REDBOOK MAGAZINE

DECEMBER

25c
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A Complete Book-Length Novel *by* Dashiell Hammett
His Brand-New Thriller — "The Thin Man"

STORIES *and* FEATURES *by* Teresa Hyde Phillips – Julian Street – Ursula Parrott – Elmer Davis – Ogden Nash – *and many others*

DECEMBER 1933 • REDBOOK MAGAZINE • VOL 62 No 2

Good Living

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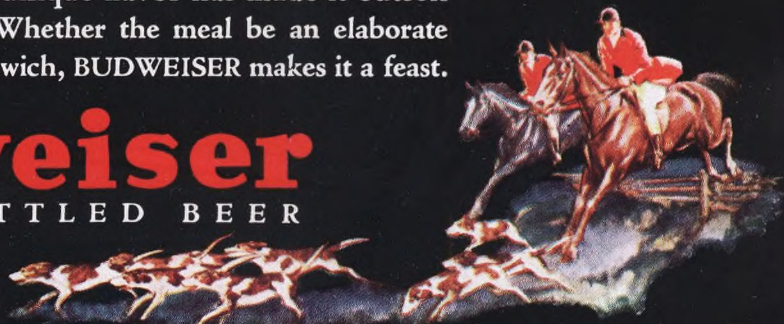

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KING OF BOTTLED BEER

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H ~ S T . L O U I S

Use Ipana, Jean . . . and you won't have "Pink Tooth Brush"!

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Where's your common sense, girl? Last spring you said your gums were so tender that they bled a little every morning. I told you *then* you'd better massage your gums with Ipana, to harden them up. But you insisted that you had "pink tooth brush" because your *tooth* brush was new and a bit stiff.

JEAN: I *do* think that stiff tooth brush had a lot to do with it. Still . . .

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Listen. The reason you have "pink tooth brush" is because modern soft foods don't exercise the gums. Your gums become flabby and unhealthy and begin to bleed a little because the *tissues* aren't firm.

JEAN: The reason I'm worried about it is because Mary Benton went to Dr. Cox about *her* gums, and she found out she had gingivitis.

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Stands to reason that bleeding gums are likely to pick up an infection of some sort. You're lucky if your *teeth* don't become affected! You start massaging some of my Ipana into your gums after you clean your teeth with it.

JEAN: But George—how can a tooth paste help your gums?

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Ipana has something in it called "ziratol." That does the trick—with the daily massage. It tones up the gums. Never see a sign of "pink" on *my* tooth brush. And my teeth are a darned sight brighter than yours are, too, old girl!

* * *

The excellent habit of massaging Ipana into the gums after cleaning the teeth with Ipana is becoming more and more wide-spread among intelligent people. This helps the gums to become firm in spite of today's soft foods. Start today with Ipana—and you won't need to worry about "pink tooth brush."

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING —9:00 P. M., E. S. T., WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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DECEMBER
VOL. 62

REDBOOK MAGAZINE

1933
No. 2

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*

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The short stories and serial novels printed herein are fiction and intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or to actual events.

We announce

with pleasure and pride our complete book-length novel of the month for January

THE CROSS OF PEACE

by

Sir Philip Gibbs

The latest and greatest work of this famous author and the first ever to be published in one installment by any magazine.

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"We're sold on it . . . such white teeth . . . such firm gums . . . and it saved us $12"

"I'M not back on the old salary basis yet, but I know we're headed for better times—Mary and I and Jill and Judy.

"But believe me, the old depression was good for us. It really taught us something about how to get our money's worth. We found out that we could get first-rate merchandise without paying absurd prices. If there is a smarter shopper in the whole United States than Mary, I'd like to meet her. She shopped for value—and got it every time.

"Take tooth paste, now. In the old extravagant days we thought nothing of paying 50¢ to 60¢ a tube. Today if she paid that you could hear me squawk from here to the Philippines, because we've found that it isn't necessary to pay more than 25¢. On that little item alone we save about $3 a year apiece—$12 in all.

"And our teeth are in better shape than ever. The dentist told Mary just the other day that he couldn't find a thing to do—with hers or the children's. And look at mine sparkle—or don't they?"

Almost Unbelievable Results

A new polishing agent in Listerine Tooth Paste is responsible. Harder than the tartar that clings to the teeth, but softer than the precious enamel, this polishing agent takes off the dark deposits and reveals the teeth in their natural sparkling whiteness—unscratched, unharmed. Tobacco stains and discolorations vanish. And your gums feel firm and healthy.

You know that any tooth paste sponsored by the makers of Listerine must be of the very first quality. Yet the big tube of Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25 cents—a saving of approximately $3 a year for every member of the family who uses it in place of a dentifrice in the 50-cent class. Get a tube today at your favorite drug store. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

At last! Bristles *can't come out!*
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
with PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . removes film faster

New Frontiers

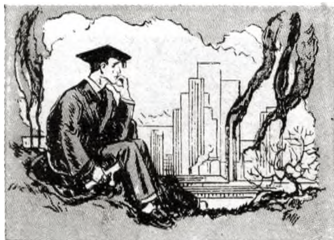
BY BRUCE BARTON

DECORATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

A MEMBER of the faculty of a university said: "The students of today feel aggrieved. They see there are no more frontiers. Our ancestors had the thrill of conquering a continent. We had the thrill of helping to build a great industrial machine. The student sees no more lands to be conquered; he sees the industrial machine as a treadmill wherein he must toil many years if he would get to the top. He has a yearning for adventure, and there seems to be no adventure."

I can sympathize with these students. My first American ancestor came over here as a soldier in the British army. He made up his mind that he was fighting on the wrong side. A British officer discovered him in the act of desertion and ordered him back to camp. Whereupon my ancestor knocked the officer off his horse, took the officer's sword in his teeth and swam across the Hudson River and became himself an officer in the Continental Army. He liked the cause for which he was fighting, and he probably liked it all the more because the discipline was less strict. Later he settled in New Jersey, but New Jersey was too thickly populated for his sons. They moved West.

You also are descended from people who came to this country because there were too many restrictions in the old countries. You have restless blood in your veins. You do not like to take orders. You inherit the impulse to move on when your personal liberties are too much hedged about.



But the days of moving on are now past. "The gods sell everything to men at a fair price," said Emerson. At the price of some portion of our "liberties" we have vastly extended our powers. We have the power of conquering space at high speed, of turning miles into minutes; but only because we have been willing to surrender the "right" of reckless driving. We enjoy the privileges of large cities where many experts serve us, and a varied culture is set forth for our enjoyment; but constantly we must adapt our habits to the comfort of neighbors who dwell not only beside us, but above us and below us. And now we are asked to surrender a part of the ancient American right of running our own businesses just to suit ourselves. And what are we offered? The promise, or at least the hope, of a better, fairer, more enduring civilization.

Can there be any greater adventure? Can anyone believe that it is nobler to win a war by the death of thousands than to help to give fuller life to thousands? That it takes more courage to run away into a new land than to stay and help to conquer an old one? Another America is in the making. Future generations will look back and say of us: "They were fortunate to have lived in that day. By their willingness to make some sacrifice, they helped to recreate America. They crossed a new frontier."

In Tune *with* Our Times

Miriam "Mimi" Jordan

Valente

• • • She began her public career when at the age of sixteen she was named Beauty Queen of the Wembley Exposition, the great all-British Empire trade fair. She discovered, too late, that the honor involved sitting in a glass cage for twelve hours a day while exposition visitors paid a shilling to stare at her. However, she's not sorry now. She immediately received offers from the stage, and after a successful career in England, she came to this country with Al Woods to play the lead in "Mr. What's-His-Name." Charles Dillingham's "The High Road" followed. But it was for her performance in "Cynara" with Philip Merivale that Fox signed her. Her leading pictures have been "Sherlock Holmes," "Dangerously Yours" and "I Loved You Wednesday." Her next picture is "He Knew His Women."

FROM OFFICE TO SEVENTH HEAVEN

• • • Janet Gaynor was just a stenog in a New York office once upon a time. But the routine of typing and filing palled on her; and on Christmas Eve of 1924 she was rushed to Hollywood by Jonesy, her stage-struck stepfather—to find a movie job in her stocking. She merely furnished atmosphere in her first pictures. Then, believe it or not, she played comedienne and Wild West roles until Fox Films fell for her and made her *Ann Burgher* in "The Johnstown Flood." Our handkerchiefs were not yet dry from "Seventh Heaven" and "Street Angel" when along came "Tess of the Storm Country," "State Fair" and "Paddy—the Next-Best-Thing." Her next picture is "The House of Connelly," the Pulitzer Prize play. She lives the simple life in Hollywood, with her maids, her hairdresser, chauffeur, and several handsome automobiles.

HENRY VIII—
STILL GOING STRONG

• • • There have been a lot more Lives of Henry VIII than Wives of Henry VIII, but this fall, United Artists is releasing one of the most important and one of the few English-produced pictures this country has seen. It is called (surprise) "The Private Life of Henry VIII." The star is the inimitable Charles Laughton, and in the picture are five of What-a-man Henry's six wives. Poor Anne Boleyn (played by Merle Oberon, pictured on the right) is executed at the Tower of London as the picture opens. The costumes are faithful reproductions of those at Hampton Court and other Tudor palaces frequented by Bluff King Hal. Genuine period furniture is used in all the sets.

IN TUNE WITH OUR TIMES

Wide World

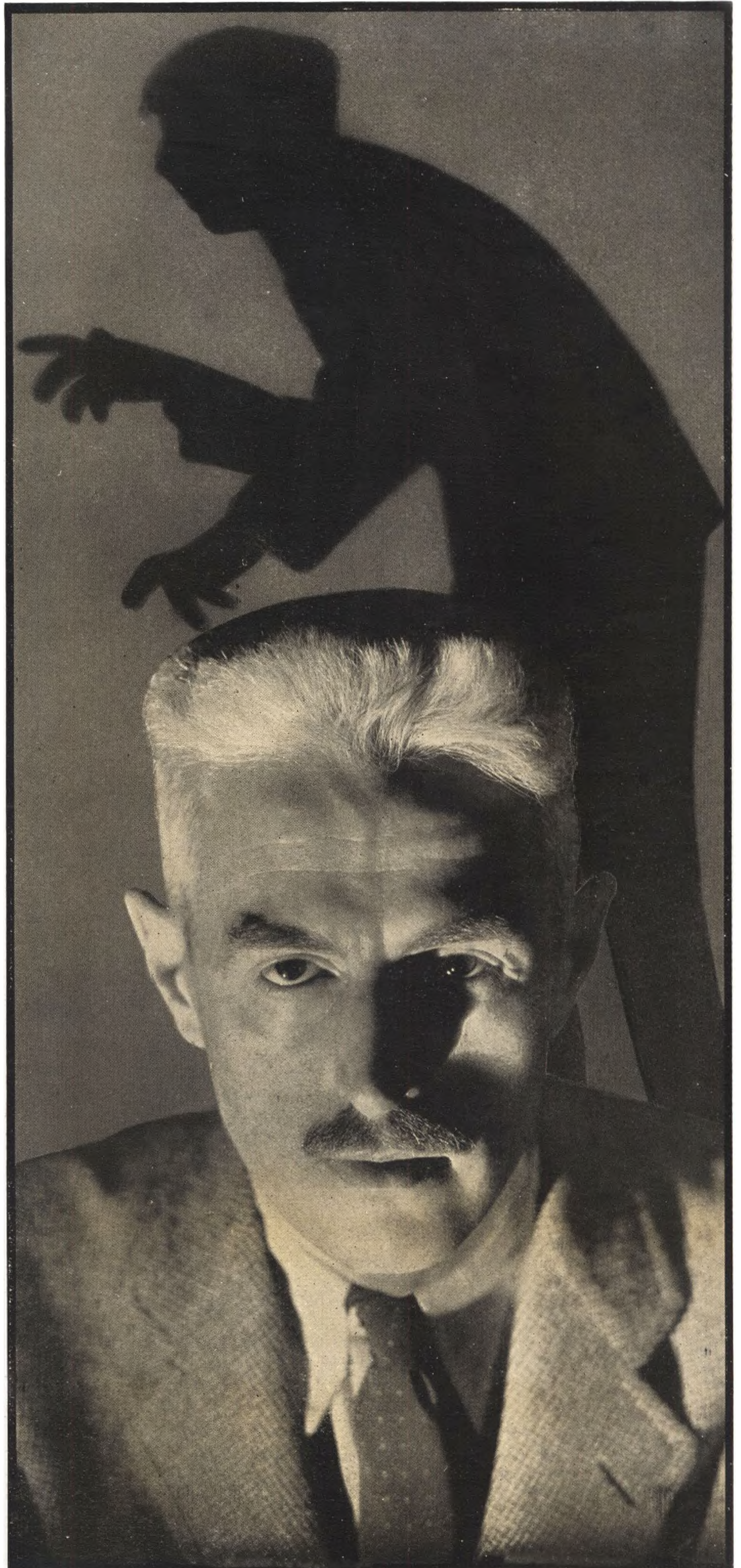
JOHNNY GREEN'S RECORD

• • • At the Lewisohn Stadium concerts in New York last summer, Johnny Green, a young man of twenty-four, was accompanied at his piano by the great New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra playing his composition "Night Club." Before this triumph he had done much of the orchestral arranging for such leaders as Guy Lombardo, Vincent Lopez and Paul Whiteman. Many of the best tunes these orchestras played while you danced were composed by Johnny Green. Among his hits are "Coquette," "Out of Nowhere," "Body and Soul," "Living in Dreams," "Rain, Rain, Go Away," "Hello, My Lover, Good-by," and "I Cover the Waterfront." You will find his most recent photograph on the opposite page.

DASHING DASHIELL

• • • Redbook's full-length novel this month is "The Thin Man." At the right is Dashiell Hammett, its author, with a background that will give you an inkling of the mystery and horror you'll find in its pages.

Mr. Hammett wasn't always an author. He has been, successively, hobo, nail-machine operator in a box-factory, advertising man, and—very important—a Pinkerton detective. During the last few years he has published a string of first-rate murder stories, most of which have got into the talkies. Specifically, you'll remember "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Glass Key" as two of his best. He wrote "The Thin Man" because he happened to think of the title first, liked it, and then decided to build a story to fit it.



Lasarnick

Going Back

"I wonder often what the vintners buy

• • • The children of Prohibition —brought up on the spiked grapejuice of the past thirteen years—are in for a new lease on life. Here we show some of the ancient processes by which, the world over, The Grape is transformed into the myriads of wines soon to be available to the most law-abiding American. (Above) Grapes from the vineyard at Guasti, California, being shoveled into cars for delivery to the presses. (Right) Crushing grapes from one of the vast vineyards of the Bordeaux district in France.

Brown Bros., Underwood & Underwood and Byron Co.

• • • Here (below) in the establishment of one precious bottles into cases and pad them carefully with much a woman's job as a man's—and the age-limit

• • • Steps in the bottling of champagne. In the famous wine *caves* that cluster about the French city of Rheims, the wine is bottled, racked, turned, corked and re-corked, and lovingly watched over for many long months before the bottles can be placed in the little cars that carry them to the outside world—to thirsty America (above). Famous importers of wines are launching an extensive educational campaign in these United States. They want us to know just what we are drinking and how to drink it!

to Bacchus!

one-half so precious as the stuff they sell."

• • • It takes years of experience and a highly sensitive palate to tell the Chateau and the year of vintage wine. But these experts (above) can tell you, after one sparing sip, whether a wine is of the vintage of '19 or '26—and from what vineyard it came. On the left is the famous wine-cellar of the old Hotel Knickerbocker in New York. Speak-easies have furnished the hotels with heavy competition during the Prohibition years. Now at last the hotels may come into their own again. No more bottles under the tables!

of France's wine merchants, men and women put the excelsior. As the pictures indicate, wine-making is as is anywhere from six to ninety-six for the ambitious.

• • • The wine-cellar of the Hotel Manhattan, where the serving of the right wine with the right course and at the proper temperature was a fine art. You will see, from the picture above, the tenderness that went into the serving of any drink. On the left, the Hoffman House Café, where the gay dandies of yesterday wetted their mustachios as they chatted with the bartender. Here is a connoisseur of a lost art, now on the verge of rediscovery. The clothes are a bit old-fashioned, but the idea's as good as new.

INVITE ROMANCE

by keeping that schoolgirl complexion

This is the approved way, with Palmolive's precious blend of olive and palm oils

A LOVELY skin invites romance. Birthdays may be forgotten, years need not really count when skin retains the radiant bloom of youth. And daily care with Palmolive — *the soap of youth* — helps to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Why is Palmolive the chosen soap of youth? Because it is made from a blend of youth-giving oils, the oils of olive and palm. Its secret blend is famous the world over. That *blend* accounts for Palmolive's supremacy in keeping skin young and lovely.

To beautify, use beauty oils

The promise of beauty lies in Palmolive's mild lather — made rich and velvety by the olive oil that goes into every cake. That soothing lather *penetrates* the tiny pores, freeing them of impurities, leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Olive oil gives that soft, rich green color, too — a color that assures you of natural purity and safety.

Use this beauty treatment

Buy three cakes today. Then, start this 2-minute beauty treatment recommended by over twenty thousand beauty specialists: every morning and evening, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water gently into the skin with your hands; rinse with warm water, then with cold. And when you've done that regularly, for an entire month, your mirror will give you the confidence of youth—youth that is charming, lovely—youth that invites romance.

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

PALMOLIVE . . . the soap of Youth

by Teresa Hyde Phillips

Illustrated by Harland Frazer

"Hospitals shouldn't set beautiful persons like you loose," he told his day nurse. "Men can't stand it." When Richard said that, he didn't know how right he was.

Life Sentence

MARY TRIMBLE, at twenty-three, entered St. Martha's Hospital training-school. She chose the nursing profession because she needed to make a living; and because a doctor and a nurse had once been very good to her when most persons, including her husband, were not. She had not been married to Scott Trimble for long—only a year. But a year with Scott was a complete education in many things, mostly unpardonable; and after the divorce she felt a necessity to take herself off into a new environment and have another look at life. Have a look at herself.

She was young and beautiful; but she was not suffering from disillusionment or bitterness. She was merely puzzled—had to make some effort to know what it was all about; what she counted for in the scheme of things; what, if anything, she was good for; why her marriage had ended almost before it was begun—ended, not in a tragic curtain, for she did not feel tragic about it really, but in ugliness. Just a few things like that were what she wanted to know. It seemed to her they required an answer, and she knew her mother couldn't answer. Her mother's butterfly society wisdom was extreme; but for anything else, things such as Mary wanted to learn, her mother wouldn't know, unless she could look in the back of the book.

Miss Eppley sighed when she first saw Mary Trimble. Miss Eppley was the Supervisor of Nurses, a tall, bleak, managing woman like a fortress who made an ideal supervisor, because she suspected the worst always. "Give me *plain* nurses," she said, "who don't cause trouble. You can't get away from it with beauties like this." But she was aware that the Board thought they ought to have an occasional beautiful one to dress up the wards; and the Private Pavilion was fussy about looks, too. Miss Trimble, thought Miss Eppley, was made to order for the Board and the Private Pavilion.

Yet there was something about her that the Supervisor liked from the start. This tranquil girl from another world was no wishy-washy creature, but a gallant little thing with iron in her make-up. She stood by her rights and stood by her duties; and as

"Miss Trimble!" exclaimed the Supervisor. "Of course you know that this means dismissal!"

the months went on, it was clear that she was making a good nurse. There was about her a quality of fragile valor that she seemed able to impart to patients, and a penetrating, fearless sweetness.

"What's more," marveled Miss Eppley, "she doesn't mind *work.*" She saw that there was that in the care of the ill that satisfied something in Mary Trimble's nature. "She's turning out," thought Miss Eppley, "to be a perfect treasure."

And a treasure she continued to be until Richard Kirby cut his arm on a broken cocktail glass in somebody's swimming pool, and developed an infection. He was shipped by his doctor to St. Martha's Private Floor when Mary Trimble was on day-duty there. By this time Miss Eppley was confident that her prettiest nurse had no interest in men patients, and she felt no apprehension. And rightly so, Mr. Kirby would have assured her, who chose to be wifeless and chose to be alone. For reasons of his own, it was his view that marriage was unlovely, that women were shoddy, and that love was a lie.

And there was the intense pain in his arm to keep him from dwelling on other matters. For a time agony organized his life for him. Days that seemed like weeks, with hours so long, especially at night, when it seemed as if nothing in the world could have been so long. When the night would hang suspended, and the East River beneath his windows would stop, and hope would run away. And just as hope had gone for good, the windows would become lighter oblongs in the dark, the dawn would break, and the sun would rise, and Mary Trimble would come through the door.

SHE was the end of the night, the coming of the long-desired day. That was how he thought of her. She filled a space in his consciousness that had always been a blank. And she lit that space with her graciousness, her unaffected concern for a man in pain. In the spotless blue-and-white of her uniform she walked into his night, a slim, tall girl with burnished hair.

"A bad night?" she would ask.

"Oh, no," he would lie. And perhaps he would try to move the arm, just to show her, and would experience a crucifying and bizarre flash of a notion that his hand had just grazed a guillotine.

"Please don't do that." Her cool fingers would replace the bandaged arm on its pillow, and immediately the pain would diminish, his nerves settle down, and he would reflect that her eyes were remarkable. They were gray, violet, blue; they were remarkable. They radiated pleasantness, and a number of other things such as simplicity and dignity and worth: things he had trained himself not to expect in woman, and by which not to set too much store if and when found.

"Hospitals shouldn't set beautiful persons like you loose," he told her once. "Men can't stand it, especially when they're weakened by illness."

"I'd feel concerned about you," she said, "but it seems to me I've heard something like that before."

Oh, she had! He wanted to punch those lads who dared to flirt with her. A blind man could see she wasn't the sort to whom easy love should be made. "I suppose you let them get away with it." His voice was bleak and his heart ached suddenly. "Any woman *would.*"

She squared the fat corners of a pillow into a case. "Of course I do," she said. "Having nothing to do but listen to romance. Would you like a glass of tomato-juice?"

"Just a dietitian," he thought bitterly. "Ask for bread and she gives you tomato-juice." Though what bread he had asked for he did not know, or would not tell himself. Certainly while he had been painfully ill, he had felt no lack in her. It was only now that he was definitely on the mend that he felt she—she ignored him. His lips quirked without mirth as he found himself using that word *ignore.* "What do I think I'm doing," he demanded of himself, "—falling for her?" Becoming entranced with one's nurse was, he was sure, no longer done. The day had passed when pretty little nurses in their pretty little uniforms enchanted one's father, one's elder brother. No. Hospitals and nurses, now that they were in general use, had, he felt, lost a good deal of their one-time glamour. He would be better as soon as he saw more of his outside friends. He didn't want to fall in love; it was a nuisance and a menace, and it made him angry.

As his convalescence progressed, he used the prophylactic measure of having kindred spirits drop in for a visit around the cock-

"Sorry," Kirby apologized. "I shouldn't have asked Miss Trimble to bring me these cigarettes."

tail hour. Enough men and a number of women—women not only for variety but for safety. During his last week he was giving impromptu parties each day, parties in which a cocktail-shaker figured largely, and in which much comment was roused by the beauty of his nurse.

"Some honey," Rodney Willard declared one afternoon. "Ring for her, Dick, old boy. I would rest my eyes on her again."

"Not a leaf stirring," said Dick pleasantly. "Hospitality is dead." He was angry inside with all of them for their manner toward Mary Trimble, but he would not let them see that he was angry. A noisy, half-drunken lot for whom he felt, certainly, no faintest measure of responsibility. They served his purpose. With them, laughter and half-kind, half-malicious gossip, wit, nonsense and gin-love prevailed: the things with which one, sensibly, filled up a life. But he had no intention of presenting Mary Trimble to this crew. They were no friends of hers.

Today he himself was bored with them. "For the love of heaven, get out," he was thinking when the door opened, and Mary Trimble, fresh, white clean, composed and beautiful, appeared in the doorway. "You rang, Mr. Kirby?" she asked.

He hadn't, of course, and he gave Rodney Willard a glance of fury. In ringing his bell Rodney had gone a bit too far, was his thought. He felt the hard gaze of the room take in the nurse. Willard, a little drunk, stood waiting to be presented. Irene Allen's immense, luminous eyes looked at her, then went back to the man in the bed. Irene was one of the women who were a little in love with Dick Kirby.

"Sorry," said Dick; "it was a mistake, Miss Trimble. I didn't ring." Her eyes met his, and her eyebrows puckered a little. Then she smiled and was gone.

"Well, of all the damned rude performances!" protested Willard. But Irene's voice was cool, silky: "Don't mind him, Rod; can't you see he's in a swoon? Florence Nightingale has roused all the nobility in the poor boy. He longs to rush out and bring back a good deed to lay at her feet."

Dick regarded her. "Or a medal or two," he supplemented. "Who's ready for another snort?" But Irene's voice, her bitter laugh, had wakened him. He had thought of her as attractive until he saw Mary Trimble in the same room with her, saw how the nurse made the other look cheap and shopworn, how the freshness of her uniform rendered the visitor's sleek black satin unpleasing, soiled. And he knew something more: knew he was in love with Mary Trimble, deeply and quietly in love. He turned to his bedside table, pushing and piling the ash of his cigarette into little piles. He was still absorbed, thinking, when the party broke up and the Supervisor came in.

About Miss Eppley there was little encumbering subtlety. "Mr. Kirby," she began, "I must ask you to have fewer visitors at a time, or if you have so many, to control their noise."

He grinned. Nothing would suit him better. "Splendid," he said. "You attend to it, Miss Eppley. When they show up, tell them I'm very dead."

She was taken aback, and her lips closed suspiciously. She feared and distrusted this young man. He had not the proper air of illness—was too long and lean and brown, making scarcely a bump under the bed-clothes. And even when he agreed with her so good-humoredly, she felt him to be wrapped in a kind of silence that she could not penetrate. He was not handsome, but he had that magic of the features and manner called attractiveness. Bad for her nurses to be subject to the charm of such a man. The worst possible danger. It was evident to her that a man like that could mean no good to hospital discipline.

"I'LL see to it," she said, giving him a cool, appraising look, "that there is less commotion in your room—though it is good for you to have *some* visitors."

"Mr. Gorton," suggested Kirby. "Put a silencer on him, and let him in occasionally." It was a relief to him to hear himself speak normally. He was not used to the sort of emotion that had swept him when he realized how he felt about Mary Trimble. He was almost sorry when Miss Eppley left the room, for she was as extinguishing as a cold shower in it. Her exit gave an entrance to his old friend Trowbridge Gorton.

"Good Lord, the smoke in here is asphyxiating," cried Gorton. "Got the gas-masks ready, Gridley?" *(Please turn to page 66)*

Civilized

So here's repeal! But what shall we do about it? The to us to prove that we can drink and be decent at the who is also a great connoisseur of wines and brand-

by **Julian**

Author of "Where

Decorations by

"I'M having people to dinner," said the young man who had called me on the telephone, "and I wish you'd tell me what to do with a bottle of wine I've got."

"What kind of wine?"

He went to look at the label, and reported it a Richebourg of 1919, a wine which an informed lover of the grape will recognize as a noble Burgundy of a great year.

"Should it be served cold?" he asked.

"No red wine should be served cold."

"What food should it go with?"

I told him how to make the most of his rare bottle, and having done so, fell to thinking of his case.

A Harvard graduate a few years under thirty, prosperous, and with a nice feeling for the charming things of life, he was aware that in the old days the serving and consumption of good wine was governed by certain rules and rituals; but of those rules and rituals, and the reasons for them, he could not have known less had he been a Hottentot, for he was one of the millions who have grown up under Prohibition.

That the manifold ills of Prohibition are now everywhere recognized is shown by the decisive voting of the States upon repeal, and it is therefore unnecessary to discuss them here. I wish only to emphasize one feature of the matter—the fact that the years of Prohibition reduced us as a nation to a style of drinking as low as any people, civilized or uncivilized, ever reached. And in contrast to this, I wish to recall certain aspects of drinking as it was practiced in this country twenty and thirty years ago. By doing so I hope to interest and aid at least some members of that unfortunate generation whose knowledge of alcoholic beverages has by circumstances been confined chiefly to raw whisky and bathtub gin.

In discussing these matters with men of forty and under, I have frequently observed in them a tendency to imagine that the "good old times," of which they have heard so much, were better old times than they actually were. The great advantage of the pre-Prohibition era lay not so much in any very widespread understanding of fine cookery and fine wines, as in the fact that fine cookery and wines were then *accessible.* They existed and could be had by any moderately prosperous individual who cared for such things.

I bracket wines with cookery because it is impossible to discuss wines comprehensively, or even intelligently, apart from food. To an informed person such a statement is a banality; but it is a banality which, in the United States, cannot be too persistently reiterated. Cocktails, whisky and beer may be considered as drinks, independent of food; but wine belong to the dinner-table as definitely as do sauces and dressings. Food is the tune, wine the accompaniment. Neither is complete without the other. As France has given the world its finest wines and its finest cooking, there exists between the two a special harmony.

Anyone who can visit France without learning something about food and drink doesn't deserve the price of a ticket.

Until approximately 1890, French cooking and French wines were little known in this country, although they were to be had long before that time in certain cosmopolitan cities like New York (where Delmonico's was founded in 1827) and New Orleans (where Antoine's was founded in 1840). Generally speaking, however, the average American hotel or restaurant, and most clubs. served meals such as our forefathers used to eat: plain American food, and plenty of it.

BUT by 1890 many American families had reached a degree of prosperity which suggested travel; and as ocean transportation became safer and swifter, they swarmed abroad. All of them visited France, and anyone who can visit France without learning something about food and drink doesn't deserve the price of a ticket.

As more and more Americans became somewhat familiar with the arts of the table, and as our wealth expanded, the popularity of French cooking and French wines increased. In our larger cities new and elaborate hotels and restaurants began to spring up; to rule over the kitchens of such establishments French chefs were imported, and among persons of the class affected by this change, some knowledge of wines came to be regarded as a mark of culture—which of course it is.

The art of fine dining reached its height in this country soon after the turn of the century and continued until the war. When the Federal Food Administration started to save Europe,—and look at the damned thing now!—the decline got under way.

The art of fine dining reached after the turn of the century,

Drinking

thirteen-year tragedy of Prohibition is over—now it's up same time. In this article a famous American writer, ies, tells us how we ought to drink in the future.

Street

Paris Dines," etc.

Frank Godwin

And as everybody knows, the end came with Prohibition in January, 1920.

As I have already suggested, not everyone who dined expensively in the days of our gastronomic grandeur knew how to dine well; but in that Golden Age, which now seems so remote, we had at least facilities for learning how to eat and to drink, as we used to say, "like gentlemen." Such restaurants as Delmonico's, Sherry's and Martin's were, in their period of greatest glory, not only splendid dining places, but academies in which, under the tutelage of a gourmet father or uncle, or a tactful headwaiter, the eager tyro could experiment with subleties of flavor and learn of those affinities which should lead to the mating of certain wines and certain dishes.

LIKE the secrets of Stradivarius and Amati, the knowledge of these matters had been lost. The average American, if he thinks of wine at all, considers it as he might a soda-fountain drink. Honey is sweet and golden, and so is Chateau Yquem. Ginger ale is a refreshing straw-colored beverage with bubbles in it, and so is champagne. A cherry phosphate is cool, effervescent, ruby-colored; and sparkling Burgundy—a wine abhorred of epicures—is pretty much the same thing, plus a costly and celestial "kick."

The mind of the speak-easy patron is not troubled by any question about how the flavor of the wine he likes will blend with the various courses of his dinner. He does not know that champagne and Château Yquem are properly dessert wines, and so he orders one or the other and drinks it straight through his meal. And of course the chances are ten-to-one that his Château Yquem isn't Château Yquem, but a bootleg substitute; for authentic Château Yquem stands in a special classification at the head of the sauternes group, being rated as a *Grand Prémier Cru*, or Grand First Growth, with eleven first-growth sauternes and some sixty second-growth sauternes marching respectfully behind it; and even in France, where it is sipped with a sweet at the end of a fine dinner, it commands a very high price.

In that Golden Age, which now seems so remote, we had facilities for learning to eat and to drink "like gentlemen."

its height in this country soon and continued until the war.

Precisely as the Prohibitionists proclaimed a kind of millennium when their measures were put through, so now many repealists prophesy a sudden renaissance of civilized drinking and appreciation.

I look for no such startling change.

If improvement comes, as certainly it should, it will come gradually. Good restaurants which have lasted out the dry years will gain in patronage, prosperity and charm when the lopsided attraction afforded by a good cuisine can be rounded out with wines; but the number of good restaurants left in the United States is pitifully small; and new ones cannot be built up in a day upon the ruins of fifteen years ago.

The teams of experts which formed the organizations of the old-time restaurants are scattered and gone, and new teams have not been trained to replace them. Chefs have deteriorated; cooking has deteriorated; service has deteriorated; and as the wine experts of the old days were for the most part elderly, they are now all but extinct. Even before Prohibition, fine wines of great years were not commonly to be found in American hotels and restaurants; and it is reasonable to suppose that a lot of blunders, intentional and unintentional, will be made in the selection of wines after they are legalized.

HARDLY less than restaurant proprietors, chefs and waiters, we, the public, have our part to play in building up fine eating-places. But we are not equipped to play it well. The pace of our lives has increased; we are nervous, hurried, anxious about personal and national affairs. Down the throats of many a doubter General Johnson has been forcing large helpings of blue eagle; and we are waiting to find out how this strange new game bird will digest. We lack, in short, tranquillity; and tranquillity is essential to the enjoyment of good cooking, and to the savoring, sip by sip, of serene and gracious wines. In New York, Chicago and other large cities I have sometimes heard it said that during Prohibition the arts of the table have been kept alive by speak-easies. I have been at some pains to look into this theory, and I am convinced that there has never existed in this country a speak-easy which in its appointments, service and cuisine could bear comparison with a good third-class Parisian res- *(Please turn to page 74)*

The Evil Empress

by Grand Duke Alexander *of* Russia

The Story So Far:

CATHERINE the Great, Evil Empress of Russia, slept badly that fateful night: She dreamed that her husband, the Emperor Peter III, murdered with her connivance by her favorite Orlov, was alive again. . . . Lying long awake afterward, she reflected that the Russians certainly were a race of madmen. This capital, built in a wretched spot on the banks of a treacherous river; this ridiculous palace; this grotesque bedchamber, with its smiling cherubs and languorous nymphs; this air charged with treason and murder; this booming of the cannon that sounded like the opening salvos of an approaching enemy, like the ever-present reminder of that day ten years ago when Gregory Orlov and his guardsmen had made her a regicide and an empress!

Weary of wakefulness, Catherine summoned her favorite Orlov—but encountered instead one of her ladies-in-waiting: Helen, lovely daughter of General Bernsdorf. And Helen, under questioning, betrayed that Orlov had asked her to conceal from the Empress his absence from the palace.

"When did it first occur that Count Orlov had to leave the palace during the night?" demanded Catherine.

"About three months ago."

"Three months ago? Hm! Just after he returned from the Peace Conference with the Turks?"

"I think so."

"You mean you are certain! Is that Greek woman he brought with him from Fockshany still in St. Petersburg?"

"I believe so."

"But I was told that she had left for Moscow."

"So she did; but that was done only to have the police report it to Your Majesty. She returned that same night."

"You seem to know a great deal, my child. What is the reason for this unlimited confidence placed in you by Count Orlov? Remember, I want the truth!"

"He promised, Your Majesty," said Helen, and her face went crimson, "that if I keep his absences from the palace secret, and report to him all that took place during the night, he would make Prince Samarin ambassador to France."

"Gott im Himmel!" gasped Catherine, reverting to her native German. . . .

Next day Orlov contrived to pacify his royal mistress. And he took prompt revenge upon Helen by procuring an order for the dismissal of Prince Samarin, who was Helen's fiancé, from the diplomatic service. Nor was the counsel of that wily power-behind-the-scenes, Captain Potiemkin, or of Samarin's family friend Chancellor Bestujev himself, of any avail.

Helen's father General Bernsdorf, however, interceded with apparent success: Samarin was reinstated; both he and Helen were invited to a royal ball next night, and permission for their wedding before his return to the embassy in Paris was granted. But—Orlov summoned the chief of the secret police, who was in his power.

"You must get me," said Orlov, "a written and conclusive proof of the anti-dynastical plans of Prince Alexander Samarin. If you can manage to incriminate at the same time General Bernsdorf and his daughter, I'll appreciate it greatly. But you have only twenty-four hours to do the job." *(The story continues in detail:)*

FROM her place in the center of the first row, Catherine could see the sour face of her son Grand Duke Paul, who was sitting across the aisle; and this made her miss most of the dialogue on the stage.

"What is the matter with my son?" she whispered to Chancellor Bestujev on her right. "Doesn't he realize that this is a comedy?"

"The Czarevitch is too young to appreciate Your Majesty's subtle satire," answered the old courtier. Both knew that the eighteen-year-old Grand Duke had recently learned the real circumstances of his father's death; and that he was infuriated because his mother made him sit next to Gregory Orlov.

"I worked so hard on this speech of the hero," complained Catherine; "and look at Paul—he won't even smile."

To the world, she was the regal and imperious Catherine the Great of Russia. To her family, she was a puzzled and frightened German *Hausfrau.* This is her story—a great historical novel written by her own great-great-grandson.

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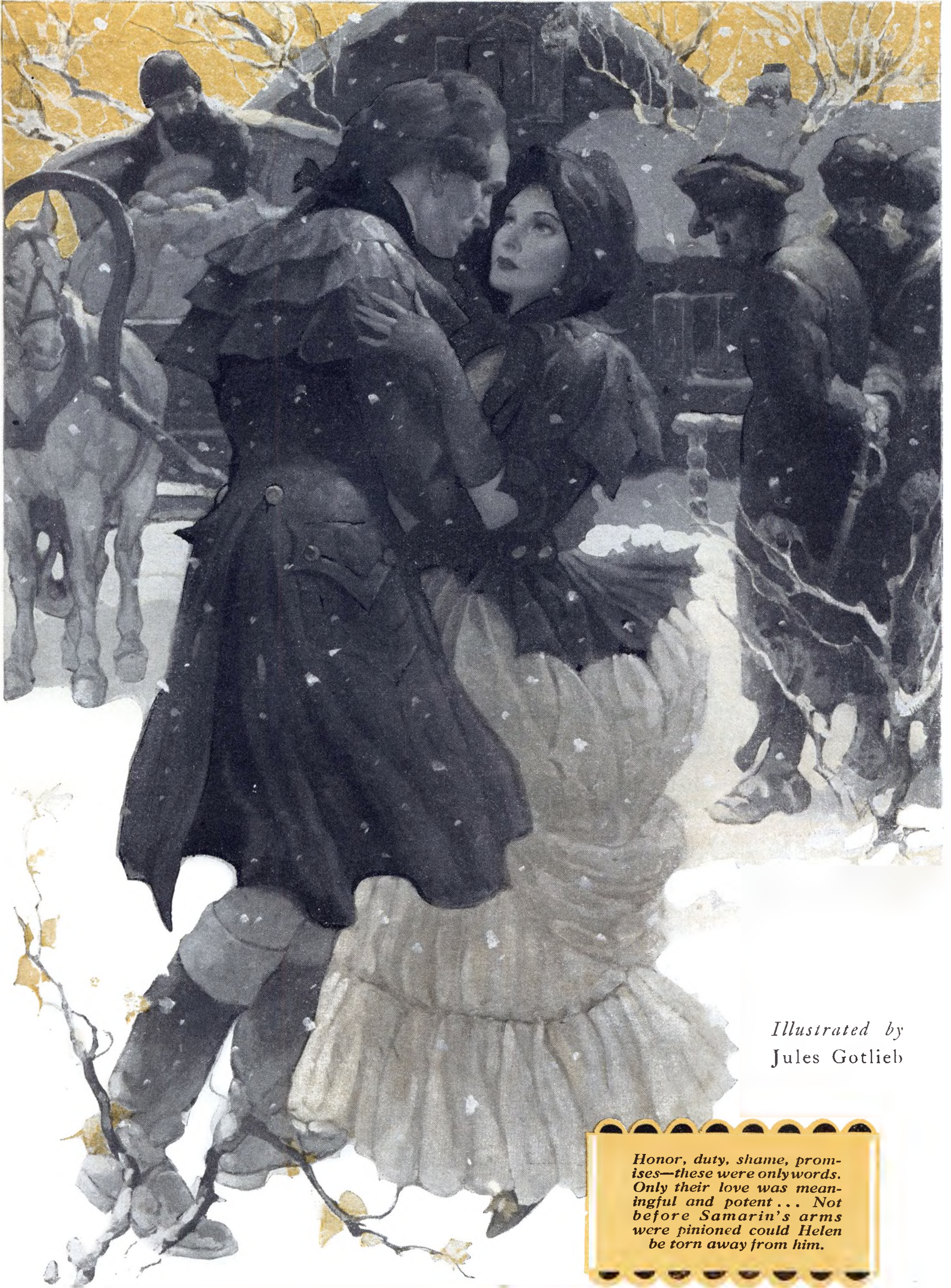
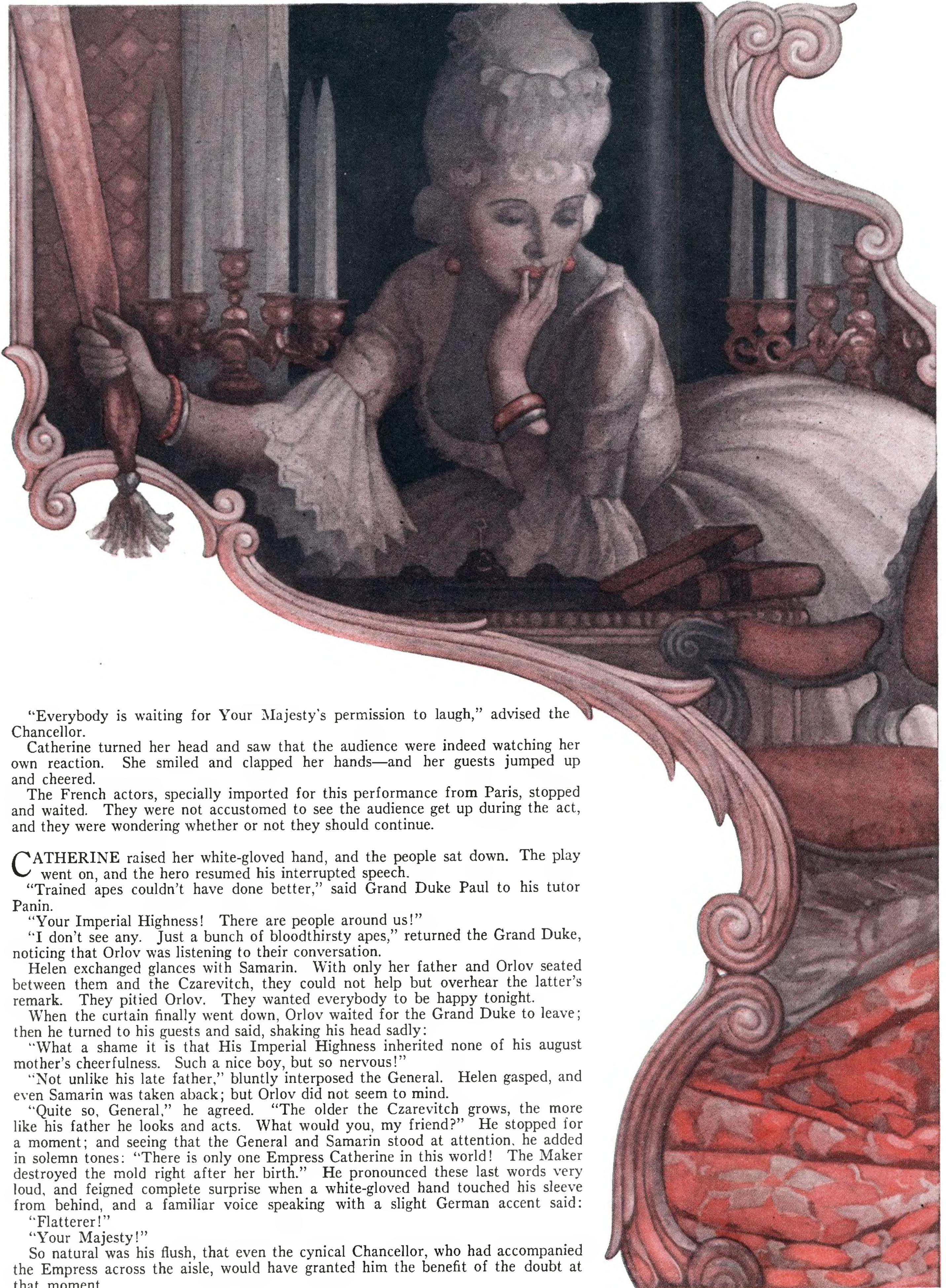


Illustrated by
Jules Gotlieb

Honor, duty, shame, promises—these were only words. Only their love was meaningful and potent . . . Not before Samarin's arms were pinioned could Helen be torn away from him.



"Everybody is waiting for Your Majesty's permission to laugh," advised the Chancellor.

Catherine turned her head and saw that the audience were indeed watching her own reaction. She smiled and clapped her hands—and her guests jumped up and cheered.

The French actors, specially imported for this performance from Paris, stopped and waited. They were not accustomed to see the audience get up during the act, and they were wondering whether or not they should continue.

CATHERINE raised her white-gloved hand, and the people sat down. The play went on, and the hero resumed his interrupted speech.

"Trained apes couldn't have done better," said Grand Duke Paul to his tutor Panin.

"Your Imperial Highness! There are people around us!"

"I don't see any. Just a bunch of bloodthirsty apes," returned the Grand Duke, noticing that Orlov was listening to their conversation.

Helen exchanged glances with Samarin. With only her father and Orlov seated between them and the Czarevitch, they could not help but overhear the latter's remark. They pitied Orlov. They wanted everybody to be happy tonight.

When the curtain finally went down, Orlov waited for the Grand Duke to leave; then he turned to his guests and said, shaking his head sadly:

"What a shame it is that His Imperial Highness inherited none of his august mother's cheerfulness. Such a nice boy, but so nervous!"

"Not unlike his late father," bluntly interposed the General. Helen gasped, and even Samarin was taken aback; but Orlov did not seem to mind.

"Quite so, General," he agreed. "The older the Czarevitch grows, the more like his father he looks and acts. What would you, my friend?" He stopped for a moment; and seeing that the General and Samarin stood at attention, he added in solemn tones: "There is only one Empress Catherine in this world! The Maker destroyed the mold right after her birth." He pronounced these last words very loud, and feigned complete surprise when a white-gloved hand touched his sleeve from behind, and a familiar voice speaking with a slight German accent said:

"Flatterer!"

"Your Majesty!"

So natural was his flush, that even the cynical Chancellor, who had accompanied the Empress across the aisle, would have granted him the benefit of the doubt at that moment.

"May an humble playwright ask the illustrious Count to be her cavalier for the opening polonaise?" asked Catherine. "My son is suffering from a frightful headache, and I am left without a partner."

She smiled coquettishly, and playfully nudged Helen.

"We poor women of this overcivilized Eighteenth Century," she continued, laughing at her own joke, "must play the part of the stronger sex. According to my friend Monsieur Voltaire, we shall be wearing trousers in another hundred years."

She offered her arm to the beaming Orlov, and proceeded up the aisle, acknowledging with a slight nod of her head the deep bows of the foreign ambassadors, glittering in their full dress uniforms. It had taken her *coiffeur* nearly an hour to attach her cumbersome diadem with its one hundred and thirteen pearls and five hundred diamonds; and she feared that even the slightest jerk might cause the weighty thing to fall and break.

The orchestra in the great ballroom struck the opening bars of the polonaise, and six chamberlains rushed forward to announce the approach of Her Majesty to some two thousand magnificently garbed guests gathered in the halls of the palace.

"What wouldn't I give to learn the name of the horrible creature that invented the polonaise," said Catherine to Orlov as they were crossing the ballroom at the head of the procession.

"Don't you like it, Your Majesty?"

"I loathe it; it's not a dance; it's torture. When I think I shall have to walk three times around this endless palace, I feel like calling the ball off."

"You would feel differently, if you saw your reflection in the mirrors."

"Silly!"

"Perhaps; but I have never seen anything more exquisite than the combination of these blue eyes, this snow-white skin and these blood-red rubies."

"I warn you, sir, that I am about to laugh; and then you will have to crawl on your knees gathering the one hundred and thirteen pearls and five hundred diamonds."

"I would not mind it in the least if only I could hear Little Mother laugh. Of late there has been sorrow in her eyes."

"Whose fault is it?"

"The Sultan's, I suppose."

"If I were you, Gregory," said Catherine with the same gay smile, "I would avoid mentioning the Sultan of Turkey."

"May I ask why?"

"Better not. You risk stirring up my bitterness."

"I am puzzled."

"Oh, no, you are not. You couldn't be so stupid as to believe that I was fooled by your explanation of that Greek woman episode. I simply did not want to humiliate you in the presence of Helen Bernsdorf. I knew all along that the peace treaty with Turkey was brought to you three days ago by Captain Potiemkin, not by that Greek hussy. . . . People are not supposed to stop in the center of the floor when dancing the polonaise, Gregory! A little smile, please. The guests are watching us."

ORLOV made an attempt to smile, so strained and poor an attempt that the Chancellor, who walked with Helen immediately behind the Empress, chuckled, and nudged his partner.

"I've rarely seen you in such a happy mood, Your Excellency," said Helen, who was impatiently waiting for the polonaise to end, so that she could join Samarin.

"Yes, I am happy tonight," muttered the old man. "Have you ever watched a cat when he is about to catch a mouse? A most instructive spectacle it is."

"Who is the mouse, Your Excellency?"

"There's plenty of mice around us, my dear girl. I hope for your sake that the brave young Prince is not one of them."

"But I told you twice about our good fortune. Everything looks rosy for both of us."

"Too rosy to suit me. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*"

"I don't know Latin, Your Excellency."

"Why should you? You have your splendid youth."

"But what does this phrase mean?"

"Oh, nothing. Just something to the effect that when your enemies begin to shower you with gifts, look for the nearest exit."

"Always a skeptic!"

"That's how I've lived to be seventy-two. I wonder what that scoundrel is doing here?"

He pointed with his eyes toward a marble column on the left. Hidden back of it, Helen saw the bulky form of General Chicherin.

"Isn't it only natural, Your Highness, that the Chief of Police should come to see that everything is in order?"

"Too natural, my child! Never trust natural things. A bit of artificiality now and then would be most welcome in this palace."

The Chancellor became pensive, and they walked the rest of the polonaise in silence. . . . *(Please turn to page 88)*

"Why don't you have your hero released by the Turks and tortured by the Russians?" Helen shrieked . . . . and collapsed at the feet of the Empress Catherine.

Forgotten Manslaughter

Illustrated by Alan Foster

THE fisticuffs at the Armory didn't promise much; but one of my prize Percherons'd trotted out on me, and the need was pressing to back a pay plug into the empty stall. After all, I figures, talent's where you find it, not where you look for it.

Take Shifty Evans, for example: The best of the up-and-coming bantams, he'd probably never have been heard of, if I hadn't run across him beating up his father and a couple of uncles over a pinochle meld in a three-point-two honky-tonk.

At the Armory entrance I meets Newsy Nolan, a pipe-puffer, who'd smoked up many a two-by-four brawl into a battle of this or any century for me. Having been away barnstorming with my leash of hounds for the great part of the year, I'd seen little of the boy.

"What brings you here?" he asks.

"I'm collecting ears for a necklace," I tells him, "and I thought I might pick a pair out of my lap here tonight."

"You might, at that," says Newsy. "It's Old Home Week, and most of the lads penciled in for this pogrom have been to the plate often enough to have their listeners loosened. Know who's on the bill?"

"Does it matter?" I shrugs, my interest dying with the tip-off on the evening's entertainment.

"Not enough to make you send for your Aunt Hattie," returns Nolan; "but I suppose you've heard one of your punched-out meal-tickets is performing."

"Yeh?" says I. "Who?"

"Slag Hennessey," he reveals.

"Judas H.!" I exclaims. "Isn't there any law against steam-shovels digging in graveyards? The last time I heard of Hennessey, he'd been thrown out of a perfectly legal barroom by a Singer midget. I'm not even going in."

"Better do," suggests Newsy. "There's one biffer on the card who might make your eyebrows lift a bit."

"Stranger?" I queries.

"Uh-huh," replies Nolan. "A strange face on the rough and rosined floor. But fish him out of the grab-bag for yourself."

The early bouts are just what I'd expected they would be—heavy-footed hugging-matches between wind-broken spavs, who've been walking around on their heels for years. A couple of the boys'd been top-fighters in their day, but they'd gone too many rounds against the grape, the gigglers and the good things.

The large crowd in the Armory is for the most part silent and scornful, and there's not a peck of applause or interest until the maulers for the main go climb into the ring. Then there's plenty of both, directed altogether at the younger of the two.

The older's Slag Hennessey, but the contender's news to me. He's a stocky, low-slung gorilla, with a pan as hard as a comedy bride's biscuits. Offhand, I'd rate him as strong and willing, but a blotter for the other guy's handwriting.

"Who's the sweet-scented petunia?" I asks Newsy.

"A variety," he answers, "known to press and profession as Canvasback Kelly."

"Canvasback, eh?" I remarks. "How come the monicker—from a duck or a posture?"

"The remains," replies Nolan, evasive, "are to be seen."

AT this point the bell blings and the row's on. Kelly rushes out with a flaying of fists, but the stiffness in Hennessey's joints doesn't extend to his bean, and he easily outfoxes the other boy, making him miss as often as a Wall Street tip. However, Canvasback does ground a couple in Slag's mid-section, shaking up the old-timer like a bag of bones.

In the second and third stanzas Hennessey's hard put to keep off the kid's stuff, but he manages to reach port under his own power, though I can hear his bellows pounding from where I sit.

"Canvasback ought to kill him in a round or two," I observes to Newsy.

"I'm afraid so," mutters Nolan, looking kind of sad. "And after the record Kelly's made! It's too bad."

That's a bit deep and thick, but the fourth session having got under way, I've no chance to disentangle the crack. The first part of the stanza's just so much clinching, but towards the middle of it, Canvasback pries himself loose and shoots one at Slag's jaw. It's a glancing blow, too glancing even to crack an eggshell, but Hennessey's arms sag to his sides, his knees spread, and he staggers back helpless.

Helpless, my eye! It's the crudest example of the mossy all-in trick I've seen, man and boy, in thirty years; but it goes for Kelly. Wide open he dashes at Slag for the slumber-sock, but the slumber is on the other sock. Hennessey suddenly comes to life, slashes a piston punch into Canvasback's chin, another over the heart—and Kelly melts to the floor.

The laddie's game, though. At the drip of nine, he weaves to his dogs, but he hasn't enough gimp left in him to stand up under

As a fighter, Canvasback Kelly couldn't stand up if a Camp-fire Girl pushed him. This is the story of what happened after his twenty-fifth knockout.

by Sam Hellman

"Nobody don't do no tricks to me!" declares Canvasback. "Why, I'd of killed that bum—"

the back-pats of a kind-hearted Camp-fire Girl. Slag pushes him over with a mere massage, and the fracas is in the files.

There follows a wild lot of cheering and yelling and laughter, with Canvasback drawing all the favors, despite the sap he'd made of himself. I looks to Nolan for an explanation. He's wiping his brow, as if in great relief over something.

"Gosh!" exclaims Newsy. "That was a narrow squeak. I thought for a while Kelly wouldn't deliver."

"Deliver!" I repeats dumbly. "Deliver what? Seed to the birds he heard singing?"

"You're a stranger in these parts nowadays," says Nolan, with a pitying smile, "or you'd know and rejoice. Do you realize this is Canvasback's twenty-fifth straight knockout?"

"You mean," I returns, still reaching for straws, "he's been rocked to sleep for his twenty-fifth straight?"

"Yep," declares Newsy, "and thus beating the mark of twenty-four made by Take-me Traphagen in 1896-'97. Boy, I'm going to do you the favor of your life. I'm aiming to fix it for you to handle Canvasback."

"Me!" I yelps. "Me handle a push-over! Me handle a flap-jack who passes most of his life on the horizontal! Me—"

"Listen, feller," interrupts Nolan. "Why do you think this mob turned out tonight? To watch a bunch from the boneyard race their Charley-horses? Every last one of 'em came to see Kelly."

"To see him knocked out?" I asks.

"Exactly," replies Newsy. "With each of his fights, the crowd's been getting bigger. There's rubies in that round-heel, my lad."

"But great fish!" I puts in, still at sea. "Where's the kick in seeing a bozo make a bed for himself?"

"That's just the point," comes back Nolan. "He doesn't make a bed for himself. Nobody's ever tried harder than Kelly does, and he's got an alibi for every defeat. You ought to know a set-up when it's spread before you. Did it look to you as if Canvasback was taking a dive?"

"Well," says I, doubtfully, "the oaf did seem to be putting everything he had on the ball; but he and Slag might've rehearsed that all-in act. I still don't see the attraction in Kelly. Anybody can get themselves knocked out, can't they?"

"NOT honestly, they can't," declares Newsy. "It's a gift with Canvasback. He must've been born with a nine-count on him, or maybe his mother always got set when she was vulnerable, and he takes after her."

"Birth or bridge," says I, "it's all the bunk. There's certainly somebody Kelly can lick, or at least stay the limit with."

"There may be," concedes Nolan, "but he hasn't appeared yet. Canvasback's been knocked kicking by guys who couldn't bounce a baby out of a high chair, and knocked kicking on the square. Call it a glass jaw or a tissue-paper tummy or what you will," he goes on, "but the fact remains he's a big draw in this section."

"But why?" I starts to argue. "What—"

"But why not?" cuts in Newsy. "Fans come to fights to see knockouts; and with Kelly in the ring, they're practically certain to see one. The boys and girls are fed up with the in-and-outers who win today and lose tomorrow. There's something definite about Canvasback, at any rate. Take him on, Mike, and—"

"Nope," says I. "I don't string with established losers."

"Aw, come on," urges Nolan. "I'll play along with you, and stage a bally that'll make the Chicago Fair look like a quarantined side-show. We'll work the 'forgotten man' gag—the bucko who always takes a licking, but keeps on trying. Know what a psychological moment is?"

"No," I returns. "Which one of the sixty is it?"

"The one striking right now," says Newsy. "Remember, feller, for three or four years this has been a land of losers, and every patron of the game can identify himself with Canvasback and sympathize."

And so on and on, until I'm finally taken for a ride, though the thought still lingers that there's something crooked about the kid and his matched string of K. O.'s. But then I never was the nosey kind that asks a dollar where it comes from and demands references.

"Who's nursing Kelly now?" I puts to Nolan.

"Nobody," he answers. "I was looking him over tonight with Harry Dixon in mind, but I'd much rather see my barge tied to your tug. You know how to appreciate good press-work."

"Thanks," says I dryly. "Where do you expect me to tow your craft?"

"Through the big gates," replies Newsy. "So far, Canvasback's been playing to the shooting-gallery trade, but he's getting to be the talk of the town, and between us we should have no trouble promoting him into the prominent money."

"Maybe," I comes back, still only half sold. "But this business of identifying myself with a loser—"

"Forget it, feller," cuts in Nolan. "The losers are the leaders today. They elected Roosevelt, didn't they?"

Next morning, Newsy brings Kelly to my office for inspection. Plug-ugly as he'd stacked up the night before, Canvasback's even less boric on the eyes in the light of day. With lips puffed to the size of hot-dogs, and a lamp underhung with hand-painted effects in violet and green, he's hardly a good movie test for a juvenile spot.

"Sit down," I invites.

"Don't wanna sit down," mumbles Kelly, kind of sullen.

"Then lie down," I snaps, "if that comes more natural."

Nolan, who seems to have some sort of Indian sign on Canvasback, persuades the punk into a chair, and we have a business talk—that is, if you can talk business with a dumb Dick who must've been flunked out of a kindergarten class for backward children. The split disposed of, I brings the subject around to fighting, to get the low-down on Kelly's slant.

"How," I asks, "did you happen to fall into that moth-eaten trap of Hennessey's?"

"Trap?" he frowns. "What trap? I didn't see no trap."

"Apparently not, at the time," says I; "but you know now, don't you, that he tricked you?"

"Nobody don't do no tricks to me!" declares Canvasback. "Why, I'd of killed that bum if I hadn't slipped and—"

"Slipped?" I repeats. "Slipped on what?"

"I aint sure what it was," replies Kelly; "but all of a sudden my feet kinda slid out from under me—"

"Probably hit a wet spot," suggests Newsy, giving me the office to lay off. But I didn't.

"Either that," I remarks, sarcastic, "or you tripped over a grain elevator or one of those caterpillar tractors they've got cluttering up the ring. Under my management, kid, there won't even be a shadow in the ring for you to slip on. And won't that be nice?"

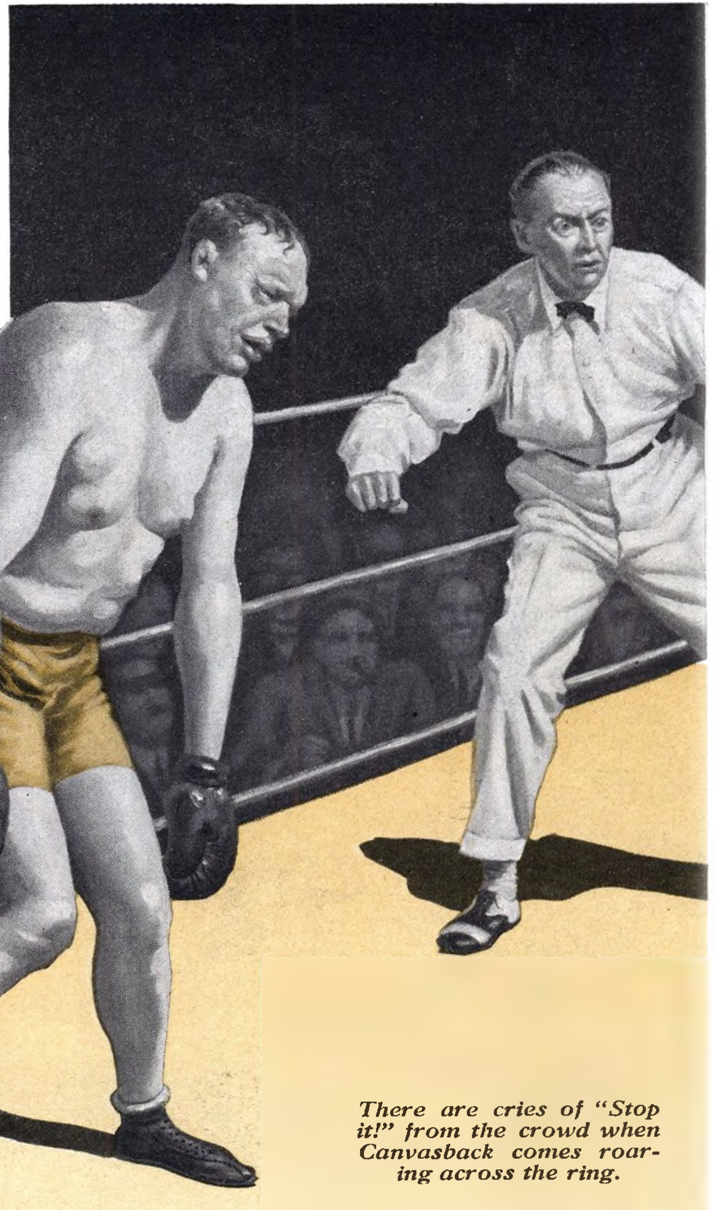
"Swell," grunts Canvasback. "Think you can get me return matches with all them bums I got bad breaks with?"

"That'd be twenty-four, wouldn't it?" I asks.

"Twenty-five," says Kelly. "That was a bad break last night—slipping—wasn't it?"

"At least," I agrees. "Tell me about some of those other bad breaks."

Canvasback's willing enough, and for the next half-hour unfolds a tale of tough luck, untoward events, unfortunate coincidences and unforeseen happen-stances that makes me picture Job sipping sherbets in a bed of roses, surrounded by black-eyed virgins. Out of the welter I reach the conclusion that the only bad break he's really had is the possession of a chin, without enough arms to protect it and his other vulnerables at the same time. There is, however, no doubt left in my mind that the kid's been doing his fighting on the up-and-up. He's just too much of a stupe for a set-up.



There are cries of "Stop it!" from the crowd when Canvasback comes roaring across the ring.

Outside of the ring as well, the percentages have been against Kelly. Whether he reaches or he runs, there's always a banana-peel or sleet beneath his feet, somehow.

"But it's gonna be jake from now and on," opines Canvasback. "There's some kind of a law, aint they, about batting averages—"

"You are, undoubtedly, referring to the law of supply and demand," I interrupts; "but that's been repealed for one reading: 'Things remain bad for a long time, but suddenly, when you least expect it, they get worse.' If I were you," I goes on, "I'd buy myself a pair of tight shoes and walk around in 'em all day."

"What for?" asks Kelly.

"So when you take 'em off at night," I replies, "you'll think that you're getting a break." And before the boy can unravel that, I shooes him out of the office and takes up the consideration of his case with Nolan.

"I suppose," says I, "the idea's to keep Kelly on the ground."

"For the present, certainly," returns the bubble-blower. "Eventually, we may want to work him into a win, but at the moment the profits are in his losses. Handle him to that end—"

"All right," I cuts in, "but I'm not such a much at training biffers to take it and tumble."

"You won't have to train him a great deal," declares Newsy. "Give him sparring partners—he'll expect that; and let 'em teach him all the fancies—everything, except protection of the buttons. Make it look good, see. Your only real job'll be to get bouts for him with the proper palookas."

"Same being?" I asks.

"Same being," replies Nolan, "lads with sleeping-powders in their punches, who can absorb it and are, by no chance, suckers for a wild hay-maker. You'll have no trouble rounding up rows. They're crying for Canvasback."

AND such turns out to be the case. It's no sooner bruited about that I'm carrying Kelly than the phone begins buzzing with offers of dates. However, I pass 'em all up to go into a huddle with Slicker Melody, who's the big shot in the boxing bazaars, and a side-kicker of mine.

"You know everything, don't you?" I opens up.

"No," the Slicker answers; "but it must seem so to you. What now?"

"Explain Canvasback Kelly to me," says I.

"Publicity, poverty and a poke in the puss," replies Melody. "Misery loves company. When your house has burned down, you'll run to fires for the pleasure of seeing another bozo's shack go up in the smoke. Get it, or do you want blue-prints and footnotes?"

"You and Newsy Nolan roll your thinks down the same alley," I remarks, "so I'll have to leave 'em as they lay. Why haven't you taken the boy on?"

"Too many fists to feed now," comes back the Slicker. "Want me to fix you up with a lullaby for your baby?"

"Yep," I says. "Who's your candidate for the simple honors?"

"Mugs McGillicuddy," says he.

"Pretty big-league stuff, Mugs," I observes.

"Kind of," agrees Melody; "but he's about the only welter in these parts who hasn't sung Canvasback to sleep, and he's getting to feel peculiar. How long would you like your laddie to linger?"

"I'll have to consult Nolan about that," says I. "He's more in touch with the needs of the situation than I am."

"Good boy, Newsy," remarks the Slicker. "Give him his head, and he'll gag up a gate that'll be important even in depreciated dollars. Got to hand it to Nolan: Took a ten-cent push-over, and by tying him up with a state of mind, made a turnstile hero out of him. That calls for brains in any language."

After a little more of this and that, I leaves the Slicker's club for my own deadfall. Dropping back into the gym, I finds Canvasback sprawled on the floor with Gabe Johnson, a punching-bag about the place, standing over him.

"What's the big idea?" I yelps. "This kind of scene is staged only for cash customers. Your business is to—"

"I couldn't help it, boss," cuts in Gabe. "I shot one for over his shoulder, and he turned his chin right into it."

"How'd it happen?" I asks Kelly, who's wabbled to his feet.

"Just a tough break," mutters Canvasback. "I only looked around to see the time—"

"That's important," says I. "You must never forget to do that in a bout. I'll stick a calendar up on the ceiling, too, so you can also make sure of the day. What the heck do you care what time it is, anyway?"

"I got a date—with a girl," returns Kelly, all a-fluster.

"I like my boys to be social," I assures him, "and while it's necessary occasionally to handle the gals with gloves on, you mustn't think of 'em that way. It's an old family tradition with me. You got any family traditions?"

"I don't guess so," fumbles Canvasback. "I was brung up by an uncle."

I happens to be standing by the door as Kelly passes out (through, I should say, to avoid confusion), and sure enough, there's a moll on the outside to meet him—a bleak-looking baby, who also appears to have been born with a couple of called strikes on her.

"Something new in Canvasback's life?" I inquires of Nolan, who comes along just then.

"Very," he returns, "and just the card for Kelly."

"Yeh?" says I. " 'Cause why?"

" 'Cause," answers Newsy, "she's lost her parents, and the day Canvasback met her, she'd lost her job and her way home."

"Not to mention her judgment of distance," I adds, "and most of her agates. Just a slip of a girl. What's her name?"

"Bessie Verloren," replies Nolan. "Know what '*verloren*' means in German?"

"Probably," I ventures, "something to do with losing."

"Feller," marvels Newsy, "you have the gift of tongues."

"I do pick up languages rather quickly," I admits modestly. "I wasn't in France six months before I had *combien* and *œufs* eating out of my hands . . . What's new around the hot stove?"

"I'm glad you brought that up," remarks Nolan. "You ever hear of a fighter with a theme-song?"

"If you're figuring one for Canvasback," I says, "might I suggest—Don't Wake Me Early, Mother, For I'm Not to Be Queen of the May."

"Not bad," declares Newsy, "but lacks that feeling of struggling up from the depths. Mine's a poem, rather than a song. It goes like this—"

And he reels off some lines, the only ones I remember being—

> —and I am wounded sore,
> I'll lie me down and bleed awhile.
> And then get up and fight some more.

"Your own?" I asks politely.

"Try and prove it isn't," says Newsy.

"I'm too busy now," I tells him, "but I'll devote my declining years to it. What's your idea—to have the thing recited between rounds, or hummed into Canvasback's ears while he's being counted out?"

"I'm going to spray my copy with it," explains Nolan. "Sort of ease it in as the song of the Clan Kelly, that's been in the family since Brian Boru used his neighbors' features for *hors d'œuvres*. Sung by the Kellys during the Crusades. You're familiar with the Crusades, of course?"

"Not very," I answers. "I was out of town at the time."

(Please turn to page 63)

Jewels on Approval

SHE was such a sightly young thing, so demure and sweetly poised, that even a gallant young man, shopping for a ring to suit his lady's hand ("something uncommon, you know, for a present"), was hardly to be blamed if he did slight his errand a bit in order to savor the privilege of existing in the world she so graciously embellished.

The door that shut itself behind her had a glazed panel severely lettered on its corridor face with the legend: OLGA GRIEG—JEWELRY TO ORDER. The windows, cold with north light, looked out from a considerable elevation over the Plaza reaches of Fifth Avenue. The furniture comprised half a dozen fine period pieces, two low tables that were showcases in disguise, and a portly strong-box in which trays of unset jewels and hand-wrought trinkets were racked. A second door, just ajar, led to an adjoining office and workroom.

At one of the tables, with his back to the windows, sat a not-old man with a neat face and pensive eyes. He was fastidiously, that is to say not too well, dressed in a black jacket and striped trousers, with a plain white shirt, a wing-collar and a plain dark tie; whereas almost every other man to be met on the Avenue that afternoon was wearing gray flannels and a soft blue shirt and collar, presumably in infatuated aspiration to be mistaken for visiting royalty. Forearms folded on the table, he was bending a speculative frown on rings ranked in a velvet-lined tray.

At his elbow stood a younger man of sensitive type, with the slender long hands of an artist, the easy dress and faintly fatigued manner of one from whom Greenwich Village had no secrets.

There was present also a lively girl in a plain frock, with unbobbed hair and a most charming smile, who immediately turned from the table beneath the windows and went to welcome the young woman of fashion.

Both the men looked round as if surprised by the interruption, stared just long enough to sum up a happy impression, and returned their joint interest to the tray of rings; though it is only right to say that the body in the wing-collar was not at any time thereafter altogether unaware of the delightful new presence.

WITH the look of one slightly at a loss the newcomer regarded the showroom; then a lift of delicate eyebrows interrogated the girl with the unmodish hair.

"Miss Grieg?"

"Miss Grieg is in Europe at present. Is there something we can do for you in her absence?"

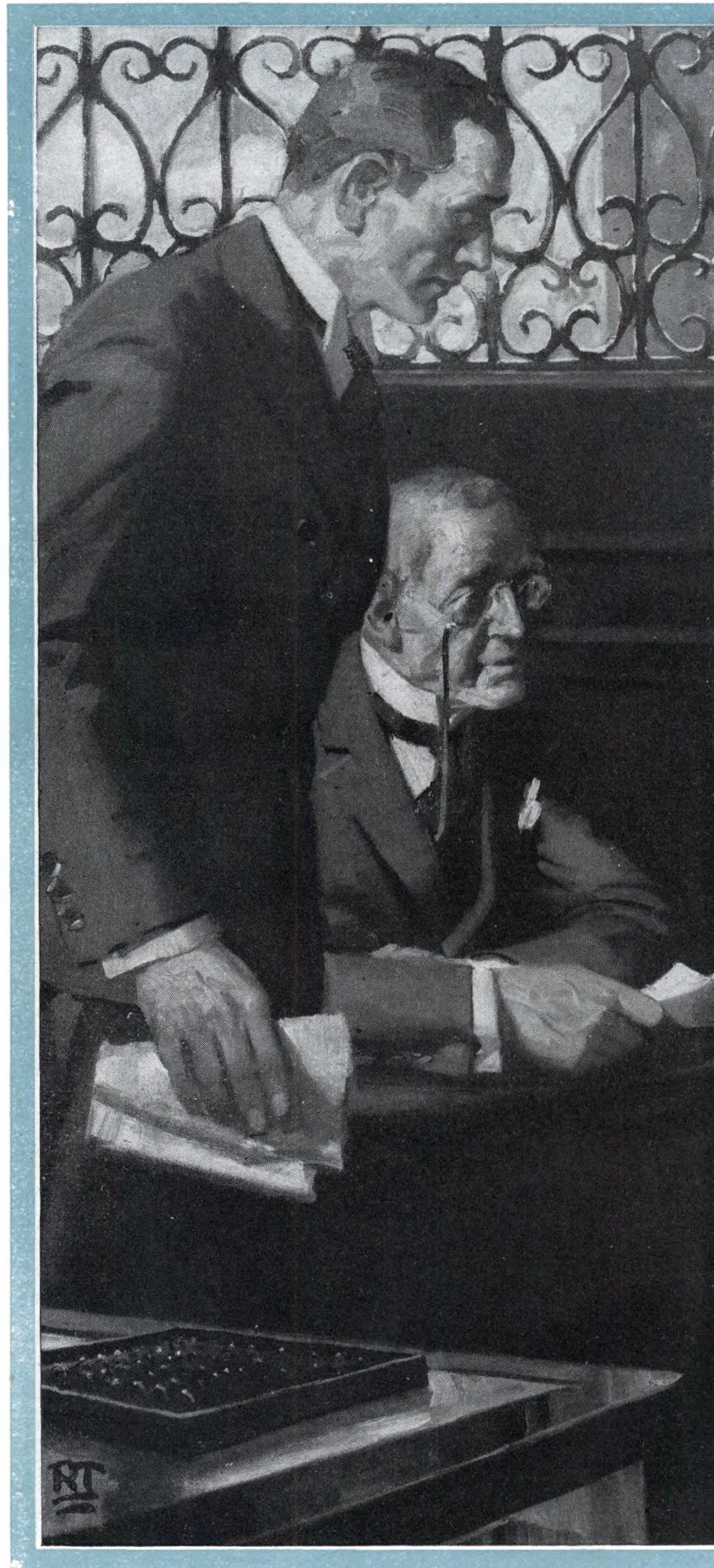
"Why—" A pretty show of hesitation; then the voice rippled on like lazy water: "Yes, I should think. I've a brooch here that needs repairing, and Miss Grieg was kind enough to say she'd attend to it for me—though I quite understand repairing isn't part of your business. It's an old piece, you see—it belonged to my mother; and one of the diamonds, the largest, worked loose in its setting and lost itself. I've been forgetting to bring it in for months. Miss Grieg said she thought it wouldn't cost too much, the cutting of the diamonds is so old-fashioned."

"Of course," the girl answered, "we'll be glad. . . . Mr. Czernin is engaged just now, but if you won't mind waiting a little, he can give you an estimate."

At this the man in the wing-collar looked up with a pleasant countenance and a quiet word or two for the other, who nodded as if grateful, and moved away to put his services at the disposal of the new client. . . .

He examined the brooch.

"I could let you know in a few days," he said then. "I shall have to find the right stone, naturally, before I can say what it will cost. If you care to leave your name, I could write, or call you up."

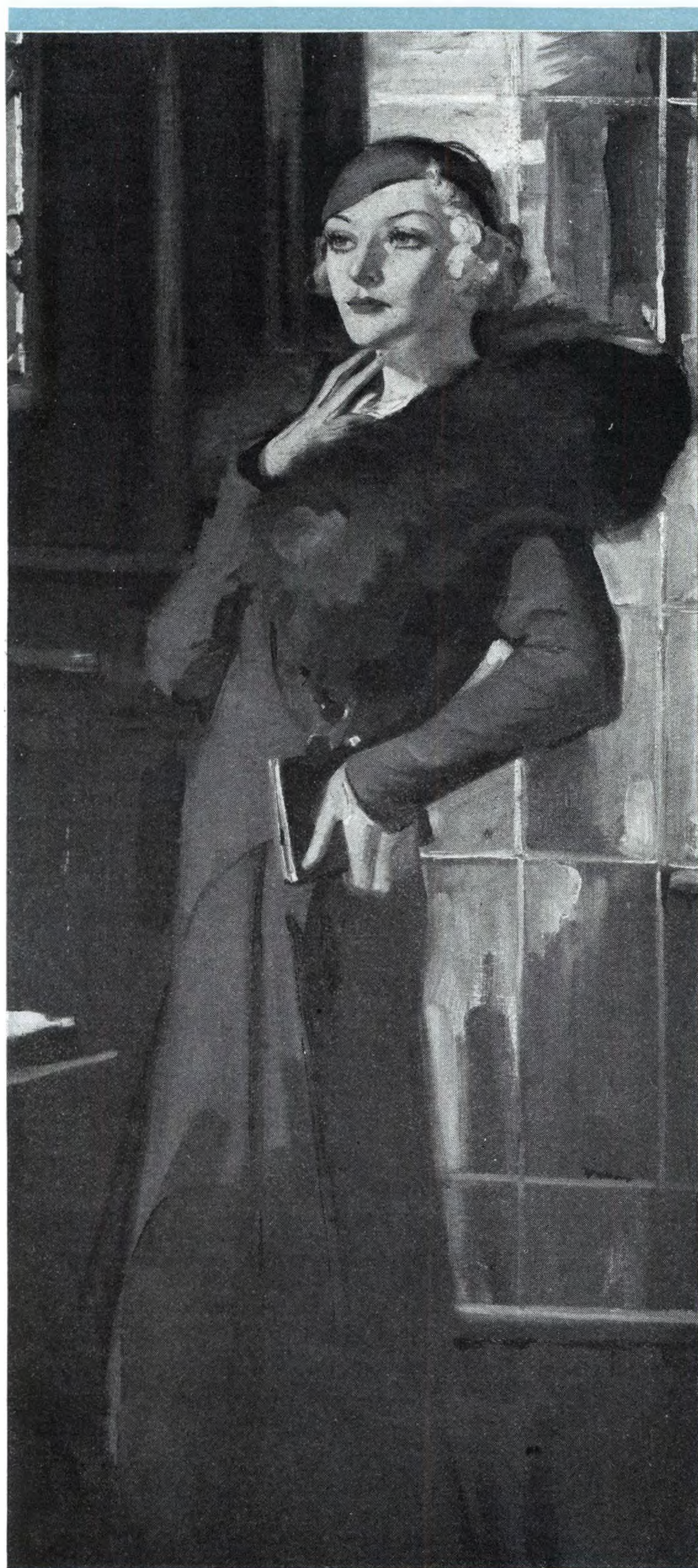


"Miss Grieg knows you, Miss Confrey," said Mr. Czernin. "She has often spoken of you. That's enough for us."

He thought she was a thief. She thought he was an impostor. Neither was either — and yet, in a way, each was both. But it all straightens out.

by **Louis Joseph Vance**

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso



"But suppose"—it was apparent the notion was amusing—"suppose I were an impostor, not Miss Confrey at all?"

"That won't be necessary, will it? I'm sure you won't charge me too much. Just let me know when the work is finished."

"But you will leave your address?"

"Yes, indeed. Lucia Confrey," the musical voice stated. And she gave an address on East Sixty-third Street.

"Ah, yes!"—interest undisguised rang in that acknowledgment,—"Miss Confrey."

The unbobbed girl gave a start, as well, and narrower attention thereafter to pretty Miss Confrey. The man in the wing-collar deliberately lowered a ring he had been holding up to the light, looked round with wide eyes and batted them. To find himself covered by a smile more warm than any strange man had a right to expect of Lucia Confrey, seemed to pose him to a degree. With nervous abruptness he looked away again. But he must have been a strong-minded man indeed had he been able to forget, in renewed contemplation of precious stones, eyes whose brilliance would have shamed any sapphires ever quarried, lips of laughter that no rubies could have rivaled.

"IS there anything else?" Mr. Czernin was waiting to know with a contained eagerness that, though suave, went ill with the Village gesture of unillusionment. "Any other way we can serve you, Miss Confrey?"

"I don't know, I'm sure." An enchanting falter held Miss Confrey at the door. "I'm afraid to let you show me any of the lovely things you make, I'm so frightfully extravagant."

"Do," Mr. Czernin winningly pleaded. "It would be a pleasure—and I promise you won't be asked to buy anything." She was too much tempted, the darling: a gay flutter of hands graphically confessed it. . . .

"Oh, dear!" she lamented in the end. "I just knew how it would be! And I'd made myself a solemn promise to keep within my allowance till after Christmas, too! But I simply can't resist this emerald ring—or this jade chain—or this diamond pendant."

"Perhaps you'd care to take them home," Mr. Czernin ventured with diffidence, like the splendid subtle salesman that he was, artistic temperament to the contrary notwithstanding, "and make up your mind at your leisure."

"I'd better not, I'm afraid. If I do, you're not likely to see them again. And I simply can't afford to run up such a bill with you."

"Shall I have Mary wrap them up?" Mr. Czernin's smile was sympathetic if his will was firm. "Or will you wear them?"

"I suppose— Do you think I ought to?" Eyebrows distractingly crinkled pleaded for help and guidance. "Would it be safer to have them sent home?"

"As you like, Miss Confrey. But if you don't mind taking them—"

Nothing like wearing a jewel to inspire a sense of proprietary interest—though Mr. Czernin did not say so.

THE man in the wing-collar suddenly shied from the face of his wrist-watch, jumped up and seized hat and stick. "Sorry," he replied to a movement of remonstrance by Mr. Czernin. "We're late for an appointment already, and as far as ever from being able to make up our feeble mind. But we're taking this along"—a superb diamond set in a platinum ring—"to sleep on. We'll drop in again in a day or so and make our final choice. Good afternoon. And many thanks!"

He went his way without more delay, leaving Mr. Czernin free to help Miss Confrey don the pieces that had taken her fancy, while Mary, the bobless, made out a memorandum for her signature.

"A mere formality," Mr. Czernin observed, "but a custom of our trade. If you don't object."

"And then—I warned you . . . . of this!" Her face searched blindly to his in the dusk; their lips met.

"Of course I realize you're taking a frightful risk? You don't know me, really."

"Miss Grieg knows you, Miss Confrey." Mr. Czernin's face was that of one who knew a thing or two about human nature. "She has often spoken of you. That's enough for us."

"But suppose,"—though it was apparent that the absurdity of the notion was no end amusing,—"suppose I were an impostor, not Lucia Confrey at all?"

The Czernin smile became more than ever eloquent of secret wisdom and confidence. Its luster lasted, too, long after its wearer had bowed Miss Confrey into the elevator and skipped back down the corridor to the small showroom. A good day's business; if he did say it himself!

FROM the tall shining business block the lady of the sea-blue eyes went her own way in a town-car that had been nobly waiting in its shadow all the while—a car of such urbane authority that none who didn't know his New York, its tribal traits and ways, from Hell's Kitchen to Harlem, could have said it was not a car in private service. Nothing, it is sure, in the salute that smartly acknowledged a "home, please" quietly spoken, told that the liveried driver, too, was hired by the clock instead of the calendar. But contrary to her intention, the lady failed to go her way alone.

The small sigh she gave as she snuggled down into a cushioned corner breathed a spirit of contentment with a good job well done in no way inferior to Mr. Czernin's, but ran too soon into a cry, if a hushed one, of nervous indignation. And she started bolt upright to find that the man in the wing-collar had all of a sudden popped up out of nowhere (at least, she had seen no sign of him on leaving the building) and had nimbly slipped in at her heels, and in that same moment was making himself very much at home in the car's other corner.

Those eyes whose hue his fancy had likened to that of a smiling summer sea snapped now as frostily as whitecaps break beneath a winter's sun. Lips of faintly pouting charm took on an angry cast. Yet all they seemed able to utter by way of proper expostulation was: "I beg your pardon!"

To this, he of the wing-collar politely gave back: "We beg yours, we're sure."

From a regard that wasn't unkind but was unwavering, the sea-blue eyes winced to consult with some appearance of panic the shoulders of the chauffeur. But that one seemingly hadn't noticed, or else had seen nothing untoward in the bit of minor business transacted behind his back, and had promptly and efficiently tooled his conveyance out into the full sweep of the southbound tide. It wouldn't be feasible to halt it in an instant and send this upstart packing with a flea in his ear.

Sea-blue darkened to a shade of steel. "If you have any explanation to make for this outrageous piece of impudence—"

"Outrageous!" a moan plaintively interrupted. "But, naturally, we never imagined you'd mind."

"And pray, why not?"

"Why, we've been believing all along you were cultivating a sort of whim for us. Not without excuse, you'll surely admit."

"You accuse me—you dare suggest I flirted with you, back there in that office!"

"Oh, dear, no! Only that you have committed the imprudence of becoming engaged to be married to us. That," the man in the wing-collar earnestly argued, "does seem to lend color to our contention that you have already confessed to a bit of a whim for us—don't you think?"

THOSE twin blots of blue managed to be at one time and the same both blank and blazing. "*Are* you mad?"

"Never in sweeter temper, we assure you. But perhaps you don't read the papers?"

"Papers?"

"More specifically, this evening's *Sun;* already for some hours on sale everywhere and broadcasting to a breathless world, an announcement made by the parents of Miss Lucia Confrey that their only daughter has engaged herself to marry Mr. Van Suydam Smith."

For another breath the speaker was enveloped by that azure stare; then spirit snapped back into the eyes of the

young woman, and she bent forward to seize the speaking-tube.

"Please!" the man begged, but without stirring. "Half a minute."

"Well?" The hand at the tube was stayed, however.

"Mind saying what you mean to do with that gadget?"

"I'm going to tell the chauffeur to pull in to the curb, of course; and then I'm going to give you your choice of getting out quietly or being helped out by a policeman."

"Wouldn't if we were you—or if you'll listen to a word of sound advice. We, for our part, would think twice—or in a pinch, thrice—before we called in a brute of a cop."

"Ah!" curling lips commented. "You're afraid."

"In a way." The admission was freely and frankly made. "You see, a cop might shake things up till it came out that one of us was—or is—a fraud: what one might call an impostor."

The girl gave a curt laugh; the hand at the tube dropped back to her lap. "So you admit—do you?—you are not Van Suydam Smith!"

An unassertive nose was wrinkled over this. "No," the man in the wing-collar decided with a mildly badgered air, "we'll be blowed if we will admit that. Not now, at all events. But," he offered one as suddenly and happily inspired, "we'll tell you what we will do: if you'll go back with us to Miss Grieg's, and prove your identity with Lucia Confrey there—why, then we'll admit anything you please. We'll even, if you make a point of it, go peacefully with the nice policeman."

Another time the blue eyes perceptibly winced. The girl's face lost some of its brave color, too, her look a good deal of its confidence. She even went to the traditional length of biting her underlip, which (he took the liberty of believing) hadn't been so sweetly fashioned to be so rudely used.

"Mr. Czernin didn't seem to be worried about my identity. Why need you be?"

"If it comes to that, you must have noticed, he let us get away with a tidy piece of plunder, too."

VISIBLY she remembered that, and found the memory disturbing. Then, presumably recalling that Mr. Czernin had not named this other client of his, she said in a slightly sullen turn: "I don't believe you're Van Suydam Smith."

"It doesn't matter," the man cheerfully rejoined. "But just to make everything perfectly fair between us, we won't believe you're Lucia Confrey, either."

She brooded briefly. "Why," she fretfully broke out, "do you persist in that idiotic way of referring to yourself as 'we'?"

"Does that matter?"

"It's—I hardly know why—irritating, somehow."

"Sorry; but we've been doing it so long, we're afraid we'd find it hard to break ourself of the habit."

"But—why?"

"Perhaps because it is, as you so neatly put it, idiotic, it consequently appeals to a nature incurably frivolous. Perhaps—and there may be something in this, too—it's the unconscious expression of a dual personality."

"How dual?"

"Two-faced; one stupid, conventional and law-abiding; the other daring and lawless and everything, you know. Or don't you?"

"How," the girl impatiently demanded, "should I know anything about you?"

"Ought to know yourself pretty well."

"I do."

"Then surely you can sympathize—"

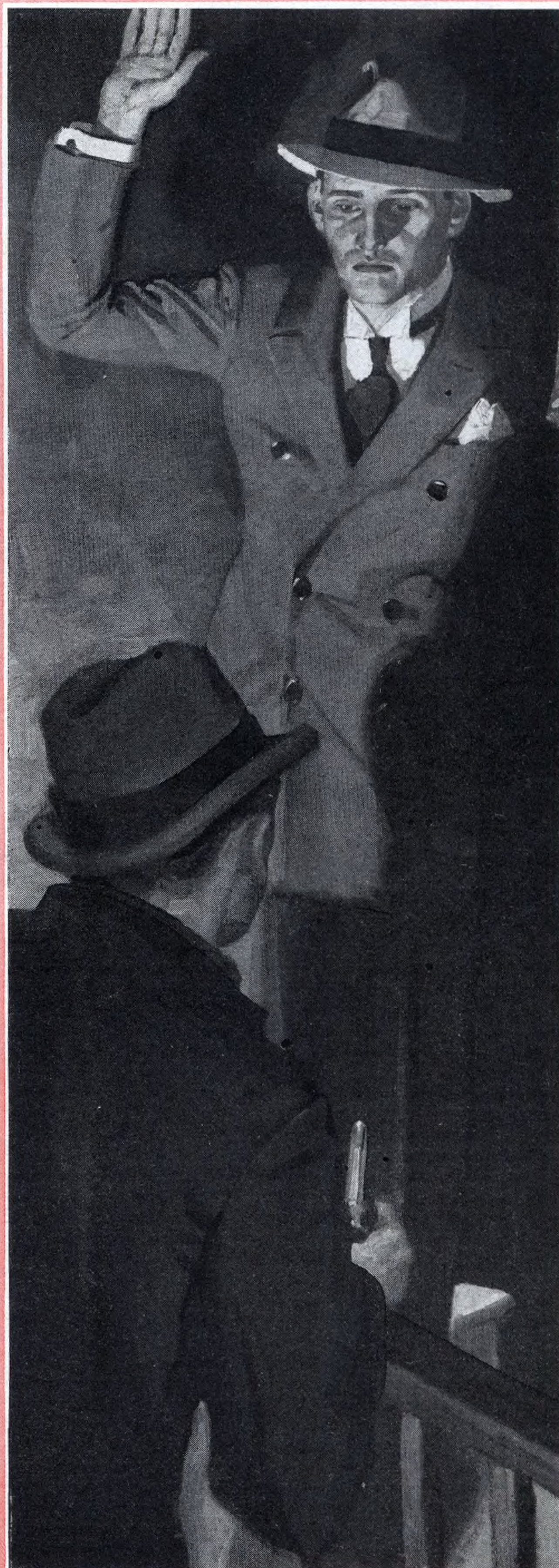
"Why should I? What do I care what you are?" she of the sea-blue eyes demanded in a passion, "—or anything about you, more than how to get rid of you!"

"*Hm!*" the man in the wing-collar considered. "Take a bit of doing, that, we don't mind telling you. Once our affections are engaged,—not to mention our hand and troth,—once they've sunk their teeth, so to speak, into an appetizing subject, they hang on like the very dickens."

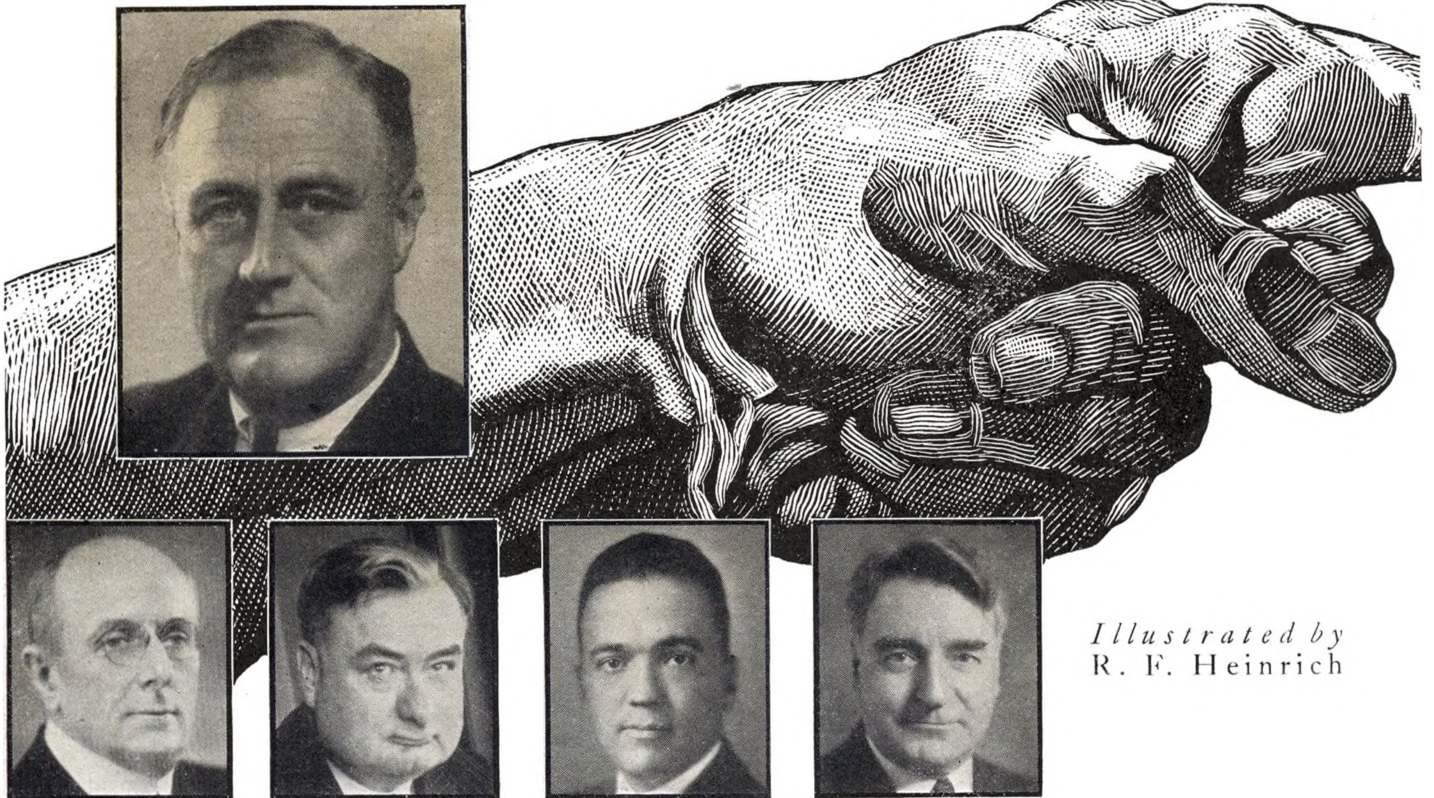
"Must you persist in that silliness about our being engaged?"

"It's a pretty conceit, don't you think?"

"You know perfectly well," the girl sulkily flashed, "I'm not Lucia Confrey." (*Please turn to page 82*)



"Come through with that junk: where'd you put it?"
"In our waistcoat pockets," Van meekly responded.



Homer S. Cummings

Joseph B. Keenan

J. Edgar Hoover

Royal S. Copeland

Illustrated by
R. F. Heinrich

Racketeers—*and the* New

OUR cities have abdicated. They have thrown a towel in the ring. They have quit cold. They have confessed their failure to overcome the racketeers, particularly the kidnapers, most detestable of all racketeers.

From all sides a cry goes up demanding that the Federal Government step in and put down the underworld. In this hysterical and pathetic appeal for succor, the cities are joined by the States. Uncle Sam is urged to take a tip from John Bull and establish an American Scotland Yard that will give us a cure for crime comparable to England's.

The doctrine of State's rights, which helped along the Prohibition-repeal movement, is conveniently forgotten in the demand for a national police force which will supplement and sometimes supersede local police in tracking the kidnaper to his lair. Paradoxically, it was the repeal movement which brought us to a crisis in our heretofore calm relations with the racketeer element.

While Prohibition was still alive and kicking,—it is dead now beyond recall,—racketeers were prosperous and happy. They were gainfully employed by the thousands in the various branches of the bootleg industry. The fellow who served a whisky sour over the bar, or delivered gin and beer to the door, or took orders over the phone, was a racketeer; but his customers liked him. He was a cutthroat, perhaps, but a genial one. As long as his prices were right, and his product didn't blind those who drank it, he held the confidence of his clientele.

Along came the New Deal, and with it the legalization of 3.2% beer and wine. Presto! The great beer-racket was destroyed, and a vast army of beer-hustlers were thrown out of work. They did not retire on pensions or seek sanctuary in homes for the aged. Some of the *Braumeisters* and business-getters managed to connect with honest breweries; but the chiselers, bruisers and gunmen found their peculiar talents of use only in the world of rackets. There weren't enough rackets to go around, so they reached out and added the old crime of kidnaping for ransom to their illicit activities. The alarming increase in abductions that followed the death of bootleg beer was more than a coincidence.

The imminent repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, however worthy in itself, has intensified this shift in rackets. Rum-runners, gin-jobbers and speak-easy folk in general are about to be thrown out into the same gutter where their beer brethren landed last spring. Will they pick themselves up and behave thereafter? Or will they too turn to the ransom racket? The answer is: it all depends.

It all depends upon Uncle Sam, upon the States and cities, and upon *you*.

The national administration is doing its part to repeal the racketeers. With an eagerness in keeping with its ambitious program for industrial and agricultural recovery, the Roosevelt régime has laid plans to smash kidnapers and allied racketeers.

President Roosevelt, wide awake to the prospects for expansion of rackets after repeal, has delegated his best minds to the task of saving repeal from the parasites that clung to Prohibition. Mr. Roosevelt is attacking the problem from several angles, and is confident that progress will be made with this all-star line-up:

Editorial Note

MORE than three years ago, in an article entitled "Racketeers and Crime—After Repeal!" Redbook prophesied exactly what the United States might expect when repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment deprived the underworld of its revenues from the illicit liquor traffic. That prophecy—of kidnaping and racketeering upon a scale not then dreamed of—has come true with tragic exactness. Redbook cannot take pride in that prediction, despite its accuracy. But it can point out the steps which good citizens must take to purge this country of its gangster affliction. It is in that spirit that we present this new article.

Joseph Driscoll

Has been a crime reporter on two great metropolitan newspapers for over ten years. When he talks about the new and dreadful menace of the racketeer, who is now fast losing his liquor business, he speaks with a voice of authority that few can equal. Read his vital article here.

Deal

(1) Homer S. Cummings—Citizen of Connecticut and Attorney-General of the United States, who is revitalizing the Department of Justice and making it a national clearing-house for all agencies striving to stamp out the American Reign of Terror.

(2) Joseph B. Keenan—A vigorous lawyer, well known for his investigation of crime conditions in Cleveland in 1919, who has been appointed special assistant to Attorney-General Cummings, and who is surveying the racket situation with a view to preparing remedial legislation for the next session of Congress in January.

(3) J. Edgar Hoover—Experienced chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, who has been made head of its successor, the enlarged Division of Investigation, which, by the grace of Congress and repeal of Prohibition, will have several hundred more agents available for a drive against racketeers.

(4) Royal S. Copeland—The physician-politician who is the chairman of the Senate subcommittee investigating rackets which held hearings in Detroit, Chicago and New York to gather evidence for the guidance of Congress. Senator Copeland proposes an American Scotland Yard, comprising Federal, State and city law-enforcement units, linked together by representatives from each State, trained in the Division of Investigation and paid by Uncle Sam.

"There is no doubt in my mind that after Prohibition has been repealed, many of the racketeers who have been in the beer and liquor business will turn to kidnaping," says Senator Copeland. "Then it *(Please turn to page 72)*

Breadwinner

The Story Thus Far:

THIS is the story of Linda Ames, who was a successful woman, in the opinion of almost everyone but herself; of Mark Fenwick, whom she loved; of Richard Patterson the playwright; and of Althea Kay the motion-picture star.

These people, who loved, or disliked or hated one another, were alike in this: that they were compelled, by the exigencies of their times perhaps, or perhaps only by the restlessness within themselves, to live breathlessly—to settle their most important problems in the interval between dessert and coffee.

In the year 1929 they all were young, or able to pretend they were; in the year 1933 some of them are young still, but all of them are changed people. . . .

Linda had married when very young, and her husband had been killed in an accident. She supported her little daughter Janet and herself with her work as assistant story-editor for a motion-picture company. Success came to her: a script of her own was accepted and produced—then another; and the great playwright Richard Patterson invited her to collaborate on a play he was writing for Althea Kay.

With success—but despite, rather than because of it—love came again to Linda too. Mark Fenwick was handsome, and for Linda he had a definite charm. He had a job with an advertising firm, but made more on the stock-market until the crash put an end to that. Indeed, he was about to lose his last investment when Linda persuaded him to accept a loan of four thousand dollars; but—that went too.

Linda lived in a New York apartment; but upon the death of her father in Cleveland, she bought a country house in Connecticut and installed there her Aunt Margaret, her little daughter Janet and her sixteen-year-old cousin Polly. And by way of a housewarming she gave a Christmas house-party to which her friend the novelist Mary Parker, Richard Patterson, Althea Kay and a few others were invited. Mark tried to beg off, but finally accepted—and turned up Christmas Eve, rather the worse for the liquor he had drunk to dull the humiliation of having lost his job.

After the others had gone to bed, Linda said to Mark:

"My darling, what difference does surface success or surface failure make, between two people who care about each other?"

He said: "A tremendous and irreconcilable difference."

She said, violently almost: "None, I tell you, none!"

He said: "There, there, little Linda! Will you kiss the least important of your admirers for the lives we might have had, and sha'n't have, and the places we might have gone and won't—and for a Christmas present?"

She put her arms around him as she would have put them around her child. *(The story continues in detail:)*

IN the long drawing-room the firelight flickered against the shining ornaments on the Christmas trees. The scent of fir and holly boughs was pungent. Outside, a rising wind beat against

Richard said: "We are all on our way to prosperity again—I was just telling Linda that she and I will make fifty thousand apiece out of this play." Mark's voice was furious. "I get seventy-five a week, in this new firm."

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Here was the truth of Linda Ames' life: she was having an affair with a man she wanted to marry, and who did not want to marry her because she had more money than he. Another powerful installment.

by

Ursula Parrott

Illustrated by Frank Bensing

the long windows, and roared through the bare branches of the elms. There was no other noise but the noise of that rushing wind, and a far murmur of the sea.

Somewhere distant in the house a clock chimed twice. Linda, sitting on the wide couch, her head against Mark's shoulder, stirred at the sound, and then sat quiet again, content with her cheek against his. For in the moment since he had said so bitterly, "Kiss me, Linda, for the lives we might have had, and sha'n't—the places we might have gone, and won't," Mark had seemed quieter too.

SITTING still beside him, she had come, she thought, nearer to comprehension of him than she had reached in months. Naturally, he was bitter. What had happened to him was not his personal fault, but the fault of the times. It was a blow to any man's ego, particularly if he had lived easily, and pleasantly, luxuriously even, to have everything swept from him. Yet in recent months as much or worse had happened to thousands of care-free young men like Mark; and many of them faced it with gallantry. He was spoiled, by years of money made

by gambling. He took it for granted that he had a right to all the things he wanted. She faced that, weighed it, and forgot it. Whatever his strength, or lack of it, he was precisely the person she wanted. And he needed her. Underneath all his restlessness and childishness, he needed her, as her aunt and her cousin and her small daughter needed her.

HE had not spoken for a long time, but sat still, stroking her hair with light fingers.

Linda said: "It's getting awfully late. I suppose we should go to bed, Mark. The children, Janet and Polly, will wake us all at dawn probably. Rather fun, isn't it, to have a house with children in it at Christmas-time?"

He did not answer that, directly. He said: "Linda, I've been thinking. How much do you love me, really, underneath all the pretty phrases?"

Something in his voice that was hard, troubled her a little. But she answered simply: "As much, I think, as a woman can love a man."

He altered that. "As much, you mean, as a woman like you can love a man—that is, in the intervals between your gaudy career, and your play-writing, and now, your management of a family you've inherited. You love me in the time left over."

She said: "Mark, don't be so bitter. We've been happy, this last hour. Let's just be happy." It sounded childish, she knew. But she realized as she spoke, that she was dreadfully tired, had been tired all day and all week. And she felt that she could not bear any scene.

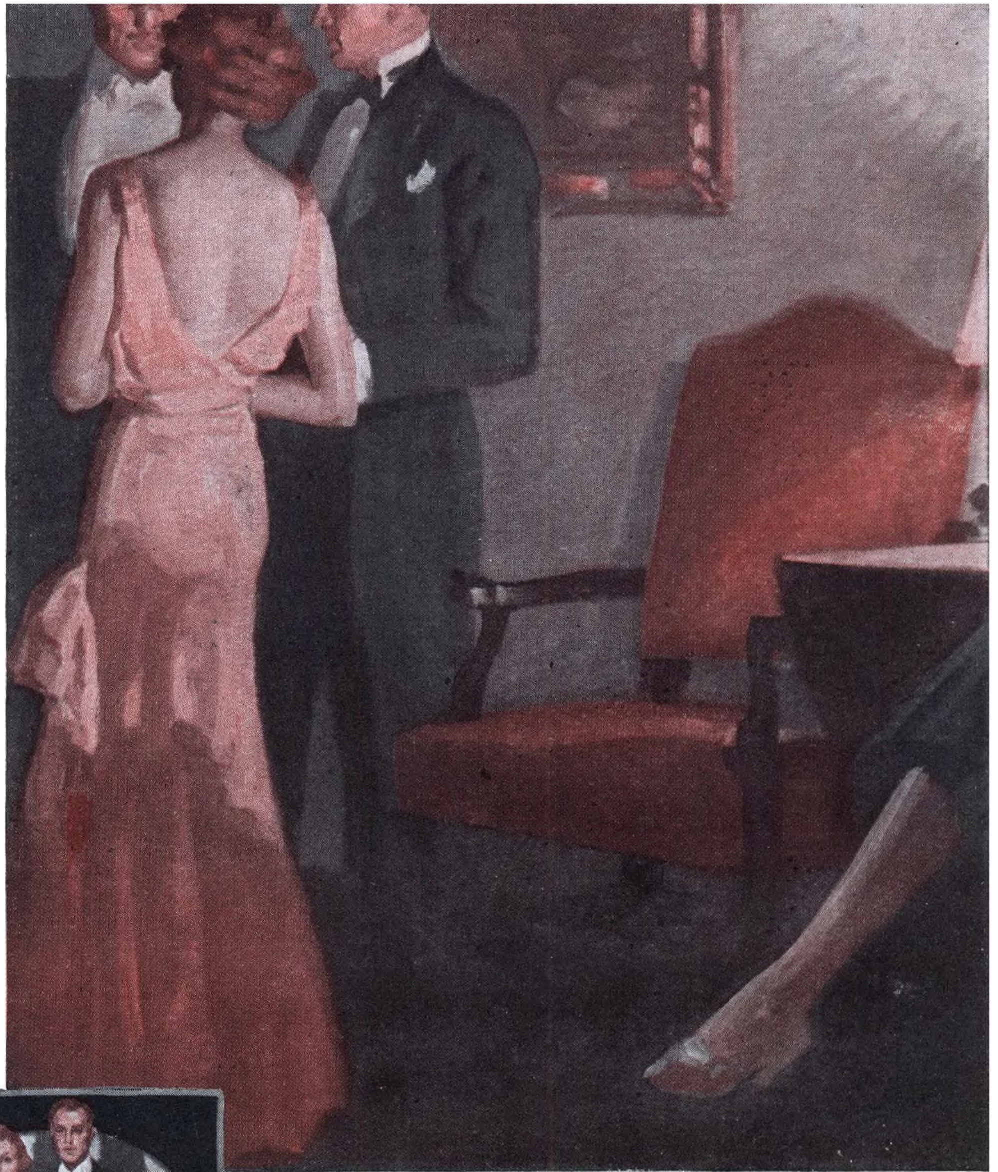
Mark said: "Don't be silly. Happy? How can you expect me to be happy? I haven't money to marry you; I'm in your debt—"

She said: "Don't let's begin all that again. I've told you I'd marry you—money or no money."

He said: "You might spare that to my pride. You would marry me, and include me in your ménage, feed me well, pay the rent. It sounds rather disgusting, and I know it; so don't look at me like that. Thank you, darling. I'll marry you when I can support you, and your dependents. And that will be next time we're born, probably. Meanwhile, if you loved me, you would belong to me at least."

And then all the flippancy left his voice. He said: "Linda, Linda! I have loved you so! Don't send me away from you, tonight or any night. Let's have each other anyway, as a comfort and defense against this crazy world. Linda, you would be such comfort, such defense for me. You would make me so proud."

She sat completely still. He stopped talking. She thought: "Yes, it is probably the only thing I could do for him, to make him feel important, as a man should feel, with the woman he loves." *And she did not want to do it.* She told herself she was bourgeoise, provincial, a coward. But she had seen too many affairs among acquaintances who, for some reason that seemed good to them, or good to one of them, did not marry, drift through the shabbiness and furtiveness of secrecy, or the blatancy of outspoken defiance, to cheapness and to bitterness and to ends altogether unworthy of their beginnings.



"Your play will make a hit; that's certain. . . . Take suc-

He said: "Linda, please be a darling. I love you so."

She drew a long breath. She said, very quietly: "I love you too—enough, I suppose, to do what you want."

And in the moment that he kissed her, she thought, with a corner of her mind that was quite dispassionate and cool: "I want to ask him not to make me sorry. And what a useless thing to ask, that would be!"

SO, there was a fact that colored all her days, the fact that she was having an affair with a man whom she wanted to marry, and who did not want to marry her, because she had more money than he. And through Christmas, and New Year's and the month of January, she was sometimes wildly happy, and sometimes desperately miserable. But she was grateful, now, that the hurry of her life left her no time to think.

January slid into February. Mark had been out of work five weeks. Linda wrote, on order, another story for Althea Kay, spent an average of nine hours a day handling the affairs of her department, spent two evenings a week with Richard Patterson working on the play, went to Connecticut every Sunday to see her family, spent every spare moment with Mark, caught a cold, recovered, and began to feel that her life was a hundred-yard dash, to be run over and over and over without breathing-space.

She was so busy between nine and six that she was not unhappy—that she was sometimes even as excited as she used to be, in a gayer world where all her friends were successful, for she was successful herself now, without a doubt. In a taxi one day, on her way from the office to Richard's apartment, she considered that fact of her success.

cess seriously, Linda. Don't sacrifice it for any person."

She was so tired, at the moment, that she had reached that odd state where complete detachment about herself was possible. And she thought: "I shall make twenty thousand a year, and thirty thousand a year—and more. . . . No doubt more. I'll manage to see that Polly is well looked after, that Janet has everything a child may need, that Aunt Margaret is contented. I'll dress myself in original French models pretty soon, instead of the best possible copies. And what of it, what of it? I'm going places so fast that I don't have time to look at what I'm passing by as I go."

And, not looking at what she passed, she discovered that she had reached the door of Richard's apartment. Going upstairs in the elevator, she thought: "I wonder how many people suspect this thing with Mark? Richard, probably, and Mary Parker; Althea certainly—but she probably took it for granted long ago. There's something so possessive in Mark's manner nowadays, whenever we are with people. Well, I suppose it doesn't matter."

Richard was opening the door for her.

THEY were, at this time, revising the third act. The play was close to completion; Richard's producer was already discussing casting; rehearsals were scheduled to begin in three weeks for an Easter-week opening. Everyone who had seen "Tomorrow's Sun" prophesied a hit. Linda herself thought the play was sound; she honestly liked the scenes she herself had written, and believed that Richard's scenes were superb. But when people said, "Aren't you tremendously excited about your first play?" she always shook her head. She felt that she would have liked to have time to be excited.

This evening when they had finished work, Richard's man brought in coffee for them, as usual. As they were drinking it, Richard said: "This thing will easily make fifty thousand apiece for us, Linda. Do you care?"

She said: "In a way, of course, yes. The money will be very useful." But her voice was indifferent.

Richard hesitated, seemed about to say something, but the ringing of the telephone interrupted him. He answered it, then said: "It's for you."

It was Mark. He said: "Hate to interrupt you when you are working, my dear, but I have some good news I want to tell you. May I come and call for you?"

She said: "Yes, of course."

When she came back from the telephone, she said to Richard: "The trouble with me, at the moment, I suppose, is that my life seems a little disjointed. The picture business, and this play, and my personal relationships, are hard to manage simultaneously."

He nodded but said nothing. She answered some expression in his face that she felt was disapproving, answered it out of fatigue and defiance.

LINDA said: "I suppose you know Mark and I are having an affair. What of it?"

He answered quietly: "Nothing. I would prefer, of course, that you were having an affair with me. You know that. Only that's not quite accurate, either. I'd prefer, actually, to marry you. It's impossible, of course: Mary told me she told you that story."

Linda said: "I am sorry, Richard. I suppose I knew recently—that you cared for me a little."

He said: "That's all right, only—I hate waste; and you are wasting yourself, and you know it."

She knew that she should be angry, but she could not quite manage it, though she made her voice crisp. "I'm not wasting myself at all; I'm really in love with a very charming person."

He said: "If I say what I think, you'll probably walk out of here and not speak to me again. I should regret that enormously. Besides"—and he tried to make his voice light—"it would be awkward to have a play in rehearsal and its two collaborators not on speaking-terms."

She said: "Say what you please; I sha'n't be childish about it."

But he shook his head and said: "It wouldn't do any good at the moment. Sometime, perhaps. Would you like some cognac?"

She said, "Yes," and they had a glass of cognac. Mark was announced, and had cognac with them.

Mark's good news was that he had a new job. He was so excited that he seemed to forget he disliked Richard, and began to talk enthusiastically the moment he came in. "It is a new agency. Plan to pick up the small advertising accounts that are going to grow increasingly important in times like these. There's an enormous future."

Richard knew very little about the advertising business; and without the least malicious intent, his voice very cordial, he said something incredibly stupid: "That's simply splendid. Now we are all on our way to prosperity again at once. I was just

telling Linda that she and I will make fifty thousand apiece out of this play."

Mark's voice was furious: "I only get seventy-five dollars a week to begin with, in this new firm."

There was a small and dreadful silence; then Mark slowly said: "Sorry. The difference of wage-scales in advertising and successful play-writing is nothing to make a rumpus about. Are you ready to come home now, Linda?"

She found she could say, "Yes," to him quite calmly, and they went home very soon afterward. In the cab, Mark said: "I don't suppose I have, generally, as much imagination as you people—you and Richard, I mean. But sometimes I've got too much for my own good. For instance, for the last years I've always been able to imagine hundreds of things very delightful to have, to be bought for an extra five or ten thousand dollars. And I usually managed the money. Now that five thousand dollars seems an inconceivably great sum, I imagine that people are either pitying me or are jeering at me for having to do without."

She said, sitting a bit closer to him, and softly: "You're tired tonight. That's probably it, isn't it?"

He laughed at her. "Darling," he said, "don't be kind to me as if I were your feeble-minded child. I'm just having one of my evenings of seeing myself with no imagination at all, as a person who would never have been as successful or important, as you are going to be, or as Patterson has been for years—just because I haven't got the perseverance to work at anything with all my energy, day in, day out, and because I'm always looking for short-cuts to money and leisure and excitement."

Linda thought as she stared into the darkness: "I just simply can't bear this. I know every one of the things he says about himself are true in a sense. I can't bear for him to know them, and to admit them. Because, truly, they have nothing at all to do with my love for him, and I'm afraid he will let them have something to do with his love for me." She said aloud to him:

"Mark, do I make you happy? Does having me completely yours now make you happier than you were, even? I care about you so very much that all I want is to bring you happiness. But sometimes I wonder if I do that at all."

The cab swung leisurely around a corner, and she glanced through the window, so that what Mark said next was forever associated in her mind with one of those Manhattan vistas, breath-taking in the sheer unexpectedness of their loveliness. She saw a street which was blue-black, with blurs of white lights against the shadowy edges of high buildings, and at the end, the yellow lights of a river steamer moving slowly past.

Mark said to her: "Promise me to remember this always: I love you with everything that is good in me. I have, since I first knew you—and I always shall, until the end of everything."

"That's solemn," she said. "Very solemn, and very beautiful. I can't possibly tell you how glad you make me feel, for having said that."

He smiled a little, his mood lightening, leaned closer and took her hand. "Your hands were probably the first things I loved about you. So really small to be so awfully capable, and so feminine to be so strong. Understand, though, I don't think our life, our lives together, will go on forever. So few things or people in the world we know are really permanent. It's—it's almost impossible to be permanent about anything. But"—he was looking right up into her eyes—"a feeling there has been between us will last; I do know that."

She said, and made her voice gay: "Don't read epitaphs over us, my dear. We're both too young for that."

His laughter struck quickly; then he told her: "I saw Althea last night—talking about something else, just to talk about it." He paused for an instant, studying her, in the dark of the cab: the small and finely formed shape of her body which he knew so well, the pale and delicate line of her throat, lifted a bit back now, so her head, framed so closely by the chestnut hair he thought to be one of the most lovely things about her, was in nearly three-quarters profile: "I saw her by accident," he said. "Althea." He was very conscious of Linda now, of her physical presence, was strangely reminded of how truly lovely she was, and how for a little time he had forgotten that. He felt pride in himself, if only because she loved him. He was aware of his own tall and rather lean stature, the rather precisely arranged and immaculate clothing he wore, the facts that his eyes were blue and his hair blond, and that she, Linda, loved those things about him.

Linda was speaking, rather inconsequential words. "It's about time Althea was starting back to the Coast. I suppose now she's buying approximately ten thousand dresses, before she leaves. She hasn't been in my office for a week."

He turned his cane in the grip of his hands. "She told me she was trying to persuade them to let her spend another month in the East."

Linda smiled.

"Well, I suppose they might do that. But if they do, they'll have to postpone production on her picture a week or so."

"There's a woman," he said, as though he had hardly heard her words, "whom nothing can break. Nothing could, ever."

"We aren't any of us as brittle as we look." She was staring out into the street again, partly remembering still that other swiftly glimpsed vista of beauty. "It's just the fashions of this year which give us that appearance of fragility." Her hand went to meet his hand, and she said: "We're getting home now, Mark."

IT was near noon next day when Althea came into Linda's office. She walked in swiftly, and sat down, saying: "California this afternoon. On my way again."

Linda pushed the manuscript-pile back with a slow gesture. "Mark told me he saw you, and that you might be going to stay on here a month."

Althea's golden voice at once echoed her: "So he told you he saw me? Well, I was going to stay; I've changed my mind. I'm coming back, though, to see the opening of your play, yours and Dick's. It's just an old and good habit of mine, going to Dick's openings when I can. But come on now, and have luncheon with me, Linda, right now."

Linda said: "I'm lunching with Mary Parker. Would you like to come and join us?"

Althea smiled slowly. "I like that woman. Yes, I will. She, Parker, knows all the rest of the things. I mean, she doesn't know any of the things I know, but she knows all the others I don't."

"I'm glad you're coming, then." Linda was standing up from her desk. "Between the two of you, I should learn a good deal."

From Linda's office, when Mary Parker had come, they descended to the street, to Althea's newest car, which stretched its massive gray-and-silver length along the curb for what looked like twenty feet, and attracted a small crowd even without the presence of the owner. Althea's chauffeur wrapped her silver chinchillas and Mary Parker's sealskin coat and Linda's mink in robes delicately and decorously against the gray windy chill of the palely sunny March day. Althea said, when he had finished with that and the car was in motion: "Fancy clothes and fancy cars and chauffeurs with too much trimming on their uniforms—sometimes I certainly know I'm in bad taste. I feel old today."

Mary Parker said gravely: "You're beyond taste, good or bad, Althea. You are unique."

"Perhaps," Althea asked, "like the Sphinx?"

Linda grinned. "This car is the most comfortable bad taste I ever saw. I never saw such cushions. They rest something in my head that's been tired for weeks."

Althea had been watching her as she spoke. She said quickly then: "But you can't buy cushions to steady you against emotional shocks."

"Today you're being cryptic," Linda told her. "Why, I don't know."

"I couldn't tell you. . . . But here's the Ritz. Maybe I'll be able to tell you, at luncheon."

When she had finished the lettuce-and-tomato salad which was her invariable luncheon, Althea laid down *(Please turn to page 76)*

What You *Don't* Know About a Dictator

IT'S plenty, we assure you. You'll find that out next month when we publish Guy Hickok's article with the title above. It is an amazing and shocking piece, and one of the most unusual that Redbook has ever published. It gives you the true picture of the almost incredible happenings in Germany—and does it in a way that is utterly new. You'll find it in the

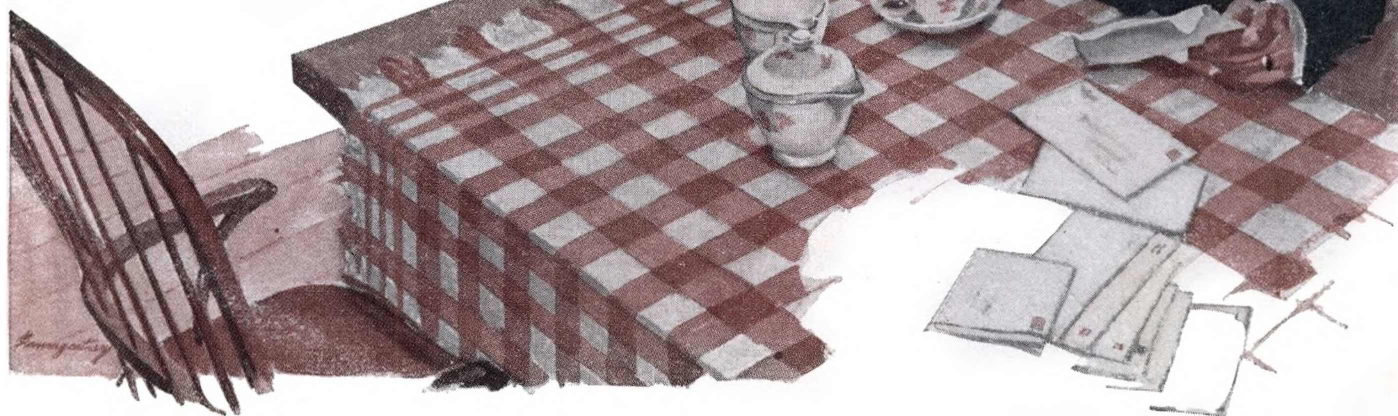
January Redbook

A Counter *in the* Game

Who *helps* the more in Washington—a Congressman's secretary or his wife?

by Elmer Davis

Illustrated by Warren Baumgartner



"Look at this, Nola! We're getting somewhere.... No, not the White House—the British Embassy."

FROM the window they waved good-by to the children as the school bus rolled away; and then Steve Hacker and his wife indulged in one more cigarette together before he went to the office, and she began to do the dishes.

"You look lovely this morning, Nola," he told her, smiling at her through a curl of smoke—looking like the boy she'd fallen in love with when they were classmates at the State university, years ago.

She smiled back at him; this last smoke together at the breakfast-table was always the nicest part of her day. Like old times when they were first married, or mornings back home at Rapid Falls, before they were translated to what Nola in her innocence had considered a broader sphere.... In Rapid Falls they'd had a house, and a lawn, instead of a cramped and costly furnished apartment; and in Rapid Falls they'd been somebody—whereas in Washington there was nothing much lower than a new Congressman and his wife. But even Washington wasn't so bad, when the man who'd been married to you for ten years still thought you looked lovely at breakfast. She was going to tell him so—but she saw that he'd stopped looking at her; his eye had fallen on the morning's mail, and he had torn open an envelope; he whistled in amazed delight.

"Look at this, Nola! We're getting somewhere!"

"An invitation to the White House? I'd about given up hoping—"

"Not the White House—but a card to the British Embassy for Friday afternoon. I'd begun to think we'd never be invited to anything but bush-league legations, this first year. The embassies are choosy, now that their entertainment allowances have been cut; and to make the British! It must have been that speech of mine that did it," he mused. "Their first secretary was in the diplomatic gallery that day."

She could have laughed, if it hadn't hurt her so to see him thinking like a statesman. Not that there had been anything wrong with his first speech in the House, but of course he couldn't do much in five minutes.

"I'm afraid we owe the invitation to Tony Furnels," she observed.

"Who? . . . Oh—that fellow at the Aldens' dinner? But he's only a very junior secretary, and we only met him that once."

"I've seen him once or twice since then," she said. "At legations, on Friday afternoons." Steve didn't seem to like that.

"Oh, have you? I might have known he was the sort of fellow who runs around lapping up free cocktails."

"Am I?" she demanded hotly. "I owe it to you to be seen at places like that; it's part of my job. And it's part of his job too."

BUT you didn't expect to see British diplomats, however minor, at places like the Volhynian Legation—on Fridays, when almost anybody could come. She knew Tony had dropped in because he suspected it was the sort of place where you'd find a new Congressman's wife, who had nowhere else to go; and it had undeniably made things nicer to see him.

year, when her father's influence had swung the nomination to Steve, he and Nola had known her well enough to call her Vee; but if a Congressman was heard calling his red-haired secretary by her first name, people would jump at conclusions. . . . Not that she had any right to call herself Miss Lambert; she'd run off from school to get married, and lived with her husband two years before she got an annulment. Annulment! As if the whole thing had never happened! "But I mustn't let myself get unreasonable about her," thought Nola desperately.

"Yes, you handled that exactly right," Steve was saying. "If it's true that a good secretary makes a good Congressman, I'll be another Henry Clay. See you as soon as I can get up there, Vee."

He picked up his hat, kissed Nola absently—not the way he'd have kissed her five minutes ago; and she wondered if Tony Furnels or Vee Lambert had made the difference. And now she had to act like a wife.

"Tony!" she said in amused severity. "You know this is absurd. . . . I'm only a counter in the game."

"He was giving you quite a rush at the Aldens'," said Steve. "And you—encouraged him." She gasped. "I know you didn't mean anything," he admitted. "But you don't know how to handle these Europeans, Nola. You haven't been around enough."

"Whose fault is that? When we had money enough to travel, I had to stay at home in Rapid Falls with the children—" She broke off; this wouldn't do—spoiling what ought to have been the nicest part of the day. "Of course," she said, "if you object to Tony Furnels, we don't need to go to the Embassy."

He stared at her. "Not go to the *British* Embassy? My God! If—" The telephone interrupted him. "Hello," he said. "Oh, hello, Vee. . . . Fine; how are you? . . . Is he in the office now? Well, tell him—"

Nola hoped he called his secretary Miss Lambert, in the office. Ever since last

"Wait, Steve," she said. "That dinner we're giving next week—I'll need some more money, if we're going to serve cocktails."

"We'll have to have cocktails; old McCalman would never forgive us if we didn't. By the way, you'd better seat Vee beside him. He's the guest of honor, and he likes them young and lively."

"But I can't do that. There's a regular order of precedence."

"Oh, Lord! Don't quote that little purple book at me again."

"This isn't from the book. I called up Mr. Polonius at the State Department—that's what you do, when you're new—and he told me where everybody should be seated. A Congressman's secretary goes at the middle of the table."

"Mort Lambert's daughter isn't just a Congressman's secretary. If McCalman lived in our State, he'd know what her father amounts to."

"She's only a Congressman's secretary in Washington," said Nola implacably.

Steve scowled like a disappointed child. "These rules make me sick! Of all the flumdiddle!"

"Of course it's flumdiddle; so are the rules of any game, in a way. But you can't get anywhere by breaking the rules—not when you're new, with a thousand umpires watching you for foot-faults. If I were Mrs. Longworth, I could do as I pleased; but a freshman Congressman's wife—"

"You want me to be reelected, don't you? My chance of making a showing at this session depends largely on McCalman. Put Vee beside him, and he'd have a grand good time he wouldn't forget."

"He's going to sit beside me, Steve; I hope I can keep him amused. Not the way Vee might do it," she added incautiously. "But I don't suppose you'd expect your wife to flirt with an old goat like McCalman, just to get you more chances on the floor of the House."

and paid the children's tuition for a school year; she didn't dare go back, and leave him here alone—alone with Vee!

"You know why we left Rapid Falls," he said. "There isn't enough law practice there now to wad a shotgun, except foreclosures—and nobody dares to touch that kind of business. I ran for Congress so that my family could eat—though what with rent and tuition and clothes, we're about as hard up here as we were back home. And I want to tell you it's the luckiest break I ever had that Vee asked for this job as my secretary, because she wanted a look at government from the inside."

"Do you really think she meant that, Steve? I know she talks about running for Congress herself when you move up to the Senate; but—"

"Of course she meant it. . . . Look here, you aren't silly enough to suppose that she—that she's fallen in love with me?"

She smiled. "Why not? I fell in love with you." But that didn't

Any man would have kissed her then. She broke away. "Vee," he said, "I hadn't any right to do that!"

He glared. "Vee wouldn't flirt, either! But—hell, I don't suppose you can understand a—a sophisticated animation like hers."

"How should I? I've never been around. I was bringing up the children in Rapid Falls while she was in New York, getting married and annulled and everything—" She checked herself. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "it started out to be such a lovely morning; and here we're quarreling."

"Just because you don't like Vee. Well, I want to tell you—"

"It isn't Vee—or Tony Furnels either; they're only symptoms. It's your job, Steve. It's Washington. We can't be human, either of us; we have to obey the rules, and consider the effect of everything. Back in Rapid Falls we could do what we liked, see the people we liked—I wish I were back there right now!"

But she couldn't afford to go back, when they'd leased an apartment in Washington

mollify him. "I didn't mean that exactly," she said. "It was just—one of her whims. She's got money enough to do anything she wants to do; and this happens to be it, for the moment. What she may want next, God only knows."

"She's absolutely loyal to me. Why, do you know that I'm one of the few men on the Hill who keeps his mail answered up to date? And how do I do it? Because Vee has her own income, and turns her salary back to me for extra clerk-hire. If I'm reelected, I'll owe it to her."

"Your wife has at least a negative value," she said dryly. "Nobody can make much of a dent in his first term, Steve; what we've got to do—both of us—is to keep from making mistakes. You vote along with the administration, and get post offices for the right people; and I'll try to build up our social contacts—and then, if business is good a year from

November, you'll be reëlected; if it isn't, you won't be. But that's about all we can do. And I'm not going to have people snickering around town about that dumb creature from the sticks who seats her husband's secretary beside the ranking guest."

He recognized finality in that. "I don't know how I'll square myself with her," he muttered.

"Oh, you've promised her, have you? Well, tell her you were mistaken. Blame it on Mr. Polonius—or blame it on me, if you'd rather. But she goes at the middle of the table."

"Oh, all right, all right! But considering what I owe her—"

"You owe me something too, Steve." And as she stood staring, amazed by such a blatant reminder: "That invitation to the British Embassy," she explained; and could have laughed at his look as he slammed the door.

But it was nothing to laugh about: a lovely morning had been spoiled—and her tactics had been atrocious. At home, she had not needed tactics; Steve and she had quarreled sometimes, but like—human beings, a man and a woman bound together by something so deep that quarrels couldn't disturb it. And apparently just a man and a woman was something you couldn't be in Washington—not if you were a statesman and his wife.

As she went about her housework, she looked back with a sour amusement on her expectations of last fall. Mostly, of course, they had centered about Steve; the woman who had lived with him ten years couldn't believe he'd be just another new Congressman—and she could help him. She was to be his secretary, because they were used to working together, and he could trust her intelligence as well as her loyalty. But his opponent had five relatives on the Government pay-roll; Steve had to make a campaign issue of that—such an issue that when he'd won, he didn't dare appoint his wife. And then Mort Lambert, who had swung the nomination to Steve, demanded the post for his daughter.

Nola had liked Vee Lambert then; and she could understand that a girl who had lived in New York would get bored sitting around home in a small town. But now that she appreciated Vee's capricious restlessness, Nola suspected that only one thing could have kept her on the job so long. At first she might have wanted, or thought she wanted, a look at government from the inside; but now she wanted Steve.

"But maybe I'm wrong," thought Nola conscientiously as she put away the vacuum cleaner and began to run her bath. Certainly Vee had been useful to him. His wife tried to be useful to him too—by being seen at the sort of places to which she was invited; by obeying the rules, making no mistakes; by being as nice as she decently could to old goats like McCalman; by playing on Tony Furnels' half-amused interest in her to get her husband an invitation to the British Embassy.

Rather sickening, that—but not so bad as the change in Steve. If he needed two women to help him, to build him up, all right; but it was appalling to see him taking himself and his career so seriously. A year ago he had been human, humorous, individual; now he was only a new Congressman, frantically grasping at anything, anybody, that might help him get his head above the crowd. . . . Steve, of all people!

But she felt better when she was bathed and dressed; in a wine-red dress, a cocky little hat, she didn't look so different, considering the years that had intervened, from the girl who had been voted the most beautiful co-ed on the campus. . . . Now what? The children wouldn't be home from school till after three, and she needed a haircut. . . . She felt better still when she emerged from the hairdresser's. Washington might be a terrible place to live in, but it was lovely to look at, in the spring—especially when you were walking down Connecticut Avenue in the smartest clothes you'd ever owned. Especially when you met Tony Furnels, and his face lighted up at the sight of you, and he asked you to lunch.

So presently she was facing him across a table at the Madrillon. . . . She hadn't lunched with any man but Steve since she was married; you didn't, in Rapid Falls. But Washington was different—and since she must live here, she ought to learn how to manage Europeans. So you might say she was doing this for Steve. And also because it was a beautiful day, and she had confidence in her clothes, and she liked Tony.

"You probably don't know," he told her, "how extraordinarily lovely you look." She flushed; back home everybody knew she was good-looking, so nobody except Steve ever felt the need to mention it.

"I'm just a type," she said. "The small-town wife and mother."

"You know," he confessed with a smile, "I was afraid at first that you might be. But as I've come to know you, I recognize—a person."

He was looking at her the way men used to look at her back in college—and she found her eyebrows and the corners of her mouth automatically responding, with long-forgotten tricks. That wouldn't do.

"A Congressman's wife isn't a person—only a counter in a game, a creature of rules and precedence. I suppose in England you know who's who, so you don't have to take any of this—this flumdiddle."

"Oh, we have it. As the eldest son of a younger son of a peer, I am preceded by Masters in Lunacy. That always seemed a bit derogatory."

"I wouldn't mind it," she said, "if the game were worth playing. But—" That sounded disloyal; she went on hastily: "They say people in small towns are all afraid of the neighbors, but Rapid Falls was free as heaven compared to Washington. Everything you do here has to be calculated for its effect on something else."

He grinned. "Am I to understand that you're here at this table only as an official duty?"

"Well—" She flushed; there was a grain of truth in that, if only a grain. Her color was exquisite, and he misunderstood.

"Nola! If I'd dreamed I'd find you, I might have not dared—" He went on from there, never saying anything actually overt, but always sounding as if he were about to. Vee Lambert, who had lived in New York, might have found his conversation rather old stuff; but it was all new to Nola. At last she had to interrupt him.

"Tony!" she said in amused severity. "You know this is absurd. I'm years older than you; and I'm only—a counter in a game."

"You're a person, for me. Other people may have the counter."

She didn't suppose he meant it; but she realized with a start how you might slip into something you'd never intended, when you were depressed. And inexperienced. . . . And—the word said itself—unappreciated.

"Tony!" she said. "I don't know how much of this you mean, if any of it. I'm not used to men who say what they don't mean; Steve and I have always come right out with what was on our minds." (Or had till they came to Washington.) "But you mustn't say this sort of thing."

"Why not?" he asked her, with a quiet intentness.

Why not? Because she was in love with her husband? She was afraid that would sound rather—Rapid Falls-ish; it probably was not the way to handle Europeans. (Please turn to page 97)

FOR JANUARY

Redbook's Novel of the Month

THE CROSS of PEACE

A Great and Moving Novel by Sir Philip Gibbs

Short Stories by

Lord Dunsany—Phil Stong
Mildred Harrington—Stanley Paul
Sam Hellman—Eleanor De Lamater
Elise Jerard—William Byron Mowery

Continued Novels by

Grand Duke Alexander and Ursula Parrott

Articles by

Guy Hickok—Julian Street—Henry F. Pringle

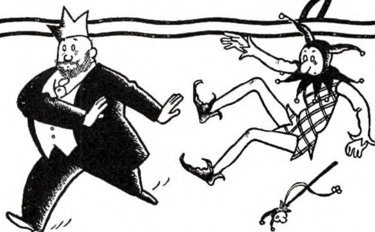
Special Redbook Features

The Cheering Section—In Tune With Our Times
Culbertson's Bridge Contest—Bruce Barton

A GREAT HOLIDAY NUMBER

The Cheering Section

"Laughter is allowable, but a

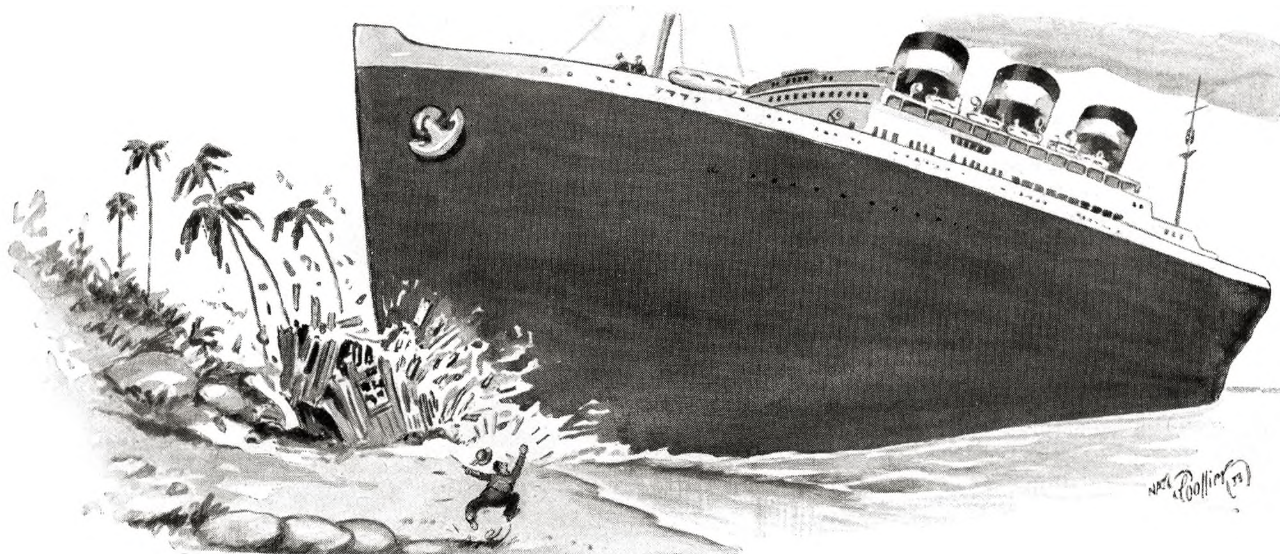


horse-laugh is abominable."—*Cicero*

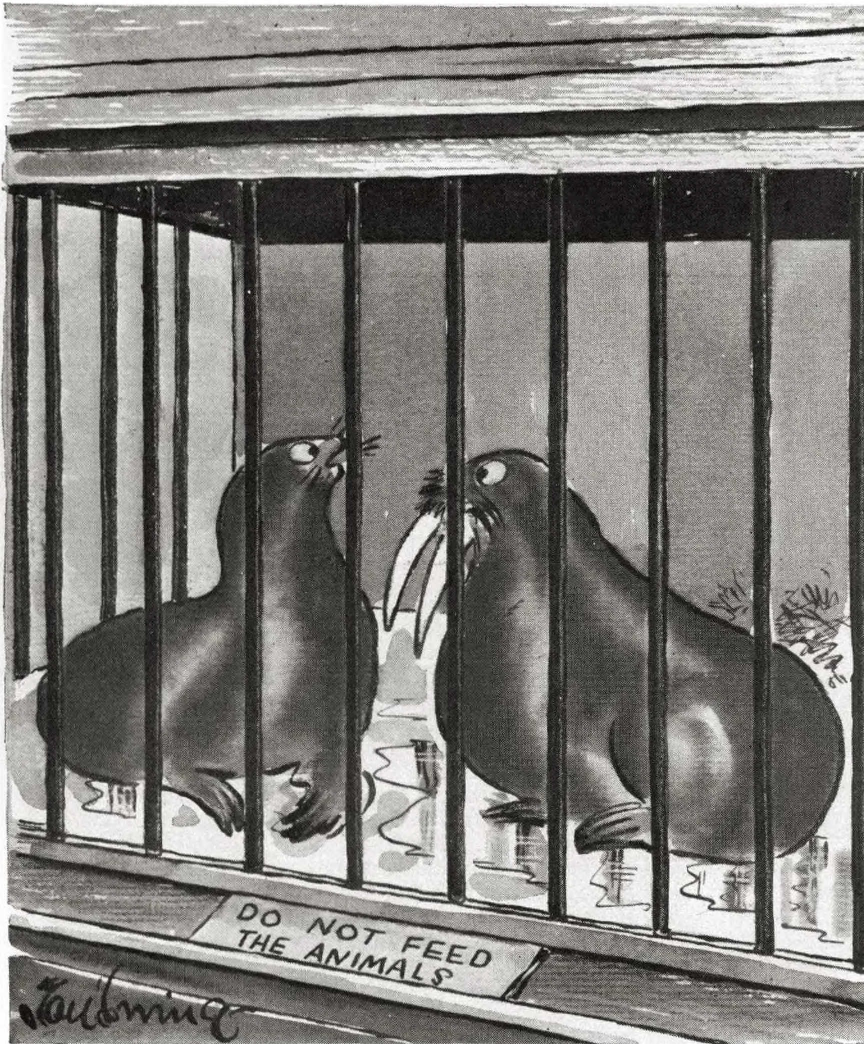
THE STRANGE CASE OF PROFESSOR PRIMROSE

by **Ogden Nash**

MY story begins in the town of Cambridge, Mass.,
Home of the Harvard Business and Dental schools,
And more or less the home of Harvard College.
Now, Harvard is a cultural institution,
Squandering many a dollar upon professors,
As a glance at a Harvard football team makes obvious;
Professors wise and prowling in search of wisdom,
And every mother's son of them absent-minded.
But the absentest mind belonged to Professor Primrose.
He had won a Nobel award and a Pulitzer Prize,
A Guggenheim and a leg on the Davis Cup,
But he couldn't remember to shave both sides of his face.
He discharged the dog and took the cook for an airing;
He frequently lit his hair and combed his cigar;
He set a trap for the baby and dandled the mice;
He wound up his key and opened the door with his watch;
He tipped his students and flunked head-waiters;
He fed the mosquitoes crumbs and slapped at the robins;
He always said his prayers when he entered the theater,
And left the church for a smoke between the acts;
He mixed the exterminator-man a cocktail
And told his guests to go away—he had no bugs;
He rode the streets on a bicycle built for two,
And he never discovered he wasn't teaching at Yale.
At last one summer he kissed his crimson flannels
And packed his wife in camphor, and she complained.
She had always hated camphor, and she complained.
"My dear," she ordered, "these *contretemps* must cease;
You must bring this absent mind a little bit nearer;
You must tidy up that disorderly cerebellum;
You must write today and enroll in the Pelman Institute."
He embraced his pen and he took his wife in hand;
He wrinkled a stamp and thoughtfully licked his brow,
He wrote the letter and mailed it, and what do you know?
In a couple of days he disappeared from Cambridge.
"For heaven's sake, my husband has disappeared!"
Said Mrs. Primrose. "Now, isn't that just like him?"
And she cut the meat and grocery orders in half,
And moved the chairs in the living-room around,
And settled down to a little solid comfort.
She had a marvelous time for seven years,
At the end of which she took a train to Chicago.
She liked to go to Chicago once in a while
Because of a sister-in-law who lived in Cambridge.
Her eye was caught at Schenectady by the porter;
She noticed that he was brushing off a dime,
And trying to put the passenger in his pocket.
"Porter," she said, "aren't you Professor Primrose?
Aren't you my husband, the missing Professor Primrose?
And what did you learn at the Pelman Institute?"
"Mah Lawd, Maria," the porter said, "mah Lawd!
Did you say *Pelman?* Ah wrote to de *Pullman* folks!"



"Why th' heck don't youse guys look where ye're goin'?"



"I got a cousin in Milwaukee . . . ."

ODE TO OBESITY

by Ethel Jacobson

I'VE always been thin as the well-known rail,
A toothpick model, a skimpy frail.
In spite of a frank and forthright fashion
For consuming fodder in forthright fashion
Like buttered limas, a plump eclair,
Sweetbreads or salmon with *sauce meunière,*
Kartoffel salad and apple Strudel,
Chestnut stuffing, and cream of noodle,
Strawberry-shortcake, and cheese souffle,
Yams, avocados, and *bombes glacés,*
Fat goose livers in squat stone pots,
And Italian spaghetti in carload lots;
While, outside of victuals, my only diversion
Was sleep. And I loathed any form of exertion.

But lately I switched to a different stage—
My thyroid, maybe, or just old age;
I burgeoned forth like a full-blown rose,
And week by week I outgrew my clothes,
And jammed in doorways, and foundered sofas,
And aroused the worst instincts of corner loafas.
So I bravely went on a diet, cockily
Sticking to dog biscuit, prunes and broccoli.
And I took up golf, and I tackled tennis,
And was madly massaged by a Swedish Menace,
While I cut out naps, and rose with the dawn
For daily dozens on the dew-laved lawn.
And what did it get me, girls and boys,
But a hell of a lot more avoirdupois!

So I'm now returning—*garçon,* make haste!—
To my former diet of Turkish paste,
And stacks of flapjacks, tier on tier,
And dimpled dumplings, and Münchner beer.
And outside of victuals, my one concern
Will be sleep. A fig for the *mode moderne*
Which worships the active and slim alone!
I'm thine, Obesity, all ten stone!
For Sale: Eight fine, matched left-handed clubs;
And I'll throw in Hildegarde's alcohol rubs.
And Nature will just take its course, perforce,
While I, my hearties, take course after course!

MONEY FOR THE CAUSE

by Charles Layng

TWO years ago, one of the officers of the S. P. C. A. received a call from Spain to go to Madrid and organize a branch there.

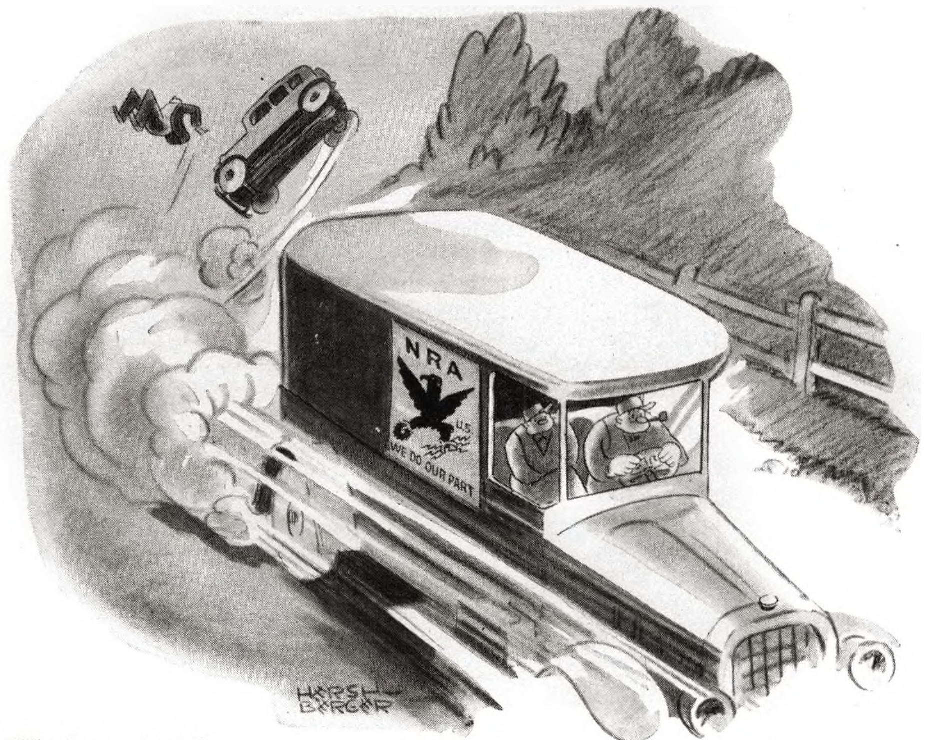
On her arrival, she discovered to her amazement that there were plenty of funds available for the good work, despite the fact that Spain was in the throes of its perennial depression.

"You must have some extremely wealthy men interested in the cause," she said to the countess who was the local leader.

"But no," that lady replied, "our Spanish men are not in the least interested in preventing cruelty to animals."

"Then how," asked the astonished organizer, "do you happen to possess so much money for the work?"

"Ah, señora, that was easy," said the countess from amid the folds of her mantilla. "We organized a series of benefit bull-fights."



"We do our part."

What Do You Know About DECEMBER?

Try this over on your cerebellum — and then fool your friends with it

Compiled by **José Schorr** *Decorated by* **Herb Roth**

Answers will be found on page 44

DECEMBER 3, 1859

DECEMBER 4, 1915

DECEMBER 9, 1900

DECEMBER 10, 1919

DECEMBER 11, 1906

DECEMBER 13, 1928

DECEMBER

1st 1804—Why has the Pope come to Paris to visit a lawyer's son?

2nd 1856—What device patented today will make it more convenient for people to stretch their feet out in railroad trains?

3rd 1859—What man's soul has started on a journey through our country which will cause terrific unrest?

4th 1915—What makes Oscar II the hope of hundreds of millions in distress?

5th 1921—Why are round garters becoming popular again?

6th 1927—In what typical way did the shrewd Yankees settle the Greek debt of $19,659,836 today?

7th 1866—What invention patented this week will bring color to the American office?

8th 1908—Why are $135,000 of stamps being sold for letters this month not worth a cent as postage?

9th 1900—What American city is planning to pile sand seven feet high all over itself?

10th 1919—Why did Fritz Kreisler play in the dark tonight at his concert in Ithaca, N.Y.?

11th 1906—How much is President Theodore Roosevelt being paid for stopping the war between Russia and Japan?

12th 1901—Why did Marconi signal *S* repeatedly across the Atlantic tonight? Was he hissing somebody?

13th 1928—Why is the Queen of England a greater ruler today than the King?

14th 1914—What world's largest gambling house has reopened in America after being closed for six months?

15th 1926—Why is not the British Parliament the British Parliament any more?

16th 1773—At what masquerade party tonight did the American colonists end their passive resistance and begin to fight?

DECEMBER

17th 1903—What new vehicle performed so well today that it threatened to supplant the horse?

18th 1906—Why can't half of official Washington spell any more?

19th 1919—What man is being boomed for the Presidency by both the Republicans and the Democrats?

20th 1917—Why are there seventeen and a half broken hearts for every light on Broadway tonight? (Remember, there used to be only one for each light.)

21st 1919—With what fiendish purpose (according to her accusers) did Emma Goldman, who was deported today, spread the bobbed hair craze?

22nd 1919—How are increasing thousands of Americans solving their most intimate problems with two pieces of wood this season?

23rd 1862—For what unchivalrous conduct toward the belles of New Orleans did Pres. Jefferson Davis order Gen. Benjamin Franklin Butler, if captured, to be immediately hanged as no gentleman?

24th 1868—How many criminals will be pardoned in this country on Christmas Day? (Think high; there will be an awful lot of them.)

25th 1492—Why isn't Christopher Columbus enjoying his first Christmas in America?

26th 1776—How did thoughtful George Washington provide a Christmas supper for his hungry men early this morning?

27th 1908—How has a negro stevedore given white supremacy a sock in the jaw that is being felt around the world?

28th 1912—What is the first name of our President-elect who is fifty-six years old today?

29th 1925—What will cause a rush of divorce actions to the courts of Turkey?

30th 1917—What man became the greatest railroad operator in America this week, without buying one share of stock?

31st 1922—What great league of fourteen nations was organized today?

DECEMBER 21, 1919

DECEMBER 23, 1862

DECEMBER 25, 1492

DECEMBER 26, 1776

DECEMBER 27, 1908

DECEMBER 30, 1917

THE CHEERING SECTION

"Telegram, sir."

What You *DIDN'T* Know About December

(Answers to questions on page 43)

1st: To crown him Napoleon I, Emperor of France . . . **2nd:** A device for transforming a railway car seat into a sleeping couch, invented by Theodore T. Woodruff and developed by Messrs. Wagner and Pullman. You've heard of Pullman . . . **3rd:** John Brown's soul which began marching on immediately after John Brown was hanged yesterday, and will cause a civil war if something is not done soon . . . **4th:** Henry Ford's peace party, which the ship *Oscar II* is carrying to Europe to try to end the World War . . . **5th:** Because corsets are virtually vanishing and the girls must have something to keep their stockings up . . . **6th:** By lending Greece $12,167,074 more. Greece did, however, promise to pay it all back in 62 years and not ask for any more . . . **7th:** The typewriter, by John Pratt, which will bring the lovely stenographers . . . **8th:** No, not because they are counterfeit, but because they are Red Cross Christmas Seals—the first Christmas Seals . . . **9th:** Galveston, which after the recent flood is working on plans to raise the level of the city seven feet to guard against a recurrence of the disaster. Sand pumped from the Gulf of Mexico will be used . . . **10th:** Because the American Legion cut the wires to prevent the "Hun" from playing at all. **11th:** $37,000, the amount of the Nobel Peace Prize, which he has won for bringing the war to an end . . . **12th:** No. It was the first wireless transmission across the Atlantic. The letter *S* was chosen as the most appropriate for the experiment . . . **13th:** Because the king has retired temporarily due to illness and appointed the Queen one of the Regents to rule during that time . . . **14th:** The New York Stock Exchange which closed at the outbreak of the War . . . **15th:** Because it will henceforth be named and be "The Parliament of (only) the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland" . . . **16th:** At the Boston Tea Party . . . **17th:** The Wright brothers' airplane which, at Kitty Hawk, N. C., made the first successful air flight of any power-driven, heavier-than-air man-carrying machine . . . **18th:** Because President Theodore Roosevelt has ordered "simplified spelling" used in the Government Printing Office and everybody is confused. The President will soon be induced to return to the spelling of his ancestors . . . **19th:** Herbert Clark Hoover. The people in those days thought that an engineer should succeed the professor (Wilson). Today we have twenty-seven (at the last count) professors succeeding the engineer. How times change! . . . **20th:** Because this is the first lightless Thursday—remember?—no electric signs on Thursdays and Sundays . . . **21st:** To make all our girls look like Bolshevists . . . **22nd:** By asking the Ouija boards. Stores report record-breaking sales as the Christmas shopping season closes . . . **23rd:** For decreeing that any woman who insults his soldiers "shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her vocation . . ." (Amazed at the resulting indignation, Gen. Butler explained that he meant no offense. His soldiers were strangers in New Orleans, and since *ladies* do not talk to strangers, any woman who talked to his soldiers to insult them was *a fortiori* not a lady.) . . . **24th:** About 9,000,000—all the inhabitants of the Southern States—for all acts of rebellion during the Civil War . . . **25th:** Because his flagship is cracked up on the rocks off Haiti . . . **26th:** By crossing the Delaware and taking it from the Hessians . . . **27th:** By winning the heavyweight championship of the world from Tommy Burns. His name was Jack Johnson . . . **28th:** [Thomas] Woodrow Wilson . . . **29th:** No, not the abolition of polygamy, but the transfer of divorce actions to the courts by the new Turkish Civil Code. Heretofore a husband had only to say: "Thou art divorced! Thou art divorced! Thou art divorced!"—and his wife was divorced. **30th:** William Gibbs McAdoo, who has become war-time Director General of all U. S. railroads . . . **31st:** No, not the League of Nations, but the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

DON'T COUNT SHEEP

See Foreign Language Picture Instead

by Montague Glass

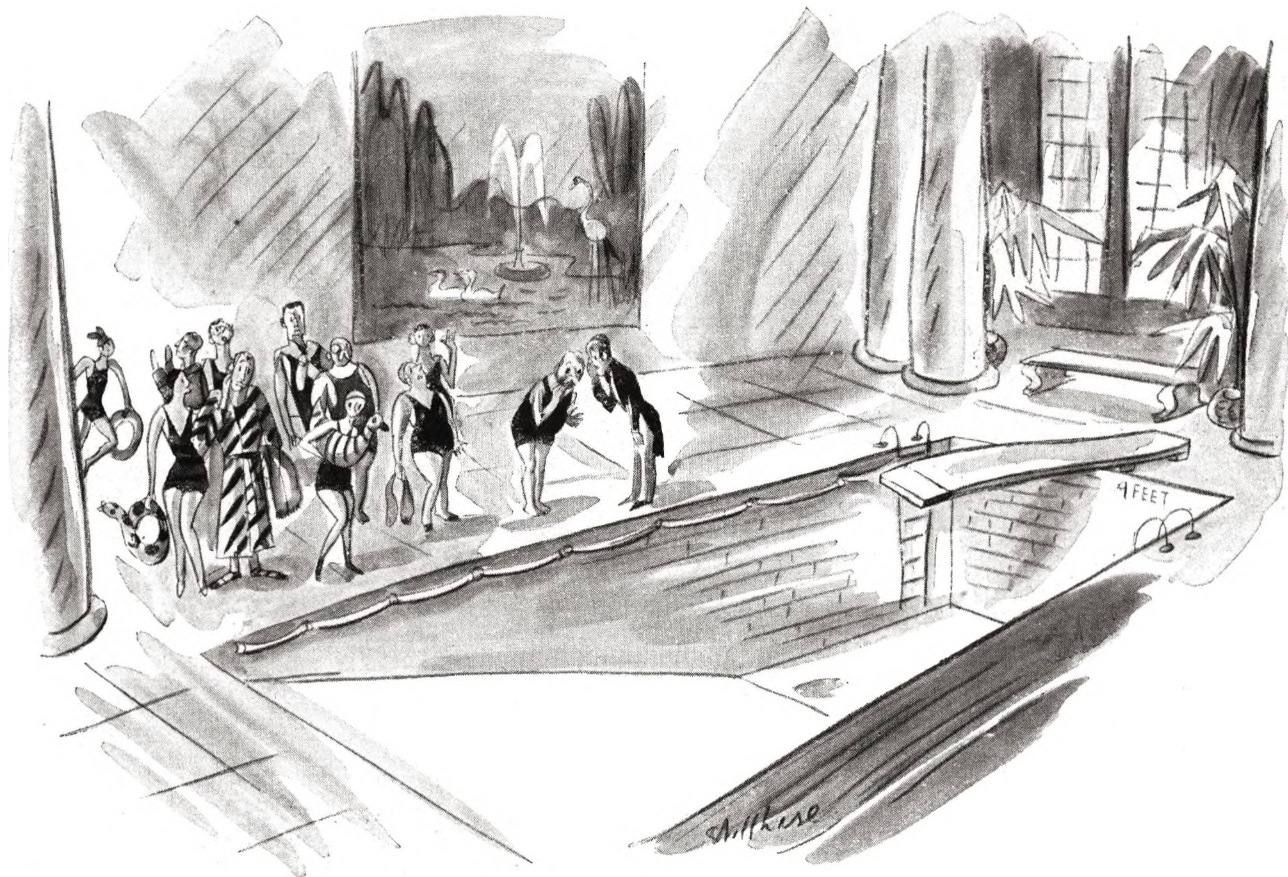
ONE of the fixed delusions of many thousand people is that because they can order frankfurters and sauerkraut in the original German, *(Bitte bringen Sie mir Frankfurters und Sauerkraut)*, they can understand every word of a German sound picture. They also believe that because they can say *oo-la-la*, they can follow intelligently a French-spoken picture too. There are of course a number of sound pictures imported from France, Germany and Italy which are so well directed and photographed that they tell their own story without an occasional title in English flashed on the screen, but when in a rather involved German film, Berlin's chief gangster says about a thousand words ending in *gehabt,* the ordinary spectator with a vocabulary of such phrases as *zwei Schweizerkase sandwiches on rye and make it snappy,* is practically no better off than the American who when in Paris can order a table d'hôte dinner in such French as *shoot the works s'il vous plait.*

Film importers, however, think that when the rich Berlin banker gargles twenty minutes of rapid German dialogue with Berlin's chief of police, they have done their whole duty by informing the public that the banker says: "My partner and me myself have only the key to the strong box." This laudable effort to tell the American audience what the German actors are talking about, is nevertheless defeated by the upholstery of a fifty-cent seat, which with the flickering of the projecting machinery, is practically nothing more or less than ten grains of veronal to a member of the audience. In fact it is only a matter of time when the doctors will find out that a harmless cure for insomnia is to prescribe for the patient, two foreign-language films a day, after meals, and for obstinate cases, one of the films ought to be in the Italian language.

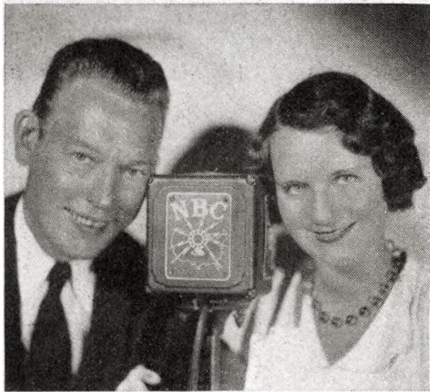
People go to see Italian spoken drama on the screen, armed only with the Italian words *spaghetti* and *stiletto*. This vocabulary, it is hardly necessary to say, is going to be a big help to them when the *Barone* is caught red-handed in black and white, handing the incriminating papers to a Macedonian conspirator, who can beat the record for Italian speech in the Italian theater itself, which is two thousand eight hundred words per minute with guitar accompaniment. In the case of Italian-spoken films as well as French and German ones, always be sure to read the English explanation of the plot on the single-sheet program which will be handed to you by the usher. This will put you in the proper, dazed condition for the reception of the hypnotic to follow. It is in effect, the shot in the arm of an opiate which is given to a patient before going under the ether. The only other suggestion which can be made to people who are taking the foreign-language films cure for insomnia, is to leave a call at the desk or the box office, or they may find themselves sleeping through the entire film and not waking until the news reel shows a Dictator, either with or without a mustache, reviewing a parade of his adherents with an average of one brass band to every twenty-five adherents.

As a final hint, avoid all Scandinavian talking pictures, because insomnia is bad enough. Why terminate it with sleeping sickness?

"If we go to the Van Wycks tonight, you'll have to watch your step."



"Very sorry, sir—the water-company collector was here again this morning!"



Fred Allen and his wife Portland Hoffa.

Fred Allen

THAT nasal drawl is back on the air, and Fred Allen enthusiasts are happy. His present program over the National Broadcasting Company network on Fridays is, happily, as full of insane nonsense as usual.

A native New Englander (as you may have guessed if you have ever heard him speak more than four words), our Mr. Allen was christened John F. Sullivan, and with that name started his theatrical career. He began as a juggler, and in his own words, by dint of hard work, going to bed early and not dropping too many plates, he worked himself ahead in his profession through tennis-balls to Indian clubs. For a time young Mr. Sullivan deserted the theater to take a job as a librarian, which, however, was destined to be short-lived. With nothing better to do, he thought up a new name and went into vaudeville as Paul Huckle, European Entertainer. After touring from here to there and back again, Fred Allen (this is a little confusing, but if you follow closely you'll see we're still talking of the same man) crashed Broadway in the musical comedy "Polly." Then he was starred with Libby Holman and Clifton Webb in the first "Little Show," and in the words of every press-agent worthy of the name, from then on his star was in the ascendant.

Unlike most comedians, Fred Allen writes his own material. His radio sponsors, Best Foods, have given him free rein with entirely satisfactory results. In his present series he is supported by his own dramatic company, and annoyed by his wife and favorite stooge, Portland Hoffa. Portland was named after the town in which she was born—Portland, Oregon—to hammer in a point that should have been obvious at the outset; and she still shudders when she thinks what might have happened if her parents had been living in Pensacola or Saskatchewan at the time of her birth.

The music for the program is provided by Ferde Grofé, well-known conductor and composer, and his orchestra. Roy Atwell, the man with kinks in his tongue, is another feature of the series with his impossibly distorted monologues. Atwell, incidentally, writes out his blundering tongue-twisters before he approaches the microphone, to prevent any embarrassing and unintentional mistakes.

REDBOOK'S

How "The March Of

FOR four strenuous days, crowded hour follows crowded hour—writing, re-writing, casting, re-casting, fitting music-cues, testing and perfecting sound-effects, heightening the drama here, slowing it there, rehearsing—and then for thirty spirited minutes "The March of Time" lives on the air.

No other form of entertainment is quite as impermanent as a radio program. A newspaper may survive to line a pantry shelf. The movies of yesterday still amuse the natives of Port Saïd. Theatrical productions are reborn upon a hundred tank-town stages. But the radio program is here, is gone at once, and will not be resurrected unless an unknown Martian DX enthusiast captures it some thousands of light years hence.

For thirty minutes "The March of Time" lives on.

This very impermanence is peculiarly fitting to the mood and tempo of "The March of Time." With another program, one knows weeks ahead of the broadcast that the singer will sing, the orchestra will play and the comedian will make alleged jokes. But on Tuesday morning only the barest pattern is available for the show to be performed some eighty-four hours later at eight-thirty on Friday evening.

On Tuesday the editors of *Time* go into a huddle and select the most interesting news of the current week. Wednesday brings forth a tentative working script which is given to Arthur Pryor, Jr., the director, to cast, and to Howard Barlow, conductor, to score for music-cues. The first rehearsal is held twenty-four hours later, with Howard Barlow at the organ supplying the musical background. Thursday night is devoted to rewriting the script. Friday morning the new show is rehearsed, and it isn't until that afternoon that the final "dress" rehearsal is held with full orchestra. Then all that has to be done before eight-thirty that evening is to tear the program apart several times and rebuild it.

Choosing music for a Hindu scene.

Those involved in the production who are neither in the grave nor the madhouse by this time bring you the dramatized news of the week under the sponsorship, not of *Time* this year, but of Remington Rand, who have bought the show and are using it to advertise their own products. This, incidentally, is the first occasion in the short history of broadcasting upon which one advertiser has purchased time on the air to put on another advertiser's program. Unfortunately, however, it appears to be a unique case; we are not likely to have the pleasure of hearing the Camel program sponsored by Chesterfield, or Kolynos toothpaste brought to us through the courtesy of Colgate.

The listeners who have enjoyed the *Time* program in the past need have no fear that the change in commercial sponsor will effect any change in the type of entertainment. The editors of *Time* have reserved the right to prepare and edit the script, and the only new feature is a minute or two of advertising for Remington Rand at the beginning and the end of the half-hour. The show will continue under the direction of Arthur Pryor, Jr., son of the famous bandmaster, who has guided it since its early days in 1931; Howard Barlow prepares and conducts the music, as he has during the past four series; and many of the members of the large cast of actors will be familiar as imitators of the great and near-great to the audience which has followed "The March of Time" in the past.

The drinking-song from the "Student Prince."

The unusual situation of sponsorship is a result of *Time's* announcement after the initial success of their program in 1932, that, the specific purpose of their advertising campaign having been accomplished, "*Time's* business department sees no need to continue paying some six thousand dollars a week for this particular form of advertising. . . *Time* will gladly coöperate in producing 'The March of Time.' But *Time*

Radio Revue

Time" Is Broadcast

will pay for such radio advertising only when it desires such advertising." For six weeks in 1932-'33 the Columbia Broadcasting System put on the show itself under the terms suggested by the magazine, and its popularity mounted steadily.

When it comes to preparing, writing and producing the show, those concerned in the job are faced with one of the most unusual and difficult undertakings in broadcasting. The short dramas of which it is made up, depending as they do upon current news, are constantly subject to change. Even in the final stages of rehearsal the producers are faced with the ever-present menace that some tremendous news will break which will have to be included in the program. On one occasion last year the production was well under way when the attempted assassination of President Roosevelt on a Wednesday night stirred the country. The full details of the story were not available until Thursday, but "The March of Time" on Friday night reproduced the drama.

He speaks either as Roosevelt or Von Hindenburg.

Almost equal to Mr. Pryor's duties as director are those of Howard Barlow as conductor of the musical portion of the entertainment. Music is to "The March of Time" what the curtain and scenery are to a stage-production. Barlow and his orchestra are allotted a maximum of forty-five seconds to close one news dramatization, make a smooth transition and definitely fix in the minds of the listeners the geographical locale and emotional atmosphere of the next scene. With a musical library of thousands of compositions at his hand, Barlow is able to create with amazing skill the atmosphere for the various situations reënacted on the program. In addition to this, he has the ability to improvise when his extensive library fails him in his search for the right musical phrase.

The script is given to him on Wednesday. As he reads it, he makes notes of the music which may be used for each scene, and writes down a few bars of the selection. Then he re-scores it to bring in the familiar melody in the few seconds he has to impress the scene and the mood on the listener, and works out a transition to the cue for the next dramatic presentation. His musical curtains in spite of their brevity must have the feeling of the occurrence reënacted, and to accomplish this, Barlow has to have a knowledge of what the general radio public thinks a composition means, rather than what it may actually mean to a musician. If, for instance, he is providing a setting for a Hindu scene, he may not attempt to use authentic Hindu music. Instead he may play a few familiar bars from Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Song of India."

Voice-study at the news-reels.

Taken at random from Barlow's last year's scores is one in which he opened the program with excerpts from Kempenski's "Fury of the Storm" to introduce the news of the California earthquake. He ended on a similar theme, made his transition, and played a few bars of Kelenyi's "Anger Theme" to prepare the audience for the dramatic sentencing of Zangara, Mayor Cermak's assassin. Fading out with the last five bars of the Franck D Minor Symphony, Barlow changed to Baron's "Chinese Tragedy" as a prelude to the scene portraying the fall of Jehol in China's defeat. Later on in the program a bit of Delibes' ballet suite "Sylvia" served as an introduction to a speech by the President. The passing of the Economy Bill against a powerful veterans' lobby was heralded by the triumphal "Huldigungs March" from Grieg's "Sigurd Jorsalfer." As a cue and a background for the President's recommendation that the Volstead Act be immediately modified, Barlow offered the familiar drinking-song from "The Student Prince" and faded out with Kempenski's "Marche Triomphale."

At 8:30 fifty actors are assembled in the studio.

Although both Pryor and Barlow, as directors of the two *(Please turn to page 87)*

Toto, Dorothy and the Scarecrow.

The Wizard of Oz

A RADIO program for children which should perform the almost impossible feat of satisfying both the young listeners and their parents is the General Foods "Wizard of Oz" series now being broadcast over a WEAF-NBC network, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:45 P.M., Eastern Standard Time.

The youthful audience should be flattered to realize that they are being offered a program which is as carefully prepared as any designed for listeners later in the evening. Although it is doubtful if any of them would know a *leit-motif* if they swallowed it, they are enjoying the original musical score prepared for the program by Frank Novak, radio conductor.

Donald Stauffer, director of the series, has in his cast twelve-year old Nancy Kelly as *Dorothy*, Parker Fennelly as the philosophical *Tin Woodman*, and Jack Smart as the *Cowardly Lion*.

Lulu McConnell

Lulu McConnell

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl in Kansas City who talked so much that her parents, her friends, her relatives and her teachers breathed a sigh of relief when she left her familiar haunts to join a stock company at the age of fourteen. From that time on, Lulu McConnell has talked her way successfully through many years in the theater to her present radio program, over CBS.

The Ex-Lax program on which she is featured is also enlivened by the music of Isham Jones and his orchestra, and by the torch songs of Gertrude Niesen, who is credited with having burned up seven microphones to date. Paul Douglas is master of ceremonies.

"It's my ankle," Mrs. Mapleson said. "Get George, please—he'll carry me."

Mr. Mapleson

Cold Cream

Mrs. Mapleson was nobody's fool. She knew her husband had fallen for that little Smith girl. But there was one thing she *didn't* know.

by Marian Spitzer

Illustrated by Leslie Benson

THE wife, in this case, wasn't the last to know. Mrs. Mapleson, as a matter of fact, was aware long before the others, that Mr. Mapleson was running around with that little Smith girl. Mrs. Mapleson thought about it quite a lot, trying to figure out what to do about it, and wondering when it had begun. She had never really left Mr. Mapleson alone long enough for him to get a flirtation under way!

"The way to hold your husband," she had always advised young brides of her acquaintance, "is to be a companion to him. Do the things he does, play the games he plays, go with him on his business trips. He'll never have a chance to stray, if you're always there." Then there was another important element which Mrs. Mapleson never failed to emphasize in her talks to brides:

"Keep your mystery," she would say. "Don't lose your feminine allure. It isn't enough to be a man's wife, if you want to hold him. You've got to be his mistress as well." She always looked a little arch when she said that word *mistress.*

In all the fifteen years of their marriage Mr. Mapleson had never seen Mrs. Mapleson undressed, or with her face all smeared with cold cream. Mornings, no matter how tired she was, she'd always get out of bed while he was still sleeping, and put on a full make-up, so she'd look attractive when he woke up.

"Familiarity," she would say, "breeds contempt."

Still, Mrs. Mapleson mused, going over the thing in her mind for the millionth time, something must have slipped up somewhere, because here was Mr. Mapleson, after fifteen years of absolute fidelity, losing his head over a little slip of a red-haired girl, who wasn't even pretty, and who certainly couldn't compare with Mrs. Mapleson in mentality.

Everybody in Glendale was talking about it; and Mrs. Mapleson knew it, although she refused to let them talk to her.

MRS. MAPLESON was wise enough to realize that she was up against a real problem. If he had always been the type who ran around, it wouldn't have meant a thing; but when a man waits fifteen years for his first lapse, it's likely to be dynamite. So she was very careful not to let Mr. Mapleson know she suspected anything. And she was particularly pleasant to the little Smith girl whenever they met, at parties or the country club, which was increasingly often. But she'd watch and watch, and wonder for the life of her what Mr. Mapleson saw in the girl. She was a plain little thing, pale and thin, and with eyes too big for her face. She didn't seem to care what she looked like, either. Mrs. Mapleson had seen her time *(Please turn to page 81)*

Maiden in Distress

And what distress! It's a shotgun marriage, folks! . . . No, it isn't; it's a kidnaping! The villain is trying to shanghai the beautiful girl! . . . No, we're wrong again! That's not the villain; that's the hero! He's going to marry her! . . . No, he isn't! Yes, he— Signals off! Read it for yourself.

by Kay Kennedy

A BOY emerged from a door marked: HAROLD J. BOTTOMLEY, PRESIDENT—*Private*.

Harold J. Bottomley, Jr., watched his approach with creditable calm. After all, he reasoned with himself, a visit to the office of one's father ought not to be fraught with peril, even when, as now, one was the bearer of unfortunate tidings.

"Your pop says he'll see you," volunteered the office-boy. "Say, you better watch out—he's good and sore at something."

Harold, Jr., managed a careless smile.

"Really?" he asked nonchalantly—only to lurch suddenly out of his chair at a roar from the inner office.

"Bud! Come here!"

The voice of Harold J. Bottomley, Sr., was never calculated to inspire confidence. Not a sunny-tempered man at best, Bottomley *père* had that day been thrown into a particularly evil mood by the resignation of one of his ablest assistants. His West Coast manager had seized the occasion of a vacation in New York to demand of his employer a substantial raise in salary. Their session that morning, when Mr. Bottomley had refused this request, had been a stormy one; and the thoughts of the president of Bottomley Beds ("A Vacation for the Vertebræ") were not sweetened by the belated realization that he had made a fool of himself in losing the

"Hm—to tell you the truth, Dad, I had an interview with the dean this morning, and we came to what seemed a sane conclusion—that I leave Yale behind me."

"Fired out?"

"Well, that's the gist of it. Yes," Bud agreed thoughtfully, "I should say I had been fired out."

"What for?"

"Paint," Bud explained tersely.

"Paint? What kind of paint?"

"Red paint."

Bud made this contribution to the repartee in a tone of finality. But, strangely, his father required added information:

"Go on: Paint—red paint. What about it?"

There was a menacing note in the paternal voice that caused Bud to continue hastily:

"Why, Red Evans and I were on a sort of well—I guess you'd call it a party; and sometime about one or two in the morning we decided that, although we'd heard of people painting the town red, we had never actually seen this in practice. It occurred to us almost simultaneously that this was an excellent time to put the idea to test, so we got some red paint—"

"You're foiled," said Bud—and then noticed the girl in a corner. "We've saved you," he told her modestly.

Illustrated by Wm. Meade Prince

most valuable man in his organization for the sake of a few extra dollars.

He now eyed his son with something less than fatherly love.

"What," he demanded, "are you doing in town?"

"Nothing much," answered Bud airily. "I thought something of going to a show this afternoon with Red Evans—"

"I mean, why aren't you in New Haven?"

"Oh, I see what you mean. You were curious as to why I wasn't in New Haven—"

"Well?" The word struggled out through Bottomley, Sr.'s, clenched teeth.

"Where," asked his father in a restrained tone, "did you get paint at that hour of the morning?"

"In a paint-store."

"How did you get in?"

"Window," his son said simply. "So you see, that's all there was to it. We only used a gallon or two here and there around town—not at all a thorough job, I'll have to admit. But when the story got to the dean, it seemed to annoy him. I was saying to him only a few hours ago, that if he were as broadminded about a prank as you are, this would be a much better world. I told him that if he couldn't be as lenient as you about a harmless—"

"Shut up!"

Bud shut up. There was something in his father's voice that seemed to indicate that any other course would be foolhardy.

It was then that the president of Bottomley Beds ("They Make Sleep Popular") took the floor. He arose and demonstrated that business men actually do pace their offices when aroused. And there accompanied his step a rhythmic flow of rich idiom. It might be explained that before he fashioned his famous Bottomley Bed ("A Snooze without Snores"), he had spent an energetic youth as a mule-driver along the Ohio. Now it became evident that he had lost none of his special cunning. The office-boy, leaning raptly against the door, lifted his eyes in worshipful awe.

HAD the senior Bottomley been wearing comfortable shoes, he might have carried on for hours, but the new pair he was wearing hurt his feet and finally forced him to resume his chair.

"Yes sir," said Bud, taking the opportunity to break in when his father paused for breath. "That's all very true. I think I'd better go now."

"Is that so? What do you think you're going to do, now that your college career is over?"

Bud pondered. Then his face brightened.

"I'll go to work!"

"What at?"

This seemed to the young man unfair. With one problem just solved, here was another even more vexatious.

"I don't know," he decided.

"Hm! I suppose you think you can get a job from me?"

"Well," said Bud honestly, "I don't know much about making beds. Of course we had to make our own beds at camp when I was a kid, but I suppose that's hardly the same thing."

"Hardly." Mr. Bottomley controlled himself with an effort.

"Have you a job for me?"

"No."

His son looked at him helplessly.

"What'll I do, then?"

"I don't care what you do; but understand this, young man: don't you show yourself around here until you can prove to me that you're not a complete fool. When you've made good, come back and we'll talk business." He looked at his son for a minute, and then ran his hands through his hair despairingly. "What a day! What a day! My son gets expelled from college, and I fire the best man I have ever had in my business!"

"Why did you fire him, then?"

"Ah! Why did I fire him!" Bottomley, Sr., snarled. "Because I had pancakes and sausage for breakfast—that's why!"

"Did he cook them?" Bud asked in some amazement.

His father ignored him.

"I've told them never to serve me pancakes and sausage. They know I shouldn't eat them! If I hadn't had those awful pains in my chest, I never would have refused him the raise he asked for. He's worth it, and a lot more! And now,"—his voice cracked,—"I can't find him. He stamped out of here, and I can't find him!"

"Where is he?" asked Bud unwisely.

"Hah! Where is he? If I knew, would I be sitting here helpless? If my son was worth a damn, he'd find him for me—"

Bud was struck by a sudden thought.

"Dad! Here's my chance to prove to you I'm not a total loss—I'll find him for you!" Bud grabbed his hat and started for the door. "Where was he staying?"

"At the Biltmore, but you don't—"

"Not another word, Father: I've taken the matter into my own hands." And with that Bud dashed out of the door.

THE hands of the hanging clock in the Biltmore pointed to three, when Bud ran up the steps to keep the appointment he had made by telephone, with his partner in disgrace, Red Evans.

"Hullo," his friend greeted him. "What's all the excitement? What did your father say?"

"He seemed displeased with me. How about your family?"

"I told you—they're out in Colorado. No one to greet me with open arms." Red sighed. "Well, what are you going to do?"

"Make good."

"Better than making beds," Red consoled him. "Funny, the way those people objected so to nice fresh red paint," he mused.

"Bigots," suggested Bud bitterly.

"What's on your mind? I didn't get what you were babbling over the phone."

"Listen: we've got a job. And if we pull it, I'm set with my father, and as for you, my good man, I'll see that you're properly taken care of."

"So?"

"Yeah. The idea is that my dad got indigestion—"

"And he wants us to scout around town and see if we can pick up a little bootleg bicarbonate of soda on the quiet," murmured Red.

"This is serious. It gave him such a pain that he got mad and fired one of his pet assistants. Now he *(Please turn to page 101)*

The Middle

The tale of a prodigal—written with such power and truth as to make it one of the most truly distinguished short stories of 1933

"You'd run all the rest of us into the sake of putting that feller where he

"WELL, Pa," David said, coming in, "I hear our Willy's bumming it again."

"Hullo," Ed Hanson answered from above his plate. "What? Oh, Willy. . . . Yes. I guess so." He glanced about the table. "That all the kind of pie you got, Ma? Custard? Well, all right, all right. Only, custard slips down awful sick, like."

"He turned up here yet?" Dave asked.

"No, I say it's all right, Ma. Good enough. I'll eat a cracker—or something. . . . What'd you say, Dave? Willy? No, I aint seen him. Been a mean day, aint it?"

"Well, you will," Dave said grimly. "He'll be here before morning. Don't catch him letting the dew wet his curls. What's the matter with him, anyway? Two other garages in town can keep open; why couldn't he?"

"Maybe that's it. Maybe they's too many garages," Ed Hanson suggested. He slapped his pockets, feeling for pipe, knife and tobacco. "They's a lot of them failing up these times."

"There, it aint any use, Dave," his mother told him, looking into her lap. She was a little old woman at fifty, with thin, colorless hair, and small black eyes oddly active in her stiff, worn gray face. "It aint a bit of use. You can see for yourself. He'll make excuses for Willy where none is."

"No, I won't," Ed Hanson said. "No, I won't, neither." He stood up, almost twice his wife's size, a boyish, big man, blue-eyed, mustached. Glancing at his oldest son, he shouted with sudden sharpness: "Only, I won't have you lipping in on my business, though! You nor nobody else. I won't have nobody lipping in."

"You're right, you won't," Dave replied brazenly, and as loudly as he could. "You never would. You'd run yourself and all the rest of us into the ground, just for the sake of putting that feller where he could give you another good sock. Nobody could ever lip in but Willy, from the time he was two years—"

"Dave!" cried his mother. She rose quickly and stood before Dave, between him and his father. "Dave, you go home now. I got some little cakes I want to send over by you to Bertha. You tell her she ought to eat all she can. Here. Now you go along." Urging him into the entry, she muttered again: "It aint no use. What makes you keep at it? It only gets him all stirred up."

"Well, somebody's got to think of you and your interests," Dave growled. "Willy'll take every cent Pa'll hand over, and Pa don't seem to draw a line anywhere."

"I guess he will now, though," Lizzie Hanson said. It was too dark on the porch for Dave to see her face. "I guess there's been about an end to it now. Willy'll have to manage to shift for himself some way or 'nother."

She stood on the steps, listening to Dave's thick-soled tramp over the pasture ledges. The darkness closed in on her, a warm, damp, billowing darkness pricked only by a reddish light here and there: the lamp of Bertha, who sat waiting for Dave in their shoddy shingled bungalow in the shadow of an old barn, waiting also for her first-born, with her back tired, her ankles swollen, and her courage ebbing fast; the lamps of the Winters,

Son

by

Gladys Hasty Carroll

Illustrated by

Charles Chickering

ground," Dave replied, "just for the could give you another good sock."

the Bennetts, the Ives, and old Mr. and Mrs. Farraday. Off toward the north a pale streak told in what direction the village lay. There with the blue-white electricity, the stores, churches and sidewalks, lived Pauline, the Hansons' eldest daughter, and her bank-clerk husband and two babies. There too were "the young ones," Dorothy and Earnest, of high-school age, staying with Pauline tonight to see a senior play. There also had been Willy, in the garage which bore his name, until today. Rumor had it now that he had closed it, that the owner of the building had "come down on him" for many months' back rent. Lamps and pale streak alike represented people whom Lizzie Hanson knew; several of them she had baked for and scrubbed for and nursed, for many years; but the feeling of them did not come close to her. She dropped down on the top step, and remained there quietly, just a little old woman in the dark.

Presently her husband came out; he had shaved his tobacco now, packed his pipe firmly; and the strong, staining smell of his smoke hung between them.

"Mean night, aint it? Damp. Sticky."

Lizzie did not answer.

After a while he asked: "What you got on your mind?"

"What makes you think I got anything?"

"Oh, you got something."

"Well. . . . You know what 'tis as well as I do."

THE night wind shook the branches of the maples, and rattled the berries of the woodbine against the kitchen windows. Still it was oppressively warm. Ed sucked on his pipe and blew, sucked and blew, each puff of smoke coming from his lips with the explosive sound of a bursting bubble.

"Yeah," he said at last. "Well, if it's Willy, like Dave said, you don't need to worry. I sha'n't give him nothing more. I aint got nothing *to* give him. I aint got nothing to give nobody."

"I know that well enough," Lizzie answered tonelessly. "You don't need to keep going over it."

"A man that's worked the way I have, drove from morning to night, for forty years, and at the end of it don't have nothing! I always had good judgment. You can't say it's my fault. I've *earned* money. There's been a leak somewheres; that's what it is. It aint as if we never *had* nothing."

"There's been a leak, all right," Lizzie said in her drab, dragging voice. "Willy's it. You and I never spent nothing on ourselves. Here we been planning on getting to the fair ever since we was married, and we never got there—never will. . . . Dave's never had nothing from us. Dave was the only one never even got to village school. It aint no wonder he feels some resentment. He worked hard here, and never got nothing. . . . Pauline, she's managed nice for herself, and nobody but Aunt Let to help her. We never could spare anything when she needed it. We couldn't even make out to fix up to give her a wedding like she wanted. Aunt Let had to do it. Pauline's about the same as Aunt Let's own; she aint never had nothing from us. . . . And the young ones, I'm sure they don't get much. They get their food and decent clothes, which is more

than we've give any of the rest except Willy; but what else they need, they scurry for themselves. It's a good thing they're well and smart. I don't suppose but what we'll have to about the same as turn them out to commons pretty soon. It'll be as much as we can manage to take care of ourselves, a-setting here in this great handsome house that makes folks think we got a mint of money. . . . I guess there has been a leak. A big leak. We've turned all our money into a sieve; that's what we've done."

They sat without speaking then, until a new sound reached them, above the rattle of the vines, and the frog- and bird-voices. It was the tap of a quick step coming across the Flats, the stir of life that a human being sends ahead of him along a country road.

"He's coming now," Ed said.

"I hear him," Lizzie answered.

Ed Hanson straightened, stiffened, withdrew his pipe and held it by the bowl, gnawing his under lip; but Lizzie's position did not alter. She still huddled on the step, small and old and dark, her arms folded on her knees, her gaze on the ground.

Willy came lightly into the yard. In the path of lamplight from the kitchen window he was revealed for an instant, small and dark like his mother, slim as a girl, but with his father's shock of curly bright hair and big brown hands.

"WELL!" he exclaimed. "Almost fell over you! What you setting here for? Aint there any mosquitoes?"

"Mosquitoes is thinning out some," his father told him. Unintentional tenderness crept into even his first intonation.

"Hello, Mom," Willy said. He took his mother's thin bun of hair in the palm of his hand and gave it a shake before he sat down. "Kind of mean-feeling tonight, aint it?"

Lizzie did not answer.

"Been mean-feeling all day," Ed agreed. His straightness and stiffness were escaping his control. He felt for his lips with the stem of his pipe.

Lizzie said suddenly: "Well, why don't you out with it, Willy?"

"Out with what, Mom?" He turned gently, his knee brushing hers.

"You've lost your garage, aint you?"

Ed plunged in after her, raising his voice, shouting down his tenderness:

"Yes, we hear tell you've lost your garage

They did not answer when the Sheriff spoke to them, kindly enough, nor did they look up as the truck roared away.

business. What's the matter with you, anyway? Two other garages in town can keep open; why couldn't you? I put two thousand dollars into that business, getting you started. What's become of that? Where do you think money comes from? Grows on trees? . . . Open your mouth, can't you? What've you got to say about it? It's true, aint it, what we hear?"

"Sure it's true," Willy answered quietly. "I closed up, all right. I wasn't doing anything but going behind. I've told you since a month after I opened up, I wouldn't get anywheres with that. It was just one too many garages for that burg. I didn't suppose it would come as much of a surprise to you—"

"Surprise! No, it didn't!" his father shouted. "We aint never surprised to hear you're down and out again. We wa'n't surprised to hear you had sold your house-painting machine for little or nothing; nor that time you never even finished getting in your crops off that farm I dug down and bought for you. You couldn't surprise us unless for once you stuck to something. . . . You wanted bad enough to start that garage, didn't you? Anybody'd think to hear you talk, you'd been drove to start it!"

"No, but I'll tell you, Pa," Willy said. "I thought when I started in, I'd get all the town business. It's as much as one can handle to look after the fire-engine and the snow-plow and all them trucks and that stuff. Gene Lucas swore he'd give it to me; but the minute he got into office, it all went to Bert and Simpson's. That's what made all the difference. I couldn't get by that."

"Torment Gene Lucas' hide!" Ed Hanson muttered. "Much as I done for his father before he died, anybody'd think he'd feel he owed a little something. A man's word aint so good as a broke shoestring, late years. I've found that out."

"Yeah," Willy said. "So have I. Your friend's your friend just about as long as he's getting something out of you. Gene wanted to rent them buildings—and he rented them. . . . I sold out my equipment, though, for six hundred dollars. Think that was a stroke of luck, don't you, Mom? Makes me think, I got you a little something here."

He took a box from his pocket, opened it, and drew out a clinking string of small white balls. Beads, they were. He made a movement as if to put them around his mother's neck; but she drew aside and he let them fall across her lap. Ed could see them glisten.

"Six hundred *is* good," Ed said, cheering. "As much as you paid for it, aint it?"

"Fifty dollars more," Willy chuckled; "and I used it a year. Guess I'm quite a salesman, hey, Mom?"

"You're something of everything and not enough of anything," Lizzie said, staring at the ground, running the beads through her fingers. "I don't see what's to become of you. I been a-thinking, and I don't see."

There was silence, at that.

Then Willy said, chuckling again, "Well, right now what's coming *to* me is a camping-trip. I want to get some fishing in. I met a stranger day before yesterday. Feller from out West somewhere —Nevada. He wants to see what our fishing's like. I'm going over acrost the woods to Sykes' road and meet him there tonight. He's got a car. We'll be well north by morning."

LIZZIE thought it was probably for the camping-trip he had given up his garage. She thought he might have had a care for his father, getting toward old age, and no one to help him on the farm but Dave, who liked his pay. And there was no money—only a few silver dollars in the chest, and their bank-book months ago totaled to even figures, the same taken out as had been put in. She said nothing; it was no use.

Ed said: "Well, fishing ought to be good. We've had enough rain. We'll have to get you out your pole. It's in the loft."

"No," Willy answered. "The other feller, he's got poles."

"You always kind of liked your own, though," Ed persisted. "Ma and me got it for you that spring you left off going to school. You always thought it handled better than a strange one! It won't be no trouble to get it down—"

"Could you put me up a bite to eat, Mom?" Willy asked. "Anybody gets faint, riding in the night."

"Yes," Lizzie told him. "I guess I can pick you up something or other. I'll see what there is."

(Please turn to page 86)

SOMETHING different in Contract. Rate your own bridge-game through Mr. Culbertson's interesting hands and problems. What mistakes do you make? What are your strong points, and what are your weak points? Compete for the prizes. Starting with this issue, and continuing for the next six or seven months, Redbook and Mr. Culbertson are organizing a brand-new contract-bridge competition. On this page you will find a hand to be bid, and twelve other problems to be answered. Another hand and twelve other problems will be printed in the February and again in the April issues. The January, March and May issues will analyze the previous month's hand, and answer the previous month's problems. In addition, the method of scoring or "rating your own bridge game," will be explained, and as the papers come in and are marked, the prize-winners for each month will be announced. In addition, we will use this contest (or course of lessons, which it really amounts to) as a yardstick by which we can decide the supremacy of the sexes at the bridge-table. Is Mr. X a better bridge-player than his wife, or vice versa?

CONDITIONS OF THE NEW CONTEST

1. Bid the hand in the adjoining column in the manner explained. Answer the twelve problems which follow. Write on one side of the page only.

2. Send in your solution to: Mr. Ely Culbertson (or Bridge Contest Editor), The Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.

3. All solutions to this month's hands must be received by December 5.

4. For the best paper analyzing this month's hand and answering the accompanying problems, the Redbook will give $100.00

For the second-best paper.. 75.00
For the third-best............. 50.00
For the fourth-best............. 25.00
For the fifteen next best papers.........................$10.00 each

Identical prizes will be given for the hand and problems to be printed in the February and April issues.

5. At the end of the contest, when the entire course has been completed, six hundred dollars in additional prizes will be awarded to those who have compiled the best records over the entire contest.

6. We cannot undertake to return entries, or to answer questions about them. The hands will be fully explained and analyzed in the following month's issue. We suggest that you keep a copy of the solutions you send in, if you wish to judge yourself immediately when the marking system comes out the following month.

7. This contest is open to everybody except employees of the McCall Company (publishers of Redbook) and of Mr. Culbertson's Bridge World, and their families.

NEXT month the bidding on the hand immediately following and the solutions of all the above problems will be given, as well as the point system by which you may grade your own solutions.

However, you must send in your solutions if you wish to compete for the prizes.

The questions are in no sense catches. They are designed as a lesson-course on the bidding and play of contract bridge. The analysis of the hands and the answers to the questions will cover the whole field both of bidding and play.

Both sides vulnerable. North, dealer. Bid the following hand:

North:
♠ K Q 10 8
♥ K 10 7
♦ A Q 10 9 6
♣ 3

West:
♠ 9 6 3
♥ Q 8 3
♦ 7 3
♣ Q 7 5 4 2

East:
♠ 7 4
♥ 6 2
♦ J 8 5 4
♣ A K J 9 8

South:
♠ A J 5 2
♥ A J 9 5 4
♦ K 2
♣ 10 6

North	East	South	West

Bid all four hands until the auction is completed. Do not bid the hands at double Dummy. In other words, bid each hand on the basis of the thirteen cards held and the previous bidding, and not as if the other hand were biddable. Fill in your bids on a diagram similar to the above (it is not necessary to copy the hand)—and annotate any bids that need explanation. For example:

North	East	South	West
1 ♣ (1)	Pass	2 ♥	Pass
3 N T (2)	Pass	4 ♠ (3)	Pass
Pass (4)	Pass		

(1) This bid, etc.

(2) Over partner's two heart call, North, etc.

(3) South must, etc.

(4) There is no further bid that, etc. . . .

Answer each of the following twelve questions. *Do not* give explanations for your answers. One to three words will suffice in every instance.

BIDDING

1. You are the Dealer, not vulnerable. You hold:

♠ J 7 ♥ 5 ♦ K 9 8 3 ♣ A Q J 6 5 4

What do you bid?

2. You are the Dealer, and vulnerable. You hold:

♠ K 10 5 ♥ A Q 7 ♦ J 10 8 ♣ A J 9 2

What do you bid?

3. You are third hand after two passes, and vulnerable. You hold:

♠ A K Q 7 ♥ A Q 3 ♦ K 10 9 6 4 ♣ 3

What do you bid?

4. You are third hand after two passes, not vulnerable. You hold:

♠ K Q J 10 8 7 4 2 ♥ — ♦ 6 5 ♣ Q J 5

What do you bid?

5. Your partner has opened the bidding as dealer with one club. Second hand passes. You are vulnerable, and hold:

♠ Q 10 7 2 ♥ K 6 2 ♦ Q 8 5 3 ♣ J 5

What do you bid?

6. Your partner has opened the bidding second hand with one diamond. The next hand passes. You are vulnerable, and hold:

HANDS

among hundreds submitted

Ely Culbertson

♠ K Q 9 5 ♥ A 8 7 3 ♦ 4 ♣ A J 6 2

What do you bid?

7. Your partner has opened the bidding as dealer with one spade. Second hand passes. You are not vulnerable, and hold:

♠ K J 8 5 3 ♥ A 4 ♦ A Q J 10 3 ♣ 8

What do you bid?

8. After three passes, your partner has opened the bidding as fourth hand with one heart. The next player passes. You are vulnerable, and hold:

♠ 5 ♥ Q 10 9 3 ♦ A K J 7 ♣ 10 9 6 2

What do you bid?

PLAY

9. The bidding has gone:

North	South
1 N T	2 N T
3 N T	

You are East, on lead against the three-no-trump contract. You hold:

♠ A Q 9 5 ♥ 9 8 2 ♦ Q J 10 6 ♣ J 5

What card do you lead?

10. The bidding has gone:

North	South
1 N T	2 N T
3 N T	

You are again East, and on lead against the three-no-trump contract. You hold:

♠ K 10 8 4 ♥ 8 6 3 ♦ J 9 5 4 ♣ J 10

What card do you lead?

11. The bidding has gone:

North	East	South	West
1 ♣	Pass	1 ♦	1 ♥
2 ♣	Pass	2 ♦	Pass
2 N T	Pass	3 N T	Pass
Pass	Pass		

You are East, on lead against the three-no-trump contract. You hold:

♠ J 9 8 5 4 ♥ Q 7 4 ♦ 6 2 ♣ K 5 2

What card do you lead?

12. The bidding has gone:

North	South
1 ♣	1 ♠
2 ♣	2 ♥
2 N T	3 ♥
3 ♠	4 ♠

East and West always passing.

You are West, on lead against the four-spade contract. You hold:

♠ A 10 5 ♥ 7 6 4 3 ♦ K J 9 5 ♣ J 3

What card do you lead?

The Month's Most Interesting Hands

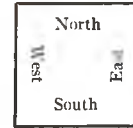
Theoretically, the play of the Dummy—that is, the play of the declarer, who is able to combine his resources in the closed and open hands—should be easier than the play of the defense, because even at best the defending players are groping in the dark, unaware of each other's strength and weakness to a greater or less extent, while the declarer has at his information all the knowledge necessary to combine his holdings to the best advantage. There are, however, a great number of hands in which the declarer not only needs to know the cards that he holds in the two hands, but also must resort to strategy in order to accomplish the fulfillment of his contract, as the resources at his command are not sufficient to win by brute strength alone.

In the last series of interesting hands, the first prize of $100 for the best play of the Dummy is awarded to Mr. J. L. Arnold, of Beaver Falls, Pa., for the manner in which he found the correct play on the hand below:

South, dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.

North: ♠ 3 2 ♥ 5 4 2 ♦ 10 5 ♣ A K 10 7 4 3

West: ♠ A Q ♥ K 10 9 6 3 ♦ A J 9 ♣ Q J 8



East: ♠ 8 6 ♥ J 8 ♦ 8 7 6 4 3 ♣ 9 6 5 2

South: ♠ K J 10 9 7 5 4 ♥ A Q 7 ♦ K Q 2 ♣ —

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Double	2 ♣	Pass
4 ♠	Double	Pass	Pass
Pass			

West's opening lead was the heart six to which East played the knave. When Mr. Arnold studied the Dummy and his own hand, it was apparent that the making of ten tricks was a difficult task indeed, because of the inaccessibility of the high cards in Dummy due to the void in clubs in the declarer's hand. West's double had helped Mr. Arnold place high-card strength in that hand, and it was reasonably obvious that he must lose two spade tricks, one heart and one or two diamonds, unless he could gain entrance into the Dummy for discards on the clubs. This could be accomplished by ruffing the third diamond, but the success of this plan *(Please turn to page 103)*

WINNER OF THE $100 PRIZE

for the best play by the Declarer
MR. J. L. ARNOLD,
1413 Sixth Ave.
Beaver Falls, Pa.

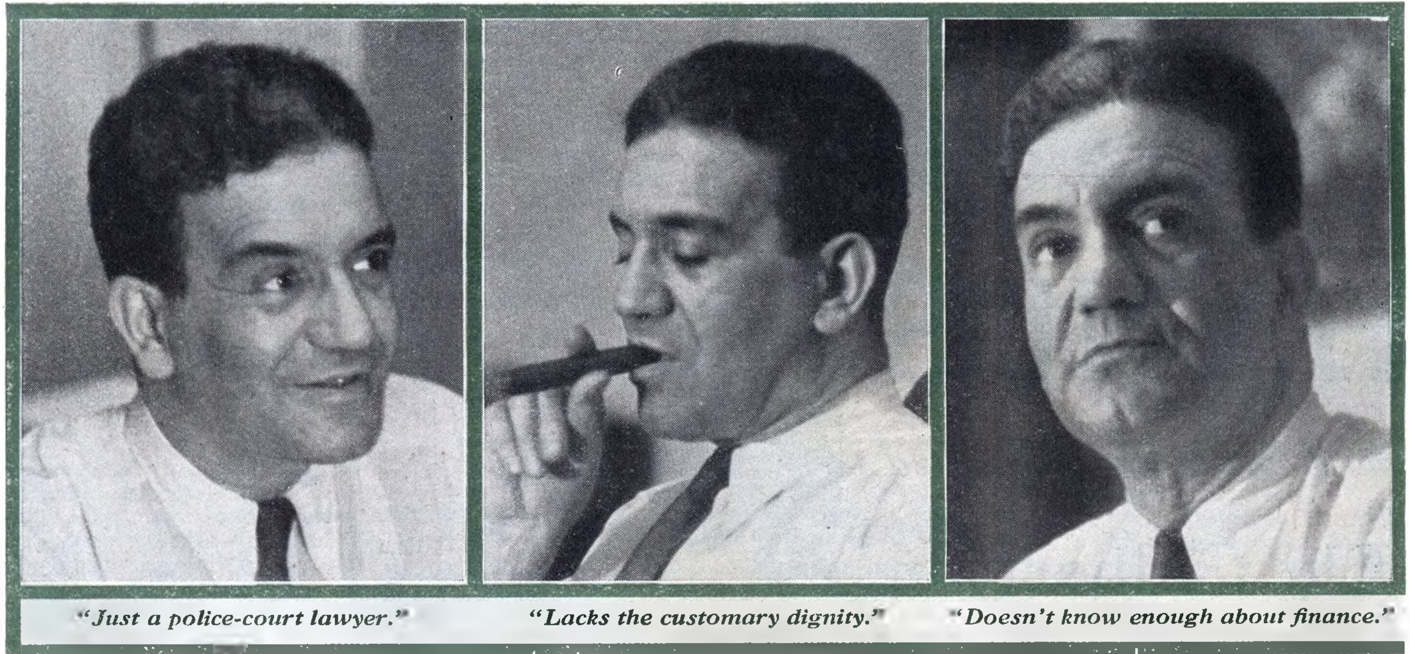
for the Best Defensive Play
MR. HARRY HILL,
1353 Webster Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

for the Best-bid Hand
MR. ROBERT WOOD,
407 N. Broad St.
Adrian, Mich.

for the Most Humorous Hand
MR. ALLAN H. MANSFIELD,
216 West 99th St.
New York City

Prizes of $5.00 each for interesting hands were awarded to the following:

Mr. H. J. Schaefer, Beaver Falls, Pa.
Miss Lillian E. Unterman, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. B. L. Tighe, Jr., Jackson, Miss.
Miss Eva Todd, Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Evelyn and Mr. Lewis Heyman, Norfolk, Va.
Mrs. Victor Steinegger, S. E., Phoenix, Ariz.
Mr. Thomas A. Falvey, Holyoke, Mass.
Mrs. J. Power Miller, Port Gibson, Miss.
Mr. William Macaleer, Elizabeth, L. I.
Mr. A. C. Smith, Detroit, Mich.
Mr. Frank R. Felham, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mr. Samuel A. Sloan, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mr. R. G. Riley, Jr., Huntsville, Ala.
Mr. W. D. Melton, Jr., Columbia, S. Car.
Mr. Arthur G. Dozier, Sarasota, Fla.
Mrs. C. G. Smith, Radburn, Fairlawn, N. J.
Mr. Reuben Golin, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Fay H. Williamson, Cincinnati, Ohio
Mrs. George D. Trilling, New York, N. Y.
Mr. Jack H. Bushlowitz, Philadelphia, Pa.



"Just a police-court lawyer." *"Lacks the customary dignity."* *"Doesn't know enough about finance."*

Nemesis of Wall Street

by **Henry F.**

As counsel to the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, Ferdinand Pecora has cross-examined J. P. Morgan, Otto H. Kahn, Thomas Lamont, Charles E. Mitchell and most of the other figures, great or near-great, of the financial and banking worlds. He has inquired into the collapse of the Insull utility empire. He has traced, through its myriad complexities, the rise (and sometimes the fall) of the holding company in American industry.

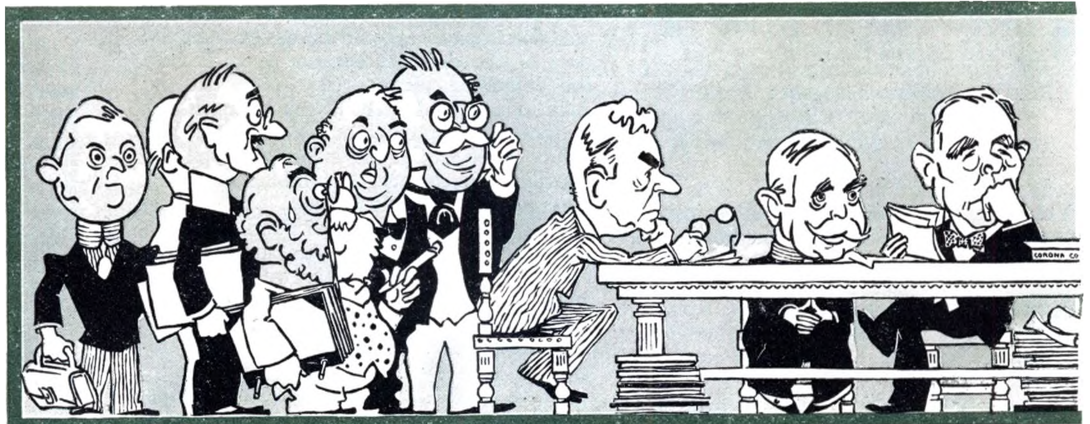
Yet Pecora, who first achieved prominence as an assistant district attorney in New York, and a protégé of Tammany Hall, had no training in banking or finance when he was admitted to the bar. A Sicilian immigrant, his knowledge of accounting had been limited to an elementary course in high school. He had never studied economics. His familiarity with these obscure and mysterious sciences was, in fact, acquired as a prosecutor of bucket-shop operators and fraudulent bankers in New York. Pecora learned a good deal in the process. He was qualifying, although he did not know it, for his rôle as counsel to the Senate Committee.

The procession of bankers, financiers, industrialists and promoters who were to face examination by Pecora and the committee began more than a year ago. The big parade from Wall Street marched with reluctant feet, because its members knew that they were to be asked unpleasant questions. There was no escape from it; they would be forced to admit that the aura of infallibility, which had surrounded them for so long, was a myth. Pecora did a good deal to explode the myth.

He was again in charge when the hearings of the Senate Committee were resumed last month. Further light is being thrown on the inner workings of American High Finance. And one result, inevitably, will be a wave of legislation when Congress convenes in January. Laws have already been passed regulating the sale of securities, and tightening the supervision of banks. Pecora insists that his purpose is educational, not punitive. He finds satisfaction in a belief that much of the mystery has been stripped from banks and bankers. He denies any conclusion that financiers are dishonest, or even that they are stupid. He says that they are human and make mistakes. They should, therefore, be subjected to strict but intelligent Government supervision.

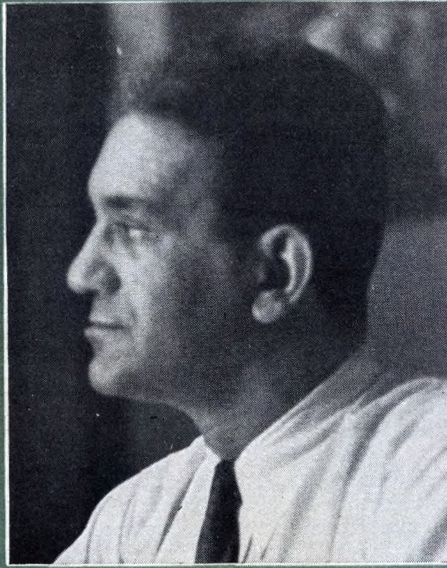
Pecora appreciates the danger that sorely needed constructive legislation may be abandoned in the confusion of headlines and revelations. Herein lies the true importance of the Senate Committee's work. Legislation must be passed by Congress which will prevent such scandals as the Harriman National Bank failure in New York. Finally—if the committee's findings are heeded at all—there will be further attempts by Congress to force bankers to be bankers and not, whenever a boom comes, gamblers in the stock-market.

The investigation of the Senate Committee on Banking and



From left to right about the table may be seen Messrs. Whitney,

But he probed Sam Insull.



He trapped Charles E. Mitchell.

He showed Morgan not infallible.

Acme Photos

How is it that a Sicilian immigrant boy, never trained in banking, is the best-chosen man to wring the secrets of high finance from the lips of the country's bankers? Here's a brilliant portrait of Ferdinand Pecora, who does the wringing.

Pringle

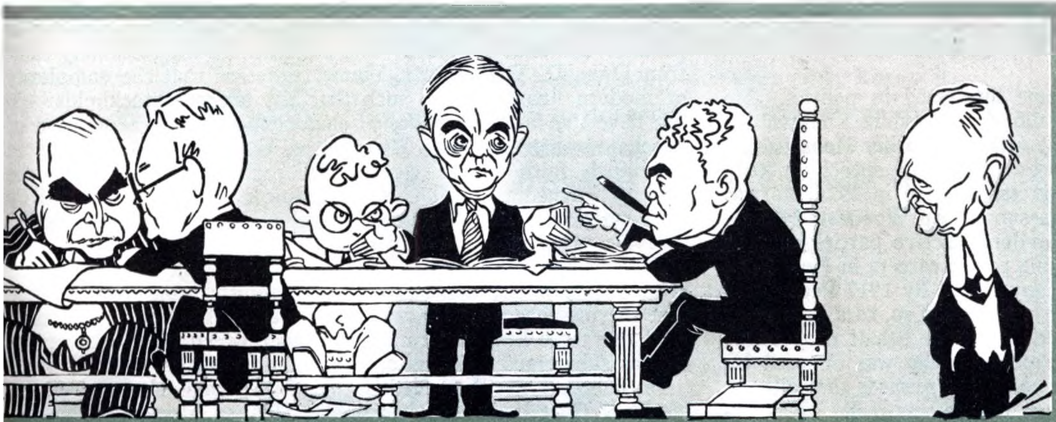
Currency will be the basis of study by scholars for decades to come. Its importance is obvious. But the story of Ferdinand Pecora, the committee's attorney, is hardly less remarkable. He is not listed in the current "Who's Who In America;" and he enjoyed, until the hearings at Washington began, no national reputation whatever. The fact is that his career may be divided into two distinct phases: In the first he was merely an able and ambitious lawyer, without those social and financial connections so essential to success at the bar in a large city. He chose a political career, and decided to rise to prominence and affluence by affiliation with Tammany Hall. The second phase is very recent. This is as counsel to a Senate committee conducting an inquiry of first importance. Selection for this post changed Pecora's life completely. He is no longer dependent on Tammany or any other political organization. From now on, he will be one of the big shots of the legal trade, and will command commensurate fees.

Pecora was not the first choice of the Senate Committee. Its members first sought some lawyer who had grown famous through long experience at the bar. Overtures were made to Samuel Untermyer, who twenty years ago was counsel for the Money Trust probe which grew out of the panic of 1907. The Senators were a little apprehensive about Mr. Untermyer, however. They knew that he would insist on running the show; they were afraid that he might step heavily on senatorial dignity. They then turned to Samuel Seabury, who had conducted an investigation into the affairs of New York City, and had thereby forced the glamorous Jimmy Walker into retirement.

Judge Seabury felt that he had done his bit, and declined the appointment. It was Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State in the cabinet of President Wilson, long a resident of New York, who suggested Pecora. Mr. Colby said that Pecora was a very able attorney, and would conduct the investigation with skill and decorum. But the selection was received with misgivings in the legal trade. How would this relatively obscure lawyer react in the presence of such awesome witnesses as J. P. Morgan, Otto H. Kahn and the rest? Would he be too gentle, or would he adopt the tactics of a criminal lawyer and browbeat his witnesses? I was seated, at one of the Washington hearings, next to a very dignified lady who surveyed Pecora through her lorgnette with scorn. A financier who was evidently a close friend was on the stand. Mr. Pecora, her tone implied, was not in the "Social Register" and therefore disqualified.

"Really, it's absurd," she said in a loud stage whisper. "This Pecora is just a police-court lawyer. What can he know about finance?"

The bankers and financiers who were questioned did not share this disapprobation for very long, however. Pecora knew a good deal about finance, and could lead them through the complicated processes of their own financial legerdemain. He was not in the least disconcerted by such witnesses as Mr. Morgan or by opposing attorneys of the reputation and dignity of John W. Davis. He



Caricatures by Sam Berman

Kahn, Lamont, Morgan, Davis, Insull, Jr., Young, Pecora and Glass.

trapped Mitchell into the admissions which led to his resignation from the vastly important National City Bank posts he held. He probed into the Insull collapse. He showed that J. P. Morgan & Company could make mistakes. Pecora was calm, considerate —and quite unawed. He dared to offer a joke—not a very good one, but still a joke—during the testimony of a Morgan partner.

"What about the Radio Corporation; I mean the Raddio Corporation?" he asked. The crowd smiled its appreciation of this reference to the pronunciation of Al Smith.

Pecora does lack the customary heavy dignity of the important lawyer. He wears quite ordinary business suits. He is well dressed, but no differently from a broker or a business man. Surrounded by Senators and financiers in the elaborate glass-chandeliered hearing-room, he seems one of the less important participants. For one thing, he is comparatively young, only fifty-one years old. His swarthy skin reveals his Sicilian birth. He has very black, wiry hair streaked with gray. His eyes are dark, too. A cigar thrusts itself from his rather thick lips as he shuffles papers just prior to one of the committee's sessions.

PECORA'S memory of his early years is dim. He was born on January 6, 1882, in a square stone house on the outskirts of Nicosia, a small city in Sicily. Recollection of one proud fact remains: his paternal grandfather, after whom Ferdinand Pecora was named, was one of Garibaldi's patriots. The father, Louis Pecora, was a skilled cabinet-maker and carpenter. But the scene changed very soon. Pecora's next recollection is of a tenement not far from the rumbling railroad on the lower West Side in New York. Louis Pecora decided in 1886 to try his luck in the land of opportunity across the sea. He had been in New York for a year, and his son, Ferdinand, was five years old when he sent for his family.

The dreams of prosperity never came true, possibly because so many children were born, and made the cost of living high for the Pecoras. The father found less demand for his carpentry in the United States, and he worked in a near-by shoe factory. Ferdy was sent to the public school around the corner; and he worked, in the approved rags-to-riches manner, before classes started in the morning and after the final recess in the afternoon. It cannot be denied that he was an almost offensively model youth (particularly for a youth destined for Tammany Hall), a veritable Alger hero. He arose, when only ten years old, at four-thirty in the morning and helped a milkman on his route. In the evenings he delivered newspapers. He was also religious. His father had been converted in the wave of Anglicism which swept Italy, and the family joined the Episcopal Church in the neighborhood. Ferdy went to Sunday school with great regularity, and impressed himself favorably on the rector.

Today Pecora speaks, even in ordinary conversation, in sonorous, rounded, swinging sentences. Perhaps he did so as a boy also, and therefore seemed qualified for the pulpit. The rector thought so, at all events, and told young Ferdy that he must enter the ministry. He felt no call to the church; but when he had been graduated from the grammar grades and had taken two years of high-school work, he meekly accepted a scholarship for St. Stephen's College up on the Hudson River. This was a training-school for the General Theological Seminary. After a year, however, Pecora concluded that he would make a better lawyer than preacher, and withdrew. There was no money, and the only legal training available was as a junior clerk in a law-office. It was not until 1910 that Pecora had completed the course at New York Law School and had been admitted to the bar. In that same year he was married to Miss Florence Waterman, and moved to Washington Heights in uptown Manhattan.

AT about this time Pecora became interested in politics. He had cast his first Presidential ballot for Theodore Roosevelt in 1904; and in 1912 he allied himself with this earlier Rooseveltian New Deal. He made a Bull Moose campaign speech or two. When Roosevelt deserted the Progressive cause in 1916, he was bitterly disappointed and threw his support to Woodrow Wilson. At the same time, however, he abandoned active participation in national politics. Young men seeking public careers in New York prosper best when they join Tammany Hall. By 1917 Pecora was an organization politician, and he has remained so, to a greater or less degree, ever since. He spoke at rallies in behalf of John F. Hylan, the Tammany mayoralty candidate who was opposed by the city's intelligent majority. But the Tiger rewards the faithful. After Tammany had swept the town, Pecora was made an assistant in the District Attorney's office at four thousand dollars a year.

Normally this is a grubby job. The assistants appear in the police-courts to prosecute pickpockets and other petty offenders. Pecora was really a first-class lawyer, however, and before long District Attorney Swann, his chief, was leaning heavily on him. His name was in the headlines a good deal. He had, even then, no undue respect for personages of prominence. One of his first important assignments was an inquiry into some bond-purchases by the State Comptroller's office. The Comptroller, called to the witness stand, was a distinguished politician; and he was perhaps a shade patronizing toward the assistant district attorney. He became annoyed when Pecora questioned him in a rather sharp voice.

"Why do you shout at me?" he demanded.

"Because you exasperate me by your apparent denseness," retorted Pecora.

Promotions came quickly. By November, 1920, Pecora was a deputy assistant with a salary of six thousand five hundred dollars. By 1923 he was Chief Assistant, and for the next six years he virtually ran the prosecutor's office in New York. It was a vast machine; New York has the biggest crooks as well as the biggest buildings. Pecora had his share of juicy cases, and they warmed the heart of a young prosecutor seeking to get along in the world. The Acting District Attorney was a ten-day hero when William H. Anderson, former State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, was charged with making a false entry in the books of the League. The conviction of Anderson was widely applauded in the town; the wicked people of New York were already weary of Prohibition, and they blamed the dry leader, not without reason, for their woes.

At this point Pecora was initiated into finance. He put almost one hundred bucket-shops out of business. Then a bank failure or two occurred. The failures were clearly due to law-violations, and Pecora prosecuted vigorously. He sent a State Superintendent of Banks to jail. He proceeded against officers of the banks and sent several of them to the penitentiary. All this redounded to Pecora's credit. There seemed no reason why he would not be nominated for District Attorney in 1929. It looked very much as though Pecora had permanently cast his lot with Tammany Hall.

BUT luck was against him. He had been forced to undertake prosecutions which the Wigwam could not forgive. Three or four years earlier, a scandal relative to the city's milk-supply had arisen. The milk was impure; it was not properly inspected. The responsible officials were, in several instances, members of Tammany Hall, in high standing and Pecora brought action against them, notwithstanding. One milk-inspector received a twenty-year sentence for taking bribes. Others were indicted. When, late in 1929, Tammany's strategists selected a candidate for District Attorney, Pecora found himself out in the cold. He was very much chagrined, and resigned his office to enter private practice.

"I was disappointed then," he has admitted to friends. "Now I realize that it was the best thing that ever happened to me."

The market crash of 1929 inspired the Senate investigation, and it was originally limited to that catastrophe. Toward the end of 1932 the committee's powers were broadened. Authority was given by Congress for inquiry into banks, holding companies, investment trusts and all the other aspects of modern financing. But the work was drifting rather aimlessly when Pecora was appointed as counsel. President Hoover was still in office, and the old Congress was droning along toward the lame-duck destiny which awaited it. No one knew precisely what attitude President-elect Roosevelt would take.

The next item on the calendar was the collapse of the Insull utility empire. After several weeks of preparation Pecora plunged into this. The elder Insull was sunning himself in Greece and resisting efforts at extradition. Samuel Insull, Jr., was put on the stand to tell what he knew. The most interesting testimony came from Owen D. Young. Mr. Young confessed that the complexity of modern financing was such that the average stockholder did not have the faintest chance of understanding the corporation of which he was part owner. He admitted that he had himself placed too much faith in the elder Insull. Even Owen Young, the country learned through this testimony, had been influenced by the contagion of bullish speculation which had permeated America in 1929. He had given way to undue optimism.

All this was preliminary to Pecora's real goal. He was going after banks, public and private, and protests arose to the effect that the banking situation was bad enough. Why rock the boat?

"I don't see how you can rock a boat which already is seven-eighths submerged," Pecora answered, and went on with his work.

On February 21st he called Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of the National City Bank, to the stand. He had already questioned the banker privately, but had given no intimation that income-tax payments were to be part of the examination. Mitchell had not been in the witness-chair long before Pecora asked quietly

Healthy—and ready to prove it!

The surplus energy of a vigorous, well-fed child is always eager to explode into action. It's a sure sign that all's well and normal. And when that child sits down at the home table, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is certain to be a big favorite. Children are especially keen for pleasing flavors. They just "go for" the delicious goodness of Campbell's Vegetable Soup with its 15 fine garden vegetables cooked in rich beef broth.

Of course, the youngsters do not realize how beneficial this hearty soup is—they only know it tastes good. But to the careful and anxious mother, such a wholesome hunger-satisfying soup for the children is a comfort indeed. Especially since it is Campbell's—the soup always trusted for *assured* Quality!

EAT SOUP AND KEEP WELL

With eagle eye on every play,
I'll keep it going straight—
And after that my goal will be
Some Campbell's on a plate!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

21 kinds to choose from...

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Bean
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Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

10 cents a can

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

"I DO ENJOY SMOKING A CAMEL ___"

MRS. HAMILTON FISH, JR.

■ Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr. is as popular in New York as in Washington. For generations the Fish family have had their beautiful estates at Garrison, New York. In Washington, while Congress is in session, her lovely house, with its ancestral portraits, is full of brilliant and astute conversation. Dinner at her table, with its exquisite Early American amber glass, her asparagus with eggs Hollandaise, lives in the memory of many a foreign diplomat. Camels are always served. In the summer she goes to Murray Bay, Canada and plays golf.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

"My debutante daughter really taught me to smoke—and I do thoroughly enjoy smoking a Camel with her," Mrs. Fish says. "The flavor is so smooth and rich and they are very mild without being flat. I don't tire of their taste. When my two younger children grow up and start to smoke, Camels will probably be their cigarette, too."

The choicer tobaccos in Camels do give you that milder, cooler smoke people enjoy so. And even if you smoke a great deal, Camels never get on your nerves. Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

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whether he had sold eighteen thousand shares of National City stock at a loss of almost three million dollars. He had, said Mitchell.

"That loss," Pecora asked softly, "enabled you to avoid payment of any income-tax for that year?"

"Yes sir," answered the witness.

On this admission, as amplified, Mitchell was indicted and ultimately acquitted of income-tax evasion. He resigned as chairman of the National City; and this was followed, in due course, by the resignation of Hugh B. Baker, President of the National City Company. These were the most sensational but not, from a longer viewpoint, the most important aspects of the National City inquiry. Pecora's questioning disclosed that the bank had made loans of two million four hundred thousand dollars to its own officers in the black weeks of 1929. The purpose of them was to enable the officers to protect their purchases of National City stock; no security was required, and only five per cent of the loans had been repaid. But customers holding stocks on margin during those weeks had been ruthlessly sold out; and employees, it was admitted, were still paying by salary deductions for bank stock bought at from two hundred to two hundred and twenty dollars in 1929.

Pecora admits that it is impossible for the Senate to examine all of the tangled aspects of American finance. His purpose has been, instead, to focus attention on typical abuses. He wanted to show how one of the largest banks functioned during the market crash; he did so in putting Mitchell and the other National City officials through their paces. He wanted to prove that vast holes mar the income-tax laws; he did so when he disclosed that Mr. Morgan had paid no income-tax to the United States in 1931 or 1932, although the more stringent laws of Great Britain had required him to remit to that country.

Pecora was eager to lay bare the corporate mazes which have been created by the organization of holding companies; he did so in the Insull matter, and when he questioned the Morgan partners about their sponsorship of the Allegheny Corporation, which was formed to acquire railroad securities. Most of all, Pecora wanted to demonstrate that the existing corporate system makes possible control of wealth by a very few men. He feels that he did this repeatedly. Ownership of American industry, as represented by the holders of the common stock, is now far removed from the management of industry. And behind this fact may lie one of the causes of the depression.

The work is far from finished. Pecora took a brief vacation when the committee recessed in July. He then plunged, with his staff, into arduous preparations for resumption of the hearings which took place in October, for the investigation of the New York Stock Exchange, such large security houses as Dillon, Read & Company, and the Chase Securities Company, and the operations of one or two of the largest investment trusts.

This policy of constructive decorum is in harmony with the second phase of Pecora's own career. A city prosecutor, and especially a Tammany city prosecutor, is primarily interested in headlines and sensations. Thus lies advancement. Convict a particularly notorious criminal, and you may become mayor or even governor of the State. But Pecora, today, has a broader viewpoint. He seeks, even if subconsciously, a more lasting fame. And the path to it is through substantial achievement.

FORGOTTEN MANSLAUGHTER

(Continued from page 25)

Newsy makes good, not only in introducing his song, but reams of other hoop-la into the columns of the press.

The way he works it up, you'd think Canvasback was the American people, and every opponent represented Depression. Once Kelly registers a win, the corner'll be turned, business'll pick itself up, Lizzie Gesitz'll pay the doctor for her last baby, and blondes'll be pulled out of circulation, according to Nolan.

As for Canvasback, he keeps plugging away in the gym, as if it mattered. Under instructions, the work-out boys are giving him the run-around, showing him how to do everything except how to remain conscious.

A few days before the mill Canvasback arrives at the club, looking particularly seedy and sullen. He says nothing; but later I get the low-down on his grievance: Bertha, who's been calling for him regularly at knocking-off time, doesn't show that evening.

"Kelly's gal given him the works too?" I asks Nolan, when next I sees him.

"Yeh," he replies. "The friendship has ripened into apathy—on her part, at any rate."

"Too bad," says I, feeling a bit sorry for the kid. "He's at least entitled to an apple from the bottom of the barrel."

"Don't you even let yourself think that," puts in Newsy quickly. "The more he suffers, the more sympathy he'll get from his fellow-sufferers. Here he is,—the American people,—deprived not only of the fruits of success, but of his beloved. Yet he keeps on struggling. What a situation! What a *Weltschmerz!*"

"German for a pain in the neck?" I inquires.

"German for a pain in the body politic," explains Nolan. "You must remember, feller, Canvasback's not a mere slugger—he's a symbol. He's a universal something that crushed to the earth will rise again. Would it surprise you to learn," goes on Newsy, "that Bertha has taken up with Mugs McGillicuddy?"

"Not a damn' bit," says I; "and it wouldn't surprise me to learn that you engineered the introduction. Haven't you a heart?"

"I have," returns Nolan; "but where do you think I found it the last time I looked for it?"

"In an organized charity," I offers.

"No," says Newsy, grinning. "I found it in my work."

WITH the added grudge angle, Nolan turns himself high and wide on the public prints. Kelly can barely read, and certainly not enough to get the tongue-in-the-cheek stuff between the lines; but his self-importance goes on apace with the growth of space.

"The fans is sure rootin' for me," says he, glowing from an inspection of his tintype in a tabloid.

"Why shouldn't they?" I shrugs. "You're a symbol, you know."

"So I seen," grumbles Canvasback; "but why've I got to be a symbol? Aint bein' Irish good enough?"

"Being Irish," I assures him, feeling in the mood for a fling, "is good enough for anybody, including folks born in Ireland. Lithuanian infants cry for the privilege; but they rarely succeed in becoming Irish. It's not a matter of geography; it's a gift. But, and I say but advisedly—I may say it advisedly, may I not?"

"Oh, sure," grunts Kelly. "It aint no skin off my pink toes how you says it."

"Well," I goes on, "the point I want to make is that you are not fighting McGillicuddy, but—"

"The tramp run out on me?" cuts in Canvasback excitedly.

"Not McGillicuddy," I resumes, "but fighting for the 'forgotten man,' the bleeding masses and the love of a pure girl."

"Girl's right!" snarls Kelly. "I'll break him in two for what he done to me with Bertha."

"How'd you lose her?" I asks. "On points?"

"Naw," says Canvasback; "they wasn't no fight. Nolan took Bertha over to Melody's place just to show her the bum I was goin' to beat up for her. Mugs must of told her some lies, because when I sees her again, she won't talk to me or even kiss me no more. So I ups and gives her the 'raus. I don't have to take nothin' from no Heinie from out a box-factory, who aint even got no job."

"I should hope not," I returns warmly. "As a symbol you'll have society twists crying themselves to sleep over you."

"That's all right," comes back Kelly. "But I don't like the cryin' kind. Bertha was always cryin'—always losin' somethin', and always cryin'."

"And now," I remarks, "she's lost you."

"Yeh," says Canvasback; "but after I smears up McGillicuddy, maybe I'll give her another chancet. She aint such a pain in the pan when you comes to think of it, and not havin' no job or no folks or nothin', and me being a kind-hearted Larry—"

"Spoken like a true Galahad," I interrupts, to saw him off.

"Who's he?" inquires Kelly. "Another symbol?"

That's enough party for me, and I sends Kelly back to the gym to learn some more ways of keeping his jaw unprotected. Though the stupe of stupes, there's something about the kid's helplessness that gets to me, which accounts for a line I pulls on Nolan and the Slicker when we gets together that afternoon for a final publicity plug.

"Far be it from me to ice a fight," says I; "but how'd it be to let Kelly tumble Mugs for the count tomorrow night?"

"What!" howl the two as one.

"I figure it this way," I continues: "The house is sold out, and since Canvasback's bound to win a fracas eventually, why not let him do it before a gala mob, and as a top-off to Newsy's high-powered press stuff? Besides, if we wait much longer, business is likely to stop bleeding and start fighting again without the help of Kelly, thus making a sap out of him as a symbol. Kidding aside, though—"

"Nerts," cuts in Nolan. "Once Kelly wins, he's through and went. His only charm is his unbroken record of *'K. O.'s by'*. And don't worry about the publicity petering out. I am even now mixing up a mess of pottage for the press that'll pull paretics out of their wheel-chairs to see the next fuss. . . . What do you say, Melody?"

"I'm ag'in' a win for Canvasback," returns the Slicker. "But," he adds gloomily, "he may cop, at that. McGillicuddy's hog-fat and hasn't done enough work in the last week to keep his blood in circulation. Does the ruckus have to last five rounds?"

"It should," declares Newsy. "The patrons of the game should be given enough time to hope for the best and prepare for the worst. Besides, I've bet my half-interest in my other shirt that Kelly'll remain vertical for more than four."

"Too bad," says Melody. "Mugs might be too weary to deliver the singing birds at that point."

"Don't worry," I puts in. "Canvasback's been too well-trained to put any difficulties in McGillicuddy's way. The button'll be there to push—when, as and in spite of."

"Fixed?" asks the Slicker.

"Nope," I replies. "Kelly's too thick between the ears to be anything but honest; but he's been carefully coached to expose his vulnerables in the most enticing way. Mugs'll need neither wind nor vigor to put over the one-to-ten inclusive. Sorry," I goes on, "but I guess another K. O.'s in the cards for Canvasback."

"Pretty soon," promises Newsy, "we'll let Kelly win; but we'll time it with a revival in business. Get the idea?"

"Yeh," I returns; "but what keeps me counting sheep is wondering whether a business revival depends on Kelly's winning, or Kelly's winning depends on a revival of business."

"That's what all the talk's about over curates' teacups," remarks Nolan. "Personally, I believe there's a great deal to be said on neither side of the question, and I'm the boy who'll see that it's said."

NEWSY'S sure hopped up a house for the fracas with McGillicuddy. Before the first preliminary's run off, room on the rafters is selling at a premium. There's a main go carded between a couple of near champs, but it's obvious that the turn-out's for Canvasback.

Shortly before he's called on to perform, I drops back into his dressing-room. I finds him bright and chipper.

"Keep this for me," says he, digging into his pants pocket and fetching out a small box. "It's one of them there solitary rings for Bertha."

"Oh, yeh?" I exclaims. "You and she thick again?"

"I aint seen her since she went over to meet Mugs," he answers, "but after I mess up McGillicuddy, I'll whistle for her and she'll come a-running quick enough."

"I see," says I. "So you're going to endow her with all your worldly goods and make an honest woman of her."

"She's honest enough now," declares Canvasback. "You aint heard nothin' about her stealin' nothin', have you?"

"Not a whisper," I assures him. "But tell me—what makes you so certain you'll lick McGillicuddy?"

"It's in the box and blanketed," asserts Kelly. "Them boys of yourn put me up to a lotta slick tricks; and besides that, I seen a fortune-teller yesterday."

"Yeh," says I; "and what'd she drag out of the future for you?"

"She looked into a glass ball," returns Canvasback, "and told me she seen a bozo with black hair stretched out on the ground. Mugs has got black hair."

"So have you," I point out. "Even blacker. What makes you think Madam Thebes didn't see you rubbing rosin into your hair?"

"Say," comes back Kelly, indignant, "you don't think she'd take my jack and tell me I was goin' to be knocked out, do you?"

"I guess not," I gives up. "Get yourself ready, kid. You'll be wanted in the shambles pretty soon."

Walking back into the arena, I pipes Bertha in a ringside seat. Under the arcs she looks even bleaker than in daylight, which is a trifle bleaker than an albino with anemia. I passes her up and marches myself to where the Slicker's squatting. He's no ray of sunshine dancing on a dewdrop, either.

"How's your boy?" I asks.

"Well," replies Melody, "if he was fighting anybody but that two-leaf clover of yours, I'd take half of all bets against him and pay a bonus for the privilege."

McGillicuddy's appearance, as he climbs through the ropes, seems to me hardly to justify Melody's depression. The pug's a bit thicker about the belt than is customary among sylphs of the better sort, but he looks good enough to jolt Canvasback loose from his feet, without the help of the Kelly jinx. My boy follows Mugs into the ring on a wild wave of applause.

"Remember, feller," says I in conclusion, "the country's counting on you."

"The hell they is," snaps Canvasback. "Nobody aint countin' on me tonight. Any countin' they is'll be done on McGillicuddy."

Then the bell!

Kelly goes right after his man, but it's a cinch for Mugs to sidestep the rushes and slap over a few on his own account. None of the wallops is anywhere near the sleep-centers, and of course isn't intended to be. There's little real action in the round and it ends with no more damage than is done in Jacksonville by a heavy snowfall in Cheyenne. However, Mugs' breath comes quicker than the exertion warrants, a thought that the Slicker shares with me.

"Better let us finish it before the fifth," he whispers to me and Nolan; but Newsy's wrapped up in his wager, and I too am inclined to give the gang a run for their rupees.

In the second session Canvasback continues his untamed tiger tactics, and McGillicuddy holds him off only with increasing difficulty. In fact, he becomes so chagrined with the situation that he momentarily forgets his orders and bangs one into Kelly's button that rocks the boy on his heels against the ropes. Canvasback manages, though, to keep his pins pasted to the cloth, and gets to his corner all in a piece. But Mugs is having a tough time supplying his own demand for oxygen.

The third and fourth are stalling affairs on McGillicuddy's part—Melody's fast-tiring baby using everything he has to keep Kelly in check until the scheduled moment for sending him to bed; but towards the very close of the canto, real action arrives, and when least expected.

Canvasback lets loose a wild swing, a swing so wild that even a concrete silo could've weaved away from it; but the breaks are at last with Kelly: Mugs, who's just ducked one swing, comes up exactly in time to get the full force of the second one flush on the point. A look of childlike surprise swims into his eyes; the knees buckle, and McGillicuddy falls on his face.

"My Gawd!" I exclaims. "Prosperity's around the corner. —No," I adds, as the count begins, "it's here!"

The expressions of Nolan and Melody are studies in dazes as the referee goes on with the toll. I glances over toward Bertha. Her pan's as blank as usual.

"Here," says I, reaching for Kelly's ring and tossing it into her lap. "From Canvasback to you, *via* me."

BUT the pay-off's not yet. At the count of eight the bell rings for the end of the round, and McGillicuddy's lugged off to his stool. Every remedy, from ammonia to his mother's memory, is tried in an effort to bring him back to life and its responsibilities; but as far as I can judge, to no avail. Even Newsy and the Slicker are without the slightest hope of a comeback.

At the call of the fifth, though, Mugs reels from his roost and wabbles toward the center of the ring, his arms at his side and his knees in a jellyfish roll. There are cries of "Stop it!" from the crowd; and the referee seems about to act, when Canvasback, in a crouch, comes roaring across the ring. Sheerly from weakness, Mugs staggers off to one side, but Kelly's moving much too fast to stop himself. Headlong, he plunges past McGillicuddy, and cracks his dome bang against the ring-post in Mugs' corner. Then he slides to the ground like a sack of sand.

"I'm damned!" gasps Nolan. "He's knocked himself out!"

And so he has. McGillicuddy's still on his wavering feet when one of my bucket-toters drags Canvasback through the ropes. Not a word passes between Newsy, Melody and myself. We're too choked up with laughing. Walking toward the entrance, I passes Bertha. She's slowly removing a ring from her finger.

Outside, we're brought back to the realities by newsboys shouting an extra. Nolan grabs one, and over his shoulder I reads:

ROOSEVELT TAKES COUNTRY OFF
GOLD STANDARD

"After that in there," I remarks, with a shrug, "what else could he do?"

"He had suffered for years from BOILS"

explains DR. BLUMANN *of Berlin*

DR. BLUMANN is Surgeon-in-Chief of the famous Buelow Hospital in Berlin. He is a specialist in internal medicine.

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"Mr. S., student, 21 years old. Suffered for years from furunculosis (boils). I prescribed yeast. In 8 days the boils started to heal. In four weeks they had disappeared . . . The patient's health steadily improved."

(Dr. Ernst Ludwig Blumann)

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"I had started in the airplane supply business," ***writes*** **H. G. Gordon,** ***of Toronto.*** **"Started work at eight—often still going at midnight. Soon I was tired. Then . . . pimples, boils!**

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LIFE SENTENCE

(Continued from page 15)

"You'll get used to it," Kirby told him. "Miss Eppley has taken to Havana cigars; that's the difficulty. Open your mouth and breathe through your fins, and you'll be all right. Leave the door open a crack too. Just a crack; I'm not on exhibition."

Gorton adjusted the door. "Aside from the Eppley," he said, "who's been here? Everybody?"

"Just about." They sat and smoked in silence for a time. "I'll be leaving here in a day or two," said Kirby presently, "and I have a hunch I'll go on a cruise."

"A cruise!" Gorton, lying on the end of his spine in a deep chair, started. "The idea being—"

"Oh, I don't know. Why not?"

"Business. The old nose to the grindstone, and so on."

"I'd make money if I closed the office. Save on overhead." He frowned, and twitched at the counterpane. "Fact is, I'm fed up. Fed up with the crowd and a lot of things. Thought I'd blow up when they were here this afternoon."

"Developing nerves, old kid." Gorton sighed. He had known Dick Kirby for years—had been a partner to his thoughts, had watched his marriage to Beatrice Nash collapse, and with it Dick's illusions about marriage. Had seen his friend set himself up once more as a bachelor-about-town who found life pleasant, who knew enough to watch out for entanglements, and had established plenty of inhibitions. But Trow Gorton did not understand Dick Kirby in this mood. No use, however, prodding him with questions—Dick made up his mind pleasantly and obstinately, without reference to anyone else as to what he was going to do.

So they exchanged no confidences; and when Mary Trimble came in with a supper-tray, Gorton stood up idly and watched her as she placed it before her patient. Kirby did not look up. He twisted a match-folder in his fingers.

"Gosh, you keep nursery hours," said Gorton casually. "It's only six." And then his eyes changed expression, for he saw that neither of these two had heard him. They weren't looking at each other, nor speaking. But it was as though each was so intensely aware of the other that the rest of the world was wiped out. And Gorton, looking at the girl with new eyes, saw that she was beautiful and kind and eager, and that everything about her seemed to be alight with life. And something was strangely, subtly present in the room, very near and very far away. His glance went back to his friend; and he knew then, with that absolute certainty about unspoken things which is the bond between men who don't talk much.

"A lovely girl," he said, when Mary Trimble had left the room. And he realized that those two would have fallen in love with each other instantly, anywhere, under any conditions.

"Nice eyes," said Mr. Kirby, sipping bouillon. "This stuff is just about right for very debilitated old ladies."

"So that's the reason for the cruise," said Gorton, not moving in his chair.

Then Dick Kirby broke a roll as though he hated rolls. "It is," he said, through his teeth. And Trowbridge Gorton saw that he was afraid—saw the panic in a man who once had married for love, and that failing, had taken care that no such thing should happen to him again, ever.

"Looks to me like a darned sweet kid," Trow said as if it were of no importance. "Why don't you up and marry her?"

"She might have ideas of her own as to that."

"Wouldn't hurt to find out."

"They've left the salt off my tray," said Dick. He put down his soup-spoon. "Marry! If ever I fall for *that* again, put me in a padded cell. Can you think of a sane bird's letting himself in for it *twice?*"

"Easily," said Gorton equably. "Just because you got off on the left foot once—"

"Spare us the harrowing details," said Dick. His words fell from his lips clear and cool, showing none of the signs of his memory of the agonies of his marriage, its searing humiliations. "I wrote that movie myself, remember; and it saddens me."

"All right, old boy, keep on being the village idiot." Gorton shrugged. "Still—"

"Still nothing," said Kirby. "I'm through!" It was hopeless to try to show Gorton how he felt about it, how he knew he had made a mess of his marriage; but he knew, too, that so did most persons. Not because they wanted to, poor devils, but because they couldn't help it. You went mad over some one, hung dreams all over them, like bathing-suits on a line, and then got sore and hurt because the dreams faded. "No," he said, "no life-sentence for me!" The glamorous yet poisonous frail flower called marrying-for-love which held within itself the seed of destruction for two lives, would never again deceive him!

"You'd be happy with this girl," said Gorton judicially. "She has sense." He stretched out his legs. "Not that you're such a prize. But you've all your hair and teeth, and she might be able to put up with you. Women have wonderful natures."

"Yes, she's a grand girl. If we got together, we ought to be able to create a nice cozy hell for ourselves, with a license and a minister."

"You're the damnedest ass," said Gorton affectionately, comprehending perfectly that ever since the break-up of a marriage on which he had banked everything, Kirby had been suspended in a kind of wintry trance from which now, because of this clear-eyed and lovely nurse, he was awakening into pain. "Honey, you is a fool, fo' real." He unhooked his long legs and rose to examine Kirby's tray. "Ritzy food they serve in this emporium," he observed, withdrawing from further discussion.

He liked Kirby better than any other man he knew; but their domestic lives were as separate as the poles. Gorton's quiet existence was with a woman of humor and dignity and charm who made, without fuss or feathers, a refuge for her husband and her two children. No slough of sodden domesticity was there, but a cool breeze of good sense and affection and character sweeping through it, making an atmosphere in which a man could rest and breathe and grow. Trowbridge Gorton had watched with silent dismay the chaos that Beatrice Kirby had managed to create for Dick, blasting her way through his present and his future, violent about all the things which were not vital to success or to his happiness, unaware or disdainful of the things that were.

There had been times when he felt that he must interfere, and of course he had done nothing, because there is nothing that one can do. So he looked at Dick now with concern that was real under his air of lightness, at this Dick who was the most tolerant of men, so tolerant, so humorous by nature, that it had taken Beatrice seven years to destroy him.

"Well, I've got to be shaking a leg," he said, consulting his watch. He made for the partly open door. "Don't try to convince yourself that you're not in love with Miss Trimble," he said. "You're sunk." With which parting shot he closed the door on the man whose hatred of marriage was the fixed point around which his life revolved—and himself ran into the silent and delightful figure of Mary Trimble. She was standing there with a small tray on which stood a salt-cellar, and he had to admire the way she did not change color, though he was convinced that she had been eavesdropping.

It was the continuance of her lovely serenity that made him mumble, in some embarrassment, as he disentangled himself: "Oh, Miss Trimble, how nice to run into you!" And there can have been no being since the world began less flustered than Mary Trimble as she looked back at him and said she was just returning with salt for Mr. Kirby.

"Don't bother," said Trowbridge Gorton, looking at her curiously. "I found some on the dresser." He hadn't, of course; but he realized that here was some one he could talk to. And now he went straight at the heart of the matter, for he knew that in certain situations it is better to treat the truth rather like the New York Central Building, which is easier to walk through than around.

"It so happens," he said, "that we were just talking about you." He pretended to be busy with his hat and stick, but he caught a glint of her expression, something like a smile, faint as mist.

"You were?" she said.

He liked that. He breathed freely with women who did not talk unnecessarily, who did not froth about, giving themselves and others away.

He glanced up and down the gaunt corridor. The view was not heartening, but somehow it lent itself to plain statements, to realities. His eyes came back to her direct, fearless face, with its skin like milk and its crystal-clear eyes. Here was some one you could talk to, whom you couldn't overrate. Her uniform was clean and fresh and uncompromising like the hospital. Like herself. It was a humble enough garment, really; but he liked what

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The mouth and throat are the breeding places for all sorts of diseases. Millions of germs grow and multiply there. Included among them are the four types associated with colds and sore throat.

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Careful tests, while not conclusive, have shown that regular twice a day users of Listerine caught fewer colds than those who did not use it.

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If you do feel a cold coming on, or your throat begins to bother you, increase the frequency of the gargle to once every three hours. Listerine so used will often check a cold before it becomes serious. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

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for
SORE THROATS

it stood for. He liked what this nurse was, and what she stood for. He took pleasure in her look of pride, in the slant of her lovely head and the fact that she was so little like the modish women we see illustrated on fashion pages. He felt fatherly toward her. The sweetest kind! Exactly what he hoped his own daughter would be like.

SHE smiled at him. You could see she liked him too, that these two understood each other; and perhaps something about him made her feel less lost, less strange in a world that had treated her strangely. "I heard every word you said," she told him candidly. "At first of course I didn't mean to; then I heard my name, and it seemed more important to listen than to worry about ethics." She stopped and looked at him, thinking about it. Dusk and a half-open door—and your whole life depending on it! "So important to us both," she murmured.

He was watching her carefully and repeated: "Both?" And it didn't seem odd that he continued: "You mean you love him?"

Nor was he surprised when she said simply, "Yes."

She was rather wonderful in her utter honesty, and he spent a moment reflecting on this before he said: "That is too bad. I'm sorry." It didn't occur to him as he said the words how much he meant them, but he had no sooner said them than he realized that he *should* be sorry, for there was no getting past that dogged obstinacy of Dick Kirby's. Dick was too obsessed with his horror of deep feeling, his fear of the hold of women, to give way.

"Sorry?" she asked. Patiently, it seemed to him, as though she were accustomed to the idea that things should be lost, somehow, before you reached them. And though he did not know anything about her other than what he could see, he knew there was pain and confusion lying in some dark corner of her life.

"It's no use, I mean," he said, not making it any easier for her. And he told her about Beatrice and what she had done to Richard Kirby. About the hurt she had caused him at the time, and the mess of fool notions with which she had endowed him. Mary Trimble kept her eyes on the floor as he talked. She would take no risk of disturbing by word or movement the man who was telling her what the woman who loved Richard Kirby should know.

"It is all so hopeless," she thought, and her heart bled for herself. "But is it?" she thought, and that question seemed to ring down the hall like trumpets.

Gorton had finished talking. He passed his hat through his fingers. "Well," he said, "that's the story. I don't know what you can do about it."

"I don't know, either." The severity, the peace of her expression broke into little-girl lines of distress. He stared at her lovely mouth, at her hands for the moment so helpless, holding the tray with the salt. It seemed to him most important to help her; but what could he do? "There's a lot of grabbing going on in this world all the time," he thought, "but she's not the kind to grab, and anyway, Dick Kirby won't *be* grabbed."

He held out his hand. "I'd like my wife to know you," he said. "She's not a bad sort. You ought to know each other. I'll have her drop in."

"Thanks." She watched him go down the hall and disappear. In the dim twilight her eyes looked washed in purple. She turned to the door of Richard Kirby's room. She looked at it a long time before she went in to take his tray.

"You didn't eat *anything*," she said slowly, across the ivory dishes flowered in pale blue. "Was there anything wrong? Would you like something else?"

"Everything's jake," Kirby replied. "Just wasn't hungry." How sweet she was, how desirable, standing there in her stiff uniform, holding the tray, so serious, so formal, so unapproachable! She had not turned on his lamp, and in the dimness of approaching evening she was like a light, a light in the old, old darkness. He looked away across the East River, where the Williamsburg Bridge stretched its chain of lighted beads upon the sky. A big yellow moon was climbing the towers of Brooklyn. Lights flashed proudly along the water-front, but in his room shadows clung like terror except where Mary Trimble stood.

"He's miserable," she thought. "His heart is aching like mine." And then her mind was blank. It was like the river outside when it seemed to cease its flowing and lay quiet without a ripple. She stood still. And he was wordless against his pillows, watching her. She thought harshly: "People have no right to look at one like that. As though their eyes could never turn away again. As though they were never going to be able to see anything else. So—so fateful!"

He loved her. She knew that. He knew it. Gorton knew it. And he wouldn't tell her so, because he was afraid—afraid of life, afraid to dare to be happy. Because he had once taken the gamble of marriage and had lost, he was to go through life desolatingly cautious—inhibited by a bland, prudent restraint that would keep him back always from any free outpouring of spirit. Something actual and real that should have swept him like a tide was to be locked away by a thin screen of cowardice, of vanity. For that was what it was, she told herself hotly. He would destroy his life, her life—for what? For the amazing, the colossal, the infuriating conceit of man that will not take a chance on being fooled more than once! She read that in his face, behind the love that was in it, the loneliness and pain.

"What nonsense," she thought, "so utterly silly!" While something that was her real self, that thinking, sensitive part that ordinarily clod-hops needlessly about the poised frailties of life seemed to pluck at her sleeve, to demand that she put down the tray. She stood then, free of physical encumbrances, and looked at Kirby—stood motionless in the feeling of beauty.

And suddenly she, who also had been afraid of life, whom Scott had made afraid, was so no longer. She saw, by some flash of intuition, that what was here between this man and herself was to last a lifetime. Dick held on to himself. If only he thought hard enough about Beatrice, he was safe. There was nothing to say to break this dangerous silence; so he said it. "Great view of the river at twilight," he said, tearing his eyes from hers.

"Isn't it!" Her laugh was sweet, a little rough. So he imagined he could do that to her! Supposed he had that right! But he hadn't. No one has the right to cheat another of his chance for happiness. "Even a woman ought to be allowed her day," she thought, and then every tinge of bitterness was drowned in her own comprehension of the situation. This man was entitled to be afraid! How could he dream what their lives might be like, that nothing on earth could be so marvelous as their years could be together? The poor lamb, what cause had he to surmise that marriage could be the heavenly thing they two could make it?

She moved toward him, and her eyes were shining with tenderness. "Poor Witless!" she whispered. "I do despise you for a prize fat-head." She leaned over him, and her laugh was like bells across the twilight. "Mr. Caspar Milquetoast in the flesh," she said, "I am about to kiss you."

HE wanted to turn his face to the wall but could not; so her lips met his, and her loveliness bewitched him, and he was like a madman in a trance. Even after she had straightened up and stood, shining white in the milky-gray dimness, that magic continued while her eyes gleamed trustfully down at him. Caught up by emotion, he gazed at her, and it seemed that he was a man entirely lost. His hand reached out, like that of one drowning, for cigarettes, and closed on the onyx case that Beatrice had given him those years ago when they were first married and he had believed in love; before he knew for sure that everything passes, and that a man is a fool who lets himself have faith. That case had a voice of its own. It saved him—laughed up at him, black, tinkling city-laughter, that said: "Where's your sense of humor, my young friend?"

Holding the case lightly, he opened it, took out a cigarette and struck a match. Mary Trimble saw the light flare on his face. It was a truthful face, with good gray eyes; but the eyes had retreated into watchfulness, had barred themselves against folly. The man she had kissed

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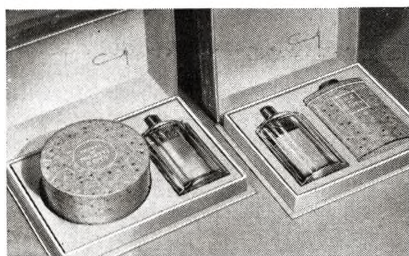
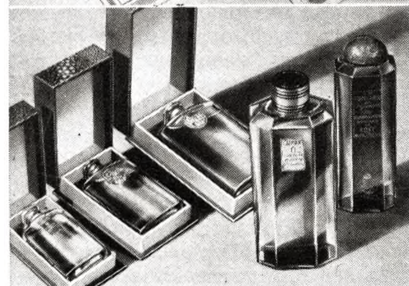
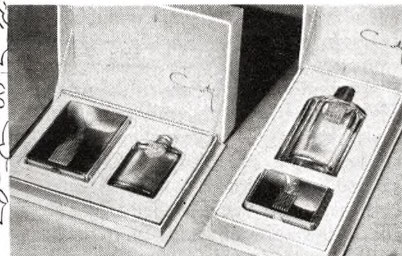
A Sparkling CHOICE FOR Scintillant FOLK

For those smart bath-rooms—Coty creates new *Bath Ensembles* in lovely water-lily boxes. *Dusting Powder* with *Toilet Water*—$2.75; *Toilet Water* with *Talc* (in dainty metal container)—$2.25. Cool blue tones, with leaf traceries. (Below)





Just created—*gold-toned Compacts*, handsome new designs, inlaid and flanged with "turquoise" or "vermilion". *Double Compact* with new half-ounce *Perfume*—choice of odeurs—$4.25. *Coty Toilet Water*, with *Single Compact*—$2.



BRIGHT people recognize brightness in their friends. And they *send* the sort of *gifts* that they'd be glad themselves to *receive*—exquisite Perfumes, Compacts, Purse Ensembles, Soaps, Manicure Sets, Toilet Water—*signed with the name that means quality.* Nothing more lovely has ever been created than Coty's gold-and-ivory-toned gift boxes. In selecting them you honor yourself and friends!

Coty

In her hand, Coty's "Diadème"—5 odeurs—$10

Perfumes make perfect gifts—especially *Coty Perfumes*, where even the small sizes look luxurious. One ounce, $4.15; half-ounce, $2.20; quarter-ounce, $1.10. *Fernery at Twilight*—Coty's newest odeur, $10; *L'Aimant*—glamorous, sunny, $14.30. (Above)

New! Fragrant Ensembles—center panel. De luxe box of Coty Face Powder, vermilion-footed; generous new bottle of *Toilet Water*—$2.50. The next Set unites de luxe Face Powder with *Coty Talc*, in frosted glass, and the new half-ounce of *Perfume*—$4.85.

Gold-toned Purse Ensemble—new (at center)—*Purse Perfume Holder, Single Compact*, and *Round Lipstick*. Amazing value—three piece set—$3.75. Also, new gold-toned *Double Compact* with special *Toilet Water*, capped in color—the set—$3.

Fragrance carries through the Coty Gift Box above, with frosted bottle of *Talc*, de luxe box of Face Powder, flacon of *Toilet Water* and gilt-capped, crystal bottle of *Perfume*—$10. *Travel Manicure Kit*, $3.50. Other complete Manicure Sets, $3, $4, $5.

was not this man with the eyes, wide-apart, deep-set, now narrowed for observation and giving his sensitive mouth no encouragement whatever.

"But I *know* he loves me," she assured herself with a feeling of hollowness beneath her white starch, that sense of sinking that fear gives. She was silent, and it would not have occurred to anyone now to think whether her face was pretty or not—there were too many things going on in it for that—though what they were, Richard Kirby could not have said. He watched her pick up the tray and move toward the door. He kept on smoking, and steeling himself—by a deliberate process of reasoning and of recalling what Beatrice had done to him. He must not let down his defenses. Better to hurt her for a little than to hurt her forever. Better to let her go, sick with indignation or shame, perhaps, or else with her lips smiling a little curling smile of contempt. Contempt! "Well, all right," he thought, wincing, "let it go at that!" Anything was better than to make a move. His lips, which had parted for speech, closed; his teeth clicked; his jaw hardened. Never again would anything be so hard for him. He was avoiding marriage, capitulation; if he could carry it through, he had proved himself invulnerable.

Mary rested the tray against the wall, opened the door, held it so with the toe of her shoe. She turned and looked at him, and an understanding of him and of herself seemed to have been born in a wiser part of her than her mind. It showed in her face. Doggedly and bravely she smiled at him, as human beings do when they are sturdy enough to look facts in the face. She said nothing, but went out.

Clasping his good sense to him, he took several deep, calm, unflinching pulls on his cigarette as the door swung to. "And she didn't even turn on the lights," he said aloud, after a while, bitterly, as if this neglect were the head and front of the girl's offending. But that was not mainly what he was thinking. What he was thinking, foolishly enough, was that now everything was gone. Everything! Nothing ahead but a lifetime of freedom and safety, of good times, and of negation of worry and pain. That was what he had now; and he looked out the window, and the wine of accomplishment was flat.

Flat! But only for the time, he told himself. "In a few weeks," he assured himself, "I'll be thanking heaven I kept my head. This sort of thing is bound to happen. It means nothing, net."

HE was sitting in the dark thinking how things meant nothing, when the night nurse came on. So Mary Trimble was gone off duty; well, that was fine. The routine of night went on; the interne making rounds; Pratt the orderly appearing silently, and as silently fading away. When they had all gone, he put out his light and closed his eyes, still thinking that things meant nothing. He was determined to be pleased with himself, with his way of following a course long planned, his manner of going the whole route with beautiful patience. His patience must keep his eyes closed, must send him to sleep.

But something happened to his patience. It failed him. And when he opened his eyes, Mary Trimble was standing beside his bed. The night, soft and still, filled his room, and Mary Trimble was standing beside his bed. He blinked and stared in the darkness. He had lost his mind; he was dreaming: when a nurse went off duty in this institution, she stayed off; she did not come back into a man's room—she wouldn't dare. She would be discovered and dismissed, disgraced throughout the length and breadth of nursing circles. So that was why he knew his mind now was prey to the most fatuous imaginings. So Richard Kirby stared and blinked. The night was warm and fragrant. It was a night for dreams and silence.

BUT the silence retreated, for Mary Trimble's voice was speaking. It was saying: "Darling, darling, don't you think you are too crazy!"

And he, fully aware that he was not dreaming, was sitting up in horror. He said: "Am *I* crazy? What is it? Why can't you leave me alone?" And suddenly, seen from that aspect, they both seemed insane. And then he was saying: "But you must get out of here! Listen. This is terrible! What will happen if they find you?" And he was leaning over, shaking her with his good arm, hurting her.

"I don't *care,*" she said savagely. "I don't care *what* they think. Don't you see that what is between us is the only thing that matters?"

"For the love of heaven, listen! You can't come in here! You must go." But it was no use. No use pretending, no use trying to talk. For the thing was that she was there, that he loved her, that she loved him. No use to remind himself that it could come to nothing, that he would not let it come to anything. For here she was beside him. He looked at her in reverence and wonder, because no human being could be so beautiful. She sat on the edge of the bed and said: "Dare to tell me that you do not love me."

He couldn't; he couldn't lie. He thought of everything, of all the things he should say. He thought about not believing in any of this moonshine and madness. He held fast to the idea that he must not yield to lunacy—

And then he became incapable of thought, for the door opened once more without a preliminary tap, without a warning, and the Supervisor stood there. She switched on the light and let the door close behind her. Her grim face, hewn into lines of institutional resolution, was turned on them, morose and vigilant, like a cliff above which outraged virtue had built a permanent monument—her white, indignant cap.

"Miss Trimble!" she exclaimed. That was all. It was enough. Mary Trimble rose and faced Miss Eppley. Her back, helpless and young, was turned to Richard Kirby. "What have you to say for yourself?" demanded the Supervisor, knowing there was nothing to be said; and Kirby could see Mary Trimble's little cap sink lower along with her bright head. And the other woman's voice went on, after a moment: "Of course you know this means dismissal." Mary Trimble said nothing. After a time she nodded slightly as if to say, "Of course—"

Richard Kirby was being ignored by these two women. But that was all right. It left him free for a sense of wild and dangerous adventure, tinged with foreboding, and colored with his feeling that something passionately beautiful was about to happen. And all that happened was that, clad a little informally for drama, he got out of bed and stood beside Mary Trimble. "Sorry," he apologized, "I realize now I shouldn't have asked Miss Trimble to bring me cigarettes when she came in from her walk."

Miss Eppley's gaze on his face became more intense. She had not, since he pushed back the bedclothes, looked at Mary Trimble at all. "I wish I could take your gallantry," she said, "at face value. But there are orderlies for errands; there are telephones; one does not ask nurses to come to one's room at midnight—*nurses who are off duty.*"

He stood motionless beside Mary Trimble. Very splendid they looked, standing side by side. An executioner with her ax in her look, Miss Eppley turned to the girl who had grown to be her favorite nurse. But there was no softening in her. Rules were rules, and decency was decency. Richard Kirby saw that. His gaze looked full into that of Professional Ethics as epitomized here.

"Naturally, you wouldn't believe the cigarette story," he said. "Who would?" Then he took a deep breath. His lips tightened for a moment as if a hand were closing about his throat, a hand he both loathed and loved. He felt the pause; he felt these women waiting for him to say something, but the shades of the past were moving before his thoughts, obscuring his words. He seemed to see a man who was not himself who was doing something spurious, in a vapid kind of chivalry. Women—women: they always caught you. Then his head cleared, and he heard himself saying:

"The truth is, Miss Eppley, I begged Miss Trimble to come in to say good-night to me, for we are to be married in the morning."

SO the prison gates closed round him again. *Clank—clank.* And Richard Kirby could have cried. Then he recollected himself, for he knew there's such a thing as manners even among thieves. And he knew that he had to do the correct thing. His left arm, which was not bandaged, went out and around Mary Trimble and pulled her close to his side. Her cap tickled his cheek, and her heart beat under his hand; and for a second her clear eyes rose swiftly to his. And then a strange thing happened, for suddenly he knew that prison gates had not closed but had opened. That he was free—free of his fears. Mary Trimble's eyes were on his, and there, before the long-suffering and bleak and flat-footed Miss Eppley, he fell into them, a grown man, with an ecstatic, unending fall. And there he stood for a long moment; then he looked at Miss Eppley, and he thought that she was the most beautiful sight, next to Mary Trimble, he had ever seen.

He took his arm from Mary, and quite adequately even with only one arm, he caught Miss Eppley to him in an ecstasy of freedom, of daring and of protective love. And he kissed Miss Eppley as she had never been kissed before. The bars

were down, and something inside of him was singing: "Man and wife, we'll be man and wife in the morning." And he danced Miss Eppley about in time to the music in his heart. "And you, Miss Eppley," he jubilated, "are the first to wish us happiness."

Miss Eppley tried to hold on to the shreds of her dignity, but it couldn't be done. She was tousled; her cap was crooked and her whole sense of vigilance and duty was undermined. She stood with Richard Kirby's arm about her, and kissed Mary Trimble. "I do wish you happiness," she said, and she looked as if she might cry. "But you must both realize how very imprudent you have been." She turned to the door. "Very imprudent," she said. And added, "I am about to look in on that peritonitis case. Please be gone, Miss Trimble, before I return."

THE door closed; there was a silence in which two shipwrecked souls clung together. After a time Mary said: "You're a great open-hearted creature, but you don't really have to marry me, you know. Those days of chivalry are past."

He laughed gayly. "You're letting me off?" he said. "Thank God!" He pressed his face against her hair. "But the trouble with me is," he said, "that I've no sense. I must have been dropped on my head when young, for it seems I can't help myself. Marrying's in my blood." But he could not look at her, for his eyes were full of tears. It was as though some light in his brain had turned on, and there came, quite suddenly, a moment in which he found himself. Not any self he had ever known before, nor one in any way connected with the past events of his life, but another life. His own—and the life of this marvelous girl which was his own life too. Holding her within his arm, his whole past and future seemed to fall into a pattern of great peace. He had reached, in this quiet and complete harmony, the supreme normality, the one absolute reality in life.

"And I tried to avoid it!" His mind tried to grasp that preposterous fact. He pressed her slender body closer to him. "If that Supervisor, that gorgeous and glorious woman, hadn't come in by a miracle—" His face stiffened at the thought of the slender thread by which his happiness had hung.

But Mary Trimble raised her brows. "Miracle?" she held that word in the air and regarded it. Her eyes shone. She opened her lips to tell him how that miracle had come about, to confess her shame, to wear her willows: to confess that of course it was she herself who had sent word to Miss Eppley that the patient, Mr. Kirby, wanted to see her at once.

But all at once it seemed to Mary that talk is long and wearying. She could tell him—not that it mattered—at some time to come. Plenty of time for conversation, for revelations of duplicity, of baseness, of—of blackmail, in the years to come.

She reached up and cupped her hands about his face.

"Good-night, my darling," she said.

It seemed to her that for Richard Kirby and for herself all was well. All the questions were answered.

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Kleenex's patented pull-out carton feeds tissues as you need them, convenient—economical

ONE of the things you will like about Kleenex tissues is the unique patented box they come in.

Kleenex tissues are fed out, one double sheet at a time! You do not have to hold the box with one hand while taking tissues with the other.

And your hand cannot contaminate or mess up the other sheets. It cannot accidentally take more than is needed. The Kleenex carton saves you money.

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KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

RACKETEERS—AND THE NEW DEAL

(Continued from page 31)

will not only be rich parents who will have to pay tribute for the return of their children, but people of moderate means will be preyed upon for the limit they can pay or borrow.

"If you have a child and eighteen dollars, you will give up your eighteen dollars and more to get the child back."

President Roosevelt and Attorney-General Cummings are coöperating in the Senate committee inquiry. President Roosevelt believes that the growth of racketeering, especially kidnaping, is a challenge to society which the Federal Government cannot ignore. He agrees with Dr. Copeland that racketeers are likely to turn in increasing numbers to kidnaping when the Eighteenth Amendment is repealed, unless the Federal and State governments throw the fear of the law into the snatchers of men.

Keenan, the iron-jawed, barrel-chested Ohioan, who is playing a robust *Sherlock Holmes* to Senator Copeland's *Dr. Watson*, has promised to direct his first efforts at "gangland leadership," and not to spare the politicians and lawyers who work behind the scenes.

"Racketeering has become a profession," Keenan asserts. "Because of its huge returns, it has brought into the picture men from other lines of endeavor, including my own."

ROOSEVELT—Cummings—Keenan—Hoover—Copeland: there you have the line-up for the side of law and order. The other side, obeying the underworld code of silence, is ominously mute; but you may be sure the racketeers are backed up, as always, by crooked politicians, subservient prosecutors and police chiefs, stupid sheriffs, timid jurors and spineless citizens generally.

Statisticians haven't yet come around to assembling data on the rise of rackets, but you have the word of Senator Copeland that they cost the country thirteen billion dollars a year—an average of over one hundred dollars for each law-abiding person. Gordon L. Hostetter, executive director of the Employers' Association of Chicago, says the figure is eleven billion dollars to thirteen billion dollars, and the New York State Crime Commission hazards twelve billion dollars to eighteen billion dollars. What's a billion or two between friends?

For New York City alone, United States Attorney Howard W. Ameli estimated two hundred million dollars to six hundred million dollars as the tribute extorted yearly from almost every line of business. In Chicago, racketeering reaches into all industrial and commercial life and costs the city around one hundred and forty-five million dollars, according to Mr. Hostetter. These very round numbers are somewhat out of line with the totals advanced for the whole nation. Figuring on a population basis, and assuming that New York and Chicago are living up to their rackety reputations, the quotas for the two cities would be close to eight hundred million dollars and four hundred million dollars, respectively. Civic boosters, please note.

Not all big cities are racket-ridden. Milwaukee and Cincinnati have been cited as relatively free of rackets. Milwaukee was pointed out as a model for law-enforcement by the Wickersham Commission. Jacob C. Laubenheimer, Milwaukee's police chief for the last twelve years, says:

"Milwaukee pays tribute to no one."

The epidemic of kidnapings which has spread through the East, Mid-west and Southwest this year has acted as a boomerang not only against kidnapers but against all forms of racketeering. Racketeering prospered so long as the authorities slept; but widespread kidnaping has finally awakened some of the Rip Van Winkles who inhabit our public offices.

Kidnaping is the one racket that Americans will not stand for. Levy tribute upon their milk and their liquor, their food and their clothing, and Americans will pay through the nose. They may growl, but they won't bite. But kidnap their loved ones, and they'll show their teeth in earnest, which is what they are doing today.

Our nation was shamed before the world when its outstanding hero, Colonel Lindbergh, lost his first son to murdering kidnapers. And now we read that President Roosevelt's grandchildren are being guarded by the Secret Service against abduction.

In Chicago forty prominent citizens are being protected by State troopers against unemployed beer- and whisky-runners who turned to the ransom racket as the next-best thing when Prohibition began to totter. Among those watched over by the troopers are Arthur Cutten, the grain and stock speculator; John D. Hertz, capitalist; Otto Lehmann, department-store owner; and Warren Wright, head of the Calumet Baking Powder Company.

Throughout the East, in Westchester, Long Island, Newport and Bar Harbor, it's a mighty poor country estate that hasn't at least one private detective on duty to repel gate-crashers and accompany the master when he rides the rural lanes after dark.

In Hollywood, all press-agent stunts aside, many movie stars are sincerely worried about kidnapers. Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, Gloria Swanson and Harold Lloyd, to name only a few, have hired bodyguards for their families.

UNDER the circumstances, Americans are losing their habitual tolerance for racketeers. There is nothing amusing about jackals who steal babies from cradles, lock up women in dungeons and torture old men. The veteran Senator from Arizona, Henry F. Ashurst, wants Congress to provide the death-penalty for kidnapers; and Congress may do just that.

Several of the States already have death-penalty laws of their own to punish kidnapers; and Missouri—the Show-me State—was the first to sentence a kidnaper to hang. The New York State legislature, upon recommendation of Governor Herbert H. Lehman, has authorized the death-penalty in cases where the victim of a kidnaping is not returned alive. This new law also attempted to make it a felony for intermediaries to withhold information from the investigating authorities, or to supply false information.

It is estimated there are three thousand abductions a year in the United States, most of which are never reported to the authorities. Right now at least one hundred thousand persons, some topnotchers of society, some denizens of the underworld, are being guarded against the so-called snatch racket. This may mean prosperity for the private-detective agencies, but it's nothing less than hell for anguished families of the people marked for ransom.

Gamblers and bootleggers have been the easiest prey for kidnapers, because, being lawbreakers themselves, they don't care to confide in the police. Now that beer is legalized, the ransom-rings are picking on legal brewers, as in the cases of William Hamm, of St. Paul, and John J. O'Connell, of Albany. With liquor legalized and additional racketeers thrown out of work, bonded distillers may be added to the widening circle of victims, which recently has included doctors, bankers and business men and women of the highest character, as well as young children.

AMATEURS have figured largely in the kidnapings that have been solved. In unsolved abductions, it is likely professional criminals were to blame. The very fact that they have escaped detection indicates the professional touch. Yet no one knows to this day whether the Lindbergh-baby kidnaping was perpetrated by professionals or amateurs. Blundering amateurs can be just as dangerous as experienced felons.

The writer was on the Lindbergh case at Hopewell, Norfolk and Trenton. Time after time he has been drawn into a corner and implored to divulge the "inside" of the kidnaping. He finds it hard to convince skeptics that there simply isn't any "inside" story. Hundreds of reporters covered all angles of that case and wrote all that was worth printing, and a lot more that wasn't. The Lindbergh investigation was bungled, according to observers. There were too many highway traffic cops trying to act as sleuths. The real detectives were kept on the outside of things.

But kidnapers can't always expect a break like that. The kidnaping of Charles F. Urschel, the Oklahoma City oil-operator, who was ransomed for two hundred thousand dollars, was a businesslike job; yet Department of Justice agents quickly rounded up the guilty gang, with the aid of Urschel.

The Urschel abduction serves to illustrate the technique of the modern ransom racketeer. The oil man was playing bridge on his sun-porch with his wife and friends when two men with machine-guns intruded. The gunmen marched Urschel to a waiting sedan, shoved him down into the bottom of the tonneau, and drove him over concrete highways and rough dirt roads for a day and a night until they came to a backwoods bungalow. There he was held prisoner for nine days. His eyes were sealed with tape and he was tied up at night. The tape was removed only when he was forced to write ran-

som notes to Mrs. Urschel. After the money had been paid as directed in the notes, Urschel was driven back to within a few miles of his home. So haggard and worn was he that the guards at his home were slow to recognize him, and at first refused to let him in.

"I would not go through that experience again for anything in the world," says Urschel. "I hope no other man or woman or child may ever have to go through such an ordeal. I feel that everything the Federal Government can do to end kidnaping is an imperative necessity."

THE kidnaper is the most stupid of all racketeers. The odds are against him from the start. If he were smart enough to know that, there wouldn't be any kidnapings. Ransom of fifty thousand dollars to two hundred thousand dollars has been obtained in a few cases; little or nothing has been paid in the majority of recent cases. Moreover, now that public opinion is running high against the ransom racketeers, arrests and convictions are becoming the rule rather than the exception, and the penalties far outweigh the profits. If any individual has an idea that kidnaping pays, let him ask the men who got long prison terms for abducting Peggy McMath of Harwichport, Massachusetts; Jackie Russell of Brooklyn; Adolphus Busch Orthwein of St. Louis; Mrs. Nell Donnelly of Kansas City; Mrs. Mary B. Skeele of Los Angeles; Charles Boettcher, Jr., of Denver; Charles Rosenthal, the Wall Street broker; and many others. Above all, ask the abductor of Miss Mary McElroy of Kansas City, who was the first to be sentenced to die in the nation's revolt against the racketeers.

The hearings of the Copeland Committee on Racketeering have been valuable in that they showed the necessity of disposing of the politicians who protect the gangsters in their rackets, and who use the hoodlums on election-days to stuff the ballot-boxes, and to intimidate honest voters.

"Gangs are part of the machine for municipal control, and not until politics is divorced from municipal affairs will we get rid of the gangsters," the Senate committee was told by George Z. Medalie, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, who is doing his best to turn Tammany out of power and to send its grafters to prison for income-tax fraud.

Justice Frederic Kernochan of the Court of Special Sessions, a close friend of President Roosevelt, told the committee that gangsters "would be given a tremendous blow if somehow the protection of district leaders could be taken from them."

And Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing shouted: "Some political organizations are racketeering organizations. There is no doubt of that." Warden Lawes proposed martial law to combat kidnapers. Another witness, Edward P. Mulrooney, New York's beloved beer czar, suggested revival of the whipping-post, universal finger-printing, and Federal control of firearms.

Senator Copeland's proposal for an American Scotland Yard has met with considerably less than unanimous approval. Federal jurists who testified before

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"COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE"—a person who is always picking up colds and carrying them home to others—a person whose colds hang on and on—who has four or more bad colds a year. Is there one in your home, Mother?

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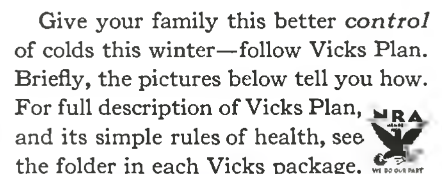
Give your family this better *control* of colds this winter—follow Vicks Plan. Briefly, the pictures below tell you how. For full description of Vicks Plan, and its simple rules of health, see the folder in each Vicks package.



To PREVENT many colds —use Vicks Nose Drops

At that first nasal stuffiness or warning sign—quick!—Vicks Nose & Throat Drops, the amazing new aid in *preventing* colds. The Drops promptly soothe irritation. They stimulate the cold-fighting functions of the nose. They help Nature "throw off" infection. They stop many colds before they develop.

To END a cold sooner —use Vicks VapoRub

If a cold has developed, just massage the throat and chest at bedtime with Vicks VapoRub—the modern way of *treating* colds. Its poultice action "draws out" soreness. Its clearing vapors are inhaled direct to irritated air-passages. All through the night, this poultice-vapor action works to relieve the cold.

VICKS *specialists in* CONTROL OF COLDS

him approved of the fullest coöperation by Federal agencies, but warned of a growing trend on the part of city and State authorities to shift their rightful burden to the National Government. When the committee asked how many agents the American "Yard" would need to stamp out kidnaping and racketeering, witnesses gave answers ranging from one thousand to one hundred thousand.

No matter how many agents we put into the field, it is obvious that the citizenry must brace up and do its bit. *The people, if only they realized it, could repeal racketeering as well as Prohibition.* Every law-abiding American can formulate his own NRA (No Racketeering Allowed) code. Here is a starter:

(1) Instead of passing the buck to the National Government on everything, insist that your city, county and State officials perform their sworn duties. If they fail you, turn the rascals out and elect officials who are efficient and unhampered by political influences or by underworld affiliations.

(2) If summoned to jury service, go to court like a man and render a verdict according to the law and the evidence, rather than for the side that has the slickest lawyer.

(3) If you have the misfortune to become involved in some crime, as victim or witness, don't adopt the gangster's guilty code of silence. Be a man, not a mouse; communicate with the authorities and go to bat against the crooks.

Live up to that code, and the racketeer will be a thing of the past with the dodo bird and the bootlegger.

The current hue-and-cry against kidnapers has afforded the National Administration a grand opportunity to put down all forms of lawlessness and increase our prestige at home and abroad. The United States had become a laughingstock among nations because of its outrageous crimes against life and property. Restoration and preservation of internal order will do more to create respect for our country abroad than any dozen good-will conferences possibly could.

Not so many years ago the United States was interceding for American missionaries kidnaped by Chinese bandits, and for American mining-men held for ransom by Mexican raiders below the Rio Grande. With hundreds of kidnapings of our own, we could not now ask China or Mexico to apprehend their kidnapers if we failed to catch our own.

ONCE upon a time Uncle Sam was respected and feared abroad. In 1904, Ion Perdicaris, a wealthy American citizen of Greek descent, was kidnaped by the Moorish brigand Raisuli, and carried off from his estate near Tangier into the mountains. The President of the United States dispatched seven warships to Tangier, and they delivered this famous ultimatum:

"Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead."

Within three days Perdicaris was set free.

Theodore Roosevelt was that President.

Imagine the horse-laugh that would go up today from the rest of the world if the United States, infested by kidnapers of its own, had the presumption to deliver any such ultimatum to a foreign country.

But Franklin D. Roosevelt, who resembles Theodore Roosevelt in more than name, is hot on the trail of our own American Raisulis. Instead of sending warships after them, he is mustering public opinion and something in the nature of a coördinated nation-wide police network, not necessarily an American Scotland Yard, which will give the kidnapers no rest and no mercy.

Like T. R., F. D. R. is wielding the Big Stick, now labeled the New Deal. This Roosevelt, too, is a Rough Rider.

The New Deal means a rough deal for the racketeer. And the rougher the better. So say we all.

CIVILIZED DRINKING

(Continued from page 17)

taurant, and if the wines are taken into consideration, discussion of the matter becomes ridiculous. Even if good wines had been generally available during Prohibition, which of course they have not, the speak-easy method of handling wines has been barbaric. There have been no cellars in which the wine could rest after its sea-voyage. It has been dumped in by bootleggers as if it were coal, and served in a disturbed condition, usually by a waiter who doesn't even know how to pull the cork properly.

Every little while during the past few years some young enthusiast, aware of my fondness for good wines, has come to me with news of a speak-easy having a first-class cellar; but always it has proved to be a false alarm. To do the speak-easies justice, I must admit that in the best of them a good vintage champagne was sometimes to be had. The years 1921 and 1928 were great for champagne, and 1926 and 1929 were good; but a good champagne is not enough to make a good cellar, and in other departments the speak-easies were always weak. Once I found listed a Chambertin 1919 which, if genuine, would have been a great wine. But it was as fraudulent as the so-called Chablis sold at a fancy price in the same place. An agreeable find was a Château Margaux 1925, an authentic château-bottled wine of the highest rank. This wine had the unmistakable qualities of "race," even though 1925 was only a fair year.

My best speak-easy bottle was a red Châteauneuf du Pape 1923, an excellent Rhône wine of a year that was considered great in the Rhône and Burgundy districts. Its color was like the deepest ruby to be found in the ancient stained-glass windows of Chartres Cathedral; poured, it loosed an exquisite bouquet, and its flavor, rich, round and velvety, could have been surpassed only by some of its noblest cousins of the Côte d'Or—whence come the greatest red wines the world produces.

Here was a real discovery. How had such a splendid wine found its way into a New York speak-easy? I was sufficiently agitated to write about it to a friend in Paris. This friend, former United States Senator Henry French Hollis, New Hampshire-born, took with him to France, when he settled there a good many years ago, a gift which even he himself did not suspect. He had a remarkable palate, a palate which could classify and remember. This palate, set to work upon French wines, has made him a widely recognized authority, and I count myself privileged to have studied under such a master.

IN his reply to my letter, Mr. Hollis easily explained the mystery of the Châteauneuf du Pape.

The Rhône wines of 1923 had promised at first to rank with the immortals. French wine-merchants had quickly bought them up and stored them away to mature. Then, late in 1929 I think it was, they discovered that 1923 Rhône wines were maturing too rapidly. Prime that winter, they would soon be past the "point." The merchants were dumping; the rum-runners were buying cheap; and there you are.

The knowledge which made possible this explanation is but a tiny fragment, illustrating the detailed and ever-changing knowledge a wine-expert must have.

Now, if there is one quality which has been more universal than another among bootleggers and speak-easy proprietors, it is their astounding ignorance of the products on which they have prospered. They have known nothing of wines. Few of them have even got their groupings straight. They list Rhône wines as Burgundies, grotesquely misspell the names of celebrated vineyards, and understand no more of vintage years than would the President of the Anti-Saloon League. Some of them, I make no doubt, have wished to do well by their customers; but they have not been sufficiently enlightened to know how. All in all, they seem to me to be the most extraordinary race of business men this amazing country has developed.

Ah, but after repeal everything will be different!

Will it?

Not if today's speak-easies are tomorrow's restaurants, and today's bootleggers tomorrow's wine-merchants, as it now appears to some extent will be the case. Not if the makers and vendors of low-grade French wines and brandies can keep us as ignorant as we now are. Before Prohibition, the United States made a grand dumping-place for the trash of France's vineyards and distilleries. Since Prohibition, it has been perhaps an even better dumping-place; such a market is not to be lost without a struggle.

The French are shrewd realists. They see ahead of us difficulties which most of us have not foreseen. Only last August the trade paper of the French brandy-industry printed an article in which it blandly advised distillers not to break off in a hurry with the bootleggers and gangsters to whom they have been selling for the American trade. The article pointed out that after repeal, American taxes and tariffs would be high, and suggested that the lawless gentry might therefore continue for some time to operate.

Many years before Prohibition I sampled a variety of American wines and reached the conclusion that the best came generally from California. Ports and sherries well above cooking grade have long been made in the southern part of the State; California chianti has, I fancy, as much merit as any chianti; but I have never been able to find an American red wine of the Bordeaux or Burgundy type which amounted to much. The best California wines, possibly excepting port, seemed to me to be the white wines, and of those I tasted, I preferred four products of the Cresta Blanca Vineyards. The sweetest of these was listed, audaciously I must admit, as Yquem; not quite so sweet was the *haute sauterne*, and still less sweet—albeit sweet enough—was the plain sauterne. From the same vineyards came a fairly dry wine of the Moselle type which I sometimes served with fish when there was a good ruby Burgundy or Bordeaux to come on with the roast—for if two or more wines are served with dinner, the rule is to begin with the lighter and lesser wine and build up to a climax. When you have served a notable red wine, your bolt is shot and your meal is bound to go into a diminuendo movement, no matter what you have to offer.

To complete the roster, I must mention a California champagne called Paul Masson. My recollection, dimmed perhaps by thirteen years, is that this wine could hold up its head in the presence of any non-vintage French champagne. It was by far the best American champagne I ever tasted. Let me add here that if your white wine, still or sparkling, is not of the best, its failings may be minimized by thorough icing. Extreme cold tends to deaden flavor. And that, my children, is what has enabled you to put down the cocktails of these Prohibition years. The ice—assisted of course by syrups and fruit-juices—has all but obliterated the taste of the basic varnish.

Duties on imported wines are evidently going to be high, but unless they are set preposterously high, the cost of such wines should be considerably less than during the bootleg era. Sparkling wines will pay a higher import tax than still wines; and wines of heavy alcoholic content will pay more than those of merely average strength. The indications are that the tax on still wines of normal alcoholic content will be by volume. If this proves to be the case, a bottle of high-grade wine will pay the same duty as a bottle of low-grade wine, and can therefore be sold at a price relatively lower in proportion to its merit. That is, the difference in price between a wine retailing at two dollars and a wine retailing at two dollars and fifty cents or three dollars should, if the dealer knows his business and is honest, represent not taxes but solid worth.

WINE is a living thing. Lying in its airtight bottle in a cool, dark catacomb, it is not dead, but resembles rather a philosopher who has retired to a cave to lead his life apart from men for the enrichment of his soul. Sometimes the result is disappointing. A wine which at the outset shows every sign of greatness may prove precocious and mature too fast, like the Rhône wine of 1923, already

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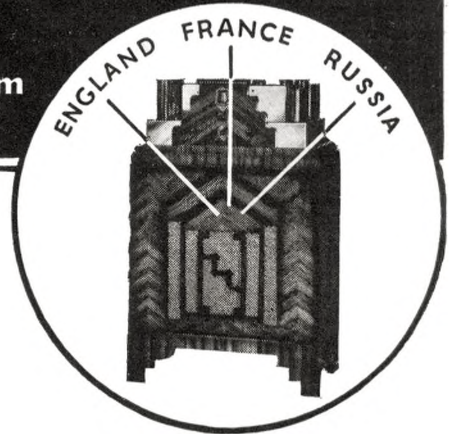

NOW bristles can't come out!

A radio a day given away. Get free entry blank at your druggist's

The foremost invention in radio . . . to introduce the outstanding new development in tooth brushes! *Perma-grip* means that the bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush are now welded into the handle by a new and totally different method.

Now you can brush your teeth without the medical danger of loose bristles! Not only this, but the new Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans better and lasts longer.

We want America to realize what Pro-phy-lac-tic has done. We want you to remember that name—*Perma-grip*. So we make this unusual offer: Write a simple "jingle" of 20 words or less containing the word *Perma-grip*. For the most effective "jingles" received, we will give away absolutely free to consumers and trade a genuine $335 Scott All-wave Radio every weekday from September 20th to December 15th.

Think of it! 75 of these famous sets, over $25,000 worth of the champion distance-getter of the world. The Scott All-wave puts not only the United States but the whole world at your finger-tips.

Ask at the nearest drug counter for a free entry blank which tells you everything you need to know about this contest. Then send us your "jingles." Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

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NRA

There are three distinct sizes of the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic *Perma-grip: Adult's*, 50¢. *Youth's*, 35¢. *Child's*, 25¢. All sterilized, sealed in Cellophane, and must satisfy completely or your money back. *Have you tried the Pro-phy-lac-tic* Perma-grip *Hair Brush? $1 up.*

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The Scott holds all records for consistent, regular reception of foreign stations. Each set is a custom-built laboratory model. Superheterodyne—12 tubes. World-wide range 15 to 550 meters—all short and long wave stations. Receiver (except tubes) guaranteed by manufacturer for 5 years.

GET FREE ENTRY BLANK AT ANY DRUG COUNTER

PERMA-GRIP (U.S. PAT. 1472165)

Pro-phy-lac-tic

This offer open only to residents of U.S.A. Another offer is being made to residents of Canada

mentioned. Or again, where but little early promise has been shown, the wine may surprise us by developing, with age, qualities of real distinction, forcing revision of opinion as to the merits of a certain year. A poor year for one type of wine will often be a good year in another district. The year 1912, for example, was poor in almost every wine-growing region of France, but produced some splendid red Bordeaux.

Like human beings, wines sometimes become "sick" without apparent reason; while they are sick, their flavor is impaired; then they get well again. One of the Frenchiest qualities about French wines is the dislike that many of them have for travel. The red wines often become seasick or trainsick, and must lie down and rest for a long time to recover from a journey. White wines generally stand travel better than the more robust-appearing reds, for which reason it is generally advisable to order white wines on ships and dining-cars.

Certain delicate Vouvrays, from Touraine, are like charming temperamental women, turning suddenly, inexplicably, from grave to gay and back again. A bottle of Vouvray will sometimes be a still wine, at other times a sparkling wine, depending upon its mood. Unlike the other white wines, it objects to travel; and sent away from France will sometimes pine and die. Madeira, on the other hand, was originally an island growth, and like all islanders, loves the sea. Our forefathers used to send casks of Madeira on long sea voyages to be improved by being shaken up. And while French wines and Rhine wines must lie on their sides in a cellar, Madeira thrives best in the attic, with its head in the air.

It is the fate of champagne to live gayly and die young. Champagne at ten years old is well along in life, and at twenty it is likely to be dead. A great Burgundy or Bordeaux, upon the other hand, will have, along with other properties, a sufficient alcoholic content to nourish it to ripe old age. Properly cared for, it may live to be sixty or seventy. Hollis, in a chapter on French wines contributed to my book "Where Paris Dines," neatly draws the parallel with human life. A great French wine, he says, "is crude and green when young, reaching its prime in thirty or forty years. And like some persons, it gains from advancing years a certain suaveness, delicacy and elegance at the expense of strength and vigor."

To obtain even a superficial knowledge of wines, one must familiarize oneself with the principal types, the principal groupings under each type, and the vintage years—the years in which the wines of each type or group were good, and just how good they were. Aided by such knowledge, one should be able to read a wine-list understandingly, estimate the probable merit of the various wines, and form some judgment as to the fairness of the prices asked—though to be absolutely certain of a wine, one must be absolutely certain of the firm that bottled it—or of one's palate.

If you wish to start a cellar, you must know how to store wines properly; and in any case it is essential to know how to prepare them, open them, and serve them with due regard to temperatures and to the proper sequence.

I plan to tell about these things next month.

BREADWINNER

(Continued from page 36)

her fork with an air of resoluteness and said: "I did want to talk to you, Linda—before I went back to the Coast, that is. I'm just as glad Mary Parker is here. I may need her to make some sense out of what I say."

"Begin," Linda assented. "You sound formidable."

Althea said abruptly: "You aren't happy, and the reason you aren't happy is that you take that young man of yours too seriously. What for, and why? What is he? I'll tell you: He's tall and handsome and reasonably intelligent; he makes love charmingly—no doubt—and dances well; he can say this, and that, about a new play or a new book. And what can he, or any one like him, be to a woman like you or me or Mary Parker, here?"

Linda's voice was flippant: "Perhaps he's the love of my life, you know."

"I don't doubt it." Althea made small attempt to hide her annoyance. "That's just the trouble. He's the love of your life, and you let him make you wretched, and affect your work and your looks too, whenever he is doing something that doesn't fit in with your concept of what a 'love of one's life' should do. It's a great mistake."

Mary Parker said sharply: "Althea, you're doing this badly. Be more explicit, or less."

Althea said: "All right. Suppose he had money enough to marry you, or would marry you without it. What then? In the first case, he'd expect you to settle down and be the owner of a house in Westchester, flatter his ego by being called on when wanted; and would you, Linda, write any more plays or pictures, or run any more departments then? The hell you would!"

"I might be very happy," Linda said.

Mary Parker interrupted gently: "You might have been very happy, my dear."

Althea nodded to Mary. "Yes, that was what I was trying to say. Accept what has happened to you, Linda. You're on your way. You have money and family responsibilities in the future, and a great deal of work to think of. You can't possibly go back, no matter how much you want to, to the young girl who no doubt you were, who thought the world well lost for love. You can't think the world well lost for love. What will your aunt, and your cousin and child eat on, if you do? You can fit love in, perhaps, in a little more important place than you fit in hairdressing appointments. Or you can do without it. I fit it in because it amuses me sometimes, now I'm growing old. I would have thrown everything away for it once; but that was almost twenty years ago."

She stopped talking, and her enormous eyes with her unbelievable eyelashes regarded Mary and Linda blankly, as if she were not seeing them at all, as if she were seeing, instead, twenty years go past. Then she gave them that gorgeous wide smile of hers. She said:

"Linda, take things lightly, as I do. Learn to be hard first; then perhaps you can afford to be kind without doing yourself too much damage. And amuse yourself. It's an amusing world. . . . I haven't talked so much in months—it will probably give me a sore throat."

Linda said: "Thank you very much. I don't see the immediate application of your advice, though."

Althea said: "Mary Parker does. . . . I tell you, Linda, I'm not a good friend to women. Surely, I'll lend them money or give them any clothes of mine they like; but I won't be bothered advising them. And no woman I ever knew can trust me with any man she cares for, if I find him entertaining for an evening. Because I think a woman is a fool to care—I may have been amusing myself a little with Mark, you know. Had you thought of that?"

Linda drew a long breath. She had not thought of it, and thought of it now. Then she said: "I am not going to ask."

Althea laughed, but kindly. "That's a good girl," she said. "You have dignity. I suppose that's what I admire in you."

She stood up, granted one glance to the eyes in the restaurant that stared at her, shook hands with Mary Parker, stooped to kiss Linda, and said: "I'm going now. There's some one I want to see here. I'm leaving the car to bring you people back. Linda, all I've said and meant is this: stop taking anything except your work and your success seriously. They are what has happened to you, as twins happen to people, you know. I'll be back to see your play open. Good luck."

She walked down the long aisle of the restaurant, with that lovely light walk of hers. Mary and Linda watched her in silence.

Mary spoke slowly then: "Linda, I happen to know that she has been out dancing with Mark perhaps once, perhaps twice. That's all. It was probably considerable effort for her to say what she did say, and much of it is sound."

Linda said: "I know. But—now will you pour me some more coffee, Mary?"

Mary said: "Meaning, 'let's talk about something else.' All right, my dear. Tell me, when do rehearsals for your show begin?"

Linda said: "Monday, week."

IN those next few weeks the network of Linda's life tightened and became more complex, with more demands upon her time, her emotions, her courage and her steadfastness. Never had she been forced to work or live so. The picture business in itself contained and developed enough unusual exigencies; she was in her office from before nine until, often, well after nine. From there she went, after a quick dinner, or no dinner at all, to work on her further collaboration with Richard Patterson; for the play needed rewriting, and again rewriting, and was in almost constant rehearsal now. She saw the rehearsals too, was there, with

Richard Patterson— or with Mark, trying to keep him happy, keep him interested in what were her demands and her interests How she did it, she afterward did not know: but she also several times saw her Aunt Margaret, went over with her the plans for the landscaping and some of the interior decoration of the Connecticut house, juggling delicately in her brain those things aside from her affairs of the moving picture business, her work upon the play, "Tomorrow's Sun," and Mark. He was the most difficult; but she could understand that, even if she nearly hated herself for being able to do so.

Mark's dissatisfaction with her and the course their very few hours together had taken, came to a climax of savagery and anger about a week before the actual opening of "Tomorrow's Sun."

HADLETZ, the small, gaunt and spare, immensely talented German director,—perhaps Hadletz's wife too,—were the causes of Mark's direct rage with her. But for her not to meet and see Hadletz when he came to New York from Hollywood was absolutely impossible. Nor could she avoid having Mark there, to meet Hadletz and his wife; she had had a dinner-date with Mark, held over for more than ten days, the night Hadletz came into her office just before she was leaving at the end of a bitterly long and exhausting day.

She liked Hadletz; she respected the little man and his immense undeviating talent. But immediately he came in the door of her office, she felt fear, fear of Mark. She knew for what reasons Hadletz was in New York, that he had come now to see her and discuss with her in necessarily great detail the possibilities of the redemption of a picture on which the company for which both she and Hadletz worked had already spent a million and a half dollars. It was a story which began in Bismarckian Germany, worked up through those rich and tragic days to a final, magnificently terrible climax, in the revolutionary riots right after the smashing of Imperial Germany. The director had spent the million and a half on it in the manufacture of splendidly reproduced sets of Potsdam and Berlin, even of the Kaiser's yacht, on mass scenes of the war and rioting; then he had been overtaken by incipient delirium tremens, and had been fired by the producers.

As Hadletz put it to Linda, all of that wouldn't be so bad; but the story—the story was magnificent. The story, the story as a picture, must be saved. That was their job, his and, he hoped, Linda's. He had come East to her with just that one hope, that she could help him salvage from the hundreds of thousands of feet of film that had already been taken, enough to make the picture not a tremendous financial loss for the company, and a superb picture also.

Linda smiled a little wearily at him as she listened. She said: "Yes, I'll do all I can for you, Mr. Hadletz. It should be, if we can do it right, a marvelous kind of distillation of 'All Quiet' and 'Cavalcade'—all the glitter, and all the terror, and all the beauty."

Then her eyes went from his small, darkly haggard and intense face to her wrist-watch dial. She should be home dressing now; in fifteen minutes Mark,

Hosiery discomforts few women escape

-now ended for good and all!

● It's true! Even perfect legs have suffered some time or other from badly fitting stocking tops. But that's all ended now! The new Custom-Fit Top, exclusive with Phoenix, never gags your thighs. Never drifts around on your knees. It's never too annoyingly short nor too bulkily long. It stretches both ways and fits every leg as though it had been made especially for it, with perfect comfort! And that, just that, is one of the reasons why Phoenix Hose with Custom-Fit Top is such a popular stocking in America today. Another is the famous Phoenix "long mileage" service foot. Try a pair! They're priced from $1 to $1.95.

PHOENIX "GIBSON GIRL" COLORS

For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900's which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created "Gibson Girl" Hosiery colors. Tally-ho, Tandem, Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers' Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.

HER FROCK—a custom model by Kalloch, Columbia Pictures' clever designer.
HER HOSE—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP.
LILLIAN BOND (above) wears this costume in "When Strangers Marry."

PHOENIX HOSIERY

with **CUSTOM-FIT TOP**

in his new velvet-collared opera cape, his top hat cocked a little back, would be gayly, then angrily, shoving at her apartment bell. She looked again at Hadletz, the words forming suddenly.

"I have a date tonight. A date I really can't break. That is, I can—"

"But you shouldn't." Hadletz's smile was instant and grave. "Mrs. Hadletz is here. My wife. Could not all four of us go to dinner, and there we could talk about this thing; and your young man, he could sit there—with you? It would not be the first time a fine story and a fine picture have been saved from ruin over a dinner-table. It is good?"

"It's fine," Linda said. "I want to thank you very much." Speaking, she reached for her phone, to call her apartment-house door-man and tell him to tell Mr. Fenwick that she was slightly delayed, but would meet him in ten minutes, to please wait for her. Then, nodding to Hadletz, she openly ran from her office, down the corridors of the now deserted and darkened floor to where one elevator still served the building. "I hope," she said to herself, bouncing across-town in a cab, "that he won't be angry. Oh, I hope he won't. It's such a fine picture—"

HE was angry, very. He sat, opera cloak, topper and all, stiffly in a clumsy imitation Spanish antique chair in the lobby of her apartment-house. He stared at her silently as she came in through the door. But she caught at his hand and smiled at him gayly. "Come on!" she urged him. "Quick! We're dining with celebrities. Marcus Hadletz, the man who made 'Satan Laughs' and 'Trapeze.' He and his wife. Althea told me once that never during all the time they've been in Hollywood has she been in the Hadletzes' house; they simply just don't entertain. So you see how lucky you are. And while I'm in my bath and dressing you can make us a big shaker of cocktails. How would that be?"

"Better," he said, the deep lines of rage still between his eyes and at the corners of his mouth, "than sitting in that rotten lobby, waiting for the great big, clever and successful business woman. Hell, I'm beginning to feel like a gigolo out of a job!"

Mark made the cocktails very strong. He drank most of them, and was what he admitted to be a little tight as they got out of their cab at the door of the Hadletzes' hotel. But he became abruptly sober when he saw and was presented to the Hadletzes. The director had not changed into dinner clothing, and the tweed suit he wore was of a coarse and quite loud weave—one of the buttons was off the front; the knees of the trousers bagged, and his shoes were splashed with the mud of the rainy sidewalks outside. Mrs. Hadletz was taller than her husband, very tall. She wore a plain traveling-dress, badly cut, and there were embroidery needles thrusting from the end of her handbag. "I wonder," Mark whispered to Linda as they followed the Hadletzes and the head-waiter into the huge, white and glittering dining-room, "why mugs like that picked a hotel like this?"

Linda looked back at him over her bare shoulder, gave him just one short and imploring glance. "It's the company," she whispered in her turn. "Publicity. They were sent here. But they're fine people, brilliant people, Mark. Do—do try to be nice."

THEY sat and talked through dinner and after dinner, until past midnight. For practically all of that while, it was only she and Hadletz who talked; Mark had not addressed a dozen words to her, and hardly more than a dozen to Mrs. Hadletz. She, as soon as the salad-plates had been taken away, had brought forth her embroidery. She smiled occasionally at her husband, nodding as though she understood what he and Linda so swiftly said. And for those hours Linda forgot, tried to think that she forgot, Mark. It was when at last they rose from the table upon whose cloth Hadletz had spilled pipe-ash and made notations in a tight little Germanic script, that she knew fully just how much she had not forgotten Mark, and what an injustice she believed she had done to him.

Mark began to talk in the instant the hotel door-man closed the taxi door and the machine swung out from the curb into the rain-slicked street. He said, sitting back in the opposite corner, as far away from her as he could get:

"Thank you, Linda. Thank you a lot, for a simply swell evening. You—"

"Mark, I want to—"

"I know: you want to say you're sorry. What good does that do you, or me? You say you love me; you say you've tried to prove it to me. I've told you I've done my best to love you. Honestly, how can I, when you slap me in the face like that?"

She moved toward him, weeping, reaching forward. He shook his head at her, smiling, one corner of his long mouth back. "No. Everything I've ever wanted to think of myself, every bit of pride, as a man, as an individual, has been humbled by you. You consider me as an equal; you say you do, anyhow; and then—then you do that."

"Mark," she said brokenly, "Mark, is there anything I can do, anything I can say to you? Please."

"Yes." He turned around and faced the front of the cab and took out and lit a cigarette. "You can stop your silly crying; you don't really mean it, anyhow. Then we might as well go home. In trying to save some goofy movie from being a flop, you smashed this evening, all my love for you, to small bits. You wish, right now, that you could say to yourself that you hate me; don't you?"

All she could say was: "No, Mark. No."

LINDA was sitting in Richard Patterson's apartment, on the long windowseat which faced the stretch of the East River, with the blue of an April twilight, widening and deepening as she watched.

The room was full of people. "Tomorrow's Sun" was to open in something less than three hours. The weeks of rehearsal, the out-of-town tryout, which on Richard's advice she had not bothered to attend, were past at the breathless pace of a dream. Now, in the little space of time it would take for darkness to drop over the river, "Tomorrow's Sun" would face its New York verdict. And in the last few moments Linda had not slowly or for the first time realized that that verdict was of tremendous importance to her, and that not just for the money consequent on success. She shrugged her shoulders, thinking that after all you did all you could to accomplish—even hurriedly and with a part of your mind left over from the things that were always pressing—a piece of work that seemed sound, and so received some satisfaction. The answer was, of course, never to ask for too much. . . .

And, a little hidden by the long hangings behind which she had chosen to sit, she regarded across the width of Richard's drawing-room Mark, from whom she could not expect too much either. He had fought with her bitterly, yes, terribly; he had come back a couple of days later, and it had been very nice when he had come back. He was talking now very animatedly to Polly. Linda's young cousin, on Easter holiday from school, was so flushed with excitement over "seeing life," in the form of her first Manhattan "first night," that she was more radiant, more charming than half a dozen more beautiful women in the room. But that, Linda knew, was not why Mark was devoting himself to her. It was because to young Polly, with his looks and his excellently cut dinner clothes, he was as impressive as anyone present. And to most of Richard's friends there, well-dressed and confident men and women with crisp voices, habituated to the tempo of excitement and success, Mark was nobody in particular. Linda's heart went right out to him. He needed, so much more than most of the people she knew who had it, a little fame and glory for himself.

SOMETHING in the intentness of Linda's regard must have reached him then. He looked up and smiled at her—a smile, she thought, that was harder than it used to be, now with a little irony in it. Yet she was warmed by it, by his glance, the turning of his head and shoulder toward her.

Then Mary Parker came in with Richard, who had gone to call for her. She crossed the room slowly to Linda, stopping to exchange casual greetings right and left in her warm, kind voice, sure of herself here, as she had been sure of herself for twenty years—looking now, in black lace, as handsome and as unexciting as she looked in tweeds.

She said: "I never saw you looking more beautiful, Linda. How do you feel—breathless?"

Linda said: "Yes; now that I come to think about it."

Mary said: "It will be all right. And the breathless feeling is nice to remember, as I remember it, anyway. It's too bad for all of us that there's only one first book and one first play."

Linda saw her Aunt Margaret in a rustling gray taffeta with a V neck that represented her idea of complete décolletage, standing rather bewilderedly in the doorway. Richard went to her at once and brought her over to Mary and Linda. Aunt Margaret said: "I brought you down the plan of the north perennial border, my dear. I thought you might have time between the acts to look it over and tell me what you think of it."

Mary said, with easy, certain tact; "Let's take Linda to luncheon tomorrow, Miss Ames. I love garden plans."

Aunt Margaret received that with some open doubt. "I suppose that would do. Though I do want to get back to the country early. Linda, dear, who are all these people? They all seem to have a great deal to say to each other."

Linda had no answer, no time to answer. Voices were raised slightly, and people softly moved at the door; then there was that rich and strong, really golden laugh, and Althea came in to a chorus of, "Darling, how wonderful to see you here!"

She was wearing a severely tailored suit, in which she was highly successful in looking more voluptuous than in an evening dress. Six or seven silver foxes made a slow swaying at her shoulders, nearly exactly in time with her body. "Where's Linda?" she asked. "I want to see her on the verge of glory. So! There you are."

WITH that rapid and effortless step of hers, she was beside Linda, and the fragrance of her special perfume enveloped her. It was as usual: in Althea's presence everyone else in the room seemed to fade and dull a little, as they clustered in around her. She talked very fast: "I'm practically just off planes and trains and the rest of that. Now got to go and get washed and ironed immediately before your opening; sent my maid over to the Ritz with my things. I'm going to be sitting right beside you; know that, darling?"

Yes, Linda said, she knew it. Although it was Althea's idea of a surprise that she should choose to sit in the rear of the balcony in a seat near those reserved for Richard and Linda, Richard had thought that idea a bit too disconcerting, and so had told her. It was, always, his habit to watch an opening from the rear row of the balcony. Tonight he had reserved four seats there, the fourth for Mark, beside Linda.

Althea had turned to greet Richard and Mary and Mark and a half dozen other people. She told them very gayly: "I'm concealing my famous red hair from such of my public as might be in the balcony; I've got the loveliest new silver wig from Paris—real silver, you know, not hair."

Richard smiled as he said: "I bet it makes you a little more conspicuous than your own hair, Althea."

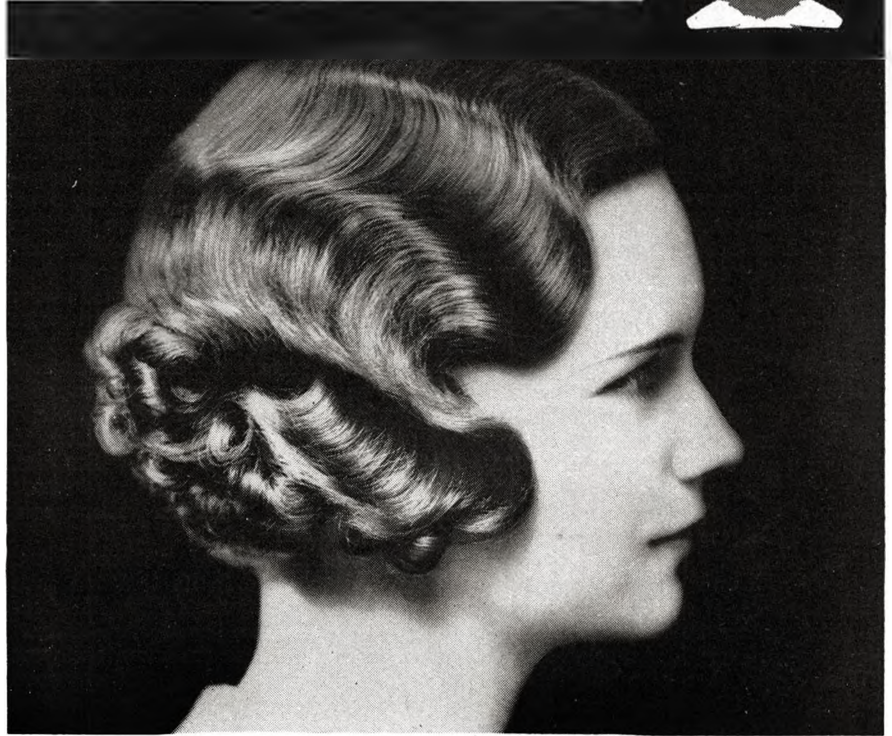
She laughed and said: "I must go in five minutes. But I did want to talk to Linda. By the way, somebody has got to escort me to this play. I can't go falling up and down gallery stairs in the dark, just because playwrights are modest and won't sit in the front seats of their own production. We picture-people are a lot more logical—in that, anyhow. I'd like to see anybody try to keep me out of a box at one of my own openings." Slowly she glanced about her, and then said in her direct and strong voice: "You, Mark, take me over to the Ritz. My car is downstairs. I had it sent on from the Coast the other day. Wait until I dress, and you can help show me my way up to this to-be-famous balcony."

Richard told her: "We're all going to have something to eat here in a few minutes, Althea."

Mrs. John Nixon

HAS A EUGÈNE WINTER WAVE

SAYS MRS. NIXON, socially prominent in New York and Atlanta: *"There is no 'season' for permanent waves, abroad. I have frequently noticed that English and Continental Society women keep their hair permanently waved in winter, as well as summer, by the Eugene Method. For, obviously, one's hair should be even more perfect in the formal social season than in care-free summer!"*



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Make it a point to go to a genuine Eugene Waver. Look for the famous Eugene trade-mark, "the Goddess of The Wave," on each Sachet, *and be sure* . . . . Eugene, Ltd., New York, London, Paris, Barcelona and Sydney.

Althea said, looking right at him: "That doesn't matter. I'll give him a sandwich and cocktails."

Mark looked at Linda then, his eyes slightly narrowed, his expression just a little strange, a little deprecatory. She, watching him, thought, "I wonder whether—" And deliberately she refused to think; but slammed a door in her mind upon that, and said: "Run along, Mark. We'll see you at the theater."

Althea stood straight, her body and her hands at ease. To Linda, it was as though for an instant she and Althea were alone in the room. Then Althea said: "Run along, everybody. There's something I came all the way to New York to tell Linda."

They sat together then in the window-seat. Althea looked for a short time at the river and the blue eddying of the dusk, to say, a little impatiently: "I never could take much comfort in views. They make me restless. They're really a part of all things one can't reach and can't touch, quite, and ever. I should be on my way to Europe after this picture, just so I can achieve the good British title that I have always maintained was the culmination of the life of a woman like me."

Linda said, looking over at her directly, "You didn't come to New York to tell me that."

Some quite faint refraction of the half-light outside caught suddenly on Althea's hair; and Linda, regarding her, was aware once more of that strange beauty which seemed as much above and beyond ordinary standards of beauty as Althea's life seemed separate from ordinary standards of conduct. She was conscious, clearly conscious, then in the second that Althea sat silent, of Althea's true warmth and liking in her heart for her. Then Althea said to her:

"What I had to say to you in detail can wait. It's later than I thought. It will do to say tomorrow or some other day; there's so many days. But now, just this: Your play will be a hit; that's certain, and the beginning of a great many things for you. Take it seriously, Linda. Take success very seriously. Don't sacrifice it for anything or any person; it will stand by you better than anything, or almost any person, in the end."

She touched Linda's shoulder then, lightly, with a finger on which her famous emerald blazed, and said: "Good-by, child; I'll see you at the theater."

When she had said that, she rose and left. She walked with Mark, her arm through his arm. In the doorway she paused for just an instant, to look up at Richard and give him some jest about another first night of his, years ago. Then, with Richard smiling at her, Mark behind her, she was rapidly, lightly gone.

BUT she did not meet Richard and Linda at the theater; the seats reserved for Althea and for Mark were empty through the first act of "Tomorrow's Sun." Through the first act, Linda, tremendously excited by the flow of the play, was not particularly disturbed by those empty seats. Richard had said, casually: "Althea always makes everybody late for everything." She, slowly, had just said, "Yes," and no more.

The applause of the first act rose and surged and struck against her ears like waves. "It's going to be all right," Richard said. "But you'd better sit here, though, Linda. We'll go down after the second act and hand their due to our cast. Besides, Althea and Mark will be coming in now."

IN quietness now she sat there, thinking that she and Richard had written a good play, and wished only that Mark were beside her here to see it. A bell rang. The orchestra was back in the pit, playing. The rows were filled, the aisles empty. The lights ebbed.

There was a scene toward the end of the second act which Linda had written. In it, the girl protested that time changed everybody, everything. The man stoutly maintained that it would never change the girl, or himself, though in all fact he was already changed from what he had been in the beginning, and was yet again to change so much that in the end he went beyond the girl's love, and her liking.

As below her the boy and the girl poignantly acted out that scene on the quiet stage, grief for the first time for the change which had come between herself and Mark since the first summer of their love swept over Linda. She looked aside: the empty seats beside her swiftly became the exact symbols of incredible disaster.

Desperately, with all her knowledge of Mark, of Althea, she fought against that feeling, attempted with all her will and senses to bring her mind away from it, back to the stage, back to anything else. But through the next breathless hour it stayed, increased, held her with a cold blackness of fear.

When, at the end of the second act, the audience came to its feet and gave to her and Richard the really wildly enthusiastic cheers of, *"Author! Author!"* and she and Richard rose, and she went down with him to the stage and out upon it, bowed, smiled, bowed and smiled again, it was steadily against the surface of her brain, and she could in no way shake it. When with Richard she came backstage, and everyone in the cast kissed her and him, said to them and to themselves, "It's a winner. It's sure now; it'll run a year," she found courage to smile and to speak; but could not think about or really understand the words they said and their meaning for her.

And for her it did not seem very much longer after that when the third-act curtain went down and the applause clashed, widening and leaping once more. Richard stood and held her arm when she rose beside him. He said to her, looking down and seeming to smile: "Perhaps Mark and Althea are somewhere in the orchestra, after all."

"No," said Linda. "No, they're not. I know they're not. You can go down for me, Dick, if you wish, but—"

He went rapidly. It was some little time before he came back. "All I can tell you," he said, "is that they're not here; you were right. But Linda, we can't stay here. They're all waiting for us downstairs—even some of the evening paper critics, of all amazing people. But just for you and me, let me say, don't worry; please don't. There's no reason, really. Is there?"

"No," she said, taking his arm, even trying to smile, and succeeding a little bit. "And it is quite a bad time; I've been to a lot of producers' parties, after good and bad first nights, but never my own."

Through the excitement, through the noise of other people, through the smooth walls of calm Richard and Mary Parker tried to build up about her, penetrated that same unrelenting and always certain sense of disaster, from which she was able only to give her mind fragmentarily to other things. She recognized that, while it was her own and Richard's party, and their producer's, it was very much, inescapably, like all other producers' parties; and there was perhaps no one there except her young cousin Polly who was not aware of that. People got up and made speeches and toasts, and sat down again. Corks were pulled, bottles emptied, glasses filled. There was laughter, the laughter of success, and she heard some one talking to Richard about how soon the first edition of the morning papers would be on the streets. In half an hour, some one else said; then twenty minutes; then some one got up and sent a boy for the papers.

THEY brought the papers to her, Richard and Mary Walker did—held them folded rather tightly in their hands, and their hands shook a little, although they still made their voices be calm. But she knew she could read calmly; she already knew, she told herself, focusing her eyes and her brain for the print. Under the stark broad blackness of the headlines Althea's face smiled out at the world which had been her public. The headlines' words were that Althea was dead; they said, "ALTHEA KAY KILLED IN AUTO CRASH."

And, reading with her strange kind of calmness, Linda found that although he had not been in the headlines or the subheads, one Mark Fenwick had been with Althea Kay at the time and moment of her death. He had been driving her car southward from an uptown speak-easy where he and she had dined hurriedly. Headlong, they had crashed into a truck just north of the theater district, and now Mark Fenwick was in the Roosevelt Hospital. He was unconscious. He had not spoken since they had taken Althea Kay's dead and still body, then his own, from the wrecked car. He was at the point of death. The doctors could now say no more than that. Linda slowly stopped reading. She shut her eyes, but the darkness, the faintness, rushed in and claimed her. It all was darkness in which, for what seemed to her a long time before she again opened her eyes, she thought she heard Althea's strong, rich, always gallant laughter, and Mark's clear voice.

"We aren't any of us as brittle as we look," Linda has boasted. And Althea has advised her: "Take success seriously. It will stand by you better than any person or thing." In our next installment (in our forthcoming January issue) we see to what tests Linda's vaunted strength was put—and how stanchly success stood by her in time of need.

COLD CREAM

(Continued from page 48)

after time come out of the swimming-pool at the club, and sit around all afternoon without so much as powdering her nose or running a comb through her hair. No mystery about her at all.

When she met the Smith girl at the Hydes', Mrs. Mapleson got an inspiration. It was daring, and it required tact, but she knew she was equal to it. She invited the Smith girl down for the week-end of the big club dance.

The Smith girl was obviously embarrassed, and tried awfully hard to refuse the invitation. But Mrs. Mapleson was firm, and said she'd be terribly hurt if the Smith girl didn't come.

"It'll be so nice for George," Mrs. Mapleson said, "and I just love George to have a good time. We've always been such pals, you know."

When she had sent Mr. Mapleson and the Smith girl down to the village on an errand, Mrs. Mapleson went quietly to the guest-room and looked in the closet. She felt just a trifle guilty as she did it—Mrs. Mapleson was the soul of honor, but after all, all's fair in love and war, and this was both. She nodded with satisfaction over what she found there. Then she went to the dressing-table and examined the Smith girl's toilet articles. Evidently she was pleased with what she saw, because she left the room humming.

BY the middle of the country-club dance, it began to look as though Mrs. Mapleson's plan was working. She had never seen two people who appeared more uncomfortable than her husband and the Smith girl. They only danced together once all evening; and on the way home, when she made them sit together up front while she sat in the back with Hugh Owen, she noticed that they hardly spoke. Nothing like making the enemy come to your camp, Mrs. Mapleson thought to herself. Tonight she would begin the real campaign.

She knocked on the guest-room door where the Smith girl was getting ready for bed. Mrs. Mapleson was wearing a peach-colored negligee of chiffon and lace. Her slippers were satin, trimmed with ostrich feathers. Her long hair fell in alluring cascades about her delicately tinted face. It was her hair that had first attracted Mr. Mapleson, fifteen years ago.

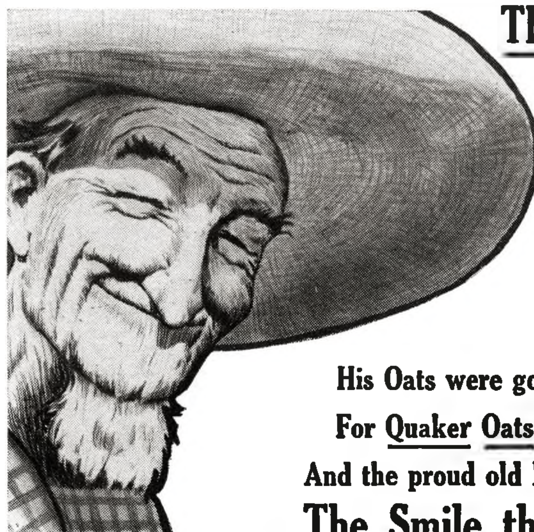
"I've just come in to see that you're thoroughly comfortable," Mrs. Mapleson said. The Smith girl was sitting in front of the dressing-table in a navy blue bathrobe which showed signs of wear. Her hair was pulled back tight; and her thin face was smeared with cold cream—thick, gooey cold cream. She looked, Mrs. Mapleson noted with satisfaction, a sight.

"Thanks," said the Smith girl, plunging her hand still deeper into the cold-cream jar. "I'm all right."

"I'll say good night, then," said Mrs. Mapleson, and started from the room. Suddenly she gave a little moan of pain, caught hold of a bedpost, and sank gracefully to the floor.

"What is it?" asked the Smith girl in alarm.

"It's my ankle," Mrs. Mapleson said,



The Farmer's Smile

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For Quaker Oats at Quaker Mill—
And the proud old Farmer's smiling still
The Smile that won't come off.

Here's Food Value No Other Oatmeal Boasts

Here's richer flavor—extra nourishment —from the exclusive Quaker★ process

DO you know the difference there is between oatmeals? We have made an oatmeal so delicious that it is preferred above all others.

Quaker Oats are flaked from just the finest, *plumpest* grains. It takes 32 siftings to discard all but the choicest, plumpest oats. In other words, a bushel (thirty-two pounds) of good oats, yields but ten pounds of Quaker Oats.

Why Quaker Oats are more nourishing than other oatmeals

Then the selected oat kernels are roasted whole, roasted to a supremely delicious flavor. They are then further enriched with modern ultra violet rays. This gives added food value no other oatmeal provides.

This is what we mean when we say there's no other oatmeal like Quaker.

Faster than Toast or Coffee

Quaker made the first fast cooking oatmeal. It cooks faster than toast or coffee. Others have imitated Quick Quaker Oats. But none have succeeded in copying the rich savory flavor.

Bring children to a love of this great natural food by serving Quaker Oats . . . the oatmeal with the extra flavor . . . extra nourishment. Then watch the whole family smile at breakfast.

★ Quaker Oats is purer, richer, better, because of the exclusive Quaker process which includes:

1—**The use of choicest oats.**
2—**Better flavor** due to 10 different roastings.
3—**Further enrichment** by the use of modern ultra violet rays.
U. S. Patent No. 1,680,818

Quick Quaker Oats

smiling bravely. "I'm afraid I've sprained it. How stupid of me! Get George, please. He'll have to carry me back to my room."

The Smith girl called Mr. Mapleson, who came in his pajamas. He wasted no time in getting Mrs. Mapleson back to her own room; but Mrs. Mapleson did have a chance to notice that he got a good look at the Smith girl, standing there like a scared rabbit, her face all shiny and greasy with cold cream.

Mrs. Mapleson slept rather well that night. She had a feeling that everything would work out all right.

When she woke up in the morning, Mr. Mapleson was not there, which was odd. He usually slept late Sunday morning.

Mrs. Mapleson got up and dressed very carefully. It was important for her to look her best this morning.

BUT when she went downstairs for breakfast, Mr. Mapleson was not around. Neither was the Smith girl.

"Do you know where Mr. Mapleson and Miss Smith are?" she asked when Ellen brought in her coffee.

"They went to New York," said Ellen. "Miss Smith had to leave in a hurry, and Mr. Mapleson drove her in. They didn't want to disturb you. Mr. Mapleson left a note."

Ellen handed her an envelope.

"I feel like a dog doing this to you," it said. "I hate to hurt you. But I've got to. We're going away. I've been in love with Evelyn for a long time now. I've fought against it, and so has she. But it's no use. When I saw her in that funny old bathrobe last night, with her face all smeared up with cold cream and looking so adorable, I knew I couldn't live without her any longer."

"George."

JEWELS ON APPROVAL

(Continued from page 29)

"Aren't you?"

"No more than you're Van Suydam Smith."

"That puts us in the same boat, doesn't it? Or do you hold with me, perhaps, it's poor slang to nickname a motorcar a boat?"

"I wish,"—the wish was ground vindictively between teeth that lent new lease of life to the threadbare simile, "like pearls,"—"I do wish I knew some way to get you out of it."

"You've reconsidered your intention to call a cop?"

"You know I daren't."

"Then I'm afraid there's no hope."

"See here!" The girl squared herself defiantly. "What will you take?"

"Take? In consideration of taking ourself off, do you mean?"

"To clear out and let me alone."

"We are afraid," the man temporized, "that's a question for delicate negotiation under less public circumstances." He took observations, and discovered that the car was passing the Public Library. "Or do you perhaps live in Brooklyn?"

"What is it to you where I live?"

"It's getting on to tea-time. I could do with a cup, if you live anywhere in town and will be good enough to ask me."

The girl squandered another minute or two in fruitless scrutiny of the civil, amused, impersonal mask presented for her inspection. Then she gave a shrug. "We'll be home in a jiffy. I suppose, if you simply won't come to terms with me now—"

"No fear."

She indulged a second shrug of helpless vexation and a silence that lasted till the car pulled up before a dwelling that had once been proud but had recently passed through reconstruction into a hive of little apartments for folk of modest means.

The self-styled Mr. Smith alertly hopped out and offered a hand. The fingers that were not Lucia Confrey's lightly touched his; the pleasing person they served passed him without a glance, and delaying only to instruct the chauffeur to, "Wait, please," hastened into the house.

THERE was no hall-service. She had to let herself and her guest in with her own latchkey. With no more words between them, they mounted two flights of stairs, meeting nobody. Two doors opened on the second landing. One of these the girl unlocked. The man shut it behind him and followed through a short hall to a sitting-room of fair size and modestly furnished.

Here the girl rounded on him with brusque challenge: "Well?"

"Charming," he amiably approved. "Of course, some acquaintance with your tastes prepared us to find you were doing yourself tolerably well; but this is really too delightful. Such an intimately personal little home—it quite makes us feel intrusive."

"Not really!"

"More than ever, when we remember that since you aren't Lucia Confrey, we don't even know your name."

The girl loosed a puzzling smile. "They know me here by the name of Jennifer Horne."

"Ah, yes?" he commented, still politely inquisitive. "And down at police headquarters—"

"The dicks?" The surprising creature laughed outright. "But I'm far too smooth a worker for them to know me by any name at all, as yet."

"'As yet.' To be sure. Ah, well, never lose heart. Good work in any field of endeavor is bound to win recognition in the long run."

"I suppose so. And then, I suppose, I'll have to go back to work."

"Very likely either back or up."

"'Up'?"

"Up the river to Ossining. We believe, at least, they generally reward grand larceny with a stretch at hard labor."

"Gosh!" The young woman wilted into a chair. "Grand larceny!"

"*And* forgery. We're assuming, you see, that you signed Miss Confrey's name to the memorandum on which you got away with the goods, after we left."

"But she—" Cumulative consternation choked off that protest. Briefly eyes wide with blue dismay dwelt on the dismal perspectives this heartlessness had opened up. "But *you* got that ring without signing any memorandum."

"Wrong again: just before you came in, we had given the signature of Van Suydam Smith for it."

"Then we are in the same boat."

He was left to decide for himself whether this had ended on a point of interrogation or of exclamation. "Even so," he shuffled, "the helm is in our hands, not yours."

"Meaning to say, I'm at your mercy."

"We're not sure. It largely rests with you."

"What does?"

"Whether you are to see in us an adversary or a partner in crime."

"'Partner in crime'!"

"Just so: compounding a felony."

A LONG, illegible stare weighed him. "Well what are your terms?"

"Hard to say, knowing as little as we do about your conditions."

"My motives, you mean—the circumstances that led me to commit a—what did you call it?"

"Felony."

"Grisly word!" the girl mutinously observed. "And anyhow, what do they matter, my motives?"

"Why," he cried in some wonder, "everything, we should think."

"Or is it merely that you want to pry into my secrets to satisfy a mean curiosity?"

He reddened at that; his manner stiffened. "Think what you like," he began, and turned a warmer shade of red, to find that she was shaking with silent mirth. "Oh, here!" he grumbled. "That's no fair. Why are you laughing at us?"

"Because, if I'm an impostor, you're such a fraud! A rather nice fraud, but—It's a pity—I mean, I'm almost sorry you're engaged to be married. Though," the minx thoughtfully amended, "I suppose I really ought to be glad; it would be too easy to get to thinking too much about you."

"Fulsome flattery," the man rejoined; "and as such, fair enough. But may we not suggest that this line, interesting as it is, isn't getting us anywhere in particular."

"Isn't it? I don't like to contradict you, but—why not put a bold face on it and own up you're Van Suydam Smith?"

"Have we ever denied that?"

"Oh, dear!" Mirth evaporated altogether in the doleful small wail. "Then you are!" Guilty silence confirmed the accusation. "What am I going to do? I mean, just what are you going to do with me?"

"We," said Mr. Smith, "are going to be an attentive audience." He drew up a chair, sat down, and coolly possessed himself of one of her hands. "Not in earnest," he smilingly disclaimed to a startled gaze, "—just by way of proving we can be sympathetic. Now tell us all about it."

"I don't know about that." The hand he held made a half-hearted attempt to free itself, no more. "I'm not sure sympathy's good for me. I'm awf'ly impres-

sionable, you see. And you've got your fiancee to remember."

"As long as you don't forget her," Van considered, "we're safe enough. Why did you do that foolish thing this afternoon?"

The blue eyes were dark and sad in the twilight; the mouth drooped, that had been made to laugh. A faint voice confessed: "Oh, I don't know—I was desperate! I haven't had a part in three years in anything that ran longer than a week. I'm over my ears in debt; haven't a penny; and there's no work in sight."

"You're on the stage?"

"Not very much. It's sudden death to any play to cast me in it; and I'm afraid the managers are beginning to think that too, they send for me so seldom. And the hardest part of it," the girl tragically protested, "I'm not at all a bad actress; truly I'm not."

"Of course you aren't. Only an impatient one—and not to be blamed for that, either. But the worst run of luck can't last forever."

"If I could only believe it!"

"But we're telling you. It happens that we know most managers worth knowing, and we'll guarantee you a part in a play that's already an established success, provided—"

"Of course," the girl ruefully chimed. "Though I warn you, it's no fair bargain, it won't be repaying kindness with kindness. I'll only close the show; and then you'll have to get me another job to keep me from raiding the Subtreasury or something, and after that another and another. . . . And I'll be seeing too much of you and losing my head and making a nuisance of myself."

"We'll even risk that far chance."

ON the third finger of the hand he held, the emerald burned like a globule of baleful fire. Van lifted the hand, touched the stone, and with a smile whimsically sketched, awaited the permission that directly came in the shape of a slow nod. He drew the ring off and put it away in the pocket where rested that other ring which he had taken from the establishment of Miss Olga Grieg. Then without more demur the girl unlatched the chain of imperial jade from her white throat and dropped it into his palm. It went to join the rings. But the diamond pendant proved reluctant to leave its nest upon her bosom. A piece of intricate fretwork in platinum, two of its tendrils had taken fast hold in the lace. She worried with it to no result for a minute or two, then jumped up and went to a window, though by then there was little enough light lingering in the sky.

"Bother!" he heard her murmur. "I don't want to tear it out—"

"Let me make a light," he offered, casting about for a wall-switch.

"Oh, please not!" She swung back. "I—please—I'd rather not, if we can manage without. I—I'm so ashamed; I don't want you to see me. If you wouldn't mind helping, perhaps—"

Consistently sympathetic, Van said no more about making a light, only that he would be glad. . . . But he wasn't. It was necessary to stand too near her while he worried with the entangled pendant. He grew uncomfortably conscious of her—conscious of her consciousness of him. She had said she was impressionable, and

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HERE'S news that may save you many a sleepless night. For a way has been found to bring sound, natural sleep. Called Ovaltine, it acts to combat sleeplessness—*entirely without drugs.*

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm.

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Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of it tonight. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk and drink it before going to bed. You'll sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

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at this close range he was unable to be unaware of emotions astir in her that told him she was impressed, unmistakably affected by his nearness. And she was something more than merely a pretty girl.

Her breathing fanned brokenly his searching fingers, above which her head was bent the better to hide her face; beneath them, the lace rose and fell disturbingly to the agitation of her bosom. Van was bothered by his own pulses as well.

"I'm afraid," she faltered, "this won't do—I'd better go into my room and turn on the light there—if you think you can trust me—"

"Don't be silly," he countered more grimly than he meant to. "But half a minute: I think that's got it."

"That" had: the pendant fetched away in his grasp. "There!" he uttered in triumph not unmixed with relief.

But before he could draw back, impulsive hands caught his arm. "Oh," cried a husky voice of fright, "what was that?"

"What?" Van blankly inquired.

"Didn't you hear? There, in the hall —somebody—"

She was trembling. Instinctively, quite without premeditation, Van girdled her slight shape with a reassuring arm. She seemed the calmer for it; and thus locked, they stood for several seconds, alertly listening. But Van heard only the heart thumping in the body pressed to his; that and pulses throbbing in his own temples.

"What did you hear?"

"Nothing, I suppose. I'm all nerves today. I thought I heard the door-latch."

"Nobody lives with you?"

"No. The girl that shares this hole with me is on the road. I wish she weren't; it's so lonely, I get fanciful—as just now. Forgive me for being such a stupid."

But she clung still to him, as if forgetful that her fright had been an affair of nerves alone; and when he moved a little in her hold, restive, it only fastened on him the more tightly. "Please," a sobbing whisper begged, "not yet—don't go just yet—not until—"

"Until?"

"Not till I've thanked you. You've been so sweet, so kind! You shouldn't have been. I didn't deserve it. And then—I warned you—"

"Yes? Of what?"

"Oh, don't you know? Of this!"

Her head lifted from his shoulder; her face searched blindly to his in the dusk; their lips met.

ALL in a breath Mr. Van Suydam Smith found himself again footloose, at the head of the stairs outside the closed door to Jennifer Horne's little flat, no end relieved to be so, and sorely irked by a sense of duty perhaps a trifle overdone. And himself a man heavily engaged and in danger of being late, at that, for tea with the young woman to whom his troth was plighted!

Well, he supposed, that sort of thing was what one got for being susceptible.

Divided in mind as to whether he ought honestly to consider himself a bit of a dog or just a yellow cur, he buttoned his coat over the pockets in which the loot of his conquest was stored pending its restoration, first thing in the morning, to the coffers of Miss Olga Grieg, and in chastened temper addressed himself to the stairs. These called for gingerly navigation, both because they were cramped and twisty, and because the hall lamps had not yet been lighted. Somebody, he saw, was at the same time coming up from the street level; and on the first landing Van paused and drew aside to let this person pass him, only to make the painful discovery, the next instant, that this person was of a contrary mind. For instead of passing Van, he pulled up short and poked the ugly blunt nose of an automatic pistol into his midriff.

"Claw the ceilin', bo!" he hoarsely croaked. "Just one squeak outa you, and I'll send your in'ards to find your hands. Attababy! Now come through with that junk: where'd you put it?"

"In the lower pockets of our waistcoat," Van meekly responded.

"In your vest, hey? All right—only don'tcha go makin' no fool passes."

THE hand that wasn't holding the pistol (which most distressingly stayed put throughout) ripped open Van's coat.

"What beats us," Van bleated, "is how you got your information about this stuff!"

"Just because you two sailed in when you did, and caught me while I was friskin' the little lady's bureau, into her bedroom, and I couldn't do nothin' but lie low and listen while you kidded her into comin' through. Then I eased out to lay for you." At this juncture the fingers that had dipped into the waistcoat pockets came away empty. "Sa-ay! What is this, anyhow, a frame? Are youse tryin' to kid me? Whatcha done with them jools you made that dame cough up? Speak quick, or—Gawd be with you!"

"What!" Astonishment and chagrin were writ so large on Van's countenance that even the gunman was persuaded. "You don't mean to say—"

"Wait a minute!" Deft fingers explored Van's every other pocket. "Brother, you aint got a solitary jool nowheres on you!"

"Well!" Van whistled. "The little devil!"

"Vamped you, hey?" A grin of derision made the repellent face opposed to his more than ever unsightly in Van's rating. "Let you think you was one helluva bright white-haired lad—and snitched all the stuff right back again while she was sendin' you away with love and kisses! Bo, you're too soft for this game. When a bird lets a frail put old stuff like that over on him, safest thing he can do is turn straight. Come on, now!" The pressure of the pistol thrust Van back toward the foot of the second flight of stairs. "You can give your hands a rest if you wanta, seein's you aint got no more gun than jools or brains in the head. But do's I tell you: turn right around and climb."

"What—"

"I and you're going to make another call on the lady dip. Climb!"

Van turned not at all reluctantly, and with the pistol nuzzling the small of his back, climbed. At the door from which he had so lately emerged, he obeyed a command to halt and press the button. From its far side the sound of a buzzer was distinctly to be heard. The door persisted in presenting an impassive face, notwithstanding.

"What t'ell!" the gunman muttered. "If she thinks stallin's going to get her anything, she's got another swell think comin'. Here, you: stand aside."

Van backed away, still covered by the pistol. The bandit whipped a key from his pocket and inserted it in the lock.

"Where did you get that?"

"Off the sup'ntendent—master-key for the whole damn' house. He's a layin' off in the furnace-room now, hog-tied and chewin' a sock." The door swung wide. "Walk in, friend, and make yourself to home."

Van walked in, the man with the gun at his heels.

But the flat was empty: Miss Jennifer Horne had flown.

"Well!" the gunman gaped, concluding a two-minute search of the three rooms and bath. "Whaddya know about that?"

"Nothing certain," Van replied, beginning to enjoy himself. "But if we may make so bold as as to hazard a shrewd guess—"

"Well: what is it?"

"The young woman heard us on the landing, ran up the next flight, waited till we got in here, then ran down to the street. She had a hired car, left it waiting when we came up—"

A motor-horn in the street yawped with a mocking accent, and Van and the gunman with one consent turned to the windows, craning out of them just in time to see the town-car pull away from the curb below. And when Van drew his head back into the room, he had the premises all to himself: the bandit was charging down the stairs and emitting a bellow of rage at every jump.

BECAUSE the early evening crush of traffic on the avenues was at its thickest, the town-wise walked instead of hopping taxies, and so saved time. Van made the journey afoot to East Sixty-third Street, turning up a good thirty minutes late for tea in the Confrey drawing-room. On any other day he would complacently have counted himself Fortune's pampered pet to find Lucia alone. Tonight he wasn't so sure he was the luckiest man alive. Bruises administered to masculine vanity seldom heal in half an hour.

"There's one thing," Lucia sweetly reflected, while he saluted her hand and found him a humble seat by her side: "you won't ever be able to call me to order, not at least with a straight face, for taking all the time I need to dress for dinners and theaters and things, after we're married—not when I can remind you of times like tonight. I adore you, Van; but I do think, too, you're not a very gallant sweetheart."

"Sorry," he said, and convincingly looked it. "We've been shopping and—ah—lost our way."

"Lost your way?"

"Kind of."

"Tell me about it." Lucia gave him a cup of tea quite to his taste without holding up the show to make arch observations concerning her acquaintance with his liking for two lumps and lemon instead of cream. In many respects a most remarkable young woman. "Have you been deceiving me, Van? You've always

led me to believe you knew your way about; and now you say you lost it this afternoon!"

"In a manner of speaking. That wasn't all we lost," Van gloomily added, "either. We lost what we'd gone shopping for: a ring to be a symbol of our engagement—something a bit out of the ordinary, you know."

"Van! Don't tell me you found a ring and then lost it!"

Something in her tone fostered the suspicion that Lucia was having a mock at him. Well, he deserved to be mocked at.

"Such a lovely ring, too," Lucia laughed in his hangdog countenance. "Next to you, dear, I believe I adore it more than anything in the world."

"Eh?" he stammered. "What do you know about it?"

"But see!"

IT lived in beauty on Lucia's slender finger! Van pressed a hand to his forehead and giddily goggled.

"Jenny brought it to me, directly she escaped from you and the bandit, Van."

He experienced that widely advertised sensation known as an all-gone feeling.

"Jenny!"

"Jennifer Horne. We used to room together at school, you know. Then her people lost all their money, and she had to go on the stage to make a living; so we haven't been able to see as much of each other of late years as we wanted to. I dare say that's why you haven't heard me talk about her. But today at luncheon she told me she needed some unusual jewelry for a special purpose, and I told her about Grieg's, and that she could get what she wanted there in my name. And of course you had to be there and mistake her for a thief! It's too funny. We had such a laugh over it all, just now."

"Ah—she's—Miss Horne's here now?"

"No, dear; she couldn't stop. Besides, she said she fancied you wouldn't be very keen on seeing her again for a while."

"Do you mean," Van gulped, "that young woman knew who we were all along, and just played a game on us?"

"Not exactly, dear; Jenny wasn't sure. First she thought you were Van Suydam Smith, she says; and then she was afraid you weren't; and finally she decided she couldn't afford to take the chance—that was after she'd given up the things to you—so she took them back again, just to be on the safe side. . . . Van, dear!" —Lucia bent near and turned on him the full candlepower of her wondering eyes,—"what was the trick Jenny used to get them back without your knowing?"

"She—ah—didn't tell you?"

"She hadn't time. She said it was a piece of business she learned to do for a part she used to play in a crook melodrama. How did it go?"

"It wouldn't be fair to tell," Van said with decision. "It's a trade secret of hers, you see. No; it wouldn't be fair."

"Never mind. I've seen so many underworld plays myself. I think I can guess." Fond malice lurked in the eyes his startled eyes consulted. And Lucia laughed. "Don't look so guilty, you funny thing! You see, Jenny said I wasn't to be jealous: so I know, dear, you didn't kiss her back. You, just like a lamb, let yourself be kissed in a good cause; and—I forgive you."

Has the real beauty of your teeth been hidden by seven stains?

You may have lovely teeth, without the world ever knowing it. Yes, without even you yourself ever knowing it.

Many a woman has regretfully resigned herself to dull teeth—as a matter of Fate. When, hidden under the dullness, may be teeth that would flatter a girl on a magazine cover.

For Fate doesn't dull your teeth. Breakfasts, dinners and suppers *do!* Everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth . . . seven different kinds of stains, all told.

But you can take them *off*—completely—with Colgate's.

Many toothpastes have only one action, fail to thoroughly remove all stains. But Colgate's has the TWO actions necessary. An *emulsive* action that washes away most of the stains. And a gentle *polishing* action that safely rubs away others.

That's why Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans teeth right down to the sparkling enamel. That's why Colgate's can give you beauty of teeth, after other toothpastes have failed.

For a limited time only, you can get the large 25-cent tube of Colgate's for only 19 cents. Buy it—today.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke

Colgate's removes all seven

THE MIDDLE SON

(Continued from page 55)

She turned in the dark, resting her knuckles on the top step where she sat, rolling her weight to her knees and then pushing it to her feet. Getting up and down was the hardest of anything she did. The screen door thudded on her heels, leaving the men outside, giving her the kitchen. She brought a box and a bottle from the cupboard, stirred up the fire, and set a kettle on to heat. As she worked, Willy's voice rumbled beyond the window:

"—might as well know, Pa, I'm clearing out. This aint any camping-trip. I'm in a jam."

IN the darkness of the cellarway Lizzie felt about for biscuits and eggs and pickles, doughnuts and pie.

"—met this feller last week, and he wanted me to go with him, buying a ranch out in his country. Five hundred dollars he said I'd have to have. It sounded like a good thing to me. I kept turning it over in my mind. I meant to ask you for the five hundred dollars, but I didn't know as you could spare it very well."

"Spare it! My God, Willy, we aint got twenty dollars to our name! What you done, boy?"

Lizzie split the biscuits and spread them thick with butter, peeled the eggs and sprinkled them with salt and pepper. Her hands were nearly as broad as they were long, the veins thick and hard, the nails ribbed and broken.

"—tell you there wasn't any other way, Pa. I got to get out. I got to get out of here. There's nothing here for me. It's my chance. This feller's got the ranch most bought, and he's got a herd of good cattle. We'll make something of ourselves. Ten years from now I'll send for you and Mom to come out and look us over. We'll be some handsome cowboys. Purple silk shirts and chaps!"

"I don't know how your mother'll stand it."

"She don't care anything about me, does she? I never thought she cared anything about me. It was always you that kind of stuck up for me. That's why I thought I'd better tell you what a hole I'm in—"

Lizzie put milk and sugar into the whisky bottle and poured in tea strong and hot. Wrapped in newspaper, it would stay warm for many hours.

"—come in there this afternoon spreading out his bills he was taking to the bank, telling what a lot a fellow could do if he had a business head on him! It was too much for me. I up and hit him one. I took his money too. I aint denying it. As I see it, it was as good as mine. I'd have made more than that, if he'd kept to the promise he made me when I rented that building. He was a double-crosser—"

"Oh, my God, boy!" Ed Hanson groaned. "Oh, my God! You hadn't ought to done it. Whatever made you do it? I don't know what your mother'll do. I don't know how she'll stand it."

"That's all right, Mom!" Willy called through the window. "Don't fuss over it. Just a bite's all I want."

"That's all 'tis," Lizzie answered.

She stood for a minute looking down into the box, then went to the cupboard and came back, her feet dragging, her shoulders bent, to tuck a crumpled paper bag into a corner beside the pie.

Willy came in for the box, hitting against chairs and table with his big hands, his big feet, and yet slim in his body, his neck lean and young. His hair looked almost red in the lamplight.

"All ready, Mom?"

"Yes. I guess so."

"Well, I better be going, then."

"Don't you—aint you going to take anything—any extry clothes?"

"No. I aint got room. . . . I'll be all right, Mom."

"Yes. I put you up enough to last you for a couple of days, if need be."

"You did? You put in any—any pie, Mom?"

"Yes. They's pie. And hot tea."

"I'll be all right, then."

"Yes—I put in a few Canada mints, that I had by me."

"Huh! I'll be all right if I've got Canada mints, won't I, Mom?"

"Yes—I guess so, Willy."

All the time, his mouth was smiling. They did not look at each other. He took up the box and went awkwardly to the door. She followed him. The lights from an automobile on the top of Archer's hill struck the glass mug hanging on the pump in the yard, glinting. They could hear the motor too.

"Willy!" Lizzie said. "You've got that money, aint you—what you said, what you got for your garage stuff?"

"Sure." Willy's chuckle was hard. "You bet I've got it." He stepped out, closing the screen-door, and looked back through the wire, his forehead pressed against it, his eyes soft and young, his mouth grinning. "What I want to ask *you*—you going to wear them beads, mom?"

"Yes," Lizzie answered. "You better be going, Willy. I'll wear 'em."

"Cause I've bought you other stuff you never wore," Willy said, his face pressed against the screen. "That white silk scarf, you know—"

"Well, I'll wear 'em," Lizzie said. "You go along. I'll wear 'em, Willy."

"That's right," Willy said. His face dropped away into the dark. "That's the girl, Mom."

Lizzie heard him go down the steps, heard his father get up and go toward the road with him. She kept on standing even after they had gone, and was there when a truck drove into the yard a few minutes later, its two great eyes boring into the place like augers into a board.

"Hullo! That you, Mis' Hanson? Where's Ed?"

"I don't know. He just stepped out. I was a-looking for him."

"You was, hey?"

Several men appeared, and stood about her steps.

"Bill been here tonight?"

"Willy? No. He's to the village, if you want him."

"No, he aint."

"Well, he aint here."

"Aint, huh? I guess we'd better see about that." Harry Spencer showed his badge. It was no sight to Lizzie Hanson. She knew he had a badge. "I suppose you know what's happened."

"No," Lizzie answered him. "Something happened, has it?"

"Gene Lucas has been killed. Killed and robbed of six hundred dollars, and the body left locked up in Bill's garage. Sure you aint seen Bill?"

"No," Lizzie answered, still standing on her stiff old feet in her doorway. "I aint seen Willy for some time."

"Well, we'll just look around," the Sheriff said to his men.

They brushed by her. She heard them tramping upstairs, down cellar, through the shed into the barn. Ed came back to the steps, and she went out, and they sat there together as they had earlier in the evening.

"You heard him, what he said?" Lizzie asked once, between her nearly closed lips.

Ed jerked his head. Lizzie knew Ed had been crying. She could tell by the sound of his breath, and the pocket in which he kept his red handkerchief was damp against her arm. She sat stonily, her eyes on the ground.

The Sheriff and his men came out of the barn, the beams from their flashlights and lanterns darting about the yard and down the pasture lane. Not a foot of the Hanson acres went unshaven by those razors of light, not a tree nor a boulder nor a fence. Then men cursed and spat, muttering together. They put their ears to the ground and listened; they beat the bushes with clubs as if trying to drive out snakes. In that hour the last dignity, the last reserve of Ed and Lizzie Hanson was torn away. They could not even any longer keep their house and land from intrusion. Taking their clothing from them would have left them no more nude than this. They sat close together, and did not answer when the Sheriff spoke to them, kindly enough, nor did they look up as the truck roared away.

LATER, in the thick dark, the kitchen lamp having drunk its oil and gone out, Ed said huskily: "Ma! Ma, you don't need to worry over Willy, anyway. He's all right."

"Yes, I guess so," Lizzie answered.

"I mean, it wa'n't fishing he went—"

"I know it. I heard him tell it over."

"You heard him!"

"Yes, I heard him."

"You never said nothing."

"No. Well, I heard him."

Still later, Ed asked: "Did you hear me say I'd try to raise some cash on the place to send out to him?"

"Yes. I heard you."

"You wa'n't mad?"

"I guess 'twas only right, Ed. I don't know. I guess 'twas only right. I put in a paper of them silver dollars too. Some way, I felt as if I had to."

"I don't know what the rest will say—"

"No." Lizzie rolled over, pushing and pulling herself to her feet. She stood looking at the sky. "It don't make much difference now. They've all got something—all but him. He's off out there alone, and he aint got nothing—only us. . . . He was an awful taking little young one, wa'n't he, Ed?"

RADIO REVUE

(*Continued from page 47*)

parts of the program, are aided by their past experience with "The March of Time," they are continually faced with the problem of changing technique for the changing news of each week.

The selection of actors who can faithfully reproduce the voices of those in the news is one of the most difficult of Mr. Pryor's many duties. It looks this year as if he might have a particularly bad time, because with each shuffle of the "New Deal" there will rise into prominence men and women who have not before figured spectacularly in the news. However, radio audiences will still hear —William Adams, who speaks as either President Roosevelt or President von Hindenburg at the flip of a coin; Ted de Corsia, who finds no difficulty in switching from the voice of Mussolini to that of Herbert Hoover; Alfred Shirley as Ramsay MacDonald, the Prince of Wales, and Mahatma Gandhi; Marian Hopkinson as Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt; Westbrook van Voorhis as Hitler; Porter Hall as Stalin; Frank Reddick as Lindbergh; Barbara Bruce as Frances Perkins and Mrs. James Roosevelt; and Charles Slattery as Al Smith.

These actors, and others who will be chosen as the news dictates, strive to achieve accurate reproductions of the tones and vocal mannerisms of the persons they represent, by seeing and hearing them on every possible occasion. Radio speeches are listened to by the actor and by Mr. Pryor with a concentration which would be flattering if their interest were not centered on the voice rather than the thoughts of the speaker. Newsreel theaters are a favorite laboratory for studying the voices of the headliners.

The editors of *Time* have prepared their script. Arthur Pryor, Jr., has selected and rehearsed the actors, decided on sound-effects and paced his production. Howard Barlow has scored the program. Possibly as many as fifty actors are assembled in the studio, together with the symphony orchestra, the directors, the announcer, and the production man. Thirteen hours or more of rehearsal have sunk into the past. The hands of the clock reach eight-thirty, and you hear—

"Remington Rand, featuring the March of Time. . . ."

JOE PENNER, the man with a duck nobody wants to buy, is appearing in his first extended radio series on the Bakers' Broadcast over a coast-to-coast NBC-WJZ network on Sunday evenings. Penner's radio début was as a guest star on Rudy Vallée's Fleischmann Hour Variety programs, where he and his duck were such a success that the same sponsor chose him for his present broadcasts.

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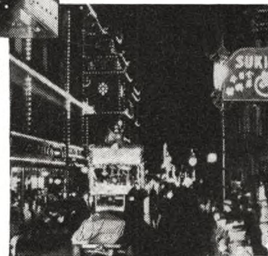

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THE EVIL EMPRESS

(Continued from page 21)

When the procession finally returned to the great ballroom, having circled the palace three times, the Empress motioned to the Master of Ceremonies; and the doors leading into the supper-hall, which was transformed into a tropical garden, were thrown open. All the guests stood up and waited for the Empress to lead the way. She was about to offer her arm to Orlov, when she saw the Chief of Police crossing the floor in her direction.

She raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"I hope you are not coming to report the theft of the great Imperial Crown, Chicherin. Anything of importance?"

"I am afraid so, Your Majesty. May I talk to you for a few minutes?"

Catherine hesitated.

"Let me talk to him, Little Mother," volunteered Orlov. "The guests are waiting for you."

"I am sorry, Your Highness," stiffly said Chicherin, "but I'd rather discuss this matter directly with Her Majesty."

Both men played their parts admirably. There was no doubt in the minds of Helen, her father and Samarin, who stood behind the Empress, that the Chief of Police had unearthed something of a nature likely to bring about the downfall of the favorite.

"Well," finally decided Catherine, "if it's as important as all that, my guests will have to eat their food unseasoned by my presence. Lead the way, Chicherin. I hope you won't detain me too long."

She walked through the crowd of silent guests, with the Chief of Police marching ahead of her, while at a sign from Orlov, the slightly perplexed master of ceremonies knocked on the floor with his ivory-handled staff and announced that supper had been served.

THE absence of the Empress lasted a full hour. The pink-and-white towers of ice-cream were being already passed around the tables when she appeared in the supper-hall, this time unescorted by Chicherin. She stopped for a moment at the table of the British ambassador and inquired about the health of His Britannic Majesty, who had been suffering with a severe cold when last heard from; and then instead of making a general tour of hospitality as was required by etiquette, she walked straight to the table of Orlov, which was set in the center of the hall, in a grove of palms and citrus-trees. She was conscious of curious glances, but her smile was serene and her eyes sparkled.

"Please be seated," she said to Orlov and his guests. "I know I will be reprimanded by the Master of Ceremonies, but the thought of a single girl being left at the mercy of four men made me unhappy. I simply had to come to the rescue of Helen. . . . No, thanks, Count. If you don't mind, I'd rather sit between Prince Samarin and the Chancellor, with wisdom on my left and romance on my right."

"Had I known it," said the Chancellor, "I would have exchanged seats with the Prince. All my life I wanted to be recognized as an incurable romantic."

"Bravo, bravo!" laughed Catherine. "The great cynical faun of the North, transformed into a dashing hero by the proximity of young beauty! I must mention it in my next letter to Voltaire. And speaking of Voltaire, here's something, my friends, that is even more daring than the writings of our amiable revolutionary."

She took a paper from her décolletage, and turning to Samarin, said:

"Please read it aloud, Prince. I am too vain to carry my glasses at a ball, and my poor eyes aren't what they used to be."

"Certainly, Your Majesty."

Samarin took the paper, opened it—and remained silent. Helen thought she saw his hand tremble.

"Don't be so selfish, Prince," said Catherine. "We all want to hear it."

"Your Majesty, may I first explain—"

"Don't," interrupted Catherine. "Explanations and footnotes are invariably boresome. Let's read it first and comment afterward."

"Very well, Your Majesty."

Samarin bowed, and began to read:

" 'While the world is still suffering from all forms of tyranny, and while there are still millions of serfs in Russia, brutalized by their masters and sold like so many head of cattle, something tells me that the days of absolutism are counted. There is unrest throughout France, and even in the selfsame unfortunate Russia, signs are not lacking that the country of the play-writing Empress is about to witness a great revolution. It is our duty, friends, to work incessantly toward making this revolution a success and a real triumph of liberty.' "

While Samarin was reading the paper in a voice choking with emotion, a great change came into the facial expressions of his five listeners. The old Chancellor straightened up in his chair, and his pale lips became tightly drawn. General Bernsdorf sat up with clenched fists, and could hardly resist a desire to reach across the table, pull the paper out of Samarin's hands and tear it into shreds. Helen was watching Orlov and Catherine, hoping that it would help her understand the meaning of this strange scene; but Orlov hid his face behind the menu while Catherine kept up her smile.

"Revolting! Outrageous!"

General Bernsdorf was the first to offer his comment.

"Isn't it?" said Catherine. "What would you do, my dear General, to the author of this paper, were you to sit as his judge?"

The General rose and stood at attention.

"Your Majesty, I would have that man shot without granting him the privilege of a trial!"

"You are too cruel, General. I am afraid I'll have to take the advice of the younger people. For instance you, Prince Samarin?"

Samarin met Catherine's eyes with a look of contempt.

"Your Majesty," he answered coldly, "it is clear to me that nothing I might say or do could change the vindictive character of Count Orlov. His game is quite obvious."

"What's that?" Orlov jumped up and made a move toward Samarin.

"Please, gentlemen," said Catherine. "I am yet to hear the promised explanation of Prince Samarin."

"There are no explanations forthcoming, Your Majesty. You know very well that although this paper is written in my hand, it is merely a translation from the well-known paragraph in the latest book of D'Alambert, the French philosopher, who, I believe, is well known to Your Majesty."

Catherine nodded.

"It may be so, Prince. But what made you translate it? And what prompted you to send it to your accomplice Captain Potiemkin?"

"Captain Potiemkin?" Samarin could hardly believe his own ears. "Your Majesty is joking. Why, I met Captain Potiémkin for the first time in my life only yesterday, in the waiting-room of the Chancellor."

"That's true," confirmed the Chancellor. "If you want to take my advice, Your Majesty, you will have this matter thoroughly investigated before reaching a decision. I personally am willing to vouch for the integrity of both Captain Potiemkin and Prince Samarin."

"Thanks," said the Empress dryly. "But it so happens that I did not solicit your advice, Chancellor. This paper was found tonight in the house of Captain Potiemkin; and Prince Samarin admits that he has written it. What more do you want? I thank the Prince for the pleasure of his company; and I beg him to leave. The police are waiting for him outside."

Samarin got up and crossed toward Helen, who sat motionless in her chair, bewildered, and deathly pale.

"Darling—" he began, but General Bernsdorf pushed him back.

"You will obey the orders of Her Majesty, young man! I won't permit you to disgrace my daughter any further."

"Very well, General," said Samarin; and without bowing to the Empress, he walked away.

The orchestra in the great ballroom was playing a gay mazurka, and the Master of Ceremonies was directing the dancers to change their ladies.

"Step back, step back," he called to Samarin. "You have lost your lady."

"Not yet," said Samarin.

Chapter Six

B*ANG. . . . Bang. . . . Bang. . . .*

The soldier posted outside the tiers of solitary cells looked at the corporal of the guard knowingly.

"Still going strong," he said in muffled tones, as if afraid the echo might carry his words through the rocky stillness of the Fortress of Schlüsselburg.

"The same fellow?"

"Yes, the Prince in Number 2407."

"What is he raising the devil about?"

"He says he wants to talk to you."

"What about?"

"The usual thing, I guess. The rats and the black bread."

"Tell him that this is a jail, not an inn."

"I did, last night, but he says he is going to bang on the door till he sees you."

"Well," decided the corporal, "let him bang. That door can take lots of punishment."

The soldier nodded and resumed his tour of the corridor. He thought there would be little sense in reporting to his superior that the imprisoned Prince was anxious to learn what day it was. Passing in front of Number 2407, he knocked on the iron door with the butt of his musket and said indifferently:

"Better stop that racket."

"I must talk to the corporal," came in a hoarse voice.

"That's against the rules."

"Then you tell me what day it is."

"I am not permitted to give any information to the prisoners."

"Can't you tell me at least how many days I have already spent here?"

"No, I am not permitted to."

"But why? What difference would that make?"

The soldier shook his head in disgust and walked away. The fortress regulations, which he knew by heart, read: "It being the intention of Her Majesty's Government to keep prisoners who are confined to the solitary cells in thorough isolation from the outside world, no questions of theirs shall be answered by the guards, be it even an inquiry as to the hour of the day or as to the weather."

NOW the banging on the door, which had been going on for the last twelve hours stopped abruptly. Had the guard entered cell Number 2407 at that moment, he would have noticed a considerable change in the attitude of the prisoner. His hands bruised, his ears ringing and his head aching, Samarin sat on the edge of the iron bunk with his eyes closed. He hated to surrender to this feeling of weakness, but something had suddenly snapped inside him. The fact that the corporal had refused to talk to him made him think that instead of being exiled to Siberia, he might be kept indefinitely in this pitch-dark cell. The names of men who had died right here in the Fortress of Schlüsselburg, perhaps in this very cell, came to his mind: the ailing Prince Johann-Anton, the rightful claimant to the throne of Peter the Great, who was imprisoned at the age of ten; Captain Mirovich, an eccentric dreamer, who tried to rescue the hapless Prince; and many others—officers, writers, diplomats and former ministers of the Crown, about whom his late father used to tell him what sounded in his childhood like stories of fascinating mystery but which acquired the grim dimensions of stark realism now.

"I must not give in; I must fight it," he said to himself. "Unless I do, I shall lose my mind, and that's what they are hoping for."

"They" were Catherine and Orlov. Only three other people existed in the entire world as far as he was concerned. Those two and Helen. He loved Helen more than ever, but he felt that in his present state, love would not help him. In order to remain alive, he had to hate. Looking at the swollen knuckles of his hands, he visualized the white plumpness

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of Catherine's throat, and the dimple on Orlov's chin; and he shuddered with a maddening desire. . . .

"Revenge!" he said aloud, and the sound of that word thrilled him. It was the sweetest word in the universe. He jumped up and grabbed a large chunk of stale black bread that lay in the corner. He had refused to touch it when it was brought to him hours ago, and it bore the marks of the sharp teeth of rats; but he would have fought with myriads of rats for its possession now, because he was now determined to live: life meant revenge. He ate the bread ravenously, every bit of it, gathering the crumbs from his knees and the floor. A few moments later he fell asleep, for the first time in the four days spent by him in the solitary cell of the Fortress of Schlusselburg. . . .

He was still asleep next morning when the door opened and a rough voice said:

"There he is, Your Excellency. Guard, wake up the prisoner."

"No, don't," ordered the Chancellor. "You may go now, Governor. Just leave the door open. Are all your cells as dark as that?"

"Not quite, Your Excellency. This happens to be the darkest one. We reserve it for particularly dangerous rebels."

"Such as?"

"Well—" The Governor of the fortress hesitated for a moment. "If I recall correctly, the late Prince Johann-Anton spent here the last year of his life. I may be mistaken, of course—"

"I am certain you are not," muttered the Chancellor, entering the cell. "The diminutive size of this chamber suggests that it may have been especially built to serve as a play-nook for the youthful Johann-Anton."

The Governor flushed.

"We of the fortress are merely obeying the orders of those higher up, Your Excellency."

But the Chancellor was not listening. Leaning on his heavy gold-knobbed cane, he was staring into the unshaven face of the sleeper.

"Silly pup!" he said tenderly, and moving closer toward the bunk, he stroked Samarin's disheveled hair.

"Must be pretty exhausted," volunteered the Governor.

"Or afraid to wake up in the presence of so imposing a company."

The Governor clicked his heels and retired hurriedly.

LEFT alone, the Chancellor took a bottle of toilet water out of his pocket, moistened his silk handkerchief and proceeded to rub Samarin's forehead.

"What is it?" whispered the young man, opening his eyes, but still half-conscious.

"A breath of Versailles, my friend. Sweet as the kiss of a loving bride, strong as the claim of a pawnbroker."

"You? Here? Impossible! . . . I must be dreaming," cried Samarin incredulously, touching the Chancellor's hand.

"I hope not. It's bad enough to spend one's youth in this foul dungeon, without dreaming about decrepit specimens like myself. Are you sufficiently awake to talk?"

Samarin nodded. There was something in the bantering manner of the elder man which made him feel a lump forming in his throat. He was afraid to open his mouth.

"Steady, my boy!" said the Chancellor. "*Steady* is the word—homely, but mightily effective. I am bringing good news, young fellow."

"You mean it?"

SAMARIN grasped the Chancellor by the shoulder.

"Of course, I do. Let go of my shoulder! Have some respect for my venerable gout."

"Oh, I am so sorry, Your Excellency . . . . I really don't know what to say! How can I ever repay your kindness! . . . To think that thanks to you I shall be a free man again! I give you my word that I shall follow your advice now, and leave for Paris immediately. Does Helen know of my good fortune? Is she ready to leave Russia at once?"

The Chancellor blinked.

"I am afraid you misunderstood me, my boy. Surely you do not think that I came here to tell you that you can walk out of this fortress scot-free."

"But didn't you say you brought good news?"

Samarin's tension was transmitted to the Chancellor. He felt uncomfortable.

"Good news does not always imply foolish news," he said grumblingly. "For my part, I consider that you are pretty lucky. The Empress has agreed not to exile you to Siberia. The text of her decree reads harshly, but the thing is that you will be permitted to retire to your estates and live there like a gentleman."

"But Helen—Helen! What about her?"

"Leave that to me. I shall have many an occasion to see the General within the next two years."

"Two years!" Samarin laughed bitterly. "And you call it good news, Your Excellency, that I am to be buried for a period of two endless years in a God-forsaken spot, in the extreme east of the Empire, separated by thousands of miles and some six weeks of voyage from the only human being I care about! And why? Just because I translated an innocent paragraph from a book by a famous French philosopher! I swear to you that I never sent it to anyone. If it was really found in Captain Potiemkin's house, it must have been planted there by the selfsame cad who stole it from me. Orlov and his police did it, and you know it better than any man."

"I wouldn't say that," smiled the Chancellor. "There are several other people who know it just as well as I do. We will bag Orlov sooner or later. Just give us sufficient time."

"And in the meanwhile I have to rot in exile! I'd just as soon be in Siberia!"

"You would, eh? It's a good thing I know that you are in love. Otherwise I would believe that the Empress is right, and that you are truly insane."

"When did she say that?"

"In her comment on my report. I wasted ten pages pleading the fact of your youth and inexperience, but she settled the whole case in just two sentences: '*Potiemkin, as a scoundrel, to be kept under arrest in his house in St. Petersburg. Samarin, as a maniac, to be exiled to his estates in the Orenburg district, and placed under the observation of*

local authorities.' There's a sample of imperial lucidity for you, young fellow. And now I must go. I understand that you are to leave for Orenburg some time this afternoon. The secret police will take you home first and let you pack. Take care of yourself—and God bless you! If the Maker likes amorous fools as much as I do, you will be all right."

He waved his hand gayly and started for the door.

"Your Excellency—" called Samarin.

"Yes, my boy."

"Insane people are not responsible for their actions, are they?"

"What's on your mind?"

"Revenge! Even if I have to wait for it a whole lifetime!"

The Chancellor stopped, and stood leaning on his cane.

"How strange that you should have mentioned that word!" he said in an even voice; but his head jerked a bit, and his thin hands trembled. "Revenge! That's what I was dreaming about for a whole year in Siberia. Each night I would toss on a bunk as hard as this one, and pray that God would prolong my life so that I could get even with my enemies. He did; and I came back—to discover that one of my arch-foes was murdered by Orlov, while the other was dying from tuberculosis in this very fortress. Only then did I understand how meaningless and empty is revenge. It promises everything; it delivers nothing."

"It delivers the dead bodies of one's enemies, Your Excellency," answered Samarin in a monotone.

The old man turned and walked out slowly. He wanted to say that the sun was still rising each morning, and that there was still some laughter left in the world; but his mind was groping through the memories of his Siberian exile, and he realized the impossibility of arguing with passion. Going down the long winding corridor, past an endless row of iron doors and smoky torches, he felt weary. It was odd, it was ironical, he thought, that the beauty of life should be discernible only to eyes about to close.

Chapter Seven

THE police officer who brought Samarin home from the fortress was apologetic but firm. He had orders not to let his charge out of his sight, not even for the short time allowed for packing.

"That's quite all right, Major," said Samarin. "Make yourself comfortable in my study. I won't keep you waiting long. I was arrested, as you know, on the night of my return from abroad, and my things are still packed."

"Can't be done, Prince. I was told to go wherever you go."

"Are you supposed to witness my washing and shaving?"

"I regret it, but I must."

"Any objection to my writing a few letters?"

"None whatsoever, provided I read them before they are mailed."

Samarin frowned, and walked toward his bedroom with the Major at his heels. He shaved in silence. The idea of permitting a stranger to read the few lines he wanted to write to Helen appalled him; but he knew he would never forgive himself for leaving St. Petersburg without telling her that she must believe in his innocence.

"How would you feel, Major, if you had to submit your love-letters to the police for approval?"

The frankness of his question failed to startle his newly appointed guardian.

"I should say, Prince," he answered earnestly, "that I should feel quite uncomfortable."

"And yet—"

"What would you? I have my orders."

"Orders, orders, orders. . . . This seems to be the most popular word in Russia right now."

The Major remained silent. He was a large man of dignified appearance. His imperturbable demeanor suggested that the years spent by him in the political police made him immune to all emotions.

"He might like money," reflected Samarin. Opening his travel-case, he took a small canvas bag from under some clothing, untied it and dropped it on the floor.

"How clumsy of me!" he said picking up several gold-pieces.

THE cold blue eyes of the Major betrayed no interest.

"Have you ever seen French sovereigns?" asked Samarin.

"Just once, Prince. A few years ago when I was ordered to escort to the border the notorious Count Cagliostro."

"That must have been quite an interesting experience."

"Not very. With all due respect to his past performances, he turned out to be a rather awkward little crook in his dealings with me. He tried to bribe me with counterfeit sovereigns."

"How funny!"

"Hm. . . . At the time it struck me as being idiotic."

"What would you say, Major," began Samarin, and swallowed hard, "if I offered you some real honest-to-goodness sovereigns in exchange for a little favor?"

"Be more explicit, Prince."

"I am not asking much. Only that on our way through the city you should permit me to leave a letter at the house of my fiancée. I mean a sealed letter. A letter not read by you."

"Let me see one of these pretty gold-pieces," said the Major pensively. "Am I right in assuming that each one of them is worth approximately thirty rubles?"

"Thirty-seven, Major."

"Very fine craftsmanship, I call it."

"You can have fifty of them, Major."

"I have never been any too strong at mathematics, Prince. It's quite a job for me to multiply thirty-seven by fifty."

"It would make exactly one thousand eight hundred and fifty rubles."

"I'd take your word for it, Prince. Only—" The Major smiled pleasantly.

"Only what? I assure you that no one would ever know of it."

"Oh, I don't doubt that, but it seems to me that you would rather see your fiancée for a few minutes than merely write to her."

"There is nothing in the world that I wouldn't do for you, Major, if you could arrange it."

"I am taking a desperate risk, Prince. Should my chief discover that I disobeyed his orders, he would make it devilishly hot for me."

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"One hundred sovereigns, Major?"

"It's really worth at least ten times that, but I can't bargain with a lover. Have you got them in that bag?"

Samarin rolled the shining sovereigns on the table and proceeded to count them.

"Please—please. Don't do that," protested the Major when the count was nearly completed. "I am dealing with a gentleman!"

NOT before they reached the familiar mansion of General Bernsdorf did Samarin realize that he had been a bit hasty in parting with his hundred sovereigns, and that Helen might not be able to see him.

"I hope her father is not at home," he whispered anxiously when the coachman brought the six horses to an abrupt stop.

"I thought of that too," remarked the resourceful Major. "It would be better if you stayed in the coach, Prince, and let me go and fetch the young lady. In case I meet the General, I can easily tell him that his daughter is wanted in the palace."

"It's awfully kind of you."

"Not at all. It's simply part of our bargain. I would advise you, though, to keep those curtains down while I am gone. You'd be surprised how many colleagues of mine stroll along the Nevsky at this time of the afternoon."

He glanced in a tiny pocket-mirror, brushed his rich blond mustache and got out of the coach in the authoritative manner of a person accustomed to tackle missions of an extremely delicate nature. In his long beaver-lined overcoat, open at the collar and disclosing the cross of the Order of St. Anne, he could have easily passed for a court chamberlain.

Peeping through the tightly drawn curtains, Samarin saw the impressive figure of his guardian cross the sidewalk and enter the house. "I shall close my eyes and count to one thousand," he said to himself; but his heart galloped, and his thoughts became confused. He regretted already that he had trusted the Major. The man was a professional spy, and a grafter to boot. The ease with which he had agreed to accept the bribe showed that he could be loyal to no one. It would have been less hazardous and at the same time more courageous, to face Helen's father and plead with him once more. After all, the old General was not to blame for his behavior on the night of the state ball. He naturally thought that he was defending the honor of his daughter. A simple-minded soldier, he was accustomed to take the words of his superiors as gospel truth. How was he to know that a prime minister of Russia would stoop to a criminal's methods?

Samarin opened the door of the coach resolutely, and his foot was already on the sidewalk when he heard the voice of Helen. She was saying good-by to her father, reassuring him that there was no reason for him to be alarmed.

"Her Majesty, no doubt, wants me to help her with her French letters. She always said she liked my handwriting. Don't you think I am right, Major?"

The Major's answer remained unknown to Samarin. Crouching in the farthest corner of the coach, he did not dare to listen. He felt ashamed. He called himself a cad for having bribed a police spy to deceive these unsuspecting people.

The sound of the familiar light footsteps came nearer. Then the door opened.

"Be careful, mademoiselle, this coach was evidently built for much shorter people than you and I," said the Major. "Coachman, full speed down the Moscow highway."

Helen turned in amazement, but a strong hand pushed her forward. She fell at Samarin's feet.

"Sorry," apologized the Major, "I was afraid the General might notice our little pantomime. Will you help me, Prince, to quiet the young lady?"

Helen raised her head and saw Samarin. They stared at each other. Both were speechless for a moment.

"Darling!" began Samarin—but could not continue. He kissed her hands and face, disregarding the presence of the Major. The latter made just one remark more, after which he plunged into an uninterrupted silence.

"I do believe," he said very formally, "that the young lady would be more comfortable if she took that seat next to you, Prince."

Samarin had not realized that Helen was still lying at his feet. . . .

"Please say something, darling," he begged, lifting her in his arms. "I know that my actions are despicable, but I can't help it."

"You are so pale, Alexander!"

SHE passed her hand over his face. She wanted to make sure she was not dreaming.

"Can you forgive me, dearest?"

"There's nothing to forgive. It's only that it's so unexpected. I thought you were still in the fortress. I tried so desperately to see you, but the Governor said it was impossible. Were you released, or did you—"

She looked at the Major questioningly.

"No, he is not my accomplice," laughed Samarin, "at least not in the sense you mean. He happens to be Orlov's agent. He is taking me to my place."

"But we are going in the opposite direction. Why the Moscow highway?"

"To my place in Orenburg, not in St. Petersburg. I thought you might ride with us as far as Kolpino. It's only ten miles away, and the Major guarantees that he will have you delivered back to town before dinner-time."

"I wish he would let me go with you all the way to Orenburg," blushed Helen.

"But your father, dearest? Your position at the Court?"

"I want to be with you," she said simply, and covered her face with her hands. "I have done a great deal of thinking since the night of the ball, Alexander."

"I never doubted that you believed in my innocence," cried Samarin ecstatically. "I hope that your father will understand it some day too."

"What does it all matter, dear? I am here with you, and I won't leave you."

The Major coughed diplomatically. Samarin sought his eyes in vain.

"Can't it be arranged in some fashion, Major?"

"No, Prince. The cards have been dealt. One does not change the stakes during the game."

"Not even if I—"

"I shall have no pockets in my shroud," remarked the Major dryly.

"May I make a suggestion?"

Helen squeezed Samarin's arm: the egotism of her radiant youth made her think that she would be better able to handle this situation.

"I am all ears, mademoiselle," bowed the gallant Major.

"Let us suppose that on our arrival at Kolpino you should discover that the French valet of Prince Samarin has overtaken us in another coach and is anxious to follow his master into exile."

THERE was such pleading in her eyes, and so touching was the confidential way in which she leaned toward the Major, a frown on her high forehead testifying to the strenuousness of her effort, that the dignified police agent suppressed his desire to laugh at the idea of this adorable frail girl wanting to pose as a French valet.

"I am overwhelmed by mademoiselle's imagination," he said with a wistful sigh. "Count Cagliostro himself could not have made a better suggestion. But alas, we of the police must deal with realities. Prince Samarin is traveling alone as far as my orders are concerned, and my stern chief is known for his opposition to valets with long auburn hair and slender ankles."

"A pair of scissors, and you won't recognize me, Major. You'd be surprised how ugly and rough I look in a valet's attire."

"Darling, please." Samarin took her tenderly by the shoulders and brought her face close to his. "It breaks my heart, but I must say that the Major is right. I have caused you enough trouble as it is, without dragging you into an adventure that has no chance of succeeding. I am going to be reasonable this time."

"I don't want you to be reasonable. I'd rather you were yourself—sweetly crazy—"

She turned her face away, and began to sob.

Samarin sat helpless. This was worse than the solitary cell in the fortress. There at least he could bang on the door and dream of revenge. Here he had to control himself and pretend that he wanted to be reasonable.

"There's Russia for you," suddenly said the Major, pointing toward the steel-gray skies that hung low over an endless expanse of snow-covered plains. Samarin looked. He hated Russia—Russia was an icy desert and the abode of the Evil Man.

"Don't let this savage country get you, darling," he said aloud, in a voice choking with emotion, and pressed his lips against Helen's wet cheek.

"I won't, Alexander."

They drove in silence for the next two miles. They were approaching Kolpino.

"Are you sure, Major, there's nothing at all you can do?"

The Major shook his head.

"Three thousand sovereigns, Major. Three thousand sovereigns, and a deed to my Orenburg estate!"

"No, Prince. And what is more, I would rather not have the young lady cry in front of the station-master. He might send an embarrassing report to my chief. I hate to appear so unkind, but—"

"I understand, Major." Helen sat up with dry eyes. "You needn't be afraid. I shall endeavor to smile for the benefit of your station-master."

"Bravo, mademoiselle. And here we are. Hey, coachman!"

They got out of the coach, with the Major leading the way. It took the very efficient police agent less than a minute to arrange for a vehicle to carry Helen back to the capital.

"We are all set, Prince. Say your adieux to the young lady."

"Good-by, darling. I shall write to you twice a day."

"Best of luck, dearest."

They stood still for a moment, a faint smile on Helen's lips, a frown of determination on Samarin's face. Then—it was impossible to say which one of the two was the first to move forward—they fell into each other's arms, oblivious of the station-master and the coachmen, disregarding the nervous whispers of the Major.

"I beg of you, Prince! . . . Please, please, mademoiselle! We must be on our way."

They were not listening to him. In the dusk of the winter afternoon, with the soft snow whirling over their heads, they could hear nothing but the voice of their love. Nothing else was real. Nothing else mattered. Honor, duty, shame, promises—those were only words, silly, shabby, empty words. Only their love was meaningful and potent.

The Major motioned to the coachmen.

"I hate to do it, but I must."

It was a struggle. Not before Samarin's arms were pinioned by two husky coachmen, could Helen be torn away from him.

"Put her in this carriage on the left," ordered the Major, "and full speed to St. Petersburg. Deliver her to General Bernsdorf's mansion."

"Damn you! Damn you! Damn you!"

Samarin wanted to curse Russia, curse Catherine, curse his own misfortune; but nothing except that "Damn you" came out of his parched throat. Then, when Helen's coach became but a small dark speck up the white road, and he was finally released at the sign of the Major, he fell on the ground with his face in the soft deep snow and began to sob. He wept because the strain of the last five days had racked his nerves. He cried for her who was being speeded up the road, past endless silent plains, toward the marble city of the Evil Empress. Helen, love, happiness. . . . When was he to meet them again?

Chapter Eight

"GOOD morning, good morning," said Catherine hurriedly, without raising her eyes from the manuscript in front of her. "You have chosen a bad day to see me, my child. The dress-rehearsal of my new play is scheduled for tonight; but the more I read this third act of mine, the less I like it. You will either have to wait awhile or, better still, come tomorrow."

Helen curtsied and was about to go; but the next moment she thought of the heavy coach speeding along the Moscow highway and taking Samarin farther and farther away from the capital.

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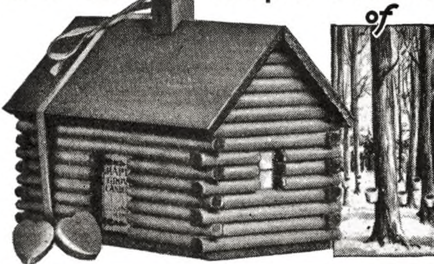

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"I shall wait, Your Majesty," she whispered dejectedly.

The Empress frowned.

"If you prefer. . . . Only try to keep quiet."

In her gold-rimmed glasses Catherine looked old and forbidding. There was something about her plump hand, perhaps the width of it and the shortness of the bejeweled fingers, which suggested determination and cruelty.

THE minutes crawled. Standing in the center of the vast study,—she had not been asked to sit down,—Helen was watching the porcelain clock in the corner. "Alexander is approaching Luban," she thought. "He must stop there to change horses. If he writes me from there, I might get his letter sometime tomorrow."

Luban—Bologoye—Tver! The sound of these names was ringing in her ears. Her head ached. She had not closed her eyes all night, trying to learn by heart the route from St. Petersburg to Orenburg. Ever since the moment, fourteen hours before, when she had returned from Kolpino, she had lived only for the sake of this audience with the Empress: she hoped that she would be able to sway her and have a messenger dispatched to bring Samarin back.

"I give up," exclaimed Catherine, and threw her manuscript onto the tiny Renaissance desk. "I simply must have a happy ending, but the task is too formidable for me. My heroine is dangerously ill in Moscow, while my hero is still being kept a prisoner by the Turks. So what am I to do?"

She took off her glasses and shook her head in disgust. She seemed not to notice the presence of Helen. "I'll have to ask Derjavin to help me," she finally decided, and reached for the silver bell by her side.

"Bring the Minister of Education in," she ordered the aide-de-camp on duty.

A fat, shapeless man with a shrewd smile appeared on the threshold instantaneously.

"Don't stand there like a statue," said Catherine, "come here and tell me how I am to overcome my predicament."

"Still searching for a happy ending, Little Mother?"

"Did you find one?"

"No, but I thought we might try a tragic ending for a change. Something in the style of Voltaire's plays."

"You try it," said Catherine angrily. "I won't. I hate tragic endings. Why, Derjavin, I would be the first one to weep if my heroine failed to recover from her illness. The trouble with you is that you are a poet, not a playwright. You do not understand that the theater must promote happiness and contentment. Do you think it would sound unnatural if the Turkish general learned somehow of my heroine's anxiety, and granted my hero his freedom? Then I can divide Act Three into two scenes, and have the wedding take place just before the final curtain."

"God bless you, Little Mother!" Derjavin bowed from the waist and kissed the hand of the Empress.

"But you did not answer my question. I asked you whether or not this would sound natural."

"As natural as the radiance of our Little Mother's smile, as the generosity of her all-understanding heart, as the power of her genius."

"Go away, go away, flatterer!" cried Catherine, but her face flushed with pleasure. "You may tell the actors that the dress-rehearsal will take place as per schedule. And take this: Next time you feel like complimenting people, look at it and be ashamed."

She took a diamond ring off her finger and threw it to Derjavin. He caught it with surprising agility.

"May the Almighty inspire me to write the ode in which I shall express the depth of my gratitude to the Goddess of the North!" he exclaimed, with his eyes raised toward the ceiling.

"He will," said Catherine, "if you drink a bit less and work a bit more."

The fat man beamed pleasantly and tiptoed out of the room. Once more Helen was left alone with the Empress. The hands of the winged Eros on the porcelain clock were pointing toward eleven. She had been waiting now for nearly a full hour. She might have been a mere piece of furniture, judging by the manner in which both Catherine and Derjavin had ignored her during their conference.

"If it pleases Her Majesty—" she said timidly, seeing that the gold glasses were still resting on top of the manuscript.

"What is it that you wish?"

The voice sounded unrecognizable. Only a moment ago it had spoken in tender tones of benevolent humor. It was all harshness and metal now.

"I do not want to interrupt Her Majesty's work—" Helen paused.

"How long do I have to wait?" asked Catherine, and stamped her foot. She hated youth. It was silly and irritating.

"I am sorry, Your Majesty, but I am so unhappy—"

"Unhappy at nineteen? How absurd! Think of the millions of girls who would like to be in your place. You are reasonably pretty. You have a loving, highly respected father. You shall marry in due time some one approved by the Crown and your elders. What else do you wish?"

"I want to marry the man I love, Your Majesty."

"What do you know about love? You are still a child—a foolish child who reads too many silly French novels."

"But I do love Prince Samarin, Your Majesty."

CATHERINE got up and threw her head back.

"That will be all," she said curtly. "Things have come to a pretty pass when one of my ladies-in-waiting dares mention the name of a despicable rebel in my presence. I bid you good morning."

"Your Majesty! Oh, please—please! Won't you listen to me. . . . Won't you give me a chance to explain the innocence of my fiancé—"

Helen rushed toward the Empress and wanted to grasp that menacing plump hand, but she was pushed back with such strength that had it not been for the large gilded chair by the side of the desk, she would have lost her balance.

"No scenes!" ordered Catherine. "Leave my presence at once, or I shall have you led out."

This threat, delivered in accents of cold contempt, had a strange effect on Helen. She fell into the chair and began to laugh hysterically.

"So that's what you call your passion for happy endings, Your Majesty," she shrieked, clapping her hands. "Why don't you write another scene in your third act! Why don't you have your hero released by the Turks and tortured by the Russians? Why don't you have your villain move to the Winter Palace?"

She jumped up, made a few uncertain steps and collapsed at the feet of the Empress, who was pulling the bell-rope frantically.

Chapter Nine

"FIERY eyes, fascinating eyes, I wish I could die for you—"

The voice of the old gypsy broke suddenly. . . . Turning toward his accompanist, who was strumming the strings of a sobbing guitar, he motioned him to stop.

"What's the matter?" muttered Potiemkin drowsily. He had noticed the huge frame of Orlov in the doorway long before the gypsy had, but made no attempt to get up. He was lying across a large couch, holding a glass of vodka in his left hand, and beating time with a dill pickle in his right.

"I am sorry, Captain." The gypsy coughed significantly. "But—"

"Your Highness!" exclaimed Potiemkin, feigning complete surprise. "This is an honor, indeed! Think of it! The Prime Minister of the Russian Empire paying a friendly visit to his humble servant and prisoner. This really calls for a song. With the kind permission of Your Highness, my gypsy friends will sing *'How do you do, Count Orlov.'* "

"With my kind permission they will clear out of here this very second," said Orlov, and clapped his hands. "What is this?" he asked of the officer who came running from the antechamber. "Since when are prisoners permitted to be entertained by gypsies? And who brought the liquor?"

"I thought, Your Highness, that Captain Potiemkin, being kept under arrest in his own house, is naturally permitted all the usual privileges accorded in such cases."

"You thought so, eh? Who ever told you that you are capable of thinking? Take these two gypsy thieves and throw them out. And see that from now on no one visits the prisoner without my written permission."

"Just a moment," interrupted Potiemkin. "These poor fellows must be paid first. Can you lend me ten rubles, Your Highness?"

"Well, of all the cheek!" began Orlov. He hated to laugh, but he could not help it. "Here!" He threw a gold coin to the older gypsy. "Go to the nearest church, and have a mass said for the repose of Captain Potiemkin's soul. And now let's have some air."

He walked toward the window and opened it wide.

"Aren't you ashamed, Potiemkin, to live in such filth?" he said disgustedly, casting a glance at the bottle of vodka and the plate of dill pickles on the table.

"I am, Your Highness; but it is easier to prepare for death in surroundings of ugliness, don't you see."

"You imagine I am joking, don't you, Potiemkin? Your insane conceit makes you think that I won't be able to get along without you. Well, my friend, you are very much mistaken. I admit that I used to like you, but I am powerless to help you this time. You are accused of high treason, and you were caught with the goods. What can I do? I am only Her Majesty's faithful servant."

"You can shut up, for one thing," calmly said Potiemkin, and poured himself another glass of vodka. "The fact that I call you 'Your Highness' in the presence of witnesses, Gregory, does not mean that I really respect you. Pass me those pickles. This vodka is confoundedly strong."

Lifting a pickle with two white-gloved fingers, Orlov threw it in the direction of the prisoner.

"I am through with you, you dirty beast," he said furiously. "You shall start for Siberia the first thing tomorrow morning. Good-by. I sincerely hope never to see you again."

"So do I," returned Potiemkin, chewing his pickle with obvious relish.

Orlov stood and waited. His highly polished boots and glittering uniform looked strange in this disarrayed room.

"Well," he shouted after a long pause, "have you nothing to say in your defense?"

"Oh, still here?" came from the couch. "I thought you said you were going."

"So I did; but unfortunately, I can't control my silly heart."

"There is no way to control the heart of a tyrant," sighed Potiemkin. "Take, for instance, the Sultan of Turkey: with one hand he signs the Peace Treaty with Russia, while with the other he writes a letter to Her Russian Majesty describing the behavior of her Prime Minister. Or take, for instance, Nero—"

"I'll take you," said Orlov, and grabbing the prisoner by the lapels of his dressing-gown, he shook him fiercely. "You are going to tell me who has that letter, if I have to kill you."

The next moment an unexpected thing happened. Potiemkin raised his foot, and the heavy bulk of the brilliant Count's gigantic body landed on the floor with a resounding crash.

"Among the Tartar wrestlers, this is known as *poozan*," explained Potiemkin. "Shall I call in the guard to help His Highness?"

ORLOV got up slowly. He was a different man now. His face was pale, and there was an unmistakable expression of fear in his black eyes.

"You misunderstood me, Potiemkin," he said sheepishly. "I simply wanted to get you out of that state of stupor."

"No apologies are necessary, old man. Here—drink this. It's only filthy vodka, but it's stronger than the best of brandies. Feel better now?"

Orlov nodded. Putting the glass on the floor, he settled in the corner of the couch.

"How about a nice juicy pickle, Your Highness?"

Orlov took the proffered pickle.

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among gentlemen," said Potiemkin sententiously. "After all, there is no reason why a peaceful understanding cannot be reached between two old friends. Do you remember, Gregory, how we used to enjoy ourselves when we were doing garrison-duty in Moscow? Seems only yesterday, eh? But ten years ago you were already the Great Man, for it is more than eleven years that the Emperor has been dead. You were lucky, Gregory; but then, of course, the late Emperor knew nothing of the methods used by the Tartar wrestlers."

Orlov did not join in the laugh, and his eyes shifted.

"I did not mean to hurt you, Gregory," continued Potiemkin, "but I know you won't begrudge a joke to a man who is about to be exiled to Siberia. It was pretty clever of you and your chief of police to have that paper planted in my house. You caught me unawares, I admit. It's a good thing that I had enough brains not to keep the Sultan's letter at home. Otherwise I would have no trumps left at all."

"I would like to know the exact contents of that letter," said Orlov with downcast eyes.

"Didn't the Chancellor tell you all?"

"No, he didn't. The old fox simply mentioned to me this morning that there existed such a letter. For all I know, it may be another bluff of his. I naturally threw him out and ordered him to mind his own business."

"Naturally," said Potiemkin.

"I am not afraid of anyone, Potiemkin."

"Why should you be afraid of anyone, Gregory? Aren't you the most powerful man in Europe today?"

"How much, Potiemkin?"

"You mean money?"

"Yes, money. Lots of money, barrels of it, damn your soul."

"You can't buy it with money, Gregory."

"What do you want then, a title?"

"Wrong again, Your Highness."

"What is it, then?"

"I want you to drop out of the picture, Gregory."

ORLOV rose and stood over the captain. "You are mad, Potiemkin," he said with a forced laugh.

"Aren't we all, Your Highness?"

"This is not the time for cheap paradoxes. Why, do you realize what my resignation might mean for the future of Russia?"

"I do," said Potiemkin, and his olive-skinned face reddened with tension. "A new era! A chance to rescue this country from the hands of drunken guardsmen and grafting favorites!"

Orlov sneered.

"You are a fine one to preach sobriety!" he said, picking up the bottle of vodka.

"Yes," answered Potiemkin, and sat up. "Vodka and pickles and filth all around! But why? Did you ever ask yourself that question? Why is it that there is no other choice for a Russian with brains save this?" He waved his hand, embracing the whole of the squalid room in that gesture. "Or the Fortress of Schlusselburg? Did you ever ask yourself why it is that you are a field marshal of the Russian army, though you wouldn't know how to command a single regiment, and a prime minister, though nothing that pertains to the affairs of state can hold your attention for more than five minutes at a stretch? Did you ever stop to consider that never in all these eleven years have you been able to solve a single problem without my assistance? And what did I get from you for my services? I am still an obscure captain, known by nobody, snubbed by you and your brothers, not recognized by the Court, and constantly watched by your secret police."

"I can make you a general," interposed Orlov meekly.

"You are ten years late with this offer, my friend. In 1763, when I was writing for you your speeches before the Assembly of Noblemen, I would have been thrilled to accept those gorgeous stars out of your hands. But I have waited for so long that I have developed a passion for fighting a hopeless cause."

"A hopeless cause?"

"Yes, a hopeless cause, otherwise known as the welfare of Russia. Funny, isn't it, that a drunken captain with two days' growth of beard should talk about the welfare of Russia! Laugh as much as you want; but before you leave this foul-smelling room, you will cease to be the all-powerful Count Orlov. That's my last word, Gregory. Either you resign peacefully all your titles and positions and go abroad at once, or—"

POTIEMKIN looked up at the figure towering over him with such fierce determination, that for a moment Orlov did not know what to say.

"I am not afraid of your threats," he decided finally.

"I am not threatening, Gregory," said Potiemkin quietly. "Her Majesty will do both the threatening and the chastising. You recall, no doubt, the fate of that other friend of ours who preceded you in her favors, and who was likewise a field marshal, a prime minister and a knight of all imaginable orders! You know what happened to him when he was caught by the Empress, don't you? Come to think of it, you yourself supervised the details of his departure for regions unknown. And at that, his crime was rather negligible compared to yours. Are you acquainted with the statistics of the last six months? Do you realize that thanks to you and your philandering, the Empire has spent some twenty-five million rubles and lost over thirty thousand lives while fighting a war that would have been finished six months ago had it not been for you? That smells of court-martial, doesn't it, Gregory?"

"Stop asking your damnable questions!" cried Orlov. With a trembling hand he reached for the bottle of vodka, and drank avidly out of it, ignoring the proffered glass. "What do I do next? I simply cannot face Her Majesty."

"You won't have to," reassured Potiemkin. "Just tell the guard to go and fetch the Chancellor. He will be only too happy to act as your spokesman."

"But the letter? When do I get that damned letter of the Sultan?"

"The traced copy of it will be given to you by the Chancellor, the original by a gentleman who will call on you when you reach Berlin."

"A 'gentleman'!" mumbled Orlov. "Since when are dirty traitors known as 'gentlemen'?"

"Sometimes they are known as patriots, Gregory."

Chapter Ten

THE news of the fall of the favorite reached Orenburg three weeks after Samarin's arrival at his ancestral estates. There were two letters for him in that mail: one from the Chancellor, advising him of the startling changes, another from the Empress containing his full pardon and a permission to return to the capital. He never received either of them. Had they arrived just forty-eight hours earlier, the Orenburg governor would have had no difficulty in locating Samarin. As it was, there was no one in the large, grim country-house to greet that puzzled official. His inquiries among the villagers brought no response.

"Some one among you people surely must know where I can find the Prince, or at least what happened to his servants and the police officer who lived in his house!"

They stood meekly, fur caps in hand, full of respect, but unable or unwilling to give him any information. He threatened to have every second man whipped, but even that failed to make them talk. He thought he detected malice in their bearded faces, and felt uneasy. With only two Cossacks in his escort, he did not dare to fulfill his threat.

"I shall be back tomorrow; and God help you ignorant swine if you don't talk then!"

Tomorrow never came. What occurred that night and during the two days that preceded it forever remained a whirl of fantastic events in the mind of Samarin.

It all began unauspiciously. The passing of eight weeks failed to dull Samarin's despair. He moved around, ate his three meals, and answered questions; but he felt he had ceased to exist on that afternoon in Kolpino when the Major had to use force to tear Helen from his arms. He was writing to her several letters a day. He had nothing to say, save that he loved her and hoped that she would wait for him; but it thrilled him to hold an endless conversation with her at the massive desk in the library. . . .

Although it was only midday now, he had already completed Letter Number Two, and decided to ride down to the village and see what progress was being made on the construction of the school-building. The Major frowned on that project of his, and the villagers themselves did not seem particularly enthusiastic; but it was horrible to think that there was not a single person able to read or write among the eight hundred men and women who were calling him "Master," and whom he had the right to sell as so many head of cattle. When he first mentioned to them his intention of building a school and teaching there himself, the elders of the village called on him and volunteered to work overtime in the fields if he would only give up his project and save their souls from "the foreign devil." Only a devil, they said, a German devil at that, could have printed the primers they saw in his house.

What strange fear, what incomprehensible force was keeping these untold millions of overgrown children from arising against the German woman in the Winter Palace, against those arrogant masters of theirs who made them slaves from infancy until death, who paid them nothing for their endless toil, who squandered in the gold-and-red gambling-rooms what was sweated out and wrested from an arid soil?

The sound of shouting voices interrupted Samarin's thoughts. He raised his head and saw, some three hundred feet away, a group of people in a clearing.

"Hang him!"

"Kill him!"

"Do away with the bloody thief!"

Samarin spurred his mount, and the next moment he recognized the faces of his villagers.

"What is it?" he asked, jumping off and pushing his way through the crowd.

So excited were the peasants that they completely ignored the arrival of their master. Tied to a tree in the center of the clearing stood a shortish, broad-shouldered man. What was left of his clothes indicated that he was a Cossack. His face bled, and his tiny eyes were almost closed. His long black beard must have suffered too, because it looked as if it had been trimmed with a pair of pliers.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!" shouted Samarin. "You have no right to treat a man like that."

"He is a horse-thief, Your Highness," answered the chorus of angry voices. "Let's hang him. What is he good for, anyway?"

"If he is a horse-thief and you can prove it, we will send him to Orenburg and have him jailed."

The crowd roared its disappointment.

"Why waste time with him? That's no punishment, to send him to jail and let him drink tea with plenty of sugar."

There was no greater luxury than sugar in the estimation of the villagers. They could afford it only twice a year, on Christmas day and on Easter Sunday.

"Silence!" ordered Samarin. "What's your name?" he asked the horse-thief.

"Pougachov—Emelian Pougachov, Your Highness."

"A Cossack?"

"Yes, Your Highness. Honorably discharged from the Second Regiment of Ural Cossacks. Served Her Majesty against the Turks. Two medals for bravery."

"And with all of it, a horse-thief?"

"Wasn't much of a horse, Your Highness. Just an old nag. Nothing but bones and skin. We wouldn't use a nag like that in the army to kick the Sultan's face."

"The dirty dog!" shouted a white-haired peasant, and struck the horse-thief on the mouth.

"I won't stand for that," said Samarin sternly, and turned again toward the horse-thief. He was searching through his memory, trying to place these tiny malicious eyes, these high cheek-bones and this peculiarly shaped long, sharp nose that seemed to belong to a different, less Tartar-like face.

"Seems to me I have seen you before, Cossack. Ever served in the Guards?"

The horse-thief wiped blood from his mouth and grinned broadly, disclosing the absence of two front teeth that must have been knocked out by his captors.

"No, Your Highness. Always served in the Second Ural Cossacks."

"What are you laughing about? Glad to go to jail?"

"Jail doesn't scare me. Been there before. It's true I shouldn't laugh after the beating I got from your slaves, but it tickles me to think that Your Highness can't recall my face."

"So I did meet you before?"

"Never."

"What are you talking about, then?"

"Ever seen the late Emperor?"

Samarin blinked. Incredible as it was, this unkempt horse-thief did look like Emperor Peter III. Had it not been for his long black beard, the resemblance would have been complete. Before he could think, he suddenly heard himself say to the peasants: "Go back to the village. I shall see to it that this man is properly punished."

He mounted his horse and motioned to the horse-thief to follow him.

"Any chance of getting a drink and something to eat, Your Highness?" asked Pougachov with an impudent grin.

"Shut up," said Samarin. "Let me think."

Thus was born the strange, terrible rebellion of the Russian peasants under the leadership of a brilliant, desperate young man—with a fantastic impostor as its figurehead. Could Helen have chosen a more peril-beset road on which to fight her way to her lover the Prince? (The next installment of course appears in our forthcoming January issue.)

A COUNTER IN THE GAME

(Continued from page 40)

"Because I've got a job," she said. He laughed.

"As a counter, yes; I suppose you have. But as you, Nola—you yourself—let me try to make yourself a little happier."

And so on. . . . Afterward, she supposed he hadn't meant any of it; she was conspicuously the sort of woman a young diplomat couldn't afford to be mixed up with. Still, it had undeniably been exciting—and she was afraid she had looked her excitement. Perhaps she'd better not tell Steve she'd lunched with Tony; after all, she wouldn't do it again.

But the next day, looking over the society page of the *Post*—that was part of her job, too—she read that among those lunching at the Madrillon were the Honorable Anthony Furnels of the British Embassy, and Mrs. Stephen D. Hacker. Other new Congressman's wives would envy her that publicity; but she wished now that she'd told Steve. However, she couldn't tell him a day late—and wouldn't need to; he never read the society pages.

But Vee Lambert did.

"It's nice that Nola's beginning to go around and be noticed," she remarked in-

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nocently in the office. He looked blank; she guessed that Nola hadn't told him, and when he glanced at the paper she handed him, she knew it. "Good publicity for you too," she observed.

"Not the sort of publicity I care for. That squirt Furnels—"

"Look here, Steve!" He looked; and any man would have kept on looking at her fluff of red hair, her slim figure sheathed in what she called an office dress that cost twice as much as Nola's evening gowns. "You're not in Rapid Falls any more," she said. "In a city like this a married woman has a right to have friends, even if they don't happen to interest her husband. It would have been easier for you to get a start here by yourself; but you wanted to bring your family with you—and it's been pretty hard for Nola, I imagine, and pretty dull. You ought to be glad if she's beginning to build up a life of her own."

He didn't like that idea; it had been ten years since Nola had wanted a life of her own. But it had undoubtedly been hard for her. . . . Vee was a generous woman; if she knew the way Nola talked about her—

"What about you?" he asked. "You must have found it rather hard too, haven't you?"

She shrugged lightly. "Oh, I always get along all right, wherever I am."

"But it must be awkward sometimes," he persisted. "A Congressman's secretary doesn't rank very high."

She laughed. "Do you think that worries me? I hope I'm enough of a person to take Washington etiquette for what it's worth. Of course, a few men have made passes at me," she went on calmly, "and when I turned them down, they naturally thought I was—preempted." Her green eyes rested on him with a disconcerting amusement. "That's good publicity for you too, Steve, considering that I live in a suite at the Carlton. But don't waste any sympathy on me; I make my own life. And don't be stupid about Nola." She didn't say, "poor little Nola," but it sounded like that.

AND the rest of that day was like any other day—except that Steve was acutely conscious of the woman whom people thought he had preëmpted. Outrageous idea, but undeniably flattering!

He said nothing to Nola about Tony; but he wondered how often she'd seen the fellow without telling him. He decided to keep an eye on them at the Embassy; and presently saw them talking in a distant corner.

"Will you have luncheon with me tomorrow?" Tony was asking.

"Oh, dear. . . . I'm afraid we didn't behave very well the last time," she said. "The things you said—and the way I probably looked—"

"Damnably public place, the Madrillon," he agreed. "You know, I do myself rather well for luncheon at my apartment. What about that?"

She swallowed a gasp. Probably only a woman from Rapid Falls would be rustic enough to suppose he meant—anything.

"Some day, perhaps," she said. "But not tomorrow."

He looked absurdly downcast; and she wondered if he meant that. . . . But what made her turn crimson was that "some day" that she had said automatically. That didn't sound like a woman who loved her husband, even if he didn't pay much attention to her; it sounded more like a Congressman's wife, craftily keeping alive the interest of a man who might some day invite her husband again to the British Embassy. . . . Sickening!

STEVE, who had watched them from a distance, thought it sickening too; he couldn't stand looking at her any longer. Which was a pity; for if he had, he'd have found his wife's eyes following him all afternoon proudly. He looked splendid today, she reflected. Give him a chance, and everybody would see that he wasn't just another new Congressman.

He'd have another chance Wednesday, when they gave their dinner—and she'd have a chance too. The dinner filled all her thoughts—till Tuesday, when the morning mail brought an invitation to dinner at the White House.

"I must call up Senator Wade and thank him," said Steve instantly. "And thank his wife; they managed it, of course, and you don't dare seem unappreciative of a favor in this town. . . . What's the matter?"

"Steve! It's for tomorrow night!"

"Oh, of course it's a last-minute invitation, in place of somebody who's sick; that's all we could expect at first. But—"

"Tomorrow," she reminded him, "we're giving a dinner."

"My God! And you can't refuse an invitation to the White House! But if we call off our dinner, McCalman might be upset—"

"You don't call it off; you ask your best friends to act as host and hostess for you. I'm just wondering whom we know well enough—"

"Why, Vee, of course."

Rage flared in her eyes—yet they did know Vee better than anybody else in Washington.

"Now don't say she's only a secretary!" he exploded. "Back home she's a lot more important than we are, and you know it. She'd run this beautifully."

Nola knew that too. But to see the woman absorbing everything, snatching his wife's best chance to help him out of her hands—

"She's only a lone woman, Steve. We need a host."

"Didn't one of your women decline yesterday? That leaves us with an extra man, and Masson is a bachelor. Ask him."

She supposed it was the best way out—and Vee might realize the impropriety of it, especially if she wanted Steve. . . . But Vee, when Nola telephoned her, said she'd be only too glad to help out. She called that evening for instructions, listening quite deferentially; if her manner had just the faintest touch of poor-thing-you-know-I-can-manage-this-better-than-you-ever-could, Steve didn't notice that. It wasn't intended for his notice. And when Vee begged Nola to let the pinch-hitting hostess contribute a case of champagne—well, this party was meant to build Steve up; she couldn't well refuse.

Nola didn't properly appreciate her first dinner at the White House; her mind was too full of that last picture of Vee in her house, getting ready to play hostess to Steve's guests. "A little more," thought Nola, "and she'll be bringing up my children for me." But if she was dull at the White House, at least she made no mistakes, and Steve seemed to get on very well.

They came back to find their guests still there; old McCalman was having too good a time to go home, and no one else could leave ahead of the highest ranking guest. They were all having a good time, for that matter; the champagne obviously had something to do with it—but Vee had something to do with it too. Even after Nola returned, people seemed to think it was Vee's party, and no wonder; you might once have been the most beautiful co-ed on the campus, but you couldn't compete with a woman seven or eight years younger, in a two-hundred-dollar gown that was as scanty above the waist as a bathing-suit.

But at last McCalman went, and then the others—all but Vee.

"Do you know what McCalman told me?" Steve burst out. "A man on the Rules Committee died yesterday, and he may be able to slip me into the place—in my first term. . . . Thank you, Vee; I owe that to you."

"To yourself, more likely," said Vee with a shrug. "Well, I must go. I'm glad everything went well, Nola. Nice of you to let me help."

You deserved a medal, Nola reflected, for kissing a woman good-by when you wanted to grab her red hair and tear it out by the handful. . . . Steve went downstairs with Vee, who was to drive home in her roadster.

"I don't know how to thank you," he told her at the curb. "You're making me. Doing everything for me."

Her green eyes held his. "That's all I ask, Steve. To do—anything I can, for you."

He would have kissed her then, if he hadn't been afraid his wife was watching from the window. . . . But she wasn't.

WHEN Steve came back, Nola suddenly made up her mind.

"Steve, I had an offer for the apartment today—a good one. School will be out soon; I thought I'd take the children and go back home."

"You'd be more comfortable there in summer—but why give up the apartment? I may be here till August; and we'll have to live somewhere next winter."

"The children and I could live in Rapid Falls. It would be cheaper; no use letting the house lie vacant. And I've seen enough of Washington."

"I suppose it's been hard for you," he muttered. "And dull. But now you're beginning to build up a life of your own—"

She laughed.

"A life of my own? There's no such thing, in Washington. You can't do what you want; you've always got to think of the effect on somebody else. You get so you do it automatically—"

"She's falling for Furnels," he thought. "How many times has she seen him? . . . She doesn't know how to handle these Europeans; and she's decent enough not to want to get in too deep, on account of me and the children." The thing might happen to any woman who had been married ten years; but it sickened him, that it should happen to her.

"But—but how would I get along without you?" he asked unsteadily.

"Very well. It's always easier for a man alone." She almost added: "Vee can do everything for you that I do, and do it better." But she had pride enough left not to let him hear her admit that.

She lay awake a long time that night, wondering if she was a fool. Or a coward. But she loathed the idea of competing for Steve; their relation had always been a candid I-want-you-and-you-want-me. If he wanted somebody else now—

Steve stirred in the other twin bed; she knew he was awake too. If she'd dreamed that he was worrying about her and Tony, wondering how he could keep her with him and still keep her rustic inexperience out of danger— But she supposed, naturally, that he was thinking about Vee.

HE had a committee meeting next morning; it was almost noon when he came into the inner office, where Vee sat staring into a curl of cigarette smoke. She looked up; as he came toward her, she stood up, her eyes still holding his. Any man on earth would have kissed her, then. She clung to him a moment, then broke away.

"Vee!" he said. "I—I hadn't any right to do that."

"All the right in the world, if you want to. But—not here. . . . It's a glorious day, and there's nothing much doing on the floor. Let's go out to lunch somewhere in the roadster."

He went out with her, in a simmer of excitement—and blushed as he saw Representative McCalman on the steps outside. He knew what McCalman would think.

They drove out forty miles or so, to a roadhouse Vee seemed to know. (She had a life of her own, he remembered; he wished he knew more about it.) Beside her in the car, conscious of her warmth and fragrance, he could be content with the moment; but now he must talk to her.

"Vee—" he began, and paused in an inner turmoil. She laughed.

"It's hard for you to say it, my dear? Then I'll say it. . . . I *am* preëmpted, if you want me. I know you're fond of Nola—but I'm no home-wrecker. I make my own life, and I want you in it. . . . And don't be afraid I'd get you in wrong around Washington. I know how to be discreet."

He didn't like that; it sounded as if she had been discreet before.

"What I feel about you, Vee— Oh, I don't know what to call it."

"Don't call it love if you're afraid of the word. I understand."

"But I feel so many things about you! I owe you so much—"

"And you know why," she said. "I've seen enough of government from the inside—but I'm staying on the job because I love you."

"Vee! I—I think about you all the time. But I—Nola—"

"This needn't interfere with whatever you feel about Nola." She didn't say "poor little Nola," but it sounded like that.

"Nola's talking of going home," he said. "To stay."

She smiled. "Well! That will make things easier for us, won't it?"

"But do you know why she's going?" he demanded. "She doesn't dream that I see it; but she's beginning to fall for a fellow here, and she wants to get herself—out of danger. . . . I don't suppose she's in love with me any more, except in a sort of married way; but we're old friends, and I know she'd hate to—to put anything over on me. And by God! I'd feel like a louse if I put anything over on her after she'd done that."

Men were really incalculable, Vee reflected; a pity one couldn't do without them. . . . Still, there was one string one could always pull.

"Of course you would, Steve. Which means that I'd better go away."

"You? But how could I ever get along without you?"

"But my dear!" She laughed uneasily. "After this— It would make it easier for you, Steve, if I went away. . . . Easier for me, too."

"But I need you!" (The Congressman speaking.) "I know it will be hard for us, Vee. But we—we're strong enough to hold out."

She was content, for the moment. He needed time to get used to the idea; but she doubted if, when Nola and the children were gone, he'd hold out for two weeks. . . .

About the time Vee's roadster drove out of Washington, Nola's telephone rang. Tony Furnels.

"You said 'some day'," he reminded her. "Is this the day?"

"Oh. You mean lunch? Yes—if you'll meet me at the Madrillon."

"But my dear, I'm just in conference with my cook over the menu. My man will be here, you know, if you feel that you need a chaperon."

She supposed it was terribly Rapid Falls to feel that she needed a chaperon. And after all, she ought to learn how to handle Europeans . . . No, that wouldn't matter, if she moved away from Washington. . . . But if she was going to live the rest of her life in Rapid Falls, she might as well take a chance— No, she wouldn't; that was rotten.

"Well?" said Tony; and she began to feel the power of his silken insistence. He must know better than to get himself mixed up with a woman like her; if he kept at her anyway, perhaps he really meant it. Not that it mattered; only—

A rescuing *ting-a-ling* broke in on her hesitations.

"There's the doorbell," she said, "and I'm alone in the house. I'll call you back, Tony. . . . Yes, in five minutes."

She opened the door, saw a stocky man—spectacled, gray-mustached, vaguely familiar.

"Mrs. Hacker? You probably don't remember me. John T. Howard, of Grand Lodge." The leading citizen of the biggest town in Steve's district. "I hate to bother Steve when he's at home sick, but if he could talk to me for only five minutes—It's pretty urgent, you see."

"Sick? But he isn't. He's at his office—or else on the floor."

"No, he's not—either place. I've been there. . . . His secretary? She isn't there either. One of the clerks said he was at home, sick."

She felt sick herself. If even the clerks in the office saw what was happening, invented a story to account for the simultaneous absence of the Congressman and his secretary—

"There's some misunderstanding," she said. "He must be in committee. . . . But tell me what it's about. Maybe I can help you."

"Well, they're about to give the Grand Lodge post office to a fellow named Sprague. There's about six hundred reasons, public and private, why he shouldn't get it. He's got some drag in Washington, but our local organization and the whole town will be sore as a boil. I've written Steve five or six letters, and he wrote back that he was looking out for our man. But now I'm tipped off that Sprague is all but in. If Steve can't stop him, Grand Lodge will feel that Steve isn't so hot." And if Grand Lodge County turned against Steve, not even Mort Lambert could win him a second term. "I

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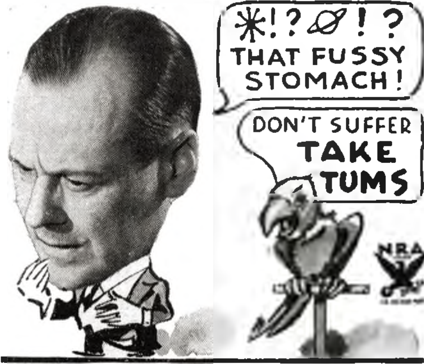

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wired him I was coming down," said Howard. "But now I can't find him, can't find even his secretary—"

"Well, perhaps I can help," said Nola. "I know who's handling things like that. Excuse me a moment, while I phone?"

She called the Post Office Department and talked a long time; then, turning back to Howard:

"He'll see us at two-thirty," she said. "Yes—us. Steve ought to be there himself; but if we can't find him, I'd better go with you, to show that the Congressman has an assistant who's on the job—"

The telephone rang. . . . Tony.

"Sorry," she said curtly. "Can't do it; I'm busy. . . . Yes, being a counter in the game. It's all I really am, you know."

He tried to give her some argument; but she shut him off and turned back, to find Howard looking at her uneasily.

"Look here, Mrs. Hacker, if I've interfered with an engagement—"

"Oh, that's all right. It was one of the things I really didn't want to go to, anyway; Washington's full of them. . . . Perhaps you'll stay here; I'll get lunch for us, and you can tell me the news from home."

At half-past three they left the Post Office Department, with a flat promise that the right man would get the job.

"Thanks to you," said Howard. "And it wasn't only the way you talked. I guess a man old enough to be your father can tell you that no matter how good a story you've got, it always helps to have it told by a woman as pretty as you are—and as well dressed. . . . He was positive Steve never mentioned this, wasn't he? Steve's too smart to have missed it. I guess it must be that girl's fault."

"Miss Lambert?" Nola gasped. "But she's very clever—"

"Sure, she's clever; but she loses interest in things. I know her. I've been around Washington enough to know that a secretary can make a new Congressman, or ruin him. What Steve needs on that job is a smart newspaper man. I had just the fellow for him, too, if Mort Lambert hadn't got in ahead of me. . . . Well, he must be out of committee by now. I think I'll go tell him we've got this straightened out. You don't happen to be going up to the Capitol, do you?"

It was a dreadful temptation to see Vee caught in a blunder—but if Vee had got Steve away, she could laugh at things like this.

"No, thank you," said Nola. "I must go home to the children."

STEVE was on the floor of the House when Howard arrived; but they talked in the lobby, and then Steve went to his office. He stopped in the clerks' room and got a folder out of the file; he studied it, then went into the inner office and shut the door.

"Vee, why didn't you tell me about that row over the Grand Lodge post office? I never saw any of John Howard's letters; they're all answered with forms. You nearly got me in a devil of a jam."

"Sorry," she said curtly; for she didn't like his tone. "I looked at the first letter and let the clerks take care of them after that. It seemed to be just the ordinary squabble over picayune patronage."

"That Grand Lodge set-up isn't ordinary, or picayune." He realized that he had overestimated either her intelligence or her devotion to her work; an illusion was cracking—and she could see it cracking. "I didn't mean to be harsh," he said heavily. "But—"

She shrugged. "Be as harsh as you like. It's understood that the Congressman gets all the credit and the secretary takes all the blame."

"This isn't funny," he said. "It might have ruined me. Would have ruined me—if it hadn't been for Nola."

"Nola?" For once Vee's feeling lay bare. "What could she do?"

"She did what had to be done—very smartly and smoothly."

"Well, why not? She likes being a Congressman's wife," said Vee. "Of course she wants to keep your job for you. But I personally don't care much for Congressmen; it was a man I was interested in, not a job. Appearances are deceptive, aren't they, Steve? You look like a man; but when you get in a tight spot, you're only—a Congressman."

Vee enjoyed quarreling over an undercurrent of physical attraction; there came a moment when the two emotions blended, burst into a blaze: She forgot that with some men, anger is like a fire-extinguisher.

THAT night when the children had gone to bed, Representative Hacker looked at his wife rather sheepishly.

"I'm getting a new secretary," he announced. "A newspaper man from Grand Lodge. . . . Vee? Oh, she resigned this afternoon—after a devil of a row. She's going to spend the summer in Paris."

"A row? Over that post-office appointment?"

"She'd been loafing on her job for weeks. When I looked over the files, afterward— Let's not talk about it; it's all over."

"But, Steve—" She supposed this was suicidal, but she couldn't help it. "You were falling in love with her," she said. "Or something like it. And she's in love with you—anybody can see that. If you threw her over just because she made a slip that endangered your job, I think it's the rottenest thing you ever did in your life! If you want her and she wants you, for God's sake don't act like a statesman!"

"She seems to have got over wanting me," said Steve dryly. "And I— Well, I was a fool; I built up an illusion about her—but that's gone. We threw each other over, by unanimous consent. So that's all right. Unless—" He looked at her uneasily. "Unless you—you wanted to break off with me, Nola."

"Break off with you? Of course not! Whatever made you think—"

"Well, you talked of going home—to get away from Furnels."

"Furnels?" She laughed hysterically. "I was going on account of you and Vee. I couldn't stand seeing it, and pretending not to see—"

"Oh, Lord! What a fool I've been! . . . Nola—please don't go home, till I can go with you. I know I don't deserve—anything; but—"

"There's no nonsense about deserving between you and me, Steve." He started toward her. "Wait!" she said frantically. "Wait a minute—" His arms were around her, but her clenched hands drummed on his shoulders. "Steve Hacker, let go of me!" Reluctantly, he did. "And tell me

the truth," she commanded. "This isn't just—gratitude, because I saved your job when she almost lost it?"

"Good God, no! I can't help being grateful, of course—"

"I don't want to be appreciated!" she said fierily. "That isn't enough. I'd do anything I could for you, of course; I'm a counter in the game, one of the people a Congressman needs to build himself up. But this is different. I don't care much for Congressmen in private life. Back home we were just a—a man and a woman—"

His arms were around her again, and this time she didn't resist.

"We'll confine the Congressman to office-hours after this," he promised. "I don't deny that he needs you too; but—I need you, Nola—just me, just you—"

Sometimes you can be human, even in Washington.

MAIDEN IN DISTRESS

(Continued from page 51)

wants him back, and I'm to find him!" Bud looked at his friend for applause. "Simple, huh?"

"All you've got to do to reinstate yourself with Daddy and build up your bank-account, is to find this guy?" Red asked.

"Right."

"It's hardly what I'd call a mission in life. All you have to do is get his address."

Bud looked at his friend scornfully.

"I thought of that, you mental wizard. He's staying right here at the Biltmore—that's why I asked you to meet me here. I thought the guy might need a little persuasion, and you're good at that sort of thing," he added grudgingly.

Red rubbed his hands together.

"O. K. Let's get started," he said. "What's his name?"

Bud's jaw dropped, and he stared at Red with dawning horror in his eyes.

"I—I don't know. I forgot to ask!"

"Oh, you mental wizard! So you forgot to ask his name? That makes it much easier."

"Cut it out—I'll phone the office and find out his name, and then—"

IT was at this point that the girl came up to them—an unusually pretty girl.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "But are either of you married?"

"*Is* either of you," corrected Bud.

She frowned.

"I always make that mistake," she admitted. "*Is* either of you married?"

"Neither of us are—*is*," said Bud.

"Well, are you engaged?"

"Not especially," Red smiled at her. "We were thinking of—"

"Not that kind of engaged," she said impatiently. "I mean, engaged to be married?"

"No," said Bud.

"No," said Red.

"That's fine," said the girl. "Will you marry me?"

They looked at her, bewildered. Bud was the first to recover himself.

"My dear young lady," he said kindly, "bigamy is punishable by imprisonment. Anyway, you have no way of knowing that we'd make good husbands. We may drink and gamble—in fact, I'll go so far as to say that we do drink and gamble."

"Just an occasional snifter and an equally infrequent flutter," murmured Red apologetically, looking at the girl through a haze of admiration.

"Now, Red," warned his friend. He turned to the girl and continued courteously: "I'm sure if you just give the matter a little thought, you'll realize that you've been too hasty in your decision. We wouldn't make you a good husband; and—for that matter—what would you call yourself? Both names together with a hyphen? Sounds a little dressy to me."

"Be quiet!" said the girl. "Such nonsense. Here I come up and ask you a perfectly simple question, and you make such a fuss about it. Of course I didn't mean for you both to marry me—just one of you. And it will only be temporary. Just long enough to save me from Tegucigalpa."

"Who is he?" demanded Red.

"It's not a he. It's an it."

Bud and Red glanced at each other.

"But look here," the girl went on pleadingly, "I've not much time left, and I can't go around asking strange men to marry me."

Bud nodded. Even he could see the justice in this point.

"You needn't be worried about it," the girl assured him. "It will only be for the ceremony, and then we can get divorced or have it annulled or something. And then I'll be safe from Tegucigalpa. Please!"

There was something even strong men could not resist in that, "*Please.*" Red and Bud looked at each other, and their hands dropped to their pockets.

"I'll match you," said Red.

The coins were exposed.

"You didn't," said Bud. He smiled at the girl. "May I introduce myself as your happy bridegroom? Har—"

He stopped short at the expression on her face. She was looking over his shoulder with fear in her eyes.

"There he is," she gasped. And without so much as another glance, she ran toward the street entrance.

Bud and Red heard some one shout "Peggy!" and wheeled around in time to see a tall, heavy-set man start off in hot pursuit of her.

"Red!" said the cast-off fiancé. "She is in peril! Come on, we've got to help her. That fiend is after her."

THEIR crusading spirit aroused and the elder Bottomley's mission quite forgotten, they ran down the steps two at a time, and rushed for the revolving door. Unfortunately in their enthusiasm they overlooked a slightly oversize lady who was attempting to go through it at the same time; and they arrived on the sidewalk just in time to see their prey slam the door of a taxi which drove off down Forty-third Street.

A moment was lost while another cab answered their hail; but Bud had not spent three years reading detective stories at Yale without purpose.

"Keep that cab in sight," he told the driver. "Ten shillings if you don't lose it!"

A *Friend* IN THE HOUSE

"I'd feel lost without a telephone. Especially when Bob is out of town. I'd worry if he didn't call up each night and tell me everything is all right."

". . . then Jim grabbed the telephone and called the doctor. If it hadn't been for that, I don't know what would have happened to Doris."

"Mother, wouldn't it be awful without a telephone? That ice cream would never have come for the party if we hadn't called up about it."

THE telephone has won an important place for itself in life and living because of service rendered.

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AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of REDBOOK MAGAZINE published monthly at Dayton, Ohio, for October 1st, 1933.
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis F. Boller, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Assistant Treasurer of The McCall Company, publisher of Redbook Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher: The McCall Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York City. Editor: Edwin Balmer, 230 Park Avenue, New York City. Managing Editor: None. Business Managers: None.

2. That the owners are: The New Publishing Company, Wilmington, Delaware, McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Delaware. (Owner of The New Publishing Co. stock.) The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation:

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Louis F. Boller, Assistant Treasurer.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September 1933. Joseph F. Fox, Notary Public, New York County Clerk's No. 136. New York County Reg. No. 4F298. My Commission expires March 30, 1934.

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"Do you suppose he had the girl in that cab?" asked Red.

"Of course," said Bud. "Very likely he has kidnaped her for some dastardly purpose of his own. The fiend!"

"In human form," suggested Red.

"Exactly."

"Maybe he's a member of some secret order and she has the papers," added Red, whose education in Wallace, Oppenheim and Christie had not been neglected.

They were gaining on the cab in front of them when a red light flashed as their driver tried to slip through the intersection. A series of sharp blasts on a whistle brought the cab to a halt. A policeman walked up to the cab.

"Were you," he asked with restraint, "in a hurry?"

"I—" said the driver.

"Kidnapers!" said Bud.

"Yeah? Where's your victim?"

"Not us, up ahead there. A girl being kidnaped by a gangster." He pointed to the fast-disappearing cab. "Come on, hop on and we'll catch them."

The policeman hesitated.

"It's Tegucigalpa—you know," pleaded Red.

This decided the cop.

"O. K.—let 'er rip!" he told the driver as he hopped on the running-board and crouched, gun in hand.

The other cab was well in the lead by this time, but the chase that ensued was a little disappointing to both Bud and Red. True, they enjoyed the novelty of ignoring traffic-lights legally, and the stares of the crowds as they swept past. Red tipped his hat genially and waved at the throngs in the manner of a visiting monarch until Bud pulled him back in his seat. But the pursuit was something of a washout. They simply followed the car in front of them until it drew up at the docks of the United Banana Lines on West Street.

They swung into the block at the moment when their quarry was hustling the girl from the cab and into the pier.

"There she is!" shouted Bud to the policeman. "We've got to get them before they get on the boat."

"A shanghai job, eh?" gasped the guardian of the law as he lumbered along after Bud and Red.

PUSHING their way through gaping passengers and officers, they ran up the gangplank. But when they reached the deck, the man and girl had disappeared.

"Where did that man and girl go?" demanded Bud of a startled ship's officer.

"What—"

"Hurry, it's a matter of life and death," Red was breathless but intense. "The pretty girl and foul-looking fat man."

"But I don't—"

"It's a kidnaping. Show us where they went!" demanded Officer Donohue.

Impressed by the majesty of the law, the officer motioned them to follow him, and led them to the door of a stateroom.

"This is it," he said. "Can I help?"

"You can stand by," said the policeman. "But watch out; there may be shooting. He's a desperate character, this Teguci—er, this fellow."

Bud and Red tensed themselves as the cop knocked at the door with the butt of his gun.

The door opened immediately, to reveal the man they sought. With a bound Donohue was on him, and brought him to the floor. Caught by surprise, his victim was no match for him, and it was but the work of a moment to snap the bracelets on his wrists.

The man glared at his captor.

"What," he said, "is the idea?"

"You're foiled," said Bud—and then noticed the girl staring wide-eyed at the scene from a corner of the cabin. "We've saved you," he told her modestly.

The girl gave a shriek and covered her face with her hands.

"Well," said Red to the manacled man, "we nipped your game in the bud all right. Kidnaping an innocent girl like that! Hanging," he added virtuously, "would be too good for you."

THE man seemed to have difficulty in speaking. Finally he ground out:

"What is all this nonsense about kidnaping? This is my daughter Peggy, and we're sailing for Honduras. My name is Paul Thompson Lee." He turned to the girl. "Tell them, Peggy, they're crazy."

"So that's your line," scoffed Bud. "Come, Peggy, we'll bring you back now," he said gently. "The officer will take the man in charge. Don't cry; you have nothing more to fear."

Peggy took her hands from her face, and looked at him and Red with eyes brimming with some great emotion.

"Very well," she said. "Let's go."

"Peggy!" shouted the man who called himself her father. "Have you lost your mind too? What sort of a game are you up to with these young fools?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said, looking at him squarely. "We'd better hurry; the boat sails soon; and we don't want to be on it," she added, giving him a glance of triumph.

After the self-styled Mr. Lee had been led off amid vehement and profane protestations of innocence, and threats of bodily harm to interfering young fools and thick-headed policemen, Bud and Red took Peggy to the cab, which awaited their return with the flag still down.

"Where do you want to go?" Bud asked her.

"I don't want to bother you any more," she answered. "Really, I'm terribly grateful for all you've done. I—I suppose I owe you some sort of an explanation."

At this point the taxi-driver turned and regarded his passengers curiously.

"Say, do you want to go anywhere? Not that I care—another dollar on the meter, and you can buy the hack."

"The Biltmore?" Bud looked at the girl questioningly.

"I guess so," she said dubiously. "Yes, that's as good as any place else."

"O. K.," said the driver.

There was a moment's silence; then Red looked at the girl inquiringly.

"You were going to tell us something?"

"We-ell, I'm afraid you both must think I'm crazy, the way I dashed up to you and proposed this afternoon; but you see it was absolutely vital that I do something so that I wouldn't have to go to Tegucigalpa—"

"Is Tegucigalpa," asked Bud, "a place?"

"Of course. Didn't they teach you geography in college?"

"No," said Bud truthfully.

"Anyway, my father had an awful battle with the president of his company this

morning, and was so furious that he decided to go down to Honduras to Uncle James' plantation. You see, Uncle James has always wanted Dad to join— Why, what's the matter?"

Bud and Red were looking at each other with a curious light in their eyes.

"Your father had a battle with his employer?" asked Bud gently.

"Yes—what's so strange in that?"

"Oh, nothing. Most natural thing in the world. People do it all the time. . . . So that *was* your father on the boat."

"Certainly," said Peggy. "He was dragging me off to that awful place."

"And you let him be arrested?" Red looked at her with a new interest.

"It was to save him from himself," she said virtuously. "Oh, don't you see, that's why I asked you two to marry me. Dad didn't want to go to Honduras any more than I did, and I simply had to stop him somehow before it was too late, or he never would have forgiven himself. So when he burst in this morning with the cheery news, I told him I couldn't go because I was going to be married. That stopped him for a minute, but then he demanded that I produce my fiancé."

"And that explains us," murmured Bud.

"Yes. I was standing there in the lobby perfectly frantic, when I saw you both and you looked so sort of, well—"

"Simple?" suggested Red grimly.

"That's it," Peggy said gratefully. "I figured if I could face Dad with one of you, he'd have to either consent to my staying in New York alone or else agree to stay with me—only Dad came along and spoiled it all before I'd got really started." She sighed and settled back in the seat. "That's all."

"Except that I've got to phone my father as soon I can," said Bud. "Hey, driver, stop at this cigar-store.

"I'll be back in a minute," he promised his companions and dashed into the store.

"Hello, Dad? This is Bud," he said when his call had been put through.

"Have you found him?"

"What's his name—er—just to check up."

"Fool! Paul Lee, of course!"

"Paul Thompson Lee?" persisted his son.

"Who else would it be? Paul Lee, the man who thought up every one of those slogans that made Bottomley Beds the—"

"Has he a daughter named Peggy?"

"How should I know? I can't be bothered with things like that. Of course he does. A pretty little thing, too."

"But what a liar—the little devil!"

"What are you calling me?"

"Now, now," soothed Bud. "I'm in a hurry, Dad; but I just wanted to tell you I've got Lee for you."

"You!"

"Yes, I," said Bud with simple dignity.

"Quick, where?"

"No hurry—he'll wait. He's in the West Forty-seventh Street police station."

"What?"

"Yeah. I fixed things up for you—it was the only way I could save him from sailing to Honduras. You better go bail him out before he gets too sore."

"How did you know he was sailing to Honduras?"

"Oh—I have my methods of keeping in touch. I feel that a man can't expect to get ahead in modern industry unless he keeps his finger on the pulse of—well—er—things." Bud cleared his throat. "But, say, you'd better catch him before they send him to Sing Sing. 'By."

"Well," said Red, when Bud rejoined him and Peggy, "did you fix things up?"

"*Did* I? Hm! The old man will be eating out of my hand now." He turned to Peggy. "And I'm sure he'll give us our blessing."

"Blessing?" Peggy's eyes widened.

"Our engagement, you know."

"Nonsense!" she replied with dignity.

"Very well," he answered. "Then I'll have to stop the cab again and make another telephone-call."

"Why?"

"Just to line up my lawyer to file action for the breach of promise suit—you know, heart-balm for having been proposed to by a girl and then jilted."

Peggy considered for a moment.

"I wouldn't have you go to all that trouble," she said finally, dimpling.

PRIZE HANDS

(Continued from page 57)

was extremely doubtful, as when either opponent gained the lead the trumps in Dummy would be immediately drawn.

In order to have a chance to succeed, Mr. Arnold won the first heart trick with the ace. This brilliant play gained for him the first prize for Dummy play. It completely deceived West, who, when Mr. Arnold now led the diamond king, won with the ace and returned a small heart, confidently expecting to place East in the lead for a trump lead, so that a defensive trump trick need not be sacrificed. However, South won the trick with the queen, led the other high diamond, entered Dummy by ruffing the small diamond, and discarded his losing heart upon the ace of clubs. Later, of course, he conceded West two trump tricks, but these were not enough to defeat the contract.

THE prize of $100 for the best defensive play was awarded to Mr. Harry Hill of Chicago, Ill. The play gaining the prize involved a lead up to a tenace holding in Dummy in order to gain time and to remove reentries from the Dummy hand before a suit could be established.

The prize of $100 for the best-bid hand of the month was awarded to Mr. Robert Wood of Adrian, Michigan. The precise manner in which honor strength and distribution were disclosed in the bidding, together with the fine use of the four no-trump convention, through which a lay-down small slam was reached, was the feature of the hand.

To Mr. Allan H. Mansfield of New York, N. Y., was awarded the prize of $100 for the most humorous hand. Mr. Mansfield won this prize because of the clever manner in which he and his partner prevented their opponents from bidding a grand slam which could be made laid down, the combined holdings of the partnership being less than two honor-tricks. The partners also had the distinction of making their bid.

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The thing to take upon catching cold is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. It stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently, but effectively, the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the system and helps fortify against further attack.

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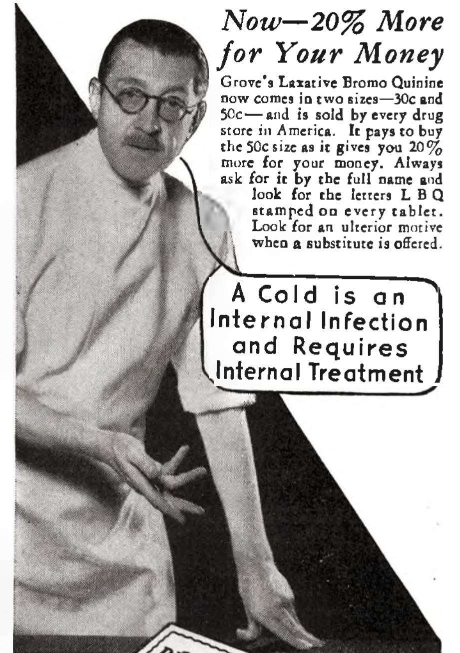

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

American Schools
Public and Private

By HENRY SUZZALLO, Ph. D.

OUR private schools are just as much American schools as our public schools. They offer a public service on a private foundation, and offer it in wider variety than tax-supported institutions.

Private and public schools are supplements in the American educational system. Together they offer a complete plan. One type of educational management without the other would leave us impoverished.

Public schools are so managed that they are responsive to majorities. This is their strength and weakness. Private schools are responsive to minorities, and minorities are precious in a democratic plan of life. Minorities remember well established values when the mass has forgotten them; they work out new intuitions and adjustments in the handling of human nature when the mass of people is merely beginning to grope for them.

Institutions have characteristics as people do. Among our schools, those on private foundations have the quality of venturesomeness and of variety. This is what gives private schools a romantic role. They have a large capacity for beckoning to youth that is different. Somewhere in the range of schools on private foundations, there will be one that will appeal when other schools do not. This is what such schools are for. So America first appreciates, and then boldly encourages them in their freedom.

The common characteristics of the public schools are numerous. Those of the private schools are few. They are alike in the fact that they tend to be so different. But just this freedom to be different from public schools and from other private schools is what offers the American parent a wide choice in meeting the personal needs of his boys and girls or his own personal ideal of what good schooling should be.

But there is a greater service than this to the individual. The schools on private foundation contribute something vastly important to the whole institution of American education. Their range of variation offers a chance for the emergence of new and useful successes in educational procedure. Once demonstrated, these enrich teaching practice everywhere.

This editorial is reprinted from the July 1930 issue of Redbook—on account of existing conditions it should be of even greater interest to you today.

REDBOOK'S EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

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The United States of America enjoyed better health and had a lower deathrate during the year 1932 and in 1933 [up to the time this message went to press] than ever before in its history

Keep up Momentum

WHEN you read that during many recent months, in spite of the financial depression, the American people enjoyed better health and had a lower deathrate than ever before, you may wonder why. One outstanding reason is that our people were well prepared, physically, to resist sickness.

In past decades, millions and millions of dollars were invested to prevent as well as to cure disease. They returned rich health dividends. The movement for healthier living conditions in all parts of the country had gained such momentum that temporary obstacles and difficulties failed to check its progress.

You know that the deathrate from tuberculosis has declined steadily. You know that smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria can be prevented. You hope to see the day when in this country whooping cough, measles and scarlet fever will disappear, as yellow fever and cholera did — thanks to scientific preventive methods. Scientists are faithfully working day and night for these victories.

The lower deathrate is due in no small measure to the present efficiency of hospital and nursing services that have required years in which to develop. In assuring pure water, safe milk, clean food, swept streets and proper sewerage systems your Health and Sanitation Departments did their part in making health records in 1932 and 1933.

Some of the forces upon which the health of people depends are financed by state, county and local appropriations. But many of the forces which have contributed so greatly to general welfare—the Red Cross, the Tuberculosis Associations, the Cancer Societies and others—are largely dependent upon private contributions.

Today the forward health movement has been slowed down in some localities because of reduced appropriations and smaller contributions. In certain other communities much of the official health work has stopped.

While the people of our country are working shoulder to shoulder, collectively and individually, to restore material prosperity, no greater tragedy could befall them than to sacrifice their greatest wealth — their health. If you would have increasing health and decreasing disease, keep up the power and the momentum of the health movement.

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THE THIN MAN

by

DASHIELL HAMMETT

Author of "The Maltese Falcon," "The Glass Key," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH FRANKÉ

AS HARD-BOILED AND THRILLING A MURDER-SHOCKER AS YOU'VE EVER READ—WRITTEN BY A MAN WHO WAS ONCE A PINKERTON DETECTIVE, AND KNOWS MORE ABOUT *REAL* MURDER THAN ANY OTHER LIVING WRITER.

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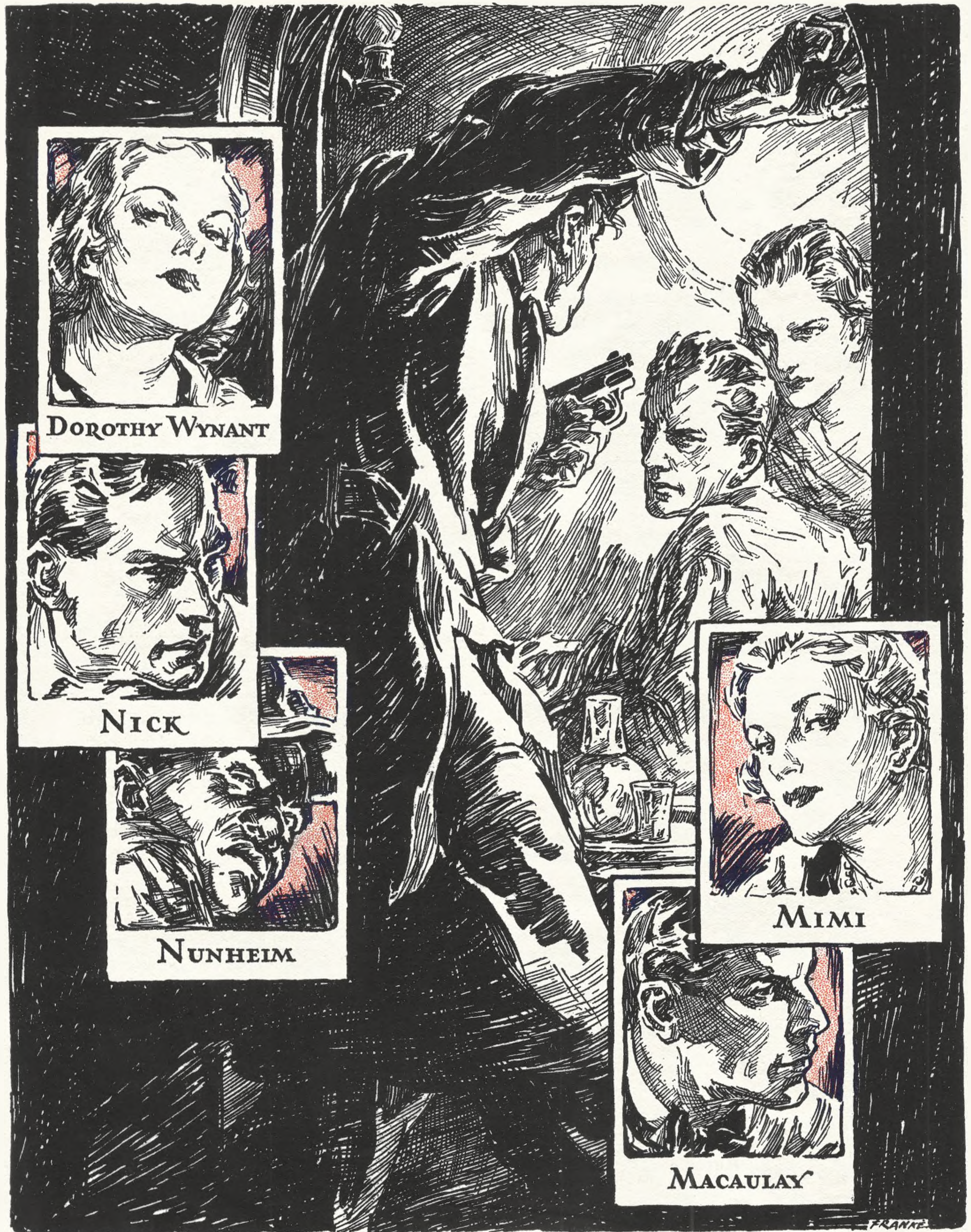


"Inventor's Secretary Murdered in Apartment"

"JULIA WOLF'S bullet-riddled body found; police seek her employer, Clyde Wynant." With this stark headline a great murder-hunt begins—not to end until another and even more gruesome crime supplies the final link in the chain of evidence that brings the murderer to justice. And although the murderer is before you now, pictured on this page, we defy you to discover who it may be until this breathless story reaches its very end.

THE THIN MAN

by DASHIELL HAMMETT

I WAS leaning against the bar in a speak-easy waiting for Nora to finish her Christmas shopping, when a girl got up from the table where she had been sitting with three other people, and came over to me. She was small and blonde and pretty. "Aren't you Nick Charles?" she asked.

I said: "Yes."

She held out her hand. "I'm Dorothy Wynant. You don't remember me, but you ought to remember my father, Clyde Wynant. You—"

"Sure," I said; "and I remember you now. But you were only a kid of eleven or twelve then, weren't you?"

"Yes; that was eight years ago. Listen: remember those stories you told me? Were they true?"

"Probably not. How is your father?"

She laughed. "I was going to ask you. Mamma divorced him, you know; and we never hear from him—except when he gets in the newspapers now and then with some of his carryings-on. Don't you ever see him?"

My glass was empty. I asked her what she would have to drink; she said Scotch and soda; I ordered two, then said: "No; I've been living in San Francisco for six years now."

She said slowly: "I'd like to see him. Mamma would raise the devil if she found it out, but I'd like to see him. The trouble is, he's not in the phone-book or city directory or—"

"Try his lawyer," I suggested.

Her face brightened. "Who is he?"

"It used to be a fellow named Mac-something-or-other—Macaulay; that's it, Herbert Macaulay. He was in the Singer Building."

"Lend me a nickel," she said, and went out to the telephone. She came back smiling. "I found him. He says my father's out of town. I'm going round to see him." She raised her glass to me. "Family reunions! Look, why don't—"

Here our dog Asta barged in and jumped up and punched me in the belly with her front feet. Nora, at the other end of the leash, said: "She's had a swell afternoon—knocked over a table of toys at Lord & Taylor's, scared a fat woman silly by licking her leg in Saks', and's been patted by three policemen."

I made introductions. "My wife, Dorothy Wynant. Her father was once a client of mine, when she was only so high. A good guy, but screwy."

"I was fascinated by him," Dorothy said, meaning me, "a real live detective! And I used to follow him around making him tell me about his experiences. He told me awful lies, but I believed every word."

I said: "You look tired, Nora."

"I am. Let's sit down."

Dorothy Wynant said she had to go back to her table. She shook hands with Nora; we must drop in for cocktails; they were living at the Courtland; her mother's name was Bortensen now. We would be glad to, and she must come see us—we were at the Normandie. Dorothy patted the dog and left us. . . .

Next day Herbert Macaulay telephoned me: "Hello. I didn't know you were back in town till Dorothy Wynant told me. How about lunch?"

"Suppose you come up here for lunch," I suggested. "I've got a hangover, and don't feel like running around much. . . . O. K.—say one o'clock."

I had a drink with Nora, who was going out to have her hair washed, then another after a shower, and was feeling better by the time the telephone rang again.

A female voice asked: "Is Mr. Macaulay there?"

"Not yet."

"Sorry to trouble you, but would you mind asking him to call his office as soon as he gets there? It's important."

I promised to do that.

Macaulay arrived about ten minutes later. He was a big curly-haired, rosy-cheeked, rather good-looking chap of about my age,—forty-one,—though he looked younger. He was supposed to be a pretty good lawyer. I had worked on several jobs for him when I was living in New York, and we had always got along nicely.

Now we shook hands and patted each other's backs, and he asked me how the world was treating me, and I said, "Fine!" and asked him, and he said, "Fine!" and I told him to call his office.

He came away from the telephone frowning. "Wynant's back in town," he said, "and wants me to meet him."

"Still as screwy as ever?"

"That's no joke," Macaulay said solemnly. "You heard they had him in a sanitarium for nearly a year back in '29?"

"No."

He nodded. Then he asked: "What's Mimi up to, Charles?"

"Mimi? Oh, the wife—the ex-wife. I don't know. Does she have to be up to something?"

"She usually is," he said dryly, "and I thought you'd know."

So that was it. I said: "Listen, Mac, I haven't been a detective for six years, since 1927. A year after I got married, my wife's father died and left her a lumber-mill and a narrow-gauge railroad and some other things, and I quit the Agency to look after them. Anyway, I wouldn't be working for Mimi Wynant, or Bortensen, or whatever her name is—she never liked me, and I never liked her."

"Oh, I don't think you— I was just wondering. Here Mimi phones me three days ago—Tuesday—trying to find Wynant; then yesterday Dorothy phones, saying you told her to, and comes around; and—I thought you were still sleuthing, so I was wondering what it was all about."

"Didn't they tell you?"

"Sure—they wanted to see him for old times' sake!"

"You lawyers are a suspicious crew," I said. "Maybe they did—that and money. But why the fuss? Is he in hiding?"

Macaulay shrugged. "You know as much about it as I do. I haven't seen him since October. How long are you going to be in town?"

"Till after New Year's," I told him, and went to the telephone to ask Room Service for menus. . . .

Nora and I went to a theater that night, and to a party afterward.

I was feeling pretty low when she called me next morning. She gave me a newspaper and a cup of coffee, and said: "Read that." She put a finger on the paper: *"That."*

INVENTOR'S SECRETARY
MURDERED IN APARTMENT

JULIA WOLF'S BULLET-RIDDLED BODY FOUND;
POLICE SEEK HER EMPLOYER, CLYDE WYNANT

The bullet-riddled body of Julia Wolf, thirty-two-year-old confidential secretary to Clyde Miller Wynant, well-known inventor, was discovered late yesterday afternoon in the dead woman's apartment at 411 East Fifty-Blank St. by Mrs. Christian Bortensen, divorced wife of the inventor, who had gone there in an attempt to learn her former husband's present address.

Mrs. Bortensen, who returned Monday after a six-year stay in Europe, told police that she heard feeble groans when she rang the murdered woman's doorbell, whereupon she notified an elevator boy, Mervin Holly, who called Walter Meany, apartment-house superintendent. Miss Wolf was lying on the bedroom floor with four .32-caliber bullet wounds in her chest when they entered the apartment, and died without having recovered consciousness before police and medical aid arrived.

Herbert Macaulay, Wynant's attorney, told the police that he had not seen the inventor since October. He stated that Wynant called him on the telephone yesterday and made an appointment, but failed to keep it; and disclaimed any knowledge of his client's whereabouts. Miss Wolf, Macaulay stated, had been in the inventor's

employ for the past eight years. The attorney said he knew nothing about the dead woman's family or private affairs, and could throw no light on her murder.

The bullet-wounds could not have been self-inflicted, according to—

The rest of it was the usual Police Department hand-out.

"Do you suppose he killed her?" Nora asked when I put the paper down again.

"Wynant? I wouldn't be surprised. He's batty as hell."

"Did you know her?"

"Yes. How about a drop of something?"

"What was she like?"

"Not bad," I said. "She wasn't bad-looking, and she had a lot of sense and a lot of nerve—and it took both to live with that guy."

"She lived with him?"

"Yes. I want a drink, please. That is, it was like that when I knew them."

"Why don't you have some breakfast first? Was she in love with him, or was it just business?"

"I don't know. It's too early for breakfast."

WHEN Nora opened the door, the dog came in and put her front feet on the bed, her face in my face. I rubbed her head and tried to remember something Wynant had once said to me, something about women and dogs. It was not the woman-spaniel-walnut-tree line. I could not remember what it was, but there seemed to be some point in trying to remember.

Nora returned with two drinks and another question: "What's he like?"

"Tall—over six feet—and one of the thinnest men I've ever seen. He must be about fifty now, and his hair was almost white when I knew him. Usually needs a haircut, ragged brindle mustache, bites his fingernails."

"Sounds lovely. What did you do for him?"

"A fellow who'd worked for him accused him of stealing some kind of idea or invention from him. Rosewalter was his name. He tried to shake Wynant down by threatening to shoot him, bomb his house, kidnap his children, cut his wife's throat—I don't know what all—if he didn't come across. We never caught him—must've scared him off. Anyway, the threats stopped, and nothing happened."

"Did Wynant really steal it?"

"Tch-tch-tch!" I said. "This is Christmas Eve: try to think good of your fellow-man."

That afternoon I took Asta for a walk, explained to two people that she was a Schnauzer and not a cross between a Scottie and an Irish terrier, stopped at Jim's for a drink, ran into Larry Crowley, and brought him back to the Normandie with me. Nora was pouring cocktails for the Quinns, Margot Innes, a man whose name I did not catch, and Dorothy Wynant.

Dorothy said she wanted to talk to me, so we carried our cocktails into the bedroom.

She came to the point right away. "Do you think my father killed her, Nick?"

"No," I said. "Why should I?"

"Well, the police have— Listen, she was his mistress, wasn't she?"

I nodded. "When I knew them."

She stared at her glass while saying: "He's my father; I never liked him. I never liked Mamma." She looked up at me. "I don't like Gilbert." Gilbert was her brother.

"Don't let that worry you. Lots of people don't like their relatives."

"What's the matter with us?" she asked, not argumentatively, but as if she really wanted to know.

"Different things. Your—"

Harbison Quinn opened the door and said: "Come on over and play some ping-pong, Nick."

"In a little while."

"Bring Beautiful along." He leered at Dorothy, and went away.

She said: "I don't suppose you know Bortensen."

"I know a Nels Bortensen."

"Some people have all the luck. This one's named Christian. He's a honey. That's Mamma—divorces a lunatic and marries a gigolo." Her eyes became wet. She caught her breath in a sob and asked: "What am I going to do, Nick?" Her voice was a frightened child's.

I put an arm around her and made what I hoped were comforting sounds. She cried on my lapel. The telephone beside the bed began to ring. In the next room "Rise and Shine" was coming through the radio. My glass was empty.

"Walk out on them," I said.

She sobbed again. "You can't walk out on yourself."

Nora, coming in to answer the telephone, looked questioningly at me. I made a face at her over the girl's head.

When Nora said, "Hello," into the telephone, the girl stepped quickly back away from me and blushed. "I—I'm sorry," she stammered, "I didn't—"

Nora smiled sympathetically at her. I said: "Don't be a dope." The girl found her handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes with it.

Nora spoke into the telephone: "Yes . . . I'll see if he's in. Who's calling, please?" She put a hand over the mouthpiece and addressed me: "It's a man named Norman. Do you want to talk to him?"

I said I didn't know, and took the telephone: "Hello."

A somewhat harsh voice said: "Mr. Charles? . . . Mr. Charles, I understand that you were formerly connected with the Trans-American Detective Agency."

"Who is this?" I asked.

"My name is Albert Norman, Mr. Charles, which probably means nothing to you; but I would like to lay a proposition before you. I am sure you will—"

"What kind of a proposition?"

"I can't discuss it over the phone, Mr. Charles; but if you will give me half an hour of your time, I can promise—"

"Sorry," I said. "I'm pretty busy, and—"

"But Mr. Charles, this is—" Then there was a loud noise: it could have been a shot, or something falling, or anything else that would make a loud noise. I said, "Hello," a couple of times, got no answer, and hung up.

I went into the living-room. Some more people had come in. I spoke to them. Harbison Quinn came over to me. He looked toward the bedroom door. "Where'd you find the little blonde?"

"Used to bounce it on my knee."

"Which knee?" he asked. "Could I touch it?"

Nora and Dorothy came out of the bedroom.

I saw an afternoon paper on a table and picked it up. Headlines said, "JULIA WOLF ONCE RACKETEER'S GIRL; ARTHUR NUNHEIM IDENTIFIES BODY; WYNANT STILL MISSING." Arthur Nunheim had a familiar sound. Arthur Nunheim. Maybe I was thinking of Albert Norman: the names were something alike.

Nora, at my elbow, spoke in a low voice: "I asked her to have dinner with us. Be nice to the child." Nora was twenty-six. "She's all upset."

"Whatever you say."

CHAPTER TWO

NORA could not sleep that night. She read Chaliapin's memoirs until I began to doze, and then woke me up by asking: "Are you asleep?"

I said I was.

She lit a cigarette for me, one for herself. "Don't you ever think you'd like to go back to detecting once in a while, just for the fun of it? You know, when something special comes up, like the Lindb—"

"Darling," I said, "my guess is that Wynant killed the girl, and the police'll catch him without my help. Anyway, it's nothing in my life."

"I didn't mean just that, but—"

"But besides, I haven't the time: I'm too busy trying to see that you don't lose any of the money I married you for." I kissed her. "Don't you think maybe a drink would help you to sleep?"

"No, thanks."

"Maybe it would if I took one." When I brought my Scotch and soda back to bed, she was frowning into space. I said: "She's cute, but she's cuckoo. She wouldn't be his daughter if she wasn't. You can't tell how much of what she says is what she thinks; and you can't tell how much of what she thinks ever really happened. I like her, but I think you're letting—"

"I'm not sure I like her," Nora said thoughtfully. "But if a quarter of what she told us is true, she's in a tough spot."

"There's nothing I can do to help her."

"She thinks you can."

"And so do you, which shows that no matter what you think, you can always get somebody else to go along with you."

Nora sighed. "I wish you were sober enough to talk to." She leaned over to take a sip of my drink. "I'll give you your Christmas present now if you'll give me mine."

I shook my head. "At breakfast."

"But it's Christmas now."

"Breakfast."

"Whatever you're giving me," she said, "I hope I don't like it."

"You'll have to keep them anyway, because the man at the Aquarium said he positively wouldn't take them back. He said they'd already bitten all the tails off the—"

"It wouldn't hurt you any to find out if you can help her, would it? She's got such utter confidence in you, Nicky."

"You just want to poke your nose into things that—"

"I meant to ask you: did his wife know the Wolf girl was his mistress?"

"I don't know. She didn't like her."

"What's the wife like?"

"Forty, forty-two—used to be good-looking. Cut it out, Nora. You don't want any part of it. Let the Charleses stick to the Charleses' troubles, and the Wynants stick to the Wynants'."

She pouted. "Maybe that drink would help me."

I got out of bed and mixed a couple of drinks. As I brought them into the bedroom, the telephone began to ring. I looked at my watch on the table. It was nearly five o'clock.

Nora was talking into the telephone: "Hello . . . Yes, speaking." She looked sidewise at me. I shook my head no. "Yes. . . . Why, certainly. . . . Yes, certainly." She put the telephone down and grinned at me.

"You're wonderful," I said. "Now what?"

"Dorothy's coming up. I think she's tight."

"That's great." I picked up my bathrobe. "I was afraid I was going to have to go to sleep."

She was bending over, looking for her slippers. "Don't be such an old fuff. You can sleep all day." She found her slippers and stood up in them. "Is she really as afraid of her mother as she says?"

"If she's got any sense. Mimi's poison."

Nora screwed up her dark eyes at me and asked slowly: "What are you holding out on me?"

"Oh, dear," I said, "I was hoping I wouldn't have to tell you. Dorothy is really my daughter. I didn't know what I was doing, Nora. It was spring in Venice, and I was so young, and there was a moon over the—"

"Be funny. Don't you want something to eat?"

"If you do. What do you want?"

"Raw chopped beef sandwich with a lot of onion and some coffee."

Dorothy arrived while I was telephoning an all-night delicatessen.

When I went into the living-room again, she stood up with some difficulty and said: "I'm awfully sorry, Nick, to keep bothering you and Nora like this, but I can't go home this way tonight. I can't. I'm afraid to. I don't know what'd happen to me, what I'd do. Please don't make me." She was very drunk. Asta sniffed at her ankles.

I said: "Sh-h-h! You're all right here. Sit down. There'll be some coffee in a little while. Where'd you get the snoutful?"

She sat down and shook her head stupidly. "I don't know. I've been everywhere since I left you. I've been everywhere except home, because I can't go home this way. Look what I got." She stood up again and took a battered automatic pistol out of her coat pocket. "Look at that." She waved it at me while Asta, wagging her tail, jumped happily at it.

I pushed the dog aside and took the pistol away from her. "What kind of clowning is this? Sit down." I dropped the pistol into a bathrobe pocket, and pushed Dorothy down in her chair.

"Don't be mad at me, Nick," she whined. "You can keep it. I don't want to make a nuisance of myself."

"Where'd you get it?" I asked.

"In a speak-easy on Tenth Avenue. I gave a man my bracelet—the one with the emeralds and diamonds—for it."

"And then won it back from him in a crap game," I said. "You've still got it on."

She stared at her bracelet. "I thought I did."

I looked at Nora and shook my head. Nora said: "Aw, don't bully her, Nick."

"Where'd you get the gun, Dorothy?" I asked her again.

"From a man—I told you. A man in a speak-easy."

"And you gave him a bracelet for it?"

"I thought I did, but—look—I've still got my bracelet."

"I noticed that."

Nora patted the girl's shoulder. "Of course you've still got your bracelet."

I said: "When the boy comes with that coffee and stuff, I'm going to bribe him to stick around. I'm not going to stay alone with a couple of—"

Nora scowled at me and said to the girl: "Don't mind him. He's been like that all night."

I asked: "But what'd you want a gun for?"

Dorothy sat up straight and stared at me with wide drunken eyes. "Him," she whispered excitedly, "—if he bothered me. I was afraid because I was drunk. That's what it was. And then I was afraid of that, too; so I came here."

"You mean your father?" Nora asked, trying to keep excitement out of her voice.

The girl shook her head. "Clyde Wynant's my father—but I mean my stepfather." She leaned against Nora's breast.

Nora said, "Oh," in a tone of very complete understanding. Then she said, "You poor child," and looked significantly at me.

I said, "Let's all have a drink."

"Not me." Nora was scowling at me again. "And I don't think Dorothy wants one."

"Yes, she does. It'll help her sleep." I poured her a terrific dose of Scotch, and saw that she drank it. It worked nicely: she was sound asleep by the time our coffee and sandwiches came.

Nora said: "Now you're satisfied."

"Now I'm satisfied. Shall we tuck her in before we eat?"

I carried her into the bedroom and Nora undressed her.

We went back to our food. I took the pistol out of my pocket and examined it. It had been kicked around a lot. There were two cartridges in it, one in the chamber, one in the magazine.

"What are you going to do with it?" Nora asked.

"Nothing till I find out if it's the one Julia Wolf was killed with. It's a .32."

"But she said—"

"She got it in a speak-easy—from a man—for a bracelet. I heard her."

Nora leaned over her sandwich at me. Her eyes were very shiny and almost black. "Do you suppose she got it from her stepfather?"

"I do," I said; but I said it too earnestly.

Nora said: "You're a Greek louse. But maybe she did: you don't know. And you don't believe her story."

"Listen, darling, tomorrow I'll buy you a whole lot of detective stories, but don't worry your pretty little head over mysteries tonight. All she was trying to tell you was that she was afraid Bortensen was waiting to try to make her when she got home, and she was afraid she was drunk enough to give in."

"But her mother!"

"This family's a family. You can—"

Dorothy Wynant, standing unsteadily in the doorway in a nightgown much too long for her, blinked at the light and said: "Please, can I come in for a little while? I'm afraid in there alone."

"Sure."

She came over and curled up beside me on the sofa, while Nora went to get something to put around her.

THE three of us were at breakfast early that afternoon when the Bortensens arrived. Eight years had done no damage to Mimi's looks. She was a little riper, showier; that was all. She was larger than her daughter, and her blondeness was more vivid. She laughed and held her hands out to me. "Merry Christmas! It's awfully good to see you after all these years. This is my husband. Mr. Charles, Chris."

I said, "I'm glad to see you, Mimi," and shook hands with Bortensen. He was probably five years younger than his wife, a tall thin erect dark man, carefully dressed and sleek, with smooth hair and a waxed mustache.

He bowed from the waist. "How do you do, Mr. Charles." His accent was heavy, Teutonic; his hand was lean and strong.

Mimi, when the introductions were over, apologized to Nora for popping in on us. "But I did want to see your husband again, and then I know the only way to get this brat of mine anywhere on time is to carry her off bodily." She turned her smile on Dorothy. "Better get dressed, honey."

Honey grumbled through a mouthful of toast that she didn't see why she had to waste an afternoon at Aunt Alice's, even if it was Christmas.

"I bet Gilbert's not going," she said sulkily.

Mimi said Asta was a lovely dog and asked me if I had *any* idea where that ex-husband of hers might be.

"No."

She went on playing with the dog. "He's crazy, absolutely crazy, to disappear at a time like this. No wonder the police at first thought he had something to do with it."

"What do they think now?" I asked.

She looked up at me. "Haven't you seen the papers?"

"No."

"It's a man named Dorelli—a gangster. He killed her. He was her lover."

"They caught him?"

"Not yet, but he did it. I wish I could find Clyde. Macaulay won't help me at all. He says he doesn't know where he is, but that's ridiculous. He has power-of-attorney from him and everything, but I know very well he's in touch with Clyde. Do you think Macaulay's trustworthy?"

"He's Wynant's lawyer," I said. "There's no reason why you should trust him."

"Just what I thought." She moved over a little on the sofa. "Sit down. I've got millions of things to ask you."

"How about a drink first?"

When I came out of the pantry, Nora and Bortensen were trying their French on each other, Dorothy was still pretending to eat, and Mimi was playing with the dog again. I distributed the drinks and sat down beside Mimi.

She said: "Your wife's lovely."

"I like her."

Mimi gazed at me earnestly.

"Tell me the truth, Nick: do you think Clyde's really crazy? I mean, crazy enough that something ought to be done about it?"

"How do I know?"

"I'm worried about the children," she said. "I've no claim on him any more—the settlement he made when I divorced him took care of all that; but the children have. We're absolutely penniless now, and I'm worried about them. If he is crazy, he's just as likely as not to throw away everything and leave them without a cent. What do you think I ought to do?"

"Thinking about putting him in the booby-hatch?"

"No-o," she said slowly; "but I would like to talk to him." She put a hand on my arm. "You could find him."

I shook my head.

"Won't you help me, Nick? We used to be friends." Her big blue eyes were soft and appealing.

Dorothy, at the table, was watching us suspiciously.

"For God's sake, Mimi," I said, "there's a thousand detectives in New York. Hire one of them. I'm not working at it any more."

"I know, but— Was Dorry very drunk last night?"

"Maybe I was. She seemed all right to me."

Bortensen turned to address his wife: "Mrs. Charles has the great kindness to suggest that we do not—"

"Yes," Nora said, "why don't you stay awhile? There'll be some people come in. It won't be very exciting, but—" She waved her glass a little to finish the sentence.

"I'd love to," Mimi replied slowly, "but I'm afraid Alice—"

"Make our apologies to her by telephone," Bortensen suggested.

"I'll do it," Dorothy said.

Mimi nodded. "Be nice to her."

Dorothy went into the bedroom. Everybody seemed much brighter. Nora caught my eye and winked merrily, and I had to take it and like it, because Mimi was looking at me then.

Mimi asked me: "You really didn't want us to stay, did you?"

"Of course."

"Chances are you're lying. Weren't you sort of fond of poor Julia?"

" 'Poor Julia' sounds swell from you. I liked her all right."

Mimi put her hand on my arm again. "She broke up my life with Clyde. Naturally I hated her—then; but that's a long time ago. I had no feeling against her when I went to see her Friday. And Nick, I saw her die. She didn't deserve to die. It was horrible. No matter what I'd felt, there'd be nothing left but pity now. I meant 'poor Julia' when I said it."

"I don't know what you're up to," I said. "I don't know what any of you are up to."

"Any of us," she repeated. "Has Dorry been—"

Dorothy came in from the bedroom. "I squared it."

The doorbell rang. I let the Quinns and Margot Innes in, introduced them to the Bortensens. Quinn attached himself to Dorothy. Larry Crowley arrived with a girl named Denis, and a few minutes later, the Edgers. I won thirty-two dollars —on the cuff—from Margot at backgammon. Alice Quinn, with Margot's help, tore her husband away from Dorothy at a little after six and carried him off to keep a date they had. The Edgers left. Mimi put on her coat, got her husband and daughter into their coats.

"It's awfully short notice," she said; "but can't you come to dinner tomorrow night?"

Nora said: "Certainly."

We shook hands and made polite speeches all around, and they went away.

CHAPTER THREE

SO far I had known just where I stood on the Wolf-Wynant-Bortensen troubles, and what I was doing—the answers were, respectively, nowhere and nothing. But at close to four the next morning, when we were stopping at Reuben's for coffee on our way home, Nora opened a newspaper and found a line in one of the gossip columns: "Nick Charles, former Trans-American Detective Agency ace, on from Coast to sift the Julia Wolf murder mystery." And when I opened my eyes and sat up in bed some six hours later, Nora was shaking me, and a man with a gun in his hand was standing in the bedroom doorway.

He was a plump dark youngish man of medium height, broad through the jaws, narrow between the eyes. He wore a derby hat, a black overcoat that fit him very snugly, a dark suit, and black shoes, all looking as if he had bought them within the past fifteen minutes. The gun, a blunt black .38-caliber automatic, lay comfortably in his hand, not pointing at anything.

Nora was saying: "He made me let him in, Nick. He said he had to—"

"I got to talk to you," the man with the gun said. "That's all, but I got to do that." His voice was low, rasping.

I had blinked myself awake by then. I looked at Nora. She was excited, but apparently not frightened: she might have been watching a horse she had a bet on coming down the stretch with a nose lead.

I said: "All right, talk; but do you mind putting the gun away?"

He smiled with his lower lip. "You don't have to tell me you're tough. I heard about you." He put the pistol into his overcoat pocket. "I'm Shep Dorelli."

"I never heard about you," I said.

He took a step into the room and began to shake his head from side to side. "I didn't knock Julia off."

"Maybe you didn't, but you're bringing the news to the wrong place. I got nothing to do with it."

"I haven't seen her in three months," he said. "We were washed up."

"Tell the police."

"I wouldn't have any reason to hurt her: she was always on the up-and-up with me."

"That's all swell," I said, "only you're peddling your fish in the wrong market."

"Listen." He took another step toward the bed. "Studsy Burke tells me you used to be O. K. That's why I'm here. Do the—"

"How is Studsy?" I asked. "I haven't seen him since the time he went up the river in '23 or '24."

"He's all right. He'd like to see you. He's got a joint on West Forty-ninth, the Pigiron Club. But listen, what's the law doing to me? Do they think I did it? Or is it just something else to pin on me?"

I shook my head. "I'd tell you if I knew. Don't let newspapers fool you: I'm not in this. Ask the police."

"That'd be very smart." He smiled with his lower lip again. "That'd be the smartest thing I ever did. Me, that a police captain's been in a hospital three weeks, on account we had an argument! The boys would like me to come in and ask 'em questions. They'd like it right down to the end of their blackjacks." He turned a hand over, palm-up. "I come to you on the level. Studsy says you're on the level. Be on the level."

"I'm being on the level," I assured him. "If I knew anything, I'd—"

Knuckles drummed on the corridor door, three times, sharply. Dorelli's gun was in his hand before the noise stopped. His eyes seemed to move in all directions at once. His voice was a metallic snarl deep in his chest: "Well?"

"I don't know." I sat up a little higher in bed, and nodded at the gun in his hand. "That makes it your party." The gun pointed very accurately at my chest. I could hear the blood in my ears, and my lips felt swollen. I said: "There's no fire-escape." I put my left hand out toward Nora, who was sitting on the far side of the bed.

The knuckles hit the door again, and a deep voice called, "Open up. Police."

Dorelli's lower lip crawled up to lap the upper, and the whites of his eyes began to show under the irises. "You son of a——," he said slowly, almost as if he were sorry for me. He moved his feet the least bit, flattening them against the floor.

A key touched the outer lock.

I hit Nora with my left hand, knocking her down across the room. The pillow I chucked with my right hand at Dorelli's gun seemed to have no weight; it drifted slow as a piece of tissue paper. No noise in the world, before or after, was ever as loud as Dorelli's gun going off. Something pushed my left side as I sprawled across the floor. I caught one of his ankles and rolled over with it, bringing him down on me, and he clubbed my back with the gun until I got a hand free and began to hit him as low in the body as I could.

Men came in and dragged us apart.

It took us five minutes to bring Nora to.

She sat up holding her cheek and looked around the room until she saw Dorelli, nippers on one wrist, standing between two detectives. Dorelli's face was a mess: the coppers had worked him over a little.

Nora glared at me. "You fool," she said, "you didn't have to knock me cold. I knew you'd take him, but I wanted to see it."

One of the coppers laughed. "God!" he said admiringly. "There's a woman with hair on her chest."

Nora liked that. She smiled at him and stood up. When she looked at me, she stopped smiling.

"Why, Nick, you're—"

I said I didn't think it was much, and opened what was left of my pajama-coat. Dorelli's bullet had scooped out a gutter perhaps four inches long under my left nipple. A lot of blood was running out of it, but it was not very deep.

Dorelli said: "Tough luck. A couple of inches over would make a lot of difference the right way."

The copper who had admired Nora—he was a big sandy man of forty-eight or fifty, in a gray suit that did not fit him very well—slapped Dorelli's mouth.

Keyser, the Normandie's manager, said he would get a doctor and went to the telephone. Nora ran to the bathroom for towels.

I put a towel over the wound and lay down on the bed. "I'm all right. Don't let's fuss over it till the doctor comes. How'd you people happen to pop in?"

The copper who had slapped Dorelli said: "We happen to hear this is getting to be kind of a meeting-place for Wynant's family and his lawyer and everybody, so we think we'll kind of keep an eye on it in case he happens to show up. And this morning when Mack, here, who was the eye we were kind of keeping on it at the time, sees this bird duck in, he gives us a ring, and we come on up. And pretty lucky for you."

"Yes, pretty lucky for me—or maybe I wouldn't've got shot."

He eyed me suspiciously. His eyes were pale gray and watery.

"This bird a friend of yours?"

"I never saw him before."

"What'd he want of you?"

"Wanted to tell me he didn't kill the Wolf girl."

"What's that to you?"

"Nothing."

"What'd he think it was to you?"

"Ask him. I don't know."

"I'll ask you another one: you're going to swear to the complaint on him shooting you?"

"That's another one I can't answer right now. Maybe it was an accident."

"Oke. There's plenty of time. I guess we got to ask you a lot more things than we'd figured on." He turned to one of his companions: there were four of them. "We'll frisk the joint."

"Not without a warrant," I told him.

"So you say. —Come on, Andy." They began to search the place.

The doctor—a vague colorless wisp of a man with the snuffles—came in, clucked and sniffed over my side, got the bleeding stopped and a bandage on, and told me I would have nothing to worry about if I lay still for a couple of days. Nobody would tell the doctor anything. The police would not let him touch Dorelli. He went away, looking even more colorless and vague.

The big sandy man had returned from the living-room holding one hand behind him. He waited until the doctor had gone, then asked: "Have you got a pistol permit?"

"No."

"Then what are you doing with this?" He brought from behind him the gun I had taken from Dorothy Wynant.

There was nothing I could say.

"You've heard about the Sullivan Act?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then you know where you stand. This gun yours?"

"No."

"Whose is it?"

"I'll have to try to remember."

He put the pistol into his pocket and sat down on a chair beside the bed. "Listen, Mr. Charles," he said. "I guess we're both of us doing this wrong. I don't want to get tough with you, and I don't guess you really want to get tough with me. That hole in your side can't be making you feel any too good, so I aint going to bother you any more till you've had a little rest. Then maybe we can get together the way we ought to."

"Thanks," I said, and meant it. "We'll buy a drink."

Nora said, "Sure," and got up from the edge of the bed.

The big sandy man watched her go out of the room. He shook his head solemnly. His voice was solemn: "By God, sir, you're a lucky man." He suddenly held out his hand. "My name's Guild, John Guild."

"You know mine." We shook hands.

NORA came back with a siphon, a bottle of Scotch, and glasses on a tray. She tried to give Dorelli a drink, but Guild stopped her. "It's mighty kind of you, Mrs. Charles, but it's against the law to give a prisoner drinks or drugs except on a doctor's say-so." He looked at me. "Aint that right?"

I said it was. The rest of us drank.

Presently Guild set down his empty glass and stood up. "I got to take this gun along with me, but don't you worry about that. We got plenty of time to talk when you're feeling better." He took Nora's hand and made an awkward bow over it. "I hope you didn't mind what I said back there awhile ago, but I meant it in a—"

Nora can smile very nicely. She gave him one of her nicest smiles. "Mind? I liked it."

She let the policeman and their prisoner out. Keyser had gone a few minutes before.

"He's sweet," she said when she came back from the door. "Hurt much?"

"No. How about another drink?"

She poured me one. "I wouldn't take too many of these today."

"I won't," I promised her. "I could do with some kippers for breakfast. And now our troubles seem to be over for a while, you might have them send up our absentee watch-dog. And tell the operator not to give us any calls: there'll probably be reporters."

Nora said: "You're just showing off; that's all it is. And what for? I know bullets bounce off you. You don't have to prove it to me."

"It's not going to hurt me to get up."

"And it's not going to hurt you to stay in bed at least one day. The doctor said—"

"If he knew anything, he'd cure his own snuffles." I sat up and put my feet on the floor.

Nora brought me slippers and robe. "All right, hard guy, get up and bleed on the rugs."

I stood up cautiously, and seemed to be all right as long as I went easy with my left arm and kept out of the way of Asta's front feet—a bit difficult to do when she was first brought in.

"Be reasonable," I said. "I didn't want to get mixed up with these people—still don't, but a fat lot of good that's doing

me. Well, I can't just blunder out of it. I've got to see. I'll have to tell the police some kind of story about that gun. And suppose it turns out to be the gun she was killed with? We'll go there for dinner tonight, and—"

"We'll do nothing of the kind. If you want to see anybody, have them come here."

"That's not the way." I put my arm around her. "Stop worrying about this scratch. I'm all right."

"You're showing off," she said. "I'm not going to have you—"

I shut her mouth with a hand over it. "I want to see the Bortensens together at home."

"You're so pig-headed," she complained. "Well, it's only five o'clock. Lie down till it's time to dress."

I MADE myself comfortable on the living-room sofa. We had the afternoon papers sent up. Dorelli, it seemed, had shot me—twice for one of the papers and three times for another—when I tried to arrest him for Julia Wolf's murder, and I was too near death to see anybody or to be moved to a hospital. There were pictures of Dorelli, and a thirteen-year-old one of me in a pretty funny-looking hat—taken, I remembered, when I was working on the Wall Street explosion. Most of the follow-up stories on the murder of Julia Wolf were rather vague. We were reading them when our little constant visitor, Dorothy Wynant, arrived.

I could hear her at the door when Nora opened it: "They wouldn't send my name up, so I sneaked up. Please don't send me away. I can help you nurse Nick. I'll do anything. Please, Nora."

Nora had a chance then to say: "Come on in."

Dorothy came in. She goggled at me. "B-but the papers said you—"

"Do I look like I'm dying? —What's happened to *you?*" Her lower lip was swollen and cut near one corner; there was a bruise on one cheek-bone, and two fingernail scratches down the other cheek; and her eyes were red and swollen.

"Mamma beat me," she said. "Look." She dropped her coat on the floor, tore off a button unbuttoning her dress, took an arm out of its sleeve, and pushed the dress down to show her back. There were dark bruises on her arm, and her back was crisscrossed by long red welts. She was crying now. "See?"

Nora put an arm around her. "You poor kid!"

"What'd she beat you for?" I asked.

She turned from Nora and knelt on the floor beside my sofa. Asta came over and nuzzled her. "She thought I came—came to see you about Father and Julia Wolf." Sobs broke up her sentences. "That's why she came over here—to find out—and you made her think I didn't. You—you made her think you didn't care anything about what happened—just like you made me; and she was all right till she saw the papers this afternoon. Then she knew—she knew you'd been lying about not having anything to do with it, and she beat me to try to make me tell her what I'd told you."

"What'd you tell her?"

"I couldn't tell her anything. I—I couldn't tell her about Chris. I couldn't tell her anything."

"Was he there?"

"Yes."

"And he let her beat you like this?"

"But he—he never makes her stop."

I said to Nora: "For God's sake, let's have a drink."

Nora said, "Sure," picked up Dorothy's coat, laid it across the back of a chair, and went into the pantry.

Dorothy said: "Please let me stay here, Nick. I won't be any trouble, honestly, and you told me yourself I ought to walk out on them—you know you did; and I've got nowhere else to go. Please."

"Take it easy. This thing needs a little figuring out. I'm as much afraid of Mimi as you are, you know. What did she think you'd told me?"

"She must know something—something about the murder that she thinks I know—but I don't, Nick. Honest to God, I don't."

"That helps a lot," I complained. "But listen, sister: there are things you do know, and we're going to start with those. You come clean, at and from the beginning—or we don't play."

She made a movement as if she were about to cross her heart. "I swear I will," she said.

"That'll be swell. Now let's drink." We took a glass apiece from Nora. "Tell her you were leaving for good?"

"No, I didn't say anything. Maybe she doesn't know yet I'm not in my room."

"That helps some."

"You're not going to make me go back?" she cried.

Nora said: "The child can't stay and be beaten like that, Nick."

I said: "Sh-h-h! I don't know. I was just thinking that if we're going there for dinner, maybe it's better for Mimi not to know—"

Dorothy stared at me with horrified eyes, while Nora said: "Don't think you're going to take me there now."

Then Dorothy spoke rapidly: "But Mamma doesn't expect you. I don't even know whether she'll be there. The papers said you were badly wounded—dying. She doesn't think that you're coming."

"So much the better," I said. "We'll surprise them."

She put her face, white now, close to mine, spilling some of her drink on my sleeve in her excitement. "Don't go! You can't go there now. Listen to me. Listen to Nora. You can't go." She turned her white face around, to look up at Nora. "Can he? Tell him he can't."

Nora, not shifting the focus of her dark eyes from my face, said: "Wait, Dorothy. He ought to know what's best. What is it, Nick?"

I made a face at her. "I'm just fumbling around. If you say Dorothy stays here, she stays. I guess she can sleep with Asta. But you've got to leave me alone on the rest of it. I don't know what I'm going to do, because I don't know what's being done to me. I've got to find out—in my own way."

"We won't interfere," Dorothy said. "Will we, Nora?"

Nora continued to look at me, saying nothing.

I asked Dorothy: "Where'd you get that gun? That's the first question. And nothing out of books this time."

She moistened her lower lip, and her face became pinker. She cleared her throat. "Can—can I tell you something that happened to me when I was a little child?"

"Has it got anything to do with the gun?"

"Not exactly, but it'll help you understand why I—"

"Not now. Some other time. Where'd you get the gun?"

Her voice was barely audible. "From a man in a speakeasy."

I said: "All right, say you did. What speak-easy?"

Dorothy raised her head. "I don't know. It was on Tenth Avenue, I think. Your friend Mr. Quinn would know. He took me there."

"You met him after you left us that night?"

"Yes."

"By accident, I suppose."

She looked reproachfully at me. "I'm trying to tell you the truth, Nick. I'd promised to meet him at a place called the Palmano. He wrote the address down for me. So after I said good-night to you and Nora, I met him there, and we went to a lot of places, winding up in this place where I got the gun. It was an awful tough place. You can ask him if I'm not telling the truth."

"Quinn get the gun for you?"

"No. He'd passed out then. He was sleeping with his head on the table. I left him there. They said they'd get him home all right."

"And the gun?"

"I'm coming to it." She began to blush. "He told me it was a gunmen's hang-out. That's why I'd said let's go there. And after he went to sleep, I got to talking to a man there, an awful tough-looking man. I was fascinated. And all the time I didn't want to go home—I wanted to come back here, but I didn't know if you'd let me."

HER face was red now, and in her embarrassment she blurred her words. "So I thought that perhaps if I—if you thought I was in a terrible fix—and besides, that way I wouldn't feel so silly. Anyhow, I asked this awful tough-looking gangster, or whatever he was, if he would sell me a pistol or tell me where I could buy one. He thought I was kidding, and laughed at first; but I told him I wasn't, and then he kept on grinning, but he said he'd see; and when he came back, he said yes, he could get me one, and asked how much I would pay for it. I didn't have much

money, but I offered him my bracelet, but I guess he didn't think it was any good, because he said no, he'd have to have cash; so finally I gave him twelve dollars—all I had but a dollar for the taxi, and he gave me the pistol, and I came over here and made up that about being afraid to go home because of Chris."

"Then Chris hasn't been making passes at you?"

She bit her lip. "Yes, but not—not that bad." She put both hands on my arm, and her face almost touched mine. "You've got to believe me. I couldn't tell you all that, couldn't make myself out such a cheap little lying fool, if it wasn't the truth."

"It makes more sense if I don't believe you," I said. "Twelve bucks isn't enough money. We'll let that rest for a minute, though. Did you know Mimi was going to see Julia Wolf that afternoon?"

"No. I didn't even know she was trying to find my father then. They didn't say where they were going that afternoon."

"They?"

"Yes, Chris went out with her."

"What time was that?"

She wrinkled her forehead. "It must've been pretty close to three o'clock—after two-thirty, anyway, because I remember I was late for a date to go shopping with Elsie Hamilton, and was hurrying into my clothes."

"They came back together?"

"I don't know. They were both home before I came."

"What time was that?"

"Sometime after six."

"What'd she tell you about the murder?"

"Oh, just about finding her, and how upset she was, and about the police and everything."

"She seem very shocked?"

Dorothy shook her head. "No, just excited. You know Mamma." She stared at me for a moment, and asked slowly: "You don't think she had anything to do with it?"

"What do you think?"

"I hadn't thought. I just thought about my father." A little later she said gravely: "If *he* did it, it's because he's crazy; but *she'd* kill somebody if she wanted to."

"It doesn't have to be either of them," I reminded her. "The police seem to have picked Dorelli. What'd she want to find your father for?"

"For money. We're broke; Chris spent it all." She pulled down the corners of her mouth. "I suppose we all helped, but he spent most of it. Mamma's afraid he'll leave her if she hasn't any money."

"Do you think he will?"

She nodded with certainty. "Unless she has money."

I looked at my watch and said: "The rest of it'll have to wait till we get back. You can stay here tonight, anyhow. Make yourself comfortable, and have the restaurant send up your dinner. It's probably better if you don't go out."

She stared miserably at me, and said nothing.

I called the desk on the telephone and asked them to send up our mail. There were a couple of letters for Nora, one for me, some belated Christmas cards, a number of telephone-call memorandum-slips, and a telegram from Philadelphia:

> NICK CHARLES
> THE NORMANDIE NEW YORK N Y
> WILL YOU COMMUNICATE WITH HERBERT MACAULAY TO DISCUSS TAKING CHARGE OF INVESTIGATION OF WOLF MURDER STOP AM GIVING HIM FULL INSTRUCTIONS STOP BEST REGARDS
> CLYDE MILLER WYNANT

I put the telegram in an envelope with a note saying it had just reached me, and sent it by messenger to the Police Department Homicide Bureau.

In the taxicab Nora asked: "You're sure this isn't going to be too much for you?"

"I'm all right. What'd you think of the girl's story?"

She hesitated. "You don't believe her, do you?"

"God forbid—at least till I've checked it up. Buying a gun for twelve bucks in a speak-easy! Well, maybe, but—"

We rode a couple of blocks in silence. Then Nora asked: "What's really the matter with her?"

"Her old man's crazy; she thinks she is. I don't know whether Wynant's actually nuts, and I don't know whether she inherited any of it if he is; but she thinks both answers are yes, and it's got her doing figure-eights."

When we stopped in front of the Courtland, Nora said: "That's horrible, Nick. Somebody ought to—"

I said I didn't know: maybe Dorothy was right. "Likely as not, she's making doll-clothes for Asta right now."

We sent our names up to the Bortensens, and after some delay, were told to go up. Mimi met us in the corridor when we stepped out of the elevator, met us with open arms and many words. "Those wretched newspapers! They had me frantic with their nonsense about your being at death's door. I phoned twice, but they wouldn't give me your apartment, wouldn't tell me how you were." She had both of my hands. "I'm so glad, Nick, that it was just a pack of lies, even if you will have to take pot-luck with us tonight. Naturally, I didn't expect you, and— But you're pale. You have been hurt."

"Not much," I said. "A bullet scraped my side, but it doesn't amount to anything."

"And you came to dinner in spite of that! That's flattering, but I'm afraid it's foolish too." She turned to Nora. "Are you sure it was wise to let him—"

"I'm not sure," Nora said, "but he wanted to come."

"Men are such idiots," Mimi said. She put an arm around me. "They either make mountains out of nothing, or utterly neglect things that may— But come in. Here, let me help you."

"It's not that bad," I assured her; but she insisted on leading me to a chair, and packing me in with cushions.

Bortensen came in, shook hands with me, and said he was glad to find me more alive than the newspapers had said. He bowed over Nora's hand. "If I may be excused one little minute more, I will finish the cocktails." He went out.

Mimi said: "I don't know where Dorry is. Off sulking somewhere, I suppose. When I have to scold Dorry, she seems to think I'm a complete monster." Her face brightened. "Here's my other tot. —You remember Mr. Charles, Gilbert. And this is Mrs. Charles."

GILBERT WYNANT was two years younger than his sister, a gangling pale blond boy of eighteen, with not much chin under a somewhat slack mouth. The size of his remarkably clear blue eyes, and the length of the lashes, gave him a slightly effeminate look.

Bortensen brought in cocktails, and Mimi insisted on being told about the shooting. I told her.

"But why should he have come to you?" she asked.

"God knows. I'd like to know. The police'd like to know."

Gilbert said: "I read somewhere that when habitual criminals are accused of things they didn't do,—even little things,—they're much more upset by it than other people would be. Do you think that's so, Mr. Charles?"

"It's likely."

"Except," Gilbert added, "when it's something big, you know, something they would like to've done."

I said again it was likely.

Mimi said: "Don't be polite to Gil if he starts talking nonsense, Nick. His head's so cluttered up with reading. Get us another cocktail, darling."

He went over to get the shaker. Nora and Bortensen were in a corner sorting phonograph records.

I said: "I had a wire from Wynant today."

Mimi looked warily around the room, then leaned forward, and her voice was almost a whisper: "What did he say?"

"Wanted me to find out who killed her. It was sent from Philadelphia this afternoon."

She was breathing heavily. "Are you going to do it?"

I shrugged. "I turned it over to the police."

Gilbert came back with the shaker. Bortensen and Nora had put Bach's "Little Fugue" on the phonograph. Gilbert sat down and said: "I want to ask you: can you tell dope-addicts by looking at them?"

"Very seldom. Why?"

"I was wondering. . . . Another thing," he said, "Gross says when you're stabbed, you only feel a sort of push at the time, and it's not until afterward that it begins to hurt. Is that so?"

"Yes, if you're stabbed reasonably hard with a reasonably sharp knife. A bullet's the same way: you only feel the blow—and with a small-caliber steel-jacketed bullet not much of that—at first. The rest comes when the air gets to it."

Mimi drank her third cocktail and said: "I think you're both being indecently gruesome, especially after what happened to Nick today. Do try to find Dorry, Gil. You must know some of her friends. Phone them. I worry about her."

"She's over at our place," I said.

"At your place?" Her surprise may have been genuine.

"She came over this afternoon and asked if she could stay with us awhile."

She smiled tolerantly and shook her head. "These youngsters!" She stopped smiling. "Awhile?"

I nodded.

Mimi smiled again and said: "I'm sorry she's bothering you and your wife, but it's a relief to know she's there instead of off the Lord only knows where. She'll have finished her pouting by the time you get back. Send her along home, will you?"

I did not say anything.

Gilbert began: "Mr. Charles, do criminals usually—"

"Don't interrupt, Gil," Mimi said. "You will send her along home, won't you?"

"She can stay if she wants. Nora likes her."

She shook a crooked finger at me. "But I won't have you spoiling her like that. The idea! I suppose she told you all sorts of nonsense about me."

"She did say something about a beating."

"There you are," Mimi said complacently, as if that proved her point. "No, you'll have to send her home, Nick."

"She can stay with us if she wants, Mimi. We like having her."

Anger was a very pretty thing in Mimi's blue eyes. "She's my child, and she's a minor. You've been very kind to her, but this isn't being kind to her or to me, and I won't have it. If you won't send her home, I'll take steps to bring her home. I'd rather not be disagreeable about it, but"—she leaned forward and deliberately spaced her words—"she's coming home."

I said: "You don't want to pick a fight with me, Mimi."

She looked at me as if she were going to say "I love you," and asked: "Is that a threat?"

"All right," I said, "have me arrested for kidnaping, contributing to the delinquency of a minor and—"

She said suddenly in a harsh enraged voice: "And tell your wife to stop pawing my husband."

Nora, looking for another phonograph record with Bortensen, had a hand on his sleeve. They turned in surprise.

I said: "Nora, Mrs. Bortensen wants you to keep your hands off Mr. Bortensen."

"I'm awfully sorry." Nora smiled at Mimi, then looked at me, put a very artificial expression of concern on her face, and in a somewhat singsong voice, as if she were a schoolchild reciting a piece, said: "Oh, Nick, you're pale. I'm sure you have exceeded your strength and will have a relapse. I'm sorry, Mrs. Bortensen, but I think I should get him home and to bed right away. You will forgive us, won't you?"

Mimi said she would. Everybody was the soul of politeness to everybody else.

We went downstairs and got a taxicab.

"Well," Nora said, "so you talked yourself out of a dinner. What do you want to do now? Go home and eat with Dorothy?"

I shook my head. "I can do without Wynants for a little while. Let's go to May's: I'd like some snails."

"Right. Did you find out anything?"

"Nothing."

We had dinner and went back to our place. Dorothy was not there. Nora went through the rooms, called up the desk. No note, no message had been left for us.

"So what?" she asked.

It was not quite ten o'clock. "Maybe nothing," I said. "Maybe anything. My guess is she'll show up about three in the morning, tight, with a machine-gun she bought in Child's."

CHAPTER FOUR

My side felt a lot better when Nora called me at noon next day. "My nice policeman is here and wants to see you," she said. "How do you feel?"

"Terrible. I must've gone to bed sober." I pushed Asta out of the way and got up.

Guild rose with a drink in his hand when I entered the living-room, and smiled all across his broad sandy face. "Well, well, Mr. Charles, you look spry enough this morning."

I shook hands with him and said, "Yes, I feel pretty good."

He frowned good-naturedly. "Just the same, you oughtn't've played that trick on me."

"Trick?"

"Sure, running off to see people when I'd put off asking you questions to give you a chance to rest up. I kind of figured that ought to give me first call on you."

"I didn't think," I said. "I'm sorry. See that wire I got from Wynant?"

"Uh-huh. We're running it out in Philly."

"Now, about that gun," I began. "I—"

He stopped me. "What gun? That aint a gun any more. The firing-pin's busted off; the guts are rusted and jammed. If anybody's fired it in six months,—or could,—I'm the Pope of Rome. Don't let's waste any time talking about that piece of junk."

I laughed. "That explains a lot. I took it away from a drunk who said he'd bought it in a speak-easy for twelve bucks. I believe him now."

"Somebody'll sell him the City Hall one of these days. Man to man, Mr. Charles, are you working on the Wolf job, or aint you?"

"You saw the wire from Wynant."

"I did. Then you aint working for him. I'm still asking you."

"I'm not a private detective any more. I'm not any kind of a detective."

"I heard that. I'm still asking you."

"All right. No."

He thought for a moment and said: "Then let me put it another way: are you interested in the job?"

"I know the people; naturally I'm interested."

"And that's all?"

"Yes."

"And you don't expect to be working on it?"

The telephone rang, and Nora went to answer it.

"To be honest with you, I don't know. If people keep on pushing me into it, I don't know how far they'll carry me."

Guild wagged his head up and down. "I can see that. I don't mind telling you I'd like to have you in on it—on the right side."

"You mean not on Wynant's side. Did he do it?"

"That I couldn't say, Mr. Charles; but I don't have to tell you he aint helping us any to find out who did it."

Nora appeared in the doorway. "Telephone, Nick."

Herbert Macaulay was on the wire. "Hello, Charles. How's the wounded?"

"I'm all right, thanks."

"Hear from Wynant?"

"Yes."

"I got a letter from him saying he had wired you. Are you too sick to—"

"No, I'm up and around. If you'll be in your office late this afternoon, I'll drop in."

"Swell," he said. "I'll be here till six."

I returned to the living-room. Nora was inviting Guild to have lunch while we had breakfast. He said it was mighty kind of her. Nora went to order meals.

Guild shook his head and said: "She's a mighty fine woman, Mr. Charles."

I nodded solemnly.

He said: "Suppose you should get pushed into this thing, as you say, I'd like it a lot more to feel you were working with us than against us."

"So would I."

"That's a bargain, then," he said. He hunched his chair around a little. "I don't guess you remember me, but back when you were working this town, I was walking beat on Forty-third Street."

"Of course," I said, lying politely. "I knew there was something familiar about— Being out of uniform makes a difference."

"I guess it does. I'd like to be able to take it as a fact that you're not holding out anything we don't already know."

"I don't mean to. I don't know what you know. I don't know very much. I haven't seen Macaulay since the murder, and I haven't even been following it in the newspapers."

The telephone was ringing again. Nora went to answer it.

"What we know aint much of a secret," Guild said, "and if you want to take the time to listen, I don't mind giving it to you." He nodded approvingly. "Only, there's a thing I'd like to ask first: When you went to Mrs. Bortensen's last night, did you tell her about getting the telegram from him?"

"Yes, and I told her I'd turned it over to you."

"What'd she say?"

"Nothing. She asked questions. She's trying to find him."

"You don't think there's any chance of them being in cahoots, do you?" He held up a hand. "Understand, I don't

know why they would be or what it'd be all about if they were, but I'm just asking."

"Anything's possible," I said, "but I'd say it was pretty safe they aren't working together. Why?"

"I guess you're right. But there's a couple of points. There always is. . . Well, Mr. Charles, here's just about all we know for certain, and if you can give us a little something more, I'll be mighty thankful to you."

I said something about doing my best.

"Well, along about the third of last October, Wynant tells Macaulay he's got to leave town for a while. He don't tell Macaulay where he's going, or what for; but Macaulay gets the idea that he's off to work on some invention or other that he wants to keep quiet—and he gets it out of Julia Wolf later that he's right—and he guesses Wynant's gone off to hide somewhere in the Adirondacks."

"She know what the invention was?"

Guild shook his head. "Not according to Macaulay, only that it was probably something that he needed room for, and machinery or things that cost money, because that's what he was fixing up with Macaulay. He was fixing it so Macaulay could get hold of his stocks and bonds and other things he owned, and turn 'em into money when he wanted it, and take care of his banking and everything just like Wynant himself."

"Power-of-attorney covering everything, huh?"

"Exactly. And listen, when he wanted money, he wanted it in cash."

"He was always full of screwy notions," I said.

"That's what everybody says. The idea seems to be he don't want to take any chances on anybody tracing him through checks, or anybody up there knowing he's Wynant. That's why he didn't take the girl along with him—didn't even let her know where he was, if she was telling the truth—and let his whiskers grow."

"'Up there,'" I quoted. "So he was in the Adirondacks?"

Guild moved one shoulder. "I just said that because that and Philadelphia are the only ideas anybody's give us. We're trying the mountains, but we don't know. Maybe Australia."

"And how much of this money in cash did Wynant want?"

"I can tell you that exactly." He took a wad of dog-eared papers out of his pocket, selected an envelope and stuffed the others back in his pocket. "The day after he talked to Macaulay, he drew five thousand out of the bank himself, in cash. On the twenty-eighth—this is October, you understand—he had Macaulay get another five for him, and twenty-five hundred on the sixth of November, and a thousand on the fifteenth, and seventy-five hundred on the thirtieth, and fifteen hundred on the sixth—that would be December—and a thousand on the eighteenth, and five thousand on the twenty-second, which was the day before she was killed."

"Nearly thirty thou," I said. "A nice bank-balance he had."

"Twenty-eight thousand, five hundred, to be exact." Guild returned the envelope to his pocket. "But you understand it wasn't all in there. After the first call, Macaulay would sell something every time to raise the dough." He felt in his pocket again. "I got a list of the stuff he sold, if you want to see it."

I said I didn't. "How'd he turn the money over to Wynant?"

"Wynant would write the girl when he wanted it, and she'd get it from Macaulay. He's got her receipts."

"And how'd she get it to Wynant?"

Guild shook his head. "She told Macaulay she used to meet him places he told her; but he thinks she knew where he was, though she always said she didn't."

"And maybe she still had that last five thousand on her when she was killed, huh?"

"Which might make it robbery, unless he killed her when he came there to get it."

"Or unless," I suggested, "somebody else, who killed her for some other reason, found the money there and thought they might as well take it along."

"Sure," he agreed. "Things like that happen all the time. Of course, with Mrs. Bortensen—a lady like that—I hope you don't think I'm—"

"Besides," I said, "she wasn't alone, was she?"

"For a little while. The phone in the apartment was out of whack, and the elevator-boy rode the superintendent down to phone from the office. But get me right on this: I'm not saying Mrs. Bortensen did anything funny. A lady like that wouldn't be likely—"

"What was the matter with the phone?" I asked.

The doorbell rang and we talked politics while a waiter came in and began to set a table.

"About the phone," Guild said when we were sitting at the table, "I don't know just what to make of it, as I said. It had a bullet right smack through the mouthpiece of it."

"Accidental, or—"

"I'd just as lief ask you. It was from the same gun as the four that hit her; but whether he missed her with that one, or did it on purpose, I don't know. It seems like a noisy way to put a phone on the bum."

"That reminds me," I said: "didn't anybody hear all this shooting? A .32's not a shotgun, but somebody ought to've heard it."

"Sure," he said disgustedly. "The place is lousy now with people that heard things, but nobody did anything about it then. Where was I? Oh, yes, about Wynant: He gave up his apartment when he went away, and put his stuff in storage. We been looking through it—the stuff—but aint found anything yet to show where he went, or even what he was working on. We didn't have any better luck in his shop on First Avenue. It's been locked up too since he went away, except that she used to go down there for an hour or two once or twice a week to take care of his mail and things. There's nothing to tell us anything in the mail that's come since she got knocked off. We got nothing to show where he's been, only he phones Macaulay last Friday, and says to meet him at two o'clock in the Plaza lobby. Macaulay wasn't in, so he just left the message."

"Macaulay was here," I said, "for lunch."

"He told me. Well, Macaulay don't get to the Plaza till nearly three, and he don't find any Wynant there, and Wynant aint registered there. He tries describing him, with and without a beard, but nobody at the Plaza remembers seeing him. He phones his office, but Wynant aint called up again. And then he phones Julia Wolf, and she tells him she don't even know Wynant's in town, which he figures is a lie, because he had just give her five thousand dollars for Wynant yesterday, and figures Wynant's come for it; but he just says all right, and hangs up and goes on about his business."

"His business such as what?" I asked.

"I guess it wouldn't hurt to know, at that," said Guild. "I'll find out. There didn't seem to be anything pointing at him, so we didn't bother with that; but it don't ever hurt any to know who's got an alibi and who aint."

I shook my head at the question he had decided not to ask. "I don't see anything pointing at him, except that he's Wynant's lawyer, and probably knows more than he's telling."

"Sure. I understand. Now about the girl: maybe Julia Wolf wasn't her real name. We aint been able to find out for sure yet, but we have found out she wasn't the kind of dame you'd expect him to be trusting to handle all that dough—I mean if he knew about her."

"Had a record?"

He wagged his head up and down. "This is elegant stew. A couple of years before she went to work for him, she did six months on a badger-game charge out in Cleveland, under the name of Rhoda Stewart."

"You suppose Wynant knew that?"

"Search me. Don't look like he'd turned her loose with that dough if he did, but you can't tell. They tell me he was kind of nuts about her, and you know how guys can go. She was running around off and on with this Shep Dorelli too."

"Have you really got anything on Dorelli?" I asked.

"Not on this," he said regretfully, "but we wanted him for a couple of other things." He drew his sandy brows together a little. "I wish I knew what sent him here to see you. Of course these junkies are likely to do anything, but—"

"What's a junkie?" asked Nora, who was pouring coffee.

"Hop-head."

She looked at me. "Was Dorelli—"

"Primed to the ears," I said.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she complained. "I miss everything." She left the table to answer the telephone.

Guild asked: "You going to prosecute him for shooting you?"

"Not unless you need it."

He shook his head. "I guess we got enough on him for a while."

"You were telling me about the girl."

"Yes," he said. "Well, we found out she's been spending a lot of nights away from her apartment—two or three days at

a stretch sometimes. Maybe that's when she was meeting Wynant. I don't know. We aint been able to knock any holes in Dorelli's story of not seeing her for three months. What do you make of that?"

"The same thing you do," I replied. "It's just about three months since Wynant went off. Maybe it means something, maybe not."

Nora came in, and said Harbison Quinn was on the telephone. He told me he had sold some bonds I was writing off losses on, and gave me the prices.

"Have you seen Dorothy Wynant?" I asked.

"Not since I left her in your place, but I'm meeting her at the Palmano for cocktails this afternoon. Come to think of it, she told me not to tell you. How about that gold, Nick? As I told you last week, there's already talk of a pool being—"

"All right," I said, and gave him an order.

A waiter was carrying away the table when I returned to the living-room. Guild had made himself comfortable on the sofa, talking with Nora. Asta was licking her paws in a corner.

Guild looked at his watch. "I'm taking up a lot of you folks' time. I didn't mean to impose—"

I sat down and said: "We were just about up to the murder, weren't we?"

"Just about." He relaxed on the sofa again. "That was on Friday the twenty-third, at some time before twenty minutes after three in the afternoon, which was the time Mrs. Bortensen got there and found her. It's kind of hard to say how long she'd been laying there dying before she was found. The only thing we know is that she was all right and answered the phone—and the phone was all right—at about half-past two, when Mrs. Bortensen called her up, and a—"

"I didn't know that."

"It's a fact." Guild cleared his throat. "We didn't suspect anything there, you understand, but we checked it up just as a matter of course, and found out from the girl at the switchboard at the Courtland; she said she put the call through for Mrs. B. about two-thirty. And it was O. K. when Macaulay phoned."

"What did Mrs. B. say?"

"She said she called up to ask where she could find Wynant, but this Julia Wolf said she didn't know, so Mrs. B., thinking she's lying and maybe she can get her to tell the truth if she sees her, asks if she can drop in for a minute, and she says sure." He frowned at my right knee. "Well, she went there and found her. The apartment-house people don't remember seeing anybody going in or out of the Wolf apartment, but that's easy. A dozen people could do it without being seen. The gun wasn't there. There wasn't any signs of anybody busting in, and things in the place hadn't been disturbed any more than I've told you. I mean the place didn't look like it had been frisked. She had on a diamond ring that must've been worth a few hundred, and there was thirty-some bucks in her bag. She had on a house-dress. The people there know Wynant and Dorelli,—both of 'em have been in and out enough,—but claim they aint seen either for some time. The fire-escape window was locked, and the fire-escape didn't look like it had been walked on recently." He turned his hands over, palms up. "I guess that's the crop."

"No fingerprints?"

"Hers, some belonging to the people that clean up the place, near as we can figure. Nothing any good to us."

"Nothing out of her friends?"

"She didn't seem to have any—not any close ones."

"How about the—what was his name?—Nunheim, who identified her as a friend of Dorelli's?"

"He just knew her by sight through seeing her around with Dorelli, and recognized her picture when he saw it in the paper."

"Who is he?"

"He's all right. We know all about him."

"You wouldn't hold out on me, would you," I asked, "after getting me to promise not to hold out on you?"

HE said: "Well, if it don't go any further, he's a fellow that does work for the Department now and then."

"Oh."

He stood up. "I hate to say it, but that's just about as far as we've got. You got anything you can help with?"

"No."

He looked at me steadily for a moment. "What do you think of it?"

"That diamond ring—was it an engagement-ring?"

"She had it on that finger." Then he asked: "Why?"

"It might help to know who bought it for her. I'm going to see Macaulay this afternoon. If anything turns up, I'll give you a ring. It looks like Wynant, all right, but—"

He growled good-naturedly: "Uh-huh, but—" Then he shook hands with Nora and me, thanked us for our whisky, our lunch and our hospitality, and went away.

I told Nora: "I'm not one to suggest that your charm wouldn't make any man turn himself inside out for you, but don't be too sure that guy isn't kidding us."

"So it's come to that," she said. "You're jealous of policemen."

CHAPTER FIVE

MACAULAY'S letter from Clyde Wynant was quite a document. It was very badly typewritten on plain white paper, dated *"Philadelphia, Pa., December 26, 1932."* It read:

"Dear Herbert:

"I am telegraphing Nick Charles, who worked for me, you will remember, some years ago, and who is in New York, to get in touch with you about the terrible death of poor Julia. I want you to do everything in your power to" (a line had been x'd and m'd out here, so that it was impossible to make anything at all of it) "persuade him to find her murderer. I don't care what it costs—pay him!

"Here are some facts I want you to give him, outside of all you know about it yourself. I don't think he should tell these facts to the police, but he will know what is best, and I want him to have a completely free hand, as I have the utmost confidence in him. Perhaps you had better just show him this letter, after which I must ask you to carefully destroy it.

"Here are the facts:

"When I met Julia on Thursday night to get that $1,000 from her, she told me she wanted to quit her job. She said she hadn't been at all well for some time, and her doctor had told her she ought to go away and rest, and now that her uncle's estate had been settled, she could afford to and wanted to do it. She had never said anything about bad health before, and I thought she was hiding her real reason, and tried to get it out of her, but she stuck to what she had said. I didn't know anything about her uncle dying, either. She said it was her Uncle John in Chicago. I suppose that could be looked up if it's important. I couldn't persuade her to change her mind, so she was to leave the last day of the month. She seemed worried or frightened, but she said she wasn't. I was sorry at first that she was going, but then I wasn't, because I had always been able to trust her, and now I wouldn't be, if she was lying, as I thought she was.

"The next fact I want Charles to know is that whatever anybody may think, or whatever was true some time ago, Julia and I" (*are now* was x'd out lightly) "were at the time of her murder, *and had been for more than a year,* not anything more to each other than employee and employer. This relationship was the result of mutual agreement.

"Next, I believe some attempt should be made to learn the present whereabouts of the Victor Rosewalter with whom we had trouble some years ago, inasmuch as the experiments I am now engaged in are in line with those he claimed I cheated him out of, and I consider him quite insane enough to have killed Julia in a rage at her refusal to tell her where I could be found.

"Fourth, *and most important,* has my divorced wife been in communication with Rosewalter? How did she learn I was carrying out the experiments with which he once assisted me?

"Fifth, the police must be convinced at once that I can tell them nothing about the murder, so that they will take no steps to find me—steps that might lead to a discovery of and a premature exposure of my experiments, which I would consider *very dangerous* at this time. This can best be avoided by clearing up the mystery of her murder immediately, and that is what I wish to have done.

"I will communicate with you from time to time, and if in the meanwhile anything should arise to make communication with me *imperative,* insert the following advertisement in the *Times:*

"*'Abner. Yes. Bunny.'*

"I will thereupon arrange to get in touch with you.

"I hope you sufficiently understand the necessity of persuading Charles to act for me, since he is already acquainted with the Rosewalter trouble, and knows most of the people concerned.

"Yours truly,

"Clyde Miller Wynant."

I put the letter down on Macaulay's desk and said: "It makes a lot of sense. Do you remember what his row with Rosewalter was about?"

"Something about changes in the structure of crystals. I can look it up." Macaulay picked up the first sheet of the letter and frowned at it. "He says he got a thousand dollars from her that night. I gave her five thousand for him: she told me that's what he wanted."

"Four thousand from Uncle John's estate?" I suggested.

"Looks like it. That's funny: I never thought she'd gyp him. I'll have to find out about the other money I turned over to her."

"Did you know she'd done a jail sentence in Cleveland on a badger-game charge?"

"No. Had she really?"

"According to the police—under the name of Rhoda Stewart. Where'd Wynant find her?"

He shook his head. "I've no idea."

"Know anything about where she came from originally—relatives, things like that?"

He shook his head again.

"Who was she engaged to?" I asked.

"I didn't know she was engaged."

"She was wearing a diamond ring on that finger."

"That's news to me," he said. He shut his eyes and thought. "No, I can't remember ever noticing an engagement-ring." He put his forearms on his desk and grinned over them at me. "Well, what are the chances of getting you to do what he wants?"

"Slim."

"I thought so." He moved a hand to touch the letter. "You know as much about how he feels as I do. Would it help any if I could persuade him to meet you? Maybe if I told him that was the only way you'd take it—"

"I'm willing to talk to him," I said; "but he'd have to talk a lot straighter than he's writing."

Macaulay asked slowly: "You mean you think he may have killed her?"

"I don't know anything about that," I said. "I don't know as much as the police do, and it's a cinch they haven't got enough on him to make the pinch, even if they could find him."

Macaulay sighed. "Being a goof's lawyer is not much fun. I'll try to make him listen to reason, but I know he won't."

"I meant to ask, how are his finances these days? Is he as well fixed as he used to be?"

"Almost. The depression's hurt him some, along with the rest of us, and the royalties from his smelting process have gone pretty much to hell now that the metals are dead; but he can still count on fifty or sixty thousand a year from his sound-proofing and other patents, with a little more coming in from odds and ends like—" He broke off to ask: "You're not worrying about his ability to pay whatever you'd ask?"

"No. I was just wondering." I thought of something else: "Has he any relatives outside of his ex-wife and children?"

"A sister, Alice Wynant, who hasn't been on speaking terms with him for—it must be four or five years now."

I supposed that was the Aunt Alice the Bortensens had not gone to see Christmas afternoon. "What'd they fall out about?" I asked.

"He gave an interview to one of the papers saying he didn't think the Russian Five-Year Plan was necessarily doomed to failure. Actually, he didn't make it much stronger than that."

I laughed. "They're a—"

"She's even more so than he is."

"Where does she live?"

"On Madison Avenue. But I don't think—"

His telephone began to ring.

He put the receiver to his ear and said: "Hello . . . . Yes, speaking. . . . Who? . . . Oh, yes. . . ." Muscles tightened around his mouth, and his eyes opened a little wider. "Where?" He listened some more. "Yes, surely. Can I make it?" He looked at his watch on his left wrist. "Right. See you on the train."

He put the telephone down. "That was Lieutenant Guild," he told me. "Wynant's tried to commit suicide in Allentown, Pennsylvania."

DOROTHY and Quinn were at the bar when I went into the Palmano. They did not see me until I came up beside Dorothy and said: "Hello, folks." Dorothy had on the same clothes I had last seen her in.

She looked at me and at Quinn, and her face flushed. "You had to tell him."

"The girl's in a pet," Quinn said cheerfully. "I got that stock for you. You ought to pick up some more—and what are you drinking?"

"Old Fashioned. You're a swell guest, Dorothy—ducking out without leaving a word behind you."

Dorothy looked at me again. The scratches on her face were pale; the bruise barely showed; and her mouth was no longer swollen. "I trusted you," she said. She seemed about to cry.

"What do you mean by that?"

"You know what I mean. Even when you went to dinner at Mamma's, I trusted you. But you and Nora both made fun of me to Mamma, and—"

I began to see what had happened. "She told you that, and you believed it?" I laughed. "After twenty years, you're still a sucker for her lies? I suppose she phoned you after we left: we had a row and didn't stay long."

She hung her head and said, "Oh, I am a fool," in a low miserable voice. Then she grabbed me by both arms and said: "Listen, let's go over and see Nora now. I've got to square myself with her."

GILBERT WYNANT was with Nora when we reached our place. He kissed his sister and shook hands with me and, when he had been introduced, with Harbison Quinn.

Dorothy immediately began to make earnest and none too coherent apologies to Nora.

Nora said: "Stop it. There's nothing to forgive. If Nick's told you I was hurt or anything of the sort, he's just a Greek liar. Let me take your coat."

Quinn turned on the radio. At the stroke of the gong it was five thirty-one and one quarter, Eastern Standard Time.

Nora told Quinn: "Play bartender: you know where the stuff is," and followed me into the bathroom. "Where'd you find her?"

"In a speak. What's Gilbert doing here?"

"He came over to see her, so he said. She didn't go home last night, and he thought she was still here." She laughed, and added: "He said she was always wandering off somewhere. He said Stekel claims people like her usually show kleptomaniac impulses too, and he's left things around to see if she'd steal them, but she never has yet that he knows of."

"He's quite a lad. Did he say anything about his father?"

"No."

"Maybe he hadn't heard. Wynant tried to commit suicide down in Allentown. Guild and Macaulay have gone down to see him. I don't know whether to tell the youngsters or not."

When we returned to the living-room, Dorothy and Quinn were dancing to "Eadie Was a Lady."

Gilbert put down the magazine he was looking at, and politely said he hoped I was recovering from my injury.

I said I was.

"I've never been hurt, really hurt," he went on, "that I can remember. I'm so horribly young, I haven't had a chance to—Mr. Charles, I'd appreciate it very much if you'd let me talk to you some time. There are so many things I'd like to ask you, things I don't know anybody else could tell me, and—"

"I'm not so sure about that," I said. "It depends on what you want to know."

"Well, things like cannibalism," he said. "I don't mean in places like Africa and New Guinea—in the United States, say. Is there much of it?"

"Not nowadays. It happened now and then before the country was completely settled."

I left him and went over to Dorothy, who had stopped dancing.

"You didn't ask me where I stayed last night," she said. "Don't you care?"

"It's none of my business."

"But I found out something for you."

"What?"

"I stayed at Aunt Alice's. She's not exactly right in the head, but she's awfully sweet. She told me she had a letter from my father today, warning her against Mamma."

"Warning her how? Just what did he say?"

Dorothy shook her head.

"I didn't see it. Aunt Alice has been mad with him for several years, and she tore it up. She says he's become a Communist and she's sure the Communists killed Julia Wolf,

and will kill him in the end. She thinks it's all over some secret they betrayed."

I said: "Oh, my God!"

"Well, don't blame me. I'm just telling you what she told me. I told you she wasn't exactly right in the head."

"Did she tell you that junk was in the letter?"

Dorothy shook her head. "No. She only said the warning was. As near as I remember, she said he wrote her not to trust Mamma under any circumstances, and not to trust anybody connected with her, which I suppose means all of us."

"Where was the letter from?" I asked.

"She didn't know—except that it had come air-mail. She said she wasn't interested."

Gilbert came over to us.

"Tell him about the letter your aunt got," I said to Dorothy.

She told him. When she had finished, he grimaced impatiently. "That's silly. Mamma's not really dangerous. She's just a case of arrested development. Most of us have outgrown ethics and morals and so on; Mamma's just not grown up to them yet."

Nora and Quinn were dancing.

"And what do you think of your father?" I asked.

Gilbert shrugged. "I haven't seen him since I was a child. I've got a theory about him, but a lot of it's guesswork."

I said: "He tried to kill himself today, down in Allentown."

Dorothy cried, "He *didn't,*" so sharply that Quinn and Nora stopped dancing, and she turned and thrust her face up at her brother's. "Where's Chris?" she demanded.

Gilbert looked from her face to mine, and quickly back to hers. "Don't be an ass," he said coldly. "He's off with that new girl of his, that Fenton girl."

Dorothy did not look as if she believed him.

"She's jealous of him," he explained to me.

I asked: "Did either of you ever see the Victor Rosewalter your father had trouble with back when I first knew you?"

Dorothy shook her head. Gilbert said: "No. Why?"

"Just an idea I had. I never saw him either, but the description they gave me, with some easy changes, could be made to fit your Chris Bortensen."

THAT night Nora and I went to a show, decided we had had enough of the performance after an hour, and left. "Where to?" Nora asked.

"I don't care. Want to hunt up that Pigiron Club that Dorelli told us about? You'll like Studsy Burke. He used to be a safe-burglar. He claims to've cracked the safe in the Hagerstown jail while he was doing thirty days there for disorderly conduct."

"Let's," she said.

We went down to Forty-ninth Street, and after asking two taxi-drivers, two newsboys and a policeman, found the place. The doorman said he didn't know about any Burkes, but he'd see. Studsy came to the door. "How are you, Nick?" he said. "Come on in."

He was a powerfully built man of medium height, a little fat now, but not soft. He must have been at least fifty, but looked ten years younger than that. He had a broad, pleasantly ugly, pockmarked face under not much hair of no particular color, and even his baldness could not make his forehead seem large. His voice was a deep bass growl.

I shook hands with him and introduced him to Nora.

"A wife," he said. "Think of that! By God, you'll drink champagne, or you'll fight me."

I said we wouldn't fight, and we went inside. His place had a comfortably shabby look. It was between-hours; there were only three other customers in the place. We sat at a table in a corner, and Studsy told the waiter exactly which bottle of wine to bring. Then he examined me carefully and nodded. "Marriage done you good." He scratched his chin. "It's a long time I don't see you."

"A long time," I agreed.

"He sent me up the river," he told Nora.

She clucked sympathetically. "Was he a good detective?"

Studsy wrinkled what forehead he had. "Folks say; but I don't know. The once he caught me was a accident: I led with my right."

"How come you sicked this wild man Dorelli on me?" I asked.

"You know how foreigners are," he said; "they're hysterical. I don't know he's going to do nothing like that. He's worrying about the coppers trying to hang that Wolf dame's killing on him, and we see in the paper you got something to do with it, and I say to him: 'Nick might not maybe sell his own mother out, and you feel like you got to talk to somebody,' so he says he will. What'd you do, make faces at him?"

"He let himself be spotted sneaking in, and then blamed me for it. How'd he find me?"

"He's got friends; and you wasn't hiding, was you?"

"I'd only been in town a week, and there was nothing in the paper saying where I was staying."

"Is that so?" Studsy asked with interest. "Where you been?"

"I live in San Francisco now. How'd he find me?"

"That's a swell town. I oughtn't to tell you, Nick. Ask him. It's his business."

"Except that you sent him to me."

"Well, yes," he said, "except that, of course; but then, see, I was putting in a boost for you." He said it seriously.

I said: "My pal!"

"How did I know he was going to blow his top? Anyways, he didn't hurt you much, did he?"

"Maybe not, but it didn't do me any good; and I—" I stopped as the waiter arrived with the champagne. We tasted it and said it was swell. It was pretty bad. "Think he killed the girl?" I asked.

Studsy shook his head sidewise with certainty. "No chance."

"He's a fellow you can persuade to shoot," I said.

"I know—these foreigners are hysterical, but he was around here all that afternoon."

"All?"

"All. I'll take my oath to it. Some of the boys and girls were celebrating upstairs, and I know for a fact he wasn't off his hip, let alone out of here, all afternoon. No kidding, that's a thing he can prove."

"Then what was he worried about?"

"Do I know? Aint that what I been asking him myself? But you know how these foreigners are."

I said: "Uh-huh. They're hysterical. He wouldn't've sent a friend around to see her, would he?"

"I think you got the boy wrong," Studsy said. "I knew the dame. She used to come in here with him sometimes. They was just playing. He wasn't nuts enough about her that he'd have any reason for weighting her down like that. On the level."

"Was she on the stuff too?"

"I don't know. I seen her take it sometimes, but maybe she was just being sociable, taking a shot because he did."

"Who else did she play around with?"

"Nobody I know," Studsy replied indifferently. "There was a rat named Nunheim used to come in here that was on the make for her, but he didn't get nowhere that I could see."

"So that's where Dorelli got my address."

"Don't be silly. All Dorelli'd want of him would be a crack at him. What's it to him, telling the police Dorelli knew the dame? A friend of yours?"

I thought it over and said: "I don't know him. I hear he does chores for the police now and then."

"M-m-m. Thanks."

"Thanks for what? I haven't said anything."

"Fair enough. Now you tell me something: what's all this fiddle-de-dee about, huh? That guy Wynant killed her, didn't he?"

"A lot of people think so," I said; "but fifty bucks'll get you a hundred he didn't."

He shook his head. "I don't bet with you in your own racket." His face brightened. "But I tell you what I will do, and we can put some dough on it if you want. You know that time you copped me, I did lead with my right like I said, and I always wondered if you could do it again. Some time when you're feeling well, I'd like—"

I laughed and said: "No, I'm all out of condition."

"I'm hog-fat myself," he insisted.

"Besides, that was a fluke: you were off-balance, and I was set."

"You're just trying to let me down easy," he said, and then more thoughtfully, "though I guess you did get the breaks, at that. Well, if you won't— Here, let me fill your glasses."

NORA decided that she wanted to go home early, so we left Studsy and his Pigiron Club shortly after eleven o'clock. He escorted us to a taxicab, and shook our hands vigorously. "This has been a fine pleasure," he told us.

We said equally polite things and rode away.

At the Normandie there was a telegram for me from Macaulay in Allentown:

MAN HERE IS NOT WYNANT AND DID NOT TRY TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

CHAPTER SIX

I HAD a stenographer in next morning and got rid of most of the mail that had been accumulating; had a telephone conversation with our lawyer in San Francisco—we were trying to keep one of the mill's customers from being thrown into bankruptcy; was altogether the busy business man till two o'clock, when I knocked off work for the day and went out to lunch with Nora.

She had a date to play bridge after lunch. I went down to see Guild.

"So it was a false alarm?" I said after we had shaken hands.

"That's what it was. He wasn't any more Wynant than I am. You know how it is: we told the Philly police he'd sent a wire from there and broadcasted his description; and for the next week anybody that's skinny and maybe got whiskers, is Wynant to half of the State of Pennsylvania. This was a fellow named Barlob, a carpenter out of work, as near as we can figure out, that got shot by a fellow trying to stick him up. He can't talk much yet."

"He couldn't've been shot by somebody who made the same mistake the Allentown police did?" I asked.

"You mean who thought he was Wynant? I guess that could be—if it helps any. Does it?"

I said I didn't know. "Did Macaulay tell you about the letter he got from Wynant?"

"He didn't tell me what was in it."

I told him, and I told him what I knew about Rosewalter.

He said: "Now, that's interesting."

I told him about the letter Wynant had sent his sister.

He said: "He writes a lot of people, don't he?"

"I thought of that." I told him that Victor Rosewalter's description with a few easy changes fitted Christian Bortensen.

He rocked back in his chair and screwed his pale gray eyes up at the ceiling. "There's some work to be done there," he said presently.

"Was this fellow in Allentown shot with a .32?" I asked.

Guild stared curiously at me for a moment, then shook his head. "A .44. You got something on your mind?"

"No. Just chasing the set-up around in my head."

He said, "I know what that is," and leaned back to look at the ceiling some more. Then: "That alibi of Macaulay's you was asking about is all right. He was keeping a date with a mining engineer named Hermann on Fifty-seventh Street, and was there before five minutes after three and stayed an hour."

"What's the five minutes after three?"

"That's right—you don't know about that. Well, we found a fellow named Caretz with a cleaning-and-dyeing place on First Avenue that called her up at five minutes after three to ask her if she had any work for him, and she said, 'No,' and told him she was liable to go away. So that narrows the time down to from three-five to three-twenty. You aint really suspicious of Macaulay?"

"I'm suspicious of everybody," I said. "Where were *you* between three-five and three-twenty?"

He laughed. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm just about the only one of the lot that aint got an alibi. I was at the moving pictures."

"The rest of them have?"

He wagged his head up and down. "Bortensen left his place with Mrs. Bortensen—that was about five minutes to three—and sneaked over on West Seventy-third Street to see a girl named Olga Fenton—we promised not to tell his wife—and stayed there till about five. We know what Mrs. Bortensen did. The daughter was dressing when they left, and she took a taxi at a quarter past and went straight to a women's dress-shop. The son was in the Public Library all afternoon—man, he reads funny books! Dorelli was in a joint over in the Forties." He laughed. "And where was you?"

"I'm saving mine till I really need it. None of those look too air-tight, but legitimate alibis seldom do. How about Nunheim?"

Guild seemed surprised. "What makes you think of him?"

"I hear he had a yen for the girl."

"Well," he said slowly, "he's one guy we can check up on. But look here, what do you care about these people? Don't you think Wynant done it?"

I gave him the same odds I had given Studsy: "Twenty-five'll get you fifty he didn't."

He scowled at me over that, then said: "That's an idea, anyways. Who's your candidate?"

"I haven't got that far yet. Understand, I'm not saying Wynant didn't do it. I'm just saying everything doesn't point at him."

"And saying it two to one. I think you're a smart detective. I want to listen to what you got to say."

"Mostly I've got questions to say. For instance, how long was it from the time the elevator-boy let Mrs. Bortensen off at the Wolf girl's floor, until she rang for him and said she heard groans?"

Guild pursed his lips, opened them to ask, "You think she might've—" and left the rest of the question hanging in the air.

"I think she might've. I'd like to know where Nunheim was. I'd like to know the answers to the questions in Wynant's letter. I'd like to know where the four-thousand-dollar difference between what Macaulay gave the girl and what she seems to have given Wynant went. I'd like to know where her engagement-ring came from."

"We're doing the best we can," Guild said. "Me—just now I'd like to know why, if he didn't do it, Wynant don't come in and answer questions for us."

"One reason might be that Mrs. Bortensen'd like to slam him in the squirrel-cage again." I thought of something. "Herbert Macaulay's working for Wynant: you didn't just take Macaulay's word for it that the man in Allentown wasn't him?"

"No. He was a younger man than Wynant, with very little gray in his hair and no dye, and he didn't look like the pictures we got." He seemed positive. "You got anything to do the next hour or so?"

"No."

"That's fine." He stood up. "I'll get some of the boys working on these things we been discussing, and then maybe me and you will pay some visits."

"Swell," I said, and he went out of the office.

There was a copy of the *Times* in his wastebasket. I fished it out and turned to the Public Notices columns. Macaulay's advertisement was there: *"Abner. Yes. Bunny."*

When Guild returned, I asked: "How about Wynant's help, whoever he had working in the shop? Have they been looked up?"

"Uh-huh, but they don't know anything. They was laid off at the end of the week that he went away—there's two of them—and haven't seen him since. Well, let's run along."

"First thing," Guild said as he left his office, "we'll go see Mr. Nunheim. He ought to be home: I told him to stick around till I phoned him."

MR. NUNHEIM lived on the fourth floor of a dark, damp and smelly building made noisy by the Sixth Avenue elevated. Guild knocked on the door.

There were sounds of hurried movement inside; then a voice asked: "Who is it?" The voice was a man's, nasal, somewhat irritable.

Guild said: "John."

The door was hastily opened by a small sallow man of thirty-five or -six whose visible clothes were an undershirt, blue pants and black silk socks. "I wasn't expecting you, Lieutenant," he whined. "You said you'd phone." He seemed frightened. His dark eyes were small and set close together; his mouth was wide, thin and loose; and his nose was peculiarly limber, a long drooping nose apparently boneless.

Guild touched my elbow with his hand, and we went in. Through an open door to the left an unmade bed could be seen. The room we entered was a living-room, shabby and dirty, with clothing, newspapers and dirty dishes around. In an alcove to the right there was a sink and a stove. A woman stood between them, holding a sizzling skillet in her hand. She was a big-boned, full-fleshed, red-haired woman of perhaps twenty-eight, handsome in a rather brutal, sloppy way. She wore a rumpled pink kimono and frayed pink mules with lopsided bows on them. She stared sullenly at us.

Guild did not introduce me to Nunheim, and he paid no attention to the woman. "Sit down," he said, and pushed some clothing out of the way to make a place for himself on an end of the sofa.

I removed part of a newspaper from a rocking-chair and sat down. Since Guild kept his hat on, I did the same with mine.

Nunheim went over to the table where there were some two inches of liquor in a pint bottle and a couple of tumblers, and said: "Have a shot?"

Guild made a face. "Not that. What's the idea of telling me you just knew the Wolf girl by sight?"

"That's all I did, Lieutenant, that's the God's truth." Twice his eyes slid sidewise toward me, and he jerked them back. "Maybe I said hello to her or something like that when I saw her, but that's all I knew her. That's the God's truth."

THE woman in the alcove laughed once, derisively, but there was no merriment in her face.

Nunheim twisted himself around to face her. "All right," he told her, his voice shrill with rage. "Put your mouth in, and I'll pop a tooth out of it."

She swung her arm and let the skillet go at his head. It missed, crashing into the wall. Grease and egg-yolks made fresher stains on wall, floor and furniture.

He started for her. I did not have to rise to put out a foot and trip him. He tumbled down on the floor. The woman had picked up a paring-knife.

"Cut it out," Guild growled. He had not stood up, either. "We come here to talk to you, not to watch rough-house comedy. Get up and behave yourself."

Nunheim got slowly to his feet. "She drives me nuts when she's drinking," he said. "She's been ragging me all day." He moved his right hand back and forth. "I think I sprained my wrist."

The woman walked past us without looking at any of us, went into the bedroom and shut the door.

Guild said: "Maybe if you'd quit running around after other women, you wouldn't have so much trouble with this one."

"What do you mean, Lieutenant?" Nunheim was surprised and innocent and perhaps pained.

"Julia Wolf."

The little sallow man was indignant now. "That's a lie, Lieutenant. Anybody that says I ever—"

Guild interrupted him by addressing me: "If you want to take a poke at him, I wouldn't stop on account of his bum wrist: he couldn't ever hit hard, anyhow."

Nunheim turned to me with both hands out. "I didn't mean you were a liar. I meant maybe somebody made a mistake if they—"

Guild interrupted him again: "Where were you the afternoon she was knocked off?"

The little man jumped as if he had been stuck with a pin. "For God's sake, Lieutenant, you don't think I had anything to do with that! What would I want to hurt her for?"

"Where were you?"

Nunheim's loose lips twitched nervously. "What day was she—" He broke off as the bedroom door opened.

The big woman came out carrying a suitcase. She had put on street-clothes.

"Miriam!" Nunheim said.

She stared at him dully and said: "I don't like crooks; and even if I did, I wouldn't like crooks that are stool-pigeons. And if I liked crooks that are stool-pigeons, I still wouldn't like you." She turned to the outer door.

Guild, catching Nunheim's arm to keep him from following the woman, repeated: "Where were you?"

Nunheim called: "Miriam! Don't go! I'll behave. I'll do anything. Don't go, Miriam."

She went out and shut the door.

"Let me go," he begged Guild. "Let me bring her back. I can't get along without her. I'll bring her right back, and tell you anything you want to know. Let me go. I've got to have her."

Guild said: "Nuts. Sit down." He pushed the man down into a chair. "We didn't come here to watch you and that broad dance around a maypole. Where were you the afternoon the girl was killed?"

Nunheim put his hands over his face and began to cry.

"Keep on stalling," Guild said, "and I'm going to slap you silly."

I poured whisky into a tumbler and gave it to Nunheim.

"Thank you, sir, thank you." He drank it, coughed, and brought out a dirty handkerchief to wipe his face with. "I can't remember offhand, Lieutenant," he whined. "Maybe I was over at Charley's, shooting pool; maybe I was here. Miriam would remember if you'll let me go bring her back."

Guild said: "The hell with Miriam! How'd you like to be thrown in the can on account of not remembering?"

"Just give me a minute. I'll remember. I'm not stalling, Lieutenant. You know I always come clean with you. I'm just upset now. Look at my wrist." He held up his right wrist to let us see it was swelling. "Just one minute." He put his hands over his face again.

Guild winked at me, and we waited for the little man's memory to work.

Suddenly he took his hands down from his face and laughed. "Holy hell! It would serve me right if you had pinched me. That's the afternoon I was— Wait, I'll show you." He went into the bedroom.

After a minute Guild called: "Hey, we haven't got all night. Shake it up."

There was no answer.

The bedroom was empty when we went into it; and when we opened the bathroom door, the bathroom was empty. There was an open window and a fire-escape.

I said nothing, tried to look nothing.

Guild pushed his hat back a little from his forehead and said: "I wish he hadn't done that." He went to the telephone in the living-room.

While he was telephoning, I poked around in drawers and closets, but found nothing. My search was not very thorough, and I gave it up as soon as he had finished putting the police machinery in action.

"I guess we'll find him, all right," he said. "I got some news. We've identified Bortensen as Rosewalter."

"Who made the identification?"

"I sent a man over to talk to the girl that gave him his alibi, this Olga Fenton; and he finally got it out of her. He says he couldn't shake her on the alibi, though. I'm going over and have a try at her. Want to come along?"

I looked at my watch and said: "I'd like to, but it's too late. Picked him up yet?"

"The order's out." He looked thoughtfully at me. "And will that baby have to do some talking!"

I grinned at him. "Now who do you think killed her?"

"I'm not worrying," he said. "Just let me have things to squeeze enough people with, and I'll turn up the right one before the whistle blows."

In the street he promised to let me know what happened, and we shook hands and separated. He ran after me a couple of seconds later to send his very best regards to Nora.

HOME, I delivered Guild's message to Nora, and told her the day's news.

"I've got a message for you too," she said. "Gilbert Wynant dropped in and was quite disappointed at missing you. He asked me to tell you he has something of the 'utmost importance' to tell you."

"He's probably discovered that Bortensen has a mother fixation."

"Do you think Bortensen killed her?" she asked.

"I thought I knew who did it," I said, "but it's too mixed up right now for anything but guesses."

"And what's your guess?"

"Mimi, Bortensen, Wynant, Nunheim, Gilbert, Dorothy, Aunt Alice, Dorelli, you, me or Guild. Maybe Studsy did it. How about shaking up a drink?"

She mixed some cocktails. I was on my second when she came back from answering the telephone and said: "Your friend Mimi wants to talk to you."

I went to the telephone. "Hello, Mimi."

"I'm awfully sorry I was so rude the other night, Nick; but I was so upset, and I just simply lost my temper and made a show of myself. Please forgive me." She ran through this very rapidly, as if anxious to get it over with.

"That's all right," I said.

She hardly let me get my three words out before she was speaking again, but slower and more earnestly now: "Can I see you, Nick? Something horrible has happened, something —I don't know what to do, which way to turn."

"What is it?"

"I can't tell you over the phone, but you've got to tell me what to do. I've got to have somebody's advice. Can't you come over?"

"You mean now?"

"Yes. Please."

I said, "All right," and went back to the living-room. "I'm going to run over and see Mimi. She says she's in a jam and needs help."

Nora laughed. "She apologize to you? She did to me."

"Yes, all in one breath. Is Dorothy home, or still at Aunt Alice's?"

"Still at Auntie's, according to Gilbert. How long will you be?"

"No longer than I have to. The chances are they've copped Bortensen, and she wants to know if it can be fixed."

"Can they do anything to him? I mean if he didn't kill the Wolf girl."

"I suppose the old charges against him—threats by mail, attempted extortion—could be raked up. I wonder if he and Nunheim know each other." I thought that over, but could make nothing more than a possibility of it. "Well, I'm on my way."

Mimi received me with both hands. "It's awfully, awfully nice of you to forgive me, Nick, but then you've always been awfully nice. I don't know what got into me Monday night."

I said: "Forget it."

Her face was somewhat pinker than usual, and she was tense with excitement.

She said: "Nick, what can they do to you for concealing evidence that somebody's guilty of a murder?"

"Make you an accomplice—accessory after the fact is the technical term—if they want."

"Even if you voluntarily change your mind and give them the evidence?"

"They can. Usually they don't."

She looked around the room as if to make sure there was nobody else there and said: "Clyde killed Julia. I found the proof and hid it. What'll they do to me?"

"Probably nothing except give you hell—if you turn it in. He was once your husband: you and he are close enough together so that no jury'd blame you for trying to cover him up—unless, of course, they had reason to think you had some other motive."

She asked coolly, deliberately: "Do you?"

"I don't know," I said. "My guess would be that you had intended to use this proof of his guilt to shake him down for some dough, and that now something else has come up to make you change your mind."

She made a claw of her right hand and struck at my face with her pointed nails. Her teeth were together, her lips drawn far back over them.

I caught her wrist. "Women are getting tough," I said, trying to sound wistful. "I just left one that heaved a skillet at a guy."

She laughed, though her eyes did not change. "You're such a beast. You always think the worst of me, don't you?"

I took my hand away from her wrist, and she rubbed the marks my fingers had left on it.

"Who was the woman who threw the skillet?" she asked. "Anyone I know?"

"It wasn't Nora, if that's what you mean. Have they arrested Victor-Christian Rosewalter-Bortensen yet?"

"What?"

I believed in her bewilderment, though both it and my belief in it surprised me. "Bortensen is Rosewalter," I said. "You remember him. I thought you knew."

"You mean that horrible man who—"

"Yes."

"I won't believe it." She stood up, working her fingers together. "I won't. I won't!" Her face was sick with fear, her voice strained, unreal as a ventriloquist's. "I won't believe it."

"That'll help a lot," I said.

She was not listening to me. She turned and went to a window.

I said: "There's a couple of men in a car out front who look like they might be coppers waiting to pick him up when he—"

She turned around and asked sharply: "Are you sure he's Rosewalter?" Most of the fear had already gone out of her face, and her voice was at least human again.

"The police are."

We stared at each other, both of us thinking. I was thinking she had not been afraid that Bortensen killed Julia Wolf, nor even that he might be arrested: she was afraid his only reason for marrying her had been a move in some plot against Wynant.

"I won't believe it," she said after a minute, "until he tells me himself."

"And when he does—then what?"

She moved her shoulders a little, and her lower lip quivered. "He is my husband."

That should have been funny, but it annoyed me. I said: "All right. Let it pass. Let's get back to the dope on Wynant you found."

"Yes, that," she said, and turned away from me. When she turned back, her lip was quivering again. "That was a lie, Nick. I didn't find anything." She came close to me. "Clyde had no right to send those letters to Alice and to Macaulay trying to make everybody suspicious of me, and I thought it would serve him right if I made up something against him, because I really did think—I mean, I do think—he killed her."

"What'd you make up?" I asked.

"I—I hadn't made it up yet. I wanted to find out about what they could do—you know, the things I asked you—first. I might've pretended she came to, a little, when I was alone with her while the others were phoning, and told me he did it."

"You didn't say you heard something and kept quiet; you said you found something and hid it."

"But I hadn't really made up my mind what I—"

"When'd you hear about Wynant's letter to Macaulay?"

"This afternoon," she said. "There was a man here from the police."

"Didn't he ask you anything about Rosewalter?"

"He asked me if I knew him or had ever known him, and I thought I was telling the truth when I said no."

"Maybe you did," I said; "and for the first time I now believe you were telling the truth when you said you found some sort of evidence against Wynant."

She opened her eyes wider. "I don't understand."

"Neither do I, but it could be like this: you could've found something and decided to hold it out, probably with the idea of selling it to Wynant; then when his letters started people looking you over, you decided to give up the money idea and both pay him back and protect yourself by turning it over to the police; and finally, when you learn that Bortensen is Rosewalter, you make another about-face and hold it out, not for money this time, but to leave Bortensen in as bad a spot as possible as punishment for having married you as a trick in his game against Wynant and not for love."

She smiled calmly and asked: "You really think me capable of anything, don't you?"

"That doesn't matter," I said. "What ought to matter to you is that you'll probably wind up your life in prison somewhere."

Her scream was not loud, but it was horrible. She caught my lapels and clung to them, babbling: "Don't say that, please don't. Say you don't think it." She was trembling so I put an arm around her to keep her from falling.

We did not hear Gilbert until he coughed and asked: "Aren't you well, Mamma?"

She slowly took her hands from my lapels and moved back a step and said: "Your mother's a silly woman." She was still trembling, but she smiled and made her voice playful: "You're a brute to frighten me like that."

I said I was sorry.

Gilbert put his coat and hat on a chair, said, "I'm awfully glad to see you," and came over to shake hands with me.

I said I was glad to see him.

"Is there any news of Father?" he asked.

"Not since the false alarm about his suicide," I said. "I suppose you heard it was a false alarm."

"Yes." He hesitated. "I'd like to see you for a few minutes before you go."

"Sure."

"But you're seeing him now, darling," Mimi said. "Are there secrets between you that I'm not supposed to know about?"

"It would bore you." He picked up his hat and coat, nodded at me, and left the room.

Mimi shook her head again and said: "I don't understand that child at all. I wonder what he made of our tableau." Then, more seriously: "What made you say that, Nick?"

"About you winding up in—"

"No, never mind." She shuddered. "I don't want to hear it. Can't you stay for dinner? I'll probably be all alone."

"I'm sorry I can't. Now how about this evidence you found?"

"I didn't really find anything. That was a lie."

"So you sent for me just to lie to me?" I asked. "Then why'd you change your mind?"

She chuckled. "You must really like me, Nick, or you wouldn't always be so disagreeable."

I could not follow that line of reasoning. I said: "Well, I'll see what Gilbert wants, and run along. Where'll I find him?"

"The second door to the— Will they really arrest Chris?"

"That depends," I told her, "on what kind of answers he gives them. He'll have to talk pretty straight to stay out."

"Oh, he'll—" She broke off, looked sharply at me, asked: "You're not playing a trick on me? He's really Rosewalter?"

"The police are sure enough of it."

"But the man who was here this afternoon didn't ask a single question about Chris," she objected.

"They weren't sure then," I explained. "It was just a half-idea."

"How'd they find out?"

"From a girl he knows," I said.

"Who?" Her eyes darkened a little, but her voice was under control.

"I can't remember her name." Then I went back to the truth: "The one that gave him his alibi for the afternoon of the murder."

"Alibi?" she asked indignantly. "Do you mean to tell me the police would take the word of a girl like that?"

"Do you know the girl?"

"No," she said as if I had insulted her. She narrowed her eyes and lowered her voice: "Nick, do you suppose he killed Julia?"

"What would he do that for?"

"Suppose he married me to get revenge on Clyde—you know he urged me to come over here and try to get some money from Clyde. And then suppose he happened to run into Julia. She knew him, of course, because they worked for Clyde at the same time. And he knew I was going to see her that afternoon, and was afraid if I made her mad, she might expose him to me and so— Couldn't that be?"

"That doesn't make any sense at all. Besides, you and he left here together that afternoon. He wouldn't've had time to—"

"But my taxicab was awfully slow," she said, "and then I may have stopped somewhere on— I think I did. I think I stopped at a drug-store to get some aspirin." She nodded energetically. "I remember I did."

"And he knew you were going to stop, because you had told him," I suggested. "You can't go on like this, Mimi. Murder's serious. It's nothing to frame people for, just because they played tricks on you."

"Tricks?" she asked, glaring at me. "Why, that—" She called Bortensen all the usual profane and otherwise insulting names, her voice gradually rising until toward the end she was screaming into my face.

WHEN she stopped for breath I said: "That's pretty cursing, but it—"

"He even had the nerve to hint that *I* might've killed her," she told me.

"That's not what you started to say. You—"

She stamped her foot. "Stop heckling me."

"All right, and to hell with you," I said. "Coming here wasn't my idea." I started toward my hat and coat.

She ran after me, caught my arm. "Please, Nick, I'm sorry. It's this rotten temper of mine. I don't know what I—"

Gilbert came in and said: "I'll go along part of the way with you."

Mimi scowled at him. "You were listening."

"How could I help it, the way you screamed?" he asked. "Can I have some money?"

"And we haven't finished talking," she said.

I looked at my watch. "I've got to run, Mimi. It's late."

"Will you come back after you get through with your date?"

"If it's not too late. Don't wait for me."

"I'll be here," she said.

I said I would try to make it. She gave Gilbert his money. He and I went downstairs.

"I was listening," Gilbert told me as we left the building. "I think it's silly not to listen whenever you get a chance if you're interested in studying people—"

"Hear much of it?" I asked.

"Oh, enough to know I didn't miss any of the important part."

"And what'd you think of it?"

He pursed his lips, wrinkled his forehead, said judicially: "It's hard to say, exactly. Mamma's good at hiding things sometimes, but she's never much good at making them up. What I wanted to tell you was: Chris didn't come home last night. That's why Mamma's more upset than usual; and when I got the mail this morning, there was a letter for him that I thought might have something in it, so I steamed it open." He took a letter from his pocket and held it out to me. "You'd better read it, and then I'll seal it again and put it with tomorrow's mail in case he comes back, though I don't think he will."

"Why don't you?" I asked as I took the letter.

"Well, he's really Rosewalter—"

"You say anything to him about it?"

"I didn't have a chance. I haven't seen him since you told me."

I looked at the letter in my hand. The envelope was postmarked *"Boston, Massachusetts, December 27, 1932,"* and addressed in a slightly childish feminine hand to *"Mr. Christian Bortensen, Courtland Apts., New York, N. Y."*

"How'd you happen to open it?" I asked, taking the letter out of the envelope.

"I don't believe in intuition," he said. "I don't know what it was: I just felt there might be something important in it."

"You often feel that way about the family's mail?"

"Not often," he said, "but I have opened their mail before. I told you I was interested in studying people."

I read the letter:

Dear Vic—

Olga wrote me about you being back in the U. S. married to another woman under the name of Christian Bortensen. That is not right, Vic, as you know, the same as leaving me without word of any kind all these years. And no money. I know that you had to go away on account of that trouble you had with Mr. Wynant, but am sure he has long since forgot all about that, and I do think you might have written to me, as you know very well I have always been your friend and am willing to do anything within my power for you at any time. I do not want to scold you, Vic, but I have to see you. I will be off from the store Sunday and Monday on account of New Year's, and will come down to N. Y. Saturday night, and must have a talk with you. Write me where you will meet me and what time, as I do not want to make any trouble for you. Be sure and write me right away so I will get it in time.

Your true wife,
Georgia.

There was a street address.

I said, "Well, well, well," and put the letter back into its envelope. "And you resisted the temptation to tell your mother about this?"

"Oh, I knew what her reaction would be. You saw how she carried on with just what you told her. What do you think I ought to do about it?"

"You ought to let me tell the police."

He nodded immediately. "If you think that's the best thing. You can show it to them if you want."

I said, "Thanks," and put the letter into my pocket.

He said: "Now, there's another thing: I had some morphine I was experimenting with, and somebody stole it, about twenty grains."

"Experimenting how?"

"Taking it. I wanted to study the effects."

"And how'd you like them?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't expect to like it. I just wanted to know about it. I don't like things that dull my mind. That's why I don't very often drink, or even smoke. I want to try cocaine, though, because that's supposed to sharpen the brain, isn't it?"

"It's supposed to. Who do you think copped the stuff?"

"I suspect Dorothy, because I have a theory about her. That's why I'm going over to Aunt Alice's for dinner: Dorry's still there, and I want to find out. I can make her tell me anything."

"Well, if she's been over there," I asked, "how could she—"

"She was home for a little while last night," he said, "and besides, I don't know exactly when it was taken. Today was the first time I opened the box it was in, for three or four days."

"Did she know you had it?"

"Yes. That's one of the reasons I suspect her. I don't think anybody else did. I experimented on her too."

"How'd she like it?"

"Oh, she liked it all right, but she'd have taken it anyhow. But what I want to ask you, is could she have become an addict in a little time like that?"

"Hardly, unless she thought herself into it. Did you give her much?"

"No."

"Let me know if you find out," I said. "I'm going to grab a taxi here. Be seeing you."

At the first drug-store I stopped to telephone Guild.

"Working late?" I said.

His, "That's what," sounded very cheerful.

I read Georgia's letter to him, gave him her address.

"Good pickings," he said.

I told him Bortensen had not been home since the previous day.

"Think we'll find him in Boston?" he asked.

"Either there," I guessed, "or as far south as he could manage to get by this time."

"We'll try 'em both," he said, still cheerful. "Now I got a bit of news for you: Our friend Nunheim was filled full of .32's just about an hour after he copped the sneak on us—deader'n hell. The pills look like they come from the same gun that cut down the Wolf dame. The experts are matching 'em up now. I guess he wishes he'd stayed and talked to us."

CHAPTER SEVEN

NORA was eating a leg of cold duck with one hand, and working on a jigsaw puzzle with the other, when I got home.

"I thought you'd gone to live with her," she said. . . . "You used to be a detective: find me a brownish piece shaped something like a snail with a long neck."

"Piece of duck or puzzle? Don't let's go to the Edgers' tonight: they're dull folk."

"All right, but they'll be sore."

"We wouldn't be that lucky," I complained.

I found the piece she wanted, and told her, almost word for word, what had been done and said at Mimi's.

"I don't believe it," she said. "You made it up. There aren't any people like that. What's the matter with them? Are they the first of a new race of monsters?"

"I just tell you what happens: I don't explain it."

"How could you explain it? There doesn't seem to be a single one in the family—now that Mimi's turned against her Chris—who has even the slightest reasonably friendly feeling for any of the others. I'd like to see Aunt Alice. . . . Are you going to turn that letter over to the police?"

"I've already phoned Guild," I replied, and was telling her about Nunheim when the telephone rang.

It was Dorothy Wynant. "Hello. Nick? Gil just got here and asked me about that you-know, and I wanted to tell you I did take it, but I only took it to try to keep him from becoming a dope-fiend."

"What'd you do with it?" I asked.

"He made me give it back to him, and he doesn't believe me, but honestly, that's the only reason I took it."

"I believe you."

"Will you tell Gil, then? If you believe me, he will. How's Nora?"

"Looks all right to me. Want to talk to her?"

"Well, yes; but there's something I want to ask you. Did—did Mamma say anything about me when you were over there today?"

"Not that I remember. Why?"

"It's nothing, really—if you're sure. It's just silly."

"Right. I'll call Nora." I went into the living-room. "Dorothy wants to talk to you. Don't ask her to eat with us."

When Nora returned from the telephone, she had a look in her eye.

"Now what's up?" I asked.

"Nothing. Just 'How are you?' and all that."

I said: "If you're lying to the old man, God'll punish you."

We went over to a Japanese place on Fifty-eighth Street for dinner, and then I let Nora talk me into going to the Edgers' after all. Halsey Edger was a tall scrawny man of fifty-something, with a pinched yellow face and no hair at all. He called himself "a ghoul by profession and inclination,"—his only joke, if that is what it was,—by which he meant he was an archæologist; and he was very proud of his collection of battle-axes.

It was his wife we objected to. Her name was Leda, but he called her Tip. She was very small, and her hair, eyes and skin were all muddy. She seldom sat—she perched on things. Nora had a theory that once when Edger opened an antique grave, she ran out of it; and Margot Innes always spoke of her as the gnome, pronouncing all the letters. They lived in a pleasant old three-story house on the edge of Greenwich Village, and their liquor was excellent.

A DOZEN or more people were there when we arrived. Tip introduced us to those we did not know, then backed me into a corner.

"Why didn't you tell me that those people I met at your place Christmas were mixed up in a murder mystery?" she asked.

"I don't know that they are. Besides, what's one murder mystery nowadays?"

She kept after me for a while. At last as I slid around her to escape, she said: "Harbison promised to bring the daughter tonight."

I talked to Edger for a few minutes,—chiefly about a place in Pennsylvania he was buying,—then listened to Larry Crowley and Phil Thames swap stories until some woman came over and asked Phil—he taught at Columbia—one of the questions about technocracy that people were asking that week. Larry and I moved away.

We went over to where Nora was sitting. "Watch yourself," she told me. "The gnome's hell-bent on getting the inside story of Julia Wolf's murder out of you."

"Let her get it out of Dorothy," I said. "She's coming with Quinn."

"I know."

Larry said: "He's nuts over that girl, isn't he? Say, I saw that fellow who's married to her mother yesterday. You know, the tall fellow I met at your house."

"Bortensen?"

"That's it. He was coming out of a pawnshop on Sixth Avenue near Forty-sixth."

"Talk to him?"

"I was in a taxi. It's probably polite to pretend you don't see people coming out of pawnshops, anyhow."

Tip said, "Sh-h-h," in all directions, and Levi Oscant began to play the piano. Quinn and Dorothy arrived while he was playing. Quinn was drunk as a lord, and Dorothy seemed to have something better than a glow.

She came over to me and whispered: "I want to leave when you and Nora do."

I said: "You won't be here for breakfast."

Dorothy whispered again: "Gil says you're going over to see Mamma later. Are you?"

"I doubt it."

QUINN came unsteadily around to us. "How're you, boy? How're you, Nora? Give him my message?" Tip said, "Sh-h-h," at him. He paid no attention to her. Other people looked relieved and began to talk.

"Where'd you get the skinful?" I asked.

"It's Alice. She's been sulking for a week. If I didn't drink, I'd go crazy."

"What's she sulking about?"

"About my drinking. She thinks—" He leaned forward and lowered his voice confidentially. "Listen. You're all my friends, and I'm going to tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to get a divorce and marry—"

He had tried to put an arm around Dorothy. She pushed it away and said: "You're silly, and you're tiresome. I wish you'd leave me alone."

"She thinks I'm silly and tiresome," he told me. "You know why she don't want to marry me? I bet you don't. It's because she's in—"

"Shut up! Shut up, you drunken fool!" Dorothy began to beat his face with both hands. Her face was red, her voice shrill. "If you say that again, I'll kill you!"

I pulled Dorothy away from Quinn; Larry caught him, kept him from falling. He whimpered: "She hit me, Nick."

Nora and I took them out. Larry offered to go along, but we decided that was not necessary. Quinn slept in a corner of the taxicab during the ride to his apartment, and Dorothy sat stiff and silent in the other corner, with Nora between them.

Nora and Dorothy remained in the taxicab while I took Quinn upstairs. He was pretty limp.

Alice opened the door when I rang. She had on green pajamas and held a hairbrush in one hand. She looked wearily at Quinn and said wearily: "Bring it in."

I took it in and spread it on a bed. It mumbled something I could not make out, and moved one hand feebly back and forth, but its eyes stayed shut.

"I'll tuck him in," I said, and loosened his tie.

Alice leaned on the foot of the bed. "If you want to. I've given up doing it."

I took off his coat, vest and shirt.

"Where'd he pass out this time?" she asked, with not much interest.

"The Edgers'." I unbuttoned his pants.

"With that little Wynant?" The question was casual.

"There were a lot of people there."

I took off his shoes. She stared at her husband until I took off the last of his clothes and rolled him under the covers. Then she sighed again and said: "I'll get you a drink."

"You'll have to make it short: Nora's waiting in the cab."

I went into the kitchen with her.

Presently she said: "It's none of my business, Nick, but what do people think of my staying with Harbison, with him chasing everything that's female?"

"I don't know, Alice. Probably you know what you're doing, and whatever you do is your own business."

She looked at me with dissatisfaction. "You'll never talk yourself into trouble, will you?" She smiled bitterly. "You know I'm only staying with him for his money, don't you?"

"There's always divorce and alimony. You ought to have—"

"Oh, drink your drink and get to hell out of here," she said wearily.

Nora made a place for me between her and Dorothy in the taxicab. "I want some coffee," she said. "Reuben's?"

I said, "All right," and gave the driver the address.

Herbert Macaulay was in the restaurant, sitting at a table with a plump dark-haired girl in red. I waved at him, and after we had ordered some food, went over to speak to him.

"Nick Charles, Louise Jacobs," he said. "Sit down. What's news?"

"Bortensen is Rosewalter," I told him.

"The devil he is!"

I nodded. "And he seems to have a wife in Boston."

"I'd like to see him," he said slowly. "I knew Rosewalter. I'd like to make sure."

"The police seem sure enough. I don't know whether they've found him yet. Think he killed Julia?"

Macaulay shook his head with emphasis. "I can't see Rosewalter killing anybody—not as I knew him—in spite of those threats he made. You remember I didn't take them very seriously at the time. What else has happened?" When I hesitated, he said: "Louise is all right. You can talk."

"It's not that. I've got to go back to my folks and food. I came over to ask if you'd got an answer to your ad in this morning's *Times.*"

"Not yet. Sit down, Nick; there's a lot I want to ask you. You told the police about Wynant's letter, didn't—"

"Come up to lunch tomorrow, and we'll bat it around. I've got to get back to my folks."

"Who is the little blonde girl?" Louise Jacobs asked. "I've seen her places with Harbison Quinn."

"Dorothy Wynant."

"You know Quinn?" Macaulay asked me.

"Ten minutes ago I was putting him to bed."

Macaulay grinned. "I hope you keep his acquaintance like that—social. He used to be my broker, and his advice led me right up to the poorhouse steps."

I pretended I was laughing, and returned to my table.

Dorothy said: "It's not midnight yet, and Mamma said she'd be expecting you. Why don't we all go to see her?"

Nora was very carefully pouring coffee into her cup.

"What for?" I asked. "What are you two up to now?"

"Nothing, Nick," Dorothy said. "We thought it would be nice."

"It's too early to go home," Nora said.

"There are speak-easies," I suggested, "and night-clubs and Harlem. I've had enough of Mimi for one day."

Nora sighed to show she was being patient. "Well, if we're going to wind up in a speak-easy as usual, I'd rather go to your friend Studsy's, if you won't let him give us any more of that awful champagne. He's cute."

"I'll do my best," I promised, and asked Dorothy: "Did Gilbert tell you he caught Mimi and me in a compromising position?"

She tried to exchange glances with Nora, but Nora's glance was on her plate. "He—he didn't exactly say that."

"Did he tell you about the letter?"

"From Chris' wife? Yes." Her blue eyes glittered. "Won't Mamma be furious!"

CHAPTER EIGHT

BUSINESS was good at the Pigiron Club. The place was full of people, noise and smoke. Studsy came from behind the cash-register to greet us. "I was hoping you'd come in." He shook my hand and Nora's, and grinned at Dorothy.

"Anything special?" I asked.

He made a bow. "Everything's special with ladies like these."

I introduced him to Dorothy. He bowed to her and said something elaborate about any friend of Nick's, and stopped a waiter. "Pete, put a table up here for Mr. Charles."

"Pack them in like this every night?" I asked.

"I got no kick," he said. "They come once, they come back again."

"Hear about Nunheim?" I asked.

He looked at me for a moment before making up his mind to say: "Uh-huh, I heard. His girl's down there." He moved his head to indicate the other end of the room. "Celebrating, I guess."

I looked past Studsy down the room and presently picked out big red-haired Miriam sitting at a table with half a dozen men and women. "Hear who did it?" I asked.

"She says the police done it—he knew too much."

"That's a laugh," I said.

"That's a laugh," he agreed. "There's your table. Sit right down. I'll be back in a minute."

WE carried our glasses over to a table that had been squeezed in between two tables which had occupied a space large enough for one, and made ourselves as nearly comfortable as we could.

Nora tasted her drink and shuddered. Dorothy said: "Oh, look."

We looked, and saw Shep Dorelli coming toward us. His face had attracted Dorothy's attention. Where it was not dented, it was swollen, and its coloring ranged from deep purple around one eye to the pale pink of a piece of court-plaster on his chin.

He came to our table and leaned over a little to put both fists on it. "Listen," he said. "Studsy says I ought to apologize."

Nora murmured, "Old Etiquette·Studsy," while I asked: "Well?"

Dorelli shook his battered head. "I don't apologize for what I do—people've got to take it or leave it; but I don't mind telling you I'm sorry I lost my noodle and cracked down on you. And I hope it aint bothering you much, and if there's anything I can do to square it, I—"

"Forget it. Sit down and have a drink. This is Mr. Dorelli, Miss Wynant."

Dorothy's eyes became wide and interested.

Dorelli found a chair and sat down. "I hope you won't hold it against me, neither," he told Nora.

She said: "It was fun."

He looked at her suspiciously.

"Out on bail?" I asked.

"Uh-huh, this afternoon." He felt his face gingerly with one hand. "That's where the new ones come from. They had me resisting some more arrest just for good measure before they turned me loose."

Nora said indignantly: "That's horrible. You mean they really—"

Studsy came over to us, carrying a chair. "They lifted his face, huh?" he said, nodding at Dorelli. We made room for him, and he sat down.

I asked Dorelli: "Did you know Julia Wolf in Cleveland?"

He looked sidewise at Studsy, who was leaning back in his chair and gazing idly around the room, watching his profits mount.

"When she was Rhoda Stewart," I added.

He looked at Dorothy.

I said: "You don't have to be cagey. She's Clyde Wynant's daughter."

Studsy stopped gazing around the room and beamed on Dorothy. "So you are! And how is your pappy?"

"But I haven't seen him since I was a little girl," she said.

Dorelli wet the end of a cigarette and put it between his swollen lips. "I come from Cleveland." He struck a match. His eyes were dull—he was trying to keep them dull. "She wasn't Rhoda Stewart except once—Nancy Kane." He looked at Dorothy again. "Your father knows it."

"Do you know my father?"

"We had some words once."

"What about?" I asked.

"Her. He was jealous as hell. I wanted to take a poke at him, but she wouldn't let me. That was all right: he was her bank-roll."

"How long ago was this?"

"Six months, eight months."

"Have you seen him since she got knocked off?"

He shook his head. "I never seen him but a couple of times, and this time I'm telling you about is the last."

"Was she gypping him?"

"She don't say she is. I figure she is."

"Why?"

"She's a wise head—plenty smart. She was getting dough somewheres. Once I wanted five grand." He snapped his fingers. "Cash."

I decided against asking if he had paid her back. "Maybe he gave it to her."

"Sure—maybe."

"Did you tell any of this to the police?" I asked.

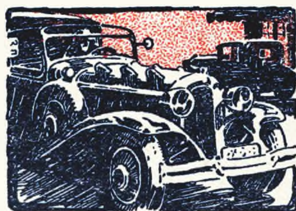
He laughed once, contemptuously. "They thought they could smack it out of me. Ask 'em what they think now. You're a right guy; I don't—" He broke off, took the cigarette from between his lips. "The earysipelas kid," he said, and put out a hand to touch the ear of a man who, sitting at one of the tables we had been squeezed in between, had been leaning farther and farther back toward us.

The man jumped and turned a startled pale pinched face around over his shoulder at Dorelli.

Dorelli grunted: "Pull in that lug—it's getting in our drinks."

The man stammered, "I didn't mean nothing, Shep," and rammed his belly into his table trying to get as far as possible from us, which still did not take him out of earshot.

Dorelli said, "You won't ever mean nothing, but that don't keep you from trying," and returned his attention to me. "I'm willing to go all the way with you. The kid's dead; it's not going to hurt her any. Me and Nancy lived in the same block," he said after I'd ordered a drink for him. "Old man Kane had a candy-store on the corner. She used to pinch cigarettes for me." He laughed. "Her old man kicked hell out of me once for showing her how to get nickels out of the telephone with a piece of wire. You know, the old-style ones. We couldn't've been more than in the third grade." He laughed again, low in his throat. "I wanted to glaum some fixtures from a row of houses they were building around the corner and plant 'em in his cellar, and tell Schultz, the cop on the beat, to pay him back; but she wouldn't let me."



Nora said: "You must've been a little darling."

"I was that," he said fondly. "Listen. Once when I was no more'n five or—"

A feminine voice said: "I thought that was you."

I looked up and saw it was red-haired Miriam speaking to me. I said: "Hello."

She put her hands on her hips and stared somberly at me. "So he knew too much for you."

"Maybe, but he took it on the lam down the fire-escape with his shoes in his hand before he told us any of it."

"Like hell!"

"All right. What do you think he knew that was too much for us?"

"Where Wynant is," she said.

"So? Where is he?"

"I don't know. Art knew."

"I wish he'd told us. We—"

"Who do you think you're kidding?" she broke in. "Art thought knowing was going to get him a lot of money, poor sap! He didn't know what it was going to get him."

"Did he tell you he knew?" I asked.

"I'm not as dumb as you think. He told me he knew something that was going to get him big dough, and I've seen how it worked out. I guess I can put two and two together."

"Sometimes the answer's four," I said, "and sometimes it's twenty-two. I'm not working for Wynant. Do you want to help—"

"No. He was a rat, and he held out on the people he was ratting for. He asked for what he got—only don't expect me to forget that I left him with you and Guild, and the next time anybody saw him he was dead," she said, and walked away. Her carriage was remarkably graceful.

"I don't know as I'd want to be mixed up with that dame," Studsy said thoughtfully. "She's mean medicine."

Dorelli winked at me.

Dorothy touched my arm. "I don't understand, Nick."

I told her that was all right, and addressed Dorelli: "You were telling us about Julia Wolf."

"Uh-huh. Well, old man Kane booted her out when she was fifteen or sixteen, and got in some kind of a jam with a high-school teacher, and she took up with a guy called Face Peppler, a smart kid if he didn't talk too much. I remember once me and Face were—" He broke off and cleared his throat. "Anyways, Face and her stuck together—it must be five, six years, throwing out the time he was in the army and she was living with some guy that I can't remember his name—a cousin of Dick O'Brien's, a skinny dark-headed guy that liked his liquor. But she went back to Face when he come out of the army, and they stuck together till they got nailed trying to shake down some bird from Toronto. Face took it and got her off with six months—they give him the business. Last I heard, he was still in. I saw her when she came out—she touched me for a couple hundred to blow town. I hear from her once, when she sends it back to me and tells me Julia Wolf's her name now, and she likes the big city fine, but I know Face is hearing from her right along. So when I move here in '28, I look her up. She's—"

Miriam came back and stood with her hands on her hips as before. "I've been thinking over what you said. You must think I'm pretty dumb. You killed Art, and—"

"Not so loud, girlie." Studsy rose and took her arm. His voice was soothing. "Come along. I want to talk to you." He led her toward the bar.

Dorelli winked again. "He likes that. Well, I was saying I looked her up when I moved here, and she told me she had this job with Wynant, and he was nuts about her, and she was sitting pretty. It seems they learned her shorthand in Ohio when she was doing her six months, and she figures maybe it'll be an in to something—you know, maybe she can get a job somewheres where they'll go out and leave the safe open. A agency had sent her over to do a couple days' work for Wynant, and she figured maybe he'd be worth more for a long pull than for a quick tap and a get-away, so she give him the business and wound up with a steady connection.

"She was smart enough to tell him she had a record and was trying to go straight now and all that, so's not to have the racket spoiled if he found out anyhow, because she said his lawyer was a little leery of her and might have her looked up. I don't know just what she was doing, you understand, because it's her game, and she don't need my help, and even if we are pals in a way, there's no sense in telling me anything I might want to go to her boss with. Understand, she wasn't my girl or anything—we was just a couple old friends, been kids playing together. Well, I used to see her once in a while—we used to come here a lot—till he kicked up too much of a fuss, and then she said she was going to cut it out, she wasn't going to lose a soft bed over a few drinks with me. So that was that. That was in October, I guess, and she stuck to it. I haven't seen her since."

"Who else did she run around with?" I asked.

Dorelli shook his head. "I don't know. She don't do much talking about people."

"She was wearing a diamond engagement-ring. Know anything about it?"

"Nothing except she didn't get it from me. She wasn't wearing it when I seen her last."

"Do you think she meant to throw in with Peppler again when he got out?"

"Maybe. She didn't seem to worry much about him being in, but she liked to work with him all right, and I guess they'd've teamed up again."

"And how about the cousin of Dick O'Brien, the skinny dark-headed lush? What became of him?"

Dorelli looked at me in surprise. "Search me."

STUDSY returned alone. "Maybe I'm wrong," he said as he sat down, "but I think somebody could do something with that cluck if they took hold of her right."

Dorelli said: "By the throat."

Studsy grinned good-naturedly. "No. She's trying to get somewhere. She works hard at her singing lessons, and—"

Dorelli looked at his empty glass and said: "This tiger milk of yours must be doing her pipes a lot of good." He turned his head to yell at Pete: "Hey, you with the knapsack, some more of the same. We got to sing in the choir tomorrow."

The hunchbacked waiter Pete said: "Coming up, Sheppy."

An immensely fat blond man—so blond he was nearly albino—who had been sitting at Miriam's table came over and said to me in a thin, tremulous, effeminate voice: "So you're the party who put it to little Art Nunhei—"

Dorelli hit the fat man in his fat belly, as hard as he could without getting up. Studsy, suddenly on his feet, leaned over Dorelli and smashed a big fist into the fat man's face. I noticed, foolishly, that he still led with his right. Hunchbacked Pete came up behind the fat man and banged his

empty tray down with full force on the fat man's head. The fat man fell back, upsetting three people and a table. Both bartenders were with us by then. One of them hit the fat man with a blackjack as he tried to get up, knocking him forward on hands and knees; the other put a hand down inside the fat man's collar in back, twisting the collar to choke him. With Dorelli's help they got the fat man to his feet and hustled him out.

Pete looked after them and sucked a tooth. "That damned Sparrow," he explained to me, "you can't take no chances on him when he's drinking."

STUDSY was at the next table, the one that had been upset, helping people pick up themselves and their possessions. "That's bad," he was saying, "bad for business; but where you going to draw the line? I aint running a dive, but I aint trying to run a young ladies' seminary, neither."

Dorothy was pale, frightened, Nora wide-eyed and amazed. "It's a madhouse," she said. "What'd they do that for?"

"You know as much about it as I do," I told her.

Dorelli and the bartenders came in again, looking pretty pleased with themselves. Dorelli and Studsy returned to their seats at our table.

"You boys are impulsive," I said.

Studsy repeated, "Impulsive," and laughed: "Ha-ha-ha!"

Dorelli was serious. "Any time that guy starts anything, you got to start it first. It's too late when he gets going. We seen him like that before, aint we, Studsy?"

"Like what?" I asked. "He hadn't done anything."

Studsy said: "Uh-huh, he's hysterical."

It was about two o'clock when we said good-nights and left the Pigiron Club.

Dorothy slumped down in her corner of the taxicab and said: "I'm going to be sick. I know I am. I can't go to Aunt Alice's like this. She'd have a fit. And she would have to see me, because I forgot the key and I'd have to wake her up."

Nora said: "I love you, Nickie, because you smell nice and know such fascinating people."

Dorothy said: "It's not much out of your way to drop me at Mamma's, is it?"

I said, "No," and gave the driver Mimi's address.

Nora said: "Come home with us."

Dorothy said: "No-o, I'd better not."

Nora asked, "Why not?" and Dorothy said, "Well, I don't think I ought to," and that kind of thing went on until the taxicab stopped at the Courtland.

I got out and helped Dorothy out. She leaned heavily on my arm.

"Please come up, just for a minute."

Nora said, "Just for a minute," and got out of the taxicab.

I told the driver to wait. We went upstairs. Dorothy rang the bell. Gilbert, in pajamas and bathrobe, opened the door. He raised one hand in a warning gesture and said in a low voice: "The police are here."

Mimi came to meet us as we went in. "I never was so glad to see anybody!" She had on a pinkish satin robe over a pinkish silk nightgown, and her face was pink and by no means unhappy. "Now I'm going to stop worrying and leave it all up to you, Nick. You'll have to tell the foolish little woman what to do."

She drew us back toward the living-room, chattering: "You know Lieutenant Guild. He's been very nice, but I'm sure I must have tried his patience. But now you're here, and—"

We went into the living-room.

GUILD said, "Hello," to me and, "Good evening, Ma'am," to Nora. The man with him, the one he had called Andy and who had helped him search our rooms the morning of Dorelli's visit, nodded and grunted at us.

"What's up?" I asked.

Guild looked at Mimi out of the corners of his eyes, then at me, and said: "The Boston police found Bortensen or Rosewalter or whatever you want to call him, at his first wife's place, and asked him some questions for us. The chief answer seems to be he don't have anything to do with Julia Wolf getting killed or not getting killed, and Mrs. Bortensen can prove it because she's been holding out what amounts to the goods on Wynant." His eyes focused on Mimi again. "The lady kind of don't want to say yes and kind of don't want to say no."

I said, "She's probably frightened," and Mimi tried to look frightened. "Has he been divorced from the first wife?"

"Not according to the first wife."

Mimi said: "She's lying, I bet."

I said: "Sh-h-h! —Is he coming back to New York?"

"It looks like he's going to make us extradite him if we want him."

"Do you want him that bad?"

Guild moved his big shoulders. "If bringing him back'll help us on this murder. I don't care much about any of the old charges or the bigamy."

I asked Mimi: "Well?"

"Can I talk to you alone?"

I looked at Guild, who said: "Anything that'll help."

Dorothy touched my arm. "Nick, I—I want to talk to you first—alone."

I patted her hand. "Afterward."

Mimi led me into her bedroom and carefully shut the door. I sat on the bed and lit a cigarette. Mimi leaned back against the door and smiled at me very gently and trustingly.

Then she said, "You do like me, Nick," and when I said nothing, she asked: "Don't you?"

"No."

She laughed and came away from the door. "You mean you don't approve of me." She sat on the bed beside me. "But you do like me well enough to help me, and—"

The door opened, and Dorothy came in. "Nick, I've got to—"

Mimi jumped up and confronted her daughter. "Get out of here," she said through her teeth.

Dorothy flinched, but she said: "I won't. You're not going to make a—"

Mimi slashed Dorothy across the mouth with the back of her hand. "Get out of here."

Dorothy screamed and put a hand to her mouth. Holding it there, holding her wide frightened eyes on Mimi's face, she backed out of the room.

Mimi shut the door again.

I said: "You must come over to our place some time and bring your whips."

She did not seem to hear me. Her eyes were heavy, brooding, and when she spoke, her voice seemed heavier, throatier, than usual:

"My daughter's in love with you."

"Nonsense."

"She is, and she's jealous of me. She has absolute spasms whenever I get within ten feet of you."

"Nonsense! Maybe she's got a little hangover from the crush she had on me when she was twelve, but that's all it is."

MIMI shook her head. "You're wrong, but never mind." She sat down on the bed beside me again. "You've got to help me out of this. I—"

"Sure," I said. "You're a delicate flower that needs a great big man's protection."

She waved a hand. "Stop being so damned coquettish! You know what I mean."

"Just about; but you've been doing the coquetting ever since—"

"I know. That was a game. I'm not playing now. Chris made a fool of me, Nick, an out-and-out fool; and now he's in trouble and expects me to help him. I'll help him!" She put a hand on my knee, and her pointed nails dug into my flesh. "The police, they don't believe me. How can I make them believe that he's lying, that I know nothing more than I've told them about the murder?"

"You probably can't," I said slowly, "especially since Bortensen's only repeating what you told me a few hours ago."

She caught her breath, and her nails dug into me again. "Did you tell them that?"

"Not yet." I took her hand off my knee.

She sighed with relief. "And of course you won't tell them now, will you? Because it's a lie. He lied and I lied. I didn't find anything, anything at all."

I said: "We're back where we were earlier, and I believe you just as much now as I did then. What happened to those new terms we were on? You understanding me, me understanding you, no games, no playing."

She slapped my hand lightly. "All right. I did find something—not much, but something; and I'm not going to give it up to help Chris. You can understand how I feel about it, Nick. You'd feel the same—"

"Maybe," I said; "but the way it stands, I've got no reason for putting in with you. Your Chris is no enemy of mine. I've got nothing to gain by helping you frame him."

She sighed. "I've been thinking about that a lot. I don't suppose what money I could give you would mean much to you now—nor anything else I could do for you. But aren't you interested in saving Clyde?"

"Not necessarily. I don't think he needs saving. The police haven't got much on him. He's screwy; he was in town the day Julia was killed; and she had been gypping him. That's not enough to arrest him on."

She laughed again. "But with my contribution?"

"I don't know. What is it?" I asked, and went on without waiting for the answer I did not expect. "Whatever it is, you're being a sap, Mimi. You've got Chris cold on bigamy. Sock that to him. There's no—"

She smiled sweetly and said: "But I am holding that in reserve to use after this if he—"

"If he gets past the murder charge, huh? Well, it won't work out that way, lady. You can get him about three days in jail. By that time the District Attorney will have questioned him and checked up on him enough to know that he didn't kill Julia, and that you've been making a chump of the D. A. And when you spring your little bigamy charge, the D. A. will tell you to go jump in the lake, and he'll refuse to prosecute."

"But he can't do that, Nick."

"Can and will," I assured her; "and if he can dig up proof that you're holding out something, he'll make it as tough for you as he can."

She chewed her lip. "I don't want him to get off," she said presently, "and I don't want to get into any trouble myself."

She smiled and put a hand on my cheek and kissed me and stood up. "You're such a beast. Well, I'm going to believe you." She went around the bed to a closet, opened the door, pushed some clothes aside and put a hand among other clothes behind them. "That's funny," she said.

"Funny?" I stood up. "It's a panic. It'll have Guild rolling on the floor. I started toward the door.

"Don't be so bad-tempered," she said. "I've got it." She turned to me, holding a wadded handkerchief in her hand. As I approached, she opened the handkerchief to show me a three-inch length of watch-chain, broken at one end, attached at the other to a small gold knife. The handkerchief was a woman's, and there were brown stains on it.

"Well?" I asked.

"It was in her hand, and I saw it when they left me with her, and I knew it was Clyde's, so I took it."

"You're sure it's his?"

"Yes," she said impatiently. "See, they're gold, silver, and copper links. He had it made out of the first batches of metal that came through that smelting process he invented. Anybody who knows him at all well can identify it—there can't be another like it." She turned the knife over to let me see the *CMW* engraved in it. "They're his initials. I never saw the knife before, but I'd know the chain anywhere. Clyde's worn it for years."

"Is that your handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"And the stain on it's blood?"

"Yes. They were in her hand—I told you—and there was some blood on them. I'm telling you everything that happened exactly as it happened."

"I hope so. It's about time. You're sure Julia didn't come to, enough to say anything, while you were alone with her?"

"You're trying to make me mad again. Of course I'm sure."

"All right," I said. "Wait here. I'll get Guild."

CHAPTER NINE

NORA, looking a little sleepy, was entertaining Guild and Andy in the living-room. The Wynant offspring were not in sight.

"Go ahead," I told Guild. "First door to the left. I think she's readied up for you."

"O. K. —Come on, Andy." They went out.

"Where's Dorothy?" I asked Nora.

She yawned. "I thought she was with you and her mother. Gilbert's around somewhere. Do we have to hang around long?"

"Not long." I went back down the passageway past Mimi's door to another bedroom door, which was open, and looked in. Nobody was there. A door facing it was shut. I knocked.

Dorothy's voice: "What is it?"

"Nick," I said and went in.

She was lying on her side on a bed, dressed except for her slippers. Gilbert was sitting on the bed beside her. Her mouth seemed a little puffy, but it may have been from crying; her eyes were red. She raised her head to stare sullenly at me.

"Still want to talk to me?" I asked.

Gilbert got up from the bed. "Where's Mamma?"

"Talking to the police."

He said something I did not catch, and left the room.

Dorothy shuddered. "He gives me the creeps," she said, and then remembered to stare sullenly at me again. "What made you turn against me like that?" she asked.

"You're being silly." I sat down where Gilbert had been sitting. "Do you know anything about this knife and chain your mother's supposed to have found?"

"No. Where?"

"What'd you want to tell me?"

"Nothing—now," she said disagreeably, "except you might at least wipe her lipstick off your mouth."

I wiped it off.

"What did Mamma say—about me?"

"She said you're in love with me."

She began to cry. "Everybody's made so much fun of me about it—Mamma and Gilbert and Harbison—I—"

I put my arms around her. "To hell with them."

After a while she asked, "Is Mamma in love with you?"

"Good God, no! She hates men."

"I hate her," Dorothy said.

"So you told me last week. . . . Something I meant to ask you: did you know, or did you ever see the Arthur Nunheim we were talking about in the speak-easy tonight?"

She looked sharply at me. "No."

"He was mentioned in the newspapers," I reminded her. "He was the one who told the police about Dorelli knowing Julia Wolf."

"I didn't remember his name," she said. "I don't remember ever having heard it until tonight."

I described him. "Ever see him?"

"No."

"Know any of the people we saw at Studsy's tonight—or anything about them?"

"No. Honestly, Nick, I'd tell you if I knew anything at all that might help you."

Some one knocked on the door. "All right," I called.

ANDY opened the door far enough to stick his head in. He tried to keep curiosity from showing in his face, while saying: "The Lieutenant wants to see you."

"I'll be back," I told Dorothy, and followed him out.

He shut the door behind me and put his mouth close to my ear. "The kid was at the keyhole," he muttered.

"Gilbert?"

"Yep. He had time to get away from it when he heard me coming, but he was there, right enough."

"That's mild for him," I said. "How'd you all make out with Mrs. B.?"

He puckered his thick lips up in an O and blew breath out noisily. "What a dame!"

We went into Mimi's bedroom. She was sitting in a deep chair by a window looking very pleased with herself. She smiled gayly at me and said: "My soul is spotless now. I've confessed everything."

Guild stood by a table wiping his face with a handkerchief. The knife and chain, and the handkerchief they had been wrapped in, were on the table.

"Finished?" I asked.

"I don't know, and that's a fact," he said. "I'd like to talk to Mr. Charles, if you'll excuse us for a couple of minutes."

"You can talk here." She got up from the chair. "I'll go out and talk to Mrs. Charles till you're through." She tapped my cheek playfully with the tip of a forefinger as she passed me. "Don't let them say too horrid things about me, Nick."

Andy opened the door for her, shut it behind her, and made the O and the blowing noise again.

"Well," I asked, "what's what?"

Guild cleared his throat. "She told us about finding this here chain and knife on the floor where the Wolf dame had most likely broke it off fighting with Wynant, and she told us the reasons why she'd hid it till now. Between me and you, that don't make any too much sense; but maybe that aint the way to look at it. I don't know what to make of her in a lot of ways."

"The chief thing," I advised him, "is not to let her tire you out. When you catch her in a lie, she admits it and gives you

another lie to take its place, and when you catch her in that one, admits it and gives you still another, and so on. Most people—even women—get discouraged after you've caught them in the third or fourth straight lie, and fall back on either the truth or silence; but not Mimi. She keeps trying."

Guild said: "Hm-m-m. Maybe. . . . Look here, do you think she killed that dame?"

"I wish I knew," I said. "That chain business looks like a plant, all right, but— We can find out whether he had a chain like that, maybe whether he still has it. If she remembered the chain so well, there's no reason why she couldn't have told a jeweler how to make one, and anybody can buy a knife and have initials engraved on it. Of course if she did plant it, it's more likely she had the original chain—but that's something for you folks to check up."

"We're doing the best we can," Guild said patiently. "So you do think she did it?"

"The murder?" I shook my head. "I haven't got that far yet. How about Nunheim? Did the bullets match up?"

"They did—from the same gun as was used on the dame—all five of them."

"He was shot five times?"

"He was, and close enough to burn his clothes."

"I saw his girl, the big red-head, tonight in a speak," I told him. "She's saying you and I killed him because he knew too much."

He said: "Hm-m-m. What speak was that? I might want to talk to her."

"Studsy Burke's Pigiron Club," I said, and gave him the address. "Dorelli hangs out there too. He tells me Julia Wolf's real name is Nancy Kane, and she has a boy friend doing time in Ohio —Face Peppler."

From the tone of Guild's "Yes?" I imagined he had already found out about Peppler and about Julia's past. "And what else did you pick up in your travels?"

"A friend of mine—Larry Crowley, a press-agent—saw Bortensen coming out of a hock-shop on Sixth near Forty-sixth yesterday afternoon."

"Yes?"

"You don't seem to get excited about my news. If you people think that I'm not coming clean with you, you ought to say so."

"No, no," Guild said hastily, "it's nothing like that, Mr. Charles." His face had reddened. "The fact is, the Commissioner's been riding us for action, and I guess I been kind of passing it on. This second murder's made things tough. . . . Well, the same gun and a lot of bullets, same as with her, but that's about all. It was a rooming-house hallway in between a couple stores. Nobody there claims they know Nunheim or Wynant or anybody else we can connect. The door's left unlocked; anybody could walk in—but that don't make too much sense when you come to think of it."

"Nobody saw or heard anything?"

"Sure, they heard the shooting, but they didn't see anybody doing it."

"Find any empty shells?"

He shook his head. "Neither time. Probably a revolver."

"And he emptied it both times—counting the shot that hit her telephone—if, like a lot of people, he carried an empty chamber under the hammer."

"YOU'RE not trying to find a Chinese angle on it, are you," Guild complained, "just because they shoot like that?"

"No, but any kind of angle would help some. Find out where Nunheim was the afternoon the girl was killed?"

"Uh-huh. Hanging around the girl's building—part of the time, anyhow. And the day before the killing, he had been up to her apartment, according to an elevator-boy. The boy says he came down right away, and he don't know whether he got in or not."

I said: "So! Maybe Miriam's right; maybe he did know too much. Find out anything about the four thousand difference between what Macaulay gave her and what Clyde Wynant says he got from her?"

"No."

"Dorelli says she always had plenty of money. He says she once lent him five thousand in cash."

Guild raised his eyebrows. "Yes?"

"Yes. He also says Wynant knew about her record."

"Seems to me," Guild said slowly, "Dorelli did a lot of talking to you."

"He likes to talk. Find out anything more about what Wynant was working on when he left?"

"No. You're kind of interested in that shop of his."

"Why not? He's an inventor; the shop's his place. I'd like to have a look at it some time."

"Help yourself. Tell me some more about Dorelli, and how to go about getting him to open up."

"He likes to talk. Do you know a fellow called Sparrow? A big fat pale fellow with a pansy voice."

Guild frowned. "No. Why?"

"He was there—with Miriam—and wanted to take a crack at me, but they wouldn't let him."

"And what'd he want to do that for?"

"I don't know. Maybe because she told him I helped knock Nunheim off—helped you."

Guild said: "Oh." He looked at his watch. "It's getting kind of late. Suppose you drop in and see me some time tomorrow—today."

I said, "Sure," instead of the things I was thinking, nodded at him and at Andy, and went out to the living-room with them.

Nora was sleeping on the sofa. Mimi put down the book she was reading. Guild and Andy said their good-nights, and left.

Mimi sighed. "I'm tired of policemen," she said.

Gilbert came in. "Do they really think Chris did it?"

"No," I said.

Gilbert asked, not argumentatively, but as if he wanted to know: "Why couldn't he?"

"He could've, but he didn't. Would he have written those letters throwing suspicion on Mimi, the one person who was helping him by hiding the chief evidence against him?"

"But maybe he didn't know that. Maybe—"

"He *knows* who killed her," Dorothy said from the doorway. She was still dressed. She stared at me fixedly, as if afraid to look at anybody else.

Nora opened her eyes, pushed herself up on an elbow, and asked, "What?" sleepily. Nobody answered her.

Mimi said, "Now, Dorry, don't let's have one of those idiotic dramatic performances."

Dorothy said: "You can beat me after they've gone. You will." She said it without taking her eyes off mine.

Mimi tried to look as if she did not know what her daughter was talking about.

"Who does he know killed her?" I asked.

Gilbert said: "You're making an ass of yourself, Dorry, you're—"

I interrupted him: "Let her. Let her say what she's got to say. Who killed her, Dorothy?"

She looked at her brother and lowered her eyes. She said indistinctly: "I don't know. He knows." She raised her eyes to mine and began to tremble. "Can't you see I'm afraid?" she cried. "I'm afraid of them. Take me away and I'll tell you, but I'm afraid of them."

I said: "Sure, I'll take you away, but I'd like to have it out now while we're all together."

Dorothy shook her head. "I'm afraid."

Nora stood up and stretched without lifting her arms. Her face was pink and lovely, as it always is when she has been sleeping. She smiled drowsily at me and said: "Let's go home. I don't like these people. Come on, get your hat and coat, Dorothy."

Mimi said to Dorothy: "Go to bed."

Dorothy put the tips of the fingers of her left hand to her mouth and whispered through them: "Don't let her beat me, Nick."

Mimi made an animal noise in her throat; muscles thickened on the back of her neck, and she put her weight on the balls of her feet.

Nora stepped between Mimi and Dorothy. I caught Mimi by a shoulder as she started forward, put my other arm around her waist from behind, and lifted her off her feet. She screamed and hit back at me with her fists, and her hard sharp high heels made dents in my shins.

Nora pushed Dorothy out of the room and stood in the doorway watching us. Then clumsy, ineffectual blows on my back and shoulder brought me around to find Gilbert pummeling me. I shoved him aside. "Cut it out. I don't want to hurt you, Gilbert." I carried Mimi over to the sofa and dumped her on her back on it, sat on her knees, got a wrist in each hand.

Presently she began to laugh. "Oh, Gil, did you really try to protect me? And from Nick?" Her laughter increased. "It was awfully sweet of you, but awfully silly. Why, he's a monster, Gil. Nobody could."

I looked sidewise at Nora. Her mouth was set, and her eyes were almost black with anger. I touched her arm. "Let's blow. Give your mother a drink, Gilbert. She'll be all right in a minute or two."

Dorothy, hat and coat in her hands, tiptoed to the outer door. Nora and I found our hats and coats and followed her out, leaving Mimi laughing into my handkerchief on the sofa.

None of the three of us had much to say in the taxicab that carried us over to the Normandie. It had been a full day.

CHAPTER TEN

IT was nearly five when we got home. Asta greeted us boisterously. I lay down on the floor to play with her while Nora went into the pantry to make coffee. Dorothy wanted to tell me something that happened to her when she was a little child.

I said: "No. You tried that Monday. What is it—a gag? It's late. And I'm tired—I been ironing all day."

She pouted at me. "You seem to be trying to make it as hard for me as you can."

"Listen, Dorothy," I said, "you either know something you were afraid to say in front of Mimi and Gilbert, or you don't. If you do, spit it out."

She twisted a fold of her skirt and looked sulkily at it. She spoke in a whisper loud enough for anybody in the room to hear: "Gil's been seeing my father; and he saw him today; and my father told him who killed Miss Wolf."

"Who?"

She shook her head. "He wouldn't tell me."

"What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing."

"Where is your father?"

"Gil didn't tell me."

"When did he meet him?"

"He didn't tell me. Please don't be mad, Nick. I've told you everything he told me."

"And a fat lot it is!" I growled.

Nora came in with the coffee. She said: "We're all worn out and jumpy. Let's send the pup downstairs for the night, and turn in and do our talking after we've had some rest. Come on, Dorothy, I'll bring your coffee into the bedroom and give you some night-clothes."

Dorothy got up, said to me, "Good night. I'm sorry I'm so silly," and followed Nora out.

When Nora returned, she sat down on the floor beside me. "Our Dorry does her share of weeping and whining," she said. "Admitting life's not too pleasant for her just now, still—" She yawned. "What was her fearsome secret?"

I told her what Dorothy had told me. "It sounds like a lot of hooey."

Nora yawned again. Why don't we make a list," she said, "of all the suspects and all the motives and clues and check them off against—"

"You do it. I'm going to bed. What's a clue, Mamma?"

"It's like when Gilbert tiptoed over to the phone tonight when I was alone in the living-room, and he thought I was asleep, and told the operator not to put through any incoming calls until morning."

"Well, well!"

"And," she said, "it's like Dorothy discovering that she had Aunt Alice's key all the time."

"Well, well!"

"And it's like Studsy nudging Dorelli under the table when he started to tell you about the drunken cousin of—what was it?—Dick O'Brien's that Julia Wolf knew."

I got up and put our cups on a table. "I don't see how any detective can hope to get along without being married to you, but just the same, you're overdoing it. Studsy nudging Dorelli is my idea of something to spend a lot of time not worrying about. I'd rather worry about whether they pushed Sparrow around to keep me from being hurt, or to keep me from being told something. I'm sleepy."

"So am I," she said. "Look, it's daylight." . . .

Nora shook me awake shortly after ten. "The telephone," she said. "It's Herbert Macaulay and he says it's important."

I went into the bedroom—I had slept in the living-room—to the telephone. Dorothy was sleeping soundly. I mumbled, "Hello," into the telephone.

Macaulay said: "It's too early for that lunch, but I've got to see you right away. Can I come up now?"

"Sure. Come up for breakfast."

"I've had it. Get yours, and I'll be up in fifteen minutes."

"Right."

I put cold water on my face and hands, brushed my teeth and hair, and went back to the living-room. "He's coming up," I told Nora. "He's had breakfast, but you'd better order some coffee for him. I want chicken livers."

"Am I invited to your party, or do I—"

"Sure. You've never met Macaulay, have you? He's a pretty good guy. I was attached to his outfit for a few days once, up around Vaux, and we looked each other up after the war. He threw a couple of jobs my way, including the Wynant one."

I looked through the morning papers. They had the news of Bortensen's being picked up by the Boston police, and of Nunheim's murder; but further developments of what the tabloids called "The Hell's Kitchen Gang War," got more space.

Macaulay and the bellboy who brought Asta up arrived together. Asta liked Macaulay, because when he patted her, he gave her something to set her weight against: she was never very fond of gentleness.

He had lines around his mouth this morning, and some of the rosiness was gone from his cheeks. "Where'd the police get this new line?" he asked. "Do they think—" He broke off as Nora came in.

"Nora, this is Herbert Macaulay," I said. "My wife."

They shook hands; and Nora said: "Nick would only let me order some coffee for you. Can't I—"

"No, thanks, I've just finished breakfast."

I said: "Now, what's this about the police?"

He hesitated. "I don't want to cause Mrs. Charles anxiety," he said. "But Lieutenant Guild came to see me this morning. First he showed me a piece of watch-chain with a knife attached to it, and asked me if I'd ever seen them before. I told him I thought I had: I thought they looked like Wynant's. Then he asked me if I knew of any way in which they could have come into anybody else's possession, and after some beating about the bush, I discovered that by anybody else he meant you or Mimi. I told him certainly—Wynant could have given them to either of you; you could have stolen them or found them on the street, or have been given them by somebody who stole them or found them on the street, or—"

There were spots of color in Nora's cheeks, and her eyes were dark. "The idiot!"

"Now, now," I said. "He was heading in that direction last night. I think it's likely my old pal Mimi gave him a prod or two. What else did he turn the searchlight on?"

"He wanted to know about—what he asked was: 'Do you figure Charles and the Wolf dame was still playing around together? Or was that all washed up?' "

"That's the Mimi touch, all right," I said. "What'd you tell him?"

"I told him I didn't know whether you were 'still' playing around together, because I didn't know that you had ever played around together, and reminded him that you hadn't been living in New York for a long time, anyway."

"What'd he say to that?"

"Nothing. He asked me if I thought Bortensen knew about you and Mimi, and when I asked him what about you and Mimi, he accused me of acting the innocent."

A WAITER came in with our breakfast. When he had set the table and gone, Macaulay said: "You've nothing to be afraid of. I'm going to turn Wynant over to the police." His voice was unsteady and a little choked.

"Are you sure he did it?" I asked. "I'm not."

He said simply: "I know." He cleared his throat. "Even if there was a chance in a thousand of my being wrong,—and there isn't,—he's a madman, Charles. He shouldn't be loose."

"That's probably right enough," I began; "and if you know—"

"I know," he repeated. "I saw him the afternoon he killed her; it couldn't've been half an hour after he'd killed her, though I didn't know that, didn't even know she'd been killed. I—well—I know it now."

"You met him in Hermann's office?"

"What?"

"You were supposed to have been in the office of a man named Hermann, on Fifty-seventh Street, from around three o'clock till around four that afternoon. At least, that's what the police told me."

"That's right," he said. "I mean that's the story they got. What really happened: after I failed to find Wynant or any news of him at the Plaza, and phoned my office and Julia with no better results, I gave him up and started walking down to Hermann's. He's a mining engineer, a client of mine I had business with. When I got to Fifty-seventh Street, I suddenly got a feeling that I was being followed—you know the feeling. There was a small sallow man I thought I'd seen around the Plaza, but— The quickest way to find out seemed to be by taking a taxi, so I did that and told the driver to drive east. There was too much traffic there for me to see whether this small man or anybody else took a taxi after me, so I had my driver turn south at Third, east again on Fifty-sixth and south again on Second Avenue, and by that time I was pretty sure a yellow taxi was following me. And at the next corner, when a red light stopped us, I saw Wynant.

"He was in a taxicab going west on Fifty-fifth Street. Naturally, that didn't surprise me very much: we were only two blocks from Julia's, and I took it for granted he was now on his way over to meet me at the Plaza. He was never very punctual. So I told my driver to turn west, but at Lexington Avenue—we were half a block behind him—Wynant's taxicab turned south. That wasn't the way to the Plaza and wasn't even the way to my office, so I said to hell with him and turned my attention back to the taxi following me—and it wasn't there any more. I kept a lookout behind all the way over to Hermann's, and saw no sign at all of anybody following me."

"WHAT time was it when you saw Wynant?" I asked.

"It must've been fifteen or twenty minutes past three. It was twenty minutes to four when I got to Hermann's. I got through with him in ten or fifteen minutes and went back to my office."

"I take it you weren't close enough to Wynant to see whether he looked excited, was wearing his watch-chain, or smelled of gunpowder—things like that."

"That's right. All I saw was his profile going past, but don't think I'm not sure it was Wynant."

"I won't. Go ahead," I said.

"He didn't phone again. I'd been back about an hour when the police phoned—Julia was dead. Now you must understand that I didn't think Wynant had killed her—not for a minute. So when I went over there and the police began to ask me questions about him and I could see they suspected him, I did what ninety-nine out of a hundred lawyers would've done for their clients—I said nothing about having seen him in that neighborhood at about the time that the murder must have been committed."

"That's understandable enough," I agreed.

"Exactly; and—well, the catch is, I never heard his side of the story. I'd expected him to show up, phone me, something, but he didn't—until Tuesday, when I got that letter from him from Philadelphia, and there was not a word in it about his failure to meet me Friday, nothing about—but you saw the letter. What'd you think of it? Did it sound guilty?"

"Not particularly," I said. "It's about what could be expected from him if he didn't kill her—no great alarm over the police suspecting him, except as it might interfere with his work. How sure are you he was coming from Julia's when you saw him?"

"I'm sure now. I thought it likely at first. Then I thought he might have been to his shop. It's on First Avenue, just a few blocks from where I saw him, and though it's been closed since he went away, we renewed the lease last month and everything's there waiting for him to come back to it, and he could have been there that afternoon."

"Another thing: there was a fellow named Nunheim killed yesterday, a small—"

"I'm coming to that," he said.

"I was thinking about the little fellow you thought might be shadowing you."

Macaulay stared at me. "You mean that might've been Nunheim?"

"I don't know. I was wondering."

"And I don't know," he said. "I never saw Nunheim. Where was I? Oh, yes, about not being able to get in touch with Wynant. That put me in an uncomfortable position, since the police clearly thought I was in touch with him and lying about it. So did you, didn't you?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"And you also, like the police, probably suspected that I *had* met him, either at the Plaza or later, on the day of the murder."

"It seemed possible."

"Yes. And of course you were partly right. I had at least seen him; so, having lied instinctively and by inference, I now lied directly and deliberately. Hermann had been tied up in a conference all that afternoon and didn't know how long I had been waiting to see him. Louise Jacobs is a good friend of mine. Without going into details, I told her she could help me help a client by saying I had arrived there at a minute or two after three o'clock, and she agreed readily enough. None of that's important now. What's important is that I heard from Wynant this morning."

"Another one of those screwy letters?" I asked.

"No, he phoned. I made a date with him for tonight—for you and me. I told him you wouldn't do anything for him unless you could see him, so he promised to meet us tonight. I'm going to take the police, of course. I can't go on justifying my shielding him like this. I can get him an acquittal on grounds of insanity and have him put away. That's all I can do, all I want to do."

"Have you told the police yet?"

"No. He didn't phone till just after they'd left. Anyway, I wanted to see you first. I wanted to tell you I hadn't forgotten what I owed you, and—"

"Nonsense," I said.

"It's not." He turned to Nora. "I don't suppose he ever told you he saved my life once in a shell-hole in—"

"He's nuts," I told her. "He fired at a fellow and missed; and I fired at him and didn't; and that's all there was to it." I addressed him again: "Why don't you let the police wait awhile? Suppose you and I keep this date tonight and hear what he's got to say. We—"

Dorothy, wearing a nightgown and a robe of Nora's, both much too long for her, came in yawning. "Oh!" she exclaimed when she saw Macaulay, and then, when she had recognized him: "Oh, hello, Mr. Macaulay. I didn't know you were here. Is there any news of my Father?"

He looked at me. I shook my head. He told her: "Not yet, but perhaps we'll have some today."

I said: "Dorothy's had some, indirectly. Tell Macaulay about Gilbert."

She said to Macaulay: "Gil saw my father yesterday, and he told Gil who killed Miss Wolf."

Macaulay looked at me with puzzled eyes.

"This doesn't have to've happened," I reminded him. "It's what Gil says happened."

"I see. Then you think he might be—"

"You haven't done much talking to that family since hell broke loose, have you?" I asked.

"No."

"It's an experience. They're all crazy, I think. They start off—"

Dorothy said angrily: "I think you're horrid. I've done my best to—"

I caught Nora's eye and made signals. She stood up saying: "Let's go in the other room, Dorothy, and give these lads a chance to do whatever it is they think they're doing."

Dorothy went reluctantly, but she went.

MACAULAY said: "She's grown up to be something to look at, hasn't she?" He cleared his throat. "I hope your wife won't—"

"Forget it. Nora's all right. You started to tell me about your conversation with Wynant."

"He phoned right after the police left and said he'd seen the ad in the *Times* and wanted to know what I wanted. We made the date for tonight. Then he asked if I'd seen Mimi, and I told him I'd seen her once or twice since her return from Europe, and had also seen his daughter. And then he said this: 'If my wife should ask for money, give her any sum in reason.' "

"I'll be damned!" I said.

Macaulay nodded. "That's the way I felt about it. I asked him why, and he said what he'd read in the morning papers had convinced him that she was Rosewalter's dupe, not his confederate, and he had reason to believe she was 'kindly disposed' toward him—Wynant. I began to see what he was up to, then, and I told him she had already turned the knife and chain over to the police. And try to guess what he said to that."

"I give up."

"He hemmed and hawed a bit—not much, mind you—and then as smooth as you like, asked: 'You mean the chain and knife on the watch I left with Julia to be repaired?' "

I laughed. "What'd you say?"

"That stumped me. Before I could think up an answer, he was saying: However, we can discuss that more fully when we meet tonight.' I asked him where and when we'd meet him, and he said he'd have to phone me—he didn't know where he'd be. He's to phone me at my house at ten o'clock. What do you think of his innocence now?"

"Not as much as I did," I replied slowly. "How sure are you of hearing from him at ten tonight?"

Macaulay shrugged. "You know as much about that as I do."

"Then if I were you, I wouldn't bother the police till we've grabbed our wild man and can turn him over to them. This story of yours isn't going to make them exactly love you; and—even if they don't throw you in the can right away—they'll make things pretty disagreeable for you if Wynant gives us a run-around tonight."

"I know; but I'd like to get the load off my shoulders."

"A few hours more oughtn't to matter much," I said. "I'd better get out to your house at about nine o'clock, hadn't I?"

"Come for dinner."

"I can't, but I'll make it as early as I can, in case he's ahead of time. We'll want to move fast. Where do you live?"

Macaulay gave me his address, in Scarsdale, and stood up. "Will you say good-by to Mrs. Charles for me and thank—Oh, by the way, I hope you didn't misunderstand me about Harbison Quinn last night. I meant only just what I said, that I'd had bad luck taking his advice on the market. I didn't mean to insinuate that there was anything—you know—or that he might not've made money for his other customers."

"I understand," I said, and called Nora.

She and Macaulay shook hands and made polite speeches to one another; then he pushed Asta around a little, and said, "Make it as early as you can," to me and went away.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

I WENT to see Guild early in the afternoon and went to work on him as soon as we had shaken hands. "I didn't bring my lawyer along. I thought it looked better if I came by myself."

He wrinkled his forehead and shook his head as if I had hurt him. "Now, it was nothing like that," he said patiently.

"It was too much like that."

He sighed. "I wouldn't've thought you'd make the mistake that a lot of people make thinking just because we— You know we got to look at every angle, Mr. Charles."

"That sounds familiar. Well, what do you want to know?"

"All I want to know is who killed her—and him."

"Try asking Gilbert," I suggested.

Guild pursed his lips. "Why him exactly?"

"He told his sister he knew who did it, told her he got it from Wynant. I haven't had a chance to ask him about it."

He squinted his watery eyes at me. Then he called in Andy, and a swarthy bowlegged man named Kline. "Get me that Wynant kid—I want to talk to him." They went out. He said: "See, I want people to talk to."

I said: "Your nerves are in pretty bad shape this afternoon, aren't they? Are you bringing Bortensen down from Boston?"

He shrugged his big shoulders. "His story listens all right to me. When you people scared him off Wynant back in '25, he says, he lit out for Germany, leaving his wife in the lurch—though he don't say much about that—and changing his name to give you more trouble finding him. He says he worked at one thing and another, whatever he could get, but near as I can figure out he was mostly gigoloing, and not finding too many heavy-money dames. Well, along about '27 or '28 he's in Milan—that's a city in Italy—and he sees in the Paris *Herald* where this Mimi, recently divorced wife of Clyde Miller Wynant, has arrived in town. He don't know her personally, and she don't know him, but he knows she's a dizzy blonde that likes men and fun and hasn't got much sense. He figures a bunch of Wynant's dough must've come to her with the divorce, and the way he looks at it, any of it he could take away from her wouldn't be any more than what Wynant had gypped him out of. So he scrapes up the fare to Paris and goes up there. All right so far?"

"Sounds all right."

"That's what I thought. Well, he don't have any trouble getting to know her in Paris. She goes for him in a big way—and the first thing you know, she's thinking about marrying him. Naturally he don't try to talk her out of that. She'd got a lump sum—two hundred thousand berries, by God!—out of Wynant instead of alimony; so her marrying again wasn't stopping any payments, and it'll put him right in the middle of the cash-drawer. So they do it.

"According to him, it was a trick marriage up in some mountains he says are between Spain and France, and was done by a Spanish priest on what was really French soil, which don't make it legal; but I figure he's just trying to discourage a bigamy rap. Personally, I don't care one way or the other. The point is he got his hands on the dough and kept them on it till there wasn't any more dough. And all this time, understand, he says she didn't know he was anybody but Christian Bortensen, a fellow she met in Paris, and still didn't know it up to the time we grabbed him in Boston. Still sound all right?"

"Still sounds all right," I said, "except, as you say, about the marriage; and even that could be all right."

"Uh-huh, and what difference does it make anyways? So comes the winter, and the bank-roll's getting skinny, and he's getting ready to take a run-out on her with the last of it; and then she says maybe they could come back to America and tap Wynant for some more. He thinks that's fair enough if it can be done, and she thinks it can be done. So they get on a boat and—"

"The story cracks a little there," I said. "But go ahead."

"Well, the second day he's here—while they're still trying to find Wynant—he gets a bad break. He runs into a friend of his first wife's—this Olga Fenton—on the street, and she recognizes him. He tries to talk her out of tipping off the first wife, and does manage to stall her along a couple days with a moving-pictures' story he makes up. But he don't fool her long, and she tells the first wife. And the next time she sees Bortensen, she tells him what she'd done, and he lights out for Boston to try to keep his wife from kicking up trouble, and we pick him up there."

"How about his visit to the hock-shop?" I asked.

"That was part of it. He says there was a train for Boston leaving in a few minutes, and he didn't have any dough with him, and didn't have time to go home for some—besides not being anxious to face the second wife till he had the first one quieted down—and the banks were closed, so he soaked his watch. It checks up."

"Did you see the watch?"

"I can. Why?"

"I was wondering. You don't think it was once on the other end of that piece of chain Mimi turned over to you?"

He sat up straight. "By God!" Then he squinted at me suspiciously and asked: "Do you know anything about it, or are you—"

"No. I was just wondering. What does he say about the murders now? Who does he think did them?"

"Wynant. He admits for a while he thought Mimi might've, but he says she convinced him different."

"Then you don't think she planted the knife and chain?"

GUILD pulled down the ends of his mouth. "She could've planted them to shake him down with. What's wrong with that?"

"It's a little complicated for a fellow like me," I said. "Find out if Face Peppler's still in the Ohio pen?"

"Uh-huh. He gets out next week. That accounts for the diamond ring. He had a pal of his on the outside send it to Julia for him. Seems they were planning to get married and go straight together after he got out, or some such. Anyways, the warden says he saw letters passing between them reading like that. This Peppler won't tell the warden that he knows anything that'll help us; and the warden don't call to mind anything that was in their letters that's any good to us. Of course, even this much helps some, with the motive. Say Wynant's jealous, and she's wearing this other guy's ring and getting ready to go away with him. That'll—"

He broke off to answer his telephone. "Yes," he said into it, and then listened awhile. "Come on in," he said finally. Then he turned to me: "I almost forgot—we looked up that fellow Sparrow for you."

"What'd you find out?"

"It looks like there's nothing there for us. His name's Jim Brophy. It figures out that he was making a play for that girl of Nunheim's and she was sore at you, and he was just drunk enough to think he could put himself in solid with her by taking a poke at you"

"A nice idea," I said.

There was a knock, and the door opened, and a fat red-haired man brought Gilbert Wynant in. One of Gilbert's eyes was completely shut by swollen flesh around it, and his left knee showed through a tear in his pants-leg.

I said to Guild: "When you say bring 'em in, they bring 'em in, don't they?"

"Wait," he told me. "This is more'n you think." He addressed the fat red-haired man: "Go ahead, Flint, let's have it."

Flint wiped his mouth with the back of a hand. "He's a wildcat for fair, the young fellow. He don't look tough, but man, he didn't want to come along. And can he run!"

Guild growled: "You're a hero and I'll see the Commissioner about your medal right away, but never mind that now. Talk turkey. I want to know what he did."

"Yes sir, I was getting to that. I relieved Morgan at eight o'clock this morning, and everything went along quiet, till along about ten minutes after two, and then what do I hear but a key in the lock."

"The Wolf dame's apartment," Guild explained to me. "I had a hunch."

"And what a hunch!" Flint exclaimed, practically top-heavy with admiration. "Man, what a hunch!" Guild glared at him and he went on hastily: "Yes sir, a key, and then the door opens and this young fellow comes in." He grinned proudly, possessively, at Gilbert. "Scared stiff, he looked; and when I went for him, he was out and away like a streak, and it wasn't till the first floor that I caught him; and then, by golly, he put up a tussle, and I had to bat him in the eye to tone him down. He—"

"What'd he do in the apartment?" Guild asked.

"He didn't have a chance to do nothing. I—"

"You mean you jumped him without waiting to see what he was up to?" Guild's face was nearly as red as Flint's hair.

"I thought it was best not to take no chances."

Guild stared at me with angry incredulous eyes. He said in a choking voice: "That'll do, Flint. Wait outside."

The red-haired man seemed puzzled. He said, "Yes sir," slowly. "Here's his key." He put the key on Guild's desk and got out.

Guild groaned from deep down in his big body. "That mugg gets me." He shook his head hopelessly and addressed Gilbert: "Well, son?"

Gilbert said: "I know I shouldn't've done it."

"That's a fair start," Guild said genially. "We all make mistakes. Pull yourself up a chair, and let's see what we can do about getting you out of the soup. Want anything for that eye?"

"No, thank you; it's quite all right." Gilbert moved a chair two or three inches toward Guild and sat down.

"Did that bum smack you just to be doing something?"

"No, no, it was my fault. I—I did resist."

"Oh, well," Guild said, "nobody likes to be arrested, I guess. Now what's the trouble?"

Gilbert looked at me with his one good eye.

"You're in as bad a hole as Lieutenant Guild wants to put you," I told him. "You'll make it easy for yourself by making it easy for him."

Guild nodded earnestly. "And that's a fact." He asked in a friendly tone: "Where'd you get the key?"

"My father sent it to me in his letter." He took a white envelope from his pocket and gave it to Guild.

I WENT around behind Guild and looked at the envelope over his shoulder. The address was typewritten, "Mr. Gilbert Wynant, the Courtland"—and there was no postage-stamp stuck on it.

"When'd you get it?" I asked.

"It was at the desk when I got in last night, around ten o'clock."

Inside the envelope were two sheets of paper covered with the by this time familiar unskillful typewriting.

Guild and I read together:

"Dear Gilbert:

"If all these years have gone by without my having communicated with you, it is only because your mother wished it so, and if now I break this silence with a request for your assistance, it is because only great need could make me go against your mother's wishes.

"That I am in an embarrassing situation now in connection with Julia Wolf's so-called murder I think you know, and I trust that you still have remaining enough affection for me to at least hope that I am in all ways guiltless of any complicity therein, which is indeed the case. I turn to you now for help in demonstrating my innocence once and for all to the police and to the world, with every confidence that even could I not count on your affection for me, I nevertheless could count on your natural desire to do anything within your power to keep unblemished the name that is yours and your sister's as well as your father's. I turn to you also because while I have a lawyer who is able and who believes in my innocence and who is leaving no stone unturned to prove it, and I have hopes of engaging Mr. Nick Charles to assist him, I cannot ask either of them to undertake what is after all a patently illegal act, nor do I know anybody else except you that I dare confide in.

"What I wish you to do is this: Tomorrow go to Julia Wolf's apartment, to which the enclosed key will admit you (the street and number are on the key-tag), and there between the pages of a book in the living-room called 'The Grand Manner' you will find a certain paper or statement which you are to read and destroy immediately. You are to be sure you destroy it completely, leaving not so much as an ash; and when you have read it, you will know why this must be done, and will understand why I have intrusted this important task to you.

"In the event that something should develop to make a change in our plans advisable, I will call you on the telephone late tonight. If you do not hear from me, I will telephone you tomorrow evening to learn if you have carried out my instructions and to make arrangements for a meeting. I have every confidence that you will realize the tremendous responsibility I am placing on your shoulders and that my confidence is not misplaced.

"Affectionately,

"Your Father."

Wynant's sprawling signature was written in ink beneath "Your Father."

GUILD waited for me to say something. I waited for him. After a little of that he asked Gilbert:

"And did he phone?"

"No sir."

"How do you know?" I asked. "Didn't you tell the operator not to put any calls through?"

"I—yes, I did. I was afraid you'd find out who it was if he called up while you were there, but he'd've left some kind of message with the operator, I think, and he didn't."

"Then you haven't been seeing him?"

"No."

"And he didn't tell you who killed Julia Wolf?"

"No."

"You were lying to Dorothy?"

He lowered his head and nodded at the floor. "I was—it was—I suppose it was jealousy, really." He looked up at me now, and his face was pink. "You see, Dorry used to look up to me and think I knew more than anybody else about almost everything. And then, when she got to seeing you, it was different. I wanted to do something to impress her again—show off, I guess you'd call it. And when I got that letter, I pretended I'd been seeing my father, and he'd told me who committed those murders, so she'd think I knew things even you didn't."

I outwaited Guild again, until presently he said: "Well, I guess there aint been a great deal of harm done, sonny, if you're sure you aint holding back some other things we ought to know."

The boy shook his head. "No sir, I'm not holding back anything."

"You don't know anything about that knife and chain your mother give us?"

"No sir, and I didn't know a thing about it till after she had given it to you."

"Was Flint right in saying you didn't get a chance to hunt for your paper?" I asked the boy.

"Yes. I hadn't even had time to shut the door when he ran at me."

"They're grand detectives I got working for me," Guild growled. "Didn't he yell, 'Boo!' when he jumped out at you? Never mind. Well, son, I can hold you for a while, or I can let you go in exchange for a promise that if your father or anybody else asks you to do anything, you will tell them you can't because you give me your word of honor you wouldn't?"

The boy looked at me.
I said: "That sounds reasonable."
Gilbert said: "Yes sir, I'll give you my word."
Guild made a large gesture with one hand. "Oke. Run along."
"Wait for me outside," I told him, "if you're not in a hurry."
"I will. Good-by, Lieutenant Guild, and thank you." He went out.
Guild grabbed his telephone and ordered "The Grand Manner" and its contents found and brought to him.
"Maybe that paper he sent the kid for will tell us something," he said hopefully.
But the paper told us nothing that afternoon: Guild's men could not find it, could not find a copy of "The Grand Manner" in the dead woman's rooms.

CHAPTER TWELVE

"THE kid's probably waiting for me outside," I said, "if you think talking to him again will do any good."
"Do you?"
"No."
"Well, somebody took that book, and I'm going to—"
"Why would it have to be there for somebody to take?" I asked.
Guild scratched his chin. "Just what do you mean by that?"
"He didn't meet Macaulay at the Plaza the day of the murder; he didn't commit suicide in Allentown; he says he only got a thousand from Julia Wolf when we thought he was getting five thousand; he says they were just friends when we think they were lovers; he disappoints us too much for me to have such confidence in what he says."
"It's a fact," Guild said. "Him hanging around like this, just messing things up, don't fit in anywheres that I can see."
"Are you watching his shop?"
"We're kind of keeping an eye on it. Why?"
"I don't know," I said truthfully, "except that he's pointed his finger at a lot of things that got us nowhere. Maybe we ought to pay some attention to the things he hasn't pointed at, and the shop's one of them."
Guild said: "Hm-m-m."
I said, "I'll leave you with that bright thought," and put on my hat and coat. "Suppose I wanted to get hold of you late at night, how would I reach you?"
He gave me his telephone-number; we shook hands, and I left.
Gilbert Wynant was waiting for me in the corridor. Neither of us said anything until we were in a taxicab. Then he asked:
"He thinks I was telling the truth, doesn't he?"
"Sure. Weren't you?"
"Oh, yes; but people don't always believe you. You won't say anything to Mamma about this, will you?"
"Not if you don't want me to."
He coughed, and a little blood trickled from one corner of his mouth.
"That guy did hurt you," I said.
He nodded shamefacedly, and put his handkerchief to his mouth.
"I'm not very strong."

AT the Courtland he would not let me help him out of the taxicab, and he insisted he could manage alone; but I went upstairs with him, suspecting that otherwise he would say nothing to anybody about his condition.
I rang the apartment bell before he could get his key out, and Mimi opened the door. She goggled at his black eye.
I said: "He's hurt. Get him to bed and get him a doctor."
"What happened?"
"Wynant sent him into something."
"But Clyde was here," she said. "And he asked where Gil was. He was here for an hour or more. He hasn't been gone ten minutes."
"All right, let's get him to bed."
Gilbert stubbornly insisted that he needed no help, so I left him in the bedroom with his mother, and went out to the telephone.
"Any calls?" I asked Nora when I had her on the line.
"Yes sir. Messrs. Macaulay and Guild want you to phone them, and Mesdames Bortensen and Quinn want you to phone them."
"When did Guild call?"
"About five minutes ago. Mind eating alone? Larry asked me to go see the new Osgood Perkins' show with him."
"Go ahead. See you later."
I called up Herbert Macaulay.
"The date's off," he told me. "I heard from our friend, and he's up to God knows what. Listen, Charles, I'm going to the police. I've had enough of it."
"I guess there's nothing else to do now," I said. "I was thinking about telephoning some policemen myself. I'm at Mimi's. He was here a few minutes ago. I just missed him."
"What was he doing there?"
"I'm going to try to find out now."
"Were you serious about phoning the police?"
"Sure."
"Then suppose you do that, and I'll come on over."
"Right. Be seeing you."
I called up Guild.
"A little news came in right after you left," he said. "Are you where I can give it to you?"
"I'm at Mrs. Bortensen's. I had to bring the kid home. That red-headed lad of yours has got him bleeding somewhere inside."
"I'll kill that mugg," he snarled. "Then I better not talk."
"I've got some news too. Wynant was here for about an hour this afternoon, according to Mrs. Bortensen and left only a few minutes before I got here."
There was a moment of silence; then he said: "Hold everything. I'll be right up."
Mimi came into the living-room. "Do you think he's seriously hurt?" she asked.
"I don't know, but you ought to get your doctor right away." I pushed the telephone toward her. When she was through with it, I said: "I told the police Wynant had been here."
She nodded. "That's what I phoned you for, to ask if I ought to tell them."
"I phoned Macaulay too. He's coming over."
"He can't do anything," she said indignantly. "Clyde gave them to me of his own free will—they're mine."
"What's yours?"
"Those bonds, the money."
"What bonds? What money?"

MIMI went to the table and pulled the drawer open. "See?"
Inside were three packages of bonds held together by thick rubber bands. Across the top of them lay a pink check to the order of Mimi Bortensen for ten thousand dollars, signed *"Clyde Miller Wynant,"* and dated *"January 3, 1933."*
"Dated five days ahead," I said. "What kind of nonsense is that?"
"He said he hadn't that much in his account and might not be able to make a deposit for a couple of days."
"There's going to be hell about this," I warned her. "I hope you're ready for it."
"I don't see why," she protested. "I don't see why my husband—my former husband—can't provide for me and his children if he wants to."
"Cut it out. What'd you sell him?"
"Sell him?"
"Uh-huh. What'd you promise to do in the next few days, or he fixes it so the check's no good?"
She made an impatient face. "Really, Nick, I think you're a half-wit sometimes with your silly suspicions."
"Don't worry about me," I said. "Worry about the police."
I went back to the telephone and made some calls. Pretty soon the doctor came—a roly-poly elderly man, named Grant—and Mimi took him in to Gilbert.
I opened the table-drawer again and looked at the bonds, about sixty thousand dollars at face value, I judged, and—guessing—between a quarter and a third of that, probably, at the market.
When the doorbell rang, I shut the drawer and let Macaulay in.
He looked tired. He sat down without taking off his overcoat and said: "Well, tell me the worst. What was he up to here?"
"I don't know yet, except that he gave Mimi some bonds and a check."
"I know that." He fumbled in his pocket and gave me a letter:

Dear Herbert:
I am today giving Mrs. Mimi Bortensen the securities listed below, and a ten-thousand-dollar check on the Park

Ave. Trust dated Jan. 3. Please arrange to have sufficient money there on that date to cover it. I would suggest that you sell some more of the public utility bonds, but use your own judgment. I find that I cannot spend any more time in New York at present, and probably will not be able to get back here for several months, but will communicate with you from time to time. I am sorry I will not be able to wait over to see you and Charles tonight.
Yours truly,
Clyde Miller Wynant.

Under the sprawling signature was a list of the bonds.

"How'd it come to you?" I asked.

"By messenger. What do you suppose he was paying her for?"

I shook my head. "I tried to find out. She said he was 'providing for her and his children.'"

"That's likely, as likely as that she'd tell the truth."

"About these bonds?" I asked. "I thought you had all his property in your hands."

"I thought so too, but I didn't have these, didn't know he had them." He put his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands. "If all the things I don't know were laid end to end—"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

MIMI came in just then with the doctor. "How's the patient?" I asked.

Doctor Grant cleared his throat and said he didn't think there was anything seriously the matter with Gilbert, effects of a beating, slight hemorrhage of course, should rest, though. He said he was happy to have met us, and Mimi showed him out.

"What happened to the boy?" Macaulay asked me.

"Wynant sent him on a wild-goose chase over to Julia's apartment, and he ran into a tough copper."

Mimi returned from the door. "Has Mr. Charles told you about the bonds and the check?" she asked.

"I had a note from Mr. Wynant saying he was giving them to you," Macaulay said.

"Then there will be no—"

"Difficulty? Not that I know of."

She relaxed a little, and her eyes lost some of their coldness. "I didn't see why there should be, but he"—pointing at me—"likes to frighten me."

Macaulay smiled politely. "May I ask whether Mr. Wynant said anything about his plans?"

"He said something about going away, but I don't suppose I was listening very attentively. I don't remember whether he told me when he was going or where."

I grunted to show skepticism; Macaulay pretended he believed her. "Did he say anything that you could repeat to me about Julia Wolf, or about his difficulties, or about anything connected with the murder at all?" he asked.

She shook her head emphatically. "Not a word. I can repeat our whole conversation, if you want. He didn't even phone from downstairs. The doorbell just rang, and when I went to the door, there he was, looking a lot older than when I'd seen him last, and even thinner. And I said, 'Why, Clyde!' or something like that, and he said: 'Are you alone?' I told him I was, and he came in. Then he—"

The doorbell rang; she went to answer it, and came back with Guild and Andy. Guild nodded to me and shook hands with Macaulay, then turned to Mimi and said: "Well, ma'am, I'll have to ask you to tell—"

Macaulay interrupted him: "Suppose you let me tell what I have to tell first, Lieutenant. It belongs ahead of Mrs. Bortensen's story and—"

Guild waved a big hand at the lawyer. "Go ahead." He sat down.

Macaulay told him what he had told me that morning. When he mentioned having told it to me that morning, Guild glanced bitterly at me, once, and thereafter ignored me completely.

When Macaulay had finished, he handed Guild the note about the bonds and check. "That came by messenger this afternoon."

Guild read the note very carefully, and addressed Mimi: "Now then, Mrs. Bortensen."

SHE told him what she had told us about Wynant's visit, elaborating the details as he patiently questioned her, but sticking to her story that he had refused to say a word about anything connected with Julia Wolf or her murder. She wound up smiling, saying: "He's a sweet man in a lot of ways, but quite mad."

"What kind of clothes was he wearing?" Guild asked.

"A brown suit and brown overcoat and hat, and I think brown shoes and a white shirt, and a grayish necktie with either red or reddish brown figures in it."

Guild jerked his head at Andy. "Tell 'em."

Andy went out.

Guild looked at Mimi and Macaulay, but not at me, and asked: "Any of you know anybody that's got the initials of *D. W. Q.?*"

Macaulay shook his head from side to side slowly.

Mimi said: "No. Why?"

Guild said: "Try to remember back. He'd most like've had dealings with Wynant."

"How far back?" Macaulay asked.

"That's hard to say right now. Maybe a few months, maybe a few years. He'd be a pretty large man, big bones, big belly, and maybe lame."

Macaulay shook his head again. "I don't remember anybody like that."

"Neither do I," Mimi said, "but I'm bursting with curiosity. I wish you'd tell us what it's all about."

"Sure, I'll tell you." Guild took a cigar from his vest pocket, looked at it thoughtfully, and returned it to the pocket. "A dead man like that's buried under the floor of Wynant's shop."

I said: "Ah."

Mimi put both hands to her mouth and said nothing.

Macaulay, frowning, asked: "Are you sure?"

Guild sighed. "Now, you know that aint something anybody would guess at," he said wearily.

Macaulay's face flushed, and he smiled sheepishly. "That was a silly question. How did you happen to find him—it?"

"Well, Mr. Charles, here, kept hinting that we ought to pay more attention to that shop; so, figuring that Mr. Charles here is a man that's liable to know a lot more things than he tells anybody right out, I sent some men around this morning to see what they could find. We'd give it the once over before, and hadn't turned up nothing; but this time I told 'em to take the dump apart. And Mr. Charles was right." He looked at me with cool unfriendliness. "By and by they found a corner of the cement floor looking a little newer maybe than the rest, and they cracked it, and there was the mortal remains of Mr. *D. W. Q.* What do you think of that?"

Macaulay said: "I think it was a damned good guess of Charles'." He turned to me. "How did you—"

GUILD interrupted him: "I don't think you ought to say that. When you call it just a guess, you aint giving Mr. Charles here the proper credit for being as smart as he is."

Macaulay looked questioningly at me.

"I'm being stood in the corner for not telling Lieutenant Guild about our conversation this morning," I explained.

"There's that," Guild agreed calmly, "among other things."

"How was Mr. D. W. Q. killed?" I asked.

"I don't know yet, or how long ago," Guild said. "I haven't seen the remains yet, what there is of them; and the Medical Examiner wasn't through the last I heard."

"'What there is of them'?" Macaulay repeated.

"Uh-huh. He'd been sawed up in pieces and buried in lime or something, so there wasn't much flesh left on him, according to the report I got; but his clothes had been stuck in with him, rolled up in a bundle, and enough was left of the inside ones to tell us something. There was part of a cane, too, with a rubber tip. That's why we thought he might be lame; and we—" He broke off as Andy came in. "Well?"

Andy shook his head gloomily. "Nobody sees him come; nobody sees him go. What was that joke about a guy being so thin he had to stand in the same place twice to throw a shadow?"

I laughed—not at the joke—and said: "Wynant's not that thin, but he's thin enough, say as thin as the paper in that check and in those letters people have been getting."

"What's that?" Guild demanded, his face reddening.

"He's dead. He's been dead a long time except on paper. I'll give you even money those are his bones in the grave with the fat lame man's clothes."

Macaulay leaned toward me. "Are you sure of that, Charles?"

Guild snarled at me: "What are you trying to pull?"

"There's the bet if you want it. Who'd go to all that trouble with a corpse, and then leave the easiest thing of all to get rid of—the clothes—untouched, unless they—"

"But they weren't untouched. They—"
"Of course not. That wouldn't look right. They'd have to be partly destroyed, only enough left to tell you what they were supposed to tell. I bet the initials were plenty conspicuous."
"I don't know," Guild said with less heat. "They were on a belt-buckle."
I laughed.
Mimi said angrily: "That's ridiculous, Nick. How could that be Clyde? You know he was here this afternoon. You know he—"
"Sh-h-h! It's very silly of you to play along with him," I told her. "Wynant's dead; your children are probably his heirs; that's more money than you've got over there in the drawer. What do you want to take part of the loot for, when you can get it all?"
"I don't know what you mean," she said. She was very pale.
Macaulay said: "Charles thinks Wynant wasn't here this afternoon, and that you were given those securities and the check by somebody else, or perhaps stole them yourself."
"But that's ridiculous," she insisted.
"Be sensible, Mimi," I said. "Suppose Wynant was killed three months ago, and his corpse disguised as somebody else. He's supposed to have gone away leaving power-of-attorney with Macaulay. All right, then, the estate's completely in Macaulay's hands for ever and ever, or at least until he finishes plundering it, because you can't even—"
Macaulay stood up, saying: "I don't know what you're getting at, Charles, but I'm—"
"Take it easy," Guild told him. "Let him have his say out."
"He killed Wynant and he killed Julia and he killed Nunheim," I assured Mimi. "What do you want to do? Be next on the list? You ought to know damned well that once you've come to his aid by saying you've seen Wynant alive,—because that's his weak spot, being the only person up to now who claims to have seen Wynant since October,—he's not going to take any chances on having you change your mind. Not when it's only a matter of knocking you off with the same gun and putting the blame on Wynant! And what are you doing it for? For those few crummy bonds in the drawer, a fraction of what you get your hands on through your children if we prove Wynant's dead."

Mimi turned to Macaulay and said: "You son of a—"
Macaulay started to move. I did not wait to see what he meant to do, but slammed his chin with my left fist. The punch was all right; it landed solid and dropped him. But I felt a burning sensation on my left side, and knew I had torn the bullet-wound open. "What do you want me to do?" I growled at Guild. "Put him in cellophane for you?"

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

IT was nearly three in the morning when I let myself into our apartment at the Normandie. Nora, Dorothy and Larry Crowley were in the living-room.
"Did Macaulay really kill them?" Nora asked immediately.
"Yes. Did the morning papers have anything about Wynant?"
Dorothy said: "No, just about Macaulay being arrested. Why?"
"Macaulay killed him too."
Nora said, "Really?" Larry said: "I'll be damned." Dorothy began to cry. Nora looked at Dorothy in surprise.
Dorothy sobbed: "I want to go home to Mamma."
Larry said, not very eagerly: "I'll be glad to take you home if—"
He and Dorothy left.
Nora sat on the sofa beside me. "Now out with it. If you skip a single word, I'll—"
"I'd have to have a drink before I could do any talking."
She brought me a drink. "Has he confessed?"
"Why should he?"
"But he did it?"
"Sure."
She pushed my glass down from my mouth. "Stop stalling and tell me about it."
"Well, it figures out that he and Julia had been gypping Wynant for some time. He'd dropped a lot of money in the market, and he'd found out about her past—as Dorelli hinted; and the pair of them teamed up on the old man. We're sicking accountants on Macaulay's books and on Wynant's, and shouldn't have much trouble tracing some of the loot from one to the other."
"Then you don't know positively that he was robbing Wynant?"
"Sure, we know. It doesn't click any other way. The chances are Wynant was going away on a trip the third of October, because he did draw five thousand dollars out of the bank in cash, but he didn't close up his shop and give up his apartment. That was done by Macaulay a few days later. Wynant was killed at Macaulay's in Scarsdale on the night of the third. We know that, because on the morning of the fourth, when Macaulay's cook, who slept at home, came to work, Macaulay met her at the door with some kind of trumped-up complaint and two weeks' wages, and fired her on the spot, not letting her in the house to find any corpses or blood-stains."

"HOW did you find that out? Don't skip details!" Nora ordered sternly.
"Ordinary routine. Naturally after we grabbed him, we went to his office and house to see what we could find out—and the present cook said she'd only been working for him since the eighth of October, and that led to that. We also found a table with a very faint trace of what we hope is human blood not quite scrubbed out—"
"Then you're not sure he—"
"Stop saying that. Of course we're sure. That's the only way it clicks. Wynant had found out that Julia and Macaulay were gypping him, and also thought, rightly or wrongly, that Julia and Macaulay were cheating on him—and we know he was jealous—so he went up there to confront him with whatever proof he had. And Macaulay, with prison looking him in the face, killed the old man. Now don't say we're not sure. It doesn't make any sense otherwise. Well, there he is with a corpse, one of the harder things to get rid of. Can I stop to take a swallow of whisky?"
"Just one," Nora said. "But this is just a theory, isn't it?"
"Call it any name you like. It's good enough for me. When I say he probably dissected the body so he could carry it into town in bags, I'm only saying what seems most probable. That would be the sixth of October or later, because it wasn't until then he laid off the two mechanics Wynant had working in the shop—Prentice and McNaughton—and shut it up. So he buried Wynant under the floor, buried with a fat man's clothes and a lame man's stick and a belt marked *D. W. Q.*, all arranged so they wouldn't get too much of the lime—or whatever he used to eat off the dead man's features and flesh—on them; and he re-cemented the floor over the grave. Between police routine and publicity, we've got more than a fair chance of finding out where he bought or otherwise got the clothes and stick and the cement." (We traced the cement to him later—he had bought it from a coal-and-wood dealer uptown—but had no luck with the other things.)
"I hope so," she said, not too hopefully.
"So now that's taken care of. By renewing the lease on the shop and keeping it vacant,—supposedly waiting for Wynant to return,—he can make reasonably sure that nobody will discover the grave, and if it is accidentally discovered, then fat Mr. D. W. Q.—by that time Wynant's bones would be pretty bare, and you can't tell whether a man was thin or fat by his skeleton—was murdered by Wynant, which explains why Wynant has made himself scarce. That taken care of, Macaulay forges the power-of-attorney, and with Julia's help, settles down to the business of gradually transferring the late Clyde's money to themselves. Now I'm going theoretical again. Julia doesn't like murder, and she's frightened, and he's not too sure she won't weaken on him. That's why he makes her break with Dorelli—giving Wynant's jealousy as an excuse. He's afraid she might confide in Dorelli in a weak moment, and as the time draws near for her still closer friend, Face Peppler, to get out of prison, he gets more and more worried. Well, he starts to plan, and then all hell breaks loose. Mimi and her children arrive and start hunting for Wynant. I come to town and am in touch with them, and he thinks I'm helping them. He decides to play safe on Julia by putting her out of the way. Like it so far?"
"Yes, but—"
"It gets worse as it goes along," I assured her. "On his way

here for lunch that day, he stops and phones his office, pretending he's Wynant, and making that appointment at the Plaza, the idea being to establish Wynant's presence in town. When he leaves here he goes to the Plaza and asks people if they've seen Wynant, to make that plausible, and for the same reason phones his office to ask if any further word has come in from Wynant, and phones Julia. She tells him she's expecting Mimi, and she tells him Mimi thought she was lying when she said she didn't know where Wynant was, and Julia probably sounds pretty frightened. So he decides he's got to beat Mimi to the interview, and he does. He beats it over there and kills her.

"He's a terrible shot. I saw him shoot during the war. It's likely he missed her with the first shot, the one that hit the telephone, and didn't succeed in killing her right away with the other four, but he probably thought she was dead. And, anyhow, he had to get out before Mimi arrived, so he dropped the piece of Wynant's chain that he had brought along as a clincher—and his having saved that for three months makes it look as if he'd intended killing her from the beginning—and scoots over to the engineer Hermann's office, where he takes advantage of the breaks and fixes himself up with an alibi.

"The two things he doesn't expect—couldn't very well have foreseen—are that Nunheim, hanging around trying to get at the girl, had seen him leave her apartment—may even have heard the shots—and that Mimi, with blackmail in her heart, was going to conceal the chain for use in shaking down her ex-husband. That's why he had to go down to Philadelphia and send me that wire and the letter to himself and one to Aunt Alice later—if Mimi thinks Wynant's throwing suspicion on her, she'll get mad enough to give the police the evidence she's got against him.

"Her desire to hurt Bortensen nearly gummed that up, though. Macaulay, by the way, knew Bortensen was Rosewalter. Right after he killed Wynant, he had detectives look Mimi and her family up in Europe—their interest in the estate made them potentially dangerous—and the detectives found out who Bortensen was. We found the reports in Macaulay's files. Then he started worrying about me, about my not thinking Wynant guilty, and—"

"And why didn't you?"

"Why should he write letters antagonizing Mimi, the one who was helping him by holding back incriminating evidence? Dorelli worried Macaulay too, because he didn't want suspicion thrown on anybody who might, in clearing themselves, throw it in the wrong direction. Mimi was all right, because she'd throw it back on Wynant, but everybody else was out. Suspicion thrown on Wynant was the one thing that was guaranteed to keep anybody from suspecting that Wynant was dead, and if Macaulay hadn't killed Wynant, then there was no reason for his having killed either of the others. The most obvious thing in the whole layout, and the key to the whole layout, was that Wynant had to be dead."

"YOU mean you thought that from the beginning?" Nora demanded, fixing me with a stern eye.

"No, darling, though I ought to be ashamed of myself for not seeing it; but once I heard there was a corpse under the floor, I wouldn't have cared if doctors swore it was a woman's, I'd have insisted it was Wynant's. It had to be. It was the one right thing."

"I guess you're awfully tired. That must be what makes you talk like this."

"Then he had Nunheim to worry about too. After pointing the finger at Dorelli, just to show the police he was being useful, Nunheim went to see Macaulay. I'm guessing again, sweetheart. I had a phone-call from a man who called himself Albert Norman, and the conversation ended with a noise on his end of the wire. My guess is that Nunheim went to see Macaulay and demanded some dough to keep quiet, and when Macaulay tried to bluff him, Nunheim said he'd show him, and called me up to make a date with me to see if I'd buy his information—and Macaulay grabbed the phone and gave Nunheim something, if only a promise. But when Guild and I had our little talk with Nunheim, and he ran out on us, then he phoned Macaulay and demanded real action, probably a lump sum, with a promise to beat it out of town, away from us meddling sleuths. But Macaulay wasn't silly enough to think Nunheim was to be trusted even if he paid him, so he lured him down to this spot he had probably picked out ahead of time, and let him have it—and that took care of that."

"Probably," Nora said.

"IT'S a word you've got to use a lot in this business. The letter to Gilbert was only for the purpose of showing that Wynant had a key to the girl's apartment, and sending Gilbert there was only a way of making sure that he'd fall into the hands of the police, who'd squeeze him and not let him keep the information about the letter and the key to himself. Then Mimi finally comes through with the watch-chain, but meanwhile another worry comes up: She's persuaded Guild to suspect me a little. I've an idea that when he came to me this morning with that hooey, he intended to get me up to Scarsdale and knock me off, making me Number Three on the list of Wynant's victims. Maybe he just changed his mind; maybe he thought I was suspicious, too willing to go up there without policemen. Anyhow, Gilbert's lie about having seen Wynant gave him another idea. If he could get somebody to say they had seen Wynant and stick to it— Now this part we know definitely."

"Thank God!"

"He went to see Mimi this afternoon—riding up two floors above hers and walking down, so the elevator boys wouldn't remember having carried him to her floor—and made her a proposition. He told her there was no question about Wynant's guilt, but that it was doubtful if the police would ever catch him. Meanwhile he, Macaulay, had the whole estate in his hands. He couldn't take a chance on appropriating any of it, but he'd fix it so she could—if she would split with him. He'd give her these bonds he had in his pocket, and this check, but she'd have to say that Wynant had given them to her, and she'd have to send this note, which he also had, over to Macaulay as if from Wynant. He assured her that Wynant, a fugitive, could not show up to deny his gift, and except for herself and her children, there was no one else who had any interest in the estate, any reason for questioning the deal. Mimi's not very sensible where she sees a chance to make a profit, so it was all O. K. with her, and he had what he wanted —somebody who'd seen Wynant alive. He warned her that everybody would think Wynant was paying her for some service, but if she simply denied it, there would be nothing anybody could prove."

"Then what he told you this morning about Wynant's instructing him to give her any amount she asked for was simply in preparation?"

"Maybe, or maybe it was an earlier fumbling toward that idea. Now are you satisfied with what we've got on him?"

"Yes, in a way. There seems to be enough of it, but it's not very neat."

"It's neat enough to send him to the chair," I said, "and that's all that counts. It takes care of all the angles, and I can't think of any other theory that would. Naturally it wouldn't hurt to find the pistol and the typewriter he used for the Wynant letters, and they must be somewhere around where he can get at them when he needs them." (We found them, later, in a Brooklyn apartment which Macaulay had rented under the name of George Foley.)

"What do you think will happen to Mimi and Dorothy and Gilbert now?" Nora asked then.

"Nothing new. They'll go on being Mimi and Dorothy and Gilbert, just as you and I will go on being us, and the Quinns will go on being the Quinns. Murder doesn't round out anybody's life except the murdered's, and sometimes the murderer's."

"That may be," Nora said, "but it's all pretty unsatisfactory."

THE END

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