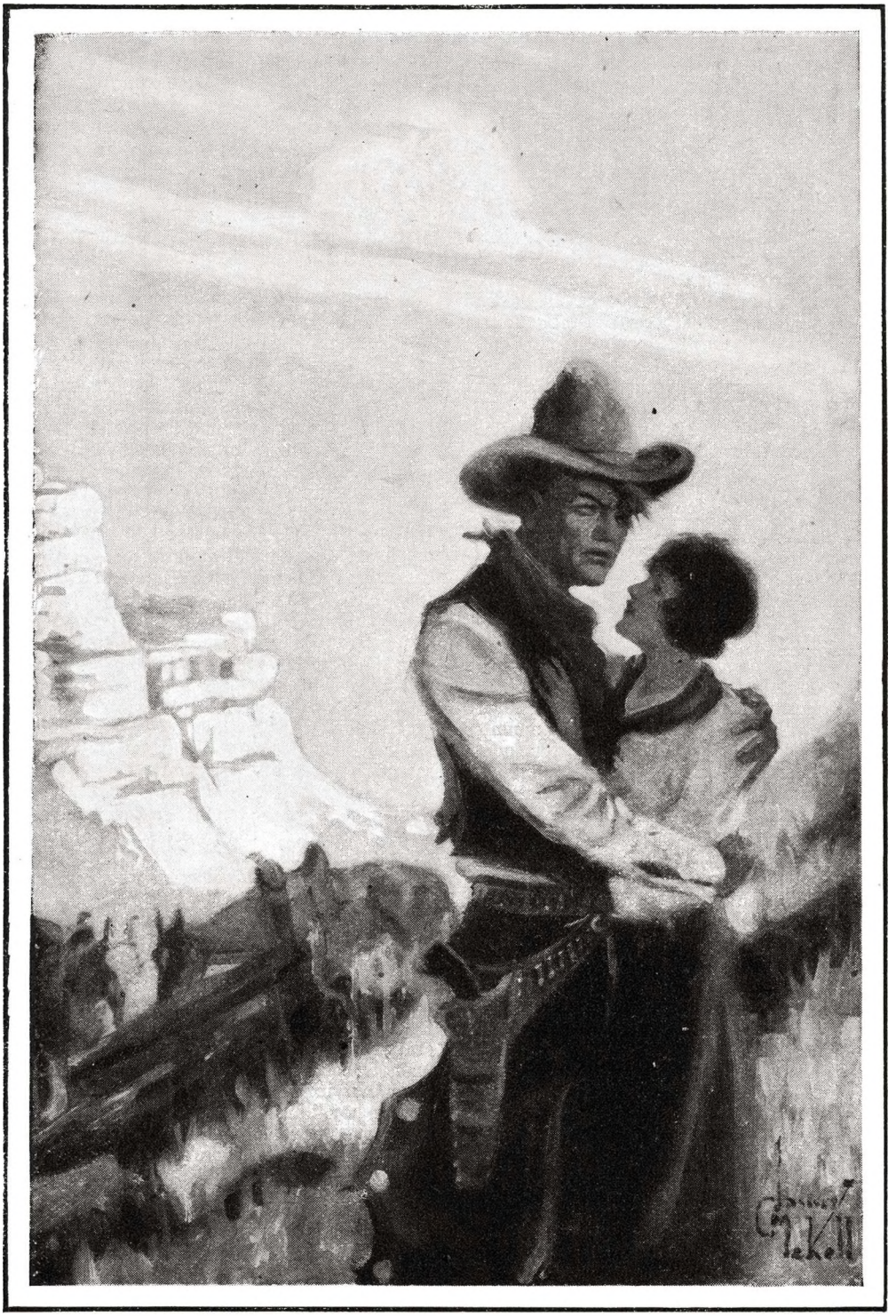
And then Monte described his adventure with Benson and the Apaches; his ride around the range and what he and Jeb Tilton had decided upon. It was a saddened note that Tedmon had in his whistle as he rode away through the timber.

ALL that day Monte rode the grass-land among the widely scattered knots of cattle and by night he had counted nearly forty-five hundred head of all ages. He was jogged along ten miles of the drift-fence, which had been erected to keep the stock from wandering out into the flats in case of storm or fire. Twice he repaired a part of the structure and once he came across a set of branding-irons covered by an old gunny-sack. That night he hung his shirt up as agreed and went to sleep. The next day he followed almost the same routine.

And for two more days he rode without sign of any trouble.

As far as he could see in all directions, from his high position, no moving object met his gaze. This rather affronted his sense of security; he didn't like to stare about a region where nothing stirred.

Toward noon of the third day he went, as agreed, to one of the hidden corrals where he had instructed Jeb to fetch his gelding, and was delighted when he heard the big animal whinny



For some few seconds he stared into her face and then his hand raised to her shoulder and rested there. "Girl," he said, "if they was to hu't you! God! If Benson was to hu't you!"

at his approach. On a top pole of the corral, beside an old hackamore, he found a note from Jeb. It said:

I thot if that note of yourn was good enuf to go as a letter it was alright as a tellegraph. So I sent it and plumb broke myself. I'm jogging up to see the gal from here. And I'll see if she's needing nuthing. JEB.

Monte pulled the missive from the fence, stuck it in a chaps pocket, changed saddles and rode away on the thoroughbred. For the remainder of the day he chatted boyishly to his mount and was just on the point of turning up to the hill where the Twin Owls stood, when off to his right, on a high ridge, he made out two standing wolves. Their very posture interested him immensely. He stopped and surveyed them for several moments and at last determined that they were watching something off to their right. He was to the windward of them and changing position rapidly, soon reached a spot where he saw two horses tied to a cluster of small underbrush.

He dropped from the saddle and wormed his way some distance up the draw to obtain a better look. Rounding a group of heavy yellow-pine he heard a gun and the snarl of a bullet close to his head. Instantly he whirled, put a tree between himself and the hidden rifleman and after a moment darted to another covert. In this fashion he reached his horse, mounted and tore through the big trees at a tremendous speed. Traveling a scant quarter mile he stopped and looked below. Out on the flat he saw the horses he had seen tied to the underbrush tearing west at a full gallop. He strained to make out their riders but a swirl of following dust veiled his vision.

Lulled, for the instant, to a sense of security, by furious actions of the men he was watching, he dismounted, allowed his horse to crop the grass and started slowly down the incline looking for evidence of the ground covered by those who had ambushed him. How long he spent in his examination of that slope he never knew, but when he turned back toward the gelding he saw that the sun was almost set. He hurried, looked for the horse and, fearful lest the sun would go down without his signal, he gave up the quest for the thoroughbred and hurried to the Twin Owls. Just as he was pulling his shirt over his head he caught the golden coat and white mane and tail of his horse flashing in the ruby light of the setting sun. It was galloping furiously out of the timber below him and heading directly for the flat country which lay before the headquarters of the Bell Bar Bell. The next instant he heard a whirr and a rope settled over his body pinning his arms; he was jerked backward and along the cushion of pine needles to a sudden stop among a thick growth of mulberry bushes. As he turned his head he stared into the face of a man he had seen in the saloon at Youpee.

Without delay he was hauled to his feet, disarmed and trussed up, arms behind his back. In this position he was pushed ahead of two men for some distance. Compelled to mount the horse he had left at the corral some miles away and at a word from some one behind him a rider wrapped a hackamore line around the saddle-horn and his captors began a rapid progress through the trees.

Some time later, as the party was crossing from one spur of the range to another, Mile High heard a swift clatter of hoofs behind and turning his head saw a mounted Indian riding up to the scene. There was a swift exchange of inaudible words, an alteration of the route and after an oblique course had been set to the one they had been pursuing, the men stopped within an hour before a group of log cabins.

Here Monte was told to dismount and one of the men opened a door and shoved him roughly inside. He took account of his surroundings at once. This part of the range he had never been through before, but he knew in a general way that he was some twenty miles from the Twin Owls and that he was in what the old timers had told him was the Big Bend country. The river at this point swung in a wide circle directly north.

THE long passage up and down the hills had numbed his arms and he now felt no sensation in them. His first concern was to relieve this condition and after a while he found a jutting edge to the rough chimney in the room and began sawing the rope lashings about his wrists. The action restored circulation and he could feel from the manner in which the rope slipped over the flint slabs that he had started a strand or two. This knowledge gave him hope. In the utter darkness of the room there lay no evidence of what he might do in the event that he could secure the use of his hands.

Suddenly the door opened, after approaching footsteps had warned him from the fireplace, and as a light filled the room he made out the man he had seen in Youpee coming into the cabin carrying a lantern and a tin-plate of food.

"Big boy," he said, "Bert's a-wantin' y'u as his own meat. Otherwise we w'u'dn't a brought y'u so far. Here's some chow an' I'll throw it into y'u with this spoon. Sit down!"

Monte watched his captor as he fed him from the plate and noted that he was tall, slender, rat-faced and sharp-eyed. That face intrigued him greatly; and all through the feeding he kept racking his memory for some face that would enable him to recall where he had seen it. Then he knew.

"Y'u boys never did quite know just why for I wasn't drinkin' any with y'u that time on th' school porch, didja?" he said.

"What school porch?" the other asked.

"I've gotta hand it to y'u for lookin' stupid, but I've done a lotta gradin' in my time an' I never does miss much. Cows, hogs, sheep or men. I knows y'u now an' I won't be forgettin' again, neither. I c'n call dances, too; cain't I?"

"Who sent y'u up in this country?"

"Who wants to know?"

"An' how did y'u get over th' divide past Benson th' other night? Y'u might save yoreself some grief if y'u come clean with us an' throwed in where y'u belong. We knows y'u!"

"Who is me?"

"Y'u're Mile High Monte from Denver an' y'u was th' bird that plugged Al Jason down at Las Cruces a year ago. Al Jason was a pal of Bert's. That oughta make y'u plumb happy."

"Jason was mighty slow on a gun, seems like. Is Benson much faster?"

"We knows y'u self-defensed yoreself outa that jam, but right now, y'u're up ag'in another brand. Y'u're in one snaky-skunk job runnin' round th' country croakin' men at so much a haid."

"Y'u don't call lizards like Jason an' Benson men, do y'u?"

The man struck Monte roughly across the face with the flat of a hand. Somehow, Mile High's first impulse was to lurch out, tied as he was, and try to upset the other man. But he thought better of it and taunted his tormentor further.

"I reckon y'u is part yellow belly to hit a man with his hands tied. What part of Monterey was y'u littered in?"

"Never mind me! But I reckon as soon's th' sun comes up an' y'u gets a taste of Apache medicine y'u is goin' to spit up how y'u beat Benson over that range."

Apache medicine!

A chill swept up and down Mile High's spine. He knew what was meant in that veiled threat. Torture! Apache torture! Possibly he would be staked out in the hot sun, nude, and with arms and legs stretched to widely separated stakes. He had heard that after two hours the agony becomes unbearable to even the strongest wills. Then another sensation swept him. A thrill it was.

His ride had brought the desired result. Why?

He searched the face before him for some vestige of enlightenment. And as he looked he said in exasperation.

"Y'u know there's only one way to cross that range. How c'u'd I get past Bert if he was on th' trail? He left me thirty miles this side th' foot hills. I don't know this country."

"Well, hombre, y'u better do some fast thinkin'; for as soon's Benson arrives y'u is goin' to tell us of that 'air new pass. We gotta get that, an' get it quick."

"Look at me, fella! Does I stack up like a boy y'u hombres c'n skeer? Does I?"

The man stared at Monte for an instant then walked from the shack, pulled the door to and dropped the hasp in place and inserted a wooden fastening through a staple.

By the light of the lantern, left behind, Monte made a minute examination of his prison. The walls were of well-laid logs, closely chinked; the roof was low and of four-inch pole construction overlaid with slabs and these covered with a thick layer of turf; the chimney was of an inside build and reached through a hole cut in the roof; there were no windows. It was a prison, indeed; and it offered small opportunity for escape.

He found a pallet of straw in one corner; a chair and a table stood, together, against an end wall and above these something dully shone. He crossed the room and found the glistening object to be a sulphur-box for the making and dipping of home-made matches.

He backed against it, picked it up and with his fingers opened the lid; the box was filled with the luminous, ghostly sulphur, and it proved to be fresh by taste. He replaced the box on a pole wall-strut and sat down on the chair.

THEN the plan struck him. It seemed to reverberate through his brain as though a whisper had intruded upon his ear. And what was far more vital, it contained the suggestion and quality of feasibility.

It *would* work! He felt exultant! Decision came to him at once. He put out the light, crossed the room and placing his back to the chimney began the see-sawing of his thongs along the flint corner of the fireplace. From a distance came the low murmur of voices and occasionally the stomp, snort or pawing of a horse. He knew, instinctively, that the door to his cabin was being watched. And under this lash he worked fast; feverishly so. And as he labored he laid a plan of defense. *The chair!* In case he was interrupted, after he had freed his hands, and before he had consummated his plan for release, yes!—he'd use the chair!

A strand of the rope snapped; then another and under the strong pull of his powerful forearms he worked the rope a little further and, obtaining a degree more slack, was enabled to bring a larger surface of the hempen cord to the cutting edge of the flint. Soon he had severed one of the bindings and was enabled to pull out a hand, rubbed his arms and wrists and established a normal circulation. Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes went by.

The voices were no longer to be heard and the only audible sound was a slight stirring

some distance from his door. He knew this noise. It came from the moccasined feet of an Apache. Tip-toeing to the door he was enabled, through a small check in the hand-hewn boards, to see the faintest flicker of a light. A campfire! Once it was obscured; the form of a human being had passed between it and the cabin. Now was his time! One guard only!

He moved across the floor, noiselessly, found the can of phosphorus, shook some of the substance into the palm of his hand and using the saliva from his mouth made a thick paste. This he smeared on his face and, in streaks, down his neck. Then he rolled back his shirt and tucked in the edges and high on his breast painted a rough outline of a human heart. Next he smeared the backs of the fingers of his left hand. He heard footsteps stealing to the door and knew an Apache stood listening at the rough panels. He emitted a few low moans, in the strange chant of the Apache mourner. The form left the entrance and hurried away.

Waiting for some little while, Monte sang out, "Get me out of yere, some of y'u fellas. There's something in this place. Get me out." No answer! He extinguished the light.

He stole to the door, placed his lips to the floor crack above the sill and spoke a few gutturals of Chiricahua Apache. The sharp intake of the sentinel's breath evidenced the fact that Monte had been heard. He tried again. And the Indian approached the door. Then—

He lashed about on the floor with his boots, emitted a low strangling throat noise and made half articulate cries as though he were being choked. A hand fumbled at the hasp and slowly the door opened a small bit at a time.

Monte doubled his legs under him, turned up a hideous fire filled face and with a glowing finger pointed at the smouldering shape of a heart on his breast. The door went wide, but the glare from the campfire fell slantwise across the room; Monte sat in a thick darkness along a side wall.

"I am Long Arm. I am the father of him who hides in Tu-Slaw," Mile High said in Apache.

"The father of him called Nana who is in the Terras Mountains?" whispered the Indian.

"You have spoken; but you are a Tonto. I am a Chiricahua. Cibicus, Tontos and Aqua Caliente Apaches are born of the Chu-ga-de-slon-a (centipede)."

"No! The father of the great Nana blames the Tontos; but we did not run away. My father told me his people fought well."

"See! There!" the finger moved along the fiery heart. "There is where the white man's bullet tore and I was killed at night. At night! When the Tontos ran like sheep."

"I know," came the subdued voice of the youthful buck, "you wander forever beneath the earth-father and the happy hunting-ground. Is it not so?"

"I have wandered for thirty years. I was scalped at night."

"Ooooeeeooo!" the man in the door sank with swaying form to the floor and the door swung shut, behind him, on its leather hinges.

"This white Jon-a-chay (meddler) I have killed with my fingers. Feel my fingers! There!" Monte extended a hand.

"Nay! Long Arm!" muttered the Indian. "It is against the law. No Apache may touch a dead-man-come-back. What shall I say to Nana?"

"Tell him the Apache must not drink Tis-win. He must not drink it, I tell you: That much have I learned. All Chiricahuas I have met in traveling the Land-of-no-trails, have told me they were killed at night; because they were Tis-win crazy."

"*Ai!* I, myself, have drank much whisky!"

"It is Tis-win, and is a curse!"

"*Ai!*" the buck had lowered his head, almost to the floor, and was moaning the cry for the dead, "*Oooeee!*" when Monte leaped and fastened both hands about his throat; preventing an outcry. In a short struggle he had turned the Indian on his back and with his blanket bound his arms and wound heavy folds about his head, closing his mouth completely.

Then he arose and cutting up a part of the blanket in long strips, with the Indian's knife, bound the man hand and foot and thoroughly gagged him. He opened the door, stepped outside, picked up a carbine leaning against the cabin wall and walking to the trees, where the horses stood tied, he mounted a saddled pony and moved slowly away; when he reached the ridge above the clearing he headed directly toward the Twin Owls and put his mount over the ground at a dangerous pace.

"MISS MILDRED," shouted Buck Tedmon from the little knoll beside the house, "it's plumb sundown an' Monte ain't there!"

The mistress of the Bell Bar Bell ran to the door.

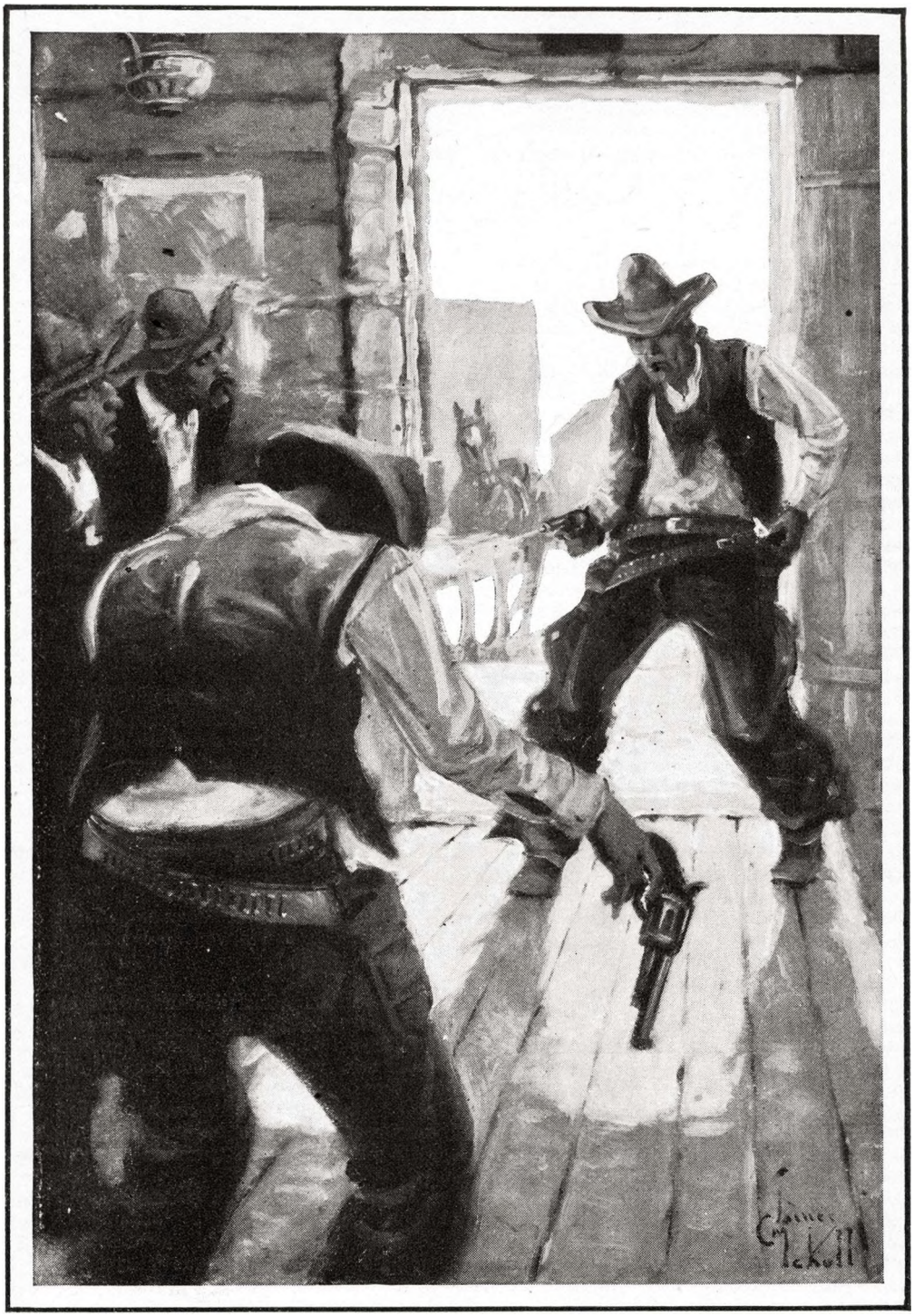
"Are you certain?"

"Ya'as, ma'am, I kept them glasses right on th' tree till th' light failed. But they's something kickin' up th' sand this side. Y'u c'n see it yoreself."

She took the glasses and focusing them on a moving speck of dust in the semi-darkness made out an object which she took to be a horse, without a rider.

"Get my pony," she shouted, "while I change into heavier clothes. And put something to eat in the saddle bags. I'm going out to see what that is coming in."

"Whatta y'u think it is, ma'am?"



So swiftly, the action seemed a blur, Bert's hand flew up, and upon the flash of that unbelievable instant, Mile High's hip spit flame. Bert wheeled and clawed at a shoulder.

"A horse without a rider and I think there is a saddle on it."

"Don't y'u reckon I better go along?"

"Buck!" she shot a look of intense emotion at him, "don't stand there arguing with me; I want my pinto and some grub. I may have to be out all night. And I know this range better than you. Besides, you've got to stay up and help Curly."

The young puncher retreated under her stare to the barn, where he saddled the pony, then took it to the kitchen and stuffed in some food under the saddle-bag flaps. Mildred came out in haste, shoved a carbine into the boot which hung beneath the stirrup-fender, mounted swiftly and rode away toward the approaching horse. An hour later she saw a streak of somber color moving slowly toward her so she reined down her pinto to a walk. Gradually, she approached a tall animal and dismounting stopped until she finally took hold of its bridle lines. One had been torn in two and the other was twisted about a forefoot.

She recognized the saddle as belonging to Mile High but she did not know the horse.

After making a lass-rope hackamore and snubbing its end about her saddle-horn she broke in a trot, for the hills.

When the moon arose she had climbed into the big timber and by the aid of a piece of candle was searching the earth about the dead pine in front of the Twin Owls. Soon she found the spot where Monte had been jerked from his feet and dragged over the earth. The story of his capture lay before her eyes.

When this discovery had been made she blew out the candle, mounted her pony and, leading the gelding, struck straight up the ridge for a high, barren, rock-shelf, where she knew she could see both sides of the spur, and yet, defend herself against attack. Here she loosened the saddles on the horses and waited for daybreak. During the long cold hours of the night, she sat doubled up beneath both saddle-blankets, looking out to the west where the Milky Way dipped down till it fell behind the great range.

Somehow she saw once more the strangely wistful look in Monte's eyes that she had noticed the last time he had ridden away from the ranch. What was it? What made him look so much like a woman? There was a soft glow in his face at times; a mildness that was unbelievably inconsistent with his reputation. "Why, if he is the man they said he was, how in the world could he be sentimental?" Thus she conjured up the fancies as she watched the shooting stars, or listened to the distinct breathing of the forest below. "Could it be," she said aloud, "could it be . . . that he sees something, different, in me? Oh! Monte . . . Monte. . . . "

The daring of the thought drove out the chill night air; and she smiled and kicked her heel softly, unconsciously, against the granite floor of the shelf. The night wore away and the dawn turned the east into a tinge of lilac, and embroidery of incomparable rose and gold and delicate pearl. Then a burst of glorious color drove the night lights pell-mell out of sight and a dazzling brilliancy shot in countless shafts from the rim of the earth. The forest awoke to myriad bird songs and off amid the down-timber there sounded the excited gobbling of wild-turkeys.

Mildred Doon raised herself, shook off the blankets, and, stretching out her arms and flinging back her head, laughed directly into the face of the color maddened east.

"I know now!" she cried aloud, "I know now! You old sun! I saw it just as you bobbed into sight. And you told me the truth—another day *is* born!"

Quickly she saddled the horses, and riding one and leading the other, round down the rocky slope until she came to the trail Monte's captors had made; and along this she followed for more than an hour. Across the pommel of her saddle there tilted the black barrel of a Spencer carbine. And in the depths of the girl's azure eyes there shone the light of the woman who goes to battle the foes of those she loves.

PRESENTLY she came to the spot where the Indian had climbed the ridge and turned into the trail of Monte and his guards. Here she lost some time until she definitely saw the pony tracks pursuing the ones ahead.

She was about to continue along the trail when she heard the loping of a horse coming toward her. She turned suddenly into a tangle of heavy small growth, tied up the horses and clutching her rifle took a position which would command the path of the approaching animal.

Almost before she realized the proximity of the running horse it had dashed out from behind a group of tall pines and bore directly down upon her. She knew that tall stiff form bending so gracefully over the saddle, its arms, rigid and pressed upon the pommel, its legs held full length along the horse's sides. She jumped clear of the shelter of the tree and waving her carbine above her head, shouted, "Monte! Monte!"

The running horse reared, half-turned at the sudden vision of her racing figure, and Mile High jerked it to a halt and leaped, running, to the ground.

"Why, ma'am!" he said in dismay, by way of a greeting, "How come y'u up yere?"

But she made no answer, for she had darted to him and had flung herself with uncontrollable violence into the hollow of his arm. Here, for an instant, she buried her head in the soft folds of his shirt and surrendered to long drawn

sobs of sheerest delight. Then she broke away and stood looking at him, her eyes aflame, a deep scarlet driving a strange pallor from her cheeks.

"What's th' matter, little woman?" he asked. "Has anything happened down at th' Bell Bar Bell, tell me, has thay?"

And then she calmed.

Deep down in the contracted centers of his steel blue eyes she saw a strange flicker of fire. It numbed her. It was like a blast of chill air through a window on a spring day. Instinctively she realized that in his question there lurked a lust for vengeance; a hunger to retaliate for an imagined injury to her.

In that swift, intangible sweep, from eye to eye, there crashed through her the conviction that the man before her, the human being to whom she had fled but an instant before, with every fiber of her being crying aloud for a touch of his person, that this man was, in some of his moods a beast. A forbidding animal who hunted and destroyed others of his kind.

And as she stared into his eyes watching that strange fleck of detestable flame, she saw something sweet and lovely take its place; something that broke into a glory and spread itself over his countenance with more startling effect than a smile, more beautifully peaceful than a look of joy. It was a hunger, also. It compelled her to drop her eyes; for in the woman heart of her she knew that she was watching the same effect on him that she had experienced when the sun jumped over the edge of the world. His universe was tumbling about his ears; a new hour had come.

"No! Monte, nothing has happened to me! Everything is all right. I'm all right, don't you understand? I was worried about you. We did not get the signal and I saw your horse through the glasses and rode out and met it; then I found where they had roped and dragged you. I waited until sun-up and was tracking you when you came upon me so quickly. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Oh!" he said, "come yere!"

She stepped close to him and raised her eyes to his.

For some interminable fractions of time—for a few brief periods of indefinable seconds, he stared into her face and then his hand raised and strayed along her arm to her shoulder and rested there. She felt his fingers caressing her flesh and then the hand dropped.

"Girl," he said, and the word was more like a half-spent murmur than anything else she could think of; and it seemed to die in his throat, even before his lips had framed the sound. "If they was to hu't y'u. God! If Benson was to hu't y'u!"

"What—" she exclaimed—"what is it you mean?"

"Why!" and he crushed her to him and held her breathless against his heaving form, stroking her head the while and moving his broad brown hand tenderly across the thin fabric of her waist where it stretched tightly across her shoulders; then he released her, turned away his face, stretched an arm, weakly, across the seat of his saddle and laid his head upon it in an attitude of utter collapse.

She was too stupified, too completely swept by the surge of her own emotion to have noticed the effect of his excitement, yet, when at last she calmed and saw him bowed in abject mortification, she turned her eyes and gazed down upon the dazzling flats to the west. What she saw aroused her instantly; sent a shiver of fear crashing through her.

"LOOK! Monte! Look out this way! Who are they?" she whispered.

He turned, caught her vision, and discerned a long line of horsemen coming directly toward the hill on which they stood. There were Indians and white men and they were less than half a mile away—Indians and white men and they numbered more than fifty.

"Ma'am, that's Bert Benson, an' he's bringin' his gang. Y'u head back for home, *pronto*. I'm goin' up to West Fork an' wait for th' boys what are comin' down yere to he'p y'u an' me. Y'u mustn't get in this jam! No siree! Y'u amble back an' send word to Jeb; an' tell him where-at I is, now; an' ask him to wrangle up his boys an' hold 'em ready to ride."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. If this danger you are willing to run for me is good enough for you, it's good enough for me. Come on to the horses. I've got that beautiful gold gelding tied down with my pony. Your carbine's there; but a rein is broken."

"But—"

"You did something a moment ago and—"

"Please ma'am, please Miss Doon, I was just plumb carried away, at th' sight of seein' y'u up yere; don't hold that ag'in a fellow like me. I ain't that kind of a Arivaca hog. Forget that won't y'u?"

She smiled and turned away toward the horses.

And he followed her silently.

When they reached the ponies Monte untied them and removing the girl's lass-rope from his gelding's head he looped it and tied it under the front-roll of her saddle. They moved away from the scene Monte leading the horse he had escaped on and Mildred breaking trail down the far slop of the rim.

At nine o'clock they turned up a running branch, and waded the horses in the stream for more than an hour. Then they broke immediately up a steep rock slide and headed diagonally for the group of buildings sometimes used for round-up quarters.

[*Continued on page 154*]

The story of a man who would rather have a flawless emerald than anything else in the world

White Mulberry

by Alan Sullivan

Illustrated by Harry T. Fisk

THE tree stood just opposite the bench on which I was sitting in Kew Gardens. An ordinary kind of tree, except that it had delicate, pointed leaves, and there seemed to be a good deal of space between its branches. I was glancing at it with no particular interest, when I saw his big, broad figure strolling toward me. It looked lonely in the vista down which he moved. He too glanced at the tree, peered at the label that hung round its trunk and stopped, leaning a little forward, hands doubled over his supporting stick. Then I heard him send forth a short grunt.

"*Morus alba*," he said frowning, "I never heard that name for it." He sent me a quick nod. "Know anything about trees?"

"Very little," I said.

He was silent for a while. "Queer how smells and things start one thinking. Ever realize that? Things more than people, and smells more than things."

I agreed. There was nothing in his appearance to rouse one's imagination. A wide and rather pasty face; large, smooth hands, and a big, flaccid body on which his loose tweeds lay in careless folds. His eyes were small and gray-green.

He walked slowly round the tree, and came back.

"Queer how I should have come straight to it. I'll bet there isn't a man in Kew Gardens who feels about a white mulberry as I do. Wouldn't expect that from a chap who runs a grocery shop in Clapham, would you?"

He wanted so obviously to talk that my only thought was to be quiet, agreeable and receptive—at any rate till I knew what was in his mind. There was nothing mysterious about him, or suggestive in his manner—but one can never tell. And I had a whole hour to play with.

"White mulberry," he murmured. "Well I'll be damned!"

I laughed a little.

He pushed a large finger into the bowl of his pipe, struck a match, and sucked with a soft, wet gurgle.

"Twenty-five—no—twenty-six years ago, I lived amongst white mulberries. It was living, mark you," he ruminated, "and not just keeping alive—as I am now. You don't know who I am, and never will. Mind if I talk like this?"

"Not at all. Say what you like."

"All right—that helps. Funny I should come to Kew to say it. Always like that with me; running up against what I didn't expect. What's the good of expecting things anyway? You're generally wrong."

I agreed with his philosophy, and he seemed to unfold himself in jerks. His method of beginning, I took it. Examining him more closely, he did suggest something. But I couldn't tell what.

"Getting back to *Morus alba*," he nodded reminiscently. "That starts a lot of pictures in my brain; pictures that at one time were very fresh, then got glazed over, and now are fresh again. It's the things one's always fingering and touching that get stale, not the ones you put carefully away on the shelf. That tree comes from Asia."

"So the label says."

"It's right enough. That's where I was—north of Burma. Ever been there?"

"No."

"When you get up the Irawadi, if you travel northeast you strike the Shan States. The Mong Hills are there too. I was in those parts trading. Didn't care much what I traded in, either. You get that way, and nothing matters in particular. At least it didn't with me.

All I wanted was to be alive; and, take my word, I was."

I asked something about the people who lived there.

"Well, they're not like the Burmans, who don't kill—anything. It's against the Buddha book. Up in the Shan States they're different. I knocked about for a while, got a few emeralds, then worked along the southern fringes of China."

"You were a long way from civilization," I hazarded.

He shook his big head. "That's where you're wrong. I was in the middle of a civilization much older than ours. What's civilization anyway? Wireless and the cinema? No! I've got a two valve set at my place in Clapham. Had to get it; my wife—understand? And I hate it. Sooner hear a temple bell across a valley any day. The bell I hear now is the cursed thing that rings when you open the shop door. My wife likes that. I'm not complaining. She's all right—as far as she goes. Married?"

"No," I said.

"Well; it doesn't matter. Don't, if you don't have to. Sugar went up a ha'penny a pound this morning, and I got so sick of explaining that I didn't get any more out of it, that I cleared off and came here. Now I've run bang into *Morus alba* and that's started me. Sugar! Hell!"

I waited.

"IT'S a queer country, that south edge of China. You can't tell where China begins, and God knows it never ends. What struck me about the people was that they knew a lot more than they said. They don't like strangers, and they didn't like me. Expect the monks were at the bottom of it. I traded for a while, getting hints every now and then that it would be a good thing for my health if I moved on. I moved, right enough. Do you like emeralds?"

"My favorite stone."

He was silent for a moment, and I noticed that his fingers hunched up in his trouser pocket.

"I love 'em," he said slowly. "Something in that green I can't resist. I'd sooner own a really good stone, and keep it, for myself, than anything in the world. That country I speak of is a great place for 'em. The rich merchants love 'em too. They have their own private gravel washings in the hills, and draw a dead line round the spot. Get inside that, and—well—you don't get out. I could understand that, and respected them for it. But it made me keener than ever. There was one chap, Peng Yung, who was said to have more emeralds than any one else in the district. He never sold one. Used to play with 'em, they told me, and let 'em drip through his fingers. I met him after a while, and the minute he saw me he knew what I was there for. Could tell that by the way he smiled."

"So you were warned by these Chinese to move on?"

"Yes; later. Peng Yung was in silk, and used to send out bales of cocoons. Had acres of white mulberries. I was talking with him one day, making the best I could of the lingo, and saying nothing about what interested me most—and he knew that, when I saw a pair of black eyes looking through a screen behind him. There was no mistaking what they said. No mistake at all."

"His daughter?"

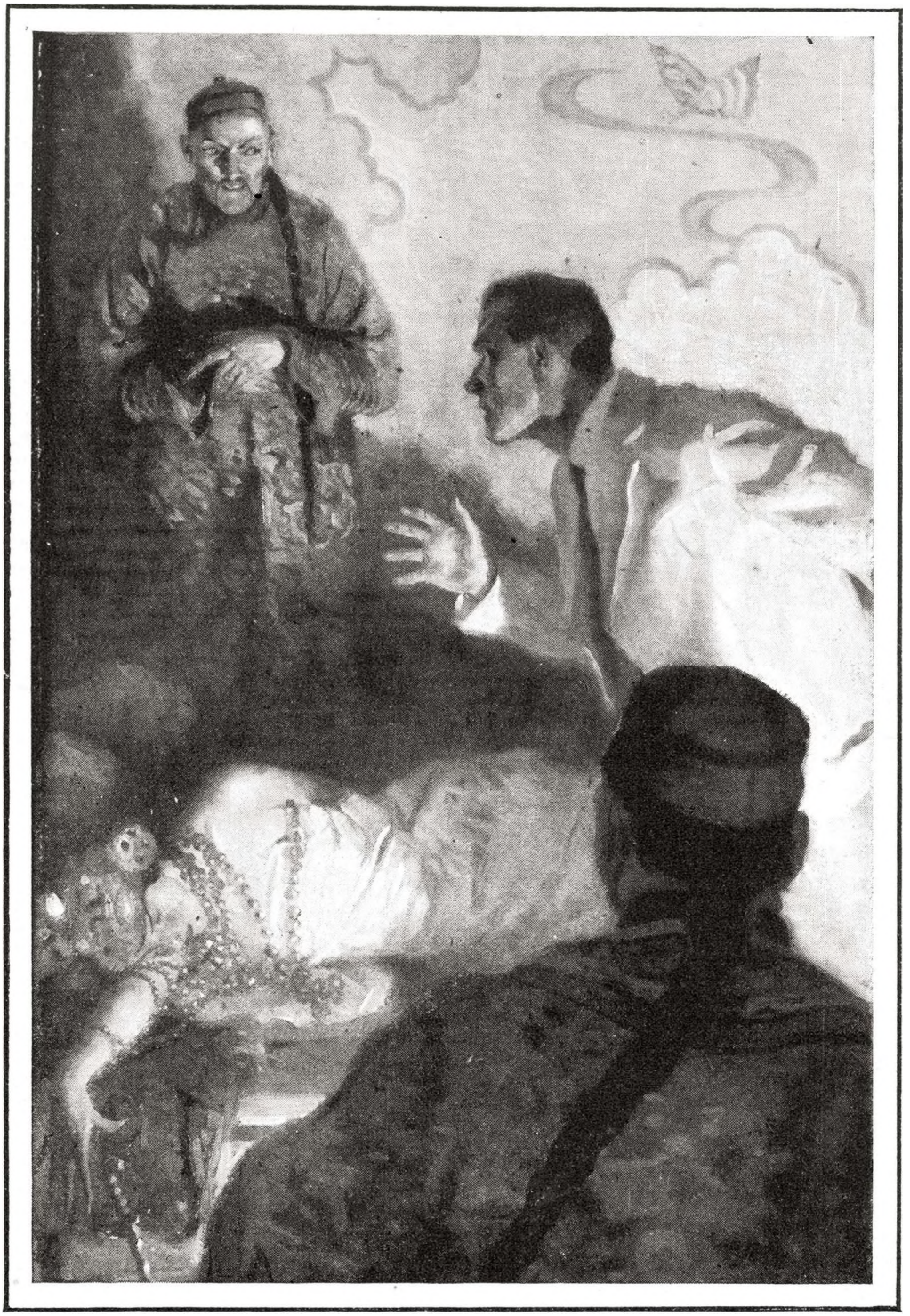
"Yes: Laknee—only child—the thing he loved most next to emeralds. I didn't find out her name till afterwards. It seems he kept her pretty well shut up, and was going to marry her to another silk merchant whose plantation adjoined his own. Man about the same age as himself. Sort of trade arrangement, I made it. But Laknee wasn't having any if she could help it. I lived in a sort of rest-house then on the edge of the town. Plantations on the hillside further up. One day when I was sitting under a tree—*Morus alba*—a woman passed, looked at me over her shoulder, and made a sign to follow."

"A bit risky, wasn't it?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose so; but who cared? Everything was risky in that country. Anyway, I did follow, and presently came to a little, hidden glen that ran near the plantation. There was a stream at the bottom, and Laknee was beside the stream. Then the thing started."

He broke off, scraped out his pipe, refilled and slid it into his pocket. I reckoned that tobacco had no taste at the moment. The action was so simple that I found it oddly significant and impressive. I felt convinced that he did not talk this way in his own Clapham.

"Not much use in telling you about the next few days," the large, quiet voice went on. "I was thirty, and single, and my blood was hot. Laknee was full of a sort of cool fire that—well—sent me crazy. We couldn't really talk very much; but that, you understand, wasn't necessary. She wasn't yellow like her father, but a pale cream color, with eyes like black sloes. She dressed like a nosegay. Small hands and feet; and a round, little neck that ran into her shoulders as water runs out of a jug. Black hair—black as night, and always perfectly done. Almond pink finger nails. Proud, too. Didn't throw herself at me, but often used to sit, staring and wondering, till I thought she was a heathen goddess of beauty and felt afraid to touch her. Gradually I learned that she was trying to think how it could be arranged."



"I only knew that there was a flash of something, and a little cry. She lurched forward and lay still. Then a sort of gasping whisper of 'Harree! Harree!'"

"What could be arranged?" I asked him.

"The get-a-way. You know she hadn't given herself to me completely, as many a girl would have done. Too proud! She couldn't, till we were out of the place, and on our own. I loved her all the more for that." He wagged his head thoughtfully. "In a general sort of way she gave me the impression that there were a lot of things behind her; like tradition and wisdom and experience—and a sort of code. You see she had good blood—old blood—and was an aristocrat. I was only a trader. Funny to feel like that about a heathen girl." He swung his body on the hard seat, thus facing me. "What is a heathen anyway? Damned if I know—and I've seen a lot of 'em."

I hesitated. "Putting it that way, I'm not quite sure."

"My conclusion told. We think we know it all, don't we; but, by God, when I compare Laknee with a lot of people in Clapham, I begin to see what makes a heathen. Wait till you get the rest of it and you'll understand. Not fed up, are you?"

"Anything but that."

"WELL," he continued, "I knew the thing couldn't last long. I wondered a good deal how she dared to meet me there as she did, and discovered that her personal servants—who worshipped her—acted as outposts. I didn't see them. I went to the house on my own once or twice to meet her father and show I wasn't afraid of him. Queer thing to feel a Chinaman's eyes on you and know what he's thinking about—which is cutting your throat some convenient night—and drink tea with him, tea worth a pound an ounce, out of lacquer cups that hold as much as a fat woman's thimble—and know as well that the girl you ache for is somewhere close at hand, and invisible. All I could do was try and bluff it through. Then, one day, she told me that the get-a-way was arranged. It would be with a caravan taking out cocoons. Disguise and all. She had everything fixed."

"In what direction was the caravan going? Do you know?"

"Through southern China, as I made it, toward Tientsin. Weeks on the road. She was more excited than I had ever seen her, then broke down and cried like a child in my arms. Presently she kissed me, and took out a little silk sack that hung by a thread round her neck. As soon as I touched it, I knew what was in it."

"What?"

"Emeralds! I thought I had seen good stones before, but I hadn't. You know the green, sea green, water green, of a kind that makes the smallest gem look a mile deep. She spilled them into my hand, laughing and crying, telling me that I wasn't a poor man any longer. I don't know how many fortunes were in my palm that minute, but did know it would hurt like hell to sell even the smallest of them. I had picked that up—you may have noticed that the man who understands gems doesn't select the biggest to admire first—when I heard a sort of chuckle close behind us. It was Peng Yung!"

He broke off again, his eyes half closed; then went on, talking as though to the point of his stick which he had pushed gently into the earth.

"The thing that got me was his face. It was blank. It expressed nothing whatever—nothing angry or savage or vindictive. If you can imagine a sort of oriental automaton designed for the purpose of carrying out some regulation or other, that had no blood or pulse or anything except what I can only call 'purpose,' and which automatically does something or other when the regulation is broken—then you get somewhere near what Peng Yung looked like that minute. I couldn't speak and stared from him to the girl. All of a sudden she was a thousand years old. Her flesh, and the fiber of her, were dead white, and seemed to be queerly changed. Her eyes were older even than that, with nothing in them but emptiness. The only sound was the wind in the mulberry trees." He glanced at *Morus alba*. "I'm glad there's no wind today."

"What happened then?" I didn't want to get excited. It certainly wouldn't have suited the hour.

"Peng Yung held out his hand, fingers bent up in a curve. A lean, dry, yellow hand. His nails projected more than an inch. Narrow, pointed nails, color of dirty milk. I tipped in the emeralds, but managed to keep that smallest one jammed between my first and second fingers. Peng Yung waited a second, then took out a sort of Malay creese, put the point of it very delicately between my fingers, and turned it. The stone fell out. Even then he said nothing. Just made a gesture, at which we got up and followed him. What else could we do? Laknee kept the little sack. And Peng hadn't spoken yet.

"We passed a lot of town people on the way to his house. They didn't seem interested. I took it they felt it wiser. When we got there—you can see there was nothing to do but go—and I wouldn't have left Laknee anyway—the girl disappeared, and her father bowed me into a room I'd not seen before. Then he, too, went off. I tried the door. It was fastened on the outside. One window in the outer wall looked into a court where there were half a dozen ruffians lounging about, and I let it go at that. You'll never guess what happened next."

"Tell me," I said.

"For twenty-four hours—that is till evening

of the following day—I was treated like an honored guest. The place seemed full of servants who had nothing to do except look after me—a down and out trader. At the end of it, a young Chinaman, who spoke good English, came and said I was to dine with Peng Yung. He brought a white linen suit with a Shanghai label, shaved me, and presently led the way out. I followed. You see I couldn't do anything else. Could I?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Peng was sitting on the floor, another man about the same age beside him. Same type of face, but uglier. Same eyes that didn't say anything. We all bowed, and the infernal meal began. It lasted more than an hour. Chopsticks, you know. Don't remember what we ate, but it choked me. Thing I listened for was Laknee. I got the beastly idea that perhaps she was being punished close at hand while I was being fed for a starter, and I might hear her scream any minute. That was the sort of proceeding that might easily occur to a man like Peng. But not a sound; and, all the time, not a word. I took it the other man was Lee Sim, the other silk merchant to whom Laknee was promised. I was right. He had a round face, with scattered black hairs on chin and lips; hairs that stood on end like a pig bristle. He looked at me with sort of contemptuous curiosity; wondering, I suppose, why the girl preferred me to himself. The thing got me on edge, all right. You see I didn't expect to live very long."

"Well," I said with a smile, "you've twenty-five years to the good so far. That's something."

He frowned a little. "Perhaps—and again perhaps it isn't. Depends what's in those years. If you handled prunes and lard you might feel differently. I can't reckon time by the pound. Where was I?"

"You were at dinner."

"Yes, that's it. When the floor was clear, Peng clapped his hands, and there came in the man who had shaved me. Peng talked to him for a while in a lingo I didn't get, and Sim Lee listened with a satisfied kind of smile, nodding like a damned image with a hinge in its neck. You see 'em along the Strand, outside Charing Cross. He got more of a pig every minute. Then Peng shut up, waved a hand at me, and the man began to speak. Perfect English, he used; sight better than I'm using now. A young man not more than thirty, I should guess—though it's hard to tell about an Oriental. I reckoned he must have been at some university over here. He certainly was educated.

"'I am to tell you,' he said, 'that Peng Yung has decided on your punishment. You have tried to steal his daughter. He could have you lashed or tortured or killed, but it will not be any of these. He says that being young and very ignorant, he has no desire to hurt your body; also that the body heals itself, so that by and by the thing is forgotten. Therefore he will punish your mind, because it is only the thoughts of a man that can go on hurting him. So he will imprint on your mind a picture that will never leave it. This you will now see. If you speak, or attempt to interfere, it will mean death. He puts your life in your own hand. Also when you leave this place you will say nothing to anyone. Peng has a long arm. It is always well to remember that.'

"Peng clapped his hands, and a curtain that hung over one end of the room fell down, and there was Laknee, sitting like an image on a pile of cushions. Her shoulders and breast were bare, and festooned with strings of emeralds. There was a big cabouchon the size of a hazel nut at her throat. I could see it quiver with the beat of her pulse. Her hair was wonderful, brows blackened, and her eyes like great, sad stars were looking straight at me. It was enough to send a man mad, till I caught in them something that said I must try and understand, and for her sake see the thing through. I stared at Sim Lee, wondering how long it would take to choke him. The thought of beauty like hers being turned over to that pig burned like a slow fire. I began to see what Peng meant by punishing the mind. He was right enough.

"IT WOULDN'T have been so bad if it were just the ordinary thing between Laknee and me. But it wasn't. It was as though she had come down through the centuries to me, and I had gone back through centuries to meet her. We had respected as well as loved each other. It wasn't just our bodies by any means. A lot more than that. Does that seem possible—now—as you sit there?"

"Yes," I said, "perfectly possible. Perfectly possible."

"That's all right—and *Morus alba* hasn't switched me onto the wrong track. Anyway, it's true. Then the ceremony began. Marriage—I mean. Lots of things I didn't understand, and incense. She went through, never once taking her eyes off me. And not a single word. By this time Sim Lee seemed to have forgotten all about me, and looked at her with the eyes of a hungry animal. Perhaps he did that for my benefit. God! How I felt! The last thing she did was to kneel at his feet. I read 'good-by' in her eyes, and she turned her head away."

He broke off, chokily. His cheeks had become mottled, and new wrinkles came out, like little dry cuts in his skin. Presently he stared hard at *Morus alba*.

"It was while she kneeled that she did it.

I only knew that there was a flash of something, and a little cry. She lurched forward and lay still. Then a sort of gasping whisper of 'Harree! Harree!'—which was as near as she ever got to my name. The emeralds beside her left breast were scarlet—like rubies they were."

"Dead?" I said, startled.

"She never moved again. I went mad. Don't know what happened, but I did reach Sim Lee's throat, though I was dragged off in the next second. All I can remember is that I smelled something queer and sweet close to my face, and felt tired and sleepy. It was broad daylight when I woke up, and the interpreter was standing beside me. 'We start now,' he said. That's all. Never saw Peng or Sim Lee again. Interpreter kept me moving until the Irawadi was in sight, and I caught a river boat, deck passenger to Rangoon. As I stepped on board he took me by the arm. 'Peng Yung's message to you,' he said, 'is to keep the picture bright. And lest it fade I am to give you this.' He put something in my hand, then he started back for the Mong Hills."

"What was it?" I asked.

"I'm coming to that. I didn't light out for home at once, but drifted about, trying to forget. Well—I couldn't. 'Harree! Harree!' I heard it night and day. Women—yes, there were women enough, but that didn't alter it. You can't sidestep when you've seen the one you wanted most of all as I saw Laknee. Peng was right. I don't know yet whether he expected what happened. It's possible he did. You can't tell. But I do know that he punished my brain. He's been at it ever since. That's why I married."

I marveled at his lack of reserve. "You mean as a sort of refuge?"

"In one way, yes; but not altogether. I reckoned that marriage with a certain kind of woman might make me forget my brain. I wouldn't need it. That, and some sort of business where one day was just like another. There wasn't any difficulty in finding the woman, and I got the business cheap. My God, I've been selling butter for twenty years. After a while I did forget—a little. Brain got stiff and mossy. That comes from keeping alive without really living."

"Does your wife know all about this?" I hazarded.

"Not she. Wouldn't understand if she did. She's all right, you know, and I'm not complaining. I knew what I was getting, and I'd have gone mad if I'd drifted about any longer. Now I'm as sane as you are. See that for yourself. But this morning, as I told you, I had to come here; and, as you know, tumbled straight onto *Morus alba*. That started me off. Queer to talk to a stranger as I have to you; but then most things are queer if you think about 'em long enough. Look at a printed word you know well for a minute or so, and I'll bet you'll decide it's out of spelling."

"Perhaps you're right there. By the way, you didn't tell me what the interpreter gave you."

"Oh—that!" He felt in his pocket, and drew out a small, green stone. "It's the emerald—the one Peng spotted between my fingers. He knew I couldn't sell it because of Laknee. It was to remind me of her—and it has. My wife thinks it's glass. That's the sort of woman she is. But, as I said, I'm not complaining." He glanced over his shoulder at a man some two hundred yards away who was walking in our direction. Then a hard look at the tree. "White mulberry is *Morus alba!* Who'd have thought it? Hope I haven't bored you. Good day."

I STOOD puzzled. I happened to know a good deal about emeralds, and the one he showed me was worth a thousand pounds at the least. That—in the pocket of a Clapham grocer! Incredible!

I thought otherwise a month later. Something took me to Clapham where I was hunting up a property record, and walking through one of the dingy streets of that human warren, I discovered my friend of Kew—doing business. The gas was on, and his wide, pasty face glimmered provocatively through the shop window. I hesitated, and went in. He was shoveling currants out of a sticky barrel. His customer, a cylindrical woman, swathed in a tartan shawl, watched him suspiciously.

Presently she departed, and he looked at me with dawning recognition.

"Well," I said, by way of starting a conversation, "how goes it?"

He grunted. "It's lard now. Up a ha'penny yesterday."

I expressed my sympathy. "Look here," I went on, "would you mind showing me that—"

A door creaked at the rear of the shop. Entered another woman, whom, at a glance, I knew to be his wife: a large, cow-like, lethargic woman with an amplitude of bosom. Her face was bland, but beneath its massive contours was suggested something that might be terrible, if roused. Obviously one of those whom it is most wise to humor. She settled herself on a stool, and began to knit. Authority was in every click.

My friend wheeled, with his back to her, and, laying a thick finger against his heavy lip, shot me one swift, imperative signal. I looked again—and understood.

"A pound of your best lard," I said, "if you please."

The Owl Wagon de Luxe

Nowadays it's called the dinner-car and competes successfully with restaurants. Counter-men go to school to learn how to serve "ham and" and tidy fortunes are made by wagon proprietors

by McAlister Coleman

FORTY years ago Patrick J. Tierney sought shelter from a storm in Worcester, Mass., inside the great granddaddy of all "dog" wagons, which was no more than a portable counter for serving sandwiches and coffee. Every night its owner would harness up his horse and drive down to a vacant lot past which workmen were wont to go. Now the Tierney family dominates an industry devoted solely to the manufacture of modern vehicular restaurants.

"I BEG pardon, sir, but what was your order?"

My mouth opened wide with astonishment as I stared at the speaker. I had bustled into the lunch wagon (for that was what I had called it in my innocence), clambered up on a stool and mumbled my order for "Hamburger and—" just as in the dear, dead days before the war I was wont to do as a cub reporter. And here, in place of the sloppy counterman of yore, was a clean-cut youngster in a spotless white coat "sir-ing" me and begging my pardon. I finally concluded that he was a college boy working his way to a higher education via the lunch wagon route and went on with my meal. But all the time I had a vague feeling that there had been a revolution in the lunch wagon world, that somehow everything about the place had been spruced up and freshened. I noted the tiling on the floor, the sheen of the copper urns, the deft efficiency with which the counter crew served their customers. And then I noticed the customers themselves, listened in on their talk and decided at length that lunch wagons must be coming up in the world. The very term itself hardly applied to this dazzling restaurant on wheels in which I sat.

It was some time later that I found that the term "lunch wagon" has been officially abandoned by the trade and that the more elegant "dinner-car" has taken its place. Little by little I picked up the traces of the Dinner-car Revolutionists until at length I came upon their headquarters a mile outside of the suburban town of New Rochelle, N. Y. There in the factory of P. J. Tierney Sons, with great banging and clattering, a crew of workers were turning out the huge, tiled, steel-jacketed cars that are so rapidly driving the antique "owl wagons" from the streets of our cities. Four cars were being built at once inside the workshop and outside stood a monster just completed, a fourteen by forty foot beauty, one of the largest dinner-cars in the world, starting on its trip to a Mid-Western city under the auspices of a ten-ton towing truck.

My eyes opened again when I learned that the average cost of such a car is $7,500 and that some dinner-car operators make annual profits of as much as $15,000 a year. Almost overnight a new industry has come into being. When you can refuse an offer of $40,000 for your dinner-car business as an ex-policeman did over in New Jersey the other day, you may exhibit with pride your certificate of membership in the "National Association of Lunch Car Owners" and talk service and vision with the best of the Rotarians.

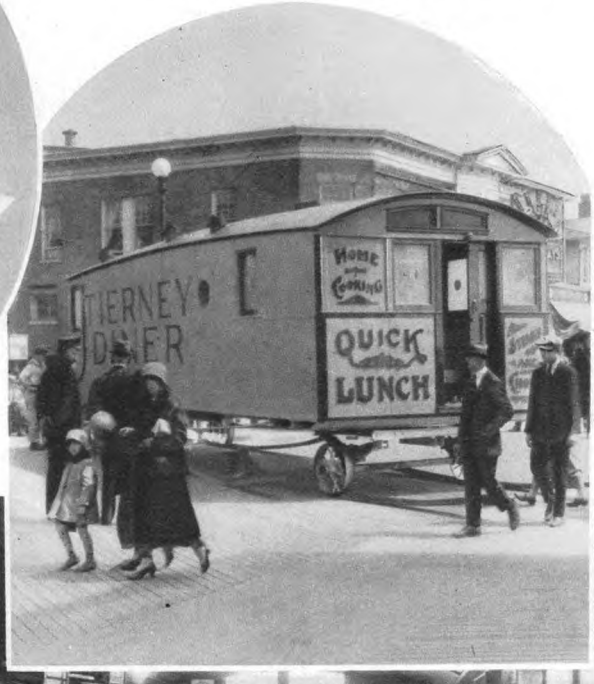
It was a family of Americans of Irish descent who first unharnessed the decrepit nags from the traces of the owl wagons of old and gave the dinner-car its place in the lists of American industry. Some forty years ago, Patrick J. Tierney, a youngster from New Rochelle, sought shelter from a storm in Worcester, Massachusetts, inside a contraption that was a distinct novelty to the New Englanders of those days. It was the great granddaddy of all "dog" wagons, this Worcester affair, no more than a portable counter over which sandwiches and coffee were sold. Every night its owner would harness up his horse and drive down to a vacant lot past which workers were wont to go. Midnight would see his Cinderella-like disappearance.

There was something in the idea that captured the imagination of the young New Yorker and he went back to New Rochelle to start a

[*Continued on page 162*]

The factory turns out four assembled cars at a time.

E. J. Tierney and his brother are building a new American industry.



The smoke-filled lunch-wagon of former times has given way to the de luxe "dinner jacket" dining-car like this one on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. The Tierneys, who fathered the business from the first, have trained three-fourths of the proprietors of dinner cars in the country

Wesley L. Smith

A mail plane soaring over the small lakes on the snow-capped Sierras.

Kenneth R. Unger

Randolph G. Page

Harold T. Lewis

Claire K. Vance

Rexford B. Levisse

H. A. Collison

Uncle Sam's pilots are the shock troops of the air mail service. The routes of these young men are links in the system whereby coast-to-coast delivery is made in thirty-two hours.

Aces *of the* Air Mail

Fifty fearless riders of the air are flying night and day over regular routes on schedule time from coast to coast. Night flying has added to the hazards of the most picturesque department of the postal service

by Samuel Taylor Moore

THERE are no better cross-country pilots in the world than the young men responsible for the delivery of mail between New York and San Francisco in thirty-two hours. All are war fliers. Some have flown as much as two hundred thousand miles in the service. They are heirs to the romantic tradition of the pony express riders and enact new pages of heroism and devotion to duty in doing their hundred miles an hour in all kinds of weather.

A LEAN and agitated theatrical press agent burst breathlessly into Room 305 in the New York Central Post Office, headquarters of the Air Mail.

"Who's the big guy here?" he demanded. "I got a whirlwind-of-a-stunt. 'The Primrose Path' is openin' Monday with Tessie Twinkletoes. The lay is this: I plant a story that Tessie has quit the leading rôle on account of her favorite aunt's dying in Chicago. The aunt gets well too late for Tess to get back by train for the openin'. What to do? She can't disappoint her public. In steps the good ol' U. S. Air Mail. You busts all records flyin' her here to beat the curtain. Bulletins all the way, cameramen, reporters—why say, you can't miss page one on every newspaper in New York."

The face of the breezy youth fell as he noted that his enthusiasm had not proved contagious. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Afraid Miss Twinkletoes won't go through?"

Patiently it was explained that the United States Air Mail is a business service, not an adjunct to imaginative publicity men. Disillusioned and quite crestfallen, the nervy one departed.

This illustrates a conception of the air mail held by many people. They cannot disassociate any phase of flying from the category of "circus stuff." They cannot visualize the airplane as a reliable vehicle of commerce. A large problem confronting air mail executives is that of implanting in prospective patrons the idea that the service is not a temporary novelty like a county fair attraction, but a permanent and expanding institution, the nucleus of a revolutionary advance in transportation.

Two unusual pieces of "mail matter" were recently offered for air post on the West Coast. One was a canine star of the movies. The other was a jovial San Franciscan, Chester Weaver. He attached to his somewhat corpulent person a sheaf of postage stamps at the transcontinental rate of twenty-four cents an ounce and seriously "posted" himself, addressed to New York.

Consternation among the postal employees! Frantic telegrams to the Postmaster-General in Washington! Back came the edict, no live stock, either human or animal.

Such are the diverting incidents of air mail pioneering!

It is night flying that has made the present transcontinental airway since July 1, 1924 the cynosure of air experts the world over. The man responsible for the system whereby letters and packages are whisked across the continent in thirty-two hours is the former Second Assistant Postmaster-General Paul Henderson, late lieutenant-colonel of ordnance in the American Expeditionary Forces and for years a successful Chicago contractor. He went ahead and perfected an illuminated airway in the face of expert opinion that it couldn't be done. So successful proved the original night airway between Chicago and Cheyenne, Wyoming, that it has been extended a thousand miles. An overnight mail service was inaugurated this July between New York and Chicago. Letters posted at the close of the business day in Manhatten and Philadelphia are on the desks of Chicago executives the following morning.

More recently Colonel Henderson has been aiding prospective mail contractors to organize independent extensions of this main airway. He is a tireless worker and a happy type of executive, brisk but not brusk, granting authority commensurate with responsibilities and in turn accepting nothing but results. This is

the spirit in which the air mail will continue since his departure August 1, to become general manager of the new ten-million-dollar National Air Transport Company which starts this fall carrying express from New York to Chicago.

The illuminated airway is a proved success, but it is subject to imperfections through acts of God, human and mechanical weaknesses. Frequently last winter the five-thousand candlepower routing lights winking from the ground every three miles of the night flying route were hidden by snowdrifts. Impenetrable fog curtains and hissing white snows often hide the larger beacons, sometimes even the half-billion candlepower flood beams at terminals.

So in the final analysis it is the pilots who are the shock troops of the air mail. And fortunately there are no better cross-country pilots in the world than these men. All are war fliers, but even after such extensive training it is a fixed tradition that it takes two years of regularly scheduled flights to develop that sixth sense, an intuitive presentiment of hazard, in weather, motor or from the ground below that makes an expert mail pilot. There is no such thing as a "type" of mail pilot. Short, tall, merry, reserved, silent, loquacious—take your choice among the half-hundred fliers. There may be something vaguely similar in a certain expression of the eyes—that is all.

The Men Who Made the Service

The fine *esprit de corps* of the air mail personnel, drudging ground forces as well as flyers, is due primarily to a short, stout, slow-spoken man with a hearty deep-throated chuckle. Carl F. Egge, general superintendent of the air mail with headquarters at Omaha is the contact man whose spirit pervades the organization. A veteran of thirty-five years with the mails, a former inspector, Mr. Egge knows exactly how to handle pilots and ground men alike. He is a disciplinarian of the parental rather than the military school, and the fact that he flies over the airway whenever possible on his frequent tours of inspection endears him as the daddy of the pilots. It is a vast organization, this air mail, with a sizable construction and repair depot at Maywood Field, Chicago; three division superintendents, fifteen field managers, as many mechanical or service crews and beacon tenders stationed at terminals and fields.

Recently I flew from Mineola, Long Island, to the Presidio of San Francisco over the United States Mail Airway. I made the journey in an army airplane and we flew only in daylight hours. We had no fixed schedule to adhere to. We could defer to exceptionally bad weather which is something mail pilots seldom do. Otherwise we experienced just about what they do and we got to know them pretty well. So I may describe authoritatively some of the pilots who fly the mails and the bird's-eye view each encounters on his particular relay. Imagine yourself about to make such a flight.

Pilot Wesley L. Smith is handling the joy-stick as we bundle into the mail compartment of our plane for the first relay. He is thick-set, dark, with bushy mustache and he doesn't like to wear the cumbersome parachute pack prescribed by regulations. Indeed, resentment against the parachute edict is a characteristic of almost all mail pilots. Had we met Pilot Smith socially we might have prevailed upon him to sing for he is a vocalist of more than ordinary ability. I must caution you not to "crack wise" with Smith. He's sure to resent any attempted humor at his expense. Is he experienced? Well in the first place, no aviator can hope to fly a mail plane who hasn't spent at least five hundred hours piloting De-Haviland Airplanes. And since Smith joined the service back in 1919 he has flown more than 225,000 miles, chiefly over the inhospitable Alleghany Mountains. Mrs. Smith waves good-by as we roar across the field and lift easily in a long sweep up to two thousand feet.

The early dawn reveals below a section of New York's most exclusive suburbia, Garden City. Towers and the red-tiled roofs of spacious homes penetrate the foliage, then a few green fields flash below. Early traffic dots the criss-cross of highways, the oval of Belmont Park, then scattered dwellings slide past.

Democratic suburbia is now beneath our wings, Jamaica and East New York, row upon row of crowded dwellings. Factory roofs mark Long Island City. Islands in the East River, dotted by municipal institutions mark the asylums for a great city's unfortunates. Through the early mists Manhattan skyscrapers poke their tops like a mess of crazy chimney stacks. Here and there the sun flashes on a white pinnacle or a column of steam. Over the North River we look down on puffing tugs, clumsy barges, freighters and ocean grayhounds, looking like toys in a brook. Wharves in queer geometric protrusions fringe the water's edge.

A narrow band of gray ribbon with two processions of tiny-black bugs moving in either direction—those are autos on the Palisades boulevard—then the marshes crossmarked with a net-work of black threads from which smoke curls indicate commuters rushing to a busy day in the big city.

More suburbia flashes by, towns and villages, country clubs with bunkers like ugly wounds in the greensward. Now we have come over the lake country, truck farms, cottages half-hidden in the foliage along the shore, sailboats and canoes on the surface.

Ahead looms a billowing green sea of wooded, inhospitable mountain ridges. Haze lingers in the valleys. It is the anthracite country, a hodge-podge of railroad tracks with long freight trains like crawling black snakes. Ugly red culleries

Loading a plane for the west at the Fort Crook field in Omaha. Through most seasons of the year the relay from Omaha to Cheyenne is covered at night, but the half-billion candle-power flood lights illuminate the terminal fields as brilliantly as the sun. Even these powerful lights are sometimes obscured by snow drifts driven by the fierce winds that sweep over the plains from the Rocky Mountains.

rear beside giant culm banks, waste from old mines now being culled for fuel. There are occasional mountain-side farms, less occasionally drab mining villages. Where ridges have been stripped for coal the mountain chains suggest a giant green mackerel with its backbone removed. We glance down at a white circle in a valley by a village. A moment later we land at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, our first stop. We are almost across the Alleghanies. There is time to smoke a cigaret and stretch one's legs while our plane is being serviced, a welcome intermission after more than two solid hours of flight.

As we rise again you will note that limestone quarries have replaced the coal mines. The foliage thins, with wandering sluggish streams of red. In the woods, secure from terrestrial observation on a hilltop, is a giant steam kettle. Moonshiners are at work on corn liquor for the workers in the city by the riverside to the right. Ohio farms roll by, cornfields, potato patches, farmhands at work, the inevitable small boy with dog at heels, busy farm wives waving a greeting from their washtubs, cattle, horses, chickens. Highways are hardly less busy than in the city with trucks and pleasure cars. Speeding trains are interspersed with slower lines of red freight cars.

Under a canopy of smudge looms up the wide expanse of a city, belching smoke stacks, factory roofs, residences in well ordered squares on the outskirts, congested nearer the center—Cleveland. We land on a narrow oblong field. While the mail pouches are being transferred to our second plane we may bid good-by to Pilot Smith and meet our new aërial chauffeur, Pilot J. D. Hill. Tall, thin, serious, Hill is a comparative newcomer in the service. He has flown 30,000 miles since he joined the air mail in January, 1924. He is somewhat older than the average pilot, about forty. For many years he was distributor of Curtiss airplanes in the Northwest, a veteran flyer.

We clamber back into our 'plane and head out over the blue of Lake Erie. Ore ships and whalebacks are heading for the breakwater. We race along over other slow-moving ships, then flit back over terra firma, spacious orchards, farmlands, low and level. Two hours of this with a brief pause at Bryan, Ohio. In the winter it is dark when Pilot Hill rises once more and lays his course by the illuminations along the airway until the red glow of blast furnaces at Gary reflecting against the sky contrasts with the bright yellow of Chicago's Loop district lights beyond. But in summer and when days are long a pleasant countryside flits below his wings for another hour, farming country interspersed with bustling cities and somnolent towns. Then another pall appears on the horizon; first a forest of smokestacks, Gary; then a field of giant mushrooms, acres of oil tanks at Hammond. Tall buildings silhouette to northward Chicago's Loop. An unlovely odor permeates the air. Below are the stockyards. This is quite the same in all seasons. Tenements and bungalows line traffic congested

streets. We swoop down on Maywood Field.

A grandnephew of a distinguished American ambassador, Walter Hines Page, is our third pilot, Russell G. Page, tall, slender, humorous, with a fascinating Southern drawl. He has been an air-mail pilot from the days when a route from New York to Washington was considered a wild-eyed gamble with the powers of darkness. Former chief-test pilot, he has volunteered for much uncertain experimental flying. For a time he was the only bearded pilot in the service. We have no right to pry into the domestic affairs of any flying public servant, yet the story of Pilot Page's flowing whiskers is a classic of the air mail. Like countless others before him, Mr. Page opposed a projected bobbing of wifely tresses. It was to no avail. But the pilot did not accept defeat complacently, as did you and I. He vowed a solemn oath that until the family's crowning glory was restored to normalcy, never would a razor touch his face. He kept the vow.

Night Flying from Chicago

Through most seasons of the year his relay from Chicago to Omaha is flown at night with only the circling beacons to guide his course. Clusters of lights mark towns and villages in the early evening, but even these disappear after ten o'clock. In the darkness below flit the fringes of Chicago, country clubs and the estates of the wealthy, prettily framed homes with winding drives. Then a monotonous panorama of cornfields and cattle. The Mississippi gleams as he crosses into Iowa from Illinois. Vaguely he senses winding streams, willows along the banks, more willows framing a farm house that gleams white, a shadowy silo and the darker bulk of a red barn, with wearying sameness. He pauses for fuel at Iowa City, then presses on over the familiar landscape. Des Moines rises like magic from the carpet of the prairie, then more farms. It is nearing midnight when he views the glow of lights from Omaha and Council Bluffs some distance to the south and glides down on the air mail field at Fort Crook.

Our next pilot is also a veteran of the air mail, H. T., otherwise "Slim" Lewis, tall, spare, bald, with fair complexion. Included in his record of 200,000 air miles is more night flying than any other pilot has done. Lewis is a fearless bird and one of his virtues is his ability to explain exactly how he manoeuvered from a tight situation in bad weather, or because of a mechanical failure. The average pilot will reply to a question regarding flying in a thunderstorm with picturesque terseness that, "it was hell up there." Lewis can describe the action of the elements and the maneuvers he performed to outwit the storm. This information is most valuable in the present development of aerial transportation when ability to fly in all sorts of weather is absolutely vital to any success.

This fourth relay is also a lonely flight in darkness. In bright moonlight he may watch the country below as it becomes more and more rolling and the typical Iowa cornfields give way to expansive acres of wheat. After an hour he may follow the shallow Platte River with its thousands of islands great and small, some inhabited, the majority deserted. The Lincoln Highway or railroad tracks slide past below; grain elevators mark every compact little town and village with its wide streets. He pauses where the river forks at North Platte for fuel, then presses on up a gradually rising plateau, bad lands to the north. Here he is following a shadowy valley marked by the occasional flare from a locomotive fire-box along the railroad tracks. Commodious farm buildings give way to small homestead shacks; towns are mere clusters of ramshackle buildings for the most part. Herds of cattle and horses move in the darkness beneath him, with agricultural enterprises sleeping on the tablelands north and south. The lights of a city suddenly gleam ahead and he planes down toward the north to land on the snow-whitened field at Cheyenne. On the ground it is six thousand feet above sea level with fierce winds sweeping in unbroken force over the broken ridges of the Rockies to westward.

Pilot Haldon A. Collison, who will fly us over the Continental Divide, is a slender, serious youth with breezy Western mannerisms. It is easy to picture him as one of the daring riders of the old pony express. A dashing airman, he has experienced thirty-seven forced landings in various sections of his lonely relay with results no more serious than frozen features. In winter he, too, flies in darkness guided by the flashing beacons, but in other seasons he takes off as we do with the first gray streaks of dawn behind him.

The red-roofed barracks at Fort Russell flit by to our left and ahead loom the ragged blue and white capped peaks of the Laramie Range, sparse tree tops pricking through downy blankets on the snowy sides. We are ten thousand feet above sea level now and cold, penetrating blasts sweep from crags and valleys to chill us through leathern clothing. At last we overcome the headwinds enough to hurdle the humps of the Laramies and nose downward over the Laramie plains, dotted with thousands of cattle meandering or prancing madly in fright at the roar of our motor. A forest of oil derricks sputter below when we leave the plains and climb abruptly to clear the tops of the Medicine Bow Range with the peak of their sentinel, Elk Mountain, garlanded with clouds. We pass over another barrier of hills and observe sheep country encircled by the persistent north fork of the Platte River. Thousands of snow-white dots move slowly over the countryside like wandering clouds of fleece. The rolling homes of their

Two of the men who have helped to make the United States Air Mail a business service are photographed with cups and trophies won by air mail pilots. Former Second Assistant Postmaster-General Paul Henderson (right) made night flying a success. Carl F. Egge is general superintendent of the air mail and the contact man whose spirit pervades the organization.

nomadic caretakers are the last of the covered wagons. We pause at Rawlins for refueling. It is only one hundred and forty miles from Cheyenne, but constant headwinds retard the mail 'planes. We press on over small settlements that dot the bending railroad and the streak of the Lincoln Highway, isolated homesteads, vistas of sage brush and cactus, rain-washed buttes, arroyo-streaked desert, dry, deep valleys, before we dive into the valley of the Green River at Rock Springs. We have crossed the Continental Divide at last for this river flows into the Colorado and the Pacific.

Pilot Hugh Barker will carry us on to Salt Lake City. A sturdy, square-shouldered youth is Barker, with the determined features and husky physique of a university fullback. He is one of the newer pilots, having joined the service in January, 1924. Since then he has flown 38,000 miles. We rise from the dry valley and fly for miles over desert country, after leaving the winding waters of Green River. The barren landscape is marked by dusty arroyos awaiting the rains or melting snows from the surrounding mountain ranges. The settlements left behind are crude, sprawling, but heroic. Then a thin carpeting of grass appears beneath our wings and we head for a winding lush valley, prosperous farms, clear streams, highways, and bustling towns. The Wasatch Mountains with red chimney buttes protruding guard this promised land of the Mormon pioneers. We clear the last towering peaks and plunge through a haze of brown. Beneath our wings a neat, modern municipality spreads its well ordered streets, schools and metropolitan buildings, dominated by the spired Mormon Church with the State Capitol beyond—Salt Lake City. We pass over the fair grounds and skimming the high tension wires glide onto the air-mail field.

The baby of the air-mail pilots is waiting for us as the mail is transferred. Kenneth R. Unger is twenty-five years old, an ample smiling youngster who has been flying mails since the system was extended over the deserts. He runs a commercial aviation company on the side. They told Unger he was too young to join the United States air force when we entered the war. So he promptly journeyed to Canada, qualified with the Canadian Flying Corps and distinguished himself in action.

Great Salt Lake is a bowl of brown mist as

we regard it from the air, deep-blue waters merge with the mist and the mountains. Below is what might be a New England pond during the midwinter ice harvest. From a wide area of purest white, salt is being cut in huge cakes. We leave the lake behind and hurdle a few barren hills to speed over a desert of pristine purity. For sixty miles across Utah this spread of dazzling salt crystals reflects the racing shadow of our 'plane. Hills rising to the right appear as islands in a lake of white. Then mountains and mountains for miles and miles of Nevada. Below are only the railroad and the faintly marked highway, rarely a homestead, more rarely a settlement. We clear the lofty Ruby Mountains through a secret pass, and glide onto the air-mail field at Elko, Nevada.

Pilot R. B. Levisee, a serious, husky, blonde giant will take us over our next relay. Since 1921 this slow speaking, clear thinking young man has been flying the mails and he has traveled more than 200,000 miles by air.

It's lonesome, this stretch we are beginning, about the most lonely relay on the transcontinental airway. We leave a small fertile valley and the winding railroad tracks to fly an obstacle race over one barren Nevada range after another. Rains have carved fantastic figures on the slopes, here resembling a row of Egyptian mummies end on end, there like stalactites upended. Then comes dread Carson Sink, ninety miles of nothing. So sun-scorched and hard baked is the level desert that not even sage brush or mesquite can thrive—complete solitude. Should we be forced down here we might be seventy, eighty miles from the nearest telephone—miles of tortured weary leg traveling, with alkali dust in clouds parching throats and clogging the pores of the skin. We meet the railroad again, clear the rows of bare hills, and follow a sluggish stream, its banks whitened by dried salt deposits from its waters. A thin carpeting of grass grows gradually greener; farms and two lovely expanses of clear-blue lakes appear, then another barrier of lofty barren mountains to hurdle. A paradise is beyond, green Truckee Valley with bustling Reno below, a compact busy city.

On the Last Lap to the Pacific

A diminutive man is our last pilot, Clair K. Vance. He is an aggressive square-jawed youngster, quite the dandy in appearance and dress, with a distinguishing small spiked mustache. He has the combative, daring eye of the natural flyer who delights in the challenge of the elements and the hazardous terrain below. Since 1920 he has been flying the mails and many of the 150,000 air miles to his credit have been flown over the forbidding, towering peaks of the Sierra Nevadas.

We sweep up toward our last obstacle, rugged frowning peaks, heavily wooded, enchanting, majestic—"the dim Sierras far above uplifting their minarets of snow." A pool of brightest blue nestling in a bowl of brown mountain tops is Lake Tahoe. A winding snake over the ridges marks the railroad snowsheds; a million tiny darts ready to impale us—spruce forests; a hundred torquoise gems, lakes and pools like jeweled studs against the green background. Lumber shacks dot the country here and there.

The wild canon gorges of the Sacramento give place to a thousand charming valleys and slopes. The foliage thins to ranches, towns, cities; a pile of golden coins tipped over, sand rifts from hydraulic mining operations; fruit orchards in orderly rows; acres on acres of irrigated fields. We glimpse broad Suisin Basin, then flash over the hummocks of the Berkeley Hills. Again our goal is near. Suddenly the Pacific is before us. We speed over Berkeley and head out over San Francisco Bay toward the Golden Gate. San Francisco is a fair spectacle with its abrupt hills and sentinel buildings on their tops silhouetted in the rays of the setting sun. We fly over the classic white prison fortress of Alcatraz, then skirt the busy wharves where tramp ships and merchantmen move slowly below, each one with a stubby white tail made by the wake of its churning screw.

In the deepening dusk we glide down onto Crissy Field in the lee of the Presidio crest, "pilots of the purple twilight." In a cloud of prosaic dust we taxi up to the doors of the air-mail hangar. The East mail has arrived.

You hear it on all sides, that the modern mad quest for speed has destroyed romance. But has it? Search the pages of The Arabian Nights and you will not find an imaginative dream comparable to the vision of a highway in the heavens, with brilliant rays piercing black darkness across the continent for 1,800 miles.

Romanticists sigh for the passing of the brave riders of the pony express. The heroic stature of those swaggering plainsmen is dwarfed by the more glamorous figures of the air-mail pilots. Dress and tempo have altered the background. Helmets and goggles for sombrero and chaps; a hundred miles an hour for a hundred miles a a day, treacheries of weather and terrain for Indian ambush and the guns of the swashbuckling James boys. Fifty fearless riders of the air are daily enacting new pages of heroism and devotion to duty. "Romance is dead," the writers mourn, dreaming of the dauntless days of Kit Carson. "And all unseen, Romance brings up the nine-fifteen." Romance is immortal. Chiseled across the front of the General Post Office building in New York is old Herodotus's description of the couriers of a Persian Emperor twenty-four centuries ago. It sings with the spirit of today's Air Mail:

"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these brave couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

Introducing a golfer of parts

Half-a-Stroke Heywood

by Jonathan Brooks

The story of a man who made an aggravatingly good car, had an aggravatingly lovely daughter, and played an aggravatingly good game of golf

Illustrated by O. J. Gatter

WHEN he was sixty-eight, Henry A. Heywood listed as his personal possessions the Hardy Heywood automobile plant, his daughter Johanna, and his game of golf, this latter being translated broadly to mean our Country Club. The "Hardy Heywood," an aggravatingly good motorcar, represented his pride in industry. His game, also aggravatingly good, built up with the same painstaking care that made his car a stranger to the used-car market, constituted his pride m recreation. Johanna, aggravatingly beautiful, gave him as much pride as either of the other two factors in his life, but she was her mother's daughter. Her attractions were not the solid and conservative virtues of her father.

Satisfied and confident was grizzled, careful, old Henry A. Heywood at sixty-eight, listing these three as his personal possessions. The return they made him came in the form of absolute contentment. Before reaching sixty-nine, Henry A. Heywood received more shocks than an absorber. He took more bumps than a flivver's left rear fender, and if it had not been for a hard-fisted, hard-headed will to strike back, he would have doubtless reached the junk heap much sooner than the average flivver. As it was, he saw all three of his prized, beloved personal possessions—but we shall get to that in a minute.

Three separate, yet in some ways related, manifestations of the fact that nothing is personal in this modern age confronted Henry A. Heywood. "Fraught with a great public interest," a phrase invented by one of our most modern statesmen, never popped out of Henry A. Heywood's lexicon. If it had, he might have been saved a tremendous amount of humiliation. Busy with his motorcars and his game of golf, and hurrying always to keep up with Johanna, Henry A. Heywood had no time for tall and lofty thinking.

When a man has gotten along splendidly for sixty-eight years in absolute, prosperous happiness in ignorance of a little minor truth, it can play havoc with his scheme of things, as sand does in bearings. Henry A. Heywood's sufferings began when the fact that nothing a man has may be called his own obtruded into his management of his motor company. The rest of us did not pay much attention in this first instance. Of course it affected the community profoundly, too, as did his discovery that the world was interested in Johanna, with an eye on Michel Groganne, general manager of the plant. But when Henry A. Heywood, approaching the age of sixty-nine, learned that even so personal a possession as one's game of golf cannot be maintained on a personal and private basis—why, then we all sat up and took notice.

"Well, sir, Mr. Heywood," said Michel Groganne, a breezy importation from New York to our staid Mid-Western industrial atmosphere, "we're about ready to shoot. Increase production, expand facilities, advertise. Say, Mr. Heywood, our advertising stuff will be a knockout. We're going to stand on the old slogan, 'Hardy Heywood,' and play up with it the line, 'Aggravatingly Good.' See? Make our appeal to the great army of motor buyers who do not purchase new cars every spring, or whenever the body styles or color schemes or streamlines change. The one-car man, who wants his machine to run seven years without replacements—*he* is our customer—do you understand?"

Old man Heywood looked at him.

"He always has been our customer," Henry Heywood said, quietly, resenting Groganne's intrusion unannounced to his private office, "provided he has had the money to pay for a car." No hint of his resentment got across to Groganne.

"That's just the trouble, we've got to spread out," exclaimed Groganne. "Listen—there's not enough of this fellow with ready money. We've got to get the rest who pay a fourth down and arrange credit-backing for the rest. Ten times as many of them. Other makers sell 'em, with cars not half as good. Here's where we go after that market."

"But we're up to capacity now," said Mr. Heywood. "And all our resources are tied up in production."

"We should worry. No trouble on that score," replied Groganne. "Easy to float a series on this plant. Mr. Williams is looking after that end of it. I'm here to double production and treble sales. Orders from Mr. Williams. Would you care to go over our campaign plans in detail?"

"That can wait," Henry A. Heywood answered, slowly, doggedly. "In the first place, I do not understand at all that you are taking orders from Mr. Williams. In the second place, I have by no means agreed to borrow money to buy materials to build cars to be sold on credit. I have never done business in that way, and I do not intend to begin now. So unless there is something else . . . "

And he turned his attention back to his desk, leaving Michel Groganne, the usually debonair, unbaffled sales producer, fairly gasping. Groganne had of course thought that Mr. Heywood understood why the company had been reorganized after the death of a second cousin of Heywood, who had been a stockholder. Eastern promotional capital had come into the company; named Williams as chairman of the board of directors; and placed Groganne on the job as general manager. Heywood was permitted to remain as president for the sake of his name, a fine old name in the industrial world since Heywood's father began in the buggy business years ago.

"HE DON'T even know what happened," thought Groganne, back at his desk in his own office. It is to Groganne's credit that, instead of making a mess out of the situation, he wired Williams, and Williams made a hurried, but seemingly casual trip, to the factory. Williams made old Henry A. Heywood understand that, after all the years in which he built up his plant and dominated his company, he had lost control. Heywood, still the largest single stockholder, was a minority holder just the same. The Heywood car, the Heywood plant, the Heywood reputation were no longer personal possessions in the name of Heywood. It must have been a tremendous blow to the steady going, honest old chap.

But he took it like a soldier. He remained on the job as president, and drew his salary. Offered words of caution where he thought they would serve any purpose, and in general carried himself well and bravely. We noticed a change in him first when he spent more time with his daughter, the beautiful Johanna, and out on the course at the Country Club. As a man's personal belongings fall away, he can wrap himself the more devotedly in those that remain to him. We were not sure, at the time, just what happened, but we saw very clearly the effects.

"At my age," he said, "a man must begin to withdraw himself from business. I cannot stand the gaff or the pace as I used to. More time, now, for Johanna, and for playing the game."

So we saw more and more of old Henry A. Heywood, and came to know him better. Not that we didn't know him well, you understand. Henry A. Heywood built this Country Club, laid out the course when it was only nine holes, advanced the money to build the last nine, and has played as much golf as any member of the club. But in the past, he came out, got his clubs, took the course, played eighteen holes, and held his place as chairman of the golf committee. He worked on that committee as he worked at golf—thoroughly and conscientiously. He dominated the entire golf situation, you might say, but in the manner of an absentee landlord.

Now, he put in more time at the club. He picked up casual matches, laughed in his dry, businesslike fashion, and enjoyed himself whole-heartedly. From working at golf, he turned to playing the game, as least from the standpoint of spirit. Nothing could change the mechanical, practical side of his game. Steady as a clock was old Henry A. Heywood. He and Johanna, a slight, laughing type of blonde, made a curious combination. It looked as if he had set himself the task of stern guardian for a happy sprite, this happy sprite being all he had left in life except golf.

And then this Michel Groganne turned out to be a golfer of the best amateur type. Not a bad sort, although ultra modern of the ultra modern business world, and the highest-salaried executive of any kind in the city, he made his way into our old Country Club. He had an almost Irish way with him, despite his French name, and some of us even went so far as to like him, regardless of his employment as a lever to overturn one of our oldest and finest manufacturing establishments. He could make his way through eighteen holes in seventy-two at any time he felt inclined, and he usually felt like it. Finally, and here comes the last straw, he had an engaging social personality. Until he broke down old Henry A. Heywood's guard

and met Johanna, Groganne did not expend himself to be agreeable socially.

"I've wanted to meet you," he said, boldly to Johanna Heywood at their introduction, "because I've a favor to ask."

"Ask!" she said laughing.

"I'd like to have a record made of your laughter," he smiled, and she did not, somehow, resent his freshness.

Some of us saw it coming, and we worried a little. But when old Henry sent her on a tour of Europe to be gone four months, we took a long breath and sighed relief. Old Henry A. Heywood might be pried off his business throne, but he could take care of his family's social position and protect Johanna as one of his two remaining personal prides. Henry said very little about the matter, even when asked.

"I don't like the fellow's name," he said. But we all knew he must have more than a dislike for the name against Groganne, in view of the situation at the factory.

WITH Johanna gone and his efforts at the motor plant practically ignored, old Henry A. Heywood turned almost his entire attention to his game. Every morning early he came out on the course, crisp, brown beard and snappy, brown eyes dividing interest with his incongruous green knickers and red wool hose. Every evening he was back again, his mechanical, slow-going game holding many impatient, enthusiastic, late afternoon golfers. He set himself painstakingly to the task of measuring up to par for the eighteen holes, analyzing the course hole by hole, and dissecting his game stroke by stroke, to make his game and the course meet on a level of equality.

The man seemed tireless. If one younger than he had shown the same zeal, the club would have hailed him as a coming champion—provided he displayed the same intelligence. But nobody paid any attention to the old man beyond noting that he was playing twice as much golf as he ever had before. And then, the third week in June, he called a meeting of the golf committee.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have one object in calling this meeting. For fourteen years we have been playing an annual match with the Columbus Country Club. I am proud that I have been permitted to act as a chairman of the golf committee, and to have something to do with this fine custom. But the last six years Columbus has beaten us. This year, we must win.

"It is perhaps the last year that I shall take an active part, and I want to make this year's match a winner for us. To that end I am going to devote my entire summer and work at the game. My reason for calling this meeting was to learn how many of you will match me in the effort to get ready for Columbus."

Of course, every man present declared he would match efforts with the old fellow, and the meeting wound up in a burst of enthusiasm. But just the same, Henry A. Heywood might as well have tossed a bomb into the ranks of our best players. We had been looking forward to the Columbus match with a deep burning for revenge in our hearts. More, we were growing confident of revenge because with the advent of Michel Groganne it looked as if we could turn the scales. Groganne and a seventy-two, to throw in with Jimmy Anderson's probable seventy-five and Erd Eckert's seventy-four or better, would just about win the match.

We have won some friendly shekels and lost a deal more, forgotten what the great interclub cup looks like, and suffered a tremendous amount of bantering raillery through these Columbus medal score matches. Our people abroad have been bowing humble heads in the presence of Columbus folks for the last half dozen years, and the situation has become intolerable. You know how it is. No undergraduate or alumni football rivalry approached the intensity of the strain between us and Columbus.

"We'll train for this match as no mile-runner ever trained for the Olympic games," declared Jimmy Anderson, and that was the way we felt about it. "And it looks as if, after all these years, our six best can win from their best half dozen."

We gave him a cheer and he sat down. Then we got to thinking about Henry A. Heywood. We had hoped he would take his annual vacation in Maine, and forget to come home in time for the match. When we heard Johanna was going abroad, we prayed that Henry would go with her. When he did not accompany her, we trusted something else would happen, but with a sinking feeling because Henry A. Heywood has always played against Columbus. Once he came home from New York, leaving an important financial conference flat. Another time he sailed from Sweden just in time to get back for the match. On still another occasion, he kept a group of Pacific Coast motor buyers and dealers waiting in town here for three days until he could get the Columbus affair off his chest.

Of all the personal elements entering his personal game of golf, the inter-city match with Columbus was the most intimately personal belonging of Henry A. Heywood. He always had played, usually of right, and he always would. He took it for granted. The fact that another and far better golfer wanted to take his place would never occur to the old fellow.

And when a man has built a country club, laid out half the course, financed the other half, and headed the golf committee for twenty years, you cannot very well kick him off your

"Johanna!" Mike exclaimed, his arms. Old Henry came her face. She opened her

team. Even if he is approaching sixty-nine years, and has to work hard to break eighty, you cannot shelve him for youth and a seventy-two. So we did nothing but agonize and worry, and work blindly along toward the date of the annual Columbus match.

"There goes old Half-a-stroke Heywood," laughed Michel Groganne, the day after the meeting. He was playing in a foursome with Jimmy Anderson, Erd Eckert and I. We laughed carefully. One does not openly deride a man of the age and standing of Henry A. Heywood, especially on his own golf course. We were on the fifth green and Henry, playing alone, was teeing off for the sixth hole. "Let's catch him." We, a foresome, overtook him at the seventh hole, and he very gravely and graciously permitted us to play through. This gives you an idea of Henry's game, and perhaps also some notion of ours.

"Old Half-a-stroke Heywood," laughed Groganne again, at the eighth hole, looking back at Henry, approaching the last tee. And the name "Half-a-stroke" stuck, with all of us wondering why we had never thought of the term before. The only reason I can think of is that such disrespect would have bordered, for us, on *lèse-majesté*.

Groganne's name very aptly describes the game of golf played by Henry A. Heywood. The old man never made a long drive, nor a lengthy brassie shot, nor a healthy approach out of the rough. He never sank a putt from the edge of the green or anywhere near the edge. His best midiron would no more than rival another player's mashie for distance. A dinky little half swing was the best he ever gave the ball. But on the other hand, he played so carefully, so mechanically and so studiously that he very rarely got into trouble. When he did get into some sort of difficulty, it certainly was not very far.

"Par for this hole of four," you could almost hear the old man saying at the tee. "That means one drive, one iron, one approach and one putt." Whether he said it or not, if you had been watching you would have seen him produce one drive, one iron, one approach and one putt. I have heard him, myself, many times repeat his slogan—"What old Doctor

springing forward to catch her in running to throw cold water in eyes, and, true to form, smiled.

Par prescribes is what I'll take, in so far as I can follow directions."

All summer long old Henry A. Heywood worked morning and evening, seven days a week, half-a-stroking his way around the course in an effort to equal par, seventy-six strokes. He stayed out of all tournaments, match plays and everything else, perfecting his own game for the coming big Columbus match.

In the meantime, the rest of us worked. Anderson and Eckert, for years our best players, held their game. John Hendricks and I, usually play around seventy-eight, worked some improvement, and Wallie Williams, the absent-minded lawyer, held his ground at seventy-five. That made five of us, better golfers than old Henry by from four to eight strokes. But none of us could touch Michel Groganne whether in match or medal play. He had us all whipped, playing with an Irish flare to touch off his dogged French nerve. He won the city championship, starred all through the local inter-club competition, took home the club's Wilson cup to keep for a year, and was runner-up in August to the South Bend college boy in the state tournament. We wanted him to enter the Western amateur, but he could not get away from the Heywood plant.

"Too busy," he said, with a pleasant smile, "turning out aggravatingly good Hardy Heywoods."

That brought us round to the third week in August, with the institutional Columbus match looming before us, the second week in September. We were no nearer a solution of our problem than we had ever been, but nobody dreamed of saying a word to Mr. Heywood on the matter. In the past, the team had simply happened, the six best players lining up by common consent. Once in a great while we have had a man who could perhaps have beaten out old Henry, but we have never taken the trouble to have him displaced.

It looks like a simple problem from your angle, perhaps. Substitution of the best man in seven for the worst, thus to obtain your six, seems easy enough as an abstract proposition. But when the worst player has built your club, laid out half the course, financed the other half,

captained and chairmaned everything for—but I've told you all that before. At any rate, we began to sweat. Anderson, Eckert, Williams, Hendricks and I held meetings to talk it over. We arrived nowhere. Anderson wanted to talk to Heywood, but we overruled him. Eckert suggested talking to Groganne, to see whether he had any ideas. We called him into session.

"Old Half-a-stroke?" queried Groganne, good naturedly. "Sure. Fake a telegram calling him to New York, or somewhere, the morning of the match. I'd like to see the club win, and naturally, I'd like to help."

But Williams remembered the time Mr. Heywood sailed home from Sweeden in order to play, and pointed out that a business call to New York would be a puny stratagem in the face of the old man's devotion to the idea that he must help fight off the Columbus crowd. Hendricks wanted to know whether Groganne could not mention the matter to Heywood himself, being a newcomer and not so long or completely impressed with the old man's position.

"Me? Listen," said Groganne, sarcastically. "He ignores me as far as he can at the plant, and absolutely ignores me elsewhere. I wouldn't get to the first tee with him. But say, how about his daughter? Where is she? Any chance that she might be back in time to talk him out of playing?"

AT THE the time, nobody paid any attention to the fact that it was Groganne who made this suggestion. It did not seem particularly significant, although Williams remarked that it seemed to him a typically clever French suggestion. Groganne, I remember, smiled when Williams said that. But we got busy. Williams was appointed a committee of one to handle the problem of getting Johanna home before the match, he being a lawyer and adept at such intrigue. I don't know how he worked it, except that we chipped in to split the cable bill, which was enormous.

She cabled that she would come home within ten days being then in London, and for that ten days we walked on air. I do not deny that our stock rose a hundred points, with the prospect of Groganne playing instead of Mr. Heywood. Some of the boys even went so far as to bet, in advance, twice as much as they had ever bet before that we would win from Columbus. Although at that, we all suffered what you might call mixed emotions. It was all well and good to be cut from under the blighting influence of Henry A. Heywood, but suppose, as in the past, we should require his good offices? I know I shivered somewhat, and I think the other boys did too.

Old Henry called a meeting of the committee and the players early in September, and tried to work up a whirlwind of enthusiasm for the match. As far as he knew, he succeeded, but for the rest of us, the meeting was a frost. He blandly assumed he would play, as usual, while all of us knew he would do nothing of the sort. He gloried in his play since August first.

"I've played sixty-one rounds of eighteen holes since that date," said old Henry, contentedly, "and only seven times have I failed to break eighty. Each of these times I fell down because I drove into the pond from the second tee. But I have corrected that. Yesterday I took two dozen balls to that tee, and drove twenty-three of them into the fairway beyond the pond. This morning I went out again, and dropped twenty-four of them across the water, down the course. That shows what practice will do."

It also showed how hard he was working, and how thorough he was in all his ways. If I worked as hard at golf as he does, I could play eighteen holes in sixty, although I have never yet been below seventy-five. I know very well I could not drive twenty-four balls in succession over that pond, and I doubt whether even Groganne or anybody else in the club could. But there were certainly six of us entitled to preference over the old man for the Columbus match. We knew it, and the rest of the golf committee knew it. We laughed to ourselves, but quietly at that, for fear old man Heywood would suspect something. It was bad enough to be plotting to sidetrack him, without being caught in the act. But our confidence grew, and nobody said a word.

Then the whole fabric of our strategy fell to pieces. Johanna came home, talked to Williams, and balked. Williams persuaded her to meet us. Very prettily, very politely but with extreme firmness, she refused to have anything to do with our program. The meeting was out at the club in the evening. Some of the younger set were dancing.

"Dad is an old man," she said, "but he is a man, even though addicted to golf. I should think you boys would be ashamed of yourselves, unable to handle a situation like this. Go to him and tell him you have a better golfer than he is. Or ask him to hold a competition for places on the team. At any rate, you can just handle it yourselves. I shall not have a thing to do with it."

And she walked out on us. We sat there and froze stiff, even if it was a warm September evening.

"If we were as familiar with him as she is," said Hendricks, "and could handle him as well as she does . . . But for us to tackle the old boy, nothing doing."

He went out of the room, but came back in a few minutes, somewhat excited. We were still sitting around, dumb as icicles.

"They're out there dancing together," he said.

"Johanna and Mr. Heywood?" we all asked.

"No, Johanna and the Frenchman, Groganne," said Hendricks. "And I think I heard him calling her 'Jo', and I know blame well whatever it was he was calling her, she seemed to like it."

"What's that got to do with the ten strokes between the old man and Groganne?" asked Anderson, sarcastically. "Blaahh!" He rose and went out of the room in complete, forlorn, hopeless disgust. The rest of us looked at each other, and then filed out the same way.

I AM coming now to the next most painful scene I have ever encountered on the golf course, and I may say in all modesty that I have suffered between holes. Early next morning the six of us, Anderson, Eckert, Williams, Hendricks, Groganne and I, were out on the course, playing around together. A six-some is not regular at all, but we had been planning to play together, and we were working along as best we could, criticizing each other's game and helping out all around in every possible way. It was about six o'clock, and the grass was heavy with dew.

The idea was to improve each individual game and so strengthen for the Columbus match, but whereas it had been found very helpful on other occasions, this morning it fell flat. We put in our time swearing because no way could be found to substitute Groganne for old Henry A. Heywood. Everybody grouched. By the time we reached the fifth hole, the air was dusky. At the eighth, clouds surrounded the sun, and by the time we played the tenth, the bright morning sunshine had suffered a total blue eclipse. We climbed the hill and followed the path around the shoulder of the bank sheltering the eleventh tee.

"Oh, well, there's no use worrying, boys," said Groganne, cheerfully. "After all the Columbus match is not the most important thing in the world. You'll have a good team, and I'll drop out, even if I can give the old man six strokes and beat him any way he likes."

He talked rather loudly, because we were strung out along the path. I was in front. When I climbed over the bank on the tee, I nearly fainted. There, puttering around with some sand, stood old Henry A. Heywood!

"Good morning," he called, as I slid back over the bank, pretending to fall down, in the hope he would not see me. So I got up again. If he ever heard anything, he heard every word that Groganne said. I tried to signal the boys to keep quiet, and went up on the tee. "Working out for the match, are you?" he said. "That's good. Glad to see somebody else as much interested as I am. Oh, yes, and Groganne, too. I thought I heard his voice. Good morning, boys."

We all spoke, all around, and every man there felt as guilty as if he, and not Groganne, had spoken, the reason being that Groganne had voiced our sentiments. We waited for the old man to drive, but he teed his ball, took his driver, dropped his bag, and turned around to talk to us, by the sandbox.

"Boys," he said, "it's time we organized the team for the Columbus match. You have been leaving it to me, as usual, I suppose. But I think it should not be done that way. There's no point to a general competition. I could not help overhearing what Mr. Groganne," and he accented the second syllable, "said just now. He is the only newcomer capable of making the team. As I suspect, you must feel that I am the weakest member."

We started a polite but half-hearted protest, but he went right ahead.

"So I suggest this. Mr. Groganne thinks he can give me six strokes and beat me?" he turned a questioning gaze toward Groganne.

"Six strokes, any time, any place, and anyhow," said Michel Groganne, confidently, and with an air of stubbornness. As he spoke we heard somebody whistling. Looking down the course, we saw Johanna, apparently waiting for her father to drive. She had not seen us, and was coming back up to the tee.

"Then," said Mr. Heywood, slowly, looking around to line us up as witnesses, "to decide who shall play against Columbus as the sixth member of the team, I propose that Mr. Groganne and I play an eighteen hole match, tomorrow morning at this time. He to give me six holes, any time, any place, anyhow, at my option."

"You're on," snapped Groganne, almost contemptuously. "At least as far as I'm concerned. I'm willing, if the rest of the boys wish to leave it that way?"

"Fair enough," said Jimmy Anderson, quietly, and we all agreed with him. That puts it tamely, for every last one of us wanted to give three cheers out of sheer relief. This could only mean Groganne would play with us against Columbus, and that meant we should win the match, for, of course, Heywood, with his old half-a-stroke game, could have no chance against the brilliant Frenchman. But we couldn't stage a demonstration, because there stood the old man himself, and here came his glorious daughter Johanna. She was laughing, but when her father explained what he had arranged, she became serious in an instant.

"But I don't think—" she began.

"Your business is not thinking," interrupted old Henry A. Heywood, "but looking pretty."

"World's champion," muttered Groganne, whose line of blarney seems anything but French.

That broke the tenseness of the situation. Groganne, after Heywood insisted we six should play ahead and refused repeatedly to

Nobody said a word. . . . Then Johanna broke the strain. "Mr. Eckert," she said, "will you change bags with me? I shall not caddy for my father any further."

join us, went up to drive. He sent off a beauty, and one by one, we followed as we could. Williams was the last one off the tee, and he was whispering to Johanna while waiting his turn to drive.

"She says we're hocked," he reported, when we pulled up together at the next hole. "Says the old man will put something over on us, sure as the sun rises tomorrow."

"Fat chance," Groganne laughed. "If I hadn't been sure I could do it, I'd never have said I could give old Half-a-Stroke six and beat him."

WILLIAMS suspected something, but could not throw a damper over the rest of us. We finished our round, went to our respective places of business or leisure, slept soundly that night, all except Groganne who was again dancing at the club with Johanna. At six o'clock the next morning we reported for the match. When I got there the old man was making a few practice drives from the first tee, half-a-stroking the balls for moderate distances down the fairway. Groganne was in the clubhouse dressing when I found him.

"Johanna tried to talk me out of playing the old man," he announced as I entered the locker room.

"Why?" I asked.

"She thinks he is going to humiliate me," Groganne grinned.

"That's good," and I had to laugh myself. The man's confidence was refreshing, although I did not need any more reassurance than the rest of the boys. When Groganne was ready, we gathered at the first tee. Old Henry A. Heywood, golfer since before most of us were born, assumed command to organize the match.

"Johanna will caddy for me, if there is no objection," he said. We all nodded, and returned her general smile of greeting. "Is Eckert all right for you, Mr. Groganne?" Again he accented the second syllable.

"Certainly," said Groganne, good-naturedly. "And I'll ask Anderson to score for me."

"Hendricks will score for me, won't you, John?" asked the old man. "And if it's agreeable, Brooks will tabulate both. I'd ask Williams, but Wallace is too absent-minded to keep track of figures. All right?"

Well, Groganne insisted it was the old man's honor, and he teed his ball and Johanna and Anderson wandered down the course, and I walked right into the most painfully embarrassing experience of my golfing career. As I said before, I have suffered between holes, but never as I did that early morning. Of course my sympathies were with Groganne, for as much as anybody else I wanted to see him win to bolster up the team for the Columbus match and the honor of the Country Club. He certainly played by far the better game. But on the other hand, what was the honor of the Country Club, and what was the annual match with Columbus? Both represented monuments to the loyalty, patience and thoughtfulness of old Henry A. Heywood, even now half-a-stroking a dinky little drive straight down the fairway toward the first hole.

I remembered how his business had been taken away from him, and how Johanna seemed in a fair way to be taken from him as well. Two of his three most prized personal belongings gone, and only his golf remaining, the old fellow trudged off the tee and down the course. If he should lose his golf, if the Columbus match and the Country Club were to be pried from his proud, hard-fisted grasp, old Henry A. Heywood, patriarch of the town, would just about wither away and die of a broken heart. I felt sorry for the old fellow, and sorrier because he went into the match gamely to make the best fight he knew how to make.

Par for the first hole is five, and Henry took a methodical, careful five. But Groganne followed a long drive with a screaming, whistling brassie shot that carried almost to the green. He sank a four, for one up. I turned for a moment, and all the rest of us but Johanna must have felt the same way, from pity for the old man to admiration for the daringly brilliant game played by the breezy Michel Groganne.

Henry carried the pond off the second tee with a machine-like short drive that plumped down the fairway straight toward the green, proving the worth of faithful practice. They halved the second in three. I looked at old Henry as we walked to the third tee, and raised an eyebrow.

"Score that one for me," he said, shortly. "It makes us even."

With the six-stroke handicap in mind, I noted his claim to the hole and marked them even. Off they went again, Groganne with one of those low rakish drives that rise and rise to carry indefinitely, and old Henry with his choppy little pitch drive. I wondered how long it would take Groganne to shake off the handicap of halved holes and use up old Henry's impost of six strokes. Everybody seemed to be centering attention on Groganne's game, although I noticed that Johanna, always off down the course, away from the rest of us, seemed to be watching her father carefully. It occurred to me she might be worried for fear the nervous strain would be too great for him, and I saw myself that he played under extreme tension.

Except for the wide disparity in their respective games, the match might have been the final in a great national tournament. I

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Matching Samples is his Long Suit

With eight hundred million dollars a year to spend, Alfred Fantl goes shopping all over the world. As a boy he opened packing cases and slept with the key to the store

by Stella Burke May

THE time-honored joke about the ugly neckties women buy their men folks for Christmas has been retired from circulation, according to Mr. Fantl. "Women," he says, "not only buy better-looking neckties, but they also sell better-looking ones and more of them." On the other hand, young men are best for selling shoes, and mature women for infants' wear. In other words, the big business shopper has no sentimental prejudices and this one shares with you observations based on extensive experience with all kinds of buyers.

A GROUP of immigrant lads were playing along the water front in the crowded shipping district of Savannah, Georgia. All day long these boys had been working, running errands, packing goods, nailing and opening boxes, loading wagons in the rear of a retail dry-goods store.

Suddenly one of them espied a decrepit roller-skate—one lone skate—lying in the middle of the road where it had been lost or discarded by its original owner. Instantly there was a rush, a struggle, and half a dozen boys rolled in the dust, each filled with the same idea—the desire for possession. Then one boy, smaller than the rest, emerged from the struggle triumphant. The roller-skate was his.

Why did that particular boy win out in the battle for a decrepit roller-skate? Ask him and he will tell you as he told me: "It was the law of compensation. Life usually balances her accounts. All my life I had longed for a toy, but never owned one. That roller-skate was my first plaything."

That was more than forty years ago, but life has kept her accounts neatly balanced with that immigrant boy ever since. Alfred Fantl, is now one of the greatest individual buyers of merchandise in the world, with offices that occupy one entire floor a block long in a New York skyscraper. And there is something significant in the fact that the boys and girls who carry messages from one end of the floor to the other slide noiselessly about on rubber-tired roller-skates.

With a bit of blue twill in my hand, I called on Alfred Fantl, just around the corner from Broadway on Thirty-second Street, in the heart of New York's merchandise manufacturing district. For days I had carried that bit of blue cloth, testing the facilities of the New York shops and the patience of New York merchants in an effort to secure a hat of the same shade. A friend out in Iowa, with that faith in resident New Yorkers common to most people's out-of-town friends, had blithely commissioned me to do the job of matching.

It was an odd shade of blue, neither azure nor navy nor sapphire nor cobalt. It formed the coat of an ensemble suit—a going-away suit for a bride—and there must be a hat to match. But a hat of that particular shade of blue was evidently not to be found in New York. A tour of Fifth Avenue, of Broadway and of the multitudinous cross-street millinery shops, resulted in the same conspicuous failure. I was about to give up in despair when some one suggested: "Why not try Alfred Fantl?" And another said: "Alfred Fantl ought to be able to help you." And still another encouraged: "Alfred Fantl can match anything in the world."

I had heard of Alfred Fantl, recently reelected president of the Retail Millinery Association of America; vice-president of the Seventh Avenue National Bank; supposed by many people to be the greatest individual buyer of merchandise in America. It all sounded rather encouraging. I would try.

A briskly efficient air pervaded the fourteenth

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Alfred Fantl was born in Karlsbad, Bohemia, in 1866 and learned English in Savannah, Georgia. He purchases all kinds of merchandise for a string of independent stores. A crew of messengers on rubber-tired roller skates is one of the odd features of his business headquarters.

The New York office of the Bureau places wives, flappers, grandmothers, students, society girls, impoverished ladies of title, artists, cripples and women with no training.

Miss Eleanor Adler is a college graduate and the daughter of Dr. Felix Adler, founder of the Ethical Culture Society. The Bureau of Part Time Work, of which she is director, is the successful outgrowth of her own difficulty in finding something to do for half of each day.

Salvaging Women's Idle Hours

Ten thousand women have found part time jobs through Miss Eleanor Adler. Her experience is rich in suggestions for the woman who wants to sell her spare time profitably

by M. B. Levick

THERE is a certain woman in a small city in the West. Her hair already shows a good deal of gray. Every morning she gets breakfast for her husband, sets the house in order—and then the day drifts.

"I don't know why it is," she tells her friends, "but ever since the last of the children went off and set up a home of her own it's just seemed as if I were kind of lost. All these years there've been the children and their troubles and their play and the work for them, and now it's just as if I were out of a job. If I could only find something to do—just enough to keep me busy from the time I'm through with the sweeping till it's time to start dinner."

That woman is a problem, though she doesn't know it. She is one side of the problem of the part time woman. How can a woman get the world to use a portion of her day, if she wants more income or if she just wants something which she feels real and vital enough to hold her interest?

Here is another woman who, like tens of thousands more, shows another side of the problem. This one's hair isn't gray. She, too, is a wife, but without children. She lives in an apartment in a big city.

"Think I'm going to be a stick-in-the-mud?" she asks *her* friends. "Not much. Why, look at this apartment; the work takes an hour and a half at the outside. Then what? Go to the movies every day? Not me! I'm going to get a job."

But what job? Can a woman work all day, nine in the morning till rush hour—from eight to six, if you count the going and coming—can she do this and keep up even a small apartment home? Not merely can she: *should* she? Just give the breakfast things a lick and a promise and hurry off, and get back after the dinner should already be piping hot?

"Well," says the woman with the gray hair, "I'll try. . . ." And the younger one in the apartment says, "I'll try. . . ." And they think and think and the best that occurs to them is that maybe they could address envelopes or solicit orders from their friends for nicknacks. They ponder, and the end of it all is this question: For what sort of work have I any training or aptitude? It is, in fact, pretty much the same question that must be asked by the woman who can afford to take an all-day job.

AN EXPERT, familiar with all the ins and outs of the problem of the woman who can devote only part of her time to work, says: "Train yourself. The applicant without special ability or personality has nothing to offer in exchange for salary. Second, study the situation you must meet. Learn in advance the duties required and make the rounds of business houses, advertise in the home newspaper, go over the lists of clubs, technical societies, individuals and organizations that might be helpful to you—always with something definite in mind to offer."

Maybe it looks hopeless. But there is an answer, based on a lot of study and work done in the last three years in two big cities.

In January, 1922, the Bureau of Part Time Work was established in New York and less than a year later a branch was opened in Philadelphia. This bureau is not run for profit. It was started to find out about part time. It keeps going only because people interested in this problem help out with contributions. What it has accomplished gives an idea of the desires, the abilities and the rewards of ten thousand women. They include wives, young girls, grandmothers, students, society girls, women from Europe with titles and no money, artists, women who have never had training, even one who chose work at a factory machine—everything except domestic help, for which New York has special part time agencies.

The bureau, in short, shows a cross-section

of the modern woman's world. Until it tackled the question nobody knew anything about part time work. Jobs of that sort were heard of only by chance. How many were there? How many could be developed? How many women wanted them? What do they pay? The answers were all guess work. But now it is known that there *is* a big opportunity for the woman who works less than a full business day.

That was found out because one New York woman came right against the problem in her own life. She is Miss Eleanor Adler, managing director of the bureau.

"I wanted some work that would occupy me," she says, "but I didn't want to tie up my whole day. I needed surplus time for other interests. But what was there to do in half a day? I found that many of my friends felt as I did. So I set out to see what chance women have. It looked like such a good chance that a friend gave six thousand dollars to finance the experiment of a bureau for a few months. And the applicants came with a rush. We were swamped."

To place the applicants was harder than to get them. The part time worker must be ready to convince employers that she is a good business investment. But three years in New York and Philadelphia have shown the idea is a success. Several other cities have asked Miss Adler to establish branches, and the number of applicants, calls from employers, and placements has risen steadily, despite the necessary weeding out as the experiment has progressed.

The things the bureau has found out should mean a great deal to women in other cities and towns who are trying to find a solution without the help of a special agency. Perhaps they should mean even more to their husbands, fathers, and brothers.

Little Demand for the Untrained

To start with, what can such a woman do? There was one who found employment giving instruction in knitting. She, however, was only one of this ten thousand. Another takes children on picnics (bringing her own lunch) at fifty cents an hour. A third makes six dollars a week calling night and morning for a blind woman—a blind teacher who lives near-by. But these are just the odd jobs. They are accidents. They need no special training. And the big lesson the bureau has learned is this: if a woman is to turn idle hours into cash she must have either training or personality.

For one chance instance of knitting there are hundreds of openings for librarians, practical nurses, sewing teachers, tutors, translators, secretaries. To fill them, you must know how to do certain things well, and even for positions which demand technical knowledge, such as professional hostess or companion, you must have sense and personality—charm, tact, a knowledge of what people are like and what they enjoy.

Miss Adler, herself a college graduate and the daughter of a celebrated professor, Dr. Felix Adler, gives this advice to the woman who is thinking of part time work.

"Train yourself. Get special knowledge on some specific subject. You must choose the subject yourself, just as a girl must decide what she is going to take when she goes to college. That is an individual problem. But even stenography gives a woman a good chance for part time work.

"Our bureau doesn't want the amateurs or the untrained women—because employers don't want them. They don't fit in. About one woman in eleven coming to us is over forty years old; some are fifty and more. Most of these ask us what they can do. But they should be able to tell us what they can do. They are the hardest of all to find places for. Some of them make chaperons or companions but many of them are really cases for philanthropy. So I say, especially to the women of this sort: train, prepare yourself, look ahead before the children have left home and before it has become too hard to learn something new."

The bureau had to start at the beginning and find out what opportunities there were, just as many a woman has had to do the same thing by herself. Miss Adler, however, has faced such a situation once before. Once upon a time everybody told her steady employment for cripples was impossible; cripples belonged in institutions. But in 1913 Miss Adler established an employment bureau for cripples. It flourished, became a war agency, and under the direction of others is still in operation. It has found work for hundreds of cripples.

The part time woman in 1922 was handicapped like the cripple of ten years before.

"There are some positions," says Miss Adler, "which are best filled by a person employed for the whole day; the reins have to be held by one driver from start to finish. There are others which in their own nature are part time, as for instance, the work of attendants in a clinic or in a doctor's office or teaching some special class. Between these extremes are many sorts of work which can be adapted profitably to part time, which means anything under full working hours. An employer may be paying someone for a whole day for work which can be done between nine in the morning and mid-afternoon. If he can be made to see this, to realize that shorter hours would give him a worker with a fresher outlook and more concentrated effort, he saves and the part time worker gets another opportunity. Sometimes it takes a good deal of educating to make the employer see it."

First of all, the bureau sent announcements to business and professional men, posted notices,

in clubs and hospitals, got the operation of club women and social workers, and meanwhile went out and investigated. Then it advertised for applicants. It had no idea how many would come, but the question was answered almost as soon as it was put. They came in flocks. There *were* women aplenty. Women of all sorts: young, old, married, single, divorced, mothers, childless, trained in a score of specialized lines or hopelessly untrained. A third of them were either married or had been —women for the most part with home responsibilities. Each brought a separate problem.

"You see," said one, "there are the children; that means I can't leave till they've started for school and I have to be back by three o'clock."

And another said: "I'm going to have a piano if I have to get the money myself."

With others it was not a piano, but the instalments on the home itself that had to be met, or extras for the children.

"My husband makes enough for us to live on," one explained, "but it's only just enough. I've got to think of the rainy day."

But, it is asked, is it wise for the young married woman to undertake work outside her home?

"Modern conditions," to follow Miss Adler, "are making that question more and more important. There are the living conditions—apartments easily kept in order. Even an old fashioned house may be full of machines for cleaning and sweeping and washing, which cut down the time drudgery takes. There are economic conditions; many women must add to the family income. There is woman's present place in the world; it is reflected in the ambitions of married women as well as of unmarried. We hear marriage spoken of as a partnership. Often a woman, married or single, wants to study some subject and must have leisure for it, yet must support herself. Or perhaps she must earn the money that will pay the cost of her study. Some are not strong enough to stand the grind of all day work. Again, a woman may be at the start of a professional career: she has hung out her shingle, but cannot yet make enough to keep going. She may not want to depend on her husband. Perhaps he has no more than she has. And finally she may just feel that to justify herself in the world today she should be doing something that is worth while either in itself or because of the money it produces."

Should the young wife, then, or the older one, attempt some occupation outside her home? Miss Adler does not try to answer. You yourself must decide. Great as is the proportion of married women among the bureau's applicants, it is smaller than was at first expected.

There are wives who would do better to think only of their household and their amusements. Yet there are others, according to some of those who have studied the modern woman, who suffer in heart and mind if their home life does not fill their whole day. They resent being merely decorative in idle hours.

The feeling that idleness should be put to some use, however, turns fewer women to part time work than does study. One out of three of all the women who have applied to the bureau say they want work which will permit them to study. No other reason is as common.

The Part Time Bureau prefers that college women find their employment through college employment agencies. It does, however, take the cases of graduate students. The girl in college who looks for work has difficulties the home woman escapes—the need of adjusting work hours to classroom hours, and of adapting academic ways of thinking to practical business conditions. But women are studying outside of classrooms. There is a multitude of ambitions among the bureau's ten thousand applicants—the ambitions of women taking home study courses, of students of art, music, dancing, the stage, science, a score of special subjects.

Turning Talents into Cash

They turn to part time, but part time does not always help as they wish. Many hope to turn a special study to practical account. Research workers, for instance, or those doing laboratory work in chemistry. This hope is merely one of the problems. Often jobs of that sort pay less than stenography. For instance there was one X-ray technician for whom a part time place was found in X-ray work, but it paid less than taking dictation. Such a position pays only $100 a month or thereabouts for full time, and in proportion for less than full time. Besides, the future is limited.

The actual search for openings brings up many surprises. There was a woman who had been a nurse before her marriage. "What can you do?" she was asked. "Well," she said, "I know a good deal about diet." There hadn't been an answer like that before. Could a dietitian be placed? She could. It was found that hospitals, clubs and private homes often need women who know all about calories and vitamins. This one got her chance in a training school for nurses, teaching and showing how special order trays for invalids should be put together as carefully as the medicines in prescriptions. She got a chance to put in as much time as she wanted at a good, solid professional job paying at the rate of $2,000 a year for full time.

That particular woman had had special training. Another girl hadn't. She had spent her life till it palled on her in a social set which is careful about observing social usages. "What can you do?" She looked forlorn. Her eyes grew mournful as she visualized a future with nothing ahead but addressing envelopes at a fifth of a cent apiece. But she knew the

technique of invitations, teas, dances and all the rest of it; a haphazard knowledge that was as good as a university degree. She turned it into cash at twenty-five dollars a week for mornings only, as a social secretary.

A third, a thin little woman looking a bit worn, was just as downcast. She had never done anything but cook except to make all the clothes for her daughters and also her nieces. She guessed every woman knew as much as she did. But it turned out, through a little questioning, that she knew where to shop. Values, styles, where to look first for this thing and that. So the thin little woman went on shoping around the stores, only now she did it for a salary. A dressmaker will pay $15 or $18 a week for such services, and the day's work ends before lunch. Even large department stores employ shopping experts in their service departments.

Finding some ability is half the battle. If you can do no more than sit with the baby of an evening you must be content with fifty cents an hour or ten dollars say, by the week. If you can tutor a girl of twelve for six afternoons out of seven, and in addition have majored in psychology at college, you can get two dollars an hour. Tutoring, however, is overcrowded; twenty-five dollars a week for two or three hours a day is too attractive. Some women make a little by merely seeing that a child gets to and from school safely and has his outing in the park and gets his lessons and keeps his face clean. Personality counts here too: a jolly girl who can laugh with her little charge will be sent off with her in the car, and make as much from the week-end as the merely diligent woman makes through the week.

If you are versatile enough, part time has no end of opportunities. Could you help a doctor who has literary ambitions? Take down a play in shorthand, at one dollar an hour, during an evening at the theater? Be a model for an illustrator at the same rate? Give poor folk piano lessons at seventy-five cents a lesson? Investigate business houses for an employment agency at fifty cents an hour? Do you know enough of botany to do laboratory work?

The Part Time Bureau started with a list of fourteen likely occupations. The tested list today amounts to sixty. The office worker and clinical assistant and companion and visiting housekeeper of the original list have been joined by dancing teachers, play directors, occupational therapists, vocational counselors, sewing teachers, advertising and editorial workers, statisticians and many more. The list now looks like a summary of women's working interests, and it is steadily growing.

Here comes a woman who can show people how to play. Who wants such ability on part time? A factory; she is put to work organizing a recreation group of foreigners, two noon hours and three evenings a week, at fifty dollars a month. Another knows what foods make muscle and what foods make flesh; she gives three whole days a week to teaching nutrition in a settlement. Another, knowing as much, turns her afternoons into seventy-five dollars a month (though that is a high rate) weighing babies and advising grown-ups at a clinic. Children in hospitals and schools need to be shown corrective exercises; the woman who understands how to to it may possibly get forty dollars a week for her mornings. Even ordinary physical culture teaching will pay fifty dollars a month; and the hours are short.

Stenography Always an Asset

All these women are like the graduate nurse who wearies of her long hours; they have special training. What of the others? The Frenchwoman who can teach her language has an easy time of it. The woman of judgment who would make a good secretary-companion can convert her mid-mornings into eighteen dollars or more a week. Beyond a few possibilities of this sort, however, the instances just emphasize the previous statement that women must be trained. The unskilled make ushers, though ushers are like office-holders. In the good places few die and none resign and in the other places nobody wants to work. Two hours a day in a cafeteria are worth lunch and eight dollars or ten dollars a week. Department stores use many part time salespeople. The best of them pay fifteen dollars for three full days a week and perhaps a little less for six half-days, and the worker may be kept on call for special seasons and sales.

The greatest demand and the greatest supply is for secretaries. Business houses, physicians, writers, architects, hospitals—all sorts of employers want secretaries. That is why Miss Adler says a knowledge of stenography is the most practical asset.

And does the part time woman make good?

"It is like any other sort of work," says Miss Adler.

Perhaps the answer is better found in the fact that while part time was an experiment three years ago, now there are employers who engage part time workers by yearly contract.

The sociological experiment of 1922, in fact, has proven so successful practically that every little while Miss Adler get a letter asking, "How can I make some money out of a part time bureau?" And Miss Adler answers, "You can't." But she knows from the bureau's experience that there is a growing army of women whose interests are extending and who are determined that the modern woman, whether married or single or of whatever age, must adjust herself to modern conditions.

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD *or the* NEW

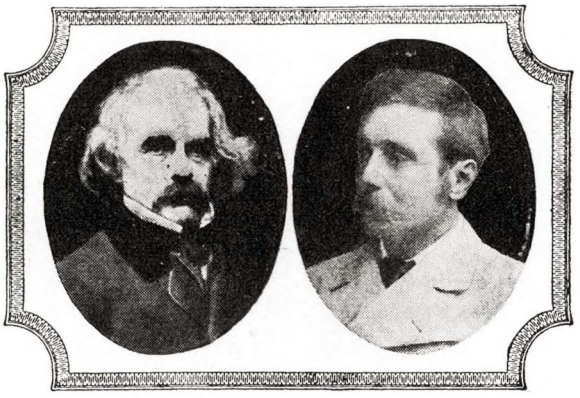
Two stories of rejuvenation, *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and *The Story of the Late Mr. Elvesham*, by H. G. Wells, are famous tales reprinted in the following pages.

EACH month this department puts before you two exceptional fiction stories from the literature of the past. One is a masterpiece of enduring fame that has long survived its author, the other a more modern story of the same general character by a writer nearer our own time. The aid of a committee of discriminating authorities on fiction lends added attraction to a series that has so far resulted in the republication of such fiction treasures as Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen*, coupled with O. Henry's *The Caballero's Way;* Edward Everett Hale's *The Man Without a Country*, with *The Consul*, by Richard Harding Davis; and Stephen Crane's *The Open Boat*, with James B. Connolly's *The Trawler*.

This month's offerings are *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment* (1837), by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and *The Late Mr. Elvesham*, written sixty years later by H. G. Wells.

The Selection Committee comprises Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, author of "A Handbook of Short Story Writing," associate professor of English at Hunter College and instructor in story writing, Columbia University; Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and author of several books on the short story; and Mr. Harry Esty Dounce, author, reviewer and critic. Write them frankly, in our care, your judgment of the stories published, together with suggestions regarding future stories for the "Old and New" series.

The Authors



Nathaniel Hawthorne H. G. Wells

FEW writers show more forcibly the effect of their native environment than did Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-'64). The product of New England Puritanism, Hawthorne imparted to all of his work a clear, introspective character, a shrewd analysis of the inner man, and a grave moral tone that was to set him apart as the greatest novelist of America. From early boyhood he chose the secluded introspective life, demanding little companionship of others. He entered Bowdoin College in 1821, finding there two fellow students, Longfellow and Franklin Pierce, who were to have an active influence upon his later life. Graduating in 1825 he retired to Salem where he lived much within himself, and wrote extensively, destroying most of it since he could not satisfy his taste. His first novel, "Fanshawe," published anonymously, was followed in 1837 by a collection of "Twice Told Tales." Finding literary work unremunerative, Hawthorne accepted a post in the custom house of Boston where he worked for two years. His writing did not cease, however, and within the next few years he produced "Grandfather's Chair" and "Mosses from an Old Manse." "The Scarlet Letter," written during his stay in Salem, met with instantaneous approval and won for him the place of the foremost novelist in America. The next seven years Hawthorne spent in Europe. The important work of this period is "The Marble Faun." When he returned to America on the eve of the Civil War he found himself remote, both in nature and in political sympathy. He was an onlooker, rather than an actor. Little was written after the spring of 1864. His health failed rapidly, and while on a trip to the White Mountains with his friend Franklin Pierce, he died in his sleep. The style of his writing was like the man, finely poetic, delicate, gentle; yet it possessed a manly gravity that bore witness of the inherited Puritan conscience. "Dr. Heidigger's Experiment" is a representative Hawthorne story. An unusual theme is developed out of the author's vivid imagination, and throughout is the moral undertone that runs through all his work.

MR. H. G. WELLS began life in humble circumstances, but he was possessed of energy, ability and enthusiasm. At the Royal Society of Science he acquired knowledge which he was soon to put to good use in other than academic work. In 1888 he graduated as a Bachelor of Science from the University of London. First earning his living as a schoolmaster and a private tutor, he later began to make journeys into journalism, writing for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Saturday Review*, and *Nature*. "The Time Machine," written in 1895, led him definitely to devote his whole time to the writing of romances which, while interesting in themselves as pure fiction, advocated Mr. Wells's political, social, economic and scientific theories. His writings fall into three divisions: the scientific romance, the sociological treatise, and the realistic novel. In "Anticipation," "The Making of Mankind," "Modern Utopia," "New Worlds for Old," and "An Englishman Looks on Life" he has set forth his economic theory, his power of independent inquiry and his clear-sighted imagination. His most ambitious and widely discussed work, "An Outline of History," is an outstanding example of the author's extraordinary versatility and prodigious industry. His romantic and sensational tales, based upon modern scientific theory and the development of mechanical invention, gained him a wide popularity. Among the many other books by Mr. Wells are "The Invisible Man," "Men Like Gods," and "The Sea Lady." His stories are characterized by the unique conception of situation, excellent humor, and a remarkably fresh imagination. It is generally conceded that the high-water mark of Mr. Wells as a writer of novels of everyday life is reached in six of his books: "Love and Mr. Lewisham," "Kipps," "Tono Bungay," "Anne Veronica," "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," and "Joan and Peter." The story here reprinted, "The Late Mr. Elveshan," is an excellent example of the purely imaginative Wellsian romance with a scientific turn, made to seem as real as the narrative of actual happenings.

Dr. Heidegger's Experiment

(Reprinted. See announcement on page 93)

by Nathaniel Hawthorne

The discoverer of the waters of youth shares his secret with some friends.

Illustrated by S. George Phillips

THAT very singular man, old Doctor Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his health and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And, before proceeding further, I will merely hint, that Doctor Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Doctor Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Doctor Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and be-sprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios, and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Doctor Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty place within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Doctor Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady, but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody

could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot on the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said—"Forbear!"

Such was Doctor Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the center of the room sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Doctor Heidegger, slowly, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

NOW Doctor Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiments, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Doctor Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Doctor Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, I ask you, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Doctor Heidegger.

He uncovered the case, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first, it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a deathlike slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled very modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show. "Pray how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth,'" asked Doctor Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of, two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" asked the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Doctor Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous 'Fountain of Youth,' if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my deep curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story, "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear Colonel," replied Doctor Heidegger, "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

WHILE he spoke, Doctor Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the "Fountain of Youth." It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting

in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted now that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. Doctor Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think of what a sin and shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the present age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea, that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing. "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

WITH palsied hands, they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Doctor Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more woefully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a young woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they, eagerly. "We are younger—but we are still too old! Quick! Quick—give us more!"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Doctor Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment, with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely, you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulp.

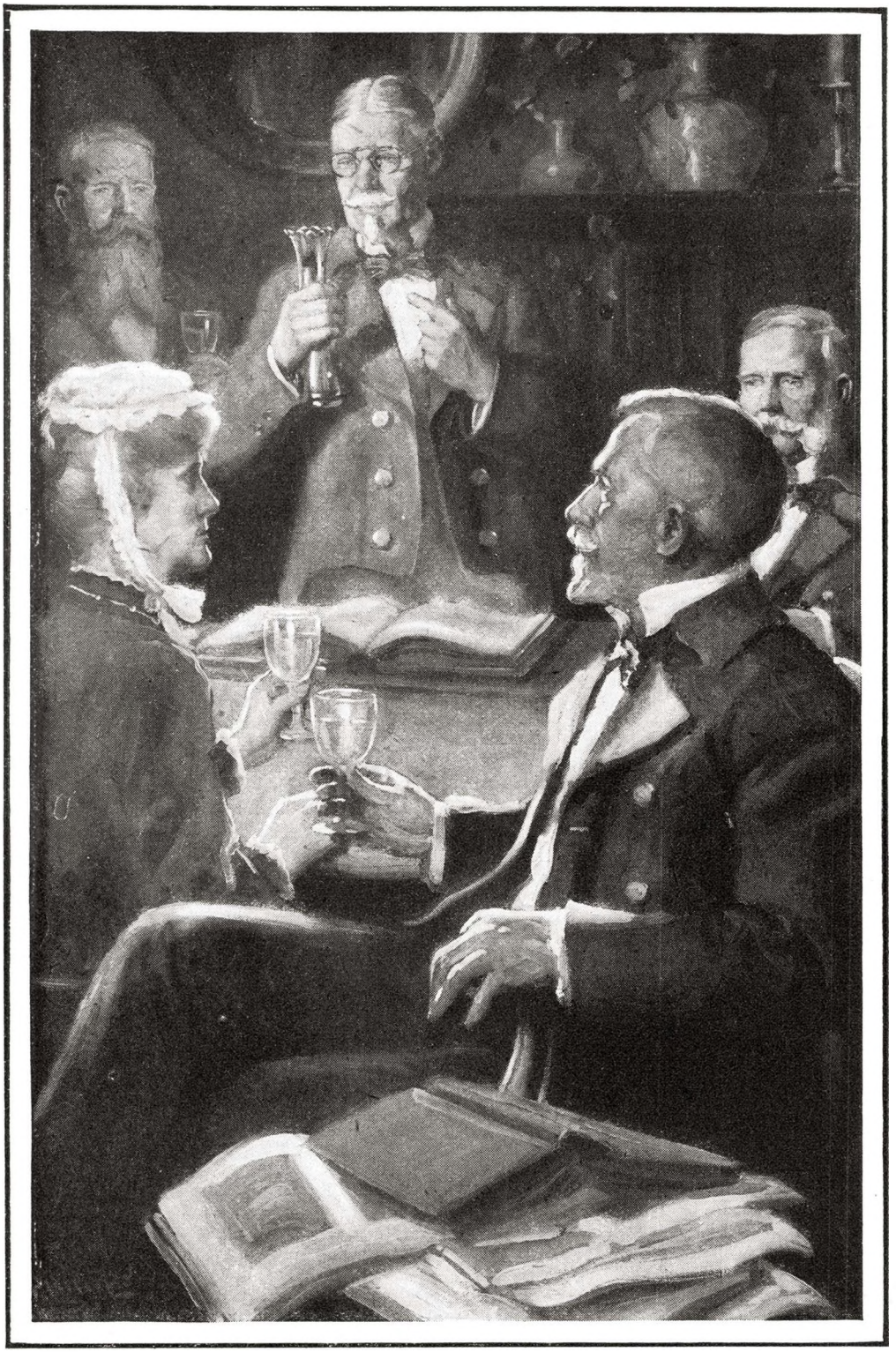
Was it delusion? Even while the draft was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle-age, and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

THE fair widow knew of old that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner, as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years.

Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's rights; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend



"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing for a second time through the perils of youth."

whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor. "See! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as if effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glittering of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset, that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moonlight splendor gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately carved, oaken armchair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draft of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost, and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried exultingly.

YOUTH, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gaiety was an impulse to mock the infirmity of decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an armchair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Doctor Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then, the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara!" cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

THEY all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalship, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a very old shriveled grandma.

But they were young; their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Doctor Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen! Come, Madame Wycherly!" exclaimed the doctor, a little perturbed, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still, and shivered; for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and

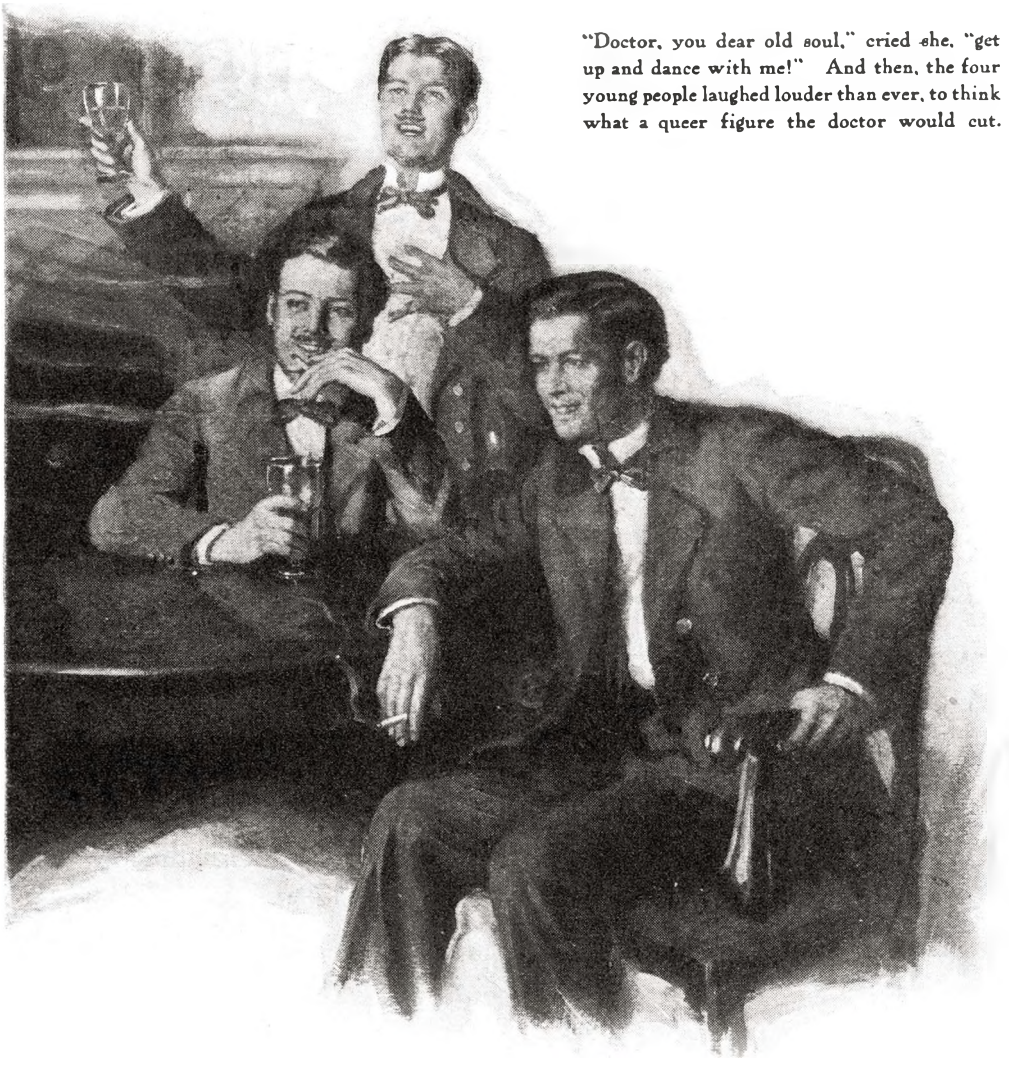
darksome vale of years. They looked at old Doctor Heidegger, who sat in his carved armchair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were at the time.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Doctor Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds, "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all.



"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then, the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the doctor would cut.

They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Doctor Heidegger?

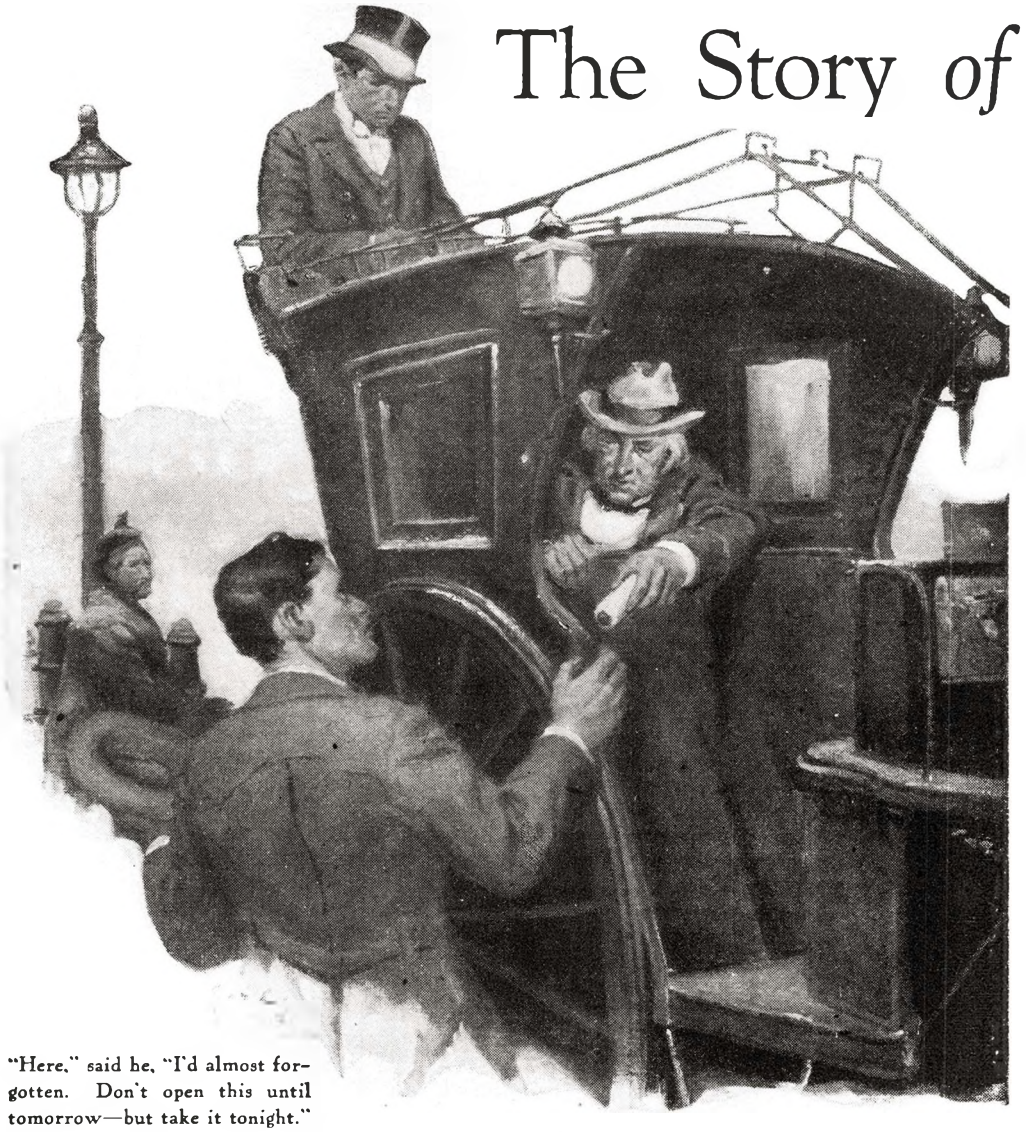
"Are we grown old again, so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Doctor Heidegger, "and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my door-step, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!"

But the doctor's four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night, from the Fountain of Youth.

The Story of



"Here," said he, "I'd almost forgotten. Don't open this until tomorrow—but take it tonight."

I SET this story down, not expecting it will be believed, but, if possible, to prepare a way of escape for the next victim. He, perhaps, may profit by my misfortune. My own case, I know, is hopeless, and I am now in some measure prepared to meet my fate.

My name is Edward George Eden. I was born at Trentham, in Staffordshire, my father being employed in the gardens there. I lost my mother when I was three years old, and my father when I was five, my uncle, George Eden, then adopting me as his own son. He was a single man, self-educated, and well known in Birmingham as an enterprising journalist; he educated me generously, fired my ambition to succeed in the world, and at his death, which happened four years ago, left me his entire fortune, a matter of about five hundred pounds after all outgoing charges were paid. I was then eighteen. He advised me in his will to expend the money in completing my education. I had already chosen the profession of medicine, and through his posthumous generosity, and my good fortune in a scholarship competition, I became a medical student at University College, London. At the time of the beginning of my story I lodged at 11A University Street, in a little upper room, very shabbily furnished, and drafty, overlooking the back of Shoolbred's premises. I used this little room both to live in and sleep in, because I was anxious to eke out my means to the very last shillings-worth.

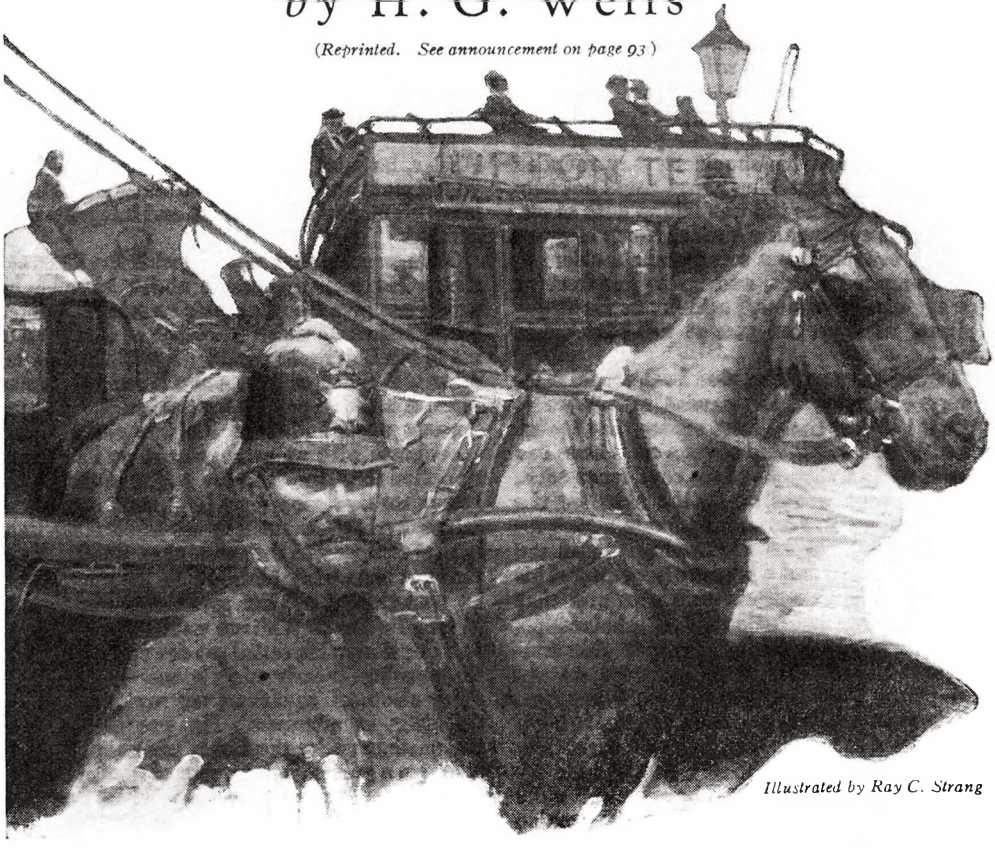
I was taking a pair of shoes to be mended at a shop in the Tottenham Court Road when I first encountered the little old man with the yellow

the Late Mr. Elvesham

Of a young man who exchanged the promise of his youth for a handsome inheritance

by H. G. Wells

(*Reprinted. See announcement on page 93*)



Illustrated by Ray C. Strang

face, with whom my life has now become so inextricably entangled. He was standing on the curb, and staring at the number on the door in a doubtful way, as I opened it. His eyes—they were dull gray eyes, and reddish under the rims—fell to my face, and his countenance immediately assumed an expression of corrugated amiability.

"You come," he said, "apt to the moment. I had forgotten the number of your house. How do you do, Mr. Eden?"

I was a little astonished at his familiar address, for I had never set eyes on the man before. I was a little annoyed, too, at his catching me with my boots under my arm. He noticed my lack of cordiality.

"Wonder who the deuce I am, eh? A friend, let me assure you. I have seen you before, though you haven't seen me. Is there anywhere where I can talk to you?"

I hesitated. The shabbiness of my room upstairs was not a matter for every stranger. "Perhaps," said I, "we might walk down the street. I'm unfortunately prevented—" My gesture explained the sentence before I had spoken it.

"The very thing," he said, and faced this way and then that. "The street? Which way shall we go?" I slipped my boots down in the passage. "Look here!" he said abruptly, "this business of mine is a rigmarole. Come and lunch with me, Mr. Eden. I'm an old man, a very old man, and not good at explanations, and what with my piping voice and the clatter of the traffic—"

He laid a persuasive, skinny hand that trembled a little upon my arm.

I was not so old that an old man might not treat me to a lunch. Yet at the same time I was not altogether pleased by this abrupt invitation. "I had rather—" I began. "But I had rather," he said, catching me up, "and a certain civility is surely due to my gray hairs." And so I consented, and went with him.

He took me to Blatvitski's; I had to walk slowly to accommodate myself to his paces; and over such a lunch as I had never tasted before, he fended off my leading questions, and I took a better note of his appearance. His clean-shaven face was lean and wrinkled, his shriveled lips fell over a set of false teeth, and his white hair was thin and rather long; he seemed small to me—though, indeed, most people seemed small to me—and his shoulders were rounded and bent. And watching him, I could not help but observe that he too was taking note of me, running his eyes, with a curious touch of greed in them, over me, from my broad shoulders to my sun-tanned hands, and up to my freckled face again. "And now," said he, as we lit our cigarets, "I must tell you of the business in hand.

"I must tell you, then, that I am an old man, a very old man." He paused momentarily. "And it happens that I have money that I must presently be leaving, and never a child have I to leave it to." I thought of the confidence trick, and resolved I would be on the alert for the vestiges of my five hundred pounds. He proceeded to enlarge on his loneliness, and the trouble he had to find a proper disposition of his money. "I have weighed this plan and that plan, charities, institutions, and scholarships, and libraries, and I have come to this conclusion at last"—he fixed his eyes on my face—"that I will find some young fellow, ambitious, pure-minded, and poor, healthy in body and healthy in mind, and, in short, make him my heir, give him all that I have." He repeated, "Give him all that I have. So that he will suddenly be lifted out of all the trouble and struggle in which his sympathies have been educated, to freedom and influence."

I TRIED to seem disinterested. With a transparent hypocrisy, I said, "And you want my help, my professional services, maybe, to find that person."

He smiled, and looked at me over his cigaret, and I laughed at his quiet exposure of my modest pretense.

"What a career such a man might have!" he said. "It fills me with envy to think how I have accumulated that another man may spend—

"But there are conditions, of course, burdens to be imposed. He must, for instance, take my name. You cannot expect everything without some return. And I must go into all the circumstances of his life before I can accept him. He must be sound. I must know his heredity, how his parents and grandparents died, have the strictest inquiries made into his private morals. . . ."

This modified my secret congratulations a little. "And do I understand," said I, "that I—"

"Yes," he said, almost fiercely. "You. *You.*"

I answered never a word. My imagination was dancing wildly, my innate skepticism was useless to modify its transports. There must not be a particle of gratitude in my mind—I did not know what to say nor how to say it. "But why me in particular?" I said at last.

He had chanced to hear of me from Professor Haslar, he said, as a typically sound and sane young man, and he wished, as far as possible, to leave his money where health and integrity were assured.

That was my first meeting with the little old man. He was mysterious about himself; he would not give his name yet, he said, and after I had answered some questions of his, he left me at the Blatvitski portal. I noticed that he drew a handful of gold coins from his pocket when it came to paying for the lunch. His insistence upon bodily health was curious. In accordance with an arrangement we had made I applied that day for a life policy in the Loyal Insurance Company for a large sum, and I was exhaustively overhauled by the medical advisers of that company in the subsequent week. Even that did not satisfy him, and he insisted I must be reexamined by the great Dr. Henderson. It was Friday in Whitsun week before he came to a decision. He called me down, quite late in the evening—nearly nine it was—from cramming chemical equations for my Preliminary Scientific examination. He was standing in the passage under the feeble gas-lamp, and his face was a grotesque interplay of shadows. He seemed more bowed than when I had first seen him, and his cheeks had sunk in a little.

His voice shook with emotion. "Everything is satisfactory, Mr. Eden," he said. "Everything is quite, quite satisfactory. And this night of all nights, you must dine with me and celebrate your—accession." He was interrupted by a cough. "You won't have long to wait, either," he said, wiping his handkerchief across his lips, and gripping my hand with his long bony claw that was disengaged. "Certainly not very long to wait."

We went into the street and called a cab. I remember every incident of that drive vividly, the swift, easy motion, the vivid contrast of gas and oil and electric light, the crowds of people in the streets, the place in Regent Street to which we went, and the sumptuous dinner we were served there. I was disconcerted at first by the well-dressed waiters' glances at my rough clothes, bothered by the stones of the

olives, but as the champagne warmed my blood, my confidence revived. At first the old man talked of himself. He had already told me his name in the cab; he was Egbert Elvesham, the great philosopher, whose name I had known since I was a lad at school. It seemed incredible to me that this man, whose intelligence had so early dominated mine, this great abstraction, should suddenly realize itself as this decrepit, familiar figure. I daresay every young fellow who has suddenly fallen among celebrities has felt something of my disappointment. He told me now of the future that the feeble streams of his life would presently leave dry for me, houses, copyrights, investments; I had never suspected that philosophers were so rich. He watched me drink and eat with a touch of envy. "What a capacity for living you have!" he said; and then, with a sigh, a sigh of relief I could have thought it, "It will not be long."

"Ay," said I, my head swimming now with champagne, "I have a future perhaps—of a passing agreeable sort, thanks to you. I shall now have the honor of your name. But you have a past. Such a past as is worth all my future."

He shook his head and smiled, as I thought, with half-sad appreciation of my flattering admiration. "That future," he said, "would you in truth change it?" The waiter came with liqueurs. "You will not perhaps mind taking my name, taking my position, but would you indeed—willingly—take my years?"

"With your achievements," said I, gallantly.

He smiled again. "Kummel—both," he said to the waiter, and turned his attention to a little paper packet he had taken from his pocket. "This hour," said he, "this after-dinner hour is the hour of small things. Here is a scrap of my unpublished wisdom." He opened the packet with his shaking yellow fingers, and showed a little pinkish powder on the paper. "This," said he, "well, you must guess what it is. But Kummel—put but a dash of this powder in it—is Himmel." His large grayish eyes watched mine with an inscrutable expression.

IT WAS a bit of a shock to me to find this great teacher gave his mind to the flavor of liqueurs. However, I feigned a great interest in his weakness, for I was drunk enough for such small sycophancy.

He parted the powder between the little glasses, and, rising suddenly, with a strange, unexpected dignity, held out his hand toward me. I imitated his action, and the glasses rang. "To a quick succession," said he, and raised his glass toward his lips.

"Not that," I said hastily. "Not that."

He paused, with the liqueur at the level of his chin, and his eyes blazing into mine.

"To a long life," said I.

He hesitated. "To a long life," said he, with a sudden bark of laughter, and with eyes fixed on one another we tilted the little glasses. His eyes looked straight into mine, and as I drained the stuff off, I felt a curiously intense sensation. The first touch of it set my brain in a furious tumult; I seemed to feel an actual physical stirring in my skull, and a seething humming filled my ears. I did not notice the flavor in my mouth, the aroma that filled my throat; I saw only the gray intensity of his gaze that burnt into mine. The draft, the mental confusion, the noise and stirring in my head, seemed to last an interminable time. Curious vague impressions of half-forgotten things danced and vanished on the edge of my consciousness. At last he broke the spell. With a sudden explosive sigh he put down his glass.

"Well?" he said.

"It's glorious," said I, though I had not tasted the stuff.

My head was spinning. I sat down. My brain was chaos. Then my perception grew clear and minute as though I saw things in a concave mirror. His manner seemed to have changed into something nervous and hasty. He pulled out his watch and grimaced at it. "Eleven-seven! And tonight I must—Seven—twenty-five. Waterloo! I must go at once." He called for the bill, and struggled with his coat. Officious waiters came to our assistance. In another moment I was wishing him good-by, over the apron of a cab, and still with an absurd feeling of minute distinctness, as though—how can I express it?—I not only saw but *felt* through an inverted opera-glass.

"That stuff," he said. He put his hand to his forehead. "I ought not to have given it to you. It will make your head split tomorrow. Wait a minute. Here." He handed me out a little flat thing like a Seidlitz powder. "Take that in water as you are going to bed. The other thing was a drug. Not till you're ready to go to bed, mind. It will clear your head. That's all. One more shake—Futurus!"

I gripped his shriveled claw. "Good-by," he said, and by the droop of his eyelids I judged he too was a little under the influence of that brain-twisting cordial.

He recollected something else with a start, felt in his breast-pocket, and produced another packet, this time a cylinder the size and shape of a shaving-stick. "Here," said he. "I'd almost forgotten. Don't open this until I come tomorrow—but take it now."

It was so heavy that I well-nigh dropped it. "All ri'!" said I, and he grinned at me through the cab window as the cabman flicked his horse into wakefulness. It was a white packet he had given me, with red seals at either end and along its edge. "If this isn't money," said I, "it's platinum or lead."

I stuck it with elaborate care into my pocket,

and with a whirling brain walked home through the Regent Street loiterers and the dark back streets beyond Portland Road. I remember the sensations of that walk very vividly, strange as they were. I was still so far myself that I could notice my strange mental state, and I wonder whether this stuff I had had was opium—a drug beyond my experience. It is hard now to describe the peculiarity of my mental strangeness—mental doubling vaguely expresses it. As I was walking up Regent Street I found in my mind a queer persuasion that it was Waterloo station, and had an odd impulse to get into the Polytechnic as a man might get into a train. I put a knuckle in my eye, and it was Regent Street. How can I express it? You see a skilful actor looking quietly at you, he pulls a grimace, and lo!—another person. Is it too extravagant if I tell you it seemed to me as if Regent Street had, for the moment, done that? Then, being persuaded it was Regent Street again, I was oddly muddled about some fantastic reminiscences that cropped up. "Thirty years ago," thought I, "it was here that I quarreled with my brother." Then I burst out laughing, to the astonishment and encouragement of a group of night prowlers. Thirty years ago I did not exist, and never in my life had I boasted a brother. The stuff was surely liquid folly, for the poignant regret for that lost brother still clung to me. Along Portland Road the madness took another turn. I began to recall vanished shops, and to compare the street with what it used to be. Confused, troubled thinking is comprehensible enough after the drink I had taken, but what puzzled me were these curiously vivid phantasm memories that had crept into my mind, and not only the memories that had slipped out. I stopped opposite Stevens's, the natural history dealer's, and cudgeled my brains to think what he had to do with me. A 'bus went by, and sounded exactly like the rumbling of a train. I seemed to be dipped into some dark, remote pit for the recollection. "Of course," said I, at last, "he has promised me three frogs tomorrow. Odd I should have forgotten."

Do they still show children dissolving views? In those I remember one view would begin like a faint ghost, and grow and oust another. In just that way it seems to me that a ghostly set of new sensations were struggling with those of my ordinary self.

I went on through Euston Road to Tottenham Court Road, puzzled and a little frightened, and scarcely noticed the unusual way I was taking, for commonly I used to cut through the intervening network of back streets. I turned into University Street, to discover that I had forgotten my number. Only by a strong effort did I recall 11A, and even then it seemed to me that it was a thing some forgotten person had told me. I tried to steady my mind by recalling the incidents of the dinner, and for the life of me I could conjure up no picture of my host's face; I saw him only as a shadowy outline, as one might see oneself reflected in a window through which one was looking. In his place, however, I had a curious exterior vision of myself sitting at a table, flushed, bright-eyed, and talkative.

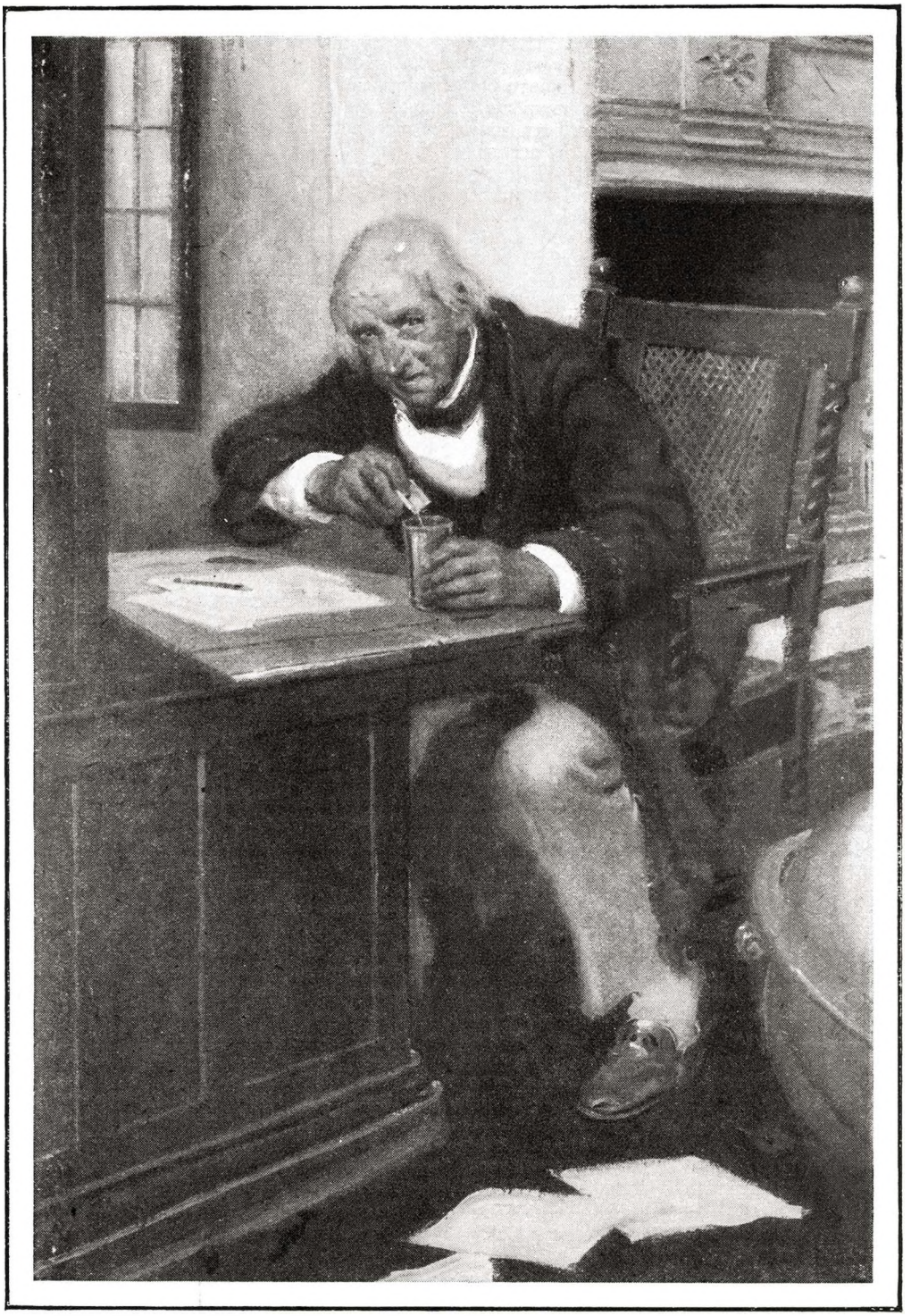
"I must take this other powder," said I. "This is getting impossible."

I tried the wrong side of the hall for my candle and the matches, and had a doubt of which landing my room might be on. "I'm drunk," I said, "that's certain," and blundered needlessly on the staircase to sustain the proposition.

AT THE first glance my room seemed unfamiliar. "What rot!" I said, and stared about me. I seemed to bring myself back by the effort, and the odd phantasmal quality passed into the concrete familiar. There was the old glass still, with my notes on the albumens stuck in the corner of the frame, my old every-day suit of clothes pitched about the floor. And yet it was not so real after all. I felt an idiotic persuasion trying to creep into my mind, as it were, that I was in a railway carriage in a train just stopping, that I was peering out of the window at some unknown station. I gripped the bed-rail firmly to reassure myself. "It's clairvoyance, perhaps," I said. "I must write to the Psychical Research Society."

I put the rouleau on my dressing-table, sat on my bed and began to take off my boots. It was as if the picture of my present sensations was painted over some other picture that was trying to show through. "Curse it!" said I, "my wits are going, or am I in two places at once?" Half-undressed, I tossed the powder into a glass and drank it off. It effervesced, and became a fluorescent amber color. Before I was in bed my mind was already tranquilized. I felt the pillow at my cheek, and thereupon I must have fallen asleep.

I awoke abruptly out of a dream of strange beasts, and found myself lying on my back. Probably every one knows that dismal, emotional dream from which one escapes, awake indeed, but strangely cowed. There was a curious taste in my mouth, a tired feeling in my limbs, a sense of cutaneous discomfort. I lay with my head motionless on my pillow, expecting that my feeling of strangeness and terror would probably pass away, and that I should then doze off again to sleep. But instead of that, my uncanny sensations increased. At first I could perceive nothing wrong about me. There was a faint light in the room, so faint that it was the very next thing to darkness, and the furniture stood out in it as vague blots of absolute darkness. I stared with my eyes just over the bedclothes.



This may be—is most probably—poison. I can understand Elvesham placing poison in my way, and I should be sure that it was his intention so to get rid of the only living witness against him.

It came into my mind that some one had entered the room to rob me of my rouleau of money, but after lying for some moments, breathing regularly to simulate sleep, I realized this was mere fancy. Nevertheless, the uneasy assurance of something wrong kept fast hold of me. With an effort I raised my head from the pillow, and peered about me at the dark. What it was I could not conceive. I looked at the dim shapes around me, the greater and lesser darknesses that indicated curtains, table, fireplace, bookshelves, and so forth. Then I began to perceive something unfamiliar in the forms of the darkness. Had the bed turned round? Yonder should be the bookshelves, and something shrouded and pallid rose there, something that would not answer to the bookshelves, however I looked at it. It was far too big to be my shirt thrown on a chair.

Overcoming a childish terror, I threw back the bedclothes and thrust my leg out of bed. Instead of coming out of my truckle-bed upon the floor, I found my foot scarcely reached the edge of the mattress. I made another step, as it were, and sat up on the edge of the bed. By the side of my bed should be the candle, and the matches upon the broken chair. I put out my hand and touched—nothing. I waved my hand in the darkness, and it came against some heavy hanging, soft and thick in texture, which gave a rustling noise at my touch. I grasped this and pulled it; it appeared to be a curtain suspended over the head of my bed.

I WAS now thoroughly awake, and beginning to realize that I was in a strange room. I was puzzled. I tried to recall the overnight circumstances, and I found them now, curiously enough, vivid in my memory: the supper, my reception of the little packages, my wonder whether I was intoxicated, my slow undressing, the coolness to my flushed face of my pillow. I felt a sudden distrust. Was that last night, or the night before? At any rate, this room was strange to me, and I could not imagine how I had got into it. The dim, pallid outline was growing paler, and I perceived it was a window, with the dark shape of an oval toilet-glass against the weak intimation of the dawn that filtered through the blind. I stood up, and was surprized by a curious feeling of weakness and unsteadiness. With trembling hands outstretched, I walked slowly toward the window, getting, nevertheless, a bruise on the knee from a chair by the way. I fumbled round the glass, which was large, with handsome brass sconces, to find the blind-cord. I could not find any. By chance I took hold of the tassel, and with the click of a spring the blind ran up.

I found myself looking out upon a scene that was altogether strange to me. The night was overcast, and through the flocculent gray of the heaped clouds there filtered a faint half-light of dawn. Just at the edge of the sky, the cloud-canopy had a blood-red rim. Below, everything was dark and indistinct, dim hills in the distance, a vague mass of building running up into pinnacles, trees like spilt ink, and below the window a tracery of black bushes and pale gray paths. It was so unfamiliar that for the moment I thought myself still dreaming. I felt the toilet-table; it appeared to be made of some polished wood, and was rather elaborately furnished—there were little cut-glass bottles and a brush upon it. There was also a queer little object, horseshoe-shaped it felt, with smooth, hard projections, lying in a saucer. I could find no matches nor candlestick.

I turned my eyes to the room again. Now the blind was up, faint specters of its furnishing came out of the darkness. There was a huge curtained bed, and the fireplace at its foot had a large white mantel with something of the shimmer of marble.

I leaned against the toilet-table, shut my eyes and opened them again, and tried to think. The whole thing was far too real for dreaming. I was inclined to imagine there was still some hiatus in my memory, as a consequence of my draft of that strange liqueur; that I had come into my inheritance perhaps, and suddenly lost my recollection of everything since my good fortune had been announced. Perhaps if I waited a little, things would be clearer to me again. Yet my dinner with old Elvesham was now singularly vivid and recent. The champagne, the observant waiters, the powder, and the liqueurs—I could have staked my soul it all happened a few hours ago.

And then occurred a thing so trivial and yet so terrible to me that I shiver now to think of that moment. I spoke aloud. I said, "How the devil did I get here?" *And the voice was not my own.*

It was not my own, it was thin, the articulation was slurred, the resonance of my facial bones was different. Then, to reassure myself, I ran one hand over the other, and felt loose folds of skin, the bony laxity of age. "Surely," I said, in that horrible voice that had somehow established itself in my throat, "surely this thing is a dream!" Almost as quickly as if I did it involuntarily, I thrust my fingers into my mouth. My teeth had gone. My finger-tips ran on the flaccid surface of an even row of shriveled gums. I was sick with dismay and disgust.

I felt then a passionate desire to see myself, to realize in its full horror the ghastly change that had come upon me. I tottered to the mantel, and felt along it for matches. As I did so, a barking cough sprang up in my throat, and I clutched the thick flannel nightdress I found about me. There were no matches there, and I suddenly realized that my extremities were cold. Sniffing and coughing,

whimpering, a little, perhaps, I fumbled back to bed. "It is surely a dream," I whimpered to myself as I clambered back, "surely a dream." It was a senile repetition. I pulled the bedclothes over my shoulders, over my ears, I thrust my withered hand under the pillow, and determined to compose myself to sleep. Of course it was a dream. In the morning the dream would be over, and I should wake up strong and vigorous again to my youth and studies. I shut my eyes, breathed regularly, and, finding myself wakeful, began to count slowly through the powers of three.

BUT the thing I desired would not come. I could not get to sleep. And the persuasion of the inexorable reality of the change that had happened to me grew steadily. Presently I found myself with my eyes wide open, the powers of three forgotten, and my skinny fingers upon my shriveled gums. I was, indeed, suddenly and abruptly, an old man. I had in some unaccountable manner fallen through my life and come to old age, in some way I had been cheated of all the best of my life, of love, of struggle, of strength, and hope. I groveled into the pillow and tried to persuade myself that such hallucination was possible. Imperceptibly, steadily, the dawn grew clearer.

At last, despairing of further sleep, I sat up in bed and looked about me. A chill twilight rendered the whole chamber visible. It was spacious and well furnished, better furnished than any room I had ever slept in before. A candle and matches became dimly visible upon a little pedestal in a recess. I threw back the bedclothes, and, shivering with the rawness of the early morning, albeit it was summer time, I got out and lit the candle. Then, trembling horribly, so that the extinguisher rattled on its spike, I tottered to the glass and saw—*Elvesham's face!* It was none the less horrible because I had already dimly feared as much. He had already seemed physically weak and pitiful to me, but seen now, dressed only in a coarse flannel nightdress that fell apart and showed the stringy neck, seen now as my own body, I cannot describe its desolate decrepitude. The hollow cheeks, the straggling tail of dirty gray hair, the rheumy bleared eyes, the quivering, shriveled lips, the lower displaying a gleam of the pink interior lining, and those horrible dark gums showing. You who are mind and body together, at your natural years, cannot imagine what this fiendish imprisonment meant to me. To be young and full of the desire and energy of youth, and to be caught, and presently to be crushed in this tottering ruin of a body. . . .

But I wander from the course of my story. For some time I must have been stunned at this change that had come upon me. It was daylight when I did so far gather myself together as to think. In some inexplicable way I had been changed, though how, short of magic, the thing had been done, I could not say. And as I thought, the diabolical ingenuity of Elvesham came home to me. It seemed plain to me that as I found myself in his, so he must be in possession of *my* body, of my strength, that is, and my future. But how to prove it? Then, as I thought, the thing became so incredible, even to me, that my mind reeled, and I had to pinch myself, to feel my toothless gums, to see myself in the glass, and touch the things about me, before I could steady myself to face the facts again. Was all life hallucination? Was I indeed Elvesham, and he me? Had I been dreaming of Eden overnight? Was there any Eden? But if I was Elvesham, I should remember where I was on the previous morning, the name of the town in which I lived, what happened before the dream began. I struggled with my thoughts. I recalled the queer doubleness of my memories overnight. But now my mind was clear. Not the ghost of any memories but those proper to Eden could I raise.

"This way lies insanity!" I cried in my piping voice. I staggered to my feet, dragged my feeble, heavy limbs to the wash-hand stand, and plunged my gray head into a basin of cold water. Then toweling myself, I tried again. It was no good. I felt beyond all question that I was indeed Eden, not Elvesham. But Eden in Elvesham's body.

Had I been a man of any other age, I might have given myself up to my fate as one enchanted. But in these skeptical days miracles do not pass current. Here was some trick of psychology. What a drug and a steady stare could do, a drug and a steady stare, or some similar treatment, could surely undo. Men have lost their memories before. But to exchange memories as one does umbrellas! I laughed. Alas! Not a healthy laugh, but a wheezing, senile titter. I could have fancied old Elvesham laughing at my plight, and a gust of petulant anger, unusual to me, swept across my feelings. I began dressing eagerly in the clothes I found lying about on the floor, and only realized when I was dressed that it was an evening suit I had assumed. I opened the wardrobe and found some more ordinary clothes, a pair of plaid trousers, and an old-fashioned dressing-gown. I put a venerable smoking-cap on my venerable head, and, coughing a little from my exertions, tottered out upon the landing.

It was then, perhaps, a quarter to six, and the blinds were closely drawn and the house quite silent. The landing was a spacious one, a broad, richly carpeted staircase went down into the darkness of the hall below, and before me a door ajar showed me a writing-desk, a revolving bookcase, the back of a study-chair, and a fine array of bound books, shelf upon shelf.

"My study," I mumbled, and walked across

the landing. Then at the sound of my voice a thought struck me, and I went back to the bedroom and put in the set of false teeth. They slipped in with the ease of old habit. "That's better," said I, gnashing them, and so returned to the study.

The drawers of the writing-desk were locked. Its revolving top was also locked. I could see no indication of the keys, and there were none in the pockets of my trousers. I shuffled back at once to the bedroom, and went through the dress suit, and afterward the pockets of all the garments I could find. I was very eager, and one might have imagined that burglars had been at work, to see my room when I had done. Not only were there no keys to be found, but not a coin, nor a scrap of paper—save only the receipted bill of the overnight dinner.

A curious weariness asserted itself. I sat down and stared at the garments flung here and there, their pockets turned inside out. My first frenzy already flickered out. Every moment I was beginning to realize the immense intelligence of the plans of my enemy, to see more and more clearly the hopelessness of my position. With an effort I rose and hurried hobbling into the study again. On the staircase was a housemaid pulling up the blinds. She stared, I think, at the expressions of my face. I shut the door of the study behind me, and seizing a poker, began an attack upon the desk. That is how they found me. The cover of the desk was split, the lock smashed, the letters torn out of the pigeonholes and tossed about the room. In my senile rage I had flung about the pens and other such light stationery, and overturned the ink. Moreover, a large vase upon the mantel had got broken—I do not know how. I could find no check-book, no money, no indications for the slightest use for the recovery of my body. I was battering madly at the drawers, when the butler, backed by two women servants, intruded upon me.

THAT simply is the story of my change. No one will believe my frantic assertions. I am treated as one demented, and even at this moment I am under restraint. But I am sane, absolutely sane, and to prove it I have sat down to write this story minutely as the things happened to me. I appeal to the reader, whether there is any trace of insanity in the style or methods of the story he has been reading. I am a young man locked away in an old man's body. But the clear fact is incredible to every one. Naturally, I appear demented to those who will not believe this; naturally I do not know the names of my secretaries, of the doctors who come to see me, of my servants and neighbors, of this town (wherever it is) where I find myself. Naturally I lose myself in my own house, and suffer inconveniences of every sort. Naturally I ask the oddest questions. Naturally I weep and cry out, and have paroxysms of despair. I have no money and no check-book. The bank will not recognize my signature, for I suppose that, allowing for the feeble muscles I now have, my handwriting is still Eden's. These people about me will not let me go to the bank personally. It seems, indeed, that there is no bank in this town, and that I have an account in some part of London. It seems that Elvesham kept the name of his soliciter secret from all his household—I can ascertain nothing. Elvesham was, of course, a profound student of mental science, and all my declarations of the facts of the case merely confirm the theory that my insanity is the outcome of over-much brooding upon psychology. Dreams of the personal identity indeed! Two days ago I was a healthy youngster, with all life before me; now I am a furious old man, unkempt, and desperate, and miserable, prowling about a great luxurious strange house, watched, feared, and avoided as a lunatic by every one about me. And in London is Elvesham beginning life again in a vigorous body, and with all the accumulated knowledge and wisdom of threescore and ten. He has stolen my life.

What has happened I do not clearly know. In the study are volumes of manuscript notes referring chiefly to the psychology of memory, and parts of what may be either calculations or ciphers in symbols absolutely strange to me. In some passages there are indications that he was also occupied with the psychology of mathematics. I take it he has transferred the whole of his memories, the accumulation that makes up his personality, from this old withered brain of his to mine, and, similarly, that he has transferred mine to his discarded tenement. Practically, that is, he has changed bodies. But how such a change may be possible is without the range of my philosophy. I have been a materialist for all my thinking life, but here, suddenly, is a clear case of man's detachability from matter.

One desperate experiment I am about to try. I sit writing here before putting the matter to issue. This morning, with the help of a table-knife that I had secreted at breakfast, I succeeded in breaking open a fairly obvious secret drawer in this wrecked writing-desk. I discovered nothing save a little green glass phial containing a white powder. Round the neck of the phial was a label, and thereon was written this one word, "*Release.*" This may be—is most probably—poison. I can understand Elvesham placing poison in my way, and I should be sure that it was his intention so to get rid of the only living witness against him, were it not for this careful concealment. The man has practically solved the problem of immortality. Save for the spite of chance, he will live

(*Continued on page 182*)

How You Look to Atlantic City

The hotel doorman, the chair pusher and the salesgirl size up visitors to the nation's playground. What they can tell about you from your clothes, your tips and your habits

by Betty Shannon

BACK a little from the surging crowds on the Boardwalk stands one of the men who does most to keep things spinning at Atlantic City. In his neat uniform and gold-laced cap he looks like some courtly white-haired general of the old school. And he is a general—of traffic. His jolly red nose and twinkling eyes are known to hundreds of important people from coast to coast. They know him as old "Phil," and no doubt they have often wondered what wise thoughts went on behind his kindly impassive face and how many of life's shams he has seen through.

As a matter of fact he has seen through most of them. For he is the doorman of one of Atlantic City's grandest hotels and for years before that he was in the butter-and-egg business in Philadelphia. Now, in his mellower years, he is willing occasionally to talk about some of the things he sees through his spinning doors.

"I wasn't any stranger to the public when I came here," says he, "but I've learned a thing or two about the public I didn't know before. Calling at back doors and talking to housewives is one thing, but turning the door after celebrities and the wealthy is another. I've turned this door after all kinds: presidents, senators, princes, steel kings, Norma Talmadge and Fatty Arbuckle. Jack Pickford comes down here and so does his wife, Marilyn Miller, and there's Mrs. Dupont who comes down from New York for many a week-end. If I was to try to count the number of times I've turned this door, I suppose I wouldn't have courage enough to go back to work. It's a good thing it's only a turn at a time.

"Without strict supervision, people not registered at the hotel would come in to take advantage of the concerts in the lobby, to sit in the steamer chairs on the roof and in the sun parlors. This would not be fair to people who have paid for these privileges and it is the duty of the doorman to notify the manager when any of these outsiders and loiterers get inside.

"There's something these people do that helps you spot them right away. Sometimes they're bold. Sometimes they're not bold enough. Half the time they look around and hesitate after they have passed through the revolving door. They're given away before they've taken a dozen steps."

"This job gives you plenty of exercise," it was suggested.

"I have to watch out every minute. Some people are nervous when they go through the door. Some folks are slow and I have to see they don't get hurried, and then others are impatient and want to swoop through like a streak of lightning. Children must be looked after the whole time. Little girls and boys think these turn-around doors were just made for them to play in. I like to turn the door slowly and let them walk in by themselves. The nurse or the mother follows in the next compartment, but the child who goes in alone thinks he's very grown up."

Fully half the doorman's time is given to watching children, and, needless to say, they adore him. They spring at him from the back and say "Boo!" in terrible tones. They grin at him lovingly from behind freckled noses and the great wide open spaces once thickly inhabited by teeth. They leap away from disturbed nurses and governesses to tell him little secrets and all manner of prideful things.

He is a great friend of women traveling alone. They feel the urge to tell someone about the wire from their husband that says he can get away for the week-end. The doorman is sure to be interested. They ask whether it is windy or chilly. They leave various little trappings

with him to guard—bags of knitting, parasols, books. He never fails in his service. He is never too busy or too tired or too anything else to be pleasant, and for this sort of courtesy and attention they reward him so well that the butter-and-egg business has lost him forever.

The doorman says that men are frequently gruff, and that they do not always tip the doorman at places like this. Women are different. He also finds Americans much more pleasant to deal with than the foreign aristocrats who visit the Boardwalk. The real American out for a holiday creates an atmosphere of happiness. Americans who affect hauteur do not bother him, for he knows where they belong. They are pretenders.

It seems to be a little thing, just helping people walk through a revolving door, but doormen are as much a part of hotels as the front door itself, and especially at places like Atlantic City. It is the privilege of the wealthy to follow out their impulses. Many rich persons will go to a place simply because someone like the doorman has been good to them. If you want to know what a place like Atlantic City really thinks of the traveling public, it will be from people like Phil that you are most likely to get the true picture.

Bob, a gentleman of color, can also give you an insight into how you look to someone who makes the wheels of that famous seaside resort turn. For he has been a chauffeur of rolling chairs on the Boardwalk for seventeen years and he speaks with the air of a veteran. As he mops his ebony brow, he drawls: "Everybuddy jus' love to ride in chairs once they git to this place. It's so lazy. They don't have to take no trouble to git out of nobody's way, nor nuthin' hard like that. The pusher do it for 'em. He has to watch out where he takin' 'em all right."

Rolling Chair Traffic Rules

The traffic in roller chairs is so heavy that it is governed by rules quite as rigid in their way as those that move automobiles up and down Fifth Avenue.

The rolling chair idea was the invention of a manufacturer of baby carriages who lived in Philadelphia. Having seen an invalid chair somewhere, he hit upon the idea of a light wicker cab on wheels, suitable for adults, a sort of cross between a jinrikisha and a baby cab.

He took his chair down to Atlantic City to try it out on the Boardwalk. Someone stopped the gentleman, Mr. Harry H. Shill, and asked if the chair could be rented. The beginning of the Atlantic City rolling chair business was born then and there. That was forty-five years ago. Today there are twenty-five hundred rolling chairs on the Boardwalk, which may be hired for the minimum price of one dollar an hour. There are only a few small hours in the night when the chairs are not out. Of course there are chairs to suit all tastes. Some are gay vehicles; some are plain. In summer some have bright umbrellas over them; in winter most of them are glass-enclosed.

Over two thousand of the rolling chairs are owned by the company named after Mr. Shill, their inventor. The rest, aside from six, belong to other firms. The six are independent taxis, owned and controlled by the men who push them.

These companies have their own stands at frequent intervals along the Boardwalk and at the large hotels where chairs may be hired, and each independent has his own stand.

"It's a hawse's life all right," says Bob. "Yass'm, hawses ain' got nothin' on us pushers. Sometimes you git one of those chairs loaded up lak a truck. Sometimes it's easy, jus' one gent'man or maybe just one lady. Them closed chairs with glass windows all aroun', them's the heaviest. We calls them 'vestibule chairs.' They weighs five hundred pounds. Folks likes 'em for winter times. When you git three people in 'em that weighs two hundred pounds apiece, you got a ton to push. And, if they got diamunds on, lawdy! that's more. You seen some of the diamunds that's wore around here? And fur coats? They's heaviest, the fur coats. The ladies sure wears fur coats to Atlantic City."

One rolling chair company official says that the big and more important and very rich men who ride are more careful with their tipping than any other kind.

"They don't make their money by throwing it away," he says. "They usually have a definite scale of tipping—ten per cent—but women are often apt to throw in something extra, if the service has been good. I don't know whether they do it from fear of being thought stingy, or whether it's just lack of business sense."

The thoughtful pusher can pick up many an extra quarter by pointing out the interesting places along the route and calling a passenger's attention to some person of note who may be going by.

"I takes tips, lady," says Bob, "but I gives 'em too. I cain' git no service masc'f without tipping."

The usual and accepted tip for a rolling chair attendant is twenty-five cents an hour; that is under ordinary circumstances. If the car has been loaded down, or if many extra favors have been asked, or if the chair has been pushed around in bad weather, then the occupants usually pay more. Contrary to belief, four-flushers, big tippers, aren't welcomed by the heads of the rolling chair concerns. The boys around the stands fight to get hold of the passenger who flings his money around, and he causes hard feeling among the boys who failed to get him. The pushers are happiest when there is nice average business for them all.

Sometimes demon speedsters get a little nervous at the slow pace at which their one-man

The beach at Atlantic City is a vast melting pot of humanity where rich and poor, famous and obscure seek a place in the sun. The two-week vacationist, the inland tourist and the convention delegate share the surf and the racket, the hot dogs and the salt water taffy, with theatrical celebrities, publicity seekers, famous beauties and millionaire sportsmen. Often a holiday crowd numbers over half a million.

taxis hit it up on the Boardwalk, and try to persuade the pushers to put on more "gasoline." The demons don't get very far, however, though sometimes they do try to pick a fight. The pushers are required to walk at a slow even pace, which is also the least tiring one for them. One attendant may not get out of line with his chair, for that might mean a collision and a spill. If a passenger discharges his chair at one end of the walk, the pusher may not pick up another fare, but must go back to his stand and get his next passenger. A strict discipline is kept by the various chair companies, and the employes recognize the rules. There is a fine of ten dollars for reckless pushing. A heedless pusher is soon a jobless one, and they prefer to let an occasional big tip pass for a steady job.

Bob says he likes being a rolling chair man because it keeps him from "traveling." He was a Pullman porter before settling at the coast, and prefers being in one place than to skipping about the country. Being a pusher, he makes only from twenty-five to thirty miles a day. That is, when business is good.

The rolling chair pushers constitute quite a considerable item in Atlantic City's permanent population. Most of them are colored, but there are always some white men among them. According to rolling chair company officials, no man need be out of work in Atlantic City. He can always get work behind a chair.

These rolling chairs are perhaps the most irresistible attraction of the Boardwalk. They are as much a part of this coast resort as a trunk is part of an elephant, and apparently everybody, young or old, rich or poor, rides in them.

The head of one of the rolling chair companies says that the secret of their popularity is that people want to look at other people and to be looked at themselves. It is the secret of the parade on Fifth Avenue. Promenading gives people something to dress up for. The attention of others gives them something to strive for. Walking is pleasant, but riding is so very much easier.

The Boardwalk that makes these chairs possible is responsible for a lot of other things as well. Some people account for Atlantic City's popularity by saying that it is the combination of sunshine and salt air. But people who have business down there usually agree that the Boardwalk is the town's most attractive feature. In the old days the city fathers laid down a simple walk of boards every spring and took it up in the fall, as so many of our best people do their geraniums. The walk was intended to make it easier for bathers to walk on the sand.

Today the Boardwalk is a permanent structure, in its central portion sixty feet wide. It is eighteen feet up from the sand and is brilliantly lighted like a city boulevard every night

in the year. It runs along the smooth white sands for eight miles with nothing between it and Portugal except the great amusement piers, seven in number, that run out from the shore. On the land side the walk is edged with as motley an array of buildings as could be imagined. They run the gamut of architecture just as the people on the Boardwalk run the gamut in race, breeding, culture and wealth. Palatial hotels rest back on their stone foundations each like a sphinx on the sands of the Sahara and gaze out to sea. But beside them are blocks of garish little one and two-story frame buildings housing cheap jewelry and novelty shops, auctions where Oriental *objets d'art*, lamps and statues, dishes and vases may be eternally purchased, and, of course, the sacrifice sales of table and household linens—without end.

The smart gown shops along the Boardwalk constitute one of its most important and entertaining features. What is more pleasant and profitable to do than take father along on a shopping tour, especially when he is on a vacation and somewhat less on guard?

Mlle. Suzette (her real name may be Perkins or Flanagan) is in charge of one of these smart shops. She is stately, well dressed, tactful and she looks you through very knowingly as she says:

"You'd be surprised at the number of women who come down here every year for their clothes, especially their sports clothes. We have a large following, especially among the women of the Eastern and Southern states, from Delaware, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania and as far south as Washington. Many of them are small-town women, but these people today are as modish as city women with all the traveling about people are doing. Lots of them ask us to pick out their things for them. They say frankly they do not trust their own taste and, consequently, we have free rein. We dress them in what they ought to wear.

"There's a great difference in taste and clothes sense among women of the different

In the old days the city fathers laid down a simple walk of boards every spring and took it up in the fall. Today, the boardwalk is the resort's most distinctive feature. It is sixty feet wide and runs along the sand for eight miles. The boardwalk rolling chair, also an original Atlantic City institution, was invented by a visiting manufacturer of baby carriages

parts of the country. Eastern women want their things smart and up to the minute. They don't care so much for expensive fabrics as they do for cut, line, chic. They wear things that Southern and Western women seldom wear. The New Yorker goes in for dashing, effective clothes. Never mind such details as quality, that is, if quality is fair. What interests her is creating a picture in her things.

"The Southern, Western and New England women aren't that way. First of all they want substantial materials. They want substantial quality. Then they look at appearances, which they wish conservative and dignified. After they are satisfied on that point, they take their choice with much seriousness. For the first season and sometimes the second season these garments serve as best clothes. They are brought out only for Sundays and special occasions. It is not until the second and sometimes the third season that they find themselves worked into everyday use.

"While a New York woman has gone through three or four charming, clever, inexpensive coats and passed them on to her maid or relatives, or sold them to second hand clothes dealers, the other woman is still taking her one very expensive and heavy coat out of the cedar-lined clothes press for Sundays.

"New York women are more shrewd and facile shoppers, too, than other women. They get infinitely more, including variety, for their money. The woman from the South and West and New England is usually willing to pay far more for clothes than the one from New York."

"Do American women like to take their husbands shopping?"

"Yes, but I can't say that they always follow their husbands' advice. The taste of the average man is a little too crude to suit his women folks. He likes any color so long as it is red. Nearly every man likes red hats. He has seen his stenographer or some other girl in a red hat that suits his fancy, and he feels that he would like his wife to have one too. She usually tactfully diverts him to another shade. Eastern men have been educated by their wives to the bizarre and daring. Western men are more conservative."

The Boardwalk with its millions from all over the world is fertile ground for the theatrical producer, the press agent, the publicity seeker, the business man—everybody who has anything to sell. People with time on their hands, money in their pockets and in the humor to be entertained are receptive to new and novel ideas. Hence the industrial displays along the Boardwalk—the latest devices in bathtubs, and near-ivory toilet articles and building materials. Yarn companies give free instruction in knitting to women who have brought their passion for knitting with them. These concerns know full well that the new stitches will be taken back to hundreds of small towns and cities and passed on. Mannikins walk about, displaying the latest styles. Movie actresses put on ankle watches or lead bears by chains, or at any rate they may do so if they wish. No one will stop them.

One season runs into another at Atlantic City. If you like crowds, hot dogs and racket, you will like Atlantic City in summer. If your taste is for exclusiveness and if the only din you relish is the boom of the surf, then you will run down there at other seasons of the year when the great middle class has gone home to its job, and you will find seclusion behind the closed doors of a suite in one of the ocean-front hostelries that has housed princes and potentates.

Summer is the season of the two-week vacationist, the shop girl, the white-collar man who saves up all year for just this event. The cheaper hotels and rooming houses back from the seaside are filled, as well as the expensive ones along the Boardwalk. There isn't a room to be had anywhere at week-ends in warm weather.

Organizing the Bathing Beauties

The most profitable season for Atlantic City begins about the twentieth of June and lasts until after the Beauty Contest and Pageant. This beauty contest for the title of "Miss America" and a subsidiary bathing girl beauty contest, as well as the attendant parades attract people from all over the country. It was devised by Atlantic City's Commercial Club to keep visitors in town after Labor Day, the date which used to mark the annual departure of most of the summer vacationists.

But August is the month when Atlantic City does capacity business. On one Sunday in August of last year 22,217 automobiles passed over the White Horse Pike, leading to the entrance of the city. This was on only one boulevard. The resort has three highways, and often over the Fourth of July the crowd has gone above 500,000 visitors.

The time of year when the rich, the truly fastidious and the exclusive gather is the time before and after the great summer throngs. The climax of this season at Atlantic City comes with a blaze of color and beauty, a parade of jewels and orchids and chic at Easter time. Both on Palm Sunday and on Easter the Boardwalk is crowded with brilliant display. The parade is one of the most famous in the world.

One could grow sentimental about Atlantic City. It is so typically American, so foolish and big-hearted and democratic, so clumsily playful, so worshipful of people whose names and pictures have been in the papers. If we find ugliness there, we also find sublimity. The Boardwalk itself is a sort of symbol of America—the melting pot, where rich and poor, famous and insignificant walk side by side.

We Must March

A novel of pioneer days in the Great Northwest

by Honoré Willsie Morrow

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

Begin this serial with any instalment. The story up to this point is here.

IN THE year 1836 a small party of Protestant missionaries consisting of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman, Henry and Eliza Spalding, Miles Goodyear and William Gray, make their way by wagon into Oregon Territory and, although greeted coldly by the Cayuse and officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, succeed in establishing two mission posts. George Simpson, the Governor of Rupert's Land, although mightily attracted by Narcissa's beauty and intelligence, is opposed to the American invasion, for he hopes to save Oregon Territory for England, and tries every method to get the missionaries out of the district. Narcissa refuses to be turned from her purpose and remains with her husband, facing a year of hardship until her baby, Alice Clarissa, is born. The Indians, led by Chief Umtippe, who is extremely fond of the "white Cayuse," become somewhat more amicable, and the Hudson's Bay People, fearing that their grasp on the land is slipping, import a number of Catholic priests. A period of open hostility between the two religious sects follows.

In April, Jason Lee, a Methodist missionary stationed on the Williamette, starts East to secure help for his mission. He is reluctant in going, since his wife, who is obliged to remain behind, is approaching her period of confinement. Shortly afterwards, she dies in childbirth, and Miles Goodyear, acting as messenger, is dispatched to inform Lee. On his way he stops at the Whitman cabin to break the news. Narcissa is prostrated.

This month's instalment.

AFTER a moment Marcus said gently, "Come into the house, Miles, and rest."

"I must stop only long enough to eat," said Miles. "I'm sent by James Douglas to bear the news to Jason Lee. They think I can overtake him before he reaches the States. Lord, but I hate the errand. Look!" He drew a letter from its wrapping, a letter, black bordered, and bearing a huge black seal of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Narcissa shuddered. "Put it away, Miles, and come in to supper," she said.

Within the cabin was Sarah Hall, hurriedly putting Alice Clarissa into company clothes. Miles stared at this tall, slender girl who gave him an appraising glance and then calmly slipped a clean frock over the baby's curly head.

"Are you that same Sarah I saw here over a year ago?" demanded Miles.

"You didn't act as if you saw me, as I remember," retorted Sarah with a sniff.

"But you were just a shave-headed little girl," protested Miles with a grin. "I'll bet you've grown a foot. And look at that baby! Say, isn't she a beauty!"

He got down on his knees before Alice Clarissa, who looked at him with the dignity that belongs to babyhood.

"Come here to your Uncle Miles and see what he has in this big old pocket," he whispered, peering intently into the yawning slash in his red coat.

Alice Clarissa moved slowly toward him. "Baby see," she said gravely, and a moment later her curly head was resting against Miles's cheek.

Sarah, with her best red calico dress, watched the two with an expression in which jealously struggled with friendliness. Marcus and Narcissa smiled at each other.

"She loves me next best to her mother," said Sarah.

"That won't last after she really gets to know her Uncle Miles." Miles's eyes danced. "Women always have a weakness for me!"

Sarah elevated her small nose. "Silly!" she sniffed.

Miles rose and tossed the delightful baby in the air. "Oh, you beauty!" he cried. "Are you going to have your mother's voice, too?"

"She can sing a little nursery rhyme with me

already," said Narcissa. "It's really remarkable. But she could hum with me before she could talk."

"There's some one at the door, Dr. Whitman," said Sarah.

The group, absorbed in watching the baby, turned to find standing on the doorstep a small man in a priest's soutane.

"I am Père Demers," he said. "May I, perhaps, intrude while I speak to Courier Goodyear?"

"Certainly! Come in, sir!" exclaimed Marcus, his bitterness against the priest submerged for the moment by his hospitable instincts.

Narcissa bowed gravely and Miles said, coolly, "How are you, Père?"

"To put it frankly," said the priest, looking at Miles from brown eyes that were blazing with anger, "I am greatly agitated. I have news of utmost importance that should go to Governor Simpson with all speed. I demanded of you at Fort Walla Walla that you carry that news to Peace River at once. You defy me. You defy Factor Pambrun. I now come to tell you that unless you obey me in this, I shall have you arrested."

Miles, with the baby in his arms, his fine blond head erect, his blue eyes cold as ice, smiled slightly as he replied:

"As I told you, I carry a death notice from James Douglas to Jason Lee. What right have you or Pierre Pambrun either to countermand his orders?"

"Did we not both assure you we would be responsible?" demanded Père Demers. "Do you think I shall permit you to defy the Church in order to carry word of one heretic's death to another. Death to all heretics, I say!" His voice rose excitedly.

"Sir!" thundered Marcus, "I warn you to leave my house before I place violent hands on you."

Miles stepped between the two men. "Shucks!" he exclaimed. "What's religion got to do with it? James Douglas said it was a matter of *noblesse oblige* and he explained that by saying that as the controlling power of this country, he was obliged to perform all the human kindness he could. Common sense, I say, to do things that'll help overcome some of the prejudice against the Hudson's Bay Company."

The priest advanced, his jaw set, and spoke through his beautiful white teeth. "I arrest you by warrant issued by Factor Pierre Pambrun."

"Do you?" asked Miles. "And then what happens?"

"You return with me to Fort Walla Walla, thence to Fort Vancouver, to be disposed of by Chief Trader Douglas, in the absence of Dr. McLoughlin."

"In the meantime, what becomes of the important message to Governor Simpson?" sneered Miles. "Say, you take me for a green fool, don't you? Don't you and Pambrun realize that I know exactly what is troubling you? You don't want Jason Lee to get into the States and start a lot of Americans emigrating here. And you've fixed up a plot that I'll give Pambrun credit, he doesn't know about. But the Sioux Indians know about it. And so do I. And I'm leaving in an hour to overtake Jason Lee before he reaches the forks of the Platte. You'd better not take me to James Douglas, even if you could. He'd make a Scotch broth of you for trying to harm Jason Lee. He and Lee are sworn friends."

Père Demers, during Miles's tirade, which was uttered in a tone remarkable for its coolness, glared at him with eyes that did not change expression. When the young man paused, the priest said calmly,

"I am not your match in physique. But I warn you that I shall follow you to Fort Hall."

"No you won't, my friend!" cried Marcus. "You're not my match in physique either."

Without a word Père Demers rushed out the door. Marcus bolted after him.

MILES kissed Alice Clarissa and placed her gently on the floor. Then he sat down at the table where Narcissa had placed bread, milk and cold venison.

"I'll eat and awa', as the governor says," he chuckled.

"Do you really know of such a plot, Miles?" asked Narcissa in a low voice.

"Certainly I do! I've got some good Indian friends. Especially among the ladies." This with a twinkle at Sarah who was pouring him a cup of milk.

"But, Miles, you are making a terrible accusation!" exclaimed Narcissa.

Miles gave her a clear look. "This is a terrible country," he said quietly. "The Catholic Church and the Hudson's Bay Company aren't a lot of women, you know, Madam Whitman. Though the Company, as I said, has nothing to do with Demers's deviltry. When I leave Lee, I'm going to report to his Excellency, you can bet!"

Narcissa looked out the door. "I hope the doctor will keep his temper," she said.

"That's more than Papa, the Frenchman, will do," grunted Miles.

"Miles, don't you want help? Are you sure you'll reach Mr. Lee in time?" asked Narcissa. "Oh, it doesn't sound real!"

"Who could ride swifter than me?" demanded Miles, blandly. "More'n that, I started an Indian friend of mine off last night. She'll travel like a cloud."

"You like to boast about women, don't you?" inquired Sarah. "It's the only childish thing you do."

For the first time Miles blushed. He bolted the remainder of his food and rose from the table.

"Here I go," he said. "Bring out the bagpipes, Monique!" He kissed Narcissa on the forehead, Alice Clarissa on the back of her dimpled neck, planted a vigorous kiss on Sarah Hall's astonished lips and leaped out the door.

Marcus was standing beside the priest's mare and Charley Comp was leading up the doctor's young horse, Cayuse.

"I have given Père Demers his choice of staying here for twenty-four hours, Miles," called Marcus, "or riding with me into Fort Walla Walla. He has chosen Fort Walla Walla. Is there anything more I can do for you, my boy?"

"That's plenty, thank you!" exclaimed Miles. He vaulted into the saddle, roweled his horse till the indignant animal bucked, then with a sweep of his gray beaver through the air, Miles was off on his dramatic errand.

Marcus and Père Demers mounted at once and started at a rapid trot for the fort.

Narcissa awaited the doctor's return the next day with keenest anxiety. He appeared in the afternoon, jaded but complacent.

"Pambrun pooh-poohed at the idea of a plot," he said, "but I believe Miles. At any rate, he's persuaded the priest to go up to Fort Vancouver and I'm betting on our young courier."

"I suppose there is nothing we can do but await the turn of events," said Narcissa. "My heart aches for Jason Lee."

"If some one were bringing me word of my wife's death," said Marcus, "I'd hope the Sioux would take my scalp."

He kissed Narcissa with more emotion than he had permitted himself to show for many weeks and turned to his supper.

Unless a stray trapper brought them news, they could not hope to hear from Miles for months and so Marcus and Narcissa returned quietly to the routine of the mission. The fate of Jason Lee became one of their accepted anxieties, just as the probable attitude of Umtippe had become. For when the old Cayuse returned in the fall, he would find his nephew weaned and Narcissa's slender curb upon his acts removed. Narcissa gave many anxious hours to the struggle of evolving some method of appealing to any sense of decency the chief might have concealed under his surliness, but her anxiety was unproductive.

The long summer days marched on, beautiful and serene, as only Oregon days can be. The two years' limit which had been set before Narcissa could look for word from home had long since passed and she began to watch daily, for mail. Messengers from Fort Walla Walla usually arrived late in the afternoon and Narcissa formed the habit of walking, at that time, to the top of the little hill near the cabin. Here, with Alice Clarissa and Sarah Hall, she would watch for a long hour for what she told the children would be a messenger from Angelica. It was the one rest period she permitted herself to take during the day.

But, although little cavalcades of Indian braves, gay in blankets and feathers, passed along the trail; although squaws, with the ponies dragging the whole of their household miscellanies, toiled frequently past the hill; and although, often enough a trapper with a string of pack horses, jogged up to ask for a night's lodging and a look at the white woman with the fine hands and the glorious voice, the messenger from Angelica did not appear.

This mute watching depressed the doctor. It made him suspicious that Narcissa's unfailing cheerfulness was not real. And, on a certain afternoon in late summer he followed her up the hill to beg her to desist. But, at the hill crest, before he could utter his protest, he was met by a shrill cry from Sarah.

"Look! They're white women, too!"

A train of pack horses was coming from the east at a slow trot.

"It looks like William Gray at the head!" exclaimed Narcissa.

"It is Gray!" cried Marcus.

They rushed down the hill. It was young Gray, indeed! Young Gray, with a brand new wife, with a young schoolmaster, and with three other missionary couples. With tears and broken phrases of thanksgiving, the newcomers dismounted and were welcomed by the Whitmans.

THE resources of the mission were strained to the utmost to care for such an unprecedented number of guests. But, after the first moment of dismay, Marcus and Narcissa found ways and means. The new missionaries had come well equipped with bedding and cooking utensils. Before bedtime, Indian lodges were erected close to the cabin, a lodge for each couple and one for Cornelius Rogers, the teacher. The common table was set in the cabin and over the first meal, a discussion was held as to the future locations of the members of the new group.

William Gray had informed the newcomers clearly of the conditions to be found in the Columbia country, but also had prejudiced them violently against the Hudson's Bay Company. When Marcus proposed that the men folk start with him on the morrow to consult with James Douglas about locating the new missions, a violent chorus of opposition greeted him. The country didn't belong to Great Britain! Americans had every right to settle where they chose. The American Board had told William Gray that the missions must keep clear of politics. That meant, keep clear of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"But why not maintain friendly relations with our source of supply?" asked Narcissa.

"Source of supply, nothing!" retorted Gray rudely. "We were informed by Captain Thing that stringent orders had been received from Governor Simpson that absolutely no supplies of any kind are to be sold to Americans from now on. We are forbidden to trade with the Indians! I, for one, won't hurt my self-respect by running to Fort Vancouver to ask for orders delivered under the thin guise of advice."

With a grunt of impatience, Marcus opened his lips, but before he could speak, Narcissa interposed.

"We've everything to gain by keeping friendly relations with the Hudson's Bay Company. The one earthly protection we have from Indian massacre is the Indians' fear of the British and their confidence in British justice. You have a wife with you now, dear William Gray! You cannot, for her sake, be as independent and defiant as you have been. After all, we are here to convert Indians. We shall convert many more, if we work in co-operation with Dr. McLoughlin than we shall if we try to go alone."

"That sounds like common sense to me," said Cushing Eells, one of the missionaries. "What I want to avoid, more than anything, is wasting the mission substance in political manoeuvering, which is what I've heard is the weakness of the Methodist mission."

"You veer with the wind, Brother Eells," exclaimed William Gray bitterly. "And you, Mrs. Whitman, have developed British sympathies in the year and a half since I saw you."

"Nonsense," exclaimed Narcissa, "I'm more ardently American than I ever was. But I've learned that we cannot use a broadaxe against a rapier. I propose to learn the use of the rapier."

Elkinah Walker, a bearded young man with the eyes of great intelligence, watched Narcissa with keen interest. "You are giving us a new angle, Mrs. Whitman. Our friend Gray is a man of intense prejudices."

"I'm glad I am," cried William. "I'm no namby pamby. There's no room for such in this country."

"Doctor," said Walker, "suppose you give us a statement of your attitude toward the Hudson's Bay Company with the reasons for it."

Marcus plunged at once, into explanations and a recital of incidents. Narcissa listened, watching the faces around the table. In her joy over the arrival of this reinforcement to their lonely forces, her first impulse had been to tell of her growing disillusions as to the value of their work with the Indians, to explain her apprehensions, her fears, her vague dreams of empire.

But as she listened to their comments and questions, she realized that anything she could say would be futile. They were filled with the same fire of enthusiasm that had burned in her own heart, two or more years ago. Only actual living among the Indians could convince them that here was no fuel to keep the flames alight. She would content herself with counteracting young Gray's tendency to butt his head against the stone wall of the Hudson's Bay Company's prestige.

It was midnight before she and Marcus had persuaded the missionaries to make the trip to Fort Vancouver. But, at last, aided by the influence of the women folks, who rose to Narcissa's carefully thrown bait—the beauties and comforts of the chief factor's menage—young Gray was voted down and it was decided that the party would leave on the following day for the trip down the Columbia.

Gray yielded with good grace but announced that, as the American Board had designated himself and his wife, with Cornelius Rogers for Lap-wai they would leave for there on the morrow. He then yawned loudly and started for bed.

Both Marcus and Narcissa had been trying vainly for hours, to get a word alone with Gray. Now at a despairing glance from Narcissa, the doctor followed him out the door.

"Gray," he said in a low voice, "did the board say anything to you of having received drastic criticisms from Spalding about us?"

"No," replied William wonderingly. "Of course, they asked all kinds of questions but they got no complaints from me, you bet! I even remember that they complained that they'd had no letters from either mission last year. What's worrying you?"

Marcus hurriedly told Pambrun's tale. William listened, muttered angrily to himself, but agreed that Marcus's plan of waiting the Lord's lead in the matter might be a good one. Then he hurried after his wife.

Marcus left the next day with the party for Fort Vancouver.

IT WAS three weeks before he returned, quite alone, to Narcissa's surprise. James Douglas, acting in Dr. McLoughlin's absence, had won the missionaries' hearts by his hospitality, his interest and his sympathy. He had, indeed, refused to sell them anything, but, out of his personal supplies, he had made them gifts of the necessities which they had not been able to bring over the mountains and had offered them the use of the horse brigades of the company in moving to their locations. These locations were two: one among the Spokan Indians, the other with a remote branch of the Nez Percés. So the Walkers and the Eells were already building their cabins near the Spokan, and the Smiths a hundred miles northeast of Waii-lat-pu, among the Nez Percés.

"So," said Narcissa, when Marcus had ended his recital, "we all are grouped for the convenience of the watchful eye of Governor Simpson. The Methodist missions are where Père Blanchet can watch them from Fort Vancouver, the American Board Missions, where Père Demers can oversee them. By the way, how did the Catholic fathers treat you?"

MARCUS grinned. "Père Blanchet had business up Puget Sound way the day after we arrived. And Père Demers, as I learned when I passed Fort Walla Walla on my way back, is making a parochial call on Fort Colville, which lies only seventy miles west of the Spokan mission. Umtippe rode out from the fort with me. He says Père Demers told him he was to say his prayers, count his beads and kill Protestants. Then he'd reach heaven. I don't believe Demers was so raw, do you?"

"I think it quite likely," said Narcissa, "So Umtippe is back. I wonder what his first plan for making trouble will be?"

Marcus shook his head, adding cheerfully. "We'll convert the old villain yet."

"What had James Douglas to say regarding Miles's attitude toward Père Demers?"

"He said he gave the priest a good wizzing for his officiousness. When I told him what Miles had said about the Sioux plot, he looked skeptical, but I could see that it bothered him. I hoped to get some word of Miles, but the boy evidently kept off all well traveled trails. Well, now that chore is done, I'm going to begin actual building of the new house. The last of the adobes must have dried well while I was away."

Narcissa nodded and long after Marcus was deep in slumber she lay thinking of the helplessness of the new missions in case of trouble and of the terrible skill with which the priests were able to influence the Indians. If only she and Marcus had a fraction of that skill.

The next morning, as soon as her school work was done, Narcissa gave herself an unwonted interval of rest. She went out to watch the doctor lay the first adobe above the foundations that had been built nearly a year before. Alice Clarissa accompanied her. The size and strength of the child were wonderful. At a year and a half of age, she was as large and as mentally advanced as the average child a year older. She walked well, and could talk like a child of three. As soon as Narcissa had established herself in a pile of brick, Alice Clarissa left her to follow her father.

A moment later Umtippe appeared. He stalked up to Narcissa, the white horse's tail flaunting over his great shoulders his eyes smoldering.

"My nephew is weaned!" he said.

"Yes," answered Narcissa, "and isn't he a wonderful strong boy! His mother must give him three cups of milk every day now, until he is six years old."

"He has teeth for meat and camas. He gets no more milk," Umtippe grinned maliciously.

Narcissa shrugged her shoulders and turned to watch Alice Clarissa play. "Don't you think the little White Cayuse has grown well this summer?" she asked.

Umtippe grunted and spoke dejectedly. "I used to be happy. I made war. I prayed to the spirits. I had many wives. You have troubled me. You tell me my heart is bad and that unless I pray as you do, your God will burn me forever. I wish to keep my heart as it is. I wish my people to keep theirs. So I am going to give you an order. Either you must stop telling us we are bad, or you must go away. This land is mine."

Marcus moved impatiently to the other side of the foundation. He would not trust himself to hear more. Narcissa looked from the chief, in his red coat, to the wide fields, with their harvests, brown against the blue of the sky.

"You gave us the land freely," she said. "You prove that you are a sinner when you try to take it back from God and us."

Umtippe winced at the word, sinner, as though he had received a lash across the face. "I am not a sinner," he shouted. "The priest at Fort Walla Walla says I am not. He says I am not to be blamed for what I did before I was baptized. You are a crazy fool and so is the doctor. You'd better stop building the new lodge or I shall tell my young men to trample it down."

"It's the permanent look of the new house that troubles him," thought Narcissa. But she would not give in one inch.

"God will hold you accountable for any bad deed," she said aloud, eyeing the old Cayuse freely.

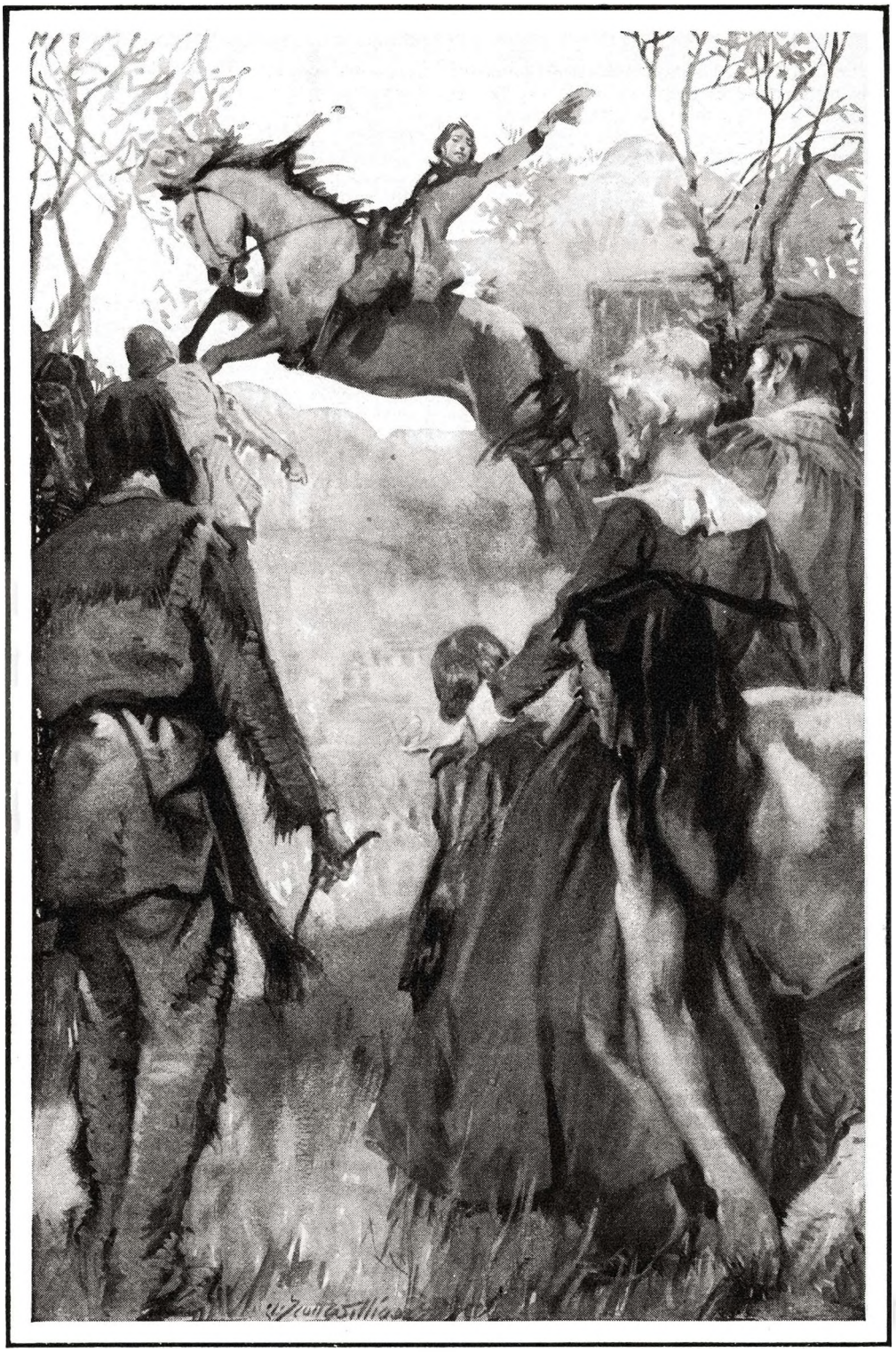
He buttoned his red coat to his chin and shuddered. He feared this Christian religion almost as much as he hated it. All his Indian pride and sense of mysticism revolted from its tenets.

"What is the new lodge for?" his voice was surly.

"For us to live and work in. There will be a room in it for the Indians so that you need not come into our part of the house. It will be a large, pleasant room with a fireplace in it. I shall have the school there."

"Why do you wish to shut the Indians out of other rooms?" demanded Umtippe. "We shall go where we wish, that is, if we let you build this at all."

Narcissa sighed. Again she looked from the Indian to the sweep of undulating plains that lay, a vast bronze and blue carpet between Waii-lat-pu and the tranquil heights of the Blue Mountains. Umtippe watched her threateningly and had opened his lips to speak further,



Pambrun leaped like a flash into the saddle. He clung to his seat with knee and spur, and waved his hat at the group in the dooryard.

when a gurgle of childish laughter sounded from the foundations of the new house. Marcus, laughing, too, swung his little daughter up from the sand in the cellar where she had been playing. She ran toward her mother.

"Mother!" she cried. "Dolly's lodge. Come, see!" Then she caught sight of the old Indian. She ran to him and threw herself against his knees. "Oh, dee' Umtippe! Umtippe."

The chief's face was transformed by a smile. "Is the lodge big enough for the Cayuse Chief?" he asked, in his own tongue.

The child answered him in the same language. "Come, see, Umtippe. Come!"

She tugged impatiently at the chief's hand. He allowed her to lead him to the foundations, where, ignoring the doctor, he stood for a long time engrossed in the child's prattle. Narcissa watched the two, filled with nameless apprehension.

After perhaps a quarter of an hour, Alice Clarissa led the old chief back to her mother.

"Mother. Baby have doggie!" she cried. "Umtippe's doggie."

"I am going to give the little White Cayuse a dog," said the Cayuse. "Listen, white squaw, I am going to allow you to build the new lodge if you will agree that the Indians shall use all of it."

Narcissa shook her head. "There will be one room in the new house for the Indians."

Umtippe snatched up the child. "I shall keep her till you agree!" he roared.

Marcus started hastily toward the group inside the adobes, but at his wife's warning gesture, he paused. Alice Clarissa was crowing with delight.

"Sing baby high!" she cried. "Rock-a-bye baby high!" Then in a flute-like voice she began.

> Rock-a-bye baby, on the tree top!
> When the wind blows the cradle will rock . . .

Umtippe, holding her high, listened as if hypnotized. This was a new accomplishment of Alice Clarissa's.

Narcissa, white faced, but with manner unruffled, said quietly, "Who will teach her other songs if you take her from me?"

Alice Clarissa struggled to be set down. The chief placed her carefully on the ground, then said gruffly, his eyes full of tears, "You said you'd teach her to sing and you have."

He strode off to the Indian encampment.

Narcissa, with a shuddering sigh, took Alice Clarissa on her lap. She and Marcus gave each other a long look, but they made no comment on the episode.

When Marcus came into the cabin for supper, he brought with him a small puppy about three months old. He set it on the floor, where it cowered, shivering and whimpering.

"Umtippe's gift, I suppose," said Narcissa.

Marcus nodded. "I washed him in the creek, so it's safe for Alice Clarissa to play with him."

Narcissa had been restraining the baby. She now let go of the little skirt and Alice Clarissa pounced on the pup.

"I wish I could believe it is a gesture of real friendship from Umtippe," she said. "Somehow, the gift of a dog does seem the most friendly kind of a thing to do! But I fear the 'Greeks bearing gifts'."

"I know," agreed Marcus. "That goes as far as you and I are concerned, but I don't think we can doubt his affection for our baby. All I hope is, that he won't demand the dog back about the time we have him well trained. An Indian's gift is an uncertain quantity, I've thought of a name for him. How would Trapper do?"

"Splendid," exclaimed Narcissa. "He's a pretty little fellow. He looks like the sheep dogs at Fort Vancouver. I hope Umtippe didn't steal him."

Marcus grunted enigmatically and told Sarah Hall to give young Trapper a drink of milk.

"The Kitche Okema has a dog like that," said Sarah Hall. "He had it sent from home in Scotland. It makes me homesick."

"Homesick, Sarah dear?" asked Narcissa. "For what?"

Sarah's wistful gray eyes grew puzzled. "I don't know why I said that. What I wish always is that I never have to leave you and the baby."

"Not even to marry, Sarah?" laughed Marcus.

Sarah's young lips curled. "Marry! Not I! I'm going to be a teacher and earn my own way."

"WHOA, my prancing steed!" shouted a familiar voice without. The door swung wide and Miles appeared. "Seven rounds from the canon, if you please, Doctor, I'm here."

"And Jason Lee," cried Marcus, seizing Miles's proffered hand.

"Is safely preaching in the States," replied Miles. "I caught him on the plains beyond the Platte and made him turn back to Fort Laramie to await a fur brigade."

"He bore up bravely under the bad news you brought him, I know," said Narcissa, a hand on Miles's shoulder.

"Well, he felt pretty awful, but he's a man, every foot and inch of him," replied Miles. "Golly, Sarah Hall, you get sweeter looking by the minute."

Sarah, standing pink cheeked by the fireplace, Alice Clarissa clinging to her skirts, giggled and tossed her head.

"That's more'n I can say for you. You look as if you'd been through a massacre."

"Don't I?" agreed Miles, coolly, glancing at

his torn red coat and his tattered boots. "Guess, you'll have to sew me up before I report to the governor, Sarah." He picked up the baby and kissed her several times.

"The governor?" asked Marcus quickly.

Miles nodded. "I'm to meet him at Peace River in the spring. He's in England now. I'm going up to Fort Vancouver from here and outfit for a winter trip, with mail and books. I came back by a short cut through the Blue Mountains. It was rough going. That's why I'm all torn to pieces. I believe you could bring the wagon through that way, Doctor, though, if you'd do a lot of slashing. It's timber that made me my trouble."

"Make me a map," said Marcus, promptly, "while supper is getting ready."

The two men were ingrossed in this and Narcissa was placing the baby in her crib, when a rap sounded on the door and Charley Compo entered.

"The chief of the Walla Wallapoos is at the camp tonight," he said. "He says the King George's missionary at Fort Walla Walla sent him up here to get Umtippe to drive you away."

He paused, looking at Narcissa with somber friendliness. He seemed, Narcissa thought, to have developed and retained a certain amount of liking for his former pupil. She never, however, had felt certain of this to hope that he would do them any kindness. She scarcely dared believe now that there was not something sinister in his visit.

"Umtippe," the Cayuse went on, "is angry in his heart because you are building the new house. He is listening gladly to the Walla Wallapoos's whisperings. You must come to the council lodge tonight and have the little White Cayuse sing. That will soften all the hearts that hear her."

"Oh, Charley. My baby! She must not," cried Narcissa.

"She's only got those few lines, Charley," protested Marcus. "And her little voice won't carry through that huge lodge."

The Cayuse stood stolidly by the door. Sarah, eyeing him, spoke to him in the Iroquois tongue. He replied and the young girl blanched.

"He says," she turned to Marcus, "that massacre will be done tonight unless the Walla Wallapoos's chief and many of the Cayuse braves hear and see our baby. We must do it."

Narcissa wrung her hands and swept across the room to gaze down at the rosy child. But she did not speak. Marcus and Miles looked at each other in helpless anger. Sarah Hall spoke rapidly to Charley in Iroquois. He nodded and with the others, awaited Narcissa's decision. She looked up from the baby, one long hand on the cradle bar, her face dead white and her eyes blue fire in the candlelight.

"If I permit this, it must be agreed that she sings but once and that she does not leave my arms for any Indian," she said in a low voice.

"Yes, I promise," said Compo. "Come."

"Wait a minute," cried Miles. "Let us do this with some of the governor's pomp. Mrs. Whitman put on your gray silk dress, and Sarah, your best. Doctor, you and I must polish up. Compo, go to the camp and say that a delegation from the mission will arrive in half an hour, to show them the progress made by the Little White Cayuse."

"Good! Good!" exclaimed Compo, turning quickly, out the door.

"How do we know this is not some dirty trick to burn our cabin down?" cried Narcissa.

"It's not a trick." Sarah took Alice Clarissa's little Sunday dress of white from the closet. "Compo is our friend."

"Have you any so-called converts among the Cayuse?" asked Miles, pulling off his coat and looking ruefully at its gaping rents. "Any you could hope would stand by you in an emergency?"

"Only a few of the women—Narcissa's friends," said Marcus bitterly.

"Have you ever sung anything but hymns for the Indians, Mrs. Whitman?" asked Miles.

"No," replied Narcissa, beginning to dress the still sleeping baby. "Sarah take needle and thread, will you, and pull together the worst of the rents in Miles's coat."

MILES yielded up the coat with a broad grin, then turned back to Narcissa. "Fine. Then the moment the baby finishes her song, you must pipe up the 'Poor Exile of Erin' and follow that with all the gay, pretty and sad songs you know. But not a hymn among the lot. Sing as you used to, to us, evenings on the trail. Begad, you drew our hearts from our chests."

Narcissa looked at Miles, with a dawning expression of understanding and hope.

"Yes, Miles, I'll do it. My baby and I! Perhaps we'll be useful to the mission yet. Come, Sarah, let's go into the lean-to, and change."

The half hour was only just over when, supperless, but clad in their best, they left the cabin.

The November night was as mild as early April. There was a clear, high sailing moon that glistened on the river, on the black and silver plains and on the far, enchanted crest of Mount Hood. When the silent little company reached the lodge they found Charley Compo standing sentinel at the door. He did not speak, but lifted the flap of buffalo hide and Marcus entered, followed by Narcissa, the baby in her arms. Miles led Sarah by the hand, his eyes dancing with excitement.

The lodge was by no means an unimposing edifice. It was formed by the joining of many single lodges; the buffalo hide coverings, carefully sewed together by the squaws, were covered with line drawings in many colors. There

was a gay scene within. A fire burned brilliantly in the center of the room. Round this were seated fifty or sixty braves in gaudy headdress and vari-colored blankets. Not a squaw was to be seen. There was a sudden hush of voices as the mission party came in. Narcissa tossed back her beaver cape, and little Alice Clarissa blinked in the lurid light. Before Narcissa could begin the task of cajoling the baby to sing, Miles sprang forward, holding up his hand impressively, and began a speech in very fair Cayuse.

"The Kitche Okema," he said, "is a friend of the doctor and to the doctor's wife and to the Little White Cayuse. I—yes, I—with my red coat, am the Kitche Okema's messenger. He has sent me to you to ask you to listen to the first song of this fledgling song bird, born among the Cayuse. I have not yet heard it. I thought it not fitting I should hear it until the braves of the Cayuse had heard. But now, let us give ear together, to the magic that has been given to the Cayuse as a favor from the Great Spirit."

Narcissa smiled into her baby's face and tossed her lightly in her arms. "Alice Clarissa, sing with mother!" And she hummed the little rhyme as she held the child aloft.

Alice Clarissa laughed, entirely unconscious of the breathless audience before her. Indian convocations were an old story to her. All summer she had attended them in her mother's arms. She laughed. Then, at her mother's soft repetition of the song, her extraordinary little voice rippled forth as naturally as a bird's notes, and she sang the nursery lullaby so clearly, so sweetly and so correctly that even Marcus, tone deaf as he was, was thrilled to the heart.

Narcissa kissed the baby and laughed with her as she tossed her again, and once more, the tiny treble notes floated across the lodge. Then as the last word died away, and before the Indians could more than begin their swelling "aa-a-h!" of applause, Narcissa started the song which Miles had bade her sing. Instantly her audience became silent and motionless. For nearly an hour, Narcissa, tall and alien, her golden hair flashing in the ruddy firelight, stood singing Scotch and Irish ballads and the Cayuse rocked and sobbed, begging for more and more. She did not pause until as the final notes of "Kathleen Mavourneen" left her lips, Charley Compo suddenly jumped from his place near the fire, cast off his blanket and shouted:

"I'm saved! I'm saved! My wicked heart has melted. Pray for me, Doctor! Pray!"

The astonished Marcus hesitated but only long enough to be convinced by the interpreter's face that he was sincere. Then he gave the baby whom he had long since taken from Narcissa, to Miles and rushed to Compo's side where he knelt with him in prayer. Narcissa paused for a moment then eased the notes of "Kathleen Mavourneen" into those of "Robin Adair."

The other Indians were motionless, watching Charley Compo with doubt and interest struggling in their faces until he lifted his eyes, streaming with tears and called brokenly "Savior, I am Yours!" Then half a dozen young braves rose and began to plead with the white man's god to receive the burden of their sins.

Marcus worked like one inspired. His face was the face of an apostle. Miles Goodyear, after a short time, told Narcissa he would take Alice Clarissa home, and he and Sarah Hall left the lodge.

TWO hours passed before this startling harvest of souls was ended, and a dozen of Charley Compo's friends had been received as Christian brothers by Marcus. During this time, Umtippe and a ferocious looking chief whom Narcissa took to be the visiting Walla Wallapoos, sat before the fire weeping and demanding more songs from Narcissa. The performances of the converts they ignored. But when Marcus and Narcissa were leaving the lodge, Umtippe came up and shook hands solemnly with Marcus, the first friendly overture he had made since Alice Clarissa's birth. The Whitmans moved out into the moonlight, silent in the excess of their relief and joy.

The cabin was lighted when they reached it. Alice Clarissa was asleep in her crib, but there was no sign of Miles or Sarah. Marcus looked at his watch.

"Ten o'clock. What does this mean?" he exclaimed.

"I saw two figures on the hilltop, as we passed," said Narcissa, "but I supposed they belonged to Indians. I'll go out and call them in."

"This is no time of night for you to be searching the sage brush," declared Marcus. "I'll go, myself, and tell Miles what I think of him."

"Let me go, Marcus," pleaded Narcissa. "I'm sure they are on the hill. We might have expected this. They're no longer children. Don't let's do anything that will drive them to deceive us."

"I'll look Sarah up," roared Marcus. "Ten o'clock! That child."

"That 'child' is nearly eighteen years old," said Narcissa quietly. "Let me go to the hilltop, Marcus. If they're not there, I'll come back at once, and you shall go."

"Very well." Marcus gave in reluctantly.

Narcissa slipped on her cape, again, and went out and into the moonlight. Marcus had, months before, placed a crude log bench for Narcissa on the hilltop. Here Miles and Sarah

were sitting, their backs toward Narcissa as she climbed the hill. They turned at the sound of her approach.

"It's late, children," she said, quietly, "and much too cold for Sarah to be sitting here."

"I guess you mean you don't want me up here with Miles!" exclaimed Sarah with a little catch in her voice. "I won't hurt Miles, even if I am half Indian."

"How many converts came over?" asked Miles, genially.

Before Narcissa could reply, Sarah began to weep. "You are watching me!" she sobbed. "You are like Miles. You thought I was like these squaws that the men can do as they like with. You—"

"Wait a moment, Sarah," said Narcissa, gently. "You are excited. Don't say things now that you'll regret tomorrow."

"Well, I've taught him different, anyhow," wept Sarah.

"You certainly have," exclaimed Miles. "She boxed my ears, Mrs. Whitman, just before you came up."

"Splendid." Narcissa pulled Sarah's cold hand within her arm. "And you have learned your lesson, Miles?"

"What lesson?" asked Miles, half defiantly, and half sheepishly.

"I hate all you dirty white men, except the Doctor," cried Sarah.

"It looks to me, Miles," said Narcissa, "as if you'd made a rather pitiful mistake. I'm disappointed in you."

There was a moment's silence, then Miles said, "I guess I'd better beg your pardon, Sarah, and you can slap me again, if it'll make you feel any better."

With a sob Sarah buried her face against Narcissa's shoulder.

"Well, are you going to pardon me?" demanded Miles, half belligerently. "A man isn't expected to get down on his knees, I hope."

"A *man* wouldn't make this kind of mistake, Miles, at least, the kind of a man I hoped you'd grown to be." Narcissa's voice was scornful. "Come, Sarah, I must tuck you into bed."

She led the way back to the cabin and left Miles to Marcus, while she tucked Sarah into her cot in the lean-to.

"Don't cry so, dear," she said, as she smoothed the blanket, over the girl's slender shoulders. "He's just at the puppy age. You mustn't take him seriously."

"I knew it," wept Sarah, "but I thought he was such a nice puppy. And he wanted me to be his squaw. I should think he'd know that after I'd lived with you, I couldn't be like those old half breed things around here."

"You couldn't be like them, anyhow," exclaimed Narcissa. "You have fine blood in you and we all expect you to live up to it. Don't think too much about Miles, dear. He's not worth it."

"I haven't thought about anything else since the very first time I saw him," quavered Sarah Hall. Then she pulled the covers over her head.

"Poor dear," whispered Narcissa. "But at least, you have the comfort of knowing you did what was right."

"It's not a bit of comfort," came back Sarah's muffled voice. "Oh, I'm terribly unhappy. You've never, never been so unhappy as I am!"

"I know, dear! I know!"

"No, you can't know!" Sarah jerked the blanket from her head and glared at the quiet face above hers. Then something that she read there caused her to throw her arms about Narcissa's neck and press her hot young cheek to Narcissa's cool one. "Forgive me, dear Madam Whitman! I love you, always."

"And I love you, dear little bonne!" Narcissa kissed her. "Now try to sleep." She blew out the candle and joined the men in the other room.

THEY were sitting in silence before the fire, Miles with an unwonted expression of sulkiness on his frank face. He looked up at Narcissa.

"Well, Mrs. Whitman, I suppose, after this, you'll not want me here any more!"

"Of course, I'll want you here, more than ever!" exclaimed Narcissa. "How are we to have influence over you unless you are with us as frequently as possible?"

"Then you don't despise me?" asked Miles, some of the sulkiness vanishing.

"I despise what you did, and I'll despise you if you don't mend your ways. Have you forgotten your own contempt for 'squaw men' when you first came to Oregon?" Narcissa warmed her hands at the fire and watched Miles's eyes. "Think what you planned to do, Miles. You know of Governor Simpson's regard for Sarah. You must have recognized that she is quite as interesting and charming as any white girl. You know how much we love her. Yet you reduce her to the level of these miserable squaws we see all around us."

"Madam McLoughlin and Madam Douglas weren't lowered by McLoughlin or Douglas!" said Miles defiantly.

"Oh, then you planned to marry Sarah! She did not so understand your proposition," exclaimed Narcissa.

"I'll never marry any but a white woman," declared Miles. "That's the one thing I've got against the fellows in the Hudson's Bay Company, the way they marry Indians. It's not treating your blood right and, begad, I won't do it!"

"No one's asking you to, sir," roared Marcus. "Only keep your indecent plans clear of our little foster daughter."

"I've already promised to do so," returned Miles, with injured dignity. "It's nearly midnight. I think I'll move on, however, toward Fort Walla Walla."

"Perhaps that's as well," agreed Marcus stiffly.

"Nothing of the sort," exclaimed Narcissa. "We are not going to part in this frame of mind. I have grown to love Miles, like a son or a younger brother. I cannot bear to have him go until he's made me feel that he's sorry and ashamed and won't repeat this offense, not only as far as Sarah's concerned, but any girl."

"I promise about Sarah," replied Miles, his face burning, "but—but," he turned with a helpless gesture to Marcus. "Make her see that a woman can't understand these things, Doctor."

"I'll not even try!" retorted Marcus. "Do you think a person of my wife's intelligence can live in this country two years, without understanding that rotten morals are the rule? And do you think I could persuade her into believing things have to be so?"

"I'm straighter than the average fellow my age with the Hudson's Bay Company," declared Miles truculently.

Neither Marcus nor Narcissa replied to this. They both sat looking at the young man as though waiting for something. It was a long time coming. The wolves howled far across the plains and the dogs in the village barked a shrill chorus in reply. The fire died down and was replenished by Marcus, before suddenly, Miles flung himself on his knees and buried his blond head in Narcissa's lap.

"Oh, forgive me. Forgive me!" he sobbed. "I've been a dirty dog, thinking I was being a man."

Marcus got up, quietly, and, murmuring something about closing the corral gate, went out. Narcissa smoothed Miles's thick hair, with a gentle hand.

"I know how hard it's been, dear Miles. And it will be harder yet. But there's only one way. And that's God's way. He'll help you."

Miles shook his head. "Only one thing will help me and that's the thought that when I come back here I must be fit to kiss you and Alice Clarissa. And I will be! I will be! You can count on me."

Narcissa stooped and kissed the back of his head. "Thank you, Miles," she whispered.

The boy rose and wiped his eyes, saying after a moment, in his natural voice.

"I suppose a fellow couldn't have a bite of bread to eat?"

"Gracious me," cried Narcissa, "I'd forgotten that none of us had any supper."

When Marcus returned, Miles was setting the table while Narcissa fried venison and the three had a pleasant meal, during which no mention was made of the late unpleasantness.

Miles departed the next morning before Sarah appeared, and Narcissa prayed that the little hurricane was over and would leave no wreckage. But she was reckoning without knowledge of the depth of Sarah Hall's emotions. As the winter set in and the isolation of the mission grew more complete, Sarah grew silent and her childish ways dropped from her. She undertook to help Narcissa with her teaching, work she had scorned before, and she spent many hours alone in the lean-to, gazing from the window which gave on the west.

The Indians were very restless during the winter. Umtippe, instead of disappearing for the cold months, came back to the camp several times for the express purpose of watching the progress made by Marcus in building the new house, and of heckling him at his work. On each of his visits, he made the cabin his daytime headquarters, sitting in the kitchen during all the processes of housework, teaching, meal getting and eating, and family worship, until it seemed to Narcissa that the mere sight of the wrinkled, bronze face and the nodding white horse's tail would make her hysterical. He would play like a little child with Alice Clarissa, and the puppy, Trapper. He found a keen delight in the adobe blocks Sarah Hall had fashioned for Alice Clarissa and he and the baby would build forts and lodges for hours.

BUT to all of Narcissa's advances, he turned a deaf ear. He would not learn to speak English, nor to read Cayuse. Nor would he allow Narcissa to teach his latest wife anything about cooking, although all of the younger squaws had taken to baking bread as Narcissa had taught them. In the crude mill set up by Marcus on the creek the doctor had ground sufficient wheat to supply his own household and such of the Indians as were willing to bake bread. So popular was this wheat bread that, as the snows receded, Charley Compo and his fellow converts were actually planting a hundred acres of wheat. But none of this for Umtippe. He did all that he could to prevent the younger braves from setting plow to the soil. But the craving for bread was stronger than even their fear of the old chief and the long, straight furrows began to radiate in all directions from the Indian encampment.

Only once did Narcissa attempt to argue with Umtippe on the matter.

"You say, yourself, that the buffalo is getting less each year, Umtippe. Unless you Indians learn to raise food, you will starve."

"Better to starve than to eat the white man's bread," snarled Umtippe. "If you try to teach my wife, I'll burn your wheat field next summer."

Narcissa felt that bread making was a minor point and let it rest.

The activities of Père Demers began to be

felt this winter in many ways less obvious than in the refusal of the older Indians to be baptized. Strange tales about the cruelties of Protestants to Indian tribes that once dwelt far toward the rising sun drifted to the cabin. It became known that Doctor McLoughlin had turned Catholic before leaving for England. Pierre Pambrun had learned to be a catechist and held classes in the fort for Indian children. And old Umtippe appeared at the cabin fireside one day with a rosary which he began to mumble over, one eye on Narcissa.

Narcissa, at the moment he began his bead telling, was alone in the house at work on her Cayuse reader. She laid down her pen, opened the door and said to Umtippe:

"Take those things out of this house."

The Cayuse grinned maliciously and continued to jerk the rosary through his fingers. The sight angered Narcissa more than she dared let herself realize. It was a narrow age. That pitiful figure of Christ dangling from the savage's dirty fingers was not the Christ to whom Narcissa prayed. It was to her an idol belonging to an ignorant and cruel sect; a sect whose priests were dooming countless heathen converts to eternal fire, whose priests were doing their utmost to wreck the mission.

Narcissa bent over the crouching chief. "Go!" she said.

He looked up into her eyes and saw there again the anger that he feared, yet had hoped to rouse. He rose obediently but said:

"I shall come every day with this. It is strong medicine. The King George priests said so."

"If you bring it in, again, you shall play no more with the little White Cayuse."

"I shall bring it. See how beautiful it is. That white man on the crossed sticks paid for what the Protestants did to Indians."

Narcissa saw red. She snatched the rosary and flung it into the fire. Umtippe looked at her in speechless anger, then with a sudden swing of his long arm he swept the manuscript of her Cayuse reader into the flames and fled.

The fire was a huge one. Narcissa attempted to rescue the precious sheets, but could not. She wrung her hands and stood with tear-blinded eyes as the flames devoured nearly two years' work. And as she stood, fighting for self control, she observed that the little carved figure on the cross, apparently unharmed by the flames that devoured her manuscript, had assumed a red tone, as if it glowed with life. And it seemed to her that Christ writhed on his cross with a new agony.

With a groan Narcissa thrust her hand among the flames and jerked the crucifix out upon the hearth. Then, unheedful of her scorched fingers, she stared at the tiny symbol, while a strange thought swept into her heart. This was Jesus, Jesus of Bethlehem and Nazareth! and she had cast him into the flames! That priest at Fort Walla Walla loved Him as she did. What blasphemies were both she and Père Demers committing in His name! How were they better than the zealots of old who committed atrocities in His name? For, had not this unseemly contention over the conversion of Indians gone to such length that there was murder in their hearts? Had she not thought that death in the waters of the Columbia would be a just end for the priest? How was she better than Père Demers and Père Blanchet who had prayed for the death of Protestant missionaries?

Again Narcissa groaned, and stooping, raised the now blackened Christ and placed Him on the mantel.

She was still standing before it, in deepest perturbation, when Marcus came in, bringing Pierre Pambrun on one of his rare visits. Both men exclaimed over the crucifix and Narcissa told of the incident just finished.

Marcus flushed angrily. "Oh, that's a terrible pity, Narcissa! You had the book almost ready to send to Oahu for printing! Umtippe is getting to be too much."

Pambrun, standing on the hearth stared at the crucifix and moved his shoulders uneasily.

"It was a still more terrible thing Madam Whitman did! I am very sorry she did that! I don't know how to explain it to you because you are not Catholic. But I'm afraid—I wish she hadn't done it."

NARCISSA looked from the doctor to the factor, but all she said was, "I am a very faulty person. Marcus will you call Sarah in to help me with supper?"

"First dispose of that heretic thing, Narcissa!" exclaimed Marcus.

"Please, no!" Narcissa held a protesting hand before the little figure. "Not yet until I have made myself see things clearly."

"I can't stay in the room with that," said Marcus slowly.

Narcissa took the crucifix from the mantel, wrapped it tenderly in a handkerchief and carried it into the lean-to.

When she came back, she set about getting supper and the matter of the crucifix was not mentioned again.

"Hah! But I brought mail!" exclaimed Pambrun as they sat at the table, "and almost forgot it. No, I'm sorry, Madam Whitman, the letter is not for you, but for your bonne."

He had handed a letter to Sarah, who looked up, astonished, from her plate of stew. She opened it and stared at the signature, then blushed furiously.

"From Miles Goodyear!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Madam Whitman, I don't have to read it aloud, do I?"

"No," said Narcissa, with a smile, "but I hope you'll tell us any news it may contain that would interest us."

Pambrun laughed. "So that's the way the wind blows," he said, as Sarah ran with her letter into the lean-to. "I wonder what Governor Simpson would say?"

"One letter doesn't make a love affair," suggested Narcissa.

"Out in the country, where pretty girls are so very rare, it well may." Pambrun nodded wisely. "Miles Goodyear is a promising young man. The governor has plans for him."

"What kind of plans?" asked Marcus bluntly.

Pambrun chuckled. "How can one say? One thing is probable! Miles will become a British subject. He talks like one now."

Narcissa eyed the Frenchman speculatively. She was very fond of him and of his wife. Had he not been an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, she would have had entire confidence in his friendship. But she did not believe that Pambrun ever relinquished his hope of making them fellow employees or, failing that, that he would not use every indirect method to drive them from the country. She was certain that he was directing Père Demers. Yet she was certain, too, that the factor had an affectionate admiration for both Marcus and herself. Only once had she voiced her suspicions of Pambrun to the doctor. She had received a sharp reprimand. Marcus was wholly devoted to this tall, yellow haired Frenchman.

SHORTLY after her evening chores were done, she left the two men deep in a discussion of horse breeding. Marcus had acquired a herd of nearly fifty Indian ponies and was deeply interested in improving the breed. The mission was assuming a position of solid substance in the country that Narcissa thought would add to the Hudson's Bay Company's uneasiness regarding it. From many other angles, she believed it would be wiser for Waii-lat-pu to hold a minimum of property. But Marcus disagreed with her, and Narcissa was living up to her early promise that he should dictate the mission policies. After all, she frequently told herself, it was very human that Marcus, the born pioneer, should deceive himself into thinking that his hunger for land and animals was for the sake of God alone!

Sarah had lighted a fire in the lean-to and was kneeling before the flames, Miles's letter in her hand. She looked up at Narcissa, with such a depth of sweetness in her fine gray eyes, such smoldering warmth, that the older woman's heart went out to her in pity and tenderness. What if it were her own little Alice Clarissa gazing up at her so!

She stooped and kissed the young girl. "Dear Sarah, it's good to see happiness in your eyes again."

Sarah impulsively held out her letter. "You read it, Mrs. Whitman! You'll understand."

Narcissa took the single sheet:

Norway House, Rupert's Land.
February 10, 1839.

DEAR LITTLE SARAH:

I reached here by dog cariole after a very hard trip. I frosted my cheeks so many times that I lost count. I froze both feet. But I got here. I'm waiting for the governor to reach here in early spring. I just read "The Lady of the Lake," and it made me think of you. You are just as sweet and good as she was. I wish you were here now and we could read it through together. When I come to Waii-lat-pu again, I'll bring it to you.

I planned to write you a long letter but Gaston is going to leave now as he fears another snowstorm. Please give my kind remembrances to the doctor and Madam Whitman and kiss the baby for me.

I am, dearest Sarah, very respectfully,
Your o'b'd't servant,
MILES GOODYEAR.

Courier extraordinary to the Governor of Rupert's Land.

Narcissa returned the missive. "It's a dear letter Sarah. How Miles does improve! That letter might have been written by an educated person."

"Miles is educated," returned Sarah, proudly. "The governor makes him read and write all he has time for. The governor's secretary is his teacher."

"Miles didn't tell me that," said Narcissa, turning to the little table, whither she had moved the notes and paper not destroyed by Umtippe.

She lighted a candle and stood gazing down at the table, sadly. It seemed to her that she never could do again the work to which she had given so many hours of enthusiastic labor. And yet, had the Indians' devastating hand rendered her efforts more futile than they would have been had she been permitted to print the book and put it into her Indian schoolroom? She dared not permit herself to answer the question. She set her lips firmly, opened the notebook she had filled before Alice Clarissa's birth, and took up her pen.

Shortly after sunrise, the following morning, Pambrun finished his breakfast and followed by the entire family, including the waddling Trapper, went out to the corral for his horse.

Marcus eyed the sorrel bronco with disapproval. "I don't see why you always choose a half crazy brute like that, Pambrun. It took me twenty minutes to saddle him."

The factor laughed. "You don't seem to recall, my Doctor, that my only claim to fame rests on my ability to ride anything! Look, a man bet me, yesterday, that I could not ride this beast. He does a certain double buck up, then forward and back. Me! I take the bet, saddle the horse, ride him twenty-five miles to

Waii-lat-pu. Now I shall ride him back to the fort and win my bet."

Pambrun leaped like a flash into the saddle. The horse ran perhaps fifty yards, then suddenly bucked the terrible double buck, which is the dread of any save a daredevil horseman like Pambrun. He clung to his seat with knee and spur, and waved his hat at the group in the dooryard. The gesture maddened the horse. He bucked and reared. Pambrun, at the instant, essayed a bow to Narcissa and the backward plunge threw the pummel violently into his stomach. He collapsed on the bronco's neck, and with diabolical cunning, the beast rolled with him!"

Marcus, with half a dozen Indians, ran to the factor's help. It was several moments before they could bring the frenzied horse to its feet. When at last they had succeeded Pambrun lay motionless in the sand. Marcus bent over him and it seemed a long long time to Narcissa before the doctor straightened himself and said, with stiffened lips.

"He's gone."

No one spoke. Narcissa gazed in horror on the crumpled body. Alice Clarissa clung to her mother's skirts and Sarah Hall sobbed.

"He's gone," repeated the doctor, "and we've lost our best friend on the Columbia. Perhaps our only friend." White to the lips, he picked up the factor's gun which lay on the ground and motioned the Indians to lead the plunging horse behind the rye stack in the corral. A moment later a shot rang out. Marcus came back and laid the gun on the ground beside the body.

Narcissa stared with sick eyes from her husband to the grim faces of the Cayuse gathered about. Then, with a shuddering sigh, she said, "I will write a letter to Mrs. Pambrun, if you will find an Indian to deliver it."

Shortly, a Cayuse with the death message in his tobacco pouch galloped westward toward the fort.

About two hours later, Marcus was ready to start homeward with the body. He had rolled it in blankets and lashed it to two stout poles. With the help of the Indians he then had lashed the poles to the saddles of two ponies so that the body was carried tandem fashion between them. The forward horse was ridden by Umtippe and the rear horse by Marcus. Narcissa, with Alice Clarissa in her lap, rode her own horse, Columbia, while Sarah Hall bestrode a little white mare that the doctor had given her the year before. Thus the sad procession started.

It was midnight when they reached the fort. Torches were burning at the open gates, about which were gathered several silent groups of Walla Wallapoos, who, just as the slow moving little funeral procession came within the uncertain light, began the death chant. Pambrun had been liked and trusted by the Indians.

The handful of white and half-breed employees of the fort took the body in charge. As they carried it into the Pambrun house, Madam Pambrun, with a long scream, threw herself into Narcissa's arms. The poor little soul was beside herself with grief and Narcissa bade Marcus take Alice Clarissa and Sarah off to bed, while she gave her whole attention to the widow.

It was a long and difficult night, during which neither woman slept, but by breakfast time, Madam Pambrun was sufficiently calm to see Père Demers and to listen to the plans of the funeral, which was to be held that afternoon.

THE grave was dug within the fort enclosure. Wolves and Indians made an unprotected grave a horror. A group of white-gowned Indian boys, perfectly trained, assisted Père Demers in the burial service, which Narcissa's artist soul pronounced exquisite. She and Marcus stood, alien, on the outskirts of the little crowd, watching the strange ceremonies with a curiosity that even their very sincere grief could not smother entirely.

And although every prejudice that early training and environment could produce urged Narcissa to disdain and dislike the solemn chants, the swing of the censors, the deep voice of the priest uttering the sacred promises, it was impossible for her not to be profoundly moved. For there accompanied every word and note that fell upon her ear her vivid memory of the wretched episode of two days before; that living, writhing figure of the Christ, that sudden sense of remorse, that new understanding of the unity of all Christian faiths. Every prejudice that Narcissa possessed melted before this memory and her tears were not alone for Pambrun, but for that wanton waste of Christ's heritage which she and Marcus, with Père Demers, were adding to with every hour of strife.

When, at last, the grave was filled, Madam Pambrun, clinging to Narcissa, begged to go back with her to Waii-lat-pu. But Père Demers, dignified and coldly polite to the Whitmans, gentle and tender as a woman to Madam Pambrun, would not listen to the plea. Madam Pambrun must follow the Hudson's Bay Company's custom. She must go at once to Fort Vancouver, where she would be pensioned and her children cared for. It was a sane decision on the priest's part and, at last, the weeping little widow agreed to it.

Narcissa spent the remainder of the afternoon visiting with Madam Pambrun Pierre's favorite haunts. His garden, his log seat in the clump of willows near the boat landing, and lastly, his bench atop one of the bastions from which one could see the glory of Mount Hood, the Columbia rushing westward,

For nearly an hour, Narcissa, her golden hair flashing in

the vast lift and roll of the plains, and the mighty wall of the Blue Mountains pressing down upon them from the east.

Death, thought Narcissa, as she gazed from the bastion top, was almost unendurably solemn, unbelievably natural in the midst of the immense loneliness in which their lives were set.

They started at dawn for Waii-lat-pu and reached the cabin at sunset. Here they were greeted by Trapper's yapping and by two forlorn figures, a man and a woman, crouched on the doorstep. They rose and stood like culprits, as Narcissa, leaving Marcus in the corral with the horses, advanced to investigate. They were white people, emaciated and ragged. The man, with hollow cheeks and burning, protruding brown eyes above a sparse brown beard, wore the remains of a frock coat above torn leather trousers. The woman, once, might have been pretty, but she was so thin, so worn, her hair so faded by the sun, her skin so parched, and burned, that she was almost ugly.

"Our name is Munger," said the man. "Aschel and Mary Munger. We come from Ohio. We are independent missionaries on our way to the Sandwich Islands. It's been pretty hard on the trail. Harder than we expected. Our horses died up there on the Blue Mountains and our money's given out. We thought you might let us rest here for a spell. I see you are putting up a house. I'm a carpenter, like our Lord Jesus, praise Him and hallelujah! Also, my wife is a good cook!"

"Come on," exclaimed Narcissa. "We have plenty of work here for willing hands, and you are more than welcome."

The woman followed Narcissa into the cabin. The table was set and a stew of some sort

the ruddy firelight, stood singing Scotch and Irish ballads.

bubbled on the fire. "I ain't eaten anything yet," said Mrs. Munger. "One of the Indian women said you'd be back tonight and I got things ready. I hope I wasn't presuming."

"I'm only too much pleased," said Narcissa. "You and your husband can move into the tent we put up by the river for our last visitors. Sarah, please give Alice Clarissa her supper and put her to bed."

The woman's worn face twitched. "Praise God!" she whispered. "I feel like the children of Israel when they finally got out of the Wilderness."

Narcissa smiled sympathetically and called Marcus and Munger to supper. She was very tired, after the three days of mental as well as physical strain, and desired nothing quite so much as to go to bed. But shortly after the Mungers had gone to their tent, Umtippe appeared. Narcissa gathered herself together for the usual battle of will, but, to her surprise, Marcus motioned her to silence while he rose to shake a sturdy finger in the big Cayuse chief's face.

"If you ever bring one of those bad businesses in here again," he said sternly, "I'll burn it as my wife did. And I shall tell the Kitche Okama when he comes, of your burning my wife's paper talk. We'll see what he has to say to you. Narcissa, get that crucifix thing and give it to Umtippe."

Narcissa hesitated. Then she brought the blackened Christus from her room and gave it to Marcus. He took it gingerly and held it out to Umtippe. The Cayuse struck at Marcus's hand with horror in his eyes and backed toward the door.

"No," he shouted. "The King George man said if we harmed it, our hands would rot! Don't touch me with it!"

"Take it!" He tossed the crucifix at Umtippe's protesting hands.

The crucifix struck his wrist and fell to the floor. Umtippe howled with fear and rushed from the house. With a disdainful toe, Marcus kicked the crucifix out the door."

"Come, Narcissa," he said, "you're dog tired. Better go right to bed."

"I'm afraid that's not the end of the matter," said Narcissa, as she followed him to the lean-to. "We've Père Demers to hear from."

"I'm willing," replied Marcus, with sudden mildness. Then he added, looking at Narcissa, keenly, "You think I'm a clumsy handed fool, don't you?"

"No, I don't think anything of the sort," returned Narcissa. "I was dreading the scene I knew was impending between Umtippe and me. And you've taken the brunt of it. I'm grateful, Marcus."

"That's not what I mean," insisted Marcus. "It's all the time. You draw more and more into yourself. You wouldn't tell me that you wanted to keep that graven image. You felt that I'd be too thickheaded to understand. You wouldn't let me handle Miles and Sarah that night. Oh, I could give you a hundred instances. And the bitterest part of it is, I guess you're right."

MARCUS was sitting on the edge of the bed, pulling off his high boots. In the flickering candlelight, he looked an uncouth, unkempt figure, in his worn trapper's clothing.

"I'd give all my chance of success with the Indians," he went on, huskily, "to feel I deserved your respect. I bamboozled you, that first day we came out here into letting me be boss. You're such a thoroughbred that you've lived up to the agreement. But I can tell you, my authority is dust and ashes in my mouth."

Narcissa, her hair in two long braids, came over to him and knelt on the floor at his feet.

"Dear Marcus," she said, "if I had half your simple fineness, I'd be more worthy of you. You have all my respect and you have my deep affection. Will that not satisfy you?"

Marcus put his great hand on her head. "Some day I hope to do so great a thing that you'll give me your heart. That's the day I live for. God keep you for me, my dear, dear wife."

For a long moment there was no sound in the cabin, but a lone wolf howled almost beneath the window.

Trapper the next day, brought the crucifix into the cabin and Narcissa put it in the cupboard.

The Mungers settled down at the mission with great content. Munger was a skilled workman, and with his help the new house progressed so rapidly that by Easter the Whitmans were settled in it. The building was commodious, put up in the form of a *T*. At the south end of the cross to the *T* was the family bedroom, at its north end, the Indian room, both twenty feet square. Between the two lay the parlor and dining-room. The first room in the stem of the *T*, connecting with the dining-room was the kitchen, and strung beyond this a servant's room, a dormitory room for pupils, a storeroom and a hen house.

On Easter morning, they held service in the Indian room and Alice Clarissa electrified the Indians by singing the "Rock of Ages." But when she had finished the congregation would not wait for Marcus's sermon so eager were its members to examine the new furnishings of the house. Narcissa had locked her own room and she prayed that Umtippe would not break the latch. Marcus glanced at her flushed cheeks.

"Let them look their fill and be through with it," he suggested.

Narcissa bit her lips. "It's not as if they hadn't watched every adobe put in place! They do it just to annoy us. Yet we must say nothing, particularly to Umtippe." Then she added, with a sudden laugh. "I must try not to offend again the head of the Catholic Cayuse party."

Marcus snorted. "He's about as much of a Catholic as I am!"

Narcissa's lips stiffened. "I shall save him to Protestantism if I do nothing else at Waiilat-pu."

"Well, I believe you can," declared the doctor. "That is, if you go at it right. If you—"

He was interrupted by a tearful call from Mrs. Munger. "If you folks think I can cook a meal of victuals with twenty stinking Indians sitting on the floor by the stove, you're wrong! That's all."

Marcus laughed and groaned, then went to Mrs. Munger's rescue. By cajolery and joking, he managed to clear the kitchen, and not long after the family sat down to dinner. Even then several bronze faces pressed against each window and the Mungers still unhardened to this espionage, declared that they could not eat until the curtains were drawn. Munger, a particularly high strung man, insisted that these were the eyes of Satan and his cohorts and, to the great amusement of Sarah Hall, he prayed loudly at intervals throughout the meal.

He was in fact, in the midst of his loudest effort, when a loud knocking at the door announced white callers. Marcus threw the door wide.

Henry and Eliza Spalding were standing on the steps.

"I know we should not be traveling on the Sabbath," were Mrs. Spalding's first words, as she entered, "but Henry would have it that another night's camping would be my death."

"Are you ill?" cried Narcissa. "Take off your bonnet and lie down at once."

She turned to Henry Spalding as she spoke and silently offered him her hand. He was a little more gaunt and shriveled than ever.

"I trust you are well, Sister Whitman," he said. "My dear wife has an affliction of the bowels, and we want to see your new house."

Even when he was most irritating, Henry amused Narcissa. She felt her lips twitching now. She nodded and, putting her arm about Mrs. Spalding, led her to the couch of buffalo skins beneath the window.

"We plan to use the old cabin for our guest house," she said, "but until you've had dinner and the doctor has examined you, I'll just tuck you in here. Where is your baby?"

"I left her with Brother and Sister Gray," Mrs. Spalding lay down with a sigh of relief.

Narcissa introduced the Mungers and very firmly pushed out of the door several squaws who had followed the Spaldings in.

"They don't bother me!" protested Mrs. Spalding.

"They do me!" exclaimed Mrs. Munger. "They drive me crazy."

"We don't try to shut them out at Lapwai," said Mrs. Spalding. "After all, we have nothing to hide from the Lord or the Indians, either."

"From the Lord, no," returned Narcissa. "But, from the Indians, many, many things. I shall struggle for privacy from the Indians as long as I live among them."

HENRY SPALDING opened his mouth to speak, but his wife forestalled him. "We were distressed to hear of Mr. Pambrun's death," she said.

"The Lord was making way for a Protestant at Walla Walla, perhaps," said Spalding, his mouth now full of beef. "You have a wonderful house here, Doctor. I don't see how you can afford it. We still live in our original cabin. All that we have accumulated we have used for the benefit of the Indians."

Marcus, who was sitting with Alice Clarissa on one knee and young Trapper on the other, spoke firmly. "Well, we felt it would be for the general good if we had decent accomodations. Our location is different from yours. You are isolated while we are on what will soon be an immigrant trail to the Columbia."

"Still harping on that old string?" cried Spalding. "Let me warn you that in another ten years the Hudson's Bay Company will have so tightened its hold on this section that an American will not be able to get in. I'm as well pleased. We'll have that much less to distract us from the Indians."

Marcus gave his guest a curious glance, but went on with a certain set look in his long jaw. "Our conversions so far have not been as many as yours, but we have made progress in many directions. The young men have fifty acres under cultivation. I grind a great deal of corn and wheat for them and we support several fatherless families. Narcissa averages sixty squaws in her mother's classes and, as a consequence, our infant mortality is less by half than what it was when we came. We have a hundred pupils in the school and it's astounding the progress Narcissa has made teaching them English and Bible stories. We are, moreover, a tavern to all the trappers, missionaries and what not that pass this way."

"Also, a free hospital," said Mrs. Munger, who had been eyeing Henry Spalding with obvious dislike ever since his arrival.

Marcus ignored the interruption and continued. "As far as the house is concerned, every square foot of it will add to our efficiency in helping the Indians. I've written to the American Board asking them to send us a couple of young men, sort of apprentice missionaries, and who can do the work away from Waii-lat-pu that I've been trying to do. This following of the Indians over the country, camas digging, salmon fishing, buffalo hunting, trying to convert them on the wing is killing work. I could manage had I no call on my time other than mission work, like you. But, after all, you mustn't forget that I'm a physician and that my patients are located anywhere within a radius of two hundred miles."

"Have you heard from the Board since your request?" demanded Spalding.

Marcus shook his head. "I think I shall, though! I'm doing all I can to make the Board see the danger of this country going Catholic."

"It won't go Catholic," said Munger. "I'll offer myself as a living sacrifice to prevent that."

"You look like a sick man to me, Mr. Munger," exclaimed Mrs. Spalding, her eyes on the carpenter's pale face.

"He is sick," declared Mrs. Munger, who, in order to miss nothing, was washing the dishes on the dining-room table. "We are on the way to the Sandwich Islands for his health."

Marcus gave his sudden hearty laugh, but sobered quickly as Munger cried, vehemently, "We are going to the Sandwich Islands to serve Christ and the heathen. I'm not at all sick."

"You'd be lying in your grave by the Walla Walla if Dr. Whitman hadn't taken you in and dosed you," contradicted his wife. "Mrs. Whitman, there's some one kicking at your door."

"I thought we'd had peace as long as we could hope for it," said Narcissa. "Let's all go into the Indian room while the doctor prescribes for Mrs. Spalding."

The school benches were filled with Indians, laughing, telling stories, smoking and scratching fleas. Narcissa stepped to the door and called

to Umtippe, who was sullenly applying his moccasined toe to the door of the parlor. He stalked into the Indian room.

"Where is the doctor?" he demanded.

"With Mrs. Spalding who is sick," replied Narcissa. "What do you want, Umtippe?"

Umtippe grunted and started for the door into the dining-room, Narcissa barred the way. "The doctor will be out in a moment, Umtippe. You mustn't disturb him now."

"My wife won't want any trouble on her account," said Spalding hastily.

"There will be none," Narcissa smiled at the old chief. "Do sit down and wait, Umtippe."

The Cayuse stared at the white woman for a moment, then sat slowly down on a school bench. Alice Clarissa, who had been playing a wild game of tag around the benches with several of the young Cayuse, now established herself between Umtippe's knees, daring anyone to molest her. Umtippe looked down at her with the smile that gave his face a curious charm.

Marcus was not long in making his appearance. Spalding gave him an anxious look.

"Your wife is not seriously ill," the doctor assured him. "She's been working too hard and her digestion is very bad. She needs nursing and rest. Better leave her here for a few weeks and let Narcissa take care of her."

Before Spalding could reply, Umtippe put Alice Clarissa aside and advanced to face the doctor. Marcus, leaning against the teacher's desk, his great shoulders drooping wearily, smiled at the old chief.

"Now, what, Umtippe?"

"Why are you poisoning my people?" demanded the chief.

THERE was a sudden silence in the schoolroom. Alice Clarissa clung to her mother's skirts, sensing one of the dreaded scenes she had witnessed so often between her parents and the old Indian she loved dearly.

"I'm not poisoning your people, Umtippe. Who says I am?" Marcus's voice was sharp.

"I say you are! The King George priest at Fort Walla Walla says white doctors poison many people."

"I don't believe he said any such thing," declared Marcus. "He's no fool. Why should I want to poison your people?"

"If you can get rid of us old ones, you can bend to your own wishes those young fools who talk of going over to your God. You will try to take all our land, then. But not as long as I live shall you have Waii-lat-pu for your own." Umtippe's brown face was literally black with rage. The corners of his mouth drew back into his wrinkled cheeks, showing long, brown teeth like an old dog's.

"Umtippe, the only poison I know about is some I put in a rotten buffalo carcass last winter to kill wolves. The sickness that's affecting your people again is the same as you had two years ago. Your old folks gorge too heavily on camas."

"You lie," snarled the Indian. He lifted a lean fist from beneath his robe and struck the doctor on the chest.

The other Indians in the room were motionless. Alice Clarissa screamed. Munger and Spalding half rose from their places, but Marcus waved them back.

"Let's see if I can't manage this," he said.

He stood, cheeks flushed, but staring coolly at the frenzied chief. Umtippe struck him on the left cheek. With a curious set smile, Marcus turned the other cheek. This, also, Umtippe, struck, then paused for a moment while the doctor turned the right cheek to him.

"Poisoner," grunted the Cayuse, and struck again.

"Marcus, I can't bear this," cried Narcissa.

Mr. Spalding groaned softly, but there was an expression not unlike gloating in his brown eyes. Mr. Munger repeated over and over the same prayer—

"O, Jesus Christ! Help thy servant who turns the other cheek! O, Jesus Christ let his punishment be for all of us! Smite no further, Lord."

Marcus turned his left cheek. Umtippe called him a foul name and struck the purpled cheek bone. Tears of physical pain were in the doctor's deepset blue eyes, but he did not flinch nor turn his steady gaze from the chief. His non-resistance maddened Umtippe. He jumped up and down.

"Get off my land! Get off my land! Agree to get off my land or I shall call my war chief and kill you all!"

"Father! Father!" screamed Alice Clarissa. "Stop, Umtippe! Stop!"

Young Trapper, at the sound of his little mistress' agony, ran out from beneath the bench, caught Umtippe's mocassin flap in his teeth and worried it. Narcissa gathered the little girl in her arms and whispered,

"Sing with mother, baby! Sing! We'll make Umtippe listen."

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock!
If the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down will come rock-a-bye, baby, and all.

The child's piercingly sweet treble rose above Narcissa's soft humming. Umtippe's long brown hand, raised to strike as the first note sounded, remained motionless in the air for a moment, then dropped to his side. He turned slowly to look at Alice Clarissa. She was clinging to her mother, her little chin trembling while the brave and beautiful notes rippled from her baby lips. The lullaby had been

finished for the third time when Umtippe held out his arms to the child.

"Come to me, little White Cayuse!"

Narcissa held Alice Clarissa firmly on her knees and said as quietly as though nothing had happened,

"Is any of your family sick, Umtippe?"

"My wife," replied Umtippe, sulkily.

"The doctor will cure her," said Narcissa. "Let him go to your lodge with you."

"Let him bring the little White Cayuse," commanded the chief, "then if he makes my wife die, I'll keep the child."

"I shall not go one step under those conditions, Umtippe!" cried Marcus. "You know that you can't scare me or bully me. And I know that you are taking presents from the priests and have promised to get rid of us. Umtippe, *I'll* make conditions now. You want us to leave Waii-lat-pu. We will do so if you wish us to, but we will leave the land as we found it. You gave us the land voluntarily. If you, a great chief, want to stoop so low as to take it back, we will return it to you. But it will return as the desert we found it. We shall burn the crops, the fences, the mill, the blacksmith shop, the tools, the cabin, this house, and all that they contain. We shall leave you, as you desire, taking back with us the little White Cayuse."

"And God will hold you accountable for what you have done," added Narcissa clearly.

Umtippe glowered at her. "Don't say that to me again, woman!"

"It's true!" insisted Narcissa. "God does not forget."

UMTIPPE jerked his robe to his chin with a gesture that would have done credit to one of Narcissa's own dramatic moments and strode toward the door. But Marcus was before him.

"Stop, Umtippe! Tell us! Do we go or stay?"

"What will you give me if I say 'stay'?" demanded the old Indian.

"If you say it over the pipe with me, I'll cure your wife," replied the doctor.

Umtippe grunted and slowly pulled a pipe from his belt. It was a red clay, elaborately feathered. Marcus filled it, took a deep pull and, amidst deep silence, handed it to the chief. Umtippe drew a long, slow whiff, then emptied the pipe on the floor and left the house abruptly. Marcus, with a little nod to the others, followed him.

"Well," said Henry Spalding in a flat voice, as he trailed after Narcissa, into the dining-room, "I guess that point is settled."

"You have greater confidence in Umtippe's word than I have!" Narcissa gave Alice Clarissa her rag doll and looked from the preacher to his wife, who, she knew, had witnessed the scene through the open door.

"You look as if you'd been in a war, Sister Whitman!" exclaimed Mrs. Spalding. "You are no more fit for this life than I am to sing an operatic song."

"That's true!" cried Spalding.

"I'm well aware of the opinions and desires you hold in regard to us and Waii-lat-pu!" Narcissa's voice was low and unruffled, but something in its quality caused Mrs. Spalding to look at her curiously, while Henry Spalding reddened. "Mrs. Spalding," Narcissa went on, "if you feel well enough, we'll go over to the cabin now and I'll try to make you comfortable."

The transfer to the guest house was made with very little conversation. Narcissa returned from caring for the invalid to find Marcus, for the moment, alone in the dining-room, Sarah Hall having removed Alice Clarissa and Trapper to the dooryard. The doctor was leaning back wearily in a buffalo hide covered chair.

"Umtippe's squaw will be all right in a day or so," he said.

Narcissa sat down opposite him and the two gave each other a long look, then Narcissa said, "Let me bathe your poor cheeks with cold water."

Marcus shook his head. "They'll do as they are, thank you. Too sore to touch, so I have an excuse for not shaving!"

Narcissa laughed, but her eyes were full of tears. Then she said, suddenly, "Eliza says she had mail from home last week. They sent a Nez Percé runner up to meet the spring boat brigade at Kootenay. I wish we'd thought to do that."

"I wish we had," agreed Marcus. "But according to that, the boats should reach Fort Walla Walla any time now. I'll send in tomorrow."

But Marcus was not obliged to send a messenger. That night, after they had gone to bed, a horse trotted across the dooryard and a knock sounded on the door. Marcus lighted a candle and lifted the latch. An Indian, wrapped in a blanket, handed him an oilskin wrapped packet.

"Mail," he said in Cayuse. "The factor at Fort Walla Walla said you'd give me double pay for bringing it quick."

Marcus handed the packet to Narcissa and measured off a double portion of rope tobacco, which the Indian received with a grunt of satisfaction. The doctor latched the door and turned to Narcissa. She was sitting up in bed, holding an unopened letter in her shaking hand, her face white to the lips.

"It's in my sister's handwriting," she whispered. "I'm afraid to open it lest it tell me Father and Mother are gone!"

"Let me read it for you, dear," said Marcus. He broke the seal and disclosed three letters.

"One is signed Father, one Mother, and one Jane! Will that satisfy you, little pig?"

He handed the letters to his wife. She clasped them to her lips and burst into tears. Marcus, his own face working, patted her with one hand while with the other he ran through the remaining letters.

"Three from the American Board," he said quietly.

His words stopped Narcissa's sobs. She wiped her eyes and smiled. "Let's read those from the Board first and learn the worst that Henry Spalding has done to us. Now that I know that Father and Mother are still living, and loving me I can bear anything."

Marcus read the letters aloud. The first was concerned entirely with the temporal work of the mission, giving directions that had been carried out long before. The second, after discussion of business details, spoke of having received letters nearly two years old both from Waii-lat-pu and Lap-wai and warned the missionaries at Waii-lat-pu not to allow either secular or personal interests to influence the work of the mission. The third was a terse note asking Marcus to explain the continued lack of converts and warning him that unless a better spirit was shown by himself and his wife the mission would be closed.

Marcus laid the letters beside the candle and looked at Narcissa. "I'm going to go over to the cabin with that last letter, right now," he said, his voice thick with anger.

"We will show them the letters, yes," agreed Narcissa. "But I want you to have full control of yourself first. You are hasty when you are angry. Wait until morning, Marcus."

The doctor paced the floor and Narcissa followed him anxiously with her eyes. Finally, as he caught the troubled look in her blue gaze, he sat down on the bed, saying quietly,

"Read me your letters, dear. I'll wait until morning."

THE letters were packed with all the home news for which Narcissa had been hungering. It was evident that earlier letters had been sent but had been lost. But, with these riches at hand, Narcissa wasted no thought on lost mails. She devoured those at hand as if half famished. They were long letters and the roosters were crowing before the two desisted from re-reading and discussing them and composed themselves for a short sleep.

The next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Marcus requested the Spaldings to join him and Narcissa in the parlor. There, he latched the doors and read aloud the letters from the Board. Spalding scarcely waited for Marcus to finish before he cried, angrily.

"What do they mean by such insinuations?"

"That's the question I propose to ask you," replied Marcus, sternly.

"Why of me? I don't know what you mean."

"Don't you?" asked Marcus. "Let me tell you then, Spalding, that they mean that you are a first-class preacher, but a treacherous friend."

"Careful, Marcus!" murmured Narcissa.

Marcus folded his arms across his chest in Umtippe's own attitude. "Tell them about Pambrun, Narcissa," he said. "I am afraid of my own indignation."

Narcissa obeyed. During her recital, Mrs. Spalding's face began to burn and her eyes turned angrily towards her husband. And when the story was finished, she gave Spalding no chance to explain:

"Henry," she exclaimed, "jealousy is your besetting sin! It's led you out of the path of righteousness many times and here is another sample of it!"

"Where's your wifely faith in me?" demanded the preacher.

"I have a great deal left, even after this," replied Mrs. Spalding. "Even though you've been making a quiet fool of yourself and got caught."

Spalding's voice rose, half hysterically. "This is a gross misreading of my purpose. I resent—"

"Henry, I have something to say to you." It was Narcissa who interrupted him. She was sitting beside the crude table, her work-roughened hands clasped over a hymn book, her madonna face flushed and her tender lips set. "I want to speak before your wife and my husband, although Marcus already knows. Long ago you did me the honor to ask me to marry you. I had the friendliest feeling for you, but I did not love you, and I told you so. You appeared to acquiesce to my decision without bitterness. But you will recall that on the night in Angelica that Doctor Whitman told you of our engagement you showed unwarranted resentment. And ever since, you have treated me with hostility. Henry Spalding, is this your idea of Christianity?"

Mrs. Spalding, holding an aching forehead as she listened, made an inarticulate murmur of sudden understanding.

"So that's it!" she cried. "More jealousy!" Her plain, rather heavy face was lighted by a look of great intelligence she cast at Narcissa. "I'm certainly obliged to you for this explanation. Can't say I blame Henry for wanting to marry you, but since he couldn't—" She turned abruptly to her husband. "Since she didn't want you, you're acting like pretty small potatoes, I must say! And I must say," she added, her comfortable voice carrying an unwonted note of pain, "I'm not particularly set up to learn that I was taken on the rebound."

"You've had love and honor from me ever

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A Sightless Clean-Up Man

At thirty-six Reuben S. Simons faced total blindness, the loss of his job and the uncertain future of a wife and five children. He has since organized a million boys and girls who cooperate with the world's largest street cleaning department

by Frances Drewry McMullen

SUPPOSE you were suddenly informed that you were going blind. Suppose your wife and children were entirely dependent upon your job, and your job of all jobs in the world was part of the street cleaning work of a big city, demanding careful scrutiny and constant watchfulness. Could you figure out a way to hold on to your place, to make yourself more valuable to your department than ever before, to contribute a hundred times as much toward keeping the city clean as when you could see?

This is what Reuben S. Simons did. The solution he figured out has led him to a permanent place of honor in the Department of Street Cleaning of New York City and, in fact, in the community at large. Blindness notwithstanding, he has kept on training better American citizens as well as effecting cleaner streets, for a quarter of a century and more.

Being a parent himself, Reuben S. Simons understood that children, even those in crowded city streets, must "do something." Why couldn't they be interested, he thought, in tidying rather than messing up the streets? Mr. Simons not only conceived the plan, but, despite his subsequent blindness, carried it out on a large scale and with extraordinary success.

In 1895 eye trouble sent Mr. Simons to a specialist. After a consultation, he followed three grave physicians into a large room where a hundred medical students were assembled. One of the doctors explained to the students the nature of the case. Turning to Mr. Simons, he placed his hand on his shoulder and, without warning, said: "Young man, I am sorry for you. Your eyes will grow weaker and weaker and finally you will become blind. Let no doctor meddle with your eyes. There is positively no cure."

There followed a night of agony for Reuben S. Simons. He came through it with the determination, for the sake of his wife and five children, to face life cheerfully, in spite of his great handicap.

He was in daily fear, already, of losing his job as a messenger in the Street Cleaning office, where he had been employed for five years. A shake-up was in progress under a new commissioner and men were being dropped every day. He became more and more convinced that he must devise a plan to insure his retention in the department and to prepare himself for making a living, without resort to a tin cup and a placard, "Please Help the Blind." He felt the

urge, besides, to accomplish some constructive piece of work.

As he grappled with his problem, the interests of his leisure moments suggested a solution. For twenty-three of his thirty-six years he had been active in literary, dramatic and social club work. From early youth he was a "joiner" and a speaker. After a temperance address at the tender age of thirteen, he gained the title, "boy orator." At fourteen, then a twelve-hour-a-day delivery boy for a New York hatter, he made his début on the stage. He attempted to put Shakespeare over at the Grand Duke Opera House. This was nerve, indeed, for the Grand Duke Opera House in those days was the resort of rough-necks of many species, low browed and hard boiled. Its patronage customarily spoke with missiles and thus they greeted young Simons. His presentation of a passage from "Richard III" had lasted only through the first lines, offering his "kingdom for a horse," when the performer found it advisable to beat a hasty retreat through the nearest open window in dire need of the aforesaid horse. He didn't even return to collect his pay. Of such defeat he was never to taste again. He learned that night to discriminate in his choice of audiences, and increasing success crowned his later oratorical essays.

Inspired By His Own Family

When he set out, with the future dark before him, to strike a balance in his difficulties, Mr. Simons could list as assets recognized qualifications as a speaker and organizer and heartfelt interest in street cleaning work. To them he could add knowledge of child psychology, gained from his own family. Like all wise parents, he understood that children must "do something." Why could they not be interested, if properly reached, in tidying rather than messing up the streets? Why could he not use his experience in organizing and his powers of oratory to reach them in the proper way? Then he could borrow eyes, not one pair, nor two, but hundreds of thousands, to help carry out the work nearest his heart. To his great delight, his chief took kindly to the idea and gave permission for him to organize bands of volunteer street cleaners in the public schools.

Little did Mr. Simons dream that fifteen years of struggle lay between him and ultimate success. The public was unaccustomed, then, to the idea of school clubs and leagues. The children showed enthusiasm, but they had to learn the way. Several of Mr. Simons's Juvenile Leagues, however, were on their feet by 1897. Thousands of children were wearing his badge with the motto, "We Are For Clean Streets," and were repeating the pledge, "To refrain from littering our streets and, as much as possible, to prevent others from doing the same."

Reuben Simons went from school to school earnestly organizing clubs. All the time his vision grew less and less distinct. The prediction of the doctors was materializing with deadly accuracy; slowly, steadily, surely, he was losing his sight. Figuratively, too, his way grew dark. He could win youth, but the older generation held aloof.

"He is making spies of the children," people charged. They refused to credit his purpose of building for the future, of training boys and girls to appreciate their citizenship.

He struggled on, with varying degrees of support from the City Hall. At times he sacrificed his own resources to rent halls, to hire bands and issue circulars that he might induce his critics to come and hear his side of the story. With his own money he paid for headquarters where the leagues might meet. Things were going fairly well when in 1900 he hit a snag, an order from his chief to shut up headquarters and move out. Transferred to general office work, he did not lose faith in what he had come to regard as his mission. He took advantage of every opportunity to win the public and presently, at the request of civic organizations, was sent on speaking tours throughout the city schools. In 1908 he again launched his leagues.

Mr. Simons's hopes rose high. Then they were dashed to earth in 1911, when the Civil Service Commissioners decided to classify his job. On account of his blindness he could not take the examinations. The labor of years, he feared, would be lost at one blow; he would face the world sightless, without a purpose and without a job. But the pendulum of his fortunes swung back. At the request of the Commissioner of Street Cleaning, the Board of Aldermen created for him a special place as Supervisor of Juvenile Leagues of the Department of Street Cleaning.

Here at last was official recognition of his work. Up to this time he had been listed as Assistant to the Section Foreman. From then on, the way was more or less smooth. Commendation and cooperation began to come from city officials and public alike.

Mr. Simons now had a position of importance in possibly the most gigantic work of its kind in the world, that of keeping New York City clean. It takes the full time of some eight thousand men to look after the job, and in winter hundreds must be added to the force to take care of ice and snow removal. The department maintains some seven hundred motor dumpers, three hundred motor flushers and more than one hundred other motor vehicles.

In spite of all this force and equipment, New York City would be in terrible shape without the eyes and hands of its citizens to aid in keeping it clean. It is in recruiting such service as this that Reuben Simons has proved invaluable.

Ask for him at the offices of his department. Most likely he will be out.

A picked group of Juvenile League workers photographed with Mr. Simons in front of City Hall. Each school unit is organized into a miniature community in which every boy and girl has a specific job. High standards of cleanliness and hygiene are carried from the school into the home and, most important of all, children receive early training in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

"He's not often here," the doorman will say. "He's always going around making speeches, you know. Ever met him? He's a wonderful man—stone blind; but you could hardly tell it. He's always cheerful and he does a great work.

Then the visitor will follow back to his office, one of the most inconspicuous in the Municipal Building. It is just a corner of the passageway, where few persons pass and old boxes are stacked. It is decorated only with a collection of flags, inscriptions and photographs in a large black frame. What matter if there are no windows and little room near a blind man's desk? All he needs is a place for his files; he has the hundreds of public schools in which to carry on the greater portion of his work.

He Works Night and Day

On a Saturday morning, though, when schools are closed, he sits at his office table, a portly, white-haired figure. His head protrudes, as, somewhat hard of hearing, he listens while his guide and secretary reads letters from children and adults, the length and breadth of the land. A little boy in Wisconsin wishes to know, for debating purposes, just how garbage is handled in New York. A teacher in New Mexico desires to profit by his experience in organizing a juvenile civic league. No matter how the inquiries stack up Mr. Simons reaches out to help them all.

The Supervisor of Juvenile Leagues is seldom found at his home in Brooklyn during waking hours. Early in the morning he is off betimes, to catch some student body at its nine o'clock assembly. Late at night he is on the platform of some public hall, preaching to grown-ups the doctrines he carries to children during the day. In cooperation with civic and social service organizations, he spares no time or energy to do what good he can.

If Mr. Simons is run to earth at home and questioned about his work, he will pull down albums of clippings, photographs and programs that have marked his progress. He will pore over them lovingly and tell proudly of the 950,000 school children he teaches through four hundred and fifty leagues, one in every public school of Manhattan, Brooklyn and the Bronx. The visitor may hear, too, of the son and four daughters who have been reared in the home and of the round dozen grandchildren, the pride of his heart.

Many generations of school children now love and honor him. Beamingly he points to the locket and chain across his vest, presented to him on behalf of one school by a teacher who had worked as a boy in his Juvenile League. This is but one of the many souvenirs he treasures.

When a league is to be organized, Mr. Simons personally instructs delegates representing the school. He explains their duties and drafts their constitution. Details are left in the hands of principals and teachers, but the supervisor never loses touch with the group. He drops in at their meetings after school or he addresses them in assembly at least once, maybe several times a year. In summer vacation, he speaks to them in the playgrounds and the parks.

Juvenile League work is by no means all serious endeavor and no frolicking.

"They are children," says Mr. Simons, "let them be young." And he takes them on holidays. His one fear is that through some neglect of his their interest may flag.

Each league has its annual party with Mr. Simons ingeniously helping along the fun. The programs of such events often bear his photograph. He is a great believer in photographs. When he takes a picked group of "star" workers on a round of the city's historic spots, he pauses to have their picture snapped with the mayor on the City Hall steps; and that invariably is the event of the trip.

As he comes and goes about the city, making his one thousand school visits a year, this blind general of a vigilant army of almost a million pauses on the sidewalk to chat with his rank and file.

"Oh, Mr. Simons," says little Minnie Jones, "there's a woman in our house who throws potato peels into the court."

"Let's go to see her. What do you say?" Mr. Simons replies; and they go, Minnie in the lead.

The next report on that neighbor undoubtedly will be favorable, for Mr. Simons gets results. He has a winning way with all he meets. His smile, his gleam of humor and his joke for every one open the stranger's heart.

Care is taken in the work of the Juvenile Leagues that each youthful enthusiast shall find active expression for his interest. Each member has a job. In those schools organized into miniature communities, the leaders become mayors and commissioners in charge of street cleaning, health, fire prevention, parks, building and so on. The commissioners hold a weekly conference and submit written reports on their activities to the mayors and the teachers in charge. These reports are ratified at the meeting of the league. In other schools the leaders are appointed as inspectors under a chief inspector and in charge of groups assigned to various tasks. One group may be entrusted with keeping the building and yard neat and tidy, each member having a given section to cover. Another group will be an emergency snow force, ready for service at any time, clearing paths in the freshly-fallen snow. The vigilance committee keeps many pairs of bright eyes on janitors inclined to heap ash cans too full and on landlords who provide insufficient receptacles. From their copies of the sanitary regulations and from their league discussions, the children know how to recognize offenses.

In some schools the children are assigned their jobs geographically. Those who live on the same block form the guardian body of that block, charged with speaking to all their neighbors who violate the law and reporting those who refuse to conform.

"I stopped two boys from throwing paper on the sidewalk," runs one such report. "I explained what the Civic League meant to three girls. I asked a man with a push cart not to throw skins under his cart; I asked a janitor to remove empty garbage cans. I put out a bonfire."

When law breakers are named, the supervisor pockets the slip for further investigation.

School principals of New York, in general, praise the work of Mr. Simons and his brigades. Grounds and buildings are neater than before, they say. Standards of cleanliness are carried into the home and, most important of all, little citizens are trained in the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Many cities in the country have organized similar work along the lines he has laid out. Echoes have been heard from as far as Winnipeg, Canada, where the health commissioner at one time appointed a committee to follow in his lead. In France during the war a city official called upon Parisians to follow the example of the school children of New York.

Mrs. Simons Has Helped

One of the proudest moments of Mr. Simons's life came a few weeks ago, when five hundred admirers gave a banquet in honor of his public work. No less happy was the day for the partner of forty-six years of his life. She looked on his shiny silver loving-cup and gleaming copper tea-set, gifts he could only feel, and recalled the time when she willingly scrubbed floors that he might carry on his work. Mr. Simons thinks his wife is much more worth "writing up" than he.

When the blind orator, now in his sixty-seventh year, arose at the banquet he said: "To me, it has never been a question of gain or glory—only what I could do to help my fellow man."

This has been his philosophy. Any one may ask a favor of Mr. Simons, a constant mediator between parents and the powers that be in the schools. He keeps so busy about his own work and other people's troubles that he hardly feels his loss of sight. It has proved an incentive to hard work rather than a handicap.

"While I am busy, I never realize I cannot see," he says, "so I manage to keep always busy and forget my affliction. Sometimes I think I see more with my mind's eye than other people do with their natural eyes. I have been a very happy man."

So he goes his cheerful way, inspiring volunteers to clean-up work and youth to patriotism. It is the nature of such a life and such a job that the end of each day, however tiring, should find Mr. Simons in the best of spirits. His whole heart is with his cause. He knows he will never see cleaner streets in New York, but with the assurances of others that his efforts have brought results and with their appreciation of his work, he is serenely conscious that he has not lived in vain.

The Terrapin King

MR. ALEX M. BARBEE of Savannah, Georgia, was dining in state at a world famous restaurant in one of the big Eastern cities. To all appearances he was dining alone, but this was not the case.

"Anything else, sir?" inquired the solicitous waiter taking his order.

"Yes," remarked the Georgian casually, "bring an order of lettuce and celery for Toby."

"I beg your pardon, sir?" asked the waiter.

"I said an order of lettuce and celery for Toby," repeated Mr. Barbee firmly.

The waiter stared inquiringly at the gentleman, then his eyes widened with amazement as a live terrapin, appearing as if by magic from the stranger's coat pocket, waddled solemnly out on the table. With the utmost *savoir faire* he gazed about the restaurant and then blinked haughtily at the waiter as if to say, "You got your order, young man, now shake a leg." The waiter departed.

It was all old stuff to Toby. This blasé incubator baby has been everywhere in the past few years. He has been to New York on business trips fifteen times and has always received the best of attention at all restaurants and hotels. He eats at the same table with his master, sleeps in a flannel bag in the same room, and even accompanies him to the theater. Sometimes when he manifests unusual interest in the proceedings on the stage, he almost breaks up the show. At home in Savannah Toby lives apart from his brothers and sisters in a large goldfish bowl, because he is a star performer. On a specially built miniature piano he "plays" for the thousands of visitors to his master's farm. Eleven years ago he was born, or rather hatched, while Barbee was on a trip East demonstrating the feasibility of hatching terrapin eggs artificially. Ever since his education has been progressing and now, in addition to his performances on the piano, he does many other seemingly impossible stunts. Mr. Barbee has been offered fabulous sums for Toby, but he refuses to consider any of them.

When a Northern visitor to Savannah enters one of the finest dancing and dining pavilions in the South, noted especially for the way in which they serve terrapin, he is likely to ask: "Who is that man?"

The answer is always the same: "That's Alex Barbee, the Terrapin King, and Toby, the Prince."

That is the title the proprietor of this establishment bears, and Toby is usually with him. Barbee wears the emblem of his regard for Toby—a golden terrapin, with a diamond sparkling from its back. Toby's likeness is also emblazoned on the sides of Barbee's car.

The only man to succeed with a diamond-back terrapin farm displays two incubator babies.

"The Terrapin King" of Savannah, Georgia, and elsewhere has no known competitor for the title he bears. He is the only man in this, or, so far as is known, any other country to successfully operate a diamond-back terrapin farm. Other men have tried it and made dismal failures. Mr. Barbee's enterprise, started many years ago, has been a brilliant success. The owner-manager of this prosperous enterprise has a striking and unusual personality, but even more unique, quite wonderful in its way, is the terrapin "farm" he started. It is situated on the Isle of Hope, a suburb of Savannah, near Mr. Barbee's home. The island is one of the sights of the city.

Many years ago Alex Barbee started his farm with one pen and a few terrapin. Now the farm boasts of eighteen separate pens and countless thousands of the land turtles. He ships from five to ten thousand terrapin every year to Northern markets, in addition to thousands of cases of canned terrapin. During the summer the young terrapin are hatched on the farm at the rate of several hundred daily. In winter the terrapin bury themselves in the sandy bottom of the pens, and often an attendant has to dig three or four feet to get at them.

Before Barbee hit upon his method of

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She Teaches Canaries to Sing

"It's no joke training blue blooded rollers for 'opera'," says Mrs. Zetzman of New Orleans.

THERE is a little house on Adams Street in New Orleans which has two peculiarities. One is that the expressman is always delivering mysterious, twittering packages at the door and the other is that no cat will go within sight of it. Cheerful, motherly Mrs. Zetzman is an avowed enemy to cats. No cat would risk a furry paw across the threshold of her garden and as for that mystery room inside the house—any cat that looks inside it is as good as gone!

Can you guess what it is? Not parrots or chickens or gold fish or mocking birds, but canary birds. Mrs. Zetzman raises canary birds. She has three hundred of them, to say nothing of the babies. They are all pedigreed. Any canary that leaves Mrs. Zetzman's for a new home has a leg ring to show that he is really blue blooded and has a pedigree tracing his ancestry back to the Harz Mountains which are the Plymouth Rock and Mayflower of canary bird-dom. There is an Americanization movement on foot for canary birds and Mrs. Zetzman, who is corresponding secretary of the New Orleans Canary Breeders' Club and a director of the International Roller Canary Breeders' Association, believes that birds born in New York or Louisiana or Oregon will soon be one hundred per cent. American and proud of it.

From the little Adams Street house canaries are continually arriving and setting forth. The lady of the house does more than breed canary birds. She boards them as well. People who are going away for the summer may leave a golden pet with her and for a few dollars a month and be sure that it will receive the best of fresh lettuce and chick weed. Birds leave every few weeks on concert tours. Just as the vaudeville manager books his best performers for Chicago or Kansas City or Denver so does a canary-bird manager send hers to different cities where they are greeted by canary enthusiasts and given a regular concert hall to perform in. The concert birds are always "rollers" and they must boast the deep bass voice, the "hollow roll" or the "water glück" which marks them as true professionals.

"It is no joke training a roller," sighs Mrs. Zetzman. "I begin when they are very young, as soon as they are taken from their mothers. The concert bird must come of fine roller stock or it will not pay to train him. He is put in a dark cage and then I employ a tutor bird, or a roller who is already an accomplished singer, to sit outside the cage and sing. Tutor birds come high. Most of them are worth about forty dollars apiece and often, like other artistic temperaments, they are good for nothing else. They generally make very poor fathers.

"The little bird in the dark cage hears the roller's voice outside and instinctively he begins to imitate it. He sings very softly on account of the darkness and it is this softness, a peculiar, low, lilting note, that distinguishes a good singer from an inferior one. The loud singers, 'Jazz,' we call them, are popular with some people as are also the high, shrill voices, but canary specialists prefer the deep, soft notes.

"When the pupil bird becomes proficient he graduates into another cage with other rollers who are as advanced as he. In fact they have regular classes, just like school. When a bird is thoroughly trained he may become a concert singer or even an 'opera' singer and be sent from town to town to give performances.

"Of course the canaries do not have Pullman cars, but they do have individual, light-proof cages with patent cups that supply food and water at stated intervals. As long as they are kept in the dark and more or less quiet their delicately tuned nervous systems are not upset, and when they are taken from their cages at the journey's end they are as anxious to sing as people are to hear them.

"The public is growing more and more anxious to listen to good canaries," says Mrs. Zetzman proudly as she exhibits her pets.

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A Steeple-jack's Fight for Life

THIS is the story of a man who, by sheer indomitable will power, pulled a frightfully shattered body back to usefulness and strength. One bright summer day in Toronto two years ago, a crowd of people with up-turned faces were watching a steeple-jack at work. Perched at a tremendous height in the air on the cross of the big cathedral, a painter was going through all kinds of hazardous stunts. He would lean far out, holding only by one hand, then, while the crowd below held its breath, he would swing out on a rope that looked like a clothes line.

The steeple-jack was evidently a husky chap. As he climbed hand over hand up the rope he occasionally held the weight of his body with one hand as he rounded some difficult corner. The big cross was being covered with gold leaf that made the rays of the sun glitter and dance.

The dare-devil was Harry A. Martin, of Detroit, a well-known decorator, painter and steeple-jack. He never gave the great height at which he worked a thought and he paid no attention to the constantly gathering crowd below. There was quite a wind blowing, and he could distinctly feel the sway of the great cross as it rocked in the gusts. Loving as he did the danger and excitement, he often took chances where a slight mistake—the merest slip, a second's relaxation, would have brought instant death.

As he worked the sun's rays caught the gold at a certain angle, and the great emblem of the church seemed to blaze with fire. The matter-of-fact steeple-jack, busy as he was, got a vivid impression of the power for which it stood. Blazing its message to all the world, it swayed to the stormy winds, but was firm and steadfast at its base. He couldn't help being conscious of his own powerful body, his steadfast nerves and splendid vitality, and as he balanced against the wind, he was filled with the joy of living and the contentment of perfect health. His gaze went out over the city to the blue of Lake Ontario. The air came clear and sweet. Smiling with the delight of life, he drew it deeply into his lungs. Then he settled down to steady work. For hours the crowd below stood watching, newcomers constantly taking the places of those who left.

It was but a short time later that the scene shifted to Detroit. Again Martin was far in the air painting—but this time at a much different kind of job.

The giant stacks of the Edison Power House lift themselves high in the air and stand in a row like so many great towers. Looking scarcely larger than a doll against the great mass of iron, Martin was working as usual at his risky trade. There were, however, no stunts this time, no daring display of risks taken for mere excitement and love of danger. Seated on his little board, close to the top of a huge stack, he kept steadily at work, striving to complete the painting as soon as possible, for there is always one terrible possibility in a job of this kind. The ropes on which life and safety depends are hooked to the top of the hot chimney, making fire an ever threatening menace. As he worked, Harry felt a slight movement of his lines and saw to his horror that his main anchor rope was burning and about to part. There was absolutely nothing he could do to save himself. A second later he fell with a crash to the cement roof seventy-five feet below. One second before he had been one hundred and eighty pounds of clean health, endowed with splendid strength and vitality. Now he lay a broken and shattered wreck, apparently deprived of even a spark of life.

A frightful fall smashed his body in fifteen places. Harry Martin of Detroit has come back.

They picked him up and discovered to their amazement that he still lived, but these are the injuries the surgeons at the hospital found: jaw broken on both sides; every tooth knocked out; right wrist and hand broken and three ribs on the right side fractured. The most terrible injury of all, however, was to the spinal vertebrae, which were broken in six different places.

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Say It With Trees

TO PERHAPS only one woman in the United States does the word "nursery" invariably call to mind something other than a typical child bedroom or playroom. To this woman, Miss Evelyn W. Smith, owner, manager, and president of the Amawalk Nursery, this word always is associated with six hundred acres of rolling country—a cultivated tree-garden at Amawalk, New York. For Miss Smith's nurslings are one million carefully tended specimen trees. These include every hardy variety and every size of trees, growing in long avenues and blocks; trees perfectly matched and symmetrical.

Miss Smith's tree nursery is recognized as one of the very finest in the country. Its yearly output is fifteen thousand trees, many from thirty-five to fifty feet in height and from four to sixteen inches in diameter. These are shipped to all parts of the United States and even to England and Australia. They are bought by private estates, by landscape architects, by institutions, cities and park commissions. The English elms on the Boston Common, those planted before the Harkness Memorial at Yale University and the replaced elms on the Mall at Central Park were grown and cared for at Amawalk. President Harding planted an Amawalk Red Oak at the unveiling of the Bolivar Statue in New York in 1921. The oak which Marshal Foch planted at the Joan d'Arc statue on Riverside Drive was an Amawalk Nursery tree, as were the memorial trees planted by General Pershing, the King and Queen of Belgium and the Prince of Wales.

Miss Smith started eighteen years ago to make a business out of a smaller nursery which had been her father's hobby and she has grown up with her trees. She knows these trees as intimately as a florist knows his flowers and the conditions under which they thrive. She is an expert on planting and transplanting, on ground cultivation and branch and root pruning. No man can better direct the loading of a motor-truck or freight-car so as to get the maximum load without injury to the trees.

She is the buyer of all of the seedlings and saplings that replace her larger stock. These young trees are conserved for sales from fifteen to twenty years ahead. She has the same standard of perfection for all of her trees and accordingly has formulated the policy of a standard price for every tree of the same variety and size on her place. As each tree has received a care uniform with that of every other tree, Miss Smith believes that its value is the same whether it is bought as a single tree or as one of a hundred of its kind.

She bosses a million nurslings on six hundred acres—Miss Evelyn W. Smith of Amawalk.

Miss Smith has no employment troubles even among her seasonal foreign laborers. A private lake has been converted into a natural ice pond to provide steady winter employment for the men.

One learns little of Miss Smith, the considerate employer, from Miss Smith herself. It is from surreptitious interviews with the loyal Sams and Tonys who have served her for ten, twelve or fourteen years that one can piece out a more complete picture of the president of the Amawalk Nursery.

Her community interests are expressed in generous gifts of perfect trees for public places. In December, 1924, Miss Smith presented a magnificent permanent living Christmas tree to the children of America. This is a thirty-five foot spruce tree which is planted in the nation's Capital, in Sherman Square opposite the grounds of the White House. Last Christmas Eve, President Coolidge turned on the electric lights at the dedication ceremony.

The boxwood hedge which George Washington planted at his Hayfield Plantation, Virginia, has been moved to Amawalk by Miss Smith and dedicated to her father, Major Orlando J. Smith, the founder of the Associated Press of America.—HETTY L. SORDEN.

Everybody's Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

An Infant Live Wire

A Los Angeles street car had halted at a drawbridge outside the city to let a steamer go through. A four-year-old flapper accompanied by her Mid-Victorian grandmother watched the proceedings with interest. Suddenly the air-pump which had been throbbing stopped.

"Boob," gurgled the child in the dead silence, pointing at the motorman.

"Nice man," said the dear old lady, beaming, "Runs the car for Betty; don't point."

The infant wrinkled her nose scornfully and remarked "The poor dumbbell has stalled his engine."

Got It At Last

A mountaineer school teacher corrected a boy who had said, "I ain't gwine thar."

"That's no way to talk. Listen: I am not going there; thou art not going there; he is not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there. Do you get the idea?"

"Yessur. They ain't nobody gwine."

An Experienced Witness

An Australian barrister tells of a black fellow charged in a country town with stealing. His solicitor decided to put him in the box to give evidence on his own behalf. The magistrate, being doubtful if he understood the nature of an oath, undertook to examine him.

"Jacky," he said, "you know what will happen to you if you teli a lie?"

"My oath, boss," replied Jacky, "me go down below—burn long time."

"Quite right," replied the magistrate. "And now you know what will happen if you tell the truth?"

"Yes, boss. We lose 'em case."

A Cornish Bull

Two Cornish miners coveted a cow which belonged to a neighbor and laid plans to steal it. On their chosen night, it happened that a traveling player with a trained bear had asked for and obtained lodging at the neighbor's house. The owner put the cow in a shed in order to give the bear the run of the barn. The thieves arrived, one went to secure the cow, while the other watched. A clamor of cries and blows came from the barn. The noise filled the night and the lookout cried: "Hae gotten 'im, Tam?" The horror of the unknown was in Tam's voice as he replied, "Hae gotten 'im? Nay! Ees gotten I!"

Where Words Failed

The new guard was not familiar with a certain railway run in Wales. A station came which rejoiced in the name of Llanfairfechany-willgogerych. For a few minutes he stood looking at the signboard in mute helplessness. Then, pointing to the board and waving his other arm toward the carriages, he called out to the passengers: "If there's anybody there for here, this is it."

Effective Help

A green brakeman on the Colorado Mudline was making his first trip up Ute Pass. They were going up a very steep grade, and with unusual difficulty the engineer succeeded in reaching the top. At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said with a sigh of relief:

"I tell you what, my lad, we had a job to get up there, didn't we?"

"We certainly did," said the new man, "and if I hadn't put on the brakes we'd have slipped back."

The Pious Bailiff

New Bailiff in Arizona Supreme Court opens the proceedings:

"Hear ye, hear ye. The Supreme Court of Arizona is now in session. God save the people of Arizona."

Opportunity

An automobile, racing with an express train, made the crossing a second too late and its fragments were distributed along the track for a hundred feet. One of the three occupants, miraculously unhurt, sat up and wiped the dust from his eyes.

"I say," shouted an excited Hebrew, hurrying toward him, "has the superintendent been along?"

"No," returned the victim.

"Vell, has the railroad attorney been here yet?"

"Of course not," the man growled.

"And has the claim agent came?" persisted the Jew.

"Hang it, no!" exploded the man on the ground, "can't you see this thing's just happened?"

"Vell, den," smirked the Jew, "vould you object if I lies among you?"

He Needed the Money

A naval officer says that on one occasion during his destroyer's visit to the Philippine Islands the sailors were lounging along the rail, throwing pennies into the water for a crowd of dusky, naked youngsters in the harbor to dive for. It was a lively scene. No sooner was a penny thrown into the water than a native boy dived and brought it to the surface. Many times a penny did not reach the bottom before a boy caught it.

On the wharf the native mayor, surrounded by his fellow townsmen in full regalia, was awaiting the arrival of the American naval officers to whom he was going to tender a grand reception. He watched the diving boys with keen interest.

A reckless sailor lad began throwing quarters and then half dollars into the water. Then some one threw overboard, one after another, a number of big, glistening silver American dollars. What a scrambling! It seemed as if every boy in the entire town was either in air or in the water.

Suddenly an American resident came dashing breathlessly down the wharf, and shouted to the group of sailors, "If you want this ceremony to go on, for goodness sake stop throwing those dollars. The chief of police has already kicked off his shoes and the mayor is just starting to take off his coat."

Too Advanced for Mother

"I hope that's a nice book for you to read, darling," said a conscientious mother to her engrossed schoolgirl daughter.

"Oh, yes, mummy," said Miss Thirteen. "It's a lovely book, but I don't think you would like it. It's so sad at the end."

"How is it sad, darling?"

"She dies, and he has to go back to his wife."

The Perfect Tribute

In the old days newspaper reporters covering metropolitan local assignments all wore firemen's badges with a special inscription, "Admit within fire lines only." The understanding was that they entered burning buildings at their own risk.

A veteran police and fire reporter, much beloved by all the fraternity, died suddenly in one of the big cities. A cub reporter, delegated to pick out an appropriate floral tribute decided to make it a masterpiece. At the funeral the most conspicuous thing was his enormous floral piece of white roses which covered the casket. It was made in the shape of a fireman's badge and attracted somewhat startled attention. For spelled across it in vivid red roses was the warning:

"Admit within fire lines only."

The Turkey's Revenge

Hank Fothergill's wife decided to eke out his income from a mountain still by raising turkeys for Thanksgiving. All went well until one night Hank carelessly scattered some mash from his still near their pen. The next morning six turkeys lay lifeless before Ma's eyes. The bodies were still warm. They had imbibed not wisely but too well.

"Mought's well make the best of it," she mused and proceeded to pluck the feathers before they were cold. Just as she finished there was a wild yell from the gate.

"The folks is shootin' up a passel o' revenooers up to Catamount Forks."

Without waiting to draw or dress the fowls, Ma shoved them into the spring house and hurried off to see the fun.

When she came back she passed Hank in a rather advanced stage of tanglefoot headed for the spring house. A moment later there was a wild scream of fear.

"Holy Gee, Ma, the han'ts is arter me!"

Hank dashed by headed for the tall timber. Behind him was a shocking sight. Out of the spring house door filed six totally naked turkeys, in all the injured dignity of Christian martyrs.

The turkeys had slept off their hooch, but it took twenty-four hours to find Hank and get him to listen to reason.

Another Man's Game

[*Continued from page 15*]

music courses, college courses, years of culture-getting; a little art, a little life—knowing too much to do the things which many did, not knowing enough to do one great simple thing well—and this was her call to work, at last—

Madge had come into Hypatia's room. She was peering down. "What am I supposed to do—keep on munching chipped beef? Is somebody dead? . . . Why, Patia, you look starry!"

"Somebody isn't dead. Somebody's not going to a show tonight—that's all."

Hypatia tried to veil her eyes, but she felt secrets rising to proclaim themselves before the greenish-blue probes of the other.

The second afternoon afterward, Burnie rang at Hypatia's apartment and found her alone. He walked the floor with his springy swaying tread. Hypatia perceived him deeper-eyed, strange altering fires at work. Also she saw that he had little or no thought of her, and this their second meeting after four years.

"I didn't know life could be so deep," he was saying. "He changed me somehow, opened me up. I can't explain, but you know."

She didn't know, but she let him talk. Still he paced, sometimes pausing on one side of her chair, sometimes on the other, and his right hand would lift a little as he strove to find the right word, a flexible hand curved to the thick of a racket handle.

"I think I'd never have left him—I wanted to take him home to my rooms—but he says I'm not to see him again—"

Burnie laughed strangely: "You tell me, Hypatia—does a fellow always have to wait until his friend dies, or is put somewhere, before he *knows* him? What is it, that keeps us apart from what we really mean to each other?"

She was startled at the direct question. Her amazement deepened. He was still thinking of himself and Harry Christy. His voice carried on: "The night before the tennis match, he came to the room, wanting to tell me something, but I didn't make it possible for him to talk. There we sat fighting for air like two men waiting for the end—in a sunken submarine. I might have helped him—he came to me for something, and I wasn't on the job to give it to him. If I had—it would all have been different for me, too."

THERE was a late June night, weeks afterward, when Burnie was just in from a little Western trip, having brought home a contract. Tomorrow at the works, they would tell him he had done well. He let himself into his apartment, pushed on the lights and crossed his sitting-room to open the window. A box-package was on the center table. It was heavy; no sender's name legible. He cut the wrappings clear. An inner box, anciently familiar. From the tissue, at last, he drew out the Cup.

He lifted it to the light, blew the dust from it, placed it on the table, and then moved to a chair. Presently he went out. He walked the streets for hours, but was back in the chair, still sitting before the Cup, when the birds began to rouse under the eaves.

At noon he telephoned to Hypatia: "I want to take you to the country. I want to talk with you—the kind of talk that needs a lot of undamaged outdoors."

Madge was looking at her from high in the doorway as she hung up.

"What makes you snap so?" she asked.

Hypatia didn't answer and Madge went on. "I catch myself at it, too. I suppose it's this ghastly spinsterosity. We're getting touchy—"

Madge drew her to the window, drew back the shades and looked into her eyes.

"I thought so," she said.

"What, Madge?"

"They're getting hard. Lights going out of 'em. Your arms are getting reedy, too."

"Whose turn is it to get lunch?" Hypatia asked.

"Get lunch," came the echo. "Two tough old birds wondering who will get their lunch."

"It is pretty dismal, and I may be getting reedy—and frowsy, for all I know—" At this point the dam burst: "But I can't endure his thinking and treating me as if I had just grown out of a lily stem. Who wants reverence and tributes in nineteen twenty-five? I want to be understood. I'm tired, I tell you, hewing and chiseling and blowing the dust off his life—just as if his was the only masterpiece that ever was to be brought to the light. He acts as if I had arrived somewhere, as if all the problems left were his. I don't see any evidence of my having arrived, do you? I say, do you?"

Madge had drawn back for a good look.

"No, ma'am," she said.

Hypatia put weeks of pent feeling into the next words: "I can't keep on telling him I'm human, and I can't abide being held up as some angel—"

"Let him alone, can't you? He'll get over thinking you're super-human. Let him blunder along. Only be there to catch him when he falls—" Madge's voice had become very tender. "Nothing to me. Oh, no. Only I get up such a tension. Why, you two have been burning each other out for eight years!"

"It isn't so. It hasn't been like that—nothing like that until, until—"

"I know; not with you, until he came back this time, but he has, Patia. He's been burning all the time, even if it did take eight years to warm you up. And what's going to come of it? Why, he'll get you, just as I said in the beginning. Only I'm in such a desperate tension to have it over!"

With Hypathia at his side this afternoon, Burnie turned his car out of town the shortest way. But long before they reached the country spaces, he was telling her of the "greatest night" of his life.

"Of course, the coming of the Cup meant Harry's gone," he began. "In fact, I verified that. But he was gone before—so far as my seeing him again. That day I called at Tilbury, I thought I saw a whole lot, but it wasn't until last night sitting before the Cup—that everything was finally made plain. Walking the streets last night, and up in my rooms, I felt him more alive than ever before—myself more alive! Sounds dotty, doesn't it?"

From the car, they looked down a shallow slope of washed green. A big rain of two days ago had combed down the grass. There was slow moving water in the bottom of the hollow. Down they went, leaving the car.

"We've reached bottom," Hypatia said breathlessly. "And what did you find out, Burnie—in the dark streets and sitting before the Cup?"

"I found out what was the matter between Harry Christy and me all those days—I found out what's the matter between you and me!"

"That's a lot!"

He went on: "On the night before the tennis match, Harry came wanting something I had, but I was so lost in my own troubles I couldn't help him, so I missed the chance of my life."

"How did it happen?"

"I was so lost in myself—"

IT WAS a pasture field they were in, and they stood facing each other in the very hollow, where bleached and rounded stones broke up through the turf, and the water moved soundlessly at their feet.

"Out in the streets and sitting before the Cup, I saw what Harry meant to me, and what you mean to me—what he was, what you are!"

"What am I, Burnie?"

"Just a woman. That's the answer, but I'm going to take a year to think it out."

He went on: "Yes, I saw the mistake I've been making from the beginning. I've been afraid. In the sorority kitchen I was so afraid—I over-pressed. It works that way. I've been yellow all through. On the night before the tennis match, when Harry came to me, I was so afraid of losing the Cup that I couldn't rightly see him, nor that he needed me. I was so afraid of him during the match the next day—that I couldn't play. Hypatia, I wasn't only afraid of him in tennis, but because of you!"

"Of me—"

"Spoiled years of my life, I tell you. You looked so corking together, and I felt so whipped. The whole sorry business was in my head . . . I've been afraid of you, ever since we've been together again—so afraid of losing you, I haven't been able to see you straight."

"And what did you say I am, Burnie?"

Now his nerve had been tested close to the limit; his words began to be jerky and breathless: "I saw it all last night. I said, 'just a woman,' but I'm going to take a year to think it out. I don't mean to fail so much—from now on—"

Hypatia felt she would die, if he fell to fearing her again now.

"I've told 'em at the foundry. I'm taking a year—"

"You mean you're going away for a year—to memorize—you're not afraid?"

"Why, Patia, it's the biggest thing in the world. You never can see another, or be of any use to another in a pinch, while you're afraid. Why, it's so big it can't be told, but sitting before Harry Christy and before the Cup last night, I came to know the lost meaning of the word *gentleman*."

"What is that, Burnie?"

"When you're not afraid for yourself or afraid of losing something—you really can begin to pay attention and belong to another—"

"Isn't it being afraid to run away for a year?"

"I'd begin working it out—acting upon it—wherever I went—"

"Among strangers. It's so easy and satisfying to practice on stangers and leave off the hard nuts to crack at home—"

The silence was so deep that he heard the little pipings and fluting in the grass and air. Hypatia had turned from him to the empty hill-slope. One of her shoulders was in shadow from her hat, the other in the sunlight. The spell deepened upon him, the spell of the earthy meadow.

"You think I'd better begin acting upon it—here and now?"

She had half turned now. There were flecks of white upon her cheek—yearning, bewilderment to the point of desperation in her eyes, but back of all that, the quaintest glint of laughter.

"Oh, Burnie, you've made it so hard—so desperately hard! It must be because you're so dear, as Madge says . . . But I never—never could go through it all again!"

A breath of summer over the hollow. A white butterfly settled on the very edge of a wet part of the stone . . . a great healing laugh stormed them both.

"Oh, Burnie—what's that?" she whispered.

"Only a cow, Patia—"

"And see," she said still later, "a second butterfly has come to the wet stone!"

With Sande Up

[*Continued from page 19*]

another in the mile-and-a-quarter Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park earlier in the spring. Upon each occasion a wild-eyed killing drive from behind brought the grandstand to its feet. Sande got results by fooling old Mad Hatter.

"I kind of jollied him along," Sande elucidates. "I didn't let him notice the pace. I just kept a light pull on him and kept talking to him. 'Whoa boy.' I said, 'Easy now.' Before he realized it he had lengthened out and given me all he had. He was winning a race but he thought he was just breezing in. He thought he was out for a nice little morning gallop and found a lot of horses cluttering up the road in front of him. So he just naturally let out and got ahead of them where he had a clear track."

That's one way Sande does it. In many a race he uses his intuition. But he does a lot of preliminary studying for most of them. He generally knows the night before what horse he is going to ride and what other horses will be in the race. He knows the peculiarities, the individuality of each contesting horse. Then he maps out his campaign. A wise young head has Sande. By using that head he piloted Mad Play—Mad Hatter's brother—to an easy victory and a fifty-thousand dollar purse in the Belmont Stakes in 1924. That same year he brought Bracadale up the stretch, to win by two lengths in the 1924 Withers. Both wins were credited to Sande's racecraft. Sande's career is illuminated by many such victories.

But it hasn't always been easy going for Sande. His big smash at Saratoga last August was not his first one on the track. He was hurt while riding Sixteen-to-One at Hot Springs, May 27, 1918. A crushed foot laid him up many weeks. He has been injured on many tracks but he always keeps going if he can.

WHEN he is barred from riding by increasing weight or age he will become a professional trainer. He has ridden under the masters—Sam Hildreth and William Duke—and has studied the training game as closely as he has riding. During his long months in the hospital following the Saratoga smash when it seemed probable he would never ride in a race again the plucky boy from Idaho perfected his plans for a new life as a trainer of racers. He will carry them out some day, with his own horses, although he owns no horses now.

The happy crowd wending its way home after Sande had made good by riding Worthmore to victory, April 29 this year, did not know that after his fifth and last race of that day the young fellow, fresh from a long siege in the hospital, had come so near to a collapse in the jockey room that he lost his mount in the sixth race for which he had been scheduled that day. Five horses in one afternoon was too much for a physique shattered just a few months before. But that was like Sande—to try to make good before his admirers.

I am convinced that, much as he likes to earn and save money, Sande really gets his richest reward from the applause that greets the winner. Sande is, after all, merely a finished workman who is happiest when the public is pleased with his performance.

Let us have a few last side lights on this rider of the age. He doesn't believe in hunches. He wins a great many of his races by observation.

"If my horse is running easy," he remarks, "and the other horses ahead or alongside are being driven, I believe it's a good time to start something and break their hearts.

"I don't think of anything but the race when I am riding. They told me no one ever heard such cheering as when Zev came down the stretch ahead of Papyrus. I didn't hear the cheering or anything. I had my mind on my riding, although as I rode that last furlong something inside me kept saying, 'You're winning. You're winning!' "

Sande disclaims any hypnotic power over horses. He doubts if any one posseses such power. "Some horses run better for me than others," he admits. "Some horses can be placed anywhere in a race and give me all they've got. But a lot of them, like Mad Hatter, have nerves. Then I have to jolly them. A little jollying helps any horse. A rider must go with his horse and not against it. If a jockey gets cross and fights his horse the horse will fight back. And no horse can run his best and fight his rider at one and the same time.

"The average horse has a one-track mind."

About that secret of Sande's success. There must have been a time in his career when he graduated, suddenly, from apprentice to master hand at racing.

This question, being put to the king of our jockeys, was given due consideration. Then a typical Sande grin grew upon the freckled Sande face.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I don't believe anything like that ever happened to me. I always believed I could ride, whether I could or not."

So there you are. Sande believes in Sande and Sande has won out.

She Teaches Canaries to Sing

[*Continued from page 142*]

"Some of our 'opera' birds even sing for the radio, and a soldiers' hospital in Illinois has a permanent room full of canaries to amuse the patients."

An entire room in Mrs. Zetzman's house is dedicated to canaries. Breeding cages for the families are built against the wall like tiny apartment houses and a flight cage about seven feet high and five feet wide is dedicated to the bachelor birds. These are encouraged to fly and swing to build up their strength for more arduous domestic duties later on.

CANARY BIRDS don't like visitors, especially in the breeding season, so you must enter the bird room very quietly and take care not to startle them. It is a veritable little city of birds. Cages line the walls on every side. In the large ones you may see a happy family, father pecking furiously at his lettuce or cuttle fish, while mother takes care of the babies as is the way of mothers the world over. In fact the lady canary has every reason to strike for suffrage and time and a half for overtime. Nothing has ever been said to her about birth control and she may raise as many as five sets of babies in one season. In addition to this she generally attends to building the nest while her husband is gallivanting about the flight cage with the young bachelor canaries. The female canary is not expected to be well-dressed. She wears a dull, yellow-green Mother Hubbard the year around, very different from her lord and master's magnificent gold tailored suit and proud cockade. Morally speaking the male canaries are often open to criticism. They believe firmly in the double standard and while they insist that their wives be above reproach and attend only to the children it has been necessary to build extra sides on the breeding cages so that the husband will not be deflected from his duties by the sight of lovely young flapper birds in the cage next door.

"Birds have as many peculiarities as human beings," says Mrs. Zetzman fondly while Red Gold and Minnie May perch on her shoulder. "Some have happy, contented households with fat, jolly children and others raise fussy, nervous offspring. As in human families the atmosphere of the home generally depends upon the mother. If a mother bird is cross and irritable, pulls the babies' feathers and tumbles them out of the nest, I have to get in a foster mother to take care of the young. There are female birds who make a regular profession of taking care of other birds' families although they never have any of their own. They are the maiden aunts of bird-dom, born with a maternal instinct that is never satisfied."

Mrs. Zetzman's birds are not a mere hobby but her means of livelihood. Last year she cleared $1400 on them. Her birds come in all prices. Some are as low as five dollars a pair. Others run up into the hundreds. By experimenting with food she has been able to raise them in nearly all shades so that they range from a pale buff to deep orange and from delicate green to bronze. People who come in for one bird nearly always return for more and many customers seem literally to have the canary-bird habit. Birds, like other pets, are company for one another.

"I have been raising canaries for eleven years now," explains Mrs. Zetzman. "I went into the business quite accidentally. A friend gave me a canary bird, the first I had ever owned. It seemed so lonely that I decided to buy it a mate. The two were very happy together and when the family arrived one of my friends offered to buy the young birds. It suddenly struck me as a good way of making money. Why not go in for raising canaries? My first hatch died, but at the end of the first year I had nine birds. Then I weeded out and improved my stock and I have been doing it ever since until now it has become my profession.

"Of course the birds demand a good deal of care, but so does anything else that you make a living of. My principal expense is for lettuce, apples, hemp, rape, bird-seed, cuttle fish and eggs. Hard-boiled eggs form the staple diet of my birds so I decided to raise chickens too to cut down that item of expense. Now I am keeping chickens to support my canary birds. In this warm climate the birds do not need artificial heat but they must be kept perfectly clean and it takes me several hours a day to attend to all their little wants and get them fed, bathed and cleaned. My husband attends to the birds for me when I go out."

The average life of a canary bird is about thirteen years, according to this expert. But much of a bird's active life, like that of human beings, is curtailed by extreme youth or by old age. The male bird is occupied with his paternal duties and the female with her babies for only about three years. The females do not sing at all, so never buy a lady bird under the impression that she is going to be a songster. The young males begin training for their professional singing at about six weeks old. Birds grow attached to each other just as human beings do and there are some pairs who stay together season after season. On the other hand for fickle husbands the canary divorce laws are very lenient and often the male supports two or three families at once, dividing his time

between mates. Mrs. Zetzman makes her own cages of wood and wire screening. She supplies the nests in the shape of kitchen sieves and the mother bird builds over this with bits of raveled sacking.

"People say it is cruel to keep birds in cages," she comments, "but I can't see it that way. They have never known anything else. For generations their parents and grandparents have lived in cages. You might as well say it is cruel to keep us in apartments when our ancestors were accustomed to roam in jungles.

"No, I thoroughly enjoy raising birds. As a profession it is both interesting and profitable and you have the satisfaction of raising birds to give pleasure instead of to kill, as in the case of chickens. More and more people are becoming interested in the roller canary concerts given in different cities. You would be surprised at the crowds we draw. The birds enjoy it as much as anyone else. When you take them from their cages they stand on the table just like little prima donnas and wait for the signal before they begin to sing. Canaries are such expert imitators that they may be taught to sing like mocking birds, red birds, or other mimics. In fact I have often wondered if they could not sing like nightingales if we were able to employ nightingale tutors for them. Some day I mean to try!"—BEATRICE WASHBURN.

Everybody's Man Friday

[*Continued from page 34*]

light on that age-old agonized cry of honest people—"Does it pay to be honest?" Through this same Wall Street man, whose standards are those of the Street, Tobin was able to help a widow, who came to him and asked his advice on a certain investment. When Tobin went for information to the cold, machine-like money maker, he said: "Bill, I am losing money by giving you this information, but you advise your client this is no investment for a widow's money."

Business is business with Tobin, always. This winter he got a letter from a girl on a farm in Iowa. She said her father had just died and left herself and her mother with a mortgaged farm and a few hundred dollars savings. Most of their savings they had "invested" in wheat speculation, as a result of a glowing circular from a Chicago grain house stating that it had inside market information. Somehow they had lost on the speculation, and were now being urged to use the rest of their money to get back the original sum lost. They were advised that this time they could not lose. Should they do it? Tobin advised the girl not to put any more money in the hands of stock swindlers.

The girl later wrote and sent Tobin a diamond ring, which was the last possession of value she had, and asked him to dispose of it. Tobin sent her his check for $125 and sold the ring for $87.50.

WHO is Bill Tobin anyway? Briefly he is thirty-seven years old, was born at Syracuse, New York, graduated from high school, later went to Colgate University until the necessity of helping to support a large family started him out as a lumber salesman. Then came the war and his enlistment as a private. Later he passed his examinations and became an officer in the Air Service. With the armistice he was foot-loose again, and dreading the thought of going back into commercial life to make a living.

Bill and I went up to the roof of a high building one night to talk things over. He told me what was back of it all, this job of his.

"You know I've had my share of ups and downs—been penniless, without work or food. After the armistice I came down with a thump, like thousands of other men in the war. I went all the way from Boston to Seattle not knowing what I was going to do next. I had married. My wife was down in Florida. I wired and asked her what to do. 'Come to me' was her reply. When I reached her she said, 'Go to work at anything, and we'll see.' I got a job as a porter in a hardware store. I drove a Ford delivery wagon. After I'd gotten back my nerve, I landed a job in a nationally known retail dry goods house. The help was inefficient. I told the general manager why. You can't run people like machines. There was too much deadening organization. He set me to work to try and find how to improve the help. When I gave him my solution, the same I used to use on army cooks, making them like me and their jobs, treating them like human beings, he paid me two month's salary and let me go. 'I wish you were right,' he said, 'but it won't work.'

" 'It will, and if you don't apply it you will destroy your business,' I told him. Was I wrong or were my employers wrong? I sat down and took myself apart. I consulted a financial friend. He put his finger on my weak spot—'if you like money, then work for it, if not, just let money go hang,' he advised me. I talked it over with my wife. 'Why!' she exclaimed, 'I've got it! You're always doing things for other people. Make a business of it.'

"So I sent out printed notices to my friends through the country, took an office, hired a girl to answer the telephone when I was out, as I generally am, and business came. The idea struck people. I am happy at it. It has made me happy—this finding the only thing I can do well."

This life work of Tobin's, of doing anything for anybody, any time, is an impossible job. In the first place everybody knows that no Jack-of-all-Trades can succeed. Then there are things that just can't be done. For example, last winter a well known attorney in Boston had planned to take a trip to Bermuda and had exhausted all his connections in an effort to secure accommodations. The boat, which was to sail from New York, had been sold out for six weeks and on the waiting list were many prominent and influential people unable to secure cabin reservations. The Boston man called on long distance the president of a big New York organization, and asked him if he could do anything. The president said: "No, but if there is anybody on earth who can, it is a friend of mine, Bill Tobin."

Tobin got on the job and hot-footed it down to the agent of the line. "It can't be done," he said. While he was telling Tobin this, a cancellation came in by telephone from an acquaintance of Tobin's. The agent was about to give this to the next person on the waiting list when Tobin took the telephone and asked the man on the other end to withdraw his cancellation as he—Tobin—just had to have those tickets. The friend acquiesced, and Tobin had done that which couldn't be done. The call came to him at ten o'clock in the morning and at 3:30 P. M. the Boston man's tickets were in the mails. "I had so doggone much fun doing it," said Tobin. This putting over the impossible thing is what delights Tobin. Is he helped by coincidence, luck, or his own energy? No, something more definite, he thinks.

It is surprising how full the world is of need and opportunity, according to Tobin. One morning he was called up at his home—he being ready to do anything at any time—by a business man who asked Tobin to meet him at a certain hotel. He said his wife had just arrived from Europe with four children and a noisy, playful dog, that he had on hand business involving many thousands of dollars and couldn't afford to lose a minute from his desk nor be worried about getting his family settled. Both he and his wife were comparative strangers in New York and didn't know where to turn for help. "I am distracted," he told Tobin. "Can you help me?" "Why, of course," said Tobin. "Why not?"

Tobin visited the hotel and met the family. Then he called up a married woman friend whose own children were at school, explained the situation and asked if she would help. "I'll be glad to," the woman said. Next Tobin called up a country hotel in New Jersey, made room reservations and by nine o'clock the next morning the children and dog were safe and happy in the country under the care of his woman friend, and he and the man's wife were headed for Long Island. In Tobin's pocket was a list of five desirable country houses for rent, which he had secured through telephoning fifteen friends of his. By noon the woman had selected one. Tobin gave his check for five hundred dollars as a rent deposit, and when the business man came home in the evening Tobin handed him the keys to his new home.

"If I hadn't liked this man and his wife and his children, if I didn't like men, women, children and dogs, I wouldn't, I couldn't have taken on and solved this man's worry," explained Tobin to me. "I gave him ease, peace of mind, new friends, and the job gave me some of the things I had given him."

Tobin's talents are in understanding people. This is one reason why he is able to do so many odd-lot jobs. A stranger called him up from the Pennsylvania Station one morning, said he was on his way West, and had just discovered he must send his wife back to New York for a serious operation. He had heard of Tobin and wanted to turn over his wife and the whole matter to him.

"His voice sounded O. K. to me," related Tobin. "The next week his wife came on. I took her to a quiet hotel where I knew the manager would give her personal attention, sent her to a hospital, had my wife and some other women friends call on her, sent her flowers, and in due course she was cured and returned to a happy husband. The best of my pay was their gratitude," he told me.

Some of the objects he goes chasing after remind one of an auction miscellany. A famous surgeon in the Middle-West wanted a table of a particular shape, size and material on which to lay and use a certain surgical instrument which he valued more than all of his other possessions. Nobody else could find it for him, but Tobin did. On one occasion he took care of the baby of a young married couple that wanted to visit New York in freedom.

A moving-picture director wanted a daredevil who would jump from the tip of the lower left wing of a biplane traveling a hundred miles an hour. To register properly on the film, the leap had to be timed to a second. The director wanted a man who had done this stunt before, and who could do it without rehearsing, and he wanted the man the next morning. Tobin found him.

An African Chief wanted six one-hundred-and-ten-pound packages of a certain kind of thread for the sewing done by his various wives. The thread had to fulfill certain requirements as to colors. The Chief's agents couldn't meet the order, and finally it came to Tobin and was filled.

THERE isn't any sham or pose about Tobin, he's ready to roll up his sleeves for any job. A big Southern company with uptown offices in New York was moving down town. The

manager wanted the new offices furnished with safes, rugs and desks, equipped and ready to do business as usual the morning following the closing of the uptown offices for the business of the previous day. It was not a job for a moving man. Would Tobin do it? Of course. He prepared the new offices and then on the day appointed he got together some young fellows—friends of his. They began work at five o'clock in the evening, took possession of the company's books, papers and possessions, moved the whole to the new office, put the books and papers in places corresponding to the old, put the ash-tray on the president's desk in exactly the same position it had been on his old desk, put his papers in corresponding drawers and the next morning turned over the keys of the new offices to the manager.

A business man in a small city needed five thousand freshly minted United States pennies to use in an advertising campaign. The banks in his home city couldn't furnish them. He applied to Tobin by 'phone one evening and got them the next morning. A United States Army officer had married over seas, was on duty at his home station, and wanted somebody to meet his foreign wife, who was joining him via New York. Tobin met her, showed her the sights and put her safely on a train headed for her husband.

The unexpected is meat and bread to Tobin. A man out in Idaho wrote and asked him to find a market for rattlesnake skins, rattlesnake oil and rattlesnake poison. Tobin found the market. To be sure, not right off, but he found it. Another man wrote in lately from the city of Washington explaining that he wanted to get Yucca plant root to make Yucca plant soap, and was unable to get it through trade channels. Tobin had never heard of the Yucca plant. He waited. Within three days a friend came in—always it's a friend, you notice—to say good-by on his way to Mexico. Tobin suggested that while he was down there he might find this mysterious plant. The man went on his way, and while crossing the border read a notice in an American newspaper about the Yucca plant. He sent this to Tobin. Tobin wrote the editor, and through the editor found a firm in the Southwest who were willing to keep the Washington man steadily supplied with Yucca plant for the rest of his life.

Tobin's adventures are anything but pale and drab. "I get a kick out of every minute of it," he says.

In all these transactions, money is a secondary consideration with Tobin. For his commissions he sometimes sends out bills in blank letting the persons served pay when and what they like. Of a mutual acquaintance Tobin has several times remarked, "Money is becoming his only standard. Of any proposition he always asks 'how much can I get out of it?' That habit of mind is sure to lead to his undoing."

Here's his own working code: "I like people, I understand them, and that gives me a bulge, too. I must be in harmony with the people and the thing they want done. I must respond to both, otherwise I know I can't carry it through, and I say I'm not fitted to do what they want."

His bank account is frequently at the zero hour. On one such occasion when he has needed money to pay rent, I have known him to turn down a task that would have brought in several hundred welcome dollars. "Would it pay everybody to be honest?" I asked him. "It pays me," he responded.

WITH his daring, his ability to arrange difficult situations quickly, with his slant on life, Tobin might have made a first class bootlegger, a brilliant gunman. Why didn't he? Lots of other people of his temperament have succeeded in those lines. I'll tell you why. It is because of what George Fox, another strange social phenomenon in another hectic century, founder of the Society of Friends, described as "the light within."

"I was a prisoner to the life we know. I was like a rat trying to jump out of a box. Then I found I didn't have to do any jumping at all," explained Tobin. "Trouble is a state of mind. Get rid of the state of mind and then you know where you are going, what you're doing. My faith is not being but doing, every hour. Nor am I interested in the set of books kept in Heaven. My religion doesn't interfere with golf, decent cussin', or poker."

Tobin was asked to speak at the Town Hall, New York's free forum, before the American Institute, an organization of scientists. Tobin took for his subject "Why Birds Sing." Tobin didn't give them a physiological explanation of the phenomena of song. He told them something about his conception of the sort of life that keeps a man from being a bootlegger or a gunman. Said Tobin: "The birds are singing all the time, though we don't always hear them."

Tobin's adventures in understanding, eased by a multitude of friendships, lead to more friends for him personally, to his own happiness, to a career he loves.

Is Tobin a bit of old-fashioned brotherliness wasted in modern life, or is he a brand new product, the type of business man needed in this bustling, crowding civilization? Are people more worthy of trust than we think?

Whatever the general answer, his adventures furnish inspiring proof that, however cruel and hard the world of business may be thought, there is room for the right thing to be done in a simple, natural way by men of good heart.

—WALTER S. HIATT.

Mile High Monte of the Bell Bar Bell

[*Continued from page 61*]

At noon they ate the lunch she had brought in one of the log cabins. And, as they munched on the dry bread and jerked beef and a clothful of boiled beans, the girl stole covert glances at her companion. He sat staring at the ground under his feet and his mental perturbation was visible in every movement he made. Yet what she saw gave her infinite pleasure and she did nothing to rouse him.

"Now, what are the plans?" she asked after a while.

"Plans!" he repeated looking at her. "Plans? Oh, yes, plans! Well, I reckon I better drop down on th' crick an' knock over a turkey or two for our fodder. And while I'm gone, if y'u will, y'u c'n pull down some of th' beddin' an' get us a place to sleep. Thays some grub in th' cave-cellar an' if I get enough meat we'll do right well till th' boys come."

Toward late afternoon as Mildred was cleaning up one of the rooms of the largest cabin, she found a large tin box filled with roman-candles and pin-wheels. Suddenly she remembered the reason of their presence in the round-up headquarters.

"Monte," she called, "come here."

"Look what I've found," she said as he hurried into the house. "Father and I had planned a Fourth of July here, three years ago. We intended to have some fun with the settlers off on the Emigrant Hills. He thought they would be startled when they saw these things shooting into the sky from this ridge. But I took ill from eating wild choke-cherries and he had to take me home. I wonder if they are any good?"

Monte did not reply. A plan had suggested itself to him as he stared at the box on the table.

"How many is thay?" he asked.

"Twelve large pin-wheels and three dozen roman-candles."

"Maybe, th' Lord was a leadin' yore dad an' y'u. An' maybe he give y'u that belly-ache a purpose so's to let them dingesses stay right yere till y'u an' me was a-needin' them."

"Why, whatever do you mean?" asked the girl.

"Never mind!" he said, smiling. "I ain't right certain, but I'm a-thinkin' thays a short-cut in them things to our comfort."

A SHADOW fell across the floor of the cabin and Monte carelessly edged toward a table, then jumped beneath it and whipped out a gun. Then he leaped laughing into the center of the room.

"Skeered y'u, did I?" gibed a good-natured voice. "My ma told me to watch ary man what jumped when y'u come up behind him."

"W'y y'u old broken-nose Santa Claus! I'm as happy as if I had th' itch," greeted Monte, "Miss Doon, this yere, bull-doggin', hard-ridin' sand-caked prairie dog is Shorty Kelso."

"Howdy, ma'am," bowed Shorty.

"Oh!" cried Mildred joyfully, "I'm glad you came; but how did you get here so soon?"

"Soon!" yelled Shorty, "I never see a train so lame, an' halt, an' full o' hesitation like that old step-and-a-half jerk-line in my life. We got his telegraph four days ago an' I had th' boys all penned up in a half hour; then I gets th' Spencers, has new e-jectos built on 'em that mornin' an' we piled in a coach, filled one end with leather an' our trouble-makers, settled down to cheat each other playin' seven up an' started. When we come to Tucumcari, an' say Mile High, we gotta wo'k that town over, a little later."

"All right, but when y'u arrived there, then what?" smiled Monte.

"That old Jeb shore had horses for us; an' what I means they is hosses. I never see more grit kicked up in less time in my life. Old wart-an'-wen-face an' th' other low-down friend o' yores is a scattered from hell to breakfast up on them hills to th' west of us. Jeb is gettin' 'em acquainted with this country, ma'am," and Shorty pulled a dilapidated-looking yellow paper from a shirt pocket, "I just wanta show y'u what this stogey built, fade-away, soft-spoke old hound-dog said about y'u."

Monte gulped, grabbed at the tissue and tried to shove Shorty from the room; but Kelso ducked clear and stuffed the paper back into his pocket.

"Boy," said Monte, his face flaming a lurid scarlet and a dangerous light filling his eyes, "if y'u show this lady that 'air fool thing, I'll knock y'u so fast an' far from yore boots you'll think George Washington's birthday done turned into Independence Day. Y'u gimme that thing?"

"Let me see it, please," pleaded Mildred.

"No, ma'am," said Shorty, "I reckon I better not. But I just want y'u to know th' kinda slick an' dangerous white man y'u is ridin' these yere hills with. He's fatal, that's all—plumb fatal."

"Come on, Shorty," yelled Monte and pulled him through the door. "We'll be back directly, ma'am," he yelled over his shoulder. Quickly he and Kelso mounted and rode away.

Late that night an outpost rode in and said

the cows were filing down out of the long timber in long strings.

Somehow, in the hurry of the departure the girl had had no final word with Monte and this fact disturbed her. In straightening up her room she missed the box of fire-works and the thought struck her that Monte had taken these and distributed them among the boys for use as signals in case of separation. She found the tin box alongside of a tool house.

ABOUT noon, as she went to the creek for a bucket of water, she heard a rush and turned quickly to see three almost nude Indians cutting her off from the cabin. They captured her after a brief struggle and led her away to the corral where one of them roped the horse Monte had taken from the rustlers and throwing the saddle he had used on its back they compelled her to mount, tied her feet in the stirrups and rode silently up into the timber toward the ridge where she had met Monte. After a journey of an hour they halted and one of them darting into the trees returned with Bert Benson.

"Y'u know what's goin' to happen to y'u, don't y'u?" he sneered as he approached. She made no reply.

"Y'u're goin' on one hell of a long ride—from yere to Senora an' after that y'u're goin' to be Missus Benson."

"You wouldn't dare!" she flamed; a little gulp arising in her throat at the prospect of her fate.

Bert laughed.

"W'u'dn't dare, eh? Well, wait an' get wisdom. I'm cleanin' th' slate for all time on this country. Yore dad carried th' scrap to me hard when he was livin' an' this lady-like lover of yores, this Monte fella, he'ped along what yore paw started. Now, after I gets that road-runner, I'm headin' out over Squaw Pass with yore cows an' then on to Mexico. If y'u behave yorese'f y'u won't be teched; ef y'u don't—well, I reckon y'u know how Apaches like white women."

He spoke to the Indian holding her horse and the men moved away with Benson along the spur. Toward sundown they made camp and were joined by ten or fifteen of Benson's rustlers. She heard enough of their conversation to realize that the Bell Bar Bell stock was on the move and that by early night it would be all down on the flat and on the drive toward Squaw Pass. One of the men had reported that the Apaches had dropped away from the cattle and were between Monte's men and the drag.

"C'n on," Bert said to Mildred, "y'u an' me gotta be gettin' down off this hog-back. Will y'u climb on that cayuse peaceful?"

"I'll get up," she said quickly and mounted the pony he held for her. When she was seated in the saddle, he lashed her feet to the stirrups and tied her hands behind her back. Then he sprang on his horse and led her away.

There in the moonlight came a lone horseman dashing and slipping down the sharp decline and tearing toward them at a furious pace.

"C'm on Bert," he yelled, as he slowed up at their side, "they've skeered them Injuns damn near plumb; an' old Owl Feather sent me to tell y'u he was hightailin' west. They won't fight at night. They're done unless y'u can stop 'em."

"I c'n stop 'em," cried Benson. "Y'u go on back an' make Feather savvy that I'm right behind you. Tell 'im to keep his boys scattered an' let some of 'em hurry up that herd."

The man was gone.

Benson dismounted at a bound, whirled Mildred's horse about and led it to a small cluster of *pinon-pine*. Here he untied her and as he lifted her from the saddle he flung his arms around her waist and crushed her to his breast, his detestable lips finding hers and roughly pressing them. Then he flung her to the earth, pulled her arms behind her and trussed her up with a lariat. After this he moved her to a tree and tied the end of the rope about it. Then he stood off.

"Maybe I won't be able to take y'u with me," he said, "but I'm a-leavin' y'u yere till I get things strung out accordin' to my likin'. Then I'm comin' back for y'u. If I don't get yere, y'u won't be forgettin' that 'air kiss I give y'u anyhow. Tell that killer of yores that I kissed y'u an' kissed y'u good. That'll make him always remember that Bert Benson put his mark on y'u first."

"You dog!" she cried. But Benson paid no attention to her. Tying the horse she had ridden to a tree beside her, he swung into his saddle at a bound and raced in the direction from which his man had arrived but a moment ago.

FRONTIER woman as she was, and having heard, almost as a matter of bed-time stories, the heroic actions of border-men and women, she had acted on this information when Benson had bound her. It had been told of her mother's mother, that once, when she had been captured by the Mexicans during one of Santa Ana's raids into Texas, that this primitive woman had assumed a false position with her arms and that the Mexicans, in tying her, had used more rope than was essential. When they left she had dropped her arms to a relaxed posture and found a bit of slack to the rope. Ultimately this play in the lariat had permitted her to free her hands. Mildred had followed an identical course. Now, when Benson's horse could no longer be heard, she tested her bonds and felt them give a little. In thirty minutes she was free.

Hastily rushing to the picketed horse she unloosed it and tore away from the spot, madly

galloping it toward the Bell Bar Bell. She arrived after a gruelling ride and notified Curly and Buck, who had not gone to bed, of the fight going on in the hills.

Briefly she recounted to them her adventure with the rustler and Curly was ordered to ride south and arouse the men around Jeb's ranch and also to go into Tucumcari for re-enforcements. She and Buck secured fresh horses and made directly for the round-up camp. When they arrived Mildred saw that the door had been left open; and that some one had entered the cabin where she slept. She lit the lamp, and there on the floor saw a man's shirt literally torn in two; one part of it evidenced the fact that it had been slit in several places preparatory to ripping into strips. She knew what that meant. Bandages! Or maybe wound plugs!

"Monte! Monte was hurt!"

She ran into her bedroom thinking to find him there, but the bed was empty and torn up. A blanket hung to the floor and it had been partly ripped for more bandages. Then she knew. Shorty Kelso had cut up his own shirt and used it for bandages and had returned to the camp for first-aid supplies. She went to the shed where Monte's friends had placed their packs and saw one of these open and its contents spilled on the floor. That heavy canvas bag bore the rough letter K. It was true! Shorty had galloped back to the camp thinking to find her and needed supplies—and she had missed him. Missed him when he had wanted her—for Monte. She rushed back to the cabin, called Buck and was looking at the shirt when she saw a piece of yellow paper sticking from its pocket.

Automatically, she took the telegram, unfolded it and began to read. Buck came to the door.

"Didja call, Ma'am?" he asked. She did not hear his voice. Throughout her being there ran a liquid fire chilling and stilling every function of her body. Her mind raced. When she read the wire she began to re-read it and when she came to these words, "Wait til y'u see th' boss. She looks in the eye like a sunrise over th' Medicine Bow and she's soft spoken like a turtle-dove a cooin' in the moonlight," a stifled groan arose to her lips and the paper fluttered to the floor.

She swayed and would have fallen had not Buck stepped to her side and steadied her to a chair. In an instant she roused.

"Ride!" she screamed. "Ride after them and tell Shorty Kelso that I want to know where Monte is; tell him to send one of the boys to bring me to him. I'll follow you as fast as I can and I'll stick to the dead-center of that ridge lying east and west this side of the alkali-wash. Don't spare your horse, Buck. If you have to kill it, kill it! I want to reach Monte. Go at once!"

Buck, with mouth agape at the sight of her agonized face, tore out of the room and hurried away. Mildred made a small bundle of clean clothes and rough remedies found in the sideboard and then she, too, galloped from the clearing.

When she reached the top of the bluffs above the camp she was enabled to see the wastelands stretching away toward the great shadowy range over which the rustlers were trying to drive the herd. And the sight that met her eyes charmed her immediately, so that she stopped her horse and stared at it.

She had been so intently gazing upon the rear end of the drag that she had lost sight of the five detached Bell Bar Bell boys, and when she searched for them she discerned them far to the fore of the column and bending it back upon itself.

The riders, ever and anon, would be lost to view, so close were they riding to the leaders of that wild stampede. Suddenly she saw the colored clusters of flame exploding among the vanguards of the maddened steers. And pin wheels were flying fire directly into the eyes of the wild captains of the drift. Time after time those rockets of red and green and yellow burst before the frenzied cattle, and then the miracle took place. The head of the line bent ever so little toward the left; then it swung abruptly away from its former direction and charged rapidly and headlong into the exact south.

She felt a surge of wild emotion well up in her and a rising gorge in her throat prevented the outcry which trembled on her lips.

Those wonderful riders of Monte's had succeeded in diverting the herd away from the portion of the drift-fence that had been destroyed by the rustlers. Now the cattle would drift south along the stout pole barrier, until, becoming exhausted, they would fall out or slow down. In any event the majority would be saved; for there was feed and water to the south and the fence ran all the way to both.

Now below her as she swept the plain she made out the form of the lone horseman she had seen turn back from Buck and, touching a spur to her pony, she left the ridge and rode directly to meet the approaching rider. This proved to be Shorty Kelso and he came up to her just as she was about to ride out on the plains.

"Ma'am," he said quickly, "that wasn't Monte as got smacked. That was Slim Caskey an' he got whammed twice in th' shoulder an' once in th' side. I went to the cabin for axle-grease an' more stuff to fix his wounds with an' changed my shirt there. I ruined my new one."

"Oh!" replied Mildred, "that was it? Where is Monte?"

"That's him out there with High ridin' Mark, Toots Selby, Jerico Jones an' Kansas

Kelly. An' what I means to say they's one ridin' bunch of fools, now ain't they? I been laughin' myse'f sick at th' way them Apaches left th' country. An' did y'u see them no-'count sand-feeders stick them fireworks into th' bullies of that bunch? Early today Monte rigged up plugs with nails in th' ends to be jammed into their six-guns an' th' pin-wheels to be fitted on those crazy contraptions he aimed to let go into that jam of beef-cows. I thought he was hit with low-pressure-altitude-in-th'-head, but, my goodness, lady, it shore wo'ked. Didn't it?"

"Yes!" cried Mildred. "But doesn't he run a big risk out there with only four companions? Where are the Benson men?"

"MY BOYS'LL be headin' 'em into them cows, right soon, if they don't watch out. Take it from an old rooster who's pecked at that kind of feed a lotta times, ma'am, those buzzards ain't a-goin' to wait around 'til breakfast tryin' to get Monte. Look! Right over there! Ain't that them fellas cuttin' across to get ahead of that drag? Ain't that them?"

"I believe it is, Shorty," she said. "Now let's get to Monte as soon as we can. You lead and I'll follow."

"He's worried ma'am," replied Kelso, "for when I come back an' told him that y'u wasn't nowhere's around an' that they wasn't nary a note left by y'u, I thought he'd flop into a fit. He turned sick-white an' jest sat down an' held his hands. When he got over them dumps he jumped up, took just one good squint at me an' shook me by th' hand, and then he said, 'Shorty, I'm goin' to feed th' fight to these fellows, fast. Y'u tell all th' boys that I just want one rule to run all hands by, and that is, "stay with 'em, cowboy, stay with 'em.' An' Lord, but, right then was when we begin to bend back them Injuns. Monte was ev'rywhere, four-ways-from-th'-Jack all to wance. He thought they had y'u."

"They did take me!"

"What?"

Then as they rode out on the plain, Mildred gave an account of her capture and escape. "And Shorty, he kissed me! Held my hands and kissed me! I can feel his lips now, like a burning iron."

"Kissed y'u!" yelled Shorty. "Who kissed y'u?"

"Bert Benson!"

"Good God, I hope Monte don't find that out. Don't y'u tell that boy that, ma'am. Say, if Mile High knew that, he'd go single-handed into th' tailin's of hell for Benson. Don't y'u tell him."

"I won't," she said faintly, "and don't you, ever."

"Who else y'u told besides me?"

"Buck Tedmon and Curly Smith!"

"Good Lord!" Shorty exclaimed aloud.

"What makes you say that?"

"I sent Buck after Monte to tell him that y'u was safe an' that I was riding to y'u. I'll bet Buck blurts that out th' first thing."

"What will Monte do?"

"Do! Why, if he sees Bert Benson breakin' in front of them cows he'll be on top of him before he's gone four miles. That's a hoss he's ridin', that solid-gold geldin'. He don't do nothin' but double up, unwind; double up, unwind; an' he's right there, wherever he's goin', right now. I never see him beat. An' he's a quarter-horse they ain't found no bottom in. Up or down hill he's steeplechasin'; pullin' 'em up, an' puttin' 'em down, like a eight-day clock. If he ain't a thoroughbred, lock, stock, an' barrel, then hell's had an election an' gone Methodist."

"Do you mean that Monte would try to overtake Bert and punish him for what he did to me?"

"No, ma'am, I don't mean he'd try, I means, he'd do it! Why, that boy—Good Lord, lady, don't y'u know that boy is plumb sick about y'u? He worships y'u. An' I've knowed him ten year an' I never knew no gal to charm him, no ways. He's nuthin' but a big, raw hunk of life with th' hair left on it, he is, but he's got a heart as big as Middle Park. I hopes Buck ain't told him nothin'."

After that they rode on in silence and in less than half an hour, by cutting a diagonal course toward the head of the herd, they came upon the Bell Bar Bell men and old Jeb. The cattle were already dropping to a walk and the great clouds of dust were sifting away to the west. The Apaches could be seen riding frantically toward the range and the rustlers had escaped ahead of the cattle drive. Soon Tedmon dashed up and joined Shorty and Mildred.

"He told me to tell y'u boys that he an' th' fellas with him was ridin' after Benson an' his gang," Buck shouted to Shorty. "He wants y'u to come on over to Youpee as fast as th' Lord'll let y'u."

"What made him take that slant?" asked Kelso.

"I dunno!"

"Did you say anythin' about Benson roughin' Miss Doon?"

"I was just tellin' him that Bert kissed her an' tied her up, when way out in front of us rode Bert an' about eight of his men. Mile High caught 'em as soon as I did an' then he hollows somethin' at th' boys with him an' says to me what I've just said to y'u all; an' Lord how he tore up th' alkali beatin' down through that sink. Th' boys was tailin' him, scatterin', in less than a quarter mile."

When Buck Tedmon had told Monte what Benson had done to Mildred the tired brain of Mile High swirled in a great dizziness and his

knees tightly clutched the heavy fenders of his saddle. A man at his side, at that moment, caught the dashing flight of a string of horses a mile ahead issuing out of the dust of the herd.

"Look, Monte," he cried, "that's the gang an' they've let down a strand of that fence an' are bustin' for th' hills. Hadn't we better get in that breach afore these cows head in there?"

The swirling brain cleared. And through the gritty haze that hung over the earth and with the tumult of scraping hoofs and horns and bellowings and bleatings going on around him, he seemed to see a girl's face, lined and seamed with horror and hurt; to hear a woman's anguish breaking above the dissonance of the drift. Then in the clouds of dust he saw red—red spots; red streaks; red anger and redder hate.

He turned to Buck, gave him some orders, waved a hand and shouted "Come on!" to his friends and dashed away after the vanishing riders now flattened on the earth and bouncing along like ghastly balls of dry fog. The gelding felt his mood and tore at once into the lead. The chase assumed a killing pace.

A mile away and Monte realized that the rustlers had horses under them; the animals before him had settled to a long distance devouring lope which fairly laid the miles behind.

Mile after mile was laid back of them and then they saw a desolate tangle of rocky formation immediately ahead.

"Lava!" shouted Mile High. "Y'u know what that means, fellas! We'll kill th' feet of these ponies in th' first ten jumps if we ain't careful. Watch me an' when I drop out th' leather each of y'u do the same."

"Go on!" rang back for an answer.

"There's one thing just too damn certain," shouted Kansas Kelly, "an' that is that when the sun gets up we get a man a piece for breakfast, shore."

"Is y'u fortune tellin'?" some one gibed.

"Nope!" answered Kansas, "but they'll shoot ag'in th' sun. It's our backs that's bumpin' into th' east, not theirs."

"If he ain't right, I'm a liar," sang out Jerico Jones. "What's that, hightailin' its way back in them slant shadows?"

"Bert Benson!" answered Monte, "an' for a guy with a slug in his shoulder he's doin' right well, I'd say. How y'u reckon he's goin' to get up that red-stone face?"

"Then he'll need somebody to he'p him up there. I'm goin' after that coyote, right now. Y'u boys gimme a chance, willya? I want y'u to start hurlin' slugs at Benson's crowd right now, an' sling 'em so fast none of them gents will take time to slip a shot at me when I unbends across that exposed floor. I gotta get across that to get in behind Benson. Now!"

Bert Benson made the deep, crooked wash, which ran parallel to the red-stone rim on which Shorty and his companions stood, a few moments before they came to its edge, and lay peering into the lava fields, and after him ran Monte.

The rustler, game though he was, had been weakened by his wound, and now the fast and exhausting going up the sharp and slippery surface of the weather-washed gulch made him puff and blow visibly; he weakened fast and his pounding heart and wobbly legs told him that he could not proceed far at that pace.

Then behind him he heard a crash of rocks and knew that pursuit was on his trail. He forged ahead grimly, and after a minute came to a dense border of mixed greasewood and creosote-bush and into this he hurried.

Resting there until he felt his strength return and his pursuer go by him, he hurried on once more using the cover of the desert vegetation to conceal his route. When he was nearly upon the point of collapse he looked across a wide swale and saw a row of hills which he recognized as forming one side of the cañon which led to Squaw Pass.

If he could make the middle one of these knolls he could drop down on it and come out in the road exactly at Horseshoe Bend. This contemplation awoke in him an earnest desire to make the attempt. He cautiously examined the lay of the land before him, saw the stooped and running figure of Monte searching the ground of the gulch for his tracks, and then without hesitation he crossed the draw and began a rapid flight over the swale. Just as he was on the top of the first hog-back Mile High caught his figure silhouetted against the sky and gave instant chase. Benson disappeared from view.

When Mile High gained the pinnacle of the hill he covertly looked into the deep abyss below him and saw the rustler slipping and sliding down the sharp shale slide. The heavy figure of Bert was careening along, now on its feet, now sprawling prone in an uncontrollable manner which boded his ultimate destruction. He came to a stop, as Monte looked, and cautiously began the last drop to the pass-trail on his hands and knees backward, his face staring at the rim above him.

Mile High was just drawing a bead on him with his carbine, and Benson had caught the shining glitter of the gun barrel and had elevated a hand in token of surrender and had dropped the six-gun he had been carrying in the other, when Mile High saw a sight beyond the desperado which thrilled him.

Mildred Doon and Jeb Tilton stood in the road directly below the slipping form of Benson and in the old man's hands there gleamed the bright shape of a carbine. Then Monte stood erect and began a careful descent of the slippery side of the gulch. Benson saw his action and

let go all restraint, falling at once into the road some fifty feet below, along the wall of the cañon. When he tried to arise Tilton poked the Spencer in his face and Bert collapsed, the sight of Mildred and the look he saw in her eyes driving every vestige of his remaining bravado from his mind.

When Monte joined the trio at the road, a few moments later, Bert Benson was securely bound and lying under the overhanging ledge of Horseshoe Bend.

LATE that night, after the prisoners had been delivered to the posse which Curly Smith had brought from Tucumcari, and in and around Jeb's ranch, Mildred came to the bunk house door and motioned Mile High to her.

"I'd like to see you," she said sweetly. Then to Slim Caskey, whom she saw in one of the bunks, she asked, "How are the wounds now, Mr. Caskey?"

"I ain't got any, ma'am. But I'm as sore as a hoss with a daid laig. All I've done is sit an' listen to this Mile High Monte sigh an' grunt like a locoed old mare what had to be learned how to eat oats. Take him outa yere!"

"If I wasn't afraid y'u'd chaw th' tools," shot Monte to Slim, "I'd have y'u out afore sun up, mendin' fence. Ma'am, that old porcupine's got a hole in his shoulder y'u c'u'd drive a army wagon in, an' turn it around. Th' only thing y'u cain't puncture of his'n is his cantankerousness an' his gall."

"God!" cried Slim dropping back on his pillow, "get outta yere! If y'u c'u'd see how silly y'u look, y'u'd have pity on a fellow what's tryin' to keep a little supper down on his stummick."

Monte closed the door and followed Mildred into the ranch house.

"Now," said the girl, when she had pulled down the curtains and closed the door, "up on that south rim you did something to me and I have been thinking that you didn't mean it. I want you to know, Mister Mile High Monte, that I won't stand any fooling."

"I was loco. Y'u shouldn't had oughta hold that ag'in' me," he said almost morosely, "I won't trouble y'u no more. Now that we got this feed-ground cleaned up, an' Shorty Kelso's stuck on th' country, I reckon I'll be hittin' the grit west for a spell. Them boys c'n handle this little passel of cows y'u got an' handle 'em right; that's what I means."

"*Monte!*"

Mildred stepped to his side and looked into his face.

"Monte," she said in a low mellow tone, "don't make me make love to you. Please don't let me have to remember *that* all my life."

"What?" he cried. "Y'u means, that y'u'd take a chance pulling mistletoe with me?"

He stared into her face—in her clear eyes.

"Don't you see, Monte . . . Monte . . . written everywhere in them? Don't you?"

He drew her to him. Then after a moment of silence he released her and said in a ferocious and awkward outburst, "Say something, honey, or I'll be titterin' like a bat in a minute."

"All right," she answered, "I haven't any shame. Throw in with me, Mile High Monte, and I'll make you full pardner of the Bell Bar Bell."

"I don't want that!" he laughed.

"What is it you want?" she questioned, a pout on her lips.

"I wanna be drive-boss of yore heart!"

"All right, and we'll let the boys run the place till you've taken the strings of my heart and driven them where you will. I think we'll go East at the full of the moon."

"Oh! honey!" he murmured, "y'u shore said a mouthful. We shore will at the full of the moon."

Jim Wong, the Chinaman cook, peered into the room, grinned at what he saw and laid a tray on the table. On it were two bowls of floating island and a small angel cake.

Matching Samples Is His Long Suit

[*Continued from page 86*]

floor of the office building where the Alfred Fantl organization has its home. Messenger boys and girls on roller-skates floated through a long corridor lined with private offices occupied by out-of-town customer-buyers. From the clerical department came the click of typewriters, the grinding of adding-machines, the buzz of telephones. Zealous buyers attached to the organization—mostly young women in smart attire—darted in to receive orders and out again to execute them.

In a sumptuous private office with mahogany furniture, Delft blue rugs and cushioned window seats, I waited for Alfred Fantl. While I waited I looked out over the skyline of New York pierced by a golden tower glinting in a golden sun. There was nothing lacking to impress one with the idea that this immigrant boy had indeed found the gold at the rainbow's end.

Suddenly the door opened and an energetic little man with a kindly smile and a hearty hand clasp hurried forward to greet me. It was his kindliness that impressed me most. There were other qualities, of course, that made themselves manifest as he talked: a rapid fire response to all questions, an economy of words in giving orders and answering a succession of telephone calls, a forceful dignity in discussing the growth of his

business. But most successful men have such qualities. All successful men do not have the kindliness of Alfred Fantl.

HE TOLD of his first experiences in America when he could not speak the language and was glad to go to work opening and nailing up packing-boxes. It was then that the story of the roller-skate came out. He described the joy it gave him, sliding about like Mercury on a winged foot. Possibly there may have been something significant in that attitude, something prophetic, for was not Mercury the god of merchants and of merchandise? Perhaps it was that lone roller-skate—a sort of modern equivalent for Mercury's winged heel, that gave Alfred Fantl his first business momentum. At any rate he has rolled along with mercurial success.

"I was born in Karlsbad, Bohemia, in 1866," he explained. "My father was a poor man and he had a big family. He did not believe in playthings. He had no time for them and no money. But life usually balances her budgets. For everything we are denied, we gain something else. I know it has been so in my case."

In his early days in the shipping-room, he nailed boxes from seven in the morning until ten or eleven at night. One can picture him, an eager, industrious youngster, keen for a chance to be independent, self-supporting, getting a big kick out of every new job as it came along.

As soon as he began to learn the English language, promotions started coming. He was successively errand boy, stockroom employe, clerk, floorwalker—learning the merchandising business from the basement up.

One of his red-letter days came when the boss gave him a key to the store and told him to open up in the morning and lock up at night. Nothing in all his life had meant so much to him—not even the roller-skate—as that key to a great business house in which he seemed to have become an entity.

"I kept that key under my pillow for many a night, and it was a long time before I could go to sleep, so weighty seemed my trust, my responsibility."

He would not admit that any later success gave him half the thrill of that first job, letting his youthful imagination dwell on the goods he packed and unpacked, tracing their journey from source to ultimate destination. And it is surprising how much can be learned from the outside of a packing-box.

"I used to wonder why people bought certain things," he explained, "certain colors. Why should a woman in California order an orange sweater? Or a man from Wisconsin, red neckties? Why should mothers buy blue for boy babies and pink for girl babies? The psychology of colors has always interested me."

After sixteen years with his original employer in Savannah, he made a change. With the knowledge gained during those sixteen years, he became buyer for twelve departments in a Brooklyn dry-goods store. It was while buying goods for those twelve departments, touring from one jobbing house to another, from one manufacturer to another, in a wearying search for goods that the idea of centralized buying suggested itself to him.

"It seemed to me then," he said, "that what the retail dealer of the United States needed most was some central clearing-house through which he could buy; some resident buyer who would act as liaison officer between wholesaler and retailer; someone who knew the New York wholesale market. So I resigned my position in Brooklyn and became a pioneer in group buying."

With an original "trade" or clientele that comprised four department stores, one in Pittsburgh; one in Tacoma, Washington; one in Los Angeles; one in El Paso, Texas; and with a partner for financial and moral support, the Alfred Fantl buying organization began to function in 1916. Today this organization supplies one hundred and sixty-five stores throughout the United States. Piece-goods from the mills; ready-to-wear goods from the manufacturers; laces, embroideries, furniture, shoes, radio outfits—millinery, and all that variety of merchandise known as "specialties" are purchased annually for these one hundred and sixty-five retail stores. The retail value of goods bought by Alfred Fantl for his clients in 1924 amounted to more than eight hundred million dollars.

He has made the business of buying a personal equation rather than a mathematical one. He buys goods and sells service. If one of his customers drops in to New York between trains with only two hours to purchase one hundred thousands dollars' worth of silks, Alfred Fantl buys for him one hundred thousand dollars' worth of silks in two hours. That is all.

One notes, while exploring the many suites of offices and salesrooms, that most of the Fantl buyers are women.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Fantl, "eighty per cent. of the buyers in my organization are women. Why? Because women put more personality into the business of buying than men do. Men buyers are all right in certain departments, such as shoes, furniture, rugs, carpets, radio outfits. But when it comes to those departments where fine discrimination is required, I think women are best. As for selling? Women can outsell men. They put more of themselves into the job than men do. And they put more words. Women actually make use of more selling words and phrases than do men. Not that the number of words is so important. French orators have only about two hundred and twenty words. Yet they win the people and they win debates. It is the selection of

words that counts, and that is where women are clever. Here is an example:

"ABOUT a year ago I was in a retail store in a Western city. A woman customer came in and wanted the material for a dress—a blue dress. The clerk, being a man, got down a bolt of blue material of the shade that was selling best. Then he flung the material out flat along the counter before the customer. Well, it looked like a piece of blue goods, of course. But it did not look like a dress. At least not a dress for the woman who was seeking to buy. The customer hesitated. The salesman said: 'But Madam, this is the newest shade. Everybody is buying it this year.' Still the woman did not buy.

"An hour later that same woman customer entered another store in the same city where a woman clerk sold goods. What did that saleswoman do in the same circumstances? She took down the bolt of blue goods and draped it artfully over her shoulder, so it looked like a dress. Then she smiled and said: 'Exquisite, isn't it?' When the customer hesitated, the saleswoman led her over to a mirror, draped the goods over the customer's shoulder, smiled again and said: 'See how much more becoming it is to you with your blue eyes. They look like purple pansies. It is just your color.' And the sale was made.

"The trouble with the salesman is that he is limited in his selling talk by both customer and convention. He can't say, for instance: 'You are too large for this pattern. It does not do for women of large bust or large hip measurement,' but a woman can. A man can't say, 'This is just the material for maternity gowns,' but a woman can."

I wondered if this were true in all lines. I remembered the affable old gentlemen with long white beards who used to sell muslin underwear to the women on Main Street. Well they are gone—gone as irretrievably as Main Street itself, which, at least in that part of the United States that I know best, has been metamorphosed into Lincoln Highway or Pershing Boulevard. As for the underwear—it is muslin no more, but "lingerie" or just "underthings" and sold, as such filmy wisps of silk and chiffon should be sold, by radiant creatures in boyish bobs who dangle the merchandise 'twixt thumb and forefinger before their own slim, trim bodies and make two sales grow where one grew before.

And the affable old gentlemen with long white beards? Where are they? Not selling neckties. Neckwear for men is now sold by women. The time-honored joke about the ugly neckties women bought for their husbands, fathers, brothers, at Christmas time has been retired from circulation. Women not only buy better-looking neckties now, but they sell better-looking ones and more of them.

Women are selling shirtings, cotton goods, millinery, draperies, upholstery and, to make the handling of goods easier, bolts that were once cut in sixty and seventy yard lengths are now cut in thirty or forty yard lengths.

Alfred Fantl insists that men are not being pushed out of sales departments. "There are plenty of places for men in dry goods or department stores or specialty shops," he said. "Men can sell furniture, pianos, phonographs, radios, carpets, draperies, upholstery, sporting goods. Oh, there are any number of places for men. Certain departments are best suited to men; some to older ones; some to younger. Other departments are best suited to women—young women or mature ones according to the goods to be sold. It is only a question of finding the right sales person for the right sales department.

"In my opinion young girls are best in all departments calculated to make women younger; such as blouses, scarves, and millinery. Young women are better for selling millinery, but in my opinion, the buying should be done by mature women. Mature women are best in infants' wear, also. A prospective mother has more confidence in the judgment of a mature woman than that of a young girl. She could telephone an order for a christening robe or outfit, and if a mature woman were in charge of the department, she would have confidence that the order would be filled satisfactorily.

"For selling shoes, young men are best. Somehow a woman does not like the idea of an elderly man kneeling at her feet and saying: 'Madam, can I serve you?' That is a young man's place.

"AND those affable old gentlemen with long white beards who used to sell muslin underwear to the women on Main Street? Where are they? Why they have cut off their beards and brilliantined their hair and are now selling sporting goods or fishing outfits or phonographs or furniture or carpets or rugs. Business is not sentimental. The world is made up of buyers and sellers and competition is keen. It is all a matter of selling the right goods to the right customer. Then everybody is happy. Retail stores must know their trade. They should have each customer cataloged—old, young, middle-aged—blonde, brunette. We hear a good deal about business conditions. Business conditions are usually about the same if the supplier meets the demand. Children wear out shoes and clothes just the same, regardless of what the commercial reports say about collections. My advice to my client-customers is: 'Watch your local trade. Keep in stock what your customers want. Oil this stock with service and watch business move along on greased wheels. As for my job of resident buyer. It is my business to know

what my clients' trade wants and to get it for them."

I remembered the bit of blue twill.

"Suppose a woman out in Iowa—" I put it as a hypothetical question. "Suppose a woman out in Iowa wants a blue hat to match a blue suit—an odd shade of blue—and she can't find it at home? What then?"

"What then?" Alfred Fantl's reply came quickly. "Why she goes to her local milliner and he wires me a description or sends a sample by regular mail or air mail. I send my buyer out to the manufacturer who makes that shade of blue, and we get a hat made up for her. If the hat is not in stock and the customer is willing to wait, perhaps we order it from Europe."

"But suppose the customer can't wait for European shipment."

"In that event we order the material made up and dyed to match the sample."

I produced the sample. "It is for a wedding. It is needed to match a traveling suit. And the wedding date is just five days away."

Alfred Fantl picked up the telephone, gave a message and waited for a few seconds. A capable young woman in a modish tan suit and chic hat entered. He handed her the sample and spoke a few words of instruction:

"Tomorrow afternoon; four thirty at the latest," he said, then turning to me: "You understand, of course. We do not give individual service as a rule. Your friend should have sent the order through her local milliner. But a wedding is a wedding and cannot be postponed."

"But I thought you said business is not sentimental—"

"It is not. Your friend may be a social leader. The color she wears may set the style in her community. Perhaps she has hit upon a shade that may determine next season's popular demand. Business is not sentimental. Business is business."

The Owl Wagon de Luxe

[*Continued from page 68*]

wagon business of his own. Before long, he was operating three wagons in various parts of town, and at different hours, following the shifting paths of trade. He was cook and dish-washer, counter-man and proprietor in those days with an easy air of camaraderie about him that brought him more and more customers. By 1895 Tierney had branched out so that he and his helpers were operating thirty-five wagons and the business was rapidly becoming stabilized.

All the time the active imagination of Tierney was reaching out for new ideas that would improve the business, a bit of extra service here, a new cooking device there. First of all he took the lunch wagon off the street and put it on a leased lot in a favorable location. This made a greater variety in the menu possible. Steaks and chops were served in Tierney's wagons and eaten by a better type of customer. Then Tierney entered the manufacturing field and sold wagons equipped with the special apparatus which he had devised, for $1,000 apiece.

ONE day, and by this time he had given up the actual operation of his wagons and was concentrating on manufacture, he watched the workers laying tiles in the walls of the first New York Broadway Subway. This was grist for his lunch wagon mill and he hustled back to New Rochelle with orders that hereafter the floors of his wagons should be tiled. Next the walls were tiled and then and there was the birth of the modern dinner-car. Improvements came fast; improvements in interior fittings, construction, fire prevention and sanitation, cooking utensils and methods, improvements in the quality of the food and the ways of serving it.

When Mr. Tierney died seven years ago he left his two sons, E. T. and E. J. Tierney, President and Vice-President respectively of P. J. Tierney Sons, a business well on its way to becoming a national enterprise with its physical foundations solidly laid, but with as yet no definite policies of standardization and service. In their seven years of ownership the boys have formulated and put into practice such policies. The business has expanded from serving a market confined to New England and New York to making cars for proprietors throughout the Middle-Western states and the South. They have put their emphasis on the business end of the car, talked the possibilities of profits to prospective owners, talked turnover and the elimination of waste and, day in and day out, to whomsoever would listen, talked service and more service. They have brought the manufacturing end down to an assembly problem. Outside the windows of their New Rochelle offices today the walls for a new factory with a yearly capacity of more than three hundred cars are rapidly rising. What interests the Tierneys is the human element in their business, the chance for independence that they see in it, the way in which it is serving the most fundamental of all man's instincts—hunger.

Not so long ago there was a graduate of Columbia University, the son of a New York businessman, who couldn't seem to make a go of selling. One night after a theater party he and his dinner-jacketed friends stopped their machines in front of a Tierney car and went in

for hot dogs. The young salesman found that the man who served them wore a fraternity pin of the same design as that which adorned his silk vest. The dinner-car proprietor was an Iowan who had come to New York to make his fortune writing fiction but who soon found that there was more to be made in Hamburgers. The two put their heads together and talked business for more than an hour while the Columbia man's friends listened in amazement. The Iowan explained that the average customer spends twenty-eight cents for a dinner-car meal in the winter, eighteen cents in the summer. He said that a car in a good location ought to serve some three thousand hungry men a week, figuring thirty customers to a stool every twenty-four hours. He showed the sweet efficiency of the business, the complete lack of lost motion. The man who does the cooking does the serving too, while the dishwasher cleans up generally and serves coffee on the side.

When the theater party walked out under a night of stars, the wealthy young Columbia graduate turned to his companions with the air or one who has made an important decision.

"I've found my job, boys," he announced, "I'm going to see the Old Man tomorrow and get him to buy me a dinner-car."

There was, of course, a lot of good-natured joshing and there was a society-loving mother to be faced after the Old Man's incredulity had been changed to interest, but the boy got his car and later on two more and now he's doing an annual business of $28,000. It's a great lark in his circles to drive a big touring car over to the "Kid's wagon," and finish off the evening on a high stool.

"Of course," said Mr. Tierney, "the mass of dinner-car customers are manual workers. It is only lately that business and professional men have formed the habit of dropping into the cars. It's a common sight to see high-priced cars lined up before some of the dinner-cars on the Boston Post Road, for example, or near the movie houses in small suburban towns. But we still find that the best locations are near factories, trolley-terminals, ferries, railroads and steamship lines where hard-working men want nourishing food and want it in a hurry. Fifty-five per cent of all Americans who dine out eat in quick-lunch rooms of various sorts. Our market is with them. We can always take the trade away from a small lunch room with one of these modern cars. And how the proprietors of these little places hate to see one of our cars moving onto a lot near-by!

It was because of his disgust with the sort of sloppy service that he was getting in the only lunch room in the neighborhood that the principal of a high school in Massachusetts walked out one day and started a wagon of his own across the way from the school yard. Now he dispenses potatoes and philosophy to his former pupils and is enjoying a freedom—both mental and financial—that could never have been his under a tyrranical and parsimonious school board. He had a pretty fight with the lunch room proprietor in the course of which he demonstrated that academic confinement had not caused him to forget how to swing a mean right to the jaw. Today he walks with his head up and his chest out and surveys with mild interest the "To Let" sign on the front window of the lunch room.

"The modern dinner-car," says E. J. Tierney, "is as significant a symbol of these times as the Ford, the Five and Ten Cent Store, the United Cigar Store. It has come out of the 'night-owl' stage of its development just as the worker who eats in it today has come out of the 'hired-hand' stage. It is essentially a democratic affair and unlike the modern restaurant, the spirit of democracy extends in the case of the dinner-car to the employees. They are not men who are trained as waiters and put in the servant class. They are for the most part active-minded young men who have gone into this business because they see a future in it. Every employee looks forward to the time when he can be a manager or own his own car. I suppose that it is the character of the men behind the counter that is responsible for the 'clubby' sort of atmosphere that you find in most dinner-cars. It's different from the quick-lunch place where the waiters and proprietors are usually foreigners. A friendly feeling of good-fellowship is as much a part of the dinner-car as the standard coffee urn. The public knows that everything is in the open in a car. The public can see the food cooked and can register complaints with the man at fault. This is the psychology of the dinner-car which the public has grown familiar with and to recognize and I think it is largely responsible for the great following of this type of eating place."

Three-fourths of the proprietors of dinner-cars in the country have had their training under the tutelage of the Tierney family. A few years ago the Tierney boys decided to open a school for prospective owners. They set up a car next to the New Rochelle factory where under their watchful eyes the apprentices learn standard practices, come in contact with the realities of the business and are ready at the end of the course to smile blandly at the hardest-boiled customer and know the exact moment for the removal of the crisp Hamburger from pan to dish.

Last year the Tierneys did a business well over $700,000. They expect to triple this when the new factory which will give employment to two hundred men is ready. There is nothing ill about the wind that blew young Patrick J. into the first owl's nest back there in Worcester forty years ago.

Curiosity Gave Her a Start

[*Continued from page 16*]

happened her chief was rather proud of his secretary's enthusiasm. He even seized opportunities to extend her information and urged her to go as far as she could.

While she was studying at the Institute she experienced a growing sense of injustice. Although women were allowed to take the courses, they were not admitted as members. What did this mean? It meant that woman's position in banking was always ambiguous. They were deprived of the fruitful personal association provided by this powerful organization of American bankers. Therefore their advancement from routine to executive positions was severely limited. It was a situation intolerable to this younger neophyte. She determined to find out if so intolerable a situation had to continue.

One day the president of the Institute looked up to see before him a perky little figure. Immediately he was asked: "Why can't women be members of the A. I. B.?"

With tolerant amusement, the president replied: "Why, my dear young lady, they don't want to be members. They're not interested. Banking isn't a woman's field."

"Well," replied Miss Leiser, "there are a lot of women interested enough to take your night courses. Don't you want to stimulate their enthusiasm by urging them to join?"

Her interlocutor gave her a quizzical glance. "I'll bet fifty dollars you couldn't get fifty women in New York City to a get-together meeting to discuss this question," he laughed.

"I'll take you up on that," she cried. And off she hurried to begin the strenuous work entailed by the wager. Letters were sent to every bank inviting women employees to a dinner, notices were posted and individuals personally solicited.

THAT dinner has gone down in the history of the Institute. Fifty-seven women attended it and their enthusiasm was like a gale at sea. The president, paying his bet with a good grace, began to wonder if those membership bars were seriously intended. The next year he saw them go down. So effectively had Miss Leiser consolidated and increased this feminine vanguard that in 1919 the Institute voted to admit women to full membership. This local triumph was followed by one even more impressive, to be described later.

But while Miss Leiser was engaged in such pioneer work for all women, what was her own personal experience? For more than eight years she continued as a private secretary. And many a time she wondered if she would ever have another opening. Often she would say to herself: "Why did I take all those courses? What chance have I to make any use of this technical knowledge?" And then when she was most discouraged, destiny gave her the great chance.

About five years ago the Williamsburgh Bank organized a unique department. Its purpose was free counsel on every type of financial matter. The head of such a department must have more than a profound understanding of banking. Imaginative sympathy with every type of person—rich and poor, ignorant and shrewd—was essential to the discovery and solution of personal problems. For the paragon possessing these qualifications the bank officers had not far to seek. When their plans were completed they appointed Adeline Leiser as head of the new Service Department.

Both the novelty of the experiment and the assignment of so much responsibility to a woman focused upon Miss Leiser the keen eyes of every banker in greater New York. It was soon common knowledge that her department had become one of the great assets of the Williamsburgh Bank. It was not surprising, therefore, that when, three years later, the Bowery Savings Bank opened a new branch on Forty-second Street, its officers should have turned to Adeline Leiser as the person best qualified to organize its service department.

In this bank she was established a year ago. As she sits so erectly at her desk under the towering canopy of that vast and beautiful building, the service chief looks singularly small and feminine. But even before she speaks one is aware of the vitality that vibrates from the crown of her bobbed head to the tip of her firmly planted little foot. When she begins to talk, that impression of force and decision is supplemented by a sense of her great kindliness and humor. That no human idiosyncrasy is too fantastic for her understanding is proved by the following stories.

One day a depositor from Avenue A brought in to the service department a stout and wrinkled crone. "Miss Leiser," said she, "here I got her in at last, a'ready, but you gotta do the rest. You gotta show Mrs. Klepsky that a bank is a safer place yet for her money than the inside of her corset."

Miss Leiser proceeded to do her best, but as she talked she recognized the ogre of fear which she had to combat. Elderly Mrs. Klepsky was, in fact, typical of the foreign prejudice which this woman banker is constantly obliged to overcome. To the average immigrant a bank is quite as fearsome as a police station. Both are unredeemed by the personal touch upon

Health Heroes

FIFTY years ago every man, woman and child in the world was threatened by lurking dangers against which there was no protection. From time to time epidemics of contagious diseases raged through communities. The doctors of those days did their best to *cure* but were largely powerless to *prevent* sickness. Small wonder that strange beliefs were associated with the prevention of diseases, the causes of which were unknown.

There is a record in an old book of English customs of many curious charms to ward off disease—powdered snake-skins to prevent typhoid; a live spider in a peach-stone basket hung around the neck as a preventive of scarlet fever; garden snails and earth-worms steeped in beer to check consumption. In our own day, some of us were told that a bag of sulphur worn on the chest would prevent diphtheria.

Lucky Little Girl!

Fortunate are the youngsters born in this day—whose parents can use the marvelous gifts of modern medical science to prevent sickness.

The splendid work of the Health Heroes is bringing longer, healthier, happier life to millions.

From Superstition to Knowledge—

Until 1876 not one doctor among thousands knew what caused contagious disease. It was in that year—less than fifty years ago—that Louis Pasteur, great French scientist, startled the world by announcing his discovery of germs as a cause of disease. It was the key to the mystery of the cause and prevention of contagious diseases.

The history of medicine from that time reads like a romance—a wonderful story of achievement, of work and struggle, disappointment and hope—and constant fight against the ignorance which cloaked diseases. In just four short years, from 1880 to 1884, were discovered the germs of pneumonia, typhoid, tuberculosis, cholera, erysipelas, diphtheria and tetanus, usually called lockjaw.

From Knowledge to Action—

Now that we know the cause and know how to fight disease, how can we best apply this knowledge to keep our children well?

The schools of the country, supplementing the work of health officers, provide a natural place for the beginnings of health education.

Cooperate with the school. Aid the teacher who is striving to interest your child in the practice of health habits. Have your child examined by your physician. Have him inoculated against the dread diseases which formerly took thousands of lives.

Every year the fight against disease goes on—a tremendous war! Every year the rules of health laid down by the great Health Heroes, are being better understood and followed. To secure the desired result—healthy boys and girls—parents, teachers, specialists, doctors, nurses, as well as the school janitor must join hands with health officers in campaigns for healthier and happier childhood.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizing the importance of the great work that 1,000,000 teachers are doing in promulgating health practices has organized a school health bureau under the guidance of eighteen well-known educators of the United States and Canada. These men and women, as the Metropolitan's educational advisory group, are pointing the way in which the Company can best assist educators in school health campaigns.

The advisory group has approved a program which includes the printing of special booklets, leaflets, and charts for use by the teacher in class instruction. A book of instructions for the school janitor has also been prepared. Through cooperation with parents-teachers associations and women's clubs, the message of child health is being spread in many communities. The Company's agents are carrying a similar message to millions of homes.

A series of pamphlets, "Health Heroes", for the use of Junior and Senior High School students has been prepared. Although intended primarily to assist school teachers, they will, upon request, be sent to others interested in child health.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

which he depends so much. What Miss Leiser did, therefore was to establish herself as a friend.

And in the end Mrs. Klepsky succumbed. "You all right!" she rolled out richly. "Vot you are iss mine friend. I gif you mine moneys."

With these words she dived into some secret cover within her apparel and drew out a huge roll of greasy bills. Greasy? They had become so worn and rotted by the heat and friction of their long resting place that nobody would have accepted them. Had not Miss Leiser won her confidence they would have been lost to her forever. The bank had to send them to the Treasury at Washington for redemption just before their final disintregration. And how much do you think was in that fearful roll? Twenty-seven hundred dollars! Now as a depositor of the Bowery Savings Bank Mrs. Klepsky enjoys a reduced waistline, a mind free from fear and a little bank book of which any fine lady might be proud.

But need of education in the value of a bank account is by no means limited to the socially unsophisticated. Witness the boy just out of Princeton, whose haphazard visit to the bank made so radical a difference to his budget. "Say," he began, sitting down at Miss Leiser's desk, "how can anybody save on the wages they pay in this darned town?" The frown on his face indicated an all-inclusive resentment.

Soon the responsive young banker had him going over his budget. "What's the idea of all these taxicabs?" she asked presently. "That's an enormous item!"

"Sure it is! You see, you can't very well charge subway fare, but you can charge taxis."

This one item was a vivid proof of the boy's whole system of expenditure. He lived at his club and had everything charged there. Logically enough, therefore, he was always in debt. About a week after his month's pay was handed to him, he hadn't anything left—except his freedom to charge.

The taxis were part of an imperious necessity of his being. "I can't sit in the library every evening," he confided to Miss Leiser. "I must take a girl out now and then. In fact," he added defiantly, "I've got to have thrills."

With a twinkle in her eye, his confidante replied: "Did you ever think what a big thrill it would be to own your salary—not just have it mortgaged?" She explained then how he could do this, but she didn't really have much hope that her talk had impressed the victim of thrill hunger. What was her surprise, therefore, some six weeks later to see him standing before her beside an extraordinarily pretty girl.

"Miss Leiser," he said, after presenting his companion, "I want you to convince Mary of her ridiculous carelessness about money. Here she is getting huge sums as an advertising model and she just throws them away. If she does keep a little, she stuffs it into old hat boxes and what not! It's awful to be such a bad manager."

So gravely did this pot call the kettle black that Miss Leiser dared not laugh. Moreover, the next minute she learned that the pot had washed himself white. It seemed that she had "put her spiel over big with him," that he was now almost clear of debt and soon would be one of her depositors. As for the pretty girl, she was so ready to be convinced that she had brought with her an initial deposit of two hundred dollars which she has since steadily increased.

ONE of the accomplishments of which Miss Leiser is most proud is her general campaign to get women members for the American Institute of Banking. Marshaling her fifty-seven pioneers behind her—the women members who had helped win her wager from the president of the Institute—she began attending national meetings. Culmination came in 1922 at the annual meeting at Portland Oregon. The young leader attended with a complete answer to the only argument ever advanced against the admission of women—that few of them really desired active participation. "Why, there couldn't be over three or four hundred women in the country who want to come in." Such was the masculine estimate. But in a year Miss Leiser had made a complete nation-wide survey of potential feminine members and the number which responded had knocked to flinders that objection and that estimate.

Not until she stood on the platform to address the national assembly did she divulge her information. Then she shot her bolt. Six thousand women had applied for membership. Once more Miss Leiser had won a victory. The assembly could not but signify its formal approval of membership for women. It only remained for local chapters to do the same.

"Many of the men were delighted right from the first," said the victor, "and even those who were reluctant are now convinced that our contribution to the Institute has value. As for women, this recognition has made a vast practical difference in our status. What we accomplish now as individuals or committees is widely known and set down to our professional credit."

From that time on Miss Leiser became the leader of political insurgency in the national association. Several times in a caucus she has put the candidate for presidency out of the running. After a candidate has made a glowing speech about the ideals for which he stands he is very apt to see a little figure rising out of the audience with a challenge. "What is your attitude toward membership for women in your local chapter?" Miss Leiser asks.

Once a candidate replied, "I refuse to commit myself on this question."

"Thank you, I am answered," replied the

ONLY HALF-LIVING?

Thousands have found fresh energy, new vitality, health and success through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. Z-20, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

BELOW

"AS A YOUNG MOTHER, having given birth to eight children within nine years, complications setting in and my nerves badly shattered, I was fast losing my vitality. I tried eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon developed a fondness for it, and my health started to improve wonderfully. Within eight months I felt as if I could do the work of a longshoreman. It certainly did restore energy to my wasted body. For clearing the complexion there is nothing like it. And it has also proved a life-saver to my husband for boils." MRS. FLORENCE MURRAY, New York

"A SEVERE AIRPLANE CRASH while serving as Flying Instructor during the war resulted in derangement of internal organs. My health failed rapidly for two years. Extreme gas pains, boils and other effects of aggravated auto-intoxication combined to make existence a thing of almost constant pain. Malnutrition helped lower my vitality. My wife started me on 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Within a week natural functions were normally resumed. Immediately I gained strength. Rest became possible and proper nourishment. Thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, today I am in normal rugged health."

REX V. BIXBY, Culver City, Cal.

EAT TWO OR THREE CAKES regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.*

gadfly. And this man who feared to take a stand was ignominiously defeated.

That the New York chapter is proud of its gifted heckler was recently demonstrated by their singling her out among five thousand members for the difficult and important task of writing the history of its activities just published by the Institute.

Another important phase of Miss Leiser's work is in the public night schools for foreigners. Due to the cooperative character of savings banks, which earn money only for their depositors and only by the most reliable investments, the Board of Education authorizes them to give thrift talks and take deposits in its adult schools. The talks provide practice in English. Moreover, if men and women from Serbia and Poland can be made to understand so American an institution as a savings bank and be persuaded to exchange the insecurity of coat pocket or stocking for the security of a bank book, then both individual and community profit.

But newcomers to America have a thousand and one child-like reasons for staying away from a bank. There was, for example, the middle-aged Greek who resisted Miss Leiser's efforts to prevent the withdrawal of his money deposited at school. His reason for wanting to do so was his removal to another part of the city.

"But you mustn't leave us like this," said the young woman persuasively. "You can come to the bank and deposit your money just the same."

The dark eyes slid around to her in an expression of terror. "Me go to bank?" he cried. Then, shaking his black curls, he said defiantly, "Me forty-five year old. Me never been in bank. Everybody too stylish there. Me afraid."

This conception of a bank as a glittering social affair had resulted in the Greek's investment in many wildcat schemes. When he heard from Miss Leiser that her organization would teach him how to invest wisely he began to waver. And when she added, "I'll be there to talk to you," his face shone.

"You there, too!" he exclaimed. "Then I come!"

But couldn't men do this work just as well as women? That is an important question for the future of service departments. Well, the Bowery Savings Bank, at least, has proof that some cannot. Not long ago one of the officers decided to substitute for Miss Leiser one evening at night school. He didn't wish her to accompany and introduce him. And the upshot of it was that, instead of bringing back the twelve or fifteen hundred dollars usually collected there, the substitute brought in about two hundred dollars.

"What happened?" she asked him in concern.

"Why, nothing. They got mad because I asked them where they were working and how much they were paid."

Efficient as was this officer, he simply couldn't project himself into the unsophisticated mental processes of these men and women. He didn't know that they dreaded personal questions more than they did the police. Where he should have given friendliness he required information.

THIS incident not only illustrates the peculiar value of woman's intuition. It also throws into relief Miss Leiser's distinguishing qualities. She rejoices in every new soul brought to thrift, but she brings that soul with a gentle touch and with a twinkle in her eye. To the women throughout the country for whom she has worked so valiantly Adeline Leiser may be an ardent feminist. To her fellows in the Institute she may seem a pungent politician and a stout-hearted companion in arms. To her superior officers she undoubtedly is a dynamo. But to the public that she serves with such unselfish devotion she is known as confidante and friend.

The Hardest Job I Know

A Prize-Contest Announcement

MANY people besides Bill Tobin, "Everybody's Man Friday," have done seemingly impossible jobs—unusually difficult, hazardous, picturesque or otherwise interesting. Have you? Or any of your friends?

For letters containing a plain account of such jobs, as performed by you or some one you know, and written in not more than five hundred words, we offer two prizes: First Prize, $10; Second Prize, $5. The competition closes October first. The editors will be the judges. Communications should be addressed to "Contest Editor" and can not be returned unless accompanied by a two-cent stamp.

Half-a-Stroke Heywood

[*Continued from page 85*]

never saw a harder, more carefully fought battle. Groganne won the third, for one up, and old Henry pegged along in his red stockings and green knickers to half the fourth. Again I looked at him.

"Give it to me," he said. "Make us even. He plays a beautiful game, doesn't he?"

"You're not doing so badly yourself, Mr. Heywood," I said, honestly enough. He was even steadier than I had ever seen him, which meant that the most faithful eight-day clock in the world would have seemed radical and wavering by comparison. And a bulldog hanging like grim death to a mastiff's throat seemed futile and ineffective by contrast with the old fellow's courage.

Down the fairway to the fifth, I could think only of Henry A. Heywood and his pathetic battle to retain his hold on golf and our golfing world. If there had been any sympathy, any sentiment in his soul, I could have wept for him. But going grimly along without a word to any of us, his golfing children you might say, he inspired no tears. Groganne, on the other hand, with every decent wish to make it easier for the old man, carried himself very nicely. Although I do think he might have talked a little less, and laughed not quite so much. It occurred to me when I heard him saying to Eckert:

"Half a stroke, half a stroke, half a stroke greenward. Noble six—no, he's almost seventy, isn't he?"

And he laughed quietly, with Eckert at his own line. They halved the fifth, old Henry plodding along hand in hand with Colonel Bogey, and at a nod from the old man, I marked down the hole for him, making him one up, with three of his six strokes gone. At that rate, although he won an early advantage, I saw it would not take Groganne long to assume command. And it did not although you need not be bored with details.

We went grimly along, as I said, hole after hole. And then we came to the eighteenth and the beginning of the end. Groganne had captured nine holes by his sparkling, care-free play. Old Henry had half-a-stroked his way to clear title to one hole, and had succeeded in halving seven others by cautious, machinelike work. They had started the seventeenth with Groganne two up. Careless, Groganne was lucky to get a half on the seventeenth, but that left him still two up, and one to play. The old man holed out grimly, carefully, and raised his head with an air of triumph after sinking his putt.

Groganne spoke to Anderson questioningly, as they left the green. Anderson looked at his card, and nodded. Then they both came to me. I saw what they had in mind, and I dreaded the encounter, all the more so because old Henry A. Heywood, seeing them, came toward me with Hendricks.

"I'll be shot before I ever agree to referee or score anything again." It was Jimmy Anderson who spoke.

"Well, Brocksy," said Jimmy, "that seems to wind things up. And a bully good match, I'll say. I never saw better golf."

"Wait a minute, and you'll see some more," spoke up old man Heywood, confidently but quietly. "The match is not yet ended."

"But we're two up, and only the eighteenth left, Mr. Heywood," said Jimmy, in surprise, but sure of his ground.

"Why, yes, Mr. Heywood," Groganne began, nonplussed.

"Nothing of the kind," the old fellow said, positively, his short, bristling beard betraying no nervous chin. "Mr. Groganne," he continued, accenting the first syllable this time, "has won nine holes, I agree. I won one—"

"Yes, and you take the first six you halved, Mr. Heywood," spoke up Groganne, pleasantly enough, under the circumstances. "But this seventeenth found me two up, we halved it, you'd used your six strokes, and I'm still two—"

"Please do not interrupt me, Mr. Groganne," said the old man, still accenting the first syllable. "I'm not accustomed to interruptions. My agreement was to play you, with six strokes to be used any way, any time, anyhow," and he smiled, very faintly.

"Certainly, but—" Groganne could not go on, because the old man held his grip on the situation.

"And can it be that you have forgotten your own nickname for me?" old Henry A. Heywood persisted. "Half-a-stroke Heywood?" He looked at Groganne, who stood with his mouth open, not understanding. He looked at Anderson, Hendricks, and on around the group, but none of us tumbled. And then he looked at Johanna, smiling that faint, quizzical but sarcastically triumphant little smile. She grasped his meaning before any of us did.

"Daddy," she exclaimed, angrily, stamping her feet. I did not have time to realize that the sprite Johanna seemed far prettier frowning than smiling. "Dad, how *can* you humiliate Mike that way? I think—it's disgraceful. I'm ashamed. . . . "

"Johanna," he said, quietly, firmly, "your business is not to think, but to look pretty."

"Champion of the world," muttered Groganne, absently, but grinning as he turned his

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gaze toward her. She flushed, perhaps still in anger.

"Not so fresh, uh—Mike," said Mr. Heywood. "Nor so fast. I used my six strokes in half strokes, just as you described my game. All right. The half on the seventeenth gives me the hole, and I'm only one down. More, I have two and one-half strokes left of my handicap. And finally, I intend to play this eighteenth hole in par five. If you can play it in one and a half, it's your match. If I halve the hole, we play a nineteenth. Are you ready?"

Well, sir, I told you it was the most painful situation in all my experience on the links. And I have suffered between holes, as I said. Groganne turned red, then purple, and swore viciously under his breath. He looked at Eckert, Anderson and Williams. Then at Hendricks, and finally at me. But we were all dumb, for the old man, Half-a-stroke Heywood, in his red socks and green knickers, had him dead to rights.

FINALLY Groganne, confused and utterly in the air, glanced at blonde little Johanna, her ashy, blonde hair shining in the sun, her cheeks crimson for shame at the trick her father had played. Sensing her thoughts intuitively, Michel Groganne found his balance like a flash. He smiled, grimly, gamely.

"Very good, Mr. Heywood," he snapped. "We play the eighteenth. Come on, boys. I can take my licking as well as the next man."

So we started dumbly as wooden soldiers for the tee. Nobody said a word, but if anybody had listened carefully he might have heard the old man chuckle maliciously. We crossed the bridge over the gully, and climbed the rise to the tee. Everybody wondered what had happened, and tried to reconcile himself to the ruin of our Columbus match prospects and the certain defeat of the brilliant shooting Groganne. You never saw a glummer group of men. Never was such a tense situation on any golf course, anywhere. And then Johanna broke the strain.

"Mr. Eckert," she said, "will you change bags with me? I shall not caddy for my father any further."

"Why, why . . . Johanna," he stammered.

"Give me Mike's bag," she demanded, imperiously. "I'll caddy for him," and before Eckert could say anything, or even look to Mr. Heywood, she had taken Groganne's bag and dropped her father's at Eckert's feet. "Your driver, Mike," she said, simply, handing him the club. "Or hadn't you better use your brassie?"

Groganne smiled, and took the brassie, as well as the hint. He meant to fight out to the limit, and the longest drive in his system was needed. He smiled at her, as she hurried down the course and off to the rough at one side of the fairway. Turning to the old man, he said, soberly and respectfully enough, "Your honor, Mr. Heywood, since you won the last hole."

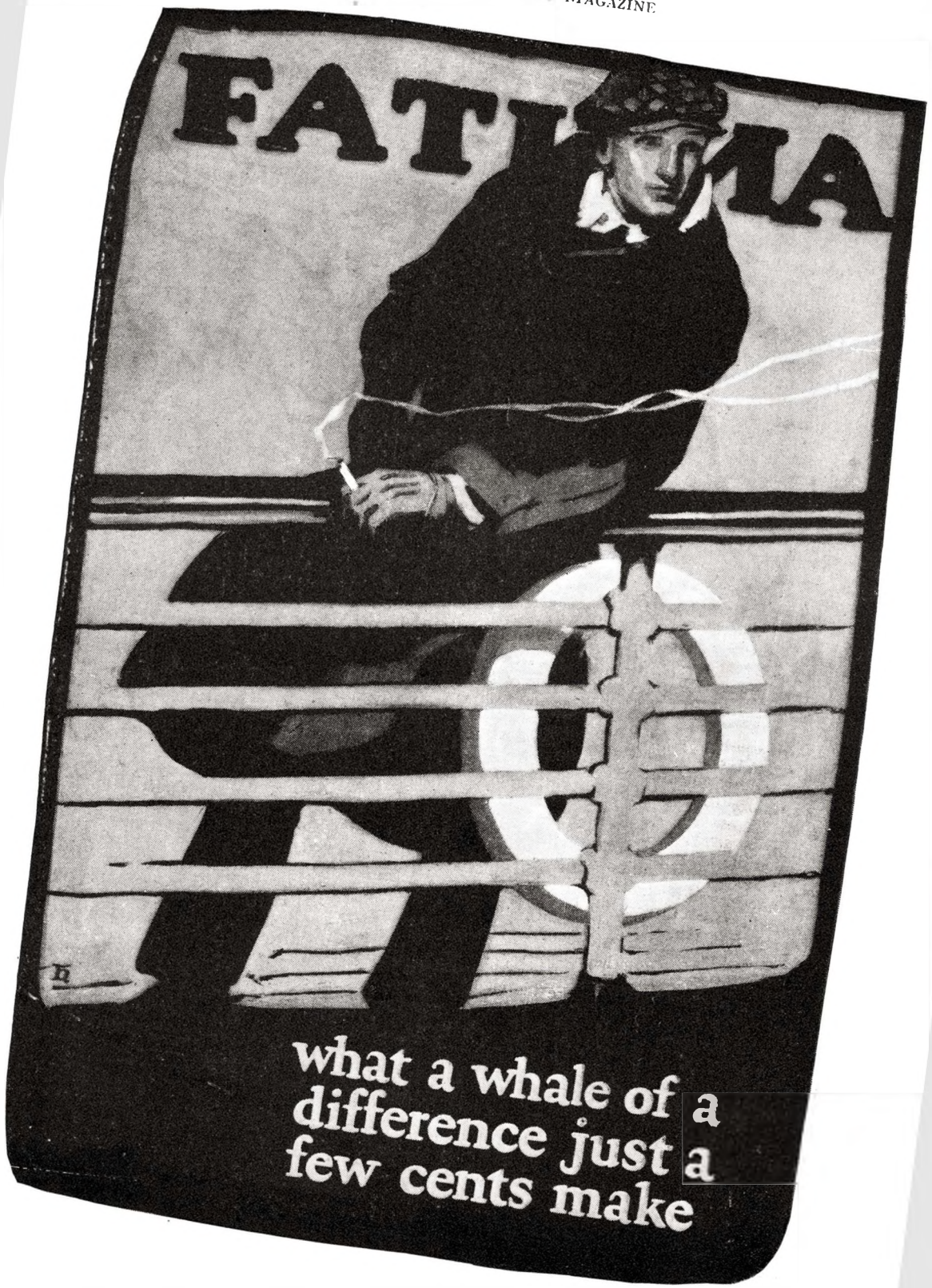
And old Henry A. Heywood, Half-a-stroke Heywood, his daughter deserting him in the wake of his great motor plant and his place as golfing patriarch at stake, stepped up to the tee. Did he hesitate or betray any emotion of any kind whatsoever? He did not. Without so much as a quiver in his thin, spare frame, literally without batting either one of his mild blue eyes, old Henry A. Heywood stepped up in his green knickers and red socks and addressed his ball. Half-a-stroking true to form, he sent an honest, dinky little drive looping straight down the fairway. He watched the ball bounce and roll, and then stepped off the tee and down the course while Groganne teed his ball.

"OF ALL the damned, unspeakably rotten tricks I ever . . ." Wallace Williams began to growl. And we all of us felt the same way precisely. But Groganne was ready to drive and we said nothing. There stood Michel Groganne, whom we had not liked at first, Michel Groganne whose coming we had resented as the interference of a jazzy interloper; but Mike Groganne, now our sole hope and reliance. Was he a forlorn hope? Would he crumble and dissolve into golfing nothingness before our eyes? Could he stand the terrific strain imposed on him by the trickery of old man Heywood? We held our breath.

Mike looked at his ball, teed high, squared away, braced, and swung with that brassie in a powerful, resounding drive winding up with a snap of the wrists that added yards upon yards of distance. The ball shot up high and true in midcourse. It looked like a good drive. We saw then that Mike Groganne was no crumbler under the stress, for the shot was sound and solid. But wait—the ball climbed, and climbed, higher and higher, traveling like a shell from the great gun that once shelled Paris. It bid fair to go out of sight up there in the sunshine. Only after ages did it start on its downward arc, and then it still carried, and carried. You talk about three hundred yard drives, and read about them, but here *was* one, a tremendous, booming, rolling smash, straight and true in the fairway. Mike Groganne took a long breath, after more ages, and started down the course, pausing only for old Henry A. Heywood to half-a-stroke a puny, straight little midiron shot, and again for Henry's little demi-approach, also with the midiron.

"You'll want your brassie again?" Johanna asked Mike when he came up to her, without offering another club.

"Of course," he replied, confidently. Down the course, curving slightly and tucked in behind two enormous sand-trap bunkers lay the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eighteenth hole—still some three hundred yards away. Johanna Heywood stood to one side, and held her breath, as did all of us. Only old Henry A. Heywood betrayed emotion, but nobody could read that queer, faint smile to understand what feeling was behind it.

Again, shooting straight for the dread sand-traps, Mike Groganne whipped into that little ball with all the strength of his fine shoulders and strong arms. The brassie this time merely took the ball off the turf, so that it never rose higher than twenty feet, but the same wrist snap gave it the speed to carry it. And the ball shot through the air at a terrific rate, to whirl seemingly dead into the right-hand trap. But no—though it had the distance, no trap was to catch it. Striking a yard or less in front of the sand, the pellet bounded hard into the air so that it leaped the bunker with inches between it and the rough grass a-top the mound. And then it rolled, and hopped, dead for the pin, stopping finally twenty feet this side of the hole. We nearly fainted for sheer joy and relief. But not a word was said—except by old Half-a-stroke Heywood.

"Fine," he exclaimed, "a wonderfully nervy shot."

Every man there wanted to ask, "And now who has the nerve?" But nobody dared speak. So that old Henry addressed his ball, on the other side of the fairway in utter unsympathetic silence. He whacked away with all his usual precision, and got to the green in four, with the pin eight feet off. You see what that means? A five for him, and three for Mike, and our team ruined for the Columbus match. Well, we all saw it and straightway cursed him under our breath, even while we were still thrilling to Mike Groganne's wonderful shots.

Mike was away, and we stood like breathless statues while he tried for the hole at twenty feet. Gamely, but almost casually, Mike Groganne played his ball, dropping it squarely into the hole for a three, while Johanna, magnet-like, held the pin. The eighteenth—six hundred and fifty yards—had never before been played in three. We gloried in Mike Groganne, Even in his certain defeat. For old Henry Heywood needed only to make his eight-foot putt to score a five, win the hole, thanks to his handicap, and square the match. Oh, well, every man sighed in resignation, what was the use?

WE DID not blame the old man, exactly, for you will remember as we did that he laid out half our course, financed the other half, literally built the club, captained the team for twenty years—but I have told you all that before. What I mean is: a man who has lost his fine, old-established business, has actually lost his only daughter, and is in danger of losing the last personal belonging he has in the world, is entitled to put up a battle for his game of golf. Even if we hated to see him win his battle, we had to grant that.

Henry A. Heywood, sixty-nine, in his red socks, green knickers and short, bristly-reddish beard, walked upon the green. He sighted the hole. Studied the grass. Studied his putter. Felt the turf carefully for footholds. Eyed the path his ball must take—all with the utmost precision. Our hopes sank, and sank, although already far below the horizon of hope. Henry A. Heywood had not missed an eight-foot putt in twenty years, and he clearly could not lose this one. And then, calmly, surely, he drew back his putter. Every eye was on the movement. And then, the putter swinging steady as a pendulum—old Henry A. Heywood, Half-a-stroke Heywood, *missed* that putt. Missed it clearly, completely, absolutely—by three feet.

No locomotive exhaust could have equaled the combined sigh of relief that went up from our little group, there in the early morning sunlight. But not a word was said. That is, not until Mike Groganne spoke.

"Johanna!" Mike exclaimed, springing forward to catch her in his arms. Why shouldn't she faint, after all that strain, and with not a bite of food since the night before? Mike caught her. We stood like scared automatons, but old Henry ran to the little stream near the green, dashed his hat into it, and came running back to throw the clear, cold water in her face. Some of it splattered on Mike. She opened her eyes, and as true to form as old Henry to his game of golf, smiled. Mike laughed.

Then, and only then, we heard old Henry A. Heywood laughing, a dry, rattling, cackling laugh, like three flat wheels on a fast-rolling Pullman. And then, too, we knew the old man had purposely missed his putt!

"Boys," Henry said, "I didn't like it when they took my business away from me. Nor when I saw I was losing the girl, bless her heart. When you boys stood by to see me lose my game of golf, I had to put up what battle I could." He paused.

"*Some* battle," said Anderson, Eckert and Hendricks, all at once.

"But now that I've tested—found out what manner of man it is who takes them all three from me—oh, well, Mike," he spoke suddenly, more sharply than before, "are you going to hold that girl in your arms all day? Let's have breakfast for the boys, and Johanna, and *you*, Mike. After that, if you can keep your mind on golf, we'll figure out how we'll *take* Columbus."

And we did, too. By eleven strokes—the exact margin between Mike Groganne's seventy and old Half-a-stroke Heywood's eighty-one!

A Steeple-jack's Fight for Life

[*Continued from page 1431*]

The surgeons gave him but a few moments to live and Martin, conscious all the time they examined him, heard the verdict.

Now, there is a strange power of reserve vitality, of determination and strength that lies deep rooted in most persons. Sudden danger, sickness or excitement can draw from this stored-up supply and so give its caller the help demanded. The brain, the last power to go in most cases of sickness, as a rule fights to the end. Sometimes the call is in vain, the reserve force has been depleted, the demands are too great or the will-power to fight the thing out is too feeble. But if the mind be clear and the will-power strong, a man is always capable of putting up a magnificent fight against almost any odds. And Harry Martin, as you shall see, was of the indomitable sort.

LYING there unable to make the slightest movement, his mind was working as clearly as ever. He wondered at his ill luck in falling when he took no chances; on other and more dangerous work, where he had taken all sorts of chances for the fun of it, there had been no mishap. Thinking this over, his memory went back to the great blazing cross of his former job. He remembered vaguely his feeling as he had swayed up there in the air—power, success, strength—all fighting against the storm. There came also to his mind a story he had read about a certain famous Western mayor, who, shattered and broken, had fought his way back to health against all odds. It was then that Martin received his inspiration and suddenly made up his mind to fight out to a successful finish his battle for life, strength and health.

It was long months before he could even move, but little by little, cheered and encouraged by his wife, his wonderful vitality and determination started to win out. His mind, firmly fixed on one idea, willed the maimed and shattered body to get well, and he added to his mental power, as soon as possible, mild exercise, sun-baths and a careful diet. Through the long winter months this dauntless fight went on, and with the coming of summer Harry started on an outdoor campaign.

The Power Company had paid all his bills and had also made sufficient settlement on him, so that he was not worried financially. Renting a row-boat and going easy at first, he started the second battle in his fight for health and happiness. At first the pain from his shattered body was almost more than he could bear. Martin would grit his teeth and row till his shrieking nerves and muscles would obey him no longer. Then he would rest, panting and sweating in agony till he could force himself to go at it again. Day by day, week by week, the fight went on. Clad most of the time in a bathing suit, baking in the rays of the sun, swimming or rowing, he struggled on while his strength and health grew better steadily.

Weeks of exercise rowing gave Harry a little of his old-time strength. Then he began to load his boat with groups of village youngsters to cheer and encourage him and also to make the work progressively harder. His skin had by now been burned a deep bronze, his eyes were clear and he felt his old-time pep returning. Harry Martin, daredevil steeple-jack and powerful athlete, was claiming again the body of Harry Martin, invalid and shattered wreck.

And so the good fight went on, day by day. He never missed taking some form of outdoor exercise, rain or shine, storm or clear. Each day he increased his rowing distance and was soon pulling a heavy boat filled with children around Belle Isle, a distance of about seven miles.

Now, Harry is burned brown as an Indian and his strength, pep and health are almost as good as they were. His body has knit and mended, though he can never go back again to his loved and risky trade of steeple-jack. His racked nerves and muscles may never again be tuned up to the hair-trigger coordination required of a steeple-jack. But that is not the only trade in which indomitable determination and unflinching fearlessness are supreme assets. After the ordeal he has faced victoriously, Martin knows, as he never did before, what his will can do.

Harry has fought his fight and won out, with mind, body and spirit. Never, he says, will he forget the splendid inspiration of the great flaming cross, swaying in the storm, but still steadfast and firm. And Martin still struggles doggedly along on the path to strength and achievement. Though he is far too modest to use such words about himself if he ever heard them, there runs all through his attitude toward the fight he is putting up a clear echo of Henley's words:

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."

CLIFFORD THORNE.

We Must March

[*Continued from page 136*]

since I married you!" shouted Mr. Spalding.

"I'd never have told you this, Mrs. Spalding," said Narcissa, "if Henry's treachery hadn't driven me to it. That made me feel that you must understand matters so that you could control him."

"I'll control him, all right!" Eliza Spalding's eyes were not without a certain vindictive light. "Henry, either you or I sit down at this table now and write to the Board, telling them that your criticisms of the Whitmans were unjust. Come now, who does it, you or me?"

"I'll not do it," declared Spalding. "I'm just as much convinced as I ever was that the Whitmans are not fitted for this work. You've said as much, yourself."

"Fiddle-dee-dee!" sniffed Mrs. Spalding. "My breakfast is hurting me so, it's hard for me to laugh at you, Henry! But that's what I ought to do. I've said that the doctor was no preacher and that Mrs. Whitman spoiled a good singer to make a poor missionary. But I love and admire them both for other things, and you know it. Who writes that letter, you or me, Henry?"

"Well, I'll write! Not because I think I ought to, but to prevent your doing so."

"Then I'll go lie down, if you'll help me, Sister Whitman."

When Narcissa returned from supporting Mrs. Spalding to bed, she found the two men glaring at each other.

"There are writing materials in the cabin, Henry," she suggested, mildly.

Spalding snatched up his fur cap and bolted for the door. At the doorsill he paused to shout back at the two:

"I'm a fighting Christian and Eliza's for peace at any price. I'll write this letter because I have to, but that doesn't mean I shan't go on, Narcissa Whitman, exposing your character to the whole world."

He rushed away. The doctor and Narcissa stared at each other. "That settles it!" declared Marcus. "That fellow leaves here today and never comes back."

"My poor old character!" groaned Narcissa, half comically. "What's the matter with it, Marcus?"

"I can't smile over that fool's remarks, Narcissa. He's a whelp, that's all!"

"Hush, Marcus! That's not the spirit that made you turn the other cheek to Umtippe."

"No, it's not," cried Marcus. "And I'm glad it's not! I'm your husband before I'm anything else on earth. And some day I'm going to trounce the everlasting daylights out of Henry Spalding. See if I don't!"

Narcissa laid her hand on the doctor's and, although she smiled, her eyes were full of tears.

ALL the long summer day, the Spaldings remained secluded in the cabin. Narcissa conducted her school as usual, while Marcus worked in the field. Neither of them took any rest until just before supper. Narcissa settled herself in the dooryard with a book, where Marcus joined her. Alice Clarissa, with her doll and the puppy, played on the doorstep while Sarah Hall helped Mrs. Munger prepare supper. Just before the meal was ready, Alice Clarissa placed her doll on the lower step, in a posture which indicated that that long-suffering individual was saying her prayers, and announced,

"Alice Clarissa help set the table, now."

Narcissa nodded, absorbed in her book. A little later, Sarah Hall came out.

"I'm going to the garden for radishes," she said.

Narcissa looked up and asked, "Where is Alice Clarissa, Sarah?"

"She was here a little bit ago. I think she went to the garden to get herself some pie-plant."

"Locate her, Sarah, before you do anything more," ordered Narcissa, always uneasy when the child was out of her sight.

Five minutes later Sarah appeared with a bunch of radishes in her hand. "I can't find her anywhere!" she exclaimed.

At this moment Munger sauntered up. "Been washing my feet in the river," he said, "and noticed two cups floating down stream. I want to get the doctor's fishing pole and fish them out."

Narcissa had risen. "I'm going to look for the baby!" she exclaimed.

Marcus smiled. "If we had a couple more children, Narcissa, you'd go crazy with worry."

But Narcissa did not make her usual laughing rejoinder to this staple comment of her husband's. Instead, she started running toward the banks of the Walla Walla. Something in her face caused Marcus to drop his book and follow her. He even joined her call.

"Alice Clarissa! Baby! Where are you?"

No answer.

When the doctor overtook Narcissa, she was pointing to two teacups caught on a little sand bar. "Her milk and her water cup! They were on the table not ten minutes ago!"

For one awful moment they stared into each other's eyes, then Marcus turned toward the house with a great shout.

"Munger! Come and help search the river!"

Munger, his wife, Sarah Hall, a group of Indians; these rushed to the river bank. Marcus stripped to his under drawers and plunged into the water. Old Umtippe cast off his robe and, wrinkled and gaunt in his loin cloth, dived into the current a hundred yards above Marcus. Narcissa, running in silent agony along the bank, saw the Indian swimming under water, saw him rise for breath and sink again, saw him suddenly burrow beneath a log, then come to the surface holding something in his arms. She made toward him, her hands outstretched, her lips dumb in her extremity. But Marcus, who had emerged from the water at the same moment as did Umtippe, was before her and clasped Alice Clarissa to his breast.

He laid her on the sand under the cotton woods. Munger would have helped—so would a dozen other pairs of hands, Indian and white—but Narcissa would not allow any one but Marcus and herself to touch that inert little body. For an hour they sought to resuscitate her. At the end of that time, Marcus, with lips quivering, laid the little arms reverently back on the baby bosom and, looking up blindly, said,

"Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done!"

Narcissa, her face like stone, stood gazing down on the beauty that was flesh of her flesh. Sarah Hall gave one shrill scream and ran to the house. Old Umtippe during the long hour had stood naked, his arms folded on his chest. He now thrust a thin, shaking forefinger into Narcissa's face.

"You have let her die!" he groaned. "The gods of the Cayuse shall punish you."

"Get out of here, Umtippe!" roared Marcus.

The Cayuse did not stir. Before her husband could make a move, however, Narcissa placed her hand against the old chief's bony chest.

"You brought her to me, dead," she said. "Be satisfied!"

Her wide blue eyes, with unfathomable agony in their depths, held Umtippe's stern gaze until, with a shudder as if he feared the pain he saw, the chief jerked a buffalo robe over his shoulders and moved away.

Mrs. Spalding put her arm around Narcissa's waist. "Bring your baby to the house, Sister Whitman," she whispered, "and get her dressed."

Narcissa looked at the woman as if she spoke an unknown tongue, and did not move. Marcus lifted Alice Clarissa and started toward the house. Henry Spalding touched Narcissa on the arm.

"She is safe in the Everlasting Rock of Ages," he said. His usually harsh voice was indescribably tender. He began to lead her gently after Marcus. "She is safe from all fear of massacre. She is safe from spoilation by the Indians. She is safe from the world. She was like you, of too delicate material to be subject to the ills of this cruel life. She is wrapped in the Eternal Arms of Safety."

Narcissa heard him as in a dream. She allowed him to lead her to the doorstep where she paused to pick up the rag doll, still in its posture of prayer. Then she followed Marcus into the bedroom.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Terrapin King

[*Continued from page 141*]

incubation, hatching the eggs artificially was thought to be impossible—even the Government Experiment Station experts had given it up. Barbee, as had others, found that terrapin in confinement invariably ate their own eggs. It was many years before he was able to overcome the trouble. He at last found that terrapin left their eggs in small elevations of sand. After that he left several hillocks of sand each day, after the pens had been flooded. The terrapin deposited their eggs in them and all that Barbee had to do was to turn the sand over, then place the eggs in an incubator that he himself had invented.

Ninety days is the period of incubation. The younger terrapin are kept in pens to themselves. Barbee even has a special hospital pen where all ailing terrapin are isolated, and there are practically no deaths from sickness or accident among them. He feeds the terrapin on lettuce, celery and other such green stuff. The pens are flooded each day, and the terrapin are then fed—they do much better by being fed in the water.

Mr. Barbee owns a number of dogs that are well trained and take care of the terrapin, carefully jumping among, and herding them, without ever stepping on one. While every terrapin will scamper away at the approach of a stranger, they pay no attention to these dogs. And as for Barbee himself, they will come at his call—either a whistle or a certain peculiar clucking sound. They will even try to climb up his legs in their eager endeavor to get their food. Barbee says that it is a weird "hair-raising" sound—the thousands of terrapin claws pawing the hard packed sand when the reptiles are called to "meals."

Mr. Barbee always has some story to tell about them, and he is always springing surprises on his friends. One incident that Barbee very much enjoys telling about happened some

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years ago while on a business trip to a Northern city where he met and had a long conversation with William Jennings Bryan. At almost the beginning of their talk he handed Bryan a terrapin egg to examine, and then Barbee, so he says, "talked as he never talked before or afterward," in order to keep Bryan's attention away from the egg he held in one hand—and that hand in a coat pocket. Finally something began to stir in Bryan's closed hand and upon a hasty examination he found a live terrapin where before there had been but a very small egg.

While many of Mr. Barbee's terrapin are tame and "friendly" as housecats, none of them so far have attained quite the degree of culture manifested by Toby.

Both Toby, "The Prince," and "The Terrapin King," his master, are altogether unique and so is the enterprise "they" operate. Needless to state, it is a paying proposition.—G. A. TIBBANS.

He Combs the World for Rugs

[*Continued from page 43*]

his deep appreciation for the beautiful, have frequently parted with some gem of their own almost unwillingly because he was so determined to acquire it.

For instance, some years ago an official of the Standard Oil Company showed Mr. Ballard a small rug which immediately caught his fancy. He offered to buy it but the owner would not sell. The offer was renewed again and again until in the end persistence won.

In St. Louis the hall where his rugs are displayed is fireproof. The walls are hung with the rose crimson brocades of quattrocento Italy. Different color effects are produced by the lighting system. Persian, Indian, Caucasus, Chinese and Turkish rugs are displayed in cases. They are exhibited only alone or in related groups.

To Mr. Ballard every one of his rugs and carpets has a spiritual being as distinct as that of any human being's soul. Listen to his description of any one of his great beauties and you can see all of the rare colors and exquisite tints that ever glowed on the palette of a master. Some of the tones he describes are lost now and may never be discovered again. But they still remain in the threads of a few old rugs.

"In every one of these old rugs some weaver put his soul just as a painter transfers his to canvas or a musician expresses his emotions in melody," he explains. "Even some of the nomadic weaves have tremendous spiritual significance. They are crude perhaps. But into every one of them some old wanderer has put his conception of beauty and life—love, hate, religion, the whole of existence and what it meant to him, which he could not perhaps express in any other terms."

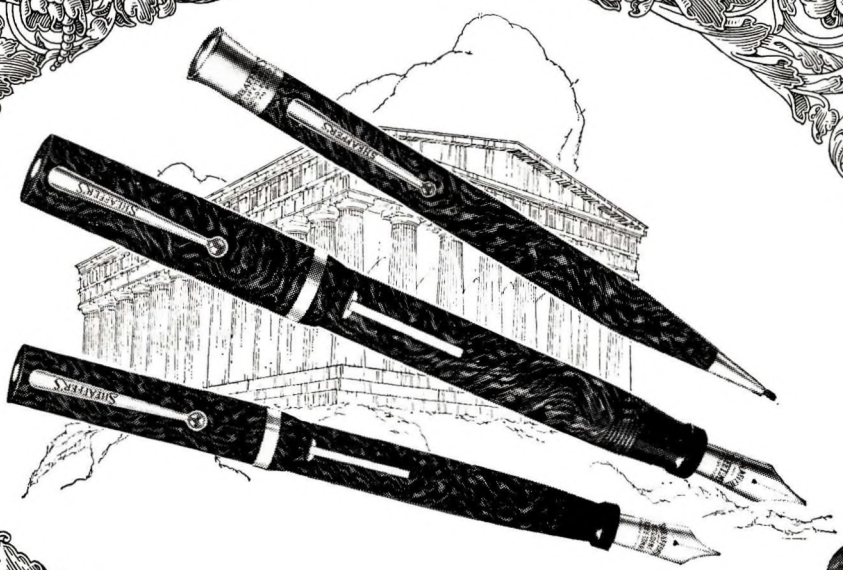
The Story of the Late Mr. Elvesham

[*Continued from page 110*]

in my body until it has aged, and then, again, throwing that aside, he will assume some other victim's youth and strength. When one remembers his heartlessness, it is terrible to think of the ever-growing experience, that— How long has he been leaping from body to body? But I tire of writing. The powder appears to be soluble in water. The taste is not unpleasant.

THERE the narrative found upon Mr. Elvesham's desk ends. His dead body lay between the desk and the chair. The latter had been pushed back, probably by his last convulsions. The story was written in pencil, and in a crazy hand, quite unlike his usual minute characters. There remain only two curious facts to record. Indisputably there was some connection between Eden and Elvesham, since the whole of Elvesham's property was bequeathed to the young man. But he never inherited. When Elvesham committed suicide, Eden was, strangely enough, already dead. Twenty-four hours before, he had been knocked down by a cab and killed instantly, at the crowded crossing at the intersection of Gower Street and Euston Road. So that the only human being who could have thrown light upon this fantastic narrative is beyond the reach of questions. Without further comment I leave this extraordinary matter to the reader's individual judgment.

Next month's offerings in the "Old and New" series will be two thrilling horror stories, "A Terribly Strange Bed," by Wilkie Collins, and "The Inn of the Two Witches," by Joseph Conrad.



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