I WAS A COMMUNIST IN THE U. S. A. A STARTLING REVELATION FROM THE INSIDE BY COMRADE X

JULY 15, 1939

Liberty 5¢

HEARTS IN DANGER A Powerful Novel of Mystery and Love **BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS**

G-WOMAN: A NEW KIND OF TRUE DETECTIVE STORY

CAN A MAN FALL IN LOVE WITH HIS CAR?

IT'S REALLY nothing for the girls to worry about, but a sweet running motor does arouse something very much like affection in a man . . . the same kind of feeling he has for his pet putter, fishing rod or gun.

And you can be sure that a sluggish, noisy, indifferent motor can affect his disposition for the worse, too. So here's a simple fact that will help *your* man keep on good terms with his car:

The better the gasoline—the better the car will run!

Why? Because under the hood of a modern car is a device that is as important as your throttle or gearshift . . . the spark adjustment. It controls engine performance.

When a mechanic tunes up your engine, the closer he advances the spark to the point of top performance, the more power and mileage you get. But he can't advance the spark any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline you use permits. If he does, a "knock" or "ping" will develop that *loses* power and economy.

Since there are different grades of gasoline sold today, your engine has different grades of performance as shown below:

YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES OF CAR PERFORMANCE

BEST PERFORMANCE—with gasoline marked "Ethyl" on the pump or globe. It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that your engine's spark can be *advanced* closest to the point of maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

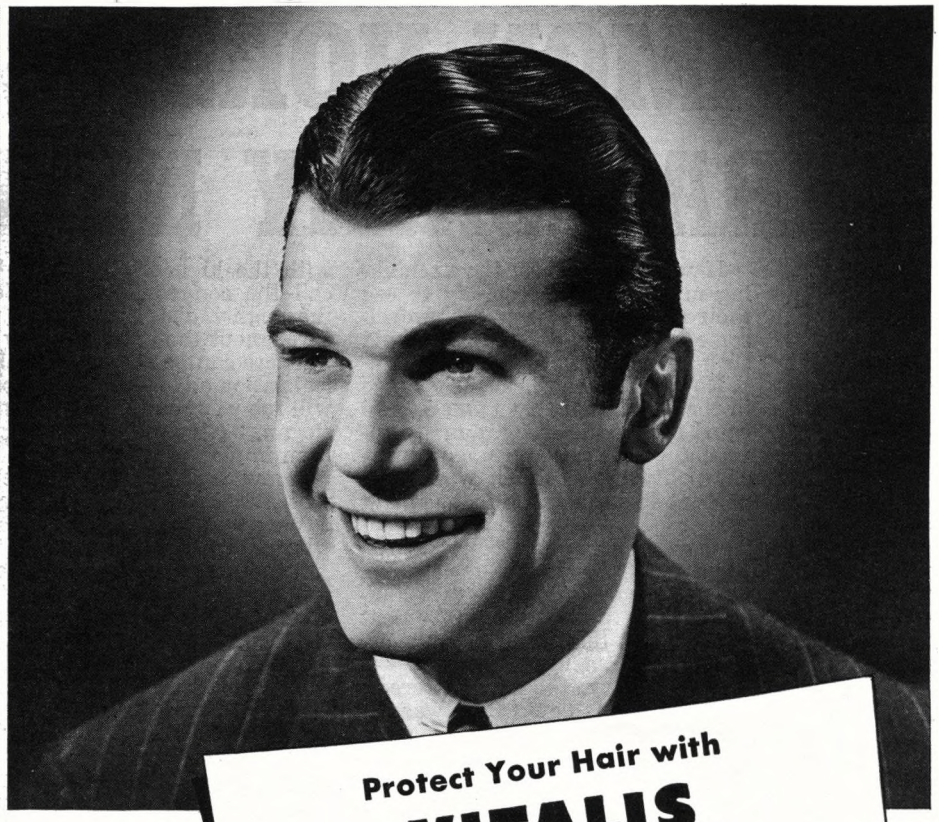
GOOD PERFORMANCE—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "knock" or "ping." Most "regular" gasolines sold today contain tetraethyl lead to improve their anti-knock quality, as shown by the "Lead" signs on the pumps.

POOR PERFORMANCE—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in a modern car, the engine's spark must be *retarded*—which means *loss* of power and economy.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, ***manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline***

Your Hair! Keep it Good-Looking

—In Spite of Sun and Water!



Protect Your Hair with

VITALIS

and the "60-Second Workout"

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

A SMASHING set of tennis under a broiling sun or a stinging shower after a hard 18 holes of golf—that's certainly what the doctor ordered to keep a man physically fit! *But* what about your hair? . . . Sun-baked until it's dry and brittle; lifeless and limp from water which soaks out any remaining natural hair oils.

Summertime is the time when your hair especially needs Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" to offset the damaging effects of baking sun and soaking water. Apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the healthy, exhilarating "tingle" as new circulation awakens and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your oil-depleted scalp. Notice how easy it is to comb and brush your hair—how neatly it stays in place. It takes on a rich, attractive lustre—but without a single trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" shine.

Enjoy all of your outdoor sports, but do as millions of men are doing—keep your bottle of Vitalis handy! Start your "60-Second Workouts" and see if they don't help put you over socially this summer! Get a bottle of Vitalis at your druggist's, today.

VITALIS SEALTUBE

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on the individual Vitalis Sealtubes!*

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

JULY 15, 1939

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
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FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

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COMMON HORSE SENSE TRAGICALLY NEEDED

BERNARR MACFADDEN

If we could induce the unthinking masses in this country to use their reasoning powers, our worrisome political difficulties would soon be solved.

Now, there has been no change in the conclusion that two and two equal four, and there are many apparent complications in our present political mix-up in which important deductions are just as plain and dependable.

It is admitted by everybody that experience is the best teacher, and if we accept this conclusion, the experience we have secured from the first hundred and fifty years of the life of this government presents various conclusions that in no way harmonize with the present governmental policies.

The wealth of this country, the colossal credit structure that the New Deal is now using, was developed by previous administrations. It was not acquired by the New Deal. And year by year this administration has been spending these accumulated assets like a crowd of drunken sailors.

What reason have we for believing that the wisdom of the officials of the present administration far outweighs that possessed by all the great statesmen throughout the life of our nation? They had political differences . . . many of them; but never at any time have any of the wise leaders of the past questioned the fundamental principles of our government laid down by our Constitution. Any one of these men would have shuddered in horror if they were faced with the revolutionary changes with which this country is now threatened. Why should we ignore the beneficent results that have come to us throughout the long period of our national life?

Why try during a protracted depression to make new paths through the wilderness of experimentation?

We know that certain results have been accomplished in previous years by following certain governmental policies, and similar profitable results can be expected by adhering to them.

We became the wealthiest nation in the world, with the highest standard of living for what we call the common people. Wealth has been more thoroughly distributed here than in any country throughout the entire history of the world.

There can be no evasion. Much of the restrictive legislation advocated by the present administration will rob us of our liberties. Patrick Henry's famous slogan, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" has been implanted in the hearts and souls of our people, and God forbid that we should have to part with these invaluable privileges.

We should all become crusaders, every one of us who realizes the dangers we are facing.

The situation is not unlike the experience of a son who suddenly, at the death of his father, takes over the management of a huge fortune . . . built up through years of careful hardheaded management.

The son has new ideas. His father is an old fogy, so he believes. He risks his wealth in various new enterprises, and in a few years the entire fortune is dissipated.

It will take several more years to dissipate the colossal credit of this great nation accumulated previous to the New Deal, but every citizen should realize the imperative necessity of living within our income. It is just as important for a government as it is for an individual or a corporation.

Although the present enormous taxes are fast becoming confiscatory, they fall short by many billions of paying our expenses. The national indebtedness is increasing at the rate of from eight to ten million dollars every day.

These calamitous facts should be given consideration. It is time for us to wake up and realize this nation belongs to us, and if we desire to keep it intact . . . if we want to continue to retain our liberties . . . we will have to vote in a manner to uphold the principles of government that have been the source of our great wealth and have given us the invaluable privileges which have been ours throughout the life of this nation.

Bernarr Macfadden

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READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BEGINNING—

Hearts IN DANGER

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

A new novel of angry southern seas, of desperate men and alluring women

PART ONE—MAN OVERBOARD! WAS IT MURDER?

IT was a black squally night, mean and nasty. The Gulf Stream had gone roaring mad, snarling back at the northeaster which howled down from Labrador. And at midnight, when we were some thirty miles offshore, not a ship in sight, our last light far astern, Mary Moore sighted their distress signal.

I was below at the time, eating a sandwich. The Black Hawk, slogging along under jib and jigger, with the mainsail tightly furled, rolled with a vindictive corkscrew motion that tossed me clear across the cabin every time I let go my hold on the engine hatch.

The short steep seas were breaking green over the port bow and rolling aft with an angry hiss. Every once in a while one would crash against the cabin trunk, shaking the little yawl from keel to truck. There was nothing to worry about, though. The Black Hawk could take it. And I had complete faith in Mary Moore's brown little hands at the wheel—though I had known the girl less than a day.

You see, I'd been tied at the dock at West Palm Beach, and this morning I had started looking for a pilot to take me across the Stream to Settlement Point and maybe on over Little Bahama Bank as far as Green Turtle Cay. Singlehanding it down from Norfolk—by the inside route, of course—I had become pretty tired of my own company.

Informed I might get a pilot from one of the boats which run crawfish from the Bahamas, I went aboard the Irish Star, the only boat in port then. And her captain, Mike Moore, told me: "Can't lend ye one of me men, but I got a kid sister who's as good a pilot as meself. She knows sail, she's as husky as a young bulldog, and she can hit Settlement Point on the nose with 'er eyes shut. Hey, Mary! Come here. I got ye a job."

She looked like a boy when she came on deck in her patched overalls and blue chambray shirt. It was my guess then that she was fifteen, not very pretty, and quite sexless. Because there was no one else I could get, and I was in a hurry, we made the deal. And it had all seemed natural enough, and wholly conventional—until I returned to the Black Hawk a few hours later after clearing at the custom-

"That's the second one she sent up," Mary went on as she wrestled with the wheel. "I think she's the Angelfish."

house for West End, Grand Bahama.

I found her waiting for me in the cockpit. She had changed to blue slacks and a halter which were the exact color of her eyes. Her reddish-brown hair had a new wave, hastily put in but effective; there was lipstick on her lips and maybe a little rouge on her cheeks.

A kind of emptiness touched the pit of my stomach as I realized that little Mary Moore was considerably more than fifteen, was uncommonly pretty and not at all sexless.

There was a twinkle in her amazingly blue eyes as she rattled off: "I put my oilskins in your hanging locker. I'll probably need 'em before the night's out. The wind's hauling nor'east and we're in for weather. The galley stores came aboard and they're all stowed—I hope where you can find them. The iceman delivered a hundred pounds of ice and I paid him. And I had your gas tanks filled. Thirty-one gallons at nineteen."

I laughed at her, though I felt my heart skip a beat.

"I thought I was just hiring a pilot."

"Don't get worried, honey," she grinned back; "there'll be no extra charge."

Honey!

WE took departure on the Lake Worth sea buoy at 6.20 that night, squared off on east-southeast, and headed into the lumpy black water of the Stream. There was nothing bashful about Mary, nothing coy or flirtatious. She answered my questions frankly, and I was plenty curious.

Her parents, she told me, had been killed in an accident when she was six. Raised by Captain Mike, who was some twenty years older than she, her home had been Mike's boat, or rather a succession of Mike's boats. In the old wild days of the rumrunning game he had lost quite a few.

With undisguised nostalgia she spoke of racing across the Stream on dark nights, loading at West End, dodging the Coast Guard on the way back, landing the sacked bottles through the surf at a dozen different places. Such wholehearted enthusiasm over breaking the law wasn't exactly commendable maybe, yet I could only smile at her. Some gal, all right, all right! . . .

So there I was, munching my bread and cheese and thinking of Mary Moore's laughing blue eyes, when I suddenly heard her yell: "Hey, skipper! Get up here! On the double, skipper!"

I charged up the companionway, looked around wildly. Everything seemed to be all right, though the night was so black I couldn't see as far as the mainmast.

"Just wait, skipper. . . . There! Broad on the starboard bow. Look quick!"

I looked—and my heart came right into my throat. I saw a trail of sparks as a rocket arched into the inky dome of the sky. It rose higher and higher, burst finally, leaving a white glare, dazzlingly bright against the tumbled black clouds.

"That's the second one she sent up," Mary Moore went on as she wrestled expertly with the wheel. "She must have seen our side lights. I think she's the Angelfish, a big cruiser."

"How far away is she?"

"Maybe a mile."

"Hell," I said.

If the cruiser was really in trouble, I didn't have enough power to tow her in seas like these; and if I took off her people it meant putting back to Palm Beach.

"Aren't you going over to her?" Mary asked.

"Certainly I'm going over. Ease her off and I'll start the sheets."

As Mary twirled the wheel to starboard I slacked off the jib sheet, then slid aft to ease off the jigger. Now I could make out the running lights of the cruiser. She lay with her bow into the wind, and seemed to be moving ahead very slowly. She didn't, from a distance, appear to be in any particular trouble.

"I'll come up on her starboard side," Mary said. "If you'll sheet in the jib and jigger when I put her into the wind, I'll bring her alongside like nobody's business. Or at least close enough so we can speak her and find out what's wrong. She looks shipshape to me. It's the Angelfish, all right. Guy by the name of Loors owns her. Better start that motor."

When I came up into the cockpit again I could discern the lines of the cruiser. I pegged her for an Amalgamated 72, a fine big seagoing job.

I felt a good deal like a fourth wheel on a tricycle as Mary Moore brought the Black Hawk alongside the cruiser, throttled down the motor, and held her expertly a dozen feet away. The door on the starboard side of the bridge flew open and a man poked his head out.

MIMI

"Why, that's Loors himself!" Mary exclaimed. "Where's his skipper?"

Loors kept one hand on the wheel as he yelled: "Help! I'm all alone!"

"He lies," Mary Moore said quietly. "He's got a captain and two women aboard. I was right beside him in the customhouse when he cleared the Angelfish this morning. I saw his papers."

"What's wrong?" I yelled back. "Motor trouble?"

"No. I tell you, I'm all alone and I don't know—"

The cruiser was falling off and he ducked back into the pilothouse. We could see him fighting the wheel.

"Mother of Moses, you'd think he was beatin' his wife," Mary said. "And where in Sam Hill is Captain Archer?"

"Maybe he left his captain ashore and—"

"Nuts, brother. When you clear the customs with a certain crew, you keep 'em aboard even if you have to put 'em in a box on ice. That's the law."

The two boats now were pitching more or less in unison. Waiting for a moment of reasonable calm, Mary brought us neatly alongside. I leaped on to the cruiser's deck and the Black Hawk sheered off.

I WENT up to the top deck and into the pilothouse, where I found Loors fighting the wheel like a hysterical woman trying to kill a snake. He was a lean, angular fellow of forty-five or so. His dead-white face was dripping perspiration; he looked sick and frightened.

"Take it easy," I said. "You're in no danger. What's wrong, anyway?"

A racking cough shook his thin frame, and as he bent over I took the wheel. I felt around for a while, finding the course on which she rode easiest, and held her there. By this time he had stopped coughing and lay half sprawling over the chart table.

"Well, how about it?" I repeated, keeping one eye on the Black Hawk and the other on the course. "What's wrong?"

"My captain has passed out in his bunk," the man said heavily. "Drunk. I'm all alone here, out in the middle of nowhere in this storm, and I never touched a steering wheel in my life."

It seemed odd for a fellow to own a beautiful big 72 and never touch her wheel.

"Where you bound?" I asked.

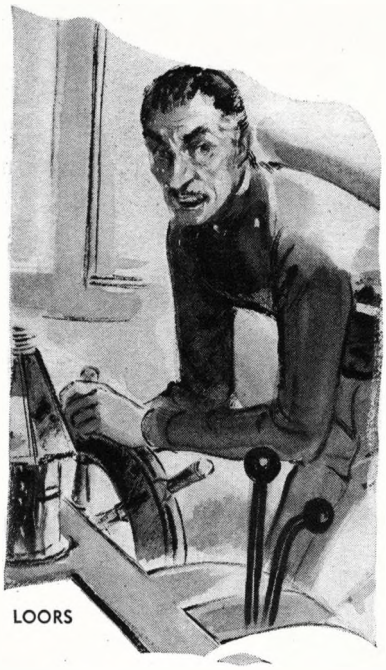
"Angelfish Cay. I have a fishing lodge there."

"That's between Allen's and Green Turtle Cay, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"It's a long way."

"For a man who doesn't know any navigation or anything about handling boats," he said, "it's a hell of a long way. And then, I'm not well in the bargain, and seasick, and—"



LOORS

He coughed again, retching hollowly.

"Well, I don't know what I can do about it," I said dubiously. "I'll talk it over with my mate, though. Can you hold the wheel a few minutes longer?"

He took the wheel.

"Get me into West End," he said, "where I can pick up a pilot to take me across the banks, and I'll pay a hundred dollars."

"Thanks," I said, "I'm not in the business. I'll help you if I can, but—" Then, thinking fast: "You can pay my mate whatever you think it's worth. And if your life isn't worth five hundred dollars—"

"Five hundred right," he snapped.

I went out and slammed the door. I worked my way back along the slippery deck to the stern and hailed the Black Hawk.

As I stood there on the afterdeck, waiting for Mary to bring up the yawl, I became abruptly conscious that I was not alone. I was not surprised when I heard a voice issue from the deep black shadow cast by the deckhouse:

"You don't look like a dimwit, my friend. When you get back aboard your boat, *stay there!*"

The voice was husky; you might call it a gin contralto. I still couldn't see a thing, but I knew that one of the women aboard was in a deck chair not ten feet away.

"So tell me more," I said. "You like the idea of foundering? Or don't you know that your friend Loors is in a bad way?"

"I know what I just told you. That's enough."

Drunk, was she? I put a leg over the rail.

"I'll be back," I said.

"Not if you're smart, chum, you won't be back."

No, she did not sound drunk. So what did it mean?

I watched my chance and, as the yawl rolled, caught the port backstay, swung aboard.

"What's the angle, mister?" Mary asked as she sheered off wide.

I told her the situation aboard the cruiser without mentioning the conversation on the afterdeck.

"We have to do something," I said, "because Loors is really in bad shape. And it seems to me the logical thing is to take him to West End and collect five hundred dollars. Do you want to do it?"

"And leave you batting around the Gulf Stream alone?" the girl countered. "No sale, mister. Tell you what I will do, though. I'll take the Black Hawk in to West End and you follow. How's that?"

I thought I knew what she was thinking. She figured she was more capable of taking the yawl across the Stream than I—and maybe she was.

CAN you stand it?" I asked dubiously. "West End is still seven or eight hours away."

"Don't you worry about me," she bridled. "I've held a tougher wheel than this one for twelve hours at a stretch. But listen! It just occurred to me that this wind is hauling a bit to the north'rd. And if it hauls north'rd it'll haul nor'west. It'll kick up such a surf at Settlement Point we won't be able to get through the reef. We'll have to go north eight miles and come in around Sandy Cay."

"Lady, you're a glutton for punishment," I said. "O. K.; put me aboard the cruiser again."

Back on the Angelfish, I found Loors impatiently sweating over the wheel.

"Well, how about it?" he demanded.

He didn't seem nearly so sick now.

"It'll cost you a thousand, pal," I said.

Maybe I was hoping he'd tell me where to go.

"A thousand right," he came back. "Take this wheel."

"Sure," I said, taking the wheel. "And now, suppose you dig up that thousand."

He glared at me.

"Don't be a fool. I haven't that much cash aboard. I'll write you a check."

"Well, that's something," I said. "Go ahead. Though I'm wondering how I'm supposed to be sure that your check is good."

He glared again, his thin lips curling.

"It'll be good. What's your name?"

"Lowell. But make the check out to Mary Moore. She's taking you to West End. I'm merely steering your boat, and I'm not taking any pay for that."

"Very decent of you," he sneered.

He wrote out a check, left it on the chart table, and went below. I stowed it away in my wallet. Then I hauled over a stool, locked it in its chocks behind the wheel, brought the cruiser around on the Black Hawk's tail, and settled down for the night.

The clock was striking six bells, two hours later, when I heard some one coming up the companion steps behind me. I switched on the light over the chart table and looked around. The girl staring at me was twenty-five or so. Her hair was black and quite short. Her eyes were dark and the lashes, in that light, looked an inch long. Her lips were full and expressive, red without rouge. She was a fine-looking girl.

"Where is Captain Archer?" she wanted to know.

Her voice was *not* that of the mysterious woman who had warned me off the Angelfish.

"In his bunk—drunk," I said. "Or so I've been told."

"But how did *you* get here? I was seasick the first part of the evening, and then I went to sleep. Now it seems that I missed something."

I told her how I happened to be on the Angelfish, and as I talked her dark eyes became thoughtful. She said finally: "I've never known Captain Archer to get drunk before. Strange! Anyway, I'm Helen Fremont."

"And my name is Lowell," I said. "Bill Lowell. I'm with an advertising outfit up in New York."

"Which one—or am I too curious?"

"Harcourt and Melvin," I said, naming the largest firm I knew.

"Really?" she drawled. "Then you know Tommy Dresbach."

"Yes, very well."

"How is old Tommy?"

"Fine, the last time I saw him," I said, feeling the ice getting very, very thin.

"Tommy Dresbach," she said,

HELEN FREMONT

" was killed in an auto accident three years ago. My friend, you are a very unaccomplished liar."

I looked at her, and there was a twinkle in her eyes. Apparently she did not hold my little expedition into prevarication against me. I had the feeling that, whatever she was doing on the Angelfish, she at least was a right guy.

" Tell me," I said—" why did your girl friend, the babe with the husky voice, warn me to stay off this craft? "

She looked startled.

" Did Mimi warn you to stay off? "

" Very definitely. Why? "

" I'm sure I wouldn't know."

" Yes," I said, " I'm sure you wouldn't."

SHE was quiet a little while.

" Look here, Bill," she said, abruptly earnest. " We may be together for some time. We ought to try to get along. Particularly as you and I, of the six people aboard this cruiser, are—"

" *Six* people? " I interrupted.

" There's one you haven't heard of."

" All right. Go ahead, Helen."

" Of the six people aboard this boat, you and I—"

She broke off as unsteady steps sounded on the companionway. She reached quickly and shut off the light over the chart table, stepped back into the deep shadow of the after end of the pilothouse. Stanford Loors stumbled up beside me.

" Something terrible has happened! " he cried, his voice shaking excitedly.

And then, seeming to sense rather than see that we were not alone, he whirled and switched on the light.

" Helen, you get below! " he snapped.

I half expected her to tell him where to get off, and hoped she would. Instead, she turned without a word and disappeared.

" What's wrong now, Mr. Loors? " I asked.

" Oh, yes! " he said quickly, his voice jittery again. " I've just come from Captain Archer's stateroom. And—his bunk was empty, Lowell! Do you suppose — in his drunken stupor—he could have come on deck for air—and fallen overboard? "

The guy was good, but not good enough. His acting might have passed in a Broadway melodrama, but I smelled a phony. My pulse quickened and I could feel the sweat coming out on my forehead as I said:

" Try searching the boat. Maybe he's curled up somewhere. Because—if he's fallen overboard, it would be useless to put back now to look for him."

" That's true," he nodded. " Well, I'll comb the boat."

He went below and I was left alone with my thoughts—thoughts which were far from pleasant. That some deviltry was brewing aboard the Angelfish, concocted by Mr. Loors, ceased being a mere suspicion in my mind. It was now a conviction.

I certainly had got myself into something when I answered his distress signal!

The clock struck one bell—four thirty. Gosh, I was tired. Though we had reached the easterly edge of the Gulf Stream by this time, the seas were still as high as ever and badly jumbled. The wind, which had been northeast, was lumping up a vicious cross chop.

I could see the Black Hawk, between rain squalls, slogging along into smother, her propeller leaving a wavy line of phosphorescence in the black water, the tumbling waves breaking white on her port quarter.

I was thinking of Mary fighting the wheel when a voice startled me:

" Well, my dimwitted friend, how goes it? "

It was, I knew, the girl Mimi. I switched on the wheelhouse light and looked around at her. She was, from any angle, arresting.

A blonde, but no ordinary blonde; her hair, in two long thick braids thrown over either shoulder, was truly golden and not brassy. Sweeping down over either brow, it gave her the appearance of a very lovely Madonna. But it was the only thing about her that would make you think of a Madonna.

She wore powder-blue slacks and a white sweater with a low V neck. She might as well have been wearing scanties. And you couldn't blame her—no, with a figure like that, you couldn't blame her at all.

Her complexion was milky, peach-skin smooth. Her face was oval, the mouth wide and passionate. Her eyes, watching me quizzically, sent electric currents coursing up and down my spine. They were wide-set and definitely slanted, and as she came closer to the chart table I saw that they were deep green.

" So," she went on in that lazy contralto of hers, " you didn't take my advice about keeping off this hooker."

" Listen," I said. " Either you're nuts or you're plastered. I'm supposed to be doing you people a favor by taking charge of your boat. Why the cracks? "

MOVIE stuff, darling. I took one look at you and I fell for you like a picket fence under an army tank. And that is something I shouldn't be doing."

" I don't know this game," I said. " You'll have to try me with anagrams or—post office."

She bent over and kissed me hard on the lips.

" O. K.; there's a letter, darling."

After that kiss it took me a while to get my breath. I said: " It's still a game I don't savvy—and I don't think I like it." I reached over and switched off the light. " Run along, babe, and play somewhere else. I can get along without you for the rest of the night."

I felt her move close to me. I wanted to drop that wheel and put both arms around her and—

Keep your eye on the Black Hawk's wake, brother. And keep your thoughts on—on—well, Mary Moore will do. Yes, Mary Moore will do very nicely, thank you.

" Listen, darling," she said. " I mean it. Really. I liked you from the first moment I saw you, when you were on the afterdeck, about to board the yawl. Believe it or not, I'll repeat: you'd be making a smart move if you went back to your yawl and forgot the Angelfish."

That husky voice, coming out of the darkness beside me, was eerie. I felt wind on the back of my neck, that oddly cool wind that caresses your spine when you feel there's danger behind you.

And then I suddenly noticed a small spot on the eastern sky, close to the horizon, grow bright. A star came out there, incredibly brilliant on that black night. I saw its reflection on a thousand waves, a path of burnished silver leading straight eastward from the bow of the Black Hawk.

What was that legend about the bright star of danger? The star that leads mariners to their doom?

Blast it all, where was Stanford Loors, anyway? Still going through the pretense of searching the cruiser? And, as if in direct response to my questions, I heard footsteps on the stairs behind me. Because I did not relish the idea of being in the dark with Stanford Loors, I turned on the chart light. The owner of the Angelfish hove in sight.

HELLO, Mimi," he said coldly. " Suppose you get out of here."

" Listen, you lanky little snake," Mimi flared. " Since when have you started giving me orders? And—"

" Shut up! " Loors bellowed.

Mimi took a pack of cigarettes out of her pocket and lighted one.

" Smoke, pal? "

" Thanks," I said.

She lighted another cigarette off the first and handed it to me. Loors glared but he did not say anything. Unlike Helen, Mimi obviously did as she pleased.

" Have you found the skipper? " I asked finally.

" Captain Archer is not aboard," Loors replied through tight lips. " Poor devil. Must have stumbled on deck for air and fell overboard. I get the creeps when I think of him floundering around, seeing the Angelfish disappearing into the night—"

He broke off. It was a lousy act. I glanced at Mimi. Her eyes, meeting mine, were as hard and bright as carved jade.

" It will soon be dawn," I said after a time, " and the wind is hauling nor'west. According to Mary Moore, the surf will be so high we won't be able to get through the reef at Settlement Point. That means heading north and going in around Sandy Cay where there's more water. Eight miles out of our way."

" Hell," said Loors, " I hate to waste the time. I'm cleared in to Allen's Cay, and if you will—"

" But I'm cleared to West End," I interrupted. " I'll have to clear in

there or I'll get in a jam with the British customs."

"No, you won't," Loors contradicted quietly. "There's a customs officer at Allen's Cay who will clear you in. I can fix it. Now, how about coming along and piloting us over the banks?"

I thought it over, shrugged finally.

"Very well; I'll take it up with Miss Moore—come the dawn."

"And the dawn she's come," Mimi spoke up brightly. "See?"

I looked ahead to eastward. The clouds there had turned gray, their edges ragged, broken. The tropic dawn came fast. One minute the Black Hawk was a vaguely pitching outline against the dark sky and sea. Another, and there she was in full sight—Mary Moore, in her yellow oilskins, at the wheel.

I turned to Loors.

"The wheel is yours, mister. All you have to do is follow our wake."

"Right, Lowell."

He took the wheel. Now, in the gray light of early morning, he looked more cadaverous than ever. His black hair, cut short and as thick and kinky as the hair in a mattress, fitted his head like a cap. His long nose was sunburned; it looked grotesque, as though some one had stuck it on the yellowish-white mask of his face. Save for his alert sharp small black eyes, he looked like a week-old floater fished out of a river.

I blew one long blast on the whistle and walked out on to the bridge deck. Mary was looking back. I motioned to her. She reached forward and threw out the clutch, and I went on down the ladder to the main deck.

Helen Fremont stood in the lee of the pilothouse. She looked fresh as a daisy and very beautiful in a dark-red blouse and slacks. She was younger, I decided, than I'd guessed—maybe twenty-two. She didn't look happy.

"Did he find Captain Archer?" she asked.

"No," I said.

HER even white teeth closed on her lower lip. An act, this? Or was she really frightened?

"Look, kid," I said. "I don't know how you figure in the set-up here. In fact, I don't know a thing about you. But—if you want to go aboard the yawl, come along. You know what I mean. Or do you?"

"I know what you mean," she replied quietly. "And—thanks, Bill. I'm staying on, though."

I shrugged as Mary Moore cried: "Come aboard, skipper, and make it snappy!"

I got aboard the Black Hawk without any trouble. Mary opened the throttle and the yawl again pulled out ahead of the Angelfish.

There wasn't much color left in Mary Moore's cheeks. Her eyes were bloodshot from the spray and her face was coated with a film of salt. Her hands were not so fast on the wheel. She was a plenty tired young lady.

"You certainly took your time about getting aboard," she said tartly. "Of course, that was a mighty good-lookin' gal you were having the powwow with."

Good heaven, is this kid jealous of Helen Fremont?

"Here, give me that wheel," I said firmly.

I took it away from her. She stood up, spreading her feet wide against the roll of the boat, and stretched luxuriously.

"I think I've seen her in Palm Beach," she said. "Along with a very fancy blonde. Is the blonde aboard too?"

There was a lot that I wanted to talk over with her, but I decided not to do it now. The kid was too fagged out.

"Yes, the blonde is aboard too," I said. "And now, how about your going below and getting some shuteye?"

She turned, laughed abruptly, threw an arm over my shoulder and gave me a little squeeze.

"Sure thing, honey. But only for one hour. Promise? Because in an hour we'll be in dangerous water and I want to be on deck."

"All right. Now get below."

"O. K., mister." She dove down the companionway and disappeared.

I had no intention of calling her in an hour. I knew the speed we'd been making all night and I knew we couldn't hope to raise Sandy Cay until nine o'clock. And as for dangerous water, the chart showed thirty fathoms right up to the cay. It was just her way of persisting in doing more than her share of the work.

For the next hour I coasted, steering mechanically. The sea was moderating fast as we drew away from the Gulf Stream and approached the lee of Little Bahama Bank; but the wind still held fresh to strong from the northwest. With the motor turning at half speed, we were making good time.

It was five minutes after eight when Mary appeared in the companionway. Her reddish-brown curls were tousled, her smooth cheeks were flushed with sleep, but there was fire in her blue eyes.

"You didn't call me in an hour!" she accused.

"How terrible!"

"What are you trying to do, run us on a reef?"

"My dear, there isn't a reef within fifteen miles. Go back to sleep."

She smiled wryly.

"So you've been looking at charts, eh? How about me slapping some breakfast together?"

"O. K., if you can handle that alcohol stove."

"Honey, I can handle anything, even my liquor."

WHITMAN CHAMBERS

and his wife live in California when they aren't trailing story material in a trailer. He is the author of many novels of mystery and adventure, among them the thrilling Thirteen Steps, which was chosen by the American Mercury as an outstanding mystery. His Murder Lady and Lose the Woman both appeared serially in Liberty last year.

While she was below the gray clouds to eastward turned crimson and gold, broke asunder. The sun came out, and you realized you were on the fringe of the tropics because all at once the air was balmy. I found myself shedding my damp leather jacket.

I trimmed the jigger so she'd steer herself, and we ate breakfast together in the cockpit: crisp bacon and eggs, toast and jam, steaming black coffee. I could have enjoyed it, sitting there with Mary Moore, the Black Hawk bowling along on her own, holding a better course than the average helmsman could steer.

But there was the Angelfish hanging on our tail.

I glanced astern. She was a nice boat, with a beautiful flared bow and lovely lines. But in the pilothouse I could see the cadaverous figure of Stanford Loors bent wearily over the wheel. I could see Mimi's blonde head on one side of him and the black hair of Helen Fremont on the other.

And all at once the morning wasn't so fine. Something malignant and sinister about that big cruiser spoiled it for me. I turned abruptly to Mary Moore.

"The bright star of danger—did you see it, Mary, when it came out a few hours before dawn? It traced a path on the water right to us."

Mary sniffed.

"Now don't go sappy on me, skipper. If you was any great shakes of a navigator, you'd know that that star was only Jupiter."

I thought I might as well give it to her now.

"Mary," I said, "Captain Archer is not aboard the Angelfish."

Her firm little jaw dropped.

"What? I don't get it, mister. Are you trying to tell me Captain Archer fell overboard?"

"That's what Loors says."

Mary whistled softly. Her blue eyes all at once were unaccountably bright—and I thought of the old days of the rumrunning game, the bright days of danger, the black nights, the whole mad adventurous epic. I thought of them in that way because I knew that was the way she thought of them, was thinking of them now.

She said tersely, almost happily: "Honey, we got something here. This Loors is a rat. And Captain Archer didn't fall, mister. Captain Archer was *pushed.*"

Is there a sinister mystery aboard the Angelfish? Did Loors kill Archer? And who is the hidden passenger? Read next week's installment, in which Mary and Bill take a desperate chance in their effort to fathom the secret of the owner of the cruiser and his two beautiful companions.

I WAS A

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IT'S coming soon, the Fascist-Communist revolution which is to divide the world into two great totalitarian states. Events have hurried the Fascist part abroad, and the inevitable result of those events, war, will hurry the Communist part at home.

We of the Communist faith had hoped for a little more time to complete our job of bankrupting the nation by Moscow-inspired "social" legislation. But we have done pretty well. We are ready. Within twenty-four hours we can paralyze the transportation and communications systems of this country. In a like period, if our members in the army and navy do their duty, we can blow up every American fort, scuttle every battleship. Between nightfall and nightfall we believe that we can deliver this country to Soviet Russia. And we will do it by the method counseled by Lenin and practiced by Stalin—the wholesale shedding of blood.

How do I know this? Because I myself am a Red who speaks from the innermost councils of the Communist Party in the United States. I have been a member of the party for four years. At first I believed it was what it purported to be. Then I began to see it in its true character. Instead of quitting, however, I determined to stay within the enemy's camp, learn what I could, and at the right time tell the world the whole truth.

I have the confidence of the twenty leading Communists of America, the men who receive Stalin's instructions and interpret those instructions to their sheeplike followers, the army of Russian spies in America who call themselves the Communist Party. I know the plans of these men. I know their orders from Moscow. I know that those orders are to strike for Communism in America while Hitler strikes for Fascism in Europe.

There are more Communists in America today than there were in Russia at the time of the Red revolution. They are a minority group, to be sure, but Hitler represented a minority group. So did Mussolini. So did Roosevelt until the depression catapulted him into power.

As one observer puts it, "A semi-fanatical minority is always a mightier social force than an apathetic majority."

They know what they want. The others don't. That's the secret.

Yes, you say; but we as a nation *do* know what we want. We want homes, money to spend, security, recreation. But over a third of us haven't got them, and still another third of us haven't got them in the quantity and quality we think we deserve.

To these two thirds we Communists make our appeal. We don't say to them what I am going to say to you. We don't tell them that what little they have will be taken away from them and given into the control of a small group of top men, mostly foreigners. We say: "If you haven't got the things you want, we'll give them to you; and if you have some of them but not enough of them, we'll give you more."

If you look this situation in the face, you will agree that a Communist revolution, with 15,000,000 idle or subsidized, is not only probable but, if something isn't done about it, it is inevitable.

The policy of deliberate camouflage adopted by the Communist Party in America has been all too successful. In the early days the party was too outspoken for its own good and its leaders got broken heads for their frankness. In 1935, however, Moscow saw the error of its ways, and at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, Georgi Dimitrov, public relations counsel extraordinary to the Russian cause, explained the new policy to be adopted by the American brethren. "We must utilize Fascist mass organizations," blurbed Georgi, "as the Trojan horse." Whereupon Comrade Earl Browder, spokesman for the Communist Party in America, instituted a program of clean noses and insidious infiltration, which is now known as the Trojan horse policy of the Communist Party. He even had the party adopt a new and supposedly immaculate constitution.

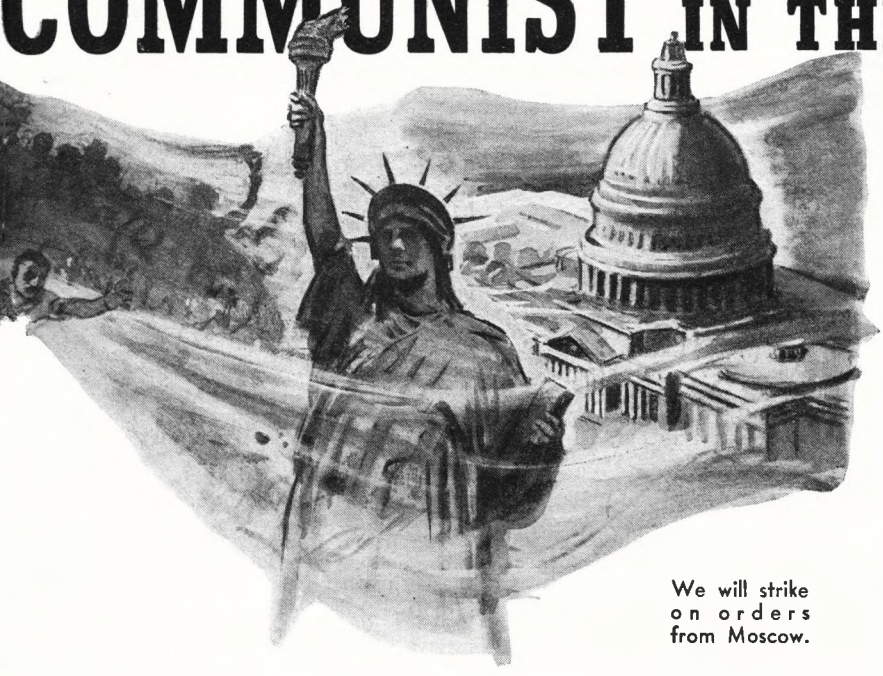
The Trojan horse policy has been hugely successful. Thousands of American workingmen have signed Communist membership cards; and college youths and church people cooperate with the party because they think it has reformed. Communists have been able to ease themselves into wholly reputable organizations, labor unions, branches of the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., civil liberties organizations, peace societies—until, little by little, these bewildered and misled organizations began adopting resolutions and spreading propaganda taken word for word out of Communist copybooks.

In preparing the way for the revolution our party has been successful in keeping suspicion from centering upon it by shouting that the danger to our democratic government is Fascism; and news from Europe, especially recently, has played directly into our hands. But I, as a Communist, can tell you that the danger from Hitlerism in this country at the present time is negligible, whereas the danger from Stalinism is not only real but it is here and now. We Communists cannot lose to the Fascists in America *unless we delay.*

The reason why Stalin must and will strike at once is this:

Economists and statesmen agree that the chances of our form of gov-

COMMUNIST IN THE U.S.A.



We will strike on orders from Moscow.

BY COMRADE X

Revelations from innermost Russian plans. Can Stalin conquer America?

ernment withstanding another world war without radical change are slim. The only practical question is whether that change will ultimately be toward Fascism or toward Communism.

The Executive Committee of the Communist International, the body which meets in Moscow and through which the Russian dictator issues his orders to us, has decreed: "Only a Bolshevik struggle *before* the outbreak of war . . . can assure the victory of a revolution that breaks out in connection with war." They are taking no chances.

As for the methods to be employed, "The revolution does not simply happen," states Mr. Browder. "It must be made. . . . Thus some form of violence is unavoidable." And he adds: "There is no possible choice between violence and non-violence. The only choice is between the two sides of the class struggle."

And that choice, fellow Americans, must be made at once. I have made mine. That is why I am writing these articles for Liberty. I am saying what I am saying, at whatever personal risk it may entail, because I know that the life, liberty, and happiness of the American people and the future of the country I love are at stake.

I wonder how the average citizen can be so unaware of the turmoil that is brewing in our midst. I wonder, too, what Mr. Roosevelt, Madam Perkins, and others can be thinking about when they permit us to operate openly and acquire power and influence.

Surely they know that our objective is the establishment of a completely socialized state in the United States; that this means the immediate confiscation of all mines, factories, businesses big and small, homes, all means of production, manufacture, transportation, and communication.

Surely they know that our party is a part of the Russian government trying to annex the United States, and that when we do establish our Soviet government we shall seize their property without compensation.

Surely they know that we are but using them as a means to an end and that they will have no place in the government we will establish.

And, finally, they ought to know that every member of the party in the United States is a potential spy for Soviet Russia against his native country. Communist literature makes it plain that the party requires all members to defend the Soviet Union. Nowhere, as far as I know, will you find a single word indicating that a Communist would defend the United States even if it were invaded.

This from Comrade Browder: "The Seventh Congress of the Communist International put the question squarely before the toilers of the world. It pointed out that it was the duty of every class-conscious worker to defend the Soviet Union."

This from Comrade Gil Green, head of the party's youth movement in America:

"The toiling millions of the world will support and defend the Soviet Union. Let the Fascists and their agents beware. Let them know that nothing can separate the working people of the world from their Soviet brothers. . . . The Soviet Union remains our inspiration and guide and shall continue to receive our undivided affection and love."

If there is any doubt in the mind of any American as to the kind of government the comrades contemplate for the United States, Comrade Browder sums it up neatly in A Glimpse of Soviet America. He says:

"The principles upon which a Soviet America would be organized would be the same in every respect as those which guided the Soviet Union."

To put these principles into effect, and to administer them in the name of the U. S. S. R., picked men, trained for this very contingency, will be dispatched at once from Moscow.

A congress of the Soviet Workers will then be called in Washington, or more likely in some central part of the country, at which the Soviet Union of States will be formed; and by this act the United States will automatically become a part of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Then, after these routine details have been attended to, your Russian conquerors will get down to the really important business of confiscating your property—every one's.

I had hoped to tell in this week's installment just how this is to be done, but I have used up all my space. The details can wait. But it is important that I should leave with you the thought that such a plan actually exists, that it has been worked out in minutest detail, and that it will be applied with an iron hand. When the time comes, you will do just what your local Soviet tells you to do. Under a Soviet government one does, or one dies!

THE END

Startling as it is, this article by Comrade X is no more than a prelude to the shocking revelations that are to come in his exposure of Communism. Next week he will bare a sinister Moscow-created menace to American youth.

HOW McKECHNIE makes

BY NORMAN REISSMAN

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN Cincinnati there is arising a new Miracle Man of Baseball. George Stallings first won that title when, as manager of the 1914 Boston Braves, he brought his team from last place on July 4 to first place by the time the season ended, and wound up by defeating the "invincible" Philadelphia Athletics four straight in the World Series.

William Boyd McKechnie—Bill, or "Deacon" to sports-page readers—hasn't done quite that much with the present-day Reds. He did, however, take over a listless down-in-the-mouth ball club in the spring of 1938 and, with virtually no additions, brought that 1937 cellar occupant home in fourth place. This year they expect to win the pennant.

You read much more about every other manager than you do about McKechnie, and when you see him, you understand why. He wears glasses, even on the third-base coaching line, and he is a quiet scholarly gentleman. No, this sixty-two-year-old Scotch Irishman is not what you'd call colorful—unless you call the painstaking methodical thoroughness that is akin to genius colorful.

No other manager, with the possible exception of Joe McCarthy, is held in as high esteem by his players—an esteem that borders on hysterical devotion. That may be due to the ease with which he lets them off after a bad defeat. John McGraw, perhaps the greatest manager ever to step on to a major-league diamond, often kept his teams listening to a tongue-lashing until long after the moon had crept up over the Polo Grounds clubhouse. The Deacon has found another way to skin the cat. But Bill can be as hard as the next one when the situation demands it. Take one afternoon last fall, as the 1938 campaign was drawing to a close.

The Reds were being mangled by the Pittsburgh Pirates, and the Deacon was much madder than any Deacon should ever get. He was mad because the club he had taught to hustle had apparently grown bored. He turned to Hank Gowdy, his trusted coach, and said:

"What's come over the boys, Hankus? Why are they taking everything so easy out there?"

Gowdy didn't know the answer. But when the fifth inning was over, the Reds came galloping in off the field, chatting with one another in happy tones. "Imagine," one of them said, "from last place to fourth in one season! Boy, it's hard to believe! But Boston getting beat yesterday cinches a first-division place for us. Wowie!"

McKechnie stared at the player as if he didn't want to believe his ears. "Oh, I see," he said. "We're in fourth place, so that naturally means we can pack up and go home. We don't have to play any more baseball. We're all through." The player recognized the tone. And the boss turned to the rest, and went on: "Now, let's straighten ourselves out, boys. We are in the first division, yes, but that doesn't mean first place." And he said no more. The team understood.

McKechnie is probably baseball's biggest pessimist, ranking alongside such other artists in the field of tearful prediction as Connie Mack and the late Knute Rockne.

He spent so many years in the depths of the National League that it would seem the mere feel of the first division would cause the fellow to do a nip-up or two in gratitude; but, instead, it made him a harder man to get along with, because with a pennant within hearing distance he had no time to lose. He had to plan the next step with sure and cautious diligence, and he was in meditation for days at a time.

Knowing McKechnie as they do, baseball bosses spent little sympathy on him when he was dug away in Boston for seven years. They felt, or rather knew, that somehow he would rise again. He always has.

One of the differences between Bill McKechnie and a less capable pilot is that the latter will cry, "How can I have a great team without great material?" The tears will eventually flood the front office, producing a storming of cash and trades until fresh material is acquired.

And then what? Maybe the club will jump a place or two, but in the main the results will not have been worth the bother. Tom Yawkey, the Hub City philanthropist, found that out after spending a few millions. Other club owners in recent years have received a kick in the pants to the tune of one or two hundred thousand apiece while being shown that money won't buy real baseball stars; that like rosebuds they must be planted and raised and trimmed. Which probably makes Bill McKechnie an ace agriculturist as well as baseball mentor.

Talk of your hams! The Deacon has had 'em up to his neck. And some of those hams, oddly enough, gave him some pretty good baseball for the time they stayed. He tolerated them only in the hope they would suddenly spurt and grow like the rest of his flowers. McKechnie, it seems, taught them to play better than they knew how.

"It is all right," he reasons, "to be playing baseball the way you're made to. But every great team must play better than that . . . they must play over their heads if they have to . . . but play to win."

When McKechnie was given the Cincinnati job by owner Powel Crosley, he began by nursing the Reds upward; first introducing himself to his boys, letting them know that the man they were going to play for was Bill McKechnie, and that it meant there was going to be no more slipshod ideas on the field.

The first to be taken across his knee was Paul Derringer, and he made the big pitcher feel like a brand-new fellow. He had Derringer with him back at Rochester in 1929, and he always believed that if Paul wanted to, and got enough aid, he could be the best pitcher in the National League. But there he was losing twenty games a season. Of course it was not entirely his fault. Paul had never received the right kind of support.

But under McKechnie he got all the support he wanted and, on top of it, came up with a smoother brand of twirling, and consequently won twenty-one games last year to pave the way for the rejuvenation of the club.

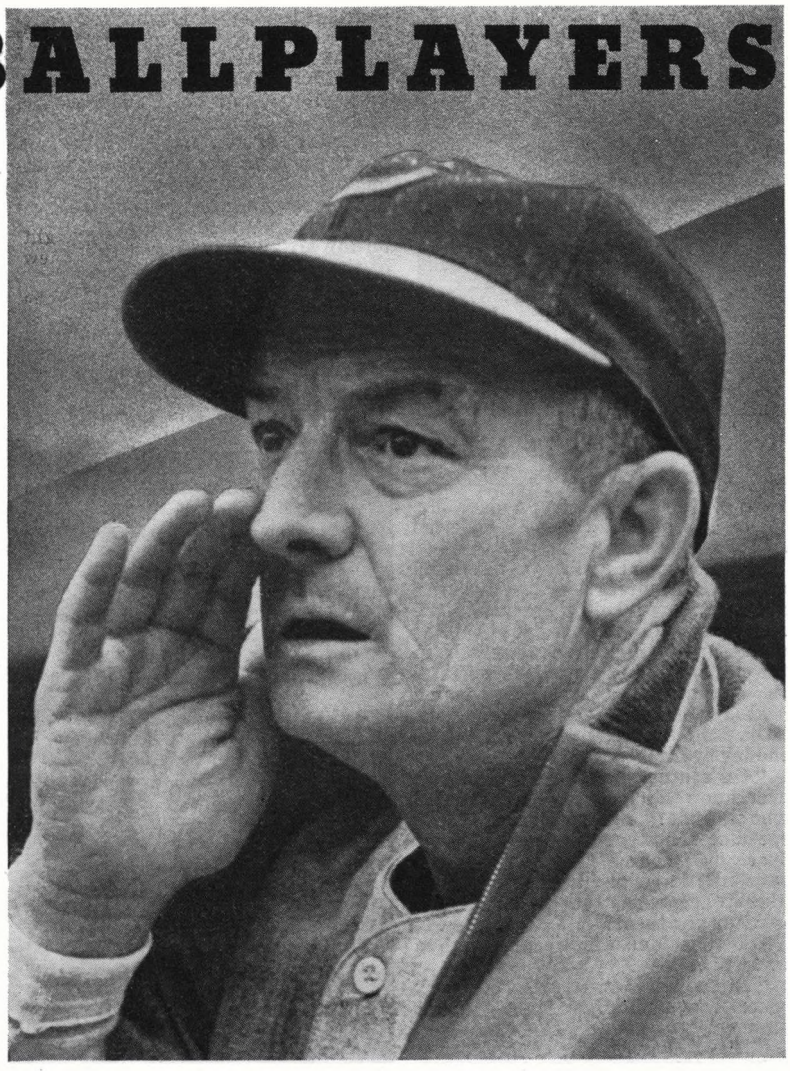
To McKechnie the Redlegs are individual performers, as well as a team, and as such each is given to a varied temperament. By knowing each one's habits well, he is in position to find a quick cure for any of those puzzling arm or bat mysteries that usually turn up through a season. In this way he has evaded one threatening fold-up after another.

His big worry is with his pitchers, most of whom are cursed with silly superstitions. "It may sound half funny," he said, "but sometimes, if you let a pitcher know when he's to work too soon before a battle he'll get too nervous to pitch, while others you can tip off five minutes before game time, as with Fred Frankhouse, who played for me at Boston. Fred used to worry more about what bat he was going to use than about his pitching."

A week before Johnny Vander Meer, the Cincinnati no-hit kid, was to work one time last year he asked the boss if he could pitch batting practice every day until the game. McKechnie, who usually lets a youngster have his way, if only to put him in the right frame of mind, told Johnny:

"If that is what will please you, kid, then O. K." And the youth went

BALLPLAYERS



How the Deacon is quietly performing miracles with the once sad, lowly Reds

ahead with his pregame workouts, and when it came his turn to hurl, he was so hot that hardly an opponent could touch him.

Rather than curtail such eccentricities, the Deacon will tolerate them, believing that they are built right into a star and that you cannot remove them just like that.

McKechnie was not always a big cog in baseball. During the war days he was on the verge of quitting the game for good. He had been put in charge of a sewer-building project, and liked it so well he decided to stay. But somehow he drifted back to his first love, taking over the management of the Pirates in 1922.

In his playing days he was almost a mediocre performer. He was terrible as a hitter, by his own admission, and when the Boston Nationals gave him a trial in 1913, he lasted for one game. With Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, he turned into a Grade A fielder at third, which may account for the many years he has preached the value of a tight defense.

The big power always outstanding in the Deacon was the power to handle men of all sizes and shapes, which is the reason he got to be boss of the sewer-building job and the reason several business magnates once tried to turn him from baseball.

The Deacon will tell you that once in a while during a ball game he gets very jittery. But don't believe him!

When the Pirates had defeated Washington in the last, deciding game of the 1925 World Series, baseball writers feared, after the clincher, that he had been asleep on the bench or else hadn't noticed the scoreboard.

"But, Mr. McKechnie," they told him, "your club won the world title! Haven't you anything to say about it? How do you feel?"

"Oh, fine," said Bill, still expressionless, and the writers eyed him suspiciously.

It was a good job on his part, bringing the fair-to-middlin' Pittsburghers home in front, but it earned him no more than the boot the next season, and then he automatically drifted into the Cardinal chain gang, where he got another kick in the trousers from Branch Rickey right after winning another flag.

It did not get him down, however, and McKechnie took over the managership of the Boston Nationals. He liked the job, or at least grew to like it, because it gave him a chance to experiment and to understand better the moods of the average ballplayer.

The Bees treated McKechnie well, and he repaid them.

Where John McGraw had a habit of trying to put one over by slipping into a Giant uniform a Negro star posing as a Cuban, and Connie Mack got a kick out of tearing apart his Athletics and putting them together again, McKechnie got his thrill in picking up old and washed-up players and making consistent performers of them, merely by nursing their downcast feelings and showing them where the world was not as ironic as it seemed to be.

His work with Lou Fette and Jim Turner and Mil Shoffner, after Bob Quinn, the Boston chief, had O. K.'d their purchase, was truly remarkable. Another club would not have paid the passage across the Brooklyn Bridge for the trio, but McKechnie worked months with them, putting the veteran bush leaguers into shape.

When Fette, for example, first arrived, McKechnie picked up his reference slip, and found he had spent twelve years in the minors. He looked weary and unable, and anything but a man who was going to help an ambitious club like the Bees. He was thirty-one at the time. McKechnie made him believe that all he needed was a good start . . . a few encouraging wins . . . and he would make the grade.

He won his first two or three, and then went on to win twenty games that year.

The Deacon is logical and easy-minded with his twirlers, both the stars and relief men alike. He gives them one piece of advice and lets them rock the ship home themselves.

"There's only one way to work on a batter," the Deacon says, "and that is to get him out of there as quickly as the Lord will possibly allow you to . . . then we can all go home early to supper."

THE END

"What Shadows We Pursue"

BY MILDRED MEESE

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

SHE was a strong woman. Not strong physically, for she was very slight, so slight indeed as to be almost frail; but there was in her a strength that few things had been able to touch. In naming her Adosinda, which means "fierce strength," her father had been possessed of neither a sense of humor nor a gift of prophecy; but, for all that, he had been singularly apt. Strength possessed her. It showed in the lines about her eyes and mouth, in the habitually compressed line of her thin lips, the tenseness of her whole body.

Just now she sat motionless, looking at the telegram which lay on her desk, and for once in her life it was apparent that she was fighting for control. Even the maid noticed it as she passed on her way to the dressing room.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Sanders? Shall I get you something?"

She saw herself in the mirror then. Could that woman, haggard and a little old, possibly be Ada Sanders, the successful artist whose steely youthfulness was a marvel to her friends?

No, she'd not be weak now. All her life she had determined that Michael should live his own life and stand on his own feet. No false standards of filial duty. And now that he had learned the lessons she had taught, no one should know the sickening hurt that he had done her today.

She lifted her head and smiled, the temporary weakness gone almost before it had touched her. She rose, her small thin body taut, the eyes guarded.

"Oh, no, thank you, Katie. I'm fine. Just a little tired after Mrs. Andrews. She does so want to be beautiful in her portrait, and I have a feeling she blames me, and not God, because she isn't."

Katie grinned, having seen Mrs. Andrews.

"And I do want to see Mrs. Harris right away." She picked up the telegram and flourished it with a kind of gaiety that she knew was not as deceptive as she meant it to be. "We have a very special day today. Mr. Michael is bringing home a wife, no less!"

Katie stopped suddenly, her hand on the clothespress door. "A wife?" she said incredulously, then with the familiarity of long service, "But didn't he—" She checked herself in the middle of the sentence, checking as instantly the sympathy which passed fleetingly across her face. "Oh, isn't that grand, Miss Ada! Is she lovely?"

"Of course she's lovely. Did you ever know Michael to look at a girl who was not?" She must not let Katie speculate, however; better have it over. "Of course I haven't met her yet, but I know right well what she's like. Will you see that the east room is ready for them?"

"Yes, ma'am." Katie prepared to withdraw.

"Please tell Mrs. Harris to come at once. I want to talk to her about dinner."

"Right away, ma'am."

She sat down again, looking at the piece of yellow paper. She knew every word of the message it contained, although she had read it only twice.

DEAR MOTHER. MARRIED YESTERDAY TO THE BEST GIRL IN THE WORLD. HOME TONIGHT. YOU'LL LOVE HER. KNEW YOU WOULD LIKE IT BEST WITHOUT FUSS AND FEATHERS. LOVE MIKE.

Katie was knocking at the door. "It's Miss Weston, Mrs. Sanders. Shall I ask her to come back some other time?"

"Ask her to come up, please, Katie." She needed some one more than she'd like any one, least of all Rand, to know.

"Can do," said a cheery voice. "What's all this about coming back another time? Have you gone in for days at home and pink teas, milady?"

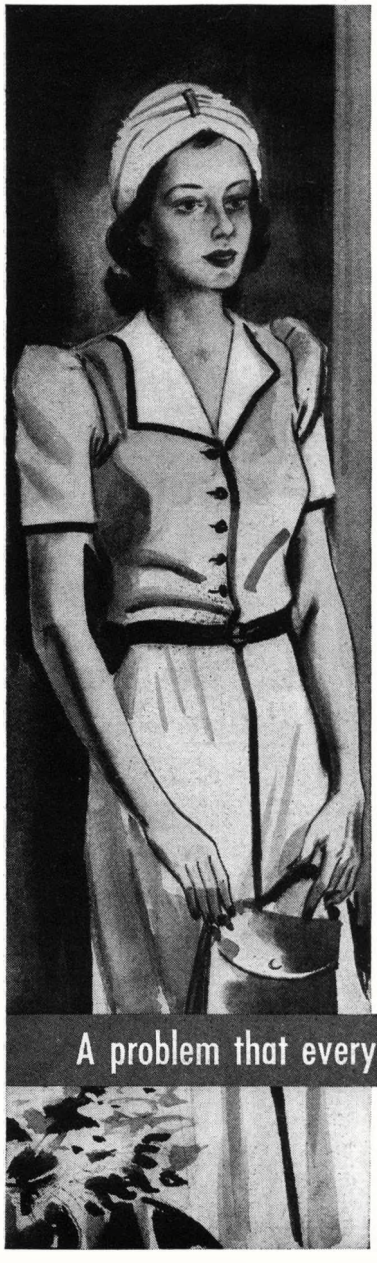
Rand, her oldest friend, eased herself through the door. "Hi!" she said.

"Hello, Rand. How's the painting?"

"Well," said Rand, "I haven't heard of the Met clamoring for a one-man show, but I'm daubing along."

Ada smiled. Rand was a kind of tonic to her at this moment, with her great good spirits which never seemed to fail her. Rand, too, was an artist, though not of Ada's standing, nor was she in the least like Ada. She was undeniably slipshod, and sometimes Ada impatiently felt that the slipshodness was sometimes mental, too. Rand was untidy always—anathema in the day of the great god Grooming—and she was fat. Rand ate potatoes and bread at the same meal and topped it off with a piece of pie if she wanted it.

"Rand, you're positively at least five pounds heavier than you were the last time I saw you." Ada shook her head at her friend affectionately.



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WATROUS

"Seven," said Rand imperturbably. "Oh, well, why let a geographical accident of birth get you down?" She shrugged. "Think of what a success I'd be in Ethiopia, or wherever it is they like 'em fat. Now, if I'd inherited your grandmother's glands instead of my own . . ."

"You eat too much."

"Sure I eat too much. I was born wanting to eat and you weren't, that's all."

She settled herself in the widest, most comfortable chair in the room. "No, no, my love, life's too short. My grandmother—the one who gave me her glands—used to say she didn't know what life had in store for her, but as long as she lived on the farm she was going to have three meals a day, and she made them meals, not square but cubic, with cream and butter and starches enough to feed half the women in New York State today. Wise woman, granny. She was happy three times a day every day of her life. That's more than you can say, my fine string bean!"

"Well, at least you might buy a girdle and put your hair up, dye it a bit."

Rand snorted. "Sure! Insult your heart and lungs and the rest of your insides and they'll sit up nights developing some itis to get even with you. Swept-up hair? No, thank you. At least I have sense enough not to go in for scolding locks wisping around the back of my neck. And if you think I'm going around in mortal terror of being caught with a dyed head in the rain, you're crazy. I like rain." But for all her easygoing ways, Rand had still, comprehending eyes and her mouth seldom told all that her eyes saw. "What's the matter, Ada?"

Ada handed her the telegram. Rand read it carefully, then handed it back. After a minute she said:

"Well, imagine the young imp stepping off like that without giving us a chance to heave old shoes. I shall be seeing my godson aside for that one! Who is she?"

Ada sat very straight. "I don't know, really. I'm not afraid of that, though. Michael has sense. They'll be here in time for dinner. You must stay and meet them." She tried to keep an urgency out of her voice. If only Rand would, it would be easier.

But Rand was having none of it. "Who? Me? No, thanks, my lamb. Even I know when a family should be alone. Tell the honey chile I'll be in to inspect her later. And you might give her my condolences."

"Why condolences?"

Rand pried herself out of her chair and started for the door. "You wouldn't be understanding that, my lamb, even if I told you. Go on and primp; I'll let myself out."

No, Rand could not possibly understand how she felt today; how completely she was giving up Michael. It was not that she was jealous of this strange new girl who would be Michael's wife, who was, even now, Michael's wife, but she must be strong enough not to let the girl be jealous of her, Michael's mother.

Ada closed her eyes, her head resting for a moment against the chair. How well she remembered Lucien's mother, the first time she had gone to visit them. She had been a great tall woman, strong and with boundless energy, and of perception none at all. "Oh, my goodness, girl, you don't want that whatnot so low," she had said with bluff heartiness, and proceeded to put it so high that slim young Ada had to get on a chair to dust it every day for the next ten years. She had ripped out the darning Ada had painstakingly put in Lucien's socks, replacing the finely woven stitches with a coarse heavy lump that would "wear better," as she said, and which, incidentally, gave Lucien blisters on his heels, though complain he would not. Ada often wondered whether she hated Lucien and so came to hate his mother, or whether she hated his mother and so came at last to hate Lucien. But it came as she had known inevitably it

must face is handled sympathetically and wisely in this story of a son's sudden romance

"This is Judy, mother." "How do you do?" she said pleasantly. "Do come in."

was coming, until her whole life was bound by the compass of her two hates.

And then Lucien's mother slipped on the cellar steps—she had insisted upon waxing them, though Ada had known it was dangerous—and injured her spine. By that time Michael was coming and there was nothing Ada could do but stay. Till the day Lucien's mother died, and she took a long time doing it, she was chained to that possessive demanding old woman's bedside. The worst had been in seeing Lucien so completely dominated. What mother wanted came first, regardless of wife or child.

When Lucien died she grieved not at all, and when, finally, she left the cemetery after burying his mother she had raised her face to the skies.

"God grant me strength to keep out of my son's life," she had prayed.

Well, now the time had come to do it. Ada rose, herself again. Michael should have his life and the girl he had married should have hers—and Michael. She'd see to that.

She wrote out careful orders for Mrs. Harris and then went to dress. She bathed, then made herself lie down to rest. She did not sleep, but such was her force of will that she did rest.

It was nearly five when she went downstairs. Almost time for them if they were to arrive for dinner. Ada's house was at its best, the large rooms shining with immaculate order, thrown open to the air by many windows and doors. The wide lawns were close cut and smooth beyond the old-fashioned porches on which they fronted. Ada liked porches and she had kept them, despite the dictate of fashion, with their deep comfortable chairs and swings. Over all the late-afternoon sunlight was slanting, faintly red. This home which had meant years of work to her was at its best. How she loved it!

The gardens were luxuriant but she picked only one bouquet, and she had just sent it to the east room when they arrived.

SHE stood waiting until she heard their voices in the hall. Then, composed and quiet, she moved toward them.

In the extended minute before they saw her she noticed that Michael was very happy and that the girl with the russet-brown hair and the large dark eyes in a face almost ill with fatigue was very apprehensive.

You needn't be, Ada thought grimly. I'm the safest mother-in-law in North America, if you only knew it.

Aloud she said, "So here you are, my dears. Michael, I'm afraid you'll have to introduce me. I can't call this extremely lovely person Mrs. Sanders, you know!"

"Mother!" Michael grabbed her, kissed her. "This is Judy, mother."

Even as she turned to Judy, Ada swept the look of him close into her memories. Michael, her little boy, back. Michael, big but not too forceful with his not-quite-filled-out look. Michael, with his mother's hair and his mother's intelligent gray eyes, and with nothing else of his mother in him.

"Except," Rand once said, "your stubborn streak." But Ada had never understood that remark.

"How do you do, Judy?" she said pleasantly, holding out her hand. "Do come in. You must be tired after your trip; it's a long drive."

The girl checked an impulsive movement she had begun toward her, met her handclasp squarely. "Thank you, Mrs. Sanders. You are good. I . . . I am a little tired."

"Take her upstairs, Michael—the east room. We'll have tea on the porch a little later." As the girl turned to go she said to both of them quietly but tensely, "I hope you will be very, very happy with each other all the rest of your lives."

You will, you will, if I can make it so, she cried to herself.

WHEN they later sat on the porch she saw that this wife of Michael's was lovely with an odd loveliness. She was fairly tall but she nevertheless gave the impression of smallness. She had thin hands which were strong and square and oddly at variance with her tapering face. She was youthful and a little wistful and, like Michael, happy. And she was, undoubtedly, ill.

"You see, mother, Judy was sick—a bad appendix—and so I made her marry me right away. She doesn't have any folks and I couldn't let her go back to work too soon."

"Of course not," his mother agreed instantly.

"Just the same," Judy began hesitatingly—"just the same, we should have let you know. . . ."

Michael laughed, interrupting her. "She's been worrying herself sick about that. I told her you wouldn't care a bit, but she didn't believe it. I had fairly to carry her off. She's got to take things easy for a while."

"Of course she has," Ada said, smiling at Judy.

"It's so lovely here," Judy said, "after an apartment in town."

There's room enough here for all of us, Ada thought. We really wouldn't get in each other's way, and she could rest so much better here. Then she heard another voice say, "My goodness, there isn't any use in two establishments. Lucien, I'll just rent the farm. . . ."

No, she'd permit herself the luxury of no wishful thinking. Aloud she said, "Once you get settled in your own home everything will seem so much easier."

Dinner that night was very quiet, very pleasant. Ada had ordered carefully, a good dinner but in no sense a gala one. They must not be made to feel that she was trying to serve a wedding feast or make a celebration because she had been left out of the real one yesterday.

Once Judy said, "I wonder . . . would you help me look for a place? I'm afraid I won't know anything about houses. I've always lived in an apartment."

Ada shook her head, and Judy went on quickly, "Of course I'd do all the tramping and eliminating. I know how busy you are."

Ada smiled at her again. "Oh, I'm sure you will know much better than I. Only the person who is going to live in a place knows whether it is right for them."

After dinner Michael said aside, when chance presented, "You didn't mind, did you, mother?"

She had been able to smile then and had reached up and patted his cheek. "Of course not, silly. You know I want you to live your own life. And she's a darling. I don't wonder you wanted to grab her off."

What should they do with that evening? Music? Somebody in? Then she saw a long, slow look between Michael and the girl, their hearts in their eyes. They'd like best to be alone, whether they knew it or not. They needed to be alone.

Then she said, "You two children will have to excuse me now. I have a meeting tonight and I couldn't very well ask them to get another speaker at the last minute. Michael, get Judy anything she wants and have a pleasant evening."

"I wonder if you'd mind very much if I go up now," Judy said. "I'd like to unpack a little."

"No, of course not," Ada said, "though Katie can do it for you if you want her to. Do exactly as you like."

She drew on her gloves. "Good night."

"Good night," said Judy, and walked slowly to the stairs. She hesitated there a moment as though she would say something more. Then she went on, Michael following.

Ada went on out of the hall and down the front steps. Now, why did she feel that this evening had been a failure?

Well, she'd done her best. She had made up her mind to give them her best, and there was something in her that would see that nothing less than her best was given. A hard streak, Lucien called it, because she was not, as he had been, given to surface emotions.

Sometimes you had to seem hard when you were not hard inside.

THE next day Judy said to her uncertainly, "May I see some of your things? Michael has told me so much about them. And of course I've heard."

"Certainly you may. Look at anything you wish."

Michael said, "Judy paints. Did she tell you?"

"Well, I paint a little." There was a high flush on Judy's face.

"That's very nice," Ada said, thinking of all the people in the world who painted a little. She wondered at the girl's quickly withdrawn look and noticed that she did not then go to the studio. Perhaps she had not really been interested, Well, heaven knew, she was long past the stage of

wanting people to look at her things. If only the sitter approved. . . .

Judy said nothing more about looking for a house, but she was gone part of every day, and toward the end of the week she said, "We can move into our new place tomorrow. You've been good to have us here."

"I've liked having you here," Ada said.

"You will come to see us?"

"Of course." But not soon nor often, she thought.

When she did go, she was startled. They had taken a flat in a house on a street that was not very attractive, and part of the furniture was rented with the flat. She had not realized that Michael's pay . . .

"We want to stretch things to include savings," Judy said. "See. Isn't the yard nice?"

The yard was a few square feet that would have been lost in one of her flower gardens. She must do something—an allowance. . . . No, they might feel obligated.

"It's very nice," she agreed.

THE house was very still without them, but time passed and she grew used to it, glad that they were having the chance to be happy together.

And then the time came for Reladier's visit. She and Rand were discussing it when Judy, cheeks flushed from the crisp air of early winter, stopped at the house on her way home from town.

She waved a package gaily. "New slip covers in the making. Wait and see how grand we're going to be when I get through."

"You're a glutton for punishment," said Rand. "I'd as soon make the Taj Mahal a kimono as a slip cover for a davenport!"

"Oh, you!" Judy grinned at her. They were great friends. "You can come, too, if you like."

"Where?"

"Oh, I stopped to ask if you couldn't come to dinner Saturday," she said to Ada. "We never seem to find a night, somehow."

"Oh dear, and this isn't any better. I'm having Reladier for the weekend."

"Reladier! The art man?" Judy could scarcely breathe the name. "*The* Reladier?"

"The one and only. I'm so sorry." Ada turned to Rand. "Remind me to call Sue Winters for dinner that night. I want him to see some of her things."

Judy picked up her package quickly. "I'll be going along now," she said. She looked as though she wanted to escape something.

"Just a minute. I'm coming. And remember, you're feeding me Saturday night, Reladier or no Reladier," said Rand. "I like steak."

"Steak it shall be, then," said Judy, and went on out, with a farewell wave to Ada. Rand prepared to follow.

"Rand, you can't desert us Saturday . . . and why go now? You've only just come."

Rand pulled on a glove briskly. "Because, my sweet one, if you must know, I don't like the atmosphere in this costly dump."

THEY seemed to have less and less in common, she and Rand, and it troubled her. She had tried to talk about it, but Rand had shrugged it off and she finally had given up. More and more portraits, more and more loneliness, more and more, "Yes, isn't Michael's wife sweet? I'm very fond of her." "Well, no, I haven't seen them lately, but I'll ask them. . . ."

She heard from others about the baby before Judy haltingly mentioned it in a poor attempt at being casual.

MILDRED MEESE

daughter of a minister, spent her youth seeing America first by moving from parish to parish. She is married and has three small children. Her stories, she says, are written at night and typed by day, with one or more offspring sitting in her lap or draped about her neck.

She had, as casually, said little; had handed her an envelope. "This will get your woolens. I'm not very skillful with a needle, I'm afraid."

And then the letter came. Out of a blue sky.

Dear Mrs. Sanders:

We regret to inform you that Adam & Stears, who have handled your accounts, have been discovered in irregularities. The members of the firm are missing and apparently have taken with them all available securities. It will be necessary for you to send immediately check to cover the following speculations which they have undertaken in your behalf on margin. Additional information will be forwarded upon auditor's complete investigation and we hope that you will . . .

Michael came in while she was reading it again. "What is it, mother?" he cried sharply. "You're sick!"

Ada shook her head. "I . . . I . . . guess I'm a little bewildered," she said. "It seems . . . sudden."

He picked up the letter, which had slipped from her fingers to the floor, and read it. His arms came quickly around her. It was good to rest against him, so young and vital. Ada felt old.

"The thieves," Michael growled. "Will it set you back much, mother?"

She was surprised that she felt no indignation, surprised at her own reaction. Starting over. It just wasn't worth it.

She answered Michael: "It's a clean sweep."

"Even the house?"

She nodded. "I'm afraid so."

"Don't you worry, mother. You have us." Michael held her close, his cheek against her own.

She roused herself. She must not let the boy torment himself with this. "Don't worry, Mike. There's lots of fight left!" she said. "Forget it now and run on home. Judy will be expecting you."

"I'll run right over and right back."

But Michael did not immediately come back. In less than a half hour Judy herself hurried in.

"Mike's gone to the bank," she explained. "He thinks he can do something. Oh, Mother Sanders, I'm so sorry."

For the first time Judy's arms were around her, straining her close as Michael had done. "Don't you care. You're coming right over and live with us, that's what you'll do. There's lots of room. I'll take my things out of the attic—I'm not painting much now anyway—and we'll make it into a studio for you. And the housework isn't anything. I get it done in no time and it doesn't need to bother you at all. Of course I'm not as good a cook as Mary, but . . ."

Ada pulled herself loose. "What *are* you talking about, Judy?" she said sharply. She stopped. For one awful instant she had almost allowed herself to think how good it would be, just for a little while, always to have them near. She went on in a milder tone: "Thank you very much. It *is* good of you, when you would be crowded, but I'll manage. I can get a room near Rand and use her studio. I'll manage."

Judy's face darkened with disappointment. "Oh, dear, I haven't said the right thing. I made Michael let me talk to you because I thought I could make you see, and now . . ."

"There isn't any house in the world that can hold a mother and her son and her son's wife," said Ada. She must stop this at once. But why did she feel so old?

"Oh." A light went out of Judy's face. Why did the girl sound as though she wanted to cry? "I'm sorry. I . . ." She hurried out, leaving Ada alone.

RAND came in a moment later. "For goodness' sake, Ada, what did you say to that child?" she demanded. "She never comes here but she looks as though some one had slapped her fingers. And what's all this about you losing all your money and some more besides? I couldn't make sense of it."

"Read it yourself," said Ada wearily.

Rand read it, unimpressed. "Well, I still don't see why Judy looked the way she did. You didn't by any chance accuse her of stealing it, did you?"

"Oh, don't be silly. She just wanted me to come over there to live with them when this house goes."

"Oh," said Rand. "And I suppose you declined?"

"Naturally. You ought to know me well enough."

"I do," said Rand grimly. "And I hope you are satisfied. The way you make that girl suffer!"

"Rand, talk sense. I only want them to live their own lives."

"And I suppose it never has occurred to you that some people have loving mixed up with this living business. And that a girl might love her husband's mother because she loved her husband—or at least might want to have a try at it if she had the chance. And that it might half kill her with worry because she had separated her husband and his mother without having the vaguest notion how or why she had done it. Nor why she rates somewhere less than the cook."

"Don't be ridiculous," Ada said angrily. "I love Judy enough not to spoil her life, I hope. And Michael."

"Oh, yes, but not enough to keep a sick girl a few months in a quiet, beautiful place till she got well, not enough to help her tramp the streets looking for a house in a strange town, not even enough to look at her paintings or help her along with them."

"Rand, you're childish. You have to stand on your own feet in painting. You know that."

"I know you say that, but you saw to it that Sue met Reladier. Look what that's meant to her already. You know that luck enters into this, too."

"But Sue . . . Sue has ability."

"And so does Judy. And you don't know a thing about it—not a thing! You haven't even bothered to look. Well, let me tell you something. Judy's only a girl and she's hardly started, but she's painting things right now I'd give my right arm to say were mine. Judy is painting rings around both of us."

OH, I know, Rand, what you think of portraits!"

"I know that there is something in you that makes you never quite approve of anything, as though relaxing in the beauty of a thing were laxness. You even make a person feel they are insincere when they honestly are praising your work. I know you are one of the best portrait painters in the country, but I'm damned if I'm going to say I think you are a Raphael when you won't give yourself a chance to be one. Some of your portraits are great and some of them are glorified photographs. There's not much that's creative in photographs—it's like a writer trying to write solely out of his experience, substituting autobiography for imagination. Look at Judy's work. You'll see what I mean. We both can look at Judy's work."

"All that has nothing to do with today. Don't you see, Rand"—by an effort Ada kept entreaty out of her voice—"don't you remember what I had with Lucien's mother?"

"For goodness' sake, Ada, bury that old trollop. She's been dead long enough, but she's distorting your imagination until you are hurting those children."

"Just the same, they are standing on their own feet."

"And what has that got any of you? I tell you, there are ways of doing things. They wouldn't even dare tell you if their feet wobbled or slipped! Did Michael tell you when he lost his job and walked the streets looking for another? Not until it was over, he didn't; but he did me. Did they tell you about the baby first? Did you know that your daughter-in-law—your son's wife—is planning to have your grandchild in a ward, to save money? No, but I do. Some of this they have told me, and some of it I have made it my business to find out."

Rand walked angrily up and down, glaring at Ada. "Who does she ask to go to the hospital with her? Or has it ever occurred to you that the girl has no people to go with her? You? No, me. I mentioned you, and she said, 'Oh, I've tried, but she wouldn't want . . . that is, she's so busy.'"

Ada was unmoved. "But all I've done, I've done for love. I've kept out of their lives."

"And you never once have stopped to think that loving works both ways—you have to receive love as well as give it. You haven't let them give you anything of love, nor of confidence, nor of sharing their happiness, which any sane person knows is a part of happiness always, nor of bothering yourself. They've tried to give you the best they have and you've thrown it back in their faces because you are too selfish to accept it."

"Selfish!"

"Oh, well, I give up." Rand strode to the door, stood there a minute. "I'm not suggesting that you live with them the rest of your life, but why act insulted because they asked you?"

"You've picked a nice time for all this, Rand, on top of my being ruined."

"Oh, *pouf* for that!" Rand snapped her fingers. "I must say I can't lose any sleep over that, the money you earn for a portrait. Go paint another one. Other things can be ruined besides investments. What I'm really afraid is that you'll learn that, Ada."

RAND gone, Ada put on her hat and walked swiftly downtown to the flat where Michael and Judy lived. The door was open, but no one was inside. She waited awhile, thinking over and over what Rand had said. Had there been some—any—truth in it?

On sudden impulse, she walked up the stairs to the attic. One end, where the light was best, had been cleared, and at the other, canvases had been hastily jumbled together. So! Judy already had begun to clear a place for her. With a queer twisted feeling in her heart she approached a canvas, turned it over. She looked at it a long time. She turned to another. Then, suddenly, as though to shut away the vision of herself which came unbidden, Ada put her hands over her face.

AN hour later, dust smudged on a damp face, she went downstairs to wait for Judy. Shortly she came in, a yellow envelope in her hand. "They just brought this; they couldn't find you on the telephone and Katie said you had come here."

Ada took it but did not read it. "I thought . . . perhaps you'd be willing to let me see your pictures."

"Oh, no, thanks," Judy said constrainedly. "It's not important. Naturally, I'm not trying to do much just now."

"I . . . I'd like to see them."

But there was in Judy a steeliness to match her own.

"It's nice of you," Judy said, but she did not lead the way to the attic.

Ada said awkwardly, "Judy, I . . . I wonder if you still think there would be room for me here, just for a little while, I mean. I—I'd sort of—well, right now I'd sort of like to be with you folks. You know how it is. I worry about you . . . and this money business . . . and I'd like to help with the baby if you'd let me, till you are strong again."

Light flooded Judy's face. "You mean . . ."

"For a little while. Till things are all right again."

"Oh, I'm glad!"

But she had gripped the chair, her face white, her body taut with pain.

Ada's heart contracted. "Judy . . . is it . . ."

She nodded. "I've wondered, since noon."

Ada's hands twisted the yellow envelope, but she made herself say: "Shall I . . . shall I call Rand for you?"

Ada knew then that her tone had spoken for her. The girl faced her, her eyes understanding, steady. "I'd rather have you," she said. She tried to laugh. "It's best to have your own folks, and, anyway, you can point to Mike and remind me that it's worth it, if I forget." Then she whispered, her hand gripping Ada's tightly, "You won't let me get scared, will you?"

"No," said Ada, "I won't."

Not until they were at the hospital and she was for a moment banished from Judy's room did Ada remember to read the telegram. So they had caught the thieves and most of the money. The children would be glad.

"What's that, mother?" Michael, worn and distraught, stopped his pacing, beside her. Just then the door opened and the nurse beckoned her to come in.

She crumpled the yellow paper in her hand and went hurriedly toward Judy's room. Judy was needing her, needing her, now. "Oh, that!" she said. "That's nothing of the least importance."

THE END

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by Oliver Swift

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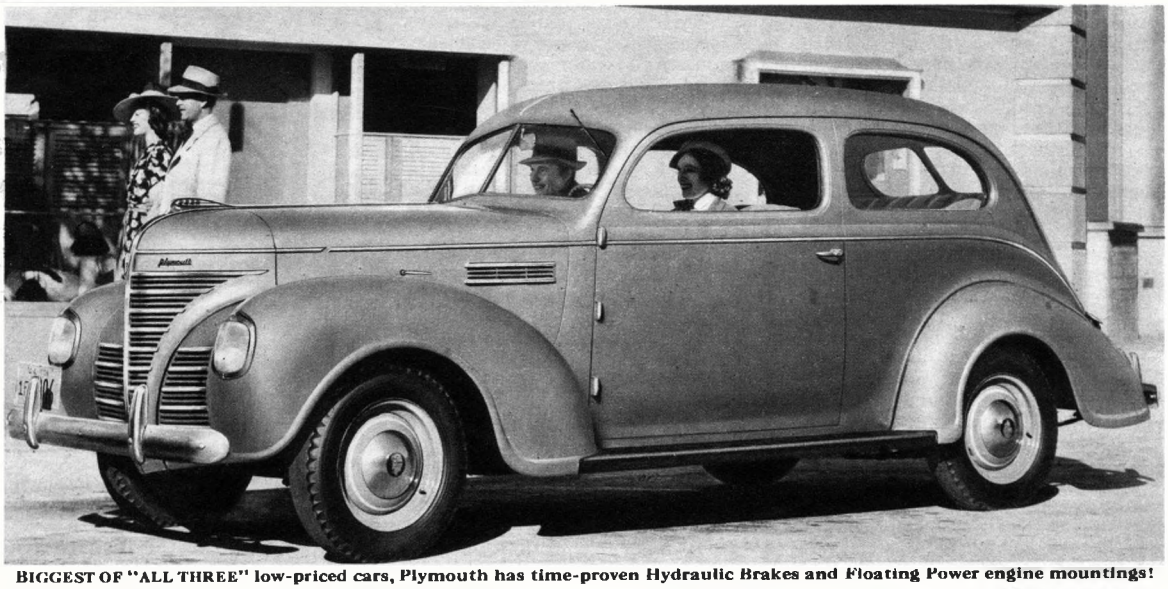

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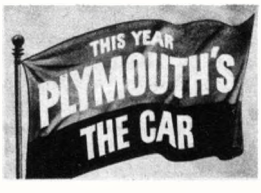


Rangoon ADVENTURE

BY EDISON MARSHALL

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

IT was nearly midnight of the following day when Malcolm contacted Fisher again, and then through an intermediary. The latter came to the servants' entrance of Fisher's apartments, but there was enough urgency in her voice and distress in her face that his houseboy carried in her appeal; and when Fisher saw her trembling salaam he knew that the Malcolm affair was sweeping toward its climax. The girl was Orange.

She spoke briefly. Fisher asked a few keen questions. Twenty minutes later he was climbing a dark stair to Orange's room. There he found Malcolm pacing the floor, although at once he became his nerveless, sardonic self.

"Well, my good friend Fisher, I'm on the lam," Malcolm announced.

"You've been exposed? The girl assured me—"

"Not exposed, or not trailed. But I will be exposed in less than twenty-four hours, by a mere routine check-up. A muddleheaded policeman happened to tell Sir Thomas that Bruce Malcolm arrived on the Hastings about a month ago and hasn't been seen since. Tonight Sir Thomas kindly offered to have him traced. You can foresee the result."

"Perfectly." Fisher looked around for a chair, saw none, and seated himself comfortably on the pile of mats. "But you have some plan."

"I'm leaving as soon as I can cover my tracks and line my pockets, for which I want the co-operation of you and your chief."

He had nerve, Fisher was thinking; but instead of admiring it, as when it had served the cause, now he was inclined to resent it.

"Perhaps you're thinking, Why should we take the trouble?" Malcolm went on cheerfully. "Even if I'm caught, I'd know better than involve any of you, because I'd lay myself open to a charge of high treason. But I've been pretty thick with you, Fisher. The investigation that starts with me may go far."

"We're perfectly safe, I assure you, Malcolm," Fisher replied. "We'll help you within limits, but trying to frighten us would be—to say the least—ill advised." Fisher spoke suavely, but Malcolm looked at him and recognized one of the most dangerous men he had ever met—and one of the most dangerous moments.

"I'll need native clothes, a man to darken my skin, a native passport, a safe place made for me on an outgoing ship, and a thousand pounds in money," Malcolm continued calmly. "But"—and he flashed his winning smile—"I'm prepared to pay for all this, and pay well."

Fisher, who had started to leap to his feet, stopped still and looked intensely into Malcolm's eyes. "That can mean but one thing," he said slowly. "You've found out what's in the air at C. I. D. headquarters."

"A brilliant deduction, Fisher."

"Why didn't you say so? Give me the news at once, so I can carry it to the chief."

"No; I must talk to the chief myself. The situation is a delicate one, and I want his word from his own lips that if he acts on my information he will grant my terms."

"But that's impossible. He has never revealed his identity except to a few chosen lieutenants—"

"What has he to fear? Eavesdroppers? Dictographs? Choose some other rendezvous, if you think it's safe for me to appear on the street. Tell him that if he won't meet me, I'll keep my information and engineer my own escape."

Fisher considered briefly. "You're bluffing, of course. Still, if your heart's set on dealing directly with the chief, I'll see what can be done." Fisher rose. "Expect me back in about an hour."

Ten minutes later Fisher drove into a dimly lighted street in the Indian quarter of the city. Leaving his car in a dark courtyard, he approached the rear door of what seemed a typical native house, and was at once admitted into a shabby hall. Here he had to wait until a bearded Punjabi announced his arrival.

Presently he was shown into a room unlighted except for the dim glimmer through the windows and a gleam low down in the darkness that alternately glowed red and dimmed to a yellow spark. There was the reek of cheap incense in the room, three-rupee mats from the bazaar were under his feet, but that spark was from the cheroot of Fisher's chief, number one international spy in the Indian Empire.

WELL, Gregory," the chief said in his soft voice. "It must be something important to bring you here so late."

Quickly Fisher made his report. His tone was reverent.

The chief was in a receptive mood. He too had had reasons to believe great affairs were on foot at C. I. D. headquarters. In less than the hour promised, Fisher was back in Orange's room, his eyes shining with excitement.

"The chief is in the street outside," he announced. "He'll come up and talk to you — under certain conditions."

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

Now comes the strange twist that ends this novel of rash hearts defying yellow gold

"You and Fisher stand near the windows," Khodo directed. "When I shoot, jump through and run."

"They're granted in advance." Malcolm spoke calmly, but the pallor of his face showed he was under great strain.

"He does not want you to see his face. This is not distrust of you personally, but merely his policy where temporary agents are concerned. You're not to admit the girl into the room. And the lights must be turned off."

Malcolm nodded, and Fisher left the room. In his absence Malcolm sped into an adjoining room to speak to Orange; but he was seated comfortably on the mats, his pipe glowing, when Fisher returned to prepare for his chief's entrance. When the lights were out and the curtain drawn on the single window, there were a few seconds of profound silence and suspense. Malcolm's heart was beating wildly. Then out of the hushed darkness rose a low voice:

"Good evening, Malcolm."

Malcolm had heard the voice before —many times, it seemed — still he could not recognize it. Yet it did not seem disguised. Rather, it seemed to have dropped its disguise and this was its true sound. Its tone was different than before, and perhaps he had never heard it employing English.

Malcolm rose. "Have I the honor of addressing the chief?"

"Of our organization in the British Empire, yes."

"Will you pardon me if I ask you to prove yourself?"

"Fisher will vouch for me. I know no other way."

"It happens I know a way. Sir Thomas told me one thing that he knows about you that none of your agents likely know. On January 1, 1934, you talked with a certain native prince in a hotel room in Calcutta. Do you remember the occasion?"

"Perfectly well."

"The first letter of the prince's name was H. Do you remember the second letter?"

"A."

"The third was R—"

"And the last three, SHA. Are you satisfied?"

"Completely. I suppose Fisher told you what I wanted." But Malcolm stated his terms again.

"If I consider your information important enough to act upon, the terms will be met," the chief said.

"That's all I want to know. Since we'll all be very busy the rest of the night, I'll waste no more time. The day before yesterday, Major Tadukini, of the Japanese Secret Service, was arrested on the upper Salween. On him were found complete plans of the Chinese fortifications at Chungking, including the position of the river mines. He had obtained them at Cheng-tu, but could not get back through the Chinese lines and was headed for Japan via Siam."

The chief breathed deeply in the silence. Malcolm heard him.

"The plans were delivered to Sir Thomas, and he immediately got in touch with the viceroy. For if they should fall again into Japanese hands—"

"The blow to the Chinese cause would be severe," the chief broke in. "At least they would have to change their entire plan of defense."

"Exactly. Tomorrow they are to be turned over to a high representative of the Chinese government. But tonight they are reposing in the wall safe at Sir Thomas' residence, under the guard of one policeman. And although it is a very stout safe—I know the combination."

THE chief sat so still it was as though he had been spirited from the room; but Fisher cursed in an awed voice in the silence. Then the chief said, a tremor in his tone:

"Help us tonight and we'll meet your terms."

The three men talked a few minutes more. To every difficulty Fisher and the chief raised Malcolm had an answer. When the two left, to complete the arrangements for the raid, Malcolm did not follow them to the door, and in the darkness they did not see him listening so avidly to their steps, a look of almost unbearable strain on his face.

Suddenly a light flashed on somewhere in the shabby hall outside, its glimmer showing the door as a yellow rectangle. He heard Fisher make an angry outcry, there was the sound of

rapid feet on the steps, and then Orange's voice rose in gentle entreaty. A moment later the silence closed down—Malcolm breathed again—and then Orange came stealing into the room.

"Did the trick work?" Malcolm whispered in Burmese.

"Yes, *thakin.* Fisher thought it was only my courtesy that made me turn on the light to guide his steps. And when he asked me if I saw the face of the man who walked ahead of him, I told him no."

"But if he had not believed you, what would he have done? Orange, I am afraid to think! The risk was greater than I realized. Thank my gods that you are safe, your hands warm in mine!"

"What is risk if I can serve my *thakin?* But you are not safe. There are great works, and great dangers, ahead of you tonight."

"Yes; but if I fail, still the good fight will be better fought from now on because of what you have seen. For it has come to me that you told Fisher *Thakin* what was not true."

"I told him what you said to tell him, lord. The light was dim, and I seemed not to look upon the face of his companion. But I did look."

"You will go now and tell the great lord whose face it was you saw. But first—"

"First I would tell my own lord, the lord of my life. As a last service—"

"Not the last service, Orange, if I live. There will be many more tasks when this business is done. Who was it you saw?"

"A brown man, lord—a Madrasi—who once came with you to our meeting place. I think his name is Khodo."

IT was a quarter of two in the morning when Malcolm said good night to Orange. Because it might be good-by, he paid her before he went—with all the paper rupees she would accept, a dower to win a chief's son, and with what seemed to count more with her, a little sign of his gratitude and reverence—and her dark eyes were misted with tears. At half past two, his hands and face darkened, and dressed as a Punjabi, he entered a closed car that stopped for a brief second at the mouth of a black alley near Orange's quarters. In the car were Fisher, De Castro the Eurasian, and Khodo.

What a company it was! Malcolm was thinking. It was no idle boast that Fisher's name was sometimes mentioned among the great of his profession, and, until the sabotage operations had begun, De Castro had been number one international spy in all Burma. But neither of these men could hold a candle to the slight, dark Madrasi whose number and reputation were known in every great chancellery in the Old World, but whose face and name and race had until tonight remained a complete mystery save to his exalted employers and his few immediate aides. As he sat beside the driver, begging leave to speak to the white man, Malcolm could hardly believe it even now.

But if he were a subtle man, he was also a bold one. When there were great works in hand, as were promised tonight, he not only took the leading part but the greatest risk. No doubt this was one of the explanations of his success. And tonight he had seen fit to expose to danger his two foremost aides, perhaps because there were no others he could so fully trust in such an important affair.

The raid had been well planned. A block from Sir Thomas' house, Khodo slipped out of the car, and the others drove into a dark courtyard two blocks beyond. Led by De Castro, Malcolm and Fisher climbed a hedge, crossed two tennis courts, and stole into Sir Thomas' garden. A moment later Khodo admitted them into the house through a servants' entrance.

It was utterly still except for the dry rustle of fly-eating lizards on the walls. One dim light burned at the head of the stairs, but the only other rift in the darkness was the pale blue of the windows, and the gleaming keyhole in the door of Sir Thomas' study, in which a policeman stood guard. Fisher was stationed near the foot of the stairs as a lookout, and Malcolm and De Castro took positions near the study door. In his livery as Sir Thomas' *asegan*, Khodo peered through the keyhole, then gave his usual timid knock.

That violent crime could occur in

the house of Sir Thomas Lacey, Chief of the C. I. D., could hardly occur to a hardheaded member of the provincial police, and evidently the officer considered this duty tonight merely a matter of form. His voice through the closed door came back, low and unalarmed:

"Who is it?"

"Khodo, servant in the house," the chief answered in Burmese.

This would not waken the guard's suspicions. Khodo always slept in the house on the nights that Sir Thomas entertained guests, and on other nights came and went as he felt inclined.

"What do you want?"

"Lord, I was excused from duty tonight, but returned, after my custom, to make sure the *chota hazri* would be served at the given hour. But I fear there is trouble on foot."

The guard unlocked and opened the door. "What makes you think so, Khodo?" he asked in a guarded tone.

"Lord, I heard some one walk across the veranda. The step was light, as in stealth. Also the window in the butler's pantry that I left locked—"

THIS was Malcolm's cue. In native dress and with a native scarf over the lower part of his face, he sprang suddenly from the shadows and leveled a pistol at the guard's breast. "Put up your hands!" he ordered in Hindustani. His tone, though low, had a hysterical note quite in keeping with his part as an Indian housebreaker.

Khodo gave a little wail, as in abject terror, and flung his arms into the air. At once De Castro, likewise masked and armed, stepped out of the shadows and quickly fastened a dark cloth over the guard's eyes.

If he had had any thought of resistance, blindness seemed to banish it from his mind. At De Castro's whispered command, he put his hands behind him to be bound, and then submitted tamely to a gag. "Stuff up his ears with wool, and stand him with his face to the wall, while I tie up this dog of a servant," De Castro told Malcolm.

"Yes; bind me fast but do not kill me," Khodo begged. "I am only my master's dog."

Of course this conversation was for the guard's benefit, and his ears would be stopped to any stealthy sounds that rose in the room. Before the others left, however, Khodo would be bound loosely, so he could wriggle free after a safe interval, and, still in his role of faithful servant to Sir Thomas, liberate the guard and give a belated alarm. For the present he was needed in the work.

De Castro unlocked and opened two window screens to provide for rapid flight in case of trouble, but carefully drew the curtains to shield the work from any chance loiterer outside. This too was in the detailed plans Malcolm had made. Laying aside his pistol, Malcolm turned to the safe and began to whirl its dial.

But the first time he tried the door, it would not open. Again he whirled the dial. This time the door opened, revealing several shelves heaped with records and sealed envelopes.

"Do you know the appearance of the packet?" Khodo whispered to Malcolm.

"No; but I'm sure it's here."

Khodo bent down, lifted one of the hundred or more packets in the safe, then tossed it back, hissing between his teeth like a snake, "It would take us two hours—" But his whisper died away, and slowly he turned, with a very quiet thoughtful look, to Malcolm. A cold wind seemed to blow through the window on his back.

KHODO turned to De Castro. "Summon Fisher," he whispered. De Castro tiptoed to the door and gave a signal. Fisher appeared quickly, his eyes blazing in his white face.

"Tie me up, De Castro; I'll show you how," Khodo ordered, still in the same sibilant whisper. "I think we've made a mistake. This is all wrong."

Khodo continued to give De Castro instructions, but so softly that Malcolm could not catch the words. In a moment Khodo was standing there, a cloth half over his mouth and his hands fastened with several inches slack between them, as though by his own agility he had about worked free from a clumsy attempt to bind and gag him. Then, at another whispered command, De Castro picked up Malcolm's pistol, wiped it carefully, and slipped it into Khodo's hand.

"You and Fisher stand near the windows," Khodo directed, too quietly for the plugged ears of the guard. "When I shoot, jump through and run."

Would he fire into the air? Not that cold-eyed, steel-nerved Madrasi. For an instant Malcolm thought that he intended to shoot the guard—it was one of two terrible possibilities—and he poised to spring. But he must wait his chance. Khodo had not yet raised the weapon, but as he held it low and lightly in his hand its muzzle pointed at Malcolm's breast.

Suddenly Malcolm was no longer afraid for the guard.

Khodo's thin lips curled in a faint smile. Malcolm seemed to see not only his own end but the complete and hopeless defeat of all he stood for.

"You'll stay here, Malcolm," Khodo told him in the merest undertone. "You see, although bound and gagged, I was able to loosen my ropes, snatch a pistol from one of the thieves, and shoot."

Malcolm did not answer, but he did make, for a second time, an inconspicuous movement—a flattening of his arms against his sides. If it were not seen . . .

"I'll come to high honor with my master Sir Thomas," Khodo went on. "I do not accuse you, Malcolm, of betraying us—you couldn't have afforded that—but you have blundered badly and have become dangerous—" Meanwhile he was slowly raising the pistol.

But the shot that rang out did not hit Malcolm. The bite of the bullet, and then the darkness rushing in which an instant before he had seen as inevitable, did not come to him and he lived on. The bullet had come through the window. It creased Khodo on the left shoulder. The pistol dropped from his hand, and although he tried to snatch it up, he was too late. Malcolm had hurled himself against Khodo, knocking him off his feet.

Fisher and De Castro reached for their pistols; but they did not know which way to turn, for two men had leaped through the open windows, two more came behind them, and three had dashed through the door from their hiding places in the dark interior of the house, all of them wearing the tunic coats of the Imperial Police.

In the wild excitement of the attack Malcolm did not at first see a gray, gaunt man in evening clothes who had entered the room fast on the heels of the police. But presently that man pushed his way to Malcolm's side and grasped his hand.

"You're all right?" he cried.

"A few hairs turned white, that's all."

"There was a hitch the last moment, due to those fellows approaching the windows. Great Scott, what a narrow escape you had! But we've got 'em for housebreaking and attempted robbery—no complications with foreign governments—and they'll never trouble us again."

"Watch out for Khodo. Wink your eye and he'll be gone."

"We'll see to it. But how can we ever reward you—"

"I can't think of any reward right now as welcome as to get out of these native clothes, wash off my paint, and pour myself a drink. Sir Thomas, do you think it could be arranged?"

IT was arranged; but Malcolm was too excited to go to bed. When the house was quiet, he lay down to snatch a few hours of sleep on a divan in the library. He was still there when, at Sir Thomas' urgent telephone call, Molly broke a date for early tennis and dropped in for breakfast.

When Sir Thomas told her of an attempted robbery the night before, she turned so white that he feared she was going to faint. But she steadied herself, dropped into a chair.

"You say there were just three men—Fisher, Khodo, and a half-caste?"

"That's right."

"Th-there weren't any that got away, were there? I mean any one waiting outside? Of course the police would've caught them if there were."

"I dare say." Sir Thomas was watching her keenly.

"Have you gone over the things in your safe, to see that nothing was taken?"

"How could anything be taken, when we caught them red-handed?"

"Oh, I thought you'd have B-B-B—your secretary—go over the things,

just to see for sure. He hasn't come to work yet, has he? He spent the night out, I suppose."

"You mean young Malcolm? Why, he engineered the whole thing—the capture, I mean. Wonderful work. Remarkable young man. By the way, he's in the library. He told me to ask you to please wake him up when you came." And Sir Thomas walked briskly away.

Molly was left standing there, her mouth and eyes wide open. She seemed unable to collect her running, leaping, flying thoughts. She couldn't face him after what she had said to him night before last. Instead of yielding to her threat, he had remained to blast and capture her uncle's enemies. Did Sir Thomas know he was an impostor? He must have known all the time! But she *had* to face him.

HE was even feigning sleep! She knew it when she saw the graceful pose he had struck, full-length on the divan. There was no truth in him, and she could never rely on him. When she turned as though to steal away, he sat up quickly.

"Molly! I was lying here having the most beautiful dream—"

"Oh, yes?"

"You don't believe me?" His tone was reproachful.

"I'll never believe you again. Why did you worry me so? Couldn't you have told me that you were working for the government all the time?" Putting it into words made her honestly angry.

"Molly, I couldn't tell you. That face of yours! It's a marvelous face but the perfect mirror of your thoughts. I was up against the sharpest kind of men. I wasn't delivering the goods they wanted—the one boat I let them sink was an abandoned old tub loaded with firewood in guncases that we planted on them—and one little blush on your pretty neck with Khodo looking on—"

"But you *enjoyed* deceiving me. And I don't understand it all even now. It seems mighty queer that you'd come along just the right moment, when poor Bob was dead—"

"But he's not dead. That is—not in the general sense of the term."

She swayed on her feet, then very carefully seated herself in a chair. "Hadn't you better begin at the first?"

"I think so. To begin with, our boats were being sunk. So our enemies could sink more, they tried to work one of their men into a position of confidence with Sir Thomas. It didn't work, but they were looking for another chance, and that gave poor old Bob an idea."

"Why 'poor old Bob'? You said he wasn't dead—"

"Why shouldn't we lend them one of our men for them to work into a position of confidence with us?" Malcolm went on. "Do you understand what I mean? Then he could give them wrong steers, save the boats, and enable Sir Thomas to catch the

chief of their gang, which he'd been trying to do for years."

"I see, so far. Go on. But—"

"Be patient. Sir Tom didn't know much about the chief, never dreamed that he saw him every day of his life, but he did know his one weakness. That was his love for the dramatic and spectacular. If an idea was bizarre enough, he was very likely to adopt it."

"I ought to see it all by now, but I don't."

"Bob also loved the dramatic and spectacular. He was terribly inhibited, due to his raising, but he had imagination—perhaps too much—and an unsatisfied longing for adventure."

"I always knew that—felt it, anyway. So Bob got an idea that he thought would appeal to the enemy chief? What then?"

"Well, the idea was pretty vague at first. It came clear to him only when he discovered an infernal machine hidden on the Princess to wipe out Sir Tom. That was only a few minutes after it was planted. At breakfast the next morning he and Sir Thomas put on a little show for Fisher's benefit. You see, they had known for a long time that Fisher was in the gang. Sir Thomas teased Bob about being drunk in Mandalay, then left the room, and Bob explained that it was his double, a disreputable cousin then in Calcutta, who was the real offender. Fisher believed that Bob was going to his death on the Princess, and I think at that very moment—just as Bob had planned—Fisher got the idea of a substitution."

"It seems to me you're going all around Robin Hood's barn. What happened to Bob?"

"We're dealing with Fisher now. When he wirelessed his Calcutta friends to look up this wastrel cousin, they found planted evidence that he was a clever crook, and it would be safe to approach him. But he wasn't really, you know. He had his little faults, but he was a law-abiding, upright man." Malcolm's eyes were twinkling.

"I don't want to know about you. I want to know about Bob. What became of him?"

"You're much too interested in Bob. Do you remember what you said the night you exposed me? That you cared for me because I was like him—or you cared for him because he was like me, you didn't know quite which?"

"Yes, I said that." She had turned color.

"Well, a man who was a combination of both of us ought to suit you from the ground up."

She leaped to her feet as though shot. "What on earth do you mean?" she gasped.

"You asked what became of Bob. Well, after he had faked his drowning on the Princess, he went to Calcutta. There he dyed his hair two shades lighter, because perfect doubles are unknown on this earth. Then he bought some old clothes and, with whisky on his breath and looking disreputable and on a passport bearing the name of Bruce Malcolm, he came back to Rangoon on the Hastings. And Fisher, who had been tipped off by his misguided friends in Calcutta, was down at the dock to meet him."

"Do you mean— Oh, you don't mean—"

"Molly, don't you know I'm Bob? That I've never been any one but Bob all the way through?"

"But you're so changed!"

"I dared to be myself, that's all. Some of those I met down there—in the underworld—people like Orange—helped me be. My middle name is Bruce, but I never had a cousin who looked like me. We invented him and everything about him, and planted him on Fisher. Now you know."

For a long moment she did not speak, but her face appeared to brighten slowly.

"Yes," she admitted at last. "Now I know. Everything!"

"And a man who's a combination of a scholar and a scamp is satisfactory to you, Molly?"

"I suppose so," she conceded. "A girl can't have everything."

When, ten minutes later, Sir Thomas coughed outside the door and then made a delayed appearance, Bob's hair was in place, he stood at least six feet from Molly, and, judging from appearance, butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

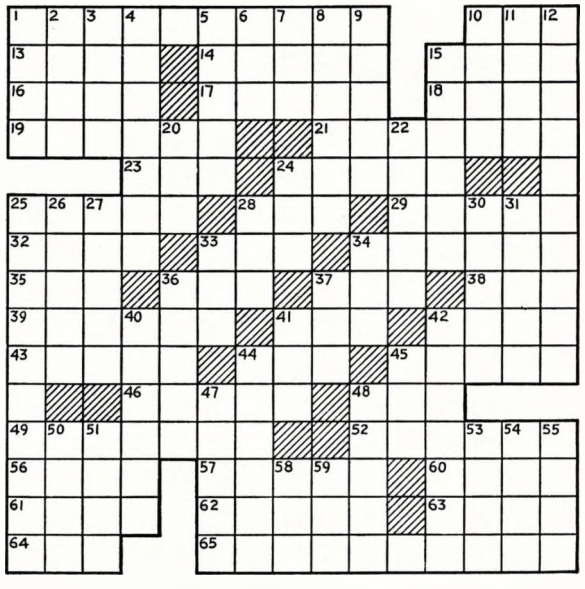
by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 Old-fashioned Southern cooling systems (two words)
10 Dietrich got plenty of it into her acting
13 How a goat differs from a sheep
14 It always has a good word for Mohammedans
15 Well known doctor
16 Too
17 Qui vivey
18 Sunken sub
19 Yells and yells and yells and pushes out a canine
21 Makes Pete less crude
23 Stop, look, and do this
24 Gabfest
25 Tonk
28 If it's tight, it'll pinch your dog
29 Word from Habakkuk
32 Wife's commandment, often broken
33 Two hours' parking in a one-hour spot equals one what?
34 Father of the Father of Waters
35 What the newlyweds had for breakfast
36 Old-fashioned Sunday fun
37 Biggest problem for the timid driver
38 Cockeyed Operator's Union (abbr.)
39 Indoor sparking place
41 Jounce the jowls (fem.)
42 Pals of Abner
43 He lost his head over Queen Elizabeth
44 This disappears every Saturday night, where, no one knows
45 Shot in the poolroom
46 Man with a lot of little tales
48 Henry VIII's cousin
49 A hunk of dough (two words)
52 Bunker, water, sand, mind, ditch, road, tree, rabbit's ear
56 Piece of China
57 This is simple-minded
60 He'd essay anything and was a perfect lamb
61 Blue-pencil
62 Cows won't stand for this kind of nonsense
63 Unsinkable Hollywood actor
64 What the Boston Reds hide their dogs in
65 Unsunny boys (they wear belt and suspenders at the same time

VERTICAL

1 Place for a Saturday knight's bath
2 Class of men employed by the WPA
3 Puss jutty
4 What Russian horses move at
5 Russian law
6 High enough to hiss at a snake's garters
7 Italian for ear
8 A gabby bird
9 To curl the lip, twist the nose, and hiss
10 An overgrown mousetrap
11 Do this or ——!
12 People who live in one shouldn't throw parties
15 What F. D. R. does with our money
20 Attention-caller
22 Blowouts
24 The leaf of modesty
25 Winged Percherons
26 Musical macaronis
27 Whose dome was conked when the apple fell?
28 The only thing between me and Sally Rand
30 You can come to a point here
31 Little smash-ups
33 Gravy catcher
34 Stick breaker and course plower
36 There are only two of these and they're always in trouble with each other
37 Kind of window seen at the Union League Club
40 Brewery operated by old ladies
41 Wide-open space
42 Once a Giant, now a Leaf
44 Remedy for cowlick
45 It just isn't any more
47 When farmers close their mouths and open their eyes
48 Pretty dear in Paris
50 Open up
51 1509
53 This is the saddest word of tongue or pen
54 Product of a phffft
55 Dese go wid dems and doses
58 European cyprinoids (terribly fishy, if you ask me!)
59 Short vest



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Last week's answer

WALKING BACK TO *Paradise*

by MARGARET LUKES WISE
and CLARA BELLE THOMPSON

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

TOMATO soup, campfire, and night. Mary, the girl opening the can, is a subdeb. The boy bringing up the firewood is a mechanic's son. They have pitched their camp for the night on a Rocky Mountain trail, five young couples of them. But after supper there will be no wandering in the moonlight, no strolling off two by two with arms entwined. Just a few songs and stories, sitting around the campfire, then all turn in. The girls will go to their shelter, and the boys farther down the slope.

Sex backed off the boards!

Seventeen-year-olds, twenty-year-olds, twenty-three-year-olds — boys and girls — are traveling over the country all summer together, and there is no petting at all. Yet, strange as it may seem, this is the type of vacation jaunt that is taking hold of young America. The official name for it is American Youth Hostel.

In four and a half years it has grown from one hostel to 184 this spring, with more being opened all the time. And from 250 hostelers to more than 30,000 this year. Of course America cannot take the credit for hosteling. Richard Schirrman thought of the idea way back in 1910, when he was teaching school in Westfalen, Germany, and in Europe these hardy ramblings have long been famous.

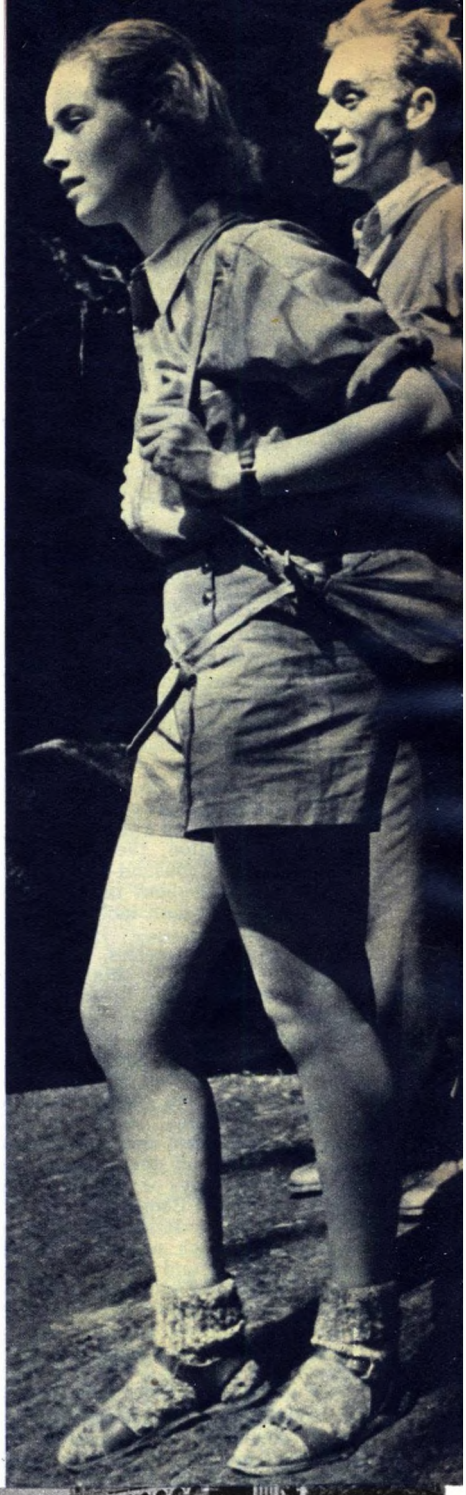
But Isabel and Monroe Smith brought the idea to the United States in 1934, and have now the backing of youth leaders all over the country. President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt are honorary presidents, and Mary Woolley, the great educator, is the active president.

You can tell a hosteler on sight. And generally a hostel. *Rugged* is a word that occurs; and *primitive;* and *the simple life.* And if you like bath salts and a good rubdown after a long hike, if you think movingly of soft Turkish towels and broiled steak with mushrooms, then don't touch hosteling with a ten-foot pole.

For hosteling is a great elemental youth movement. It offers young people the chance of a lifetime to throw off the trappings of civilization. The appeal is a sporting one—of hardship and adventure, and the old struggle of man against nature. Hostelers travel—but always under their own power. Most of them hike, some bicycle, and a few go by faltboat, as they call their compact folding portable canoe.

Hostelers stop overnight at hostels. And that is the basis of the whole idea. Supervised travel under healthful conditions at very low cost. Barns, farmhouses, cabins, unused schoolhouses and occasionally private homes have been pressed into service. The simplest hostel has a common dining room and recreation room, separate sleeping quarters and washrooms for the boys and girls, and private rooms for the resident chaperons. *House parents* is the name.

In the summer educational institutions come to the rescue. Mount Holyoke, for instance, turns over Cowles Lodge to take care of twenty-five girls and twenty-five boys at one time. Amherst supplies a summer hostel. As do other colleges and universities all the way across the continent. The idea is to have hostels from twelve to fifteen miles apart, so that



Like the young hostelers (upper right), the Bernarr Macfadden hikers (below) find health and happiness on the road.

Black Star Photo

Heads up, shoulders back— America is on the march in a new Youth Movement

sturdy hostelers may hike from hostel to hostel in a day's march.

Except for short jaunts, most hostel trips offered to young people are conducted. One or two leaders go forth with from ten to thirty hardy souls to conquer the wilderness. Twenty such tours are under way this summer. Ten headed straight for Europe. The other ten are seeing America first. There is a pioneer trip down into Mexico that is taking all summer. There are month-long trips that trek through such scenic regions as Virginia and North Carolina, New England and eastern Canada, Colorado and New Mexico. Then there are the transcontinental trips—one in each direction—that top the card. They are picturesquely called Rolling Youth Hostels.

BUT what about expenses? What does it cost to turn young America loose in the open? Not much. There is the hosteler's pass first, and that is a dollar for young people less than twenty-one, and two dollars for those over. The overnight hosteling fee is twenty-five cents all over America. There is also a five- or ten-cent charge for water, lights, and fuel. Food is reckoned at seventy cents a day. In a conducted tour, there is a small leader's fee, which is prorated. Other expenses are kept to a minimum. By way of illustration, the transcontinental trip, ten thousand miles in ten weeks, comes to about two hundred dollars, and that sum includes every expense en route.

Naturally the hostelers, willing as they are, could not do this long trip on foot or by bicycle in so short a time. They travel nine thousand of those miles by train, and the other thousand they hike and they bike. The way it is managed, a colonist car is hitched from time to time to the through trains, carried to the next vantage point and backed into a siding. Then off the hostelers go for a couple of days or a week, living the life of Daniel Boone.

Sight-seeing? It sounds like a Cook's tour. Such names as Banff, Lake Louise, Grand Canyon, Crater Lake, Calgary, Santa Barbara are tossed off casually. They talk of prairies, the quints, glaciers, rodeos, movie stars, rattlesnake country, deer, coyotes, and bears.

But to them the high adventure is the excitement of breaking trail, of seeing America for themselves, of being very much a part of the scenes in which they move.

The leaders of these tours have to be pretty special. It is no small feat to turn ten pampered pets into powerful pioneers. But they do it time after time.

Oddly enough, hostelers all seem to have what it takes. No young person has ever left his group in the sulks and gone back to home and mother. Nor has any one been detached from the group and sent home because he did not fit in. Perhaps the reason is not hard to find. Young people have to have something pretty substantial about them to be attracted to hosteling in the first place. If that is true, the kudos goes to all young America. For hostelers come from finishing schools, preparatory schools, high schools, military academies, colleges, from business schools, and from every walk of life.

How do the parents feel as they see their young hopefuls set forth to see America for a song? Do they hope to heaven that there will not be a lot of drinking and carousing? Do they wonder whether Bob, already something of a ladies' man, will come back girl-crazy—or *worse?* Do mothers of young girls gnaw their nails in worry as they vision Ruth and Betty running wild?

Let their fears be at rest. There is no drinking at all. And nothing in the world is less conducive to romance than youth hosteling. One young leader who has conducted groups here and in half a dozen countries abroad, could think of but one marriage that might be traceable to hosteling.

Make-up is out. Glamour does not last for twenty-four hours. And the girls, even the prettiest ones, look merely healthy after a few days of hosteling. The life is definitely on the brother-sister basis.

The most popular boys and girls are those who contribute most. One young thing, very much of a plain Jane at home, made a hit with all the boys because she could stuff mattresses faster than anybody. Another girl, much pampered by a doting family, won acclaim because of a special stew which she herself invented and learned to stir together rapidly. This prize recipe was: Canned tomato soup and canned beans, heated with chopped raw onions and chopped raw carrots.

Cheers greet arrivals who draw from their packs accordions or fiddles, guitars or lutes, flutes or even a jew's-harp. And the lad or lass with a voice is welcome as sunshine.

INDEED, all the fun is group fun, and personalities are not important. The interest is less in What is your name? Where do you live? What does your father do? and more in What do you think?

It is called youth hosteling because the appeal is to young people. But any age that can take it is welcome. Most hostelers, however, are in their teens or early twenties.

Hostelers are such a vigorous crowd that there is little trouble with their health, and mishaps are few and far between. They travel light, eat heartily, and dress sensibly. Their equipment is stripped to essentials: bicycles, sleeping bags, knapsacks, mess kits, first-aid kits, and a minimum wardrobe. For the girls, culottes or divided skirts that can be shed for shorts. For the boys, shirts and shorts and slacks. And for both, hiking shoes and sandals, bathing suits and rain capes.

Since hostelers have to buy and prepare their own meals, and at very small cost, the menus are simple. Here is a sample day: Breakfast: Fruit juice, cereal and raisins, milk. Lunch: Lettuce sandwiches, milk, peanuts and raisins. Dinner: Tomato soup, scrambled eggs, bread and butter, fruit salad, milk.

Hostelers bear down heavily on milk, fruit, cheese, eggs, and fresh vegetables. If there is a long hike or bicycle ride ahead, however, *wander food* is the order of the day: Nuts, raisins, dried fruit, chocolate bars, bread—the sort of food that can be eaten on the run.

Sometimes a group will vote for uncooked foods an entire trip. One party of ten throve last summer on cauliflower, onions, lettuce, peas, tomatoes, cucumbers, carrots, beets, beans, and potatoes and all kinds of fruit, purchased at wayside markets or farms, washed and eaten raw.

Water is treated with great respect. Since many of the trails are far off the beaten track, water is to be found only in the streams and springs along the route. The bubbling brook may be brimming with bacteria. So water is not drunk in transit. For thirst, the hosteler has an orange or a lemon tucked away. A touch to the lips from time to time carries him comfortably through the day.

HOSTELERS are hustlers. Wherever they go they set to work. Just in passing, they may clean up a clearing or mend a window or chop extra firewood. But *work holidays* are something else again. Then the field workers, young hostelers and local friends of hosteling, descend on a particular hostel and literally take over. They paint and whitewash, build bunks, stuff mattresses with fresh straw, fix blankets, build outdoor fireplaces, and do any other chore that comes to hand. Easter and weekends are the most popular work holidays. And then, of course, any time throughout the summer.

In the terrible floods in New England last year, some of the hostels were practically demolished. The need was like a call to arms. Three or four, six or eight hostelers would drop in for several days at a time, work hard, then be followed by others. It was no invitation affair. Every pair of hands was welcome. And it was surprising how much was accomplished by willing, intelligent, unskilled labor. In Northfield, Massachusetts, the national headquarters, as many as fifty persons at a time were busy on repairs and renovation.

Self-reliance, a sense of responsibility, judgment, ability to get along with people, firsthand knowledge of their country—these are some of the direct benefits of hosteling, as reported by youthful hostelers.

While youngsters of other countries are having their heads filled with talk of war, it is a pleasant commentary on America that youths of the old U. S. A. are thrilled down to the ground by straw mattresses, wood smoke, and raw carrots! Building for living and not for dying.

THE END

A lanky man in a battered felt hat slouched toward them. "Need help, young feller?" he asked.

AMERICAN FAMILY Let's Live Again

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

SLEEK cars traveling west. The road like a smooth ribbon on the rolling Nebraska prairie. Comfort, power, speed.

A small gray four-year-old sedan moving sedately in the right-hand lane, dusty, insignificant, humble—carrying handsome English luggage covered with foreign labels—making its first trip across the United States in humiliating surroundings.

Five occupants of the small gray car, dressed in faultless London- and Paris-made traveling clothes, finding room somehow for a blue-ribbon collie: Rodney Tate's family, late of New York, on their way to begin life again on a three-acre "ranch" in San Diego County, California.

"It's all so—so slick," Jonathan, the seventeen-year-old eldest, observed discontentedly to his mother. "Even this old secondhand car makes forty miles an hour. It's all much too easy!"

Carol Tate, at the wheel, graceful, slender, well groomed, turned her humorous glance for an instant on her son.

What now? She had wanted to become better acquainted with her children on this trip, and she was doing so. But the surprises were not exhausted.

Douglas had caught Jonathan's idea, however, and shouted from the back seat:

"Amanda only made ten miles a *day* in the old covered wagon, but—boy!—was it exciting! Indians—and storms—"

"Babies born without a hospital," Paula put in.

"Her blue silk dress torn by an arrow, mother!" That was little Binnie's voice.

So that was it! Great expectations of high adventure, inspired by their great-grandmother's journal of her trek to California in 1849.

"Well," Carol consoled them, "we're actually on her trail at last, here along the Platte River."

Another blithe adventure of the Tate family who lost almost everything but gained so much more

BY ETHEL DOHERTY and LOUISE LONG

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

"Whoops, it's about time!" Douglas said. "Who knew this country was so big, anyway?"

"And if you want trouble," his mother pursued, "I don't imagine Amanda had as much trouble the whole trip as we've had already, balancing our budget!"

Jonathan grinned. "You would mention the budget—just after we've gone beyond bounds on dinner!"

That budget had given them concern from the first minute it was proposed. They had held a family conference about it in Rodney Tate's hospital room, the counterpane strewn with maps and the budget sheet and a book of traveler's checks.

Rodney, sitting up in bed, thin and anxious, had shaken his head at his wife. "It just can't be done on that little money, Carol!"

"But I'm going by this magazine article—it gives every detail of food, and places to stay the night, and car expenses—"

"But you don't understand about an old car—there'll be repairs. . . . I'd be worried to death about you."

Carol had pointed triumphantly to the figures under "Car" on the budget. "Look at this provision. We can replace almost any gadget that might go wrong."

"Perhaps—if you know how to keep within limits on *these*," Rodney had said, indicating the food and personal-expense columns.

"Of course we can do it!" Douglas had said largely, having known nothing but extravagance in his twelve years of life.

Paula, pointed chin sunk in the collar of her squirrel coat, had looked a little thoughtful. At fifteen she had very definite ideas of "must haves." But catching Jonathan's challenging glance, she had tossed her head and said airily: "I'm game!"

Jonathan had turned earnestly back to his father, his eyes shining confidently through his glasses. "We'll do it, sir! The sooner we get out there and get the place ready for you, the sooner you'll be out in the sun getting well."

Carol, seeing the trembling of Rodney's hands, had put the traveler's checks back in her purse. "It will cover necessities, Rodney. And we won't be in debt when we start the new life."

Rodney had consented then. "Only," he had stipulated, "if you run short, telegraph Frank Benson."

"We won't run short!" Jonathan had stated vigorously; and the other three children had backed him up with a curious defiance. Carol had wondered then how much their Uncle Frank's contemptuous pity for Rodney Tate had sunk into their consciousness. Certainly they had seemed to rally closer about their father—known only as the generous provider until then—in the days since he had lost his fortune through a dishonest partner and had stripped himself to make the firm's debt good.

Carol, remembering it all now as she drove toward the westering sun, thought they had really tried to live within the budget. But even she hadn't been much help. Where the article said a fifty-cent meal was indicated, there didn't seem to be decent food obtainable for less than a dollar. Paula overturned her imported scented dusting powder. Naturally, she had to have more. So it went. Each evening they had an accounting—an arithmetic lesson, mostly in subtraction from the traveler's checks.

Jonathan, at her side, was squinting at the long shadows over the gentle prairie. "Amanda must have seen this very land," he said. "What if we got out and walked around a bit? She always did that evenings when they camped."

"That looks stunning on you, but it's the wastebasket!"

"Well, since we've had dinner and our stop for the night is only ten miles off—" Carol turned from the highway on to a dirt road leading to a grove of willows.

McGraw, the collie, leaped out first, the rest scrambling after him. Then they saw that they were in a picnic ground, with benches and tables, though no picnickers were there.

"Look, mother!" Douglas was rolling on a great bed of dry leaves with McGraw. "It'd be swell to sleep out here tonight! We could use the blankets." They carried a tarpaulin-covered roll fastened to the rear bumper, blankets and steamer rugs Carol had brought, fearing the hotel coverings might not always be sufficient.

Jonathan said: "What do you say, mother? It would seem more like Amanda's trip—for the first time."

Afterward Carol could not comprehend how she had come to consent to the unhappy proposal. For that night marked the beginning of disaster. Paula had objected strenuously enough, there being no sheets. Binnie had been frightened and nervous. Perhaps it was because Carol had had a vague idea a hardening process was indicated for what Uncle Frank called her "pampered offspring." Certainly Binnie had turned the scales when she set her soft trembling lips and said: "We'd save what a hotel would cost tonight."

Carol had looked down at the brave mite obviously trying to overcome her fears of the strange place for benefit of the ubiquitous budget. Of course it would be Binnie who would take the budget to heart—Binnie, who was already too staidly responsible for her years. Her mother was going to have to do something about that.

At any rate, Douglas, who had spent several summers at boys' camps in the Adirondacks, and Jonathan, who had been on a walking trip through the Harz Mountains with his tutor, had prevailed.

It was a restless night for all, the ground under the leaves hard and unyielding, the blankets inadequate. Paula sat up most of the night in the car. Binnie was sneezing by morning. Carol decreed:

"That's the last time we try that. The budget calls for beds every night—and it doesn't provide for doctors' bills."

"Even Amanda," Jonathan had to admit, "used her feather bed in the wagon."

Breakfast in a little coffee shop in the next town cheered them up. "How do we stand?" Jonathan asked. "We didn't check up last night."

Carol opened her handbag to take out the log of expenses and the little leather case containing the traveler's checks. Suddenly she began shuffling through the bag's contents. She dumped everything out on the table—shook the bag. Then she looked at the children with frightened eyes.

"They're gone!" she gasped. "The checks!"

They dived for the articles on the table, scattered the papers and compact. There was no leather case.

"Somebody stole it last night while we were sleeping on those filthy leaves!" Paula exclaimed.

"But I saw it this morning," Douglas protested.

"Where?" Carol demanded, looking stern.

"Well, I"—he looked down, shamefaced—"I was counting how much we had left. But I'm sure I put it back in your bag."

They hurried out to the car and searched it and their luggage. Then Carol drove swiftly back to the picnic grounds. They sifted the leaves, went over every inch of the ground, hampered somewhat by McGraw's joyous co-operation in what he thought was a new game.

Finally they sat back, looking bleakly at each other. "We'll report its loss," Carol said. "We might get the money back sometime."

"But — *now?*" Jonathan asked, peering anxiously at her through his glasses. "Is there any money at all?"

Carol looked in her purse. "The change from the twenty-five-dollar check I cashed yesterday. . . . There's nothing to do but wire your Uncle Frank."

Jonathan sprang to his feet. "No, mother, *please!*"

"But what else can I do? I can't worry your father—and besides, he hasn't anything to send us."

Douglas said morosely, "Uncle Frank will go down to the hospital and lord it over dad."

"He'll tell him we're a bunch of morons," Paula added.

"And we'll have a debt," Carol finished grimly, "to be paid back to him as soon as possible—with interest."

They were all silent a moment, and then Jonathan burst out: "Let's go on, mother! Let's think what to do. . . . We'll only wire him if we get desperate."

Carol looked from one tense stubborn face to another. They were not accepting the easy obvious way out—not even Paula. They did have the iron of Amanda in their veins, in spite of soft living. Especially when it concerned humiliation for their father. She had not known before quite how deep-seated was the antagonism Uncle Frank had engendered in their hearts.

"We'll do without everything," Douglas urged.

"We can't go far without gas and oil," Carol reminded them, getting up. "But we'll see."

THEY were all soberly silent for miles. Jonathan was driving when a sickening whistle sounded from the rear and the car lurched to the side of the road.

"Blowout," he said in a weak voice, and got out to inspect it. Jonathan had never changed a tire. That had been the chauffeur's job on the limousine at home. But he found the tools and set valiantly to work, the others making a forlorn group around him.

"How much will it cost?" Binnie asked timidly, but no one had the heart to answer her.

A muddy old car drew up behind them, a car loaded even on the running boards, a tarp flapping over a bulging mass on the rear. A lanky man in a battered felt hat, with sun wrinkles around kind eyes, slouched toward them.

"Need help, young feller?" he asked.

A woman was beaming at them from the car, a plump woman fairly bursting out of a gingham dress, a handkerchief tied peasant fashion over her hair and revealing a round good-natured face.

"Things do happen," she said cheerfully.

Carol went over to talk pleasantly with her, but Paula stood apart, wrapped in her cool young dignity, getting back into the car as soon as possible. She fidgeted when the man came to lean on the door after her mother resumed her seat, and stood there wiping his hands on an oily rag

and conversing sociably. He said his name was Springer and he was from "Ioway" and he and his wife often made the trip to California "to visit the folks." Carol told him their name and route, and Paula whispered impatiently, "Oh, *mother!* Pay him and let's go." Carol seemed not to hear, and the next minute Paula was leaning forward with a coin in her hand, proffering it to Mr. Springer.

"Thank you very much," she said crisply, but smiling.

Paula had acquired a gracious manner of tipping. But the stranger drew back, a hurt look in his kindly eyes, ignoring the money. He said, with a little gesture of farewell to Carol:

"We're going the same way and we'll keep an eye on you."

ONCE more on the road, Carol spoke over her shoulder to Paula: "Do you remember your daddy telling you you'd get acquainted with the great middle class in this country? Independent folk, industrious, neighborly—not to be treated as servants."

Paula flounced around on the seat. "I don't think much of the sample," she sniffed. "They could at least be neat."

Carol sighed and stared ahead in perplexity. How was one to instill a sense of values not dictated by appearances and a bank roll?

"The woman in the car," she said at last, "recommended a place to stay tonight which she says is clean and cheap. An auto camp. Are you game?"

"One of those cabins I've seen on the road where they go to bed with their car?" Paula asked suspiciously.

"Well, if it's cheap," Jonathan said, "and we can get there, we won't have to wire Uncle Frank just yet."

At that reminder the chorus of assent was deafening. It was with a sense of triumph that they drove into the Shady Rest Auto Camp in the late afternoon.

The heavily laden Iowa car was already there, and Mrs. Springer came toward them with a broad welcoming smile.

"Never stayed at an auto camp before?" she exclaimed with a deep chuckle, seeing their hesitation. "The beds are made up, so you won't have to unpack your bedding, and there's a gas plate to cook on. You can get supplies at that little store."

Dinner that night was a test of endurance. A warmed-up can of beans, some bread, a baker's canned-apple pie, eaten from an oilcloth-covered table in the same room with the beds. McGraw not too proud to gulp down a can of dog food. Carol waited, herself feeling unreal, as if in a nightmare. Not a word of complaint from the four. But they were silent and thoughtful until Jonathan said:

"Wonder what the pioneers ate?" He got Amanda's journal out of his bag and read excerpts. Buffalo meat. That was out, of course; but Carol remarked that canned foods were cheap and nourishing. Bread was Amanda's stand-by. "Corn meal," read Jonathan, "has been much appreciated by all."

Carol ventured, hoping it might be a recompense: "I could get Mrs. Springer to teach me how to make spoon bread."

"That'd be nice," Jonathan said politely and turned a page. "It's a pity we can't turn the car out to graze, as they did the oxen. . . ." He put the book down and rose. "Maybe we could keep going this way, though, if—"

The others watched as he walked over to the luggage and stood contemplating it, hands in his pockets. He touched his own bag with the toe of his shoe. "Excellent pigskin . . . not marred . . . Ought to bring in at least ten dollars."

"What are you thinking about, Jonathan?" Carol asked in growing trepidation.

He faced her. "Look. Amanda sold her silk dresses to buy a cow when she needed it more, didn't she? When the crash came, dad sold the house and everything to satisfy the creditors. You sold your jewelry to buy the place out in California and get us there. So what?"

"But, Jonathan," Carol objected, "we've brought along a minimum of necessities!"

He grinned. "We've hit a new low. . . . That cardboard carton we brought in from the grocer's will do nicely for a traveling bag."

"He's got something there!" Douglas shouted. "Why didn't I think of that?" He rushed to his own suitcase.

"Corduroys for you and me from now on, fella," Jonathan said. "Some secondhand joint will pay us for these English tweeds."

Binnie was rapidly donating everything she had to the cause, and Jonathan had to restrain her. Paula sat huddled over her silver-fitted overnight case, and fingered a favorite hand-knit dress. Eventually she parted from them both.

CAROL stood there, saying nothing, longing for Rodney's clear vision. There was something terrifically important about all this. It wasn't sound economics—but was it the more vital spiritual awakening to responsibility and sacrifice they must experience for the new way of life?

She was to receive still further enlightenment as to the sharpened wits of these children of opulence and ease. Mr. Springer knocked at their door and, coming in, said to Jonathan:

"I saw you taking pictures of the camp awhile ago. You got us in 'em, didn't you?"

Jonathan picked up his little foreign camera. "Yes. We send snapshots back to my father, who is ill. I have a little developing-and-printing outfit along, you see."

"Could we get a couple of prints?" Mr. Springer was digging up change from his sagging trousers pocket. "How much will they be?"

Paula sprang to her feet, scarlet, about to protest; but Jonathan was before her: "I'll make as many prints as you like, Mr. Springer, but you can't pay me anything — after all you've done for us. Sort of *esprit de corps* that you've shown us."

"What?" He blinked and then said clumsily, "Oh, that was nothing." He looked at Carol. "Everything all right, Mrs. Tate?"

"Quite," she assured him, smiling.

Jonathan could scarcely wait for him to be gone. Then he proposed eagerly: "Let's always get into auto camps early enough for me to take pictures of people. I'll develop and print them at night. Sell them before they leave next morning!"

Carol quirked an eyebrow at him. "I foresee nights of dark-room service for all. Prints drying on our beds. Fragrance of hypo. The life of itinerant photographers!"

The car behaved well until they were in Wyoming. It had been droning along peacefully over the highway, which was not at this point the old Overland Trail but where the scenery approximated that of Amanda's vivid story. The wind still blew fresh and free over the immensities of the Great Plains country; the mountains loomed ahead in the same lonely grandeur. Jonathan slid under the wheel and took a turn at driving.

Carol looked over her brood. No one, it seemed, was enjoying the scenery. They were all, she decided, listening to a fateful new knock-knock-knock from somewhere in the mysterious region under the hood.

JONATHAN spoke in an odd tight voice: "What d'you suppose that means?"

Carol leaned forward to listen. Instantly the three in the rear seat were hanging anxiously over them. "Do we have to have it fixed, mother? What'll it cost?"

She looked at their tired harried faces reflecting her own fears, and rebuked herself for poor leadership. But they were all well aware that the sale of their possessions so far in the small towns had netted them only a meager percentage of their value. And it had rained the night before, so Jonathan could not take pictures.

"Worrying doesn't get things *done*, does it?" she asked, forcing a gay laugh. "Save yourselves to help Jonathan print pictures tonight."

Jonathan squared his shoulders at the wheel. The others dropped back, relieved. Binnie said, "Tell us a story, mother."

"Something about this country we're passing through," Jonathan suggested. "In Europe my tutor used to tell me stuff about abbeys; that Caesar marched here—or Napoleon conquered there."

Carol searched her mind for half-forgotten facts as inspiration came from the rugged face of the country around her.

"Is this the real West, mother?" Douglas prompted her. He had been asking that ever since they left Ohio.

"Yes," she said, "the real West—the old frontier." She began with the fur trappers and Lewis and Clark. Then the gold seekers of Amanda's day. How the cowboys drove the cattle on the Long Trail from Texas to these Wyoming grazing lands. The transcontinental railroad. The cattle barons, the unfenced range. Freedom. Hard, clean living. Americans, all of them. The spirit of the frontiersmen, restless, adventurous, brave. The saga of the Indian fighting—Custer and Marcy and Forsyth.

"They got it ready for the homesteader," she said, "that last conqueror of the frontier."

"Homesteaders," Paula repeated curiously, a little disdainfully. "Like us?"

"Except that the land was free for them to take up and hold as their own," Carol qualified. "Otherwise we're just like them."

SHE had turned in the seat so that all might hear, and for some time had been studying Jonathan's finely cut profile. It told her nothing, for his sensitive mouth and eyes were hidden. How had her story compared with the romance of the countries he had traveled so often?

When he spoke, it was in a hushed tone, something of wonder, almost of tears in it: "It's a swell country, mother. It's—it's young. Not old and tired, like Europe. . . . It makes me feel humble—to be seeing it for the first time. . . . And proud!" Suddenly he turned a new look on her, a look of confidence, a determination like a flash of steel. "Glory, mother, a fellow can't go wrong in a country like this!"

Carol turned her face quickly. A spasm of tears contorted it. Dear Jonathan, so anxious to help when his father's financial crash came, but so frightened and unsure of himself. Now he was finding the bedrock in the shifting sands. The rock of faith. . . .

Their early stop at an auto camp and a clear sky brought Jonathan several orders for snapshots. Douglas provided a smile and a tear, too. Carol heard his shrill voice on the evening air:

"Wash your car, sir?"

She saw the sturdy little figure, bucket in hand, standing beside a man who was inspecting his mud-splashed new car ruefully.

"You can help," the man said, laughing.

When Douglas reappeared at the cabin, the new corduroys were muddy, but he was grinning elatedly, with a quarter in his grimy paw.

Jonathan was up late developing and printing the pictures, teaching Paula to wash and dry them while the others tried to sleep. Early in the morning he was out distributing the prints and came back to his mother with the money. "Now we can go on!" he cried triumphantly.

"On and on and on," she agreed, "like Columbus."

Every cent helped them on their

way—and helped sustain their newfound courage. But she knew very well it was not going to be enough.

Over the Continental Divide. Fort Bridger, misted with memories of Amanda's relief at arriving there safely. Salt Lake, where she had traded with the Mormons—and where these Tates sold another piece of luggage for gasoline. The Great Desert, hot, quivering with mirages, anxiously passed over in a car that boiled. Nevada with sudden welcome rains, the wild sweet smell of sage, the vast openness of land and sky.

The money was running very low. So many people had their own cameras or wouldn't be bothered with Jonathan. Douglas' odd jobs brought in so little. They were on small rations now, for every cent must be used for the car. Mr. Springer had diagnosed the ominous knock as the universal joint. An appalling thing, under the circumstances, to have to replace. Carol, touched by the dogged determination of her children, put off sending the hated wire.

Douglas muttered to Binnie: "Gee, I'm hungry!"

BUT his mother heard. There was some bread in the box but no butter; a small tin of sardines; part of a can of dog food for McGraw. She turned off the highway a few feet on the side road.

"Lunch!" she said, as cheerfully as if it meant something nice. "We'll eat in the car."

"There come those everlasting Springers," Paula said tiredly.

Mr. Springer hailed Carol: "Everything all right, Mrs. Tate?"

"The joint's still holding," she called back. "We're just going to have lunch."

Mrs. Springer struggled out of the car, holding a large box carefully upright.

"We just caught up with you in time," she said, coming toward them. "I baked a cake last night and I want you to have some. It was that wood stove at the auto camp—I never can resist a wood fire for cake!" She paused and looked at Paula delightedly. "My! What a pretty scarf—it's so becoming."

The others were gazing at the mound of chocolate cake, rich and luscious, and broke out in paeans of praise and thanks. Mrs. Springer trundled back to her car singing: "'Will there be'—Joe, get out our lunch box—'any stars in my crown?'"

Suddenly Paula burst out of the car and rushed headlong after Mrs. Springer. She seized the plump shoulders and said fiercely:

"Did you know we were practically starving? And oh"—Paula hugged the uncouth figure suddenly—"you're so *kind!*" She whipped off the red scarf. "Take this—please—as a keepsake from us!"

Carol and Jonathan, over great slices of chocolate cake, looked at each other silently. They both knew the scarf was Paula's dearest vanity.

Reno—a modern city rising into view after the vast Nevada loneliness. Carson. . . .

"Mother," Douglas asked, "are those the Sierras Amanda crossed?"

"Yes, dear; but we're going to cross farther south, around Lake Tahoe. It will be the way the Pony Express carried her letters back. We dare not go out of our way now." She nerved herself. "Darlings, we aren't going to make it much farther. The money's practically gone, and the car must be fixed."

There was a shocked silence, and then Douglas asked: "Can't we even get into California—when we're in sight of it?"

"We just can't be defeated," Jonathan said, "when we're this close!"

"We'll keep on," Carol conceded, "as long as we can. Then I'll have to wire Uncle Frank."

Silently for miles they savored the bitter draft of that humiliation. The car was climbing now, a steady grade, accompanied by the loud clatter of its vital parts. Around the end of Lake Tahoe. Knock . . . knock . . . knock . . .

They crossed the state line, and Douglas piped up feebly, "California, here we come!"

Then the universal joint let loose, with a last convulsive, shattering thump, and Carol coasted down to a little shack with an American flag flying above it. "Here's help," she said thankfully.

But an official stepped out in the road and stopped them with uplifted hand.

"What — what's the matter?" Carol stammered anxiously, jamming on the brakes.

HE was looking at the rear of their car. "Been camping? Had that bedding on the ground anywhere?"

"No—why, yes, we did one night away back."

"Open it up. We have to check for alfalfa weevils—can't have them brought into the state."

Jonathan got out and began unrolling the tarpaulin, while Paula gasped, "Of all things for *us* to be accused of! Bugs!"

Then they heard a choked cry from Jonathan. Carol leaned from the window, calling: "Did he find some?"

But Jonathan was stumbling toward her with a small leather case in his hand. They stared at it breathlessly.

"The — the traveler's checks!" Binnie began to cry.

"Rolled up in the blankets," Jonathan explained.

Suddenly Douglas plunged out of the car, tripping over McGraw. "We did better'n Amanda!" he exulted. "*We* found gold in California!"

Carol sat limp. Jonathan leaned in close to her.

"Mother," he said softly, "let's send a wire to dad—instead of Uncle Frank. Something like . . . 'Beyond the Sierras lies *our* El Dorado. We've won through on our own steam.'"

THE END

He had spent four undisturbed weeks in the company of a woman he loved.

KINGS AND BROTHERS

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

In Edward's resolve to marry the woman he loved as soon as possible, but only after letting his people know of his intention, Mr. Ludwig discerns the sense of honor of a great gentleman. The new King realized that he would have against him not only the Prime Minister but the Archbishop of Canterbury. However, if he then looked back—as Mr. Ludwig did in last week's installment—through the records of Britain's royal marriages since the advent of the House of Hanover, he cannot but have concluded that, as far as the laws were concerned, a king could marry whomever he pleased, provided she was not a Catholic, and that his wife, even though a commoner and a foreigner, might become his queen consort.

At all events, Edward invited the woman he loved to Balmoral and had her arrival published in the Court Circular. Thereupon society closed its ranks against her, and even, in a measure, against him. To escape from the oppressiveness of the situation, he made a political trip to Turkey and Greece on a yacht instead of on the customary warship—not realizing that cameras and news hawks were keeping their eyes on him, or that Baldwin himself was at Cannes, sun-bathing on the beach, as the yacht steamed by.

More intimate glimpses into the lives of a King who became a Duke and the Duke who took his place

BY EMIL LUDWIG

PART NINE—STORM CLOUDS OVER EDWARD

TWO towers keep guard over the point at which the Thames enters the huge ancient city of London. They stand facing each other, separated yet linked by the wide river. One is that of Westminster, the Houses of Parliament; the other that of Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Both ancient, with foundations reaching back seven hundred years, both gray and Gothic, both masculine without being sinister, both witnesses of great historical events, these two square towers with their surrounding buildings reveal the strength of the powers which they symbolize: State and Church, people and priesthood, reason and faith, the liberty and the bondage of English life.

Looking at English history, one is prone to overrate the relative power of Parliament, and the stranger visiting the Houses asks on the terrace: "And what is that over there?" Yet both past and present demonstrate the significance of that other fortress. In 1936 the Archbishop who resided there, as his eyes ranged over his halls and chapels, or over the history of his palace, could not but be conscious of a power which he was bound to exer-

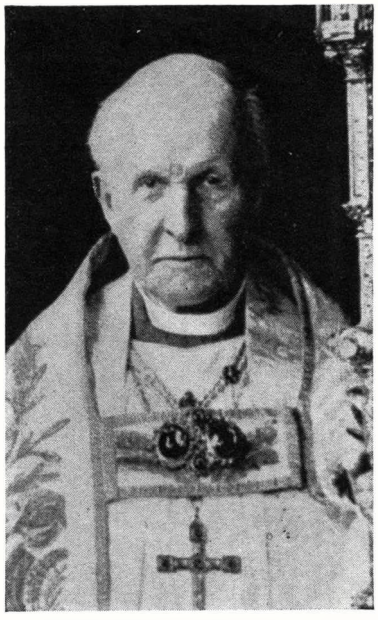
cise whenever his Church seemed in jeopardy. If he really descried a menace where others recognized fresh strength, if he was as affronted as we are attracted by a young modern ruler, he could not but act as he did. But it is equally incumbent upon us to realize clearly where the powers lay which overthrew Edward VIII.

The lord of this palace lives in great splendor, and when he sits at table under the sloping roof of the huge old guardroom, where in bygone times the crusading prelates used to meet in armor, he has but to raise his eyes to see his predecessors of the twenty-six generations since portrait-painting began. Once they were called cardinals, but after the separation from Rome they only bore the title of archbishop. They can tell many a story, keep many another to themselves, those priests in purple cassocks, white surplices, scarlet birettas, with the crosses on their breasts visible to all believers, though many bear invisible swords which are mirrored in their haughty faces.

EVERY one of the palace's walls must enhance its present lord's self-assurance. Now in his seventies, he has a wholesome pink-and-white complexion, a thin-lipped mouth which alone betrays his age, keen, dark, small, and glittering eyes. As he raises the little silver beaker out of which, unlike his guests, he drinks only lemonade, he looks searchingly at them like a man who, confronted by a stranger, at once asks what he wants of him. It is difficult to read his thoughts. His step is rapid, his speech brief and to the point. His fine education enables him to quote Goethe correctly in the original. In a general way, there is about him more of the politician than of the priest.

For among the princes of the Church, Dr. Lang, the son of a Scottish minister, stands rather with the men of action than with the men of feeling, and the fact that he first went in for law shows where the original trend of his talent lay. At Oxford he was a distinguished speaker, and for several years afterward he studied law and worked in a London lawyer's office before changing his profession and entering the Church. But even as a cleric he remained an active spirit; he worked in two industrial towns and threw himself into social questions. It may have influenced his elevation to a bishopric that, preaching in the neighborhood of Osborne, he came into contact with Queen Victoria's court in the last years of her life, for he was, at thirty-seven, the youngest English bishop, and again, at forty-four, the youngest Archbishop of York.

After the war he carried out a political mission in Canada and the United States; in 1920 he conducted a great church conference at Lambeth Palace itself, and later defended the new Prayer Book before the House of Lords. Acumen and eloquence, with a superb ambition behind them, bore this prelate to the highest place the Anglican Church has to offer. It could desire no more resolute head.



The Archbishop of Canterbury

The gulf that divides him from Baldwin can be seen by a look at their faces. The prelate, with his gifts, could be a statesman, but Baldwin could never be a prelate. Not that Baldwin is not a believer, but he always has to tinker up some puritanical motive for purely worldly actions. The Archbishop, on the other hand, stands supported by a tradition of churchmanship lasting four hundred years, in which morality is taken for granted and requires no defense.

His career from the manse to the palace, again unlike that of Baldwin, was neither easy nor without conflict; but it has carried him to a position from which, like the Pope, he cannot be removed. His palace represents a sovereignty inaccessible to any Prime Minister, who can be overthrown by a majority any day.

The man in a third palace, the King, is a sovereign too, though not completely so until he is crowned, and the man who crowns him is the Archbishop, who can, on principle, refuse to set the crown on his head. The King of England is ex officio head of the Church of England, and is thus, in the temporal sense, what the Archbishop of Canterbury represents as primate. Nonetheless, in England it is Parliament that governs, and Parliament and Church, if they join forces, can carry everything before them.

That is why Baldwin, in his relation to King Edward, would have been powerless if he had been supported by only one of these factors. Once he was sure of the Church, he might have been able to stage-manage the conflict in his own way. But he was not sure of the Church, and since he acted at first quite alone, without the Cabinet, and throughout without any assistance from Parliament, the fate of the King, and hence of the country, actually lay in the hands of two men of seventy. Baldwin and the Archbishop conducted the drama. All they needed was a third ally, and they found one.

THE Anglican Church was born of a divorce; that may be the most deep-seated cause of its susceptibility on all questions concerning divorce. When Henry VIII was twelve, he was betrothed to the "virgin widow" of his elder brother, who had died at fifteen. When the two were eighteen and twenty-four, they were married and were crowned together. Seventeen years later, Henry demanded of the Pope that the marriage be annulled, because he had fallen in love with another woman. After the Pope refused, the King broke with Rome and forced his clergy into submission, so that they recognized him as "singular protector, only and supreme Lord, and . . . supreme head of the Church of England and Clergy." At its creation, the new Church of England recognized both the dissolution of the King's marriage and his second marriage; that was why it had been created. Four centuries later, in our own day, there arose that conflict between the King and the Archbishop which forms the background of this portion of our story.

In those early days, since the Protestants were striving to weaken the canon law in all directions, they rejected the sacramental aspect of marriage along with other sacraments; to this day, they have retained only baptism and communion as genuine sacraments, declaring that the other five were instituted by the Apostles and hence are "sacramentals." Another thirty years, and the English clergy had reached the point of sanctioning absolute divorce in cases of adultery, desertion, cruelty, and incompatibility. The innocent party was allowed to enter on a new religious marriage. Between 1550 and 1600 a large number of religious marriages were dissolved and new marriages contracted by the divorced persons.

Anglican dogma has never received its final definition, and various canons have been the subject of much dispute, as the definition of a sacrament still is. Those five sacraments, including marriage, which were denoted by the Reformation as "sacramentals," do not "produce sanctifying grace *ex opere operato*—by virtue of the rite or substance employed." They "do not possess this dignity and privilege." It was with quibbles of this kind that the English Church sought to make its holiest ordinances compatible with its consideration for the instincts and desires of powerful men and women. That went on through the centuries, so that the Homily of the State of Matrimony, which was still in force in 1864, has nothing to say of the sacrament or indissolubility of marriage.

Divorces among the aristocracy

became famous and later historical, and this brings us back to our story. We can still see by her portrait at Lambeth Palace that Lady Penelope Devereux was beautiful. No wonder, since her lover Sir Philip Sidney was equally handsome, that she was very reluctant to marry the brutal Lord Rich instead of him, and remained her lover's mistress even after she was married. After he died, she found a new lover in Lord Mountjoy, later Earl of Devonshire. By him she became the mother of three sons and two daughters, in addition to the seven children she was said to have borne her husband. (How she reckoned this all out is her secret.)

Her formal separation from her husband came about; so did her marriage to her lover. William Laud, then Lord Mountjoy's chaplain, consented to remarry this hypothetically divorced woman. Later Laud repented, wrote the story of his sin, and spoke of his Calvary. Ford used the story in one of his tragedies. As long as Penelope was living with Mountjoy in so-called sin, they were received at court together. But married—no, that was impossible. The court was closed to them.

Such are the heights of nonsense to which cant can rise.

MORE than three hundred years later, only a short time ago, the present Archbishop stood before her portrait. It stands alone, the only treasure, on the ancient table in his study, which looks out across the river to the tower of Westminster.

"Every year," he related, smiling, "Archbishop Laud would fast on the anniversary of the day on which he had performed the ceremony. But"—here he paused a moment—"he always kept beautiful Penelope's portrait in his room." He did not appear to notice that he, too, who had so recently made the world ring with his fight against the divorced friend of Edward VIII, had kept Penelope's portrait alone on his table.

Two generations later, in 1670, Parliament allowed a certain Lord Roos to divorce in order that he might remarry. In order to get rid of his wife, this noble lord offered evidence that his children were not his, and Charles II presided over the debate in the House of Lords in order to create a precedent for his own divorce from his queen. At the end of this struggle two modern-minded bishops voted for Lord Roos' private Bill of Divorcement, and meanwhile a future bishop had dared to put forward the thesis, "Marriage is a contract founded upon the laws of nature, its end being the propagation of mankind." The Roos Bill was passed by a majority of two, eighteen bishops voting against it.

Thirty years later Sir John Germain, a soldier of fortune credited with royal blood, succeeded in marrying his mistress, the Duke of Norfolk's divorced wife. It was the Archbishop of Canterbury, the lord of Lambeth Palace, a predecessor of the present austere prelate, who in 1701

gave the license for marriage to these two so-called guilty parties. But it is said that when, long after the death of his wedded wife, Sir John lay dying, a clergyman refused him the last sacrament.

The views on marriage and divorce held by the Church of England remained so confused through the centuries that they varied from case to case and from one cleric to another. The distinction between guilty and innocent parties in respect of their right to remarry shows that, unlike the Catholics, the Anglican Church did not regard marriage as sacred and indissoluble. Even today the majority of the higher clergy—though by no means all—are still arguing the question whether both parties divorced or only one may marry again. And after 1700, divorces by Act of Parliament—with the highest clergy in the House of Lords—became tolerably frequent. According to the Encyclopædia Britannica, quoted by Mackenzie, whose account is followed here, from 1715 to 1850, Bills of Divorcement dissolved 224 marriages.

The history of the English Royal Family is particularly rich in this kind of divorce. Here morganatic marriages constantly recur. The way in which Queen Victoria created Lady Cecilia Buggin Countess of Inverness, but without the title "Royal Highness," shows that morganatic marriage was then officially recognized.

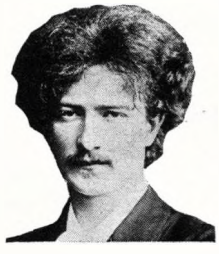
Every time a prince of the blood royal wished to sanction or dissolve a love affair, he would discover a new law of nature. In 1800, when Auckland tried to introduce penalties for adultery, he was opposed by the Duke of Clarence, later William IV, who was then living with Mrs. Jordan, and who argued that even the death penalty failed to prevent military desertion. A peer argued that the House should not reward adultery by the right to remarriage in a way to imply that there could be such a person as an "honorable seducer." But the Bishop of Rochester, obviously shrewder than them both, had said that the prohibition of divorce must encourage adultery, and had not shied at quoting Tacitus and Juvenal.

IN the nineteenth century, instead of clearing up, the question became more intricate than ever. In 1857 the Bishop of Oxford introduced a proviso in favor of those clergymen who refused to remarry divorced persons; three bishops voted for, two against this proviso; some recorded protests. The whole problem of the indissolubility of marriage was debated afresh. At that time Gladstone, who defended the sanctioning of individual divorces by Parliament, spoke twenty-nine times in the course of one sitting. The Times, which was on the side of easier divorce, declared that a woman should not be condemned to remain her lover's mistress instead of becoming his wife. From that time on, the number of regular divorces in England increased.

On the threshold of the twentieth century the then head of the Church realized that new liberties in political life demanded, as a corollary, new liberties in private life. The problem again came up for discussion in 1935, just before our drama began. A joint conference of the clergy of Canterbury and York then resolved that the principle of monogamy made the second marriage of any person whose former partner was still living unmoral. Hence the Church should refuse its services for such marriages, nor should it admit such persons to the sacraments. Yet, as usual, qualifications and loopholes left almost anything conceivably permissible. Indeed, as if in order definitely to elude any clear decision, the Doctrine in the Church of England, which was published not long ago as the result of fifteen annual sessions, each lasting a week or two, of a body of prominent churchmen and laymen appointed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in 1922, states that both problems of immortality and that of marriage as a sacrament remain unsolved, and recommends that a commission be specially appointed for the latter purpose.

Altogether, it is clear that every side of the divorce-and-remarriage question remains open. The only certain thing is that the Church designated divorce and remarriage as permissible in certain cases not long before the spiritual head of the Church entered the lists against its temporal head to prevent his marriage to a divorced woman and hence force him to abdicate.

20 QUESTIONS



1—Long acclaimed the foremost artist in his field, he served his country as premier when it regained its independence. Whose early photo is this?

2—What was the worst peacetime disaster in the United States?

3—Which of the United States Supreme Court judges reads his opinions first?

4—What Canadian village was the scene of Longfellow's poem Evangeline?

5—Who is the best known manservant in the world?

6—What state has produced eight Presidents of the United States?

7—What movie star who made her biggest hit playing a wife, started her career as a "menace"?

8—What annual awards in journalism and letters were established by the will of an immigrant?

9—Who was the first American to win a lawn-tennis championship at Wimbledon?

10—Which is done with greater speed, the filming or the projection of a motion picture?

11—In what document was the principle of "no taxation without representation" first laid down?

12—Why are windows in partially completed buildings generally smeared with a white substance?

13—When does hair grow faster, in winter or summer?

14—Who designed the first steamboat?

15—What is firedamp?

16—Who was the star of the first successful talking picture?

17—In what sport is the Walker Cup a trophy?

18—Who said, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"?

19—What Nobel Prize winner invented the cathode-ray tube which makes television possible?

20—Who, a candidate for the Presidency, was defeated by the phrase, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion"?

(Answers will be found on page 40)

KING EDWARD returned from the Mediterranean in the happiest possible frame of mind. A man of forty-one, he had for the first time spent a few undisturbed weeks in the company of a woman he loved. This great event, which would have had its effect on a much stronger man, took place in the romantic seclusion of a smart yacht, in the society of friendly people, in the absence of the woman's husband, and was animated by political missions and visits in which he could see her intelligence working on immediate impressions. It was a week-end which lasted four weeks, and to make it yet more perfect, it was spent on the sea, in summer clothes, in summer mood, and carried along on a stream of gaiety and harmony.

Yet this trip was not merely a pleasure trip. There were reasons why Duff Cooper, the Secretary for War, and his private secretary were on board. There were reasons why the King, just before the attempt on his life and at the dedication of the war memorial in France, had uttered urgent appeals for peace; there were reasons why he had had a long talk with Litvinov. At that moment, when the situation between England, Italy, and Turkey was obscure, when the British Parliament felt war so near that it was prepared to be summoned at any moment, the government was of the opinion that personal visits by the King could relieve the tension, and hence welcomed this trip.

In Yugoslavia, British exports had declined in favor of Germany; in Greece, after the death of Venizelos, Metaxas, a pro-German, had come to the head of the government; Turkey was demanding from the League of Nations the restitution of her rights over the Straits; personal meetings between the King of England and the heads of these three countries brought a relief of tension into the intricate situation. Kemal Pasha, whom the King liked so much that he invited him to London, shortly afterward sent to London an order for steel and iron to the value of three million pounds.

But the demon of our day was busy among all these happy circumstances; the camera was surreptitiously making history. When a few poor fishermen on the Dalmatian coast stood revealed as disguised press photographers, the King laughed; and when a telegraphed photograph appeared in American papers, he laughed again, without realizing the danger.

The danger became obvious when, in the middle of August, a London paper published a full-page photograph of the two on its front page. Already the Americans were vying with one another in reproducing pictures and gossip, and even though it was only the postal subscribers in England who received these, all the same they passed from hand to hand.

Those summer weeks saw the first confidential conversations in English clubs, at the seaside, on the terrace of a country house in which three or four English peers, undersecretaries, and bank directors discussed whether it would not be quite pleasant to have a more docile King. Subterranean revolts of the kind within the ruling party had brought about the downfall of more than one Prime Minister, the last having been led by Baldwin himself fourteen years before. If a Prime Minister could be sent out of office against the King's will, why should not the Prime Minister, with the support of his friends, overthrow the King? All that was needed was sufficient grounds. The photos from America showed the way.

Baldwin was not in the country. He was lying on the shores of the Mediterranean, for he had been ill. But was it possible for him to be ignorant of a sensation which was unknown to the people but a byword in society? He told the House later how, returning to work in October, he found hundreds of letters waiting for him to draw his attention to the growing scandal; they certainly could not have come as a surprise. Or was it possible that the Prime Minister knew nothing about the application for a divorce made by Mrs. Simpson, whose every step was watched by the detectives of half a dozen countries on account of the relations supposed to exist between her and the King?

At a solemn moment, Baldwin later called himself the King's friend. What, then, was now his plain duty? What was the duty of the Foreign Secretary, of Hoare, for whom the King had a special regard, of Chamberlain or Simon? What was the duty of the two archbishops? To contradict the gossip in America, but at the same time to warn the King. Since nothing of the kind was done, the historian—let us imagine the story is a hundred years old—can only conclude that there was an intention behind it all. The intention was to lure the fox into the trap.

THE King made things easy for them. No later than July he had, against the advice of his friends, caused Mrs. Simpson's name to appear in the Court Circular as a guest at a dinner, all the other guests being people of title. Her name, moreover, appeared alone, as her divorce suit was then impending. In August she had again appeared in the English papers as a guest on the yacht Nahlin side by side with nine members of the English aristocracy. What he ought to have done now was to separate from her for the time being. If she had gone from the Mediterranean to America for a few months, and had returned afterward, things might have taken a different course. But what lover was ever so reasonable?

Instead of his being so, the two basic traits of his character, honesty and obstinacy, came out stronger than ever. The former made it impossible for him to resort to any kind of subterfuge. Immediately upon his return from the Mediterranean, he further embittered society by inviting Mrs. Simpson to Balmoral, where she remained his guest for a week, together with certain royal relatives, two English officers, and an American couple named Rogers. He was, as regards the court, perfectly justified, especially since the lady had been presented at his father's court; but again it was an error in tactics. And the stories that went about!

The worst thing of all was that the King, in every picture, whether on the Mediterranean or at Balmoral, looked so happy. Had he quite forgotten that he was supposed to mourn for his father for a year? Why was he always laughing? As Prince of Wales he had always displayed that interesting melancholy which the girls fell in love with. Now, when tradition imposed gravity upon him, he laughed. It was obvious: he was bewitched, and the little American was by way of cheating England of its King.

BY the beginning of October, Church and society had taken up their position. The Archbishop had double grounds. He had carefully kept his personal dislike for the King—it was mutual—in hand. Then he heard that the King was willing to be crowned but not to be anointed. Edward's religious feeling was, and has remained, informal. While at Balmoral he attended not only the Church of England but also Presbyterian services. This and other things gave rise to an apprehension that, in the coronation oath, the King's promise to retain the "established Protestant religion" was to be altered. Inquiry was made of the Prime Minister, who replied that there was no such proposal. Nonetheless, the Archbishop refused the other churches any participation in the coronation, although it was not to take place until May.

Though no private understanding can be proved between Baldwin and the Archbishop at so early a date, all the circumstances point to it.

The Prime Minister returned at the beginning of October, and declared at a party dinner that his errors "had always preceded his most glorious triumphs." The only question was whether he was still in the period of error or already in that of triumph. In any case, he entered on both when, on October 20, he first entered the King's room at Fort Belvedere to broach the marriage question. His double role of "friend," self-styled, and Prime Minister made it possible for him to keep the official knowledge of the situation from the Cabinet on

the one hand, while cutting the King off from his people on the other. The King, of course, said that he would settle the matter with Baldwin personally because he still hoped to exercise his constitutional right of marrying the woman of his choice without protest from the government.

When Baldwin, in the course of this first conversation, warned the King of what was happening in the American press, and of the effect it would have, particularly in Canada, he referred to Mrs. Simpson's impending divorce. He was aware, as he was to say a few weeks later, that "a most difficult situation would arise for me, for him, and there might well be a danger" for both.

Meanwhile, barely a week later, the *deus ex machina* stepped from the wings into this the second act of our drama in the person of the American newspaper magnate Hearst. In a solemn declaration he informed the world that King Edward VIII would, in the spring, after the legally appointed delay, marry Mrs. Simpson, whose divorce had just been pronounced, and make her Queen of England.

The reason given was that a marriage to a princess would simply lead to complications. His brother Albert had found happiness with a commoner. Anglo-American friendship would be cemented. "Primarily, however, the King's transcendent reason for marrying Mrs. Simpson is that he ardently loves her, and does not see why a King should be denied the privilege of marrying the lady he loves." All prognostications pointed to his being married, shortly after his coronation, "to the very charming and intelligent Mrs. Ernest Simpson, of Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A."

The statement did not come from the King, for he had only seen Mr. Hearst once, some ten years before. His entourage, however, had desired this very reasonable declaration, and were thus guilty of an error for which Hearst is not responsible. The opponents of the plan, now in deadly earnest, badgered the London press, which had maintained general silence in the whole matter.

That silence helped later to decide the outcome. For since the world, and especially America and France, had been busy for three months with an English question unknown to the English people, in the end there was an explosion. Meanwhile, part of the English press had shown purely human tact in refusing to parade the King's love story in the streets; another part was afraid of the law of libel, which is so dangerous in England, and which is very easily infringed; a third part, consisting of the less influential papers, was clearly counting on the effect of a belated explosion, and consciously laid the mine in order to turn the people against the King late and suddenly. Under the domination of cant, the government, who ought to have kept the whip hand of the situation, could only back this method.

Even when the lady was granted her divorce in a provincial town, so that the formal impediment to a marriage was removed, the news was pushed away into an obscure corner in the London press.

Society alone was thrilled and probably satisfied when the decree nisi set free the woman the King loved, for that made a clear issue of the moral conflict for him, and would force him to make a decision on his own account.

In his second talk with the King, four weeks after the first, Baldwin openly informed him of the hostile feeling in the country. Baldwin's only mistake was to confuse society and the people, as members of a high, exclusive class are prone to do. It was the King's fault that this second conversation did not take place until November 16, for how could Baldwin pester him twice? Yet it was noticeable this time, since he did not know why the King had summoned him, that Baldwin began the conversation himself.

He said he did not think that such a marriage as the King was planning would meet with the approval of the country. What grounds had he? His worst enemy could not say of him "that I did not know what the reaction of the English people would be to any particular course of action." And as to the King's possible future wife becoming Queen, he was "certain that would be impracticable."

The King replied: "I am prepared to go."

"Sir," said Baldwin, "that is most grievous news. It is impossible for me to make any comment on it."

In what circumstances Edward told his mother and his brothers of his unalterable intention to marry, and how fine was the response of Albert to that portentous information, Emil Ludwig will make clear in next week's installment of Kings and Brothers.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 38

1—Ignace Paderewski's.
2—The Johnstown flood.
3—The newest member.
4—Grand Pré, Nova Scotia.
5—Jeeves, created by P. G. Wodehouse.
6—Virginia.
7—Myrna Loy.
8—The Pulitzer Prizes, established by Joseph Pulitzer, newspaper owner.
9—May Sutton.
10—Camera speed in filming is 16 pictures a second. In projection, customarily, 24 pictures a second.
11—In Magna Charta, concluded in 1215.
12—To reduce breakage by calling to the workmen's attention that the glass has been installed.
13—Summer.
14—John Fitch, in 1785.
15—Combustible gas formed in coal mines.
16—Al Jolson, in The Jazz Singer.
17—Golf.
18—John Philpot Curran, Irish orator.
19—Professor Ferdinand Braun.
20—

James G. Blaine

(James G. Blaine)

Your Reporter in BURMA Uncovers . . .

JAPAN'S SECRET WAR

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

Hundreds of miles from China, Japan wages clandestine war, silent, subtle, and deadly

BY CARL CROW

PLEASE pardon me while I finish my prayer."

The gentleman on whom I was calling was as black as any man I have ever seen, but his Hindu features were refined and he spoke perfect English with an equally perfect Oxford accent. His lips moved soundlessly for several minutes. Then, his devotions ended, he told me about what Japan is trying to do in Burma.

The British official with whom I next talked didn't pause for prayers but only to order another pink gin from the gray-bearded Mohammedan bar boy. When he talked about the Japanese he swore softly but convincingly. The Chinese merchants were calm and optimistic, even jocular. When they can for a moment forget the griefs and sorrows of the war, there is to the Chinese something indescribably ludicrous in the Japanese pretensions and ambitions. In ancient days the Chinese called the Japanese *wo jin* or "monkey men," and many still think of them in that derisive way. Burmese officials were as cautious as if I were a voter and they were facing a closely contested election. American salesmen told me what they knew of the situation and were sorry, as was I, that they didn't know more.

And so, in the heat of Rangoon, tramping the pavements stained by the red spittle of the betel-nut chewer and the dirty gray droppings of the carrion crows, I made many calls and learned what I could about Japanese spies and the ambitious plans of the Japanese secret agents.

It is a story that is likely to grow in importance in the months to come. One part of Japan's attack on China is being made on the Burma front, hundreds of miles from the nearest Chinese province. There are no generals or colonels with uniforms and swords and side arms. The war is as secret as the ravages of the white ant, but as persistent and as deadly.

It started when the Chinese, by almost superhuman effort, built a motor highway across the mountains of Yunnan to replace the old mule-pack trails over which silk and tea had been carried since before the days of Marco Polo.

About the time it was ready for travel, the United States gave the government of China a credit for the purchase of trucks and machinery, and the British government followed with similar credits. In February of this year an American ship arrived in Rangoon with a cargo of motor trucks. It was followed by others, all of them loaded down with trucks and other equipment which will help China in her defense against Japan. British ships also came, and the port of Rangoon is the busiest it has ever been.

Not all the cargo is British or American. Hitler is double-crossing his Japanese friends. He made a great show of ordering the German military advisers out of China and publicly assured the Japanese that no more German munitions would be shipped to China. But he didn't keep his promise. Just before I arrived in Rangoon a German ship docked there. The manifest showed that the cargo consisted of nothing but high explosives for China.

Japanese spies were on the job in Rangoon before the highway was built, as they were in Siam and Singapore and every other part of the East. They set up in business as physicians, dentists, barbers, or photographers. All of these occupations bring them in contact with people of the better class. Sometimes the photographers are able to get prints of pictures of military importance. They all ask questions and listen and write reports to their government.

The Japanese didn't like the idea of the new highway. The Japanese consul in Rangoon was indiscreet

enough to say in an interview that if munitions were shipped to China over this route, Japan would send airplanes to bomb Burma. He was recalled and replaced by another man who works secretly and keeps his mouth shut. But the Burmans haven't forgotten the threat.

In the meantime, Japanese agents hampered the operation of the highway by every means possible. A tribe of hill people living near the border of China and Burma didn't care about the highway one way or another. But for some unexplained reason they ambushed the Chinese customs station, burned it to the ground, and killed some of the officials. Unexplained except for the presence of a mysterious Japanese in the neighborhood and the fact that after the raid the hill tribe had an unusual lot of money to spend.

The Chinese rebuilt their customs station in a more protected position and went on improving the highway. The same hill tribe now tears up bridges and takes pot shots at truck drivers. They are not very good shots, and the new bridges cannot be easily damaged. There are many Chinese drivers, and more American trucks are arriving all the time. While I was in Rangoon three hundred Chinese drivers and mechanics who had been recruited in Singapore were being organized for the trip to Chungking. There have been halts and delays, but the trucks move forward in ever increasing number.

AS a result, many Burmese farmers have a new job. At various points on the long road from Rangoon to the border, they sit in the shade of a banyan tree and watch the trucks go by. Every time the farmer sees a truck pass, he puts a pebble in a pile on the ground—except when he goes to sleep. At the end of the day he counts the pebbles and makes a report. He makes more money as a Japanese spy than his Hindu or Mohammedan neighbors make sweating in the great Burma oil fields.

The Japanese master spy lives in Rangoon. No one knows his street address. No one has ever seen him. But every one is as certain of his existence as they are of the existence of the Governor of Burma. There is a strong suspicion that he may be a certain well known Japanese resident. One of his lieutenants receives these reports of truck movements and cables them to the Japanese army headquarters.

A small army of Burmans is employed in the counting of trucks, and another small army is employed in stirring up sentiment against China and the Chinese. The Japanese subsidize the Burmese newspapers and carry on a whispering campaign through the Burmese priests, who are notorious as crafty schemers.

These priests now go about saying, "This new highway is a very bad thing for Burma. Millions of Chinese will move in here and take our ricelands and we will starve. Chinese truck drivers are very careless. They have killed a great many Burmans. It would be better for us if there was no highway to China."

There is not a word of truth in any of these statements. There has been a network of mule roads between Burma and China for centuries. Chinese traders have come in with their packs of tea and silk and sold their goods and then gone home. During the monsoon season, Chinese laborers have crossed the mountains by the thousands—helped to plant and cultivate and harvest the rice crop with no idea of getting ricelands of their own. It is only since the Japanese started their campaign of slander that the Burmese have begun to think of the Chinese as bad neighbors.

THE significant thing is that these yellow-robed priests and dark-skinned editors tell the same story, advance the same arguments, word for word. They have learned it out of the same book, and that book was compiled by the Japanese army. It is the manual of instruction for spies and secret agents in Burma, and it tells how to stir up racial hatred and especially how to harass Great Britain, Japan's old ally.

In their grandiose paper plans, the three axis Powers have divided the world between them as follows: Central Europe for Hitler; the Mediterranean for Mussolini; the Far East for the Emperor of Japan.

If and when each has secured his own area, they will be strong enough to turn their attention to the United States, Great Britain, other parts of the world. A fine big scheme, promising plenty of trouble for the world until the three begin quarreling among themselves.

In carrying out her part of the program, Japan is supposed to stir up as much trouble as possible for Great Britain in the Far East, and Burma is a fine place for this. The Burman is no business man, and most of the shops are run by Hindus. He is not an energetic worker, and most of the labor in Burma is Mohammedan. Here is a fine opportunity to stir up racial hatreds, and the Japanese have made the most of it. Hindu shops have been picketed and boycotted, windows broken and goods destroyed. Mohammedans have been killed for no reason except the fact that they were Mohammedans. There have been strikes galore with no apparent object in view. Students have demonstrated against the government.

During the first part of this year there were frequent and violent riots in Rangoon, and the city was kept in an almost constant state of terror. All of these disturbances were purposeless and silly but obviously inspired and directed by some one who had plenty of money to spend and wanted to cause trouble.

Now, who could have wished for all of this trouble in this remote part of the world? That is the question I asked every one, and every one gave me the same answer—Japan. The priests are the ones who carry on the whispering campaign against the Chinese, and the same priests incited the strikes and led the riots.

In stirring up all of this trouble, Japan has much bigger projects in view than hampering the shipments of arms to China and playing the game for her partners in Rome and Berlin. If Japan should conquer China, it would be very convenient and profitable to take Burma as well. If a general war found Japan aligned against Great Britain, an attack on Burma would be one of Japan's objectives. It wouldn't be difficult if Great Britain was busy fighting both Germany and Italy.

Possession of Burma would solve many of Japan's problems. It is the world's greatest producer of rice. Three million tons are exported annually. The teak forests provide an inexhaustible source of wealth.

And most important of all is the land. Burma is one spot in the world which is underpopulated. The Burmese farmer is quite content to cultivate only enough land to provide himself with a living. Millions of additional acres could be put under cultivation in a climate which would just suit the Japanese. They would settle here willingly, while they will not go to cold Manchuria.

There is a Burmese independence movement. "Burma should be ruled by the Burmese," whispered the Japanese secret agent to the editors of the Burmese papers. "The British imperialists should be kicked out." The literate read this in the papers day after day. Those who cannot read hear the same slogans echoed by the Buddhist priests.

BUT Burma is a small country—too small and weak to exist alone in a world of avaricious Powers. The Burmese ask what they can do about that, and the Japanese have the answer all ready: Put themselves under the protection of the Emperor of Japan.

As a matter of fact the Burmese are not so ground down and oppressed by the British as they pretend to be. The British flag flies over the country and there is a British governor who has rather wide powers. But the members of the legislature and the department officials are all native Burmans who enact and, to a large extent, enforce their own laws.

As in India, one of the most important functions of the British government is to restrain the racial and religious hatreds of the various races and sects. Before the British came, they made mincemeat of each other with knives. If the British flag were hauled down, they would kill each other more effectively with guns.

Burma for the Burmese! Java for the Javanese! The Philippines for the Filipinos! And the Rising Sun flag of Japan over all! That is the program of Japan, more or less openly avowed. That is the end toward which Japanese spies and secret agents are working.

THE END

ABE'S EARLY YEARS

Henry Fonda does the finest work of his career as the Great Emancipator

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ YOUNG MR. LINCOLN

THE PLAYERS: Henry Fonda, Alice Brady, Marjorie Weaver, Arleen Whelan, Eddie Collins, Pauline Moore, Richard Cromwell, Donald Meek, Dorris Bowdon, Eddie Quillan, Spencer Charters, Ward Bond, Milburn Stone, Cliff Clark, Robert Lowery, Charles Tannen, Francis Ford, Fred Kohler, Jr., Kay Kinaker, Russell Simpson, Clarence Hummel Wilson, Edwin Maxwell, Charles Halton, Robert Homans, Jack Kelly, Dickie Jones, Harry Tyler. Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Directed by John Ford. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 101 minutes.

HERE is an interesting, sometimes absorbing adventure in filming history. It tells the story of the Great Emancipator in those early formative years when the gangling frontier boy was awakening to fate. You see the youthful Abe Lincoln as a singularly unsuccessful storekeeper in New Salem, Illinois, you see him inspired to study law by gentle Ann Rutledge, who briefly sways the boyish rail splitter before death takes her. You see Lincoln win his first big case in Springfield, when he defends two boys charged with murder and shrewdly confounds the witnesses. And the film leaves him, an awkward, shy, lazily humorous, lonely man, about to succumb to the ambitious, headstrong Mary Todd.

Henry Fonda's playing of the man of destiny, adroitly aided as to mole and nose by studio make-up specialists, is a singularly satisfying performance. Here is the lanky, deeply troubled young Lincoln, in stovepipe hat and astride a mule, pausing to exchange quips with corner loafers along the muddy thoroughfares, riding into endless time. It is a sincere, conscientious, detailed performance. Fonda is not a great actor, but I know of no other young Hollywood player who could have equaled this characterization.

The direction of John Ford is leisurely, catching the pioneer feeling of the Midwest when America was young. The other performances, aside from Fonda's, are subordinate, some of them, particularly the feminine bits, just weak and colorless. Only one, the prairie mother of Alice Brady, is worth while.

The film has its high moments, as when Lincoln stands off a hysterical mob bent upon lynching. Again, too, when Lincoln breaks down a lying witness in the murder trial. Students of Lincoln will find actual events shifted, history telescoped. But they will discover Fonda's young Abe to be remarkably effective.

Pauline Moore and Henry Fonda in Young Mr. Lincoln.

VITAL STATISTICS: Alice Brady ought to be able to play a pioneer. Grandpa Brady was a San Francisco editor of the late '50s, married an O'Keefe who had sung her way through the mining camps. . . . There are three items of importance to the Fonda make-up of young Abe. The nose, of

plastic rubber, was built in the studio under Clay Campbell's direction, took three months to perfect. The wart was easier. It took two and a half hours for Fonda to acquire the nose each day, the beak being applied in layers so that there would be no itching. Since Fonda appears in every scene, it meant that he had to nose his way to work every day. Item three was that of height. Fonda is six feet one. Ahe was six four. Henry's boots were built up with three-inch lifts.

★ ★ ½ THE CITY

Produced by Civic Films, Inc., under a grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Photographed and directed by Ralph Steiner and Willard Van Dyke, supervised by Oscar Serlin. Scenario by Henwar Rodakiewicz from an original outline by Pare Lorenz. Running time, 44 minutes.

THIS is one of those nonprofessionally produced documentary films that the high-brow critics go overboard about. Not that it lacks its measure of merit. Based on an original outline by Pare Lorenz and with a commentary written by Lewis Mumford, it is a plea for city planning, for getting our municipalities out of short frayed pants and dirty shirts. It shows, in rapid cinematography, how the city developed from the quiet New England village of yesterday. Like Topsy, it just growed, with no sense of beauty, direction, or efficiency. Hence the slums, ugliness, dirt, waste, disorder, traffic congestion, crowds pushing frantically to and from work. And then it shows how all this could be remedied in a sanely designed streamlined modern city.

Right now this film is being presented at the New York World's Fair, where, like another highly interesting feature, the Macfadden production, I'll Tell the World, it is shown daily.

VITAL STATISTICS: Financed by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, this cost $50,000. Purpose, of course, to interest people in city planning. . . . Ralph Steiner, who, with Willard Van Dyke, directed and photographed The City, is a Dartmouth man, first distinguished himself by winning a prize of $300 in a Photoplay amateur movie contest. Date, 1928. The film was H$_2$O. Steiner helped Pare Lorenz do The Plow that Broke the Plains. . . . Van Dyke left the University of California after his third year to be a photographer. Served with Lorenz on The River as cameraman. . . . The pioneer New England locations, in case you ask, were Shirley Center and Deerfield, Massachusetts, and Center Sandwich, New Hampshire.

★ BRIDAL SUITE

THE PLAYERS: Annabella, Robert Young, Walter Connolly, Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, Arthur Treacher, Billie Burke, Virginia Field, Felix Bressart. Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein from a story by Gottfried Reinhardt and Virginia Faulkner. Directed by William Thiele. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 70 minutes.

BANAL stuff this, about a wealthy playboy who puts himself in the hands of a celebrated doctor vacationing at a little Alpine mountain lodge. Dr. Grauer is to cure the spoiled lad of his complexes. But the playboy meets the sweet unspoiled manageress of a Swiss inn who sings and plays a zither. In no time he's in love. Cure is complete.

Robert Young gives a certain amount of charm to the playboy, tries hard to be buoyant and merry. Annabella is petite and pretty, speaks awkward English. Still, she's in the limelight as Tyrone Power's bride. So you may want to see her newest Hollywood performance.

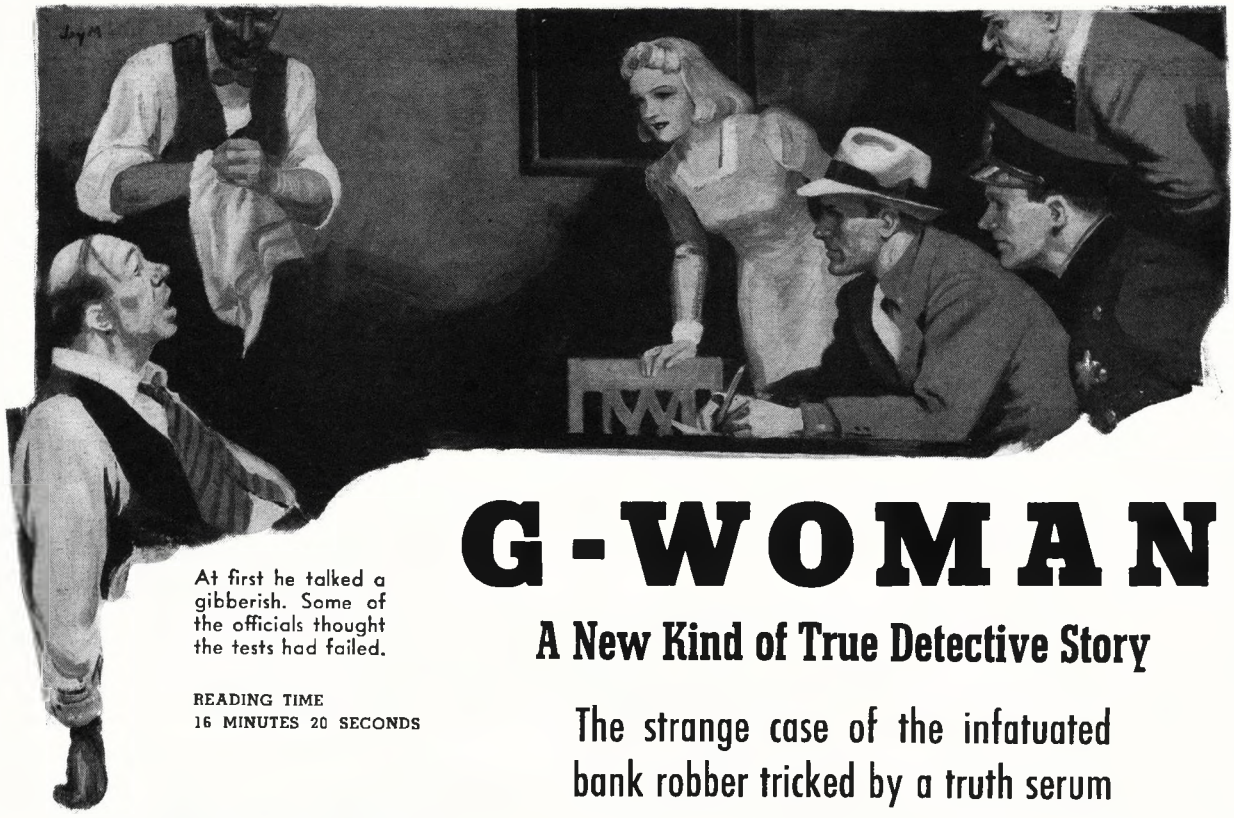
VITAL STATISTICS: Original title of this was Maiden Voyage. Then Annabella married Tyrone Power and some one had a happy thought. Called it Bridal Suite. . . . Annabella was born in Paris on Bastille Day, July 14. She had to learn how to play the zither for this role. So an expert on that instrument, Charles P. Burton, was called in to give instruction.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James.

★★★—Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner.



At first he talked a gibberish. Some of the officials thought the tests had failed.

READING TIME
16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

G-WOMAN

A New Kind of True Detective Story

The strange case of the infatuated bank robber tricked by a truth serum

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

EDITOR'S NOTE: The term G-man is an outgrowth of Government-man. Thus Miss Trabue, although not in the F. B. I., qualifies as a G-woman because she has served as an ace sleuth of the United States Treasury Department.

IT is a common practice among writers to describe their heroines minutely, especially when they are real women and not characters created for the purposes of a story. But if I should describe Miss Irene Trabue with any accuracy, I should most certainly cause her death.

The people among whom she works, and has worked, have no love for a detective, even though she be a most attractive young woman. It would cause them no loss of sleep to slit her pretty throat or dump her lead-filled body out of a speeding car into some country ditch.

Once, only once, she was suspected. Then she was enticed into a new car, that she might have the thrill of driving it. She loves new cars. She took her seat, switched on the motor, and then—for no reason that she can think of—wondered how to turn on the heater. Just as she bent to grope below the instrument panel for the heater button, a machine gun fired a burst through the window. Miss Trabue was not scratched, but she lay still in her curious and uncomfortable position until the gun had ceased firing and men came running up.

No, I cannot give you any hint as to her appearance. I can only say that she has worked for various insurance companies as a detective, that she has been employed by several agencies, that she has worked with G-men in the federal detective divisions, and that she was the chief woman operative for Chicago's famous "Secret Six."

I am permitted also to disclose now, and for the first time, some of the cases on which she worked, and to show the ingenuity and cleverness that characterized her work against big-league criminals.

It may be remembered that at the beginning of this decade the city of Chicago had a most unsavory reputation. Gangsters killed gangsters in the streets. Buildings were shattered with bombs.

Conditions were so terrible in 1930 that some of the good citizens, all members of the Association of Commerce, banded together and financed an organization that would fight crime with or without the co-operation of the authorities. Its principal idea was to protect its own members, and all business in Chicago, from the operation of racketeers. This organization, because it would not disclose the names of its officers, became known as "the Secret Six."

Alexander Jamie, formerly with the United States Treasury Department, was made directing head of the investigating force. His brother-in-law, Elliot Ness, now Director of Public Safety for Cleveland, Ohio, was made his first assistant. Emory J. Smith, then as now Assistant Attorney General of Illinois and chief counsel for the Illinois Bankers Association, and Ross Saunders, then head of the Protective Department of the Illinois Bankers Association, served in an advisory capacity.

Miss Trabue, who had been Jamie's ace sleuth in the Treasury Department, was one of the first agents employed by the Secret Six. And one of her first jobs led to the recovery of over half a million dollars' worth of stolen securities, the round-up of a gang of thieves and safeblowers, and incidentally to the killing of Gus Winkeler, a notorious big-time crook.

Some time before Miss Trabue went to work for Jamie, the Lincoln National Bank of Lincoln, Nebraska, had been looted of $2,400,000 in cash and securities.

Detectives came finally to the conclusion that Gus Winkeler, burglar, robber, bootlegger, highjacker, and general all-round bad man, was one of the gang. Others suspected were "Skip" Lindon, Herbert Longton, and William Miller, better known as "Ulm" or "Umm" Miller. If they didn't participate in the crime, they might at least have guilty knowledge of it.

Irene's job was to get in touch with Miller, who was known to be living in Chicago, win his confidence, and learn from him all that he knew about the robbery.

Miss Trabue had no definite plan. She makes up her plans as she goes

along. But it seemed to her the first thing to do was to park her car across the street from Miller's flat, and to stay there all night, watching.

About six o'clock the next morning, when she was numb with the cold, she saw a woman come out of the Miller flat leading a beautiful Spitz dog. On that incident the girl detective made her plan.

"That morning," she said, "I rented a flat in the same neighborhood, and bought myself a dog. That night I got a job in a cabaret. I'm a pretty good piano player and I dance well. So it was nothing at all to get a job pounding the keys in a speakeasy.

BRIGHT and early the next morning I was out walking my dog. Imagine my surprise when I saw Mr. Miller's girl friend walking her dog! Our pets looked so much alike they might have been twins. What a happy coincidence! Naturally this woman and I struck up an acquaintance then and there.

"The woman—please don't ask me her name—was the most ardent dog lover I ever met. I became almost as ardent as she. In a very short time, especially after she learned that I worked in a speakeasy, we became great pals. Through her I finally met Ulm Miller. He was short and fat and rheumatic. In his time he'd been a first-rate safeblower, and a good tool- and die-maker. But he was too old for that now. He did a little counterfeiting, but not as a regular thing. His main business was buying and disposing of stolen goods.

"He was a queer old duck, and his false teeth were forever falling out of his mouth. But there was plenty of gallantry in him, and he made love to me whenever his lady friend was out of sight. He and I became pretty good friends, but he wouldn't talk. However, we knew a way to make him talk.

"Miller had arthritis and that gave us an idea. Scopolamine. Truth serum. A doctor in Texas had experimented with this drug. Under its influence some subjects told the truth. Others lied.

"We decided to give Miller scopolamine. It might work on him—it might not. At least it was worth trying.

"It was up to me to induce him to take the shot. I began talking about a doctor who had cured a brother-in-law of mine with a shot in the arm.

"'Hooey,' Miller said. 'No doc can cure arthritis. All docs are crooked. They don't fool me. I know 'em.'"

Miss Trabue realized that Miller was the kind of crook who could place entire trust in no man who was supposed to be honest. But if the doctor could be painted in a bad light, she figured, maybe Miller would have more faith in him.

"I guess you're right," she said. "This doc did something he went to jail for. The cops have still got it in for him. They won't let him practice."

"Just like them boneheaded cops," Miller said. "If a guy's good, they give him the works. What you say this doc's name is?"

Irene gave him a name.

"He's got no office," she said, "but I can get him to come up to my flat. He can give you a shot there."

Within a few days Miller came to Miss Trabue's apartment. The physician, Dr. Clarence Muehlberger, a famous chemist, and at that time coroner's toxicologist of Cook County, was with her. Irene introduced the two men.

Miller was still suspicious.

"You don't look right to me," he said.

Dr. Muehlberger gave him a look of contempt, reached for his coat, and turned to Irene.

"I thought you told me your friend was a right guy," he said. "He doesn't look it. You know, I'm doing you a big favor coming here. And what do I get? Insults!"

The doctor's pretended rage soothed Miller curiously.

"All right, all right, doc," he said. "Maybe I spoke too quick. Let's forget it. I guess you're O. K."

The doctor shook his head, and Miller had to plead with him a little before he would consent to treat him.

"All right," the doctor said finally. "But after you leave here you've got to remember one thing. You don't know me. Understand? I don't want any cops coming around asking me if I gave you a shot in the arm. I can't afford it."

Miller, now completely sold, bared his arm. The doctor seated him in a chair, filled the needle with the "truth serum," and shot it into the flesh.

The drug works in cycles. It makes the patient talk rationally for a period, then most irrationally. It puts the body into a sound sleep, and affects the mind curiously. The patient is asleep, yet he has to be kept "awake" so that, during his rational period, he can answer questions put to him. Hence it is necessary to shake him constantly, to slap his face—not too hard, but hard enough to keep him from "slipping into dreamland."

DR. MUEHLBERGER administered two shots, then allowed the patient to sleep for about twenty minutes. After this time the room began to fill with police officials and the examination began.

At first Miller talked a gibberish no one could understand. He couldn't seem to articulate properly.

Some of the officials present thought the test had failed. Then Irene discovered the cause of the trouble. Miller's dental plates had dropped out of his mouth.

She cleaned the teeth, put them into Miller's mouth, and stepped back in some surprise as Miller thanked her, calling her by name—the name she used in this case.

Several times during the questioning he spoke to her as though he were awake and knew what was happening.

"I wouldn't be in your shoes," one of the detectives said to Irene. "He's going to remember all this when he wakes up. He'll put you on the spot."

In response to questions, Miller revealed much about counterfeiting, where certain plates had been obtained, where a much wanted engraver was living. He told of many other crooks and their activities, and finally he began to tell what he knew of the robbery of the Lincoln National Bank.

"Where's the money and securities now?" he was asked.

"They burned most of the securities," he said. "They were the non-negotiable kind."

"Where are the other securities?"

"Gus Winkeler's got them. Over half a million dollars' worth."

"Where's Gus Winkeler?"

"I don't know. He's lammed out of town."

"Who would know where he is?"

"Skip Lindon would know."

"Where's Skip Lindon?"

Miller gave the detectives an address.

"Anybody else know where Winkeler is?"

"Bert Gaines knows."

"Where's Bert Gaines?"

"Over in Michigan somewhere."

"Has he any friend in Chicago, any girl friend?"

"Sure. Girl named Laura. Works in a restaurant on West Fifty-fifth Street."

ON and on the questioning went. When the drug began to wear off, the detectives departed, to send wires to the police of other cities, to tell of caches of hidden loot, to order the arrest of various men and women.

Jamie drew Irene aside.

"I'm afraid to leave you alone with him," he said. "If he remembers anything when he wakes, he'll know you're responsible. He'll kill you."

"I'll take the chance," Irene said.

"I guess you'll have to," Jamie said. "He'd be suspicious if he woke and found you gone. He might tip off his friends, and all our good work would go for nothing. Yes, you'll have to stick it through, heaven help you."

Miss Trabue smiled indulgently telling me this part of the story.

"They were all so nice, and so afraid for me," she said. "But I wasn't in any danger. Miller woke up and didn't remember a thing. And he felt fine. All that shaking and slapping had done him good.

"I didn't have much time for him after that. I was assigned to get in touch with Bert Gaines' girl, Laura, and to work through her on finding Gus Winkeler and what was left of the $2,400,000 stolen from the bank."

It was easy to get acquainted with the waitress. Miss Trabue dropped into the restaurant three times a day for several days, tipped Laura well, and confided many things to her. One day she asked for a "big favor."

"Write down my name, address, and telephone number," she said. "I'm expecting my boy friend soon.

I didn't dare send him my address. All my letters are read, you know. But I told him about you. He'll look you up and ask for me."

Laura was delighted. "Your boy friend's in jail?" she asked.

"Oh, I didn't mean to let that out," Irene said.

"It's all right, honey," Laura assured her. "Maybe your friend knows my friend. And I get it about the address. You don't want any dicks to know where you live."

A day or so after this Laura was taken down to headquarters, questioned, and searched. Irene's assumed name and address were found in her possession. One of the detectives grinned.

"So that's the sort of company you keep," he said. "She's one of the biggest crooks in the business."

WITHIN an hour Irene was thrust into the cell where Laura sat weeping.

"Don't cry, kid," Irene said. "I got hold of my mouthpiece. He'll get us out of here in half an hour. They got nothing on either of us."

The half hour hadn't gone when the two were released. A lawyer named Roy Steffen obtained their freedom.

"Will you be my girl friend's mouthpiece?" Irene asked him as they sped away in the lawyer's car.

"Be glad to," Steffen said.

"I ain't got any dough," Laura explained.

The lawyer said that was all taken care of. A friend of Irene's was a friend of his.

"You better stick close to me from now on," he said. "The cops don't want you. They're gunning for Bert Gaines. You better come down to my office every day. Tell me everything you can find out."

Of course Laura never knew that Steffen, though he was really a lawyer, was also a detective sergeant on the Chicago police force, and that the office with his name on the door was rented for him by the Secret Six.

Bert Gaines was arrested shortly afterward. Skip Lindon and Herbert Longton were picked up and sent to Leavenworth Penitentiary. But there was no trace of Gus Winkeler until he was injured in an automobile accident in Michigan and sent to a hospital. Winkeler's identity was not known at the time, but such a good description of him was printed in a Chicago newspaper that Emory Smith thought he might be Winkeler and went to the hospital.

What was said in the interview between the man hunter and the notorious crook has never been fully revealed. But it is believed Smith bargained with him; that he said, in effect, "Turn back the securities that have not been destroyed, and I'll see you get a break."

At any rate, as soon as he could get out of bed, Winkeler went to his cache, put $575,000 worth of stocks and bonds into an old suitcase, took a train for Chicago, walked unmolested into

Emory Smith's office in the First National Bank Building, handed over the suitcase, and walked out again.

Nothing more was heard of him until his body was found. He had been killed, apparently by members of his own gang who thought him a stool pigeon. Even Miller, until the day he died, believed it was Winkeler who had told the police about Bert Gaines and Skip and Herb and all the others who had been arrested.

All Emory Smith will say about the case is this: "The bank was able to issue duplicates for all the non-negotiable securities burned. We recovered $575,000 from Winkeler. The bank got back, eventually, all the $2,400,000 stolen, except for $50,000 in cash and Liberty bonds."

"Did you ever use the truth serum again?" I asked Miss Trabue.

"Only once," she said. "It's unreliable. But we used it on a woman shortly after we gave Miller his shot. And it worked on her."

Miss Trabue had to be nagged into telling that story.

"A man named Russell had been killed," she said. "That isn't his real name. I'm not going to tell real names in this case. We suspected a fellow named Red Peters as the murderer. We couldn't prove anything against him. He had a girl friend, Lois Winters, and I was assigned to make myself a pal of hers and find out what I could.

"Lois wasn't a bad sort. She had a husband, and she was crazy about him in her own funny way. But he never supported her. He beat her up frequently. He once took a shot at her. He knew she was Red's girl friend, but he didn't care. She was Red's girl friend only because she felt she had to live.

"Red was a big shot in the labor racket, and Russell was a rival of his. That's why we suspected Red in the first place. I met Lois in a honky-tonk where I went to get a job playing the piano. We became friends and she told me a lot of things. But whenever I got the talk around to the Russell murder she shut up.

"It was easy to talk her into getting a shot in the arm. She was sickly, poor thing, and quite credulous. She believed all doctors were wizards.

"We gave her a shot, let her sleep a little, and then the boys came in and began to question her.

"'You're Red Peters' girl friend, aren't you?'

"'That's what they call me.'

"'You love him, don't you?'

"'No. I hate him. I hate him!'

"'Sure of that, Lois?'

"'I hate him. He hates my husband.'

"'You hate your husband too, don't you?'

"'No. I love him. I'd die for him.'

"'That dirty rat? You'd die for him?'

"'He's not a rat. He's all right when he's sober. He's very sweet. He beats me. He never gives me a nickel. But I love him—I love him!'"

Miss Trabue made a gesture of distaste as she told of the questioning.

"It was pitiable to see that poor thing baring her heart like that. Yet it was necessary to keep her talking."

Finally the girl was questioned about the murder.

"You were there when Russell was shot to death, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was there."

"You saw Red shoot him, didn't you?"

"No. No, I didn't."

"But you know Red shot him?"

"No. Red didn't shoot him."

"Who shot him?"

"My husband. I saw him."

Miss Trabue jumped up and started pacing the room.

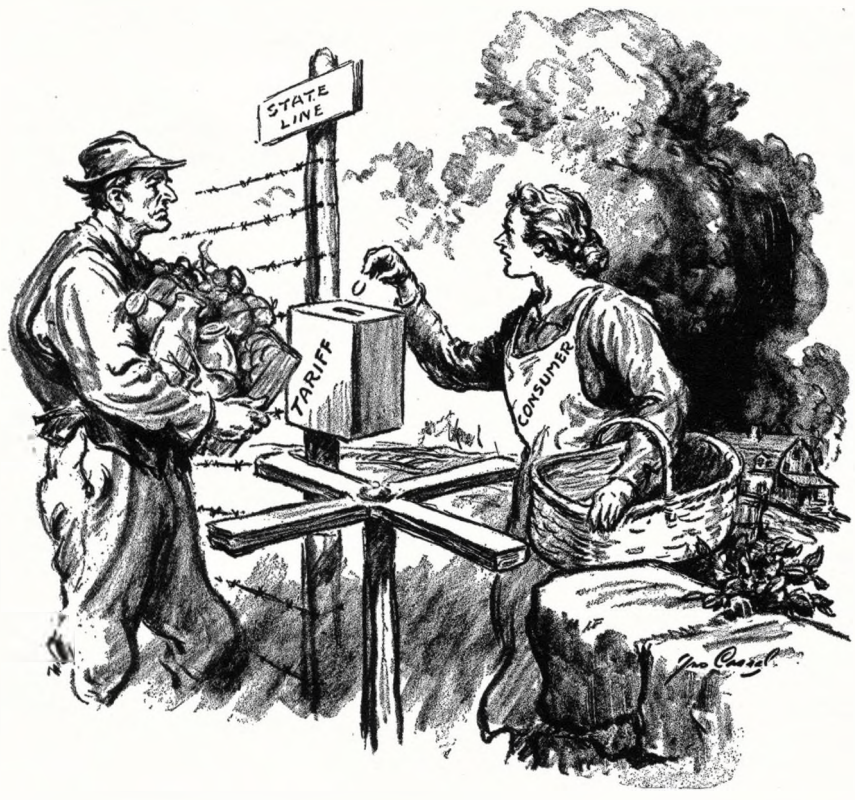
"Pretty powerful stuff that will make a woman betray the man she loves," she said. "Lois wasn't much of a woman, take her all in all, but she was crazy about that man of hers—and here she had spoken words that would send him to the chair. I tell you, I didn't feel at all proud of myself, getting her into that fix."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Nothing much," Miss Trabue answered. "The boys went out to find Winters. They couldn't find him. He had disappeared, it seemed. Then one fine night he tumbled out of a car, quite dead. The gang had attended to him for reasons of their own. The Russell case was closed. I never used scopolamine again. I don't think I ever will."

THE END

STATES at WAR



What Tariff Barriers Are Doing to Your Pocketbook

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE consumer carries the load. Whenever a new tax is imposed, it is tacked on to the price of goods. Whenever a great reform is instituted, its cost is added to the price of goods. It might only be an extra cent on a quart of milk or an additional two cents on a pack of cigarettes. It might look small, but at the end of a year it amounts to a dent in the consumer's bank roll. It is the consumer that always pays.

In Europe the consumer gets stuck by tariff barriers. Every little country builds a tariff wall around itself and keeps the goods of other countries out. That is why shirts cost so much in Italy, and why the Italians can't drink coffee any more, and that is why the Germans cannot have butter on their bread or cream in their coffee.

In China they used to have a scheme called *likin*. That was an internal tariff system. When goods traveled by ship or train or were carried on the backs of coolies, they had to pay a duty every time they passed a *likin* station, which brought the price up so high that consumers in distant places could not buy at all. And it was *likin* more than anything else that kept China backward and made her a prey to predatory Powers like Japan, because cities could not afford electricity and capitalists could not afford to invest in industries and raw products like silk and tung oil cost too much when they reached the great ports for shipment to the markets of the world.

We used to pride ourselves that we were different from the Europeans and the Chinese. We had the *largest free-trade area* in the world. More than 130,000,000 consumers in more than 3,000,000 square miles of good earth could buy goods without tariff charges inside the boundaries.

In fact, the Constitution of the United States guaranteed this free trade. The founding fathers had witnessed tariff barriers between New York and New Jersey and Massachusetts and Connecticut, and they knew that the country would never grow and develop and blossom as a single nation with thirteen tariff walls. So they put the rule in the very first article of the Constitution:

Article I, Section 8 says:

". . . Congress shall have power . . . to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and *among the several States* and with the Indian tribes." And in the same article Section 10 says: "*No State shall, without the consent of the Congress,* lay any . . . duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely *necessary for . . . its inspection laws.*" [Author's italics.]

So there is the rub—the inspection laws. State after state during the past ten years has been setting up tariff barriers under their inspection laws. There are actually tariff wars between states in this country, retaliation, spite laws, deals, all the tricks that are tried in Europe and that keep the European countries poor and that pile loads of higher costs on the backs of the consumers. During the past ten years, in this respect, we have marched backward to the days before the American Revolution.

Let us take milk as an example. We want pure wholesome milk. We want our cows and barns examined. We expect the states to do that—to send out inspectors to make sure that the milk and cream and cheese and ice cream are produced under the best sanitary conditions. No one wants to put a stop to inspection services.

But here is where the load on the consumer is piled up. Some states use the inspection service to keep the milk, cream, butter, and cheese—even the cows—of other states out. They turn the inspection service, the licensing of dairies, the licensing of farms into a tariff barrier. For instance, the State of Connecticut makes it expensive for dairies in New York to send milk into the Nutmeg State, and the price of milk goes up in Connecticut. Rhode Island makes it hard for Massachusetts and Connecticut dairies to ship milk to Rhode Island. New Jersey and Pennsylvania make it hard for every one.

Sometimes these regulations which keep the products of one state out of another start a tariff war. For instance, Ohio dairies were accustomed to ship milk and cream to the towns on the western border of Pennsylvania. When Pennsylvania tightened its inspection service until it became a tariff barrier, ice-cream manufacturers in western Pennsylvania were no longer able to import cream from Ohio. So Ohio dairies started an agitation to keep Pennsylvania dairy products out of their state. It all sounds more like the Balkans than the United States. And it all raises the cost of living.

Western dairy states suffer frightfully from these tight rules, particularly in the case of cream. These Western states produce for a national

market, expecting to sell their products anywhere. Their cows and dairies are inspected by their own states and the quality of their product is admittedly high. But many states will only accept the reports of their own inspectors, whom they will not send to distant places, or who charge so much for such inspections that nobody can pay it and compete in distant markets. That is another way of operating an internal tariff, because it makes it too costly to compete.

One food commodity that seems to be kicked all over the place is margarine. It used to be called oleomargarine and was made of beef fat. Then it was made largely of cottonseed oil; and more recently coconut meat and oils were used in its manufacture. No matter how it is made, margarine competes with butter and the dairy people are always after it. Recently the cotton states joined the dairy states in fighting margarine made of coconuts. That is one reason why the Philippines were granted their independence—to keep coconuts out. The other reason was to keep Philippine sugar out.

Seventeen states have license fees for margarine manufacturers and dealers, and these run from one dollar in Minnesota to $2,500 annually from each manufacturer and wholesaler in Colorado. None of this legislation involves the purity of the product, because margarine is a first-rate food. The object is always a state protective tariff. For instance, Texas charges a ten-cent tax on margarine containing any fat or oil other than oleo oil, oleo stock, oleo stearine, neutral lard, corn oil, cottonseed oil, peanut oil, soybean oil, or milk fat. If you will check the list carefully, you will find that coconut oil is left out. And that is why that law was passed—to keep out what cannot be grown in Texas.

But Minnesota, Nebraska, and Wyoming get even with Texas by penalizing cottonseed oil as well as coconut oil. And Wisconsin keeps out cottonseed.

BEER is, as every one knows, an alcoholic beverage; but what makes beer are farm products—barley, rice, and hops. Some states want not only to keep beer out that is made in some other state, but they insist that their own beer must be made of home-grown products. About half the states have discriminatory measures against out-of-state beer, and in this instance the consumer often gets a poorer quality of local brew.

The Twenty-first Amendment to the Constitution gives the states the right to do anything they choose about beer, because it is an alcoholic beverage. The intention of that amendment was to give the states the right to regulate the alcoholic habits and morals of their people. They have used it to erect tariff walls around themselves. Michigan from 1933 to 1937 charged "foreign" beer—that is, from any other state—twenty-five cents a barrel more than the regular tax on the state brew. And a beer war started between Michigan and Indiana which had all the earmarks of a fight between Hungary and Austria over the collar trade before Germany gobbled up Austria. New Hampshire charges the outsider a fee of $500; Vermont, $750; and Colorado, $1,000. Iowa requires that all beer sold in that state be made of not less than 66⅔ per cent of barley. Iowa grows barley.

Michigan and Pennsylvania got into such a row over beer that for a while there was an actual embargo between the states.

Another tariff measure between states is the control of motor trucks. That is a very tricky procedure. Each state can make its own rules of the road, and that can keep out-of-state goods off the roads, because the expense of shipping may become prohibitive. "Foreign"—that is, out-of-state—trucks are often penalized quite heavily. The big companies engaged in interstate trucking usually can meet the additional expenses, but the farmer with a one-ton or two-ton truck gets hit awfully hard.

FOR instance, such a farmer entering Wyoming, if he has a one-ton truck, pays $7.50 for an annual fee, even if he only makes a few trips a year to sell his vegetables. If his truck is a two-ton one the fee is $30. And it keeps going up. In addition, he has to pay a county registration fee which can be pretty stiff. The result is that the farmer will keep out of Wyoming, which is exactly what they want him to do.

Truck drivers can hardly keep up with the rules. There are restrictions about lights which are so confusing that a farmer moving from his farm in one state to a market in another can find himself in trouble for *obeying the law* in either of them. Pennsylvania and New Jersey, Illinois and Wisconsin, New York and Maine, Kansas and Nebraska have actually had what may be called "wars" over their trucking. Men have been arrested and there has even been a case of a shot fired.

The port of entry is part of this general situation. It all started in Kansas, to keep out "bootleg" gasoline—hot oil. But it grew into quite a system until today Oklahoma, Nebraska, Arizona, New Mexico, California, Idaho, Utah, and Colorado have also set up ports of entry. Kansas has sixty-six and Oklahoma fifty-eight. Before a truck can travel through a state having a port of entry, it has to have a clearance like a ship from a foreign country. The procedure is elaborate, complicated, and expensive in time and money. The big trucking companies arrange everything in advance, but the small farmer who tries to bring in an individual load of something which he thinks he can dispose of in this particular state is up against a tough proposition. The effect is to keep him and his wares out of the state.

The peddler gets hit hardest of all. He no longer travels with a pack on his back or behind the old gray mare. He gets himself a small truck and works a comparatively large area. Or maybe he is a salesman working on commission for some company which sells directly to the public. Whichever he is, states and cities scheme to keep him away.

In some states a stiff license fee is required by each county in which the peddler—now called a merchant trucker—tries to operate. In West Virginia, for instance, a peddler who operates a three- to four-ton truck would have to pay $250 in each county in which he does business. In Idaho and Washington he pays a flat rate of $300 in each county and he has to deposit $500 with the county treasurer. Grand Rapids has a license fee of from $50 to $100 per month, and Youngstown, Ohio, puts it at $150 a day. Exit the peddler from these towns, and if the consumer gets any benefit from his methods of merchandising, exit those benefits as well. Cities and towns which have passed the "Green River" Ordinance definitely seek to put the peddler and door-to-door salesman out of business. There is no camouflage about that at all.

I have barely scratched the surface of this subject, for to go into details would fill a book. I have not shown how quarantines against plant and animal diseases are used to keep goods from one state out of the other. In some cases the quarantines are justified; in others the biological reason is obviously farfetched. And once a restriction is put on the law books, it is likely to stay there even after the disease has disappeared. The object is to keep goods out. The object is to erect a tariff wall. A plant or animal disease is as good an excuse as any.

THE question that faces the American people was put by James Truslow Adams in the succinct phrase: "Is America to be Balkanized?" Are we to have forty-eight internal customs barriers? Is every state to put duties, however hidden, on the goods of other states? Is the American consumer to carry the load of higher prices because of duties, fees, and taxes hidden behind the camouflage of inspections and traffic controls? Or shall we, in anger, demand a national inspection and traffic control system—which will lead to the abolition of states' rights?

As Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith once asked: "Have we come to the point where we are applying a high protective tariff between industries within our country?"

These questions sound political but they involve money—your money and mine. Because they involve the increasing cost of goods, of the things we eat and use.

They are definitely part of the politicians' method of passing the buck to the consumer. It is the consumer who pays.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HEAD over heels in love, a young man and his girl were married recently after three years of unavoidable separation. To mark the happy outcome of their delayed romance, he ordered an exclusive print for her going-away dress. Went to Sigfrid Lonegren, who makes a profession of meeting such odd demands. The bride started off on her honeymoon trip in a dress featuring broken hearts tied together with wreaths of coupled heartlets. She can be sure no other girl has anything like it, because Mr. Lonegren destroys his patterns as soon as the goods are printed, thus keeping them strictly private.

His is an unusual business, full of surprises and a certain amount of mystery. Some of his customers won't tell why they want what they ask for. One lady had ninety-six yards of the finest chintz printed all over with pictures of watermelon slices and scattered seeds. Mr. L. never could find out why. It still bothers him every time he eats watermelon.

Born and brought up in Sweden, Sigfrid Lonegren was a telephone engineer before embarking upon his unique enterprise in the field of applied design. Wallcoverings, Inc., is the name of his firm. Their wallpaper clients come in with strange ideas, too. For example, a rich man had his little boy's city bedroom papered with back-yard scenes from the country estate where they operated an elaborate toy railroad. Papa gets so much summer fun out of playing with that railroad that he doesn't want his kid to forget it during the winter.

☆ At a dinner party the other evening a friend of mine sat beside Salvador Dali, the Spanish surrealist painter every one talks about now—the one who does nudes with piano keys all over them, and ladies with sprays of foliage for heads, and so forth and so on. He's the latest sensation in art, or whatever you call it.

My friend found his table chitchat no less extraordinary than his pictorial products. She mentioned a phone conversation, and Mr. Dali told her that telephones ought to be well chilled. "A lukewarm telephone is disgusting," he said. "Telephones must be kept in ice buckets, like champagne. That's the only way we ever get any exhilaration out of them." . . . My friend changed the subject; spoke of interior decorating. "Walls and floors must be made of rubber," Mr. Dali declared. "They ought to be soft," he said, "so we could push and bump them without hurting ourselves. We all yearn for the unresisting confines of the prenatal home." What *she* yearned for, my friend says, was a good strong cup of black coffee.

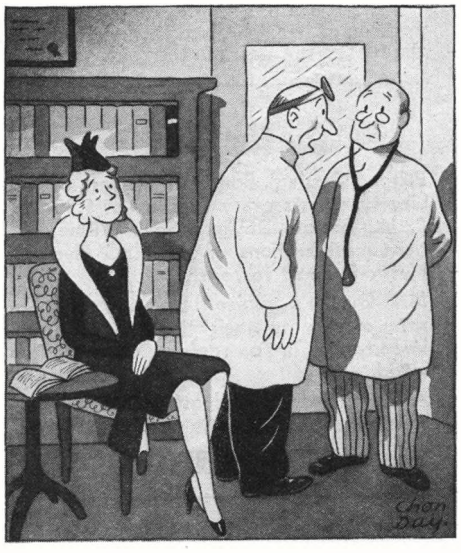
☆ "How much arguing should we do," writes a California lady, "when we're in a car with a man who takes the wrong road, and we know the right road, but he says he knows better?

"Should we risk peeving him by attempting to convince him, or is it wiser to let him go on and get lost in his own pigheaded way?"

Tell him *once* and no more. Shut up after that, and be as sweet as pie when he finally admits he doesn't know where he's going.

Being right is enough revenge for any woman.

☆ Irma S. Rombauer's new cookbook, Streamlined Cooking, lends a helpful hand in the summer kitchen. Tells new tricks about getting good meals out of cans in a hurry. (Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company. Costs $1.75.)



"She wants any kind of operation that would make interesting bridge conversation."

☆ Here's Irma Rombauer's recipe for the main dish at a Sunday-night supper. She says this is a great favorite among young people. . . . Fry 1 chopped green pepper and 1 small chopped onion 2 minutes in 3 tablespoons butter. Add 1 pound hamburger and 1 cup condensed tomato soup. Drain and put in 1 No. 2 can red kidney beans, saving the juice. Season with salt, paprika, and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Also a pinch of thyme or sage if you like them.

Simmer 25 minutes, moistening with the bean liquid when needed. Serve garnished with parsley and lemon quarters.

☆ Encouragement for vacationing ladies who think they're too old to learn to swim:

Fifty years ago Susan Wheelright fell out of a boat; became scared of the water. This season she suddenly got over being scared of the water; went in again at the age of seventy-seven; learned to swim and dive.

☆ Last winter I wrote about a kitten named Mr. Brady who never had set a paw outside the city apartment where his owners live.

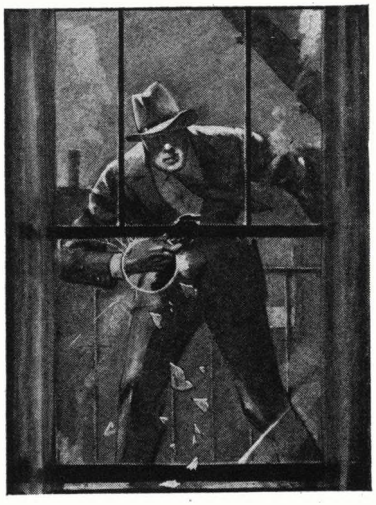
He's still there—a big cat now—hasn't been outdoors yet. At no time in his life has he seen a bird, but the windows are open these warm days, and he hears chirps; thereupon he stalks the chirping with all the crafty technique of a wild hunter in a wilderness. Occasionally a bird flies near a window, casting its shadow on the floor inside. Then Mr. Brady pounces like a feline flash. Bitterly disappointed, he keeps on trying every time. Just can't help it. This phenomenon of instinct fascinates me, although of course I *wish* cats didn't feel so bird-hungry.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

FOR ALWAYS

Liberty's Short Short

BY HOWARD FAST



I MADE up my mind the only way was to murder him.

That, after five years. Maybe I had thought of it before, but I don't think so. The five years were pointless and aimless. Going to the office, leaving the office, eating, sleeping, thinking of Gerry sometimes — for five years. Some men love one woman, and then another woman, and then another woman. Some men love one woman; they can't change.

So I made up my mind to kill him, and it was like making up your mind to take a six-day cruise, or to quit your job. Something out of the run of things; but not half so important or awful as that day, almost five years ago, when Gerry told me she was taking him, not me, and I had to grin and wish her happiness, all the happiness in the world.

I considered the few things necessary to murder, once I had made up my mind. The place, the time, the gun, where I would shoot him. I didn't intend to be caught or found out. I didn't want Gerry to know. I wanted to free her because I felt that after five years of purgatory she deserved freedom; but I didn't want her to think of me as a murderer. Murder is a nasty word.

So I went into a pawnshop, ostensibly to buy a watch, then mentioned that I had a country place and was interested in shooting, and I let the pawnbroker talk me into buying a target pistol. In the head or the heart, it could kill a man at fifty yards.

I waited two weeks after that, and then, late one afternoon, I called Gerry.

I said: "I broke my word—but I had to call you."

"You shouldn't have, Tom."

"I know. But once in six months—it's all I have of you, a voice. He has the rest."

"Don't make it worse, Tom."

"I don't want to make it worse. Gerry, give it up. It's not too—"

She broke in: "Please, Tom. We've had that out before. I made my bargain; I loved him."

"You don't love him now."

"I don't know. He needs me."

I thought of how he needed her. I thought of the other women. I thought of the scene at the Lido Hotel, of the pictures in the papers.

"All right," I said. "But let me see you—tonight. He won't be home."

"No, please, Tom. Anyway, Ann Pierce asked me out to her place for a week-end. I'm leaving now."

I put down the telephone slowly, thinking to myself, Tonight I'll murder a man.

Miss Green came in, stopped, and said, "Is something wrong, Mr. Norris?"

I shook my head, wondering whether murder changed a man's face. "You can go home now," I told her.

For a long time I sat staring ahead of me, wondering what the five years would have been if Gerry had taken me, not him; wondering why a woman will stay with a man who causes her deep and terrible pain. Loyalty is only a word.

It was quite dark when I reached into my desk and took out the pistol. I felt my way out of the office. From now on, in darkness.

It was a six-story elevator apartment house, where she lived. The elevator operator might remember me or he might not. That was a chance I had to take.

"Three," I said. She lived on the fourth floor. The operator scarcely glanced at me.

I walked up a flight, noted the position of her door, and then walked the rest of the stairs to the roof. Her apartment was at the back of the house and I had counted on that. I went down the fire escape. Her window was locked. I grooved the glass with a diamond I wore, and then deepened the circle with a key. Then I punched in the circle of glass, waited after it had shattered inside the room, then climbed in.

Her bedroom. Her things around me in the dark. Her perfume.

I felt my way into the living room. I raised one of the blinds. There was some reflected light from windows in the court, some starlight, enough to lighten the space before the door. He'd walk into that lightened space, and I'd shoot him. I couldn't miss.

In a chair, near the door, I waited. I held the pistol in my gloved hand, with my coat wrapped around it. The coat would muffle the sound of the shot. A target pistol doesn't crash; it whips. Muffled, the sound might pass unnoticed.

Waiting like that for a long time; until midnight, until past midnight. What does a man think of when he waits with premeditated murder in his mind?

I thought of neither punishment nor rewards; only of her. Her presence seemed all around me. Then I wanted her; desire with more pain than the hopeless desire of five years.

Finally he came. It must have been past one in the morning. I heard his key; I heard the door open. He walked uncertainly into the lightened space before the door.

You see, he was miserably drunk. And I couldn't kill him. He stood there swaying, groping for the light switch, and I felt contempt, disgust, but no desire to destroy him. I understood about Gerry, why she had endured five years.

I must have moved. He turned, saw me, started back, lost his balance, and sprawled on the floor. He lay there, muttering and whimpering.

I put the gun back in my pocket. I dragged him into the bedroom, put on the light. I laid him on the bed, took off his shoes, loosened his collar, covered him with a blanket. For Gerry's sake. I felt tired, sick.

He slept almost immediately. I turned to go.

And then I saw Gerry's note, a sheet of paper on the dresser. I didn't touch it. I stood there and read:

Phil, I'm leaving you—for good, this time. It's not the women; I've always known about them. Nor the drinking, nor the other things. I made a bargain, and I wanted to stick by it. Because I loved you once. Because I thought you needed me. But today Tom Norris called. You know about him. I spoke to him on the phone. Something in his voice made me realize that he would kill you. Sooner or later. And I don't want that—not because I love you, but because I care too much for Tom to have him wreck his life by killing you. I'm going to him, Phil—for always.

It was signed, "Gerry."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

BY GRETTA PALMER

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

There is one member of the family who is left behind.

I BELIEVE IN MONOGAMY!

A woman tells frankly what she thinks about light loves and their heavy cost

THE last hurried preparations have been made. The heavy winter draperies are put away in boxes, and the milk deliveries have been canceled until fall. Baby's sand pail and mother's sun-tan oil are perilously packed together, and a traveling icebox perches on the hot plush seat. The train at last puffs off toward the seashore, or the mountains, or the farm.

But there is one member of the family who is left behind. He comes home to a bare and curiously silent house, with the temperature at 94. He splashes in a cold shower; he tinkers with the radio and wonders how he will fill the hours between now and bedtime. It is a question he will have to answer on every torrid summer evening until his wife comes back to town.

There are evenings when a book or a pile of business papers fills the time, and there are icy moving-picture theaters and shirt-sleeved poker games. But some evening the normal summer bachelor calls up a girl. She may be a nice girl, or a dizzy adventuress, but in either case his first move toward the telephone is compounded of loneliness and weariness of the bleak dusty house and heat-worn nerves.

Infidelity is easy for such husbands as this, who are accustomed to feminine affection during ten months of the year, and suddenly deprived of it when the hot weather comes. It is easy because these men have always heard that man is naturally polygamous, and although modern science denies this, it is a comforting tradition for the summer bachelor with an evening to kill.

But there are, I submit, reasons why monogamy is a wiser course for these husbands than light flirtation; reasons why it works better for the individual husband, as well as for his wife; reasons why philandering, even if undetected, is a dangerous and costly game.

A man's unfaithfulness may have been common and generally unpunished in the past. But the twentieth century in America has two differences: we marry today for love, not for convenience; and ours is a generation of women who demand the same rights and privileges as men.

If we may draw conclusions from nineteenth-century novels, fidelity used to be something that every bride hoped her husband would give her, although her wisdom told her that he probably would not. But she could still face the future with some serenity: divorce, before our century, was practically unknown, and marriage was a tough, sturdy relationship intended to stand almost any amount of buffeting. A wife of those days need never compete with her husband's light loves: they were no threat to her position in the home.

The women who philandered in the past were set apart and regarded with horror. A love affair in those days meant a child, as a natural corollary. Nature, said the philosophers, had set her seal of approval upon the difference in conduct expected of a woman and a man.

Nature may have set her seal upon it, but that seal was rudely broken when Margaret Sanger and other leaders in her movement taught the wives of the world how to make parenthood a voluntary thing. One of the strong bulwarks of the double code went toppling on the day when women learned that they, too, might have illicit love affairs without suffering physical consequences.

That was one step in the "emancipation" of women, but there were many more. And as each of them was gained, a silent struggle was fought: If the sexes were to share a common morality, should it be the strict code to which women had been bound, or the looser one their husbands had enjoyed?

This struggle still persists. And the trend today seems to be toward the adoption, by women, of the standards of men. In some circles the double code has already been sent skirling to the dust heap. A very careful study of one hundred married men and women, made by Dr. G. V. Hamilton and Kenneth MacGowan, recently showed that forty-one of the wives had been unfaithful, as compared with twenty-nine of the husbands. The group they studied was a pro-

MORE WINNERS LIBERTY'S $2,000 CROSSWORD CONTEST

(Continued from June 24 issue)

Mrs. John W. Spencer, Denver, Colo.; Clarence Stanley, Indianapolis, Ind.; Kathryn Stark, Ozone Park, N. Y.; Pauline G. Starner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Orville Steibel, Neenah, Wis.; H. Stanley Stein, Long Branch, N. J.; Lewis W. Stephens, Waco, Tex.; Joseph Sterling, Atlantic City, N. J.; E. T. E. Stixrud, Ocean Beach, Calif.; William Sunners, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. T. Swanson, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Richard L. Taneyhill, Newark, Ohio; William E. Turner, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Mrs. Philip W. Waddington, Philadelphia, Pa.; Edward H. Wagner, Buffalo, N. Y.; John R. Walker, Oak Park, Ill.; James A. Wallace, Piedmont, Calif.; Glenn K. Walton, Washington, D. C.; Gertrude Wedenberg, Seattle, Wash.; A. M. Weil, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. D. J. Welsh, Roebling, N. J.; C. W. Whitman, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. C. H. Wicks, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. S. E. Willard, Honolulu, Laura M. Winter, Briarcliff Mannor, N. Y.; T. H.; R. J. Wilson, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Charles F. Wood, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Herbert V. Wood, Hollywood, Calif.; Mrs. John M. Wright, Turlock, Calif.; Walter Yokshas, Cresson, Pa.; A. L. Zacharias, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. George B. Zearing, Oak Park, Ill.

fessional one in a large city, so that these couples may be considered more "advanced" than typical. But they are the people who make our fashions in clothes and games—and marriage.

It has been said that every one has two moral codes: one for himself and one for the person he loves. If this is true of modern men, they will be wise to face the fact before it is too late, and to realize that their wives are well on the way to demanding the privileges they permit themselves. Which is more important to the husband of today—self-indulgence with a series of young women for whom he feels no deep affection, or his wife's fidelity to him? It becomes increasingly evident that he cannot hope for both. If the wives of America become finally convinced that polygamy is their husbands' way of life, they will demand it too.

Men have a long tradition of philandering. But they have an equally long tradition of possessiveness toward their wives. Few things can do more damage to a husband's self-respect than the discovery that his wife has lapsed in her fidelity to him. Yet —the summer vacation is no longer for the town-bound husband than for the wife who is away.

Will these light modern wives, with their tit-for-tat philosophy, enjoy promiscuity? I do not think they will. I think their cheap little flirtations will give them a sense of shame. I think that even the boldest of them would still prefer not to have her lightness known.

For proof, look to the records of divorces and their grounds. In states like New York, where adultery is the only admissible reason for divorce, we find men going to considerable pains to prove themselves unfaithful in order to bring an end to a marriage which is unsatisfactory to both partners. It is always the husband who advertises this fault, never the wife. For all their talk about equality, the most modern women still prefer to be considered faithful wives before the world.

HOW long will this situation persist? I do not know. Probably, if things go on as they are headed now, no longer than it took between the first furtive cigarette smoking of society women and the public flaunting of matches and tobacco by all the women today. If women's reticence about their growing immorality is to be preserved, we must act within the next few years.

I have mentioned divorce. The existence of our liberal divorce laws is one of the strongest reasons why monogamy is the wise course for the modern husband to pursue. The alimony and divorce laws have conspired to make the destruction of her marriage a wife's easiest repartee when her husband confesses to a light summer love affair.

The payment exacted of such wandering husbands today is often out of all proportion to the pleasure they derived from a few hours' recklessness. It is nip and tuck whether the wife will forgive, or choose to have love affairs herself, or see her lawyer about securing a decree. Only the first of these courses was possible to a woman a few decades ago.

Modern woman is in a stronger bargaining position than her grandmother was, and she can demand that her husband subscribe to any standard of morality she pleases. If he fails to do so, the state will award her her freedom, her children, and a handsome slice of her husband's salary or estate.

Thus a modern husband's lifetime happiness may rest in the balance when he asks a pretty, light lady to come back to his flat with him. He is hardly aware of the change that has occurred. He goes his way, supported by the knowledge that husbands have always behaved as he is doing now. He forgets that women never before behaved as his wife is apt to do when she finds him out.

SOMETIMES, of course, a man with every intention of being good is overtaken by an overwhelming desire for a lovely siren. In this case, the considerate husband will run like a rabbit! Monogamy is not natural to either sex. It is an achievement, which becomes second nature only after long practice. The man who desires other women but runs away from them will find fewer and fewer temptations as the years pass on.

The rewards for this series of small sacrifices are not by any means negative. Besides avoiding all the unpleasant consequences of philandering, the faithful husband wins other, finer benefits. He builds up a companionship with his wife that is clear and sweet, with no muddy little secrets obscuring it. He can talk to her without shutting her off from a room, or a corridor of rooms, in his memories. And his feeling for his wife will be inevitably strengthened by the measure of the desire he has overcome. For it is the law of life which demands that we care less for the person we have injured, and more for the one we serve.

Monogamy, today, is actually easier for husbands than it has ever been before. The twentieth-century wife gives her husband far more than the dear sheltered ladies of the past could give their men. The man whose wife returns to town, tanned and handsome, is eager to be all things to one man: his intellectual equal, his physical lover, his companion in the activities of ski trains and hunting fields and barrooms, as well as in the nursery.

She is worthier of fidelity than her gentle grandmother, because she leaves no masculine need unfulfilled. But in her eyes there is a warning glint of pride: the look of the woman who knows that she need not put up with any poor jerry-built compromise of a marriage in place of the richly monogamous one which she desires. Reno, today, is never far away.

THE END

THIS IS THE FINAL WEEK!

$1,000
Cash Prize
Memory Book
CONTEST

KEEP YOUR ENTRY SIMPLE FILE IT ON TIME!

COUPON No. 5 on this page completes the Memory Book Contest series. When you have entered a quotation and clipped the coupon, your set of five will be ready for submittal to the judges. In preparing this material, please avoid ornamentation and fancywork. Simplicity is best and a plain entry will rate just as highly as one decorated with all sorts of unnecessary elaboration. Be sure that your entry is mailed in accordance with he official closing date. Do not let delay or oversight rob you of your opportunity to win a substantial prize.

The judges will read and rate every entry with all speed compatible with accuracy and fairness. Winners' names will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty and prize checks will be mailed at the same time.

In the meanwhile a new $2,000 cash prize contest in which every member of the family will find entertainment and a chance to win will be announced next week. Watch for this announcement.

THE RULES

1. Each week for five weeks, ending in the issue dated July 15, Liberty will publish an official entry coupon in this contest.

2. To compete, simply write on each coupon a sentence, sentiment, axiom, couplet, or similar quotation from an autograph, memory, or birthday book, either your own or that of a friend.

3. Clip each coupon and save it until the end of the contest, when your set of five will be complete. Then send them all in at the same time, as a unit.

4. Entries will be judged on the basis of humor, sagacity, and appeal.

5. The entry containing the best set of quotations judged on the above basis will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis, other entries will be awarded prizes as follows: Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; and Seventy Prizes of $5 each—a total of $1,000. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Address all entries to Memory Book Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, July 26, the closing date of this contest.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

CLIP HERE

OFFICIAL COUPON NO. 5

MEMORY BOOK CONTEST

There is no specific limit on the wordage of the quotation you submit, but it naturally should not exceed the limit of the usual entries in memory or autograph books of average size. From three or four words to a like number of lines or sentences will be acceptable.

Lack of space curtails this coupon. If you require additional lines for your quotation, paste this coupon on another sheet to get the regular five-inch depth.

WE WON'T FIGHT, EH!

AUGUSTA, MICH. — Fulton Oursler had us all agog for seven long days. April 29 Liberty was to give to the youth of America the findings of a very brilliant daughter of one of our country's leading lawmakers. Quoting Mr. Oursler, "We especially commend it to the administration and to the Congress of the United States."

We joyfully join Mr. Oursler in his recommendations to read "We Won't Fight," Say College Youths, by Miss Betsey Barton, which appeared in the aforesaid issue.

Built on a questionnaire sent to students of over fifty leading colleges and universities, the results show that 43

per cent will refuse to fight, 39 per cent will await a draft, and 18 per cent will volunteer.

As university students the young men polled are supposed to be bright young men and the nation's leaders of tomorrow (perhaps); but Miss Barton included one paragraph in her article that will make all thinking people throw the whole thing "out the window."

Quoting: "What do all these convictions of youth show? They show that American college youth has been educated as much as possible for continued peace. Even military training, our survey found, does not make willing soldiers. More than a third of the students polled are members of the R. O. T. C. Yet they dislike the R. O. T. C. *They call the course a "cinch" or "pip" and take it rather than take something in which they might have to use their brains.*"

Won't Congress and the administration laugh when they are asked to stomach filled questionnaires, signed by over one third of those polled, in which the students admit that they will take any course in college in order *that they might not have to use their brains?*

The defense forces of this nation cannot use men who are too lazy to use their brains.

Polling the college students is a fine pastime, but if Miss Barton would examine the available records of the World War she would perhaps be surprised to find that the young men who were *physically fit to fight*, and accepted as volunteers and in the draft, came from the farms, ranches, and shops, and that the sons of those men who could afford to send their boys to college were below average in that respect.

Why worry about what the college boys will do in case of war? If you wish to know if there is any *red blood* left in America, drop down on New York's East Side, go out to the Iowa and Missouri farm lands, and then have a chat with the Powder River boys in Wyoming.

Stay away from the colleges, as most of the boys just haven't "time to think."—*Otto C. Steinberger, U. S. A., Retired.*

[Many wrote us on this hotly debatable subject, most of them willing to fight if called on. Among the correspondents were: D. B. M. of the U. S. N.; J. R. Houston, Fort Worth, Tex.; Francis Tennant, Harrisburg, Pa.; Ben Singer, Denver, Colo.; W. F. Kennedy, Corvallis, Ore.; George Larrow, Providence, R. I.; G. P. Olson, Mobile, Ala.; Paul C. Boone, Jr., Washington, D. C.; Gordon Clouse and Gordon Averbrook of U. S. S. Northampton; Howard O. Husband, Pittsburgh, Pa.; H. J. Le Blanc, Galveston, Tex.; Eudora Winifred Stollery, San Mateo, Calif.; Thomas Bleecker, Burbank, Calif.; Henrik Anderson, Tucson, Ariz.; R. H. Hughes, Olney, Ill.; Gladewell Burdick, Madison, Wis.; and Marguerite Powell, Phoenix, Ariz.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

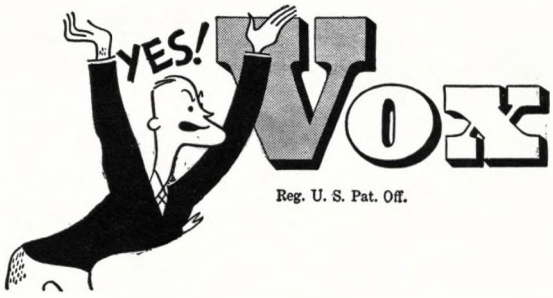
CHANGING EYES AND SKIN

PORTLAND, ORE.—Speaking of the hardhearted editor, could anybody but Beatrice Grimshaw get away with such sloppy writing as evinced by the story of The Lady or the Pearl? (May 27 Liberty.) Unless the story was intended as a joke or as a test of the observation of the average reader, there seemed to be a lamentable lack of care by the writer and supervision by the editor.

On the first page Marina's skin was olive and her eyes a topaz golden. By the mere turning over of a leaf, she was transformed into a creature with snow-white skin and violet eyes.

Not content with one such miracle, the author gave the other girl, Ursula, "leaf-brown eyes" in one place and "pansy-black" ones in another.

Shakespeare was all wrong about the value of a name.—*Marcia Kunnedey.*



TRY GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Being a constant reader and ardent fan of Liberty, I wish to express my opinion on that silly and farfetched story, Sex Is Only Temporary, by Robert Neal Leath (April 29—May 6 Liberty). After reading Part One I expected better things in the next installment; but, alas, that was even worse. I am surprised that a publication with such outstanding prestige would print such riff-raff.

May I make a suggestion? Why not try publishing Grimm's Fairy Tales? They may be childish, but they are far more interesting than such rubbish as Sex Is Only Temporary.

Can't we have more of Vox Pop and less of something else?—*Bernice Fehr.*

HOW GIRLS GET CANDY

EAST CHICAGO, IND.—Did Margie Picotte (May 20 Vox Pop) ever wonder why the fellows do not shell out to her as she wishes? All I have to say is that if she were anything like the girl on the cover of May 27 Liberty—a hard-working girl who does not care for her looks but goes out in the garden to raise her own flowers and not ask some poor male to do it for her—if she were like this I would gladly buy her a ten-pound box of candy and might even put my very own picture on it.—*Hersh the Heller.*

AHOY, THE REAL McCOY!

PALM BEACH, FLA.—Ahoy there, Vox Pop! Northeast Gale is really a sweet yarn (June 3 Liberty), but Captain Johnny Sewel of the Water Witch could not see the steamer's green light. It was the port light—a red one (port wine is red, too).

And why did Captain Johnny waste valuable time in asking the steamer if they had rescued the crew from the wreck? Even a landlubber would know the steamer would not "stand by" after rescuing the crew.

Remember, years ago you ran my life's yarn, The Real McCoy? Ask the big Chief, Bernarr Macfadden, why not make a volume (pint a look!) of his editorials? Boy, they hit the spot!—*Bill McCoy.*

IN LOVE WITH AMBROSE!

HURON, S. D.—How about less fight articles and more that would interest the ladies? You've got a swell little magazine and peachy covers. And shucks! I've gone and fallen in love with Ambrose!—*Pennie.*

HAVIN' A BIT OF A LAUGH

TULSA, OKLA. — Think you're "having a bit of a laugh at us," as they jolly well say on the other side.

Putting the George Bernard

Shaw piece as a kind of prelude to the story of the two kings! (May 27 Liberty.)

Can you imagine the Shavian chuckle! And what Ludwig may think—if he thinks!

Cruel, cruel, cruel, what?—*A. F. Sweeney, Representative of Tulsa County.*

FOR SHANE ONLY

MANILA, P. I.—Please do not have another crossword puzzle contest if the holding of such contest requires the cutting out of any of Ted Shane's puzzles. Liberty may not feel complimented, but I buy Liberty only for Ted Shane's contributions.—*Fred Sylvester.*

TOUCHÉ!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Below you will find a translation from the Deutscher Weckruf und Beobachter and Free American, April 27, 1939, which I made for you from the official Nazi organ in the United States.

Even if the English looks quite rough (Nazi German since Hitler set the style in his Mein Kampf is equally elegant) the piece is worth reading until you get to the meat.—*Peter Nelson.*

TO THE EDITOR: Recently there appeared in the well known magazine Liberty, which belongs to the even better known Mr. Macfadden, another one of those barred serials against the wild and despicable Nazis. The articles came from the pen of the industrious and avaricious wholesale writer Oscar Schisgall.

Mr. Schisgall chose as the locale for his creation a rather decent young American family—a mother, a little son, and a father. The husband is German and his name is Eric, and he still has not taken out his "second papers." Special circumstances cause our little family to visit the homeland of our hero—Germany. Well, up to now everything is in the best order. "But once he arrives at home . . ." the whole picture changes. Our Mr. Eric, who up to now was well mannered and quite civilized, turns within one second into a rabid Nazi of the worst sort. And the things he does now, as a Nazi, actually make every humanitarian heart beat in waves of indignation. . . .

And our Mr. Schisgall has written this Nazi drama quite fascinatingly. One can hardly wait for the next installment. . . . But oh, what a shock! When our dear Mr. Eric wants to divorce his faithful wife in order to marry the pretty wife of his father, his father is forced to admit that he is non-Aryan. His mother,

who died so soon, came from Belgium and was—a Jewess.

So far the story of Mr. Schisgall.

But the moral of the whole story: *Don't trust any human being if he is not Aryan.*

Involuntarily Mr. Schisgall has hit the nail on the head. With irrefutable accuracy he has recognized the Jew and has enumerated all the qualities which have made the chosen people so unpopular. I am sure that every German and every American reader of the serial heaved a big sigh of relief when they read the final installment: Because this final article showed that Mr. Eric did not act so disgustingly because he had become a Nazi but because he had a Jewish mother. The immediate change of attitude, the egotism, the brutality, the cowardice, the lying—all those characteristics of Eric are the typical characteristics of the race of Eric's mother. . . .

Anyway, we ought to thank Mr. Schisgall for his understanding of the real problem.—"*M.*"

SHARKEY DIDN'T TELL

DRUMMOND, MONT.—Is Joe Louis Unbeatable? Since reading Tom Sharkey's article in June 3 Liberty, I would like to know. He certainly didn't tell us.—*R. R.*

PITIFUL MELODRAMA

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Twilight Cheats has been read and discussed here in the office in which I work, at home, and among friends at gatherings. In fact, never before in my life (thirty-eight years) have I known of any book or story to be of so much concern.

Will Grace Perkins *please* be so kind as to try to answer to herself why she could not have made the conclusion something practical? The pitiful melodrama she resorted to! Believe me when I say I had wagered, preached, and bet that she would not do that very thing — that she would let nature take its course in a practical way.

Even while I am letting her down, I will watch Liberty for another good story from Miss Perkins.—*John W. Ray.*

OVERDOING TWINS

MERIDIAN, MISS.—Why is it absolutely necessary for every struggling young couple in all your stories to produce a pair of twins at the most inconvenient time? It seems to me the writers overdo it a bit by doubling up on the newlyweds.

Do see if something can be done about this appalling situation.—*Mrs. E. R. Graves.*

WEDDING-RING WIDTH

PEORIA, ILL.—Princess Kropotkin says in her May 27 To the Ladies that the "most popular wedding ring in style this year is the narrow gold band, *three eighths* of an inch wide," etc.

Although I am not a connoisseur of wedding-ring styles, if a ring three eighths of an inch wide is narrow, I am more ignorant than I had supposed.—*Olive Velde.*

THOUGHTS AFTER A DIET

HENAGAR, ALA.—Here are a few suggestions, written after a diet of polecat peas, corn pone, and turnip sallit:

1. Turn Hitler's picture to the wall and talk about something else.

2. Name the umbrella, nearly extinct, after Chamberlain.

3. Tell Mr. Roosevelt that three is a significant number —three strikes and out.

4. Tell Mussolini that Julius Caesar got bumped off.

5. Permit the Mikado to continue with that toy war in China. America chased Japan out of the bushes with a cannon's mouth while the gun crews sang religious songs. And Germany taught the Japanese how to shoot toy pistols. And England taught them how to row a battleship.

6. It burns us up to hear our neighbor beat his wife, but if we are wise we'll call the police instead of butting in personally. There are no police to call for international wife beaters. So let the skunks stink themselves to death.—*John Bunyan Atkins.*

WE TOOK EVERYTHING!

YONKERS, N. Y.—Apropos of his May 20 editorial, will some one please tell Mr. Macfadden our ancestors came to this country without asking permission of the Indians? Of course we did not take their jobs—we merely took their land and their lives.—*Joseph Greenberger.*

WHERE'S YOURS?

BYESVILLE, OHIO — Now that you have started printing pictures of dummies on this page, why not require all who contribute to Vox Pop to furnish photos with their letters?—*Howard B. Potts.*

"That medicine I took this morning is sure doin' me a lot of good, Buzzie—I feel stronger every minute."

It's Up to Us to Look Out

FULTON OURSLER
© George Maillard Kesslere

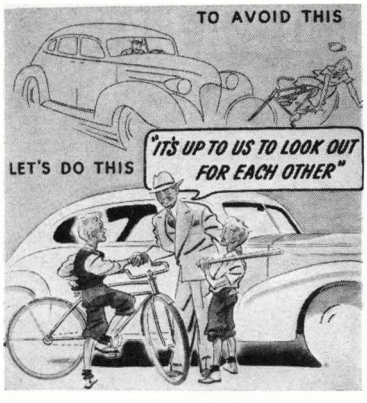
MANY OF YOU will remember the case of the boy who wanted a bicycle and how last year he and his father put the embarrassing decision up to us. A great deal has happened since then, but nothing that has pleased us more than the following letter from W. A. James, Advertising and Merchandising Manager of the Hudson Motor Car Company:

Dear Mr. Oursler:

I believe you will be interested in a further development of an idea which you had something to do with starting last year.

As you probably remember, it was your story about the boy in Lynn, Massachusetts, who wanted a bicycle that suggested to us the "Watch for kids on bikes" safety campaign which was conducted in a considerable number of cities during the summer of 1938. At the time, I forwarded you an outline of this campaign as it was conducted here in Detroit.

An advertisement headed, "It's up to us to look out for each other," which appears in the June issue of American Boy, is another step in the same direc-



tion, and knowing your interest in the promotion of safety—and particularly of safety for the youngsters who ride the streets of our cities on bicycles—I thought you would be interested in receiving an advance proof.

This advertisement is being called to the attention of high schools throughout the country, and reprints are being made available for posting on school bulletin boards. In addition, copies are being forwarded to automobile clubs and other organizations interested in promoting safety, with the thought that it may suggest further activities on their part.

To help further in calling attention to the need for mutual watchfulness and forbearance on the part of car drivers and bike riders, we have prepared a cartoon—a copy of which I am enclosing—the use of which we are offering without charge to any one interested in helping a good thing along.

We plan to follow through with further activities along these same lines and, if past experience is any indication, our efforts in this direction will receive widespread support and encouragement.

In the meantime I am placing the enclosed material in your hands to remind you that you "started something" last year which I hope that you, too, will consider worthy of further attention this summer.

Best regards,
(signed) W. A. JAMES.

IT IS OUR AIM to publish constructive articles that will help in making America an even finer place in which to live, and we think it is the finest place to live in anyway—the one free haven for enlightened people left in the whole distracted world. Next week we are offering you a varied collection of important pieces, leading off with When Is a President Disabled? by Charles M. Thomas, instructor in history at Ohio State University. Constant readers of Liberty will remember our series of articles in which Colonel House collaborated, called When a Woman Was President. This series dealt with a strange hiatus in American history when Woodrow Wilson was ill. Since then President Wilson's widow has published a book of memoirs, and now, commenting on her story, Mr. Thomas writes an article that shows clearly the extraordinary dilemma faced by the United States government during that obscure and mystical episode. Any American reading Mr. Thomas' disclosures will be forced to wonder if such a contretemps might not occur again. Should not something be done to provide against the contingency? I earnestly recommend this article to the attention of every member of the Congress.

STRAIGHT FROM THE G-MEN'S files comes another remarkable series of articles called Hell in Hot Springs. Not so long ago we published Thunder Over Kansas City, in which we exposed the corruption in that fine American city. Since then, Boss Pendergast has gone to prison with others of his cohorts, and many others are trembling. Kansas City is cleaning house. You will be even more amazed to read of conditions in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

ALSO YOU WILL WANT to read—whether you play or not—Bootleg Tennis, by Eleanor Tennant; together with Let's Do Something About It, by Edward Doherty; and Why Can't Business and Government Be Friends? by Daniel C. Roper. There are also a group of highly entertaining short stories, including Surprise Party, continuing the fine saga of the Tate family by Ethel Doherty and Louise Long; One Woman Too Many, by Elmer Davis; and When Ladies Go Slamming, by Sidney S. Lenz; and, of course, full installments of our current serials.

HERE'S A FUNNY ONE. A slightly inebriated female recently telephoned to the home of one of the staff assistants of Manhattan's famous District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey. She had been one of the witnesses in the trial of the infamous Luciano, boss of the prostitution racket. Now she wanted to play a record over the telephone for the lawyer. Having finally dismissed her, the lawyer said: "I wonder what record she wanted to play?" To which his wife replied: "The sextette from Luciano."

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

CONTENTS FOR JULY 15, 1939

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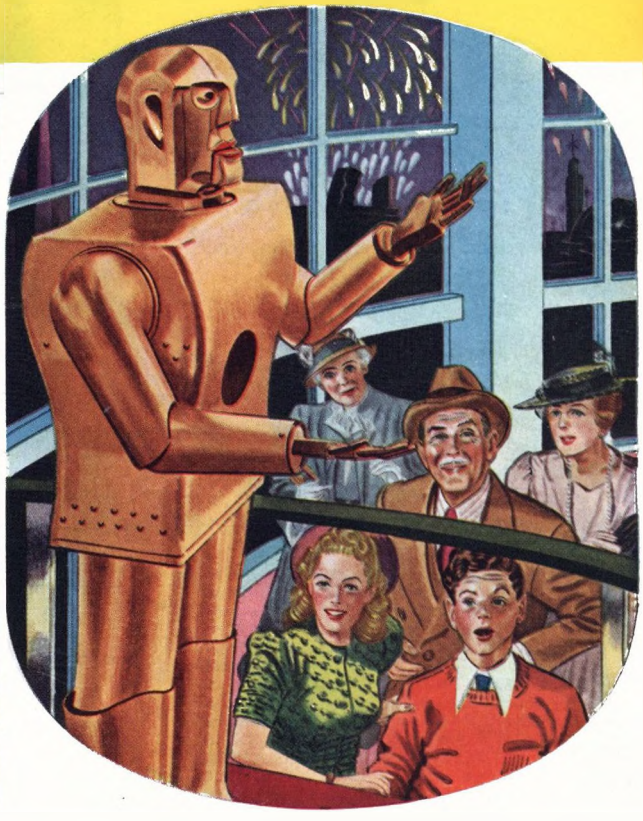
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY ROSALIE RUSH

The MIDDLETON Family AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

A Lesson from Elektro – the Moto-Man



In the Hall of Electrical Living, the Middletons are entertained by Elektro, the amazing Westinghouse Moto-Man. It's lots of fun, especially for Babs and Bud. And the older folks in the family appreciate the serious side, too — how electricity has lightened housekeeping burdens and made more time for *living* in the modern home. You, too, will enjoy every minute of your visit to the Westinghouse Building at the New York Fair. Be sure to see Elektro, as well as the many other features offered by this "fair within a fair." Don't miss "The Battle of the Centuries," the Microvivarium, the Junior Science Laboratories, and the Television Show. You'll remember the Westinghouse Building as long as you live.

IN SAN FRANCISCO: Be sure to see "Willie Vocalite" and all the other attractions in the Westinghouse Exhibit at the beautiful Golden Gate International Exposition.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Westinghouse

The name that means EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY

Tune in Ray Perkins and the winners of the "Letters Home" Contest direct from the Westinghouse New York World's Fair Building — every Sunday afternoon, 5:45 Eastern Daylight Time, N.B.C. "Blue" Network.

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

Now... circus folks, too, are comparing cigarettes this strikingly convincing way...

"WATCH 'em burn," is the advice smart smokers are giving on cigarettes these days. At the right, aerial ace Everett White of the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey circus proves that one leading cigarette burns *slower* than other brands. The winning brand is C-A-M-E-L! Camel's big advantage is in its *costlier tobaccos*, expertly blended in a cigarette made to burn *slowly, completely!*

Recently, a group of scientists made this interesting laboratory test on a bigger scale. 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands were tested impartially. CAMELS BURNED 25% *SLOWER* THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—SLOWER THAN *ANY* OF THEM. (Camels were remarkably consistent. Cigarettes of some brands smoked *twice* as fast as others right from the same pack.) IN THE SAME TEST, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* THAN THE AVERAGE TIME FOR ALL THE OTHER BRANDS.

Camel *is* the cigarette of *costlier tobaccos*... always slow-burning, cool, mild, with a delightful taste!

Camel's *slower burning* (compared to the average time of the 15 other brands tested) gives you the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!* You *economize* while enjoying smoking pleasure at its best!

Everyone watches Everett White, the daring aerialist *(center)*, intently, as Camels win in his cigarette test. He remarks: "Camel smokers *know* Camels smoke COOLER and MILDER. And any smoker can see one reason *why!* Look how much *slower* that Camel burns! And, say, notice how the Camel ash *stays on!*"

SMOKING IS BELIEVING!

IF you feel that life owes you a little more fun, try a cigarette made with *costlier tobaccos*...a Camel! See how Camel's delightful fragrance and taste can brighten you up. Camels are amazingly mild. Cool...easy on your throat ...really a matchless blend.

Camels have more tobacco by weight than the average of the 15 other brands tested. Besides, by burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—Camels give you the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

Camels give you even *more* for your money when you count in Camel's finer, more expensive tobaccos. Buy shrewdly! Buy Camels...America's first choice for a luxury smoke *every* smoker can afford!

CAMEL ...THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY