WHY JEAN HARLOW DIED by Edward Doherty

JULY 31, 1937

Liberty

5¢

MORE PLANES OR GOD HELP US by Lieut. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard

LIVE ALONE WITH YOUR RELATIVES by Marjorie Hillis

The battle is on—Erl Roman, famous sportsman, vs. 600 lbs. of savage, fighting blue marlin!

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AS the Miami, Florida, "Herald" said of Erl Roman's titanic struggle with the big fish shown above: "The battle was tough on Erl. He had his hands full staying in the fishing chair." But a sporting spirit and healthy nerves kept Roman going. After a 2-hour fight, he landed the second-largest blue marlin ever taken on rod and reel. Mr. Roman says: "Healthy nerves are necessary for keeping on top of things. Camels don't interfere with my physical condition or get on my nerves." Above, right, Mr. Roman enjoys a Camel after his tense fight. "I make it a point," he says, "to smoke Camels with my meals and after 'for digestion's sake.'"

Camels are made from costlier tobaccos, in a matchless blend. A *mild* cigarette for steady smoking.

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FOREST RANGER has smoked Camels for 24 years. Mr. C. E. Dare likes Camels after his steak and apple pie. "Camels smooth things for my digestion," he says.

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Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

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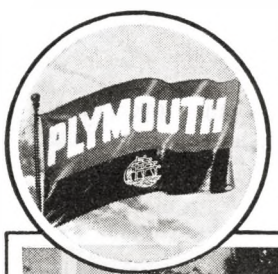

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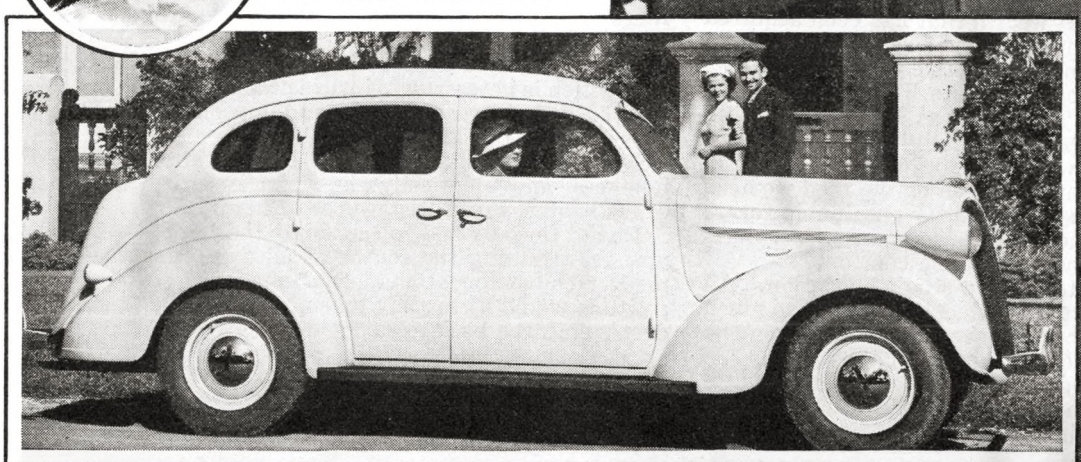

BIGGEST of "All Three" low-priced cars... pictured above is the beautiful, new Plymouth De Luxe Four-Door Touring Sedan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

JULY 31, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 31

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

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ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

Riches ARE THE SOURCE OF ALL CIVILIZATION

IT is a strange twist of human nature that some people hate those to whom they actually owe a debt of gratitude. You often hear of inhuman treatment toward benefactors . . . murder is even sometimes committed.

When relatives quarrel, the degree of hatred is often greater than between friends, and a lovers' quarrel is frequently noted for its vicious character.

Although the present resentful attitude toward those who are enjoying great wealth cannot be blamed entirely on this peculiar characteristic, the inability of many people to realize the debt of gratitude they owe to the creators of wealth is frequently noticeable.

The struggle for wealth is the source of all civilization. We were removed from the cave-man status solely by the desire of our primitive ancestors to improve their station in life, which meant additional riches at that period.

One man wanted more furs than another. He wanted to add to the attractiveness of his cave. In some instances he wanted more wives. It was this desire for betterment, for more of the world's goods, that started us on the upward road toward civilization.

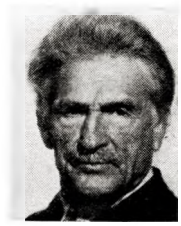
Those who are enjoying the luxuries of this modern age and those who are decrying the creators of wealth should stop a moment and give consideration to what they owe to those who have spent their lives in building up fortunes.

To be sure, some fortunes are inherited or are created by the increase in the value of real estate, or gambling with bonds and stocks, but wealth that has been acquired through catering to the needs of modern civilization has benefited humanity beyond all possible description.

Suppose the reader goes over the list of advantages he is enjoying every day. What has brought running water, sewerage, bathtubs, electric light, radio? What has enabled us to ride with the speed of the wind in luxurious comfort? What has given us the food we need to nourish our bodies in such an easily obtainable form? What has brought us the clothes we wear . . . hats . . . shoes . . . every conceivable comfort?

And it is not possible to make a single exception. All these extraordinary advantages that have added so much to the joy of life have come in every instance from the desire on the part of some individual to gain wealth.

And there is mass production that has given us automobiles, refrigerators, and innumerable other articles at a minimum price. This form of production would not



BERNARR MACFADDEN

be possible if it were not for the ability of some men to accumulate great wealth. Millions upon millions must be acquired before mass production can be attempted.

When we decry the accumulation of unusual riches, we are attacking the source of everything that is worth while in life. Our climb from the cave man is due entirely to the ambition which has raised individuals here and there above their fellow men. They were the enthusiastic, ambitious, hard workers. They had the genius to build up great business enterprises, and a corresponding degree of wealth was essential to their development.

Go back twenty-five years and compare that particular period with today. The changes since that period are amazing beyond description—all made possible through the accumulation and investment of great wealth.

And the present attitude of many people toward the rich, if continued, will carry us back to the savagery from which we came.

Nearly all rich men who are creators came from what we call the working class. Such men rarely recognized working hours. No really successful man ever thought of thirty- or even forty-hour weeks. They were ambitious for achievement. They slaved day after day and year after year, driven by enthusiasm and by love of their work, and wealth to such men simply meant more power to increase the output of the merchandise which was the source of their riches.

There is only one special attraction to wealth beyond that which is necessary to insure pecuniary independence, and that is to increase the size and importance of the business in which one is interested.

Even the owner of a peanut stand wants to do more business, and identically the same ambition stimulates every business man, regardless of his interests.

Do not forget when you condemn the creators of wealth you are damning the source of all our comforts—every modern convenience; and a continuance of such a foolish attitude would ultimately take our children and our children's children back to savagery.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Why JEAN HARLOW DIED

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

PART ONE—THE GIRL WHO HAD EVERYTHING

OUTSIDE the chapel were hundreds of people, quiet, respectful, solemn men and women. They stood patiently while the glorious voice of Jeanette MacDonald sang The Indian Love Call and while the Christian Science reader spoke. Those close to the chapel could hear a few words. "God shall wipe away all tears, and there shall be no death." And they could smell the perfume of the flowers piled up on the lawn because there was no room for them inside.

"Poor thing," they said. "Only twenty-six

What robbed the star of the will to live?—Here begins a revealing chronicle of the facts behind the sudden end of a glamorous career

By EDWARD DOHERTY

and at the top of her career. And she dies. Like that! She had so much to live for."

"She would have married again," they said. "She and Bill Powell were in love with each other. Madly in love."

A few days ago they had spoken of her lightly. A few days ago she had been the girl who used to be a "platinum blonde," "the blonde bombshell," the wickedest, most glamorous young siren on the screen.

But now, her beautiful face and shining hair forever hidden from them, she was one to pity and to mourn.

They could not understand it.

In her last picture she had never looked lovelier, had never been more vital. Yet, after a few days in the hospital, after an operation that wasn't so serious as it might have been, she had given up and died.

Why had she so mysteriously lost the love of life? They could not figure it out.

. They did not realize that Jean Harlow was a slave tiring of slavery, a slave to her career, to her friends, to her public, to her "jinx," to her own beauty. They did not realize that life had become bitter to her; that love had become something to fear, to escape; that her tired mind and body could welcome death when it approached.

"Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found thee!"

That was one of Jean Harlow's favorites. Nelson Eddy was singing it. The services were ending.

There have been great crowds at the funerals of other stars. At one such funeral I saw two friends of the dead star "clocking" the crowd. "He's drawing them sixty a minute," one said, looking at his stop watch. "Nonsense," said the other angrily. "He's doing better than that. Seventy-two a minute, I make it."

There was nothing like this at Jean Harlow's funeral. She was mourned not as a star but as a well loved woman. It was the only break she ever had.

Her body was placed in a crypt and left there, a gardenia in her fingers, a blanket of gardenias and lilies above her.

A slave set free. A turbulent love story tragically ended.

They say—those people who know her well—there was a mystery in this girl's death. Not the kind of mystery detective-story writers spin tales about. Nothing so simple as that! It was a deeper mystery—if indeed there was any mystery at all. The problem lay in her own spirit, deep down under the laughter and the twinkle of young eyes that had tired too soon. They say—those gossips—that Jean Harlow died because she had no longer that fierce young relish of her life that would make her fight to win. Why was that? What was the source of disillusion that could rub out her wish, her very will to live, while she was still so young? There are others who say that is just nonsense and that Jean did her best to hold on to life. Yet the facts are hard to understand.

THE story of Jean Harlow is as bitter and pitiful and tragic as any you can read in the book of Hollywood, the story of a girl who had everything—beauty, breeding, wealth, adulation, a fine intelligence, a tremendous zest for life, and as sunny a disposition as ever blessed a woman—and who traded it for fame and heartbreak and disillusion and despair, who died at twenty-six, tired, burnt out, afraid, and old.

Her real name was Harlean Carpentier. She was born in her grandfather's gray-stone house in Kansas City on March 3, 1911. Her mother's maiden name was Jean Harlow. They fashioned Harlean out of that name.

Her father was a doctor. He lived with his wife's people because he had to. His father-in-law insisted on it. He was something of a tyrant, the old man was.

Harlean was two years old before her parents left that house. They left because grandpa was spoiling the child. He adored her. He gave her everything she wanted. He used to sneak away from business to play with her. He fussed over her and spoiled her until her mother and father could endure it no more.

They took another gray-stone house a few blocks away, a pleasant house that overlooked a beautiful green park. In spring, fall, and winter, Harlean played in this park. Summers she spent at Red Gables, her grandfather's estate on the Missouri River. She loved that place. There she learned to swim, and to paddle a little canoe, and to ride a Shetland pony. There was everything at Red Gables a little girl could ask for—except other little girls to play with.

When she was seven her parents went to live in a red-brick house in a suburb, and Jean went to a private school. Jean liked it. She had friends there.

Home was nice too. But it was rather lonesome. There was seldom any one to play with. And father didn't come home every night as he used to.

But mother was there, and two colored servants—Anna, the cook, and Emma, who was a sort of nurse. Anna was always making dainties for "the baby." Emma used to tell her fairy stories and rock her to sleep.

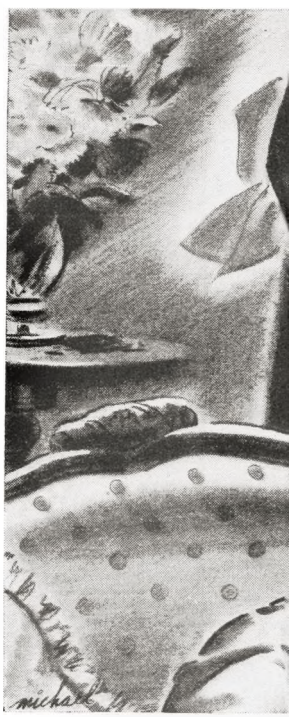
She wondered about her father. But nobody would tell her. Mother would start crying when Harlean mentioned him. She was almost ten before she realized that mother and father had separated.

She was a lonely child, an odd child.

The house was full of dolls, but she didn't care much for them. Only one had any significance. Its name was Isabelle. It had belonged to her mother. It was made of china and it had painted hair. Isabelle, wrapped in tissue paper, was found with other little-girl things in Jean Harlow's Hollywood house a day or two after Jean died.

Mother was always buying her pretty clothes, but Harlean felt uncomfortable and conspicuous in new dresses. She felt the same way at parties. She didn't know how to act with other children. Sometimes they frightened her.

When she was ten her mother took her to California and entered her in the Hollywood School for Girls. Harlean loved California. She loved Hollywood. It was so exciting to see flowers everywhere, to look up and see mountain peaks covered with snow—and down below them acres and acres of orange trees. And it was thrilling to walk down the streets and suddenly come face to face with a real live moving-picture star.



She wondered about her

Harlean had always been a moving-picture fan. That was one thing she had in common with other children.

Those close to her declared, after her death, that she had never had any particular ambition to "get into the movies"—not until she had played her first part. That seems improbable to me.

There are few girls in Hollywood who do not pray morning and night for "just one little break."

It is possible Harlean Carpentier was an exception, but unlikely.

Hollywood is a beautiful glamorous place to every newcomer. But the attraction wears off. One gets used to the sight of palm trees and eucalyptus, to flowering vines running up the tree trunks. After a time one realizes he is far from home and friends, that he is a stranger in an alien land, a make-believe land. He is hungry for snow and ice in winter, for buds and a glare of green in spring, for a riot of leafy color in the fall.

Harlean and her mother couldn't stand it. And they were happy when they went "back East" for good.

Harlean was fourteen or thereabouts. She had been home only a little while when her first serious illness assailed her. She spent many weeks in bed, and many months recovering—which left her more than ever dependent on her mother and her grandparents.

Her father came to see her now and then, but he wasn't the same man she had known and loved. There was a moodiness about him, a shyness that hurt.

And then, almost overnight, Harlean had a new father, Marino Bello, and a new home—in Highland Park, a suburb of Chicago—and a new private school. It was a

sort of rebirth to her after her exile in Hollywood, and her long illness.

She liked her stepfather, and came to rely upon him as she relied on her mother and her grandfather. How much he meant to her will become apparent if you study his picture and then compare it with the pictures of the three men she married and the man she might have married had she lived.

"Chuck" McGrew, Paul Bern, Hal Rosson, and William Powell are all of one type. There is the same high wide forehead, the long nose, the intellectual look. In three instances, the same little mustache. They all look something like Marino Bello.

For the first time in her life Harlean was sent to a boarding school, Ferry Hall in Lake Forest. She wasn't entirely "on her own," however, even though she slept at the school four nights a week. Mother visited her nearly every day, bringing something Anna had cooked for her.

father. Mother would start crying when Harlean mentioned him.

But it was as near independence as the child ever came.

She loved the school, the teachers, the other girls. It was a lot of fun. There were parties in the rooms at night. There were dances every Friday, and the gymnasium was always decorated for the occasion. But Harlean never stayed for these affairs. As soon as school was over Friday afternoon, she went home.

The other girls couldn't understand that. There were always good-looking boys at the dances, they told her. But boys meant little to Harlean. Her peculiarly isolated life hadn't exposed her to boys. Her thoughts hadn't anything to do with boys--they were all bound up in her mother, her stepfather, her grandparents, her home, her books.

She was sixteen before she ever thought of boys seriously; and then she married the first one she met.

She had been at Ferry Hall two years, and for the first time on a Friday evening she was not going home.

She'd never seen one of the Friday-night dances, and was a trifle curious about them. She went into the gym and watched the dancers idly until one of her schoolmates came toward her with a tall young man.

This was "Chuck," Charles F. McGrew.

Harlean liked him, thought of him often, but months went by before she saw him again. He came back to Ferry Hall with the spring.

And so Harlean encountered Romance.

McGrew was an orphan. He lived in Chicago with his grandparents. He was wealthy, handsome, a good dancer, an excellent swimmer, a good tennis player. He drank a little. But then it was during the prohibition era, and it was smart to drink.

Chuck was twenty-two. He hadn't a job, but then he didn't need to work. His father had left him an annuity, and his grandparents would leave him everything they had.

The details of the courtship have been told again and again—and they have always differed. It has been said the two eloped, and there were stormy scenes. It has been denied there was an elopement. Years later, after Harlean had changed her name to Jean Harlow, her publicity bureau told the story officially, as follows:

"'During that summer and early fall,' said Jean, 'we lived through a very gay, very young, very carefree courtship. Chuck spent almost every week-end at our home in Highland Park. We danced, played tennis, swam, and laughed—and of course we talked of marriage.'

"But, though both families approved of the young couple being together, they discouraged all thoughts of marriage—for Harlean was only sixteen and Chuck was twenty-two.

"One September evening Chuck called to escort Harlean to his grandparents' house for dinner. Pausing on the threshold of her home, Harlean said, half seriously, half in jest, 'Mother, what would you say if Chuck and I should get married tonight?'

"I WOULDN'T say anything,' said her mother. 'It's your life, after all. But I do think you're too young to be thinking of marriage for a few years.'

"That night, at ten o'clock, they were married by a minister, whose wife and a neighbor served as witnesses.

"'It must have been a shock to both families,' said Harlean. 'They still thought of us as children. Looking back on the whole thing now, I can see how right they were. We *were* too young to be married.'"

For five months the newlyweds lived with Harlean's parents in Highland Park. After which time they went to Los Angeles. They started their married life alone in a pretty Spanish bungalow in Beverly Hills. Anna went with them. To Harlean, she was a link to those "at home."

Harlean was too young, too callow, too devoted to her mother, too dependent on her elders, too inexperienced with life to be a perfect wife and the hostess of Chuck's home. She was still "the baby." Marriage wasn't to her the serious thing it should have been. Nor, for that matter, was it so serious to Chuck. He loved Harlean, no doubt. But she wasn't all-important to him. He didn't have to work for her. He had only to show her off to his friends—as her grandpa had done.

Hollywood seemed a gay place to him. He liked gaiety. He liked people, lots of people. He liked having them in for dinner, or for cocktails, or for big parties.

Harlean couldn't stand it. Nothing in her life had prepared her for such an existence. She hadn't the poise expected in a young matron, nor the assurance. She was bewildered by most of her guests. She had nothing in common with them. She couldn't even drink with them. One or two cocktails, and she felt ill.

And there was nothing to do—nothing in the world between hangovers except to putter about the house and get in Anna's way, or help her with the cooking.

She wrote her mother and stepfather and begged them to come out to Beverly Hills and take a house as close to hers as they could find. She pleaded desperately with them. And they did as she asked.

Life was a little easier after they arrived. Harlean could slip away from her husband and her home whenever the hilarity got on her nerves, and spend a few quiet hours with her people. But even that wasn't enough. She began to feel restless. There must be some way out, something to do.

One of her new-found friends, Mrs. Lucille Lee, showed her the way. The movies.

Harlean was lunching with Lucille when the latter announced, between bites, that she had an appointment at the Fox studios, and must hurry away.

"How thrilling!" Harlean said. "Let me go with you. I've never been on a movie lot."

And in half an hour there was the platinum blonde taking her first look at the weird new world she was to conquer.

That platinum hair was an accident, Jean Harlow's friends aver. Her hair was naturally a light blonde, a sort of honey blonde; but the California sun had bleached it to a pale yellow.

A hairdresser thought she could bring back the original color with a little peroxide—but she couldn't. She made it almost white. She was frightened when she saw it. But Harlean liked it that way.

And that's the way it was when she drove Lucille Lee into the Fox domain.

Dozens of people stared at her. None had ever seen hair like that. Three men came out of the executive offices with Lucille, each demanding an introduction to " the girl with the shiny hair." Harlean went away with two letters recommending her to the Fox casting director and the head of the general casting bureau, the clearing-house for all those seeking careers in celluloid.

" You haven't nerve enough to use those letters," some one said to her later. " I'll bet you haven't."

Harlean was nettled. The next morning she registered with the casting bureau, leaving her photographs to be filed and supplying all the data needed—" Good-looking, very light blonde, swims, drives a car, rides well, good dancer, plays tennis. Age sixteen. Looks older. Married." Things like that.

After which she went to see the casting director at Fox.

She was called to work as an extra within a few days.

Thereafter she was lost.

This was finer play than she had known even at Red Gables. This was more interesting work than she had found at school. This was more romantic, more exciting, more to be desired than her marriage.

A NEW world, a new life, a new name—new to her, though it had been her mother's—and something else that was new, and big, and startling, something she never realized was in her. Ambition!

One day on the movie lot, and ambition blossomed in her.

A few days later she was called again by the magic voice of the pictures, this time to the Paramount studios.

That was only the beginning. Hal Roach studios sent for her, put her in two short comedies, and signed her to a five-year contract. To play bits? No. You wouldn't believe it, maybe. Jean didn't quite believe it herself. They signed her to play the leading feminine roles!

It was as easy as that.

Chuck didn't like it. He had seen several shots of her. He said they were vulgar, cheap, disgraceful. He said he should have known that marriage meant nothing to her. He said he should have realized she was only a child—a stubborn, foolish, spoiled, and unsophisticated child at that.

" You don't know what you're doing," he said, " letting them put you in roles like that. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Jean was furious. It seemed to her a question of her marriage or her career—which really wasn't a question at all. Long before this she had taken the movies for richer or poorer, for better or worse. She hadn't voiced that vow in words, as she had her marriage vow. But it was more real to her than any vow made to any man.

There were arguments and tears; but Harlean and Chuck separated at last. Chuck went to Chicago. Harlean—Jean now—went to the home of the Bellos.

Back in Kansas City Jean's grandparents went to a picture show. And there on the screen was a girl whose face and figure looked familiar. She was prancing airily across a room. She was bigger than life. A beautiful girl with shiny hair. Jean Harlow. Their own granddaughter. In filmy black-lace teddies.

They couldn't believe it at first. It was too shocking. What had happened to the child? Who dared let her do such a thing?

THEY hurried away from the theater, thankful for the darkness of the place, hoping no one had recognized them or noted their shame.

The old man stalked to the nearest telephone, called his granddaughter, and gave her such a verbal chastisement she promised to leave the movie lots forever.

She went to Hal Roach early the next morning, and explained, and wept a little, and received her contract back, and tore it up. This was worse, much worse than anything that had ever happened before, worse than her long illness, worse than her parting from Chuck.

This was divorce indeed.

Now she was really destitute and forsaken. Now there was nothing to do, nothing at all that gave her pleasure. She took long rides along the bridle paths. She spent hours at the beaches. She lunched now and then with friends. But she had few friends. Occasionally she walked by one of the studios in which she had played. It was a mournful sort of pastime. It made her feel sorrier for herself than before.

Nearly a year went by, a year of grass widowhood from the movies. And then, suddenly, the movies came a-calling. Just like old times.

" This is the casting bureau. Can you play a bit with Clara Bow? Clara Bow is making a picture called The Saturday Night Kid, and we need a girl of your type. It's just a bit. But it's better than nothing, dearie. What do you say?"

" Yes," Jean said. " Oh, yes! "

Not even her grandfather could stop her now.

Her choice made, what lies ahead for the glamorous blonde? Why did Harlow, the " It" girl, marry Paul Bern? What was the meaning of his strange suicide note? In next week's chapter of this revealing life story, the ill-fated star's career rockets skyward—and grim tragedy rears its head.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The gent in the iron hat and the stiff collar (see early photo) didn't care about music as a boy. Patient teaching and his mother's encouragement, however, caused him eventually to become a composer of operas; among them, The Girl of the Golden West. Who?

2—Which is Commander Byrd's home state?

3—According to the Bible, at what did God wink?

4—Where did the tam-o'-shanter originate?

5—Who appeared at Wimbledon in 1919, and won the women's singles world's championship four years in a row?

6—About half of the national income is contributed by which seven states?

7—Who wrote She?

8—What are the sources of phosphorus?

9—Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, and Mount Rainier, were named for whom?

10—What camphorated tincture of opium is frequently given babies?

11—Which drama by Edmond Rostand is recalled by a prominent proboscis?

12—Where was the first flowing oil well drilled?

13—Who was China's first advance man in Europe?

14—What two-bladed instrument is used by dentists, obstetricians, and watchmakers?

15—How much does it cost the U. S. to train a naval flyer?

16—What castle is said to be haunted by the ghost of a woman who poisoned her first five husbands?

17—How can fingernail polish benefit silk stockings?

18—Who is Mickey Mouse's father?

19—What is a Seeing-Eye dog?

20—The AAA is the responsibility of which cabinet member?

(Answers will be found on page 24)

Dialogue of the Heart and the Body

Who's there?
'Tis I.
And who are you?
Your heart,
Your loyal heart, now clinging by a thread,
My strength, my substance and my blood drained out,
Since you I see defeated and half dead.
Poor whipped dog, can you only cringe and shrink?
Well, who's to blame?
You and the years you lost.
What do you care?
Must I not pay the cost?
Leave me in peace!
Why should I?
Let me think!
When will you?
Later—when I'm old—some day.
I say no more—there's nothing more to say.

Master Villon LOOKS for What is Gone

READING TIME
30 MINUTES
10 SECONDS

A vivid tale of fate's strange ways — The poet-rogue finds a new life and loses an old love

BY JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

IT was a wintry day when Master Villon finished his long walk from Poitiers to Saint-Maixent; not cold, so far south, but with a chill in the sapless air. The vines on the house fronts and on the walls enclosing the farmyards were leafless.

He made his way to what seemed the center of the town, but he saw no human being till he reached the small house at the corner of the square. A diminutive child, warmly clad, played quietly just outside the door. As he approached, a sharp voice sounded from inside:

"Gerard, come here!"

"Why, mother?" The child kept on at his play.

A slender decisive woman shot out of the door. "God, but you're like your father!" She seized the child by the arm and glared at Master Villon. She was attractive even in anger. Master Villon decided it was her high white forehead, her straight dark hair, and the way she carried herself.

He stepped up and doffed his cap. "Does Monsieur Henri Dubois, the apothecary, live here?"

"What's your errand with him?" asked the woman, pushing the reluctant child into the house.

"We met once in Beaugency," said Master Villon. "He bought a horse. I should like to be sure his health is good and the horse all that I promised."

The woman clung to her caution. There was a tragic cast in this foot-traveler's keen face, a threat of dilapidation in his costume.

"He's well enough," she said. "I've heard no complaints from him."

"Is he at home?"

"I couldn't say."

"I'm sorry—I hoped to see him."

The woman began to relent. "He may be in his workroom, mixing drugs. Who is it—what name?"

Master Villon tried to recall whether he had attached any name to himself when he met the apothecary at Beaugency. It wasn't his custom. He took a chance. "Montcorbier—François Montcorbier."

He was not offended that the woman shut the door and left him on the outside. When she returned, the apothecary, sheathed in a much stained apron, followed at her heels.

"It's you!" he cried, recognizing the visitor at first glimpse.

"Henri couldn't place the name," said the wife.

"I remember the name perfectly," protested the apothecary. "Mont—Mont—come right in, anyway! You will break bread with us. There's an onion soup preparing, as you may have guessed, and with cheese and a fresh loaf, to say nothing of a bottle—"

Before the wine was finished Master Villon was established at Saint-Maixent as tutor to Gerard Dubois, going on three, the son of the house.

"He is to follow the law—perhaps I told you," said the apothecary. "You would know how to introduce him to the first principles, at the proper time? In return for board and lodging, that is?"

"Very generous," said Master Villon, hiding his delight at this ripe prospect; "but in a hard world I've found it convenient to earn a piece of gold each year, for clothes—and this and that."

"You can't teach Gerard all the time," said Madame Héloïse. "Let Henri find you more work—letters to write, papers to copy—"

"What a piece of luck!" exclaimed Henri. "The notary died last summer, and now we can't even make a

will without sending to Lusignan. Master Montcorbier, you arrive at a happy moment!"

"Most people," corrected his wife, "get the notary from Niort."

Master Villon had hoped to find a refuge in Saint-Maixent, but he hadn't looked for this cloudburst of good fortune. Madame Héloïse, for all her sharp tongue, was an excellent housekeeper. He found himself in a clean room with a soft bed. The apothecary stood well with his fellow townsmen. In no time whatever Master Villon was an established notary, with a steady inflow of modest but welcome fees.

Winter passed, the mild southern winter; then spring came, an unbelievable glory, long protracted; then summer, with its hot golden mornings, its dust-laden afternoons, its clear nights, when the call of bird or barnyard animal, or the laugh of boy or girl reached from a distance through the stillness.

Master Villon had a new suit, plain, as befitted a learned man, but spotless and whole. He bought it with his own money. Since his purse was full and growing fuller, he acquired a firm reputation as a thrifty soul but prompt-paying. Twice he was consulted in the purchase of a horse. His strange condition kept for him a fresh and amusing charm.

But with the turn of autumn he grew thoughtful. The memory of his old days died hard, and some of it, he found, refused to die at all. Such a life as this had been his dream when Louise had believed in him. He had made the vision out of nothing but faith, yet here it was, accomplished fact. When regret stole upon him, he shook it off, since it was vain.

A good winter nonetheless, till spring for a second time roused the landscape to green-and-yellow riots.

"Henri Dubois," said Master Villon in mid-dinner, "your son is industrious. I shall, with your permission, give him a fortnight's holiday."

Madame Héloïse looked worried. "What on earth shall I do with him, playing around the house?"

Even the apothecary looked troubled. "I should think he ought to keep at it, Master Montcorbier."

Master Villon smiled frankly. "I am asking a holiday for myself. My mother, who lives just outside Paris, is old, and the sight of me would be a great strength to her."

"You'll go to Paris and come back in a fortnight?" asked Madame Héloïse.

"Perhaps a day or so longer, but a quick turn in any case."

"You'll need a horse," said the apothecary, with a long face.

"I've purchased one—at least, the butcher will sell me the animal if I decide to go."

A FEW days later he waved farewell to the three of them, where they stood on the steps before the house, and started the butcher's horse northward. He was traveling like an honest man, in no fear of the law. He carried with him, memento of a now distant occasion, too painful to be forgotten, a safe-conduct given and signed by King Louis. True, it had expired, but whoever looked at a date when a king's name was there to dazzle them?

It wasn't Paris he meant to visit anyway, and though he thought of his mother, another memory came first. At the end of his long ride he got down at the door of La Belle Image, where the Seine flows through the village of Corbeil. There, a stone's throw away, was the river bank where he and Louise had found each other.

Master Villon chose a small chamber which looked toward the river.

"Hasn't monsieur dined here, two years ago?" probed the landlord. "The name, now—it was almost on my tongue."

Master Villon reminded himself of the label he had assumed that other time. "Des Loges. Will you see that my horse is well rubbed?"

"With my own eyes, monsieur."

Before Master Villon unpacked his things he sat on the bed and put his plans in order. If Louise was in her father's house, a smart ride would bring him to her—that is, if she would now speak to him.

Had so little time flowed by since they had met by those river bushes? It was in autumn, he remembered, and the foliage was aging but still thick. Now the leaves were a fragile green. Then she had believed all he said of himself—believed he was chiefly a poet; believed he was traveling in innocence, to enjoy the accidents of the highway; believed—as long as she could—that he was an honest man. Now that he had succeeded in throwing off his old wildness, he could never persuade her that he was not a rascal—not even if he could talk to her again.

He rose and unpacked his wallet. A change of gar-

Master Villon tried to match her mood, but his happi-

ments, a few sheets of parchment, a quill, a tight-fastened bottle of ink. He looked to be sure the ink hadn't spilled. He had been thinking of a poem. Perhaps later he would be in a mood to compose it.

It was a marvelous luxury to be traveling with money enough to pay his bills! He recalled his embarrassment, dining downstairs with Louise and her father—a gold piece in his pocket all the time, a stolen gold piece. To think of that episode made him squirm, even though he did put the money back.

Seated at the table where Louise had invited him to be

their guest, he would have pursued intimate and tender thoughts, if the innkeeper hadn't come over to him, napkin in hand.

"You were with the Seigneur de Grigny, weren't you? And his daughter. Too bad about her, isn't it?"

"Who?"

"Mademoiselle Louise—but you know, surely?"

"What's happened?"

"The surgeon is puzzled—she grows thinner every day. And the seigneur can't walk."

"How long," said Master Villon, "has she suffered?"

ness was poisoned with a fear he could not define.

"Mademoiselle? Oh, the best part of a year. She isn't ill, you understand—not that they are sure of. She walks and rides, and just fades away. Ah, well, it is life. May I serve monsieur a slice of the roast?"

"Can that hostler of yours ride?"

"Why not, monsieur? But at the moment I have no horse."

"Let him take mine. Paper, if you please—pen—ink—thank you. I'll write a note of greeting to mademoiselle." Under his breath he added, "—And her father."

When the hostler was mounted, Master Villon gave him a silver coin and suggested that mademoiselle should have the message in her own hands, and it would be well to wait for a reply.

Master Villon sat himself down again, so wrapped in thought that the meat grew cold. His few words to Louise said only that he was at La Belle Image, at that very table, and he would ride to Grigny tomorrow if she wished to see him. She might, of course, send no answer.

When he parted from Louise her father had just tried to murder him, and he had behaved rather handsomely to the bloody-minded old man. It *would* be a grim joke if the hostler delivered that brief message to the bedridden seigneur!

But if Louise did indeed encourage his visit, what could he say to her? He had come without a clear purpose, inspired by a vague need. She must know that the bread he now ate was honestly earned, that he dwelt in peace, that the men with whom he worked daily were his friends.

He also wished to say he loved her, would always love her, would love no one else. Of course she would ask about Catherine and Ambroise. Any woman would. She might not ask at once, but in a little while the question would slip out and they would have one of those queer arguments, the man swearing what the woman longs to hear, and the woman trying to prove him a liar because she hopes he tells the truth.

COULD he ask her to live with him in Saint-Maixent? Master Villon could not see in himself a fair match for a lovely well-born girl.

Upstairs in his room, Master Villon stared out into the night. Then he took his quill and his ink bottle and began to set down a phrase or two, a line.

The sound of slackening hoofbeats roused him. The door closed downstairs and he heard the hostler stamping up. He waited with his pen poised. If there were no message—

"From Mademoiselle de Grigny," said the hostler, breathing hard.

Master Villon tore open the note:

Tomorrow, just before noon, on the highway, near the house but not in sight of it—

"Did mademoiselle write this herself?"

"I saw her, monsieur."

Before his horse was saddled next morning Master Villon had packed his frugal luggage and was waiting at the door, with the innkeeper again at his elbow, to see him off.

"When will monsieur ride this way again?"

"Not for a month or so," said Master Villon.

"The room will always be here. A good journey to monsieur!"

Tedious as his progress seemed, with frequent pauses to be sure of the road, Master Villon was startled when he came out from behind a screen of trees and saw vineyards spread before him, and on one side of them the walled garden and the friendly apple boughs where he had climbed over.

The great house was silent. Was she really there? Could anything come out of that somber picture to match the beating of his heart? The note had warned him to keep out of sight. For an hour he walked his horse back and forth.

He had just turned for the hundredth time, he thought, when he heard a rider behind him. It was she at last, radiant as he had never seen her.

"Oh, you *did* come, François! Just in time!"

He kissed her hand as they rode side by side. "I feared I had come too soon." He tried to speak calmly, but the words trembled.

"Too soon?" She laughed outright. "Well, here you are at last! Where will you take me?"

He looked at her, surprised, and saw the strange brilliance in her brown eyes, now larger than ever. And she had painted that bloom on an ashen face. He stopped riding.

"They told me you had been—"

"Don't speak of it, François. Come! Where shall we go?"

He spurred to her. "If we could meet again—and I

could tell you—make you understand—but you have been very ill—"

She gave him her old smile. "I am well now. We'll talk no more about things that happened long ago. Today! I am ready to go with you at last." His astonishment amused her. "Don't you still love me?"

"You know I do!"

They stopped and put down the reins—for their kiss.

"Some place where we never were—a fresh world!" she cried.

Halfway through the afternoon, on the road south, they came to a village they couldn't name. Louise pointed to the tiny inn.

"Do let's stop here. I'm hungry!"

While Master Villon was helping her down, an awkward boy came out to take the horses.

"A room to ourselves, my husband! I need rest. Have the food sent up there."

Ungraciously the boy brought the innkeeper from the kitchen.

"A room for the night, monsieur?"

"We may stay the night—we may ride on. A room now! And food!"

The boy carried up Master Villon's bag, the landlord went back to where he came from, and Master Villon found himself alone with Louise in a simple room—two chairs, a dresser, a straw-stuffed bed. She took both his hands in hers.

"Is it as you wished, François?"

"More than I dared dream of!"

She was happy over the simple dishes the innkeeper brought, she called the country wine rare, she admired the view from the window. Master Villon tried to match her mood, but now that she removed her hat he could see how thin her face had grown. His happiness was poisoned with a fear he could not define.

When the boy came back for the dishes and left them to themselves with the unfinished wine bottle, she rose and bolted the door. When he rose to help her, she turned and threw her arms about his neck.

"You are my lover!" she whispered. "I am your wife!"

As the sunlight marked the waning afternoon, it was she who thought they should ride on.

"The day is too short!" It seemed to him that she sighed.

"But tomorrow, my darling, and after tomorrow—a lifetime!"

She met his eyes, and he saw how haggard her face had suddenly grown.

"François! With just one day more—was not this the way to spend it?"

He was too frightened to ask her what she meant.

"Poor boy! And poor me! But this at least we had! You came in time!"

IF pain showed in his eyes, it was from the wound her words had given him.

"The surgeon told father I might live a month, if I kept to my couch and hardly lifted a hand. What a queer life that would be, wouldn't it! Now the month is up, and you came back."

Master Villon took her in his arms, all but lifted her to the bed, where he could hold her close and try to believe she had not spoken truth.

"You *can't* be in such danger! The surgeon is a country fool!"

She drew his hand down over her heart. "Didn't you feel it? I thought I might not have to tell you. There—how it hurries—and that long moment, when it stops. Some days it hardly beats at all."

Master Villon gathered himself together. "We'll ride slowly and find a real physician, something better than a barber!"

She laughed, but he heard sadness. "We'll ride home, François. I gave the servants all my gold not to breathe that I had seized these hours. Do you remember your gold piece? I thought I would never part with it, but I gave it to my maid."

He was about to cry out against the servants, but she prevented him with a kiss.

"One thing more, François—this illness began long ago. In Paris, the day I promised to flee with you, even then—I said I must go back first for some pretty clothes, and you were impatient with me, but I had to lie down and rest."

He raised her to her feet. "Are you strong enough to ride now?"

"I'll manage it—we must go."

"Sick or well, you are mine! We'll stay here tonight, and tomorrow—"

She was putting on her hat, with sudden briskness. "Don't argue, François. If I gave out on the way, what wouldn't they do to you!"

Against his will, then, he brought her again to that place in the highway, just before the vineyards and the chateau of Grigny. He held the horses down to their easiest paces, and it was growing dark when they arrived.

"How will you enter without your father's knowledge? Let me go in with you and face him!"

The ride had tired her, but she summoned up a merry laugh. "Wouldn't that calm him! François, you have the best ideas! Kiss me!"

"I'll be here in the morning, Louise."

"Oh, no, don't!"

"I'll ask for you till they let me in!"

SHE seemed about to plead with him, then abruptly waved her hand and rode on, each hoofbeat striking, softer and softer, on the raw nerves of his brain. The bell at the big gate, which he once had jangled, did not ring now. Some one was waiting to let her in.

In the fresh evening, starlighted, he and his weary horse retraced the miles to Corbeil and La Belle Image. That night he wrote no verses.

A bright sun woke him, a marvelous day. He hurried into his clothes, went down to the big table for his breakfast, answered or parried the interminable questions of the innkeeper, and started for Grigny shortly before eight o'clock. The country by the roadside could not seem lovelier—fresh fields, young leaves on the bushes, dew still on the grass. Because he now knew the road, it seemed short, and he found himself pulling up his horse in full sight of the seigneur's house.

The place had changed. It was no longer silent and deserted. The big gate was swung open, carriages and horsemen were going in. At each side of the gate stood a servant showing the coachmen where to drive.

A priest and two attendants paused, then passed through.

Master Villon drove in the spurs, and his horse brought him where the priest had stood. He leaned from the saddle.

"Mademoiselle de Grigny—how is she?"

The attendant at the gate walked toward him and answered in a low voice: "Monsieur, you have not heard? She died last night."

Master Villon sat on his horse and gazed vacantly toward the door of the chateau.

"Will you enter, monsieur? Your horse blocks the path—there is another carriage—"

Master Villon fastened the reins at a hitching post and went up the steps. The man who leaned out to catch his name wore a black suit, and his face was set in a tragic decorum.

"Tell the seigneur that Monsieur François des Loges would present his condolences in person."

At the name the man looked up, startled. "The seigneur can see nobody."

"Today," said Master Villon, "he will see me. Tell him so!"

The messenger called another to his place at the door, but the errand took no time at all.

"Monsieur des Loges, the Seigneur de Grigny bids me say he cannot see you. Also, if he *could* see you, he would beg to be excused. Also, he would count it a favor if you left his house at once."

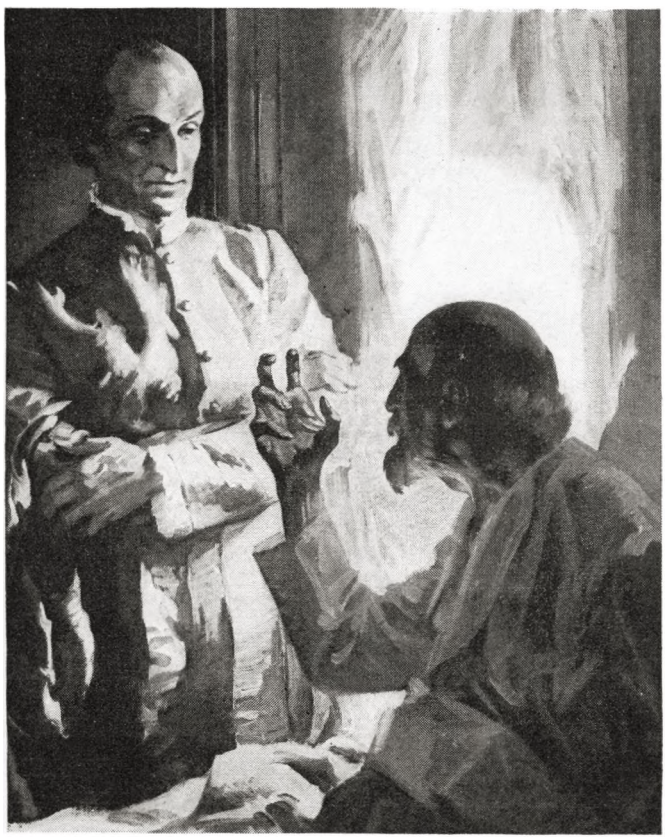
Master Villon went slowly down the steps, got on his horse, and rode out. Having no mind on where he was going, he took the northern direction, toward Paris.

From his boyhood, like other men in his time, he had grown up with the idea of death for neighbor. Life and

death was the familiar formula—with the emphasis not upon life, but upon some abrupt departure from it. But around Louise he had woven only the thought of life. That their love should be happy, even for a moment, had seemed impossible, but he had never doubted the prosperity and the length of days that would belong to her. Yet yesterday had been his—and here was today to challenge him.

In his poems he had said wise things about the shortness of the sunlight and the unhappy speed with which the darkness arrived. But now wisdom failed him, even articulate judgments, even the full edge of his grief. What thoughts he had—not thoughts but feelings rather—were less for himself than for her.

The highway ran along the river. He had walked that path the morning the farmer roused him from his stolen bed in the hay. In another half hour he caught sight of the very farm from which he had retired in haste, that remote daybreak. The memory gave him a pang because it brought back his first approach to the house of Grigny



"Your impudence has no bounds!" the seigneur cried.

when he explored the upper rooms and helped himself temporarily to the piece of gold. His last theft! Or perhaps his happiness yesterday was a kind of thieving. Is all happiness stolen? Is it the quality of happiness that it never belongs to you, and cannot be earned?

The highway led him into a village. In the one square, before the town hall, there was a sizable crowd, intent on some performance which from moment to moment they applauded.

Master Villon drew to the edge of the circle. Habit made him pause rather than any motion of his will. The performers, he saw, were three jugglers, two men and a woman—yet it was a long moment before he recognized them.

He followed most closely the agile antics of Suzanne. When she finished the act and bowed on all sides to the crowd, the smoothness of her cheeks, the vivacious smile were worth your astonishment, if you happened to know the torturing she had undergone a little over a year ago.

When she looked his way and recognized him, he got down from his horse to greet her.

"Here you are again!" said Suzanne. "No worse for what they did to us, I see!"

"Nor you," said Master Villon, looking her over.

"Do you like my new suit?"

"Now that I notice it."

She laughed. "Wasn't that hangman a wicked devil! If we hadn't had a visitor I'd have been in paradise in no time." Her eyes lighted with the recollection of incidents she did not think it necessary to enlarge upon. "He gave me the new costumes—for me and the boys."

Master Villon returned her smile, but for him their meeting had come to an end. She stepped closer to him.

"You made me a promise. Why not tonight?"

"I shan't be here tonight."

Master Villon kicked the sides of his tired horse and started to retrace the path to Grigny. Her discordant words had roused a surge of indignation, disgust with himself, an impulse to face again what, as he now felt, he had run away from. How could he remember Louise without humiliation unless he proved, even after she was gone, that her faith in his courage was not misplaced?

He retraced his path. It was the end of the afternoon when he came to the chateau gates, now closed, as he had seen them first. He jangled the rusty bell. One of the outriders, an old friend of his, answered.

"This morning the seigneur could not see me. Kindly tell him now that he and I have no choice—we must talk to each other once more. I shall wait here and ring this bell till he invites me in."

The man brought back a surly look but he unlocked the gate. "The seigneur will see you this once, and never again."

PROPPED on pillows in bed, the seigneur was waiting for him.

"Your impudence has no bounds!" he cried.

Master Villon faced him calmly. "Your discourtesy, seigneur, does you no honor, but for her sake I overlook it." He approached the foot of the bed.

The seigneur sounded a small bell on the table beside his pillow, and the outrider stuck his head in the room.

"This fellow," said the seigneur, pointing a shaking finger at Master Villon, "is a fugitive from justice, a thief! Bring in the guard and seize him!"

The man retired promptly, but Master Villon showed neither nervousness nor embarrassment. From the inside of his coat he took the safe-conduct which King Louis had provided.

"If you will do me the favor to read this—"

The seigneur's keen eye caught the signature, and he all but snatched the paper from Master Villon's hand. "Ah!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "It was for only a year, and the time has expired!"

Master Villon took back the document and tucked it safely away.

"The King is in Paris, seigneur, where I hope to meet him. His wish was that I should report when the year was ended. He will not be pleased if a subject of his, having seen what he wrote, delays me on my journey."

The little guard of outriders, who once had ejected Master Villon from the house, came stamping into the room.

"You may wait outside," said the seigneur.

The men backed out. The door was closed.

"Now, François Villon, what is it? Be quick, and leave me in peace!"

Master Villon cleared his throat. "In the first place, seigneur, I regret the accident which has caused you this long suffering."

The seigneur glared at him. "Go on. What else?"

"I need not tell you my sorrow—"

"*Your* sorrow? Did you come here to speak of Louise?"

"That was my purpose, seigneur."

"Your sympathy is neither needed nor asked for. The grief you speak of, your personal sorrow, I should rather not connect with any of my family."

"Seigneur, I would not discuss with you or any man a subject so intimate, I may say so sacred, as my love for Louise. You perhaps know that we planned to marry. I shall remember her as my wife."

The seigneur rose up fiercely, then fell back panting. Master Villon allowed him a minute to catch his breath.

"My wish was to offer you, as I said, respectful sympathy, and to correct your impression that by allying herself with me your daughter did harm to the family name. My father comes of blood quite as good as yours, though I regret to say he lacks your courage. Through him I have the privilege of knowing the best people in Paris. My mother is by nature simple, as sometimes happens in the case of the very good. She is on the way to be a saint. I was brought up to learning and to the other excellent things that bring men fame," Master Villon went on, "and I don't need you, seigneur, to remind me that I have done much wrong. Too much!"

"Don't be hard on yourself," protested the seigneur, with a mean smile. "You robbed churches and committed murder and broke many a heart, the latest, I suppose, being my daughter's. But, after all, these are trifles! I'd be sorry to think you had made any serious mistakes!"

"For Louise's sake—"

"If you insist on referring to her," said the seigneur, "kindly omit her name!"

Master Villon paused a second, then resumed his even tone: "For her sake I wish you might believe that though I did evil, I was never happy in that conduct, and from the moment I met your daughter I forsook it. Seigneur, the difference between the good life and the bad is more often than not the result of inexplicable accidents. Had I never met her, I might have continued as I was."

The face on the pillow suggested profound sleep.

"When I first wooed your daughter," said Master Villon, "we had a tryst one afternoon in a Paris cemetery. I remember the hour as peculiarly happy. I could have saddened it, however, by letting Louise know how many of my early friends were lying in the graves around us. Seigneur, we all began with what appeared an equal prospect of success, but some, for no reason that Heaven sees fit to disclose, died young. Of those that still live, a few are well endowed, like yourself, and many are poor, like me. Perhaps it would be a mistake on that account to say that you are the better man. The game is not yet played out, seigneur—neither of us has reached the end."

The seigneur opened his eyes.

"You think not?"

Master Villon refused to notice the sneer. "When I was in Paris last," he said, "your friend Robert d'Estouteville was one of the great, provost of the city, a friend of the King. Now there's another king and another provost, Robert d'Estouteville is out of favor, and I, whom he tried to do away with, carry the King's safe-conduct. The wheel of fortune turns slowly, seigneur, but in the end, if we live long enough, we complete the circle—the poor become rich, the rich become poor, and back again to where they started. You misjudged me, seigneur, because I had no money and was not liked by the police. When Job was on the low rim of the wheel, you would have called him a criminal."

"You're a liar and a rascal," commented the seigneur. "You entered my daughter's room, where you had no right to be."

SEIGNEUR!" cried Master Villon with a ring in his voice. "Don't overtax my forbearance! Never was I so clearly in the path of virtue as when you found me in her room!"

They glared at each other.

"Is that all, Master Villon?"

"That is all, seigneur! I shall never again disturb you."

He took up his hat and turned to the door.

"If you would find comfort—that is, if you wish to see her for the last time," said the seigneur in a tone that seemed almost kind, "she lies upstairs in that room of hers we have just referred to."

"I shall remember her as she was."

Nodding his head as though in approval, the seigneur reached over and rang the little bell. The doorman stepped into the room, carrying a coil of rope. The outriders with their swords followed.

"Take Master Villon just beyond the garden wall." The seigneur's voice was restrained. "He liked that old apple tree. The upper boughs, I believe, are strong enough for your purpose."

The doorman took Master Villon by the elbow.

"Oh, tie his hands!" warned the seigneur. "You can't trust him!"

The doorman showed embarrassment. "Seigneur, it happens that this is the only rope in the house."

"Cut a piece off it, then!"

They obeyed, and knotted Master Villon's wrists.

"Seigneur, your men ought to know what you already are aware of, that I am traveling under a safe-conduct given by the King. Those who lay finger on me will pay for it."

The outriders and the doorman looked up in consternation, but the seigneur was undaunted.

"Do your work, men! The safe-conduct is false."

"I think you have forgotten," persisted Master Villon, "that when you were plotting to murder me in the woods near Blois, an accident put you in my power, yet I spared your life."

"I remembered it this morning," said the seigneur cheerfully. "Out of gratitude I merely told you to go away. That settled our account. Now that you have insisted, as it were, on breaking into my house a second time, I shall be thorough with you."

THEY marched Master Villon through the hall, down the front steps, where the doorman found it necessary to light a lantern—through the gate, circling the wall on the outside till they came to the apple tree. The doorman stood watchfully beside him, holding up the lantern while the outriders tied a noose in the rope and looked for a strong bough.

Often had he been on the way to the gallows, and once he had mounted the ladder with the hemp around his throat. Now he would swing from the branch which had aided him to meet her! Since she was gone, he might as well go too.

One of the outriders appealed to the doorman. "Can't you bring that light a little nearer?"

The doorman, the lantern, and Master Villon moved up.

"You see, this bough," continued the outrider, "is the only one that will hold him. We ought to have something to stand him on—the rope doesn't reach."

"If I may offer a suggestion," said Master Villon, "why don't you untie my hands, and splice on again what you cut off?"

By this friendly and reasonable idea the outriders and the doorman were more than impressed. It touched their conscience, not to say their fear.

"Are you sure," said the doorman, "that the safe-conduct you spoke of is really false?"

"On the contrary," said Master Villon. "The King signed it in my presence."

An outrider took a step nearer the lantern. "I don't know about this! The seigneur's a sick man. He may not be around when next the King comes by."

"Do your duty," said Master Villon. "Put that rope together again."

They did as he said. With the piece put back, the rope was long enough.

"I'll climb up," said the outrider, "and tie a knot around the bough."

"That's not the way at all," said Master Villon. "When you use a tree, you snap the rope over the branch—this way—you see?—it wraps itself tight. Now you can fasten it. Bring that lantern nearer."

The doorman, with too many problems on his mind, held up the light at arm's length. He had put himself a yard or so in front of Master Villon.

After all, though a man is willing to die, he may on principle disapprove of suicide. Master Villon planted his foot firmly in the middle of the doorman's back and pushed hard. The lantern went down with a crash.

The evening had been clear, but now the stars and the moon were dimmed. As Master Villon picked his way down the road he hoped it would not rain before he found shelter. He hoped they would think of his horse before the storm broke, and not leave the beast out in the rain.

THE END

A FARM FOR BUTCH

By LIONEL CALHOUN MOISE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

HUM had been planning the job before he got out of Sing Sing. It was a two-man affair—one to slug the old bookkeeper and the other to strong-arm the money guard. No gunplay or killing. Just a minute of work, with a $50,000 pay-roll prize, to be split fifty-fifty.

Then Butch had tied up with this little blonde and just about gummed the deal. She wanted him to go straight! Couldn't rest till she got him back on the farm where he came from! Well, she could take him there. But not until they copped that fifty grand. Because Butch was the one man that could handle the guard to suit Hum.

Butch could be persuaded. He was kind of creepy on the registered-mail angle. Scared of the G-men and Alcatraz. Well, he could be talked out of that too. But the dame was a tougher proposition. Hum felt her putting the chill on him from the start, when he first went to their flat to feel Butch out. But dames all had their weak spots. So Hum kept on dropping around and waiting for her to give herself away. When she finally cracked something about a fortune-teller, Hum saw it was time to act.

"Bet she told you to look out for a little guy with a bad gam and a tin ear," said Hum, whom that description fitted well enough to satisfy police analysts. "Naw? Well, sister, whatever it was, you ought to get another load of information. Was you married to Butch then? Naw? Listen. That's important! Tell you what—you get your fortune read over again and see how it adds up now."

The girl was reluctant. But Butch added the slow weight of his opinion, and superstition did the rest.

Thus it was that Hum found himself in the dim, red-hung apartment of Madama Fortuna, self-proclaimed mistress of past, present, and future, preparing her for an impending visit from Butch and his young bride.

As Hum pictured it, he was striving altruistically to interest a good friend in a legitimate business deal, but was being balked by the unreasoning objections of the good friend's wife.

"The pay-off," Hum concluded, "is that you give them a song and dance to push the deal along. They got a nutty notion they want to live on a farm, so you feed 'em some stuff about the cows and chickens." He looked at Madama dubiously. "You know what a farm is, don't you?"

"Oh, sure," murmured Madama in liquid reverie. "I know plenty about farm. Plenty. I tell them everything."

As Hum took a twenty-dollar bill from his pocket and unfolded it, her eyes widened a little. But her gaze was still abstracted, for the word "farm" had conjured a bright picture in Madama's memory—brighter even than the visions she offered her best clients. She could see the carefully tended acres of her childhood home in Sicily—the gardens neatly terraced above the azure Mediterranean, the chalk-white farmhouses with tiled roofs. She could remember the Sabbath quiet, so different from this babel of New York.

"Yes," she said, "I tell them about the farm. I make them happy to go there. Ah, yes!"

"O. K.," said Hum. "You'll get another like this when the deal goes through."

"It'll go through," she said, pocketing the bill. "Leave it to me."

"Swell!" said Hum, and departed.

Not many minutes later, Madama was earning her twenty and striving to prove worthy of its mate. Eyes closed, face white, she communed with the invisible. Nor could Butch and the girl who watched her with such misguided faith suspect that the fortuneteller was really only searching for words to describe the only farm she could remember.

Madama writhed. The voice that came from her pale lips was sepulchral and imperious. It identified itself as belonging to the spirit of one John. Did Butch know any one named John? He did. Practically every one does.

Spirit John was of the disembodied opinion that Butch was hesitating too long over a business deal with a friend—a little man with a limp, as spirit John saw him.

Butch nudged his wife. "Hum!" he whispered.

"I see money—much money," John continued. "A lot of it. But the money isn't all. No; there is something that comes afterward." Childhood memories lent the medium eloquence. "I see a beautiful land. . . . It is a quiet place.

"You will go there pretty soon. You will live in a large white house. When you look from the windows, you will see water everywhere . . . beautiful blue water. Your life will be calm and peaceful." The voice paused for a moment as Madama searched her memory for other details of half-forgotten farm life in Sicily as contrasted with urban life in America. "You will sleep well. You will breathe the good air of the sea. No troubles. No arguments with the landlord and the groceryman. No telephones, no streetcars, no subways." Madama watched the effect of her words, and found it good. But she must not forget that other twenty. So the spirit John concluded: "But all this cannot come until you have gone through with this business deal. Remember, it comes first."

Butch's face was thoughtful as he emerged from Madama's flat. So was his wife's.

"It would be nice," she said, as they walked down the steps. "Away off like that—just like we meant to be—on a farm." But a worried frown bore witness that she had not forgotten Madama's parting words.

"Yeah," said Butch. "On a farm." He looked almost as if he might still be listening to spirit John.

But he roused at the door of their apartment, where the watchful Hum, observant of their departure from the fortuneteller's, overtook them.

"Well, Butch old kid, how about it?" he said cheerily. "Are we O. K. for the deal?"

"Naw," said Butch. "Scram!"

Surprise and disappointment caused Hum to suffer a fatal lapse of his customary caution.

"Why," he snarled, "you yellow-bellied—"

He ducked, but too late. It was a roundhouse swing to the jaw that sent Hum tumbling down the apartment-house stairs to a mid-floor landing. "Get out and keep goin'!" Butch ordered. Hum fled.

"That settles that louse!" Butch said to his bride. "You don't have to worry no more about me levelin'. Not after that fortune-spieler's tip-off!"

The girl was radiant but puzzled.

"I guess I didn't hear right," she said. "Didn't—didn't she say somethin' about goin' through with the deal?"

"Sure she did," laughed Butch. "But did you hear what she said was gonna happen to me afterwards? White buildin's an' water all around an' no phones or rent! She might just as well come out an' said I was headin' for a life rap on Alcatraz!"

THE END

GIVE US MORE PLANES —*or*

BY LIEUT. GEN. ROBERT LEE BULLARD

as told to EARL REEVES

WE have recently had our biggest " war games " of the air. Even before these sham battles, fought from various southern California bases, the one essential truth stood stark and clear:

Our air force is woefully inadequate.

For this " biggest " war of the air we brought together only about 250 " combat " planes! That's within a hundred of all we have, and is literally the total number of actual fighting planes we can mobilize instantly for sudden defense of continental United States!

Three modern aircraft carriers could provide an enemy near our shores with a " striking power " of 300 combat planes.

We face two oceans and have one fleet. We *hope* that through the Panama Canal our fleet can be safeguarded if war threatens while it is " in the other ocean." We have felt safe behind that " first line of defense."

However, in the Bay of Biscay on April 30 air power met sea power, and a battleship was reported sunk by a bomb.

Can we be as safely protected as we have assumed, by a battle fleet? Our defense leaders had already recognized that the time had arrived when air power, based upon land, must be able at least to " back up " the first line of defense by the fleet far out at sea. That is one reason for the new and enlarged twenty-ton " flying fortress " which you have seen pictured. It can fight a modern battleship, in mid-Atlantic if necessary, and, if victorious, have adequate flying range for return to its base.

It is what we cannot yet definitely *know* about the modern war power of the airplane which seems to me to make it so imperative that we build stronger air defense. Though what we *do* know is convincing enough.

We know that in Spain the airplane became a dominant weapon, and each side has struggled frantically for air supremacy. We know that when in our air maneuvers some planes were assigned to defense and others to attack, vital parts of Boston and New York were theoretically destroyed by " enemy " planes. We know that during the 1936 war games in the Midwest the Chicago area was invaded by air from our Atlantic and Gulf coast lines by " enemy " planes which machine-gunned and bombed, and returned 700 miles to their respective bases. We know that the only real defense against planes is fighting planes. Of which we have only a handful.

Our West Coast air mobilization had caused considerable discussion of this very point before the maneuvers began. A Washington dispatch said:

> Several commissions created to investigate the Army Air Corps have called attention to the " deplorable " condition of its equipment. Military experts have been so upset recently that they decline to say publicly whether the United States is in fifth or sixth place among world powers.

My information is that in army air-force strength we are *seventh!*

The public gets a false impression about our air strength. Many assume that the new and formidable types of planes pictured in print and upon the screen are typical of all equipment. This is not true. We have too few of the most advanced types. Then there is that reassuring impression that we have " about 1,500 planes." True. Actually, as of January 31, 1937, there were 1,633 airplanes in the Army Air Corps, including those assigned to the National Guard. But let's see:

Well over 200 must remain overseas. Training, experimental, cargo, and obsolete types total more than 700. More than 100 are old planes being overhauled or new ones not yet tested. Finally, some 250 are observation planes. All these are necessary, but they are not fighters. The available fighting types —pursuit, bombardment, and attack—number between 250 and 300.

For contrast, let us look around the world:

ENGLAND: Of fighters, England has approximately 1,000 first-line airplanes in squadrons, plus a reserve of fifty per cent. The program for this year calls for an increase to 1,750 first-line planes, with a fifty-per-cent reserve —or a total of more than 2,500. But it is doubtful if factory facilities will permit reaching that goal by the end of 1937. Add noncombat types, and one calculation gives Britain 4,600 military planes.

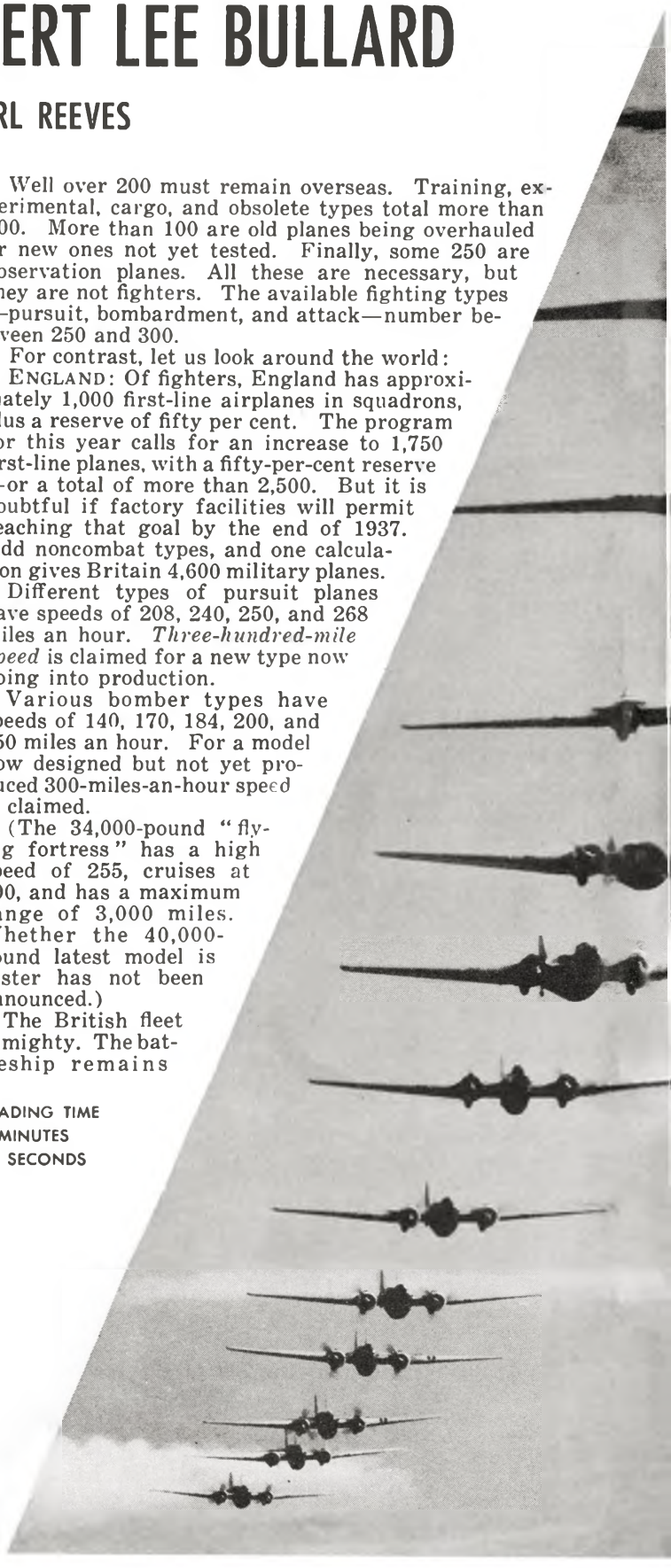
Different types of pursuit planes have speeds of 208, 240, 250, and 268 miles an hour. *Three-hundred-mile speed* is claimed for a new type now going into production.

Various bomber types have speeds of 140, 170, 184, 200, and 250 miles an hour. For a model now designed but not yet produced 300-miles-an-hour speed is claimed.

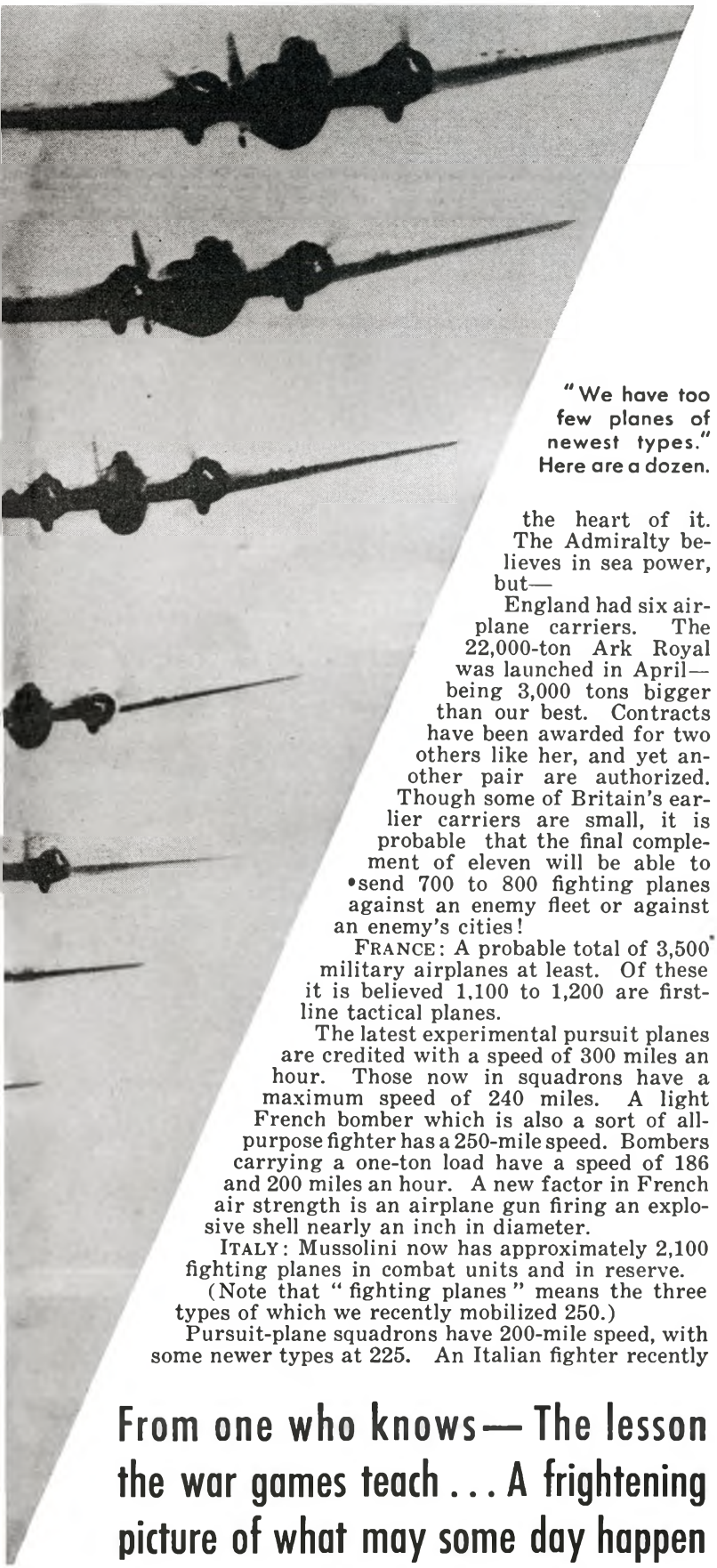
(The 34,000-pound " flying fortress " has a high speed of 255, cruises at 200, and has a maximum range of 3,000 miles. Whether the 40,000-pound latest model is faster has not been announced.)

The British fleet is mighty. The battleship remains

READING TIME
8 MINUTES
40 SECONDS



God Help Us!



"We have too few planes of newest types." Here are a dozen.

From one who knows—The lesson the war games teach . . . A frightening picture of what may some day happen

the heart of it. The Admiralty believes in sea power, but—

England had six airplane carriers. The 22,000-ton Ark Royal was launched in April—being 3,000 tons bigger than our best. Contracts have been awarded for two others like her, and yet another pair are authorized. Though some of Britain's earlier carriers are small, it is probable that the final complement of eleven will be able to send 700 to 800 fighting planes against an enemy fleet or against an enemy's cities!

FRANCE: A probable total of 3,500 military airplanes at least. Of these it is believed 1,100 to 1,200 are first-line tactical planes.

The latest experimental pursuit planes are credited with a speed of 300 miles an hour. Those now in squadrons have a maximum speed of 240 miles. A light French bomber which is also a sort of all-purpose fighter has a 250-mile speed. Bombers carrying a one-ton load have a speed of 186 and 200 miles an hour. A new factor in French air strength is an airplane gun firing an explosive shell nearly an inch in diameter.

ITALY: Mussolini now has approximately 2,100 fighting planes in combat units and in reserve. (Note that "fighting planes" means the three types of which we recently mobilized 250.)

Pursuit-plane squadrons have 200-mile speed, with some newer types at 225. An Italian fighter recently turned out flew at *nearly 340 miles an hour* in test.

The bulk of Italy's bombers range in speed from 130 to 200 miles an hour and can carry a ton of bombs 1,500 miles. Before such as these, during the Ethiopian crisis, a large part of the British navy withdrew from the Mediterranean.

A new Savoia-Marchetti trimotor is credited with 267 miles an hour and a 1,000-mile range with a *two-ton* load of bombs!

RUSSIA: Approximately 3,400 military planes (I have seen an estimate of 4,000), including 1,000 pursuit planes and 700 bombers.

Little that is definite is known about the Soviet air force. There is doubt about its technical standards. Judged by numbers, Russia ranks as one of the three or four leading air powers.

GERMANY: Hitler expected to have, by April 1, 200 squadrons, each equipped with nine active planes and three in reserve, making a total of 2,400 combat planes.

In addition, for several years Germany has been constructing transport planes which can be converted into bombers. Of these there are 400.

Any rating by numbers alone would not make Germany the first air power of the world; but in the amount of the most modern types, Germany may be first.

It seems clear that these five nations of Europe line up well over 10,000 fighting planes and nearly 20,000 in military planes of all types.

It seems clear also that in vital air power we are only about one tenth as strong as some nations of Europe.

JAPAN: Her army now has approximately 1,100 combat planes; her navy, 500. She is known to have fighting planes having speeds of more than 200 miles an hour. She has five airplane carriers, and one building.

In her military aviation development Japan has relied chiefly on British and German models and it seems to be the conviction among our experts that she is less efficiently equipped than we are. But in number of fighting planes she seems to outnumber us widely.

GENERALLY, we are said to have planes comparable to most of those mentioned in this summary covering foreign nations. But we have them in small numbers. And we do not hear anything on our side about step-up to five-miles-a-minute fighting speeds.

If of our present equipment so much is old and slow that the condition is spoken of in Washington as "deplorable," then unless we build adequately, that condition will grow worse rapidly. Throughout the world there is now in progress a step-up approaching 100 miles in the speed of war in the air, at a time when thousands of military planes are being built.

I am not suggesting an "air race" with foreign Powers. But the airplane has become the paramount weapon of war. It is a weapon which no longer can be built quickly. It is one, moreover, which we must have in sufficient numbers in peacetime so that we may become proficient in its wartime use.

We went all through this question a dozen years ago and reached a decision which became "national policy." There was no war madness in the air then. Relatively to today, the airplane was a feeble thing. It had not yet shrunk the map of the world, reducing our safety of isolation. Nevertheless, after the widest possible surveys and studies, a bill was passed in 1926 providing for building to an authorized strength of 1,800 planes in five years.

Today we have not reached that goal—not by 167 planes.

So we studied the question again two years ago. This time the provision was for an authorized Air Corps strength of 2,300 planes, to be achieved in five years. Because so much of our equipment was old, it was estimated that the annual acquisition of 800 planes would be required.

History is repeating itself. During the first year of making this national policy effective again, we acquired only 506 military planes of all types.

If, in calmest deliberation, we have twice decided we should build and maintain a *real* Army Air Corps, *then why don't we go ahead and build it?*

THE END

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

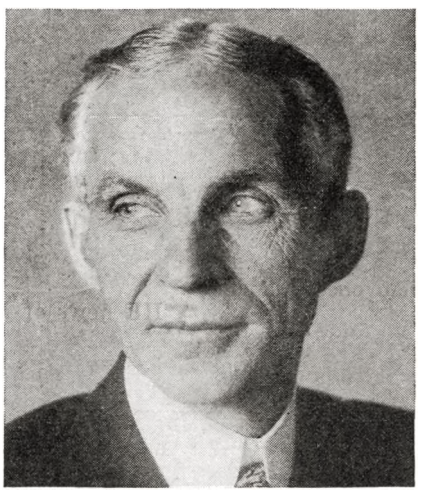
STUDY the family before the child is born. . . . Find out what bond of affection prevails between the expectant mother and the expectant father. . . . Do they share love equally, or is it one-sided? . . . Investigate their attitude, both mutual and individual, toward the coming baby. . . . Even go so far as to learn how the prospective parents get along with the prospective grandparents.

It is around these research principles that Dr. Margaret E. Fries, of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, directs one of the most interesting efforts now being made to give our newborn generation a scientific start on the road to normal, healthy life. I asked her why the family state of mind may make or break a child's development, and what can be done to correct disadvantageous tendencies. She said:

"To develop physically, mentally, and emotionally, children need the security and loving help of an adult hand. In order to give their children such help, parents themselves must feel secure, must be adjusted satisfactorily to life in general, and to their own married life in particular. No one should be blamed if emotional problems arise, and no one should consider it a stigma to seek help. In any case, we try to help parents settle their emotional conflicts and make peace with themselves. That is the function of mental therapy—an important part of our job."

Dr. Margaret Fries has been pioneering this work for nine years. She's a New York girl. Lived most of her life in the same brownstone house where she was born.

● In a mild form I have contracted the hobby of picking up Henry Ford stories—not jokes about his cars—I mean real-life anecdotes involving Henry in person. Here's my latest: Visiting England, Mr. and Mrs. Ford were week-end guests at a big country estate. The butler took Mr. Ford's luggage upstairs and unpacked it, as is customary in English houses. When Mr. Ford came upstairs the butler eyed him narrowly, skittered away. On the bureau, neatly arranged in rows, lay the set of mechanic's tools that Mr. Ford always carries in one of his traveling bags in case the desire to tinker with machinery should come over him, which usually happens sooner or later, wherever he may be. The butler, a somewhat fossilized old party, knew nothing of Mr. Ford and his ways—but thought he knew a high-class burglar's kit when he saw one. He watched Mr. Ford suspiciously throughout the entire week-end. I am told that this true story is one of Henry's favorite yarns about himself.



HENRY FORD

● A smart friend from Paris has been teaching me the new lipstick refinements: Put foundation cream on your lips same as on your face, then powder on your lips, then lipstick. This makes lipstick color blend with your skin tones. Give your upper lip a deep center cleft if your nose is too large. . . . Put on a broad lower lip if your face is long and narrow. . . . A wide mouth helps an inexpressive face. . . . Round faces need a full upper lip, thin lower lip.

● I know a young lady whose wealthy father-in-law has been sending her to college for the past three years in the hope that she would learn enough psychology to straighten out her husband, the rich man's son. He isn't a nut, he's just a preposterous youth, altogether spoiled by too much money. As her education progressed, she worked on his tainted temperament industriously but with no luck, for his behavior advanced by leaps and bounds from bad to worse. In June she graduated from college with high honors in psychology, and at the same time she declared the experiment a complete failure, a conclusion in which papa-in-law agreed. He gave her a trip to Reno as a graduation present. She's there now. Says she won't use psychology the next time she tries to reform a husband; thinks a baseball bat will be handier, quicker, and surer.

● A certain branch of the Y. W. C. A. has refused to accept a bequest of twenty-five thousand dollars because the rich lady who offered the gift did so only on condition that no dancing or cardplaying would be allowed in the Y's recreation rooms. When I heard about this, it made me sizzle with fury. The idea of a wealthy woman using her money to deprive less fortunate girls of amusements in which all kinds of respectable people indulge, simply burned me to a cinder. To dangle philanthropy at the end of such a hypocritic string seems more immoral to me than any dance or any card game.

I congratulate the Y. W. C. A. for scorning that benefaction.

● Enjoyed reading Burton Rascoe's lively autobiography, Before I Forget. (Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

● In an old notebook of mine, among memoranda compiled during a summer of housekeeping in Italy, I find this thrifty and excellent recipe for Milan cutlets:

To 1 cup cold chicken finely chopped add equal amount finely minced ham. Then add ½ cup fried mushrooms (chopped), ½ cup cold cooked macaroni (also chopped), 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese, 1½ cups thick cream sauce, 1 tablespoon fresh bread crumbs. Shape into small cutlet forms. Beat 2 eggs, dip cutlets in egg, cover well with dry bread crumbs, fry in fifty-fifty mixture of hot butter and olive oil. Drain thoroughly on paper. Serve with broiled tomatoes.

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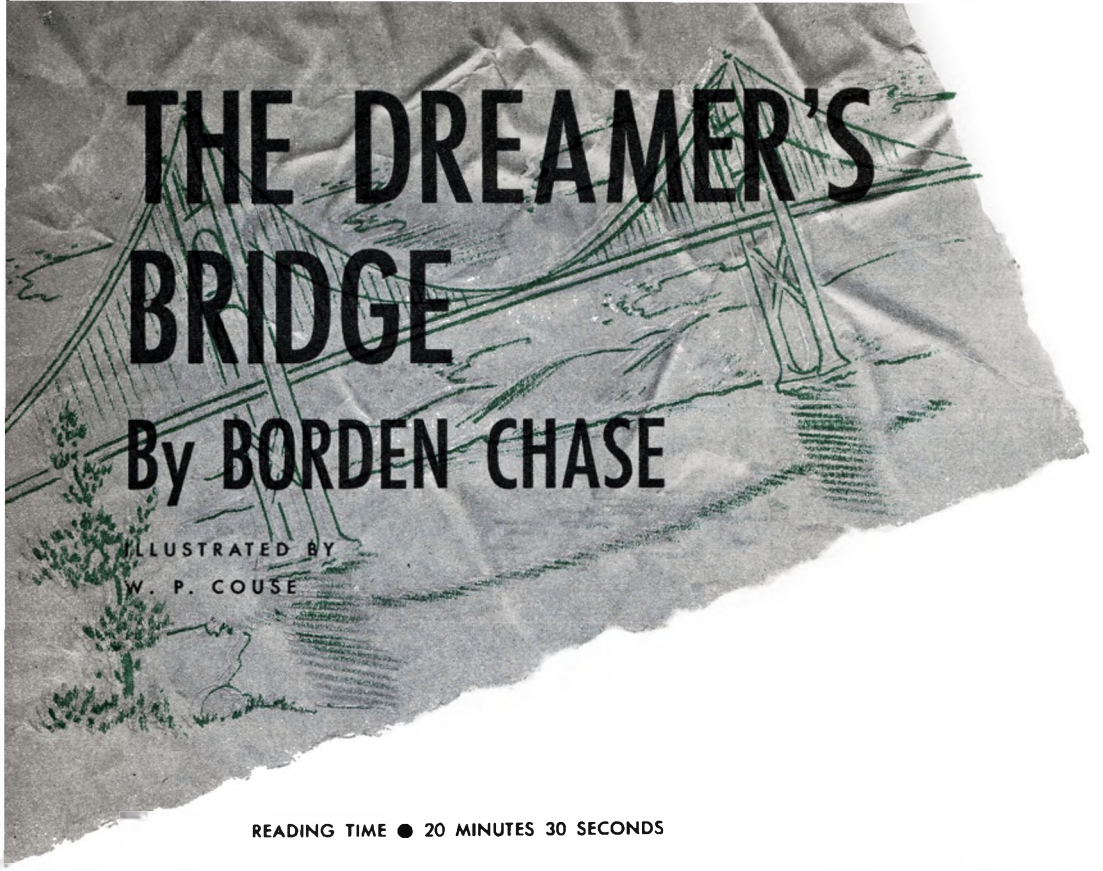


THE DREAMER'S BRIDGE

By BORDEN CHASE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

FRANK BRACKLEY was the master mechanic on the job, and the title fitted the man like the rounded sleeve of a piston. He was tall, heavy-shouldered. His eyes were blue and hard, and there was a touch of gray at his temples. He built things—tunnels, bridges, tall buildings. Architects dreamed thin lines on paper and Brackley turned them into steel. Give him a set of blueprints, men, and steel. In return Frank Brackley would give you a perfect bridge, exact to the last rivet.

But he was a driver. Hard as flint, with a pair of fists that had hammered a path from day laborer to master mechanic. Those fists backed up his orders and got things accomplished. There wasn't a man on the job who at one time or another hadn't felt Brackley's fist under his jaw. He hit me once, and I never forgot it.

He was standing near the machine shop when Bill Thormallen came wandering down the street and braced him for a burner's job.

"Are you good?" asked Brackley.

Thormallen grinned that easy smile of his and asked for a torch. He adjusted the gas and air, put fire to the tip, and crouched above a piece of two-inch plate. Flame poured onto the metal and turned it cherry red. Soon it grew white. Air hissed through the tip and the torch started to cut. Thormallen's arm swung slowly, smoothly as the cut grew in an even arc. The torch came steadily around to the starting point and a circle of iron dropped free. He kicked it aside.

"Put the calipers on it," he said.

The gang crowded closer while the master mechanic fitted the calipers to the cut. We stared at that piece of iron as though it had dropped from heaven. It was a perfect circle—exact to the sixteenth of an inch.

"Change your clothes," said Brackley, "and report to the timekeeper. You've got a job."

"Thanks," said Thormallen, and he squatted there grinning at Brackley like a kid who had just received an unexpected nickel from a stranger.

During the next week or two I saw quite a lot of Thormallen. I was shop foreman and it was a pleasure to have an expert burner on hand. Strangely enough, I found he had been at the trade only a few months. When I asked him how he had learned so quickly, he said, "Oh, just fooling around with a torch. A fellow taught me the swing of it and the rest came natural." It was then I looked at his hands. They were broad, strong. The fingers were hinged on oversized knuckles and blunted at the tips. Artist's hands. Filled with the strength of the precision tools that lined the machine-shop walls. With those hands Thormallen could use a flame to paint pictures in steel.

Brackley didn't appear to notice Thormallen was on the job. He never spoke to him, hardly ever looked at him. But there was a day when we were sitting in the sun near the shop door waiting for the whistle to sound the end of lunch hour. Thormallen had picked up a piece of brown paper that had been wrapped about my sandwiches and spread it flat across a square of board. His pencil scurried and flicked for a time, and suddenly I looked up to find Brackley watching the drawing.

The master mechanic reached over and lifted the paper. His teeth worried his lower lip while he studied the sketch. Silently he showed it to me. It was a bridge—a beautiful thing of curves and angles with threadlike cables looped in graceful lines from a pair of stately towers. Yes, it was a bridge—not the one on which we were working, but such a bridge as only a master craftsman could dream. I wanted that bridge to live.

"You an architect?" asked Brackley.

"Yeah."

"Why aren't you working at it?" asked Brackley.

"Oh, I don't know. Just couldn't seem to hook up with a job. The world is full of architects."

"Not good ones," said Brackley.

Thormallen's grin was broader. "How are you supposed to let people know you're good? They never seemed interested enough to look at my stuff."

The whistle blared the one-o'clock signal. Lunch hour was over, but the gang didn't move. We were watching Brackley's face, and it was white. We caught Thormallen by the shoulder and dragged him to his feet—no mean trick when you realize the burner was over six feet and wide in the shoulder. I saw the master mechanic's fist double. Thormallen saw it too, but he didn't move fast enough. The fist caught him square on the mouth and dropped him in the gutter.

"That way!" said Brackley. "Make 'em look—you fool!"

Thormallen sat there, a stupid grin lifting the corners of his mouth.

"Sorry, Brackley," he said. "Some guys aren't born that way."

"Some guys are born loafers."

"Dreamers—call it that instead," said Thormallen, and he smiled when he said it.

Things changed for Thormallen after that. The master mechanic was over his shoulder every minute of the day. There were I beams and girders to be cut, precision work at the machine shop, or monotonous routines of wedge cutting. Work and more work. Other burners loafed about the job, as is the habit of their trade. They were leisurely. But Thormallen couldn't be leisurely. The master mechanic found a thousand tasks.

It puzzled me completely. I couldn't understand why

Searing flame, soaring steel . . peril, shining courage — A story alive with the things that make men immortal!

Brackley was riding him—and why Thormallen took it. Naturally, I'd lost a good part of my respect for the burner when he took Brackley's blow without attempting a return. Thormallen never mentioned the incident.

I found him down near the water front one morning before the shift started. He was staring up at the bridge beneath which we were working.

"It's a beautiful thing," he said. "It's alive—like a woman lifting her arms and reaching for the sky. Look at those steel cables. Each one living, pulsing—"

This was a new Thormallen—a dreamer, an artist; not the shiftless burner.

"Yes, it's a beauty," I agreed. "Strange that Brackley should be working on it again. It was one of his first jobs as master mechanic almost twenty years ago."

"So I've heard," said Thormallen. "Master mechanic for twenty years—" And he laughed.

"But a good one," I said. Brackley was my friend.

The burner didn't answer and we sat quietly for a time. Then we talked about the job. A tunnel was to be driven beneath the bridge. One section would swing under the approach that led from the ground out to the great towers. Eighty feet below the surface there would be men working, digging away the sand that supported a series of huge concrete blocks. The weight of the bridge approach rested upon these blocks.

Brackley was taking the first step. Two cylinders had been driven down to bedrock, one on each side of the first concrete block. A slot was cut through the concrete—a passageway that connected the tops of the cylinders—and a massive I beam inserted. With this Brackley was lifting a section of the bridge.

The immensity of the work must have caught Thormallen's imagination. His eyes were bright with a faraway look. It was weird, he said, and he wondered how the master mechanic could go about his duties with that cold practicality so characteristic of him. Didn't the very sweep and majesty of the undertaking get to the man? Didn't it frighten him just a little?

The way the burner said it, I could feel the tiny nerve ends beneath the skin of my hands plucking and tingling. To me, steel was steel—a dead thing ripped out of the earth and fashioned by men to do their bidding. But Thormallen claimed it was alive; and when he talked I looked above to the span of the bridge, and for a time I'll swear I saw it breathing, pulsing. It worried me, and I ended the conversation, dumped the dottle from my pipe, and headed for the machine shop. Brackley was there, yelling for Thormallen.

"Hi, burner!" he said. "Cut four pieces of six-inch stock three foot square. Hurry it up!"

Thormallen nodded, walked to the iron yard, and lit his torch. I knew Brackley didn't need those plates. There were half a dozen stacked near the cylinders—plates that Thormallen had cut the day before. But it was a job for the burner—something to keeps his hands and eyes busy and rob him of a moment of pleasure. Thormallen wanted to see the bridge go up, and Brackley knew it. Not that the movement would be perceptible, for it was a lift of less than an inch. But the idea, the thought that thousands of tons of steel were being moved—that was the thing. Every man on the job wanted to be on hand at that moment.

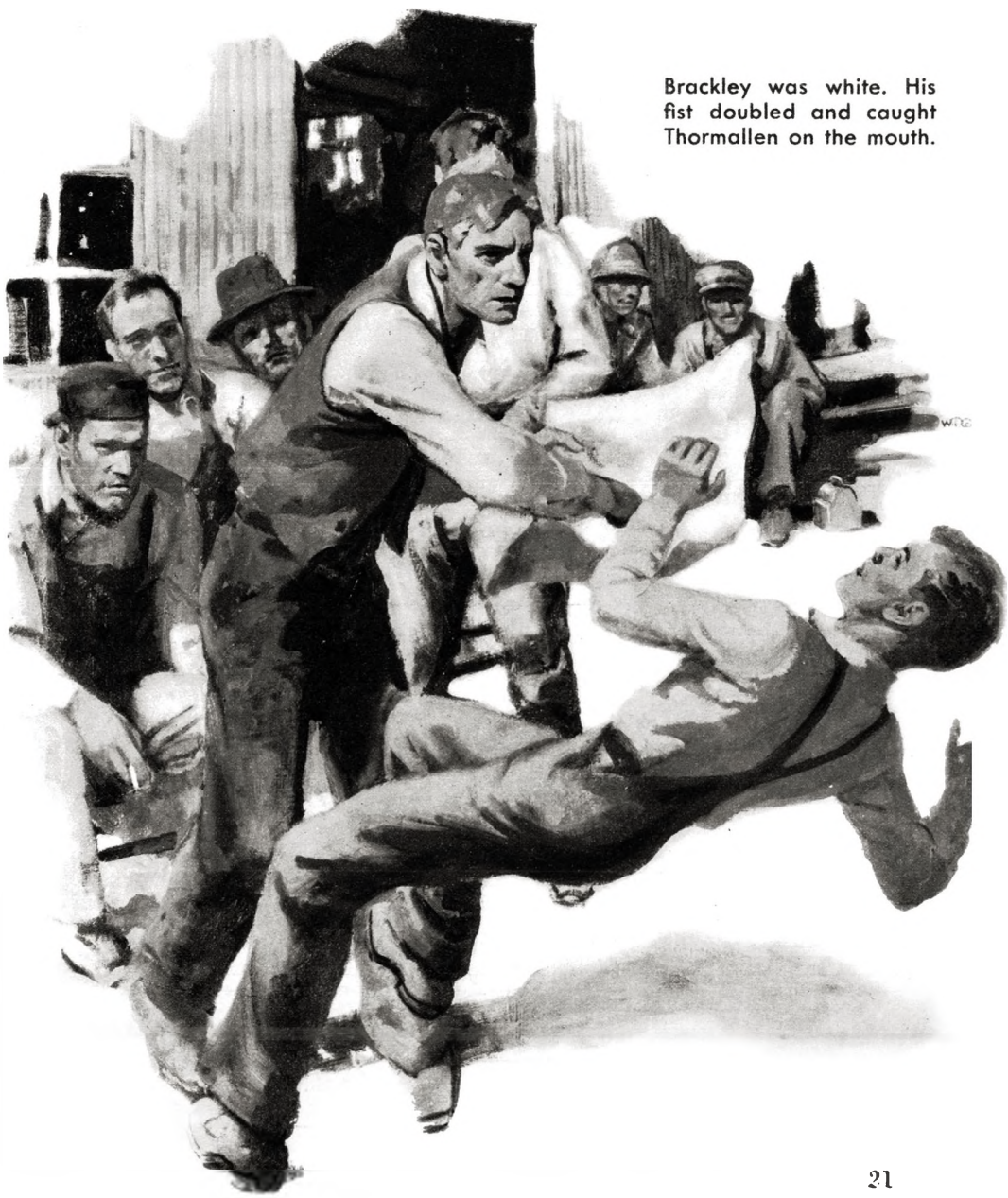
Soon there came the shouts of the riggers as the beam was placed. Pipe fitters scurried about like ants on a hill—setting hydraulic jacks, testing them, connecting long lines of copper tubing. Men were laughing, excited. They were talking loud, as men do when they are not quite sure of what will happen in the next moment or two. It was that instant approaching a crisis that I'd seen on dozens of jobs—a moment that makes all the sweat and labor worth while. But Thormallen was out of it. His job was in the yard cutting iron plates that would never be needed or used.

"Four thousand on that number one jack." Brackley's voice was loud above all other sounds.

"He's sending her up," said a mechanic, and ran toward the bridge.

Sending her up—*her*. All of us spoke of the bridge as a living creature, but I'd never thought of it until Thormallen called it to my attention this morning. Her! There was something feminine about that lacework of steel. Something—I searched for the word—something vindictive.

That was it! All about I could feel the presence of a feminine creature that seethed with vindictiveness.



Brackley was white. His fist doubled and caught Thormallen on the mouth.

I looked into the iron yard. Thormallen had snapped off his torch and was coming toward me. That look of the dreamer was strong in his eyes.

"I'm going to watch," he said. "I've got to watch."

"Come on," I said, and started toward the cut.

There was a sound of hammers against metal. That was the wedges. Red Sunderman, the heavy-shouldered rigger, was throwing a sledge against the soft iron wedges beneath the beam. He was making it snug and lining it with the roof of the slot. The jacks were lifting. Tons of steel thrust against the giant I beam, bending it at the center in a slight downward arc. I could hear Thormallen's breath as he stared up at the ponderous steel framework above him. He knew it was moving.

"Release the jacks!"

A moment of silence followed Brackley's order. Men stood quietly while the pressure flowed from the jacks. There was a stir. The job was done and one section of the bridge had a new foundation. There should have been more laughter, more shouts. But I knew what held the men to silence. Brackley wasn't satisfied. Something was not quite right or he would have given a curt word of praise before he ordered the men on to the next section.

Brackley crawled into the slot and a moment later came out cursing. He saw Thormallen.

"You!" he yelled. "Jump up to my office and get the prints on this section."

Thormallen turned away without a word.

Minutes passed—not many, perhaps, but it seemed there had been time for Thormallen to get the prints and return. Brackley was pacing—pacing forward and back across the entrance to the slot. I saw the lumps of muscle jumping in his jaws and decided to save Thormallen another beating. I hurried to the office.

THORMALLEN was near the window. He had opened the table drawer, evidently in search of the particular print needed at the approach job. That was odd—Brackley always kept that drawer locked. But today it was open, and the burner had found something. Not a blueprint. It was a square of paper that had once been wrapped about my sandwiches. On it was the drawing of a bridge.

I don't believe Thormallen knew I had come into the office. He stood there, his eyes wide with that far away look. The paper trembled in his hand, and I moved closer to see what had been written across the bottom. First there was the burner's signature—an ironic signature: DREAMED BY THORMALLEN. A line had been drawn through the first two words and in the master mechanic's bold hand was written: BUILT BY THORMALLEN & BRACKLEY CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

Tapping Thormallen on the arm, I asked him about the print.

I might have been talking to a dead man. He shook his head, walked to the door, and left me alone in the office. I started after him, wondering if a good healthy clip on the jaw would break him out of his daze. Then I heard shouts from the men near the bridge. Wild shouts—crazy shouts:

"Brackley's caught!"

"He's caught!"

"Brackley's under the I beam!"

I ran faster than I had ever run before. I didn't need a blueprint to tell me what had happened. Impatient at the delay, the master mechanic had crawled into the slot to make an adjustment. Something—God knows what—had happened, and he was caught.

AT the entrance to the slot leading into the concrete block I borrowed a flashlight. Then I crawled in. Brackley was facing me, one arm looped over the upper flange of the I beam. There was a narrow space between the roof of the slot and the top of the I beam—not more than a few inches—caused by the slight downward bend of the beam. To visualize it, think of a knife blade with the ends resting upon two inverted drinking glasses. Next, take a matchbox—from an ordinary penny box of wooden matches—remove the drawer, and slip the box along the knife blade until it is centered. Then press down on the upper surface of the box. The knife will bend in an even arc and there will be a slight crevice between the blade and the center of the box.

Brackley had been resetting wedges in this crevice when a movement in the bridge had lessened the weight. And now Brackley's arm was held, clamped in a vise that was backed by thousands of tons of steel.

"Is it crushed?" I asked.

"Not yet," said Brackley. "The next movement will do the trick."

"How did it happen?"

"The sun," said Brackley.

Not much of an explanation but enough for a mechanic. The heat of the morning sun had expanded the steel of the bridge—shifted it—caused a movement that had changed the pressure on the beam and caught Brackley's arm.

"Any chance of getting it out?"

"Not a chance. Get the doctor," he said quietly. "We'll give old sawbones a chance to earn his pay."

"You think he can do it?"

"Why not?" said Brackley. "I once saw a doctor do a swell amputation job in a steel plant when a man was caught in a crane."

I backed out of the slot. Men were gathered about the end of the girder. Mechanics talked of hydraulic jacks and wedges. But that was useless. Jacks could only be placed at the beam ends, and they had already been lifted to the roof of the slot. It was the center of the beam that held Brackley. Nothing could move that.

I sent for the company doctor, who crawled into the slot and talked with Brackley. He came out, white-faced

and silent, and hurried to his office, to appear again with his small black bag. There were whisperings among the men, a single word repeated over and over—"Amputation!" And it was then I saw Thormallen.

He went in, pushing the doctor aside. A thin line of twin hose dragged at his feet and in his hand was a torch. I looked at the tanks of gas and air standing near the beam end, and I realized that while we had been talking Thormallen had set them up, hooked on the gauges and adjusted them. Now he was in the slot.

I went in behind him, crouching, careful to keep clear of his hose line. I heard him speak.

"I'm going to get you out, Brackley," he said.

"You can't!" Pain sharpened the master mechanic's voice. "Don't light that torch—there's no room to make a cut. You can't burn in here."

"Room enough for me," said the burner.

Brackley struck at him with his free fist. The blow was short, ineffectual. Thormallen flicked a lighter across the tip. He glanced at the flame, adjusted it, and tapped the head of the torch against the steel.

"Turn off that gas and air, Joe!" yelled Brackley. "Get this man out of here."

BRACKLEY was my boss—I'd never disobeyed him before. I started to back toward the tanks.

"Keep away from those gauges," said Thormallen quietly.

There was authority in his voice. It was cold, hard. If I had tried to touch those gauges I believe he would have killed me. I stopped. Flame purred in a steady stream from the torch. Thormallen rested it on the beam, wriggled his fingers snugly into his leather gloves, flexed them, and again picked up the torch. He leaned forward and placed his left hand on the flat of the I beam, much as a billiard player would steady his cue against the table top. But in this case the table was inverted—Thormallen was making an up cut, and the flame was close over his head.

His right hand gripped the handle, ready to press down on the lever that would send a cutting stream of air through the tip. Heat billowed from the steel. It licked against Thormallen's face and curled the short hairs of his eyebrows. His face was close to the torch—too close. But Brackley was nearer still. White fury danced above his eyes and dried the saliva on his lips.

"Stop it," he said. "Stop it before you blind me!"

"You know I won't do that," said Thormallen. "Lean back as far as you can."

Brackley leaned forward instead. His face flushed with the blast of the flame. "You'll break the back of the beam," he said. "The steel can't stand the cut—you'll break it and drop the bridge!"

The torch drove him back.

"The steel won't know I've touched

it," said the burner. "This strip is like the paring of a nail. We're trimming the nail of a beautiful monster you've created. She's beautiful but jealous. You built her and forgot her. Now you've come back to disturb her—push her aside to build another monster."

The torch was cutting now. A threadlike seam opened in the metal. It was delicately thin, less than a sixteenth of an inch. A cut that only a master burner could make in heavy steel. It followed the torch to the upright section of the I beam, and then the flame snapped off. I looked at it and chewed the skin from my lower lip. Thormallen had been right—the steel didn't know he had touched it. Didn't know? Great God—was I going mad along with the burner? How could the steel know? It was dead!

Brackley's arm was close above that cut. Heat and pressure—I wondered how the man could stifle the screams in his throat. But the master mechanic's eyes were steady upon the burner, and now his lips opened—thinly, as though it were an effort to keep them from trembling.

"I'll break you for this, Thormallen," he whispered. "I'll drive you out of the trade. Every construction man in the country will know you for an idiot who threw a bridge out of line."

"Is the steel cooling?" said the burner. "I'm ready to start the next cut. And as for the bridge—don't worry. I think she's sorry for what she's done to you."

There was no answer, and the torch flared. A maniac and a man marked for death were crouching in that slot before me, and I didn't know what to do. I should have caught him by the shoulders and pulled him out of that slot. But then I looked at the job he was doing. Such burning had never been done. There was a chance—one in a million. I was afraid to stop him.

The master mechanic's head lifted and the cords grew taut in his throat. He swayed. There was a groan that would not be stopped, and again a slender line had been drawn on the metal. It paralleled the first with exactitude, and the two cuts framed the arm that was held above. One more was needed. A looping curve that would travel across the top of the upright section of the beam. And here the metal was thickest—more than double the width of the flange.

Thormallen was examining the tip of his torch. He rubbed it clean with his glove.

"Hang on, Brackley," he said. "Here we go!"

Brackley was pleading. "Don't do it," he said. "Please—please don't do it! Don't light the torch. That next cut—I know what it means and you mustn't—"

Flame danced on the steel, and above the hiss of molten metal came the voice of the burner:

"You know what it means. Is that what you said, Brackley?"

"Yes, I do. And you mustn't—I won't let you!"

"But I want to."

Thormallen's left hand was close to the tip, guiding it upward along the steel. Lack of space crowded it closer. White metal oozed from the cut. It flowed across the fingers of the glove and bit through. Still the torch moved slowly, evenly—ripping a thin line. And as it flared I knew the truth.

BORDEN CHASE

has been, among other things, a rigger in a shipyard, a high diver with a carnival, and a sand hog in river tunnels. He learned writing from Liberty's Edward Doherty, and sold his first book to the movies. He went to Hollywood, didn't like it, and decided to give up writing for the screen and concentrate on short stories.

This cut wouldn't hurt the I beam—it wouldn't break its back. And Brackley knew it. And as for the pain, the master mechanic could stand it. He wasn't afraid of the torch, his eyes—it wasn't any of those reasons that had made him ask Thormallen to stop. There was a greater reason. A grander reason. Brackley knew, even as I did now, that Thormallen was sacrificing a hand to free the master mechanic. That white metal, heated to the glowing point, was eating through the glove. Still the torch moved on and on. A dreamer had stopped his dreaming. He was trying to save a hand that could build.

Brackley needed his arm to hold calipers and rule. He needed it to slam against men's jaws and get things done. He needed it to build bridges. But not at the expense of this dreamer's hand. He was face to face with a greater man than himself, and he knew it.

"You'll never burn again," said Brackley.

"Does it matter?" asked Thormallen.

"You'll never draw—put things on paper—"

The torch was turning along the zenith of the arc. The air was foul with the reek of burning leather and of other things that mean pain. Brackley screamed—not from the pressure or heat of the metal. He saw that hand bright beneath the flare of the torch. But Thormallen's lips were tight and the cut moved on in its slow curve.

"A beautiful monster," said Thormallen. "A beautiful monster. You built her, and didn't love her. No imagination—no dreams—"

His mind was wandering. Words—weird and horrible—came from his lips. It was the pain. I wondered if man had ever felt pain like this before—pain that must have body and substance. But it didn't matter to Thormallen. Brackley must have his arm. That cut would be finished. Another inch. A half inch. The slender lines were joined and a segment of steel dropped free. The torch spluttered and died. But just before the darkness came I saw the master mechanic's arms about Thormallen. He was bending close to his ear.

"Your hand!" he said. "Why did you do it?"

And Thormallen said, "Our bridge—Thormallen and Brackley's bridge. Some day—we'll build it?"

* * * * *

Thormallen never handled a torch again. A burner needs two hands. We finished the job without him, and I drifted off to the West Coast to sling steel across the Golden Gate.

Sometimes I thought of Thormallen and wondered if he had gone back to drawing bridges. An architect only needs one hand, if he's good. And I thought about Brackley, too.

One job followed another, and finally word was passed about a bridge in the East—a beautiful bridge with slender arms that reached like a woman's into the sky. I grabbed a train and hurried to the anchorage. Two men were leaning against a sign near the construction office. One man wore a glove over a withered left hand—the other man was once my master mechanic. The sign read:

THORMALLEN & BRACKLEY
CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

They were building the dreamer's bridge.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 8

1—Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924).

2—Virginia.

3—At ignorance, according to Acts 17:30—"And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."

4—In Spain. Shipwrecked Basque sailors were said to have introduced it to the Scots.

5—Suzanne Lenglen.

6—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, California, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Michigan, according to statistics covering the years 1929-35.

7—Sir H. Rider Haggard (1856-1925).

8—Bones and urine of animals; various minerals.

9—All were named after admirals in the British navy.

10—Paregoric.

11—Cyrano de Bergerac.

12—At Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859.

13—Marco Polo, who first published an account of China in Europe.

14—Forceps.

15—About fifteen thousand dollars.

16—Castle Wasserleonburg, Austria, where the Duke of Windsor and his bride honeymooned.

17—By being applied to runs when starting.

18—Walt Disney, the cartoonist.

19—A shepherd specially trained to guide blind persons.

20—Henry A. Wallace

DO WE NEED *Public Defenders* IN CRIMINAL CASES?

A startling, drastic proposal for a new kind of "poor man's justice"

BY MAYER C. GOLDMAN

Author of The Public Defender; Chairman of the Committee on Public Defenders, New York State Bar Association

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THIRTY-ONE years ago Harry Kendall Thaw, a young Pittsburgh millionaire, strode on to the roof of Madison Square Garden, approached the table where Stanford White was sitting, and shot him dead.

The case was starkly simple. Yet today Harry Thaw walks the streets, a free man.

That same day, John Doe, a hard-working newsboy and sole support of an ailing mother, was haled into court on a presumably trumped-up charge. He did not have the money to hire one of the many expensive lawyers enrolled under the Thaw banner, or to hire any lawyer at all.

His case was starkly simple, too. He went to jail.

The fundamentals of this situation have not changed. "There are two kinds of justice in this country: one for the rich and one for the poor." "The administration of the criminal law is a disgrace to civilization."

The first of these statements was made by Franklin D. Roosevelt. The second was made by Charles Evans Hughes. When these two authorities agree about our antiquated and unfair legal system, who can blame the man in the street for saying: "There ain't no justice"?

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is to make a rich criminal go to prison. On the other hand, a poor man, whether he be innocent or guilty, once he finds himself in a police department's Black Maria, is already on his way to a prison cell. If he cannot afford a lawyer to defend him, he must seek charity from a legal-aid society or throw himself on the mercy of the court.

As a gesture to justice, the judge may assign a lawyer to serve as his defense counsel, usually "without compensation." But it is only a gesture. The accused neither knows, trusts, nor wants him. Even if the commandeered attorney were a Clarence Darrow or a Samuel Liebowitz —which, of course, he isn't!—he probably would be interested in the case but would have no funds with which to conduct an adequate defense.

Here, then, are two situations which violate every concept of the "fair trial" guaranteed by the Constitution to every citizen: The rich defendant gets too much defense. The poor defendant doesn't get enough.

Doubtless the second evil should be corrected first. Senator Capper of Kansas and Representative Scott of California have recently introduced bills to provide for the appointment of official public defenders to represent accused poor persons in all federal district courts. These bills, although necessarily limited in scope, deserve the support of every lover of justice.

There is nothing revolutionary about these measures. The plan for many years has been operated with great success, both from the standpoint of efficiency and economy, in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, Chicago, Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, and other centers. Its logic and fundamental justice are no longer debatable. It would seem to be irrefutable that it should be operated nationally.

"I think we shall have to come and ought to come," said former Chief Justice Taft, "to the creation in every criminal court of the office of public defender, and that he should be paid for out of the treasury of the county or state."

Nevertheless, the chief opposition to the public-defender plan, for which I have fought for a quarter of a century, has come from within the legal profession.

Officials of the old-line lawyers' associations oppose the plan on the ground that its successful operation on a national scale might encourage other governmental "encroachments" on private practice.

"Some among us," President Stinchfield of the American Bar Association is quoted as saying, "say it is a step toward the socialization of the profession."

Against this timid and obviously self-centered attitude of the old legal bodies, the newly organized National Lawyers Guild, at its recent first national convention in Washington, unanimously adopted my resolution for the extension of the official public-defender system, and the National Economic League, in a nation-wide preferential vote, has approved the proposed reform.

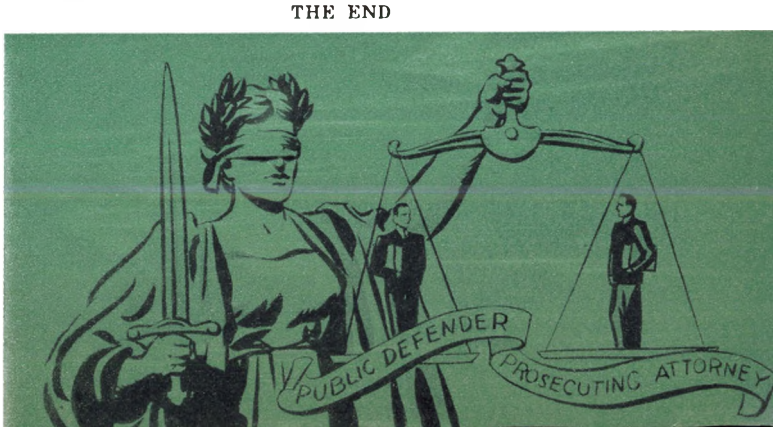
EVEN more important is the awakening of the public. With the coming of trial by newspaper, by radio, and by newsreel, the average citizen is beginning to realize that if his rights are to be protected against a new greed for convictions, there must be public defenders as well as public prosecutors.

In view of these changing attitudes, it seems probable that the day of the poor man's public defender in *every* criminal court is at hand.

But how about public defenders for everybody? If such an official can cure the evil of too little defense, why shouldn't he cure the evil of too much defense? Not only is the inequality between the rich and the poor in criminal proceedings greater than it was in Harry Thaw's day, but the menace of the rich or vicious criminal to the general public is far greater.

Criminal economics has changed. In 1907 buying immunity through hiring expensive defense counsel was a rarity. In 1937 it is the rule. Today no racket is complete unless it has retained counsel on its pay roll. Our modern life would be vastly improved if our courts were purged of all privately paid lawyers hired to obstruct and defeat the true course of justice.

THE END



A breadwinner before he can walk—and he likes it! This baby is just one of hundreds who make up America's youngest professional group.

Perfect health, cheerfulness, and friendliness are required of young models. This bundle of amiability rates high on all three counts.

Charm

BY LAURA LOU BROOKMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENA TOWSLEY

$10 an hour and fan mail! — A look at some youthful practitioners of the thrifty business of being cute

Here's a dimpled coquette saucily poking out the tip of her small tongue. She brought over 250,000 fan letters to the company in whose advertisement she appeared.

for Sale

MANY a dimpled darling, before he can balance himself on his chubby legs, has paid all the bills for his entrance into the world, and has a tidy bank account besides. Such precocious economic independence is easy, once a baby has made good as an infant model. If he has charm and camera appeal, he can demand—and get—as much as five dollars for thirty minutes' work. Did I say work? All he has to do is smile, splash water in a bathtub, tug at his shoe, or fondle a woolly dog!

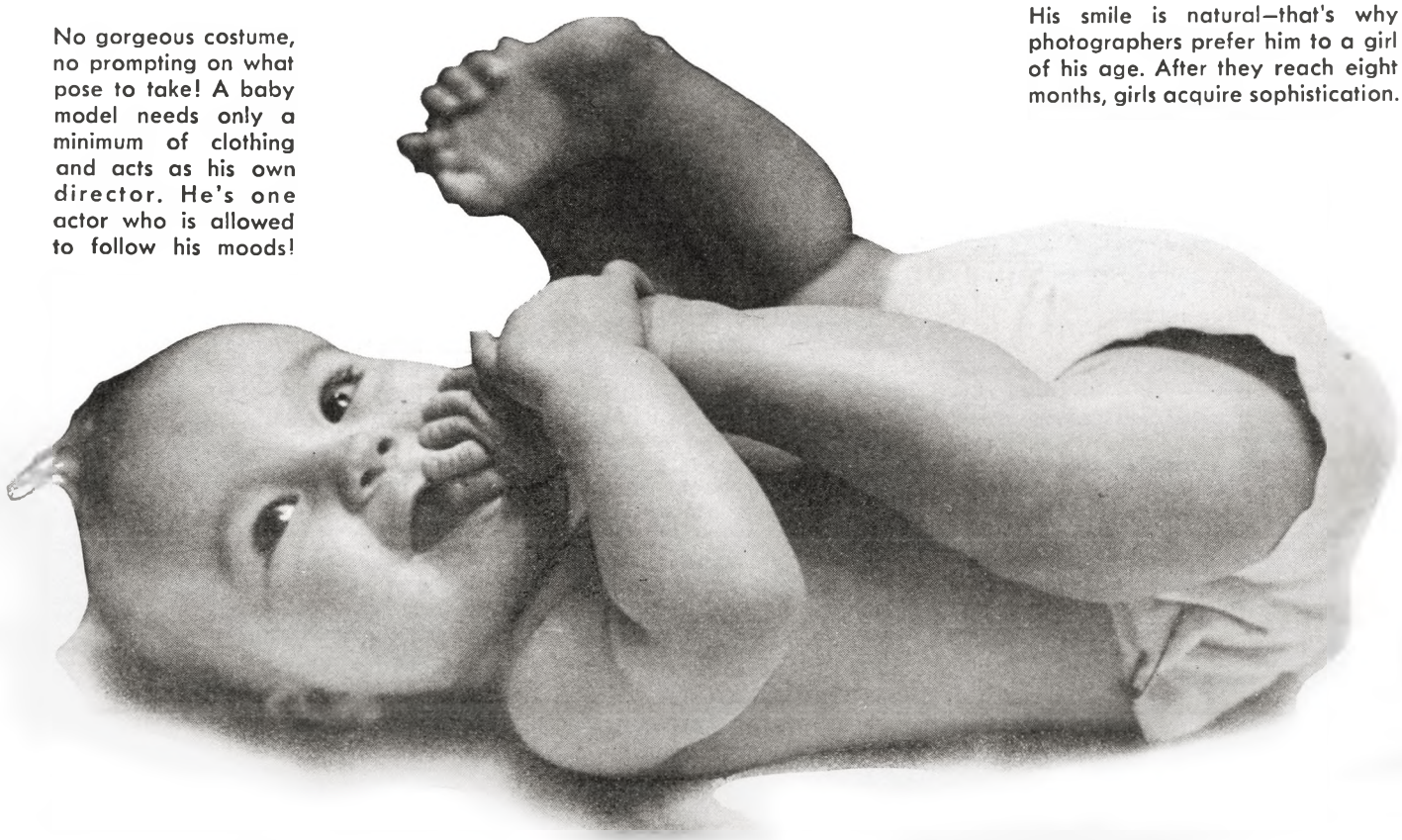
And is he a pampered wage earner! The hundreds of mites who have broken into the highly competitive and highly paid profession of posing for commercial photographers are carefully watched by doctors and nurses. They ride to work in cabs. Mere pressure of business is never allowed to interfere with their naps or feeding, and nobody would dream of barking orders at them. Instead, the man behind the camera waits until the mood he wants seizes his subject, and then snaps the picture.

The first requirement for a baby model is perfect health. Others are: large eyes, black lashes, a small mouth, and ears flat to the head. Sometimes a lucky infant with outthrust ears can crash the game—if his ears are "cute."

The young models receive fan mail and invitations to be adopted. Some live in Social Register neighborhoods, some in tenements—but they all find their jobs as much fun as sucking a lollipop.

His smile is natural—that's why photographers prefer him to a girl of his age. After they reach eight months, girls acquire sophistication.

No gorgeous costume, no prompting on what pose to take! A baby model needs only a minimum of clothing and acts as his own director. He's one actor who is allowed to follow his moods!



The Strange Case of the *Murdered Ad-Man* and the *Irish Beauty*

BY A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

Author of Secrets of New York's Homicide Squad

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MARCH 3, 1934, was a big day in the life of the city of Chicago. At nine o'clock in the morning, across the line in Indiana, John Dillinger broke jail. Half an hour later, at the corner of Fifty-third Street and Leif Ericksen Drive, half a block from his costly home in the Sherry Hotel, Eli Daiches was killed.

Patient, skillful police work was unable to connect one happening with the other. There probably wasn't any connection. There wasn't any very close relationship, either, between the ways the two incidents were treated.

We all know what happened in the Dillinger case—justice, albeit of the rough-and-ready shotgun variety. I have never been so sure about the Daiches case. Of the four men involved, two confessed, one was convicted by a trial jury, one is at large. None has paid a penalty for the crime.

I don't know about Chicago, but in New York—which is no angels' playground either—that record would spell C-a-m-e-m-b-e-r-t. I think it would in most American communities not so crime-calloused and gangster-groggy as the Chicago of 1934.

So, when the missus and I found ourselves tooling down Leif Ericksen Drive with the ingoing traffic one fine morning not long ago, I just couldn't resist the temptation to stop at Fifty-third Street and have a look.

Solved, or still a mystery?—The story of a tangled web of crime

The Sherry Hotel is a glorified apartment house, with shrubs on the sidewalk, an impressive three-ply entrance, and a marquee that looks like something by Roxy out of Radio City Music Hall. It was from this doorway that Eli Daiches, slight, bald, mild-mannered, forty-two, emerged on that other fine morning three years before, sank into the padded luxury of his big green limousine, and—entirely unconscious of the fact that he had but two minutes more to live—began opening his daily batch of mail.

The windows of the Daiches apartment, high up in this grandiose structure, command the street and the corner, less than a hundred yards away, which marks the intersection with the crowded Drive.

It was from one of these windows that flowerlike Lucille Osborne—who had been acting as Daiches' convalescence nurse—watched the last act of the stark tragedy that sent her employer to his Maker.

The car the murderers used came down the Drive from the north and stopped at the traffic light, behind which the Daiches car, guided by its colored chauffeur, Charles Bowman, had dutifully stopped.

Out from the front seat of the sedan slid the slender youthful figure of a typical filmized Chicago killer. Under his right arm he carried a sawed-off double-barreled shotgun. Oblivious to the honking cars and scuttling pedestrians, the desperado walked brazenly toward the green limousine.

The Negro, watching for the change of light, saw what was happening. Knowing his Chicago, he burst open the door beside him, and ran headlong up the street. He needn't have bothered. The gunman was stalking bigger game. Calmly he walked up to the open window, behind which the chauffeur's unsuspecting employer was sitting with lowered eyes, and gave him both barrels.

According to Lucille, the pretty nurse far up in the towering hotel, the roar of the gunfire was so loud that it brought her running to the apartment window. Yet, so leisurely were the movements of the killer, so confident was he apparently of being unmolested by the surging crowds, that she was able to observe him and his gun—which he made no effort to conceal—slip back into the front seat of the sedan, which forthwith vanished into the maelstrom of traffic.

Lucille rushed down the hotel stairways, through the lobby, already agog with rumors of disaster, and down the street to the crumpled figure in the rear seat of the deserted limousine. Automatically she felt the dangling wrist. No use. The man was dead.

Who was this Daiches?

Who was this beautiful young girl hovering over his dead body?

These were the questions which immediately occupied big bluff Police Sergeant Eddie Tyrrell, as he stuck his head into the opening through which the murderer had emptied his gun.

Well, the answer to the first question seemed simple. Eli Daiches was a well known Chicago business man, president of the Thomas M. Bowers Advertising Agency. Born in East Prussia, the son of a cultured Jewish rabbi, educated in England, he came to Chicago in 1910, immediately achieved success as salesman for the concern he now headed, and in 1923, when Bowers retired, became its sole owner.

Six years after he arrived in Chicago he married Belle Turner, daughter of a prosperous manufacturer, a woman of considerable standing in the social life of the community. Of late years Belle Daiches had become an active clubwoman and champion of worthy causes. Her current favorite, in behalf of which she was crossing the Mediterranean when her husband met his death, was the Zionist Movement to re-create a Jewish nation in Palestine.

Nurse Lucille? Well, that's what she apparently was. But the police scented a romance. Hot on the trail of a

love nest, Tyrrell and his partner Fogarty repaired to the Daiches apartment, where, to their discomfiture, they found strapping young Carl Cronin, sweetheart and accredited fiancé of the beauteous Miss Osborne.

Boy and girl explained that the three of them—Carl, Lucille, and the late Eli—had just had breakfast together. The dining-room table, still set for three, sustained their contention. The blue-uniformed Cupids retired to seek other fields of inquiry.

They weren't long in the seeking. The chauffeur, Charles, was willing to tell all. He couldn't add much to what the officers already knew about the crime itself, except that there were two men in the murder car, one of whom remained at the wheel while the other went to work. About his employer's private life, however, he was more helpful.

Daiches had a girl friend, and her name wasn't Lucille. It was Lillian—Lillian Miller O'Shea. There was a name for you, with the lilt of Eire in it. And the fair Lillian—red of hair, brilliant of mind, svelte of figure—quite lived up to it.

She was located by Sergeant Pete Keeley of Bureau Squad 14, living with her three-year-old son in a quiet apartment in Winnetka, a suburb of Chicago. She was, she said, a business associate of Daiches, from whom she received an income of $100 a week.

There was no doubt about the business association between Mr. Daiches and Mrs. O'Shea. Several friends told of her having assisted him in the entertainment of prospective customers of the advertising agency. Her tears, when brought to Headquarters and informed of the tragedy, also evidenced her personal affection for the dead man. She and he had both been in Miami during the previous winter. Disappointingly, however, for scandal seekers, they had stayed at separate hotels. There was nothing on the face of things to connect Mrs. O'Shea with the Fifty-third Street killing.

Of course there was still the wife—and the two age-old reasons which inevitably occur to criminologists as possible motives for a wife's slaying her husband.

First, life insurance. In the Daiches case this promised to be an important factor in fixing suspicion on the absent widow, for the dead man had put all his savings during the good years into insurance, until he had a total figure of $337,000. Investigation, however, showed that during the depression all but $20,000 of this amount had been transferred from Mrs. Daiches' and his personal estate to his business. It was inconceivable that a woman of Mrs. Daiches' substantial financial connections would commit murder for $20,000. Temporarily, therefore, the life-insurance theory was out.

There still remained the second possible wifely motive for crime—jealousy. Miss Osborne, thanks to the fortunate presence of her betrothed, was definitely out of the murder picture. Mrs. O'Shea's relationship to the dead man, other than her business one, remained to be established. Mrs. Daiches' real attitude toward her husband was impossible of definition at a distance of seven thousand miles. Since, however, there *was* a wife, and there *was* a woman friend, it was possible:

1. That Mrs. O'Shea, for mercenary reasons which did not appear on the surface, had contrived the murder;
2. That some jealous admirer of Mrs. O'Shea had done away with her employer and friend;
3. That Mrs. Daiches, herself jealous, had planned the slaying, and had staged her foreign journey as a means of alibi.

Meanwhile a fact on the masculine side of Daiches' life ledger assumed overwhelming importance: This wasn't the first time he had been attacked.

One afternoon, fourteen months before, between five thirty and six o'clock, he was sitting at his desk in his downtown office, when a stranger entered and covered him with a revolver.

"This is a stick-up!" the man shouted.

Daiches offered the intruder his pocketbook.

"Get up," commanded the gunman, ignoring the purse, "and get into that back room!"

AS Daiches turned to obey, the man slugged him over the head, threw him on the floor, and beat him into unconsciousness with the butt of his heavy revolver, and left him for dead. Fortunately, friends discovered his plight in time, and hurried him to the Passavant Hospital, where it was found that he had four skull fractures and a broken hand.

It was convalescence from this almost fatal assault which had necessitated the presence of the nurse, Lucille Osborne, in the Daiches home.

The victim's theory of the attack at the time was that the motive was, as the gunman himself had inferred, financial. In the light of subsequent events, police were now inclined to think it was personal. Some one was intent on getting Eli Daiches out of this life.

Why? Well, it *might* be for one of three romantic reasons already imagined. But further scrutiny of Mrs. O'Shea's life confirmed the impression she had first made: that she was not the mercenary type and that she was genuinely fond of Eli Daiches and concerned for his well-being; also that there was no other man in her life. As for Mrs. Daiches, her first act upon her return from abroad, which was to open her home to Mrs. O'Shea and her child, stilled all talk of the jealous-wife theory.

There weren't any other obvious leads for the police

Lillian O'Shea, the "other woman" in the Daiches case.

Below: The victim in Chicago's limousine murder.

to follow. Gradually, therefore, the official investigation, after a few more desultory sputterings, came to a stop.

This was the situation when Victor Watson of the Chicago Herald and Examiner assigned to the case his star reporter Harry Read, and two experienced associates, Maurice Roddy and Joe Fay. Their instructions were simple: they were to find the murderers of Eli Daiches.

Since they knew nothing of the case except the confused mixture of fact and fancy that had been published in the papers, they began their task by assembling the known facts, as follows:

Daiches had been attacked by a single assailant fourteen months before his murder.

He had been murdered by two men riding in a sedan.

Neither the assailant nor the murderers could be identified by a single eyewitness.

Both the assault and the murder were committed in typical gangland fashion.

Then, just as methodically, they assembled the possible motives for the crime:

Jealousy on the part of Mrs. Daiches.

Frustration or expected material attainment by Lillian O'Shea.

Jealousy of another admirer of Lillian O'Shea.

Collection of his life insurance.

"Roddy, Fay, and I," explained Read, "undertook a close scrutiny of all these facts and theories. After each premise we set every possible conclusion for or against. The motive theories then began to eliminate themselves.

"Mrs. Daiches was not a jealous woman and the death of her husband removed her from affluence to moderate circumstances; Lillian O'Shea stood to lose her livelihood by Daiches' death; careful investigation revealed no jealous rival of Daiches in Lillian's life. With these theories eliminated, there remained only the insurance policies.

"We sought evidence to eliminate the insurance theory; but we could find nothing to offset the arithmetical fact that the Thomas M. Bowers Advertising Agency stood to collect $317,000 as a result of Daiches' murder."

Who, then, was the Thomas M. Bowers Agency?

That no one had hitherto given much thought to such a question was entirely natural. To Chicagoans, Eli Daiches and the Bowers agency had been one and the same thing. To be sure, a wealthy second cousin of Mrs. Daiches, one Louis J. Weitzman, appeared on the company's roster as chairman of the board of directors; but Daiches' business associates, if they noticed the Weitzman name at all, looked on it simply as window dressing.

Harry Read now recalled, however, that this Weitzman, who lived in New York, had come on to the inquest and had testified that he had let Daiches have at different times a total of $108,000, and that Daiches had, as collateral, turned over to him the common stock of the company.

Weitzman, therefore, and not Daiches, had been the Bowers Advertising Agency—and still was.

INTERESTING information, to be sure, but where did it point?

It was scarcely likely that this Eastern capitalist, who had thought enough of Daiches' ability as an advertising man to advance him $108,000, would enter into a criminal conspiracy to murder him.

Dropping this phase of the inquiry for the moment, Read and his associates began one of the most patient and systematic campaigns of detective work which has come to my attention during forty years of police activity.

Chicago is, like most supercities, a conglomeration of many small communities whose identities have been lost in some respects and retained in others. Notably, each constituent member of the civic group has its "swell" section and its "tough" section. Daiches lived in the swell section of what was once Hyde Park. The tough section was only two blocks away. Read, Roddy, and Fay went to work on the latter region with the finest of combs.

"In gambling houses, taverns, cabarets, and billiard rooms on the tattered fringe of the upper world that does business with hoodlums," recounted the newspaper sleuth, "we gathered the names of 'regular guys' around the neighborhood. We were concerned with those in the money. In three weeks we had half a dozen names, and of these Jack London seemed most recently affluent. London was a Kenwood sporting figure, 'hanging out' principally at horse handbooks. For six months past he had been carefully groomed, had bet heavily with the bookmakers, had but a month before bought a new automobile."

Good old Pete Keeley of Squad 14—all of the boys on the force gave Read and his associates every assistance—identified London as a "rat" he had pulled in on suspicion the previous December, along with a couple of "punks" named Arthur Emblen and Walter Murphy. He even produced a picture of the trio, and gave it to the reporters.

"That London," said Keeley, pointing to the squat figure on the right, "used to be a 'heavy man' for the cab companies. He was a pal of Andy Weitzman."

"Andy *what?*" exclaimed Read.

"Andy Weitzman. He's an ex-convict and a brother of Jerry Weitzman, who was hooked up with the Touhy gang."

Read said no more. Immediately, however, he became a deep student of the Weitzman family tree. Louis Weitzman, the $108,000 backer of the Bowers Agency, was a man of many relatives. One brother, Sidney, was secretary of the Bowers concern. Two others, Irving and Leon, ran a $200,000 bakery business in Chicago. All four were apparently prosperous and apparently respectable. Andy and Jerry, whom the police knew, were "black sheep" cousins.

With new enthusiasm Read and his mates turned back to the trio in the photo.

They located Emblen in a roominghouse in Gary. His standing as an underworld figure was negligible. He had never "made" the books of the Department of Justice. He was, as Keeley had said, simply a punk. Murphy turned out to be Walter McManamon, a hanger-on of the big-time boys. London, a shade closer to the top flight of gangdom, had vanished into the thin Illinois air.

But finally Pete Keeley located an apartment hotel where Jack had lived with "Mrs. London" at the time of the murder. It was only half a mile from where Daiches met his death. The hotel people were able to give very little information, but they did produce a voluminous list of telephone calls from the Londons' apartment, which Keeley turned over to Read.

The three reporters went to work on that list. It was long grueling work. Many of the numbers were private, not listed in the book. Others were under assumed names. The leads developed were devious and elusive. Five months they spent running them down. Finally they were rewarded. On February 26, five days before the murder, some one in the London apartment had called Wentworth 3883, the Weitzman Bakery.

The trail was getting hot. Murphy and London, the

boys had already found out, had been in Miami when Daiches was there. Murphy, under the name of Thomas J. Lynch, had received $200 by telegraph from a Tom Kelly in Chicago. The remittance was traced back to the Tom Kelly who was a well known keeper of a handbook, and who, when taken into custody, readily identified Lynch as Murphy.

Kelly also admitted that he was not only a friend of Murphy but a friend of Irving Weitzman, one of the brothers who ran the bakery, and that it was as the latter's agent that he had sent the money to Miami.

Further inquiries uncovered the fact that Irving Weitzman himself had subsequently left for Florida, and that a small dark man, corresponding in every respect to his description, had been London's and Murphy's only visitor at their Miami hotel.

ON the strength of these facts, Read went to Thomas J. Courtney, Cook County's militant antigang state's attorney, and laid the case before him. Courtney immediately assigned Sergeant Bill Drury, "nemesis of the Chicago underworld," to cooperate with the newspaper boys on the case, and issued secret orders to arrest Jack London and Walter Murphy on sight.

London didn't show up. He hasn't yet. But Murphy was picked up on Halsted Street. When the lieutenant at Headquarters began talking about the $200 remittance to Miami, Murphy, who had been visibly nervous, knew that the game was up. This was the story he told:

He first met Irving Weitzman in August, 1933, when the latter hired him and London to break up threatened labor disturbances. In September, Weitzman told them he wanted Eli Daiches bumped off, agreed on a price of $5,000 for the job and paid $1,000 on account. In October he paid another $1,000, and introduced them to Arthur Emblen, who, he said, had committed the unsuccessful assault on Daiches the previous January. Emblen was to be used to point out Daiches.

Unsuccessful in "getting" Daiches in Chicago, they collected another $1,000 from their employer, and started for Miami. Weitzman followed, called on them at their hotel, and upbraided them for not pulling off the job. Back in Chicago, they entered into a new deal with the baker, whereby he agreed to forget the sums he had already advanced and put up a new $6,000 clear profit.

Thus heeled, London and Murphy let out the actual killing to a well known "good man" named Jerry Pilot, who contracted to supply his own assistant and do the job for $3,000. Then, still according to Murphy, Pilot kept his promise and pocketed his $3,000, which they got from Weitzman. Later, they collected the other $3,000 for themselves.

By this time, however, they had bigger ideas. Irving had told them, so Murphy said, that his brother Louis would get $100,000 right away, and that he, Irving, had been promised $25,000. Three grand looked like small pickings, so they went back to Irving Weitzman and demanded $25,000 more. Over several months they got about $16,000 more.

"There's still nine thousand dollars due," concluded Murphy.

Emblen, picked up in Gary and informed of Murphy's confession, readily admitted the earlier assault on Daiches and his part in the alleged Weitzman conspiracy. He and Murphy both repeated their stories before the grand jury. Irving Weitzman was indicted for the murder of Eli Daiches and taken into custody.

Murphy and London were named with Weitzman in the murder charge. Emblen was included with the other three in a supplementary conspiracy indictment. Murphy and Emblen were remanded to jail to await later trial on the charges against them.

Meanwhile, on February 23, 1935, after a trial which fully exonerated Mrs. Daiches, Mrs. O'Shea, Miss Osborne, and every one else except the accused foursome, the jury brought in the following verdict:

"We, the jury, find the defendant, Irving Weitzman, guilty of murder in the manner and form charged in the indictment, and we fix his punishment at imprisonment in the penitentiary for the rest of his natural life."

He was so sentenced!

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR:

There have been several additional developments in the Daiches case. Irving Weitzman appealed to the Illinois Supreme Court for a new trial. The court granted the appeal, reportedly on the ground that one of the trial judge's instructions to the jury was partly erroneous.

At the second trial, in March, 1936, the presiding judge ruled that the testimony of Walter Murphy, a confessed criminal, was untrustworthy, and by a directed verdict gave Irving Weitzman his freedom.

Mrs. Daiches sued the Bowers Agency, and also several individuals, for the whole amount of her husband's insurance. Before the suit could come to trial, the defendants settled for $67,500.

Jerry Pilot was shot to death six weeks after the Daiches murder. One Toner, his suspected assistant, was slain as he returned from Pilot's funeral.

The Crime Detection Laboratory of Northwestern University reported that the bullets found in Pilot's body had been fired from the same gun that killed Eli Daiches.

As I said in the beginning, I am not sure that justice has been done in the Daiches case. Are you?

THE END

A revealing look into the dark problems of another sensational crime will be given by Headquarters Old-Timer in an early issue.

THERE is enmity between Trooper John Morgan and Sergeant Duff of the New York State Police, and when his superior orders young Morgan to watch the crossroads for all cars coming from Atlas, the latter resents it because he has been on duty overlong as it is.

However, he carries on, for Flash Arthur, thief and extortionist, has escaped from Longrock prison and is reported heading for this territory. At the crossroads he halts Cynthia Drummond in her blue coupé. Morgan has fallen in love with the girl, but she treats him with scant courtesy. Indeed, Cynthia expresses sympathy for Flash Arthur, and curtly tells the young trooper not to stop her car again. She is on a rush errand to Atlas and must return home unimpeded so as to take care of Wallace Strake, her father's secretary, who is dying as the result of an automobile accident two nights before.

Hence, on its return from Atlas, Morgan lets the blue coupé go by unchecked. But farther on Doane, a motorcycle cop, hails the car and is run down and badly hurt by the driver who was Flash Arthur himself.

That puts Morgan on the spot. Sergeant Duff accuses him of complicity in the case. Infuriated, the young trooper resigns from the service. While walking toward Atlas that evening he is picked up by Professor Drummond, the father of Cynthia, on his way to town to get his daughter, who had been held by the police on temporary suspicion.

Professor Drummond, who had once been Morgan's teacher, invites the ex-trooper to spend the night with them, a course that Cynthia disapproves of. Morgan discovers the household to be a weird combination. The dying man, Strake, is swathed in bandages, and is attended by a furtive and overwrought physician, Dr. Keegan, who has rented the house to the Drummonds. There are two forbidding servants, Baxter and his wife Emma; and an ugly Great Dane named Hamlet completes the menage.

From sleep, Morgan is awakened by barks and screams. He finds Baxter stabbed to death at the foot of the stairs. The police discover no reason for the crime, but the knife shows the fingerprints of Flash Arthur! On his own Morgan finds a clue in a shovel and pick with fresh clay traces. Then in a bit of wasteland he comes upon the dead body of Hamlet. And Dr. Keegan and Cynthia appear unexpectedly.

ILLUSTRATED BY
SEWELL BOOTH

She said beneath her breath: "Poor Hamlet!" Dr. Keegan straightened up. "Yes, finally shot."

DEATH in the DARK

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

PART THREE—A FIGHT AGAINST ODDS

CYNTHIA spoke first: "Aren't you the—prevalent person?"

Her scarlet beret gave her a swaggering, gypsy air. Morgan thought that her lightness masked inner stress, and suddenly felt sick. Over her shoulder Dr. Keegan said smoothly:

"What in the world are you doing in this wilderness?"

His smooth plump face showed no flicker now of that white surprise Morgan thought he had marked.

"You took the words right out of my mouth, doctor," he said. "I've just been walking around. I found your dog. He's dead. Been shot."

Cynthia gave a little cry.

"Shot?" And Dr. Keegan echoed, "Shot?"

"Come and see," Morgan bade.

He stood by the girl while the doctor crouched over the dog. She said beneath her breath:

"Poor Hamlet—oh, poor old thing! Why should any one—"

Dr. Keegan straightened up.

"Yes," he said. "Very definitely and finally shot. There goes a hundred and fifty dollars and the cause of several damage suits. He was an expensive property."

Cynthia asked angrily:

"You think some one he'd bitten—"

"It's more likely," Dr. Keegan broke in, "that some ambitious deer hunter made a mistake. It's not the time of year for a creature his color to wander about."

"He's been dead for some hours," Morgan said.

"So I see," the doctor answered. "The poor brute just wandered off and got himself killed by accident. Well, he never knew what struck him, did he? He dropped where he'd been standing."

"We can't leave him here," Cynthia said. There were tears on her eyelashes. Morgan offered—carefully, for he had the feeling of the fisherman who sees his line stiffen and move away:

"I'll take care of that, if there's a pick and shovel handy."

Dr. Keegan shrugged.

"There used to be. They're probably about still unless the late-lamented Baxter hypothecated them. Don't bother. I'll have some one bury him. He was my dog, after all."

"A tough break," said Morgan, and left them. He was afraid to tarry, lest his face betray him. He felt savage joy as he strode away, back toward the house. He knew the physician had been lying. The man had entangled himself by trying to be too clever. He was a physician. He must have read correctly the story told by the singed hair about the bullet wound, the unstained ground beneath the wounded head. He must, Morgan gloated. Why then had he glibly covered up facts? He was hiding something. Morgan decided to proclaim his find to Drummond, who also disliked Dr. Keegan.

A slatternly young woman at the stove jumped and yelped feebly as Morgan opened the kitchen door. He did not pause to ask who she was. He ran upstairs to the door of the professor's study and rapped.

When he had entered at Drummond's bidding, Morgan paused. His host sat at the desk, and in the chair beside it lounged a grizzled stranger in a familiar gray-and-black uniform. There were sergeant's chevrons on the sleeves, and the stripes on the gray-and-purple ribbon on the blouse's breast told of long service.

"Sorry," Morgan blundered. "I'll see you later, sir."

Drummond nodded. Morgan, departing, could feel the stranger's steady stare, even after the door had closed.

In the kitchen, the servant he had alarmed by his entrance heard his apology and thawed. Dr. Keegan, she confided, had brought her out from Atlas that morning. If he had told her what had happened here, she never would have come. If he had tarried longer, Morgan thought as he crossed the back yard to his room, she would have clung to him.

He was hunting clear thought by pacing his chamber again when he heard the crunch of gravel on the driveway. The stranger was coming toward the garage. A latch clicked. A cheerful voice called:

"Hello. Anybody home?" And at Morgan's answer feet pounded on the stairs.

"You're Morgan of E," the intruder told him from the doorway. "I'm Harry England of F."

He had an engaging grin.

"Ex of E," Morgan corrected. "Come in."

England sat on the edge of the bed, took the offered cigarette.

"Drummond," he said, "was just telling me about you."

"And now," Morgan caught him up, "you want me to confess where the body is buried?"

"Something like that," England said, and the wrinkles at the corners of his hard eyes deepened. "I'm B. of I. In charge."

"When did the Bureau of Investigation start working in uniform?"

England grinned at the jeer and crossed his knees.

"No time to change," he answered. "Governor's been

A swift, thrilling novel of a gallant girl caught in the maze of a weird, love-crossed adventure

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

making one of his motor tours to see how the farmers' crops and votes are coming along. I was in charge of the escort. They yanked me off it this morning at Maybrook and sent me here. This property is half E, half F territory. But I'm the patsy. If you won't talk till I get into civvies, maybe I better go all the way to barracks and change."

Morgan felt his hostility ebb. England watched him with half-closed alert eyes.

"Drummond," he began again, "tells me you're working on this thing yourself. Are you fighting the department? I mean, if you have any dope on this thing, will you share it?"

His eyes were so friendly that Morgan had trouble quenching the wish to confide in him. He said gruffly, at last:

"If I'm sore, it's because I made a fool of myself, which wasn't a long job. I don't know a thing, sergeant. I wish I did."

"Well, I'll be seeing you, old-timer—and thanks."

"For what?"

"Not a thing," England said.

He went downstairs before Morgan could find an answer.

From the window he watched his visitor cross the yard, and almost called out to him. When England had vanished, Morgan was sorry he had not. England had asked his help. He had refused it. This had been dog-in-the-manger selfishness. He hurried to the house to seek England, and in the dining room found the hired girl clearing away dishes from all save one place. From the doorway Cynthia Drummond spoke:

"We didn't wait. Dr. Keegan was in a hurry to get back to town. But Rena will serve you. I understand my father wishes you to eat—with us." Her eyes were brilliant in her rigid face. He looked at her in wonderment and answered quietly:

"The hired hand would rather eat in the kitchen. Or would the garage be better? It's further away."

His eyes begged for her smile, for a softening of her set face. Rena, the slattern, vanished into the pantry with the tray of dishes. Cynthia asked:

"Why did you kill Hamlet?"

"I wasn't aware I had confessed."

HER bright mouth twisted. "You had no need. He hurt you last night; you shot him this morning."

"Interesting," he told her. "Would you mind telling your informant's—"

"I didn't need one," she cut in. "The idea that he had been mistaken for a deer was silly. He had been shot at close range. I saw that before—"

She checked herself. He caught her up.

"Before what?" She was silent. He went on:

"I'll tell you, then. Before Dr. Keegan accused me. That's what you were afraid to say, isn't it? I'm supposed to have shot Hamlet and to have hidden him out in the pasture. Dr. Keegan waited till I was beyond call before he told you that. That was wise of him."

Her face relaxed; her mouth trembled.

"You're very glib," she said, "now that the man you're attacking isn't here."

"He attacked me so," he answered. "He had his chance to face me. We met, you may remember, out in the pasture. It was his dog, wasn't it? He told me it had been an accident. I knew he lied. He told you I'd killed it, and lied again. Is it his practice to leave slander to be delivered by you, in his absence?"

He paused, fighting back temper that tugged to get wholly free. The girl was more breathless than he. Her face quivered. She said faintly:

"I wish you'd go away. Really away. At once."

"To flee the wrath of the valiant Dr. Keegan?"

"I shouldn't have told you," she went on in a half whisper. "I hoped it would drive you off before it is too late."

"What on earth are you talking about? Who do you think I am?"

She faced him squarely:

"Flash Arthur's accomplice."

"Dr. Keegan again?" he asked. But she shook her head.

"No. I don't know what he thinks. It's just that I've felt it ever since we found you with Hamlet."

He wondered by what suggestive skill the physician had fixed this in her mind. There was wretchedness in her face, in her voice. She was frightened for him. He almost laughed aloud. Instead he said gravely:

"I thought you were on Arthur's side. Doesn't your sympathy for him include his accomplice?"

I WISH—" she began in a tight voice, turned at the sound of steps in the hall, and faced her father. He looked past her, and his eyes, meeting Morgan's, were stern.

"If you've—ah, finished your lunch," he said, "I should like to talk to you in my study."

Morgan had not even begun his lunch.

"Yes, sir," he answered, and followed the professor upstairs. . . .

Cynthia came up the stairs behind him and entered Strake's room. The girl's attendance on the stricken man was a symbol of the bond between her and Dr. Keegan. Morgan's temper flared up at the thought.

He went after the professor into the study, and faced him with a black scowl.

Drummond sat rigid and severe at his desk. He spoke straight and hard, more like a top sergeant than a teacher:

"Morgan, you've made a fool of yourself and of me. You've tangled yourself in grave trouble, and I let you. That makes me *particeps criminis*, doesn't it?"

Morgan said mildly:

"Usually, sir, the facts are presented before the indictment."

His meekness blunted Drummond's wrath. The older man drew his glasses down the curve of his nose and peered over them. He gave a series of short puffs like a starting locomotive and said more normally—

"I—ah, it's quite as much my fault as yours. I don't like Keegan. I do love my daughter. I used you as—ah, a red herring to distract her. You know that. I also am aware now that I had an idea that through you I could get vicariously some of the excitement that I have missed in a quiet life."

"You have shown me great kindness, sir. If I'm making trouble for you, I'll—"

"Rot," Drummond broke in. "That is merely incidental. You've been making trouble for yourself. My boy, you're going to be arrested."

"For the murder of Hamlet?"

"Hamlet!" Drummond waved the name away as if it were a troublesome fly. "As Arthur's accomplice—or at least a material witness."

"Keegan?"

"Precisely."

Morgan gave a blighting laugh.

"He's an industrious soul. He's told the state police, your daughter, you, sir, and probably the rest of his list of acquaintances of my guilt; but he doesn't get round to accusing me directly."

"He—" Drummond answered, "the doctor holds—ah, good cards. He showed them to me only an hour ago—some of them at least. You let Arthur escape. You were here when Arthur killed Baxter. Keegan heard you quarrel with Baxter last evening. You found the body. You killed the dog who gave the alarm the night before. Read them and—ah, weep."

"Accident, chance. Nothing more."

"So is—ah, birth, my boy; but here we are."

Morgan said at last:

"What do you advise, sir?"

"I have—ah, grown a little frightened of my advice. If I'd refrained from offering it, you'd be in Atlas or even farther from this mess. Keegan and Sergeant England left together. If Keegan accused you to me, they're probably collaborating on your arrest now."

Morgan asked gruffly:

"Do I have to tell you I'm—not guilty?"

"If you could show me some evidence that you weren't a fool, I should be more encouraged, Morgan. Questions like that give me no hope of—ah, your mentality. I'm not weighing what I believe. Others may not agree with me."

"Yes. Even your daughter, sir."

"Eh?" Drummond asked, and Morgan told him of Cynthia's hostility and the warning she had spoken.

"She suffers from youth," her father said when he had ended. "Well, I'm beginning to be sorry she's here. If she weren't you never would have thought of staying, with your nauseous nonsense of catching convicts and—ah, winning her."

Morgan quelled the impulse to meet Drummond's disparagement with a tale of Hamlet's fright the night before, the tools that had been used and put back, the doctor's pretense when he bent over the dead dog. Drummond broke the stillness:

"What are you going to do?"

Morgan shrugged.

"Wait. Unless you find my presence too disturbing and want me to leave."

"No," said Drummond, "I don't. I like you, my boy. I envy you your fortitude."

THEY rose. Morgan touched his forehead with mock servility, grinned, and said:

"Yes, sir. Any orders for this awfternoon, sir?"

"God bless me, there are," Drummond said. "I'd almost forgotten. We are bidden forth to sup. With the MacDavitts in Maybrook. If you're not too busy implicating yourself in crime and haven't been arrested before six o'clock, I should like you to drive us over. I must remind Cynthia."

He followed Morgan to the door. Cynthia was coming upstairs, a steaming pitcher in her hands. Her father said:

"You'll be ready to drive to the MacDavitts' at six?"

"I don't think," she answered slowly, "that I can go."

"It'll do you good, honey. And what possible excuse can you give for declining now? The dinner is for us, you know."

"Wally's condition. Surely that's a proper excuse."

Morgan went on down the stairs.

He went toward the kitchen, and lunched upon the oven-dried food Rena urged upon him. The afternoon went by. No further word came to Morgan from the house. At dusk he shaved himself again and changed his shirt. At six he drove the car to the

front door. The light popped on in the porch ceiling, and through its glow Cynthia and her father came to the car. The doctor followed. He said to them from the top of the steps:

"You've nothing immediate to worry about, I tell you. He's stronger tonight than he was this morning. Enjoy yourselves and don't hurry home. Cynthia needs recreation."

"Go ahead," Drummond ordered, and Morgan knew what made the voice so gruff.

The men talked. Cynthia answered only briefly, and Morgan could feel the stiffness of her body and, when he stole a glance from the road, could see the set stillness of her face.

It was an hour's drive to the MacDavitt house. When Drummond and his daughter got out beneath the portico of the MacDavitt home, the professor said to Morgan:

"You needn't come back for us, Morgan. We're to dine at one of these — ah, infernal country clubs, and the MacDavitts will bring us home."

On the far longer return journey Morgan had time to recover from the joy that nearness to Cynthia had roused. He found himself brooding again on Dr. Keegan. His suspicion circled the man, seeking a hold, and at length found a single small leverage. Cynthia had been disturbed. He had seen it. He had felt it even beneath her later gaiety. Something had ridden her. Dr. Keegan, on the other hand, had been eager to have them go.

Morgan's mind worried this fact. If Dr. Keegan were linked with Arthur, the absence of the rest of the household — barring Rena, who now, no doubt, was barricaded in her room—would be the chance he needed. Keegan would not expect their return for hours. If the doctor were part of the mystery, this was his opportunity.

Ahead the dirt road to the old Keegan mansion joined the highway. Morgan set his jaw, swung off the pavement, and halted the car. He dimmed the lights, got out, and stole up the dirt road to the dwelling.

He went wide about the house, and saw with a spark of amusement how brightly the servant's third-floor room was lighted. Overhead imminent stars flashed and the November air chilled Morgan's sweating face. He circled toward the rear of the house.

Now he could see the bright shade in Strake's window. A shadow moved across it. Keegan, the criminal he had pictured, was attending the stricken man. Lights burned in the living room, but it was empty. The quiet dwelling mocked him.

Morgan stole across the driveway and rejoined the path of his first advance. He could, he told himself sourly, serve Cynthia, or justice, as well in bed, and stalked toward the garage.

The sound was a barrier, checking him, choking him. He waited, peering into the gloom until sparks swam there. He heard nothing more, but he knew his ears had not lied. The brief sharp noise from the garage had been the clank of metal on metal, of pick against shovel.

The garage loomed above him. The open space where the blue coupé had been housed was a dark oblong. He waited before it. Nothing stirred.

He forced himself forward. Excitement and fear closed painfully about his heart. He smelled cigarette smoke. Groping to the corner, he found that the mysteriously clay-smeared pick and shovel were gone.

He stole back to the garage door. Strake's window still was bright.

If only he had been a little earlier! He would have been able to follow the unknown into the depths of the mystery. The most he could expect now was to touch its edge again, if the man came back.

Fortune, the sardonic, relented. He heard a small brief sound. It was that noise of metal on metal he first had heard from the depths of the garage, and it came from behind it now.

Swiftly, as silently as he might, Morgan slipped from the building and around its corner. The bulk of the deserted cow barn was above him.

The smell of tobacco hung, a cobweb of scent, in the still air. Morgan crept forward. His feet found the bare earth of the path he had followed that morning up through the hill pasture. It stretched away like a faint scar on the blackness, and as he watched he saw, far ahead, the spark of a flipped cigarette butt scrawl a bright curve on the night, and heard the distant sound of feet on frozen earth, the tiny swish of brush.

He went carefully along the dim path. Then—for crowding brush made haste noisy—he slackened pace, content to keep distance between him and his quarry.

His eyes were fitted to darkness now. A dim unrevealing light lay upon the pasture. The curve of land against the sky was clear, and, above the knoll ahead where the old sugarhouse stood, the branches of the maples had caught stars in their net. Morgan strained to see more. Still, he could not discover the man he followed.

He found that brush no longer caught his trousers. He was crossing the once-plowed field. Ahead of him he heard a stumbling noise and a wordless mumble that sounded profane. His quarry had tripped. Morgan halted. The tramp of feet picked up again, went on.

The footsteps ceased. Morgan halted and dealt with a troublesome deflating thought. Could it be that Dr. Keegan had taken this time to come out and bury his dog?

The path was steep and brief. Once, as he climbed, Morgan thought he saw his quarry, a dark movement against a window of sky in the massed blackness of tree trunks. They were in the maple grove now. Shadows

were heavier. Morgan could smell the rankness of dead leaves. He went more warily now in the deeper gloom. He could not see at all and had to feel with careful feet for the path.

His heart skipped a beat, his body tingled at an unearthly screech. He stopped. No human throat could have uttered that shrilly rasping sound. Then he jeered at his fright. The noise had been only the complaint of rusty hinges. The man had opened the sugarhouse door.

Morgan crept forward, outstretched hands weaving before him. They found the rough bark of one maple, and another. He heard, from within the cabin, a flagrant clatter as the man forsook stealth and let the tools fall.

Warped planks on the sugarhouse wall were outlined for an instant by inner light. A knothole glowed. The man had struck a match. It burned briefly, but it gave Morgan the bearing he had lacked. Softly, holding his breath, he went on. His questing fingertips brushed the wall. He flattened himself against it, waiting.

Within the building, the man stirred, mumbled to himself, and swore heartily as he bumped into something. White light sprayed through cracks in the wall against which Morgan stood. Then it vanished. Whoever was within the cabin had an electric torch, yet he had not used it on his march through the pasture.

Morgan slid around the corner of the house slowly, with great care; yet the pounding of his own heart, the stir of earth beneath his cautious feet, made him quail. His groping hands touched the uneven wood of a rotting maple stub. He hid behind this and waited.

His first fear was that the other had heard him. Inside the cabin nothing stirred. He pictured his quarry waiting, taut, gun ready, for further sound, and he cursed himself for having moved at all. The stillness endured, so complete, so long, that Morgan was pricked by graver fear. Could it be that while he had stolen nearer, the man had left the sugarhouse by another door?

WARINESS thrust Morgan one way, mounting anxiety the other. Impatience might bring a shot from the silent cabin. But, if the man had fled, there still was chance of pursuit if Morgan pressed forward. A bullet was better than failure now. He looked up at the different stars, drew a long breath, and moved toward the blacker square that marked the open door. As he reached it, a twig popped like a rifle shot farther up the hill. It scattered his caution. One quick stride carried him over the cabin's threshold. Another whirled him out of the doorway and hid him in the blackness that filled the building. Muscles that had drawn tight to meet a bullet's shock relaxed. On the heels of relief came dismay. He smelled the musty scent of decaying wood and a mocking trace of cigarette smoke; but nothing stirred. The cabin was empty, and in the dark he could see the lighter oblong of an opening in the far wall.

Morgan moved toward this. Midway over the dirt floor, he tripped and pitched forward. He groped and found the obstacle. It was the shovel. Further pawing discovered the pick.

Morgan got up. He went to the opening through which his quarry had vanished. It was a crumbling doorway and the portal was missing. He stood there. He heard only his own breathing. Some trick of air brought him a last trace of tobacco smoke. Then that too was gone.

He was gripped and shaken by bitter rage, not at the man who had evaded him but at himself. Why had he not stayed hidden outside the cabin? He had frightened his quarry by trying to get closer.

What was he to do now? Pick up the tools and go home? If the man he had hunted needed them, why had he left them here? Morgan had ready answer. His quarry had been frightened and had fled. But did one, stampeded by terror, smoke a cigarette while he ran?

Wasn't it possible that the man had gone farther on some mission? Might he not have left his tools here because it would be here that he would need them later?

MORGAN jerked and caught his breath. Out there in the blackness, near or far he could not tell, brush had crackled and a man had cursed aloud. Torchlight glittered for an instant up the knoll, and was quenched. Morgan lunged a step forward, and pulled himself back. The man was not running away. He had an errand out there in the woods. He would come back for his tools. It would be insanity to try to hunt him down. Morgan must wait his return here.

He stole back and forth through the cabin, mapping by touch its interior. He found the pick and shovel, lifted each and set it carefully against the far wall. If there were struggle, they might trip the wrong man. The floor was hard-packed earth and clear of obstruction, save for a bulk of masonry running half the length of its center. On this a sap evaporator once had stood. There was a pile of moldering logs in a far corner.

Morgan was creeping back toward the doorway by which the man had left. Midway he halted. His heart pounded. The sound came again—the tiny protest of leaves under pressure. Some one crept along the cabin wall, not toward the aperture by which Morgan's quarry had gone, but toward the open door on the chamber's other side. The man had circled and was coming back.

Morgan stood still. The shovel he had planned to use as weapon was out of reach, but the darkness was his ally. He crouched and waited. He knew his quarry stood near the open door, doubting, listening. He saw a blackness by the jamb that was a peering head. It grew. A man's bulk was outlined against the gray. The beam of a torch slapped Morgan's face.

Whose hand holds that torch? Will Morgan find out that his stealthy night tracking has led him to the discovery of an innocent action or one of diabolic guilt? It is a moment of great crisis that awaits you and your mounting suspicion in next week's Liberty.

GOOD BOOKS

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **THE THIRD REICH** (Germany under National Socialism) by Henri Lichtenberger. The Greystone Press. Translated from the French and edited by Koppel S. Pinson with a preface by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

The author, an Alsatian by birth, professor of German literature at the Sorbonne, grapples with the problem of the New Germany. Desperately striving to overcome his prejudices, he succeeds in presenting a complete and intelligible interpretation of National Socialism. The American editor, less unprejudiced, adds piquant footnotes and a valuable appendix.

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A biography written by many of his friends, each one dealing with the side of Lawrence's life which he knew best. The whole forms an accurate and brilliant picture of his heroic life.

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Many people board a train out of Victoria Station, and not quite so many things happen to them. Excellent character-sketching makes this a good book for summer reading.

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★ **BLOOD ON THE MOON** by Linton Wells. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Another—let's hope the last—autobiography of an American correspondent abroad. The author, who writes fluent journalese, has, according to himself, known, seen—and foreseen—everything.

HOME TOWN Ghost MAKES GOOD

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE SCHNEBLY

WHAT was left of Elmer Coote slouched dejectedly on a pine stump and wished he could get away from it all. The dark chill of a misty midnight was about him, tinctured by a queer sulphurous glow and the smell of brimstone. From far away, mingling with the cough of the alligators in Gray Cypress Swamp, there echoed the fear-struck cries of a fleeing fisherman, who shouted betimes that he'd never again try Gray Cypress at night. It was a loud testimonial to Elmer Coote's profession; one, however, which gave no satisfaction. That was strange, for Elmer was a ghost, and haunting his vocation.

After all, he reflected, his whole plan had been a terrible mistake which, after two years of hard work, had brought him nothing but a bad reputation. Certainly it had not turned up Bill Tipplewaite.

Somewhere Bill went right along through life. Maybe Bill had a fine home now and an automobile. He always had talked about going to New York and getting into the big money. And he probably was still selling just as rotten whisky as he had sold down here in Florida—at five times the price.

Phosphorescence surged from Elmer Coote at that thought. Except for Bill Tipplewaite's rotten booze, Elmer might still be alive and getting three dollars a day for rowing bass fishermen around Cypress Lake, instead of being an unanchored phantom with no other possessions than a supply of brimstone, an old log chain, and a set of low moans.

Haunting, it seems, isn't all it's cracked up to be — Here's a hilarious spook-story to prove it

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

It had all come about this way: Bill and Elmer had been neighbors on the Big Hammock, just before you get into Gray Cypress. Bill had run a still — only for his friends, as he said. Elmer, usually a quiet soul, one night had taken enough of it to tell Bill that if he ran that still much longer for his friends, there wouldn't be any friends. The reason for this, Elmer had added, was that this whisky was perhaps the worst, rawest, most terrible rotgut that anybody ever poisoned himself on, and that ten cents a drink for it was highway robbery.

Shortly after that, and on a dark night, a goggle-eyed 'gator hunter had thrown his flashlight on what he had thought to be the submerged form of a six-foot alligator, only to find it the remains of Elmer Coote, with his head bashed in and his body trussed with a length of log chain.

There had been an investigation, of course, but nobody suspected Bill Tipplewaite. He and Elmer had been friends—and there were no witnesses to describe how Bill, being heavily saturated with his own distillations, had replied to Elmer's remarks with a pick handle. Even when the weapon had been found, in a palmetto patch, and a complete set of fingerprints taken from it, no one had thought of Bill. The sheriff had merely done what most sheriffs do these days, when other clues fail. He had sent them to the Identification Unit of the Department of Justice at Washington, in the hope that Elmer's assailant might have been some wandering criminal with a record. But that hadn't been true—so the mystery had been chalked up as beyond solution.

With his last groan Elmer had told Bill Tipplewaite that there'd be trouble over this, even if he had to come back and ha'nt him into jail. But by the time Elmer had gotten back to Gray Cypress, Bill Tipplewaite had pulled out, leaving no address behind.

So now, here was Elmer, after two years, a failure. The transition had been a natural one. First there had been pique that Bill was gone, followed by a natural desire to try out his brimstone, his log chain, and his low moans. Loneliness then had led to frightening a few bullfrog catchers just for something to do. After that—futility. It had made Elmer Coote to a degree irascible. At last he had found himself haunting even old fishing pals who came out to Gray Cypress, which was a long way from town and necessitated an overnight stay. Gradually the visitors had grown fewer and fewer, while the bass multiplied, and Elmer Coote seethed with the knowledge that he no longer could catch them.

The cries of the haunted fisherman died away. Elmer gave his log chain a disconsolate rattle and with a feeble moan started back to his ramshackle shake-roofed cabin, with its wide unplaned flooring and its wallpaper of pages from mail-order catalogues. But on the way he paused, his head cocked to the wind.

It was rising steadily, and coming straight from the south, a bad sign at this season. Elmer found himself remembering the hurricane of three years ago.

There were no witnesses to describe how he had replied to Elmer's remarks with a pick handle.

An hour later he forgot he was a ghost and went flat to the floor of his rickety cabin. The shakes were flying off the roof one by one. Then the chimney went. This was a devilish wind. At last the rafters broke loose and the walls caved in, Elmer scrambling madly away in a blaze of blue flame. Finally he realized that in his excitement he had released his ballast; a blue streak against the black night, he was high in the air and headed north on the breast of the hurricane. Suddenly his brimstone eyes grew round and wide. This meant New York!

Forty-eight hours went by. Elmer Coote straightened suddenly in the lessening wind and put on his descenders. The sky was red for miles.

"Just my luck!" said Elmer. "Th' town's on fire."

Then he realized that, with his log chain furled and his phosphorescence cut off, he was zooming to a landing. Finally he touched ground and began to undulate past a big building with barred windows. Yet it wasn't a jail; it was more like a hospital. The parklike surroundings were enclosed by a high wire fence. In the darkest spot of all sat a man on a bench.

ELMER pulled off to one side, switching on his diffuser until his homely form shone in an aura of brilliance. The man on the bench looked slowly up, with an air of bored surprise. Elmer rattled his log chain, a lonesome, faraway rattle. Then he moaned.

"Cut that out!" snapped the man on the bench. "They'll know we're here."

Something like anger surged in Elmer; after all, he had an unbroken record for haunting. Merely from pride he floated forward and emitted a deeper moan. The man on the bench commanded:

"Now listen, Bill—"

"My name's not Bill," said Elmer in a sepulchral voice, "and I don't want to be called Bill."

"Oh, all right, Bill." He moved over. "I'm expecting my chauffeur any minute. You and I will go over the fence together."

"Over th' fence!" Elmer scorned. "If I wanted to, I could go over th' moon."

"Yeh, but who wants to?" asked his companion. He shifted again. "Take the weight off your feet."

Elmer Coote sat down.

"How long has New York been on fire?" he asked.

"What's on fire?"

"Ain't that New York?" he pointed. "And ain't it on fire?"

"That's just a reflection from the street lights."

Elmer stared. "How can I haunt a place like that?"

"Oh, that's what you are, is it?"

There was a sneer in the query. Elmer's choler rose. He threw his phosphorescence into high. In sequence he ran his entire repertoire of low moans. Then, with a great rattle of his log chain, he questioned:

"Now do you believe I'm a ghost?"

The man on the bench waved a deprecating hand.

"Say," he announced, "everybody in this joint but me believes he's something. I know about myself. I'm the King of Siam."

Slowly Elmer Coote rose and oozed through the fence.

"One of us must be crazy," he reflected dizzily as he picked up the wind and slowly began to rise over the Hudson. He drifted for more than an hour while he tried to map out a campaign.

How to find Bill Tipplewaite in a place like this, what to do after the discovery had been made, how to work out a definite plan of haunting which would wear Bill down to a shadow and finally shove him over into a region of just deserts—Elmer had not considered any of these matters until now. Impulsively, with the realization that he was above the city, he zoomed downward, closer and closer to the noise and confusion of Broadway, and in his excitement dropped to the street.

Instantly his stock of ghostly attributes became utterly useless in a vehicular pandemonium which sent him into panic. Living as he had lived, in the motorless quiet of Gray Cypress Swamp, this madhouse of traffic almost made him lose control.

"You danged fool!" he told himself in an attempt at reassurance. "You're a ghost! They can't hurt you!"

Nevertheless he continued to leap and dodge as horns hooted, police whistles sounded, brakes screeched, and tires sang a song of endless speed. Suddenly the futility of everything overcame him. This was Bill Tipplewaite's town, this mad, raucous, impossible place of noise and light and churning mobs.

"I'd have to ha'nt th' whole city to find him," moaned Elmer.

A faint ray of hope surged with that. Elmer glanced upward. The sky was quite dark above. Perhaps if he got up there and put on enough of a show, it might attract tremendous attention, with every neck craning—and if there was enough excitement, Bill Tipplewaite might be dragged in on it. With that guilty conscience of his—

Elmer Coote began to ascend and, by tremendous will power, waited until he had achieved an excellent altitude, even beyond the range of the airplane pilot lights on the skyscrapers. Then, with a painful burst, he switched his phosphorescent plant into full power ahead. The glow was tremendous. Brimstone smoke curled from him in a dozen directions. On and on he floated, sizzling with effort. Then, anxious to learn the results, he again zoomed down over Broadway.

NEW YORK scrambled and pushed and jolted with its usual nonchalance.

Vaguely at first, then with a terrific impact, Elmer Coote realized that he had created no consternation whatever. He felt weak and tired and ill. He oozed away, down to the water front.

But as the hours passed, a queer all-pervading sense of determination overcame him. He had got leave of absence from more peaceful surroundings to haunt Bill Tipplewaite. He had not done it. Suddenly he realized that this might seriously affect his standing as a first-class ghost. Florida meant nothing now. This town was his job and he had to beat it. Otherwise, how could he ever face such celebrities as Banquo's ghost, or the ever-bragging Headless Horseman?

His heightened nervous system began to store up a new supply of phosphorescence. All that night and the next day it continued. Then, once more, with darkness, he went aloft.

The effort left him lonely, morose, amazed. He had not caused the slightest sensation. Elmer was sure that he must have been seen; he had thrown out beams and shafts and outbursts of brimstone for a radius of fifty yards. But no one cared. Perhaps this town didn't understand ghosts.

He tried again the next night and for a dozen other sorties. Then, disheveled, his ghostly arms aching from his work on that log chain, he dragged himself to a bench in the brilliantly lighted little park behind the Public Library and sat down to think it over. Dog-tired, disheartened, he did not even notice that the seat had another occupant until a page of a newspaper flipped in his face.

Elmer never had been much of a reader; he only turned his eyes in a desire for surcease. Then he wished he hadn't. There, in a column, was the ultimate jolt:

> Strolling in the spring night, to observe aloft some freak advertising, like an illuminated paper balloon. And so home, thinking I had not seen such a sight since the old-time Fourth-of-July celebrations, back in Gallipolis . . .

Elmer shifted uneasily, his gaze still wandering over the paper. A small advertisement shouted at him from a corner of the page:

WHEN IT'S TIME TO TIPPLE
TAKE YOUR TIP FROM
TIPPLEWAITE
West of Times Square on Forty-second Street

Elmer Coote leaped to his feet, his log chain held lightly in his left hand. He needed no more confirmation—memories of Bill rose before him, standing in his shack down in Gray Cypress, a pint bottle in his big right hand, the flush of liquor in his cheeks, a gleam in his piggy blue eyes and his thick lips moving to his one piece of humor:

"Well, when it's time to tipple, take a tip from Tipplewaite!"

Elmer looked at a street sign; this was Forty-second Street. He hurried to the right, block after block. Abruptly he halted. There was Bill Tipplewaite's place with the name on the window, a mahogany bar, and a blaze of lights. And there also was Bill, well dressed, fatter and prosperous-appearing, what with that big yellow diamond on the little finger of his right hand.

Elmer's whole being seethed with futility; he didn't have a ghost of a chance in all this light. Even the fact that a few yards away was one of the few dark doorways on Forty-second Street was of no aid. He couldn't look into Bill's place from there, for one thing. And he felt that Bill wasn't likely to go around peering in dark corners—not with his conscience.

Time passed. Bill turned to the mirror and adjusted his necktie, after which he rubbed a hand admiringly over his thick but smooth-shaven chin. Then, with a supercilious nod, he called an assistant, removed his bar apron, put on his coat, and stepped brusquely forth to the curbing, remaining always in the light and looking neither right nor left nor behind him. He called a taxi and stepped into it.

With that, Elmer hurried forward.

Here was a chance. To follow Bill, and in Bill's own home break loose with every bit of haunting machinery he possessed. His ambition strengthened. Something of the old Elmer Coote spirit began to arise within him. All had not been in vain.

But at dawn he dragged himself back to the water front, licked again. Elmer's idea of home had been a Florida one—a house set apart somewhere, with a yard and dark surroundings; perhaps gloomy halls and black closets. But Bill lived in a super-super hotel, with lights in the closets which turned on automatically with the opening of the door. And Bill had the habit of reading himself to sleep, leaving the room in gleaming brightness. No ghost could beat a set-up like that.

That night Elmer went back again. But his heart wasn't in his work. For a long time he merely stood there on the sidewalk, staring in at the man who had thwarted him.

Bill had always done that. Always been able to get his last fifty cents for a bottle of moon, always licked him at cards, always bullied him and laughed at him. Now he had made him a laughingstock. For a moment Elmer Coote wished he was dead. Then he realized that even this wish wasn't worth a broken fishhook.

FINALLY mild interest overtook him at the scene within. There was a commotion at the bar. Bill was arguing. A man, very unsteady, was arguing in turn, and pounding the bar.

"Did anybody ever tell you that you served the rottenest whisky in the State of New York?" he asked thickly.

Bill wiped a glass.

"G'wan home," came in a bored tone. "You're drunk."

Even Elmer had to agree with Bill on that. But the unsteady man objected. Bill rounded the bar, grasping the recalcitrant by his collar and trousers seat.

"Get out of here!" he shouted. Elmer scurried for a dark doorway. He must be ready. Sometimes down in Florida, Bill used to take drunks home. They might pass this way. But Bill only came to the door, pushed the drunk well out on the sidewalk, and went back to the bar. Elmer's shoulders drooped. He never could beat Bill.

Frustration overcame Elmer. He slumped deep in the dark recess, oblivious to all about him until, looking up, he noticed that the drunk was stumbling straight for his doorway.

They stood face to face, although the drunk did not know it. That person was muttering to himself, his mind still on the subject of rotten whisky, and fumbling in a pocket, he managed at last to bring out a cigarette. Then he pawed ineffectually for a match. That was the final straw.

Elmer Coote was sick of lights. Lights on the streets, lights in hotel rooms, lights everywhere—now even a light in this dark doorway. His phosphorescence surged to bursting pressure; his log chain swung into a perfect trip hammer of a rattle; brimstone circled his eyes, blue flames shot out in a dozen directions.

A wild yell came from the drunken man.

"Get away from me!" he shouted. "Get away from me! And don't you turn into pink elephants!"

Whereupon the surprised Elmer saw him whirl and run back into Bill Tipplewaite's café, where he pounded the bar, shouting invectives.

"Look at me!" he demanded. "Look at me—drinking everything from shellac to turpentine for twenty years, and it takes some of your whisky to give me the d.t.'s!"

"Hush your mug!" snapped Bill Tipplewaite.

The log chain was silent now, the phosphorescence gone. Elmer had followed, intent upon what went on before him. The drunken man, by a piece of intoxicated agility, had swung around behind the bar and was busily throwing bottles to crashing extinction on the floor, while half the loungers went hurriedly under tables and the rest ran out the door, yelling for the police.

"Will you cut that out!" roared Bill Tipplewaite. "Or do I make you?"

"Make me!" shouted the drunk. "No guy can sell me whisky with a lightning storm in it!"

Whereupon he shied a bottle at Bill Tipplewaite, and followed with another, which crashed the mirror.

White-featured with rage, Bill rushed for a drawer beneath the bar, while from down the street came the sound of a siren. Then a frightened lounger shouted from beneath a table:

"Look out, booze fighter! Bill's got a gun!"

It was just then that a radio car cramped to the curb and two burly officers leaped out, while Elmer flattened himself in fright against the wall. Bill Tipplewaite turned toward the police, aimed his gun for one fleeting instant, then dropped his arms. "All right, bulls," he said weakly. "Come along and take me."

A policeman nipped the gun from Bill's hand.

"Got a permit?"

"A what?" asked Bill. Then, sweating: "Do I need a permit?"

"You don't know nothin', do you? The Sullivan Act for you, mister."

"Yeh," agreed the other cop; "if his fingerprints don't show something worse down in Washington."

Out of all the hullabaloo which followed—the crowds, the arrival of more police, the protestations of Bill Tipplewaite—one sentence was sufficiently buoyant to lift Elmer Coote to high prevailing southbound breezes: If Bill Tipplewaite's fingerprints didn't show something worse down at Washington!

Ten days later, Elmer sat invisibly on the pile of wreckage which once had been his shake-roofed cabin down in Gray Cypress. Two fishermen were passing with a string of bass; some way the word seemed to have gotten out that Elmer didn't bother folks around there any more.

"Well," said one, "here's where old Elmer used to live. Reminds me. How'd that trial over at Talucha come out?"

"Bill Tipplewaite's?" asked his companion. "Oh, the jury came in about two o'clock this morning. Found him guilty as a hound-dog."

Onward they went. For a moment Elmer Coote stared after them. That sure was a nice string of bass they had.

Then he grinned. He tossed aside the log chain and shook the dampness out of his clothes. He ran his long fingers through his matted hair and discarded the swamp grass.

At last he rose. There was a certain chipper quality in his demeanor.

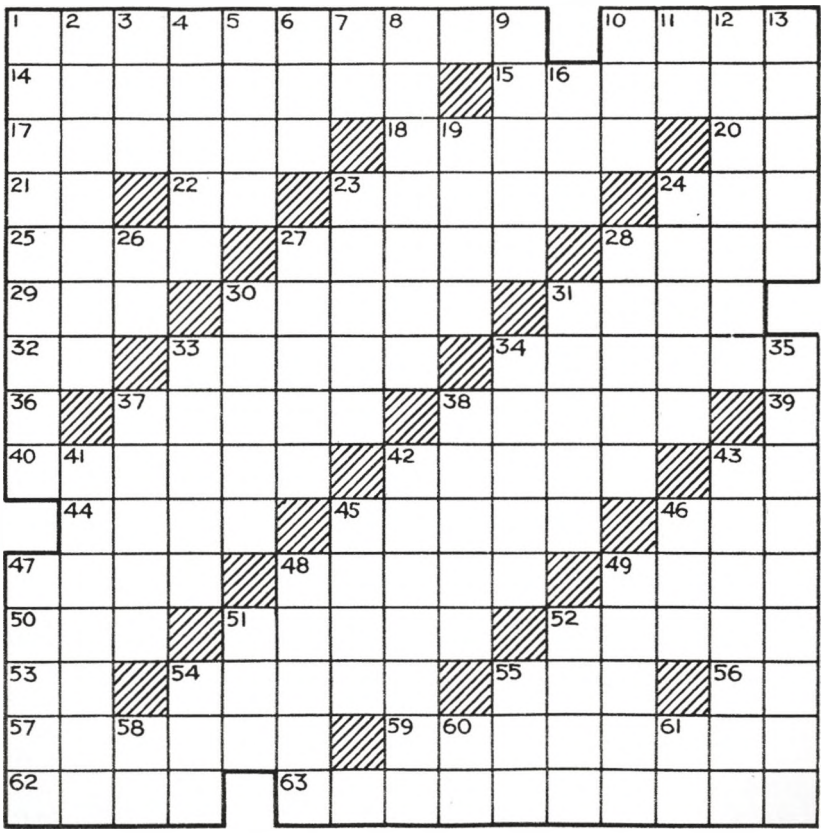
"Well," he mused, "guess I'd better git back an' see what ol' Banquo's ghost is doin'."

THE END

Then a frightened lounger shouted from beneath a table: "Look out, booze fighter! Bill's got a gun!"

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Picasso's Mad Child—they hang him instead of hanging him
10 Mienies
14 Orchids to you
15 This causes a sluggish sleep
17 Isn't this heavenly?
18 The cow in literature
20 How midgets get calcium
21 How midgets get great
22 Cockneys egg 'im orf
23 This is a question of finding a place
24 Cause of a snowfall
25 Your wife's brother—the one with the little mustache
27 Horse with a wart on it
28 Hardest word for lushes to say
29 This is human don't we all?
30 I ez haz
31 Despite watering and raking, toupees never take this
32 Very abbreviated wit—that is, all wit (see above)
33 What a college does to a promising quarterback
34 A slug of love
36 Well known bone formation
37 African golf balls
38 What Scotchmen tip with
39 Well known hotspot
40 Icehouses
42 Refuse this
43 Legal introduction
44 Sturdy sons of nuts
45 Parisian net
46 Lighthorse Harry
47 What a little Milwaukee boy does for more ice cream
48 Parking problem
49 Hardest thing to do with a dollar in the bank
50 Compass pernt
51 Wise guy
52 What pop was
53 Kind of men Franco likes around (Sp.)
54 Power in the motor world
55 Important part of the Times
56 She'd have fallen for Jupiter but Juno cowed her
57 What wives do to the best laid plans of men
59 This causes gas attacks when made public
62 The call from down under
63 Chief support of our floating population (two words)

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 The only thing Mussolini will take from his missus
2 Most useless things around the equator
3 Guy who stole Mickey's girl
4 Kind of free delivery for country babies
5 Just a big cheese
6 A sickly drink
7 Midget officer
8 Necking between two big bodies
9 What a head'll do when you socket
10 The water of Minnetonkards
11 Duce's only precedent
12 They get lit, flare up, and are the signal for a brawl
13 Every one's got a finger in this pie
16 He needs some one to think and act for him
19 What Virginians do after a big cornfab
23 The higher they are, the fewer enjoy them
24 Something you never find on hillbillies' dogs (pl.)
26 A little plug for a shy speaker
27 The heart of the matter
28 Chief diet of little unloved boys and old-time statesmen
30 The Labyrinthine man
31 Hard to ask for; harder to get
33 They're sensitive to bites
34 Rag, a bone, and a hank o' hair
35 A rough bark among a tangle of fuzzy weeds (two words; pl.)
37 Mystical poet and painter
38 Bit o' Irish confetti
41 The Rocking Chair Brigade
42 He called her this, she said Yes! and this is the kind of wife he found her, financially speaking
43 What the sight of a garter sent grampaw
45 A lot of heals throng around them
46 Noose that's good noose
47 A very moral man
48 Razor-tongue (fem.)
49 Gun cotton
51 What to cry when you feel that sinking sensation
52 Kind of fishing for old crabs
54 What you've got to get before you can give
55 Eternally, squunched up
58 "That reminds me" (abbr.)
60 Unbusiness end of a pencil
61 Where Californians stay when it's raining

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

FAMILY SCANDAL

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH NUSSDORF

WEALTHY young Bill Madison's loveless marriage to Harriet Vail—the climax of a drinking spree to forget his jilting by Roberta Redmond, who eloped with his father—has brought about heartbreaking results.

Realizing the futility of the businesslike arrangement and eventually admitting his love for redheaded Anne Moore, his childhood chum, Bill is about to ask Harriet for a Reno divorce when she stuns him with the news that she is going to have his baby, conceived the night they were married. Reluctantly he decides to remain with her; another scandalous escapade, he fears, will prove fatal to his ailing father. And while he feels certain his dreams of happiness with Anne will never be a reality, he does not immediately break the news to her. Instead, through his Aunt Delia, he helps Anne find a job, and himself makes a generous cash settlement to Captain Moore, whose river barge collides one night with the Madison yacht. Captain Moore had once piloted a yacht owned by Bill's uncle.

Harriet's extravagance causes Bill more alarm. But most of the money, she tells him, goes for her artist group in Greenwich Village. When she overdraws her generous allowance, Bill is about to reproach her when Travers, the butler, confides that Ivan Marky, Harriet's old admirer, has been visiting her frequently, causing her to be upset.

The showdown is interrupted when word comes of Aunt Delia's sudden sickness. She dies believing that Anne and Bill will be married, not knowing of the additional complications. She also makes a generous allowance for Anne in her will.

Later, Harriet explains that her meetings with Ivan were to aid her younger sister, who, she says, has a child by him. Bill believes it, but on the eve of their secret sailing to Africa—a trip suggested by Harriet—his lawyer, whom Bill had asked to check up on Ivan Marky, tells him that Harriet has no sister.

If only I could talk with him once more, Anne thought.

PART EIGHT—THE FURIES GATHER

THE news of Bill Madison's proposed trip affected various people in various ways.

Dr. Runyon, in his luxurious offices off Park Avenue, shook his head. He was more worried about Bill than about his patient Harriet. . . . "The girl has peasant stock in her; she'll deliver safely anywhere! But Bill—after his last attack of malaria—is deliberately courting suicide!" . . . Suicide? Did the boy purpose that?

The old doctor ran his hand over his thinning white hair. He thought of Bill's love for Anne—who was now Dr. Runyon's own office nurse. He thought of the mess Bill's life was in. . . . And he also thought of his own life, years back, when his own outlook, without the woman he loved, had been black. . . .

I made of my life a useful—even a happy—thing, in spite of it. Bill should too. . . . I wonder, if I talked with him—or would I merely be interfering?

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Anne—in the little house which she had taken for her family on the cliffs above Hastings upon Hudson—was reading the papers.

She, too, had that clutching fear at her heart. A horrible certainty settled over her that she would never see Bill again. . . . If only I could talk with him once more! she thought. Tell him I love him—that my love will follow him on this trip, wherever he goes, whatever happens!

Anne put down her paper, looked about the peaceful living room. Betsy and Harry were doing school lessons under the big lamp—lighted now because the late afternoon light was obscured by an approaching thunderstorm. Upstairs, mother, humming contentedly, was putting the baby to bed. Soon dad would be coming home—a man with a new lease on life. Partly because he was less tired—he had a helper on the barge now; he had fewer worries; and partly because he had stopped hating. He had learned that his archenemy, Morgan Van Ryder, had never been an enemy. He had come to look upon Mrs.

Stark drama strikes, and a stirring novel sweeps on to a new surprise

She sped along the wet terrace, her soaking chiffons catching on the metal furniture. Ivan was behind her.

Van Ryder as a generous benefactress. And he was even planning to try and return young Madison's money to him in some way—" Some way, Anne, that won't put me entirely in the wrong but'll let him see that I feel, maybe, we both were a little wrong! "

And Anne herself had a job that she loved. No having to marry Steve now! Everything was wonderful—except the only thing in life that really mattered!

Anne, still looking about the living room, let her eye rest on the telephone. . . . If I could call him up, she thought, maybe he'd even ask me to meet him for a few minutes . . . only a few minutes—and then, perhaps, never again!

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Ivan Marky, in a paint-smudged smock, was finishing a mural for a new little restaurant in Greenwich Village. He was tired; his chest hurt badly when he coughed; and he hadn't had a drink for an hour. He was also hungry. But, in spite of all these purely physical annoyances, the light of triumph gleamed in his eye as he put down his paintbrushes. . . . This panel of his was good! Best thing he'd ever done!

He backed away to look at it, avoiding bumping into the tables and chairs arranged for the restaurant's opening on the morrow. . . . Now, if only they'd pay him for it. Not that he needed money as badly as he once had. But he still hadn't enough. . . . " A year in a sanatorium," the doctor had said; " preferably in Switzerland." . . . And he intended to go. But yes! Soon.

Right now, however, he was hungry. Too bad nothing was ready here. Oh, well, he would step over to the bar across the street and celebrate the completion of his mural with a sandwich and a few drinks.

He went out into the crooked Village street. Nice

gray-green light there that warned of an advancing storm. A newsboy came along. Ivan bought a paper and went into the bar.

. . . . . .

At the same time Harriet, ignorant of the fact that the Furies were gathering themselves for a final assault on her, was blithely packing her last piece of luggage. The trunks had already gone. The steamship tickets lay on Bill's desk. She and Bill were going to be gone a long time.

A long, long time! she begged of Fate, as she moved to and fro in the beautiful room.

Her chartreuse chiffon negligee seemed to echo the green light of the sky beyond the French windows.

It's going to storm, Harriet told herself. She went to the windows to let the moist cooling air touch her cheeks; to watch the green light shift to yellow, then gray; to feel the initial downrush of rain; to hear the first thundercracks above New York's own peculiar din.

"Good-by, New York!" Harriet cried. "Good riddance!" She laughed as the rain rushed like a small flood across the brick floor. "I wouldn't care if you drowned, New York!" she called, slamming the glass doors. "You—and every one in you—except Bill and me!"

She went back to her preparations for the morrow. The noise of the storm excited her. Made her feel safe in the midst of stress—safer than she had felt in months.

"I promised myself I'd do it and I've done it!" she exulted. "I've stayed married four months already. . . . Mr. and Mrs. William Madison, Third, are sailing tomorrow for a long, long journey! Only, of course, almost no one knows. A pity in a way—but safe!"

A knock interrupted her thoughts.

"Come in."

Travers appeared with the evening papers. "Mr. Bill telephoned, madam, that he would be delayed for dinner at the club. And Mr. and Mrs. Madison, Senior, are dining out. I thought madam would like to see the evening papers."

"Thank you, Travers."

But after the door had closed, Harriet again spoke to her image in the mirror: "Madam would *not* like to see the evening papers! Madam doesn't give a damn about papers. She worked on one for years! . . . But those days," Harriet bowed to herself, "are gone forever!"

Suddenly Harriet had an inspiration. She rang for Travers. He appeared.

"Travers, I'm dining in tonight, alone. And, since I'm not a bit hungry, you might order me a sandwich and salad. You and the others may take the night off."

"Thank you, madam." . . . But old Travers was worried. He had a feeling that he shouldn't leave the apartment tonight. Yet that was ridiculous! It was just the storm getting on his nerves—the storm and his worry about Mr. Bill. . . . He'd go out for a while anyway—to a near-by movie house.

A HALF hour later Harriet heard them all depart. She was alone in the apartment. She loved it. Solitude left her free to roam about, to examine things, finger draperies and ornaments.

Why own all this gorgeousness if you don't enjoy it! she told herself, wandering from room to room. People born to superb luxury miss a lot. They move through it without seeing it. . . . But, of course, she said smugly, that's a condition that my son will have to put up with!

She ran up the steps to the ballroom—where no party had been given since her marriage. She turned on the Capehart. As the great music rolled out into the dim shining room, Harriet walked about sedately, saying, "How do you do, Lady Astor? . . . Why, Condé, how good to see you here again! When did you get back? . . . What's new in Washington, major?"

But the storm still lashed the windows that ran the full length of the ballroom. And lightning made the terrace outside look haunted and evil. Something seemed to be out there—something or *many* things—peering in with the thousand hidden eyes of the night.

Harriet turned on all the lights. But that only made the room look vaster and emptier than before. And it made her feel like a figure alone on a stage—more than ever a target, under this brilliant illumination, for staring eyes. She turned the lights and the Capehart off and continued her tour of the apartment.

Eventually she arrived back in the room of locked suitcases, of rain pelting on glass doors. She lighted a myriad of small low lamps. Then she dropped down on the chaise longue. . . . How still the place was! She could even hear the ticking of her tiny leather traveling clock. . . . It seemed to get louder and louder as she listened. She felt that if she listened long enough she could make that ticking seem to fill the whole apartment. . . . Her mind followed it now—out into the dim hall, the library, the drawing room, the— What was that? It sounded like the faint click of the outer door.

Harriet ran to her own door. "Bill?" she called. "Travers?" But only silence greeted her. Idiot! she told herself. It's *time* you left New York, when you begin to hear things! Next, you'll be seeing them!

Humming, she went back to the chaise longue, established herself comfortably, and—through force of habit, not interest—idly picked up the papers that Travers had brought.

SHE flashed the first one. Just the front page. It was enough! As though knifed, she jumped to her feet. . . . It was all there. "Bill Madison Again Leaves for Parts Unknown—This time the noted young explorer's bride will accompany—" etc., etc.

Harriet flung down the paper. No secret now! New York knew! Every one knew! She almost fell over her negligee as she ran to the telephone.

The seclusion of the exquisite room, the privacy of the beautiful apartment—all was menaced. Nothing any longer spelled safety!

Harriet dialed a Brooklyn number. . . . Brr—brr—brr—the bell rang and rang. Oh, they had to be home!

"Hello? . . . Hello, ma. This is Harriet. . . . Yes. Oh, come now"—her voice became daughterly—"I have *not* neglected you! You should see the box of lovely things I mailed you yesterday! . . . Surprised about my trip? Then you've read the papers too? . . . But you knew I wouldn't have left before seeing you. Never in this world! And to prove it, I'm coming over to spend the night with you! . . . Yes, right away! . . . Yes, ma, I'm starting almost at once—"

"No, you're not!"

Harriet hung up, whirled about.

"Ivan!"

He stood there, a dark, slight, sinister figure in a decrepit old raincoat that was dripping rivulets on the priceless green carpet. The smile on his not unhandsome face was not pleasant.

Harriet gasped. The storm had found her! Then that noise that she had heard had been the outer door opening!

"How did you get in?"

"With your key."

"You—stole it—the other day? From my purse?"

Ivan, still smiling darkly, nodded. "Why shouldn't I?" His tones were full of irony. "You've stolen more than that from me on occasion! . . . You've made pretty smooth use of me, in fact! . . . And now you were just about to walk out on me—without even a fond farewell! Surely you don't mind my resenting it?"

He seated himself on the foot of Harriet's chaise longue. Unlike Bill, he seemed planted there to stay. He tossed his hat on her dressing table and stared at her insolently.

"Ivan, please go! Some one might see you! The servants—"

"Have gone out. I watched the whole troupe of them from across the street. We have this very plush apartment all to ourselves! . . . Cozy, isn't it, my pet!" He reached over to chuck her lightly under the chin; then he went on in the same mockingly affectionate tone, "Thank you, now that you mention it, I *will* take off this wet coat." He handed it to her. "Put it on a radiator to dry—or is this place so damned elegant that it doesn't stoop to radiators?" He coughed harshly, then regained his breath.

Harriet automatically took the wet garment, put it in

the bathroom. She returned—to gaze with despair on the figure sitting on her chaise longue. Even as Bill had seen her as an evil Fate crouched forever in his life—so now Harriet regarded Ivan Marky.

He glanced up, raised one of his black eyebrows quizzically.

"Don't strike me, Lady Macbeth! Sit down. Listen to a few eloquent words from a man who will some day be a great artist—if he lives long enough! Also, to a man whose usual magnificent sense of humor has completely deserted him! . . . Light me a cigarette. . . . Thanks."

Ivan crossed his thin knees. "As Queen Victoria said when some one began to dish the dirt, 'We are not amused!' . . . You, my pet, have certainly been dishing me dirt for some time—you sweet, smart, smooth little two-timer!"

"Ivan, you're drunk—"

"Drunk with power, my pet." He stood up, swayed near her.

Then Harriet realized that he *was* drunk. White, quiet, cruel drunk. She had seen Ivan drunk before. He wasn't pleasant.

"Don't touch me!" She backed away from him, toward the glass doors, against which the storm beat now at its height. She looked wildly beautiful in her fright.

"Superb!" he applauded. "Lady Rebecca, hand at throat, flees from scoundrel who would assault her virtue!" Ivan stumbled against a chair, cursed, then confronted Harriet, whose fingers were now on the door handle. "Only, unlike the predatory knight, sweetie pie, I have no designs on your vanished virtue—I merely want your *thick, white neck!* You lying, double-crossing—"

His hands shot out.

Harriet side-stepped, flung open the door behind her, and escaped into the rain.

She sped along the wet terrace, her soaking chiffons catching on the metal furniture, her short hair lashing her face in the wind. It was almost dark now.

IVAN was behind her. She could hear him coughing, cursing, as he upset the potted trees and slid on the bricks.

Door after door Harriet tried. Finally one gave. She slipped in, locked it behind her. She stood panting in the suave gloom of the ballroom.

Safety, momentary peace—what next? . . . Oh!!

For the lights flashed on! And Harriet stood revealed in the middle of the waxed floor—a dripping bedraggled figure under the bright illumination of three glittering chandeliers!

An amazed voice drawled, "Why, Harriet Madison, what on earth!"

In the doorway Roberta paused—perfect in exquisite black dinner clothes. "I forgot my rings. Came back for them. Where's Bill? And what are you doing?"

Harriet pushed back her wet hair. And with that gesture she seemed to push some button in her brain that made her think fast. "B-r-r—" she laughed. "I don't wonder you ask! Bill's at the club; I'm alone. So I'm doing a Neptune's daughter—or maybe it's Maid of the Mist!"

Ivan, watching, listening at the window—drunk, angry though he was—couldn't help but admire her.

"No—I'm not tight, Roby!" Harriet's voice went on glibly, while she collected her wet trailing chiffons. "But if there's anything I adore, it's running in the rain! Mother never let me do it when I was little. At least, not without raincape, rubbers, and all the what nots that spoil direct contact with the elements. . . . I love the elements, don't you?"

HARRIET had reached Roberta's side. A wet path across the gleaming floor marked her passage.

"No—not really—" Ivan could just hear Roberta's voice confess in puzzled fashion. "In fact, not at all! And you'd better change your clothes or you'll go to the hospital tomorrow instead of to the ship!"

The ballroom lights were extinguished.

Ivan moved on to another window, tried it, found it locked. He moved on again. . . . Curse Harriet! And curse the rain! He was getting drenched. If he didn't look out, he'd die before he had his sweet revenge! . . . He tried another window. This one he found open. Gratefully he slipped in out of those elements for which Harriet had professed adoration.

"Of course," Roberta was saying to a now dry-clad Harriet, "I'm not wearing much jewelry now. Mourning, you know. Will is so old-fashioned! But he likes to see his rings on my hands."

She opened a wall safe in the elder Madison's study.

Ivan, behind a Chinese screen, wet, sobering grimly by the minute, narrowed his eyes.

"Strange of Delia, wasn't it," Roberta commented, her golden head bent over a small metal box, "to have left so much to an unknown nurse! Maybe the girl was her illegitimate child—red-haired and all. Only explanation I can think of. I've wondered if perhaps Dr. Runyon isn't possibly the girl's father. He was one of Delia's old beaux. And he seems quite fascinated by the girl."

Harriet thought of Bill's interest in Anne Moore; of his saying on shipboard, "She's an old friend of mine." . . . This might be an explanation. It would be nice to think so; nice to think that Bill had no heart interest in any one else. . . . Surely this was a nightmare! It couldn't be true that Ivan was really prowling around out there in the storm while she sat in here gossiping with Roberta! . . . If only Roberta'd *go!*

But Roberta seemed to have plenty of time. She chatted on. "Delia left the girl her pearls, too. Not that they are as fine as these Madison pearls."

She opened a white velvet casket—little satin-lined burial place for a small fortune.

"I've heard about them!" Harriet said shortly.

"Never seen them?"

"No."

The two women took turns fondling the rope of tiny shining globes.

"They're not for us," Roberta remarked suddenly.

"Why?" demanded Harriet.

"Well"— Roberta tucked the precious trinkets back into their hideaway—"I suppose—because I'm not Will's first wife. She wore them famously. . . . And because—"

"Yes?"

"Because you are not—well, not the girl that Bill planned to marry!"

"Meaning you."

"Yes."

"You would have had these, then?"

"Among other things." Roberta closed the safe firmly.

"You"— Harriet reached for a cigarette—"were a bit of a fool, weren't you?"

"Yes—and no. . . . Weren't you?"

"Definitely no!"

Roberta arched slender brows. "Splendid!" she congratulated lightly. "Forgive my awkward invasion into the realm of personalities! You'd better take an aspirin after running in the rain. I must be off. See you at the ship." She made a graceful, faintly perfumed exit.

I admire her, thought Harriet quickly. Then she corrected, at least, I think maybe I understand her. . . . I wish I could learn to be as cool, as offhand as she is! But one probably has to be born to it!

Harriet heard the outer gates of the reception patio clang. Then she heard another sound. The unmistakable clapping of a man's hands in applause.

"Dear Sarah Bernhardt, may I have your autograph?" Ivan issued from behind the screen. "Or are you, perhaps, Simone Simon?"

THAT," Harriet was sparring for time, and moving toward the door, "depends on who *you* are!"

"I? Don't run away!" Ivan struck a pose. . . . "I am Herbert Marshall, Leslie Howard, John Gielgud! I am the goose who, a short time back, was about to kill the golden egg! You, my pet, being the egg—and a bad one. I came here to do it. . . . First get me a drink. I'm wet and cold. It would break your tender heart if my one remaining lung got itself pneumonia!"

Harriet reluctantly went to the liquor cabinet in the corner of the study, and poured him a drink.

"Now, sit down, relax!" he ordered. "But first pour yourself one. It's more comradely, drinking together. Besides, this may be the last time."

A gleam lighted in Harriet's eyes.

Ivan, sprawled now in a chair, his glass of whisky in his lean white hand, chuckled as he watched her.

"Don't get your expectations up too soon!" he said. "We're going to do a little negotiating during this—our last meeting on earth!"

"Ivan," Harriet dropped down on a leather hassock near him, "if it's money—I can't! I have no more! I know I played a rotten trick on you—"

Ivan's free hand suddenly reached out to touch her damp hair. There was an expression on his face that she had never been able to bring to Bill's—a combination of love and bitterness.

His voice dropped its banter. "Yes, my sweet, one of the rottenest tricks a woman could play on a man. . . . And I believed you loved me! I believed you when you said you didn't love him—never would. Up until reading today's papers, I believed all your pretty protestations, the sweetness of our secret visits, the generosity of your gifts. I believed you when you said you needed my love. I believed your tenderness, your sympathy!" He pushed her head roughly away, coughed as he gulped his drink, and stood up.

BRIGHT color, which Harriet knew so well, burned on his cheekbones. His eyes glittered.

"You will now hear," he orated—bracing his legs against the chair—"the farewell toast of Ivan Marky! . . . Give me another drink."

She obeyed.

"Good whisky," he commented. "I'll be able to afford it from now on!" He raised his glass, saluted her. "To the greatest liar I ever knew—the only woman I ever loved!" He drank. "To her who cheats every one—even herself! (Because you really love me, Hat! But we'll skip that!)" . . . He drank. "To the angel—or devil—who is going to purchase for Ivan Marky a year of luxury, medical attention, and free time for painting in the finest sanatorium in Switzerland!" He drank, then waved his hand. "Gentlemen, I give you Harriet Madison—who could have been, should have been, Harriet Marky!"

He drained his glass, set it down carefully, took Harriet in his arms.

His feverish lips were hot, cruel, against hers. He crushed her in a deathlike grip. Then he released her.

"My *bon voyage* kiss!" he exclaimed. "And you thought you'd steal away without it! After all we've been to each other, you planned to sneak off and leave me here to die alone!" . . . His face hardened. His whole being seemed to change. "Time is short," he said abruptly. He poured himself another stiff drink. And now again his eyes were mocking, dangerous. "Open that safe!"

Can anything rescue Harriet from her fearful plight? Will she obey the drunken, desperate Ivan, or defy him? What action has Bill taken since learning of Harriet's lie about her sister? Where will all this lead? Suspense is heightened in next week's important installment!

Live Alone WITH YOUR RELATIVES

BY MARJORIE HILLIS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

A COUPLE of hundred times since Live Alone and Like It was published I've found myself face to face with some kind lady who shook her finger at me coyly and said:

"Pretty soon you'll be writing about Live with Some One and Like It."

"Oh, no, I won't," I've simpered back.

But here I am, writing a piece on that very subject—only I don't mean what she means.

If I had gone in for romance and married bliss, I'm afraid the kind lady wouldn't think me very romantic, because I'd still want to be alone a lot. Not that I'm in favor of these modern two-apartment marriages, with the man going back to his after dinner. It isn't when I'm asleep that I want to be by myself; it's when I'm awake. "Don't ever leave me" may be a fine last line for a motion picture, but if I ever slip up and say it, what I'll mean will be, "Don't ever leave me except from nine to five thirty, five days a week, and for an occasional business trip, and any evening you feel the urge to look up an old pal." At least, I hope I will. It would be pretty silly for me to start flattering myself that any normal person is going to want to see me twenty-four hours a day.

But at the moment it seems more probable that if some day I should live with any one, it would be with some relatives—poor dears. It won't happen if I (or they, no doubt) can prevent it, but this is an unpredictable world. And if the time ever comes when we'll have to put up with each other, it seems to me that we might as well like it if possible.

I'm pretty sure that it is possible, because, after all, I wasn't brought up in solitary confinement. There were five in our family, parents included, and we had an elegant time. Each went his own way (once we were well into our teens), and the others were interested, admiring, or amused, as the case might be, but not interfering. We had our own rooms and were not expected to gather round the hearth for long dull evenings. Whether this was deliberate or because our parents were extraordinarily busy, I'm not sure; but the beneficial effects were the same. Sometimes we had to make dates in advance for family dinners or to go to the theater en masse, and we greatly preferred these occasions to most other parties.

Half the trouble with family life for grownups is its intimacy, which is so often enforced and continuous. Almost everybody is more charming when you don't see too much of him, and almost nobody is interesting all of the time.

It's all very well to say that devotion to your sister or your cousin or your mother-in-law should survive the dull and unattractive spells. Probably it should, but I've noticed that a lot of the time it doesn't.

Even devotion to husbands or wives seems to slump under the strain with surprising frequency. Anyway, why put devotion to the test any more than is necessary?

The importance of privacy seems to me to be greatly underestimated in a good many homes. The amount of privacy available is, of course, one of the chief differences between the rich and the poor. If you're very poor, you practically have to live in a huddle; and if you're very rich, you can put the length of a castle or a mansion between you and the rest of your family. But a lot of people wouldn't.

For the *use* of privacy is one of the chief differences between the cultured and the vulgar. The latter invariably travel in crowds. Even if they spend a Sunday in the country, you will find them on a beach that is so crowded that an airplane view of it would look like a strip of toast spread with caviar.

The higher the level, the greater the appreciation of privacy—up to a point, that is. I am not recommending a hermit's life. The real reason for getting off by yourself is, after all, the fact that it makes you a nicer person for other people to know. Personalities grow better when they're alone at least some of the time. And the charming quality of getting on with people thrives better

LLUSTRATIONS BY ERNEST EPSTEIN

when you don't have to get on with them all of the time.

But just move three or four grownups into a house or apartment together, and ten chances to one they will act as if they were in training for a chorus. The fact that most of the Ruth-and-Naomi acts done today are as boring to the person receiving the attention as to the one lavishing it doesn't stop anybody. There are thousands of people (mostly women) who really think that obliterating their personalities in a smothering devotion to some relative with whom they live makes them saintly. Actually, it makes them very, very dull.

I think this is true even when it's marriage that's under consideration. I never could get all worked up over the idea of two people becoming one. Two seem to me just twice as interesting, especially when they're as different as possible.

The fact is that you can love a person devotedly and not share his or her passion for golf, stamp collecting, bridge, or Ladies' Guild meetings. You can adore some one and still wish to Heaven he would go out for the evening once in a while, so that you could finish the book you are reading.

If this idea of Living Your Own Life were more often put into practice right in the family, the life would not only be more private—it would also be a lot happier in a great many cases.

Too much sentimentalizing is done about family life. It can, of course, be so far superior to any other life that you can't say too much in its favor. It can also be Simply Terrible. It would be, for me, if I had to live in one of those families where somebody, if not everybody, is underfoot all of the time.

The problem that I may have to tackle (though only after considerable kicking and screaming) will be that of living with some pained relatives, which is at best family life once removed. Whoever they are and however noble their audible sentiments may be, I'm afraid the probabilities are that they will share my inner fear that catastrophe has overtaken us, and there's nothing to do but pull ourselves together and muddle through somehow, as though we were in a war or an epidemic. And the more we can achieve the illusion of having separate apartments under one roof, the more successful we will be.

If you can make this illusion real enough, it probably needn't be a catastrophe after all. If you can really go your own way, with reasonable courtesy and consideration for the other people in the house, it can even be a very nice way to live.

The trick is, of course, never, never to let the others feel that they have to include you in any plan because you'll be hurt or lonely if they don't—to make them hope, instead, that they'll be lucky enough to find you haven't an engagement that will prevent your coming to their party.

MARJORIE HILLIS

author of that phenomenal best seller, Live Alone and Like It, was born in Peoria, Illinois, and brought up in Brooklyn where her father, Newell Dwight Hillis, was pastor of Plymouth Church. She used to have an editorial job; now she writes. Her latest book is called Orchids on Your Budget.

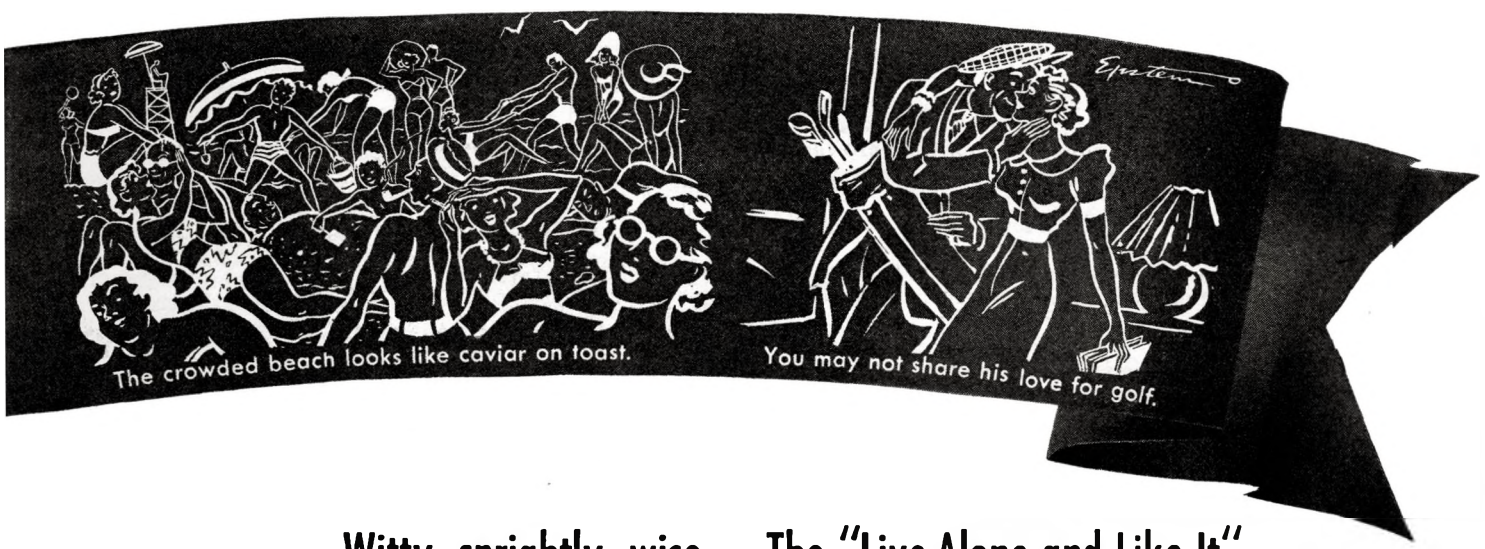
THIS desirable aim may be achieved without too much difficulty if every one concerned will keep up her own friendships independently, pursue her own interests indefatigably, and spend a generous amount of time in her own room, or rooms, doing as she pleases. The plan becomes even more Utopian if circumstances are such that you can have meals served upstairs now and then upon request; but even without this accommodation it is possible to remain a popular person and not a pest.

I hope that, if ever I find myself in this predicament, I will go right on with my current hobbies, even though by that time I've taken up tatting or (Heaven forbid!) getting up for early-morning walks in the park to hear the birdies sing. I hope I will continue to see a great deal of my own friends and not depend on those of my relatives.

I hope that, if too long a time passes without any engagements for lunch or dinner outside of the house, I will be wise enough to pretend I have an engagement and take myself to a remote tearoom with a good book under my arm.

And I hope that, if I don't do any of these things, my relatives will know I have an advanced case of softening of the brain and put me in some nice institution.

THE END



Witty, sprightly, wise — The "Live Alone and Like It" lady contemplates the problems of privacy in a crowd

Night Raiders IN CHINA

BY GORDON B. ENDERS
as told to
CAPT. W. J. BLACKLEDGE

The blazing finale of an American flyer's saga of the yellow inferno

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

THE third Douglas winged away from the train. The engine of the train had already hit the long trestle when the plane reared up and came down and around with a roar.

The engine driver slapped on his brakes, the engine wheels locked and screamed along the blistering rails, and the heavy cars pushed and crashed behind the engine and heaved the train out over the river.

The Douglas rocketed down, straight along the length of the sprawled-out train. One by one the ugly black bombs pulled away from its wings. Then the ship flattened out, and zoomed up, leaving six volcanoes along the grinding train.

The bridge shuddered. The long line of cars staggered crazily. Then the train burst into flames.

The trestle of the bridge sagged and slid over sideways, and the train fell into the hissing river ninety feet below.

Our job was done.

Fifty-five airplanes came to rest at Kweiteh airdrome on the evening of the blowing up of the Yellow River bridge. At dinner that night, cheers rang out for Colonel Dunn, who had hit the bridge.

In the excitement the air marshal slipped away to report to the Generalissimo. I went with him. On the other side of the houses, where the town major was quartered, was a five-coach train on a siding—camouflaged under tents of paint-daubed burlap. This train was the commander in chief's headquarters.

The Generalissimo received us in a loose long gray gown and cloth slippers.

"With the bridge gone," he said, "your next task is to rid my infantrymen of the troublesome ghost plane."

"Very good, sir."

"But the bridge was the important point." The Generalissimo showed great enthusiasm. "My attacks are based on a nutcracker pinch—with the broken bridge as the hinge."

The drive was going nicely. Chengchow Junction was where the enemy would have to stand. The first spearhead pushed from Kweiteh to Lanfeng. The next swept toward Kaifeng—halfway between Kweiteh and Chengchow. The third advanced to Chengchow itself.

When we returned to the airdrome the chief called the leaders of the nine squadrons which made up the Air Force, and gave them their orders. The front was divided up into sectors for bombing and strafing.

Lanfeng fell first, and the Mohammedans wheeled inward toward Kaifeng. As they jostled each other, the second prong of the Generalissimo's jab caught them. In spurring around it, they ran into the drive from Chengchow. A quarter of a million skin-clad riders scurried desperately in all directions, trying to escape that merciless rain of bullets and explosives from the skies.

The ghost plane's task of co-ordinating resistance grew more and more complicated. The Russian pilot had no option but to become bolder and bolder. The day before Kaifeng fell, he undertook an impossible task. He tried to watch while the Lunghai tracks were torn up in the direction of Kweiteh. He tried then to control the movements of the armored train which the horsemen had taken at Hsuchang. And he tried to straighten out 100,000 horsemen who milled about the city.

To view this spectacle from the air was to see something that could never be erased from memory. I have never seen so many horses and men jammed together in one place! The countryside reeked with blood.

And all the while the black bombs fell from the sky, machine-gun bullets showered down in a hail of hot lead upon targets it was impossible to miss.

On an afternoon in October, the chief went after the ghost plane. His Corsair roared into the air, circled over Kweiteh and made off toward Kaifeng.

Three of us made ready to follow.

We lost too much time climbing to catch him before he reached Kaifeng. He kept on over the city wall, making for the trees north of the railway. The antiaircraft guns didn't try for him, but they gave us all they had.

In self-defense, I pulled over toward the east. When things became quieter I saw the Junkers well above the chief's Corsair—diving down on his tail.

The chief seemed to keep straight on, as if coaxing the ghost in closer. The Junkers came steadily down. Right on top of the Corsair its gun let fly.

The Corsair snapped into a sharp climbing turn. The Junkers tried to follow, but slid past and came around on the outside. Again the ghost came in, and again the Corsair treated its vicious burst with contempt.

The air marshal's rudder was in ribbons. I thought it was time to get down there. I pushed my stick down, but the chief fooled me. He, too, went into a steep power glide toward the ground.

The Junkers went right after him—by then shooting in continuous bursts. As the Corsair sank toward the ground the Junkers followed. Then, suddenly, the Corsair upreared—straight into the air like a rocket. It kept on up until the ship hung on its propeller. The Junkers shot past beneath it. Then the air marshal jerked his plane over in a sharp loop, and with the throttle full, swooped down upon the surprised ghost.

The Corsair ate up the gap between itself and the Junkers. Three hundred feet! One hundred feet! Fifty feet!

When he was less than one short length from the ghost, the chief lashed out for the first time with his machine gun. The bullets raked the metal Junkers and made a tracery of holes from tail to cockpit. The ghost plane rocked crazily, staggered off on one wing. One hundred and fifty feet below the Corsair, it spattered on the ground. Then, with a loud report, burst apart with an incandescent flash.

So ended the prowling ghost!

. . . . .

On October 6, twenty days after the beginning of the

When they tried to cross the Yellow River, thousands died by drowning, were shot to pieces as they drowned.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

attack, the railway junction surrendered to the General issimo's men. The disorganized Mohammedan horde fled. When the scattered parties tried to cross the Yellow River, thousands died by drowning, were shot to pieces as they drowned.

But Hassan Ali and his five ten thousands in the south, in the rear of the government lines, still threatened us with disaster.

Rosita brought us news that the lame leader from Central Asia had sped messengers back along his squadrons, ordering them to gather south of Kweiteh.

But by that time the country was bare. The Air Force went up and pounded them with bombs and machine guns.

Then Hassan Ali ordered his troopers to ride to the banks of the Sha River, seventy miles from Kweiteh. Fifty squadrons, however, he sent over Honan with ropes and whips to round up farmers and their families. We saw them from the air, flogging the stragglers and binding the rebellious ones. But we dared not fire upon them.

The horde broke camp one October morning. The followers of the Prophet rode on horseback, surrounded by shuffling, staggering men and women and toddling children. As the days wore on, the savage drivers hurried the march. They cut down the sick and aged, trampled children or held them up by the legs and arms for their comrades to practice saber strokes.

It was Hassan Ali's greatest triumph when we soared over his ragged columns without dropping a bomb, without firing a machine gun. How could we fire upon those wretched farmers and their families?

WITH the Air Force helpless, the infantry were sent to head off the horsemen and their living shield.

When the battalions yelled to the farmer folk to lie prostrate while they fired their volleys at the mounted men, Hassan Ali ordered men and women tied on to the saddle horns, like sacks of potatoes. There was nothing for the infantry to do but fall back.

There was an atmosphere of uneasiness in the train that housed Chiang Kai-shek and his staff.

All along the front victories were being celebrated. The final drive had been successful. Feng was surrounded at Tungkwan. The bulk of the Kansu horde had been dispersed, annihilated.

But Hassan Ali's men made Kweiteh apprehensive.

The air marshal spent many hours trying to persuade the Generalissimo to fly away in his special Corsair. But in vain. Chiang Kai-shek was convinced that the men of Hassan Ali could win no battles so long as they were encumbered by women and children.

The Generalissimo would wait until the horsemen left the captives to come out and fight, then Hassan Ali and his men would die the death.

Nineteen battle-scarred planes stood in a straight line along the edge of the drome. The Generalissimo's special Corsair—now with strong landing lights on each wing—was parked near the air marshal's tent.

One twilight the chief ordered supper early. There

were to be no lights, no noise, no hilarity. There was something terribly ominous about that evening.

We all knew that Hassan Ali was preparing his big scoop, but none could say how he would strike.

By the time darkness had descended that night, every one had turned in, except the air marshal and myself. The two of us made a final round of the sentries.

"There is one way to stop all this business," murmured the air marshal. "That would be for some one to get at Hassan Ali . . . finish him before he finishes us."

We stared at each other then.

"Enders, you had better turn in. I'll watch until midnight."

I don't know how long I slept. I was awakened by the noise of a howling Chinese. The noise came from the direction where the sentries were guarding the ships. I jumped from my cot and made for it.

The air marshal was already there. Holding his hands before his bearded face, the man yelled out that he was a farmer who had crawled up to the sentry line.

The air marshal quieted him, sent the troops back to their posts, and conducted the visitor to our tent. When the farmer finally spoke, his muffled words startled us.

His story revealed how two Mohammedan leaders had demanded shelter in his farmhouse. He heard them plotting against the life of the Generalissimo. They were going to attack the private train that night! They would attack from two sides.

I STARED at the bearded fellow. There was something vaguely familiar about him. But he said he had never been near the airdrome before.

The air marshal called a soldier.

"Take this man to the town major in Kweiteh," he commanded, "and—wait!" He scribbled a note. "Make sure that this is put into the hands of the town major."

When the orderly and the farmer had left, the chief turned to me. "You stand by the special Corsair."

He picked up the field telephone and talked to the Generalissimo. Presently he told me that the commander in chief was coming over.

That farmer had said the attack would be upon the private train which was the Generalissimo's headquarters. But that did not necessarily let the airdrome out.

We peered anxiously into the blackness toward the motor road. Somewhere out there a darkened car groped its way toward us. Somewhere out there prowled two squadrons of mad horsemen bent upon accomplishing the death of the savior of China.

It seemed to me, standing there, that the end was near—one way or the other. Hassan Ali or Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek—which?

I went suddenly cold when the thought came to me that the farmer's story might well be part of a plot to trap the Generalissimo. Supposing the scheme was to lure him away from the well guarded private train?

I voiced my thoughts to the air marshal and realized that the notion was not new to him.

The sudden gleam of car headlights shattered the darkness on the distant road. Then a single shot cracked near the village. It came from the railroad side and was nowhere near the car. But, as though the bullet had hit the speeding limousine, its headlights blacked out. Three more shots suddenly ripped the quietude.

Then broke the sound we most dreaded to hear—the rumbling thunder of galloping hoofs.

They pounded across the airdrome—straight for the bomb-laden planes and the tents. So it *was* a trap! They meant to cut off the approach of the Generalissimo!

"Stop Chiang Kai-shek!" yelled the air marshal.

I started to run. My path lay in front of the parked planes. The cavalry seemed to be charging straight at me. The sentries and pilots had snapped into action and their bullets flew overhead. But not a shot from the ghostly riders. Only the pounding of hoofs, booming, threatening.

I had covered about a quarter of the distance to the Generalissimo's car when the savage horsemen, who were halfway across the field, gave tongue:

"*Ta! Ta! Ta!* [Kill! Kill! Kill!]"

My lungs were bursting. Desperately I made for the farthest group of planes. I was trapped between them and the riders. I crouched under the nearest plane.

The spearhead of the attack crashed into the line of big ships. There was an awful sound of tearing fabric, the zing of a metal propeller.

Perhaps it was the shock of the mad rush, the vibration set up—whatever it was, something tapped the nose of one of the ugly black bombs beneath a Douglas. For an instant the night sky brightened. Then came a crash.

Before the first geyser of earth and bits and pieces of men and horses started falling, two more bombs let go. The riddled ship caught fire.

Lighted by the glare, the horses of the headlong flank which rode at me, reared, slid to a startled halt. The riders spurred them madly toward the village.

By the light of the blazing ship I dashed the remaining hundred yards or so to the Generalissimo's car. I pulled the door open. The Generalissimo was not inside. A woman crouched in the corner. It was Rosita!

"Where's he gone?" I roared.

She pointed toward the flaming plane. "Over there! I'm going to fetch the reinforcements from the train!"

I retraced my steps. A handful of Mohammedans had burst through the line of ships, were charging, and slashing among the sentries.

Then I saw the uniformed figure of the Generalissimo. He was accompanied by two officers and was striding toward the air marshal's tent. I stumbled after him.

Three more bombs let go before I reached the corner of the airdrome. Just behind me two more ships had caught fire. I ran along the line of tents toward the Corsair.

Above the confusion, the deep-throated roar of a Wasp engine reached my ears. Suddenly the plane's landing lights blazed full on me. Then the ship turned slowly away from me, toward the field. The beams of its lights bedazed the kicking, struggling horses. Their rays cut a lane through the panicked saber-waving Mohammedans. The pilot saw the gap, saved precious seconds. He kicked the throttle wide open. The Wasp boomed, gave a short hop, and careered straight for the enemy.

Ten yards from a fur-capped rider on a white horse, it zoomed sharply skyward. Hassan Ali and his milk-white steed caromed off a rearing neighbor and fell. The wheeling, fighting mass trampled the Mohammedan leader, and his broken body was crushed into the dirt.

Another bomb let go. The raiders broke and fled. Then a rifle volley came from the direction of the village. The town major's reinforcements were closing on the Mohammedans from the other side. It was their turn to be trapped. Their slaughter was a matter of moments.

Above us, picked out against the starless sky, the lights of the Corsair streaked steadily eastward.

Well before dawn of that October morning, Air Marshal Chang Wei-jung made the first night-landing ever to be attempted in China. His passenger was Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. They landed at Suchow Junction, one hundred miles of night flight east of Kweiteh.

A FEW days after Hassan Ali's death, Tungkwan fell and Feng the Christian fled to Taishan—a high mountain which is sacred to Buddhism.

Nine days after the memorable night raid, the men of Hassan Ali were scattered and destroyed by the Air Force. And within three months, the ruined farmers and shopkeepers along the path of the Mohammedan horde's advance had banded together and formed the heart of China's first Communist body. Savage, homeless, hopeless, they ravage western China to this day.

Within eleven months of that night raid which marked the beginning of the end of the civil war, the Japanese, fearful of the Generalissimo's success in unifying a formidable China, had seized Manchuria.

One of the queerest twists of that eventful night, however, was the solving of the mystery of the frightened farmer. He was Captain Wu. His job had been to lure the Generalissimo to the flying field—into Hassan Ali's trap. It was not his fault that the squadrons made their charge five minutes too soon. He certainly did his best to obtain revenge for an airplane flight taken against his will! He was shot at the edge of Kweiteh airdrome.

THE END

IT CAN HAPPEN—IT HAS!

The screen presents a grim, courageous picture of things in the American scene — From London comes a new one for La Dietrich

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ THEY WON'T FORGET

THE PLAYERS: Claude Rains, Gloria Dickson, Edward Norris, Otto Kruger, Allyn Joslyn, Lana Turner, Linda Perry, Elisha Cook, Jr., Cy Kendall, Clinton Rosemond, E. Alyn Warren, Elizabeth Risdon, Clifford Soubier, Granville Bates, Ann Shoemaker, Paul Everton, Donald Briggs, Sybil Harris, Trevor Bardette, Elliott Sullivan, Wilmer Rines, Eddie Acuff, Frank Faylen, Leonard Mudie, Harry Davenport, Harry Beresford, Edward McWade. Screen play by Aben Kandel and Robert Rosson from a novel by Ward Greene. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 99 minutes.

THIS courageous, controversial filming of Ward Greene's provocative study in mob hysteria and intersectional prejudice, Death in the Deep South, is bound to arouse explosive discussion.

A pretty girl student in a Southern business school is found murdered. Suspicion switches about until it settles upon a teacher from the North. Then you see hysteria, fanned by newspapers and nursed along by a politically ambitious district attorney, smolder and flare until it bursts into flame at a trial that is a mere formality. When the governor, believing that the young chap has not had a fair chance, commutes his sentence to life imprisonment, a mob steps in and writes finis to the case.

The hopeless victim of hysteria in They Won't Forget—Edward Norris—with Gloria Dickson and Claude Rains.

Mr. Greene's story does not paint the mob victim as either innocent or guilty. All that, as Mr. Greene sees it, is beside the point. Mr. Greene is protesting at what should be evenhanded justice but instead is a hippodrome built by opportunists and chance.

This is a social document rather than entertainment. As such it is unrelenting, bitter, savage. Its observations have the sting of a whiplash. And as the mob hysteria mounts and North is arrayed against South, the film skates along a danger line. Still, if Dixie is sensitive, it should remember that this could happen—and has happened—anywhere.

Claude Rains is superb as the crafty, provincial, ambitious district attorney. But watch Allyn Joslyn as the cynical, true-to-life small-town reporter, Edward Norris as the hopeless victim of the headlines, and Gloria Dickson as his tortured young wife. Lana Turner is a grand film bet as the provocative *corpus delicti*. And Clinton Rosemond deserves a special award as an hysterical Negro who is almost railroaded to kingdom come.

VITAL STATISTICS: First announced as Death in the Deep South, studio first dropped "Death" and then "In the Deep South." Nothing being left, picture was retitled They Won't Forget. Book was by Ward Greene of King Features Syndicate, author of Cora Potts, best seller of some years ago. . . . Gloria Dickson is a graduate of Federal Theater Projects; twenty years old and of Pocatello, Idaho. Has traveled with a tent show in her time, for which she received a salary of 76 cents the first week, $1.45 the second week, $2.91 the third week, and was leading lady. Except for Claude Rains and Otto Kruger, cast is composed of unknowns. . . . Seventeen-year-old Lana Turner also comes from Idaho. She's still going to school on the lot. . . . Rains is a Briton; had to work up that y'all stuff. So did most of the other South'n players. . . . Allyn Joslyn was the goofy writer in the stage play Boy Meets Girl. . . . Dixie-born Dalton S. Reymond of Louisiana State University taught the cast to talk Mason-Dixon English. Says the Englishmen in the class took to it more naturally than the Yankees. Only real true-blue Southern boys in the cast were Eddie Acuff who hails from Alabama, and E. Alyn Warren (you remember the Warrens of Virginia). Then there's the Negro actor Clinton Rosemond of Seneca City, South Carolina. Seven years ago he sang for the late King George and Queen Mary by special command. He's set to play the old family butler in Gone with the Wind. Producer LeRoy forbade powder puffs to be used on players' faces — wanted perspiration on faces to show the movie audiences how hot it is when it's hot down South. . . . Otto Kruger is excellent New York actor who has recently returned from making pictures in Europe.

★ ★ ½ KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR

THE PLAYERS: Marlene Dietrich, Robert Donat, Irene Vanbrugh, Herbert Lomas, Austin Trevor, Basil Gill, David Tree, John Clements, Frederick Culley, Lawrence Hanray, Dorice Fordred, Franklin Kelsey, Lawrence Kingston, Hay Petrie, Miles Malleson, Lyn Harding, Raymond Huntley. Adapted by Frances Marion from a novel by James Hilton. Directed by Jacques Feyder. Produced by London Film-United Artists. Running time, 100 minutes.

THIS is a James Hilton novel—but it isn't a Mr. Chips or a Lost Horizon. It is all about a British secret agent in old Russia. Arrested after an attempted assassination, he cannot reveal his identity and is shunted to frozen Siberia. Comes the Revolution! The Briton, Robert Donat, who speaks Russian like a native, now is welcomed back to Red Russia and becomes a commissar. All goes well until he takes as prisoner the lovely and decorative Countess Alexandra, otherwise Marlene Dietrich.

You will have to see for yourself what happens to the commissar before the melting patrician glances of Alexandra. Personally, we found the picture a long, tedious, and undramatic parade of the Revolution. True, the ornamental Marlene takes two baths, one in an idyllic wood-

land pool. All of which ought to help a revolution, but, unfortunately, the rest of the picture is pretty dull.

The clipped English of the cast, playing Russians, probably will be as amusing to you as a company of Americans doing a British teacup drama to our friends across the sea. Or funnier.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is the pic in which Dietrich made the shot heard of round the world—and also seen—the one in which she takes a bath in the altogether. Suds make scene censorproof. Shows her lovely shafts again, after a period in which she concealed them—wanting to be loved for her mind alone. She still plays pretty good violin, is crazy about her dotter Maria, has real shimmering gold locks. . . . A Withington, Manchester, lad, '05 vintage, Robert Donat studied for the stage, got big film start after Thomas Culpepering in Henry VIII. He's a rugged six-footer, fond of royal sports, roast beef, ham and eggs, bean soup, and apple pie, reading matter from horror yarns to Tacitus. His maw and paw are naturalized Americans, live on a farm at Bethel, Connecticut. Pronounces his name Doan-at. Fambly hails from a south France town called St. Donat. . . . That thick evergreen forest is actually prop, the largest interior forest ever built. Water into which Dietrich leaps to escape the sojers was steam-heated. She hates cold. . . . Jacques Feyder drekted La Kermesse Héroique, sprouted in Brussels, Belgium, 43 years ago, in 1929 made foreign versions in Hollywood, is really Jacques Friederix. . . . Korda bought two 35-ton locomotives, two tenders, and six undercarriages for coaches from the London Midland & Scottish Rilewy, built his first rilewy set (at Denham Studios) for this. It runs 1,000 yards and he got the whole thing for $10,000. Would you like to buy an old locomotive? They can be had—reasonable too. . . . Frances Marion used to be Hollywood's highest paid scenarist—$5,000 a week. Now Ben Hecht is. Hecht gets $5,500 a week.

★★ RHYTHM IN THE CLOUDS

THE PLAYERS: Patricia Ellis, Warren Hull, William Newell, Richard Carle, Zeffie Tilbury, Charles Judels, David Carlyle, Joyce Compton, Suzanne Kaaren, Esther Howard, Ed Parker, James C. Morton, Rolfe Sedan. Screen play by Olive Cooper, adapted by Nathanael West from a story by George Mence and Ray Bond. Directed by John H. Auer. Produced by Republic. Running time, 65 minutes.

A SO-SO musical melodrama of a pretty, starving girl song writer who in desperation tricks a hotel management and gets herself installed in the luxurious apartment of an absent rich composer of melodic hits for the radio. Then she falls in love with another successful tunesmith who lives in an adjoining apartment.

This is a mild trifle, with Patricia Ellis doing very well as a cute girl traveling under false melodies. Warren Hull is rather good as the neighbor who writes for Tin-Pan Alley.

Sometime some one is going to do a real film satire about radio. Here is a rich, redolent, and resplendent subject, if you should ask us.

VITAL STATISTICS: Pat Ellis was born in New York 19 years ago, is Hollywood's perennial freshman. Has real blonde hair, can paint and draw. Her chief hobby's filing, keeps an elaborate card index system on every conceivable thing from clothes to boyfriends, both of which she has many. Began the habit as a child when recovering from a serious illness, has kept it up ever since. Has a $5 lucky ring which she prizes so superstitiously she's insured it for $1,000. . . . Richard Carle's been at it 46 years, has yet to be bored with the profession, never intends to retire, is antithrifty: likes to spend his money rather than let it stagnate, claiming stagnating money stagnates the stagnatee. . . . Warren Hull has done 512 radio progs, can play piano, sax, guitar, harp, zither, trombone, clarinet, harmonica, violin, cello, badminton, golf, tennis, and ping-pong. One of the New York Gasport boys, he's the sheik of the N. Y. U. and Rochester U. campi, singing and athaleting at both intellectual joints. . . . Joyce Compton used to be shier than a dollar the day before payday but overcame it by her mother's patient application of wake-up-and-live tactics. Now Joyce, thanks to it all and the movies, owns her own home in Benedict Canyon and is not shy of cash. . . . Suzanne Kaaren is of Sydney, Awstrilyer, has German-French blood in her pretty veins, was edded in Noo Yawk, something of a Didrikson, highjumped for old N. Y. U. Was discovered modeling clothes in a newsreel, which only goes to show that a college degree has some use. She has honeybrown hair, topaz eyes, poetifies and paints, pronounces only the first a in Kaaren. Second's silent—like the 2nd x in Foxx.

★ ½ DANGEROUS HOLIDAY

THE PLAYERS: Ra Hould, Hedda Hopper, Guinn Williams, Jack La Rue, Jed Prouty, Lynn Roberts, William Bakewell, Fern Emmett, Virginia Sales, Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, William Newell, Thomas E. Jackson, Wade Boteler, Carleton Young. Screen play by Nicholas Barrows from a story by Karen De Wolf and Barry Shipman. Directed by Nicholas Barrows. Produced by Republic. Running time, 57 minutes.

THIS melodrama of a boy violinist who is exploited ruthlessly by a family hungry for money has possibilities. There certainly is room for a human story in the child musical prodigy and his rich and lonely isolation. For another thing, this has Ra Hould, a sensitive and promising lad from New Zealand, as its hero. With half a chance, Master Hould might be a Master Bartholomew.

The picture does not grow into anything in particular because the authors get their yarn tangled up with gangsters and pursuing police and lose it in the midst of a lot of labored plot motivations.

Human-interest note: Watch carefully and you will see Jack Mulhall, once a star, as a motorcycle cop.

VITAL STATISTICS: Child star Ra Hould is a boy violinist. He comes from New Zealand, son of Arthur Hould, retired New Zealand shipper. He's a descendant of James Butlin, English sculptor. He's really Richard Arthur. Ra plays cricket and is learning baseball. He skates a lot at the Hollywood rink, and is learning to shoot at the Hollywood police revolver range, where the officer in charge is teaching him how to shoot .22- and .38-caliber revolvers. . . . Jack Mulhall, star of silent pictures, has seen Hollywood from the top and the bottom. He is on the way up again. . . . Franklin Pangborn started out as an architect, and dreams of ending up as a heavy dramatic player, but Hollywood has him typed for comedy. . . . Jack La Rue has been a piano tuner and a boxer. . . . Jed Prouty is a wood carver and has decorated most of the studio props with his handiwork. . . . Big boy Guinn Williams, that screen lawbreaker, is a son of a Texas lawmaker. His pa's a congressman. . . . Lynn Roberts is fairly new to the screen. She's a young gal who's been playing in a small stock company.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous, Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion.

★★★½—Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime, The King and the Chorus Girl, Elephant Boy, On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man.

★★★—The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night, The Soldier and the Lady, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy.

HERE ARE THE FINAL PUZZLES!

THOROUGHBRED DOG *Contest*

GET YOUR ENTRY IN ON TIME!

HERE are the last three composites in the contest to find the twenty-five Liberty readers who will each receive a pedigreed pet as a prize. If you have kept your set of solutions up to date the addition of the solutions to these three composites will complete that part of your entry. As required by Rule 3, each set of thirty solved composites must be accompanied by a brief statement explaining which of the various breeds of dog you would most like to own and why. Fifty words is the maximum for this statement. Use as many less as you wish, but do not exceed this limit. There is ample time before the closing date to check your entry carefully. Once it is in the mails it will be too late for changes. Do not go to the labor and expense involved in preparing an elaborately decorated entry. Simplicity is best. Winners will be published in the first available issue of Liberty. Prize dogs will be shipped direct from the kennels.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, beginning with the issue dated May 29, Liberty will publish three composite pictures in which three well known breeds of dog are represented.

2. To compete, cut each week's pictures apart and reassemble the pieces as you think they should go. Under each completed picture identify the breed of dog it represents.

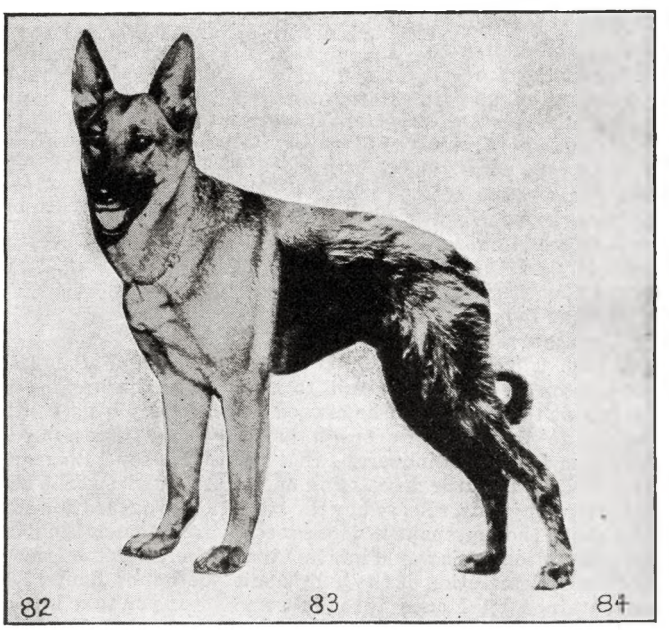
3. Do not send in separate solutions. Wait until the end of the contest, when your set of thirty will be complete, and then send them in as a unit, all at the same time, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words explaining which of the various breeds you would most like to own and why.

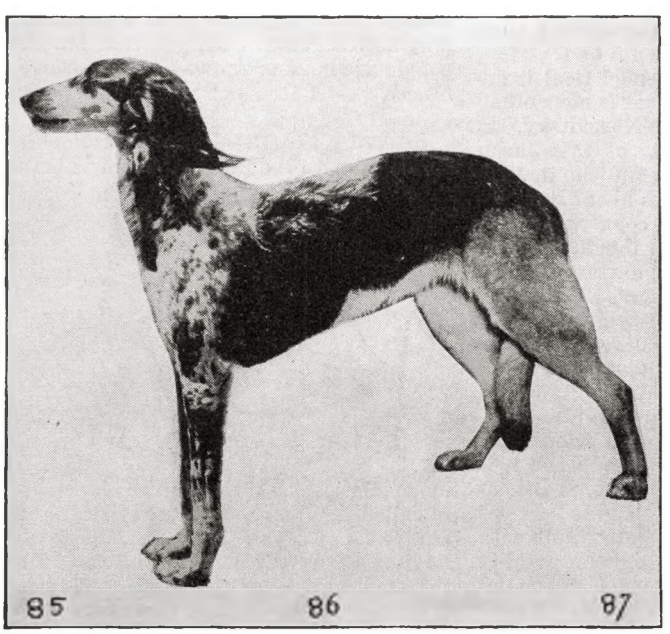
4. For each of the twenty-five sets of most nearly accurate solutions accompanied by the most convincing and sincere statements of preference, Liberty will award a pedigreed dog. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be made. Every effort will be made to award a dog of the breed specified in the winner's statement, but Liberty cannot guarantee this in all instances. Prize dogs will be shipped, prepaid, direct from the kennels to winners.

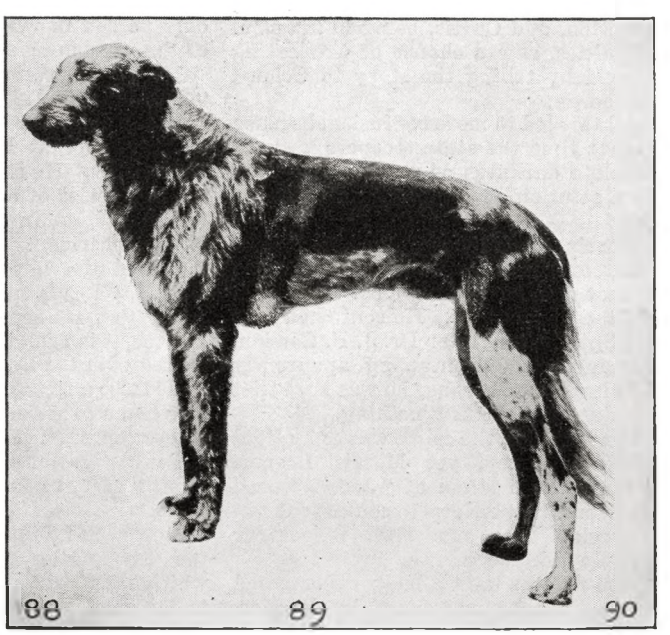
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, August 11, 1937, the closing date of this contest. All prize-winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for publication in whole or in part, as they may desire.

6. Send entries by first-class mail addressed to DOG CONTEST EDITOR, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into any correspondence relative to any entry.







Vox Pop

The Lindbergh Case Has Not Been Solved

(A letter to Anthony Abbot, Liberty's Crime Commentator)

NEW YORK CITY—I read Mrs. Thacker's story about Gaston B. Means with a great deal of interest; but before I even heard of Mrs. Thacker I was quite familiar with Means' record and his accomplishments as an investigator. I knew that he was connected with the W. J. Burns Detective Agency, and that he was in the employ of the German government; I was then in the British Secret Service and reported as No. 45.

In the June 5, 1937, Liberty you ask: "Has the Lindbergh case been solved, or hasn't it?" I can say without hesitation that it has not been solved.

If Mrs. Thacker's version is true—that Gaston B. Means had said to Mrs. McLean at the time when he offered his services to find the Lindbergh baby: "Tell him [Colonel Lindbergh] that the gang realizes that the description of the baby's sleeping suit, released by the state troopers to the newspapers, is an incorrect description"—it would indicate that the correct description of the baby's suit was obtained by Means through some one connected with the Lindbergh household, and that he was sure of his ground. Means could have easily transmitted a plausible yarn for John Curtis' consumption, and Curtis, being in financial difficulties, saw a chance of extricating himself by telling the story to Colonel Lindbergh.

All this led to more confusion, because at that time the state troopers were in complete darkness as to where to turn for a solution of the Lindbergh kidnaping.

Morris, or "Mickey," Rosner, former undercover man for W. J. Burns, acted as contact man between Colonel Lindbergh and the underworld. He contacted Bitz and Spitale, and later Dr. J. F. Condon. Rosner did the contacting apparently with impunity, because he was sure that the state police knew nothing.

For instance, the crime was committed in New Jersey, yet Morris Rosner, through the medium of "Jafsie," used the Bronx Home News to contact the underworld. What made Rosner look for possible kidnapers in the Bronx?

Two months later a badly decomposed body of a baby was found in the New Jersey woods, with the result that Curtis was sent to jail and Rosner lost his job. Then, some time later, when Mrs. Rosner took her husband, "Mickey" Rosner, to court for nonpayment of alimony, it was brought out that Rosner received $12,000 from Colonel Lindbergh for services rendered. What "services"?

Please bear in mind that Gaston B. Means and Morris Rosner both worked for the W. J. Burns Detective Agency. Rosner was familiar with every phase of the Lindbergh kidnaping from the very start.

According to Mr. Green, city editor of the Daily Mirror, "Mickey" Rosner was a friend of Al Capone, and actually acted as his emissary when he applied to Colonel Lindbergh for a job as contact man. It was not Colonel Breckinridge who recommended "Mickey" Rosner to Colonel Lindbergh. An underworld character named Madden vouched for Rosner when he applied to Colonel Lindbergh. All this, however, became known only after the execution of Bruno Richard Hauptmann.

If you take into consideration the fact that a J. J. Faulkner turned in $2,900 in ransom gold certificates in New York May 1, 1933, then it becomes obvious that Bruno Richard Hauptmann was not the only person in whose possession a part of the ransom money was found.

During the recent Wendel trial it developed that J. J. Faulkner is none other than the notorious Jacob Nosovitsky. It so happens that I know of this Jacob Nosovitsky. He is the man who in 1925 wrote a series of articles about the radical activities in this country in the N. Y. American. He is the fellow who swindled the late Judge Gary of the U. S. Steel Corporation and who has the reputation of being an expert forger. He, too, it is rumored, was formerly connected with the Burns Detective Agency and is also a friend of "Mickey" Rosner.

When all the facts are taken into consideration, then it becomes obvious that the investigation of the Lindbergh kidnaping case, to say the least, is incomplete.

However, I do not find any fault with the Flemington trial, or the verdict which sent Bruno Richard Hauptmann to the electric chair. When Reilly conceded that the decomposed body of a child that was found in the woods was that of the Lindbergh baby, Bruno Richard Hauptmann's fate was sealed. This, however, does not solve the kidnap mystery itself by a long shot.—*Casimir P. Palmer.*

STATE OF NEW JERSEY
Executive Department
June 4, 1937.

Dear Mr. Palmer:

Thank you for sending me the copy of your letter to Mr. Anthony Abbot. Undoubtedly there are a whole lot of very funny things about the entire case, and many of the questions could have been cleared up had there been competent investigational work immediately after the kidnaping. However, I agree with you that the case is not yet solved and that justice will not be satisfied until such time as the entire truth is known.

Sincerely,
HAROLD G. HOFFMAN *(Signed)*
Governor.

WAITING FOR IT 18 YEARS!

HOLSTEIN, IA.—I think you've got something in Edwin C. Parsons' Flight into Hell (June 19 Liberty). I have been waiting for eighteen years to read a history of the famed Lafayette Escadrille, so I'm hoping that Mr. Parsons will give us the story in its entirety. And please give us as many individual pictures of its members as possible.—*E. A. Kuebl.*

10 WELL'S, 30 AND'S, 11 SO'S

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—Usually I have been delighted with your magazines. But I was never so shocked at Liberty until it selected such a so-called author as Walter Brooks. If Liberty is trying to help the poor man through college, I wish that you had given him the money instead of letting him publish that awful story Jane Makes Up Her Mind (June 19 issue).

Did you ever get so mad when you read a story that if you got hold of the author you would probably murder him, as he does the magazine he is writing for?

Well, if you have, then you will know how I felt.

Did you notice that Mr. Brooks had ten sentences that began with "Well," and about thirty with "And," not mentioning the eleven sentences beginning with "So"? If you consult a grammarian you will find that they are among the worst mistakes in English.—*A. H.*

PISCES AND VIRGO PEOPLE

TOPEKA, KAN.—In your June 19 Twenty Questions I noticed that you said more and better children are born in March. May I ask why? March people, as a rule, are misunderstood. I was born March 13 and life has been a problem. Any astrologer will tell you that March people are hard to know.—(*Mrs.*) *Daisy Snook.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—I see Vox Pop is surfeited with the Levites. Persons born

under the constellation Virgo (anciently called Levi) are the most critical and analytical of the twelve kinds. When the Levites learn to do constructive thinking they will get rid of the stomach trouble with which most of them are troubled.—*C. Tousey Taylor.*

BLOODHOUNDS FOR MAN HUNT

DEMAREST, N. J.—Contests are my hobby. But your latest one, the Dog Contest, is out, because I have sixteen dogs now. They are bloodhounds.

Eight of them I am training to track down the Man Hunt Contest that seems to have got lost in the shuffle.

There being no closed season on editors, the dogs may bring home one of those birds. If it's the one that edited

the Man Hunt Contest, I'll see that he is put where the dogs won't bite him. The room may be small but the window will be grate.

I so enjoy working on a contest for ten weeks and then never hearing of it again.

The other dogs I am now feeding on dog biscuits cut in squares, triangles, and parallelograms. 'Nough said.—*F. Wollesee.*

[If our wise-cracking Vox Popper had shown the May 29 and June 5 Libertys to his bloodhounds they surely would have tracked down the contest winners he is interested in. If they failed to do so, as we gather from his letter, he needs new dogs and should enter *that* contest.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

MISTED EYES AND A SNEER FOR DR. SHELDON

CANTON, OHIO—The beauty of If Christ Came to New York, by the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon (June 12 Liberty), has left me deeply moved. Surely He would see it as Dr. Sheldon has seen it.

Dr. Sheldon's expression of racial tolerance I am sure misted the eyes of many of his readers and makes me think of the harshness of man's inhumanity to man. Why should not the affection of which he speaks transcend the many prejudices we mostly all possess?

In this respect, when one sees an object of pity or ridicule, why not think, "There, but for the grace of God, go I"?

Many of us look forward to more of Dr. Sheldon's enlightening articles.—*Anthony Deal.*

DENVER, COLO.—After reading the article If Christ Came to New York, I am convinced more than ever that the modern clergy are truly typical of the scribes and Pharisees whom Christ so bitterly denounced. It is just as reasonable to infer from Dr. Sheldon's article that should Christ have visited Babylon He would have been just as much impressed with the Tower of Babel as He would be with the Empire State Building, the ironical Statue of Liberty, or any other man-made monument dedicated to Big Business, corrupt government, or hypocrisy. We all know, or should know, what Jehovah God thought of Babylon.

It is self-evident that the Reverend Sheldon is an ally of the world, and in this connection I refer him to James 4:4. —*P. E. Cronk.*

"BILLIONS FOR RELIEF"

PRESHO, S. D.—I have just finished Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Billions for Relief (June 12 Liberty), and wish to say a few pertinent words relative to the subject.

To my mind the only way we will ever get rid of relief workers is to give them about twenty cents an hour and have them work ten hours a day.

This will give them living wages, and then some private individual can afford to hire them for thirty-five or thirty cents an hour and they will be glad to take the job offered. But with the government paying taxpayers' money at forty cents an hour, why should they have any desire to work for anybody else?

A man cannot afford to hire them at forty cents an hour, for they are notoriously slow in their work and not worth the twenty cents I suggested above.

What do you think of this idea?

I went through the panic of '93, and all we got was kicks and advice to get busy and "do something" for ourselves; and I worked on the section for $1.10 a day for ten hours' work, and if we didn't do our strip we were fired.

Take this idea for what it is worth, but I am sure this is the only way to get rid of the set-up we have today.—*F. M. Newman, M. D.*

FILL-IN STATION

"First I t--- h-- to the m-----; then s--- k------ breeds g----!"

(Can you fill in the missing words? The solution is on page 58.)

BUY A GAS MASK, MID-VIC

LAS VEGAS, NEV.—In reply to Mid-Vic (June 19 Liberty), may I suggest that she either take up smoking so the smoke won't annoy her, or else buy a gas mask, which would probably cover up a long nose anyway.

Also, might I point out that smoke does not get into one's food (as she says)

unless one is eating off a shelf, chin-high, or unless some one is lying under the table enjoying his after-dinner cigarette, which isn't done.—*A Western Smoker-Upper.*

BOYS, STOP BEING SISSIES!

CICERO, ILL.—It is again time for our new graduates to give forth their yearly howl (June 19 Vox Pop) about terrible conditions in the country as they go forth to face the world.

I am a young man of twenty-four and I have been fighting this cruel world for eight years—ever since the crash of everything in 1929.

I've been in business three times; twice I have failed, and it looks bad the third time.

I have been jobless, almost hungry, dug ditches for my room and board. I have been kicked around, shoved around, and now I hear of young fellows thinking of turning Communistic before they even start to see what it's all about.

We young folks of today haven't half the guts we think we have. We're licked before we start; we're beat because we think that way.

Opportunity is still here for all of us, but we must go out and fight to get our chance. Let's stop being sissies. Let's be men.—*Richard Jalmek, Jr.*

NEVER GETS MORE THAN TEN WORDS

OMAHA, NEB.—I have been working crossword puzzles for years and I am wondering if any one ever solved one that appeared in Liberty? I never have. In fact I have never been able to solve more than ten words in any one of them.

Why not make them a little easier so that the average individual can get some enjoyment out of trying to solve one?

As it is, it sure is no fun for even the person who might be far above the average in intelligence. —*Puzzled Reader.*

Two-Minute Stories

☆

NOT QUITE A CHRISTIAN

WHAT has always amused me about this story is that my father, who told it to me, insisted that old Prince Ivan Hassanoff considered himself a perfectly good Christian, for he belonged to the Orthodox Russian Church, though of Tatar, therefore Moslem, ancestry—which may explain it all.

He lived in an ancient stone castle, somewhere in Central Asia, that had been built by his hard-riding, hard-fighting ancestors. A feudal place it was; and if, occasionally, his behavior—chiefly toward rich traders and pretty young girls—was just as feudal, the Czar's government would close a tolerant eye, since the man was powerful.

When he was about to die—he was then eighty—he sent, quite properly, for the priest. The latter came and spoke of confession, penance, absolution.

But the prince shook his head.

Oh, yes—he admitted—he had been guilty of various and numerous sins.

"But," he went on, and he was serious, "confess? No, no. I am who I am. A gentleman of quality. Surely the Lord will make an exception in my case."

The priest argued—unsuccessfully. Finally, seeing that Hassanoff was dying, he begged: "At least, do one thing."

"What?"

"Forgive your enemies."

The old aristocrat seemed puzzled.

"Why," he said, "I have no enemies."

"You—" stammered the priest, familiar with the other's reputation, "you *have* no . . ."

"Not a one. You see," said the prince, "I killed them all."

So he died, with a childlike and happy smile on his wrinkled yellowish features. —*Achmed Abdullah.*

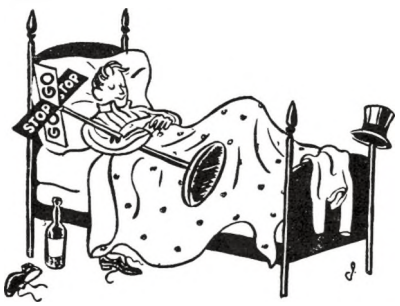
THE END

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The police department one Monday received through the mail the stop-and-go arms of a traffic signal, missing since the previous Saturday night. A brief note attached read: "Here's your old sign. I woke up with the thing in my bed Sunday morning."



Answer to Fill-in Station Cartoon on Page 57

"First I take her to the movies; then she says kissing breeds germs!"

CONTENTS

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 living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

CHINA'S STRONG WOMAN TALKS

"The greatest man in Asia is a woman—Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, wife of China's Generalissimo, and his rescuer from rebels!"

All trustworthy observers of the pre-ent-day Far East insist that she is the real source of the statesmanship and energy that are unifying China. Yet to the Western world she has come to seem a legendary figure.

What, in truth, is she like? What is her faith—her philosophy—her practical program?

Liberty's editor, Fulton Oursler, just returned from a study of the Orient, reveals the answers to these questions in next week's issue—answers he obtained not only from observation, but in a personal interview with the great woman of China herself!

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek

LIFE AFTER DEATH: ARE WE GETTING NEW PROOFS?

Can the dead speak to the living, the living to the dead? How else explain the message of the aviator who died in France, the communications of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to his family, and other strange events?

The son of the famous British author and spiritualist predicts a startling new era of "wireless" between life and after-life. This article by Denis P. S. Conan Doyle next week will set you thinking!

STRIP-TEASE GIRL

Intimate revelations of a girl who stripped her body to please men! Born in a honky-tonk, the daughter of a kootch dancer, she knew only the cheap sordid glitter of burlesque life until Fate swept her into another world. Don't miss the dramatic opening chapter in this sensational real-life story of Wings Delaney in Liberty next Wednesday!

Other articles and stories by Ben Ames Williams, Marion Brandon, Judge George E. Q. Johnson, Rabbit Maranville, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE JULY 28

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

For Men and Women Who Want MORE MONEY!

MAKING AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY PAY—By A. J. Ezickson of New York Times-Wide World Photos. Introduction by Willard D. Morgan, Contributions Editor, Life.

Tells how to make your camera pay with advice contributed by editors of Life, and other nationally known pictorial publications—what sort of pictures to take—how to take them for best effect—where to sell them (including over three hundred names and addresses of publications and other organizations who purchase photographs). Also tells how to caption and mail pictures to editors of newspapers, magazines, syndicates, etc. Twenty illustrations showing types of pictures most in demand. Your present collection may contain saleable prints. A fine practical book for anyone owning a camera who wants to make it pay. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

MAKING ART PAY—By Charles Hope Provost

For the advanced art student, recent graduate or any artist who has not yet arrived, a practical guide book replete with trade secrets, market tips, and short cuts to aid in turning their artistic ability into cash. A special section is devoted to aiding beginners in developing talent and a market for their output. Written by a man with forty years of successful experience creating and selling art work of all kinds including advertisements, magazine covers, cartoons, mail order pieces, oil paintings, etc., this outstanding book can be of great value to you. Order today. Substantially bound, only $1.00 postpaid.

A SMALL BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas—By William Allan Brooks

This helpful book contains 1000 tried and proven ways for the individual having little or no capital to build a modest dependable business. It is intended primarily for the thousands of men and women who do not want to trust their economic security to the whims of an employer—also for the woman who wants to add to the family income, for the middle-aged man or woman dependent upon others, the recent college graduate and the student wondering how to earn tuition, it will prove a sound and dependable guide. The 1000 plans set forth are not creations of the imagination but true reports of the various ways in which thousands of persons right now are earning money by their own initiative. Substantially bound—send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

A B C SHORTHAND—Complete in Twelve Easy Lessons

By all means investigate the A B C Shorthand system especially developed for students, writers, lecturers, etc. It is so simple, so easy to learn that you will find yourself actually beginning to write shorthand after a few hours of study—no tedious months of practice—no puzzling signs nor symbols. Just twelve easy lessons that you can put to immediate use one at a time as learned. Substantially bound in cloth—send for it today—$1.00. (Because of copyright reasons we cannot accept Canadian orders for A B C Shorthand.)

CIVIL SERVICE HANDBOOK—By William A. Brooks

Here at last is a comprehensive Civil Service Handbook at a price you can afford. This volume contains a wealth of information on how to go about getting yourself on the Government payroll, detailed Home Study Courses, including 1000 Questions and Answers of former tests, 30 actual previous examinations (with correct replies) for such positions as postal clerk, mail carrier, stationary engineer, factory inspector, electrician, librarian, fireman, bookkeeper, prison keeper, and many others. It tells the mistakes to avoid in arithmetic, grammar, spelling, geography, history, civics—just the type of information called for in civil service examinations. Do not miss this chance! See how simple it is! Exactly what you need to prepare yourself for the big opportunity. Send for it today—only $1.00 postpaid.

THE SECRETS OF CARTOONING

is a fascinating book for amateurs, beginners and teachers of elementary art, illustrated with over three hundred humorous drawings and diagrams by the author, Chuck Thorndike. The unique method of instructing is amazingly simple. You can learn to draw a head, express amusement, anger, surprise, action. These are a few of the features covered in the ten practical lessons it contains. Other chapters explain comics, sports, advertising, and various types of cartooning. The author, a popular artist, is gifted with exceptional talent for teaching others. So constructed with its big 8¼ x 11 pages and heavy antique paper cover that it will lay flat open on the drawing board. Our timely offer, postpaid $1.00.

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☐ Making Art Pay	$1.00	☐ Civil Service Handbook	$1.00
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. . . a practical way to establish Financial Independence

More than 900,000 Americans are saving to establish financial independence by investing in United States Savings Bonds.

The Regular Purchase Plan offered by the United States Treasury, affords a safe and convenient method to provide definite return for later years. Held for 10 years, each Savings Bond matures for 33⅓% more than its purchase price.

Under the Regular Purchase Plan the Treasurer will send to you a periodical reminder to buy a bond of your choice at intervals of your choice. No obligation is involved.

A United States Savings Bond may be redeemed at any time after 60 days from its issue date. This redemption value is never less than the purchase price and increases at the end of the first year and each six months thereafter until the bond matures.

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

FOR SALE AT POST OFFICES OR, IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY MAIL

Treasurer of the United States, Dept. L-07, Washington, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER

..... **$25** U. S. Savings Bonds at **$18.75** $.....
..... **$50** U. S. Savings Bonds at **$37.50** $.....
..... **$100** U. S. Savings Bonds at **$75.00** $.....
..... **$500** U. S. Savings Bonds at **$375.00** $.....
.....**$1000** U. S. Savings Bonds at **$750.00** $.....

It is understood that not more than $10,000 (maturity value) of these bonds issued during each or any calendar year (January 1 to December 31) may be held by any one person. Total $.....

Register in the name of and send to

Name {Miss / Mrs. / Mr.} _____

Street Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States