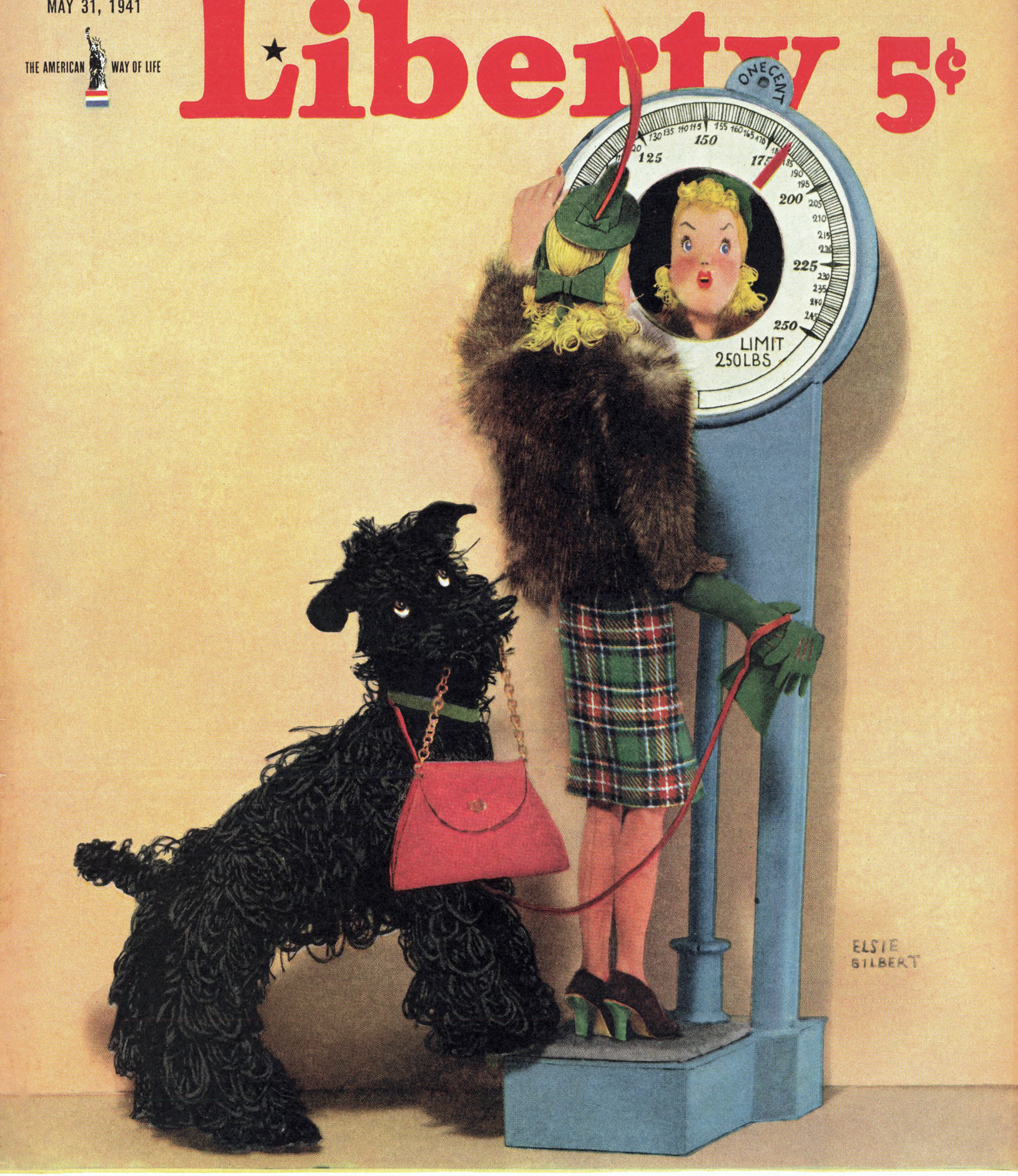
MAY 31, 1941

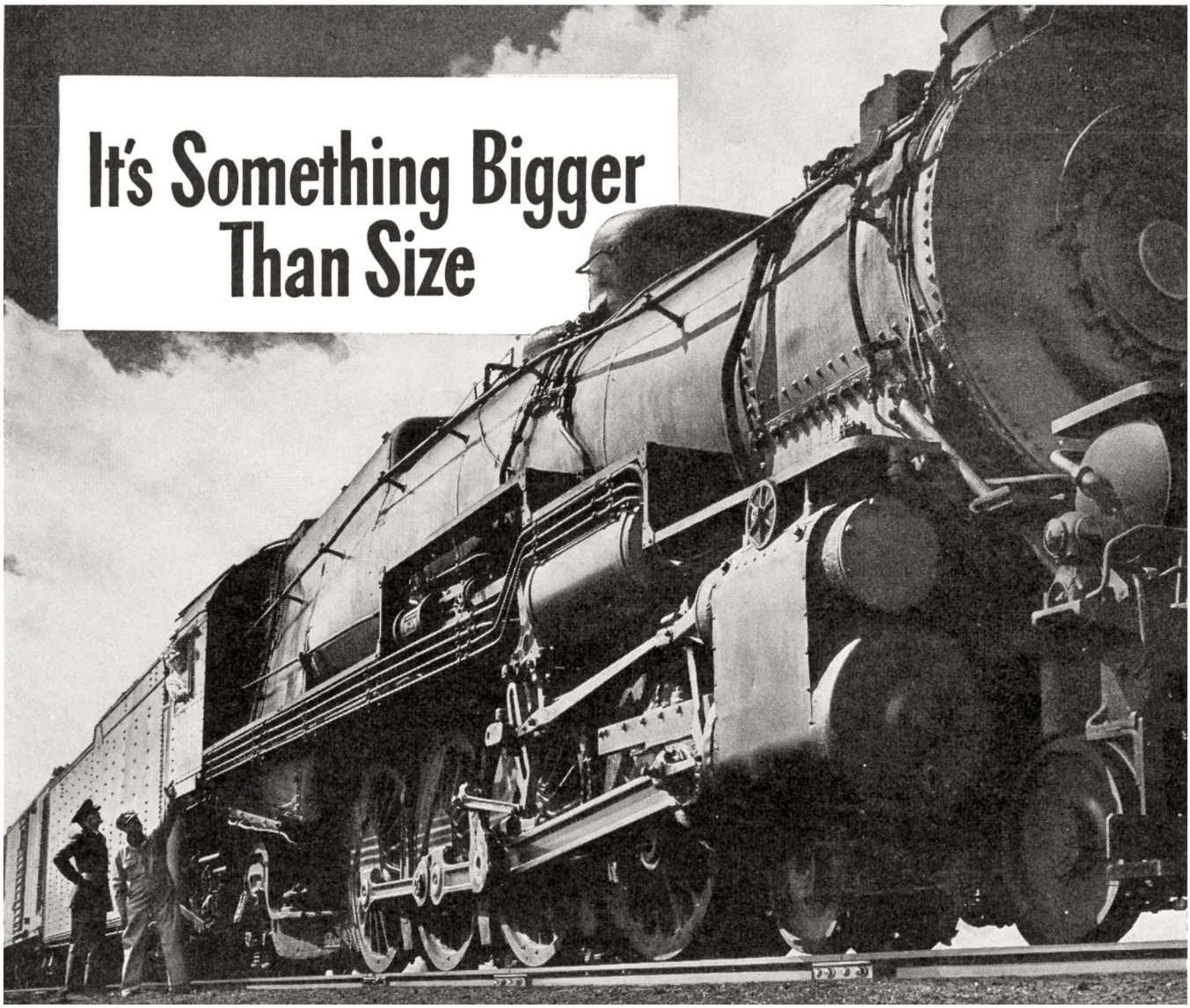
THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

Liberty 5¢



THE JOB OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY—NOW, by ALFRED M. LANDON

OUR FRIENDSHIP WITH AMERICA, by WINSTON CHURCHILL



It's Something Bigger Than Size

THE United States was once much bigger than it is now—so incomprehensibly vast that only a few hardy adventurers had crossed it. It took railroads to pull this continental wilderness together, to enable it to become the nation we know. No other form of transport is big enough and flexible enough to meet the needs of that nation's present commerce and the demands of defense.

But strength doesn't lie in bigness alone. You can't measure the might of the railroads in the increased horsepower of their locomotives, the length of their track or the number of their cars. For their strength today lies also in organized cooperation—not just cooperation with each other, but with shippers and the various government departments.

Thirteen regional Shippers Advisory Boards, in close touch with agricultural and business conditions all over the country, let the railroads know in advance when, where and how many freight cars will be needed.

Machinery for effective cooperation among shippers, railroads, steamships and port authorities prevents congestion of export traffic at the ports.

The defense agencies of the government and the railroads working together map the movement of materials and supplies needed for use by military and naval forces.

Through these cooperative arrangements, cars are used for transportation and not for storage. Freight is not loaded in cars unless it is known that they can be unloaded promptly upon arrival.

This cooperation means better use of our better railroads of today. It multiplies the capacity of the nation's major carriers—for commerce or for defense.

• • •

GRAND CIRCLE TOUR—$90

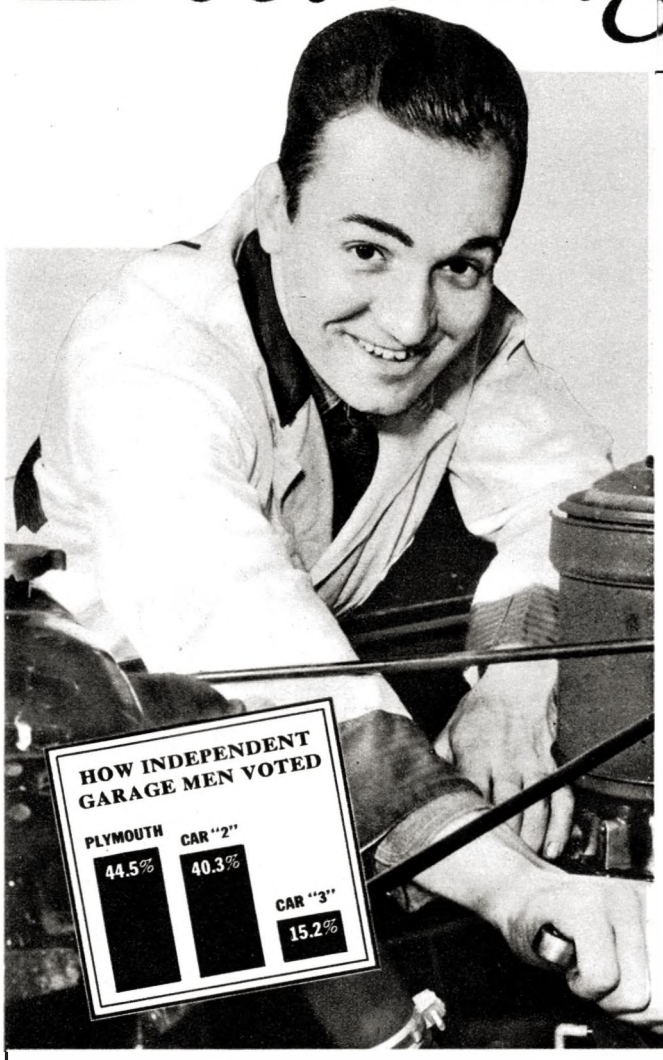
See America from Atlantic to Pacific—from north to south—and back to your starting point. $90 railroad fare in coaches, $135 if you go Pullman (plus $45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth). Liberal stopovers for sightseeing.

Ask your local ticket agent about the new Travel on Credit Plan

"GO NOW—PAY LATER"

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"I Work On All The Low-Priced Cars— I Know Plymouth is *Best-Engineered*"



That's the Verdict of Independent Garage Men

In Nation-wide Survey they Picked Plymouth as Best-Engineered of "All 3" Low-Priced Cars!

ONE RIDE in this new Plymouth and you'll know why independent garage men vote Plymouth first in engineering among "All 3"!

You'll find Plymouth faster on the getaway, a stronger climber...with the greatest power per pound of weight of "All 3"! You'll enjoy greater roominess, made possible by Plymouth's big 117-inch wheelbase...and you have the extra protection of new Safety Rim Wheels.

Plymouth is lowest-priced of "All 3" on many models! *Prices subject to change without notice.* Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, THURS., C.B.S., 9 TO 10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

SEE THE NEW 1941 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

Plymouth

CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S NO. 1 CAR

Longest Wheelbase of "All 3"
Widest Rear Seat of "All 3"
Greatest Power Per Pound of "All 3"
Biggest Safety Advance of "All 3"
Widest Color Choice of "All 3"
Most High-Priced Car Features of "All 3"
Lowest Prices of "All 3" on Many Models

EDWARD PRICE BELL ON CHURCHILL

GULFPORT, MISS.—Lord Haldane, perhaps the greatest political thinker of his day, used to speak to me of Winston Churchill as "a menace to the British Empire." "Brilliance and power of intellect, also high patriotism, Mr. Churchill has," said Lord Haldane. "But final authority would be out of place in his hands."

Viewing recent British history, one cannot forget those words. Farther back, Mr. Churchill threw the Anzacs into the Gallipoli abattoir. Later he hurled his parliamentary shafts of sarcasm at Chamberlain the Peacemaker and called for the "crushing" of Germany. Then he sent an ill equipped British force to Norway to be beaten and driven out. His army in France, brave and tough though it was, suffered the disaster of Dunkerque. At this writing the issue in the Near East is undecided, but the outlook there for the British and their friends is virtually hopeless.

What is the big point?

It is that Mr. Churchill has been pitching Britain's strength hither and thither and afar. And he could not pitch enough of it and be safe at home. He should have taken his stand on Britain's matchless maritime base and awaited attack, meanwhile *preparing* for that attack. The little peoples he could not save (any more than F. D. R. could save them); only get them slaughtered.

Britain's business is Britain's business. But America's business is that of every one of us. Our resolve should be: *We will not duplicate Britain's mistakes. Upon our own continental and maritime base we shall take our stand, and there we shall be delighted to roll the iron dice with whomsoever may choose to come against us.—Edward Price Bell.*

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You'll be Safer with this 19 FEET OF GRIP in every Foot of Tread!

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

WORLD STANDARD OF TIRE VALUE

ALL-WEATHER TREAD – safest for more than quarter of a century.

LONGER NON-SKID MILEAGE – from tougher thick flat tread.

QUICK STOPPING AND STARTING – from deep non-skid grip.

NO SLIP ON CURVES – heavy shoulder blocks resist sliding sideways.

FORTIFIED TREAD – new improved rubber compound.

GREATER BLOWOUT PROTECTION – from higher-tensile Supertwist cord in every ply.

SMART APPEARANCE – prismed sidewalls, decorative ribs.

This first-line "G-3" ALL-WEATHER averages 20% longer tread wear than other popular first-line tires tested — yet costs you less per mile than ever before

IF you're looking for greater highway safety — and who isn't — take a good long look at this latest edition of Goodyear's famed first-line "G-3" All-Weather.

See how its time-proved diamond block tread is criss-crossed by hundreds of separate, deep-cut gripping edges. Note how they FACE at all angles — to brace against skids in any direction.

Put these non-skid edges end to end, and you'll find they give you *nineteen* feet of grip in every single foot of tread — a 19-to-1 safety factor in resisting tire-slip, in all directions.

What's more, you get this greater safety in the toughest, longest-wearing tread ever built on a "G-3" All-Weather tire — *a tread that averages more than 20% longer wear than other popular first-line tires tested against it!*

As a result, you get a tire built to the finest first-line specifications — at a price so low you pay less per mile than ever before.

All this means that you can now enjoy first-line "G-3" All-Weather quality and safety without straining your purse. It's one more proof that *"you get the most for your money in a Goodyear!"*

All-Weather, Supertwist - T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber

P.S. New tubes save tires

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

RIGHT OR WRONG— OUR PRESIDENT

OAKLAND, CALIF.—May I commend Liberty on the editorial Our Most Deadly Enemy in the April 19 issue. This is the best editorial I ever saw in Liberty—have been a reader since way back. We need more of this real patriotic work.

Another thing suggests itself to me: Last fall we elected a President in a fair election and are committed to a foreign policy which I believe seems right to a large majority of the people. Right or wrong, this is our President and our policy for four years.

Notwithstanding—isolation senators, Norman Thomas, and Lindbergh are going about deprecating the President and reviling our policy and causing unrest in the minds of many.

There does not seem to be anything the private citizen can do about it—but I believe Liberty is courageous enough to be able to conduct an effective counter-campaign, and hope that you can see your way to do it.—*Thomas A. Ellis.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—It is refreshing indeed to read the editorial which you carry in April 26 Liberty entitled The Public Will Not Be Damned. Believe me, brother, you certainly have something there. Why in the heck is it necessary for the majority of our citizens to be intimidated indirectly by these strikes when the average man in the plants in question is getting wages far above that of some other workers?—*J. M. P.*

OUR BRASS HATS

NYACK, N. Y.—A recent experience of mine shows the futility of bureaucracy.

Desiring to make a special sampling and advertising appeal to the surgeons at military hospitals, camps, etc., I applied to the Surgeon General's office for a list of these stations. The Government Printing Office advised that it is now restricted as confidential military information.

Of course the spies, saboteurs, and fifth columnists have long ago procured their copies.

Our brass hats are so darned silly!—*William Paul Babcock.*

WANTS IRISH BASES

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Every drop of Irish blood in my veins makes me proud of Yugoslavia and Greece.

With little patience I am awaiting the day when Ireland and the United States begin to do their duty to themselves; when the Irish grant naval bases to England and when we realize that we must *deliver* the weapons to those who are fighting our battles. If the British fleet, under the Churchill government, is eliminated, we will be economically hog-tied.—*Edward Cafferty.*

KEEP HOME FIRES

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Answering The Old Adam question in March 29 Vox Pop: Adam, you must be a bachelor. Otherwise you would have found out before just what we women have on our minds while executing our household tasks. Most married men get a sample of it quite frequently. We are very much concerned about world affairs, the welfare of our husband and children. We ponder over the problem of living within the family budget while expenses are going sky-high. It requires the wisdom of Solomon to keep the home fires burning when there is no coal in the cellar.—*Elise C. Hudson.*

"The warden has given him special privileges during the summer."

BEVERLY HILLS' *Movie Guide*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ZIEGFELD GIRL

BILLIE BURKE, who is the widow of Florenz Ziegfeld, has given her official approval to this, Hollywood's latest nostalgic gesture to dramatize decoratively the famous Broadway revue producer whose name is synonymous with feminine pulchritude. So who is your Beverly Hills to hesitate with his endorsement?

The Ziegfeld revues through the years were invariably long on pretty girls and short on comedy. This film catches the Ziegfeld mood admirably. Lovelies, decked out as golden orange trees and silver Oriental pagodas, stalk up and down endless stairways.

(*Continued on page 47*)

"My guests agree"

says

Deems Taylor

"a good dinner calls for Wine"

On the radio and in the movies *Deems Taylor* has made music understandable to millions. A brilliant composer, he has created almost every form of music, including the operas "Peter Ibbetson," and "The King's Henchman." Deems Taylor lives in Stamford, Connecticut; is known as a genial host

"I'M GLAD wine with dinner is becoming so popular," I writes Deems Taylor. "Because to bring out the flavor of a roast or a juicy steak, nothing in the world equals a good table wine like Burgundy.

"I notice also that many men and women now prefer dry Sherry at cocktail-time. So just set out Sherry before dinner and a good Burgundy or Sauterne with your main course if you want cheers from your guests."

As many hosts have discovered, the dinner served with wine is a genial, sparkling kind of dinner. People find they prefer this more leisurely hospitality, in times like these.

Prefer it because they need to relax and enjoy themselves. And because they would rather stay on the moderate side!

Next time friends gather at your table, bring on a good table wine. For each person pour a serving half water-goblet size. Notice the touch of glamour it adds to your dinner. Mark how it compliments your guests.

HOW TO SERVE WINE . . . The first rule is to set out your wine just as simply as you would coffee or tea.

The "table wines" go best with meals; they are made "dry" (not sweet) to bring to perfection the goodness of your main course. Try red, tart *Burgundy* with roast or steak; pale-gold *Chablis* or *Rhine* wine (chilled) with chicken or fish. Medium-size portions.

Ideal before dinner is Sherry, amber and of nutlike flavor. Serve alone or with appetizers, in cocktail-size portions. A marvelous introduction to any meal.

"Sweet wines" with the light refreshments (also with dessert or after-dinner coffee). Try red, full-bodied *Port* with cheese wafers or with a bowl of nuts. Or golden *Muscatel* with pound cake or cookies. Serve in cocktail-size portions.

Be Considerate—Serve Wine

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA: In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

LET'S AIR-CONDITION OUR YOUTH

WHATEVER may come of this war of wars, one thing is certain.

From now on, until man's inventiveness surpasses the flying machine, the safety of any people will reside in the sky. To be free, a nation must provide itself with all manner of airplanes for attack and for defense. But machines and men to pilot them will not be enough.

The whole nation must be air-conditioned! The next generation must grow up with the feel of having been born with wings, with the instinct to fly.

As a nation, we Americans are undoubtedly *air-minded*, but we are not nearly as *air-conditioned* as we like to think we are. We all agree that air transportation is the coming thing; we talk knowingly of great developments in modern aeronautical engineering—but how many of us want to fly a plane?

It is too late to do much with the present generation, but certainly the time has come to begin to air-condition the next generation of Americans. Without further delay, Liberty believes we should construct a clear, practicable program and put it into effect. If we move quickly and decisively, we can be under way before the opening of the schools next September; the equipment can be on hand, instructors engaged, and the whole program ready to be started.

Knowing the object to be achieved—to air-condition young America—it is not difficult now to move toward certain immediate objectives.

We should begin, in the youngest grades of school, to teach small boys and girls how to make airplane models. A kit for every child should be provided. Thus, in their earliest school life, American children will begin to understand the mysteries of airplane construction and operation. From five to thirteen, the boys and girls would work on the construction of flying models, mastering more complex problems from year to year.

After thirteen, or perhaps a little later, these air-conditioned young people would have access to summer camps where they could join glider and soaring groups and so get practical instruction and experience in managing craft in the air.

Finally, in college, some of the time once spent on Greek roots and in botanical laboratories would go to actual training in flying planes.

Such preparation would equip American pilots to excel any other flyers in the world.

What's that? A voice over to the left says: "Yes! That's just what Germany did!"

Did Germany do that? And what is wrong, Liberty asks, in taking a leaf from Germany's book? We should be eager to learn from Satan himself how to overcome the legions of hell. Here is a practical program to answer a great need of this serious hour!

Such objectives have long been in the minds of many American patriots and especially of aviation leaders. An enthusiastic supporter of the plan is Robert H. Hinckley, of the Civil Aeronautics Authority, and Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce. Mr. Hinckley wants to do something about it.

We believe that *now* is the time to do it.

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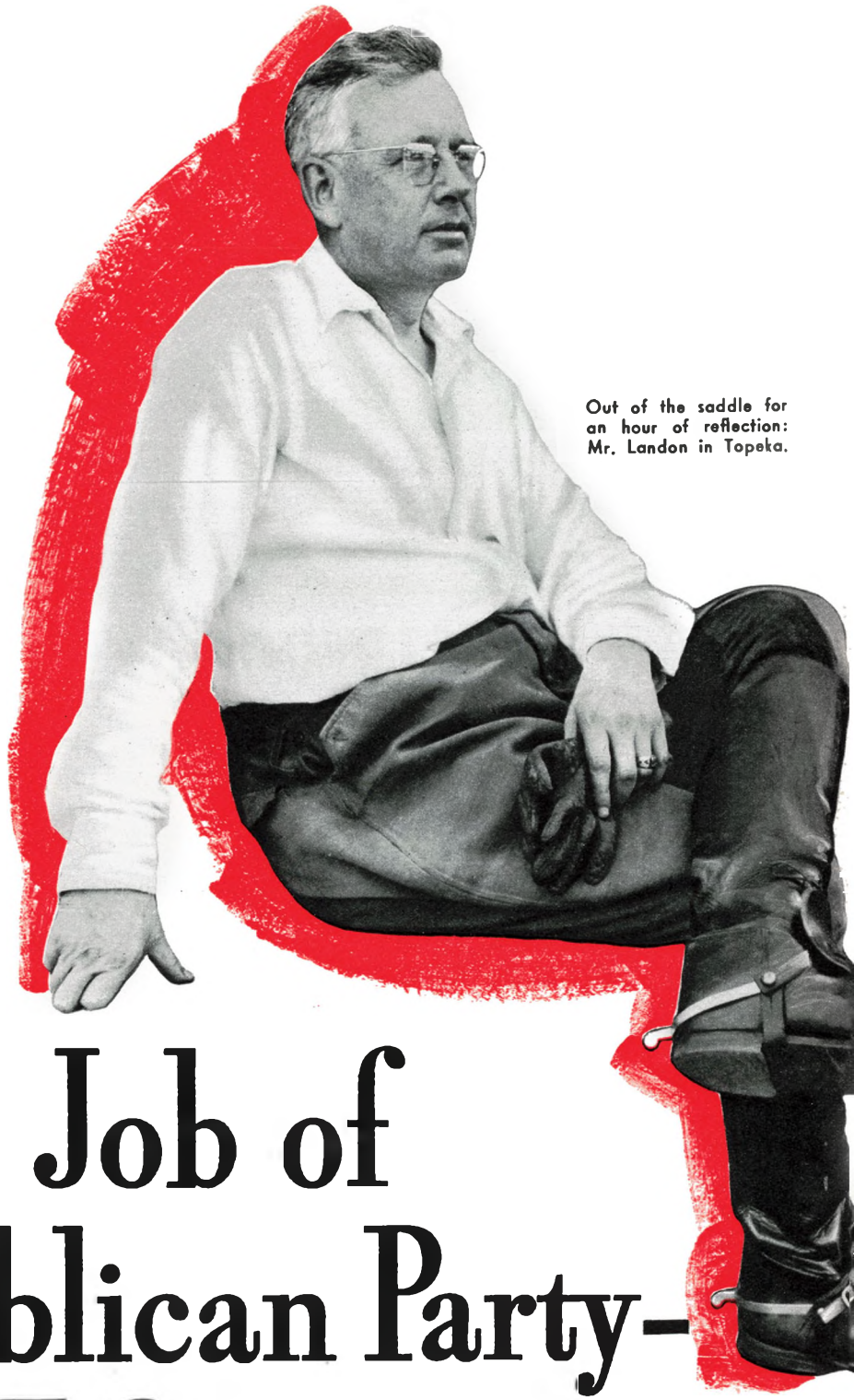


Out of the saddle for an hour of reflection: Mr. Landon in Topeka.

The Job of the Republican Party—*Now*

WHEN Daniel Webster made his famous reply to Hayne, he started his speech by saying that when a mariner had been tossed at sea for days by the waves under stormy skies he took advantage of the first break in the clouds to use his instruments and determine how far from his course he had been driven by the buffeting of the winds and the lashings of the water. Webster then called for the reading of the resolution being debated.

It's much the same with us of the minority party in national activity. It seems advisable now, at the end of the post-election "ifs" and recriminations and after differences on foreign questions that roughed up both parties, that we take advantage of the present rift in the clouds and determine how far the buffetings of the past year have driven us from our true course.

We cannot read a resolution, as did the clerk upon Mr. Webster's request, but we can recall to ourselves the rightful duties of the minority party in our republic. To those who would adjourn politics I only need to point to Germany as the outstanding example of what happened to a one-party country. This is no time to be thinking in terms of personalities, but it is a time to be thinking of policies.

During the past few months the word "opposition" has been used frequently in definitions of the primary duty of the Republicans. This has been unfortunate and inaccurate. Never in peacetime or wartime should the minority party oppose the administration just for opposition's sake. Such procedure would be nothing more than mere partisan obstructionism, and that has no just place in any party, minority or majority.

The minority party in this country has a definite duty, a very definite job, and when it quits that job it is a deserter. The job is necessary to the continuance of the republic and the two-party system. The smooth, efficient operation of our government machinery demands it.

A few times our country has been without a virile and able minority party, and history shows that at exactly those times errors of government were committed which could have been avoided had there been anything like an alert group of men charged with guarding against such mistakes. Lethargy and indifference about the duties of a minority create not popular government but dictatorship, of either the right or the left. A real fighting spirit and a real determination to regain control at the

High in the Rockies, gazing upon the Continental Divide. With him is his daughter, Peggy Ann.

BY ALFRED M. LANDON

What does "opposition" mean now to America's future? A forceful call to the G. O. P.

next election are essential to both the life of a minority party and the life of the republic.

The chief job of the minority party is to analyze searchingly and frankly the proposals and acts of the administration from the viewpoint of the needs and welfare of the people. Not only the short view but, more important, the long view. After that, and only after that, may it rightfully oppose, and then only if it finds reasonable basis for opposition. Any one knows that at times a minority party, or more often an individual, has opposed an administration without such basis. As Arthur Krock has so well pointed out, government is a personal thing, and knowledge and skill in economics and social welfare and constitutional law wait on political relations. And that is why, in governmental policies, two and two do not always make four. Usually the party or the individual was sincere in believing that the public was being served by such tactics. Either contended that the end, which was the removal of the administration from authority, justified the means of opposing everything done or proposed by the party in power.

It is conceivable that a condition might come which would justify such cavalier handling of the party's role. But that time has not yet been reached in this country. Meanwhile, the dangers that would come with instant and unreasoned opposition to the proposals and acts of officials elected by the people would be too great.

The phrase "loyal opposition" is confusing when offered to define the functions of a minority party. To most Americans the two words, so employed, mean nothing. If a minority party is loyal to an administration, they say, it can't be opposing it. However, it may be that "loyal" is supposed to mean loyal to the nation and "opposition" to mean opposition to the administration.

Certainly the minority party in the United States cannot rightfully be called any kind of an "opposition." The "opposition" appellation really is more European than American, and it seldom has been used in this country until the past few months. The minority party in this country is just the minority party, and that's all. Its work is definitely cut out for it by usage, by the form of our government, and very certainly at this time by the needs of our people. If the United States ever needed a party other than that of the administration, to examine and analyze—and oppose if need be—the proposals and acts of the administration, it is in this year of our Lord and our Constitution.

The need for alertness by the Republicans now is not so much concerning the plans made for American participation in present world affairs; that has been decided. All the forces of America and all elements are united in carrying out the will of the Congress. The President's speech before the White House correspondents' dinner was the first really forthright statement he has made to the American people on his foreign policy. Unity depends in a large measure on the President's

(*Continued on page 42*)

By
WINSTON CHURCHILL

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

This article was written and first published before the present war. Its momentous timeliness in these days that are crucial on both sides of the Atlantic is so obvious that there is no need for Liberty to explain this presentation of it.

IT is a relief to turn from the quarrels and jealousies of distracted Europe to contemplate the majestic edifice of Anglo-American friendship.

We can best serve the cause of Anglo-American friendship if we examine the past as well as the present.

As a nation, we have short memories. We fight and forget. But others remember.

The founders of America fled from Britain to escape persecution. Tyranny—or what can be more disastrous than tyranny, a purblind, pettifogging legalism—pursued them across the Atlantic.

Taxed by men they had never seen, sitting in a Parliament in whose deliberations they had no voice, the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Virginian Cavaliers raised, together, the standard of revolt.

But we forget—and America remembers—that the first shots in the War of Independence were fired by British troops—"unmolested and unprovoked," says the contemporary Massachusetts Spy—on men who offered no resistance.

The long war, in which German mercenaries were lavishly if unsuccessfully employed, was ended by a grudging peace. Suspicion and bitterness remained.

France beheaded a king—and crowned an emperor whose armies trampled the map of Europe. At death grips with Napoleon, Britain blockaded the coast of the United States, seized American ships, and pressed American sailors into service on her men-o'-war.

The resulting War of 1812 to 1815 was to Britain only a vexatious diversion. But it was a life-and-death struggle to the United States, and its incidents left an indelible impress on the American mind.

Indian tribes, fighting as allies of England, killed and ravaged. Fort Dearborn, on the site where Chicago now stands, was stormed by painted savages and the entire garrison massacred. Women and children were murdered.

A British fleet sailed up the Potomac to Washington, burned the Capitol and the government offices and the President's house.

It is doubtful if one in ten thousand of our population has ever heard of that raid of reprisals.

But we should remember—vividly—for centuries after the event, if London were, even for a day, in the hands of an American force that destroyed Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament, Whitehall, and Downing Street.

True, we should also remember the strong ties of blood and race that bound the Americans and ourselves.

But might not these make the injury all the worse?

In the American Civil War, again, it seemed to the North that we thought more of cotton than of principles. A majority of Englishmen, including Mr. Gladstone, believed that it was impossible to maintain the Union by force of arms, and were vitally, and some of the most glorious episodes of her history are bound up with these tragic happenings. So Americans have a double reason to remember. The cheers of vanished armies, the rumbling of long-silenced cannonades still come down to them today.

We must remember that for over a century America has attracted immigrants not only from Britain but from all Europe. There is a great German population in the Middle West. Swedes and Italians are to be found everywhere. Of every hundred American citizens, nine are Negroes. Practically every nation on earth has contributed its quota to this vast melting pot.

These foreign elements may learn to speak English, but will they think English thoughts?

Though those of European stock may be fused into the nation of their adoption and become "hundred-percent Americans," it can only be by processes which tend to separate the American mind from ours.

Yet when all has been urged and weighed it still remains true that the conceptions which unite us are incomparably stronger than those that divide; that they are vital, not morbid; that they embrace the future rather than the past.

The mischances of history have riven and sundered us, but our roots lie deep in the same rich soil. The great Republic of the West, no less than the British Empire, sprang from the loins of Shakespeare's England. The beginnings of American history are to be found not across the Atlantic but where the Thames flows between green lawns and woodlands down to a gray sea.

Britain and America are joint sharers in a great inheritance of law and letters. Our political institutions, under the mask of outward difference, bear the marks of a common origin and a common aim.

We are both democracies—and today our countries are the last great strongholds of parliamentary government and individual liberty.

It is the English-speaking nations who, almost alone, keep alight the torch of Freedom.

These things are a powerful incentive to collaboration. With nations, as with individuals, if you care deeply for the same things, and these things are threatened, it is natural to work together to preserve them.

Words cannot be effaced by time. The greatest tie of all is *language*. There is nothing like that.

Ancient alliances, solemn treaties, faithful services given and repaid, important mutual interests—not all these taken together are equal, or nearly equal, to the bond of a common tongue.

Words are the only things that last forever. The most tremendous monuments or prodigies of engineering crumble under the hand of time. The Pyramids molder, the bridges rust, the canals fill up, grass covers the railway track; but words spoken two or three thousand years ago remain with us now, not as mere relics of the past but with all their pristine vital force.

Leaping across the gulf of time, they light the world for us today.

It is this power of words—words written in the past; words spoken at this moment; words printed in the newspapers; words sent speeding through the ether in a transatlantic broadcast; the flashing interchange

(*Continued on page 48*)

Our Friendship with America

Imperiled liberty's two defenders balance old scores and turn to face the future unafraid!

prepared—at any rate, at one point in the struggle—to recognize the Confederate States. There was a moment when Britain and America almost blundered into a war which would inevitably have established the independence of the South and perpetuated the shame of slavery.

During the early stages of the last war, many awkward incidents arose from differing interpretations of neutral rights. But for the U-boat campaign and its atrocities, the blockade of Germany might have led to a grave crisis in Anglo-American relations. In the long series of quarrels and disputes, Britain was not always in the wrong nor America always in the right. Usually at the root of our differences there was the clash of incompatible rights, or sheer misunderstanding.

We have done terrible things to each other through misunderstanding. Odious chapters of our common history are stained with blood and the hatreds that are fed by blood. Wrongs, revenges, insults, calumnies, battles, and executions crowd the pages, with noble, suffering, or conquering figures silhouetted against the dull red haze.

To us, however, these conflicts have, as a rule, been side issues. That has helped us to forget. And sometimes we have wanted to forget because we were ashamed.

But America was concerned more

Heaven at 125th street

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

A tender story of a primrose path, a man's success, and a woman's search for happiness

She glanced back at Gruffie, her husband, coming along with a girl on each arm. They were twittering up at him.

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A GOOD-LOOKING man who wasn't Bun's husband swaggered with her into the Grand Central Station, and she thought wildly: This is walking back up the aisle, out of marriage. This is *Exit, laughing.*

She glanced back over her shoulder at Gruffie, her husband, coming along with a girl on each arm. He was probably saying something awfully cute, for they were twittering up at him.

A lot of people had come down to the station to see them off.

"Look darn glad to have us leaving town," Gruffie said, smiling his lopsided, sheepish grin which always showed how pleased he was that people liked him.

A morose black porter lolling by the Information kiosk, evidently waiting for them, ran over to report.

"O. K., O. K., boss. Yas'm," he said to Gruffie, all his teeth twinkling in a paroxysm of good will. "Everything's all taken care of, suh."

Bun thought, He loves headwaiters and messenger boys and porters scurrying around for him. I used to think it was touching to see how it pleased him. But it's just egotism.

He was looking mighty happy about everything, standing there beaming in the midst of his friends, these noisy gay people who called them "Gruffie and Bun," never having known them in the days when they were Geoffrey and Bernice.

He was so tall and shaggy-looking, even with his haircut, even with his double-breasted, well tailored clothes. He still looked like a scientist, and always would. But the look was just a gag; just one of nature's screamingly funny pranks to lead people astray. He wasn't a scientist; he was a man who wrote clever advertising. He pretended he thought it was a joke—something to do for just a few years until he got a little money ahead so he could go on with his real work.

But when the merry-go-round had tried to fling him off, he had clung tooth and nail. Because he liked it. Because he liked these silly people with their big one-tenth-paid-for houses and their clipped talk about horses, the market, and big deals.

With critical honesty, she wondered if she too looked as if she liked it. She let her imagination run out beyond the crowd to look back at herself, a tall blonde Hepburn with bronze skin, and eyes which Gruffie said were "seaman blue . . . that bright burning color they get from looking a long way off at the horizon."

ILLUSTRATOR JAMES SCHUCKER

Well, she had looked a long way off at the horizon, and that was what was the matter.

She had on her best silver-fox coat, and her legs were long and slim, and her hair, without benefit of hat, was brushed above her forehead in cinnamon buns. The bright lipstick she was wearing matched the smudge on Billy Dodge's collar.

"For kissing women that don't belong to you," Billy said, "a seeing-off party is even better than a wedding."

"Kiss on, my friend," Gruffie cried, "as long as you do it in public."

Gruffie, too, had done his share of kissing this evening. He never could get over being surprised that these sophisticated gals liked to kiss him. ("Why not?" Bun had asked when they discussed it. "You used to smell of microscopes and knowledge. I had to hold my nose the first chance I took with you. But now you smell like tooth paste and diamonds and the lovely adjectives that sell 'em.")

Maybe she had ragged him too much? Maybe that was it. Maybe she should have been gentler and more sympathetic. She probably had made all the right mistakes to drive him into this decadence which was taking them triumphantly across the country to an even higher-powered job.

Taking *him,* rather. She wasn't going. She would get on the train with him, kissing her fingertips goodby to all these silver-plated yaps they called their friends, so they'd keep up the precious appearance of the farce . . . and then she was going to tell him. She would play the game to the end, but darned if she'd start another round. He could throw himself away, if he insisted, but she was through helping him do it.

And yet, to be perfectly fair about it, it was she who had got him into all this in the first place. She had felt so sorry for Geoffrey, never having had anything . . . except the wonderful treasures of the mind!

Two years ago she had accidentally run into Mr. Jacob Arnable on Fifth Avenue, and he was so glad to see her . . . and then the thing just seemed to begin happening, like the Sorcerer's Apprentice. He took her into the Plaza for a cocktail, and they talked about how he had attended their wedding because he was so fond of Geoffrey's father.

He had called it fondness; but when he explained it, Bun found that Gruffie's father had saved Mr. Arnable's oil company hundreds of thousands of dollars by advising them where to look in Mexico for just what they wanted to find.

Geoffrey's dad and Geoffrey himself were just amused by the industrial aspect of their work. They wanted to catalogue the microscopic fossils found down in the archives of the earth. Saving big oil companies money was only a by-product which they valued so little that they genially gave it away. ("On the contrary, Bernice," Geoffrey's dad had said gently when Bun mentioned this. "They paid all our expenses in making the survey. A wonderful opportunity for us, you may be sure.")

If only she had let them keep that idyllic innocence! But she had been hardheaded and practical. A wife who knew how to help her husband. So when she ran into Jacob Arnable, she brought him out to Richmond Hill to their little two-family house for dinner, and it was simply child's

play to inspire him to do something handsome for Geoffrey. The next thing they knew, Geoffrey was approached by an advertising agency and offered a salary that sounded like a pun gone mathematical.

"But I don't see how I could be worth that much," Geoffrey had said. Mr. Arnable had looked at him fondly and had practically winked at Bun.

"You don't know what you're worth until you try," he said platitudinously. "And with the commissions the Strait-oil account brings to an agency they can afford to let you do plenty of trying."

"You mean it doesn't matter whether I earn the money or not?" Geoffrey had said, slowly flushing. "Well, I can't take a job like that, Mr. Arnable."

"Certainly you can take it. You'll make yourself useful. All you have to do is write up little advertisements. Anybody can do it."

Gruffie sometimes amused people by telling about it.

"And the rest," he'd say, "is mystery."

But it wasn't such a mystery, after all. For the people who can yearn most lyrically for things . . . even things like automobiles and golf balls and popularity . . . are the ones who've never had them. And having just discovered the jaded world of wanting, everything was fresh and beautiful to Geoffrey. He wrote advertising copy that would sell practically anything. It was so good that it sold even him!

BUN looked over at him and her heart clenched its fists with unwelcome love for him, so big and goofy and simple, so . . . so touching, really, in his boyish delight at having these people, all inferior to himself, all trivial and inconsequential, *liking* him.

"I guess you couldn't understand what it's like," he had said when first all this had begun. "You see, I was always the humorous character, the lop-eared, absent-minded professor type. I never had enough money to look like anything but a scarecrow, and I *was* scared, too. And the scareder of people I got, the deeper I dug into myself and what I was working at. And the more I dug, the funnier I got."

"You don't have to tell me, darling," she had said, holding his head against her breast and kissing those quizzical eyebrows of his. "I was the Columbus that discovered you." But she never could tell him how appealing he had been, with his head in the clouds and his feet tripping over rugs. She had loved him on sight and she'd *insisted* on marrying him. Everybody had said she was simply crazy, to bury herself with a micropaleontologist, out at elbows from mooning over a microscope!

She had to laugh now at how wrong everybody had been, including herself. Especially herself. He wasn't a micropaleontologist; he was a starved grown-up child gone materialistically mad because he'd got inside a toy shop at last. He was . . .

At this moment he was the white-haired boy with Angel Burdett hanging on one arm and Gwennie Crew on the other, and their husbands and neighbors were roaring appreciatively at one of his witticisms. His brown eye, like an Airedale puppy, scampered across the crowd to her,

QUIZ 20 IONS

Our own question tester, Gregory Pinquetea, world-famous quiz expert, scored a flat fifteen correct on this quiz. He missed Nos. 1, 4, 8, 10, and 12. Give double credit if you get the ones he missed.

1—What are the first names of the Dionne quintuplets?

2—The radio signal "XXX Medico" stands for what?

3—What group of ladies is known as "Washington's Little Congress"?

4—On what island is Honolulu?

5—How did the term "zero hour" get started?

6—Is the daisy a native American plant?

7—Of all the ordinary noises man hears, which is the loudest?

8—Latest of the alphabet agencies of the government is the OPACS. What do the letters stand for?

9—Who were the jayhawkers and what state got its nickname from them?

10—If you hold a quarter heads up with George Washington's profile on it, is Washington facing to the left or the right?

11—The United States recently extended protection to Greenland. In 1916-17, when we formally relinquished claim to the island, and also paid Denmark $25,000,000, what did we get in return?

12—What feminine garment can no longer be worn by stars in the pictures, by order of the Will Hays office?

13—Every one knows what we mean by a "speeder"—but what used to be meant by a "scorcher"?

14—How many of President Roosevelt's sons are commissioned in the armed forces of the United States?

15—The muscles of whose arms are described in a famous poem as "strong as iron bands"?

16—When the uncut $700,000 Vargas diamond is cut up into twenty-three smaller stones, at least half the original diamond will be lost in the cutting. Will the smaller stones be worth more or less than the original?

17—The new North Carolina was the first battleship to be launched since what year?

18—In what state was tobacco once used as currency?

19—What is the meaning of the term "gospel" as used in the Bible?

20—A new hall of fame has been established for golfers in Augusta, Georgia. What four famous golfers were the first to be admitted?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

wagging all over and hoping to be patted. But she was in no mood to pat, so she smiled a chilly wifely little smirk, and looked back through the station to see if Sally and Luke had come, after all.

They were the only friends from the good lean days who had stuck with them—Sally and Luke and big Dr. Mendheim, with all his v's and f's tangled in his mustache. The others had drifted off, each with some plausible excuse, but the fact was they hadn't been able to see beyond the disguise. They were taking Geoffrey at his face value nowadays, and it was funny-face value which simply didn't interest them.

In a way, it was just as well they hadn't come, for they fitted with these people no better than Geoffrey did, really—without his funny face to get him by. But it added just one extra ounce of sorrow to Bun's heart that Gruffie didn't even notice they weren't here.

He'd tossed them aside the way he had flipped off all the other things he had cared for, and in exchange he had got a house in Westchester, two cars, a river of whisky, some insolent servants, a country club, and innumerable other trifles which Bun couldn't even recall now.

But, except for the first riotous weeks when they bought madly, they had never even felt rich. For being rich is like that horizon Bun watched: you can never reach it.

"Are we what you call living in the higher brackets?" she had asked.

"Oh, no. These are the modest walk-up brackets. Wait'll next year!"

"But, good heavens, Geoffrey, you earn five figures a year now!"

"Yep, but three of 'em are zeros, and the others are the smallest figures known . . . unless you want to run into micropaleontology, which, naturally, we don't."

"Naturally, we don't," she echoed loyally, because if this was what he wanted this was what they were going to have—no matter what it did to her to live up to it. In those days she hadn't cared what it did to her, just so long as Gruffie was happy. But it had done something to him, too. Something base. And so slow is the poison of baseness that the victim never feels it creeping until it has stolen from him the very sense which would rebel.

No; even from a materialistic viewpoint, they'd never been really well off.

"Compared to our friends," Gruffie said, "we're definitely on the slummish side. But wait till next year, Sugar Bun!"

IT was a kind of mania with Gruffie, seeing how big he could blow up the balloon of next year. And no matter how big he blew it, she tried to keep up with it. She tried never to let him suspect how silly and empty it all seemed to her.

Once she had said, "What's that unborn textbook doing while we make merry?" (She hadn't mentioned the rest of the pact; for this is how it had been dreamed during that little year of theirs: "Some day when we know enough . . . and can afford it . . . I'll write a textbook and you'll have a baby.")

"Oh, there *was* something about a textbook, wasn't there?" Gruffie said. "Well, matter of fact, I'm thinking over a monograph on advertising."

He actually did shut himself up in his handsome library for a few nights. Once Bun had waked up very late and had found his bed still emp-

ty. But when she went down to the study to make him stop work, he wasn't working. He was sitting at his big leather-topped desk with a surf of canceled checks all around him.

"What on earth, darling?"

The room, modern and clever and utterly symbolic of their new life, shimmered into other memories of waking up like this and finding him in his old laboratory, shabby and pared down to the bone for stark work. He was looking up at her just as he used to look up from his microscope, with that quizzical excited cock to his eyebrows. But that dear look was all that was true in the picture; the rest was bitter contrast.

"I'm just looking at the year's skeleton," he said. "I just got to thinking. Here's this November, and there it was two years ago!"

He held up the five checks that represented that old November . . . the monthly rent, a subscription to a magazine only a few scientists scattered over the globe had ever heard of, Bun's coat relined, and the filling for Gruffie's wisdom tooth. Their old life, high-minded and young and pitifully earnest, rose like a lost perfume between them, but it had no place in this room. Her eyes had stung with angry tears. What right had this *stranger* even to touch those precious little bones?

"A COAT lining was an event in those days," he said almost ashamedly. "You certainly had to make the best of things, didn't you?"

"I loved it!" Bun told him. "I thought that was the most beautiful silk in the world. . . . Then she was on guard again. "Funny how you remember it! I imagine you haven't any idea about the lining on my new silver-fox coat."

"Has it a lining? A silver lining, probably, from the cost of it."

"Everything's important when you haven't very much," she said carefully, so he wouldn't think she was complaining. "Everything is close to you and important. I suppose that's one of the compensations for being poor."

But he wasn't listening. He was looking at the fifth check. "And here's your Christmas bathrobe! Baby pink wool. . . . I remember that, too." He looked at her as if she should pat him on the head for remembering! For remembering what had been to her one of the most perfect days of their life. (She had had such a bad cold, and he had held her on his lap all afternoon, and he had said, "You know, precious, you seem just like my little girl today. All afternoon I've been thinking how nice it's going to be when we can afford a little girl of our own.")

So . . . he remembered that, did he?

She turned her head and pretended to look at the cover of Fortune, and pain throbbed in her throat like a hand strumming across a harp. She thought, I've lost my little girl . . . and I've lost my Geoffrey . . . and here's this shallow stranger *apologizing* for those days. Because they were poor! They were the richest in our life, and he is too poor to know it!

He was saying, "I suppose it was a cheap little flannel thing, but I thought it was swell. You must have laughed at me . . . ignorant and uncouth . . . it's a wonder to me I ever held you at all."

She couldn't listen to any more.

"Come back to bed," she said wearily. "You're not working. You're just sitting there getting sentimental about your pathetic past."

"It's not the past I'm sentimental about," he said. "It's this romantic present." He seized the fat bundle of last month's checks and looked through them. "This romantic, sterling, pickled-mahogany, ermine-tailed, pâté-de-foie-gras present!"

THEN, suddenly, the balloon popped, Jacob Arnable lay down on his bed one night, and in the morning didn't wake up. Every one felt terrible about it, and the agency sent a handsome floral tribute. But, sorry as they were, they didn't quite realize the full significance of their loss until two weeks later, when it came to light that the new vice-president of the oil company had a young man whom *he* wanted to help. So that young man took the Strait-oil account to another agency.

And there was Gruffie left holding a fragment of rubber which had been a gay balloon blown up to look like a real world.

"But, darling, I thought you were good at it," Bun said.

"Sure—but not that good. Young men with talent but no vest-pocket accounts can be had a dime a dozen," he said bitterly. "They said if there was anything they could do, just let 'em know. Recommendations and all that, you know."

They were sitting in their big white living room, and the people who popped in every afternoon for cocktails had finally gone, leaving a low tide of empty glasses and butts, and a wilted corsage pinned indecently on a lampshade.

Now at last, she thought, we can go back where we belong, home to ourselves, the way we really are.

Gruffie had taken out an envelope and was scribbling figures on the back of it. "Heck, you slide like a comet downhill," he said. "Costs us about ten dollars an hour just to breathe."

"We used to breathe on about fifty cents an hour," she said. But he didn't even hear her, for he was lost in the fascination of hideous figures.

"What became of it all?" he said. "And what do people *do* when it's suddenly turned off? Why, we've got all this stuff to pay for!"

"That was the general idea. Either that or give it back to the Indians."

"I'll just have to find another big job. Why, everybody told me I was good. . . . You think I'm good, don't you, Bernice?"

There was such little-boy uncertainty in his voice that she knew this was more than just a blow to his vanity. This was something that made the whole two years of which he had been so proud seem like a misprint. This job, which the best of him ought to hate, hadn't been too small for him but too *big!* Even she, for a moment, was confused about it. Why, Geoffrey should have scorned the job, and here the job was scorning him!

"I think there's never been any one so wonderful," she said, "and I know you'll get another big job. Even bigger, darling."

None of their friends were much concerned about his losing his job. They had reduced that, too, to a pattern of good behavior. You told everybody, and everybody offered to do what they could, and some of 'em even wrote letters, and you went around having luncheons with people, and looking things over, and then, finally, some uncle or somebody took you in. Only Geoffrey didn't have that kind of uncles; all of his lived a happy year on what he had been earning in a month.

Angel Burdett's husband fixed it up at the bank for them to have a second mortgage on the house. They lived on that . . . in the style to which they were accustomed . . . for a very little while.

But, with all his fancy looking about, he never once thought of going back to the Foundation. Day after day, Bun waited for him to speak of it, but he never did. Instead, he said all the glib smooth clichés which other people had told him about this world, which, after all, was pretty unfamiliar to him. He said them with the conviction of the innocent, and Bun tried to believe them.

"I'll pick up another account one of these days . . . these things happen in every agency . . . it's all done on a big scale . . . something'll turn up." So she went on being sicker and sicker, unable to talk to him, and knowing that there was nothing to do but wait.

SOMETIMES in the night, when she was awake, she could tell by his breathing that he too wasn't sleeping, and she'd think hopefully, Here, where it's dark and there are just us two, we might almost be in our own little old house. And she'd reach out her hand across the space between their beds and touch him. And if she said, "You're not worrying, are you, darling . . . would it help to talk about it?" he would only bluster and boast like the big boy he had become.

"Don't you worry about this, Sugar Bun. *We're* not going to slip back into that half-soled life. I know how it's done now, and I can keep right on doing it."

Then he came home victorious. He had got hold of a big job. A firm out in San Francisco who were making lacquer out of something his dad had turned up for them. A few long-

(*Continued on page 54*)

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE GIRLS WHO CAME BACK

LOOKING backward, the most exciting and satisfying double feature of the 1940-41 cinema season is the triumphant return of the so-called "Poison Twins," Katie and Marlene.

Exciting it is because of the potent personalities of the lovely ladies themselves; satisfying, if for no other reason, because it shatters, we hope beyond repair, that old Hollywood dictum so eruditely expressed by a local scribe:

"A performer who stays out of pictures two years is a dead pigeon in this town."

We now know that this arbitrary rule, like many another laid down by the Hollywood lawgivers, just ain't so.

Marlene's Angel sank her, apparently for the third and last time, in 1937; her Destry carried her back again to the cinema heights in 1940.

Katie's Holiday began and her picture career seemingly ended in 1938; her Philadelphia Story is writing movie history in 1941.

And now, let's have a look at the girls who flouted one of Hollywood's most pontifical ukases, the girls who came back!

"Look," of course, has always been the word for Marlene. In fact, if you remember your Blue Angel and your Morocco and your Dishonored, the three early pictures which skyrocketed the "luscious Teuton" to fame, you will recall that you and I—for who am I to deny it?—got a very good look at her.

Miss Dietrich, as we all know, has many qualifications for screen success besides the two which have been so insistently publicized. But, thanks to that publicity, her career has always reminded me of a certain most successful tabloid newspaper, whose publisher was quoted as saying:

"The —— was built on legs; but when we got enough circulation we draped them."

There are divergences in detail. The newspaper publisher didn't drape them very much, and he kept the circulation. But the actress did all right in the pre-draping period—and she certainly got plenty of circulation for a while!

The wonder of it was that Legs Dietrich, as she came almost universally to be called, survived this insistently Minsky exploitation. And the only reason that she did was that she was so well worth looking at.

Photogenic as she undoubtedly was and is, the screen has never caught the full measure of Marlene Dietrich's beauty, her red-gold hair, her sapphire-blue eyes, her warm, vibrant, fascinating voluptuousness; but even in the celluloid's chilling black and white, she is one of the most authentically pictorial persons ever to flash across the camera's vision.

Photographers go mad hunting for adjectives with which to describe her. Listen to Cecil Beaton: "Her whiteness would put the moon to shame . . . instead of eyebrows, she has winged butterflies' antennae on her forehead . . . the spread peacock's tail of her lashes."

Oh, Marlene! Even without thy legs . . . and that's what the movie bosses and the movie critics began to think. At least, they thought her impresario, Joseph von Sternberg had gone a little too far with his "burlecu."

Perhaps you recall the last shot in Dishonored—an honest-to-goodness shot which was to seal the fate of Marlene, the secret-service baby-roo. As I remember it, the tragic scene ran something like this:

The firing squad stood with rifles raised, the officer gave the word of command, but before the guns were allowed to blaze, Joseph von had the doomed heroine raise her skirt and nonchalantly adjust her camera-side stocking at the top.

"Thank heaven," wrote a critic, "she died with unwrinkled hosiery!"

Waked from their dreams by a few cracks like this one from people who knew enough to realize that the injection of a strip-tease into a death scene. although novel, was likely to take the audience's mind off its dramatic work, Miss Dietrich's bosses began to ask themselves whether the persistently serialized "Assets of Marlene" might not become the "Perils of Marlene."

Fortunately there was a popular ASCAP going the rounds just then called Body and Soul, and this gave the big boys in the front office an idea. Marlene obviously, perhaps too obviously, had a body. They'd give her a soul.

Cinematically speaking, this wasn't so easy as it first seemed. For the Belle of Berlin, in the pictures which made her famous, looked almost as buxom as Mae West. And in the Hollywood philosophy of life there can be no such thing as a buxom soul.

Once more, however, Jupiter—known astrologically as the eleventh-hour friend—came to the bosses' rescue. On her night off Marlene had wandered into one of those sidewalk studios where, for a quarter or some lesser sum, you can get a strip of photographs of yourself taken from various angles.

The only light in the place came from a bulb in the ceiling and, as was inevitable, it turned Marlene's plump and jovial face into a brooding thing of planes and shadows. Cheekbones appeared out of nowhere. Hollows below the cheekbones followed as the dawn does the night. Photomaton had given her a soul!

The boys who run the Kliegs at the studio beat their chests and shouted, "What that bird did, *we* can do." And they did.

To some the resultant image which confronted an amazed public on the screen was a woman of magnetism and distinction, of deep, quiet beauty. Others mistook her soulfulness for a "dumb-bunny expression." Anyhow, the old earthiness, the old joyousness, the old camaraderie, the old Dietrich was gone, and in her place had come a "breathing automaton."

Then happened the most devas-

Is Hollywood's face red? A pair of "dead pigeons" fly back again to fame!

Dietrich in Destry Rides Again. Her latest film is The Flame of New Orleans.

Hepburn in The Philadelphia Story.

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

tating thing of all: a boy who stood on the burning deck of the studio publicity department opined that Dietrich in the new get-up was "another Garbo."

Of course Dietrich wasn't, and never could be. She would be the first to admit it. But, properly lighted—or improperly, if you will—she did bear a recognizable pictorial resemblance to Greta. So the "fan mag" articles began to sprout:

"Garbo vs. Dietrich!"

"Will Marlene Top Greta?"

I remember reading one cute little number that actually had a youthful Marlene selling hats in a department store *à la* Garbo, and being "discovered" while at this work by "a great European director," just as Garbo was discovered by the late Maurice Stiller!

Of course anybody who cared to look at the records would have known that Marlene had never been a shopgirl. Born Maria Magdalene von Losch—daughter of a Prussian officer, Captain Edward von Losch of the famous Death's Head Hussars, who lost his life on the Russian front during the first World War—she was educated by private tutors and in fashionable boarding schools, like other girls of her social set.

Balked in her desire for a career as a violinist by an accident to her fiddle hand, Marlene turned to the theater as a means of helping out the family postwar finances. Under the fabricated name of Marlene Dietrich, she had played Pearl in the German stage version of Broadway, and was appearing at Max Reinhardt's theater in Berlin when placed under contract by the producers of The Blue Angel. Two of her pictures, I Kiss Your Hand, Madame, and Three Loves, had already been released in this country. And for several years she had been married to Rudolph Sieber, a high-ranking UFA official, by whom she had had a child, Maria.

These facts ought to have knocked the hat trick into a cocked hat, but all that the boys in the Hollywood front room would have was "Garbo, Garbo, Garbo." They gave Marlene an unidentifiable accent which never let us forget for a moment that she, like Garbo, was a European importation. This in spite of the fact that she had spoken almost perfect English in The Blue Angel and had been hired for that European-made film partly because of her ability to do so!

In short, they did their best to create a phony Marlene, and succeeded so well that she lost her public, and the boys themselves lost their meal ticket.

Now for a look at Miss Hepburn—which isn't hard, either. For Katie, though not so much of a beauty conformist as Marlene, is every bit as photogenic. Her screen image fairly leaps at you. And off screen, Hepburn has beauty of a very important sort. The red lights in her hair and the green lights in her eyes not only tip off the stop-and-go person she is, but make her as radiant off screen as she is dynamic on it. Her waist, twenty-two inches, is said to be the smallest in Hollywood. And her legs, as all the world can testify after observing them in the Jimmy Stewart-Lady Godiva act in The Philadelphia Story, are most ornamental.

But Katie's cheekbones, which require no special lighting to look high, and the freckles across her nose and her determined chin and her square boyish shoulders depart sufficiently from the Hollywood standard of feminine pulchritude to protect her from all studio attempts to pour her into the usual mold.

After a decade in the theater, she still looks as a Broadway playwright once told her she did: "like a girl who used soap to wash her face."

So it is fair to say that the things you like about Miss Hepburn and the things you don't like, if any, are her own. She won her spurs in Hollywood and her Oscar—for Morn-

(*Continued on page 46*)

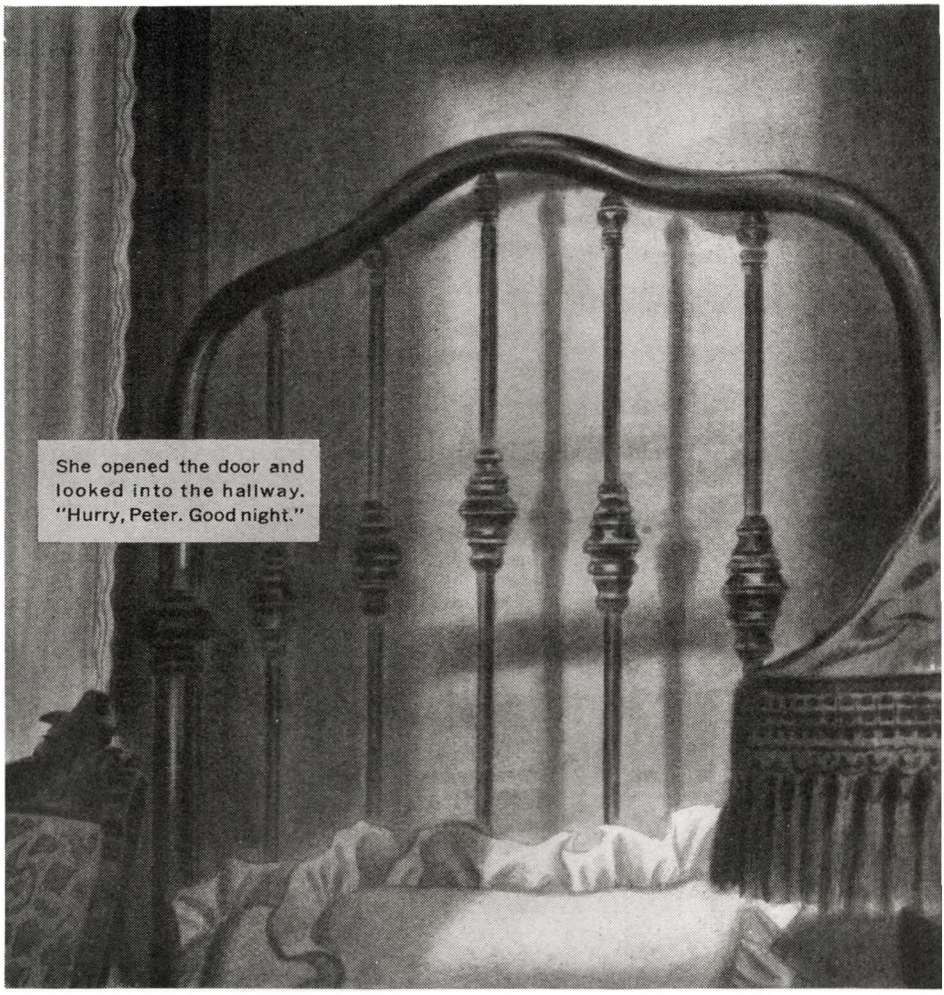
READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

the House on

PETER STANLEIGH of the British Intelligence takes on the identity of Paul Sturm, a Nazi from Canada, whom the British have captured, and goes in his place to a school for espionage agents which the Germans have established in Antwerp. Peter's credentials are accepted by Baron von Rautter, known as Schmidt, and by Fräulein Doktor, the mysterious woman who heads the school. Through D'Hasque, a patriotic Belgian who has been smuggling out his countrymen to fight for their freedom from Nazi domination, Peter meets Dupon, a hairdresser who operates a secret wireless through which Stanleigh hopes to keep in touch with his chief, Sir John Helton, in England.

D'Hasque's daughter, Melanie, masquerading as a pro-Nazi Belgian, is a resident of the House on Harmony Street in which Fräulein Doktor has her school. Melanie—or Marie Luys, as the Nazis know her—helps Peter to identify the five men who are soon to be sent out as spies to various parts of the world. There are two whose destinations neither Melanie nor Peter knows. They hope to find out at the party Fräulein Doktor is giving for her students.

Fräulein Doktor, who seems to take a great personal interest in Peter, greets him cordially when he appears at the party. He meets several of his fellow students, among them Knoepfler, one of the five who will soon leave. Knoepfler's destination, Peter discovers, is England. In order that the news may be sent by Dupon's wireless to Sir John, Peter writes the information on the cellophane wrapper of a package of American cigarettes which he intends to give to Melanie to take to her father. He writes while holding his hand in his pocket, using a pen filled with lemon juice which serves as invisible ink. As he finishes, Fräulein Doktor comes over to him.



She opened the door and looked into the hallway. "Hurry, Peter. Good night."

PART THREE—WARNING BY WIRELESS!

"YOU must meet the remaining students," said Fräulein Doktor, and took Peter to the corner where Melanie stood with another young woman and two young men—one the fellow from the wireless room. "I shall introduce you to the girl whose dark eyes you took note of when you first came," she said; and, more quietly, "There is a reason. Get acquainted with her."

Melanie and Peter bowed formally. Fräulein Doktor left the group almost instantly. It was not her way to mingle with the students even at a "party." When she made an occasional purposeful approach to a group, conversation stopped and then went on haltingly.

She was right when she said they had courage but also were not without fear, reflected Peter. They are afraid of her, if of nothing else.

Not until later in the evening did he offer Melanie a cigarette from his imported packet. He had been trying first to find out about Schnabel. But it was useless. So he took the cigarettes from his pocket and held them out to Melanie. "Perhaps you'd like an American cigarette," he said, and passed them around the group. "Have you ever smoked one of them, Fräulein Luys?" he asked her, using the name by which she was known at the House.

"Never," said Melanie, taking one. "Are they as good as ours?"

"It depends on your own taste," smiled Peter. "But you notice they are wrapped differently. Over here, the damp climate keeps the tobacco from drying out, but there it is so dry that the cellophane wrapping is needed to keep the cigarettes moist."

"Are they all wrapped like that?" asked the other girl, Lisa Schelling.

"Yes," said Peter to her but sure that Melanie heard him. "The wrapper is a very important thing. I once had a friend named Anton who kept all the wrappers—though no one ever knew what for." He turned to Melanie. "I see you like the cigarette," he said. "Let me give you these."

She thanked him and passed them round again just as Schmidt purposefully joined the group. "What's this?" he rumbled and took the pack into his own hand, selected a cigarette and started absent-mindedly to put the pack in his pocket.

"If you like them, Herr Schmidt, let me give you a full pack," said Peter, reaching for the one he'd given Melanie and substituting another be-

Harmony Street

British wits collide with Nazi strategy in a swift drama of love and war today

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATOR HY RUBIN

Before Schmidt could object. He gave Melanie's back to her, and the startled girl breathed more easily.

Herr Schmidt looked at him quizzically. "You get them wholesale?" he asked.

"I've one more package with me. Would you like them?"

"No—no," rumbled Schmidt, his little eyes moving from Peter to Melanie and back again. "I shall not smoke them. I wanted them only for an experiment."

Peter tossed them to the wireless fellow, whose name was Dietrich. "Maybe you'll like to smoke them—"

The shriek of an air-raid siren stopped all conversation. It was the first Peter had heard here. The British did not want to destroy Belgium. Evidently this was Helly-John's answer to his last message. In the commotion of the rush for the shelter in the cellar of the house, he managed to stay with Melanie.

He touched her bag containing the cigarette package, "There is," he murmured, "the legend of the honey bear who visited Dick Whittington's cat, but do you know the legend of the fox with the mouth like an ostrich?"

Her eyes strayed to the features of Schnabel, who sat across the shelter talking with Heidi Stengel. "I am sure it takes place in France," she said lightly, "but the details escape me."

Dietrich, who sat near by, broke in on them, "What nonsense are you two talking?"

"He grew up on different legends from ours," said Melanie.

So, they had the destinations of all five men.

The "All clear" sounded sooner than they might have expected. Undoubtedly the aim had been for the House on Harmony Street, reflected Peter, for the damage done was in Berchem, a suburb just a few blocks to the east. He hated the danger for Melanie, but as for himself—he knew he'd have been a small price to pay.

The five men set out on Sunday according to schedule.

On Monday morning Felix Glück, who had started with Schnabel for France, was found on the doorstep of the House with a copy of the new Libre Belgique pinned to his chest with a kitchen knife. Like the paper of the same name which had been published secretly by patriotic Belgians all through the war of 1914-18, the revived Libre Belgique was issued now by a daring group which changed headquarters from day to day so cleverly that the Gestapo had not been able to stop it. These friends of D'Hasque had undoubtedly spotted the two men from Peter's description. But what had happened to Schnabel? And had they made Glück give up his message before they had killed him?

If the orders that those five men carried in their minds could be got and put together, the whole plan of attack would be known. It would be a blunder to have killed Glück without making him talk.

Thousands of copies of the Libre Belgique had appeared all over Antwerp that morning—and in Brussels too, it was found. In it was an article stating that a Belgian legion was being formed in England to fight with the British and the Free French. Recruits were being sent to it from Belgium right under the eyes of the Nazis, it gloatingly explained, and included a woodcut of a recruit impudently thumbing his nose at a caricature of General von Brauchmann.

When a trembling aide presented a copy to the general, that eminent militarist began to seethe.

At the same moment there was little harmony in the House on Harmony Street. Fräulein Doktor and Schmidt were like two high explosives in her private apartment.

"YOU are an old man!" she stormed. "I was a fool to trust you with getting them out of Antwerp! We control the town but you cannot get a messenger out in safety!"

"One was killed—four got out!" he answered.

"How do you know four got out?" she mimicked him. "How do you know that Schnabel is not at the bottom of the Scheldt? How do you know if Raeder reached Ireland—or if Mueller can get out of Norway to Thorshavn? Has any one told you that Knoepfler is in England? No!"

He looked down at her desk and saw a package of American cigarettes. "So," he said, "you smoke his cigarettes!"

"Whatever is good I like!" She threw it off as a side issue. "There is a carton of them in the top drawer. When we have the United States under control, I shall smoke no others. But we will not have it if you keep on with your bungling!"

"I saw him last night and I knew what I had believed was true: He is no *dummkopf* from Canada!" stormed Schmidt.

"No *dummkopf*—no," snapped Fräulein, "but from Canada—yes! And because he is not a *dummkopf* and he can wear clothes—which you never could do, even if you *are* the Baron von Rautter—he will be useful to us—and in America! Have you ever known Frederika to be mistaken in a man?"

"*Nein—nein*—that I have not," said Schmidt, for a moment defeated. "But—what has Frederika to do with Glück on the doorstep?"

"You brought it up, old man," responded Fräulein; "your mind wanders. It is you who have to do with Glück on the—"

A message came from the wireless room. It clicked through on a teletype recorder that was on one side of Fräulein's desk, where a lid was raised. Schmidt was nearer it and took the mesage. "Schnabel!" he cried, "Schnabel has arrived in Dakar!"

"And what of Knoepfler?" she asked. "Is he safe in England? Or Raeder—when I hear from them—and from Mueller, I shall know you are not a complete mistake!"

IT was at this moment that General von Brauchmann came through on the private wire. Fräulein Doktor answered, listened for a moment, then turned from the telephone and blasted Schmidt: "You have not stopped the Libre Belgique, as I told you to. You have not stopped the recruiting of Belgian soldiers and their shipment to England. You have not— *Ach, mein Gott!* What you have *not* done! Can I do it all myself? You have the whole Gestapo at your call and you cannot do anything! The Führer shall know. Yes, I will tell him. I need a young man—a man who has energy—and a brain—"

"You need," said Schmidt, with all of the blood of the von Rautters raging in him—"you need, I suppose, a *dummkopf from Canada!*"

"Perhaps I do." Fräulein Doktor had grown suddenly quiet, but her eyes, driving steadily into Schmidt, were knives of gray-green ice. "Now go."

Schmidt's small eyes hid within their folds of flesh. "You are in command here," he said. "I obey." He waited and there was only silence.

She came out of the plans into which her mind had plunged. "Go," she said negligently, and then in sudden fury, "*Ja*, in God's name *go!*"

It was an hour later that Peter, going to his room from a session with Stoeckel in the chemical laboratory, found it had been searched. But if he had been no more experienced than Paul Sturm, he might not have known it. The job had been done by an expert. And so he said nothing about it when he answered the summons of Fräulein Doktor at two o'clock that afternoon.

She wasted no time on greetings. "Read that," she commanded, giving him a sheet of paper, "or do you need a code book?"

Peter repressed a smile. It was addressed to Paris: "Expect Taussig replacing Glück."

She gave him three longer, more intricate messages. He decoded as he read, stumbling a little when he thought he should but always catching up with himself and going on. "I need practice, Fräulein," he added, not in excuse but as a sober statement of fact.

"Come with me to the wireless."

PETER had seen men coming from the top floor by way of the main stairway, but now he and Fräulein Doktor stepped into a shallow electric elevator in the wall of her room—that room which was hard to call an office and which could not be called a study or a drawing room.

At the top floor they came out into a room with files around the walls and a desk in the center. At either end were doors. They passed through one into the small compartment where a man wearing headphones sat at a wireless key. A microphone stood off on one side of the long table built against the wall, and directly in front of it was the speaker. The man turned. It was Dietrich. Through a plate-glass partition Peter saw a fellow whose name he didn't know—evidently a technician.

"G27 will work with you till another man comes," Fräulein told Dietrich and, turning to Peter, remarked, "He will show you what to do."

When she had gone, Dietrich looked at him and whistled. "So our Fräulein herself brings you!"

"Who should?" asked Stanleigh.

"Schmidt," answered Dietrich.

"And therefore—?"

"And therefore—" The radio began chattering. "Be quiet. I've got to listen to this thing." Dietrich got busy at the key. He wrote the messages on a pad and shoved the sheets over to Peter, who sat at his right. "Decode and write it on that." He hastily indicated a teletype machine on the table.

The message consisted mostly of questions from the Berlin Economic Ministry. When the flurry of work was over, Peter indicated the teletype. "Where does this go?"

"Fräulein Doktor's desk," said Dietrich.

"Oh," said Peter. Then everything he wrote went straight to her royal nibs, did it?

When Peter started down the stairs from the top floor that night, he knew that all he and Colonel Helton and the rest of them, including D'Hasque and Melanie, had guessed about the House on Harmony Street was pale and small compared to the truth of what was happening there.

He knew too, that, having been allowed to learn so much, his trips to Zurenborg would have to be few and far between if not altogether stopped. They would be increasingly dangerous not merely to himself but to any one he went to see. The more he learned, therefore, the more difficult it would be to send information through; and the more he learned, the more necessary it became.

The network that spread from the House was a two-way affair. Reports from all of Europe came into it. Orders to half of Europe, to men in England, Ireland, and even America went from it. And within it, men and women were being trained for every special niche conceivable in world espionage. Von Brauchmann might be the local head of military affairs, but Fräulein Doktor was the moving mind in those things that brought on—and sometimes solved—military affairs.

The news that the honey bear had landed in Harwich was a small matter now. D'Hasque had sent through the word on him after the party. And late this afternoon the honey bear had called back from Harwich to report his landing—also to report that a new man named Rippenkrueger had taken the place of the Nazi agent Lohmann whom he had expected to find there. The House had not known Rippenkrueger. Peter knew him—dependable Rip Warburton. He was letting the honey bear carry on—up to a point, to learn a bit from him, and then would take him in. He might help on the question of a date. He might get it from the honey bear.

THESE things were in his mind as he went down the dimly lighted stairs to his room. As he reached the second-floor hallway, he heard a sound and saw the whiteness of a slim hand motion to him through a narrowly opened door. He went to it. Melanie pulled him inside. They stood in complete darkness.

"I've been waiting for you all evening," she whispered. "Father gave me a message for you."

His hands found her shoulders. She had on some sort of soft wool dressing gown.

"He said to tell you," went on Melanie, standing near so that he could hear, "that he will send one of the men to wait for you at the café of Emil Moon near here, every afternoon between five and seven and another to watch for you near this house every night between nine thirty and eleven—but the nights may not be easy because of the curfew. He knows now it will be hard for you to get to the agency as often as you need to."

His hands left her shoulders and his arms drew her nearer. "How did you know that today was not just an exception? What makes you think I'll get in deeper from now on?"

Her arms went up around his neck and at the same time she gave a funny little laugh. "Do you think that in a house full of people whose profession is to find out things, there is no person-to-person telegraph of what goes on in the House itself?"

"In Canada and the United States they call it the grapevine system," he told her. "You'll get too cold standing this way, dear."

He had not bothered to button his coat when he had left the radio room. Now he drew her inside it and held it around her so that she was very near to him. The warmth of their two bodies mingled. She nestled there as though it were the place she had always belonged.

"What does the House grapevine say?" he asked.

She reached up and touched his hair. "It says that you are very extraordinary and that Fräulein Doktor is more interested in you than she has been in any other since the House was opened here and that she has plans for you—and that Herr Schmidt does not like you."

In the dark he felt her forefinger start at his hairline, slide down his forehead, then down his nose, then to his mouth—"Like a ski jump!" said Melanie. But he caught her hand at his mouth and kissed it. He pulled his coat more snugly about her and so held her closer to him.

"Fräulein Doktor has great magnetism, hasn't she?" she said softly.

"No," said Peter, putting his nose down into her soft dark hair.

"Oh, yes," said Melanie's light low voice. "If she were not the enemy, she would be fascinating—oh, very. Well, anyhow—" She gave a little sigh and didn't finish her sentence. She just tipped up her face and he kissed her. "Anyhow," she said a moment later, "I'm glad you said *no*."

"What about?" asked Peter.

"Fräulein Doktor," she said.

Peter laughed inside himself, but she heard him. "Here we stand risking our necks to talk about Fräulein Doktor—or is that why we risk them, darling?" he teased her.

She clung tight to him, "When people stop risking their necks for a human moment in the middle of all this that is so inhuman—then the hope of the world will be gone. Sh!" She listened. There were steps. "The night man—Otto—is making his rounds." They stood very still behind the closed door and heard him pass. When he had gone on, she murmured, "Darling, I want you to live—to be human another time. So, when he reaches the first floor, you must leave swiftly and get to your room. Tell me—what am I to tell father?"

He told her about the honey bear and "Rippenkrueger" and then quickly about the larger, deeper picture he had seen from the wireless room. "Tell him to tell them," he said, "that they must not try to bomb the House or the Steen again until I've learned more. It is worth a little waiting, for if they bomb us, it will happen anyhow—the plan is that far along—and if they don't, we may be able to get enough knowledge to prevent it."

She opened the door carefully and looked into the hallway. "Otto must be below by now. Hurry, Peter. Good night."

He touched her face gently. "Stay safe, dear," he said, and went quickly and noiselessly down the dim hall.

"Did you see anything of my hair dryer, Hardtack?"

HE went back to the wireless room the next morning.

"Morocco," said Dietrich, "D3—that's Schnabel." He concentrated on the incoming dots and dashes. So did Peter, who started to write at the same time Dietrich did. "Here," said Dietrich, handing him the message. "He's sending his report on Dakar from there."

Dietrich turned his head and noticed that Peter was writing on the teletype without referring to the paper he had given him.

Peter wrote Schnabel's report: "Delivered orders to Dakar. Not safe for us now. Arrived Morocco this morning. Report on it tomorrow. Give me further orders then, if not to proceed as planned." And to the report which would arrive on Fräulein Doktor's desk instantly, he added, "Good morning! How about sending him to Spain?"

Dietrich looked at Peter curiously. "You read it from the key," he said. "I didn't know you could do that. Can you use a key too?"

"Oh, yes," said Peter easily.

"Then you can relieve me when I go to wash up at noon. Kurt," he gestured at the fellow behind the glass in the control room, "won't have to come in."

"Glad to—but I'm still a little slow with this system."

"You've picked it up quickly," observed Dietrich.

"Not really," said Peter. "I started when I was a kid."

"What? But how could you?"

"My brother and I had a long wire with a tin can at each end for a receiver and speaker. It was stretched between our bedroom and the barn. We could talk over it, you know, but we wanted to be mysterious, so we

(*Continued on page 59*)

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WE were pouring on the coal in the backstretch of the 184th lap. Three lengths ahead of me, in first place, thundered Lou Meyer at 136 miles per hour. It was a blistering pace and we planted throttles to the hilt.

Here in this same stretch thirty minutes previously Floyd Roberts, winner the year before, had been killed when his car lunged into the skidding machine wheeled by Bob Swanson. And following that fatal accident we had been flagged down to the caution pace for several laps. So the tension was terrific as we headed into the north curve.

Then it happened. Lou Meyer's car went into an end-around skid, blocking my path momentarily. At such speed you just act instinctively. The idea is to get *through*—as fast as possible. As Lou's car whirled around and headed up on the track, I cut inside and luckily swerved onto the dirt shoulder, to miss his car's spinning rear end by a scant foot. I was through safely and out in first place with only sixteen laps remaining.

Meyer righted his buggy and set out in hot pursuit. That was a mistake. Such a skid is almost certain to grind your tires into shreds. Instead of stopping at his pit for an inspection and a complete change of tires, which would have ensured him at least second place, he caught me and regained the lead. Then I passed him in traffic on the front stretch. Fortunately I was ahead of him when he spun again, at the start of the south turn on the 197th lap. His car whirled and shot up the steep embankment and it took miraculous steering to prevent a serious accident. After that I rode the last three laps to victory in an easy chair.

That's the inside story of the 500-mile International Motor Sweepstake of 1939. It marked the end of a gallant racing career, for Lou Meyer retired, but his car returned on May 30, 1940, to give me another thrilling chase. Rex Mays took the wheel, with Meyer in the pit, and for 375 miles we scorched the brick of the historic Indianapolis oval, setting a new time record for that distance.

Again, in this 1940 Five Hundred, I was fortunate in missing a serious smash-up. On the thirty-first lap I had caught up with Mays and we were riding wheel to wheel at 122.457 miles per hour when, just ahead of us, Rigant, the Argentine driver, lost control of his car in the southeast turn. It barreled over the wall before we swooped down on the scene. It overturned twice, throwing him clear, and he was lucky to escape with minor injuries.

After that we waged a scorching race. At 150 miles I was in front. At 200 miles Mays was. At 250 Maurie Rose had taken over when Mays visited the pit for a change of tires. My Maserati whistled into the lead on the 104th lap (260 miles), never to be headed again. Perhaps from the grandstand it looked as if I was winning the easy way when rain forced me to drive the last 125 miles under the caution pace of 85 to 100 miles per hour. It was far from that. My car was full of speed, and holding it back was a terrific strain.

Victory last year boosted my total earnings in the Five Hundred to $102,500, which I am told is a record. It enabled me to tie Meyer as a three-time winner and made me the first to win twice in succession.

How well I recall another time on the northeast turn of the Indianapolis track! I was wheeling a Duesenberg in the 1931 race and tried to clear traffic on the curve. Tony Gulatta, Fred Winnai, Red Shafer, and Ralph Hepburn were grouped ahead of me. I attempted to pass on the outside but had to swerve, and instead of clearing the cars I cleared the outside wall. They took my mechanic away to a hospital, but I was back on the track driving relief for Jimmy Gleason within twenty minutes, and finished fifth. I believe that was the only time a driver ever went over the wall and finished behind the wheel in the same race.

As a boy in Indianapolis, whenever possible I sneaked out to the speedway to watch the cars tune for the big race. When I saw Howdy Wilcox win it in 1919, I was determined to get into it myself some day. I pestered Bill Hunt, a builder of racing cars, to make me a bus, until he finally said, "O. K., sonny. Here is a chassis, here is a motor, here are wheels and other parts. You build

"Here Roberts was killed." In the foreground is his wrecked car; Swanson's car is on fire.

your own car." Well, with Bill's help, I did rig myself a car. It was a wreck trap, and for two years I crashed almost every time I entered this crate in dirt-track events.

Bill Hunt gave me a large crash helmet before letting me enter my first race in 1921. That head guard saved my life many times, although not my ribs. One day at Paris, Illinois, I was tearing around a curve at full speed when suddenly the fence was in my face. The butt end of a two-by-four struck my forehead, knocking me out of the seat. It bent the steel helmet badly, but I didn't even get a headache. I was back at the wheel for the final event of the day, going no place but still going.

We were driving back to Indianapolis when Bill Hunt asked me, "Wilbur, what happened on that curve?"

"Why," I whyed, "I just turned the coal on and tried to steer, and I guess it got away from me."

"*Didn't you ease up on the curves?*" he half screamed at me.

It was then I learned how to drive a racing car—almost two years after I had started out. I had been trying to wheel the bus around curves at top speed, steering with my hands. Now I steer around turns with the foot throttle. You do that by easing up on the accelerator just as the machine starts into the curve, then gunning her suddenly with such force as to power-drive the rear wheels around, and it actually is necessary to turn the steering wheel slightly to the right, instead of the left, to straighten out in the stretch. This conserves your energy, lessens the friction on tires, saves time, and avoids accidents.

From Paris (Illinois) I started going places, and soon hit the big-time dirt-track circuit. I did well at Winchester, Crown Point, and Roby, Indiana, and at Hawthorne in Chicago. I received the biggest thrill of my life when I won my first trophy at Hawthorne.

But it took four more years of campaigning before I reached the Indianapolis speedway. Three weeks before the 500-mile race of 1927, Fred Holliday purchased the "Jinx Special" in which Jimmy Murphy had been killed, and told me to climb aboard. I just managed to qualify it before the start and selected for my mechanic a young man who never had been on the big speedway. His name was Lou Meyer—the same gent I dueled with for the lead on May 30, 1939. We finished fourth, which was fair for a pair of beginners.

When I started driving big time I discarded the crash helmet Bill Hunt had given me. Then, six years later, I got to thinking about it. If a helmet had saved my life when I was a novice, why not wear one now? I was at Daytona Beach, Florida, the winter of 1929 when Major H. O. D. Segrave, the Englishman, was trying to break the world's speed record. He wore a large crash helmet.

"Where can I buy those things?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "I don't know. But I'm making you a present of this one." And he handed it to me.

That English crash helmet subjected me to a lot of kidding. The press called me the driver with the tin hat. Cartoonists pictured it with a handle. But I wore it.

One day in 1931, just before the start of a race in California, Art Pilsbury, an A. A. A. official, said, "Shaw, why don't you take that tin pot off your head? You can't make any money while wearing it."

"You'll change your mind about that," I said, "before this day is over." I meant I would show him I could, by winning the race, but before the day was over he had another reason for changing his mind. I became tangled with Al Gordon's car and crashed so violently that I was tossed headfirst out of the seat, to land on my head upon the hard track. When I got up and walked away, officials and drivers rubbed their eyes. My helmet had probably saved me from a skull fracture.

Immediately other drivers went out looking for crash helmets, and after more than a dozen lives were saved as a result, the A. A. A. made it compulsory for drivers to wear helmets in all sanctioned races.

I designed and built the car I drove to my first Indianapolis victory. But for an accident, it would have carried me to wins in two successive years. I was roaring along in first place near the end of the 1936 Five Hundred when the hood came loose. It required nineteen minutes in the pit for repairs and I wound up in seventh place. That summer I took the car to New York and entered at Long Island, but the large machine was out of place on this type of track and finished against the wall. The frame was cracked and considerable other damage done.

I took the buggy back to Indianapolis and worked on it all that winter. I spliced the right side of the frame, but didn't tell any one for fear the car would be barred.

It was dreadfully hot on May 30, 1937, and the pace was scorching. With only five laps to go, I was in front again and seemed assured of victory. I was just about done for physically, though. Then, when we came around on the 196th lap, my pit had a sign up which read: "Frame." Immediately I thought of the cracked frame. It must be falling apart. I tried to look. Then I nudged my mechanic, Jigger Johnson, and, pointing to the right side of the car, yelled: "Frame! *Frame!*" He couldn't hear and didn't understand the signs I made. After two laps of futile efforts I accidentally pointed at the emergency brake. What did Jigger do but reach down with both hands and pull up on it! We were hitting 135 miles per hour. The car shimmied and shook wildly and started to skid. And Jigger held onto that brake tightly. I let him have my right elbow and fortunately knocked him out, releasing the brake. It was a miracle how that car came out of it, but somehow I managed to right her and drive on to the finish for my first 500-mile triumph.

After the ceremonies, I rushed to my head pit man and demanded, "What was the meaning of that sign 'Frame'?"

"Why," he explained, "Fred Frame [veteran race driver who won in 1932] saw you were just about exhausted and wanted us to let you know he was in the pit ready to relieve you."

THE END

Death Dodgers

Skids and crashes at 130 miles an hour—A speedway king's breath-taking story

BY WILBUR SHAW

Three-time winner of the Indianapolis "500"

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

In a London hot spot Kay, Joy, and Doris, on leave, were dancing with Canadian officers whom Kay had known, when a German bomb wrecked the building. All three girls and their escorts escaped unharmed. Back at camp, the girls found themselves promoted to the A. T. S. equivalent of a corporal's rank.

Soon Doris went to a movie with a Major Dudley whom she had met. Two days later, when she was posted as missing, the other girls found that no such major was known to the Intelligence Department, whose insignia Dudley had worn. When a blonde in a W. A. A. F. uniform, with whom Joy had seen him since Doris' disappearance, denied knowing him, Joy and "Auntie" took down the number of the blonde's taxi and hurried to the provost marshal's office. Meanwhile Kay had set out by herself to hunt for Doris.

PART FIVE—"THE CITY'S ON FIRE!"

DORIS was in hospital, suffering from shock. Kay was pacing our billet—Kay with her head in a bandage and a plaster on her nose. The kids from downstairs were peering in. "Lummy, ma!" cried one. "She got wounded!"

Kay shooed them away from the door and shut it, straddled a chair as if it had been a bronc, and all but yelled at us. "Well, I'll be doggoned! A medal, you say? Me? Shucks, it can't be true!"

"It is, dear," Auntie broke in. "You're to get the British Empire medal for meritorious service. Now fill my glass and tell us all about it."

"I'd rather hit the hay, old dear," sighed Kay. "There's really nothing to it. The fellow left his cutie just outside the pub, and I made a pick-up. Never thought I could do that, but I gave him the come-hither look *à la* Doris and he fell flat. He invited me to his apartment. Nice fellow, too; no monkey business. He started playing swing records, and came across pretty liberally with the whisky. When I wouldn't talk about the work we do, he laughed. 'But you can trust me, my dear. Don't I carry the secrets of the army with me?'

"There was a ring on the phone in the hall, and he went out, closing the door behind him pretty carefully, as if he didn't want me to listen. Then I saw a suitcase with a red terminal wire sticking out of the door of the big closet. I just couldn't resist opening it—and then he came back. Before I could say a word he went for me like a mad dog. I always thought I could look after myself, but he got me. When I woke up, there were Doris and I hog-tied on the bed. That's all I know. If it hadn't been for you two, guess we'd have starved to death."

"And to think that blonde was a spy too!" said Auntie. "Good thing you've got a good memory, Joy."

The military police hadn't wasted much time after we tipped them off. They had found the girl through the taxi driver, followed her to the man (neither of the two was a real officer), broken into the house, and discovered the short-wave radio set and Doris and Kay gagged and bound in the back room. The camp hasn't had an air raid since. The man had been giving instructions to German raiding planes ever since he'd been in the neighborhood.

When the day came for us to leave, Auntie kissed us both. We went to the Motor Transport Division, attached to an antiaircraft unit on the east coast. Doris was to join us when she was better; she'd had a nasty crack on the head, and after that she'd been four days without food. It was a bit strange going into unexcitement again—routine, physical training, kit inspection, orderly officers, and guard duty. But Kay was in the drum-and-fife band and was loving it.

We were coming back from church parade one Sunday morning when I

War Girl

saw Max and a couple of officers standing watching us. I didn't need a word of command to "eyes right" him. Over lunch he made spaniel's eyes at me. "Will you marry me next week, Joy? Our battery isn't very far away. We're both allowed to live in married quarters. I surrender! That is, I'll make no conditions."

I wanted to say yes, but instead I said, "Think it over, old dear. In a month, if you're still of the same mind, I will. I'm seeing this thing through, and I want to get a commission."

The best of being an N. C. O. is we have a bar, a lounge, more freedom, and higher pay. Both Kay and I have put our names down for commissions.

Doris came back full of beans and with more than a sparkle in her eye. She and I were driving a three-ton truck, and Kay was carrying dispatches as well as chauffeuring an antiaircraft officer.

"All I seem to do is to bring Doris love letters from that gunner bloke," grumbled Kay as she drove in one morning. "Here's another. Each one will cost you a beer, honey."

Doris hugged the letter. "I'm in love at last, girls. We're going to be married."

"When?" we demanded.

"When he's a captain and I'm an officer," she said solemnly. I felt relieved. Doris sensible at last.

The next moment we were all flat on our stomachs. There may have been thirty bombs; there may have been a hundred. There certainly had been no warning. We lay on the hut floor with chunks of dirt spattering down all around as the Spitfires and Hurricanes went up. There was no glass left in the windows. An incendiary bomb fell through the other end of the hut. It had begun fizzing when a defense orderly girl rushed at it with a long-handled shovel and carried it outside. Something big dropped quite near and spattered flames all over the place. It was an oil bomb. The flames rose up higher than the window. Doris tugged at my elbow. "Our three-tonner—there's petrol in it. We better move it."

"Here, hold on," said Kay. "I'm going with you."

"You stay here—they may want you," I said.

We jammed on our tin hats and ran. The flames were already gushing toward our lorry full of petrol cans. An officer yelled at us to stop. The guns were barking.

"Come on," said Doris.

We got her out. Ahead was a wall of flame six feet high. I hesitated.

"Try it!" urged Doris. "Rush it!"

I put my foot down. As we went through, the flames blew in the window. Doris stood poised with the fire extinguisher, but she didn't have to use it. We got as far as the road.

A military policeman on a motorcycle came up. "Move on, girls—you're in the way." He began to bawl at us, so we joined the chain of lorries. A transferent officer came along and spaced them out at convoy distance. After we had gone about a mile, we took a turn to the left and came back to camp.

Kay had gone out on a dispatch. She came back, her face disgusted, and pitched an envelope across to Doris. "Better tell your boy friend not to get romantic in an air raid. the charge being misuse of service petrol and time. We rigged up the hut as a court, and the prisoner was brought in, squirming, in her undies. Having heard all the evidence, we sentenced her to be whacked "on the spot" and to do a week's sock washing in her spare time. Kay delivered the stripes with a newspaper. Iris, who used to be a magazine cover model before the war, went to the boys' quarters and came back with a wicker clothesbasket loaded up with about a hundred pairs of socks. We were just pelting Doris with them when Bunface walked in—and a particularly damp and heavy pair of socks hit Bunface right on the clock.

She lined us up. Some of the girls "This is free time. Why, 'Lights out' hasn't gone yet."

Bunface knew Kewpie was right. She bellowed, "Unless I know by nine o'clock tomorrow who threw this disgusting thing at me, every one in the hut will be under restrictions!" She stamped out.

"Guess that means me," said Kay. "I kind of started it."

"No," said Kewpie, "we're all in it, but she can't do anything. In any case, you mustn't own up. You're down for a commission. It would spoil your chances."

Bunface never said any more.

Kay got her medal at Buckingham Palace in the middle of a blitz. "There's nothing to it," she said.

"He got me. When I woke up, there were Doris and I hog-tied on the bed."

Edited by KEITH AYLING

Great Britain's "weaker sex" tells its own superb story of blitz battles

Here am I thinking I'm being called for an invasion or something, and all it is is a letter for you and a copy of the Times for Bunface."

"Bunface" is the camp senior leader, the most hateful lump of female dough that ever poured itself into uniform.

That night, having nothing better to do, the girls in our platoon held a drumhead court-martial on Doris, were in bed. She made them get out.

"Now," she said, "who is responsible for this outrage?" Nobody answered. Somebody giggled. Bunface roared, "Own up, some one! If you don't, all of you will lose your privileges!"

Kewpie, who's a law student in civil life, spoke up. "There's no outrage at all, ma'am," she said gently. "There were hundreds there. And they'd all done more than I had. There was a woman old enough to be a grandmother who'd got the George medal; R. A. F. kids who were really babies. But I was proud to be there with them."

Our great day was an inspection by Queen Mary. I think every girl of us would willingly die for the old lady. Bunface and "Seamy," our company assistant, lined us up to give us a pep talk.

"Girls," began Seamy, "as you know, lipstick is optional, but I know that the Queen Mother doesn't like it. And no red vulture claws, please."

"I can't see what difference it

(*Continued on page 35*)

So nice to Remember!

BY KERMIT SHELBY

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

YOU think it's good enough for her, don't you, mama? You think she had it coming? . . . Oh, I'll admit Lily did wrong when she married this second man she didn't love. But Melvin did wrong, too, mama—even if he is your son. He did wrong when he walked off and left Lily that night, over two years ago—just walked out of their hotel room as if he were going downstairs for cigarettes or coffee, and never coming back—taking the car, even—leaving her stranded in that little mountain town. . . . Yes, I know they'd been having quarrels and fights all along. They'd had one that night, too. . . . But if he was going to leave her, why didn't he do it a long time ago? Why did he wait till they'd been married twenty-five years?

Mama, I don't think Lily's to blame for marrying again so soon. What else could she do—her nearly forty-six, and untrained—but marry the first decent man who'd ask her? You'd be surprised, though, what a nice man she got. This Jim Addison's not only a good plumber; he's well thought of in church. And he and Will are on the school board, you know. He's good to Lily, too. . . . Oh, he hasn't got that salesman polish Mel has, but when he smiles it's genuine.

The pitiful part about messing up your life like Lily did, though, mama, isn't that just one person has to suffer. They all three have to suffer. And they have to go right on suffering, because the pattern's changed. The old pattern's torn up and gone forever, and the new pattern doesn't fit anybody.

I guess that's what Lily was trying to do that day last summer when she got me to drive her down to Arkansas to see Melvin—she was trying to change the pattern back like she wanted. And she saw it couldn't be done. But that trip changed Lily, mama. You'll see how changed she is. She told me she'd be by to say hello, soon as she found out your train got in from California. But I hope you'll be nice to her, mama. That's why I'm telling you all this.

You knew she wrote letters around, didn't you, trying to find out where he was? Well, she found out through Hattie.

Hattie's bought herself a cigar store there in Hot Springs, mama, since Ab divorced her. And a tobacco salesman told her he'd run across Ab and Melvin way down in the backwoods, where they were running their little store, Ponder Brothers. When Hattie found out they were baching down there, pretending they were two old bachelors, she thought it was too good to keep, I guess, so she wrote it on to Lily. She told Lily if she'd come down, they'd take a day off and drive over and surprise the Ponder Brothers by a double call from their two ex-wives. Hattie thought it would be a good joke.

But you could see Lily didn't think it was a joke.

It wasn't long—just a day or two after that letter—she began begging me to drive her over there. You know she's still too nervous to drive a car, or thinks she is.

"Just a family visit, you know," she coaxed me. But I could tell by the way her eyes were, dreamy and sad-like, that she wasn't thinking of it as any visit. She was trying to get Melvin back. And I wasn't sure then that I wanted her to have him.

You see, mama, at that time I felt toward Lily just as you do. I thought all she cared about Mel was to stir up trouble. It wasn't till after this trip had changed her, and I'd seen her change, that I began to feel sorry for her. So I just came right out and told her. I told her it didn't look very considerate of her, now

She sat there hunched forward, strained, expectant. But it wasn't a happy expectancy.

ILLUSTRATOR FRANK BENSING

A poignant human story of a marriage that failed—and a love that lasted!

that she'd gone and married some one else, to hunt up Melvin and start things all over between them, when they'd both been trying to forget.

She told me, then, how she felt about Melvin. She said every time she looked at that silver-leaf maple in her yard she thought of him. "Every time it rustles, Frances," she told me, "I think of that young silver-leaf we used to have in our yard at the Cape, when we lived in the little brick house, and you came to visit us, the summer it was so hot."

She said, evenings, after they'd get Gilbert to sleep—he must have been about two then, for I was just twelve, and of course they were just kids themselves—anyway, she said it would be so hot they'd drag their mattress out on the roof of that little front porch—you remember it slanted a little—but she said it was cooler out there than it was inside. And she said Melvin would be so tired after riding his bicycle all day, trying to sell insurance to those coal miners over in Hunky Town. But she said sometimes the wind would flutter the leaves in that silver-leaf maple, and that seemed to soothe him. She said when he could hear that maple rustle, he'd go right to sleep. And she said she'd lie there in the dark, awake, with the baby between them—just so happy she couldn't sleep, watching the lights on the steamboat way down the river bend, and she'd think how it would be some day when they had a bigger house, with their own furniture and all. She said it made her happy, then, just to listen to their breathing.

You know, mama, if Gilbert had lived, I believe things would have been different. I believe Lily and Melvin would be together yet. But you know how it was after he died. Melvin got that salesman job, and they kept moving from state to state, till Lily got to where she didn't like to live in any one place long. She got wanderlust, I guess. But it was Mel who taught it to her.

She told me that's what they quarreled about that night Melvin left her—because she wanted him to take that job in Texas, and he wanted to settle down and not move any more. Oh, I guess it went deeper than that, but that's what brought it on.

After she told me all that, I felt kinder toward her. But I still didn't want to drive her over there. But you know how she is, mama, when she gets her heart set on something.

She said she'd told her husband all about it—that she still loved Mel, in spite of all their quarreling and fight-

ing. And she said he wanted her to do what would make her happy and not consider him. Can you imagine that, mama? Jim Addison told her—at least she told me he told her—he'd give her a divorce if she wanted one, so she could go back to Melvin. I don't know. Maybe she just kept on till she wore him down about it, like she did me. Anyway, I finally promised to drive her over there.

Well, we looked this place up on the map and it was just a little over a hundred and twenty-five miles. So we figured, even with bad roads, that would give us time for a few hours' visit and still get us home by dark. But I wish you could have seen her luggage. I don't know what she expected, mama, but she took along enough clothes to last a week.

And she'd fixed herself up—oh, manicure, perfume, and I don't know what all. And she'd had her hair dipped with a fresh coat of that peroxide stuff—you know she doesn't wear it platinum any more; she wears it a kind of copper color. Only it doesn't take the same all over. And she still wears it like she used to, braided, with all those hairpins, and wound round in little buns.

She had on one of those pancake hats—the kind young girls wear, you know—black straw, with white flowers on the front in a bunch. Rosebud lips. Skirts up to here, with chiffon hose and all those blue veins showing. But, anyway, her legs are still pretty shaped. You know, mama, Lily doesn't look bad in her house dress, when she just lets herself be her own age. But the way she'd got herself made up, she reminded me of one of those old-fashioned flapper dolls—a flapper doll with a wrinkled face.

SHE looked almost young when we started—with her eyes shining. But she didn't hold up. By the time we reached Big Falls, and were having the gas tank filled, she began to get cold feet. She'd no sooner get one drink of ice water than she'd want another. It was the way she felt inside, I guess—feverish. And her make-up—she still wears that awful white kind, and she still tints it around the eyes with that orange rouge, like they used to—well, it began to fall to pieces, showing how wrinkled she was underneath.

And, mama, she hunted up her old wedding ring, the one he'd given her, and she had it on. She'd keep twisting it, and all those other rings, until I wanted to scream almost.

"Maybe we'd better call it off, Frances," she said, worried. "It's turned so hot, and the roads will be bad, and I doubt if we can make it in a single day." She was trying to salve her conscience, I guess.

"We've started now; we're going through with it," I told her. "Let's get it out of our system."

She seemed relieved in a way. I guess she felt she was being forced to go, and that's the way she wanted to feel—that it wasn't her fault she was doing this.

Well, when we came to this little town—the address Hattie had given us—we found they lived five miles farther on, in the swamp.

When we got to the end of it there was a river. The only way we could get across was in a little skiff. Lily and I sat on a wet plank with a newspaper spread over, and the man stood up and pushed with a long pole.

She sat there hunched forward, so tiny and strained and expectant. But it wasn't a happy expectancy. You could tell she was afraid Melvin wouldn't be glad to see her. And her eyes—I don't know, mama—they were alive with too many memories. All the fights they'd had. All the things they'd said to each other.

THERE were a lot of weeping willows and cypress trees, and a sawmill and the store. That's all. The place had a fishy smell. Oh, Ab and Melvin really got away from civilization, mama, when they built their store over there across that river. Flies all over the screen door outside, and an old hound-dog, and beer smells. We went inside.

Well, of course they weren't expecting us, didn't know we were within a thousand miles of the place. So just for a moment, until they had time to recognize us, we had a chance to see them just like they were. Ab was standing over by a pickle barrel, grinning, waiting on trade—it was noon hour, you see, and the place was full of sawmillers. They had their lunch spread out over this barrel top—oh, cheese, beer, bologna, and I don't know what all—and one man was cutting up a dill pickle with his pocketknife and passing it around, while another man told a big fish tale. Oh, they were having a high old time.

Melvin had his back to us, standing there, pigeon-toed as ever, opening up a shipment of tobacco or something, and listening.

Then, when the screen door banged, these sawmillers looked up and saw me and Lily. It got still as church after that. Melvin turned—and, mama, I wish you could have seen his face. You know how round-faced Mel is, how his eyes squint up in little half-moons when he laughs? Well, that's the way he was looking then. But when he caught sight of us, his face got long as a mule's. And his eyes—he batted 'em fast, like a frog in a hailstorm.

Just for an instant could we tell how he felt. He covered it up, polite, like he always does, with that salesman smile of his. "Well, well—" He reached out his hand. "Can you imagine this!" But you could tell he was thinking about those sawmillers, about what they might tell.

But Lily didn't even know the sawmillers were there. Her eyes were probing into his, searching, sort of hurt and reproachful, you know, to find him living like this. And either she took it for granted he was glad to see her, or else she could see he wasn't and she wanted to break through that wall between them. Anyway, she reached up, put her arms about his neck—she had to tiptoe, of course, Mel's so much taller. And she was crying a little.

And, mama, maybe it was poor taste on Lily's part, trying to kiss him. But after twenty-five years, I suppose, it must have come natural. And I do think Melvin might have spared her feelings, there, before all those sawmillers. But he didn't. He turned, flustered, and you could see those big ears of his get red as flannel. "Here," he said, "I'll bring in some chairs."

Lily saw then. She saw what she had done. And you could tell how it touched her pride—way down deep. It got mighty uncomfortable after that. But those sawmillers—they caught on right away that it was a family party. They saw, too, that somewhere something was wrong about it. They got their stuff together and got right out.

After Melvin brought the chairs in he turned the fan on me and Lily, and Ab opened up some cold pop, and then we all sat around and looked at one another and tried to let on how tickled we were to be together.

Mama, you wouldn't know Ab. He's fleshened up so. Got round-waisted and pink and bald all over. I couldn't get used to that upper plate of his. It makes him so full-faced. He seemed happy. Still sloppy as ever, though.

Melvin's changed. Oh, he's still neat, still wears nice clothes—new shoes and a nice tie. Slim as ever. But he's changed. His hair's got thinner. And his eyes—when he thinks you're not noticing, they have an empty look. Drained-like. Oh, you can tell he's been through a lot.

I don't know, mama, maybe it's just because I've been away so long. But they don't seem like my brothers any more. They seem like two queer old men who have allowed their crankiness to draw them together. It seems so pitiful, their willingness to live on like that.

WE'D no more than sat down, mama, till I could see why it was Melvin hadn't kissed Lily. He didn't trust himself. Oh, he tried not to let on—we talked about how hot it was, how awful the roads were, about the ferryman, things like that—but you could see it in his eyes, how excited she'd made him. Excited and afraid. You could see he was afraid she had come to rescue him from all this. And you could see he didn't want to be rescued. He had that wall up. And Lily was trying to break through the wall, and she couldn't.

She sat there, trying not to show how hurt she was. You know, she tried to be so bright and animated—her, with that nervous indigestion just smothering her—her rouged lips pursed into that little rosebud smile. Only she just thought it was a smile

(*Continued on page 50*)

In cigarettes, as in coast defense guns, it's modern design that makes the big difference!

"Yes, Colonel—Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"

Of traditionally fine tobaccos

• Modern design has made a vast difference in coast defense—has given these streamlined railway guns a new kind of performance. That's important—for lives may depend on their range and accuracy—their modern design.

Listen to the men who direct these guns. They'll tell you that in cigarettes, too, it's modern design that makes the big difference.

Pall Mall's modern design brings you a new kind of smoking pleasure. For this streamlined cigarette is deliberately designed to give you a much smoother, less irritating smoke. You see, tobacco is its own natural filter. In Pall Mall the smoke is measurably filtered . . . filtered over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

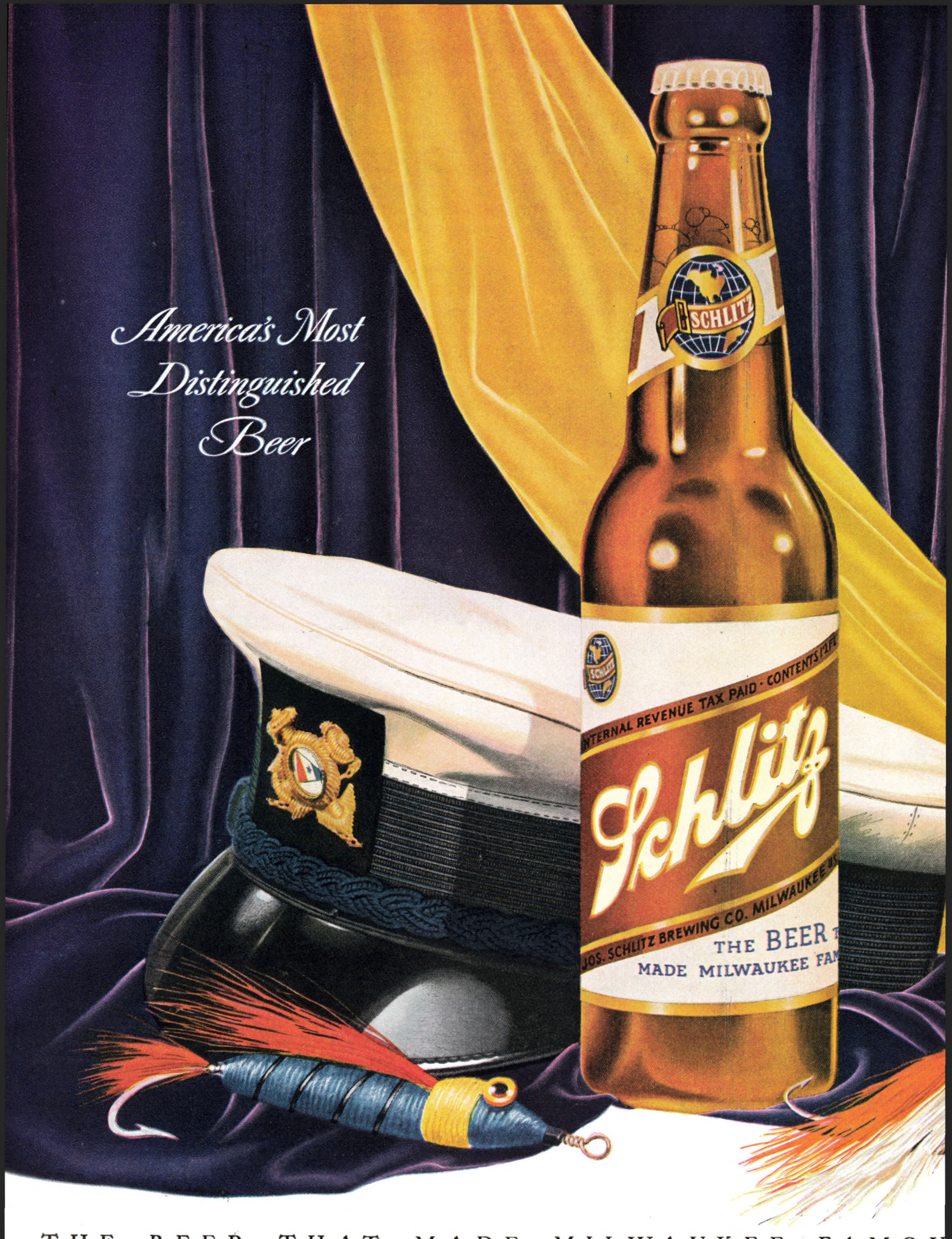
Pall Mall's modern design also means a definitely cooler smoke. That's because the additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

Now, at last—thanks to modern design—a truly fine cigarette provides in fact what other cigarettes claim in theory—a smoother, less irritating smoke—Pall Mall.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. See if you, too, don't agree that—

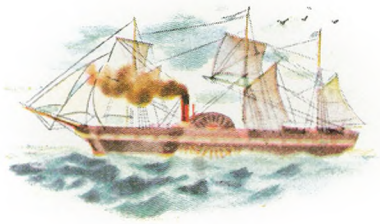
"Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation."

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOU

DID YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT BEER?

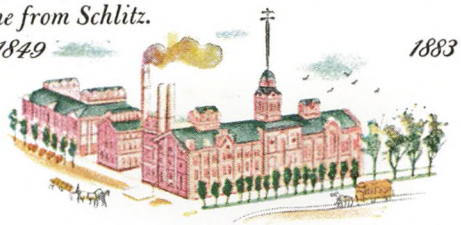


When a puffing little steamer docked in New York harbor—on a cold winter day in 1883—the most important passenger to come down her plank was not a man or a woman, but an invisible something in a little black bag. It was the first specimen of pure-culture yeast ever to reach the New World. And it was going to Milwaukee—to the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company.

Not many people could have told you, then, what "pure-culture yeast" was. But Schlitz had heard about it—heard how a Danish scientist had bred it from a single microscopic cell. And Schlitz knew that this yeast had a special power—that of fermenting beer *uniformly*.

So—back in 1883—pure-culture yeast became one more reason why people exclaimed over the great flavor of Schlitz. To this day, people are still exclaiming; and the list of reasons why they like it has grown into the most impressive record in American brewing. For it is a fact that *nearly every major advance in American brewing has come from Schlitz.*

1849 *1883*



The consistency of this Schlitz record is not an accident. Rather, it comes from a principle—from the deep-rooted, traditional and unfailing respect felt at Schlitz for the science and art of brewing fine beer. This is how Schlitz, America's most distinguished beer, keeps its word to the millions of people who love its magnificent flavor.

Have you tried Schlitz lately? Have you tasted it—savored it—compared it? If not, we believe you're missing a magnificent experience—the experience of finding out for yourself how gloriously *good* beer can be.

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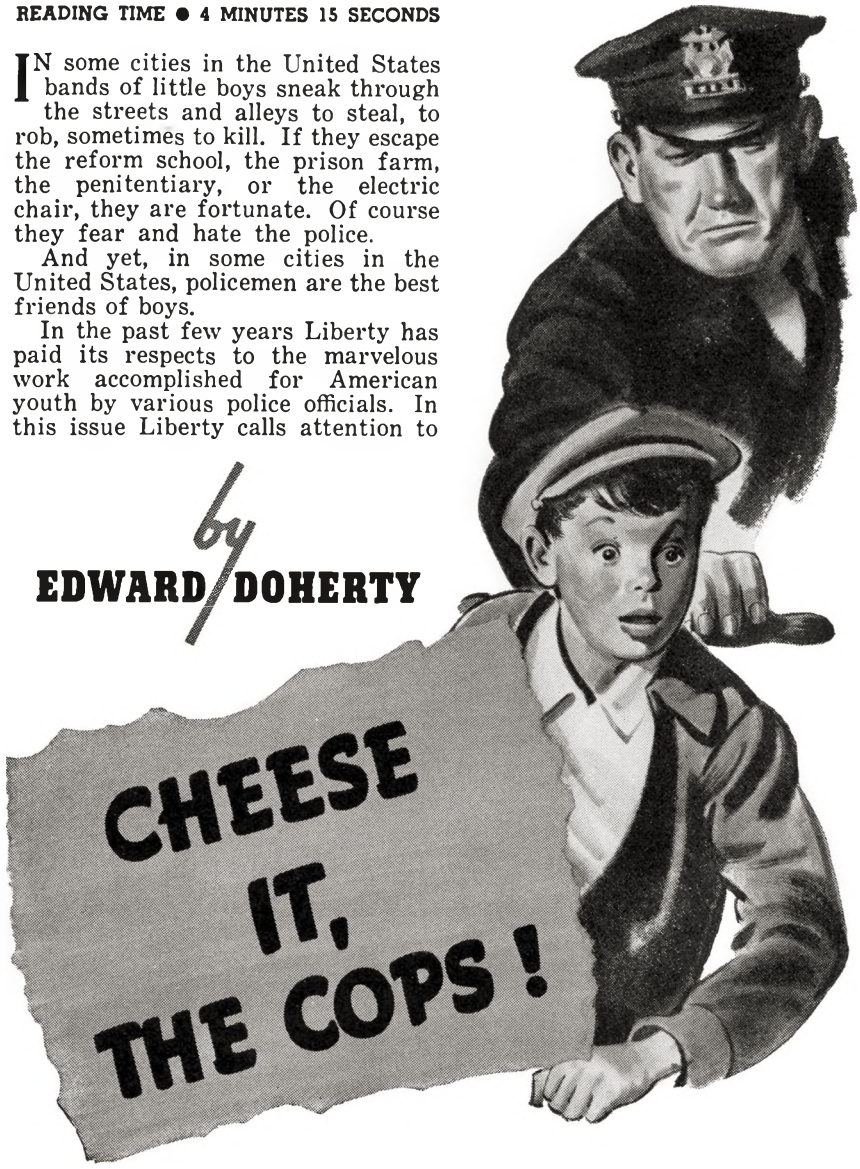
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



by EDWARD DOHERTY

CHEESE IT, THE COPS!

How a "tough kid's" traditional foes can become his best friends

IN some cities in the United States bands of little boys sneak through the streets and alleys to steal, to rob, sometimes to kill. If they escape the reform school, the prison farm, the penitentiary, or the electric chair, they are fortunate. Of course they fear and hate the police.

And yet, in some cities in the United States, policemen are the best friends of boys.

In the past few years Liberty has paid its respects to the marvelous work accomplished for American youth by various police officials. In this issue Liberty calls attention to the progress achieved by the police of Washington, D. C., and of Tuckahoe, New York.

About eight years ago, just after the first F. D. Roosevelt inaugural ball, Major Ernest W. Brown, superintendent of the metropolitan police of the District of Columbia, obtained an interview with Mrs. John Allan Dougherty, chairman of the ball committee.

"The police of this city," he said, "and of every other city, are up against a tough situation. We want to help the boys, but we can't under present conditions. A policeman patrolling his beat will hear, every time he approaches a group of boys, the old cry, 'Cheese it, the cops!' If we could befriend all the boys we could prevent their becoming criminals. There is only one way I can see, and that is to start a boys' club. We'd teach them to wrestle, to box, to swim, to skate, to play baseball and football and tennis. We'd teach them trades too, organize a band, see that they read good books. We have a large vacant basement at the Fifth Precinct station they could use."

Mrs. Dougherty, after consulting with the members of the inaugural ball committee, turned over to Major Brown $1,000, which was the surplus the committee had raised over expenses. On the day the club was opened, February 22, 1934, two hundred boys applied for membership. Mrs. Dougherty was made president, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt honorary president, and Mrs. Henry L. Doherty honorary vice-president.

Today the club has five units and 14,623 members. And only one boy out of all those thousands has ever been in any serious trouble with the police. Minor troubles have decreased steadily.

At present the club has a board of fifty directors, business and professional men and police officials. It owns its own camp on the Potomac River at Scotland, Maryland, and over a thousand boys were entertained there last summer. It has organized numerous baseball, football, basketball, and boxing teams. It teaches printing, dancing, music, first aid, dramatics, handicrafts, radio broadcasting, and singing. It has an adequate dental clinic and the best of professional care for the sick. Each year a campaign is organized to raise funds. Each year the club grows in membership, and in favor with the citizens of Washington, many of whom are now asking, "Why don't we organize a similar club for girls?"

THE boy work of the Tuckahoe Police Associates was begun a little more than ten years ago by Patrolman Milton Gibbons, after a conversation with Judge George W. Smyth, who presides over the Children's Court. The judge had been forced by law to send a boy to a house of correction. "That boy," he said, "never had a chance. His parents shamefully neglected him. He was thrown into evil company. Is it his fault he went wrong? What are we doing for our children?"

"Suppose we start a little club," Policeman Gibbons said. "I have a pretty big basement in my house. It could be made into a gymnasium. If we can interest a few of the boys, maybe the club will grow."

"Splendid," said the judge. "Go to it. I'll help you. And so will a lot of other men."

Four years later the Tuckahoe Police Associates had grown to such an extent, and had proved itself so necessary, that Judge Smyth asked Gibbons to expand it to take in all the boys in the Town of Eastchester.

Long before this time large quarters had been found in the Main Street School gymnasium. There were a cadet corps, a fife, drum, and bugle corps, a baseball team, a track squad, and other recreational and educational groups. And the members of the club had progressed to such an extent as to excite the admiration of New York City, whose police formed an athletic league modeled on the Gibbons plan.

Today the boys of the Tuckahoe Police Associates, in comparison to their number, have won more amateur boxing championships than any other organization in the country.

"We had more than our share of juvenile delinquency in Tuckahoe," Judge Smyth says. "Today we have almost forgotten what juvenile delinquency means. In the first six months of 1940 we have had only three cases."

The Police Associates has a membership of only one hundred. But they are among the healthiest, the happiest, the best mannered, and the most law-abiding young men and boys in Tuckahoe and Eastchester—whereas they might have been among the weakest, the most desperate, the most dangerous, had not the police befriended them.

THE END

makes," complained Sandra, who used to be a nude at the Windmill.[1] "Personally, I always feel undressed if I haven't got lipstick on."

"You ought to know, darling," said some one softly.

Seven hundred pale faces went on parade. The sedate old Queen cruised down our lines and passed out of sight. The company assistants stood us at ease. They might have given us the order, "Fix lipstick." You've never seen such a scramble—seven hundred girls with seven hundred lipsticks. We marched back to the billet feeling dressed again.

That afternoon they dished us out trousers, which give you more comfort on duty, and moral comfort in danger. Two days later the chief commandant of the depot lined us up: "Trousers will be worn in camp and on duty only. The local clergy have complained that they dislike seeing you girls walking in town in trousers. I don't agree, but we ought to do our best to please everybody."

Kay and I took our long pants and our evening frocks on leave. We went to stay with mother at Braintree. The first night, we went down with her on the Y. W. C. A. tea car on emergency air-raid duty. The German bombers were battering the East End. Gosh, you don't have to be young to be brave! Mother drove her wagon straight through the raid. She drew up at a corner near a huge fire, and Kay and I got busy handing out tea and sandwiches to the firemen and A. R. P. police. Poor devils!

They had been soaked—and roasted at the same time. They came up staggering, eyebrows singed, clothing smoldering. Often they couldn't speak. I offered one a cigarette. "No thanks, miss," he croaked. "I've got enough smoke in me throat to last me for a lifetime."

Mother told Kay and me to rub our faces with cold cream to stop them from blistering. The paint on the wagon was peeling off with the heat of the fire.

"This is England, all right," whispered Kay to me. "Look at those women. All taking it on the chin. Not one of them grumbling." A pathetic file of homeless women and children were passing; some carrying bundles, with overcoats and blankets flung over their night clothes. Kay offered a cup of tea to an old woman who looked all in. "No thanks, dear," she called; "keep it for the boys. They need it. We'll get ours later!"

A high-explosive bomb fell in the middle of a mass of flames that was an apartment house. "Duck!" yelled ma. Burning embers rained everywhere. The fire went out suddenly, snuffed out by the explosive. Everything went dark then. The police moved us on. A crowd of refugees barred our way. A woman hung on to the rail of the wagon. "My baby —baby! He's in there," she wailed. "They won't let me go. I must—I can't leave him!"

A policeman tried to pull her away. She fought him like a trapped animal. "I want my baby!" He shook his head gravely. "The kid's in a room in the building over there. It may crash any minute. The officer in charge won't let any one go in. We can't risk lives."

"I'll give her a cup of tea," said Kay. She got out of the wagon and led the woman behind. I handed her down a chair.

A truckful of firemen and rescue workers drove up. I forgot about Kay. We handed out about one hundred cups of tea. The police had cleared off the refugees, and it had begun to rain.

A police chief came up to the wagon. He grinned at me as I gave him a cup of tea. "Are you the young woman who went into the house to fetch that kid?"

"Me?" I said, staring at him. "No. Why? What's wrong?"

"Some girl in uniform got into that building and came out with a kid just before it collapsed, and our fellows are giving me hell because I forbade them to go into it. Now they say the girl came from this wagon. If she did, you tell her that if I did my duty she'd get court-martialed, or whatever they do to you. And tell her she's got guts."

As he walked away, Kay put her nose around the side of the wagon—Kay minus those red-gold eyebrows, her face like a sweep's. "Joy," she whispered, "give me some milk. Isn't he cute?" In her arms was a baby wrapped in a shawl. On a blanket on the ground lay its mother, sleeping peacefully, dog-tired but happy.

THE next day we went to town. Kay had telephoned Bill Carstairs, and he and Bunny were going to take us out. We took a room at the Cumberland. I combed Kay's hair for her. She looked lovely, as healthy as a hayfield and as feminine as a flower. Then I got her into a white dinner dress that made her look like a Grecian maiden.

"Gosh," she said, "what clothes can do to you! You know, I always longed for clothes like this. It's all very well to ride a bronc with a bunch of cow hands, but this is the kind of thing a woman wants."

Bill Carstairs and Bunny called to collect us. Bill opened his eyes a bit when he spied Kay. "Sweetie-pie," he burst out, "has any one ever told you that you look like Joan Crawford, only a darn sight better?" I know he fell for her at that moment.

We went to the Piccadilly Hotel—champagne, liqueurs, and a wonderful dance band. When we were going back to the hotel, at about one in the morning, some one said, "The City's on fire! Let's go and look." We got a taxi. The driver got down to the Embankment and then pulled up short in a line with other cars. "We can't go any further. Too many blinking sight-seers." We got out.

A solid column of red flame seemed to be standing straight up in the air over the City. You could see St. Paul's Cathedral gleaming white and pink in the middle.

"The swine!" Bill gritted his teeth. "If they think they'll win this war in this way, they're mistaken."

We stood on the top of a parapet on the Embankment. People were arriving to watch in cars, on bicycles, and on foot. Over the City the flames rose higher. You could hear the explosions as the dynamite squads blasted at the ruins. Presently the air-raid alarms went again. The guns started a barrage. Mounted police came up. The crowd wouldn't move.

"Let's go," said Bill. "It doesn't seem decent. Gosh, those people would stare at their own funeral!"

It took half an hour to find our way to the street to get a taxi. We were talking in our room back in the hotel when Bill said, "I'm glad I saw it. Across on the other side of the Atlantic we haven't quite realized what you're up against here."

Kay kissed him. I'd never seen her quite so tender.

I took Bunny for a walk, for I had an idea that Carstairs was good for Kay, after her having seen all that destruction. We'll pay the Germans for it. We must. While we were having a 4.30 A. M. breakfast at the Corner House, we heard that they had come over again and dropped more high explosives on the watching crowd.

That afternoon, back at camp, Kay said suddenly, "Honey, I'm going to marry Bill. I don't know whether it was the frock or the fire, but he's stuck on me and I'm nuts about him. Funny we've known each other all these years and never worked it out this way. We're getting hitched on our next leave." She hugged me till my shoulders nearly cracked. "Joy, duckie, I'm so happy." I knew she was crying. "I'm so happy that I'm afraid. Gosh! I'm all hog-tied with love."

Doris and I went out in the three-tonner. We got to the battery just as a strafe started. The boys bundled us into the deep dugouts. We had tea and cigarettes, and played Gracie Fields' records on the phonograph. We were so comfy you wouldn't have thought there was a war on outside.

When we got back, the section leader sent for me. "Chief Volunteer Smith, there's a car waiting to take you to the hospital. Your cousin had an accident. She's waiting for you."

Kay in the hospital? What's happened? Also, what is to happen if "Bunface" has volunteers in evening frocks arrested for strolling in the men's camp after midnight? And how do Nazi airmen behave if their plane is shot down and British war girls pounce on them? Don't miss the conclusion of Joy's story next week!

[1] London's only leg show with nudes.

Like one possessed, Lili had taken up a siphon bottle and thrown it. "Get out!" she shrieked.

By Grace Perkins

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN Horry Rumford breaks his engagement to beautiful rich Lili Kettridge because he wants to be with Magda Dourbon, his first love, who has been injured in a plane crash in which her husband was killed, Lili's pride is hurt, but not her heart. For she is really in love with Peter Higgins, a law student from the West, with no money and an orphaned niece to support.

Driving home after seeing Horry, she makes a wrong turning, goes back along the rain-swept road, and sees a crowd gathered. Peter is there, and Officer Bleakers—and Peggy, Peter's small niece, is lying on the ground, her face and head covered with blood. She has been injured by a hit-and-run driver.

At the hospital her condition is pronounced serious, and Lili takes Peter home with her to try and comfort him. They are interrupted by Officer Bleakers, who tells Lili she is under arrest. He has found some threads from Peggy's coat on the fender of her car. She is the one who, without knowing it, hit Peter's niece!

She can see that Peter believes that she drove on knowing what she had done, although he tries to help her out by lying to Bleakers. Sawyer, an old servant, gets in touch with her lawyers, and sends for her father, Shelley, a ne'er-do-well artist who now lives in Arizona. Lili's mother, long divorced from her husband, has recently come from England and is in New York. She

ILLUSTRATOR EDWIN HENRY

Footloose!

And now — Fate plays a grim trick! A vivid modern novel of a rich girl who had nothing

cannot come to Lili because she is ill, but she sends a public relations man, Rex Wareham, to handle reporters and to cancel arrangements for Lili's wedding to Horry.

The town cold-shoulders Lili—whose lawyers have her out on bail—and Peter ignores her. Her father arrives and is not much help. To prevent his finding out where his ex-wife is—he has a habit of annoying her whenever he can—Lili telephones her mother from a drugstore. In the course of the conversation she admits that she still loves Peter. When she finishes, she sees customers standing about the store in listening attitudes—and Peter at the prescription counter. The door of the booth has been open and they have heard what she said!

PART NINE—A NIGHT VISIT FROM PETER

PETER said quietly, but loudly enough for a number to hear: "I didn't get your message, Lili, or I would have called back. I've been —mostly—in Peggy's room, I guess."

"I understand," she nodded, because his eyes held her steady. "I've had word through Old Sawyer, of course. 'Evening, Mrs. Gates!"

Because Peter half offered her his arm, they walked out together in close if moody companionship. Once on the street, before the somewhat abashed crowd dared to follow them, Peter turned to her unceremoniously.

"I want you to know," he spoke quickly, "that Old Sawyer asked me to meet him in the drugstore and that's why I was there. That's all."

"Oh! Well, if you think it was a plant"—Lili breathed furiously the while she cast a wrathful eye at Old Sawyer, who was driving up as if summoned—"it was only Sawyer's idea of sending the marines. And if you were half a man—"

"Never mind that," Peter cut in wearily. "Just get it straight—that performance in there was for the benefit of the gallery, that's all. I won't run into you again if I can help it, plant or no plant."

"When you see me again, you'll come calling," Lili blazed. "And you needn't bother dodging me on the phone, either—because I won't ring you."

With which she stalked across the pavement and into her car. There was no use speaking to Old Sawyer, who eyed her with furtive glances that told him his idiotic plan had failed utterly.

Lili slumped down in her seat. No use at all lambasting Old Sawyer, because the poor old duck had only meant the best—and better. And who was she to blame or rant? Perhaps if she had not been such an overflooding fool as she gabbled to her mother over the phone—oh, *perhaps* —the meeting in the drugstore just might have meant some slight healing, however prying an audience there might have been.

In the house, Lili hastened up the back stairs to her own room; she did not wish to meet her father nor any of the social secretaries. Yet her room seemed a prison and futility lashed at her with the dull where-to-go, what-to-do, who-to-see questions.

Well. So! Now Peter knew she loved him. Or maybe he didn't. Maybe he would be one of the few who hadn't heard her blurt it out to her mother. But the town knew, anyway. If he hadn't heard it already, Peter would hear it sooner or later.

Her mother's condition worried Lili naggingly. For some time Lillian Kettridge had been failing, depending more frequently on restoratives of varying degrees. This didn't seem like an illness as much as a relapse which Mrs. Kettridge recognized and knew well how to handle. Yet Lili felt alienated, that she was not wanted at her mother's side. What good would she be, of course? To her mother or to any one else?

And what good was her mother to her in the hours of defeat and apparent ruin that Lili faced? None, except to send secretaries to handle surface matters. England she had suggested and England she had found denied; beyond that Lillian Kettridge offered no Q. E. D. Her father had offered her brandy; Old Sawyer had brought, out of pity, sleeping tablets.

Somehow Lili must solve things herself. Granting the impossibility of ever winning Peter's respect or affection, there must be some way to clear herself, if only with herself, and some place to find a place where she was wanted and needed.

Old Sawyer rapped strenuously at her bedroom door and without further formality opened it.

"Your father!" he exclaimed. "He's gone! He followed us—in the station wagon. That Mr. Wareham told me so. Know what that means?"

Lili eyed him aghast. "It means"—she shook her head mournfully—"that by now he has traced the number I called in the phone booth and is on his way to New York to annoy mother. Look—quick, Sawyer! I'll warn mother."

Eagerly she reached for the phone. But once connected she was told she could not speak to Mrs. Kettridge. The place was, it seemed, a private hospital, and Mrs. Kettridge was in the treatment room. Her daughter? The brittle voice took Lili's number.

At least, Lili had the address. She and Old Sawyer decided that it was best for him to drive into town at once to watch over things. Perhaps he could even head Shelley off, knowing the new highways as he did. If he reached there first he could warn Mrs. Kettridge.

Lili did not put on her bedroom lights when Old Sawyer left. She sat beside a window, breathing in the evening air, as she watched him drive away.

Twice Rex Wareham interrupted to tell her that there was no change in little Peggy's condition as far as hospital reports were concerned. Wareham seemed genuinely concerned and there was great solace in the way he took matters to heart. Yet Lili found herself quite beyond conversation with him; she was merely grateful at what information he could give and told him so. His disappointment was keen; he was spoiling to talk.

Rather than be rude to the well meaning soul, Lili slipped on a jacket, preparatory to seeking refuge in Gran's gardens. And then, within a half hour, three things happened that gave her, whether reasonably or not, a final stab of desolation.

THERE was, first, a phone call from Horry, asking without a trace of hesitancy for a loan. It was all natural enough. Magda was wealthy almost beyond count, but Magda was too far from consciousness to make use of her money. Horry wished to take care of things, and what was more natural than to ask Lili to help him out?

Oddly enough, Shelley Kettridge found himself somewhat in the same position. Irritably he complained that Lili's wire had been busy the while he had tried to reach her.

"I'm with your mother," he explained with an Earl of Welfare tone, "and I find, just as I thought, that she not only needs me but is damned grateful I'm on hand."

"Is—is Sawyer there?" Lili asked timidly.

"Yes. Rather. That's one of the reasons I'm calling," Shelley continued. "We just figured out, you see, that I simply must have some quick cash. According to my mother's will, you are not permitted to give or lend me any—but you can certainly lend Old Sawyer any amount, can't you?"

"Why—certainly."

"Very well. I gather your mother has funds of some sort, but I prefer not to touch them or have her bothered. I'd really like to take care of everything for her."

"Of course, father."

And Lili gulped—barely able to control her voice even as she talked to Sawyer to verify her father's claim of a pleasant reunion. It was quite unnecessary to feel sorry for Shelley, she told herself severely. He was enjoying himself as nobody ever had in fact or fiction outside of Cinderella, and money bothered him as little.

The cook whom Old Sawyer had installed since the advent of Lillian Kettridge early in the season had a car of his own, and Lili sent for him and arranged things. She had to be driven to a telegraph station in order to sign proper orders for a transmission of money. Because it was such a late hour there was a considerable drive to the branch that was still open. It surprised Lili that passing Officer Bleakers on his motorcycle affected her not the slightest. It surprised her even more that he gave a semi-salute as he rode by.

"Think he's turning around and following us," the cook said uneasily after a half mile.

LILI shrugged. Yet it was true. The cook was not speeding; the night was clear and there was no danger. Why was Bleakers trailing him? Was it just through curiosity?

The telegraph office, it seemed, demanded cash. They couldn't wire money unless they had the actual money in cash on hand. One could hardly supply them with thousands of dollars when the banks were closed. Consequently Lili had to phone Horry that he would not receive his amount until the morning. Then, laboriously and with much discussion, she arranged to have a man take a check into town for her father.

In the doorway Bleakers stood, waiting for her.

"Got a minute?" he asked purringly.

She nodded.

"None of my business"—he looked off beyond her with eyes that wished not to be uneasy—"but it occurred to me you might be awfully glad of a chance to help young Higgins out in an emergency."

"You mean money?" Lili gasped, and flushed at Bleakers' quick reaction of scornful disapproval. "Why, I offered—at the hospital—Old Sawyer told them there that any expenses—naturally I'm responsible . . ."

"'Tain't that," Bleakers cut in crisply. "I just happen to know the young chap made an investment lately—and he pretty much stands to lose it unless— Well, I thought maybe if *I* offered to advance him a loan,

see? Because of course he would never take it from you."

"Of course," Lili nodded. She stepped back into the small telegraph office and took her checkbook from her purse. "How much, officer?"

"Well, I think—about five hundred would cover it. And I don't know, of course, when he may be able to pay you back—I mean pay *me* back."

"It doesn't in the least matter," Lili said, and managed to smile.

"To tell you the truth, I don't think much of the investment," Bleakers rambled on, "but a man's business is his own, I guess. I just hate to see him lose when he's suffering so much anyway."

YES, yes, of course," Lili said thinly, and wondered what on earth Peter Higgins was attempting financially—not that it mattered. She wet her lips. "How is he, Bleakers?" she faltered. "Have you seen him? Of course you have?"

"He hasn't been around much," Bleakers said. "No, I haven't really seen him; I didn't want to bother him."

Then suddenly Bleakers hitched up his belt.

"I wouldn't bother him if I were you, either," he said with a note of warning. "I would just tell Ben Sawyer not to try any more assignations."

Lili flushed hotly. He had heard what had happened at the drugstore and that was what he thought. No doubt it was what they all thought—including Peter.

She handed him the check and walked to her cook's car. That's all she was good for. A touch. A loan. Money. It wasn't her money, either, in the first place. It was money Gran had earned and saved, worked for, accumulated, invested, and left to little Lili Kettridge. And Gran's money was all anybody wanted of that same little Lili Kettridge. . . . *Easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man . . . Give all your riches and follow me. . . .*

She turned impulsively and asked her obliging cook to drive her to the home of the local lawyer.

That gentleman was clearly annoyed to be disturbed in his private world, the more so when he heard Lili declare the purpose of her visit. He seemed undecided whether to laugh or be frightened of her.

"But, my dear child, you can't divest yourself tonight, you know." He wet the corner of his lip. "And I'm not in charge. . . . Well, of course; but you'll have to go through quite a procedure and there will be a great deal of detail. . . . And your New York attorney. . . . Good heavens, you must realize you have a great deal of property—land, houses must be sold . . . all take time. . . . What's that? Well, I suppose you could deed the houses to people—just give them to charities—but even so you have investments of all kinds. They must be

liquidated. . . . Then there are little matters such as gift taxes and such things as that. . . . No, no; it's all far too complicated and there are many other people involved besides yourself, even though everything is in your name. This is really, I am afraid, Miss Kettridge, a rather preposterous idea which you will realize when you come to thinking clearer. I'll be glad to get in touch with your New York lawyers if you insist in the morning. But I doubt if they would permit you to make any such move in what might be a mood of rash impulse and overwrought emotions. . . ."

SHE left him, he practically conducting her out, feeling juvenile to an extreme. It was a man's world, she figured childishly as she was driven back home, and no man would permit her the indulgence of giving —simply and wholly—all her riches away. That would take a deal of thinking, arguing, figuring and arranging, and each adviser would take his little slice for the mental work involved. They might even, before they were finished, deem her more than slightly mad for the idea; the local lawyer's voice had held such a note, and she wondered dully if he too would drip, here and there discreetly, questionable stories about her. . . .

It wasn't as if you died and merely left things to people. They might criticize then, but at least they couldn't stop you. In fact, you didn't even have to leave a will. If you died, this man's world automatically disposed of everything, one way or another. . . .

As she turned into her own street, Lili sat forward, startled, and gave a low whistle. Her home was ablaze with lights. In the driveway were several strange cars, and from the house came shrill laughter, and the loud raucity of full-force dance music from the living-room radio.

"You givin' a party?" the cook asked, puzzled.

But Lili barely heard him. She was out of the car even before it stopped, and across her veranda to throw wide her own door.

Almost immediately, even before she herself was spotted, she recognized the Tom Littlefields who lived in an adjacent town and who had once come over to barn-dance with Bugs Dourbon at Lili's that night long ago—it was only Easter, but it seemed a lifetime—when Magda and Bugs had given a jolly rousing party in her home that had started a chain of gossip when, at 5 A. M., Officer Bleakers had found them shooting tin cans off a fence. . . .

"Hel*lo*, pet!" Susan Littlefield cried as she noted Lili's presence. "Where have you *been?*" Susan held Lili off and studied her. "But, my kingdom!" she cried. "You look perfectly tragic. You look a hundred years old! You poor orphan, you. My heart bleeds—actually bleeds."

Her husband paused as he was going by with a bottle of gin and a thermos which obviously held cocktails. He squinted at Lili, then bellowed: "Look—Lili Kettridge! Hush up. Hush up! Put off damned radio. Here's our hostess. Poor Lili—don't look so outcast."

PLEASE," she gasped. But they were on top of her. Welcoming her, dragging her into the center room. The radio was off and every one was talking at once. Lili had no chance to speak. Every time she opened her mouth their words hurled themselves at her. She gazed from one face to another, wondering what she had ever seen in these people. Most of them were ruddy from too much liquor after a long drive; some were chewing on turkey legs or sandwiches—all obviously from a hamper which they had brought with them. The women's faces seemed oddly unreal, and for the first time in her life Lili recognized the almost cruel mockery of paint on their faces, the dyed unnatural hair.

Yet, to her cringing distress, she recognized in each of them a rather beamish good humor. It was quite possible that all their faces, particularly the men's, were softened with good will and sympathy—that their original intention had been kindly. Somewhere, buried beneath the noise with which they filled their world, were good impulses, but, as usual, they had raveled off into a party spirit. Anything-for-a-good-time.

Over and over she tried to speak, growing more and more exasperated. It seemed impossible that they couldn't realize there was a child lying close to death in a hospital not far away! Impossible even, as they spoke of Horry, not to realize that he too was keeping vigil at the bedside of a woman whose life was in the balance. But they wouldn't let Lili talk. They didn't want to be reminded of such things. They had come, they were telling her, to cheer her up.

They were good and all-fired sick of the cold shoulder that every one had given her. They had gathered up some fixings and piled over to show the whole world what they thought of Lili Kettridge and the mere fact that a rotten accident could happen to anybody.

DON'T, don't, *don't!* " screamed Lili frantically. " Can't you realize that. . . ."

" Sure, realize," Tom Littlefield roared thickly. " Kid hurt, Bugs Dourbon killed, and all that, old girl. But we've talked Horry, and when we finish cheering you up we're going over Pittsburgh cheer him up good, too, because we spread sunshine, don't we? And as for engagement. . . ."

Some one at the piano struck a clutter of chords.

" They never spe-e-e-eak," the men began to sing with fine bravery, " when they pass by-y-y-y-y-y . . ."

" I can't bear it—you hear? I won't bear it! " Lili cried frantically. She looked around a little wildly, but some one near the radio had again switched it on, though its bleats did not in the least interfere with the barbershop group.

" Hey, take it easy," Susan Littlefield warned her. " Don't! They mean no harm. . . . Honest, they were O. K. when they came here and sweet as pie. But they got into the liquor, and—well—"

" Susan, get out. Get them *out!* " Lili commanded.

" Now—wait! " Susan protested irritably. " Just give them a little rope. A drink or so, and a little kidding, and they'll leave."

Then, realizing there was a gathering mania in Lili's eyes, Susan turned swiftly and called her loudest:

" Boys! Lili doesn't want us, you hear? Boys! Tom! *Look out!* "

But Susan Littlefield's last warning came a moment too late. Like one possessed, Lili had taken up a siphon bottle, it being the closest thing to hand, and thrown it with a mighty fling at the piano-singing group.

" Get out! " she shrieked as they turned, pained and outraged, toward her. " Get out, you idiots! Get out of my house—"

She picked up a whisky bottle and smashed it wildly on the free end of the piano bench. Nothing could have diagramed so clearly to every one present her intentions. Lili Kettridge was telling them to get out—and Lili Kettridge wasn't fooling. Either she was quite mad or they were drunker than they could ever remember being.

They paused for very little. Some gathered wraps by the armful, others just stumbled to the door, dodging as they went the objects Lili threw at them—cigarette boxes, a cannister, almost anything within reach. . . .

Even after they had all disappeared, Lili went on sobbing, mumbling her violent dismissals, throwing objects at the door, until at last the sound of their motors seeped through her mind. She put her arm up to her head in a sort of daze and looked around. Like a stranger she gazed at the wreckage and at the fireplace table laden with all the goodies that the Littlefields and their gang must have brought. . . . She felt dizzy and weak, and she reached out to hold onto a chair for steadying. Then the harsh cornet screams from the radio penetrated her consciousness, and she began a rather uneven course toward it with the definite aim of turning it off. It seemed to be the one and only thing she desired to accomplish in life—to turn that radio off, and then perhaps to sink quickly, plungingly into some quiet black rest space. . . .

" *Lili!* "

The sound of her name made her turn quickly, because the voice was somewhat frightening—as if it had been laboriously pumped out of some one. She saw Peter standing in her hallway, and she said to herself half aloud, with swift repetitious protection: " Close-your-eyes; close-your-eyes; he-isn't-there. . . ."

With her eyes duly closed, she reached out and snapped off the radio. Then she opened her eyes again and looked to the doorway.

HE was there. His eyes were a little crazed; his face was the color of old paper. He was swaying slightly. But he was there.

" Peter? Peter! " she mumbled brokenly.

He looked around. She could see that he smelled the whisky that reeked in the room, see him glance at the glasses in various conditions.

" No! No, Peter! " she heard herself saying in a sort of whimper. " I didn't give any party—they just trooped in . . . Peter, don't look at me like that! *What do you want?*

Her final question was pinched in her throat, and even Peter's roving eyes were arrested by its urgency. He peered at her, and then blinked as if in too strong a light. What did he want? How could he tell her, when he would never admit to himself that he wanted beyond all reason only to see her? How could he explain that the thought of her had obsessed him throughout the long hours of heartbreaking vigil beside a child moaning in random frenzy? Or tell her that the need of seeing her, if only to inflict ill will and blame, was what had impelled him to her home the moment he had been ejected from Peggy's room by doctors? . . .

None of those things could Peter say; few of them could he clearly realize himself in his overtired, strained condition.

" I want you to come with me," he said obdurately. " Put on your coat, Lili. Come with me."

Once more, luck is against Lili. Will Peter believe that her guests were uninvited? And what does he want of her? Where will he take her? Is little Peggy worse? Has worry unhinged his mind? Next week's dramatic chapter will tell.

continuing a policy of frankness, and not laughingly and mysteriously leading from one crisis to another, as has been done in the past.

Having had the opportunity personally to debate the Lease-Lend Bill, I feel it is necessary to accept the decision of the Congress. Having voiced my objections to what is certainly coming, and having tried ineffectively to warn the public, I believe there is no other course than to help make the decision of the majority effective. But we Republicans now should keep our eyes on the putting into effect of those plans. As a matter of fact, in time of war or proximity of war, the two major parties never are far apart on general policy. We always rally behind our President. But the administration, whether Republican or Democratic, in carrying into effect the plans arrived at by legislative process or otherwise, finds itself handling so many matters for which it has no precedent, and which are of such magnitude, that mistakes, large and small, happen easily, and even a small one may effect a catastrophe later. Its very best efforts, the greatest care by its personnel, could not obviate the need for some one to point out what's being dropped, unnoticed, by the bearer of such a load.

An administration is conducted by men and women, and therefore, of course, is human enough to make honest errors. One doesn't have to think an administration is crooked to believe it should be watched, and any administration serves best when watched most. This is true of every unit of government anywhere, any time. And, without having any one or anything especially in mind, it should be added that if there are rascals in the majority party's personnel, it needs more watching. That's elementary.

The function of the second party as a watcher is historic. We've been keeping second parties on the qui vive for this reason for generations—since George Washington, as a matter of fact. Less historic, but no less demanding, is the current need for watching the administration because it is attempting to burgeon at the expense of other departments of the government by itself becoming more than the administrative branch; by determining the votes that make the laws in the legislative; and by guiding the hands that write the opinions in the judicial.

Just now the administration is not making the inroads on the legislative branch that it did in its earlier years. But during those years a suckling Congress transferred so many of its official rights to the administrative branch, and made provisions for recalling them so difficult, that even the present rather vigorous Congress, looking for this or that missing piece of its machinery, finds that the Congresses of 1933 and 1934 presented it to the administrative branch, very nearly in fee simple.

The present administration was longer getting into the halls of the Supreme Court. The delay became so unbearable, the major party vainly sought a short cut that could be taken at a speed faster than that of horse and buggy. That was a few years back, however. Now the party in power has so influenced the nature of the Supreme Court that the cartoonist finds the same cap and gown serve very well to indicate a New Dealer or a Supreme Court justice.

All of which intensifies the job of the minority party, because the legislative branch and the judicial branch themselves were intended as checks and balances on the administrative. They were conceived by the authors of the Constitution as brakes on a possible runaway administrative branch of the government. The present administration, in its running away, is taking the brakes with it. And a political system which provides no check upon the head of the nation will in time become a dictatorship, either of the right or of the left. So that, with the legislative and judicial branches knuckling or truckling to the administrative, the arguments are the stronger for the minority to keep its eye peeled, its strategy planned, and its votes in sight.

THE Republican Party, then, should, to a greater degree than any party has in the past, be a good watchdog. Interparty fusses, personal hopes, factional, geographic, and organizational disagreements all should be handled with the realization always present and always paramount that no act should lessen the party's effectiveness as guardian against the errors of a very busy, very ambitious, and very entrenched administration. The more New Dealish the New Deal administration, the more Republican should be the Republican minority. It's just as simple as that. With billions to spend, and with notions of their own about the extrapertinent things that can be accomplished, the New Dealers will bear all the watching a very alert and able Republican Party can give.

The decade just endured has shown that many of the administration bright boys were immediately ready to put into effect their own philosophies, some pretty questionable, from behind legislation that really was not so bad otherwise. The minority party found that measures on which the two parties might otherwise not have disagreed very much had, hidden between a couple of commas or behind a semicolon, the wherewithal for upsetting a considerable part of our desirable American life. Or the bill provided for a commission to administer such wherewithal, almost with carte blanche, and then the commission was packed with the boys who understood the accented asides of the inner circle. Trojan horses appeared in Washington for the purposes of the lads we used to call brain-trusters, long before we began to find the wooden animals with the swastika or hammer-and-sickle brand on their rumps.

We had all that while we were spending only billions, and while relatively few persons were looking the other way. Now we have tens of billions on the move, and nearly every one of us is looking beyond our shores to the east or to the west. The minority had better watch the ramparts. Even if we assume the improbable and say that maybe the New Deal will not attempt to use defense as an excuse for making over the United States, still there would be chance enough for error in defense alone to demand the very best that a conscientious Republican Party on guard could give. We now have history's greatest chance for error; hence, history's greatest need for watchfulness. And the consequences of error are appalling.

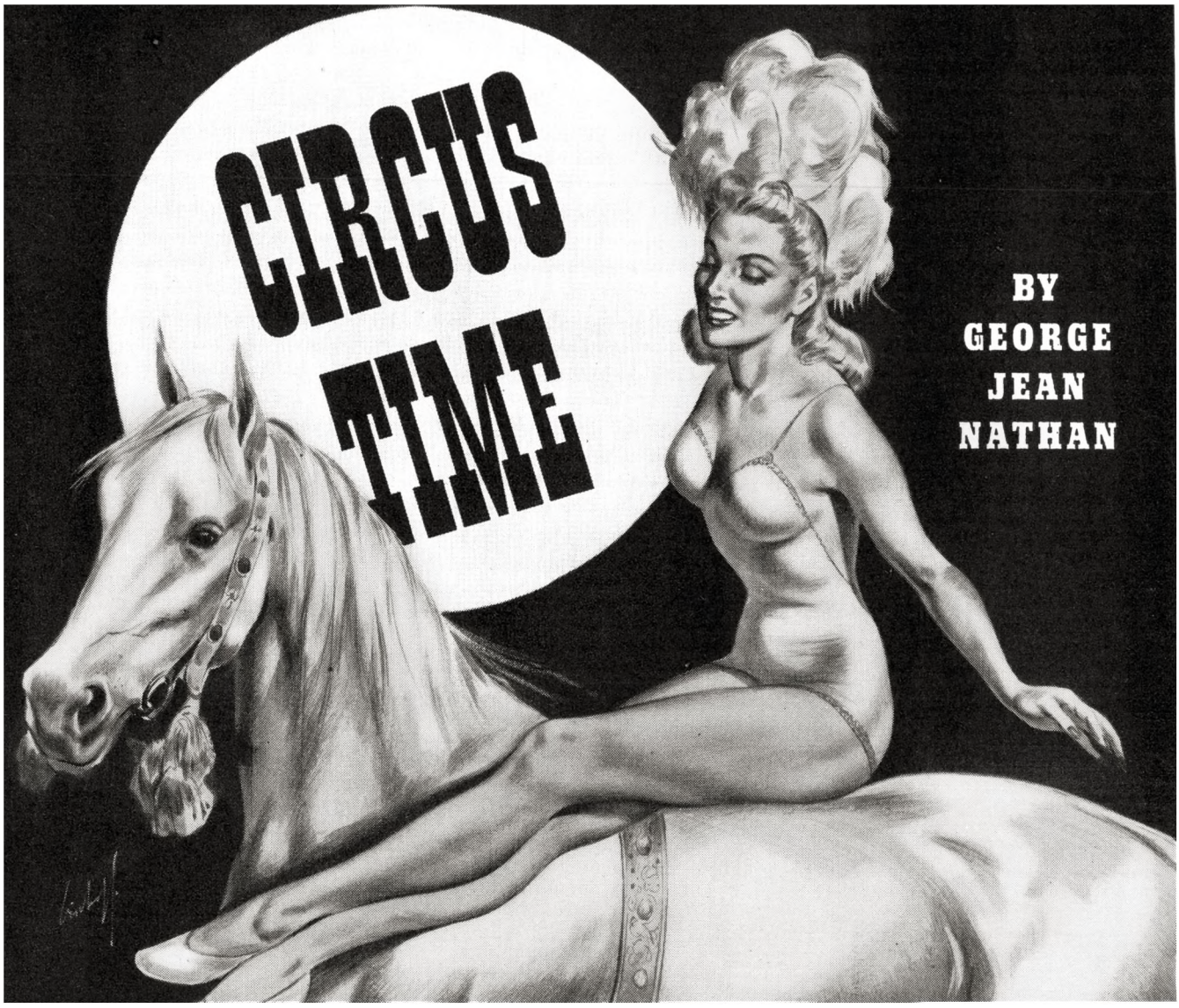
That's the party's biggest and No. 1 job—looking all the time for the bugs in the administration. And if it does that job well now, it will have served its country excellently. But the public will be further served if the minority party initiates and urges its own policies, brings out its own proposed legislation, offers its own philosophies to the people—that they may know the avenue of escape from the errors of the administration, if they wish to escape; that they may conclude whether in leaving the frying pan they'd land in a fire. Perhaps the people prefer the administration, with all its errors, to what is offered in its stead. Perhaps they don't. They'll never know unless the minority party says, "Here's what we'd do if we were the administration." The Republicans in Congress have very ably handled this phase of their party's activity during the past several years.

What of the individual member of the minority party? What are his duties as a public servant? He is important, very important, because a party is no greater than the total of its members, and the republic no stronger than the fiber of its citizens.

And in a country of our size and variety of resources and conflicting interests, harmony is the primary problem of any party leader. The leader who can maintain harmony serves his party, and his nation, in a way few national figures can.

The Republican Party gathers to itself many persons of greatly varying minor political beliefs, from far left to far right. Its leaders—their leaders—therefore must be not only able but tolerant, understanding, and politically experienced. That is, if we are not to destroy the republic in the name of lofty ideals.

THE END



ILLUSTRATOR H. BISCHOFF

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SINCLAIR LEWIS asked me the other night when it was that I first began to feel stirring within me the critical bacillus. "It must have been around the age of nine or ten," I allowed, "because I was then, as I am now, one of the few boys who never wanted to run away and live with a circus."

Well, circus time is back again and a good cool look at the old tent may not be amiss. I have been looking at it—inside, outside, and lying on my belly through a slit in the canvas—for more years now than I like to confess to any particularly beautiful blonde, and my protracted scrutiny has induced in me some increasing qualms. The first of these is that it is high time somebody thought up some new ideas for it, if it is to hold its old place in the affections.

A circus, whatever it be like, is all right for very young kids. But its endless repetitions cannot fail soon to wean even them from it, to say nothing of all the older kids from fifteen to fifty who either paternally take them to it or go to it solo out of nostalgic impulse.

I have, as I say, been gandering circuses—small, middle, and colossal—since Benjamin Harrison was in the White House. I have visited attendance, man and boy, on almost all of them in that span, from Barnum's to Barnum and Bailey's and from Forepaugh's to the Sells-Floto and the Ringling Brothers', with a whole lot of lesser sawdust opera thrown in for full measure. And while there is no gainsaying I didn't once have a reasonably amusing time at them, at least in the period when my papa still had to crack open my peanuts for me and hold the bottle of pop to my mouth so it wouldn't drip over my lace collar, I have, like many another, found that that amusing time has since become steadily and increasingly lessened.

Why?

A veteran critic cracks the whip over old gags dolled up in new clothes

Because of all the amusement devices in the cosmos the circus has been most guilty of lack of originality and real inventiveness, and has become largely an annual duplication of itself. It has, true, become more and more expensive and lavish. The present Ringling show, for example, is Hollywoodian in its epic opulence. It has, also true, spared no expense to gather from the four quarters of the globe the best acts available. And it has, with the hired aid of celebrated designers, costumers and the like, succeeded in giving itself a veneer of ocular attractiveness foreign to it in the days of our childhood—those days when a bareback rider in a white tulle skirt with a violent purple sash and a pea-green ribbon in her molasses hair represented to us a beauty unequaled by Helen of Troy, Frances Folsom, and Lydia Thompson all rolled together, with Della Fox, the Hengler sisters, and even the pigtailed love of our life in the house next door added.

But, for all the outlay of money and the great improvement in externals, the circus, whatever its name

and wherever you find it, remains today not perceptibly much different from the circus of thirty and more years ago. The old Kiralfy spectacles have disappeared, which is something of a pity; for, despite their absurd cheesecloth melodrama, chariot races, and grand finales showing Hamo Superbus, resplendent in crimson, gold, and perspiration, accepting the homage of one of the Caesars, there was a kind of kid thrill in them that nothing since about the circus has vouchsafed. But, save for that one exception, the rest adheres more or less rigidly to the pristine formula.

THE jugglers today, for instance, may manipulate two more iridescent balls or Indian clubs than they did back in Grover Cleveland's day, but jugglers are jugglers and, even if you now throw a light on them that makes the sequins on the Indian clubs shine out in the darkness, when you've seen one you've seen all. The wire walker who teeters perilously until he finally maneuvers his triumphant balance has been teetering perilously in exactly the same manner for so many decades that you no longer feel a moment's concern for the safety of his life and limb. The genius who trembles dangerously on a perch close to the ceiling and then dives into a net has been doing his stuff too long to induce in us any further trepidation on behalf of his wife and children. And the man who is shot out of a cannon, to the accompaniment of enough chemical smoke to screen the combined navies of America, England, Italy, Japan, and Russia, nowadays hardly evokes an "Oh!" from any youngster not hypocritically given to trying to make his old man believe that he is having a wonderful time.

There are more elephants today than there used to be, but they still lift up their paws as they always have and place them on the rumps of their colleagues. There are more trapeze artists and more tumblers, but they do much the same thing trapeze artists and tumblers have been doing since Mark Hanna gave McKinley his first sixty-cent cigar. The equestriennes and their brothers-in-law still dash madly after prancing horses and leap on and off the horses' backs; the lion tamer still overawes his jungle beasts, except for one duly and carefully trained to growl ferociously until finally he is covertly subdued by a hamburger with onions (no ketchup); and the trained dogs, including the little one who drolly falls off the springboard several times to the sympathetic concern of the audience, still go through their ancient routine, with the aforesaid little dog—"Isn't he just a darling?"—at the conclusion of the act mastering the springboard jump and rolling himself up in a rug.

It's all all right the first time and maybe even the second and third times, like college class reunions, Ravel's Bolero, and goat's-milk cheese, but the taste gets to be surfeited.

One would think that, however static the other elements of the circus have become, there would at least be some novelty in the clown department. But, with negligible exception, it ain't so. As a matter of established fact, the favorite clowns of twenty-five, thirty, and thirty-five years ago who are still alive are still cavorting in the sawdust ring almost exactly in the fashion they originally did. And the newcomers indicate not much more remarkable humorous ingenuity. Over a period of more than five decades I have observed three and only three mild departures from the primitive hokum. The Ringling circus is the one responsible for the phenomena. In it, one clown has varied the old clown business by blowing up his ample costume with a concealed bellows and having it suddenly deflated by a sword in the hands of a zany colleague; another has a skeleton attached at some distance to his back which gives the appearance of chasing him panic-stricken around the ring; and a third ludicrously and without recourse to stilts contrives alternately to shrink and elevate his height.

But the rest of circus clowndom is up to the same old tricks. The small buggy, in later years a Ford, out of which pile seriatim a dozen clowns harks back to the remote days of the Byrne Brothers' extravaganza, Eight Bells. And the clown costumed to give him the appearance of walking backwards and the brace of clowns serving as the fore and hind parts of a horse, latterly become a dachshund, have become as established a part of the scene as the clown on stilts leading a miniature mutt or the clown from whose pate small red and green balloon protuberances sprout.

AS if thoroughly aware of the danger gradually attaching to these annual mimeographs, the circus impresarios exert themselves to devise novelties to stimulate and hold their trade. And so grateful is their public for even the slightest relief from the old stuff that the most innocent dodges are welcomed with an enthusiasm equaled only in other avenues of life by a hamburger with nuts on it or a movie in which Garbo for once permits herself to laugh. It is thus that the introduction, to the accompaniment of enough lush journalistic publicity to elect Sol Bloom President of the United States, of a minor gorilla horrendously named Gargantua is enough to crowd into the old tent even sexagenarians who momentarily seem to have forgotten an orangutan named Goliath who served the same purpose in Barnum's time. And it is further thus that the mere announcement of the importation of a mate for the beast—judging from her photographs a considerably less ferocious and more normal spouse than Catherine II or Ruth Snyder—will bring in the awed gapers from miles around.

I myself, always ready to believe the best in anything and everybody,

two years ago fell for the advance hoop-la about Gargantua like every one else, including Arturo Toscanini, Albert Einstein, Charles Evans Hughes, and even Clare Boothe. Personally escorted downstairs by my good friend John Ringling North, boss of the circus and Gargantua's discoverer, I was warned to get not nearer than ten feet to the cage housing the vicious monster, lest he reach through the bars with his gigantic paws and tear me to shreds.

Deeply impressed and not a little terrified for all my strained outward show of smooth—nay, even lofty—nonchalance, I duly stood not ten but fifteen feet from the den of the man-eater and, while he glowered and growled at me malevolently from behind the restraining iron bars, sought to sustain my ego by growling at him in turn and making faces. He looked at me steadily for a few minutes, and then, as God is my judge, frightened half to death, beat it hotfoot to the farthest end of his cage!

Maybe next year, when Gargantua has settled down to married life, they ought to hire me in his place.

When it comes to the freaks, there is to be noted even less novelty and change than in the other established departments. I have been standing under their platforms since the days I wore kilts and believed in Henry George and the single tax, and, aside from the saucer-mouthed Ubangis, I haven't seen a new kind of freak in all that time. The living skeleton, the tattooed man, the bearded lady, the gutta-percha man, the dwarfs, the fire eater, the sword swallower, the Siamese twins, the tallest man in the world, the two-headed calf, the Circassian lady, the snake charmer, the glass eater, the fat lady—these and all their direct descendants have been boredly suffering the scrutiny of the equally bored customers since Barnum unearthed the Cardiff giant, that prosperous come-on.

But the big parade before the show begins is the circus' stencil plus. The band in the scarlet-fever coats, blue pants, and with enough gold braid to wrap up all the Christmas candy boxes in Harlem, marches out of the farthest entrance to the sawdust trail and lets go with more brass than Mussolini. Following, on foot, come the acrobats, jugglers, ropewalkers, and trapeze artists and artistes, their tights modestly concealed in flowing capes. Then the inevitable troupe of Japs in native costume and carrying fancy parasols, with behind them the pure Arabian horses led by handsome Jack Desmond accoutered like the leading man in Lord and Lady Algy. Now heave into view the elephants, lumbering ponderously along like Middle-Western senators, their trappings aglisten with six-inch gilt thumbtacks.

Bringing up the elephants' rear are the equestriennes, regal in long purple cloaks and feathered hats, and following the royal creatures are, for contrast, the clowns, who waggishly wave to the customers and familiarly call out "Hiyah, Sam" and "Hiyah, Joe" to hypothetical friends in the stands. Two of the clowns occasionally pretend to stumble over each other. Another clown licks a big all-day sucker, and another still breaks line, stands momentarily apart from the procession, and gazes with an absurd love-light in his eyes at some imaginary beauty up in Row M.

Now pass in review the ponies, among them a small and very cute one who, like the small dog hereinbefore mentioned, evokes tender comment from the women spectators, and after the ponies, seated majestically aloft on something that looks like a cross between an overly decorated El station and an upside-down soda fountain, we behold the show's star daredevil, be he the gent due to be shot out of the cannon, the diver from the ceiling perch, the hero who rides a bicycle through a flaming hoop, or what not.

The camels, who always look as if they had not had a bath since Cleopatra's second birthday, are next, and following them parade the freaks, with the inescapable male and female Lilliputian (in evening dress and the former smoking a big cigar) stepping briefly out of the ranks to allow the little lady to adjust her long and always troublesome train. More pure Arabian horses, and then, bringing up the end, the old steam calliope tooting the ears off all and sundry.

THE END

ing Glory, her third picture—because she was that rare commodity in a community of actors, an actress. She made fifteen pictures before she bowed out in 1938, and in them—well, one of her great admirers put it thus:

"She has the unique distinction of having been both socko and stinko."

After her early successes, Katie proceeded to do a series of ill-chosen stories, many of them of the heavily costumed and perioded variety, which caused her popularity to disappear as quickly as it had appeared.

Perhaps Katie's studio ought to be made to shoulder part of the blame for this debacle; but it is pretty generally agreed that when it came to choice of stories, the Hepburn girl was hard to handle and usually got her own way.

There were off-screen factors also, for which her bosses certainly could not be held responsible.

Between pictures Katharine was repeatedly seen in New York and on ocean liners with a mysterious "Mr. Smith," who turned out to be a thoroughly respectable husband whom she had mistakenly chosen to keep under wraps.

Now, Ludlow Smith is as definitely Main Line Philadelphia as the people in the Story, and there is every reason to believe that Katharine was greatly fond of him. But the publicity which she inadvertently brought on their marriage by her elaborate attempts to conceal it may conceivably have wrecked it.

After the divorce, her transcontinental friendships with Messrs. Hayward and Hughes became matters of wide public comment, partly, of course, through no fault of any of the parties concerned, but partly also because of her unwillingness to be frank with her public about them. She seems to be handling the current rumors of her engagement to the sensationally successful young director, Garson Kanin, much more skillfully.

By themselves these personal matters might not have greatly affected Hepburn's career. But taken in conjunction with a few poor pictures and one or two not-so-good screen performances by the star herself, it was a foregone conclusion that the Hollywood bells which had rung so gaily for Katie Hepburn were about to toll.

AND wasn't the movie capital glad! For the "Hellion of Hollywood" had "treated 'em rough." She hadn't shown proper respect!

Instead of dolling herself up in a property ermine for the preview of her first picture, she had slipped out of town and gone to Europe. Instead of going first class and elaborately suite-ed, she had gone what she called steerage and the steamship people call tourist third. Instead of rushing home on the wings of the morning to kiss the hand of the great man who cabled her the offer of a long-term starring contract *after* her sudden and, to Hollywood, wholly unexpected success in Divorcement, she had simply cabled back "Okay baby" and gone right on with her vacation.

Fed up with movie columnists' assumed importance—as aren't we all?—she permitted one of them, on arriving for a scheduled interview, to find her painting her toenails green.

"To match," she explained.

"To match what?"

"Aunt Phoebe's petunia bed back in Connecticut."

On another occasion, a reportorial snooper asked Miss Hepburn this leading question:

"How often have you been married?"

"I don't remember," cracked Katie.

"How many children have you?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"But there's a report you have two."

"Oh, yes—I remember now. They're both black."

Now, Hollywood takes itself pretty seriously, and this sort of double talk from a mere chit of a girl who happened to have a brain and a sense of humor caused widespread discomfort.

WHAT Hollywood didn't realize was that Katie's unwillingness to be shoved around, as Marlene had been, was an old Hepburn custom.

The girl's father, not a multimillionaire New York banker, as the prints said, but a well known physician of Hartford, Connecticut, comes from fine old Virginia stock, and her mother was a Boston Houghton. This combination should have made for conservatism, but it didn't. It made for a militant individualism, of which daughter Katharine is by no means the extreme example. Mrs. Hepburn believes that children should be allowed to grow up in their own way. Her two sons and three daughters have done all of that.

As a close observer of the family explains it, when Katharine "clashed with Hollywood, violated stage traditions, got into her series of troubled, half-explained, semipublic adventures, she was running true to type. When she acquired a completely bad press, said exactly what came into her head, and avoided interviewers by dodging through washroom windows, down fire escapes and under airplane propellers, she was doing what seemed best at the moment, in accord with Hepburn family theory."

The difference, therefore, between Hepburn and Dietrich, is clear. Katie's eccentricity, if you can call her rebellion against Hollywood that, was of the self-starting variety. Marlene had eccentricity thrust upon her. But the result was the same.

In the later '30s, when a bunch of poor-loser exhibitors—who had forgotten that most of their troubles were due to the double features, bingo games, assorted crockery, and other inanities which they had wished upon the movie public—sought to assuage their pocketbook pains by sticking the "poison" label on both girls, Hollywood felt that it was well rid of them.

Well, you know what happened. The stars and their studios parted. The stockholders lost all the future returns on the money they had invested in building up their two big-money stars—and the stockholders of two other companies, who had never invested a cent in either Dietrich or Hepburn, are now cleaning up with the girls that the builders rejected.

In Marlene's case, a smart producer with another company—a man who wasn't even in Hollywood when Dietrich made her name—engaged her by transatlantic telephone to make, of all things, a Western, the now famous Destry Rides Again. This producer, Joe Pasternak, has made a second hugely successful picture, Seven Sinners, with Marlene, and is now at work on another for which the exhibitors who labeled her "poison at the box office" are waiting with outhanging tongues.

Katharine—being, as we have seen, more of the self-starting kind—didn't wait for the Hollywood postman to ring twice. She got herself a non-Hollywood playwright, a non-Hollywood script, a non-Hollywood cast, and, with her own Hollywood-earned money, produced a play in which she gave a performance of such consummate artistry that a distinguished metropolitan critic was moved to say:

"What a night this would have been for the Hollywood scouts if this was the first time they'd ever seen La Hepburn! She would be proclaimed the greatest discovery the movies ever had made."

SO successful was the play at the box office that the biggest of all the movie companies was soon begging Miss Hepburn to bring it and herself to the screen on her own terms. And the picture, The Philadelphia Story, when it opened at Radio City Music Hall, broke all attendance records at that largest of movie houses, and is now "packing 'em in" throughout the country.

There must be satisfactions outside and beyond the bulging content of their pay envelopes, for Katie and Marlene!

Even for us fans there are satisfactions and not a few chuckles. Hollywood, in spite of itself, may have learned a lesson which will make "poison" purges because of temporary slumps in box-office drawing power *less* frequent, and good pictures with good stars—the stars we love—a whole lot *more* frequent.

It is possible. Anything is possible in cinemaland. But if it happens—this movie miracle—it will be because Hepburn had her "Story" and the nerve to stick to it, and because Dietrich rides again!

THE END

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 7

Thousands of rhinestones, millions of sequins, grosses of bugle beads went into the costumes, which are modestly revealing in a nice Will Haysian way. There are songs and dances—and the old comedy team of Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean is revived. Since Ed Gallagher has passed on to his reward, Charlie Winninger does that comic, but Al Shean is present in person as himself.

Sure, there's a plot. It seems that

IMPOSSIBLE ICHABOD

"It's my birthday, and I can order anything I want. Give me a glass of milk, carrots, string beans, and lots and lots of spinach."

Ed Gallagher has a daughter who has played in vaudeville with him and who wants to be a Ziegfeld star. Judy Garland portrays her—and she does. Then the Ziegfeld scouts, headed by Edward Everett Horton, find Lana Turner, Hollywood's celebrated sweater girl, as Sheila Regan, running a department-store elevator. She is promptly glorified—but can't take it and goes the way of all recreant beauties.

A nice young chap, otherwise Jimmy Stewart, is in love with her, but he gets involved with bootleggers and lands in prison. As if that wasn't enough, there's a Russian violinist who wants to get a job with Ziegfeld and who takes his bride, in reality none other than Hedy Lamarr, around when he tries out. He doesn't land a job—but Hedy does. Which is as it should be. You never do see Maestro Ziegfeld himself. He's the mysterious sacred god of the machine, never caught by the cameras.

It's all big and expensive, opulent and spectacular. Bob Leonard has done a neat job of direction. The revue runs two hours eleven minutes, grows a bit tenuous at times. Maybe there's such a thing as too much pulchritude. Jimmy Stewart doesn't seem exactly at home or happy as the bad boy. Lana Turner, without her sweater, fails to move your Bev Hills, even with her bubble bath. But Hedy Lamarr would have made any Ziegfeld revue any time, any place. And Judy Garland works hard and with pleasant enough results. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ THE COWBOY AND THE BLONDE

HERE'S what Hollywood calls a sneaker. Otherwise one of those unexpectedly amusing B pictures. Just the fable of a good-looking cowboy who comes to a movie lot to be tested for bronco-busting, collides with a temperamental blonde star—and, before you know it, tames her and wins her hitherto fickle heart. All this is slender but diverting because of the behind-the-camera glimpses of films in the making and temperament in the unmaking. Also because of Ray McCarey's neat direction, and because of a new featured name, George Montgomery, as the riding lad. Montgomery hails from Brady, Montana, studied at the University of Montana, and was a rodeo favorite. He has celluloid personality and promise. Mary Beth Hughes is the spoiled gal. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, The Philadelphia Story, Escape, The Long Voyage Home.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna, Fantasia, The Letter.

★★★—Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West, Second Chorus, Arizona, Tin Pan Alley, Blackout, The Mark of Zorro, Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

WHISTLE STOP, by Maritta M. Wolff.

Winner of the Avery Hopwood Award, this novel follows the development of a highly dramatic situation in the Veech family, a numerous and turbulent crew of ne'er-do-wells in a Michigan whistle-stop town. If these strikingly alive individuals fail to keep you turning pages we'll have guessed poorly indeed. Keep an eye on this novelist. She's now only twenty-three.

OUR FRIENDSHIP WITH AMERICA

Continued from Page 13

of thought—that is our principal agency of union. Its work must continue indefinitely—will continue, indeed, on an ever larger scale.

With every new school that is opened, with every book that is printed, with every improvement in travel, with every film, with every record, identity of language gathers greater power and applies its processes more often to more people.

It is for us to see that this great lever of a common language is rightly used. We must employ it to explore and, so far as possible, compose the differences between us, and to bring to the surface our underlying identity of outlook and purpose.

Above all, we must use it to understand each other.

We, on this side of the Atlantic, know too little of American history. Not only are we ignorant of the full extent of our past quarrels with the United States, but we have only the most superficial comprehension of that great westward drive which carried civilization across a continent.

We have heard of Buffalo Bill. Thanks to The Plainsman, we have been introduced to Wild Bill Hickok. But we see the story through a reducing glass.

The Odyssey of a people has been an individual adventure; the epic has been dwarfed to the proportions of a fairy tale.

We talk glibly of the Monroe Doctrine. How many of us understand it? How many of us realize that for over a hundred years the United States has been the guarantor of the whole of the Western Hemisphere against aggression from without?

Such is the practical effect of the Monroe Doctrine.

I should like to see American history taught in our schools concurrently with our own island story. It might help to correct the popular idea of the United States as a land of money-grubbers and multiple divorces.

But that conception should also be assailed directly. No doubt there is a certain excuse for it. It is easier to secure a divorce in certain American states than it is here.

The American divorce law is merely the logical development of ideas held nearly 400 years ago by the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and in the seventeenth century by the English Puritans.

Divorce, however, may be available for those who desire it without affecting the permanence of marriage.

For the vast majority of Americans, as for the vast majority of British people, marriage is a contract for life, a partnership which only death dissolves.

The charge of money-grubbing arises directly from the needs and circumstances of a dynamically expanding society. The great tasks which Americans have set themselves for a century have been in the economic field.

Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Jackson, Adams, and Marshall—these men, soldiers, statesmen, lawyers, made a nation. They fashioned the instruments of government and established the broad lines on which American politics were to develop.

But when they leave the stage the searchlight of history wheels—save for the years of the Civil War—to the struggle to subdue and utilize a continent.

That struggle has necessarily and rightly taken the first place in the life of the American people. So business to the American is more than the means of earning a living or making a fortune; it is that career of interest, ambition, possibly even glory, which in the older world is afforded by the learned professions and state services, military and civilian.

A young American wishing to play a worthy part in the control of affairs directs himself instinctively toward the managing of factories, railroads, banks, stores, or some other of the thousand and one varieties of industrial or commercial enterprise.

Practically all the prizes of American life are to be gained in business. There, too, is the main path of useful service to the nation. Nearly all that is best and most active in the manhood and ability of the United States goes into business with the same sense of serving the country as a son of an old family in England might enter Parliament.

IT is this concentration of American talent on business that has gained for the United States the title, The Land of the Dollar.

But, for the best type of Americans, dollars have been a by-product in business activity rather than its main aim.

On the other hand, dollars have played too great a part in American politics.

It is as a result of this that today, when the phase of intensive economic expansion is over, the flower of American manhood still regards the political scene with suspicion and distaste.

We, in this country, must try to understand these things, just as we must seek to correct American misconceptions of England.

Some of these are already being corrected. Americans have learned by bitter experience that to provide for the casualties of civilization by means of social insurance is not necessarily the sign of an effete society.

There are many ways in which both countries might, with advantage, learn from each other.

It is encouraging that so many American books are being read in England and so many English books in America. The literature of a nation is the best interpreter of its spirit. Reading each other's books, we come to appreciate more clearly our fundamental kinship, and to see our differences in truer perspective.

The best British and American films carry this work of mutual illumination a stage farther.

But direct personal contact is still of the first importance. We cannot dispense with it.

British lecture tours in America have been of immense value in this respect. They have taken a number of people from this side of the Atlantic—myself among them—over a considerable part of the American continent and enabled them to meet large numbers of American citizens of varying types.

These Americans have thus learned something of England; the lecturers have brought home with them a new and truer picture of America.

The friendliness of Americans to the traveler from Britain, their unfailing kindliness, their generous hospitality, are something to marvel at.

In spite of " British reserve," some of us manage to make friends. Ties are formed strong enough to defy time and distance. We cherish pleasant memories of American homes, and they of ours.

Such friendships make a notable contribution to the cause of Anglo-American understanding. It is in the homes, not the hotels, of a nation that we each can learn the truth about our people.

Here I might make an appeal to those British business men who have dealings with the United States. When Americans call upon you over here, don't be content with purely business contacts. Ask them to your homes and your clubs, so that they may see something of the real England. The social life of America is built mainly around business. When an Englishman crosses the Atlantic on a commercial mission, his business card opens to him a whole world of American social life. Let us respond in kind.

In these various ways the two great divisions of the English-speaking race may be drawn closer together.

Private contacts and friendships between individuals, by increasing the area of understanding and good will, pave the way for a closer understanding between the two nations and their governments, with all that this would mean to the peace of the world.

In spite of all impediments, Britain and America have never been closer in aim and purpose than now, or nearer to full mutual understanding.

Our ways have diverged in the past. I believe that, increasingly, they will lie together in the future.

We shall certainly follow the path of our joint destiny more prosperously, and far more safely, if we tread it together like good companions.

THE END

You're Invited to Enter

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG QUIZ

$2,000 in Cash Prizes

IF you have not already entered the Liberty History of Our Flag Quiz Contest, now is the time to do so. Already thousands of people are taking part, having fun answering the questions, gaining valuable information regarding the history and background of our glorious national emblem, to say nothing of the possibility of being awarded one of the handsome cash prizes when the contest is over and the judging completed.

The fact that you have not yet entered presents no obstacle. Elsewhere on this page you will find full particulars as to how to secure all necessary back material to enable you to catch up with the field. Send for it today, study the simple Rules, and then go in to win.

Let us call your attention to the gorgeous Flag Chart we are supplying as an accessory to this contest. (See description in adjacent box.) It is not obligatory upon you to get one, but it is, we are sure, the finest, most complete collection of flags of America ever assembled upon a single sheet, and while it does not contain the answers to all of the questions, it will save you hours of research in text and reference books.

Late-Entry Opportunity

For the convenience of readers who have not yet entered this competition but who would like to do so, we have prepared a supply of reprints of the foregoing sets of quiz questions to bring them up to date with the balance of the field. If you require this material, mail your request to the contest address given in Rule 8, enclosing 10 cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. In the meantime watch for the next set of quiz questions in next week's issue of Liberty. There will be thirteen sets of quiz questions in all.

FLAGS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY CHART

To supplement this contest Liberty has arranged to supply Flags of American Liberty, a sixteen-by-twenty-inch chart showing in seven colors sixty-six of the flags which have flown over our land since 1000 A. D. Each has a brief description of the circumstances under which it was displayed. It is not required that you have a copy of this chart in order to compete. Your reference work may be done in any manner you select. However, possession of this beautiful chart, which is suitable for framing and worthy of an honored place in every home or school, will undoubtedly eliminate much additional research. Copies, shipped postpaid in a substantial mailing tube, are available for 25 cents in stamps or coin. Send your order to the address in Rule 8.

THE RULES

1 Each week for thirteen weeks, ending with the issue dated July 12, 1941, Liberty will publish a set of questions about the flag of the United States.

2 To compete, simply clip the coupon containing the questions, paste it at the top of a sheet of paper, and write the answers in numerical order underneath.

3 Do not send in answers until the end of the contest, when your set of thirteen question coupons and requisite answers is complete. Then enter them as a unit. Individual coupons and answers cannot be accepted.

4 Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

5 The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

6 Entries will be judged on the basis of the accuracy and logic of the answers submitted. Brevity will count. Use only sufficient words to state your answers clearly.

7 On this basis the best entry submitted will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The second, third, and fourth best entries will be awarded $250, $100, and $50 prizes, in that order. The five next best entries will receive $10 each, and the 210 next best will be awarded $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

8 All entries must be submitted by first-class mail, addressed to Liberty, United States Flag Quiz Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. No entry will be acknowledged or returned, nor can we enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

9 To be considered, entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, July 12, 1941, the closing date of this contest.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG ★ QUIZ No. 7

A serpent that writhed on the red and white bars
Afar from the beauty that glows in the stars,
A flag of the Navy in port or at sea
Likewise bore the legend of "Don't tread on me."
Some say 'tis the flag that Jones broke to man's sight
Ere sailing to conquer and not to meet flight.

—HOWARD WISWALL BIBLE.

1. Identify the flag described in this verse.
2. Aside from the fact that they are both blue, white, and red, what is the last sign of the influence of the British flag upon any flag of the United States that you have observed?
3. In the physical structure of our flag, what is the relationship of its width to its length?
4. When may our flag be dipped?
5. Which was the fourteenth state to be admitted to the Union?

—it must have hurt her face, poor thing, holding it like that. But, mama, she was game. And she'd keep jiggling one patent-leather toe in and out, nervous, and when she'd laugh—she'd make herself laugh—she'd throw back her head, coy, you know. But underneath it all you could tell what she was thinking. You could tell she was thinking what a fool she was, riding all this distance for nothing.

There was an uneasiness about it all. It was plain—plain as if Melvin had got up and made a speech about it—that this backwoodsy life spelled a certain peace to him, a peace it had taken him a long time to find. And that Lily, sitting there in the midst of it, represented all the quarrels and fights, all the responsibilities he didn't want. And you could tell he knew what was best for him, all right. But still he couldn't help wanting the old life back, because it was such a part of him. And you couldn't help but wonder which side was going to win.

THEN the one-o'clock whistle blew and Ab looked up, grinning—that tobacco cud just swelling his jaw, you know—and said, "You girls are just in time to fix us menfolks something to eat." They showed us where they lived then—their kitchen, their bedrooms, and all.

Melvin's room was neat as a pin. Clean sheets. Newspaper folded behind the clock. Regular old maid, you know. Lily picked up Gilbert's baby picture—it was sitting there on the dresser in a little frame. "I've still got the one of him in the washbasin," she said. "But I've always liked this one. I like the eyes better."

"You can have it, if you want," Melvin told her. He kept trying to hide a letter—it had a lavender envelope, and he picked it up quick and dropped it into a drawer with some more just like it, and closed the drawer. But not before I'd had time to recognize Lily's handwriting on it. So I knew then. She'd been trying to get him to write to her.

Lily pretended she hadn't seen the letter. "I wouldn't think of taking it," she said, putting the picture back. "Not the very last thing you've got left of us." She kept trying to make him look at her, mama, kept watching his face. Her eyes were hungry and probing—wistful-sad, you know—oh, grieved and tender. He wouldn't look at her. He just looked at the picture. "He'd have been twenty-five next month," she went on. "Just think, Melvie. We'd probably have been grandma and grandpa by now."

He just wouldn't listen. "In here's Ab's room," he said. "It—well, the girl hasn't been over to clean it up yet." And, mama, I wish you could have seen! You know Ab. Shoes under the bed, upside down and every which way. And the curtains—you could see they'd had the place fixed up sort of half decent at first—but Ab had just tied them in knots and thrown them back over. Oh, he's hopeless.

WELL, between the four of us we opened cans, raided the icebox, and fried a steak. We got lunch on the table. I wasn't hungry, couldn't eat a bite, and I knew Lily wasn't, the way her nerves had been acting up. But we pretended we were. We all pretended. I hope never to sit down to another meal like that one.

In some ways it was as if I were a little girl again, and Ab and I had just dropped in on them, you know, in that little brick house of theirs at the Cape. I mean, the kitchen sort of reminded me of that one—kitchen-dining-room all together and all. Lily poured the iced tea. Melvin sat opposite her. We tried to laugh and joke, tried to pretend everything was just as it used to be. But it wasn't. There was something—I don't know what it was, mama, but it was there—invisible, an awful something that made us all feel foolish, like grown-ups at a make-believe tea party, where you pretend to drink tea from empty cups. Only this wasn't tea. It was pretending that Lily belonged there, when all the time the only thing any of us could think of was that she was another man's wife now, and we knew she was thinking the same thing.

Lily—she'd been trying to drink her tea, but she was so warm, and her nerves the way they were—she suddenly took to trembling. Sweat all over her forehead and upper lip. She had to excuse herself, had to go outside for air. Melvin turned on me, angry. It was the first second we'd had alone. But I told him I had nothing to do with it, that I was just the chauffeur. I told him it was Lily's idea, had been from the first.

He had to go to her then, had to take her a cloth with some ice in it, and finally he got her to lie down across his bed, until she quieted. Nobody tried to eat after that. She really was sick, mama. She wasn't pretending. And I guess she thought Melvin would surely stay in there with her. He wouldn't stay. He came on out, went inside the store, and began to stack some beer cases.

I cleared the table and all the while I worked I could almost hear her thoughts, lying there, with just that thin plank wall between us. I knew she was seeing how hopeless it all was. How she'd come all this distance just to lie there ill, with that ice cloth on her head and nothing but Gilbert's baby picture to keep her company.

Oh, Lily may not be any prize, mama. But Melvin's no prize, either. I mean, what right has he, after twenty-five years of it, to suddenly go so skittish he couldn't even give her a few minutes to talk to him? Oh, I know they got along like cat and dog. But goodness knows they'd fought and made up time and again before. And if she wanted to see him, wanted to talk to him so bad she'd take all this trouble, make herself sick over him—I don't know. There are times, mama, when none of us knows what's right and what's wrong. And this was one of them. For the first time, I guess, I began to see Lily's side of it. I began to feel impatient with Melvin.

After I finished the dishes I went on outside. I wanted to give them a chance to talk it over. But I had no more than reached this little park beside the store—a grassy place where they have some benches—when the door slammed, and there was Melvin, following me.

"Fran," he said, shaky, "I want to talk with you."

"If you want to talk," I told him, "go talk to Lily. That's what she came here for."

Oh, I was boiling.

I tried to walk away from him. But he followed. He sat down on a bench, right where Lily could see. He made me listen.

"There's a lot of things you don't understand, Fran," he told me. And his eyes had that drained look. "What's he like, this man she married?"

"He's all right," I said. "But why ask me? Ask Lily."

"I'll go talk with her," he promised. "But first I wanted you to know this—I've never told any one before . . ."

HE wanted to talk, so I let him talk. He didn't say much. It was just how he felt about Lily. From what I could gather, this last quarrel of theirs had been the straw that broke the camel's back. He said he still loved Lily, always would love her. But he said he'd been through too much to start it all over. He said he wanted peace. There was a—oh, I don't know, mama—a tiredness about him. He seemed old.

He said, "If we could have things back like they were in the beginning, I'd take them back gladly. But the way they are—" He shook his head. You could see it was shattered—this thing they'd once had. And you could see he was remembering how splendid it had been, what a loss it was.

As he talked I wondered what it must seem like, this life he'd chosen; how lonely it must be. And I wondered what possessed folks, to be able to stand a thing for twenty-five years and then suddenly getting fed up, deciding they couldn't make a go of it any longer. I wondered if he was sorry he'd left Lily. And then I saw he was. That drained look in his eyes, the way his shoulders sagged, tired—they told me.

I could see how regretful he was for things he didn't know once but knew now—things he'd learned through loneliness and suffering, and

being without her. And I knew he was seeing it was too late now, because this other pattern had come between them; that even if he took her back, it would be just like that meal—it would be pretending. Because the pattern had changed it all.

He saw me looking at him, and I guess he must have felt some of the things I was thinking. He smiled—it was a real sweet smile, mama, only sort of old and wise and sad-like. "There ought to be a way to turn it back, Fran," he said. "There ought to be a way to turn time back, after we see our mistakes, so we'd know how to live it better."

That touched me. I wanted to take his head, mama, I wanted to pull it down on my breast. But you can't do a thing like that—not to your own brother.

BUT I saw something then I'd never seen before. I saw that Melvin wasn't to blame, any more than Lily was. Of course, they're both to blame for some things. But not for all things. I saw, then, this thing about the pattern. I saw that some couples sort of pull in harmony, like me and Will—and when they do they're darn lucky. But there are other couples who pull and pull—only, like Lily and Melvin, they pull against each other. But when they do, that's not necessarily any sign they don't love each other; but it makes the pattern all full of knots and hard places. And I knew then Melvin had seen how hopeless it all was, even though he still loved Lily. So he'd just stopped pulling. But Lily hadn't seen it yet, and that's why she wore herself out so, pulling against a balky dead weight.

You know, mama, I don't believe I ever felt really grateful enough for mine and Will's own happiness until that moment.

And I wondered if that's what unhappiness and suffering are for—to make folks like me and Will see how fortunate we are in comparison. It doesn't seem fair, mama—it doesn't seem fair there'd be a law like that. But I know, after that, I didn't feel angry with Melvin any more. And I felt kinder than I ever had toward Lily.

Melvin went inside and talked to her then.

I went into the store and talked to Ab a little. But they didn't stay back there long. Just a few minutes. When they walked back into the store I couldn't bear to look at Lily. She just sank down on a nail keg there by the cold-drink box, not caring what she looked like. She seemed so little and old. So shriveled. You could tell she still didn't see the pattern.

Ab went to round up the skiff man—he'd gone off fishing or something—and while he was gone Lily walked over, listless, and began to turn through some cheap dresses there on hangers. I think she was sort of crying, and maybe she thought it would be a good way to keep us from noticing. Melvin went

over and stood beside her. I could hear their voices, low, and from the way it sounded, she was begging him to take better care of himself, to watch his diet more. Her voice was sad, I know, reproachful, and tender. But not bitter. Not for herself. Just as I went outside, Melvin was holding one of the dresses up to her, asking her if it was the right length. And his voice was kind.

When I came inside again, with Ab, to tell them the skiff was ready, Melvin was wrapping up a bundle, and he and Lily both looked sort of shiny-eyed. As he gave her the bundle, he said something—something low. And the way her eyes lighted, she looked almost happy there for a moment.

She walked along beside him, holding on to his arm. She looked so tiny.

When we started to get in the skiff she didn't try to kiss him, or anything, just looked up at him. But, mama, when Lily doesn't pretend, you know, she's awful sweet. And she wasn't pretending now. Her eyes had in them all the things she wanted to say to him and couldn't. And Melvin read them there.

He stepped back and waved to us, just as the man shoved the skiff into the water. And, for no reason at all, I thought of those movie scenes where steamers shove off from Hawaii, with native music, you know, and people throwing flowers, and those streamer things where you hold on to one end and the other person holds on to the other until the distance between you makes them break. Well, that's what I was seeing now. Only this wasn't streamers. It was that look in Melvin and Lily's eyes—holding, clinging . . . and then it broke.

Mama, it's terrible when you're in the presence of that sort of thing and see it happening. It's more terrible than seeing a car accident, because this kind of mangling is all on the inside, and silent, and you can't speak of it.

Lily sat there, so little, so drawn into herself, her hands clasped over that bundle he'd given her. Only you could tell she didn't even know it was there. All those rings were cutting in. And this thing she was feeling was cutting in—cutting into her face, into her heart. She sat leaning forward—as if, through straining toward him, she would lessen the distance between them. And all the while that distance growing wider.

You could see she was afraid—afraid of what it was she had done, this mistake she'd made—of all the mistakes they'd made. Afraid of this life she was going back to without him there to share it with her. You could tell she'd give the rest of her life, give it gladly, if she could only call it back, the life they'd had together. And her eyes—they had a lost look.

I think it was during that long ride home, mama, while Lily sat there, looking straight ahead of her, not talking, that she began to see the pattern. She saw, I guess, there was no way to turn it back; that all she could do was go back to Jim Addison, pick up the pieces, go on with this pattern that didn't fit. And you felt it was all wrong, watching her. You felt there was something wrong with the whole scheme of affairs—folks suffering like this just because there's no way of erasing past mistakes. You felt it wasn't fair to have to go through such misery just to learn a truth, and then, after learning it, no way to use your knowledge, because the knowledge comes too late. You felt life had been made backward. That knowledge should be given us in the beginning, so we'd know *how* to live.

Of course I don't know what she thought during that ride home. But I know something happened to her. It happened inside.

It was a long time before she could bring herself to talk. We were over halfway home. Then she opened this package, shook out the folds of the little dress he'd given her. It was just a little cheap dress, mama, red-and-white-checked gingham, but made cute, sort of fussy, with white organdy trimmings.

"Isn't it pretty, Frances?" She held it up to her cheek. "You know what he told me?" And, mama, her eyes—oh, they were sort of like faded stars—wistful-dreamy, like a young girl over her first beau. "He said when he unpacked it it made

him think of me, because it was so cute and doll-like." And, mama, you could tell just how much that meant to her. "I'll never wear it," she told me, "but I'm going to keep it always. I thought it would be so nice to remember."

I SAW then exactly what that dress meant to her. It meant his adoration, his love. It meant that tender part of him—the thing he said he wished he could recall, and couldn't recall. Something that had nothing to do with their fighting and quarreling. Something that had lived on, just as his words would live on, even though she put them away from this other life of hers, like she would the dress, and never spoke of them. It was her souvenir of their past happiness—like that silver-leaf maple. Like Gilbert's baby picture.

"You know, he said a funny thing to me, over there, when he gave me the dress," she told me later. "He said he wished there was some way to turn back time. He said if there was some way to turn it back, he'd have turned it back there today and given it to me, along with the dress, and we'd have started all over. You know, that's something else that'll be nice to remember."

Then I saw she was beginning to see the pattern. That was way back last summer. Ever since that trip—I don't know—she's been different. Gentler, somehow. She's been a better wife to Jim Addison. Maybe now they know just what they have and what they don't have. Maybe they've learned to make the best of it.

But you'll see how different she is when she comes over this evening. You can't help but notice it. It shows in her eyes. Like I say, mama, Lily's to blame for some things, and Melvin's to blame for some things, but neither one's to blame for it all. And don't think they haven't paid—dearly. I hope you remember that, mama, when she comes over this evening. I hope you'll be nice.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 16

1—Cécile, Emilie, Yvonne, Marie, and Annette.
2—This is a new medical call for help, sent out by a ship without a doctor aboard. The nearest ship with a doctor will rush to the scene.
3—A group formed by the secretaries of senators and representatives.
4—On the island of Oahu.
5—During the last war, to conceal the time for an attack to the last minute, orders sent out carried the time as O hour.
6—No. It was brought here from Europe by early American colonists.
7—Thunder.
8—Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply, the new price-control bureau.
9—The jayhawkers were a band of antislavery soldiers, irregulars, most active in Kansas during the Civil War—which is why Kansas was nicknamed the Jayhawk State.
10—To the left.
11—The Virgin Islands.
12—Sweaters.
13—Any one who speeded recklessly on a bicycle.
14—All four. James and Elliott are captains, John and Franklin, Jr., are ensigns.
15—The village blacksmith's, in Longfellow's famous poem.
16—Much more: they will have a total value of $2,000,000.
17—Since 1923.
18—In Virginia, in colonial days.
19—It means "the good news."
20—Bobby Jones, Francis Ouimet, Walter Hagen, and Gene Sarazen.

distance calls, he said, and they were simply crazy to take him on.

It wasn't until that moment that Bun realized how much she had counted on his not getting any job. Going back because he had to was only second-best, but at least he'd be back where he belonged.

"It . . . it sounds more like chemistry," she said gently, to cover up the defeat she was feeling in this.

"No. It's not in the production end at all. It's sales promotion." She could see from the defiant way he looked at her that he was a little vague about sales promotion.

"Of course you can do it," she said stanchly. "You can do anything. After all, you're a skilled thinker. You've got the tool. You could turn it to anything you wanted to."

He said impatiently, "You don't have to reassure me, Bernice. It's nothing to apologize about."

"I'm not apologizing for you," she said. "You know what you're doing. You're doing what you want to do."

"All right," he said gruffly. "You just let me worry about it. In the meantime, you get this junk sold. We'll get better stuff when we get to San Francisco."

She thought wearily, It will always be like this. Nothing will satisfy him for long. We'll trade in old friends and old furniture for latest models. . . . And some day there'll be a model with fancier accessories to take my place.

Aloud she said slowly, "We've lived two years and we haven't got anything worth keeping." He was sitting with his fists locked across his skull, and slowly he raised his head and looked at her.

"My Lord, what *do* you want?" he said, looking around at the beautiful room with its white rugs and exquisite furniture.

"Some day I'd like us to own something valuable enough to keep forever," she said. "There was something in the marriage vow about cherishing, wasn't there?"

"Please—not tonight," he said. "Just don't complain tonight."

BUT she couldn't stop the words. "Love, honor, and cherish . . . 'love' for each other, 'honor' for our work, and 'cherish' for the kind of life we make between us. Well, we had the love, anyway . . . or did we?"

He had got up and was tottering on his feet, and his face was deadly pale, but behind his glasses his eyes were black and bruised-looking.

"I know how much fine things mean to you," he said, "and I'm trying to get them for you, Bernice. I'm just about killing myself trying to get them for you!"

She saw then that he had missed her meaning entirely. He had missed it because there was nothing left in him which could see any other meaning than the tangible toys of living.

And, even worse than that, he was calling his own vanity by her name. He had persuaded himself that he was doing all this for her.

The first-year part of her was wringing its hands and trying to run under cover from the pelting pitiless words that were storming through her. The part of her that loved him most was running about frantically looking for some magic word that would open the closed door of him.

"Oh, darling," she said, "please understand . . . it's only that I want to be proud of you."

"I know," he said, and he turned his eyes from her and picked up a new magazine and looked at it. "Well . . . I think that will be all for tonight. I've had quite a day, it seems."

HE went upstairs, and she heard him lock his door. Then she sank down and began to cry, wondering what on earth she would ever do without him; for somehow, without deciding it, she knew that she never again could live the life of this stranger who only happened to look like her husband. After a while she too went upstairs, and slept in the guestroom.

In the morning he was gone. The maid said he'd had to take an early plane to San Francisco, and that he'd wire her later.

He came flying back triumphant, a man full of determination and masculine authority.

"Everything's set," he said firmly. "We're getting out of here tomorrow."

Bun said to herself, He's daring me to interfere. . . . I've become his nasty unattractive conscience, and he's not going to take any nonsense.

But he was, in fact, very magnanimous about her. "About that drama the other night, Sugar Bun," he said. "I hope it didn't worry you. We all say things sometimes."

"Think nothing of it," she said ironically. But he was too blithe even to realize she was quoting the hateful slogan of their world.

She had expected it would take a couple of weeks to settle their untidy affairs and get ready to leave. But by three o'clock that very afternoon he had swept everything into some kind of a settlement. And now, tonight, they were being seen off, precipitous and mad as a whirlwind.

"We're skipping town," Gruffie said, "in the modern manner. Everybody's taking back all the gadgets they let us make down payments on, and the scraps we do own we're throwing to the creditors for the stuff we don't own."

Anyway . . . however he had managed it . . . here they were. He had checked through the trunks and bags this afternoon, and now, with only small traveling cases, they looked as if they were going on a week-end. Except that their arms were full of bouquets and champagne, and Gruffie had lipstick of two colors on his chin, and Bun had ice in her heart.

"Toot-toot, all aboard!" Gruffie said. "And we'll write you from San Francisco—if you can remember who we are long enough for us to get a letter back to you."

There was one last flutter from all of them, and then Bun and Gruffie were through the gate, the porter running ahead of them and saying to the gateman, "O. K., boss . . . I got this gemman's tickets, suh." They were striding jauntily down the platform beside the Pullmans, and Bun was saying to herself, "This is probably the last time I'll ever feel him tweaking my elbow the funny excited way he does . . ."

She hadn't known just how she was going to get out of this, but suddenly it came to her as an inspiration. Why, of course. The train ran across the city underground, and came out and stopped at the 125th Street Station. Then it shut its doors and kept going. But she wouldn't be on it. She'd have ten minutes to tell him, and then she'd get off, alone.

"I took a drawing room," Gruffie said. "Thought we might as well have the best."

"Oh, by all means," she said lightly. "We're used to the best."

THE porter settled them in the cozy little room and made a few vague motions about the flowers. "Never mind 'em," Gruffie said nervously. "And thanks for everything, George." Bun saw him give the man a five-dollar bill, and she thought, He can't resist showing off even to a poor old grinning porter.

The train gave a genteel shrug, and the shadowy station began sliding away from the window, and Bun thought, I've got to get this said in a hurry. But her mouth was dry and she was afraid she was going to cry, and then the 125th Street stop would pass and she'd be locked in until Chicago.

Then Gruffie said, "Listen. I've only got ten minutes to tell you something."

"Ten minutes?" So he knew. He had guessed.

He reached inside his coat and took out an envelope and was handing it to her. "There's only one ticket in it, Bernice. George just let me ride in here with you. I'm . . . I'm getting off. But I'm sending you as far as Chicago to your family. You'll have to explain to them that I'm a flop . . . just what they thought I was."

"But you're not!" Bun said. "You've got everything all set."

"Listen. I couldn't take that ratty job. I went out and talked to 'em. . . . They were only hiring me to wangle dad into doing some research. The way big industries take on stockholders' dim-witted sons. I couldn't do that, Bernice. Besides . . ."

"Oh, darling!" She tried to say more, but only tears came.

"I tried," he said, taking her two hands and holding them against his chest. "I thought I could just keep on . . . because I love you so much. . . . But I'm a scientist . . . I've got work to do." She saw that his chin was trembling in that terribly earnest way she had not seen for months. "So, if your folks will take care of you for a little while—I've got my job back at the Foundation . . . and I'll work like the dickens to get you back."

She opened the envelope unsteadily. Besides the one ticket, there was a check for all the cash Geoffrey had in the world.

"Sometime I'll know half as much as dad knows," he said, "and then I can sell 'em honest scientific service on my own. Then I can give you what you want."

"There's nothing I want," she said, "except a pink wool bathrobe, and you holding me on your lap and thinking maybe we'd have a little girl of our own sometime."

"Oh, Bun," he said huskily, "I thought you'd forgotten all that. I thought you'd traded it in for five figures a year and everything."

"No," she said; "I only put up with luxury! I'd put up with anything . . . almost . . . to have you." Some day she might tell him that she had made up her mind to get off this train and let him go on alone; some day, when being poor again might need a little shining up, she would tell him that for a gift.

She took out the one ticket and looked at it. "Such a pretty ticket," she said. "And nobody's going to use it. Shall I tear it up?" He kissed the palm of her hand, then grinned at her.

"Heck, no! We'll get our money back. Yesterday it would have bought only a cocktail party—but tomorrow it'll pay our month's rent."

THE train was slowing down. "I put on the act so I wouldn't let you down before your friends," he said sheepishly.

"*My* friends! I wouldn't care if I never saw any of 'em again."

"We probably won't ever run into them," he said happily, picking up the bags and giving her the flowers. "There are a dozen cities rolled up in this New York. And the one we live in is so far above theirs . . ."

They got off on the dingy old 125th Street platform—and there were Sally, Luke, and Dr. Mendheim waiting for Geoffrey and quite unprepared to see Bernice getting off with him.

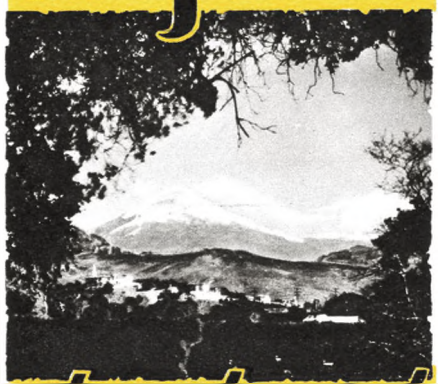
Dr. Mendheim was beaming and wringing Geoffrey's hand. "Vell, vell! Did you have a goot time? Ve missed you. Ve thought you'd neffer get home from your drip."

"I got home," Geoffrey said; "and I brought my wife with me."

Sally and Luke were hugging her and laughing.

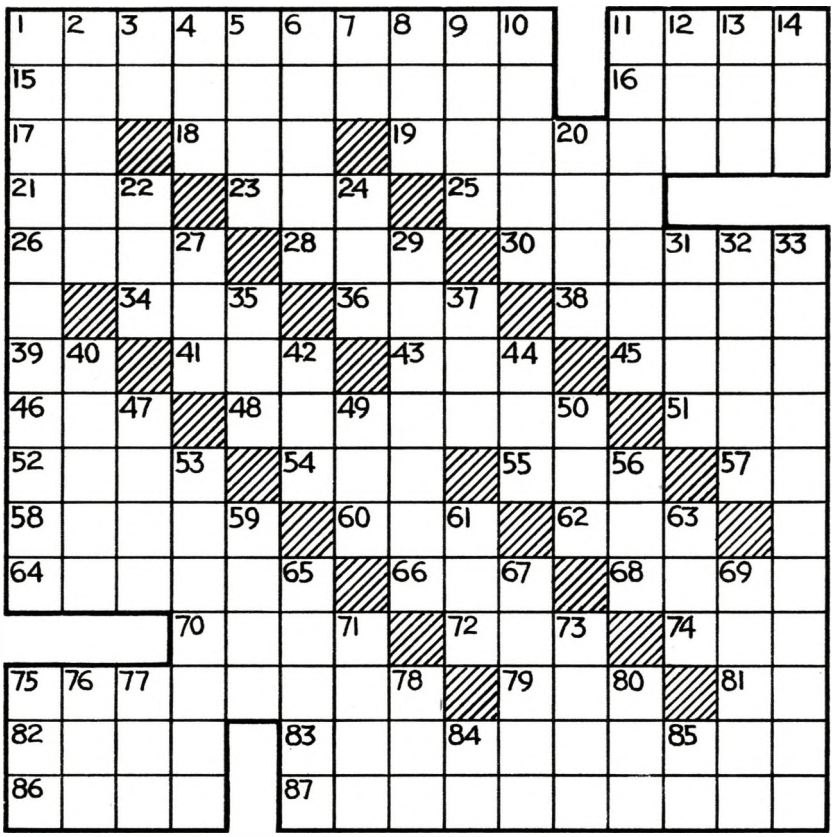
"Be careful of that fancy coat," Geoffrey said. "We're giving it back to the Indians tomorrow."

THE END



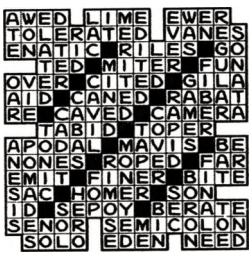
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Found along the Mississippi
11 A fool for propaganda
15 These balcony dwellers are never down in the month, and do they chew the fat! (two words)
16 Shoe halitosis
17 Blind bit
18 A Wilde man
19 North Polish Transport Co. employee
21 What you see if you look a gift hoss in the mouth
23 Boy, she'll knock your eye out!
25 Rowboat toe stubber
26 Little Sir, the guy who talks back
28 This is good in a pinch
30 Well known encyclopedia swallower
34 Land there'll always be an
36 If you have the tic, you'll get this next to the toe
38 Strange that people with bad colds have never done this
39 Round tripper (abbr.)
41 Without this, there'd be no radio
43 Just a lousy wit
45 Der puss on der Fooerer
46 What guests who deny they're hungry always do a lot
48 Though they haven't any zip, they still close a lot of important gaps
51 Tired Russian Virgins (abbr).
52 Rede this backward
54 Kind of color that'll yet fly over Berlin
55 Kind of rope a man with a pull knows
57 Two thirds of an eon
58 The mark of Time (pl.)
60 Something Japanese I have for Veronica Lake
62 Tack installer on seats
64 Beethoven got quite a bang out of this
66 Pigheaded dame
68 Buzzards who hope to feed off dead nations
70 But Beethoven'd never get a bang out of these
72 This Wilson's got an announcement to make
74 Sauté the epidermis
75 The brute she surrendered her darling dotter to
79 What Hahvahd men yell with a hand on the hip
81 S. W.'s destination
82 The Battle of Shame
83 The best thing they can do is to sleep it off
86 Capone liked his hard-boiled
87 Crabs



Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Shock absorbers for flat-footed dogs (two words)
2 The nerve of farsighted people
3 Where well trained flyers stay
4 As ye rip, so shall ye this
5 A little one makes the home seem sweeter
6 Parking place for the past
7 God's existing order
8 Five from over leaves what?
9 Pre-Soviet Reds
10 You can lead a gal to Vassar but you can't make her what?
11 The Flatbush Screwballs
12 Rhyme with reason
13 The Great Jitter Man
14 Boot the moral ball
20 Believes in Santy Claus in a manly way
22 A, with authority
24 No soup is without this
27 A slender figure
29 Feminine lace curtains
31 The Aster's cafeteria
32 What my Blue Heaven is
33 The world's chief dental-office product
35 What female mouth organs are made for
37 Union (abbr.)
40 This drowns out the neighbors' fights, but what will drown it?
42 Another term and F. D. R.'ll be in one
44 The soup I'd like to serve Hitler (abbr.)
47 Hull's native state (abbr.)
49 Bruce's favorite verb
50 Broadcast the burpees
53 This maketh a full man
56 German justice
59 What to do to keep baby quiet
61 What his after-dinner speech was greeted with
63 Scram!
65 Work the mouth organ without using notes (two words)
67 Kind of apples good for meat pie
69 Grab a dame and bounce her off the ceiling
71 What I'd be if they knocked the h - - - out of me
73 Zola's glamour gal
75 It makes slop suey out of chop suey
76 This is gold-filled
77 Pick, pick, pick, pick (fem.)
78 Woman Shuns Legshow! (abbr.)
80 The Bottle Hymn of the Republic
84 Old Lalapaloosas (abbr.)
85 How to greet a man with I-trouble

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

This MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

DOES the Selective Service Act include any provision against men of draft age marrying? If it does I believe it would be tantamount to banning marriages of draft eligibles for the five-year period the act is in effect. I have been engaged for two years and both my fiancée and I are very anxious to get married. If and when we do, my wife would be entirely dependent on me for support. I do not want to be a draft dodger. Would I still be entitled to exemption? What is the general policy?

W. H. R., Baltimore, Md.

The director of Selective Service for New York City, Colonel Arthur V. McDermott, has issued a bulletin from which I quote: "It is the traditional consideration in the American system of law that a man shall be presumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty. The fact that marriage was entered into after October 16 does not shift the burden of evidence and place upon the registrant the burden of proving himself innocent of an intent to evade service. There is nothing contained therein [Regulations] from which it may be inferred that it was contemplated that there should be an indefinite moratorium on marriages, nor that a man who married after registration day should receive any different treatment from that accorded one who was married prior thereto. The final decision in all these cases must remain with the Local Boards. Each case must be decided on its own merits."

You evidently get so many complaints that I thought you might like to hear about some of the *good* features of this man's army. Uncle S. is paying about $1,000 tuition, over and above everything else, to send each one of us here to learn to be air mechanics. It's a six months' course, under government supervision, with civilian instructors, and they sure are teaching us. We attend school from eight until five o'clock, with an hour off for lunch. After evening chow we often study until nine or ten o'clock. And you hear very little beefing.

Class of 8/41, Boeing Technical School, Oakland Airport, Calif.

Good for you, fella. It *is* a bit of a relief to get a letter like this and I'm glad to let you "tell the world" in my page.

In this national capital soldiers, from privates to sergeants, are seldom seen walking the streets without their hands in their pockets. To me this looks most unmilitary and is a slovenly way to be seen by civilians. Could not some order be issued to stop this practice?

Major D. C. D., Washington, D. C.

It's an instinctive gesture for a man to put his hands in his pockets and no *order* is going to stop it. I agree that it looks sloppy for a soldier to do it in public. But until you eliminate pockets, or sew them up, they'll be used for hands as well as objects.

I married a soldier and have raised two, both in Camp Bowie and doing swell, thank you. They are getting the discipline they need and which I was unable to give them, being a widow. A mother can be both parents until boys are about twelve, then they need a father or some man to teach them what it's all about. That's just what my sons are getting now from their old Uncle Sam. Sure, they're homesick (and so am I for them), but they'll stick and be all the better men for the experience.

Mrs. C. B. K., Houston, Tex.

It's a privilege to print your letter, and I'll bet that you're no prouder of your two sons than they are of you. I'd be.

"At seven we are ordered to fall in for breakfast. We march in and seat ourselves at a long table, and in front of each man is a tin cup of coffee (without milk), a piece of bread, a piece of cold meat. At dinner we find before us our coffee cup filled with some kind of soup, there is a piece of bread, a potato and piece of meat or fish. On the supper table our tin cup contains tea sweetened with brown sugar (no milk) and the usual sized piece of bread; not seeing the tin plate we thought perhaps that something more was coming, but there was no dessert."

The above account was taken from a booklet, United States Army Life, by C. C. Redmond, who enlisted in 1865 and was at Fort Preble, Maine, at the time he described the menu.

Louis H. Richardson, Los Angeles, Calif.

That's something to think about and to compare with the meals which the boys get seventy-six years later. I wonder if the lads in blue (and gray) wrote the same indignant letters about the chow that the lads of '41 do.

I have a student's flying permit and am doing solo time. Will I be permitted to fly after I am in the Army and am home on leave?

N. R., Wilmington, Del.

I know of no rule which will prevent you.

Lieutenant Gayle W. Maile, Public Relations Officer at Barksdale Field, Shreveport, Louisiana, writes me that, at the suggestion of the Shreveport Times, the Texas League voted to admit enlisted men in uniform to its baseball games this season at approximately one half the regular price. He feels that this is a splendid move and many other leagues, major and minor, might follow suit. I heartily second the motion and hope that *every* professional league will follow this lead.

Private Forrest Stone sends this one in from Fort Knox, Kentucky: "One of the lads wrote home to his ma that he was on kitchen police. She wrote back, 'Don't be too hard on the other men, son. Remember you were a private once yourself.'" (If you've heard it before, how about sending me the newest gag from *your* post?)

MOON OVER MAZATLAN

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THREE times the orchestra had played It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow, and Mrs. Wetherby was getting tired. It was stupid to have sat for hours watching people dance endlessly, while outside the moonlight etched shadows on gleaming decks. One must do one's best for a daughter, and, of course, there could hardly be anything better than J. Pearl Pettibone. Mrs. Wetherby had looked him up in Who's Who:

PETTIBONE, James Pearl, merchant; *b.* Limestone, Maine, Jan. 16, 1887 . . . Founder Pettibone, Inc., operating 1409 stores in U. S.; pres. Nat. Bank . . .

He was an impressive paragraph in Who's Who, but somehow at two in the morning he seemed less impressive in the saloon of the Pacific Mail liner San Blas. He was quite old enough, Clara Wetherby realized suddenly, to have been her Doris' father. After all, Clara's husband, now dead, had passed forty when she married him at twenty-four. They had had a comfortable home in Tacoma and had been respected, important, secure. The lumber business wasn't what it used to be, though, and Doris could do worse than take Mr. Pettibone and "be settled."

The music stopped. Mr. Pettibone edged Doris through the crowd. She was sweet, Mrs. Wetherby thought, in her not-too-expensive pink silk chiffon. A good girl, too. There *were* girls on board less willing to be "settled." Competition for Mr. Pettibone hadn't been strong; Doris would have had a harder time monopolizing the orchestra leader, who was slim and dark and like a gypsy.

"Guess I'll hit the hay," Mr. Pettibone announced. "I got work tomorrow. Hard to realize we're only thirty-six hours from Los Angeles."

"There's only one more dance," Doris said. "Why not finish in a blaze of glory, Pearly?"

"Doris!"

The girl laughed. "That's what his friends call him; he said so."

Mr. Pettibone laughed too—or as nearly laughed as he had ever done. He was a tall bony man with a mouth like a crack in granite. "I'm danced out," he said. "Come on, if you're coming."

"I'll see it through," Doris decided. "*You* run along, mother. I'm reasonably safe."

It was an hour later that Mrs. Wetherby began doubting it. All that hour she had sat alone on the edge of her bed in last year's violet-colored lace dinner dress. One wardrobe had been as much as she could afford for this trip she wouldn't've taken except that there was "nobody for Doris in Tacoma." She hated going back. Through the open porthole she could see the moonlit shore of Mexico, with its fringe of palms. There were one or two lights; that would be Mazatlan. Last time she had cruised along this coast, her father was taking her away from "a schoolgirl infatuation." . . . Six bells. What could have happened to Doris?

There were a number of people outside but no Doris. And then, on the boat deck, she heard the girl's voice. She was standing at the rail, in the deep shadow of a lifeboat, and from the near side of the lifeboat Mrs. Wetherby heard another voice that she knew. It was John Sanarelli's, and John, son of Italian immigrants to America, was the leader and first violin of the ship's orchestra.

"*Why* has it got to be good-by?"

"We don't even know each other."

"So what? We're in love."

"I never saw you till I got on this ship."

"That goes for the guy with the fish eyes."

"That's different. He asked me to marry him."

"I'm asking you, too. I'm through at Los Angeles—and then you and me and mama get another ship of this line to Peru. After that, I got a ten weeks' contract to play in a hotel in Rio. It's going to be fun!"

"Not for mother," Doris said.

It was easy to slip away unheard by the two. Seven bells had struck when Doris opened the stateroom door. Her eyes were red. "I've been on deck," she explained.

"I saw you," her mother said.

"With the violin boy?"

"Yes."

"We've met every night," Doris admitted quietly, "but this is the first time he ever kissed me."

"Saying good-by?"

The girl nodded.

"Why?"

"The trip's over."

"Life isn't—for you."

"That's it, mother. Life's a long time. Pearly's asked me to marry him. As you said, I'd be settled."

"I've been settled twenty-five years," Clara said slowly, "and yet I've been unsettled tonight. I don't know if it's you and your young man or the moonlight. Anyway, I've been remembering things."

"Things, mother?"

"When I was a girl, I fell—pretty hard—for a matinee idol in Frisco. Father said it wouldn't last a year. Maybe he was right. He said we'd always be broke and wanderers. So I married *your* father, and he was a fine man. We always had plenty, and we never wandered anywhere. I suppose I was wise, but it's great to have been young and foolish *once*."

Doris took her hand.

"I was wondering tonight," Clara went on, "whether I hadn't rather have been loved like that a year than the other way all my life. Safe harbor's grand at the end of a voyage, but in the beginning I wonder whether it isn't better, maybe, to have been gay, and footloose, and never quite sure . . . If I were your age again, I wouldn't want to be settled. I'd say 'yes' to the fiddler and have some fun."

"You darling!" Doris laughed. "You silly darling! Did it take you twenty-five years to learn what I knew the minute he kissed me? Go to bed now; 'it's a lovely day tomorrow'—in Los Angeles!"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

THE HOUSE ON HARMONY STREET—

Continued from Page 23

got telegraph keys, placed them in front of the cans to carry the sound, and learned code. Of course, it was plain Morse—not the kind we use here. But it gave practice."

Dietrich looked at him wonderingly. "They let children do that in Canada?" he asked. "They didn't mind your using Morse code?"

It was then that Peter realized how young Dietrich really was. In 1933, when the strict regulations had been turned on in Germany, he must have been about thirteen—just the age when boys like to experiment with wireless and such things and, of course, he couldn't have done it there.

"Certainly they let boys do things like that in Canada," answered Peter, and might have added, "The United States and England too," but didn't.

Dietrich looked at him incredulously. "Then why did you— I'm sorry," he broke off. "It's the question we never ask. Forget it." After a moment he said, "I started learning it three years ago—in a school. I was no good for the army but I could remember symbols and my hands are quick—" his voice trailed off. "I intended to be a pianist," he added.

The wireless began in a frenzy. They concentrated on it and thought of nothing else for hours.

Word came through that at four in the afternoon Berlin would talk with General von Brauchmann. The general was apprised of it. On Fräulein Doktor's desk, the reports from Greece, from Italy, from North Africa, Spain, France, Holland, Norway, England, and Ireland were collated into an interwoven whole. The general studied these.

"Good!" he said. "With Knoepfler in England, Raeder in Ireland, and Schnabel in Spain—"

"He is not in Spain yet," said Fräulein Doktor.

"He will be in two days." He looked at her. "Why do you smile like that?"

"Because," she said, "we have a new tactician."

But he brushed her aside and went on with his thoughts, and she had no intention of saying more anyhow.

WE get on well—as we should," said von Brauchmann, "in spite of the fact that you have not stopped the recruiting here and that Glück was killed." He turned severe eyes on her. "I do not understand—"

"You do not understand Schmidt?" she asked, her voice interrupting him so smoothly that it seemed a continuation of his thought.

But von Brauchmann was cagey. "Schmidt?" he inquired.

"He is growing old," she said. "He has the full power of the Storm Troops and the Gestapo to stop the recruiting, stop the Libre Belgique, and to assure safe conduct for our men out of Belgium."

"I see," said the general thoughtfully. "Send for him."

"Because he was with the first Fräulein Doktor," said her namesake kindly, as she pushed the button for Schmidt, "I hesitate to criticize. It is only, I think, that he grows old." She had been annoyed for a very long time at Schmidt's caution and his old-womanish details, and she did not want to be blamed for the failures. This was an opportunity.

"Still," said von Brauchmann, "the diplomatic blitzkrieg goes well. And the military will follow."

"Because of your genius," said Fräulein Doktor.

"I am in charge of only this sector." He was modest but did not feel so.

"The most important sector." She smiled. Her own strength reached around the globe and he knew it.

SCHMIDT came in. The first thing he said was, "There is a leak in this house."

Von Brauchmann and Fräulein Doktor exchanged glances.

"Then you should stop it," said the general, smiling. "The first thing a worn-out espion says is 'There are leaks.'"

Schmidt got sullen. Deliberately Fräulein picked up a box into which she had put cigarettes. "Will you have an American cigarette?" she asked the general and told him where they had come from.

"I don't like that fellow Sturm," said Schmidt.

"Have you checked him?" asked the general.

"I searched his room—nothing. I checked his mother's people in Düsseldorf. It is true, she left there, married to Heinrich Sturm, in 1901. They were interned in Canada during the last war and then let go as naturalized citizens. He was born there. But I do not like him."

"He dislikes it because I say that Sturm reminds me of Karl Vronky," said Fräulein Doktor. "His mind is like Karl's—"

"A very good thing if we can find a man like Vronky," observed von Brauchmann.

"You will see him when we go to the wireless room," she said.

"Yes," grunted Schmidt bitterly, "you will see him—and he is not Karl Vronky."

"No," answered Fräulein Doktor with a flat note in her voice; "he is brilliant—but he is not Karl." And both men were sorry they had been speaking of it. They knew how she felt about Vronky, and they knew how they had felt too.

"But," said von Brauchmann, "if he has one tenth of Karl's brain—Well, we have needed Karl." Then he brightened and looked at Fräulein Doktor with admiration for both himself and her, "But we are doing very well," he said, "very well, indeed."

When they went up to the wireless room at five minutes of four, she indicated Peter-Paul Sturm, who was

earnestly bent over a message. He was, in fact, staring at it more intently than usual. He looked up and instantly got to his feet.

She indicated the page he'd been working on. "What is it?"

"From Herr Siegfried Lohr in Paris," said Peter. "It says," he went on slowly, studying the original page, "that a well known British agent is thought to be on the loose—somewhere in France, according to word received there from German Intelligence in England."

"Does it give his name?"

"Yes. They call him Peter Stanleigh. But he is said to be under another name now. They don't say what it is." And that was a break, he thought. Even so, there was no time to lose if they were looking for him.

"That man!" snorted Fräulein Doktor. "This is the third chance of Abetz' Gestapo to take him! These English agents—they hop around here and there!" Her tone was contemptuous for von Brauchmann's benefit. "They are annoying—they make me itch!"

PETER saw her mood. "Do you think he really is in France?" he asked, smiling a little. "I think he would go to Spain."

"Why?" snapped von Brauchmann, fixing him with a sudden glance.

"Because," said Peter, "they say the fleas in Spain are terrible."

"The fleas in Spain—" said the general. "What—"

"Perhaps he is right!" And Fräulein began to laugh. "There are plenty of both down there and they hop about alike."

Then von Brauchmann emitted an explosion, "British spies—fleas—fleas in Spain!" he roared. "*Ja*, he is like Karl," he said, "a little."

Not a very good joke, thought Peter, but it worked.

"Berlin calling," announced Dietrich solemnly. "Herr General!" and, rising from his place before the microphone, he added, "If you please, Herr General, be seated here."

The general sat down.

The radio speaker spoke. "Heil Hitler!" it cried.

The general leaped to his feet. He extended his arm. He saluted the microphone and, because it was on the table, he bent, saluting, as you might say, behind as well as befront. It was, Peter considered, a most extraordinary position. "Heil Hitler!" shouted the general.

A voice came through with orders and questions. The general answered.

"You are honored!" declaimed the voice. "*Unser Führer* himself will speak with you. Heil Hitler!"

Will Peter be identified as the "British agent on the loose"? Or can he play his dangerous game a little longer, gain even more fully than he has the confidence of Fräulein Doktor, and discover the enemy's plans? The hazards grow, and excitement crowds next week's chapter.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE four pretty King sisters, nieces by marriage of ex-Senator William H. King (Dem., Utah), are such unusual girls in this day and age that I think you'll like to know about them. While they sing swing of warmest harmony for stage, screen, and radio, they also sing hymns in church on Sunday, and they neither swear, smoke, nor drink, not even coffee or tea! What's the answer? They're *Mormons*—born and raised in the strict creed of Brigham Young, which they still practice through all their contacts with show business. . . . Driggs was their name originally—Louise, Alys, Donna, and Yvonne. William King Driggs, their father, is a Mormon teacher of music in Utah schools. One of their granddads was Parley Pratt, a founder of Mormonism, and another was Lars Mortensen, pioneer from Denmark who wrote some of the old Mormon hymns composed between Indian fights during the long prairie trek. The sisters' favorites are: Come, Come, Ye Saints; Jesus, Once of Humble Birth; and Love at Home. "We ought to marry Mormons," said Donna, "but if we don't, we'll hope to convert our husbands. All Mormon girls are missionaries at heart." Louise, married to band leader Alvino Rey, hasn't converted *him* yet. . . . Outside of Utah, Mormons are thickest now in California, around Hollywood and Los Angeles. They befriend each other cordially wherever they roam, and when two strangers from Utah meet, they always ask, "*Are* you or aren't you?" At a Detroit party the King sisters once asked Jack Dempsey, who nodded yes. Is Jack *really* a Mormon, I wonder? . . . It's been years—at least two generations—since Mormons gave up polygamy, yet the aftereffects are still numerous. The King girls have so many cousins they've never learned half their names!

★ Fresh from a trip through agricultural California, I greatly appreciated the opportunity of meeting Vice-President and Mrs. Henry A. Wallace at a Washington social affair. You can imagine how pleased I was when the Vice-President spoke to me of my father's book, Fields, Factories and Workshops, as one of the first of its kind to promote thought here. I have a childhood memory of father reading the manuscript aloud in our kitchen while mother did the supper dishes. Somehow that scene always seemed to link me to American democracy.

★ In a Washington suburb I picked up a homemaking trick from a young governmental employee's wife who needs to economize. Her twin beds have headboards upholstered in the same material as the bedspreads.

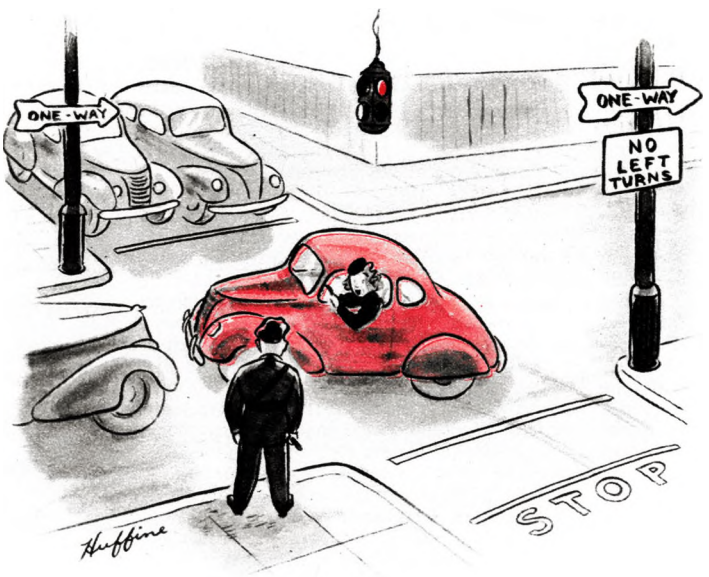
First, the wife bought two boxspring beds on legs, two mattresses, and *three* spreads. A carpenter cut beaverboard to simulate headboards. She padded them; covered them with the third bedspread cut to shape; attached the boards to the wall; pushed the beds up against them. They look very smart and expensive—but cost far less than regular beds of that type.

★ A new beauty book, specially helpful to parents of young girls, is Constance J. Foster's The Attractive Child. (Published by Julian Messner, Inc. $2.75.)

★ "What is salsify—a professional career, a disease, or a vegetable?" A lady fired this kindergarten question at my host, Senator Peter Goelet Gerry (Dem., Rhode Island), and me while our picture was being taken in his South Street house, once owned by ex-President Hoover. The senator and I both answered, "Vegetable, of course. Same thing as oyster plant."

The lady confessed that she had flunked the question in a recent exam for a government job. "I thought salsify must be a verb," she said, "like falsify." She pronounced it that way, too.

★ Vegetables cooked and uncooked are combined as follows by one Washington hostess to make a balanced, sustaining meal for informal occasions. . . . Cook separately 2 cups green peas, 4 medium-sized potatoes. Drain peas thoroughly. Slice the potatoes. Sauté both together in 2 tablespoons hot oil or frying fat. Season to taste; sprinkle generously with uncooked chopped green peppers and arrange as a vegetable plate, adding to each portion a few cooked asparagus tips and 2 thick slices raw tomato dressed with sweet cream, lemon juice, and minced parsley.



"Can you tell me where I apply for a driver's license?"

★ Thirsty for a drink of water, I couldn't line-buck the reception crowd at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Meyer. A kind stranger in evening clothes volunteered to convoy me to the refreshment tables. On our way we encountered my friend, Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers (Rep., Massachusetts), who said, "I didn't know you two were acquainted." We told her we weren't, whereupon Edith introduced Admiral "Jerry" Land, chairman of the U. S. Maritime Commission. . . . It seems I had picked up an *admiral* to get me a glass of water!

The Riddle of Colonel Lindbergh and His Wife

© Bachrach

FULTON OURSLER

NO GREATER riddle in personality than Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh has ever confronted the people of the United States. He has always been an enigma, but today he is harder to understand than ever before.

"What do you think of Lindbergh?" is one of the questions Americans ask of each other when we meet.

"Lindbergh is a Nazi agent!"

That is one answer, and a very foolish one, that we hear too often.

"Lindbergh is an ignoramus and a fool."

That, of course, is a matter of opinion.

"Lindbergh is a voice crying in the wilderness. The day will come when we will all acclaim him as the man who saw clearly and dared to speak his mind when it was difficult and dangerous to do so."

That is again a matter of opinion. It is also a guess.

Any one with true Americanism in his veins will defend Colonel Lindbergh's right to his opinions and defend his right to utter them. True Americans have no use for vilification and organized smear campaigns, from both of which Lindbergh has suffered cruelly and unjustly. On the other hand, his views are violently opposed by many of his fellow countrymen. Whether his opponents are a minority or a majority remains to be seen. But why does Lindbergh take his present position? That is certainly an open question, and next week Liberty will publish an attempt by Frederick L. Collins to answer the problem. How came it to be that the idol of the country could alienate so much of the affection his country gave him? Why did Lindbergh become so unpopular? The tragedy to his child brought him the unstinted sympathy of the world; but before, as well as after, that grim ordeal he had turned on his adulators and had acted like a man with a deep distaste for everybody else in the world except his close friends and family. Yet, scorning and evading reporters as he did, he still seemed driven to do things on his own volition that would keep him on the front page.

These questions are not trivial speculations about Colonel Lindbergh's behavior. In them lie some keys to the riddle of his attitude, though not all. They will not explain his strange flight with wife and child from his native land to that England which now he lectures; whose fate, he thinks, is already upon her. Why did he take a medal from the satraps of Hitler? Why did his wife join in? And how comes it that this daughter of Ambassador Morrow, this sensitive spirit, almost fey in its sympathy for the world of unseen and intangible wisdom—how comes it that she, of all persons, follows her husband in his latest unpopularity, which is called isolationism? An American has a right to be an isolationist if he feels that way, and so does his wife. But it is not on the path, the natural intellectual way, one would expect the Lindberghs to go. How did it happen?

Mr. Collins has no inside communications that he can disclose to a startled world. Instead, his review in Liberty next week is founded on long acquaintance, long knowledge, and long thought. In writing this analysis, he has not in any degree contributed to the smear campaign against the former American hero. Instead, he approaches it in the spirit of a detective looking for clues—and finding plenty of them!

HITLER IN PANAMA! No, der Führer has not paid the Canal Zone a visit in person—but his agents have been very busy in the neighborhood. Venezuela, for instance. Dr. Otto Strasser, once the most intimate friend Hitler had, will tell you what he knows about Hitler and his plans for the Panama Canal. So there are two articles you will surely not wish to miss in next week's Liberty. *But* there will be many other features that will bring you, I hope, entertainment, information, and inspiration. Among specially recommended features are the following: Sure, Money Talks, But—! a novelette by Newlin B. Wildes; God and Doctor Goebbels, a short story by Roda Roda; The Real Purpose of Defense Bonds, by Walter Karig; a golf piece by Jack Dempsey; a published broadcast by Fibber McGee, part of the four-star radio series we are now running; It's Men Who Have *It*, by Frederick Lewis; and a Book Quiz by Donald Gordon, the new book editor of Liberty and still, as for many years, literary fancier for the American News Company, and adviser to nearly 30,000 circulating libraries.

SALMAGUNDI: Spoke at the annual banquet recently of the Society of Osiris in Baltimore, and Mayor Jackson of my home town gave me the key to the city. It is a wooden key, made from the rafters of Baltimore's historic shrine, the Flag House. To have the key to one's home town is a heart-warming experience. Thanks to His Honor and all the magicians of the Osiris Society. . . . Johannes Steel is flying to London to write some pieces for you progressive millions who read Liberty Magazine. . . . Princess Alexandra Kropotkin pointing out a recommendation for one of her Liberty recipes in a recent copy of the esteemed Saturday Evening Post. . . . Erika Mann flying soon to London to give you in these pages a woman's view on certain war matters in besieged England. . . . Two Helens in my office announcing engagements for fall or late summer nuptials. I pointed out to both of them that if they marry and leave their jobs, I shall be in a sad way, but this argument seemed to have no weight with them whatsoever; they are going right ahead with their plans. . . . Rita Weiman, author of so many exciting short stories, came in for tea one afternoon and looking radiant as when I first met her, never mind how long ago, when she was president of the Woman Pays Club and wearing a sheer one-piece creation by Paul Poiret. *Impf! Impf!* . . . Henry Herzbrun of Hollywood and I had a reunion and talked over the old days in the film colony. We agreed that life moves swiftly but imperceptibly. For a while we mortals live on, saying to ourselves, "When I reach a certain goal, then I *shall be* happy." Later on we find ourselves saying, "When I was at a certain point in my career, then I *was* happy." But when and why we stop saying the one and begin to say the other we could not decide.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

CONTENTS FOR MAY 31, 1941

COVER BY ELSIE GILBERT

"Pullman makes a vacation *Fun from the Start!*"

Whether you're going North, East, South or West . . . go the restful Pullman way . . . the way that gives you a thrilling eye-level view of the technicolor pageant of America's scenic wonderland . . . the way that speeds you there in railroad safety.

Go the way that spells "good living" en route, freedom from worry, care and annoyance . . . the way that provides every comfort for sleep at night and gets you there feeling fit and looking your best!

Go by Pullman and get "more for your money"! Your railroad Ticket Agent will help you plan your trip.

These 7 Great Pullman Travel Advantages will give you a carefree vacation trip:

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919 COLLEGE STUDENTS QUIZZED!

3 out of 5 prefer the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

567 out of 919 College Students prefer the delicious flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

This is what an independent fact-finding organization found in a recent test with 919 college students throughout the country.

For the test, various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed. Students were given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified), and were asked to report which stick they preferred. 3 out of 5 students said that they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands.

Enjoy this popular, long-lasting peppermint flavor yourself. Get Beech-Nut Gum in the yellow package.

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