

THE SUNDAY EVENING POST

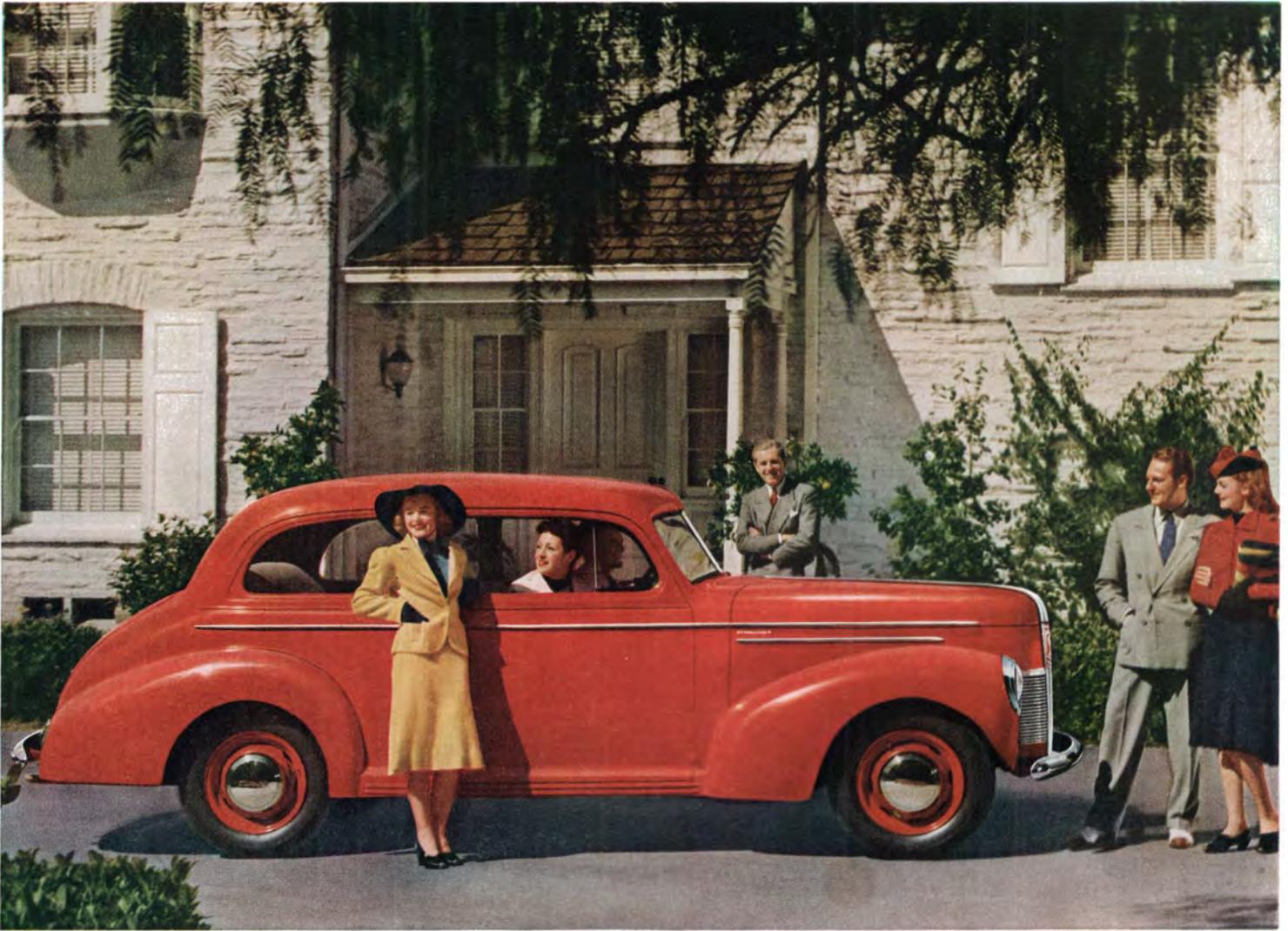
VOLUME 212 NUMBER 47

May 18, 1940

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DOROTHY THOMPSON By **JACK ALEXANDER**



Illustrated above: 1940 Studebaker Champion Club Sedan \$700 delivered at factory



You relax at ease in a Champion! It's the only lowest price car with planar independent suspension which levels off the roughest roads and keeps the car from swaying on the turns. Finest hydraulic shock absorbers complete the job of assuring you delightful riding comfort.



You enjoy low repair cost and high re-sale value in a Champion because it's built with conscientious care by Studebaker's 7,700 master craftsmen. They average 42 years of age and over 11 years on their Studebaker jobs. There's no other group like them in the automobile business.

You travel in style and revel in money-saving with this STUDEBAKER CHAMPION

Priced on a level with the 3 other large-selling lowest price cars

MOST smart things you buy may be expensive. But not this stunningly beautiful, distinctive Studebaker Champion.

Here, at a lowest price, you get a true-blood team mate of Studebaker's famous Commander and President—the only lowest price car in the world styled inside as well as outside by that ace of designers, internationally famous Raymond Loewy.

And to make you still prouder of your good judgment in picking a Studebaker Champion, you're saving consistently on gasoline, oil, tires and mechanical upkeep—as well as original equipment—in this most talked-about lowest price car.

PRICES BEGIN AT
\$660

for a Champion coupe delivered at the factory, subject to change without notice

Motorists who have owned other cars say this Studebaker Champion is the best riding, easiest handling car they ever drove. It has officially beaten all other largest selling, lowest price cars in gas economy.

See your local Studebaker dealer now and see how easily your present car's value helps you become a proud Studebaker Champion owner. C.I.T. terms.



CHAMPION SCORES SWEEPING GAS ECONOMY VICTORY!

Averages 29.19 miles per gallon officially! With expert drivers and low-extra-cost overdrive Studebaker's 3 great cars finished 1-2-3 over all cars in this year's Gilmore-Yosemite Economy Sweepstakes. Per gallon averages: Champion 29.19 miles—Commander 24.72 miles—President 23.40 miles.



**Mother, sister
brother, dad...**



Big Ben Chime Alarm 3.50



Big Ben Loud Alarm 2.95



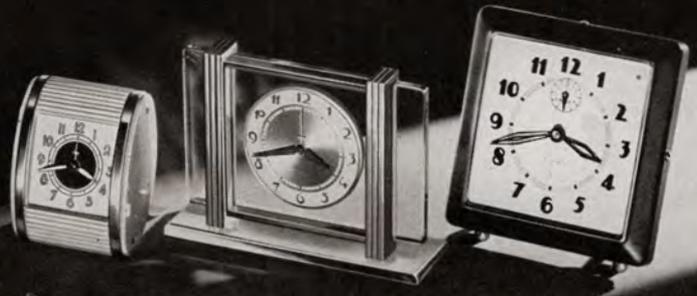
Big Ben Electric Alarm 4.95



Baby Ben Alarm 2.95



**Every freshman
every grad...**



Travalarm 4.45 -black 3.95

Leland Alarm 4.95

Spur Alarm 1.65

Electric Alarms



Country Club 2.50

Pillsfield 5.95

Bachelor 3.95



**Every bride
every groom...**



Manor Electric Wall Clock 3.95



Wrist Ben 3.95

Judge (gold plated) 4.95

Rocket 2.95

Pocket Ben 1.50

Dax Watch 1.25



**Every house and
every room
needs a Westclox!**

Give a
WESTCLOX

Many models—many finishes . . . smart blacks, lustrous ivory finishes, beautiful color combinations. Numerous Westclox are available with luminous dials. Westclox electric clocks include many self-starting models. See the complete line at the nearest Westclox counter . . . today!

BIG BEN

Handsome leader of the smart Westclox family. All Big Ben and Baby Ben models come in luminous dials at a dollar more than the prices quoted above.

The secret of how to give handsomely without spending more than you can afford is—give Westclox! Beautiful models for every occasion—weddings, graduations, birthdays, anniversaries . . . priced from \$1.25 to \$6.95. See this sparkling array of exciting gifts at the nearest jewelry, drug, department or hardware store!

Westclox, makers of Big Ben and his family of springwound clocks and electric clocks, wrist and pocket watches, priced from \$1.25 to \$6.95. Westclox, La Salle-Peru, Ill. Division of General Time Instruments Corporation. In Canada (prices slightly higher) Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario.



Danger Sign...

If your scalp feels tight and itchy . . . if your hair is harsh and sheds dandruff scales . . . watch out for Dry Scalp... Use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to supplement the natural oils.



Want hair handsome? Then check DRY SCALP!

THIS is the time of year you should be especially careful about "dry scalp." Beware "sun-baked pate" . . . and the havoc wrought by showers and shampoos, stealing the natural oils from your hair roots!

To combat this "dry scalp" danger, use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . the preparation that contains *positively no ingredient that can have a drying effect* . . . but instead actually supplements and helps to protect the precious oils that give life and vitality to the appearance of your hair.

Give your scalp this common-sense care which 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic provides. Begin today—and just see how lustrous, healthy-looking and well-groomed your hair appears after the first week!



A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.

EVERY MORNING—shake on a few drops when you comb your hair.

EVERY WEEK—before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage for extra protection against dryness.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1940, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

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Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of a name which is the same as that of any living person is accidental.

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"AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION"

PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOU GET THE MOST!

IT'S EASY TO GET YOUR BEST BUY IN A LOW-PRICED CAR...DO THESE TWO THINGS:

ONE: See the 1940 Quality Chart...in quick order you see clearly what each of "All 3" low-priced cars gives you in size, comfort, long-life, economy, and value...which is most like the high-priced cars.

TWO: Take the wheel of the big 1940 Plymouth and discover the marvelous smoothness of Plymouth's great Luxury Ride! It's a delightful experience!



See the Big Differences Among "All Three"

- 1** SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS
- 2** TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF



PLYMOUTH

COUPES START AT SEDANS START AT

\$645 | **\$699**

DELIVERED IN DETROIT, MICH., including front and rear bumpers, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (21.6 cubic feet). Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included.

EASY TO BUY

OF 22 IMPORTANT QUALITY FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS...

Plymouth has 21... Car "2" has 11... Car "3" has 8

IN SIZE, STYLE, AND QUALITY—in riding and driving enjoyment—this 1940 Plymouth is the low-priced car *most like the high-priced cars.*

Plymouth is the only one of "All 3" low-priced cars that gives you a majority of the 22 big features found in high-priced cars. And only Plymouth has a 117-inch wheelbase...coil springs on *all models*...a big, Float-

ing Power "L-head" engine, famous for economy.

See the facts about "All 3" on the 1940 Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. Then confirm these facts by taking Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9-10 P.M., E.D.S.T. SEE THE NEW LOW-PRICED 1940 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

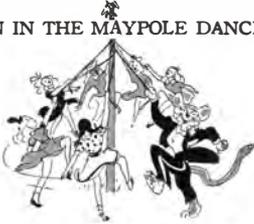
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

JOIN IN THE MAYPOLE DANCE.



There is a numerical feeling about the goodies in store in the merry month. There are a lot of little mothers (40) and a lot of mules, (20).

To be specific, the first offering of May is FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS, starring Eddie Cantor and tot.



This unquestionably is Mr. Cantor's masterpiece. It is unique. It has been previewed and proven. Its laugh-provoking qualities suggest that we describe it as The Roaring Forty Little Mothers.

The second photoplay that has the dynamic approach is 20 MULE TEAM, starring Wallace Beery.

This one has the kick of twenty mules.



It might be described as a saga. What America needs is a good five-cent saga, as someone almost said. This one is worth much more. It's, we insist, BIG.

Then of course, there's EDISON THE MAN starring Spencer Tracy, the star of stars. This is a dramatic contribution that will measure up with the great films of all time.

And the final gesture in May will be WATERLOO BRIDGE. Based on the play by Robert Sherwood, it is directed by Mervyn Le Roy and produced by Sidney Franklin.

Sometime ago, in England, M-G-M made a picture starring Robert Taylor called "A Yank at Oxford". In it was displayed the early talent of a girl named Vivien Leigh.



Well, Vivien "Scarlett" Leigh is co-starring with Robert Taylor in WATERLOO BRIDGE. This is news. This is excitement. Will she again win the Academy Award?

May is one of M-G-M's Twelve Months.

—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

NEXT WEEK



INTERNATIONAL
Secretary Ickes . . . he asks for justice.

NOT GUILTY, by Harold L. Ickes

"For thirty years," writes the Secretary of the Interior, "I have clung to the commonly held opinion that one of my predecessors, Richard A. Ballinger, was a dishonest and unworthy public official." But today, after carefully investigating the case, Secretary Ickes agrees with President Taft's opinion that the conspiracy against Ballinger was "the most cruel persecution . . . in modern times."

What is the truth about this amazing case, in which a Cabinet officer was officially exonerated, but nationally condemned? What can now be told about the victim, and about the cabal (some of them still living and prominent in public affairs) which hounded him from office and wrecked the fortunes of a national Administration? Mr. Ickes attempts to right an old wrong.

BRANCH-LINE LOCHINVAR

by William Edward Hayes

Wagstaff, Mont., Mar. 11 (AP)—Nurse Dinah Harker's quick thinking in the Bolton Mines' cave-in here last night and the prompt response of the U. S. Mine Bureau equipment were responsible for . . . With telephones down in the snowstorm, Miss Harker broke into the railroad station and called for help on a rail phone circuit . . .

And whom did Nurse Harker get on that phone? Engineer Ben Colby, who had just been fired because he thought more of Nurse Harker than his branch-line equipment. Mr. Hayes will take it from there.

AS HE THINKETH IN HIS HEART

by John W. Thomason, Jr.

It was during the spring of 1863 that Elder Praxiteles Swan, captain of the 5th Texas, drifted south to Tidewater Virginia with his brigade for a little vacation from war. But a wide-awake officer can always find trouble, and the Elder arranged a little personal battle for himself on a quiet country road. Three men, one deserter and a girl, against a company of Feds—it took some planning to work a victory out of that. But the Elder did it, and managed a marriage too.

TOO MANY GERMANS?

by Wallace R. Deuel

What is Europe fighting about? The Germans want "living space"; the Allies claim their purpose is to "destroy Hitlerism." Are these the real reasons for the conflict which sweeps Europe? And what's going to happen if the Germans do get their living space, or the Allies do crush Nazism? Mr. Deuel, an American correspondent writing from Berlin, gives you the realities lying behind the smoke screen of propaganda.

NO HOLTS BARRED

by George W. Campbell

Mom called it "a trashy book." But Jody knew better. No book which demonstrated eighty-seven ways to put a man completely at your mercy could be trash. So Jody studied hard, with the worst of intentions. One thing he never suspected was that a small boy with a knowledge of parry-and-thrust could change the complexion of a whole political campaign. November candidates take notice.

HAST THOU EVER LOVED?

by Curlin Reed

And if you never have (to quote Miss Letty, who is quoting someone else, in turn), then confine thyself to subjects thou canst understand. With that, the spinster lady, ignoring her own warning, goes on to tell one of the strangest love stories we've ever heard. If you think you're in love, you might put yourself in the shoes of Powell or May—it may just be spring.

AIRPORT NUMBER ONE

by Edmond S. Fish



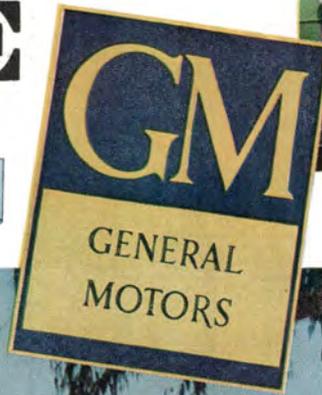
PHOTO BY WILLIAM T. HOFF

For years our largest city has been without a first-class commercial airport. Now New York has one. La Guardia Field, a \$40,000,000 baby brought into the world by city and Federal funds, is an "airport of the future" which is already proving too small for the present. Mr. Fish gives you its short but interesting history, and William T. Hoff's dramatic pictures in color show you what persistence can produce.

ALSO: Jack Alexander describes Sinclair Lewis' romantic pursuit of Dorothy Thompson and the result of that heroic alliance, in ROVER GIRL IN EUROPE; Emanuel V. Voska and Will Irwin tell you how Captain Voska's secret agents did a little fancy portfolio lifting; P. G. Wodehouse will chase your troubles away with the fourth installment of QUICK SERVICE; and Thelma Strabel carries on with her exciting story of the Key West wreckers who flourished a century ago.

NEW HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE

BUILT AND BACKED BY
GENERAL MOTORS



OFFERED ONLY IN
OLDSMOBILE!
OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST



NO CLUTCH! NO SHIFT!

DRIVE as you never drove before . . . in an Oldsmobile, the only car in the world that offers Hydra-Matic Drive! Once you set the direction control for "forward," you're set for the biggest thrill of your life. You never have to shift gears, and there isn't any clutch at all! Just step on the

accelerator and the power flows quickly, steadily, automatically through four forward speeds—and meanwhile, both hands are free to handle the wheel! Oldsmobile's exclusive Hydra-Matic Drive is optional at extra cost on all 1940 Olds models. Visit your Oldsmobile dealer today—take an exciting trial drive!

» » Help promote safety—dim your lights when passing « «

PRICED FOR EVERYBODY. Car illustrated: Sixty 4-Door Touring Sedan \$908, including white side-wall tires, delivered at Lansing, Michigan. Other models: Coupes \$807 and up; Sedans \$853 and up. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

Oldsmobile's amazing Hydra-Matic Drive is a combination of liquid coupling and fully automatic transmission. It simplifies driving, steps up performance and saves on gasoline. All you have to do to drive is "step on it, steer and stop!"

OLDSMOBILE

**"BEST LOOKING
CAR ON
THE ROAD!"**

SAVE MONEY Every Mile

AC OIL FILTERS



Through no fault of your car, or of the engine oil you use, trouble gathers in the oil in the form of sludge and dirt. If left alone, this sludge and dirt will clog piston rings. Then,—away goes engine compression, and, with it, both oil and gas economy! In extreme cases, expensive engine damage may follow.

Car Factory Tests Prove That AC KLEER-KLEEN OIL FILTERS Cut Oil Consumption

Results of car factory tests with two identical cars in the \$1,000 price class. Oil mileage per quart goes **DOWN** on the car without a filter. It goes **UP** on the car equipped with an AC Kleer-Kleen Oil Filter.

| NO FILTER | MILES OF DRIVING | WITH AN OIL FILTER |
|--|------------------|--|
| Test Car No. 1 Miles per Qt. of Oil | | Test Car No. 2 Miles per Qt. of Oil |
| Start with New Oil | 0 | Start with New Oil |
| 272 | 5,000 | 368 |
| 252 | 10,000 | 402 |
| 226 | 15,000 | 408 |
| 200 | 16,000 | 417 |

Built to do a Better Job

An AC Kleer-Kleen Oil Filter will give you constant protection. The rigid, one-piece, molded filtering element, (an exclusive AC patent), effectively traps sludge, dirt, and dust. It even removes discoloration. Oil cannot drive a channel through this efficient element; nor can acid or water erode it.

Constant Protection

You drive entirely free from dirty oil trouble with an AC Kleer-Kleen Oil Filter. The only attention this filter needs is occasional element renewal. And this is necessary only when the oil darkens so that the marks on the gauge stick cannot be seen *easily*.

Install an AC Oil Filter Today SAVE OIL—SAVE GAS—SAVE MONEY

Standard Equipment on Buick and Cadillac V-16.
Optional factory equipment on Pontiac and Olds.

AC OIL FILTERS Made in 2 Models



KLEER-KLEEN MODELS—Three sizes. Fit all cars, trucks, buses, tractors, and stationary engines. Element can be replaced without disturbing filter connections.

CARTRIDGE MODELS—Sizes to fit all vehicles. 8,000-10,000-mile capacities. Easily installed and replaced.



Filters and Renewal Elements for Every Engine

NOTE: Many kinds and grades of oil are in use today. You will be sure of the best results if you have your oil checked periodically, and follow the recommendation of your service man as to when oil should be changed.

Manufactured by

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • General Motors Corporation • FLINT, MICHIGAN

KEEPING POSTED

Among Other Things

DURING February, Post circulation ran over 3,300,000 a week, net paid. That's an all-time high for a readership that just seems to keep on growing and growing. In fact, it's an all-time high for any weekly magazine any time, any place. It's also a lot of nickels.

BOOK notes on ex-Post fiction: William Morrow will publish Leland Jamieson's *HIGH FRONTIER*; Little, Brown had 40,000 advance sales on Walter D. Edmonds' *CHAD HANNA*, from which our *RED WHEELS ROLLING* was taken; Robert M. McBride & Company are publishing *FIVE AND TEN*, the story of F. W. Woolworth, by John K. Winkler, which the Post serialized as *DIME STORE*; *GOLDEN PORTAGE*, by Robert Ormond Case, is a Doubleday, Doran book; and John W. Thomason's *Praxiteles Swan* stories, which you read in these pages, will be combined into a fall book by Scribner.

IS IT true what they say about Shearer—that she will be the Countess in the M-G-M version of the recent Post sensation, *ESCAPE*? This, of course, would give the Countess, and not Emmy Ritter, the leading role in the film. Robert Taylor is slated to play the part of the young physician who helps the persecuted singer to freedom. And did you know that the true identity of Ethel Vance, the author, is still a mystery to everyone but the Post editors, the author's agent and the book publisher?

HERE are two interesting letters. The first is from Post reader Fred Streever, of Ballston Spa, New York:

This vicinity, Saratoga Springs and the old towns of Ballston Spa and Rock City Falls, are all stirred up over Walter D. Edmonds' locale of *RED WHEELS ROLLING*. About everybody read it. Local papers noted the allusions and even nonreading folks were looking up the story.

Some of us can see how he might have got the dope correct about old roads and circus grounds (the ancient maps of the county are accurate and complete), but the absolutely amazing thing to me is the white cat he had Chad, in 1836, see in the Ballston depot window. I'm surprised Edmonds didn't mention she had one black ear, for there always was a white cat around the depot. I oughta know, I've lived here sixty-one years, and six generations of my folks besides. Edmonds must be psychic.

We were surprised, too, that Mr. Edmonds could match historical fiction so closely with fact, so we asked him how come. His answer:

You could fan me down with a canary feather. I'll tell you, though, how it happened. I did the paragraph about Chad riding the horse Buck past the crossing and it didn't seem to have much point. It was all right to have the crossing unwatched—it had to be if he was to get by. But it didn't seem as if

it were unwatched unless something was looking on. The only feasible animal would be a cat in the depot window. Well, if we were to know a cat was there on a pitch-dark, rainy night, the said cat would have to be white. Ergo, the white puss.

Is Mr. Edmonds psychic? We leave it to you. Anyway, he's now completing another Young Ames story.

Author's Note

PAUL ERNST gives you his first Post story this week, in *OLD DOCTOR, YOUNG DOCTOR*, on page 16. In celebration of the event we give you Paul Ernst, in the form of a short note he sent to Keeping Posted:

"Got out of business ten years ago after having dug up the old Rhetoric to find out again what a split infinitive was and written a few sales and business articles during spare evenings. Followed five years of writing all types of things and mailing them unsolicited from my home town, Chicago. The five years were not particularly helped by the graphs of '32 and the bank mishaps of '33. Neither



Paul Ernst . . . finally got here.

were we. Then Mrs. Ernst and I came East, bought a farm with an old stone house on it between Philadelphia and New York (Bucks County, Pa.), and settled down to a placid existence of murdering as many people as possible in as many detective and mystery stories as we could persuade pulp magazines to buy. Every stone in the old homestead is by now drenched in blood. Every once in a while the sights would be raised for a shot at the Post, which is 240,000 miles away and reflects the light of the sun. Finally we got there.

"For the rest, my adventures seem to exist only in typewriter ribbons; in actual living they are seldom more violent than running out of tobacco in a blizzard and having to walk to Bill White's store, a whole mile away, instead of driving. Even in an uneventful life, however, you meet people who are word-worthy. For instance, there was the old doctor in my tale, who did *not*, rest him, abdicate his throne, as in the story."



IT WAS A **BLOW-OUT**
... BELIEVE ME THERE'S
NOTHING WORSE

YOU'RE WRONG—
SKIDS ARE EVEN MORE
DANGEROUS!

Why Argue? New Goodrich Tire Protects Against BOTH Skids and Blow-outs

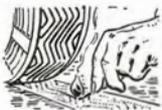
READING TIME: 1 MINUTE 9 SECONDS

Do you know what happened when we asked thousands of motorists this question: Which are more dangerous—skids or blow-outs? Well, just about half said 'skids'. And the other half said 'blow-outs'. Which is plenty of proof that in these days of high speeds and express highways BOTH are mighty dangerous. When skids and blow-outs together kill or injure thousands every year, it's certainly time that you, too, equipped your car with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns.



* * *

Silvertowns are the only tires that give you the Life-Saver Tread and the new, improved Golden Ply . . . the greatest "safety combination" ever offered against both skids and blow-outs.



Think of it! The "windshield-wiper" action of the Life-Saver Tread actually sweeps wet roads so dry you can light a match on its track. No wonder this tire will stop you quicker, safer on a wet pavement than you've ever stopped before!

Ever put your hand on the outside of a tire after it had been run fast? Pretty hot, wasn't it? But that's nothing compared to the heat that's generated *inside*—the internal heat that causes so many of today's high-speed blow-outs. And that's why this new Silvertown has another great safety invention—the new, improved Golden Ply. By resisting this internal heat, the Goodrich Golden Ply protects you against high-speed blow-outs.



Don't risk "half-way" protection in tires—especially when you can get Silvertowns *right now* on the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers.

* * *

How would you like a miniature reproduction of your 1940 license plate on a key chain—for only 10¢? It's made of brass with rounded corners. Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one for you. No obligation. Only 10 cents to cover cost of handling.



LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION
GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

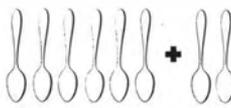
The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

PLAN TO SEE JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR

An Announcement Every Bride will Applaud!



COMMUNITY LOWERS PRICES

Now you can get **8's**  + 

for the old price of **6's** 

It's true! . . . The silverplate you've always dreamed of . . . the silverplate more brides own and love than any other in the world . . . the silverplate your mother chose and adored all her life . . . is reduced in price! Last year 6 teaspoons would have cost you \$4. *This year you get 8 teaspoons for the same \$4, and proportionate savings on all staple pieces.*

Thank your lucky stars the world price of pure silver has gone down, and that America bought twice as much Community Plate in 1939 as in 1938. (The more silverware we make, the less each piece costs.)

And remember: The Community Plate at stores today is the finest silverplate that has ever borne this honored name. The patterns are love-

lier, the carving deeper, the finish richer, more lustrous; each piece balances perfectly in your hand. Even more, *every spoon, every fork* in every design and service is reinforced with pure silver at the wear point.

You brides of 1940 were born lucky! But don't play your luck too far. No one can foretell when world conditions may force up the costs of silverware. Get yours *now* . . . while you can get the world's best-loved silverplate at these new low prices. You'll be glad all your life!

A 26-piece service in Community Plate now costs only \$26. Your choice of six beautiful open-stock patterns. On budget terms everywhere.*



"Coronation" "Lady Hamilton" "Forever"

New! "BRIDAL CABINET"

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THE GIRL FROM SYRACUSE

THE STORY OF PROBLEM CHILD

DOROTHY THOMPSON

By JACK ALEXANDER

DOROTHY THOMPSON is perhaps the only person in the United States who makes a career out of stewing publicly about the state of the world. She ingests the cosmos and personalizes its pains, thereby conveying in her writings a feeling of imminence that worried citizens find comforting. By her own account, she goes to bed and awakes thinking anxiously about where humanity is heading.

This sometimes leads to misunderstandings, as in the case of a visiting lady journalist who had asked for an interview. Miss Thompson received her one forenoon in the boudoir of her New York apartment. She was sitting up, in negligee, in a bed that was strewn with newspapers, books, cablegrams and letters, and she was dictating her column for the next day. A secretary, seated at a typewriter, pecked out the dictation. Miss Thompson, talking as if addressing a mass meeting, was trying out phrases and sentences in various combinations until she was satisfied with their ring. She talked at a giddy clip, simultaneously brushing her hair in jerky sweeps. She used gestures for emphasis, waving the hairbrush in the air or bringing it down smartly on her free hand.

Fascinated by the spectacle, the visitor sat down near the door. When the column was finished, the secretary left the room and a maid came in with a breakfast tray of prunes, toast and coffee, and set it down across Miss Thompson's knees. The interviewer opened with a casual remark about a move which Germany had made the day before. The effect was as if she had touched off the fuse to a string of firecrackers. Miss Thompson, who thinks and has freely stated that Hitler is a maniac, launched into a rousing diatribe against *Der Fuehrer* and all other

dictators. She delivered herself so forcefully that at times the tray rattled and the prunes jumped about in their saucer.

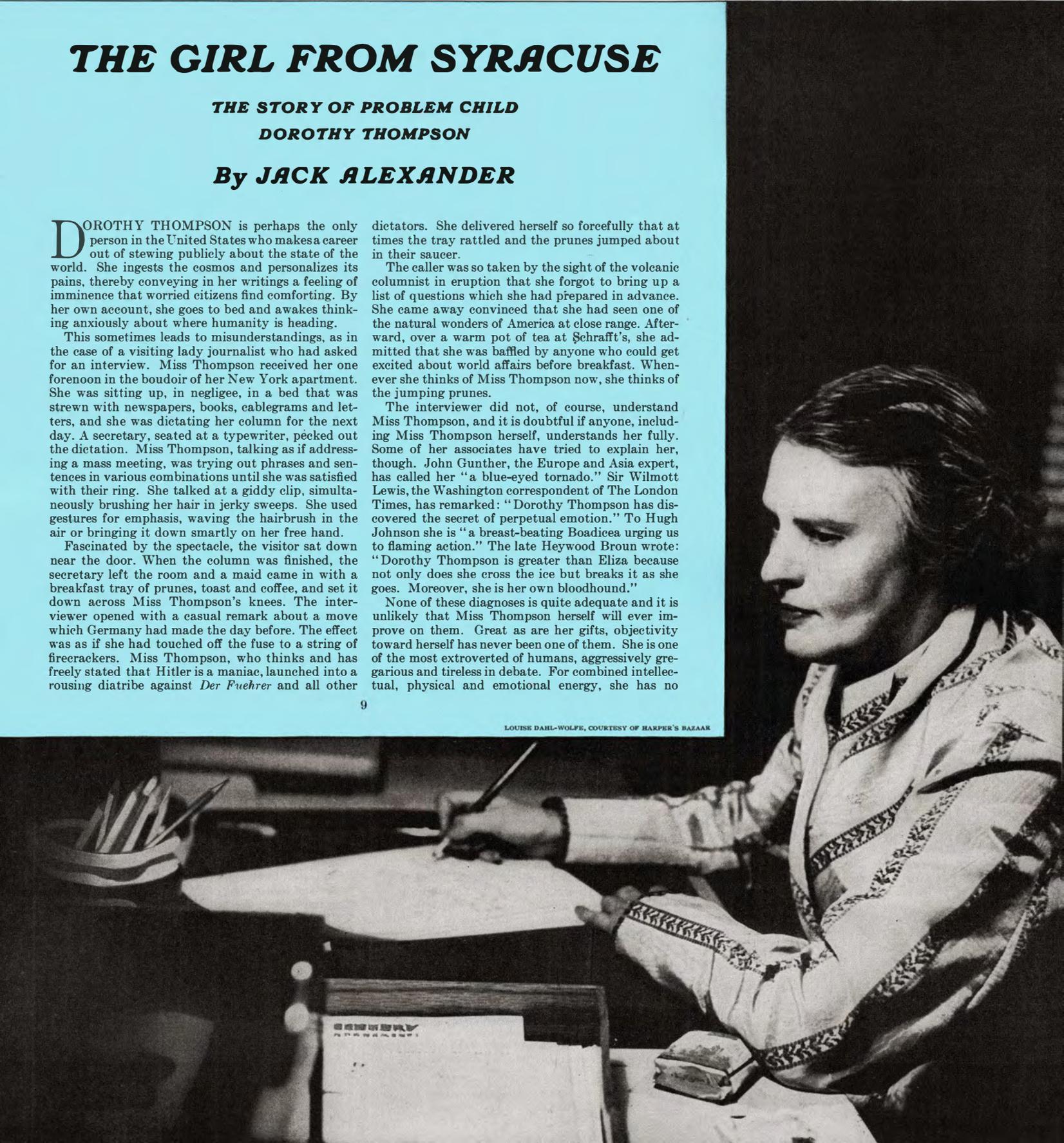
The caller was so taken by the sight of the volcanic columnist in eruption that she forgot to bring up a list of questions which she had prepared in advance. She came away convinced that she had seen one of the natural wonders of America at close range. Afterward, over a warm pot of tea at Schrafft's, she admitted that she was baffled by anyone who could get excited about world affairs before breakfast. Whenever she thinks of Miss Thompson now, she thinks of the jumping prunes.

The interviewer did not, of course, understand Miss Thompson, and it is doubtful if anyone, including Miss Thompson herself, understands her fully. Some of her associates have tried to explain her, though. John Gunther, the Europe and Asia expert, has called her "a blue-eyed tornado." Sir Wilmott Lewis, the Washington correspondent of *The London Times*, has remarked: "Dorothy Thompson has discovered the secret of perpetual emotion." To Hugh Johnson she is "a breast-beating Boadicea urging us to flaming action." The late Heywood Brown wrote: "Dorothy Thompson is greater than Eliza because not only does she cross the ice but breaks it as she goes. Moreover, she is her own bloodhound."

None of these diagnoses is quite adequate and it is unlikely that Miss Thompson herself will ever improve on them. Great as are her gifts, objectivity toward herself has never been one of them. She is one of the most extroverted of humans, aggressively gregarious and tireless in debate. For combined intellectual, physical and emotional energy, she has no

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LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE, COURTESY OF HARPER'S BAZAAR



known equal, male or female. The impact of her personality is both exhilarating and exhausting. At Macy's department store, they are still talking about the time Miss Thompson came in to complain about some furniture she had bought, and disorganized the staff.

In a typical busy day she will turn out a column and a radio address, dictate thirty or forty letters, have some friends in to tea and, in between arguments, keep the telephone wire hot talking with persons in Washington and abroad who help keep her posted on public doings. In the evening she may give a dinner and, afterward, sit up with a book in

had arrived while she was busy telephoning. Then, slipping easily back into high gear, she cried, "Oscar, do you know what this means?" and went off into a high-powered elucidation of what the invasion portended for the democracies.

Miss Thompson's greatest tour de force as a spotlight stealer was accomplished in February, 1939, before 22,000 persons at Madison Square Garden, where she was an unscheduled guest. She swept into the auditorium, where the German-American Bund was holding a Hitlerish assembly, and heckling a speaker with a few blasts of strident, high-pitched laughter, threw the gathering into an uproar and

at ease. No self-conscious period pieces remind the guest of the occupant's taste in antiques. The chairs are deep and comfortable and of no more specific design than those in a men's club. The ash trays are capacious. Bowls of loose cigarettes, of standard brands, lie within easy reach. So do containers of large, old-fashioned wooden matches. A sturdy eater herself, Miss Thompson spreads a substantial tea fare.

Critics are fond of accusing Miss Thompson of brain-picking, a process, widely frowned upon, by which a writer elicits the thoughts of persons in the same or similar lines, and converts them to his own use. Miss Thompson admits picking brains and defends the practice as one which is necessary for the intelligent conduct of a column with as broad a scope as hers. No one person, she says, could possibly be an authority on as many diverse subjects as she is called upon to write about. Besides, she is able to exchange information with her advisers and to voice their thoughts eloquently, and the books are considered balanced.

Up From Pigtales

ON ECONOMIC subjects, her chief brain-truster is Alexander Sachs, economist for the Lehman Corporation, a Wall Street investment trust. Wendell Willkie has helped to form her slant on utilities, and David Sarnoff, president of RCA, on the entertainment industry. Raoul de Roussy de Sales, the American correspondent of the Paris-Soir, advises her on France, and Harold Nicolson, author and National Laborite member of Commons, on England. Miss Thompson is in frequent touch with Nicolson by transatlantic telephone. Others with whom she confers on foreign affairs are Raymond Gram Swing, John Gunther and Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Grapevine information from Greater Germany is brought to her by refugees; a fact which may partly account for the near-fanatical note which marks some of her columns about the Nazis.

A defect of the columnist's system of assembling material is that now and again she pontificates after starting from debatable premises, but this is a liability of all commentators who make the world their beat. It is emphasized in Miss Thompson's case because of her impassioned style of expression. Her own opinion of columns such as hers is that newspaper readers put too much store by them and thus confer upon columnists more power than they deserve. She thinks that the columns should be considered as if they were the breakfast-table talk of an articulate, well-informed person, but this idea is difficult to impress upon readers who are looking for the oracular. Miss Thompson is never conscious of pontificating.

Miss Thompson's success, which has no American parallel, should be a cheering beacon to parents of precocious problem children. For Dorothy Thompson was a problem child, self-assertive, willful, mischievous and given to running away from home. Her father was a Methodist minister with a saintly devotion to his calling. He labored in small upstate New York towns and his family was raised on a variable income of from \$700 to \$1200 a year.

Twenty-six years ago, Miss Thompson was studying at Syracuse University, where she went because the tuition was gratis to the children of Wesleyan clergymen. Fifteen years ago, after some man-sized battling around Europe, she was an enterprising and daring correspondent for an American newspaper syndicate. Twelve years ago, after an unsuccessful marriage that ended in divorce, she was married to Sinclair Lewis, the novelist. For most women this brilliant alliance would have meant the end of a career and a grateful retirement, with honors, into domestic privacy. To Dorothy Thompson it seemed to act as a challenge to preserve an identity of her own. She continued her traveling and writing, and won a place in the estimation of lecture audiences and magazine readers as an authority on the tangled affairs of Europe. She savored the satisfaction of getting under Hitler's skin so effectively by her writings that he had her expelled from the Reich in 1934. It was the second time that Dorothy Thompson has



The girl graduate. Miss Thompson went to Syracuse because tuition was free to Methodist ministers' children.



After rearing ten children of her own, Aunt Lizzie took over Dorothy. She made the parsonage happy too.

her hand until three in the morning roaring Walt Whitman or some other poet.

Miss Thompson is statuesque and handsome. She is a master of the dramatic entrance and immediately makes herself the center of attention whenever she enters a roomful of people. This seems to be as unconscious and automatic with her as it would be with, say, a Barrymore, and it works unflinchingly, whether the occasion is a birthday party for someone else, a cocktail soiree or a christening. Women who go to the same social affairs begin by being annoyed and wind up by sitting things out in a cold fury. The men surround Miss Thompson and hang on her words.

She seems incapable of doing the simplest acts without infusing drama into them in some way. Her friends say that she snips her nails with indignation. While she is usually able to sustain a high note of drama indefinitely, there are times when she has unaccountable lapses, as she did during a party which she gave last September. Things were coming to a boil in Europe and Miss Thompson went to her study several times to receive urgent telephone calls.

A Laugh Heard Round the World

AFTER one of these, she returned and stood framed in the entrance to the living room, looking very much like a hostess who has discovered that the caterer's assistant is a poisoner.

Singling out one of the men in the room, she said tensely, "Oscar, have you heard?"

Conversation ceased and all eyes focused on the hostess.

"Oscar," Miss Thompson went on hollowly, "Russia—has—entered—Poland!"

While the room was digesting this bulletin, the hostess flung a gay "Hello, dears" to a couple who

almost caused a riot. Although she was only an added starter, she took high honors and enjoyed the distinction of being escorted out by a protective detail of police. In a sense, her laugh was heard round the world; at least, accounts of it were cabled to Berlin, and that pleased her.

At forty-five, Miss Thompson is gray-haired, vibrant and commanding. She clothes herself expensively, in gowns that come from Bergdorf-Goodman and Saks-5th Avenue, and makes a striking appearance in them. But she wears them as if she were impatient with the necessity for bothering about clothes. A watchful observer gets a feeling that she puts them on hastily and then forgets about them, and that the tilt of her shoulder straps may be imperiled by her next gesture. She has no knack or fondness for small talk. For this reason she finds women tedious, and they find her irritating. She prefers talking with men, especially well-informed ones.

Her apartment, which is on Central Park West, houses the liveliest salon in New York. Here, almost daily, chosen experts on finance, economics and government gather and do a co-operative job of taking the world apart and putting it back together again. Their deliberations are joined in by intellectuals who are refugees from the Nazi persecutions. Miss Thompson is intensely sympathetic to the problems of refugees and has made her apartment a sort of local headquarters for them.

She excels at presiding over these sessions. Everyone has a stimulating and even an exciting time. The hostess gets ideas for her column and the guests get an incomparable chance to unburden their theories before an appreciative audience. For them, the experience is something like lecturing before the French Academy, with Scotch and soda on the side. The furnishings are admirably adapted to making men feel

suffered an expulsion—she was once fired from high school for impertinence.

But her greatest victories were ahead. Four years ago, Mrs. Ogden Reid, one of the proprietors of the New York Herald Tribune, invited her to conduct a column of political comment. Scared, but with her gambling instinct aroused, Miss Thompson agreed. After spending three months in Washington, boning up on politics and economics, she made her debut in the Herald Tribune in March, 1936. Her column bore the name *On the Record* and it appeared on the same page with Lippmann's *Today and Tomorrow*, which already had earned first ranking among the deep thinkers.

Today, Miss Thompson is at the forefront of the commentators whose interpretations have in recent years become an indispensable part of the nation's newspaper diet. According to the New York Tribune, Inc., which markets her column, she is published in 170 papers with a combined circulation of around 7,000,000 or 8,000,000. The figures are issued in round terms because they fluctuate from week to week. *On the Record* is provocative, and often a choleric publisher will become angry at it and cancel his contract, but the same day's column may catch the fancy of two other publishers and cause them to subscribe. The list has gone steadily upward. Miss Thompson's closest competitor among the individual political oracles is her page mate, Lippmann. Sometimes he spurts ahead of her.

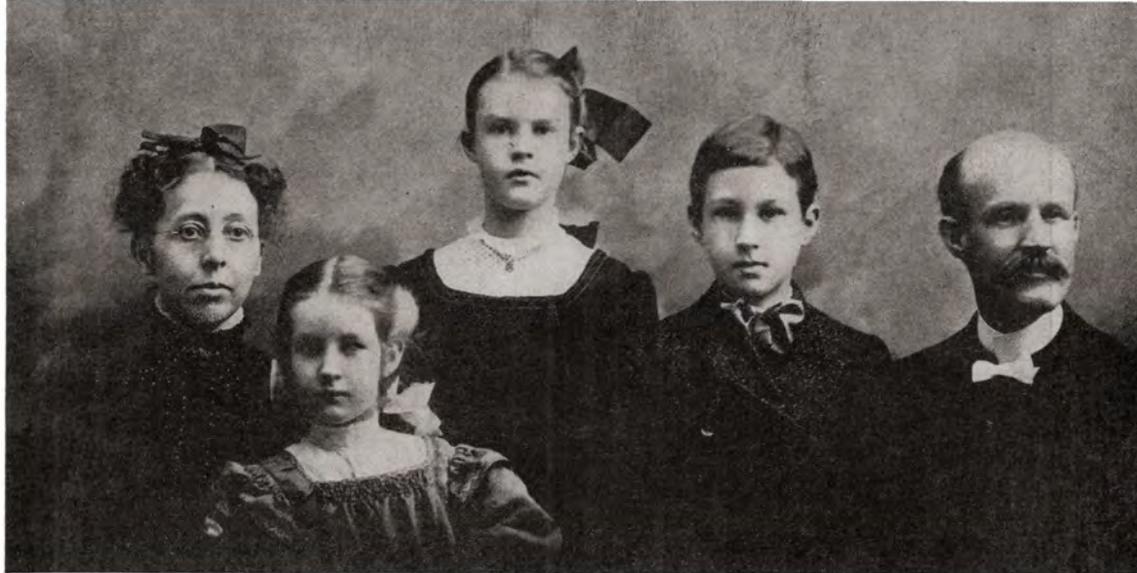
On the Record is published in every one of the forty-eight states, in one Canadian and several Australian papers. Once in a while, a London publisher buys an *On the Record* issue, if its tone appeals to him. Miss Thompson contributes an article each month to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, whose circulation exceeds 3,500,000. In 1938 and 1939 she delivered a commentary program over an NBC radio chain and, according to a conservative estimate, reached five or six million listeners whenever she spoke. She also lectured.

The Golden Touch

HER combined gross earnings for 1938, according to statistics emanating from her files, were \$103,000. Since making this public, Miss Thompson has shied away from further inquiry about her income, but she can still make \$103,000 or better any time she wants to turn on the heat. Her 1940 income will be considerably below that level, however, because she has given up lecturing, on the understandable ground that she is beginning to feel tired. A lecture bureau impresario recently tempted her with a certified check for \$50,000, which he offered to pay, in advance, for a season's tour. Miss Thompson handed the check back, saying, "I'd rather live on fifty-three thousand dollars gross than die on a hundred and three thousand."

Her popularity as an orator is attested by 7000 invitations to speak which she received during one year. The proffered fees ran as high as \$1000 per evening. She turned down all but a few. The requests still flow in at the rate of about five a day. Most come from women's clubs, whose members Miss Thompson tolerates, but does not like, but some are from men's business and

(Continued on Page 123)



"I know what she wants, she wants father," young Dorothy said of Miss Eliza Abbott, church organist. The family picture above demonstrates her prophetic powers. Miss Abbott, left, has become the stepmother of militant Dorothy, center. The others are Sister Margaret; Brother Willard, always Dorothy's faithful stooge, and the Rev. Peter Thompson. Below—Miss Thompson when she walked into the Nazi Bund's big Madison Square Garden rally and belligerently heckled speakers under the noses of irate Storm Troopers.

© INTERNATIONAL





"Your Granddaddy Jhango was a powerful man. It took three men to put the irons on him, and I saw the irons break his heart."

A LONG time ago, in times gone by, in slavery times, there was a man named Cue. I want you to think about him. I've got a reason.

He got born like the cotton in the boll or the rabbit in the pea patch. There wasn't any fine doings when he got born, but his mammy was glad to have him. Yes. He didn't get born in the Big House, or the overseer's house, or anyplace where the bearing was easy or the work light. No, Lord. He came out of his mammy in a field hand's cabin one sharp winter, and about the first thing he remembered was his mammy's face and the taste of a piece of bacon rind and the light and shine of the pitch-pine fire up the chimney. Well, now, he got born and there he was.

His daddy worked in the fields and his mammy worked in the fields when she wasn't bearing. They were slaves; they chopped the cotton and hoed the corn. They heard the horn blow before the light came and the horn blow that meant the day's work was done. His daddy was a strong man—strong in his back and his arms. The white folks called him Cuffee. His mammy was a good woman, yes, Lord. The white folks called her Sarah, and she was gentle with her hands and gentle with her voice. She had a voice like the river going by in the night, and at night when she wasn't too tired she'd sing songs to little Cue. Some had foreign words in them—African words. She couldn't remember what some of them meant, but they'd come to her down out of time.

Now, how am I going to describe and explain about that time when that time's gone? The white folks lived in the Big House and they had many to tend on them. Old Marster, he lived there like Pharaoh and Solomon, mighty splendid and fine. He had his flocks and his herds, his butler and his baker; his fields ran from the river to the woods and back again. He'd ride around the fields each day on his big horse, Black Billy, just like thunder and lightning, and evenings he'd sit at his table and drink his wine. Man, that was a sight to see, with all the silver knives and the silver forks, the glass decanters, and the gentlemen and ladies from all over. It was a sight to see. When Cue was young, it seemed to him that Old Marster must own the whole world, right up to the edge of the sky. You can't blame him for thinking that.

There were things that changed on the plantation, but it didn't change. There were bad times and good times. There was the time young Marse Edward got bit by the snake, and the time Big Rambo ran away and they caught him with the dogs and brought him back. There was a swivel-eyed overseer that beat folks too much, and then there was Mr. Wade, and he wasn't so bad. There was hog-killing time and Christmas and springtime and summertime. Cue didn't wonder about it or why things happened that way; he didn't expect it to be different. A bee in a hive don't ask you how there come to be a hive in

the beginning. Cue grew up strong; he grew up smart with his hands. They put him in the blacksmith shop to help Daddy Jake; he didn't like it, at first, because Daddy Jake was mighty cross-tempered. Then he got to like the work; he learned to forge iron and shape it; he learned to shoe a horse and tire a wagon wheel, and everything a blacksmith does. One time they let him shoe Black Billy, and he shoed him light and tight and Old Marster praised him in front of Mr. Wade. He was strong; he was black as night; he was proud of his back and his arms.

Now, he might have stayed that way—yes, he might. He heard freedom talk, now and then, but he didn't pay much mind to it. He wasn't a talker or a preacher; he was Cue and he worked in the blacksmith shop. He didn't want to be a field hand, but he didn't want to be a house servant either. He'd rather be Cue than poor white trash or owned by poor white trash. That's the way he felt; I'm obliged to tell the truth about that way.

Then there was a sickness came and his mammy and his daddy died of it. Old Miss got the doctor for them, but they died just the same. After that, Cue felt lonesome.

He felt lonesome and troubled in his mind. He'd seen his daddy and his mammy put in the ground and new slaves come to take their cabin. He didn't repine about that, because he knew things had to be that way. But when he went to bed at night, in the

He began to take notice of things he'd never noticed. When the horn blew in the morning for the hands to go to the fields, he'd wonder who started blowing that horn, in the first place. It wasn't like thunder and lightning; somebody had started it. When he heard Old Marster say, when he was talking to a friend, "This damned epidemic! It's cost me eight prime field hands and the best-trained butler in the state. I'd rather have lost the Flyaway colt than Old Isaac," Cue put that down in his mind and pondered it. Old Marster didn't mean it mean, and he'd sat up with Old Isaac all night before he died. But Isaac and Cue and the Flyaway colt, they all belonged to Old Marster and he owned them, hide and hair. He owned them, like money in his pockets. Well, Cue had known that all his life, but because he was troubled now, it gave him a queer feeling.

Well, now, he was shoeing a horse for young Marster Shepley one day, and he shod it light and tight. And when he was through, he made a stirrup for young Marster Shepley, and young Marster Shepley mounted and threw him a silver bit, with a laughing word. That shouldn't have bothered Cue, because gentlemen sometimes did that. And Old Marster wasn't mean; he didn't object. But all night Cue kept feeling the print of young Marster Shepley's heel in his hands. And yet he liked young Marster Shepley. He couldn't explain it at all.

Finally, Cue decided he must be conjured. He didn't know who had done it or why they'd done it. But he knew what he had to do. He had to go see Aunt Rachel.

Aunt Rachel was an old, old woman, and she lived in a cabin by herself, with her granddaughter, Sukey. She'd seen Old Marster's father and his father, and the tale went she'd seen George Washington with his hair all white, and General Lafayette in his gold-plated suit of clothes that the King of France gave him to fight in. Some folks said she was a conjure and some folks said she wasn't, but everybody on the plantation treated her mighty respectful, because, if she put her eye on you, she mightn't take it off. Well, his mammy had been friends with Aunt Rachel, so Cue went to see her.

She was sitting alone in her cabin by the low light of a fire. There was a pot on the fire, and now and then you could hear it bubble and chunk, like a bullfrog chunking in the swamp, but that was the only sound. Cue made his obsequies to her and asked her about the misery in her back. Then he gave her a chicken he happened to bring along. It was a black rooster, and she seemed pleased to get it. She took it in her thin black hands and it fluttered and clucked a minute. So she drew a chalk line from its beak along a board, and then it stayed still and frozen. Well, Cue had seen that trick done before. But it was different, seeing it done in Aunt Rachel's cabin, with the big pot chunking on the fire. It made him feel uneasy and he jingled the bit in his pocket for company.

After a while, the old woman spoke. "Well, Son Cue," said she, "that's a fine young rooster you've brought me. What else did you bring me, Son Cue?"

"I brought you trouble," said Cue, in a husky voice, because that was all he could think of to say.

She nodded her head as if she'd expected that. "They mostly brings me trouble," she said. "They mostly brings trouble to Aunt Rachel. What kind of trouble, Son Cue? Man trouble or woman trouble?"

"It's my trouble," said Cue, and he told her the best way he could. When he'd finished, the pot on the fire gave a bubble and a croak, and the old woman took a long spoon and stirred it.

"Well, Son Cue, son of Cuffee, son of Shango," she said, "you've got a big trouble, for sure."

"Is it going to kill me dead?" said Cue.

"I can't tell you right about that," said Aunt Rachel. "I could give you lies and prescriptions. Maybe I would, to some folks. But your Granddaddy Shango was a powerful man. It took three men to put the irons on him, and I saw the irons break his heart. I won't lie to you, Son Cue. You've got a sickness."

"Is it a bad sickness?" said Cue.

"It's a sickness in your blood," said Aunt Rachel. "It's a sickness in your liver and your veins. Your daddy never had it that I knows of—he took after his mammy's side. But his daddy was a Corromantee, and they is bold and free, and you takes after him. It's the freedom sickness, Son Cue." (Continued on Page 86)

He didn't know the roads or the ways, and Mr. Wade caught him before sundown.

FREEDOM'S A HARD-BOUGHT THING

By
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

ILLUSTRATED
BY F. R. GRUGER

loft over the blacksmith shop, he'd keep thinking about his mammy and his daddy—how strong his daddy was and the songs that his mammy sang. They'd worked all their lives and had children, though he was the only one left, but the only place of their own they had was the place in the burying ground. And yet they'd been good and faithful servants, because Old Marster said so, with his hat off, when he buried them. The Big House stayed, and the cotton and the corn, but Cue's mammy and daddy were gone like last year's crop. It made Cue wonder and trouble.





40,000 NEIGHBORS

By MORRIS MARKEY

Natural-color photographs taken for *THE SATURDAY EVENING POST* by Ivan Dmitri

FROM Grand Central Station you ride the subway for thirty minutes. You get out where the sign says "177th Street," by which time the subway has turned rather remarkably into an elevated railroad, and as you glance down from the platform, the street offers the familiar New York scene: The stands of fruits and vegetables before the narrow, dingy store fronts, the women leaning from windows above the stores and calling down to the sidewalk and, on the sidewalk, other women strolling with their baby carriages, gossiping their secrets in shouts loud enough to be heard above the traffic.

Then you walk a couple of blocks toward the north, and of a sudden you are beneath the red towering walls of a new city. It stretches ahead and to the left and upward almost as far as the eye will carry. And as you enter this city, walking down a broad, tree-lined avenue, the traffic noises fade. The voices of human beings—of women who sit or stroll in the wide plazas, of children who skate or wade or pitch balls—are unshrill.

This is a place called Parkchester. In the unimaginative phrase of the day, Parkchester is a housing project; by far the biggest one ever undertaken in the United States. But it is a good deal more than that.

To all intents and purposes, it is a suburb set down within the city—a five-cent ride away from downtown. It is immense, though its immensity is not overwhelming. It is full of people, but there is no sense of swarming masses, of human beings living like bees in a hive. More than 40,000 men, women and children dwell within its boundaries—or will be there when the last building is finished. But there is space and there are sunshine and open air, and in this setting a new sort of urban existence is appearing.

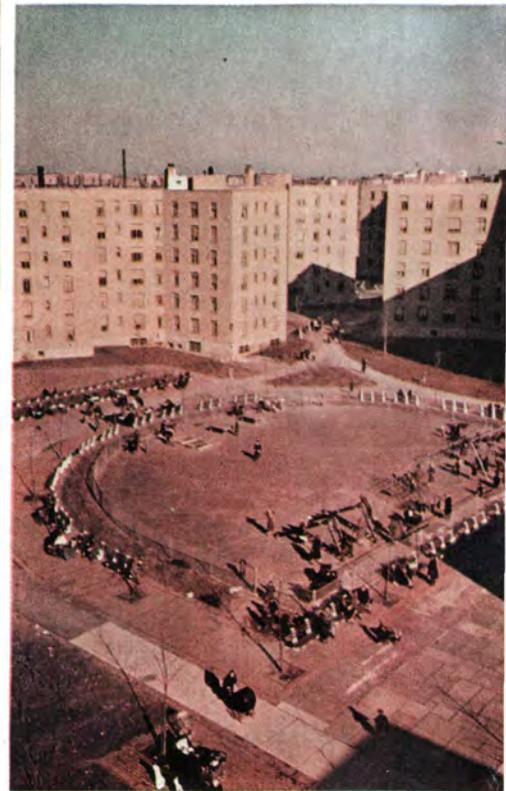
You are familiar with Federal housing and municipal housing. But this Parkchester is quite a different thing. The fundamental idea in Government houses is to eliminate slums, to tear down the tenements which breed illness and wretchedness and crime, and to build in their places modern, clean, cheap apartments. Indeed, it is a condition that a man is not eligible for a flat in one of the Government buildings unless he lives in squalor and earns so little money that he cannot afford better. If that be the case, he may move into one of the Government developments, Red Hook or Queensbridge or Harlem, and have a part of his rent subsidized by the taxpayers.

Parkchester, on the other hand, is an enterprise of private capital, and it is not for the poor. Its apartments—12,273 of them—are rented to people earning between \$1800 and \$4500 a year—the great middle class which has been traditionally neglected while we gave our sympathy and our dollars to the poverty-stricken lower tenth.

The landlord is not a Government official, but the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which proposes to turn an honest profit upon the \$50,000,000 it is investing. There are no concessions of cash or loans or tax exemption from the Government. The company is simply offering for rent new and streamlined apartments, in a new sort of residential community, at prices lower than people now pay for flats in crowded streets and elderly buildings.

The Bronx landscape round about is low and a trifle down at heel. Up from this commonplace scene the red buildings rise, (Continued on Page 41)

The first unit of 51 buildings was opened this spring. The 129-acre development, largest in the United States, will not be completed until 1941.



In contrast, Queensbridge is a new Government-built group for slum dwellers.



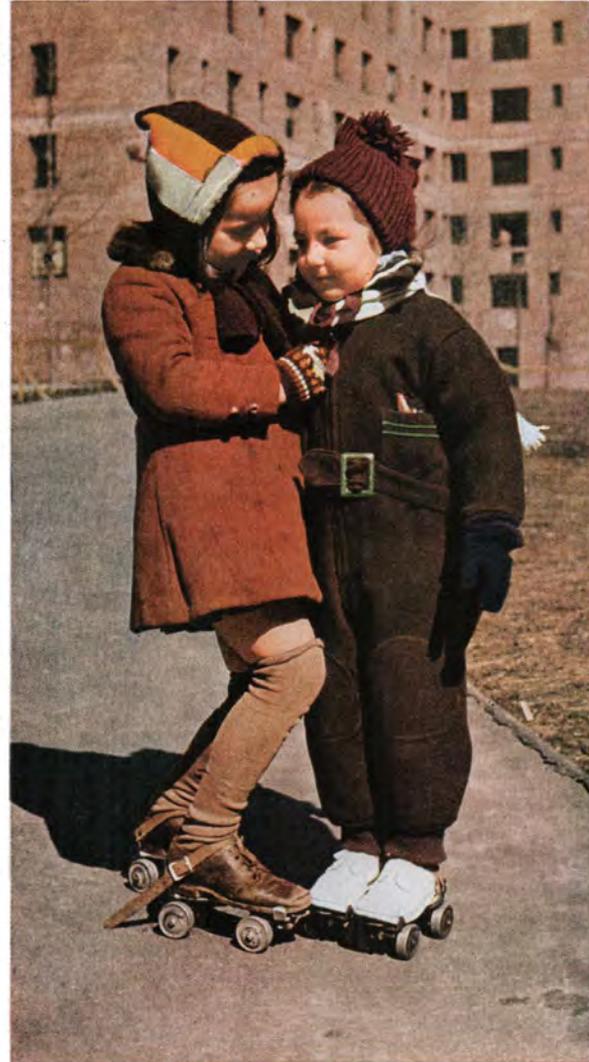
Eleven hundred playful statuettes and plaques have been set in the corners and over the entrances. No. 1, and the most appropriate, "The Gossips."



Their fathers earn from \$1800 to \$4500 a year. Parkchester is middle-class.



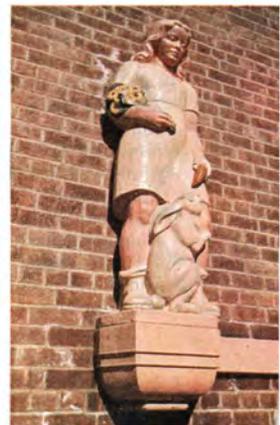
The baby-carriage parade has the undisputed right of way here.



A roller-skating paradise; long, broad walks and no traffic to dodge.



The Thomas Carroll family, shown in bedroom, kitchen, and at table, are Bronx natives, he a city employee. No apartment has a dining room; instead, an oversize living room.





OLD DOCTOR, YOUNG DOCTOR

By
**PAUL
ERNST**

ILLUSTRATED BY
RITCHIE COOPER

In the next instant his grasp on the branch failed, and he was in the boiling flood, and that was going to be the end of old Doc Grinbaugh.

HE CAME in rubbing his hands and snorting with the pleasure of a good night's sleep and a clear conscience. He came in sniffing the fine smell that was crisp bacon in the kitchen, with toast and poached eggs to go with the bacon; and he didn't see the storm signals in his daughter's blue eyes, that were like his blue eyes, or notice the reticence in her nod. "Nice morning," he said in his amiable growl.

His daughter nodded again, reticently, though it was a nasty, miserable morning. There was a driving rain, which had continued from day before yesterday and looked as if making up its mind to go on through tomorrow and the next day too. It was the cold, wind-swirled rain that can come in the last week in April in New Hampshire; the kind of ferocious rain that could turn into soggy snow and vicious sleet, stinging like salt in a cut.

It was a nasty morning, but old Doctor Grinbaugh said it was good, and his daughter Jean nodded because for all her thirty-one years she had been nod-

ding agreement to what the sinewy, growling, competent, strong-willed old man said.

"Orange juice," she said, passing the glass across the small table in the rear sunroom where they usually breakfasted; a room walled on two sides by glass, but letting in no sun now.

Jean McKee looked twenty-five, but then the Grinbaughs all had a habit of being younger than their years and old Doctor Grinbaugh broke all the records for this, even among the durable Grinbaughs.

For the doctor would be seventy-two in May, and he still preferred three eggs to two in the morning and still was the doctor of the town of Barstowe, and still called Dave McKee "my boy" and said he would be a fine physician one of these days. Seventy-two years old next month, and his shoulders were scarcely bowed at all and he only used glasses to read the fine print of newspapers, which is diabolically designed to humiliate men otherwise in their prime.

"Toast?" said Jean.



"You bet," said old Doctor Grinbaugh. He put a colored handkerchief half as big as a tablecloth to his large, dominating nose and trumpeted, more from exuberance than necessity: "Had a swell night's sleep. Feel like a boy this morning. Dave not up yet?"

Jean shook her head. Dave McKee had not had a swell night's sleep and probably would not wake up feeling like a boy. Mrs. Pearson, who had the ill judgment to live behind a mountain fourteen miles away down a rutted, muddy lane of a road, had had Jed, her husband, phone wildly at two in the morning that her time had come, so Dave had returned at a quarter of five, and Mrs. Pearson's time had not come. Any hour now, but not last night. Families in better circumstances would have had her at a hospital two days ago, but the Pearsons could not afford hospitals. They had a bedroom and a stove and water for heating, didn't they? And Doctor Grinbaugh, and later Doctor Dave, had proved over and over again that they could get along without shiny, expensive delivery rooms, hadn't they?

"Nine o'clock, and Dave not up yet," taunted Grinbaugh, crunching toast lustily with teeth that werestill almost all his own. "The boy can't take it."

It was a joke, and Jean knew it was a joke, but the knowledge didn't keep the slow red from coming to a spot in each cheek.

"I can still get in at six in the morning and roust out at half past eight and carry off a couple of majors at Barstowe Emergency before noon," said Grinbaugh, fishing in the metal shell for more toast.

Jean might have said: Yes, but you don't. For five years Dave has taken every night call and every distant call. And for four years, since doing that rather miraculous reconstruction job on Pete Callom's gun-shattered hand, Dave has performed most of the majors at Barstowe's small but excellent emergency hospital.

Doctor Grinbaugh looked suddenly at his daughter, who seemed unusually silent.

"Just joking, of course," he rumbled affectionately. "You know what I really think of the boy. We'll make a physician of him yet."

Jean might have said: Dave, at thirty-five, is hardly a boy, in that tone of voice at least. As for making a physician of him, he was a pretty swell one

in New York eight years ago, when he left a growing practice on his father-in-law's plea that he needed someone in Barstowe gradually to take over.

And she might have said: Dave swallowed a lot of pride when he gave up working for himself and came to a small town to work under another man who kept insisting that nothing would please him more than retirement, but who acted now as if he were never going to retire. Now—perennially Young Doctor Dave, who was accepted only after old Doctor Grinbaugh had first been asked for—he was engaged daily in that job of swallowing, and it was taking down his weight pound by pound and putting a line here and a line there in a face too old for his age.

And she might have said: Dave and I live in this house with you, not alone because we love you and you'd be lonely without us but also because we haven't money for another house. And we haven't the money because the patients you've turned over to Dave have been the Calloms and the Pearsons and others like them, who are God's people and whom we love, but who have no money to pay their bills, since God's people are often without cash, which will probably be made up to them on that fabulous day when they inherit the earth.

And she might have said: You're well fixed and you have a laboratory fitted up over a twenty-year period, and you have often expressed a wish to be a laboratory doctor, with a dozen experiments you speak of longing to do; and at seventy-two, don't you think it's time to take advantage of these things and give Dave the chance he has earned many times over? And she might have said —

There were a great many things Jean McKee might have said; things that had been storing up for expression for a long time. But she didn't say any of them because she knew that her father hadn't the faintest notion of what he was doing to her husband. He didn't realize at all that he had given Dave the hard and unprofitable part, which every doctor expects as a portion of his job, but on which he cannot subsist alone. He didn't realize that he was only playing now at being the tough, all-weather, never-failing country doctor; that Dave was really being the substance of this dream.

She stared out at the cold and driving rain, and what she did say was, "Dave's going to run down to

New York this afternoon. You don't mind, do you, dad?"

Doctor Grinbaugh looked at her suddenly over a bite of toast that for the moment went unchewed. Then he, too, stared at the fogged windows.

"Pretty nasty weather for a trip to New York, isn't it?" he said.

"Oh, he won't drive," said Jean, pouring more coffee and gazing at the cup instead of at her father. "I'll run him to the station for the three o'clock. That is, if it's all right with you. You can take care of anything that comes up, I guess."

Now, this was not the kind of thing to say to old Grinbaugh if you wanted to be cherished to his bosom. And it was curious that his daughter, knowing him as well as she must have known him by now, should say it. And it was even more curious that Dave, upstairs sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, had no idea at all that he had planned to take a trip to New York.

"What do you mean, you guess I can take care of things?" growled Grinbaugh, glaring at his daughter. "I took care of this town for thirty-eight years before Dave came, and I can go right on taking care of it. He can go to New York for a month if he wants to. But why," he added in a slightly plaintive tone, and looking distastefully at the cold, wet mess which was the world outside, "does he pick a day like this to go?"

"It's his mother," said Jean calmly. "It has been some time since he has seen her, you know."

"Yes, yes, of course," said her father. "I suppose she isn't feeling as spry as she used to," he added comfortably, because his own years were so hale.

A call then came for Doctor Grinbaugh, and the old man went out to his old car, which was one of the more amusing disgraces of Barstowe. It hadn't known paint for years, and its seat covers were frayed and ripped over original upholstery even more ripped and frayed, but it had nice high wheels that could take it through the most astonishing mud and snow.

So Doctor Grinbaugh made that call, and took 11:00 to 1:00 office hours and made two calls in town that were more or less routine, and then he came back, and the phone jangled, and it was a call from Bear Mountain Inn, ten miles in the hills. Since it was getting on to three o'clock and Dave's train time, Doc Grinbaugh took that one, too, and the rain was a kick in the face as he went out the door.

Up in the bedroom, Dr. Dave McKee stopped throwing things in his suitcase and faced his wife.

"I can't go on this kind of a day," he said. His eyes were fine eyes, gray eyes, and his face, stripped of some of the lean humor once resident there, was a resolute face, and he began taking things out of the bag.

"Darling, you're going," said Jean quietly.

"I don't like this," said Dave. "In this kind of weather anything can happen."

"It's precisely the type of weather we've been waiting for."

"But —"

"It's fourteen minutes to three."

There was a tone in her voice that all married men know, so Dave and Jean went out to Dave's inconspicuous coupé through the demoniac rain and went to the station.

"I don't like this at all," he repeated, staring at the depot parking lot, which was a fishpond, and the gutters of High Street, which had become rivers. "Your father is an old man."

"But he's not," said Jean, with a slight dent in her right cheek which would have been a dimple if the smile behind it had ever been born. Which it wasn't. "He feels like a boy. He has taken care of the aches and pains of Barstowe for forty-six years and can keep on taking care of them, come what may. Haven't you heard?"

"You know very well that he hasn't been keeping up in the last few years nearly as much as he thinks he —"

"Have a good time," said Jean, "with your mother."

Jean drove home, and off ten miles Doc Grinbaugh pulled up in front of Bear Mountain Inn, which is hardly more

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"I can't go on this kind of a day," he said, and he began taking things out of the bag.



MY THUMB IN YOUR COFFEE

By
HAROLD TITUS



She appeared to lose balance. She leaned farther over him, pouring faster, and men left their chairs, stamping, cheering.

ONE of them said, ". . . and there's Len Howe —". And a hand took hold of her throat.

Seven years without hearing anyone else speak his name. Seven years of never dropping off to sleep herself without whispering it. Trying to forget it, though. Trying to put it out of her mind. Then to have it come at her through an artificial palm and a screen, in a strange hotel in a town whose name she didn't even remember.

She was standing behind that screen at the end of the banquet room where they'd set up a stage for the dinner show, looking over the crowd, busy with its soup. With an act like hers, it paid to pick out the dumb and the dopes and the fresh.

Standing there in a waitress' uniform, her hair pulled back tight, eyebrows tricked into an arch of concern, those light pencilings on her forehead that stood for worry, touches at mouth corners withering her firm face, lending age.

And then one of the three at that table under the palm came out with it against the rumble and clatter.

". . . and there's Len Howe," he said, not four feet from her. "The best sales-manager prospect this concern ever had! Gypped out of his chance by a fat-head who knows just one thing—front-office politics from A to Izzard!"

Something was holding her throat, all right. Just like the something that had held it when she sent Lennie away seven years ago. Seven years and a month or two. Or maybe three. Time flies.

Thoughts fly too. You relive seven years in the space of seven quick thumps of your heart. You see it again—the big, bare room at the school and the Deacon shutting off the phonograph, with his hard, reserved face going soft and gentle. The Deacon, shutting off the music and coming over to where you stand, breathing hard, your dancing shorts sticking to your slim legs, he'd stepped the tempo up so fast.

"That's it, sweetheart!" you hear the Deacon say again. "You've got it, Claire!" he says, and takes your hands and kisses the knuckles, and his stiff, waxed mustache tickles, which you don't remember until long afterward, because he's never said that to anybody before. He's the toughest dance teacher in New York, and he's never praised anybody before, and it brings tears. When you turn your head so he won't know, there's Lennie, standing in the doorway.

He's been standing there a long time, you realize. And you've seen him with a part of your eyes, over on the dramatic side, all summer, like too many others, out of school and with no place to go in a depression, and grabbing at this or that. He's been just a boy, over on the dramatic side, who didn't belong, because paying tuition and working your head off

won't make anybody belong. There are things like having it in your blood; like you, a daughter of hoofers, and living and breathing and eating and drinking dancing. So nobody else, belonging or not, from the dramatic side has been sharp or real to you. Until now, with street sunlight on his light hair, and his wide shoulders and narrow hips and his blue eyes saying all the things the Deacon is saying. And more.

He comes over to the dance side because your scherzo's knocked him cold. And he surprises even the Deacon by the way he takes to it, and at last, after trying everybody loose, you've a partner. The Deacon snorts when he admits it. Just a makeshift. Lennie's not your kind, the Deacon's kind. He can dance, in a way, but he doesn't belong.

But before you know it, the Deacon's through. He's given you all he can, and you and Lennie are booked out in Cleveland. Yes, Lennie; because there's nobody else loose and you're ready to go. You're knocking them over, so they stand up and yell when you end the scherzo and make your bow—that bow to the floor you've worked on so hard. With Lennie smiling behind you, standing back, giving it all to you. That's Lennie—generous, retiring, underestimating himself. But always trying. Working his head off to get better, asking and following your advice. Trying so hard because he's got to be good at whatever he tries.



You keep going, even kids like you, bad as times are. With talent starving, with talent on relief, you keep going. Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago. You get what vaudeville there is and the biggest hotels and the best night spots. You're just kids, but you're good. You're a sensation with that scherzo, and they go wild over your bow, with Lennie there behind you, showing his white teeth to the crowd and the thing in his eyes to you.

That's the trouble—the thing you see in Lennie's eyes. You've never known anybody like him. He's reserved and careful, and always understates, underacts. But the thing in his eyes is growing, getting away from him, and you begin to wonder if —

Even after seven years you can't admit that you wondered, away back there, if you weren't in love with him. You're sunk if you do!

Because he didn't have what anybody had to have to go on up with you; you knew that the first six months. Try as he would, he couldn't be better. He couldn't go where you were so sure you were going; not to Broadway; not to Hollywood. He wasn't born to it, like you were. His people never had fifty-two weeks on Keith time. His people had generations of manners and standards and prides behind them; not even one generation of troupers.

You admired him for what he was. You were comfortable with him. That's as far as you'd let yourself

go. Proud of him, too, when a house manager'd air his troubles and Lennie'd listen and begin to talk, so unobtrusively, so courteously. Not butting in; not making a play to impress anybody with how good he was, but putting his finger on first faults and weaknesses, pointing ways out. He had what it takes in business. It was as natural to him as hoofing was to you, with Blaine and Norman, headliners on Keith time, for your folks.

Then the wire comes, in Chicago. It's Boris, with a spot in his big musical for you. But solo. Boris has stopped off on his way from the Coast and caught your act. And, as far as Boris is concerned, Lennie simply isn't on earth. It is you Boris talks to and about, and this is the chance of a lifetime.

Up there, now! On top! But Lennie isn't going. Lennie doesn't have it.

You know, now, you've been keeping that from yourself all along, and you're all in a snarl because you're so happy and heartbroken all at once.

Some could trail along. Some could be your manager, say. Not Lennie. Not Lennie Howe, Jr. He's not that kind.

All day you're telling yourself it's what you've worked for and dreamed about; telling yourself Lennie will be better off anyhow. That he'd never be happy just the husband of Claire Blaine. That things are better now; that jobs are opening for smart boys with college degrees. Telling yourself all this and dodging the thing that maybe is deep in you—the chance that going up means more than being loved.

He stops for you at your hotel early. He was always almost silly about your hotel and his. The wire from Boris is in your handbag. You're frantic, wondering how to say it.

"Let's walk a ways," you say, needing the wind whipping in from the lake. "I need the wind," you say, meaning more than Lennie can start to guess. And you look up at him, telling yourself you don't

love him and that it's for his good, just as you step down from the curb and fall.

You bite your lips and hold up the hurt foot, with knives and hot irons in it. "Me, turning an ankle!" you say, trying not to cry, and he picks you up in his arms and swings you into a taxi, his face probably whiter than yours.

You don't tell him, next day, what the doctor says. You let him go on thinking it's a bad sprain. You don't let him know a bone has snapped in your foot, because he'll stay and see you through, and after what you planned to do yesterday, you can't let him do another thing for you. Never. You were ready to ditch him yesterday and go on up alone.

When he comes into your hospital room, you chatter, trying to be brisk and hard, and hold the talk on your foot.

"Claire!" he says, sort of choking up. "Oh, Claire! When you're up and going, you're so wonderful I can't say what I want to say!" he says. "But when you're down —"

And you cut in. "Skip it, Lennie!" you say, and lean over and take his hand and give it a quick, meaningless squeeze. "You're swell," you say, "but it's time I was down. Been going too hard," you say, talking fast to get away from what he's started. "and I need a rest. A twisted ankle's right up my street," you say. "Makes the best kind of excuse.

And after the rest, I'm going to Boris. Solo," you say, trying to make it sound as if you'd always planned that.

"Oh!" he says, sort of stunned. "Isn't that fine?" he says, but sweat comes out on his forehead.

And you lie back and don't look at him, and run on about yourself and your plans and your wants and needs, as if he didn't count. It's an act. You need him now maybe, but can't hold him, because of yesterday. You're giving yourself the short end of the doubt, just to be on the up-and-up with Lennie.

It hurts worse than your ankle. A thousand times worse than your ankle. You talk about times being better, about how he doesn't really belong in show business; not admitting to yourself, let alone letting him guess, that it's breaking your heart because yesterday you were what you were. Most girls could come clean and beg for understanding, and likely get it. Not you. Anyhow, not with so white and fine and decent a boy as Lennie.

So he walks out, bewildered and hurt, but doing a good job of hiding it. Putting on an act of his own. And the hurt of your foot helps, and even the way the doctor looks so sober that afternoon helps. Anything's better than thinking about Lennie.

Two letters come from him—stiff and reserved, and hiding the wound you've given him, and trying not to offer to go to hell itself for you if you ever need help, because you've got him all bewildered and he's just a tramp now, and figures he hasn't the right to talk up and say what he means to anybody as important as you are. That's Lennie; weighing fine points, bothered by rules. Then a third letter, telling of a job at last, in a factory. He's feeling better in a place where he belongs. He's more confident now, being on native soil, almost saying the things he feels. Preparing the way to say them.

But you don't answer. You don't because you've been operated on again and the doctor keeps shaking his head and won't talk. You'll answer when you get up to your aunt's, you promise yourself, and Lennie. You'll be able to think

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ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"Stop it!" he said through shut teeth. "Stop it, Claire! Stop and back up and start again!"

BIGGEST WAR BABY

THE BOOM IN MACHINE TOOLS

By **RAY MILLHOLLAND**

THE bonanza business of them all to be in today is the machine-tool business—manufacturing lathes, milling machines, automatic screw machines, precision grinders—any sort of power-driven, metalworking machinery that will make airplane engines, tanks, field guns or shells. It is almost as good as a Government license to print money, because every machine tool suitable for making war material is sold before the rough casting gets a chance to cool down to handling temperature in the foundry.

Producing is the machine-tool builders' only problem these days. For, if the English and French don't buy them by the time the carpenters start boxing them for export, the Japanese will—if the Russians don't grab the lot and lay solid gold bars on the line for payment first. Yes, the Russians have plenty of gold to pay for the latest and most intricate American high-production machine tools.

You've guessed the cause of all this excitement in a major American industry that from 1930 up to a very few months ago couldn't even pay its spring taxes, business was that slack. It is the war, of course. Machines weighing tons are being shipped overseas at express rates. No foreign buyer any longer asks twice what the price of a lathe is; all he asks is how many he can get, and how soon. It is a seller's market with a vengeance, where prices quoted over long-distance telephone hardly hold good long enough for some frantic foreign buyer to telegraph his confirming order with a 25 per cent cash deposit attached. That's right, the going terms are 25 per cent cash down when the order is placed and the balance paid on sight draft, on arrival of the machines in New York. How long these "easy terms" will apply is not a safe bet at any odds, because the competition between foreign buying commissions, in spite of the touted liaison between the French and English joint commissions, is fast boiling down to a question of who carries the biggest letter of credit and how big an advance he is willing to make to get preferred delivery of American machine tools. The belligerents all seem to believe that the possession of the best and most American machine tools may go a long way toward deciding the war.

Machinery for Mars

JUST to give a fragmentary picture of this mad race to buy American machine tools, a foreign buying commission is combing the Middle West machine-tool-building market for 500 lathes as this is written. The commission is offering \$5000 each for a type of lathe which, ten years ago, could be bought by the trainload from glutted machinery warehouses for \$1800 each. To date, one Middle West lathe builder has accepted an order for fifty of these lathes at that price—with a cash-down deposit of a mere \$125,000. The delivery promised—"subject to the prior claims of the U. S. Government"—is for next November! Another order for 1000 small turret lathes is going begging at \$4000 per machine, with no takers yet in sight.

So eager are the foreign buyers for tools with which to bolster their overtaxed munitions factories that tool factories which have been boarded up since 1931 have been reopened and are again running full blast. A closed Cincinnati machine-tool plant recently reopened to produce 500 lathes for a foreign buyer, the buyer supplying in advance all the necessary cash for rehabilitating the plant, for raw materials required and for meeting the weekly pay roll.

Now for a deeper look into cause and effect surrounding this phenomenal increase in metalworking machinery exported from the United States. Using the index figure 100 as the normal volume of metalworking machinery exported during the period 1923-

1925, the current export rate is 1200—or twelve times the normal volume. At the present time, France and England, jointly, are absorbing the lion's share of exported American machine tools and are attempting completely to freeze out Japan and Russia.

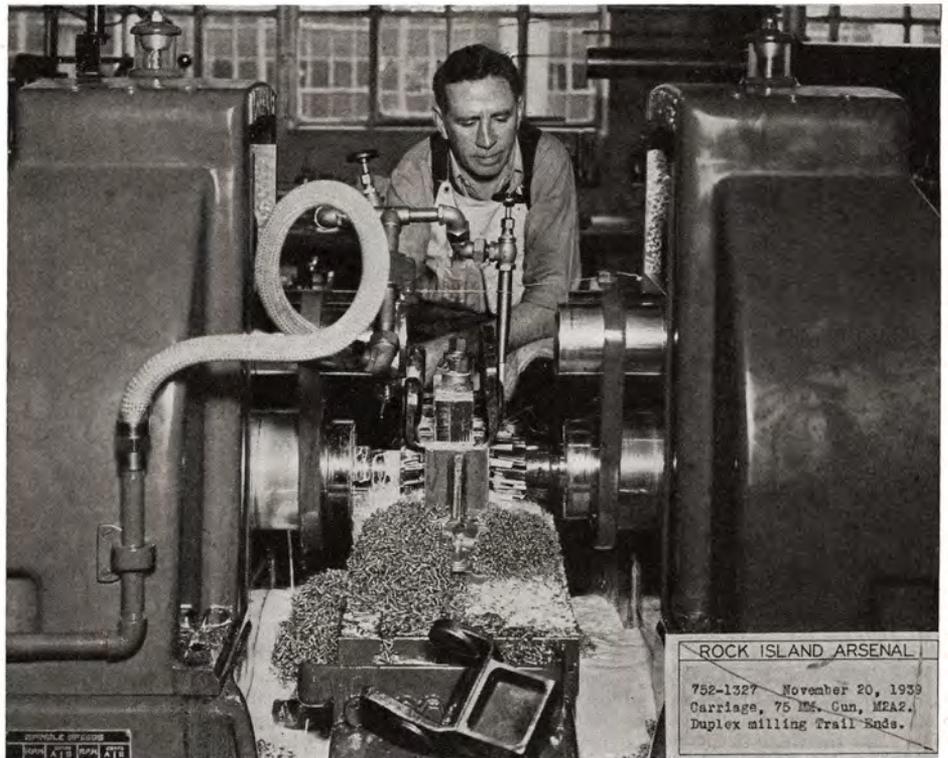
Another look at the comparative figures of exported metalworking machinery and the importing countries discloses that in September of 1938 alone—one year prior to the outbreak of the current war—Japan bought \$2,305,799 worth of American metalworking machinery and Russia imported \$2,677,460 worth.

The transactions of these two buyers overshadowed the purchases made by France and England, combined, by more than \$3,390,000. In other words, market figures clearly indicate that a year prior to Germany's invasion of Poland, neither France nor England had got around to believing there was going to be another war.

With reference to France, the situation there three months after war burst is described in an official report from the office of the American commercial attaché at Paris: "Generally speaking, French industries are equipped with out-of-date machinery, although a slight improvement now has

Was Germany caught flat-footed by the war? Not if there is any significance in the following excerpts from the reports of the American commercial attaché at Berlin, who reported in December, 1939: "The adjustment of the machinery industry in Germany to war conditions is based to a large degree on the efficiency and versatility of the German machine-tool industry. In view of the fact that the production of machinery for armament purposes, for the Four Year Plan . . . the Reich Trustee for the Machinery Industry has always laid special stress on increasing the capacity and efficiency of the machine-tool industry. [Such basic machines as lathes, milling machines, precision grinders, automatic screw machines, iron planers, and so on.—Author.] It is estimated," continues the American commercial attaché's report from Berlin, "that the production of German machine-tool industry in 1938 was eight times the volume of 1933."

That certainly seems to prove that Germany knew years ago there was going to be another World War, and prepared for it, even while France was allowing her large automobile plants, like Citroën, to drift toward obsolescence and bankruptcy. While



Here forgings are being milled in groups of three. This happens on a 75 mm. gun-carriage part.

been noted since 1937. . . . The reason for the continued high imports of machinery from abroad during 1938, despite improvement in domestic output, lies in the fact that although in first instances national-defense orders were preferably given to French manufacturers, these manufacturers were very soon compelled to ask for delays of delivery from ten to fifteen months, with consequences that after a certain time, in order to cope with the demand, imports from abroad were imperative."

Germany was preparing on a scale that required the expansion of her machine-tool-building facilities by 800 per cent, we find, as late as May, 1939, this situation in England:

"The British machine-tool-importing fraternity does not contemplate that the present crisis occasioned by Germany's recent action with respect to the territory formerly constituting Czechoslovakia will cause any substantial increase in the volume of British machine-tool imports. The view of the

fraternity may be generalized thus: It is very unlikely that the action referred to will precipitate a war in which Britain will be involved and British machine-tool builders are already in a position, without increased imports, to supply machine tools in sufficient quantity and variety to permit not only the armament program being carried out along present lines but also of its vast expansion." This report, as transmitted by the American commercial attaché at London, closed thus: "Delivery dates for homemade (British made) heavy and standard machine tools are currently about fifty-two and thirty weeks, respectively." This report was written less than five months before war came.

It is no wonder then that France and England should today be scrambling to place orders and get spot delivery on American machine tools at any price. And it is no wonder, either, that the price of American machine tools has skyrocketed from thirty-five to fifty cents a pound to eighty cents and a dollar a pound, with the limit not yet in sight. Remember, that you can still get your pick of American-made automobiles for less than forty cents a pound.

The International Scramble

ADMITTEDLY, there is some war profiteering going on in the export end of the American machine-tool-building industry. It is only natural that an entire basic industry that for almost eight years operated at a deficit, with whole warehouses full of new machinery dumped on an already distressed and glutted market, should attempt to raise prices to a substantial profit level the moment the situation changed to a seller's market. These increases in prices by American machine-tool builders have, on the whole, been justified by the demands of buyers who have insisted on unreasonably early deliveries of machine tools in quantities far beyond the normal production capacity of the sellers.

The normal production capacity of the American machine-tool builder, based on a peacetime price structure, is approximately \$200,000,000, according to the United States Department of Commerce estimates made recently. Of this amount, 30 per cent normally is exported. For the year 1939, still using the Department of Commerce figures, the exports of American metal-working machinery exceeded \$112,000,000. The export trend for 1940, contingent on a continuation of the war, may conceivably require 75 per cent of the entire production capacity of the American machine-tool industry. It is no wonder prices continue to rise—what with France and England bidding, on one hand, for every available lathe, and Russia and Japan, on the other side of the world, in competition.

Such a state of affairs is paradise for a vast horde of brokers, export agents, international adventurers in commerce. It attracts swarms of go-betweens and

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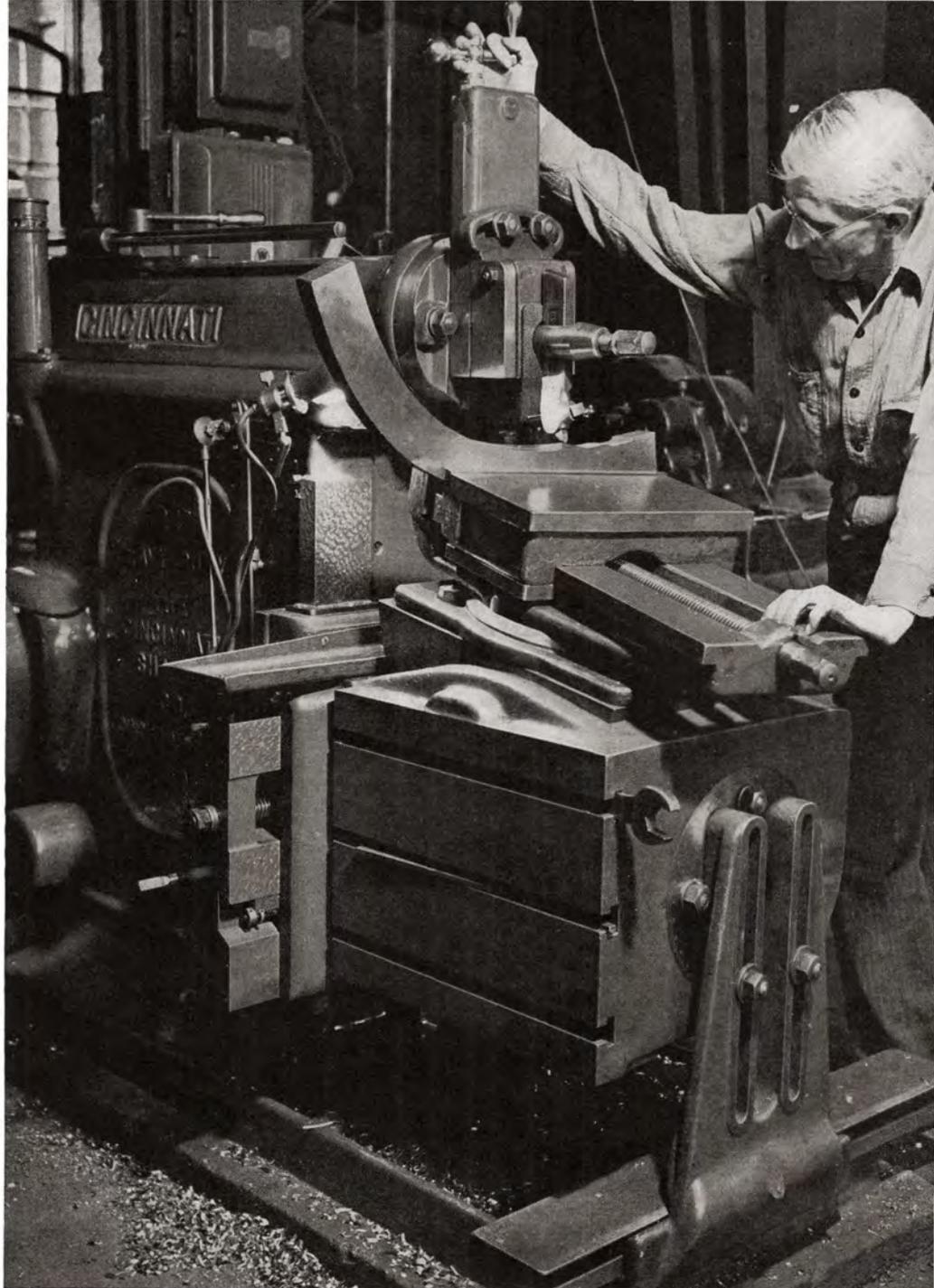
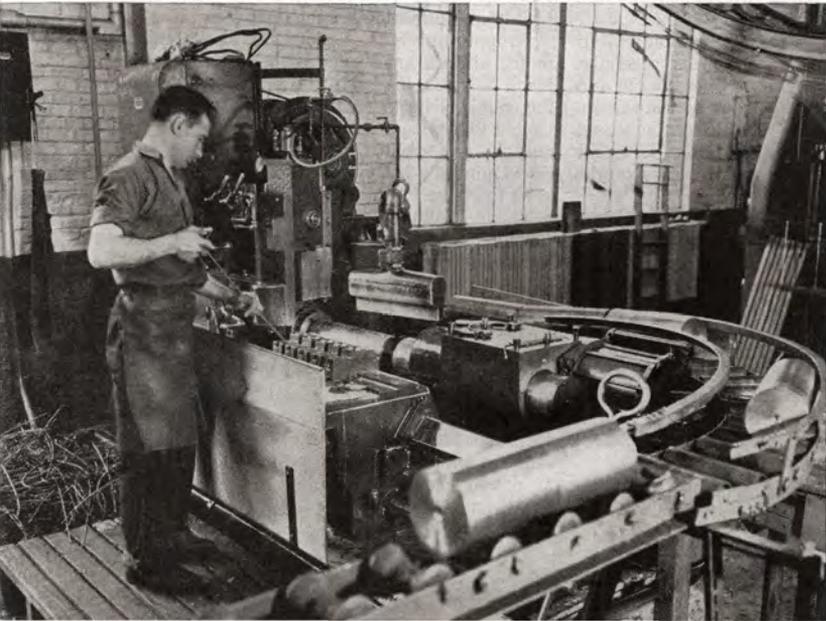


PHOTO BY W. J. HARGEST, COURTESY AMERICAN MACHINIST

Expert machinists have grown old—and during depression we failed to train young ones. Above—Machining a die to make ribs for an airplane fuselage. Below, at left—Turning a five-inch Navy shell in Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia. At right—A turret lathe in operation.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH, ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT, U. S. ARMY

COURTESY AMERICAN MACHINIST





MANITOU'S CHILDREN

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

A MILLION migrating wild fowl—white swans, gray geese, ducks of a dozen species—crowded the high air above the prairie, streaming southward in v-shaped phalanxes and dark wavering strings like wisps of smoke across the sky. A thousand feet up, a long line of giant whooping cranes, statelier even than the swans, broke suddenly into a chorus of clanging trumpetlike cries. Behind the old white leader, a young golden-buff bird, bugling loudly, swung boldly out of line and circled back. Another followed him, another and another. In a moment the ordered array of great shiplike birds dissolved into a confused crowd of individual cranes, some white, some golden-buff or mottled, sailing in interweaving circles, peering eagerly down at a gleam of blue water on the prairie.

Just over a rise to the eastward, a lone Sioux hunter, motionless on a sorrel mustang, watched the mob of whoopers milling in the air.

Yellow Fox had seen the queer thing that had happened: A bird still in the golden plumage of youth, flying next to the white leader, had suddenly taken command of the flock. Perhaps, Yellow Fox speculated, the old white leader's eyes, somewhat dimmed by age, had failed to note the sheen of water in a prairie slough. The young golden crane, second in the long line, had seen the slough at once and was leading the eager flock down to it. As Yellow Fox watched, the milling, bugling mob above assumed a sort of corkscrew formation, bird after bird circling downward as though descending a spiral stairway, the young golden crane in the van.

The Indian saw the last of them drop out of sight beyond the crest of the rise; then, leaving his pony where it stood, he began a stalk which would bring him within range of the spot where the whoopers had come to earth.

A half hour later, behind another low rise north of the slough, Jo Dumont checked his horse and straightened slowly in his saddle, peering cautiously over the grassy ridge in front of him.

He, too, had seen the young golden whooper take over the leadership of the brigade and bring it down from the air. This was unusual; it was seldom that a young bird rebelled thus boldly against authority. But to Dumont at the moment the incident was interesting mainly for practical reasons, the big whoopers being excellent eating. Dumont was supposed to be scouting for hostile Sioux. He didn't expect to see any Sioux so far north and he saw none. But Yellow Fox, well hidden in the grass, saw Dumont's head and shoulders the moment they broke the sky line of the rise, and suddenly the Indian understood certain queer sounds he'd been hearing for the past several minutes.

The métis were coming again—the Red River Mixed Bloods, the "Free People," as they called themselves. This was no new thing. Every fall they came down from their settlements beyond the Canada line to hunt buffalo on the Sioux plains—a great caravan of two-wheeled Red River carts loaded with black-eyed laughing women and flanked by scores of mounted French-Indian hunters in blue Hudson Bay capotes with big brass buttons, bright sashes and buckskin leggings gaudily beaded and fringed. It was like a big picnic, a huge hilarious merrymaking, for the métis, with the dark skin of the Indian and the exuberant spirits of the French *voyageurs*, were the gayest people in America.

Also the noisiest, Yellow Fox said to himself. There was never an ounce of grease on the wooden axles of their wagons, which squeaked so loudly that they could be heard two miles away down the wind. It was the far-off squeaking or screaming of two hundred greaseless axles that had been worrying Yellow Fox as he lay in the grass within easy range of the whoopers, but unwilling to shoot until he learned the meaning of that puzzling yet vaguely familiar sound.

But the moment he saw Dumont in his blue brass-buttoned capote, Yellow Fox knew what the queer sound was, remembering it suddenly from two autumns ago, when he had met a poaching Red River band near the mouth of the Rosebud. He knew also that the wagons were still at least a mile away on the other side of the rise to the north. Dumont was evidently scouting well in advance and was probably alone.

Yellow Fox, a small man for a Teton Sioux, but cool and crafty, weighed the chances carefully. Either the newcomer would ride on over the rise and continue his scouting or else, tempted by the whoopers standing along the edge of the slough, he would dismount and stalk one of the big birds. In either case he would probably pass within range of the spot where the Sioux was lying.

Yellow Fox's rifle was a single-shot St. Louis Hawken, less powerful than the newer Spencers and Henrys, but a straight-shooting gun. He could shoot Dumont, he decided, take the scalp and get to his own pony over the next rise before the wagons came in sight.

Jo Dumont eased his horse back from the crest a little way. He dismounted, hobbled the pony, then, bending low, crept to the top of the ridge. His black eyes focused upon the great birds, seemingly as tall as men, standing at the edge of the pool like soldiers at drill, resting before beginning to feed.

Nearest to him were two, a huge white adult and a young golden-buff crane almost as large—probably

father and son—and Dumont judged from their great size that these were the white leader and the youngster who had suddenly taken command. He wouldn't shoot the young crane. The white adult was the biggest whooper he had ever seen; Marie would make a royal roast of him when the wagons camped that evening.

Cautiously Dumont crawled on hands and knees over the top of the rise.

Thereafter, for a space of minutes he was invisible. Nevertheless, Yellow Fox knew most of the time exactly where he was, for a pair of prairie falcons, hovering over him, kept track of Dumont's progress along certain slight depressions in the ground and through clumps of high grass. Yellow Fox, stretched on his stomach in his ambush, was entirely ready when Dumont's rifle roared and the startled brigade of whoopers—each bird running forward at top speed to get a start—lifted into the air.

Yellow Fox squinted along the barrel of his rifle. Its muzzle moved, following Dumont as he ran forward to get the bird that he had killed. He ran fast, a tricky target, and Yellow Fox waited until he had reached the whooper and was standing over it.

Gently the Sioux's bony finger pressed the trigger. Dumont took one step backward, staggered and fell.

Yellow Fox raced for him, his gun in one hand, scalping knife in the other. There was no time to waste; the noise of the wagons was louder; at any moment the métis hunters might appear over the rise. As he drew near he saw that the crane beside Dumont's body wasn't dead; the big bird, its breast bloody and one wing broken, was struggling to rise.

Dropping his rifle, Yellow Fox knelt beside Dumont, his left hand outstretched to seize the long black hair. In his haste the knife slipped from his fingers. It slid under a tussock and he glanced down to find and grasp it. As his head came up again, he saw the great white whooper reared crookedly beside Dumont's body, wings half open, neck drawn back to strike.

The Sioux flung up his arm to ward the blow, but the long sharp beak flashed under his guard and Yellow Fox pitched forward on his face. He was dead and the giant bird that had driven its dagger-like bill through his eye socket and into his brain was dead when the métis horsemen arrived. But Jo Dumont was sitting up, fingering one of the big brass buttons on the front of his capote—a button mashed and flattened by a lead bullet.

He was thinking. It might have been chance—the bullet striking that brass button. But what had followed while he lay helpless, the wind knocked out of him by the heavy rifle ball, wasn't chance. Dumont was Christian, like his French father, and,



unlike many other métis, up to now he had had no totem, no animal or bird which was his "ancestor," his other self. But this thing that had happened was very surely a sign from Manitou. Never again would one of that stately feathered race to which he owed his life suffer harm at the hands of Jo Dumont.

Throughout its wide range, from the barrens of Mackenzie to Florida and Central Mexico, the great whooping crane, tallest of American birds, made its mark upon legend and tradition. Beside the Canadian lakes, where the Great Spirit was called Kitchi-Maneeto, the Chippewa believed that of all the tribes of the air he valued the whooper most highly. On the northern prairies, where the Dakotah worshiped Manitou under the name Wakonda, a similar belief prevailed. Among the Muskogee of the South, who hailed their high god as Esakata Emishee, the Breath Master, the giant crane was the deity's messenger and herald. Thus the whooper was a bird beloved by Manitou under whatever name he was worshiped.

But Manitou's reign was drawing to a close. Twenty thousand summers he had looked down upon his magnificent continent and counted at any given moment seventy million buffalo, another seventy million antelope, hordes of elk and deer so vast that even he could not reckon them. Now before the white man's advance these mighty herds were melting like last winter's snows. In the year following Jo Dumont's adventure a new disaster befell.

The Sioux, striking to save their lands and the bison on which they subsisted, wiped out Custer and his troopers in the battle of the Little Big Horn. That spelled the doom of the Sioux, a doom inevitable in any case. The white tide gathered its strength

and swept over them and, with that barrier removed, rolled on faster than ever across the northern plains.

It was not yet the end, but it was the beginning of the end not only for the great game herds and the red nations that lived on them but for the métis also, beyond the Canadian line. The wild free life of those children of the fur trade was passing. The scream of a steamboat's whistle shattered the Red River silences. Jo Dumont and Marie, his wife, bade the Red River settlements good-by.

They did not, like many others of the métis, go farther west in search of a country yet untouched by civilization. The stout brass button of Dumont's capote had stopped Yellow Fox's bullet, but the impact of that bullet had done something to Dumont's lung. A warmer climate, the doctor who had come on the steamboat said; another winter in the cold north might be fatal.

That night, as Dumont stood outside his cabin talking with Marie, they heard high overhead a clangor of

many voices, the trumpets of a brigade of whooping cranes migrating southward before the first snow. "It is a sign," Dumont said suddenly. "The buffalo and the elk will vanish, but the whoopers' ranks are unthinned. Each fall they fly south perhaps a hundred sleeps to some safe country. We'll follow them, and when we find the place where they take refuge, there we shall make our new home."

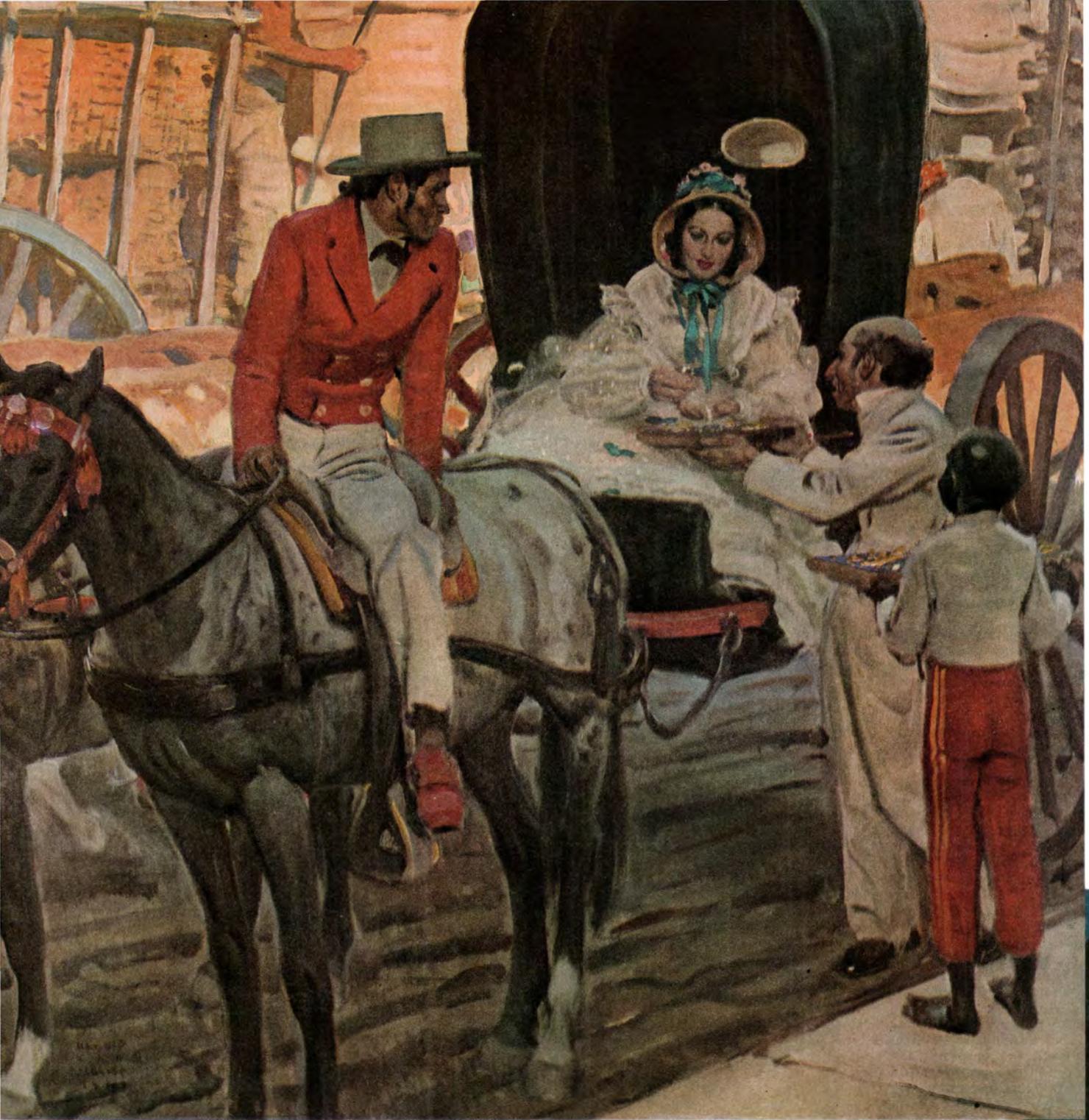
Marie nodded, for she knew that the whooping cranes were his totem. She didn't know that when Dumont thought of the whoopers his thoughts centered upon one bird—the golden youngster who was, he believed from the bird's great size, the son of the white giant that had driven his bill into the Sioux's brain. That great white one was dead, but his blood lived in his offspring. Dumont, remembering how the golden crane had taken command of the flock that day, named him Takahna, which means He-Who-Leads, and wondered whether he would see the big bird again.

(Continued on Page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL BRANSOM



When the jaguar, bounding along, leaped to strike him down, the spotted taloned paw swished past, an inch beneath him.



At last she held up a pair of earrings, lovely little circlets of seed pearls. "How much?"

REAP THE WILD WIND

By THELMA STRABEL

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS

Saving lives and salvaging cargoes kept the wreckers of Key West busy during the great autumn storms of 1835, when fourteen ships had been battered on the terrible wall of reefs between Cape Florida and the Tortugas. The feel of a hurricane was in the air the day

LOXI CLAIBORNE returned home to Key West from a visit to Charleston. There she had spent the season with her

AUNT HENRIETTA, a power in Charleston society, and there the brilliant young maritime lawyer,

STEPHEN OGIER, had courted her. Loxi had put him off, promising her answer upon her return to Charleston. Welcomed home, she found that her father,

MATTHEW CLAIBORNE, substantial merchant and owner of the wrecker *Polaris*, had been having trouble with her brother, headstrong

DAN CLAIBORNE. Loving the sea, Dan had been sailing with steady

CAPTAIN MURRAY, of the *Polaris*, but now his father wanted him to come into the business ashore. Dan was threatening to join

CAPTAIN CUTLER, owner of the *Falcon*, if he had to leave the *Polaris*. Matthew Claiborne did not approve of Captain Cutler, as he suspected that Cutler's activities sometimes deviated from the honest business of salvage.

The situation disturbed Loxi, but before she could

do anything, the hurricane struck. Late in the day, as the wind died down, she heard an electrifying cry outdoors—a long-drawn cry sweeping down the street like a gust of wind become articulate: "Wreck ashore! Wreck a-sho-o-ore!"

It was the Jubilee, out of New Bedford, first command of young

CAPT. JACK BABCOCK. Injured, he convalesced at the Claibornes', entertained by Loxi and

DRUSILLA ALSTON, Loxi's best friend in Key West. When he left, Jack was in love with Loxi and promised to return, but he was put on another run and reduced to mate for losing his ship.

Loxi, at her mother's insistence, returned to Charleston for the season, where she quarreled with Stephen Ogier. When he spoiled her plan to return to Key West on a trading vessel on which Jack Babcock was mate, Loxi was furious. As soon as possible, she arranged to leave Charleston.

IV

LOXI did not see Stephen Ogier again. On the following Friday she had sailed on the Laura, standing aft when they left the harbor and giving a great sigh of relief as the town of Charleston receded in the morning haze. "I will never return," she vowed. "Never, never."

Sally Claiborne had protested only faintly at her daughter's early return. She was not very well that spring; the excitement of the Indian alarms had told upon her. She was glad now to spend long hours in a rocking chair on the shaded upper piazza, letting Loxi take over more and more of the management of the household.

Key West was its happy, easygoing self again. The yellow-fever epidemic had not developed, and though a watch was still maintained, it was apparent that the Spanish Indians had dropped their warlike attitude. The two naval vessels, the Dallas and Constellation, sent for the island's protection, had left the harbor soon after Loxi's return. Even the refugees had begun drifting back to the upper Floridas.

Loxi resumed the erratic Key West marketing that she loved to do. Hurrying to the wharfs on the rumor that a vessel bound from the Bahamas to New Orleans had put in with fresh fruit aboard her. Journeying down when the fishing boats came in, to

inspect their day's catch. Stopping at the crab-and-turtle market.

She had come to the market, about a month after her return, to buy crabs for a gumbo. Maum Maria, her head swathed in the vermilion kerchief Loxi had brought her from Charleston, stood just behind her with the market basket over her arm.

Long Tom Johnson, who managed the market now, peered into the squirming mass of crabs to select the very finest ones for Loxi. His sight was pitifully dim. Once he had been the best of the bareback cargo divers of Key West. He could swing in a deep curve under a reef-bound vessel, plug a leak, cut out damaged parts of the keel and bolt new ones expertly in place, often in shark-infested waters. The wreck of the Isaac Allerton had ended this career. She had carried bolts and bolts of goods, and he had dived day after day in dye-tainted water. Now all the world was as dark to him as the watery one in which he had earned his living.

"Those will be enough, I think," said Loxi, opening her reticule to pay him.

"An extra one for luck," he said, and smiled at the girl affectionately.

"Avast, there, mate!" called a familiar voice, and her face lit up as she whirled to greet Captain Murray, who was bearing down upon her. "I thought I knew the cut of that little straw-bonneted jib," he beamed. "I was setting my course for your house when I sighted ye to leeward."

The Polaris had just returned to port from a run to the Havana, where Matthew Claiborne had sent his captain to negotiate for the hiring of a Spanish bottom to transship a salvaged cargo of jalap and logwood and cochineal to New Orleans.

"I am glad you are safe home," said Loxi. "Did you hear another vessel has gone ashore off Molasses Reef? A Portuguese schooner this time. The Dido and the Falcon are lightening her. The spring squalls are very bad this year, aren't they?"

"And uncommon early," replied Captain Murray. "It's not often they come so heavy in April."

Loxi finished paying for the crabs, said a friendly good-by to Long Tom, then tucked her hand fondly in the captain's arm and walked beside him back along the echoing wooden planks of the narrow dock

that led from the crab-and-turtle market. Maum Maria followed at a respectful distance with the filled market basket.

With his free hand the captain dug into the capacious pocket of his seaman's jacket. "I brought you a present from the Havana," he announced, "but ye have to guess."

Since she was a tiny girl, he had always made her guess, though he never varied the gift brought for her whenever the Polaris went to Cuba.

"A tortoise-shell comb?"

"Way off your course."

"Miel cakes?"

"Still floundering."

"Not bonbons from that shop on the Calle Obispo?" demanded Loxi, and they both laughed at their little ritual. She insisted upon opening the box at once before they resumed their way.

"What else did you do in the Havana?" asked Loxi.

"I picked up a bit of news."

Something in his voice made her glance up quickly. She saw that his deeply furrowed face had become grave and troubled. "What sort of news?"

He tried to make his tale seem offhand, casual. "When we were about to weigh anchor in the Havana, the fast packet Sally Ann swung into the harbor from Charleston. I know her master and called over to him, and we got to gambling. He told me the owners of the Carlotta are not satisfied with the arbitration McQuade made with the Falcon. They saw their sea lawyer and he persuaded them to sue Ben Cutler. He is coming down on the Laura and he's bringing McQuade with him. There may be some little squalls ahead for Dan."

"Oh!" Loxi stopped very still and her hand tightened convulsively on the captain's arm. "Oh, Captain Murray!" A shiver of fear and foreboding ran through her. "They won't bring it into court! Why—why, it isn't that important. Just a disagreement about the salvage rate."

The old man patted her lace-mitted hand soothingly. "Now don't ye fret. Maybe it was a mite high, so belike Cutler will offer a compromise and it will never come to court."

"You don't think for a minute that Dan—that he —"

She could not ask him the disloyal question that had wavered over her mind like a black shadow ever since the ugly insinuations about the salvage of the Carlotta had begun to reach through to her.

But Captain Murray, who knew and loved this girl as his own, read that question and answered it—though he looked away as he spoke: "The lad is a good seaman, Loxi. There isn't a better or a braver. But he has no head for business. Not a-tall. He never could add one shilling to another. Now, it's likely he'd just agree to whatever McQuade proposed and think he was doing a good stroke of business and never smell the foul bilge in the hold. Belike McQuade sent a sealed note with a demand for money to Cutler, and the lad never knew what was going on."

"That's exactly what I think," agreed Loxi with vehement relief. "I haven't talked about it to Dan. He's been out on the Falcon most of the time since I came back."

Captain Murray gave her a sidelong look. Better for her to think her brother innocent. Women had a queer gift for believing the things they wish to believe. Sometimes it was a good thing. Aloud he said, "I don't think the case'll come to trial, whatever betide. That sea lawyer will find he'd better not try to blacken a Claiborne in the Key West court." His jaw set itself grimly.

"The Laura is due tomorrow," said Loxi slowly. In spite of herself, her mind was going wearily back again over the facts she knew. The facts that kept her awake at night in torturing battle with herself. *Of course Dan wouldn't! But why should —*

On March fifteenth, a week after Loxi's return from Charleston, the schooner Carlotta had gone ashore on treacherous Tennessee Reef, just southwest of Indian Key. She had driven hard by the bow into the flat shoal on a cloudy but not stormy day. The Carlotta, George McQuade, master, was a vessel of heavy tonnage owned by E. Devereaux and Son, of Charleston, and

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Suddenly Loxi stopped, very still and tense. "Do you . . . hear something?"



Germany's master spy, Franz von Rintelen, who was extremely active in New York. This photograph was taken as he peered from a British train.

She was a beautiful young woman with a poise which nothing ever seemed to shake. We both knew that a declaration of war on Germany was only a matter of weeks. When that came, Von Bernstorff would, of course, leave the country.

"What can I do next?" she inquired. "I am at your service for anything."

"Are you willing to try something very dangerous?" I asked.

"One must not think of danger," she replied simply.

Maid in Germany

I HAD the job already in mind. The breach in relations made it practically impossible for the bearer of an American passport to enter Germany or for the bearer of an Austrian passport to leave America. Yet I wanted—and so did Masaryk—to send a last batch of messages.

"Do you think," I asked, "that you could arrange to go to Germany with the Von Bernstorffs, and then on to Prague?"

This large order did not seem to upset her in the least. She would tell the countess that she could not live in a country at war with Germany and Austria. The countess was among Von Bernstorff's best friends in this country and might be able to arrange for her to go with his family.

Two days later, she showed up again.

"It's all arranged," she said. "I shall appear on my papers as the Countess von Bernstorff's maid." She merely stated the facts—no details.

I gave her our messages to Prague. She sailed as arranged. The British forced the ship to put in at Halifax. There an agent of British Naval Intelligence established contact with her and took away some information which she had gathered from the officials in the party.

Following instructions, when she reached Copenhagen she left the diplomatic party and registered at a certain small hotel, where an agent from London met her and gave her Masaryk's messages. All went according to plan until, having crossed Germany, she neared the Bohemian border. A young man entered her compartment and exchanged a few

One of the bravest of the brave who were Voska's agents. Anna Chaloupková left her bridegroom of one day to accept a dangerous mission. She never saw him again—she died in Prague a week before he arrived.

WOMEN MAKE WONDERFUL SPIES

**THE STORY OF
ESPIONAGE AND
COUNTERESPIONAGE
IN AMERICA**

**By
EMANUEL V. VOSKA
With
WILL IRWIN**

SOME of our women agents were wonderful. As we broadened our work of counter-espionage against the Germans and Austrians in this country, as well as in Europe, these women became increasingly important.

I have already introduced Mila Jarushkova, the Czech governess in the house of a German countess in New York. For two years she kept her identity hidden from us while she sent us invaluable transcripts of conversations between her employers and Ambassador von Bernstorff. At the same time she gave us excellent information about the work of German agents who frequented the house—including that master spy, Von Rintelen. The messages always came through the governess' brother, Joseph Jarushek, and a Mrs. Nelson. But at about the time when the United States broke diplomatic relations with Germany, Jarushkova revealed herself to me. She took the great risk of coming to see me.



pleasant words with her. As they passed the frontier she burst into tears. He asked her why she was crying. Could he do anything?

"For joy," she said. "I'm coming back to my own country. I've been away so long!"

At the next station this stranger stepped off the train and entered the telegraph office. And at the station after that, a squad of soldiers arrested her and convoyed her to Prague and jail. Of course, the stranger was one of those spies whom the Germans planted on all through trains in those days.

The secret police investigated every stage of her journey. She had put up in Copenhagen at the same hotel where Masaryk's man from London was staying—the German secret service had him marked. She had been seen talking with him. They even found in Germany a witness who could testify to a link with my organization. They investigated her past in Bohemia and discovered that she was a sister of Joseph Jarushek, who had fled the country after the Austrians hanged Kratochvil, his bosom friend, for sedition. Circumstantially, they seemed to have a fair case.

Meantime, the authorities had transferred her to the jail for political prisoners at Vienna. The year before, they had arrested Dr. Alice Masaryk, the liberator's daughter, and held her for several months. Jarushkova occupied the same cell. The starving time had begun in Austria. Jailers gave prisoners only such food as no one else would eat, and little of that. For more than a year, during which the secret police kept postponing her case in hope of more evidence, her chief diet was coarse corn bread mixed with bran and half-decayed potato peelings.

imperial parliament were lawyers, but if one of them appeared for her, he might put his own neck into the noose. Several eminent Czech lawyers who were not revolutionists practiced in Prague. They dodged trouble and loss of business by asking impossibly high fees. Finally a humane German-Austrian lawyer came to the rescue. He was entirely loyal to the empire, but he held to the principle that every accused person, guilty or innocent, had the right to a competent defense. Asking no fee, he took the case. He told Jarushkova that the evidence was not very strong and that he believed the Austrians simply would jail her for the duration of the war.

Fulfilling a Mission

CHAGRIN over her failure to deliver our messages haunted her. Most of the information in them was long ago outdated. But one important fact about the situation in America was as good then as in the spring of 1917.

The Austrians did not get round to her case until July, 1918. A few days before she faced the court-martial, her lawyer smuggled some newspapers to her. One of them, in giving advance notice of the event, remarked that several Czech deputies would attend. Now, she felt, she could fulfill her mission. Prevented from giving her messages privately, she would give her most important one publicly.

The government's case proved even weaker than anticipated. They did show me up—and for the first time—as the dangerous leader of a revolutionary gang, but testimony concerning her association with me was slight.

When I left America, we had a hundred and twenty thousand soldiers on the Allied fronts, and their number was growing every day. The Allies have promised us our freedom when they win the war. And they will win. Whatever your oppressors may tell you, President Wilson is your friend. The newspapers say that the United States can do nothing. They are deceiving you. America is not taking this war lightly. She will throw into it, if necessary, every ship she has, every soldier, every ounce of gold. Germany and Austria cannot hold out. After the war there will be no Austro-Hungarian Empire. But there will be a Czech Republic. The long night is almost over. Keep your courage until the dawn."

When she sat down, in a vacuum of silence, everybody else in the courtroom knew that she had signed her death warrant. The judges could do nothing but find her guilty. Sentence: Death by hanging. The presiding officer pronounced it on the spot.

Jarushkova took it calmly. They led her into an anteroom while the court prepared papers. By Austrian custom, friends were permitted to visit the convicted during that wait. G. Haberman, Czech editor and veteran revolutionist, took chances with his liberty by going to see her. "I went to comfort her," he said afterward, "but she comforted me. She was still in a state of patriotic exaltation. 'They won't hang me,' she said. 'President Wilson will not permit it. If they do, I'm giving my life willingly for my country.'"

Her lawyer took an appeal on a technical point. That postponed the execution. By grapevine telegraph, Haberman and the rest sent word to me at A. E. F. headquarters, Chaumont, France, where I



"He smelled like a German agent." The author tells the thrilling story of how he trapped J. F. J. Archibald, (above) famous lecturing American war correspondent.



Franz von Papen and his daughter, Isabella, riding in Berlin's Tiergarten. The Kaiser's ace secret operative in the World War, Von Papen is Hitler's ace today. He was last reported fomenting intrigue in the Balkans.

© WIDE WORLD

Jarushkova gave no explanations. Her main anxiety was her failure to deliver our messages. I had given her a password, named the men whom she was to see, and cautioned her to speak of this matter to no one else. We had in our group at Prague a police official who, of course, was keeping his operations very dark. He informed his revolutionary comrades of his certainty that Jarushkova was one of my couriers. No one else dared go near her, for fear of betraying the whole conspiracy. So, before the Austrians took her to Vienna, he visited her jail by night, gave the password, informed her that he was a "Masaryk man," and asked her to deliver to him any messages.

But his name was not on her mental list. She saw in him only a police spy. "I don't know you, and I don't know what you are talking about," she said.

As her trial neared, getting counsel for her became difficult. Most of the twenty Czech deputies in the

All went well until Jarushkova took the stand. Without preliminaries, she faced the courtroom and began to talk straight to the Czech deputies. I have seen, in the old Austrian archives at Vienna, the text of her speech, but the Germans have it now. I can report it only in a brief transcript, stripped of its eloquence and of her personality. She was starved to skin and bone. "But," said one who heard her, "her soul shone through her body like a flame through a windowpane."

"I am charged with espionage and sedition," she said, "but I did not come from America to find anything out. There is nothing here worth finding out. And I am not seditious, because I came here to help my country, which is Bohemia.

"Czechs, I bring a message from our great leader, Masaryk. He sends you the truth, which your oppressors have been keeping from you. Our countrymen in the world outside are fighting your fight.

was serving then as a captain in Army Intelligence. I cabled to the White House and the State Department, asking them to intervene.

President Wilson appealed to the Emperor through the Pope. I have heard, also, that Von Bernstorff generously put in a good word for her. That is possible. Among all my antagonists in the World War, he is the one I most respected and admired.

The Austrians could not commute her sentence without losing face at home. So they compromised by putting her into a death cell and leaving her there with her sentence hanging over her. They intended to release her by amnesty at the end of the war. Unofficially, I believe, they notified the Vatican of all this. But they did not notify Jarushkova. For months, she sat in solitary confinement, always thinking, when she heard a flurry of footsteps in the corridor, that it meant the coming of the priest and the hangman.

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LEAVE MY BROTHER ALONE

By PRICE DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM

THE group on the sun-splashed sidewalk was a group of three. Kneeling, in old dungarees, his hair drooped forward like a dry, sandy waterfall, was Roddy Johnson, twelve. Emily Hackett, black-haired and neat and also twelve, looked on in pretended disdain—a pretense not shared by the other spectator, a sturdy boy of five, his dark eyes fixed unblinking on an experiment Roddy was conducting in thermodynamics; he was trying to discover how close a match could be held to a green maple leaf before the edges curled. One match went out. He started to strike another.

"Let me," the small boy said. "Let me."

"O.K., Willie. O.K. Here."

Emily shook her head. "Matches are dangerous."

"Let me," Willie said, his incipient eyebrows drawn together in an urgent frown. "If you don't let me, I'll kill you."

"Such talk," Emily said. "No."

"Ah, let the poor little guy strike a match, if it'll make him happy."

"No."

Reluctantly Willie offered compromise, "Let me blow it out, then."

"All right. I mean," Roddy said scathingly, "if nursie-wursie doesn't think it'll hurt you to blow."

"I did," said Willie. "You fit on it."

"Ah, I didn't either spit on it."

"You did too spit on it," Emily said. "And it wasn't fair. You're a bad sport, Roddy Johnson."

"Bad fort, bad fort, bad fort."

"Hey!" Roddy said.

"Hay, straw," said Emily.

"Bad fort, bad fort!"

Roddy projected his head toward Willie, the jaw stuck out, the muscles tensed in exaggerated ferocity. "Listen, that'll be about enough out of you."

"You leave my brother alone! Picking on him just because he's little!"

Willie, who had beamed with a double pleasure—the joy of verbal combat and the joy of being treated by Roddy as an equal—relaxed in disappointment.

"Ah, it's good for him to be picked on."

"You leave him alone, Roddy Johnson. He's delicate."

"Delicate? Him? Look at him." He indicated the solid torso, the legs like trunks of young trees.

Willie said, "I'm sensible too."

"Sensitive," Emily said.

"Sensible," said Willie, adamant.

Emily didn't argue; it would have done no good. "If you scare him," she said, "he dreams about it."

careful with little children, because if you say the wrong things to them, or let them see the wrong things, or read them the wrong —"

"Ah, I know all about that stuff. That stuff's psychoanalysis. I know all —" Roddy checked himself. His knowledge on this subject was meager, a minute store of information gleaned from a textbook one rainy Sunday afternoon, imperfectly understood and hazily remembered. "Curt used to study that stuff in school. He knows all about it."

Emily's lips curled. "I guess he knows all about everything, doesn't he? My goodness, I guess your brother knows more than anybody in the whole world."

Roddy breathed hard, but said nothing. The name of his brother—teacher of physics and football coach at the small local college—was, he felt passionately, a name not to be bandied about the streets.

Willie smirked. "But he doesn't know more than anybody in the whole world, does he, Em'ly?"

"Listen, you!"

"You leave him alone!" And then swiftly Emily shifted from anger to cunning. "If you don't leave him alone, I'll tell daddy not to do a favor for Curt."

"I'll tell him too," Willie said.

"What kind of a favor?"



"My gosh," Roddy said. "Can't even blow out a match. Watch me."

Silence and a tilted nose were Emily's answer to this. Roddy struck the match and held it up, the flame pale and watery in the sunshine. "Here."

Willie's round cheeks became even rounder, and he blew, or puffed, at an angle thirty degrees too high. He did it again. Again.

"My gosh," Roddy said. "Can't even blow out a match. Watch me." He filled his lungs and, with a blast that would have given pause to a prairie fire, extinguished the tiny flame.

"You fit on it!" An expression of extreme shock, of utter outrage, clouded Willie's beautiful face. . . .

"Em'ly, he fit on it!"

"What's he trying to say?"

"He said you spit on it."

"Well, gleeps, whyn't he say so in American?"

Willie took a deep breath. "Last night," he said, "I dreamed about pirates and a crocodile. And the crocodile was sapping his jaws and sapping his jaws"—he opened his Cupid's-bow lips and disclosed the small, pearly milk teeth, which he snapped in demonstration; the dark eyes glowed—"and the pirate was coming at me and he just had one hand, except the other hand was a hook, and —"

"Willie, sh-h-h! . . . There, you see? Just because I read Peter Pan to him before he went to bed. And when he dreams about things like that, why, uncon—uh, sunconsciously he never forgets about them, he remembers about them forever and ever, and they'll make his whole life different when he grows up. It says so in a book mother bought. And the book says you have to be very, very, very

"Ha, ha, ha! Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Oh, who cares, who cares?" Roddy made a show of examining the words on the match box. "Was it something about the college?"

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. But if you don't be nice, I'll tell daddy not to do it, and he's the head of the trustees, and —"

"Trustees," said Roddy with withering scorn. "Trustees are in jails."

"Well, anyway, I'll tell him not to do it." She hastened to forestall the obvious retort. "I mean, I'll tell mother to tell him not to do it. He always does what she says."

From what Roddy knew of the Hackett family, there was some truth in this. "Yarr!" he said. "I don't believe you. You're just making it up."

"I am not! Mother and daddy were talking about it last night. I heard them. You ask Curt, if you don't believe me."

"All right, Miss Smarty, I will ask him. He—they're coming over to our dump after dinner tonight, and I'll just ask him!"

But Emily refused to hedge. "All right. And then I guess you'll be sorry you ever —"

"Emily!"

All eyes turned toward the speaker, a woman of imperious but nervous bearing who had come out of a house two doors down the street and approached unnoticed.

"Yes, mother."

"It's past time for Willie's dinner."

"Oh, my goodness, I forgot. . . . Come on, Willie. Food."

Willie did not move. "Foogy, foogy, foogy," he said.

"What did you say?" Mrs. Hackett's expression of perpetual and minor worry deepened slightly.

"Foogy. Foogy, foogy, foogy."

Emily said, "It doesn't mean anything. He invented it."

"Oh. . . . Well, sweetie, you mustn't say it again. It doesn't have a nice sound. Promise mother you'll never, never say it again."

"I promise," said Willie promptly. Then he stared at her with his polished, impenetrable eyes, weighing her instinct for command against her fear of upsetting him before his dinner and bedtime, cannily measuring his strength against hers. "Foogy," he said.

Roddy, his audience gone, left the maple leaf to work out its own destiny, and, after a false start in one direction, circled slowly around and for no reason whatsoever walked down the street the other way. He paused long enough to let his forefinger print USE NO HOOKS on the dusty fender of an expensive car parked at the curb. He reached in his pocket, and, from a rat's nest of odds and ends, extracted a chain of paper clips and swung it idly in the air. He looked at the sky and then looked away from it, dismissing its manifold wonders with a terse, "Altocumulus."

With nothing else to do, he worried. He worried about not having anything to do; he worried about a cracked section of sidewalk; he worried about Emily's not letting Willie strike a match.

He worried about that dimly remembered book of Curt's, with its hard words and its elusive logic. If that was the sort of stuff you had to learn in college —

In a swiftly developing vision he saw himself in college, unable to cope with the curriculum, stupid, flunking out, disgraced, ashamed to go home, wandering through the world an outlaw, a pariah; until at last, old and battered at twenty-seven, he died at sea or, tormented by thirst and mirages, in a lonely desert. The darkness of his future almost made him want to die right now.



"Poor little dope," Roddy said.
"Raised up with nobody but women."
Mr. Hackett, he felt, didn't count;
he was too old and too meek.

Now he had paused again, and stood looking at a three-sheet announcement affixed to the wall of a warehouse. In glowing colors was set forth a circus scene—clowns, animals, parade, aerial and equestrian acts, everything happening at once in glorious profusion. The circus would be in Dalesburg, a larger city twenty-five miles away, on—the dates loomed in huge vermilion numerals—Friday and Saturday of this week. From the inexhaustible junk pile of his pockets, Roddy took a broken pencil stub, tore the wood away till the lead was exposed, and began putting mustaches on the men in the picture. He had performed the same service for the women some days earlier.

His hands thus occupied, he remembered circuses he'd seen. He remembered the first one. Curt had

taken him, and Roddy still recalled, among other things, the great quantities of exotic foods—hamburgers and peanuts and strange candies—with which Curt had permitted him to glut himself; he still recalled how bloated he had been, and how sick afterward. "Boy!" he said aloud, wistful for departed bliss.

He worried about Curt. What was the favor Curt wanted of Emily's father? He decided that Emily had been trying to make it seem much more important than it really was; or maybe just plain lying, after all.

He sat, that night after dinner, in an easy chair—sat with his spine along the seat, his head against the back, his legs stretched

(Continued on Page 92)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER
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**INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 18, 1940

Footnote

"I AM not in the political insurance business. . . . Listen. I have never written a surety bond, a contractor's bond, fire insurance, life insurance or any other kind of insurance that might by any stretch of the imagination be called political insurance. Never, and I never will."—Walter Davenport, quoting James Roosevelt in an authorized interview in *Collier's Weekly*, August 27, 1938.

This was in reply, of course, to Alva Johnston's article, *Jimmy's Got It*, in the *Post* of July 2, 1938, in which Mr. Johnston reviewed James Roosevelt's prosperity as an insurance broker during his father's presidency of the United States.

James Roosevelt then was one of his father's secretaries. He had been president of Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc., insurance brokers of Boston. He had resigned, his mother eventually succeeding him as a director, but he had retained his interest in the firm, except for—by his own testimony—having irrevocably deeded a half interest to his then wife for the purpose of reducing his income tax.

Sometime after the publication of *Jimmy's Got It*, James Roosevelt resigned from the White House secretariat and went to Hollywood as vice-president of Samuel Goldwyn, Inc. Later still, he left Goldwyn to become president and treasurer of his own picture-producing company. Recently he signed a contract with the Mills Novelty Company, of Chicago, largest manufacturer of slot machines, to make movie shorts to be shown in coin machines.

Last December eighteenth, a report reached the *Post* that Roosevelt & Sargent had written a group-insurance policy for approximately \$1,000,000 on the 2000-odd seamen and other employees of the American President Lines, operating the eleven former Dollar Line ships, to the surprise and anguish of insurance brokers at San Francisco.

The American President Lines is the property of the U. S. Maritime Commission, which owns 90 per cent of its common stock. The RFC has lent the company \$4,500,000. The Maritime Commission has given the line a \$3,000,000 subsidy. Members of the commission are appointed by the President

of the United States. The commission in turn, appointed William Gibbs McAdoo chairman of the American President Lines. McAdoo was named to this \$25,000-a-year post soon after Sheridan Downey had defeated him for renomination as senator from California.

Investigating, we learned that Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc., had registered at Sacramento on December 7, 1939. The writing of the \$1,000,000 policy apparently was accomplished within the next ten days.

The original incorporation papers, filed March 5, 1935, at Boston, show that the incorporators were James Roosevelt, John A. Sargent and Arthur J. Anderson; Mr. Roosevelt owning fifty shares of common and no preferred; Mr. Sargent twenty-five shares of common and no preferred; Mr. Anderson none of either. No other person is mentioned.

Once a year, a Massachusetts corporation must file a certificate of condition. These annual certificates show that James Roosevelt was succeeded as president by Mr. Sargent sometime prior to May 19, 1937. Sometime prior to May 23, 1939, James Roosevelt was succeeded as a director by his mother. They do not reveal any shifts in the stock ownership.

A letter written to Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc., at Boston, asking what James Roosevelt's present connection with the firm was, brought a reply from Hollywood signed by John LeRoy Johnston, "director of publicity." It said: "James Roosevelt is no longer in the firm of Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc. He is merely a stockholder and now concentrates on being president and treasurer of his own picture company, Globe Productions."

It may be a coincidence that a month later an article should have appeared in *Liberty Magazine* (April 6, 1940) in which James Roosevelt is quoted as saying: "The Boston insurance firm of Roosevelt & Sargent, Inc., has recently applied for a permit to do business in California, I believe. I still own stock in the company, and my mother is a director. But I have no business connection with the firm and anticipate none here."

At the home offices of the American President Lines in San Francisco, the gift of a \$500 insurance policy to each of some 2000 employees was described to a reporter for the *Post* as "an innovation—never has been done before." Credit for the innovation was given to the U. S. Maritime Commission.

In reply to a letter of inquiry, the late Joseph R. Sheehan, then president of the shipping company, wrote: "The suggestion that our company provide group insurance for employees was made to us over a year ago by Roosevelt & Sargent, but no action was taken on the suggestion for at least six months, as our company was in rather poor financial condition and it was considered inexpedient at that time to spend any money unnecessarily, although we all believed in the wisdom of such policy."

"When we finally decided to give serious consideration to the matter, we got in touch with the Metropolitan and Equitable life-insurance companies and both provided estimates. As you may or may not know, it is not possible to receive in advance actual bids as to the cost of group life insurance, inasmuch as costs vary with the age group which subscribes to the plan and any estimate given by a company must necessarily be based on tentative data. Furthermore, rates for group life insurance are fixed among major companies doing business in New York and their basic schedules do not vary. Finally, it is always understood that when such insurance is taken, the first year's rate is itself tentative and subject to adjustment, depending upon experience of that first year."

"Although the first approach of Roosevelt & Sargent was directed to me personally, I had no further contact with anybody on the matter. From the time that we gave serious consideration to the

matter all negotiations were turned over to Mr. Don Burrows. Senator McAdoo was never at any time involved."

Most of what Mr. Sheehan wrote here has no visible bearing upon how Roosevelt & Sargent, of Boston, happened to get so handsome a piece of San Francisco business away from the San Francisco brokers, but we have quoted the letter in full rather than risk distorting his meaning.

The Blockade of Tobacco

A LITTLE-NOTICED neutral, struck a staggering blow by the war, is the flue-cured tobacco belt from Virginia to Georgia. This region normally ships half of its crop abroad, most of it to Great Britain. London understandably is trying to conserve foreign exchange. Here was a large leak, and as of January first the import of American tobacco was banned.

All tobacco growers have suffered to a lesser extent, and if British propaganda to relax our credit restrictions on the war-debtor nations begins to be listened to sympathetically in the tobacco belt, it will be the reflex of a sore pocket nerve.

In peacetime about 40 per cent of all our tobacco finds its way abroad, three fourths of the total flue-cured. The British Isles have been a steadily increasing buyer of the latter; its imports rising from 153,000,000 pounds in the 1925-26 season to 228,000,000 in 1938-39.

The British announcement last fall of the coming embargo coincided with a record flue-cured crop. With nearly half again as much tobacco, the price fell seven cents a pound, a loss of a full third from the 1938 price.

In the months before the war, the British had increased their preferential tariff on Empire-produced tobacco to give it an advantage of about two shillings a pound. This preference policy has doubled the tobacco crop of Canada, India and Rhodesia since 1934. An alliance concluded with Turkey soon after the outbreak of war led to an agreement to substitute Turkish and Greek tobacco for American. The British do not like Turkish tobacco, but they are asked to lump it for the duration.

Earlier, the flue-cured belt had lost much of another important outlet by the war in China. Poor as China always has been, it once took as much as 140,000,000 pounds. This has dwindled until it is now only about one third as much as it was ten years ago.

The world has had varying tastes in tobacco. Exports of burley in recent years have gone principally to Belgium, Holland and Portugal. Fire-cured tobacco, the second most important export crop, finds most of its buyers in the British Isles, France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Scandinavia. The French, after getting out of the market entirely, returned in February, but one by one other customers have been blacked-out.

Exports of fire-cured and dark air-cured tobaccos, though not large in volume, are important to their producers because use of these tobaccos has been declining year by year both at home and abroad. The whole world has been shifting from chewing tobacco, snuff and dark smoking mixtures toward the cigarette and lighter smoking mixtures.

The Commodity Credit Corporation has advanced funds for the purchase of tobacco normally taken by the United Kingdom, storing it in American warehouses, subject to the option of British tobacco interests. The options extend to July 1, 1941, in the case of flue-cured, and to October 1, 1941, for fire-cured. Growers voted in favor of sharply restricted AAA quotas, which will bring the flue-cured acreage down to 62 per cent of last year's plantings. There is also a movement on to extend this to a three-year control period.



Oil for the planes of Germany. The Communists transfer it to Nazi tank cars at Przemysl, Poland, because the railroad-track gauges of their countries differ.

NAZI GERMANY'S FIRST DOMINION

By
DEMAREE BESS

GENEVA.

THE new German empire has acquired its first dominion, a dominion bigger and richer than any in the British Commonwealth of Nations. When Adolf Hitler's mechanized army rolled into Prague in March, 1939, Czechoslovakia became Nazi Germany's first colony. Less than a year later, while Stalin's Red army was bogged down in Finland, Soviet Russia became Nazi Germany's first dominion.

That development was marked by a so-called trade agreement between the Bolshevik and Nazi dictators, announced the middle of last February. We have since learned what that agreement meant. It brought within the scope of Germany's swelling imperial system all the black earth of the Ukraine, all the mines of the Urals, all the forests of Siberia and all the oil of the Caucasus.

Some Frenchmen understood immediately what was happening in Russia as a consequence of the Finnish war. That is why such an outcry went up in France, and why a cabinet fell. French political instincts are sharp, and Frenchmen sensed that the Finnish war was a victory for Germany, even though the Germans seemed to have taken no active part in

that war. And the French were right. The Finnish war enabled the Germans to add one seventh of the earth to their expanding empire.

To say that Stalin has consented to make his country a dominion within the German empire is not to say that Russia has lost its independence. The status of a dominion, as worked out by Great Britain after a long period of evolution, is that of a self-governing unit within an imperial system. In 1926 the British Imperial Conference stated that "every dominion is now, and must always remain, the sole judge of the nature and extent of its co-operation [with the empire]." Stalin presumably has made a similar reservation for Russia in its co-operation with Germany, and has gambled on his ability to enforce the reservation.

The methods by which the British Empire obtained its dominions are very different from the methods by which the new German empire obtained its first dominion. But the reasons why Stalin hitched Russia to the Nazi imperial system are similar to the reasons why the British dominions remain a part of the British Empire. Stalin decided, some time ago, (Continued on Page 78)



The Nazi dominion's victims. These distressed Finnish maids are reading the Russian peace terms.

Correction

The Saturday Evening Post is glad to print the following letter relative to errors of fact made in the March 9, 1940, issue:

To the Editor:

In the March 9 issue of The Saturday Evening Post in the article entitled Dime Store we made certain statements based on published information which, it has since been drawn to our attention, was not factual. We did not intend to dispute the validity of the family titles held by General Prince Zakhari Melivani, his wife, and their descendants, which titles were properly registered in Paris. We are glad to concede that the General was highly honored in Russia, was first aide-de-camp to the late Emperor Nicholas II of Russia and also General à la suite. He commanded the Czar's personal regiment in the World War and was subsequently Governor of Batum Province and was Minister of War in the Georgian Cabinet.

(SIGNED)

JOHN K. WINKLER.
BOYDEN SPARKES.

POST SCRIPTS

I Never Even Suggested It

I KNOW lots of men who are in love and lots of men who are married and lots of men who are both, And to fall out with their loved ones is what all of them are most loath.

They are conciliatory at every opportunity, Because all they want is serenity and a certain amount of impunity.

Yes, many the swain who has finally admitted that the earth is flat

Simply to side-step a spat, Many the masculine Positively or Absolutely which has been diluted to an If

Simply to avert a tiff, Many the two-fisted executive whose domestic conversation is limited to a tactfully interpolated Yes,

And then he is amazed to find that he is being raked backwards over a bed of coals nevertheless.

These misguided fellows are under the impression that it takes two to make a quarrel, that you can side-step a crisis by nonaggression and nonresistance, Instead of removing yourself to a discreet distance. Passivity can be a provoking modus operandi; Consider the Empire and Gandhi. Silence is golden, but sometimes invisibility is goldier. Because loved ones may not be able to make bricks without straw, but often they don't need any straw to manufacture a bone to pick or blood in their eye or a chip for their soft white shoulder.

It is my duty, gentlemen, to inform you that women are dictators all, and I recommend to you this moral:

In real life it takes only one to make a quarrel.

—OGDEN NASH.



"Don't look up, Oliver—it only encourages them!"

Crisis, 1940

A sudden shortage of blue pencils for censors threatened to hold up the war tonight. —London News.

CORPORAL, tell the sergeant
That we're in a pretty mess;
Lieutenant, tell the captain
That it's sabotage, no less;

Major, tell the colonel
The emergency is dire;
S O S the general
That he'll have to hold his fire,

For the censor's out of pencils,
Though we've scouted high and low!
(O Peace, to come at such a price
And spoil our little show!)

—ETHEL JACOBSON.



"For heaven's sake, John, let that one go. There'll be another clam along in a minute."



Unabridged Definition

HAPPINESS is something I imagine that I had Twenty or thirty years ago, When I was just a lad Quite positive in my belief That life was just a vale of grief!

—W. E. FABRSTEIN.

It's All So Simple

QUINCY DUFF was a suspension-bridge salesman. Each day Quincy took his sample case and walked from door to door. He would say would you like to buy a suspension bridge? People would say no and every afternoon at five o'clock he would go home and his wife would say any luck today and Quincy would say no and then she would say well tomorrow is another day and Quincy would say yes tomorrow is another day though I don't suppose it will be a lot better and his wife would say I don't suppose it will either why don't you try to get into some other line of work? And Quincy

would say quit nagging me and his wife would say I'm not nagging you and this would go on all night long. One day Quincy quit trying to sell suspension bridges. He sells razor blades now. Things are much better at home.

—FRANK M. RYAN.

Talk is Cheap, But —

OFT I wish I were dead as she talks on; Heavens, how she does prattle and prate! Yet I worship the ground that she walks on— On her millionaire father's estate. —AVERY GILES.



"Surprising your
old dad with his new
favorite soup, eh?"

A TREAT'S AHEAD! Dad would know that, even if he hadn't already discovered Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. Its smooth richness as it pours from saucepan to plate, and the coaxing aroma steaming up from it, would call forth *anyone's* best appetite!

To most people who try it, Campbell's Cream of Mushroom becomes *their* "new favorite", too. And to all its thousands of friends, it continues to be a tempting, nourishing, out-of-the-ordinary dish. Its rare mushroom flavor is what people enjoy; every creamy spoonful is laden with it. They like its tender mushroom slices, too, and there are many of these all through the soup!

There is only one way to make good cream of mushroom soup: with plump young hothouse mushrooms; cream that's fresh and extra thick; a deft and delicate touch of seasoning. And that is Campbell's way.

You'll like Campbell's Cream of Mushroom; you'll want to please your family with it, and serve it as a special treat to your friends. So won't you try it soon?

Campbell's
CREAM of MUSHROOM



A TEMPTING DISH MADE EASY WITH
CAMPBELL'S CREAM OF MUSHROOM



Creamed Dried Beef with Green Peas on Toast

- 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
- ½ cup milk
- ¾ cup dried beef
- ¾ cup cooked green peas

Empty the Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup into a saucepan. Stir well. Then add ½ cup of milk, and heat. Put the dried beef in a strainer and pour a cup of hot water over it to take out the excess salt. Add dried beef and cooked green peas to the sauce. Heat and serve on toast. Serves 4 to 5.



This recipe
just turned out fine;
I'll file it with
The best of mine!



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Gilbert Bundy

QUICK SERVICE

By
P. G. WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT BUNDY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS

A striking portrait of a majestic woman in her early forties hung in Claines Hall, Sussex. To buy it for use as a poster to advertise hams was the bright notion of impulsive

J. B. DUFF, managing director and driving force of the eminent provisioning firm of Duff and Trotter. Duff had once been engaged to the portrait's subject, out-spoken

BEATRICE CHAVENDER, and he ignored warnings that she might object, but Duff's staff artist, cheerful JOSS WEATHERBY, who had painted the portrait, knew better. Beatrice's wealthy sister, hard, practical

MRS. HOWARD STEPTOE, owner of Claines Hall, would never consent to the sale of the picture, even though it belonged to her husband, hulking

HOWARD STEPTOE. He did what she said, and no nonsense about it, even to the extent of having a valet, an innovation in Howard's life. He had just got rid of the last one, but his wife sent her secretary,

SALLY FAIRMILE, up to London to procure another one. Mrs. Steptoe did not know that Sally had just become engaged to

LORD HOLBETON, a willowy young man with a prominent Adam's apple.

Sally welcomed the chance to go to town, because her cautious young Holbeton shirked the necessary interview with his guardian, the same J. B. Duff who wanted to buy the portrait. In Duff's office, Sally met Joss Weatherby, and that impressionable young man promptly fell in love with her.

Duff told Sally that Holbeton could have money enough to get married if he would steal Mrs. Chavender's portrait for him. Meanwhile, the unpredictable Joss Weatherby, to be near Sally, applied for the job as Steptoe's valet.

VII

THE two-seater which had passed Lord Holbeton in the drive continued its progress toward the house, and a few moments later Chibnall, the butler, brooding in his pantry over tea and but-

tered toast, was roused from a somber reverie by the sound of the front doorbell.

Chibnall, though of a sedate exterior, was a man of strong passions, and what was causing him to brood was the fact that, looking in at the Rose and Crown that morning for a quick one, he had found his fiancée, Vera Pym, flirting with a commercial traveler. She had, indeed, been in the very act of straightening the latter's tie, and the sight had given him an unpleasant shock. This was not the first time he had observed in her conduct a levity which he deplored; and though he had said nothing at the time, merely withdrawing in a rather marked manner, it was his intention before the day was done to write her a pretty nasty note and send it round by the knives-and-boots boy.

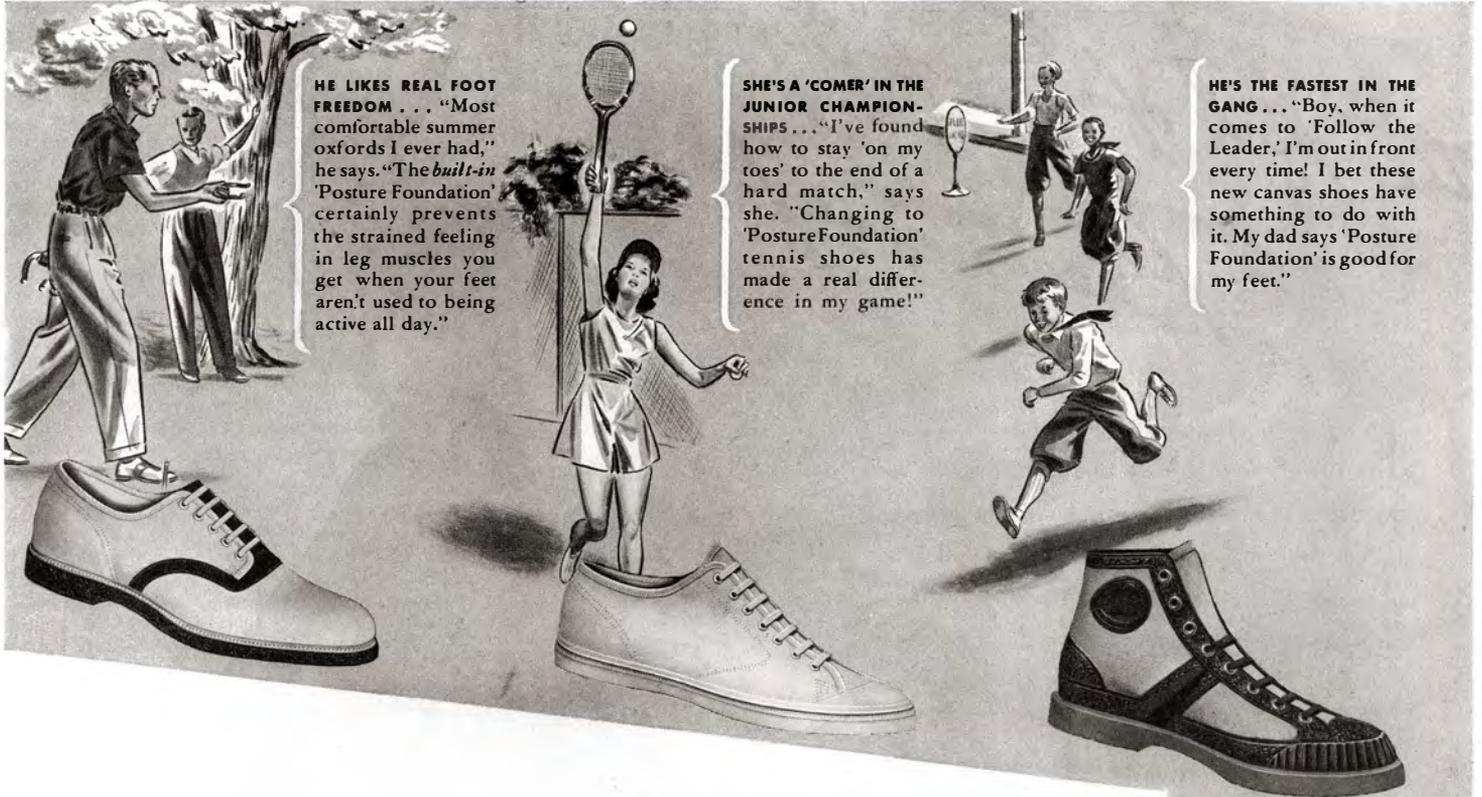
The bell reminded him that there are other things in life besides woman's faithlessness. It was Chibnall, the lover, who had sat down to the tea and toast, but the individual who rose and wiped the butter from his lips and went and opened the front door was Chibnall, the slave of duty.

"Good afternoon," said the pleasant-faced young man whom he found standing on the mat.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Chibnall.

That there are other ways for a new valet to report to G.H.Q. than by driving up to the front door in a sports-model car had not (Continued on Page 37)

"No joke, madam. I am Mr. Steptoe's new valet."



HE LIKES REAL FOOT FREEDOM . . . "Most comfortable summer oxfords I ever had," he says. "The built-in 'Posture Foundation' certainly prevents the strained feeling in leg muscles you get when your feet aren't used to being active all day."

SHE'S A 'COMER' IN THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS . . . "I've found how to stay 'on my toes' to the end of a hard match," says she. "Changing to 'Posture Foundation' tennis shoes has made a real difference in my game!"

HE'S THE FASTEST IN THE GANG . . . "Boy, when it comes to 'Follow the Leader,' I'm out in front every time! I bet these new canvas shoes have something to do with it. My dad says 'Posture Foundation' is good for my feet."

The Whole Jones Family goes for "POSTURE FOUNDATION"

REGISTERED TRADE-MARK AND MADE UNDER U.S. PATENT 1,938,157 AND OTHERS

to Safeguard Active Feet

- 1 Because "Posture Foundation" in canvas sport shoes will safeguard against flat feet . . .
- 2 Because it will prevent leg muscle strain . . .
- 3 Because it will keep feet fresh and frisky all day!

Look for this label inside the shoe!



1. Hard wedge piece prevents collapse of bone structure. 2. Sponge rubber prevents uncomfortable pressure. 3. Hygeen Insole prevents excessive perspiration odor.

Don't let *your* feet spoil your summer fun! Banish excessive foot fatigue and leg muscle strain by wearing canvas sport shoes with "Posture Foundation." This patented feature distributes body weight correctly, encourages good posture and provides a real safeguard against flat feet! Whether you go in for active sports or just parade the club veranda, you'll be much more comfortable in shoes with "Posture Foundation." And for growing children, it is particularly important! (This is a *protective* feature, of course — *not* a cure!) . . . These shoes are washable. Ventilated uppers keep feet cool and the Hygeen Insole prevents excessive perspiration odor. *Many models in many colors, for every member of the family!*



Tested and approved consumer values in Hood and Goodrich Canvas Sport Shoes are confirmed by this Seal of the Better Fabrics Testing Bureau—an independent Research Laboratory.

THIS MOTHER KNOWS A LOT ABOUT GROWING FEET . . . "I'm not afraid *my* youngsters will develop foot defects," she says. "I get them the canvas playshoes with 'Posture Foundation'—a device that acts as a real safeguard against flat feet!"



"Posture Foundation" is an exclusive patented device found in shoes manufactured under these two nationally recognized brands, and sold by leading department, sporting goods and shoe stores.

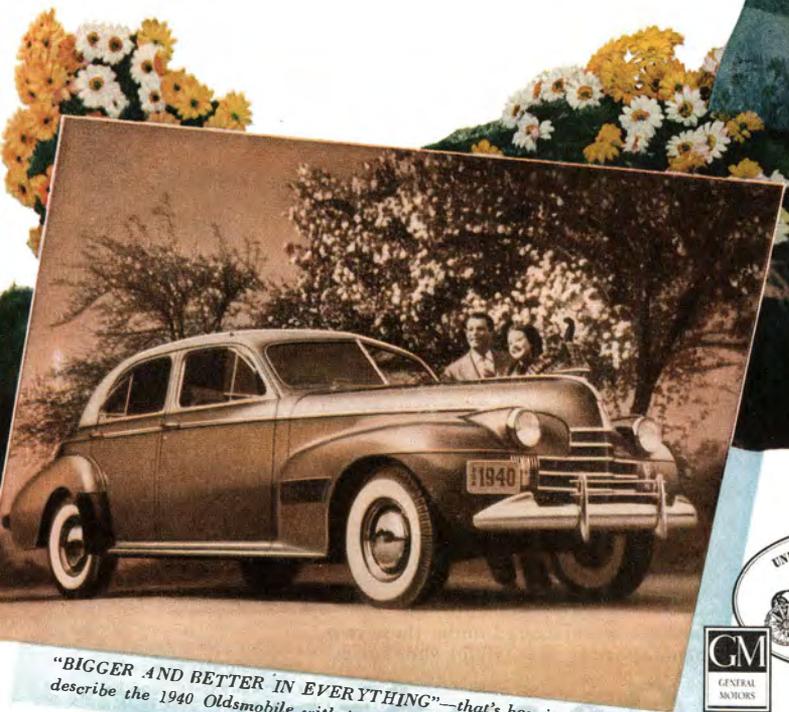
HOOD HOOD GOODRICH GOODRICH

the pick of Spring Beauties!

IN spring it's beauty that gets the call, which explains why the new Body by Fisher is so much in evidence this season • There's no mistaking the cars that have it. You can tell at a glance by the longer, lower, ultra-modern lines it gives them • But better still, is the difference you *feel* when you ride in this latest accomplishment of Fisher craftsmen—the luxurious feel of room to spare, of sofa-soft seats and rich upholstery — the eye-opening, eye-saving benefits of this year's Planned Vision • Little wonder that smart motorists are saying, "The buyword for '40 is Body by Fisher" — which means a General Motors car, of course.



Just add up the features the new Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher brings the Oldsmobile Custom 8 Cruiser below: a wider front seat and a wider windshield; an 18% larger back window; stronger, double-wall steel construction; and the use of safer, clear-vision, Hi-Test Safety Plate Glass not only in the windshield — but in all door windows and Ventipanes, too.



"BIGGER AND BETTER IN EVERYTHING"—that's how its owners describe the 1940 Oldsmobile with its new Unisteel Body by Fisher.



BODY BY
Fisher

(Continued from Page 34) occurred to Joss Weatherby. He was fond of motoring, and his first act on leaving Sally had been to go round to the garage and collect the old machine. The stimulating drive through rural England, which was looking its best on this fine afternoon, together with the still more stimulating thought that he was about to take up his residence beneath the same roof as the girl he loved, had lent a sparkle to his eyes and increased the always rather noticeable affability of his manner.

He looked upon Claines Hall, and found it good. The whole setup appealed to him enormously. He liked its mellow walls, its green lawns, its gay flower beds, its twittering birds, its buzzing bees and its tootling insects. And when Chibnall appeared, he beamed at him as if he loved him like a brother. The butler could not remember when he had opened door to a sunnier visitor.

"Is Mrs. Steptoe at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Beautiful day."

"Yes, sir."

"Nice place, this. Tudor, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't happen to know what the bird would be that I met as I came along the drive, do you? Reddish, with a yellow head."

"No, sir."

"A pity," said Joss. "I liked its looks."

Chibnall descended the steps and removed the suitcases from the car. Like Lord Holbeton, he found himself puzzled by them, but it was not for him to comment. In God's good time, no doubt, all would be explained.

"Oh, thanks."

"I will have your car taken round to the stables, sir."

"Will you really?"

To Joss, in his uplifted mood, this seemed so extraordinarily decent of the man that he had no hesitation in taking a five-pound note from his pocket and handing it to him. He was glad that his successful speculation at the charity gambling place had put him in a position to be able to do so.

"Why, thank you, sir!" ejaculated Chibnall, and blushed to think how near he had come to saying "Coo!" Here, he told himself, was the real thing in guests. Too many of those who had enjoyed Mrs. Steptoe's hospitality during his term of office had been content to discharge their obligations with ten bob and a bright smile. "It is extremely kind of you, sir."

"Not at all."

"If you would come this way, sir. Mrs. Steptoe is in the drawing room."

They proceeded thither, chatting amiably.

Mrs. Steptoe had gone to the drawing room, not to relax but to concentrate. She was on the eve of giving her first garden party, a social event of the greatest importance, certain to have wide repercussions in the county, and she wanted to go through the list of guests again. She could not rid herself of an uneasy suspicion that she had left out somebody of substance, whose reaction to the slight would be like that of the bad fairy who was not invited to the royal christening. Nothing, she knew, more surely gives an aspiring newcomer a social black eye in English county circles than the omission to include in her tea-and-strawberries beano the big shot of the neighborhood.

Chibnall's smooth "Mr. Weatherby" from the doorway told her how well-founded her fears had been. There was nobody of that name among the W's, and the quiet distinction of Joss' costume and the carefree jauntiness of his manner made it plain that here was the son of some noble house. And she could not ask him flatly who he was and where he lived, for that way lay the raised eyebrow and the bleak British stare.

She was too forceful a woman actually to flutter, but her voice as she addressed him distinctly shook:

"Oh, how do you do?"

"How do you do?"

"What a lovely day."



"Take that shirt away,
or I'll make you eat it."

"Delightful."

"So nice of you to call. Do sit down." She motioned her visitor to a chair and resumed her own. She was conscious that this was not going to be easy.

The curse of English life, the thing about it that makes strangers put straws in their hair and pick at the coverlet, is, of course, the fact that the best type of father so often has sons with totally different names. You get the Earl of Thingummy, for instance. Right. So far, so good. But his heir is Lord Whoosis, and if his union has been still further blessed, the result will be anything from the Hon. Algernon Whatisit to the Hon. Lionel Umph. To ascertain this young man's identity, so that he could be bidden to the garden party, Mrs. Steptoe realized that she might have to uncover layer after layer of nomenclature, like a dancer removing the seven veils.

"Have you come far?" she asked, feeling that here might be a clue on which she could work.

"From London."

"Oh?" said Mrs. Steptoe, baffled.

There was a pause. Joss looked about him, admiring the cozy opulence of his surroundings. A man, he felt, might make himself very snug in a place like this. The reflection that during his stay at Claines Hall he was not likely to be given the run of the drawing room had not yet suggested itself.

"It must have been warm in London."

"There were moments when things got very warm."

"So pleasant getting back to the country."

"Oh, most."

"Sussex is so lovely at this time of year."

"At any time of year."

"Which part of it do you like best?" asked Mrs. Steptoe, hoping for an outburst of local patriotism.

"All of it. . . . Hullo," said Joss, whose eye, roving along the opposite wall, had been suddenly arrested, "isn't that a Corot over there?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"That picture," said Joss, rising. "A Corot, surely."

"Is it?" said Mrs. Steptoe, who was not really an authority on art, though she knew what she liked.

"Yes. His Italian period. Very plastic."

"Oh, yes?"

"Very, very plastic. I like the structure. Interesting. Calmly stated. Strong, but not bombastic. The values are close and the colors finely related."

"Perhaps you would care for a cup of tea?"

It may have been a slight asperity in her tone that gave him the feeling, but there came over Joss at this point a sense of something being wrong. Though nothing could have been more enjoyable than this exchange of views on the Barbizon school, he was conscious that in some way he had been remiss. And then he saw what had happened. He had allowed *joie de vivre* to impair his technique. It was all very well to love everybody on this happy day, but he must not forget that he was a gentleman's personal gentleman. Long ere this, he should have been scattering "madams" like birdseed.

"Thank you, madam," he said, rectifying the error.

Mrs. Steptoe blinked, but came back strongly. "Tea's one of your English customs I've taken to in a big way," she said. "My husband doesn't like it, but I never miss my cup at five o'clock."

"Indeed, madam?"

"So refreshing."

"Extremely, madam." (Continued on Page 106)



So far as the cameramen are concerned, Max Baer is the All-American training-camp guest. Here Grandma Baer tends to his knitting for them. Pool is Joe Louis' training-camp escape. His sparring partners report: "If Joe couldn't fight any better than he can knock those balls around, he'd be a prelim boy. We let him win though. If we don't, he lathers us."

WHAT DO THEY MEAN, FIGHT CAMPS?

By
JACK MILEY



ACME PHOTOS

THE tip-off on fight camps is that they send Tony Galento to one, even when he has no more serious obstacle in prospect than Maxie Baer. It is well known that Galento, whose admirers hail him as an Italian John L. Sullivan—that harsh, whirring noise you hear is John L. revolving in his New England tomb—needs no more training than a shave, shine and a cigar, even when he is readying for a Joe Louis. For Baer he could get along without the shave and shine—and one of those things Joe Jacobs used to smoke would do for the cigar.

But the Newark Nightstick is nevertheless put to work at fancy calisthenics, chugging over mountain trails, and swatting buzzy-headed sparring partners. He is sentenced to a fight camp. What they mean by "fight camp," I can't tell you. I do know it is a place where fighters neither fight nor camp. The places are so peaceful sometimes even the boxing writers are so overcome by the atmosphere that they refuse to strike their typewriter keyboards.

Fight camps are 98 per cent hokum. They are to the boxing business what spring-training camps are to baseball—splendid publicity mediums. The fighters could get the same results by conditioning themselves in a city gymnasium, or even by making scowling faces at themselves in a mirror at home. But they wouldn't get the publicity. For some reason or other, a champion who hies himself away to some inaccessible spot, chops down trees and sparring mates, jogs on a dusty road and goes through other rustic routines is a more important figure than a fellow who does his stuff in a gym. At a camp, he can be a party to the space-grabbing didos his press agent concocts for him. Howie Hurtz, the challenger of the champion, rescues the beautiful maiden from drowning in the lake, although he couldn't swim across a bathtub. He reads books, which proves he is literate, against all other evidence to the contrary. There is the poison plot, where some foul fiend tries to put arsenic in his soup on the eve of battle. The

poison gag has been around so long that most of the fighters believe it themselves. Max Schmeling, for instance, had two food tasters with him when he prepared for Louis. These were Max Machon, his German trainer, and Schmeling's friend. Otto Petri, the old six-day bicycle rider. Everything Schmeling ate, all the liquids he drank, were sampled by them an hour before Schmeling consumed them. Schmeling took these precautions because he had heard that a clique of gamblers had schemed to incapacitate him in a betting coup.

The most spectacular of training camps was that of Jack Dempsey up at Saratoga, New York, when he trained for the Jack Sharkey fight in 1927. Peace was not this camp's keynote. Everything happened there, and Jack was a nervous wreck when he climbed into the ring. Dempsey went to Saratoga because, he said, "I want a nice, quiet place."

Fight Camp or Battleground?

THE place proved to be as quiet as a city being bombed. First, Dempsey's brother, Johnny, came up there with a gun. He wanted to shoot Jack, he said. Johnny was a drug addict and in one of his dementias he fancied Dempsey had neglected him. As a matter of fact, Jack, who was exceedingly free-handed with his dependent relatives, had been taking care of Johnny for years. When Jack heard that his brother was roaming around the premises with a .45 strapped on his hip, he locked himself in his cottage and refused to come out. So Johnny shot Dempsey's dog and then killed himself.

Dempsey and Perfumery Jack Kearns, who had taken Jack off the brake beams and made him champion, were feuding at this time. Kearns was harassing his ex-meal ticket in the courts. Dempsey had bought a glistening new Rolls Royce for Estelle Taylor, to whom he was then married. Kearns got a writ of attachment for the car in an Albany court. With an obliging sheriff, he waylaid Estelle one day on a lonely country road, seized the machine and made Estelle teeter eight miles on her high French heels back to her husband's camp. "A nice, quiet place," Jack said, recalling these shenanigans recently.

Another wild-eyed retreat was Jimmy Braddock's camp in the Catskills where the Jersey dock wallop was whipped into shape—literally, too—for his title bout with Maxie Baer. The place was a kosher summer resort and Braddock was about its only gentile guest. The boxing writers called it Homicide Hall, Fractured-Skull Manor, Broken-Nose Arms and other uncomplimentary names. Every afternoon at three o'clock near-murders were staged there, with Braddock as the

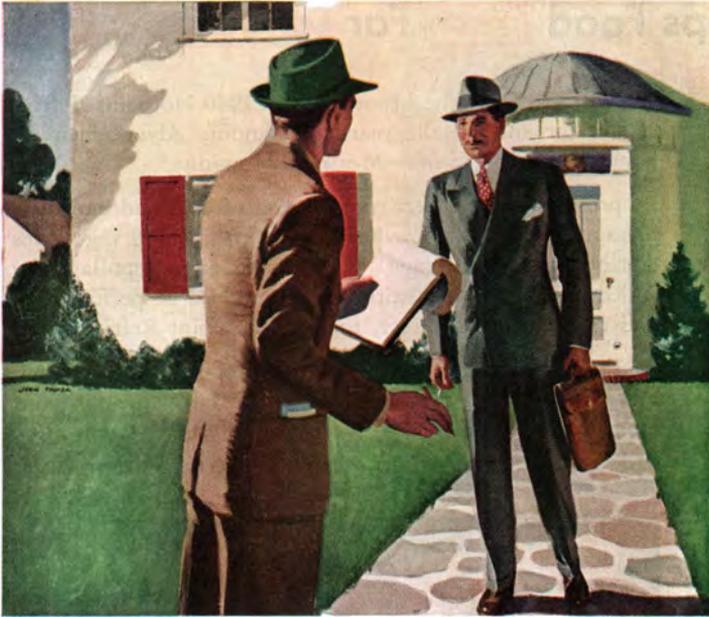
victim, and folks came for miles to witness this carnage. Jim's manager, little Joe Gould, used to shanghai burly stevedores from the East River docks. He would bring them to the mountains in truckloads. The huskies had instructions to hit Braddock with everything they had. Jim was just off the relief rolls; he hadn't been eating any too regularly and he was weak. Nevertheless, every day under a sizzling sun it was his duty to stand up and slug with his bruising hired hands. If one of them showed any mercy and pulled his punches, Gould would pay off this tenderhearted fellow and ship him back to Pier 6.

About ten days before the fight, one of Jim's animated punching bags hauled off and caved in a couple of the Irishman's ribs. Gould had a steel corset made for his man. The next afternoon Braddock was back in there, fighting for his life. To deceive the experts, Jim wore a couple of sweaters, so they wouldn't see the harness and send out stories that would hurt the fight's gate.

(Continued on Page 97)

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE—We did!

We take our own advice! We go out and question Packard owners. And the enthusiastic replies from those who bought a 1940 Packard confirm our belief that it is the finest Packard yet. The answers below represent a fair composite of owner-opinion today.



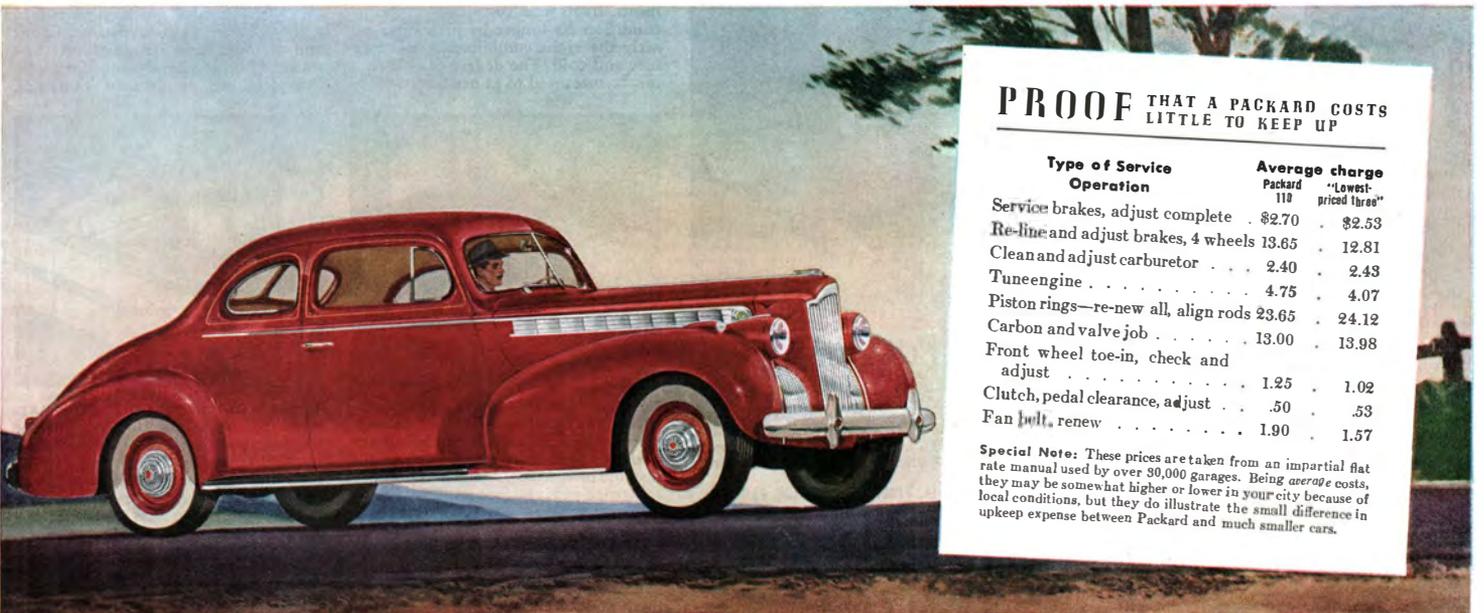
WE SAID: Why did you buy a Packard?

THEY SAID: Because its sound all-around value, *dollar-for-dollar*, stood it hood and hub-caps above the other cars I examined. Against them, I checked my 1940 Packard, point for point. On size and *extra roominess*. On performance. On beauty. On honesty of construction. Packard's average was so much higher that it was obviously a better value.



WE SAID: How do you like it?

THEY SAID: I'm *crazy* about it! I get the thrill of my life from the way this Packard gets away . . . its noiseless travel on the road . . . the way it rides the bumps and ruts with amazing ease. And here's *another* important thing I've found true: this big, husky Packard is more economical to run than smaller cars I have owned.



PROOF THAT A PACKARD COSTS LITTLE TO KEEP UP

| Type of Service Operation | Average charge Packard 110 | "Lowest-priced three" |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| Service brakes, adjust complete | \$2.70 | \$2.53 |
| Re-line and adjust brakes, 4 wheels | 13.65 | 12.81 |
| Clean and adjust carburetor | 2.40 | 2.43 |
| Tune engine | 4.75 | 4.07 |
| Piston rings—re-new all, align rods | 23.65 | 24.12 |
| Carbon and valve job | 13.00 | 13.98 |
| Front wheel toe-in, check and adjust | 1.25 | 1.02 |
| Clutch, pedal clearance, adjust | .50 | .53 |
| Fan belt, renew | 1.90 | 1.57 |

Special Note: These prices are taken from an impartial flat rate manual used by over 30,000 garages. Being *average* costs, they may be somewhat higher or lower in your city because of local conditions, but they do illustrate the small difference in upkeep expense between Packard and much smaller cars.

IF YOU'VE AN EYE for top-quality values in a motor car, you'll want to join the growing Packard family. We invite you to examine the new 1940 Packard . . . to drive it critically . . . to compare it, on *your* basis, with any other car. And check upkeep expense, too. (The table above compares costs for commonest service operations.) You'll find Packard charges right in line with those for smaller, so-called "economy cars." Above all, get the verdict from the man who knows—the *man who owns one!*

PACKARD—\$867

AND UP. Packard 110, \$867 and up. Packard 120, \$1038 and up. Packard Super-8 160 prices begin at \$1524. Packard Super-8, 180, \$2243 to \$6300. All prices delivered in Detroit, State taxes and white sidewall tires (as shown), extra.

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Look At Hotpoint First!

New Measured Humidity Keeps Food Fresh Far Longer!



LOOK FIRST at the beautiful new 1940 Hotpoint Refrigerator and see the year's outstanding advancement in home food preservation—Measured Humidity!

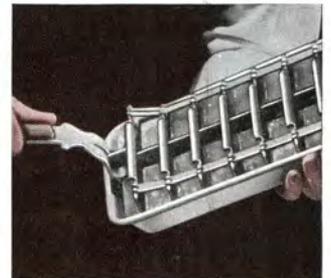
By providing the correct combination of cold and moisture, Measured Humidity now keeps meats, fruits, and vegetables at flavor peak far longer. Worries about food spoilage are ended. You enjoy an entirely new standard of performance and thrift in these bigger, roomier Hotpoint Refrigerators.

And today's prices are the lowest in Hotpoint history—which means that you get more dollar-for-dollar value for your money than ever before. You can buy on easy payments, too.

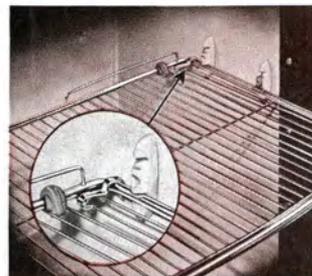
EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC., 5682 W. TAYLOR STREET, CHICAGO



1. MEASURED HUMIDITY in Hotpoint's 6-way cold storage compartment keeps meats, fruits and vegetables in prime condition far longer by providing exactly the right combination of moisture and cold. The degree of moisture can be measured to fit needs.



2. POP-ICE TRAYS make cube and tray removal positive, quick and easy. Two cubes or a trayful are popped out in a jiffy. These trays save time, hands and tempers; end struggle and cube waste. They are handy, too, for freezing delicious homemade popsicles.



3. ADJUSTABLE STAINLESS STEEL GLIDING SHELVES bring all foods in easy reach. Safety catch and back rubber bumpers prevent spillage. Spacing adjustable to fit needs. Reinforced flat bar construction gives smooth, easy-to-clean shelves protected for life against rust.



4. GLASS-TOP HI-HUMIDITY COMPARTMENT provides humidity control for regulating moisture. Stored vegetables and fruits are visible through plate glass top. Drawers may be conveniently stacked one above other to provide ample room for bulky foods.

A Lot More Refrigerator For A Lot Less Money!

- 1. 1940 PRICES** are the lowest in Hotpoint history!
- 2. BEAUTIFUL CABINETS** styled to stay modern for years.
- 3. STAINLESS STEEL BASE GRILL** insures lifetime beauty.
- 4. AIR PURIFIER** absorbs odors, keeps air fresh as spring.
- 5. HALF-GALLON DESSERT TRAY** with snug-fit metal cover.
- 6. ILLUMINATED CONTROL DIAL** and automatic interior light.
- 7. VACUUM-SEALED THRIFT-MASTER**—quiet, trouble-free.
- 8. LOW OPERATING COST** proved by thousands of user records.
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JOAN MARSH

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40,000 NEIGHBORS

(Continued from Page 14)

rank upon rank of them, some thirteen stories high and some seven. But once within the boundaries—once within the city, so to speak—the weight of all this bigness becomes less formidable. For between the separate buildings there are wide expanses of open space—parks planted with flowers and surrounded by trees, green lawns and pools and winding lanes.

The community covers 129 acres of slightly rolling ground which has never really been built upon before. For generations it has been the property of a Catholic institution, which put up only a few scattered houses, and many fine old trees have been preserved.

When construction is finally completed, next March, there will be fifty-one separate buildings, each of them as large as the ordinary apartment house. But these buildings will cover only about one quarter of the land area. They are not jammed together, as on a city street. Indeed, there are only two streets, properly speaking, in the whole community. These are two very wide, curving avenues which in-



PHOTOS BY FAIRCHILD AERIAL SURVEYS, INC.



Metropolitan Life's Parkchester from the air (above), contrasted with two Government-housing developments in New York City, Queensbridge (left), just across the river from mid-Manhattan, and (below), Williamsburg, in Brooklyn.



tersect at the Central Oval, a large shaded park. For the rest, broad lanes wind among the buildings. These are closed to motor traffic, except for the emergency delivery of goods, and so there is no traffic hazard for pedestrians or cyclists or children at play.

The two avenues, or boulevards, cut the settlement into quadrants, and at the center of each there is a park bigger than a football field.

The buildings appear to be set haphazardly; certainly they are not in the ordered rows of streets with which we are familiar. But there is a pattern—one chosen to give the maximum of light and air to each apartment, and the minimum of northern exposure. And this pattern has the additional advantage of giving the greatest possible privacy. You may look out of any window in any apartment, and the nearest facing wall, the nearest window, is at least 100 feet away.

Almost at the center of the community there is a commercial district—a downtown, as it were. It has every sort of shop. There are butchers and bakers and grocers, druggists and dry-goods merchants, clothiers and cob-

blers. There are half a dozen restaurants, from quick-lunch counters to a sunken garden with music and dancing and entertainment every night. There are two banks, and a theater seating 2000.

Scattered throughout the development are other stores, small accommodation shops for the small needs that must be met constantly in every household. The company does not operate

any of these undertakings. It rents store space to shopkeepers who have been examined and approved.

About half the tenants are expected to own automobiles. Garage space for them is provided in several strategically located four-story buildings which are equipped with elevators, and with all the usual garage services.

There are ample parking spaces lying off the two main boulevards, a moment's walk from any given apartment building. But it is a rule of the community that all cars must be away from the parking lots by eleven P.M. The control of unnecessary noise is a

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• Many dealers are equipped to supply the Mobil Upperlube Tonic Treatment. This is designed as an initial treatment for your car.

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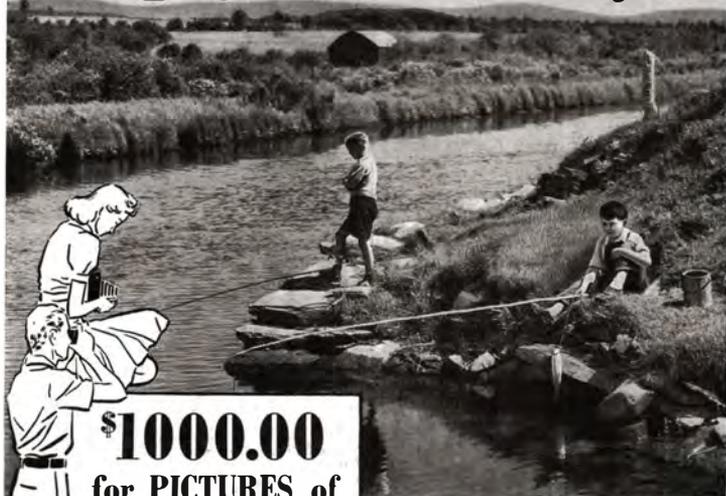
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major interest. The labored, early-morning starting of a car which has been left out all night is a dreadful sound to any poor wretch trying to get in another half hour of sleep.

At frequent intervals all through Parkchester there are play spaces, for grownups as well as children. There are more than a dozen handball courts and shuffleboard courts, badminton and volleyball layouts. And for the

Make your vacation pay its own way!



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- Ninth prize 25.00
- Tenth prize 25.00
- 25 prizes, \$10 each 250.00
- 25 prizes, \$5 each 125.00

60 PRIZES ALL TOLD \$1000.00

CONTEST RULES

1. This contest is open to snapshots taken on or after May 1, 1940, showing any place or object within the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.
2. The picture must have been made by person entering picture in contest.
3. Prints must be sent UN-mounted. Either contact prints or enlargements may be entered but all prints must be 5 x 7 or larger.
4. On the back of each print must appear the name and address of sender, the title of picture, date of exposure, the place where taken and description of subject.
5. Pictures will be judged on the basis of general interest and pictorial quality. The decision of the judges will be final.
6. The Pennsylvania Department of Commerce will use every reasonable care for the safe-keeping of all prints submitted but will not be responsible for loss or damage. Non-winning prints will be returned only if accompanied by full return postage.
7. Entrants agree that any picture, together with its negative which the entrant agrees to furnish upon request, which is awarded a prize, will become the property of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for use as it sees fit.
8. All entries must be sent, postage fully prepaid, to Pennsylvania Pictorial Contest, Department of Commerce, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, postmarked not later than Saturday, September 14, 1940.

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Send for this complete guide to Pennsylvania—the historic and picturesque—illustrated in color. Out-of-state inquirers also receive the Hospitality Passport that assures Pennsylvania's guests of a cordial welcome. Address Pennsylvania Department of Commerce, Division A-3, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.



Dingman's Falls, Dingman's Ferry. One of many beautiful waterfalls in this scenic region.

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And this summer your skill can pay your way to see them all.

Plan now to enter the Pennsylvania Picture Contest. Lay out your route and come get "shots" that will do you proud.



youngsters there are wading pools, skating rinks, softball grounds and gymnasium equipment. All these areas are completely protected from traffic dangers, and the play of children is supervised by employees of the company.

Heat for all the thousands of apartments is manufactured in a central steam plant—the boilers of which, by the way, are those of the old Leviathan, remodeled for the workaday task of pouring warmth into radiators.

Inside the buildings, as in apartment houses generally, one flat is very much like another, because all were designed from a set of master plans. They range in size from two rooms to five. None has a dining room—which is apparently regarded as waste space in modern, efficiency housing—but all have L-shaped corners in the living room to provide for the dining table. Kitchens come in two sizes. All have big electric refrigerators and electrical outlets for the manifold gadgets of modern house-keeping.

There are more three-room apartments than anything else, and they rent for about forty-five dollars a month—a little more or less, depending upon location. Flats of other sizes rent in proportion—sixty-nine dollars for the most expensive five-room unit—and all rents include gas and electricity, water and heat.

Comparison with other rentals in the Bronx is interesting. The best three-room flats in the borough rent for about ninety dollars a month. In modern, six-story elevator apartments, the rents are about seventy-five dollars a month. Smaller and older elevator apartments bring about fifty dollars a month. Thirty dollars will rent a three-room flat in an old, four-story walk-up. And rooms in a cold-water building, barely above slum level, bring about twenty dollars a month. In none of these figures is light or gas included.

In the Government housing projects—none of which is half so big as Parkchester—a three-and-one-half room apartment rents for about twenty-two dollars a month, but Government funds make up a considerable deficit, and there are no taxes to pay.

Entrance Examinations

Three or four of the Parkchester buildings are already occupied as this is written. Against the day when the last house is opened, more than 60,000 applications for leases have been filed.

The applicants are being scrutinized by the landlords with far more than common thoroughness. When a family calls at the rental office, its people are led through the community without hurry, and the nature of its operation explained to them in detail. If, then, they still want to rent a flat, the head of the house makes formal, written request for a lease.

He is asked no questions about his personal affairs at this time. Such inquiries—and they turn out to be more intimate and penetrating than any census enumerator has ever asked—are made by field agents who visit the applicants in their homes. These agents are trained social workers. They mark, first, what sort of family this seems to be: Neat and self-respecting, or careless and uncouth. Decent and quiet folk, or likely to be loud and cantankerous neighbors.

If these questions find satisfactory answers, explicit inquiry into the family finances is then made. Not only how much money is earned in a year, and how, but where does it go—where

is it spent? If the budget is likely to be upset by Parkchester rents, or if it could afford much more than Parkchester rents, then no lease is offered for signature. But if the people look like Parkchester people, in manner and in pocket, they sign a lease and are told when they may expect to move in.

All leases are for two years, rather than the twelvemonth that is customary. And they embody rules and regulations which are based upon the landlords' determination to have each of these 40,000 neighbors seemly and decorous, all pretty much of a kind.

Three's a Crowd

Every apartment-house lease in New York, of course, contains a number of conditions. Among them is cited the right of the landlord to enter the premises for inspection at any time he likes, and to break the lease for wanton destruction of property or careless disregard of the rights of other tenants. But these rights are rarely invoked. Nobody of my acquaintance has ever been thrown out by an indignant landlord for anything less than failure to come up with the rent.

The citizen of Parkchester must toe the line more precisely. He cannot rent at all, for example, unless he takes a bedroom for each two individuals of his family. No more than two in a room. That's the rule. The three working girls or the three young business-men wanting to economize cannot nurse their finances by the time-honored expedients of fold-down sofas or wall beds.

The company will diligently inspect each apartment once a month. And any infraction of the rules governing cleanliness or the care of property will result in a broken lease. The tenant has already signed an agreement to move out at once under such circumstances. He has already agreed, too, that he will make only proper use of the community services—the garbage-incinerator chute installed on each floor, the elevator and hallways, the streets and public place.

Every building is equipped with a roof aerial, and every apartment with a universal wall plug that gives power, aerial and ground to radio sets. But loud tuning at any time or receiving at all after eleven o'clock at night is frowned upon.

The limitation upon the number of children in a family is automatically established by the size of the apartment and the two-to-a-room requirement: Three bedrooms, the maximum available—mother and father in one, four children in the other two. No dogs or cats are allowed in the community, nor pet monkeys or pet coons. Pet lovers must content themselves with goldfish or the more refined of our feathered friends.

The Thomas R. Carroll family, shown in the photographs, are typical of Parkchester. They are natives of the Bronx, and never have lived elsewhere. They moved from Ellis Avenue, only a few blocks away, and their children—Margaret, twelve, and Thomas, eight—used to play under the trees on the grounds of the Catholic Protectors, where Parkchester was to rise.

Mr. Carroll is a civil-service employee of New York City, his work only twenty minutes away by cross-town trolley. They have no car. The children go to Holy Trinity Catholic School. The family's annual summer vacation is spent in the mountains of New York State.

(Continued on Page 44)

TO SEE AMERICA FIRST

FIRST SEE

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THE NATION'S BIRTH-STATE

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RICHARD P. BROWN, Secretary of Commerce



1940 Dodge Luxury Liner, 6-Passenger, 2-Door Sedan \$815, delivered in Detroit.*

It's the best Dodge ever built and the biggest car for your money!

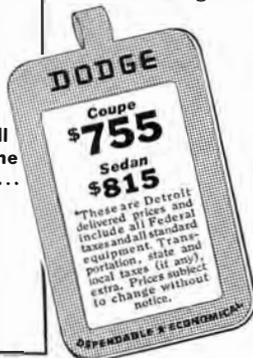
NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS PIONEERED SUCH LEADERSHIP

THROUGH THE YEARS, engineers of Dodge have pioneered in the development of such basic advancements as...

- All-Steel Body • Equal-Pressure Hydraulic Brakes • Patented Floating Power Engine Mountings • Valve-Seat Inserts • High Compression Engine Full-Length Water Jackets • Silenced Ride • Redistribution of Weight.

AND TODAY, engineers of Dodge still lead the way in giving the public the best things in motoring, such as...

- New *Amala Steel*, the new kind of steel that adds years to the life of vital parts
- New *Superfinish*—a remarkable new metal finishing process that makes moving parts last years longer • New *Full-Floating Ride*—the greatest advance in riding comfort in the past 25 years!



BRILLIANT DODGE ENGINEERING AND SOUND CRAFTSMANSHIP REACH THEIR FULLEST AND FINEST DEVELOPMENT IN THE NEW 1940 DODGE!

WHEN you slip behind the wheel of the magnificent 1940 Luxury Liner, you have at your beck-and-call the finest car that ever bore the great name of Dodge!

To millions of motorists no other name in the automobile industry means all that the name Dodge has come to mean. Dodge means *dependability*. It means brilliant manufacturing and sound craftsmanship.

That is why there are more Dodge cars on the highways today than any other car in its price class.

And in today's great Dodge

Luxury Liner you not only get the *finest* car Dodge ever built, but the *most* car for your money in every way!

For example, Dodge gives you the *biggest* car at anywhere near its price—a full 119½ inch wheelbase! You'll find wider, roomier interiors—beautifully styled and tastefully appointed.

You get the advantages of Dodge high trade-in value...and the savings on gas and oil for which Dodge has long been famous.

And when you talk price, you'll hear more good news! For this big, luxurious Dodge costs just a few dollars more than smaller, low-priced cars. DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION
Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

... Take a Look at **DODGE**
DODGE ENGINEERING COSTS YOU NOTHING EXTRA!

4 OUT OF 5 MAY HAVE TROUBLE AHEAD! GINGIVITIS



**ATTACKING THOUSANDS
— EVEN YOUNG FOLKS!**

Do your gums bleed when you brush your teeth? Are they sore? Inflamed? Then watch out! Dental records show 4 out of every 5 people may have Gingivitis, a common inflammation where gums join the teeth.

IF NEGLECTED...Gingivitis often leads to Pyorrhea with shrinking gums and loosened teeth which *only your dentist* can help. It's wise to see him every 3 months for gum inspection. At home help guard against Gingivitis—

**Help Gums To Be Firmer—
Teeth Bright and Sparkling**

Brush your teeth and massage your gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—the ORIGINAL toothpaste for massaging gums and cleaning teeth. This effective Forhan's method helps gums to be firmer, harder and brightens even dull teeth to their "natural" lustre. ALSO helps to remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay.

Start using Forhan's today—note the difference! Sold at all drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.

FREE →
50¢ GUM MASSAGER

Send empty carton from 50¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. A-8, New Brunswick, N.J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

(Continued from Page 42)

You are acquainted with the many community activities fostered in Government houses—the clubrooms and hobby rooms, the day nurseries and cultural organizations and sewing circles. But the Parkchester landlords are making no plans in that direction. George Gove is the Metropolitan's director for the community, and he says: "We are not going to make guinea pigs out of forty thousand human beings, and try to make them like what we think they ought to like. After they get settled, they can decide for themselves what they need, and if it is reasonable, we shall provide it for them."

And so, as the situation now stands, in all this community of 40,000 neighbors there is no common meeting hall—save the moving-picture house, which is leased to a professional exhibitor—no clubrooms, no basement hideaways where pop might install the equipment for his hobby of woodworking. There are no rooms for indoor sports or winter amusements. All such things are a highly important element in the Government projects.

"We shall provide whatever is reasonable," says Mr. Gove.

Well, I have a notion they will be showing up at the office pretty soon—committees and such—with their requests. For I know the fierce local patriotism which affects human beings. A Flatbush boy is always a Flatbush boy. The man from East Cairo has never yet seen a place that could equal the old home town. And I think that Parkchester, from its very nature, will arouse this community spirit to a high degree. There will be Parkchester hiking clubs and camera clubs, Parkchester discussion groups and swing societies. You can't put 40,000 neighbors together without including a good proportion of people who like to organize.

I asked a great many of the new citizens, "What do you like best about being here?" They said, quite naturally, that they liked the buildings and their own apartments, so bright and new. They liked the convenience of everything, the sun and air, and they liked being away from the city's noise and smell of struggle. But the one thing that all of them agreed upon was this: "We like getting in here with such a nice lot of people."

Meet the New Tenants

And they are nice people too. They are clerks and little businessmen, artisans and lawyers, teachers and office girls and junior executives. They have come, virtually all of them, from the crowded apartments of New York—60 per cent from the Bronx and the rest from noisy streets downtown. A few have moved in from the villages of Westchester, a little scattering from New Jersey commuting towns. They are of all religions. And they are terribly eager to be "nice," even if they are not so already—to live the amiable, conformist existence of the suburbs, to know their neighbors for a change, to feel they have moved up in the world by finding such a grand place to live.

I did not include doctors or dentists in the list of trades above. That is because there will be few of them. Rather to the astonishment of the management, more than 1000 doctors applied for apartments in Parkchester. If so many medical men came in, none of them could hope for a decent living, especially in view of the two existing hospitals within a short distance.

So the names of the doctors and dentists were turned over to the Metropolitan's medical department. Careful investigation was made, both of the medical needs of the community and of the reputations of the men who wanted to come in.

It was decided to establish a medical-arts center in the administration building, with complete clinical equipment. And twelve doctors were chosen—six general men and six specialists. Eight dentists were accepted. And no other doctor or dentist will be allowed even to lease a flat.

The basic regulation of Parkchester will be the responsibility of the New York City government. That is to say, city police and city firemen will have their duties to perform here just as in any other section of town. But, in addition, the company will have its own fire wardens. And there will be seventy-five special policemen on duty.

Putting Money to Work

So, then, this is the new sort of urban community in America: 40,000 neighbors living under the wing of a single landlord, and none of them a slum refugee, none needing or wanting help from his Government.

Other life-insurance companies have invested in rental housing in a wholly different way. The Prudential and New York Life, since 1934, have been gobbling up FHA-insured mortgages on large-scale rental-housing projects until, between them, they hold \$45,000,000 of the \$100,000,000 insured to date by FHA's rental-housing division. Much of the balance is in the portfolios of the lesser life-insurance companies.

The Metropolitan owns none of these mortgages, which produce a return of a little less than 4 per cent. Its preference for direct housing investment, where it may watch and manage the spending of every dollar, dates back to 1922. In that year New York State altered its insurance laws to permit the Metropolitan to invest \$7,500,000 directly in building and operating three housing projects in Queens Borough, all five-story walk-ups. A ten years' tax exemption enabled the company to rent these 2125 apartments at about nine dollars a room per month. Partially on the strength of this experiment, New York State, in 1938, again amended its insurance laws to permit life-insurance companies to invest up to 10 per cent of their assets in low-rent housing.

In 1928 and 1929 the Metropolitan's investments were earning a net return of about 5 per cent. That return had fallen last year to about 3.5 per cent, as is the case generally. The volume of new securities is slim and the interest rate still dwindling. With its assets growing as steadily, the company must seek new ways of putting its policyholders' money to work.

There is only one faintly buzzing fly which hovers over the ointment. Parkchester is not the first privately established community. Of course, it is spectacularly the biggest, but there have been other, smaller ones before in the metropolitan area. And in two or three of these there has been a marked tendency toward coercive unionism among the tenants. "We'll have ping-pong tables, or we'll walk out in a

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body." "Plant tulips in the borders, or take the consequences." "Concessions in the rent this year, or no rent checks at all." Such incidents have never reached the ultimate dramatic pitch. There have been threats of strikes, but no actual demonstrations—

perhaps because the owners have been amenable to the demands made. Still, I do not suppose the Metropolitan is worrying unduly over the prospect of such eventualities. Who ever heard of 40,000 neighbors really getting solidly together on anything?

WOMEN MAKE WONDERFUL SPIES

(Continued from Page 27)

The Austro-Hungarian Empire began to break up in late October, 1918. The Emperor Charles, in one of his last decrees, ordered the release of all political prisoners. Our people were now so busy with our revolution that no one thought of Jarushkova.

Several weeks later her German attorney happened to be passing the jail. On impulse, he went in to ask where she had gone after the amnesty. She hadn't gone anywhere. The records of her case had been lost in the tangled red tape of a decaying bureaucracy. She was still there—a physical and nervous wreck. Promptly, he got her out, and eventually she recovered her health. She is alive and well today. If she had died on the gallows or in jail, I suppose she would have become a great national heroine. As it is, few even in Czechoslovakia know her story.

As it turned out, Jarushkova was not my last courier to Prague. When, in April, 1917, Congress declared war on Germany, Austria-Hungary severed diplomatic relations with the United States. But Wilson delayed the declaration of war on the Austro-Hungarian Empire for eight months. We had expected that the personnel of the Austrian embassy would linger here until the actual declaration. But late in April we learned that all the embassy people intended to sail on the next available boat.

It was necessary to inform our people in Prague of the latest events in the United States. I decided to see if I could plant a courier in the Austrian party.

I had to act speedily. Anna Chaloupková seemed the best candidate available at such short notice. Her old parents lived in Bohemia. They were all alone now, for the Austrians had impressed her brothers into the army. Only eighteen, she was a self-contained, shy little thing—the kind of girl strangers rush to help because she appears so young and helpless. But inside she was made of steel and fire.

She was engaged to one of our most valuable men. He intended, now that his work in the United States was done, to join the Czech Legion in France. They were so much in love that they could not keep their eyes off each other. But they loved just as deeply the vision of free Bohemia. Anna Chaloupková had given her man freely to the cause. As gladly, she gave herself.

She had no intimate touch with the Germans or Austrians. We had to work wholly from the outside. So for two days she lived at my house and rehearsed a moving plea. Before a mirror, she practiced wringing her hands, throwing herself onto her knees, calling forth tears at will. When she could do all this realistically, she went to the Swedish consulate—the Swedes had taken over Austrian affairs—and begged them to send her back to Bohemia with the Austrian embassy.

They were willing, but they needed the consent of the Austrian ambassa-

dor. She could not get to him personally; she must make her application in writing. So we collaborated on a letter full of heart interest. Two days before the sailing date, the Austro-Hungarians gave their assent. The Swedes issued her one of those special passports used by diplomats departing from a country at war with their own.

She and her fiancé had now staked both of their lives. At best, they would never see each other again until the end of the war. So they wanted to be married before they parted. The marriage-license bureau gave the names of licensees to the newspapers, which published them next day. The Austrians already knew that the fiancé had been working against them, but they did not know of his engagement. If anyone close to the embassy noticed his name, they might either refuse to take Chaloupková along or, worse, let her accompany them to Austria and then arrest her as a spy.

On the night before Chaloupková sailed, a group of our insiders, both men and women, met at the little apartment in Lexington Avenue which I had formerly kept for my meetings with the Russian secret service. The women had decorated it with flowers and prepared a supper. There, in our presence, Chaloupková and her fiancé joined hands and, in the name of the republic to be, solemnly took each other for husband and wife "until death do us part." We drew up a certificate, which we all signed as witnesses. Then we sat down to a wedding supper which was really gay, and later left them alone in the apartment.

The Austrian diplomats were kind to Chaloupková. At the stations they transferred her and her baggage in their private cars. At Vienna, they sent her to Prague with a special escort. After waiting a few days, she took a train for Pilsen, where she delivered her messages to Haberman.

In the chaotic period which followed the Armistice, I came into Prague wearing an American uniform. I brought news from her husband, who had survived the war, and so I looked her up. It was the starving time, and her appearance shocked me. She showed every sign of malnutrition. I wormed the truth out of her. She could not find a job, and her parents were not getting enough to eat. I tried to give her money.

She refused firmly, saying, "I am poor, but I own one precious thing—the memory of what I did for my country. I don't want to spoil the happiness in my heart by taking money."

Later, I forced money on her, as a loan from a friend, not as a reward for services. She would not take much. Also, I gave her letters to influential people who might find her a job. Then military duty called me to Vienna. When I returned, I found that Chaloupková was very ill in the common ward of a public hospital. I had her transferred to a private room and sent

(Continued on Page 47)

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IM SO DISGUSTED with this old iron. It's so slow, heavy and hard to use!

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Few irons have so many convenience features—finger-tip heat control, cool "Fatigue-Proof" sloping handle, permanently attached long-life cord, beveled button edge all around—and twelve other features for EFFORT-LESS IRONING. Buy this month—Save \$1.00.



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THIS PORCUPINE wants protection at *all points*—not at just one or two. And so does the average motorist!

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Too, Mobiloil helps keep your tight-fitting engine clean. It's purged of clogging impurities...saves you money on gasoline. Saves engine power!

You need Mobiloil for summer driving. Fill up fresh today...see how it gives you protection four ways:

1. Retards wear. Flows fast at starting temperature; resists thinning under heat.
2. Resists sludge formation. Mobiloil is distilled, refined, dewaxed, filtered.
3. Reduces wasteful "oil drag." Helps you save on gasoline.
4. Resists carbon formation because unstable elements are removed from the oil.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc.
AND AFFILIATES
Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

(Continued from Page 45)

to her the best physician I could find. It was all too late. She died—of malnutrition, I feel certain—a week before her husband, demobilized at last, reached Prague.

When, ten years later, Prague decorated her posthumously, her story came to light. The Czech-Americans erected a monument over her grave, and every year until the German invasion of 1939, they decorated it with flowers on her birthday.

By the spring of 1915, Franz von Papen, military attaché at the German embassy, dominated most of the agencies for espionage and sabotage in the United States. I had learned from Jarushkova, through her brother, Jarushek—she then was concealing her identity from me—that Ambassador von Bernstorff opposed Von Papen on nearly every point. Believing that these ruthless policies led straight toward war with the United States, he had appealed to Berlin, but Prussian militarism had pushed German diplomacy out of the saddle. However, I did not yet appreciate another and most important factor in the situation—the character of Von Papen, then young and almost unknown. He has proved himself perniciously able. To a supreme degree, he possessed that quality so much admired in Germany—the power to “impose one’s will.”

By imposing his will on old Von Hindenburg, he made possible the triumph of Hitler. Since then, he has flown like a stormy petrel to regions which Hitler had been softening up for conquest—the Saar, where, before the plebiscite, he disguised himself as a country gentleman; Austria, where, as German ambassador, he organized the local Nazis; the Sudetenland, where he directed the operations of Henlein.

By 1915 the German military class was already imposing its will upon the easygoing Austrian officials. Over here, Von Papen held the Austrians in the hollow of his hand. He had plastic material. Ambassador Dumba was a charming person with all the social graces. For the rest, if you drop the last letter from his name you have an adjective to describe him. And Alexander Nuber von Pereked, usually referred to as Von Nuber, consul general at New York, was made to be dominated. In spite of his German name, he sprang from an aristocratic Hungarian family. Otherwise, he was a typical bureaucrat. He obeyed orders and asked no questions. No more unsuspicious man ever lived.

The Battle of New York

All the men who directed German espionage occupied offices in downtown New York. So did their chief enemies, such as Capt. Guy Gaunt, of British Naval Intelligence, John R. Rathorn, our editor ally, and I. There, too, were all the European consulates.

As he got his own work organized, Von Papen felt the need for a clearing-house. The natural agent was the German consul general. But we were surprised to note that Von Papen was ignoring him and using Von Nuber. We deduced afterward that the German officers had two reasons for this choice: Snobs, they considered their own consul of inferior rank. Extreme nationalists, they wanted to put the blame of everything, in case of exposure, upon Austria, the vassal.

All their pipe lines ran together at the Austro-Hungarian consulate on State Street. Into that junction we

had bored a lead. In a previous article, I have referred to our agent “Zeno.” Not yet of consular rank, he held a position equivalent to that of office manager. Long before the war, he had endeared himself to Von Nuber by his scrupulous adherence to forms. He had brains, which he used mostly to conceal the fact that he had them.

Consul General Von Nuber never took Zeno into his full confidence, but that was not necessary. Zeno distributed the mail, opened all the letters, read them and—often after a delay of a few hours—neatly arranged the important ones on Von Nuber’s desk. Every noon and night he brought me damaging documents which he had held out temporarily. Often he went farther than that. The embassy was sending to its government reports on “treasonable” Czechs, Slovaks, Poles and South Slavs, Austrian by nationality and resident in the United States. Usually they bore a recommendation that the Austrian property of the guilty person be declared forfeit to the crown. By routine, they passed through the consulate. Zeno used to pocket them and burn them.

A Silver-Lined Joke

Sometimes he took reckless chances. Herr von Nuber had installed in the consulate a soundproof telephone booth for his most private conversations. Several times Zeno telephoned to me, in an emergency, from that booth.

He even indulged his acute sense of humor. Once Doctor Albert, on behalf of both the embassies, issued an advertisement headed “Warning.” It advised all German and Austrian subjects resident in the United States not to work in any establishment manufacturing goods for shipment to the Allies.

Handing over the dirty work to the Austrians, as usual, they instructed Von Nuber to get it into the foreign-language newspapers. Zeno volunteered to take charge of the details. Some Czech and Slovak editors in America were still fighting feebly for the Empire. Others could not resist the temptation of a little easy money.

The editor of the New York Hlas Lidu, in which I once owned an interest, called me up. He was a member of our group. “What about this?” he asked.

“Don’t accept it,” I advised. “Instead, run a story exposing and roasting the whole proposition. Play it up, front page!”

When Zeno dropped in on me that night, I told him about the conversation. He began to laugh. “Have him send us a bill for the story,” he said. “He might as well get a slice of that fifty-million-dollar slush fund. Tell him to enclose a clipping of it as proof of publication. The boss doesn’t read Czech.”

I passed on the tip to the publisher of Hlas Lidu. But he was modest; his bill amounted only to ten dollars. Zeno sent it back enclosed in a letter dictated and signed by him, and written on the official paper of the consulate. This bill, he wrote, was ridiculously inadequate for the great service rendered.

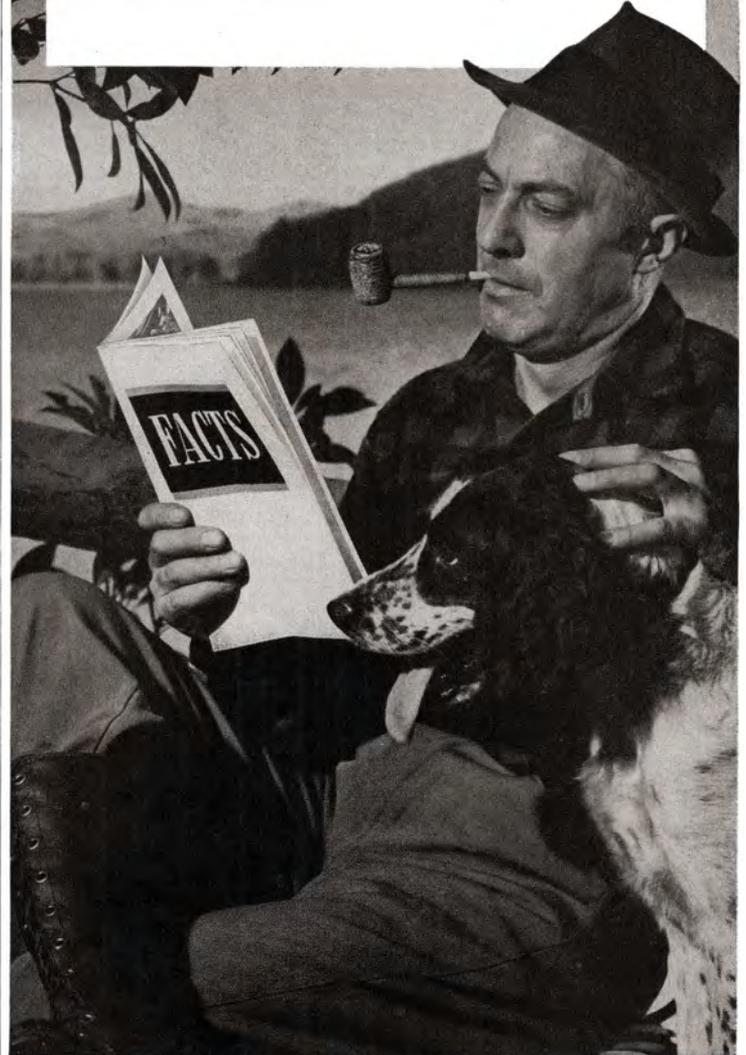
“Raise the ante to two hundred dollars,” I told the publisher.

He did, and back came a check in full payment, signed by Von Nuber himself. We turned the money over to the Bohemian Alliance.

We had three other agents in Von Nuber’s office. Elderly Mr. Sehnal

(Continued on Page 49)

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1. New G-E Cold Storage Compartment automatically controls humidity and keeps meats in prime condition.



2. New G-E Air Filter revitalizes the cool, circulating air—practically eliminates transfer of food odors.



3. New G-E Humi-Dial gives proper humidity for keeping varying quantities of vegetables garden-fresh.

We Believe The New 1940 General Electric Refrigerator Gives You More Value —Dollar For Dollar—Than Any Other Refrigerator At Any Price!

COMPARE refrigerators feature by feature and you'll see why America is buying General Electrics at the rate of *more than one a minute*.

New conveniences! More spacious interiors! Better food preservation! These refrigerators are the thriftiest and most complete that General Electric has ever built! Yet the prices are the lowest in General Electric history. Now you pay *only a few dollars more* than for the very cheapest refrigerator. Think of the economy and satisfaction of *owning the best*.

Conditioned Air!

Deluxe 1940 models have controlled temperature and humidity and constant circulation of sweet, clean air. Selective Storage Zones give you what G-E Engineers have found to be the most practical, low-cost method of food preservation ever developed for the home.

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(Signed) General Electric Co.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 47)

had served in that office for administration after administration as doorman, receptionist, messenger and porter. Even before the war the social center for the Czechs in New York was our Sokol Club on East 71st Street. Sehna spent most of his evenings there. Everyone liked him. Some joker had once called him "the Bohemian Consul." The nickname stuck. Zeno had enlisted him at the very beginning. The rest of our force in that office consisted of two attractive girl stenographers, who followed instructions by getting themselves on terms of distant amiability with the boss. Zeno had hired them personally, after examining them with a straight face on their loyalty to Emperor Francis Joseph.

This situation leads up to the second of our operations to attract wide public attention—the strange case of J. F. J. Archibald. Students are familiar with that episode and its important effect on the course of the war. But no historian seems to know who did the job of trapping Archibald, or how it was done.

By the spring of 1915, we were beginning to confide judiciously in the American public, hoping that general indignation would force the Government to act against barefaced German espionage and dynamiting. Our ally, John R. Rathom, began our campaign with his famous series of exposés in the Providence Journal and its syndicate. Based almost entirely on information which we gave him, this attracted wide attention. However, this method had one or two flaws. In order to conceal the existence of our Czech-Slovak organization, Rathom often had to make only general statements. Already we had in our growing collection photographic copies of documents which, if published, would have roused the country.

But if even one of them appeared in the press, the investigators would start on our trail. I talked this problem over with my closest allies and advisers. What we needed, all agreed, was a smashing exposé, backed by original documents and managed in such fashion as to conceal any link with my organization. On July 31, 1915, two of Rathom's agents, taking over a trail where we had dropped it, secured the portfolio where Dr. Heinrich Albert kept his most important papers. That operation was not quite typical of our methods, so I reserve it for a future installment. But we wanted something bigger—something of international importance. We began searching the daily budget of intercepted mail and agents' reports for a lead.

Alphabetical Archibald

As usually happens, we did not at first recognize the trail which led to the big operation as anything important. First, our agents in the Austrian consulates in the Middle West informed us that one Captain Archibald was going to make a lecture tour through that region. The price of admission would be fifty cents to known German sympathizers. But each German and Austrian consul was held responsible for giving away several hundred tickets to unconverted persons. Almost as a matter of routine, I had Archibald's record looked up.

"Alphabetical Archibald," as his newspaper associates called him, proved to be a veteran American war correspondent and a somewhat peculiar person. He had two complexes—military and secret service. He enjoyed war. Between wars, he loved to

appear as a mysterious figure of international importance. At the Portsmouth Peace Conference in 1905, he showed himself every evening in the lobbies, wearing military brass buttons on his dress waistcoats. He had no newspaper connection at the time. When asked what he was doing there, he evaded the question with the air of a man who might tell much if he would. He passed as "Captain" Archibald. It was generally assumed that he got that title in the course of his adventures in Central America.

During the first month of the first World War, he bobbed up in Berlin and Vienna, where the German and Austrian armies made much of him. The Austrians created him an honorary officer and almost at once sent him to the front, where he traveled in uniform and without escort.

The Long Trail

He smelled like a German agent. We had all his lectures covered. Our people reported that he showed exclusive photographs of actual fighting and gave an interesting talk. But it was gently persuasive propaganda, designed to create sympathy for the Central Powers, dislike for the Allies. When he returned to New York, we put shadows on him.

Then reports from other sources brought new facts which we did not at first connect with Archibald. Every standard safe has a square inner compartment with a separate key. We had long known that Von Papen, Von Igel, his assistant, and Von Nuber used such compartments to store their most confidential papers. Our observer in Von Papen's office brought news that he and Von Igel were clearing out these compartments. Almost simultaneously, Zeno reported that Von Nuber had returned from luncheon with a bundle of papers which he stuffed into that compartment of his own safe. Next, couriers from the embassies at Washington appeared with still more papers. Von Nuber, with an attempt at secrecy, added them to his cache.

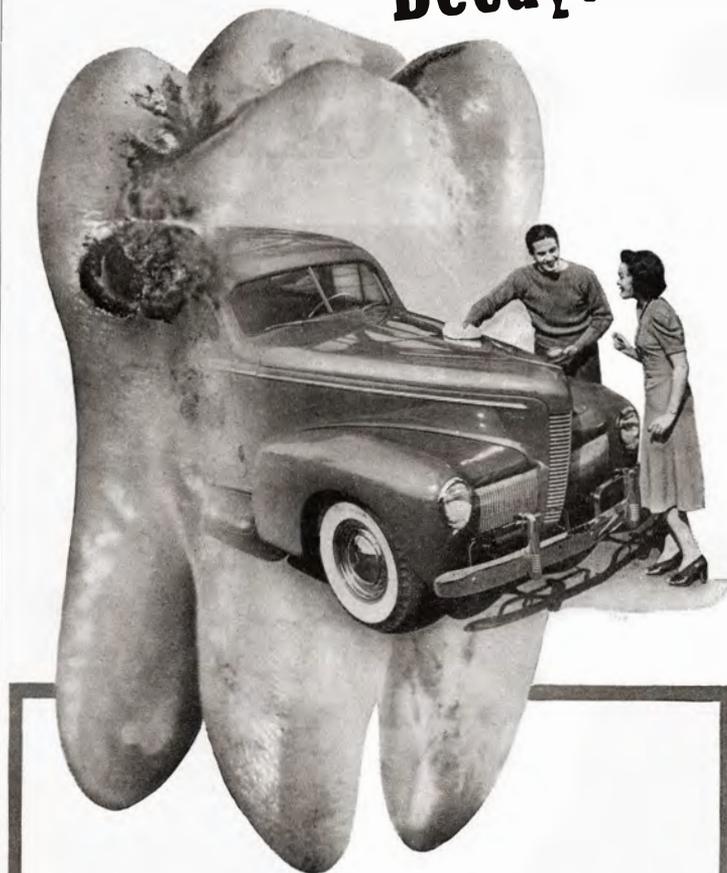
Then we found that Archibald had reserved a cabin for himself, his wife and his child on the Rotterdam, sailing for the Netherlands. We began to put two and two together. Those papers in Von Nuber's safe were so important—and probably so damaging—that the Germans and Austrians dared not send them to their home governments by the usual method, diplomatic pouches. Archibald, an American citizen, was going to carry them to Berlin and Vienna. Often, in work like this, you find that, owing to hidden facts beyond the scope of your imagination, your early inferences start you on the wrong track. In this case, we reasoned rightly from beginning to end.

Here I must go back and introduce another character. Early in 1915, an operative of ours reported that a mysterious German with all the marks of the officer class had begun to frequent certain resorts which we were watching. He passed by the name of Count Lynar, but, we learned soon afterward, that was only one among a number of aliases.

Our agents began to shadow him. He dined out a great deal with influential people. He was always running down to Washington, where he associated with officials and congressmen. Until he began visiting West Point and Annapolis, we rated him as a social or political lobbyist. Then the agents tailing him reported that he had appeared at several towns where the

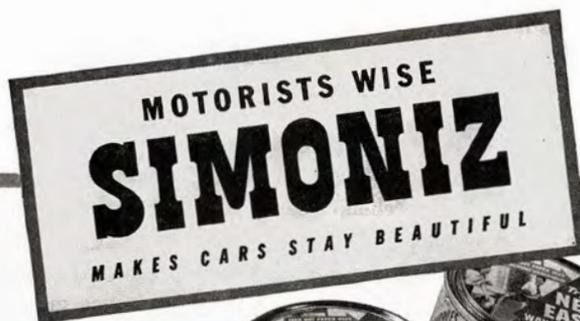
(Continued on Page 51)

Like Teeth . . . Car Finishes, too, Decay!



Simoniz Essential for Protection

Why do cars get dull? Weather, dirt, and the sun's rays break down the lacquer or enamel. Simoniz gives perfect protection. Destructive elements can't get at the finish. It is always safe under Simoniz. Even dust and dirt wipe right off with a cloth. If you've neglected your car, first use Simoniz Kleener to clean the finish safely and thoroughly. It also restores the natural lustre and color. Makes your car look new! Try the modern way to Simoniz. So quick and easy you're amazed!



Always insist on world-famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Sold at hardware, drug, grocery and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages.

The Simoniz Company, Chicago

THE TWENTY-EIGHT MILLIONTH FORD CAR

We have always believed that before business could be good for one, it must be good for all. Our discoveries and improvements have always been open for other manufacturers without patent restrictions.

Of course, there is one thing we cannot share—every one must get it for himself—and that is experience. Money could duplicate our buildings and machines, but it cannot duplicate our experience in manufacturing 28,000,000 automobiles.

Henry Ford



Behind the 28 millionth Ford car, which came off the line April 8, 1940, are other famous Ford "millionth cars": the 25 millionth, produced Jan. 18, 1937; the 20 millionth, April 14, 1931; and the 15 millionth Model T, May 6, 1927. THIRTEEN MILLION CARS IN THIRTEEN YEARS!

Under one management, the Ford Motor Company has built and sold 28,000,000 Ford cars.

No other maker even approaches this total. No other has so many cars on the road today.

How has it been done?

Not by building a "cheap" car. People do not go on buying a "cheap" product for thirty-seven years.

Not by squeezing workers to achieve a low price. This company took the lead years ago in paying higher wages, shortening hours and improving working conditions.

Not by monopolistic methods. Henry Ford has always encouraged competition. He has made his company's inventions and technical advances available without charge to any one who wanted to adopt them.

Free competition in the industry has presented a constant challenge to find ways of offering better and better value to the public.

The Ford Motor Company holds the lead in total number of cars built and sold because it has met this challenge with more than ordinary vision and skill—backed by a set of business principles which the American people respect and approve.

As these 28,000,000 cars have been produced, the company's experience has continued to accumulate. Its facilities have continued to increase. Profits have been consistently turned back into the business to provide the means for offering still greater value.

The Ford Motor Company today knows how to build a better car than it has ever built—it has the resources to build it—and it is building it. In the few moments it takes you to read this advertisement, half a dozen of the finest Ford cars that have yet been built—part of the twenty-ninth million—will come off the assembly lines.



(Continued from Page 49)

United States Army maintained forts for coast defense. He always registered in such places under a name other than Lynar. His expeditions ranged from Boston to Baton Rouge. We concluded that Count Lynar was an out-and-out spy, sent here to study coast defenses and naval bases.

All of a sudden, the count bobbed up in the Archibald case. I cannot remember the "how" of all the information that poured into my headquarters, but I still have some contemporary notes on the facts. For once, the Germans and Austrians committed very little to paper. But they talked, at Von Papen's office, at the offices of the Hamburg-American Line, at the Austrian consulate, and, most of all, at two spots where they usually gathered when they had luncheon or dinner together—a German club in 59th Street and the Ritz-Carlton. Whenever Von Papen, Von Igel, Von Nuber or any member of the embassies showed up at either of these places, Czech waiters, trustworthy men of our organization, served them. How we accomplished that is a secret which I cannot reveal, even after all these years.

We confirmed our suspicions that Archibald was going to carry important papers to Berlin. Then, piecing one snatch of conversation with another, we established that Lynar was going to send plans of American harbor defenses. Next, jests about a cane began to slip into the reports. Finally, the full story emerged from the mists. When Archibald went to Germany he was going to carry a sword cane—or what looked like one. Externally, a sword cane resembles any walking stick with a crooked handle. But to the handle was attached a thin, sharp blade, and what appeared to be the shaft of the cane was really a scabbard, which the bearer could screw off with one or two quick turns. The Germans in Von Papen's office had filed the blade off from one of these canes, making the shaft a hollow repository.

At last, important news arrived from the Ritz-Carlton. On the night before the Rotterdam sailed, the Germans gave Archibald a farewell dinner on the roof garden.

Among those present were Dumba, Von Papen, Boy-Ed, Von Nuber and Lynar. Two Czech waiters—our men—served. Naturally, they could not hear all the conversation, but two or three snatches which they did hear were enough.

The Answer to a Puzzle

"Count Lynar," said Von Papen to Archibald, "is going to see you off on the steamer tomorrow. He's going to bring you a cane as a little souvenir."

Everybody laughed. Later, Von Nuber advised Archibald that he and his family should be in their cabin an hour before sailing time, in order to meet a messenger from the consulate with "the package."

Our Czech waiters had the habit of dropping into the Sokol Club after the night's work. That night I took pains to be in the club myself. The waiters from the Ritz-Carlton arrived and I followed them into the private room. Their news put the last block of the puzzle into place.

Should we try to steal the cane and the papers before they left New York? We decided against that plan, for several reasons. On such short notice, it was risky. Any operation of that sort must be rehearsed. And even if it succeeded, it might attract the attention

of the police. The world would know about our organization.

Those papers were probably so damaging that publication of the facts in them would have to be backed up by documents. We dared neither give them out ourselves nor edge them into the press. They should reach the public from a responsible source remote from us. We needed only to establish the fact that the cane and papers had gone with Archibald on the Rotterdam, and the British naval control, searching the ship at Falmouth, could seize them and give out the contents on their own responsibility.

An Inside Job

Only two things remained—to make sure that Archibald had taken the papers with him and, if possible, to get some certain knowledge of their character. So two or three of our men spent all night dragging people out of their beds and making final arrangements. When dawn broke, only one thing troubled us. Sehnal, to whom we had given full instructions, was the natural choice to carry Von Nuber's collection of papers to the boat. But perhaps the consul general, considering the importance of the errand, might select some official of the consulate. We drew a plan to meet that emergency, but we never had to use it.

Our four agents showed up early at the Austrian consulate. So, to their surprise, did Ambassador Dumba. He had a report to finish in a hurry, they learned. He cleared the papers from an unoccupied desk and began to write furiously. Couriers arrived from the German and Austrian embassies with still more papers, which Von Nuber added to the pile in the private compartment. Von Papen dropped in with a sealed letter. One of the girls got a look at it. It was addressed to his wife. Finally, Dumba handed Von Nuber his morning's literary output. Von Nuber then rang for Sehnal.

"I want you to help me list these papers and wrap them up," he said. Item by item he went through the documents and called them off to Sehnal: "Confidential report of Ambassador Dumba to his Excellency, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. . . . Seventeen communications from the German embassy at Washington to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. . . . Report of Captain von Papen to the Great General Staff. . . . Letter of Captain von Papen to his wife," and so on. There were about 110 items in all.

Sehnal handed the list to one of our girls for typing. She held out a carbon copy.

Zeno directed the proceedings.

"When you wrap things up, get the dimensions of the package and samples of the paper and string," he whispered in Czech as Sehnal passed.

Von Nuber produced a large sheet of peculiar wrapping paper, such as no one about the office had seen before. It was constructed in three layers—the outer one brown, the inner one gray and the one between of some waterproof material. Sehnal made it into a compact package. Two snips of the shears, a few motions of the ruler on the consular desk, and Sehnal had samples and dimensions in his pocket and his mind.

Finally Von Nuber gave Sehnal the number of a cabin on the Rotterdam and said:

"Take a taxicab. Go at once to this cabin. Deliver the package to Captain Archibald, personally. Remain on

(Continued on Page 54)



Carol Landis, starring in the Hal Roach production, "One Million B.C.," meets many . . .



. . . prehistoric monsters, but none so old as . . .



. . . Brontosaurus, who lived 130 million years ago. And yet before he lived, Nature was mellowing and filtering the crude oils used today in refining Sinclair Motor Oils. Oldest crudes, expertly refined, make . . .



. . . finest lubricants. That's why you can reduce wear, make driving safer by having your car Sinclair-ized for Summer now. This special service lubricates your car for Summer as its manufacturer recommends. Ask your nearby Sinclair Dealer about it today.

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Inside Out!



Start with the metals. Tough, close-grained, fine—seventy-two varieties all told.

Every one fitted to its function—like the iron of cylinder blocks, melted in Buick furnaces, poured in Buick's own foundry.

Many specially treated for their special service—like anodic surfacing of alloy pistons, "anti-scuff" treatment of tappets and piston rings.



Or consider completed parts:

Rear axle gears lapped, meshed, finished in sets as they will be used. "Married" in emery baths. Tested by *sound* for quiet. Polish-ground by hand when necessary.



Pistons checked for perfect contour and profile. Then measured in controlled-temperature test rooms. Held to weight limits of 39 ten-thousandths of a pound.

Altogether a hundred types of measurements, some 5,000 separate operations, check, re-check, multi-check the parts of every Buick.

Look into substance.

The frame—heaviest of any at the money.

The torque-tube—well over five feet long, a backbone of rigid strength and steadiness.

The engine—800-odd pounds of dynamite-on-leash. Complex mechanism of some 1,300 parts, yet purringly smooth because of its exclusive electro-balancing *after* final assembly.

Springs that never need lubrication. Axle shafts, crankshafts, differentials surprisingly fine, virtually

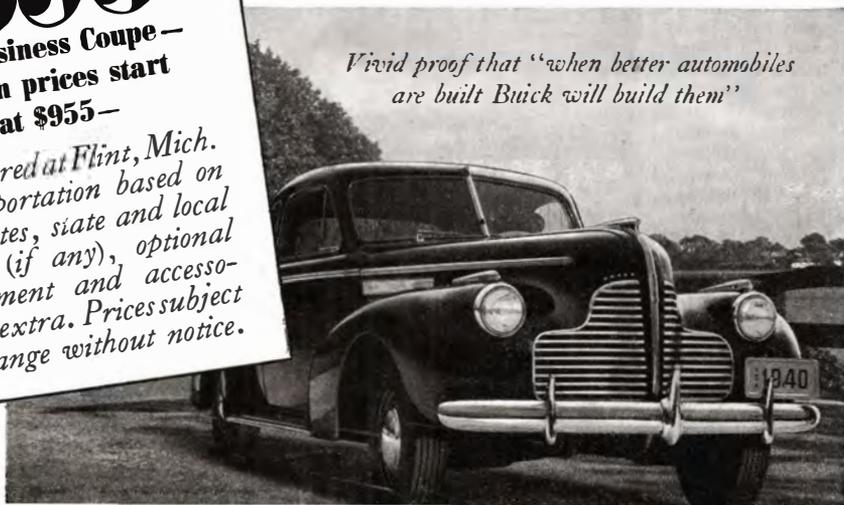
Buick prices begin at

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for Business Coupe—
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at \$955—

*delivered at Flint, Mich.
Transportation based on
rail rates, state and local
taxes (if any), optional
equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject
to change without notice.

*Vivid proof that "when better automobiles
are built Buick will build them"*



Below is the Buick SUPER
4-door touring sedan \$1109*



"Best buy's Buick!"
EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

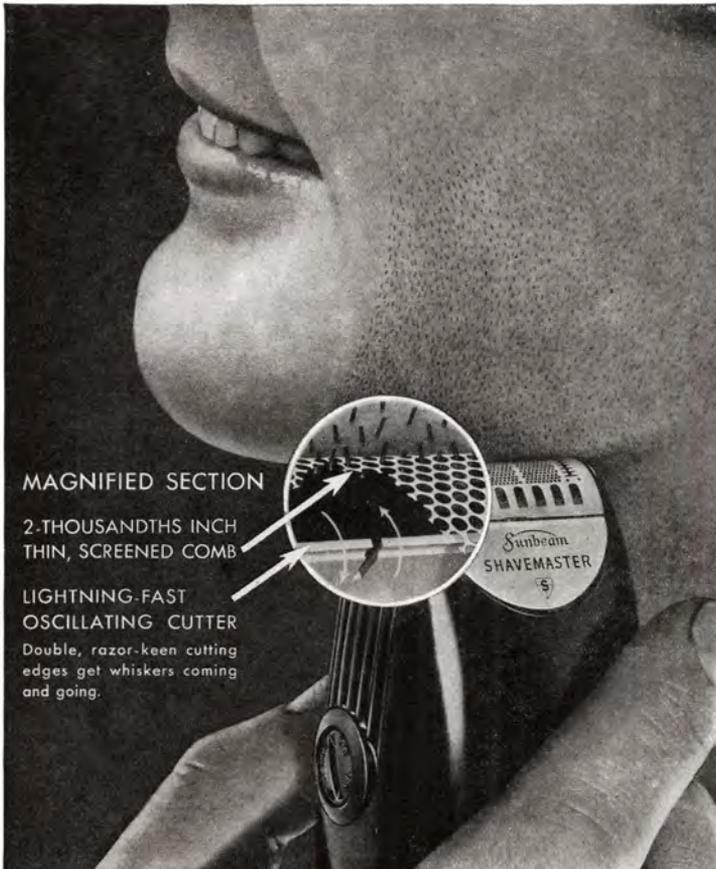
free of all failure in ordinary service.

Look anywhere—through all of Buick's 12,000 parts the story of quality, precision, strength runs in unbreakable thread.

That's what the name Buick stands for.

And when you can get it on a car so big, so roomy, so able, so smart—when you can get it at prices that might be meant for a *six*—why now or ever be satisfied with less?

Why—especially now?



MAGNIFIED SECTION

2-THOUSANDTHS INCH
THIN, SCREENED COMB

LIGHTNING-FAST
OSCILLATING CUTTER

Double, razor-keen cutting
edges get whiskers coming
and going.

Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

Winning America
TO DRY SHAVING
WITH THIS EXCLUSIVE HEAD

Look at the head when selecting *your* electric shaver. Get the one with the exclusive Sunbeam head that is WINNING AMERICA TO DRY-SHAVING. You can't miss it. There's none other like it. It has the whisker-thin comb that picks up the beard the way it grows. The holes are so close together the whiskers enter freely and easily whether they are tough or fine, curly or straight. And each hole has its own permanent razor-keen cutting edge. The lightning-fast, oscillating, double-edge cutter is pressed right against the inner surface of the comb—shaves CLOSE as a straight edge and FASTER, without skin irritation. Try it! Enjoy it!

BOTH MODELS HAVE THE SAME EXCLUSIVE HEAD AND GIVE THE SAME PERFECT SHAVES

The Model "R" has the Universal, brush-type, series-wound motor that operates on both AC and DC. The Model "M" has the new Sunbeam magnetic type motor for operation on AC only. On sale wherever good electric appliances are sold.



Model
"M" (AC)
\$7.50

NOTE!
The **ONLY** electric shaver selected for standard equipment on American Airlines, Inc., United Air Lines, TWA (Transcontinental & Western Airways), Western Air Express, Chicago and Southern Air Lines, Inc.



Model
"R" (AC-DC)
\$15.00

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO., 5542 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill.—Canada Factory, 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto
Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, etc.

(Continued from Page 51)

board until the ship sails, in case Captain Archibald needs any assistance. Follow instructions carefully."

When Sehnal passed through the outer office, carrying the bundle casually under his arm, Zeno and the two girls almost fainted with relief.

We had a man on watch at the foot of every gangplank leading to the Rotterdam. Sehnal walked slowly toward the first-class gangplank, managed to display his package in such a manner that all of them got a good look at it. He found Archibald and his family in a de-luxe cabin whose portholes looked out onto the promenade deck. He put the package into Archibald's hands.

Old Sehnal had the art of making friends on sight. The Archibalds asked him not to hurry away. So he sat with them for a while. Archibald kept glancing nervously out of the porthole. Presently he rose and, leaving his wife to guard the package, went out on deck. As soon as he could act without attracting attention, Sehnal bade Mrs. Archibald good-by and lost himself among the passengers on the promenade deck.

Count Lynar appeared, twirling a smart cane with a curved handle. Archibald strolled casually toward him. They shook hands and exchanged a few words. As Lynar handed Archibald the cane, they looked into each other's eyes and laughed. They entered the cabin together. Sehnal remained on watch outside until the gong signaled all visitors ashore. Count Lynar departed empty-handed. Our other agents watched at the gangplanks until the ship cast off. No one who left her carried such a package or such a cane.

At the first opportunity, Sehnal passed the samples of paper and string to Zeno. Zeno slipped over to my office at the Hudson Terminal Building. By telephoning, I found that Captain Gaunt was in a special room at the British consulate. When I showed him the samples and told him the story, he didn't pause to express his joy. He simply reached for a secret schedule of departing ships which he kept on his desk. A British ship which should better the Rotterdam's time by two or three days was sailing the next morning.

Springing the Trap

A courier from British Naval Intelligence sailed on her. He carried the samples—all except some small pieces which we had snipped off as a double precaution—the list of papers enclosed, the dimensions of the package, a description of the cane, and a detailed report. He had orders to deliver all this to Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, chief of British Naval Intelligence. Later—just in case the British vessel encountered a German submarine—we cabled our report in code and called Hall's attention to the probable importance of those papers.

After nine or ten days, British Naval Intelligence cabled that they had put Archibald under detention and were hunting for the papers and the cane. Another day—and no results as yet. Archibald, with superb nerve, had cabled to our State Department a strong protest against this outrage to an innocent American citizen. The captain of the ship had sent a complaint to his own ministry of foreign affairs. The American and Dutch governments had made strong representations.

As I was dressing next morning, the telephone at my bedside rang. Gaunt's voice; for once excited. He must see

me immediately. With the object of breaking up any systematic espionage on him, Gaunt moved his living quarters every two weeks. Mrs. Gaunt was always with him. They never left their rooms unguarded. Just then, he had a suite at the Biltmore.

Empty Hands

He met me at the elevator door. "Our people have found nothing—nothing!" he said. In silence we entered his suite. There, he handed me a decoded cablegram. I read:

We have held up the Rotterdam for two days, arrested Archibald, searched thoroughly, but have found neither parcel nor stick. Victor was probably mistaken. American and Dutch authorities protesting against arrest of American citizen and holding a neutral ship so long. What do you advise?
HALL.

"Victor"—that was my name in the British code—"was probably mistaken." But I couldn't be. Was this all a counter-counter-plot on the part of the Germans, designed to test and show up our organization? No, for in that case they would have filled the package and cane with wastepaper or innocuous reports, and let us capture them at Falmouth. Had a German submarine met the Rotterdam in mid-ocean and carried the papers away? It was unlikely that the Germans would entrust important documents to a craft so unsure of making port. Had Archibald dropped them to some agent in a small boat as the ship entered Falmouth harbor? Impossible.

"Have a cigarette?" asked Mrs. Gaunt calmly. Strange, but all these years I have remembered the beautiful carved box which she offered me at that tense moment. I lit up and got a grip on myself. I talked fast about my certainty that these documents had sailed with the ship. The people on the other side had not searched thoroughly enough, that was all.

"But suppose that my government, in view of the American and Dutch protests, refuses to hold the ship any longer?" Gaunt asked.

"They must!" I said. "Nothing that my people have done in the war is so important as this!"

Gaunt at once began to compose a code cablegram:

Victor suggests strongly a more thorough search. Both of us sure documents and stick are on steamer.
GAUNT.

I will not try to describe my emotions during the next two days. Then Gaunt called me up. For once, he took the risk of reading a decoded cablegram over the telephone:

Appreciation and thanks to Victor. Documents found, stick not found. Documents, however, are of such nature they will suffice and will have far-reaching effect. Am sending photographs in triplicate on fastest ship.
HALL.

Later, I learned what had happened in Falmouth. The British, ignoring protests, went on with their search. They even tore out panels in the saloons and lounges. No results.

Only one possibility remained. By sea law, no one except his government or his owners may compel a captain to open his safe. And in this matter the skipper of the Rotterdam had stood firmly on his rights. Hall determined on a dangerous and daring course. A naval officer, backed by a squad of bluejackets and two expert locksmiths, marched up to the captain of the Rotterdam.

(Continued on Page 56)

ARE THESE THREE HORSEMEN RIDING YOU DOWN?



Riding roughshod over thousands, these three horsemen of modern life can trample out the fun of living and the power to get things done . . . can put out the inner spark that makes you popular, successful.

THESE THREE . . . in fact, any one of them . . . may make you feel dragged out . . . tired without apparent cause . . . old before your time. They breed despair if you let them. You feel as if you're down, and nothing can be done about it. But

there is something to do. Actually thousands of people are on the road to throwing off these conditions by adding a remarkable food to their daily diet.

A food! Remember that! Not a cure-all, not a harsh laxative, but a remarkable food! Little by little, day by day, it helps to speed up sluggish digestion, make elimination more regular and complete, when you have ordinary constipation, overcome jumpy nerves due to lack of vitamins.

Make it a part of your diet. A regular part. Not just off and on, but regularly, on schedule, every day.

Eat one cake of Fleischmann's Yeast

when you get up in the morning, another half an hour before supper at night. That's the way people get results! Keep it up. See if you don't notice a tremendous difference, just as thousands of grateful users have done.

REMEMBER . . . the three horsemen don't wait. You shouldn't either. Start now!

Fleischmann's Yeast is a remarkable natural storehouse—one of the greatest known—of all the parts of the amazing Vitamin B Complex, made up of perhaps as many as 10 different B vitamins.



SLUGGISH DIGESTION

is a real cause of stomach upsets and distress after meals in countless cases. Fleischmann's Yeast in test cases so improved the flow of sluggish digestive juices that it greatly increased the speed of digestion.



INCOMPLETE ELIMINATION

probably drags down more people than does any other common trouble. Fleischmann's Yeast, not a cathartic, is a mild laxative and conditioner. When eaten *regularly*, its mild action helps increase the activity of the intestines. Helps food move along normally so that elimination is not delayed.



JUMPY NERVES

due to lack of vitamins, often go along with run-down condition. Then the nerves are hungry for proper food. Fleischmann's Yeast is the world's richest natural source of the Nerve Vitamin. Eat it regularly and see if it can't help you get back your steady, normal nerves again.



And here's MAGIC for everyone!

There is a new, a *constructive* magic awaiting you . . . the New MAGIC Margin Royal Portable. Be sure to see it. You will be enthused with the great convenience that MAGIC Margin brings to all typing. With this patented improvement you can set margins automatically —3 times faster. Just type a few lines on this finest of

home-sized typewriters. Then you'll know why so many students, teachers and parents hail this New Royal as the simplest, quickest and the clearest way to set thoughts on paper . . . why it is a modern aid to education. For details of Royal's Free Home Trial, mail the coupon below.



THE NEW MAGIC* Margin ROYAL PORTABLE

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| Please tell me how we can try a New Royal at home FREE. | | CITY _____ |
| COUNTY _____ | STATE _____ | |

(Continued from Page 54)

"If you do not open that safe at once, and in our presence," said the officer, "we will blow off the lock."

The captain had to yield. The first object in sight was a package exactly matching our description and samples.

The cane is still a mystery. When we saw that it was gone beyond recall, Rathom published in the Providence Journal a guarded and purposely garbled account of its adventures and disappearance. The cane figured as "gold-headed" and the informant as "a prominent official." Archibald denied all knowledge of a sword cane and professed his ignorance of the contents of the package he was carrying. And there the matter rests to this day.

The British decided to hold Archibald no longer, and the Germans wanted him no more. With a one-way passport, he returned to the United States, where he lived in obscurity. In 1934, he killed himself with his old service revolver, a relic of the war.

Photographs of the documents arrived in New York by the first steamer. One set of prints went to the British authorities on this side, one to the State Department, one to me. Also, Ambassador Walter Hines Page, in London, sent a set to President Wilson. When we looked them over, we Czechs felt in our first flush of excitement that the United States had no course open but to declare war on the Central Powers. Gaunt, Rathom and I had already determined to publish them in the United States. Rathom's string of exclusive stories in the Providence Journal and its syndicate had aroused jealousy among other newspapers. When, a month before this, he released for general publication a selection from the important documents found in Dr. Heinrich Albert's portfolio, he met this situation by giving them to the New York World and its Pulitzer twin the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, as a beat. He used the same outlet for the Archibald documents. The Journal and other papers of his syndicate republished the story under the line, "The New York World will print today —"

The indignation over the Lusitania episode in May, 1915, had died down. The publication in August of the Albert documents, proving among other things an attempt to corrupt the American press wholesale, had put a crimp in all German propaganda, but failed to rouse much emotion. But now, the pro-Allly element buzzed again like a

swarm of hornets. Americans who had been trying to preserve their personal neutrality "in thought and deed" swung by hundreds of thousands to the side of the Allies.

It is not necessary for me to list the damning documents which we dug out of this rich little mine. They are in all American histories of the World War. Cryptic sentences and paragraphs—but not too cryptic to have stood up in court—convicted German diplomats in their own handwriting of guilty knowledge concerning dynamiting jobs. The single document which produced the greatest effect was Dumba's long report—the one he finished so hurriedly in Von Nuber's office. It laid out a plan for disorganizing all munition production in the United States through bribed labor leaders, purchased strikes and large-scale, scientific sabotage. "This will be enormously expensive, but in the end the results will be more than commensurate with the outlay," he wrote, in effect.

However, the short passage which did the Central Powers the most damage was a single sentence in Von Papen's letter to his wife: "I always say to those idiotic Yankees that they should shut their mouths and, better still, be full of admiration for all that heroism."

Neither in the material which Rathom furnished to the Pulitzer papers nor in the pamphlets which they issued later did the British give out all these documents. Some reported too accurately on the naval and military plans of the Allies. Some gave details of scandals, unknown to the public, in the lives of living American statesmen. The writers suggested that if these men showed signs of growing hostile, the "facts" enclosed might be made useful. This, of course, was sheer blackmail.

President Wilson was unwilling to act against one belligerent on information supplied solely by the other. But apparently Uncle Sam did not intend to remain inactive. Presently our operatives in the German and Austrian offices began to report signs that others were tailing these foreign diplomats. There was evidence that the newcomers were Americans.

Meanwhile, the public did not forget the incident of the Archibald papers. Time seemed to intensify indignation. But it was nearly three months before President Wilson struck home.

Editor's Note—The fourth installment of Captain Voska's reminiscences will appear next week.





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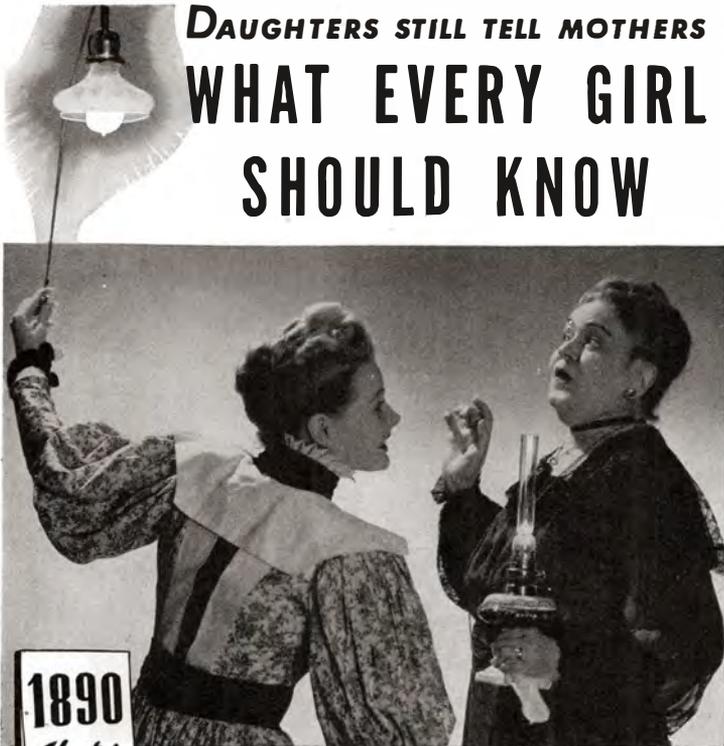
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**CLEAN
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MANITOU'S CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 23)

A whooping crane keeps the golden-buff color of youth only a little while. When Takahna was two years old he was pure white all over, except for a carmine patch on his cheeks and a black strip along the rear edges of his wings. Big from the beginning, he was now tremendous—a superb specimen of the giant northern strain, excelling in height and bulk the birds bred farther south. Even an ordinary whooper stands, at rest, nearly four and a half feet high and, on the alert, has almost a man's stature. Takahna, bred on the tundra north of Great Slave Lake, overtopped the average male by a full five inches and his broad pinions measured more than eight feet from tip to tip.

As was the way of his kind, he had sprung almost in a single bound to his fullness of size and strength. He was less than two years old when Sitting Bull's Sioux won their victory on the Little Big Horn in that fateful June of '76. He was four when Jo and Marie Dumont left the Red River country and headed for the far south. It was well known to the Indians that the whooper sometimes lived a century or longer, so the big bird which was Dumont's particular totem should have many years in store. But they were to be stranger years than Dumont ever imagined. Takahna's life span would bridge the most dramatic period in the history of the West. He was to witness the most astounding, and, in a sense, the most tragic, transformation that has ever come to any country.

His career began at a time when the West was still, as it had been for unknown thousands of years, an almost unbelievable paradise of wild life. The great herds were dwindling, but the feathered legions which, each spring and fall, thronged the airways above the plains had suffered little. Five years after the morning when Takahna, making his first migratory flight, had taken command of the flock and led them down to a slough on the Dakota prairie, he led another brigade of whoopers down to a much larger slough some fifty miles farther south.

As on that day five years before, the sky as far as the eye could see was streaked and stippled with migrating myriads. The slough, a shallow lake of perhaps a hundred acres, was already alive with flocks of wild fowl, and as the afternoon wore on new thousands pitched down to swell the multitude resting there. Takahna, feeding with his followers along the edges where big grasshoppers swarmed, looked out over an army of twenty thousand Canada geese, over acres of mallards, pintails and bluebills, over rafts of coots so dense that he could see no gleam of water between their crowded bodies.

All afternoon the armies overhead went rushing by; all afternoon additional squadrons swung down to rest and feed. Takahna, full of grasshoppers by now, surveyed the teeming world and found it good. As he watched idly, a white-headed eagle hung for a moment above a detached squadron of coots, then plunged. The eagle rose empty-clawed, for the coot at which he aimed had dived, and Takahna turned his head just in time to see a movement in high grass two hundred feet away.

At his first trumpet blast of warning, every whooper was instantly in motion, running at top speed with half-

opened wings; and at that first blast the puma, too, raced forward in long leaps. Against a wind the whooping crane can rise with only a short run, but when no breeze blows, the big bird needs a considerable running start before it can leave the ground. Takahna cleared at last and looked back. He saw a yellow-brown shape bounding along under a young golden crane whose laboring wings had lifted him only a few feet, then saw the puma launch herself upward. Killer and victim struck the ground together.

Takahna sounded the loud whooping blast which meant "Mount higher." Three hundred trumpets answered him, a ringing fanfare audible at least two miles. Six hundred pinions buffeted the air as the brigade spiraled steeply upward, for the cranes were in something of a panic. It was their first adventure with a puma on the northern plains and it was significant; as the game herds diminished, the big lion-like cats were beginning to pay more attention to feathered prey.

The whoopers climbed to a great height, then formed in line with Takahna in the van. They moved forward, slowly at first, then faster and faster, as though caught up and swept along by the onrushing multitude around them.

Almost at once a dark cloud coming from behind engulfed them—a vast horde of godwits, plovers, yellowlegs and lesser shore birds, each kind flying in its own phalanx, but filling the air so completely that they seemed a single host.

A thousand feet higher, a white wedge of trumpeter swans, largest of all wild fowl, overhauled the whooper brigade and swept on at a pace which the cranes could not rival, sending down a salute of resounding exultant calls. Below the long line of whoopers, other migrants traveled: White flocks of whistling swans, wedges of gray geese, snow geese and ducks of many kinds, hosts of big long-billed curlews raining down their loud, clear cries.

Fifty feet in front of him, Takahna saw a keen-winged hunter poise, then plunge with lightning speed. His sharp ears heard the thud as the duck hawk, stooping at two hundred miles an hour, struck a flying teal squarely on the back and hurled it lifeless to the prairie below. A royal bird swung past the head of the whooper column, circling majestically downward—a golden eagle carrying in his talons a shoveler drake snatched from one of the flocks above.

The sun dropped below the western margin. Accustomed to migrate by night as well as by day, the whoopers held steadily on through the clamorous darkness until the great red disk came up again above the other rim of the world. An hour later the slanting rays revealed, far below, broad sheets of shallow water, broken by clumps of reeds and islands of tall grass.

The whole area crawled with wild fowl, but Takahna held his course until he saw what he was looking for—hundreds of white dots on the prairie which were neither snow geese nor swans. To these he trumpeted a greeting, and the cranes below flagged a welcome by rearing to their utmost height and waving their broad wings.

With loud clanging cries the whoopers landed steeply down to join their

(Continued on Page 61)

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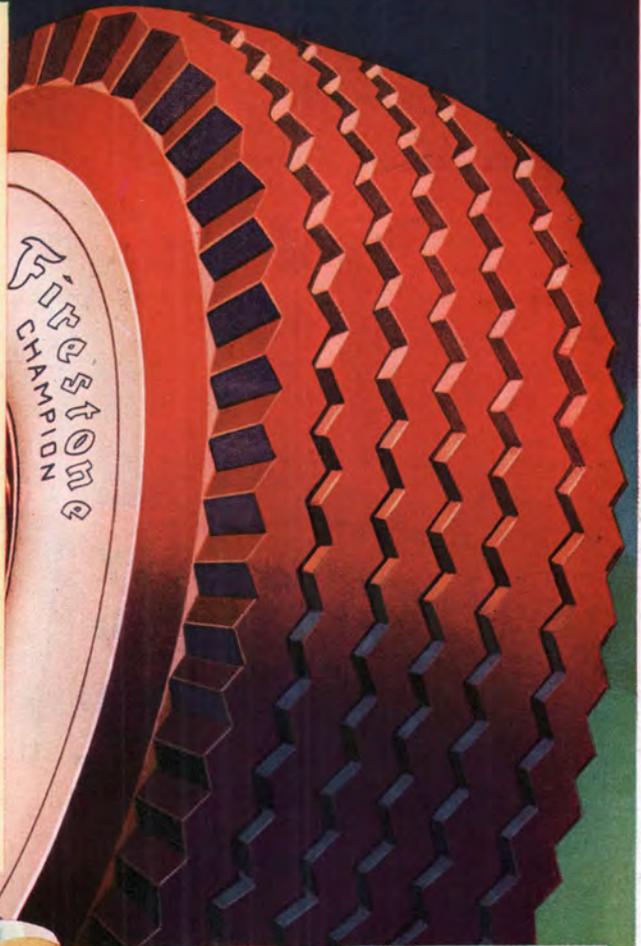
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The public names its own car leader . . . and names Chevrolet again in 1940 . . . for the ninth time in the last ten years!

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EYE IT . . . TRY IT . . . BUY IT!

(Continued from Page 58)

fellow. The great marsh was an important way station on the mid-continental route from Canada to the Gulf, a favorite resting and feeding place where millions of migrants broke their long journey. Thousands of whooping cranes and sandhill cranes were already there, tens of thousands of trumpeter swans and whistling swans, hundreds of thousands of ducks and geese, myriads of curlews, godwits, avocets and other shore birds.

The whoopers stalked in wide ranks across the prairie, feeding on wild grains, insects, bulbous roots and small rodents scurrying in the grass. At rare intervals they took a few frogs from the shallows. Now and again Takahna saw a brief commotion stir the feathered flocks as an eagle stooped from on high or some sharp-fanged enemy struck from the water. Coyotes slunk through the high grass to launch swift rushes against the white-and-gold squadrons of the cranes and the snowy drifts of swans banked along the edges. A few Indian hunters took what meat they needed. But, safe as yet from the white man's destroying hand, the enormous concourse of wild fowl seemed undiminished by these casualties.

Takahna let his brigade remain a week, then led them up again to the crowded highway of the sky. With stops varying from a few hours to several days, the army moved southward above boundless grasslands where antelope and small bands of buffalo grazed and the only human habitations were widely scattered villages of tepees. Finally the prairies gave way to a region of sandy flats and long salt lagoons beyond which spread a limitless expanse of dark-blue sea. Takahna swung westward and inland, slanting down at last toward a broad plain where a great herd of long-horned cattle fed and thousands of other whoopers, already at home on the winter range, waved a welcome in answer to his exultant trumpeting.

Jo Dumont saw the incoming flock of whoopers descend, but the birds planed down directly between him and the dazzling disk of the setting sun, so that his view of them was blurred. He was riding at the moment along the outer fringe of the longhorn drove. A year ago his journey with Marie, from the Red River of the North to the Texas shore of the Gulf, had ended. Drifting westward toward the Rio Grande, he had found health and a job for both his wife and himself on one of the great cattle ranches of the old Spanish country.

Between the French-Indian métis and the Spanish-Indian of the deep Southwest was much in

common. Dumont got along well with the slim dark men in high peaked hats, red sashes and tight fringed trousers who rode the range with him; and Marie was happy in the low rambling adobe ranch house, where she attended the young daughter of the Spanish-American ranch owner.

Nevertheless, there was a restlessness in Dumont. He had followed the whooping cranes southward and had found a country where they wintered in thousands; yet he wasn't completely sure that he would remain here. He tried to hide this restlessness from Marie; but throughout that fall, whenever he saw a new brigade of whoopers come in from the north, he scanned their ranks eagerly.

He rode out from among the longhorns presently and made a circle, so that the sun's rays no longer blinded him when he looked at the army of whoopers drawn up like white-and-gold soldiers on the plain. They paid no attention to him; with millions of ducks and geese crowding the lagoons all winter, the whoopers were seldom shot for food on the Texas coast and were far less fearful of man than in the north. Dumont's black eyes shone with a sudden excitement. He spoke to the pony and rode slowly toward the flock.

When they began to grow restive, he halted and remained motionless for a long while, his eyes fixed upon one bird. That night he said to Marie with seeming casualness: "A new bunch of whoopers came in today from the north. Their leader is the tallest I have ever seen except perhaps one, the one that drove its beak into the Sioux's brain. I think this one is the son of the other—that son of whom I have told you—Takahna, who was already a giant before he put on his white plumes. Takahna has come to us here in the south."

Marie Dumont smiled to herself. It was unlikely, she thought, that with untold legions of whoopers in America,

the bird that Dumont had seen was really the one for which he had been looking. But she had learned long since how firmly fixed in her husband's mind was the conception of Takahna as his individual totem assigned by Manitou. Dumont would have no inclination to wander farther if he believed that Takahna had come to him here.

"I am glad," Marie Dumont said. "We have found the good land where Takahna finds refuge. It will be a good land for us also all the rest of our days."

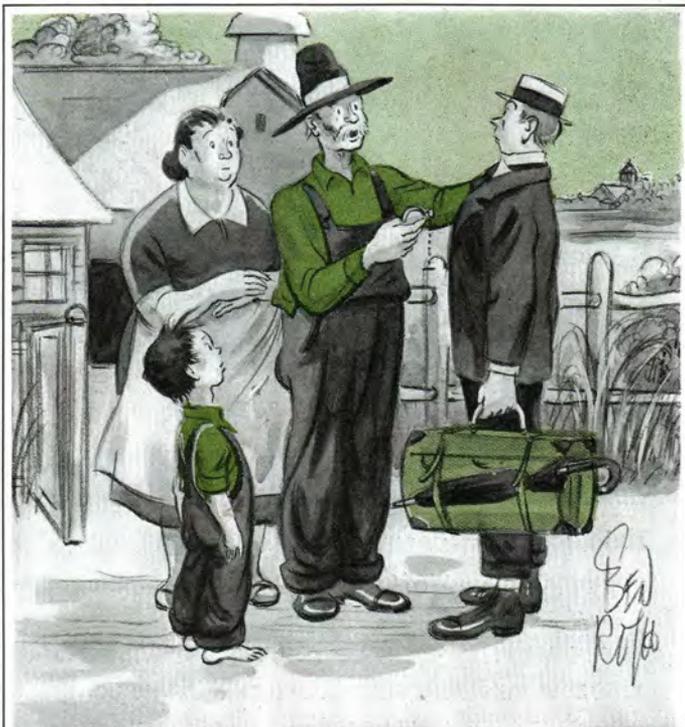
It was a good land for Takahna and his kind, but it was by no means a land free from danger. Within a week after his arrival he had a new experience. Bald eagles abounded near the coast. Takahna, until now rather indifferent to these white-headed monarchs who preyed commonly on fish and coots, learned one day that when the spirit moved them they could use their splendid powers against nobler game. He was circling two hundred feet above a marsh when he heard a thin humming sound that sharpened to a hiss. A plunging projectile shot downward past him, turned in the air and struck long hooks into the snowy breast of a female crane, dropping with her into the marsh grass.

Thereafter he kept an eye cocked for air raids, though during the rest of that winter no other eagle attacked. The coyotes of the plain and the big cats of the chaparral and low live-oak mottes near the coast were a more serious menace. Not long after the eagle episode, Takahna, feeding with his brigade near a live-oak grove, saw a great spotted cat burst from the fringe of thorn and come bounding toward him.

Takahna, nearest the charging jaguar, would have cleared in ample time, but at that instant the wind died—an air pocket, perhaps—and for yards he skimmed the ground with his pursuer gaining rapidly. Only his great strength and the abnormal spread of his huge wings saved him. When the jaguar, bounding along directly under him, leaped up to strike him down, the spotted taloned paw swished past, an inch beneath him.

Another day a gang of wolves, running a small herd of antelope, wheeled suddenly, as though their leader had spoken a command, and raced toward an army of whoopers and sandhill cranes resting on the plain. The big birds had been watching the antelope chase; the wolves' clever stratagem took them completely by surprise and for a space of moments they failed to realize their danger.

The breeze was blowing straight from the approaching wolves, but Takahna ran



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(Continued on Page 63)



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SINCERELY, **YOUR SHELL DEALER**

(Continued from Page 61)

toward them into the wind and thus got the lifting power he needed for a quick take-off. Most of the others, panic-stricken, ran directly away from the approaching enemy and therefore had the wind behind them—the worst possible quarter. Many were barely clear of the ground when the wolves dashed in among them. Looking down through a confusion of laboring white-and-buff pinions, Takahna knew that several whoopers had paid the penalty of faulty judgment in a sudden crisis.

Dumont didn't witness this incident. It would have confirmed what he had already discovered—that the leadership which Takahna exercised was based upon something more than exceptional size and strength. Riding the range daily, he saw the giant whooper often and he became convinced that Takahna had a more alert intelligence than most, an unusual capacity for learning quickly from experience.

"He will live a long time," Dumont told himself, "unless some accident happens. With good luck, he may be here a hundred winters, for the whooper is the longest-lived of Manitou's children."

A hundred winters? Dumont didn't know what was coming—the great white wave which would sweep across the West, wiping Manitou's children from the face of the earth.

He had realized before leaving Red River that change was in the air, but now this seemed remote, unreal. Roman Nose dying at the head of his fighting Cheyennes; Chief Joseph and his Nez Percés making their last stand in the Montana hills; the métis under Louis Riel battling vainly to keep their Red River hunting grounds—if Dumont had heard of these happenings to the northward, he didn't see them clearly as steps in a tremendous transformation already under way. There was no change in this sunny southern land where he now lived. It had changed a little long ago when the Spanish *hacendados* had pushed their cattle kingdom north of the Rio Grande; and then it had changed no more. It would remain as it was forever.

Spring came to the Texas coast lands. With all their bugles blaring, the whoopers spiraled upward, squadron after squadron, and headed into the north. Twice, in the course of their journey to the Canadian breeding grounds, Takahna's brigade heard the boom of shotguns below them and saw the startled wild fowl rise in clouds from sloughs where a shotgun had never before been heard. Once they looked down upon hundreds of dark lumps dotting the prairie—the festering carcasses of buffalo slaughtered in thousands by white hide hunters and left to rot in the sun.

Those were the last buffalo that Takahna would ever see. Coming southward next fall, he heard the heavy boom of shotguns not twice but a dozen times; the following year the shotguns were more numerous than ever and eight of his whoopers fell victim. The prairie sloughs where he had been accustomed to break his journey were dangerous now; it was increasingly difficult to find safe resting and feeding places anywhere between the Canada line and the Texas coast. Soddies and ranch houses were springing up and herds of cattle had replaced the vanished buffalo.

In spite of all his wariness and skill, Takahna's brigade shrank to one hundred in half a dozen years. Twenty

years more and most of these were gone. The airways above the continent were no longer crowded. The ducks were hardly a fifth of their former number; the great trumpeter swans had all but vanished; the countless millions of Eskimo curlews, most abundant of all game birds except the wild pigeons, had been utterly destroyed. The prairie below the little bunch of migrating whoopers was now a pattern of squares and rectangles where plow horses and oxen plodded back and forth with men walking behind them.

With incredible swiftness the West was filling up, had already filled up. Grasslands where wild fowl and prairie chickens had nested in thousands were now cultivated fields. Takahna saw great cities sprawled where the lodges of the Kiowas, the Cheyennes and the Sioux had stood. From the Red River of the North to the Brazos in the south the continent had been transformed. White men were everywhere, white men who killed a hundred where the red man had been content with one. From the bushy fringe of every creek and river, from the stubble of every field, from the blinds built in every slough that had not yet been drained, the shotguns roared when the winged travelers came through each spring and fall.

Here and there, in the prairie cities and towns, a few farsighted men shook their heads but were cried down. The big game was gone, but the feathered game was inexhaustible. Old-timers said that already the wild fowl were not a tenth of what they once were, but that was the way old-timers always talked. There were as many wild fowl as ever. When you could see a hundred honkers in a bunch and maybe a thousand mallards, what need to worry? Why, only last week some fellow over near the Nebraska line had seen a flock of five whooping cranes!

Two of the five were shot down in Northern Kansas by market hunters. Another—Takahna's mate—was killed on the great marsh which had once been a wild-fowl paradise, but was now a death trap bristling with hidden guns. A fourth, a golden-buff youngster, took a charge of shot in his breast when, in spite of the old whooper's warning, he planed down to rest his tired wings in a patch of grassland south of the Cimarron. Takahna reached the safe refuge of Dumont's ranch—alone.

He found no other whoopers there before him and none came in after his arrival. All that winter he lived in solitary state. One morning in spring Dumont watched him in the south pasture doing his nuptial dance, strutting and bowing as though his mate stood before him, rearing his giant form to its utmost height as he waved his wide wings in signal and entreaty, then scanning the empty sky for the white-and-gold brigades that would never come again.

It was the sight of this lonely and tragic pantomime that brought Dumont to his decision. Any day now Takahna would depart on the perilous journey to the northern breeding grounds, for, mateless though he was, he would respond to the migration urge.

Dumont, owner of the ranch these past seven years, called two of his men and gave them certain orders. Next morning, with his shotgun on the seat beside him, he drove away from the ranch house in the light car which he now used instead of a horse.

(Continued on Page 66)

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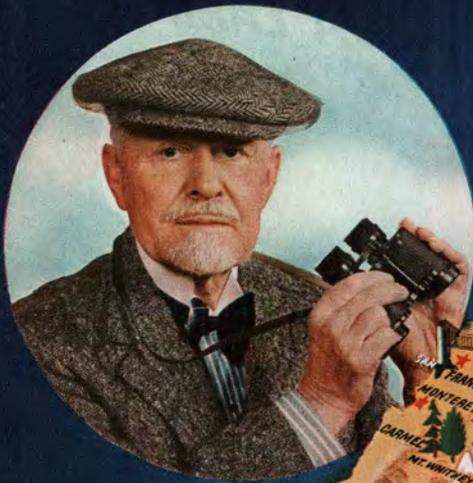


Tune in "Musical Americana", NBC Blue Network, Thurs., 8 P. M., E. S. T.; 7 P. M., C. S. T.; 8:30 P. M., M. S. T.; 7:30 P. M., P. S. T.

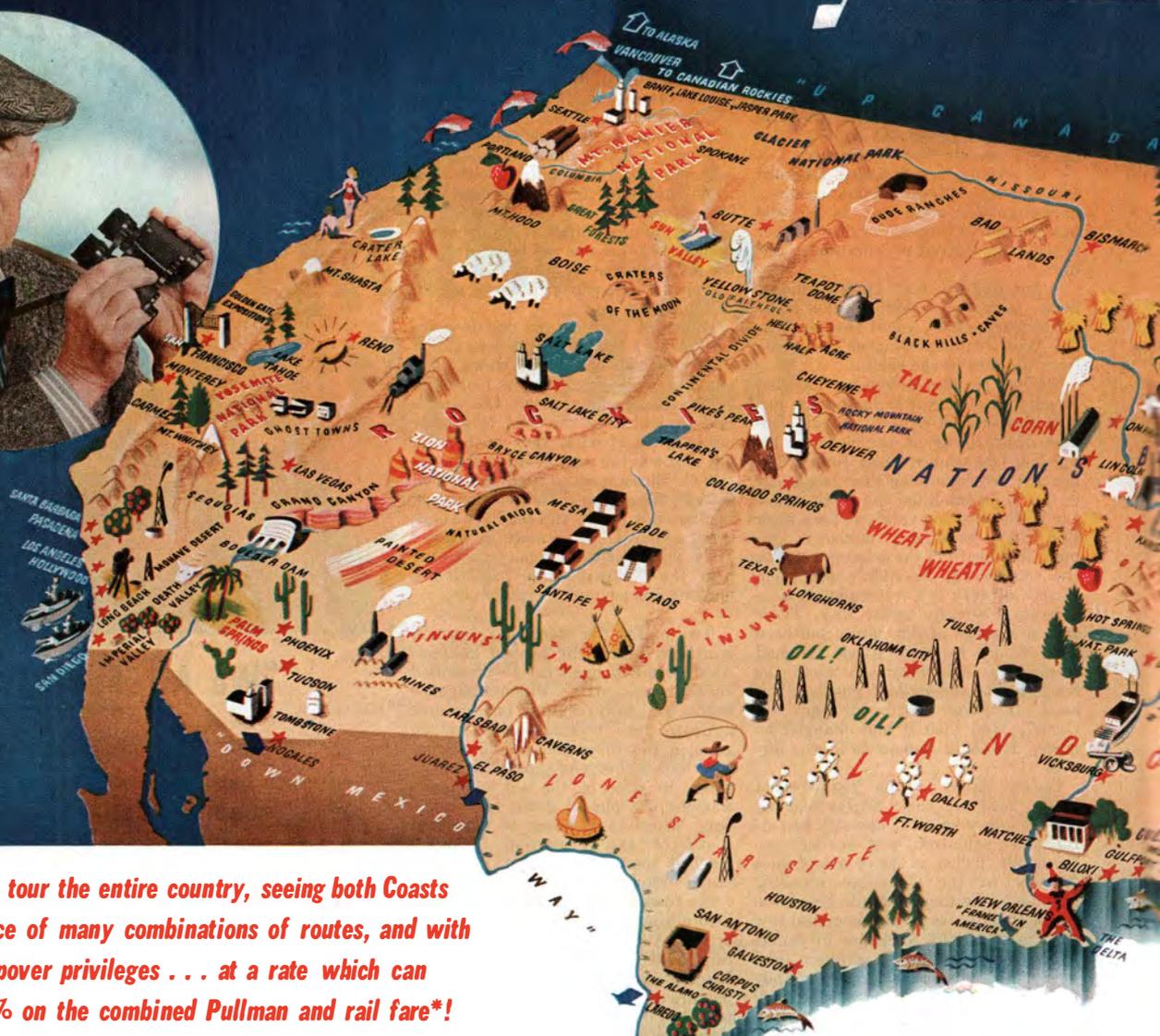
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NOW ... you can tour the entire country, seeing both Coasts ... taking your choice of many combinations of routes, and with extraordinary stopover privileges ... at a rate which can save you up to 50% on the combined Pullman and rail fare*!

DO YOU WANT to have the greatest vacation of your life? Do you want to see America in Pullman comfort and safety—at a cost so low you will scarcely believe it possible?

The Pullman Company—in association with America's railroads—is now offering a remarkable "Grand Circle" Plan. Under this plan you can tour the country, coast to coast—taking your choice of many different combinations of routes both ways and enjoying extraordinary stopover privileges ... at a history-making low fare!

You can see both New York and San Francisco World's Fairs! You can visit famous cities, scenic wonderlands you've always dreamed of seeing. You can plan a trip to cover 10,000 miles, or more.

And, of course, Pullman is your home en route!

Think what that means. Air-conditioned comfort. Safety, dependability, in any kind of weather. Plenty of room by day—a real bed for sleep at night. The services of a trained personnel. More safety, comfort and convenience, in short, than any other form of travel affords!

If you live on a "through" route you can make part of your trip ... then return home and complete the balance later, just as long as you complete your entire trip within the 60-day time limit of Grand Circle tickets.

You can spend as many nights on Pullman as you wish ... yet the Pullman charge (for a minimum accommodation) is only \$34.50 ... or \$17.25 each for two people occupying this same accommodation!

The 1st Class rail fare is equally astonishing! On

an extended trip the rail rate is only 1 1/2¢ a mile ... or less than half the standard 1st class point-to-point rail rate.

On many trips these rates mean savings of 50% or more on combined Pullman-Rail fare*!

Why not take advantage of this truly remarkable offer and plan your trip now? Remember that Pullman offers a wide range of accommodations, including Berths (Upper and Lower), Sections, Roomettes, Bedrooms, Compartments, Drawing Rooms.

IMPORTANT NEWS! Bargain 1st class rail rates now also in effect for many trips of two weeks, and even less! See your local ticket agent or any travel agency for details. Take a Pullman vacation!

*Compared to cost of point-to-point tickets bought at local rates.

... as a Special Feature of "Travel America Year"!

Pullman AT LOWEST RATES IN HISTORY!

MAKE YOUR TRIP IN AIR-CONDITIONED COMFORT, WITH PULLMAN AS YOUR "HOME" EN ROUTE . . . READ NOW ABOUT THIS SENSATIONAL OFFER!



(There is a slight added charge for certain side trips and on a few indirect routes. Use this map to plan your "Grand Circle" or any other Pullman trip, either vacation or business.)

PLAN YOUR TRIP NOW! Go East, go West, go North, go South. See your country! See places you've never seen before. Visit the wonders of America's National Parks. See seacoasts, mountains, rivers, cities, great plains, the Great Lakes. View the places made famous by history. Make it the trip of a lifetime—to be remembered all your life! Don't miss this opportunity to become a better-informed and more interesting American!

BUSINESS MEN!

Investigate savings on long trips by Pullman "Grand Circle" Plan. Tickets sold up to Oct. 31 (good for 60 days) . . . See your railroad ticket agent or travel bureau now!

Ask your Railroad Ticket Agent (or any Travel Bureau) for details on Pullman "Grand Circle" and many other current travel bargains in round trip 1st Class rail fares (including shorter trips!)

Pullman FIRST CLASS "Grand Circle" Plan



Everybody's going to see America this summer! They're going by Pullman—at unheard-of low rates! They're going to visit friends, relatives, parents en route! Are you going?



It's the safe, carefree way to go! You can really "take it easy"! For Pullman gives you plenty of room to relax! And, when you go this way, you look at the scenery, not traffic.



Get plenty of refreshing sleep on this vacation! Pullman gives you a really comfortable bed and (of course) privacy. You have hangers for your clothes . . . plenty of space for luggage.



The observation club or lounge car, found on principal Pullman trains, is where you're going to spend a lot of time. Smoke! Read! Enjoy refreshments! Take your camera!



Pullman's spacious dressing rooms are kept immaculately clean and tidy. They have lots of lights and mirrors, too . . . making it a real pleasure to freshen up during the day.

(Continued from Page 63)

He found Miguel and Juan waiting for him at the edge of the south pasture. They had followed his instructions, they told him; everything was prepared. The three men drove a mile out into the plain, then stopped near a small water hole. Dumont, looking down at the grass beside the car, nodded. The spot at which he was gazing was no different from any other. But under a screen of interlacing reeds and grass was a narrow pit in which a man could hide.

Dumont got out of the car, taking the shotgun with him, and eased himself down into the pit. "Drive on about a mile," he told the others, "then wait. Come when you see me shoot. It won't be long."

Three quarters of an hour later he saw a speck in the sky to the southward. He watched it intently until there was no particle of doubt. Takahna, having finished his morning's feeding, was coming as usual to the water hole in the south pasture for his noon siesta.

His gun ready, Dumont crouched in his ambush, completely hidden by the grass and reeds bent above the pit. As he watched the big bird come on, his thoughts slipped back. Time and again he had seen a thousand whoopers soaring over this same spot, had heard their clanging trumpets shake the air. A fine sound; he hadn't realized at the time how fine it was. Each fall he had watched the white-and-gold legions arrive from the north, brigade after brigade, until he had seen perhaps a hundred thousand come in—only a fraction of the vast host spread throughout the winter feeding grounds from Mexico to Carolina.

And now they were gone—all those unnumbered myriads of Manitou's children—wiped out, swept from the earth. Year after year he had seen them come in diminishing strength, their squadrons shattered by the masked batteries raking the flyways from Canada to the Gulf. The whoopers' great size and succulent flesh—above all, their inability to rise quickly from the ground—had been fatal. Like the trumpeter swans, they had been virtually annihilated. A Government man, spending a few days at the ranch, had told Dumont that on the whole continent only a few score of the stately birds remained alive. Of the thousands that had formerly wintered on Dumont's lands, Takahna alone survived.

Dumont wondered at the sagacity and skill which had brought the old warrior again and again through that deadly fifteen-hundred-mile barrage. But the end was certain; each year the gunners increased, the guns had greater range and power. Yes, he told himself, this thing that he was going to do was best.

The giant whooper was directly overhead now, but high up. He circled for several minutes, evidently watching the motionless car a mile away on the plain. Then he began to spiral downward.

Dumont eased the shotgun forward. With the passing of years, the thought of Takahna as his personal totem, his other self, had faded, though it had never died. But there was another bond. He had known Takahna for the better part of half a century. They had grown old together. That was why he was going to all this trouble.

After all, it wasn't much trouble and it would cost just one cartridge to smash the old whooper's wing and bring him down. After that, he could live comfortably for years, a captive in a pen near the ranch house, safe from the gunners forever, well fed on grain. A dull inglorious life, but better than the death that was otherwise certain.

Dumont drew his bead carefully, aiming at the joint of the right wing. Takahna floated now not more than twenty yards above the pit, his eight-foot pinions spread to the utmost—a target that a child couldn't miss. Almost motionless, he floated like some beautiful ship of the air, the high sun shining through his vast translucent wings, turning them faintly golden, as they had been long ago.

The black muzzle of the shotgun, protruding only a few inches above the ambush, shook a little, then steadied.

What happened inside Dumont had no reason in it. One moment his purpose was firm, his finger curled around the trigger. Next moment he knew that this was all wrong, that he hadn't chosen the better way. *A captive in a pen . . . well fed on grain.* He didn't stop to argue with himself or weigh one thing against another. He jerked the gun down beside him.

"He has kept his freedom till now," he muttered. "Let him keep it until they kill him. Let him keep his strong wings and his freedom."

Suddenly, with a sweep of his arm, he thrust aside the reeds and grass covering the pit. He rose to his feet, standing erect and in plain view. Takahna's great wings thrashed the air. With powerful beats he slid away down the wind well beyond gunshot range; then he began to climb.

Up and up he went while Dumont stood watching. Perhaps it was because the man's eyes were not what they had been fifty years before; perhaps some veil of vapor drifted across the sky. At any rate, Dumont didn't see the old whooper level off at a great height and head away into the north. It seemed to him that Takahna climbed in wide circles clear out of sight, as though he were going up to the high place where Manitou sat, mourning his slain children.

MY THUMB IN YOUR COFFEE

(Continued from Page 19)

how to say all you feel when you get to your aunt's, up in that quiet little Michigan town.

The town's so quiet you're afraid they'll hear the hell going on in your head and your heart. The doctor's come clean by then. He's said he's done all his stuff, but that it wasn't enough. He's said you're through dancing.

So you can't answer that one letter; you can't even open the next, forwarded from Chicago. You write, "Not here,"

across the envelope, letters blurring from tears, and hand it back to the postman, because you're just a used-to-be hooper now. And once you high-hatted Lennie.

After a while you can walk. Pretty soon you can run a few steps. But you're never going to dance. That foot'll never stand the pound and strain of a scherzo again.

You're through. Washed up. Most of your money's gone.

(Continued on Page 69)



Triple Action

PERFECT CIRCLE'S NEW OIL SAVING PISTON RING!

NEW and DIFFERENT! This new Triple Action Oil Ring by Perfect Circle obsoletes old-style, single-action, oil-scrapers rings. There is no other piston ring like Triple Action! Hundreds of mechanics who have seen this sensational new ring endorse it unqualifiedly. New Triple Action Piston Ring Sets do a far better job of cutting oil consumption, increasing gas mileage, and putting power and pep back into the engine. Any good mechanic can install Triple Action Rings in just a few hours. The cost is surprisingly little. The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A. and Toronto, Canada.



WAKE UP HALF-DEAD ENGINES

Perfect Circle

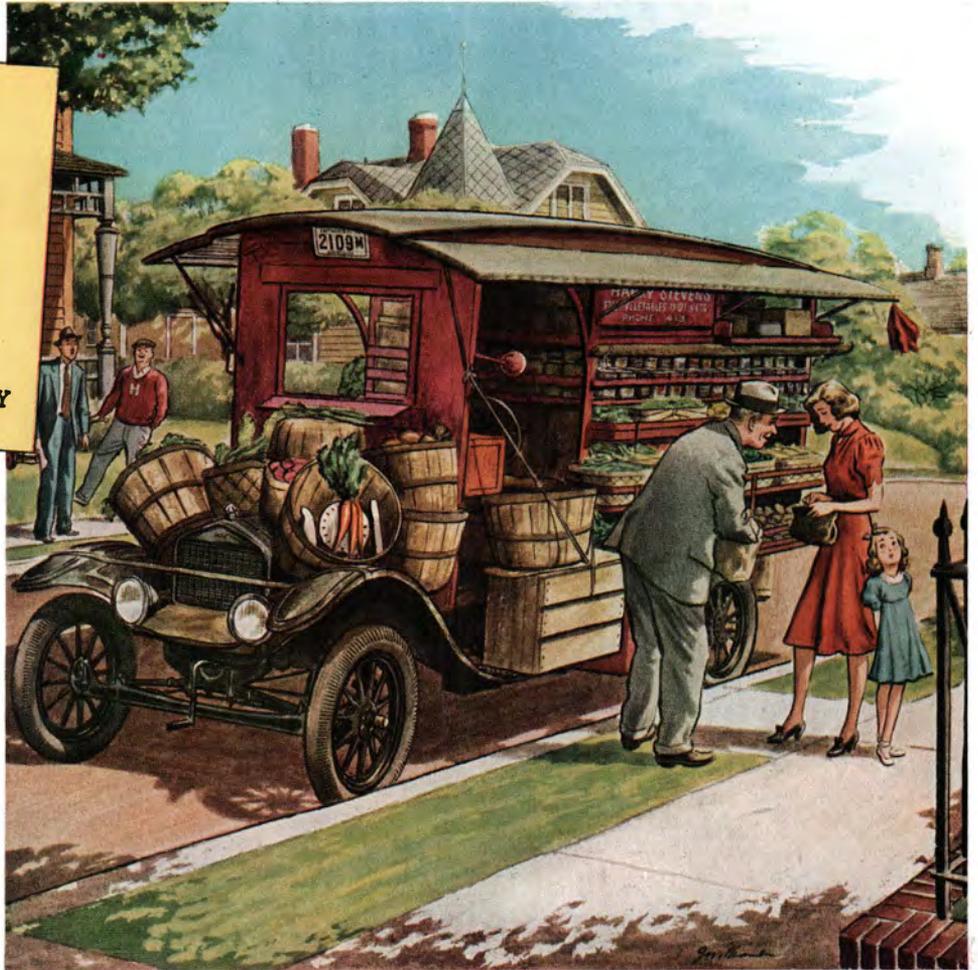
Triple Action PISTON RINGS

Case #672

The Case of the Rolling Grocery

A TRUE STORY

1 Down in Bowling Green, Ky., is a curiosity on wheels... a 1923 "flivver" truck converted into a rolling grocery store. In it the owner, Mr. Harry Stevens, covers the entire residential area six days a week. Behind it lies one of the most interesting and dramatic stories in the files of Gulfpride Oil.



2 Back in 1923, when Mr. Stevens first set out in his shiny new truck, he knew the motor was going to take a beating. For his business required that it run continuously . . . idle all day long. And when a 1923 "flivver" turns over slowly, little oil is thrown up on cylinder walls . . . repair bills generally skyrocket. To solve his problem, Mr. Stevens turned to Gulf oils.



3 In 1933—10 years later—he was sure he hadn't made a mistake. For with Gulfpride Oil in the crankcase, the rolling grocery was still operating flawlessly. When amused friends kidded him about his "junk pile," Mr. Stevens laughed . . . promised that he and Gulfpride would keep it running another decade.

4 Today—in 1940—it looks as if Gulfpride and Mr. Stevens might win their bet. During 17 years, the motor of the rolling grocery has run an estimated 35,000 hours—or 1/4 solid years! In all that time, the only repairs have been a valve grinding job and new spark plugs—a fine tribute to the protective qualities of the world's finest motor oil!

You can be sure right now that Gulfpride will make a big difference in your car.

For Gulfpride—friction's deadliest enemy—will bring your car protection and economy obtainable with no other oil. You'll add less oil between drains... pay fewer carbon-cleaning and repair bills.

Gulfpride Oil

The World's Finest Motor Oil

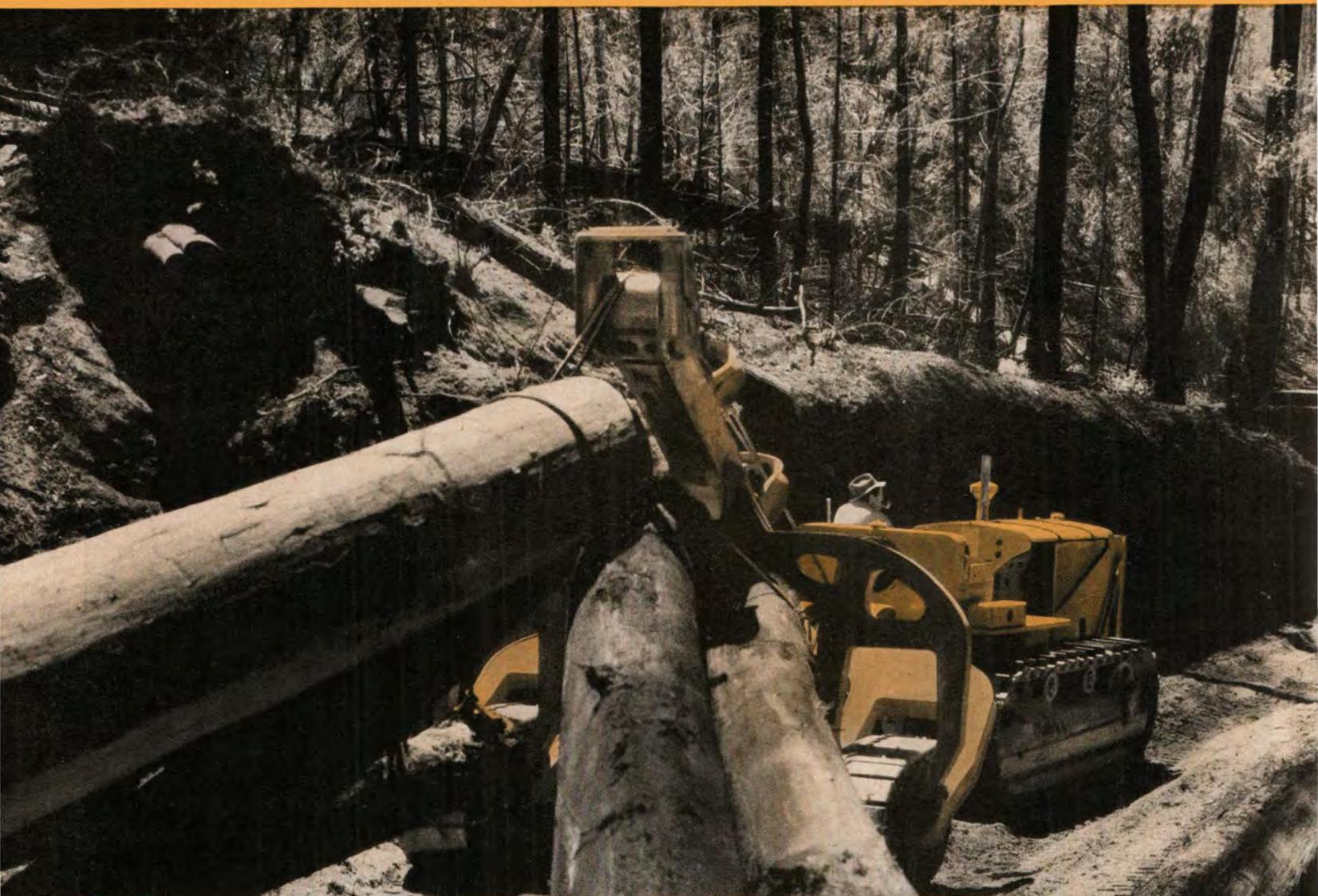
100% Pure Pennsylvania,
At Dealers' In Sealed Cans Only



Why?—Because Gulfpride is the only 100% Pennsylvania oil refined by the Gulf-invented Alchlor process that removes up to 20% more waste and sludge. It exceeds all known specifications—including Army and Navy. Yet it costs no more than other premium oils. Have your crankcase filled today at the Sign of the Gulf Orange Disc. Gulf Oil Corporation . . . Gulf Refining Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TUNE IN—The Adventures of Ellery Queen
Sundays, 7:30 E.D.S.T., Columbia Chain

FORESTS WITH A FUTURE !



One of two "Caterpillar" Diesel D8 Tractors high-arching 65,000 feet of timber in an 8-hour day!

AMERICA must have lumber—today. *But so must America tomorrow.* And fortunately through selective logging methods, which "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors help make possible, our forests will continue to flourish!

Sure-footed . . . powerful . . . economical and dependable on long-distance hauls, these burly machines have done much to eliminate the expensive camps and railroads necessary with old-fashioned methods. For on its tracks of steel, a "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractor can head into rough, unbroken country . . . cut its own trails if they're needed . . . hook onto bunches of full-grown logs . . .

maneuver them around the young timber, leaving it unharmed to mature and reproduce . . . bring its loads out to the mill or shipping-point with a minimum of waste, time and cost!

Thus the traction, power, responsiveness, fuel-economy and ruggedness of "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractors enable America's logging industry to replenish its own raw materials . . .

build for sustained yields in place of single, golden-egg cuttings!

This is one of many ways "Caterpillar" Diesel power contributes to the nation's progress. Contractors, farmers, miners, oil-drillers, manufacturers—operators in virtually every industry—use it for its economy, dependability, and the broader scope it gives their business!

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILL.

CATERPILLAR

DIESEL ENGINES AND ELECTRIC SETS
TRACK-TYPE TRACTORS • ROAD MACHINERY

(Continued from Page 66)

So there's Myra. Fuddled, funny old Myra who helps your aunt. And you're out for dinner and things are expected of you, and you imitate Myra going blotto when there's company for meals. They scream and cheer and say you should do that on the stage.

"You are going back on the stage, aren't you?" they say.

It snaps. Something like a patent fastener clicks shut in your brain, locking an idea there. You've got to live. It's shoddy and cheap, but what are you going to do?

You put it on for Manny, who'd booked you and Lennie and who sold a lot of club dates, even if he wasn't just another night-club ten-per-center. Manny doesn't understand how it grinds you to work up a routine like that after the scherzo.

He slaps his leg. "That's art!" says Manny, which doesn't mean it's art, but that he can sell you without trying.

So here you are, working banquets and conventions. Now and then playing a night club where the setup is right. But mostly this field where vaudevillians ducked when the houses quit using flesh. Manny crowds your price, and hotel managers and convention committees are glad to pay it, once they've seen you. Nobody knows you. You rate no publicity. You get no lines in Variety. Now and again a mention in the newspaper in some strange town: "Claire Blaine, as a befuddled, elderly waitress, proved to be a high light on the program," or something like that. You're just somebody from out of town; here tonight, gone tomorrow.

Here tonight and lying awake in strange hotels and wondering about Lennie. And betting on him. And getting to be twenty-nine and lonesome and hopeless. Oh, the money's here. You work the year around and Manny wishes there were four or five of you. But you're twenty-nine and you've been lonesome since you were twenty-two and Lennie walked out of your hospital room and —

Your thoughts caught up with Now, as the man across the table from the one who had spoken of Lennie shoved back his soup cup.

"Gypped is right!" he said, and Claire knew he was the one who'd talked to Gordon, who was emceeing the show. He was from the advertising department of the firm putting on the banquet. A little tough, a little hard, but a good boy, a boy nobody fooled very much, she'd thought while she watched him talk to Gordon that afternoon. "Look at him now!" he said, turning his eyes toward the speakers' table, his tone bitter. "Giving the old man his line!" he said. "Louse!"

Claire's eyes also lifted to the speakers' table. The louse was the beefy one. Anybody could see that. Arrogant face, tough jaw; too sleek, too florid. He leaned close to a shrunken little man whose face was whiter than his hair, and his hair was silver. The younger man's very posture was ingratiating, oily, indicating that every spoken word was weighed for effect. Like an act. Just another act.

"If the old man was only himself!" another at the table close to her said. "If he'd kept well, now, he'd never have fallen for a four-flusher like Keller! Why, ever since McCann died and Keller's been acting head of Sales, it's Len who's generated the ideas."

"Every last one!" the nice boy said, leaning aside so the waitress could get his soup cup. "He's a bear-cat," he said. "And with three strikes on him

right now! You'd never know it though. Look at him!"

The three looked. And Claire looked and shut back the cry with a palm hard against her lips. Lennie sitting there, at the end of the speakers' table! His head proudly erect, his hair as bright as ever, or else the mist in her eyes gave it a halo. His face was more mature, more settled, stronger. But Lennie!

Her breath came fast and stuttering then. The blood pounding in her ears all but drowned out what the man four feet away said: ". . . first job he'd had since he left school, that was. He had his sights set away up even then, and he's so good that Production shoves him right up—foreman, assistant superintendent. Then Planning takes him away. And we in Advertising grab him from Planning. And before we can start him turning over, Sales outbids us, and there he is, and there he should go straight to the top, but he won't. Because the old man's sick and Keller's an unscrupulous louse!"

Girls emerged from the kitchen with dinner trays. It was time for Claire to go on. But she stood there listening. "Tough!" the nice boy out there under the palm said. "Swell egg, Len. And in thirty minutes, now, the old man'll blast his chances for years to come. Keller'll make his speech and the old man'll announce his promotion to sales manager, and there Len Howe is!" He paused. "Tough!" he said again. "And there's a story some dame gave him the air too."

A searing thread of rage ran Claire's turmoil. A girl'd hurt Lennie? Oh, what kind of girl would run out on Lennie? Besides herself, she meant. What girl, besides some fool such as she had been? Wouldn't any girl alive know that he was a prize such as —

". . . fool notion, announcing promotions at these banquets!" one of the three in front of her growled. "Think how Len'll feel, sitting there and hearing Keller made his boss when he's built Sales himself! So busy cutting the buck he couldn't think of his own scalp!"

A waitress with balanced tray swung up to the table. It was time for Claire. She backed through the door, flew down the kitchen corridor and fell into line.

She looked old, shriveled, dry. One shoulder up a little, both hunched forward; stooped a trifle, hips forward. She looked as old as the hills. Almost as old as she felt. Unlabeled by trick posture, her body was as lovely as ever, but now it appeared ancient.

She moved hesitantly among tables. If you looked up, she was just an elderly waitress with a blank, dead face. White uniform, white cap with blue edging, a napkin held against one cheek indecisively, half covering her mouth and chin.

That was new. That was to get past Lennie. That was to forestall his looking up and seeing through her tricks of make-up. She could have touched him, but didn't dare so much as look, that close. Not even at the back of his head. She thought he'd hear her heart; afraid he'd feel her trembling as her hip brushed his chair.

O God, don't let him look up, she prayed.

She was past then, her back to him. She lowered the napkin and stopped, lips forming an awed "Oh-h-h!" as Keller bawled out a girl.

"Call that spring chicken?" he demanded, his voice heavy with temper. "We're paying for food here, not trash! Take this back!" he snapped,

(Continued on Page 71)



Test Driver
TED ELLIS thanks
Pyroil for its
sturdy protection

1345 miles over lofty mountains in freezing cold, through scorching heat in the Mojave Desert, battling roads of all kinds, averaging almost 22 miles to the gallon of gasoline and using only one quart, eight ounces of motor oil—that's the vivid story of test driver Ted Ellis' sensational run that brought forth high praise for Pyroil.



Ted Ellis is one of those courageous fellows who risk their necks testing automobiles in a dangerous way. "Recently," says Ellis, "I completed a 1345 mile test run using a car which I completely serviced with Pyroil prior to and throughout the entire run.

"The motor was sealed and the car driven through mountains, desert, heat, cold, over all kinds of roads. The excellent results secured bear out to me that the continued use of Pyroil will give a motorist protection to his engine and a more economical and better running car."

Top drivers of the world, and millions of car owners, use Pyroil. It safeguards against acid attack on metal parts. Removes hard carbon, gum and sludge contaminations. Improves operation. Offsets many common, often costly, repairs. Only a few ounces needed at merely a few cents cost.

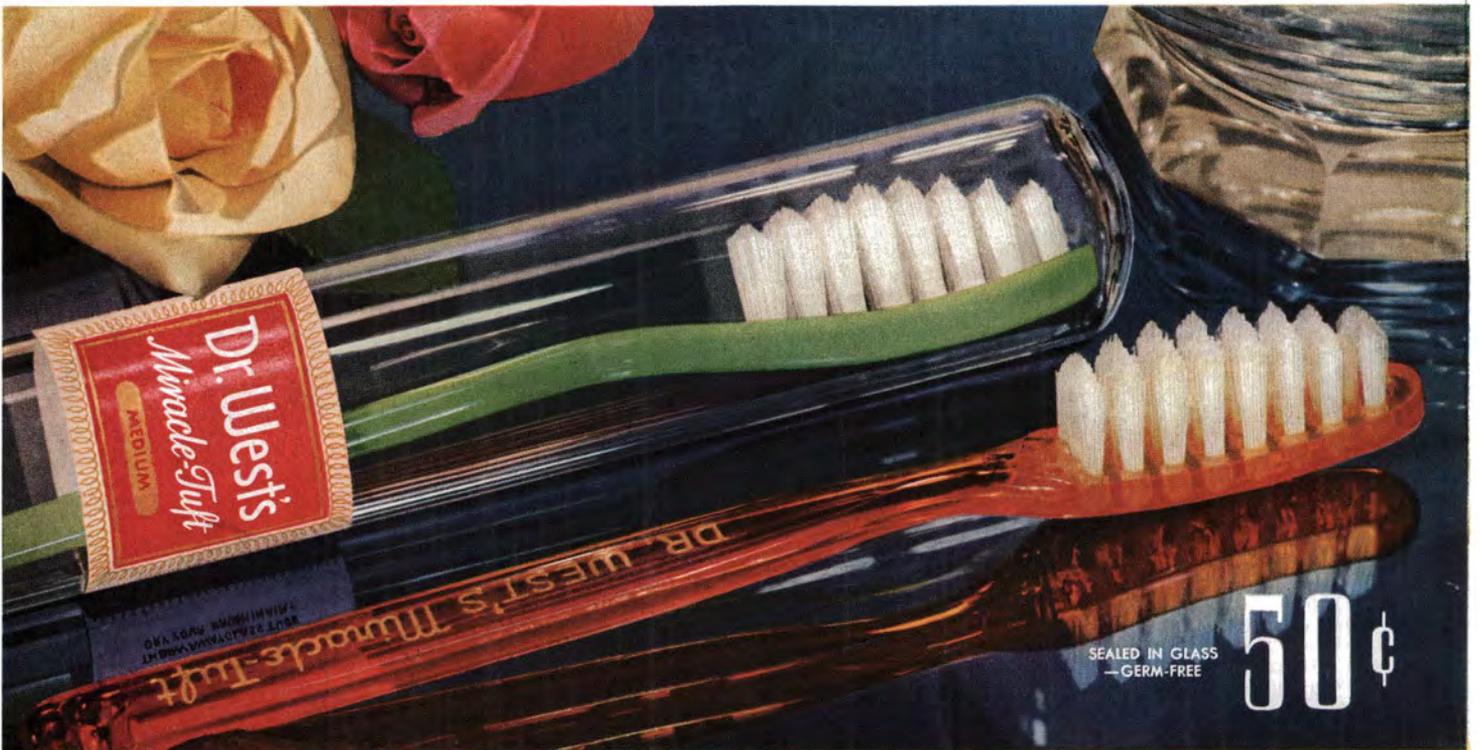
Ask your favorite service station or garage for a trial Pyroil service, today. Manufactured and guaranteed by Pyroil Company, W. V. Kidder, Founder, 761 Main St., LaCrosse, Wisconsin, U. S. A.

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In this sparkling glass package *A Miracle*



THE TOOTHBRUSH WITHOUT BRISTLES!*

Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft

A miracle of modern science and what it offers you



SEALED IN GLASS, GERM-FREE—

This miracle feature, Dr. West's famous, hermetically-sealed glass package, guarantees that your Miracle-Tuft is surgically sterile when it reaches you. Only Miracle-Tuft offers you this extra, vital protection.

AMAZING DU PONT EXTON—

The exciting new bristle-like filament used only in Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft is one of the scientific miracles of our age. It does not shed or break off. Guaranteed to outlast animal bristle 2 to 1. Makes the perfect toothbrush.

GREATER CLEANSING POWER—

Brushing tests show that the cleansing power of a toothbrush depends principally upon the resiliency and erectness of its bristles. The Miracle-Tuft is 99.7% water-resistant—cannot get limp and soggy when wet and fail to clean.

● Throw away that soggy toothbrush you're using! That's the *biggest favor* you can do your teeth. A flabby, matted-down brush, one that gets limp when wet, cannot possibly keep your teeth clean.

Get a new, non-soggy, surgically-sterile *Miracle-Tuft*. Use it . . . and smile with the assurance that your teeth are sparkling, brilliantly clean. Available in three shapes: Regular, Professional 2-row, and new Oro—choice of hard, medium or soft texture. Unconditionally guaranteed to outlast any animal bristle toothbrush 2 to 1.

* Heretofore all toothbrushes have been made with animal bristles. Now, after years of research, *DU PONT EXTON BRISTLE*—a product of Du Pont Chemistry—has been developed and is used in Dr. West's *Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush* exclusively.

(Continued from Page 69)

and the frightened girl reached for his plate.

Nice little girl. High-school kid, maybe. High-school kids worked as extra waitresses in these smaller towns, picking up a dollar now and then at a banquet. Her face was crimson, eyes humiliated and frightened as she carried the plate away.

Keller's hand, moving a sheaf of typed pages before him, trembled. Nervous. But Claire made no allowances for that. He was stepping into a job won by scheming and fraud, and venting his uneasy temper on a nice little kid. Hate of him seethed in her.

She held her mouth in that silent "Oh-h-h." She held it until he turned irritably, impelled by the stare. He glanced at her, looked away, glanced back, scowling. He didn't get it. His thick neck reddened and she moved on a few steps, stopping behind the man next Keller, reaching past him for olives and celery.

"Oh"—drawing back—"would you pass it, please?"

"Sure, sister." He didn't look up. He lifted the dish, held it over his shoulder, waited, turned his head impatiently.

She was gone, of course; four chairs down, staring at one who talked vehemently as he ate. Standing there, brows registering unbelief, hanging on his words. He looked up, breaking his talk, and she shuffled on.

"What comes off?" he demanded, half angry. Then he brightened and smiled. "Part of the show, eh? Look! The old girl down there; she's good!"

It was taking hold slowly. It always did. That's why it went so well. Built up all the way.

She crowded in between two chairs, lifted a water pitcher, set it down; moved a fork to one side; moved it back. The bald-headed man at her left glanced up, met her blank, dead-pan expression; scowled, grinned.

"Hi!" he said, and laughed.

As if startled at being noticed, she set his coffee cup aside, picked up the saucer, wiped it absently with the napkin, thumped it down and replaced the cup, her thumb inside.

"Oh! My thumb in your coffee! Excuse it, please!"

Then gone quickly, shuffling to the next table, peering anxiously over other shoulders while laughter rolled up.

Faces turned to follow her. It was getting over, now. She went from table to table, a wan fuss-budget, preoccupied, harried, confused. Every move was watched now; laughs started before she finished her gags.

But there was no lift in it. Most nights there was. Low, broad business, but giving her the thrill of putting it over, most nights. Not like the hot surge of achievement after the scherzo. But even so, a reward beyond Manny's. Tonight, though, Lennie was in the audience; and Keller, who was holding Lennie back from what he'd won.

"Pass it, please?"

The plate was handed across the table. Her hand went farther out; stopped in precise timing. The plate crashed; but before it struck, she was on her way to the next table, moving silverware absently, knocking over water, setting the room in tumult. . . .

She went on again behind two girls, moving toward the speakers' table, napkin at her face until she was past Lennie.

Then she slowed, stalking Keller, who ate with sharp jaw movements. Nudges passed out in front. Necks craned. She felt the silence coming be-

fore she heard it; a canopy of silence lowering over those nearest tables. That's how completely she had them.

Her hip caught Keller's chair, joggling his arm. His irate face flashed up at her.

"What's the trouble?" he snapped in his harsh, driver's voice.

Blankly, she polished his saucer. Tension built up around her. She caught an anticipatory snicker.

The cup clicked back in the saucer.

"Oh! My thumb in your coffee! Excuse it, please!"

The laughs exploded like gunfire. A man, napkin to his mouth, rocked in his chair. They loved it, and in the sound she caught the edge she'd wanted—animus tingeing the merriment. The three at the table under the palm, then, weren't alone in their dislike of Keller. It made her warm and assured.

Keller turned, trying to laugh with the others; a bad try.

"Ow!" she cried as he hitched around, and backed away, and the roar chopped off short, and the dismay in her eyes put uneasiness in Keller's.

The manager came briskly, with a self-conscious grin. Her cry had been his cue and he was unused to playing a part.

"What's wrong?" the manager asked. "What happened here?"

She held it. The silence went flat and dead. She still held it, feeling them strain for her coming line.

"Pinched me," she whispered, an apprehensive gesture toward Keller. "Pinched me. . . . Here."

The response was crashing thunder any trouper should have eaten up, no matter how tawdry the device; but the only quality that registered with Claire was that damning edge in the joyful yelps, which indicates dislike for the one involved.

Back through the room then; shuffling here and there; face blank; in a hurry, undetermined where to go or why. Passing rolls, retrieving each one taken as soon as diners' hands relinquished them. Her thumb in more coffee cups. Dropping property dishes. Going good. Going great. Putting it across as she never had before; never, since she started out with the act, because it was something besides just a routine tonight.

Once more, she told herself, catching a breath in the corridor. Once more now. Keller was hers for the picking, any minute.

Dessert was going out. Sounds had ebbed to the normal hubbub of banquets. She waited until Keller's head was turned in emphatic, self-important talk to a neighbor. As she reached for his glass, she felt those who could see stiffen in high expectation. Chuckles rose, like a burst of brisk wind in trees.

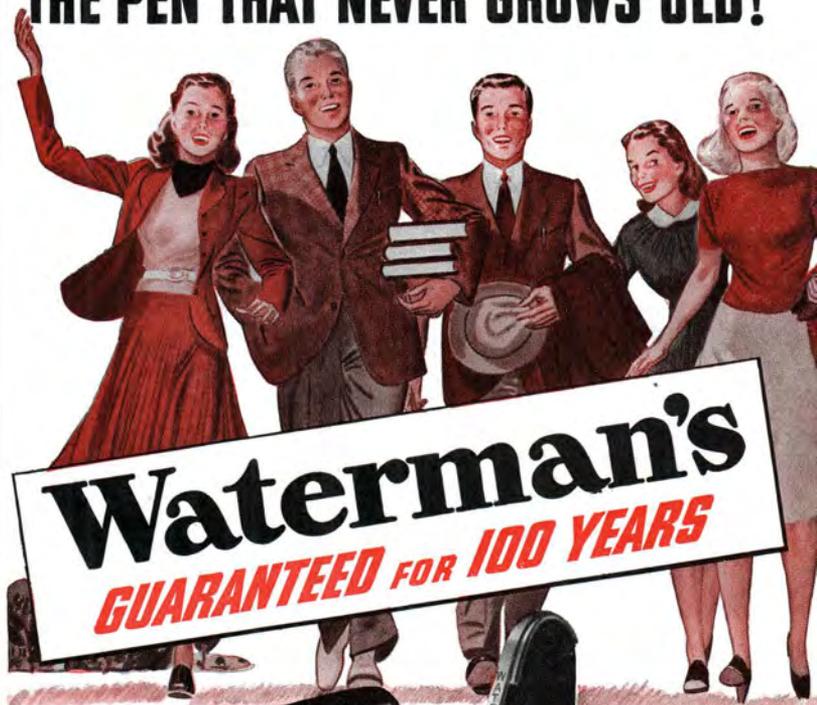
She held the glass against her breast, pouring shakily from a pitcher. Her eyes were fixed on a far corner of the room, lips parted in wonder, as if something beyond belief were occurring there. The glass filled, overflowed; a small cascade of water dribbled down Keller's neck, down his shirt front, down to the table, splashing over the typed pages which were the manuscript of his speech.

He ducked. He squirmed. He tried to rise, but her hip crowded him firmly there. She appeared to lose balance. She leaned farther over him, pouring faster, and men left their chairs, stamping, cheering, while she hated herself for the cheapness of the device and loved herself for the achievement.

As she scurried for the kitchen, a voice detached itself from the surge of

(Continued on Page 73)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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AIR TRANSPORT ASSOCIATION
135 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois

MAY 18, 1940

(Continued from Page 71)

sound: "Look at the old man! Guess he sees what the gang thinks of Keller now!"

Behind the screen under the palm was a chair. Claire dropped into it, feeling weak and sick.

Gordon, fussing with the loud-speaker, shook his head.

"That's shooting the works, darlin'," he said dubiously. "Seems you got away with it, but that's going pretty far!"

She didn't answer. She didn't care. She thought the girls would never get the tables cleared. She thought she'd scream before they did, because she had to know.

A brief, swift speech. The toastmaster rose. A good story, well received. Smoke fogged the room. Quiet had come. The fun was over until the show started; serious matters impended.

"And now, gentlemen, it's my pleasure"—pause; the toastmaster cleared his throat—"my pleasure to present Emil Keller, of the Sales —"

He choked a trifle, but that didn't touch the place off. Hands clapped, yes, in perfunctory greeting, but from beneath the thin spatter, rising to engulf and absorb it, came a rumble of uncontrollable laughter. It swelled, shook the room, as Keller, face crimson, gathered the manuscript of his speech.

He waited. The crest was reached, died away to embarrassed silence.

"Mr. Toastmaster," he began, "it is indeed —"

Back in the room rose a high-pitched scream of hysterical mirth, bursting from lost control in a piercing "Ee-e-e-yah!" and, as if it were a signal, bedlam crashed again.

Keller's flush faded to a gray. He stood there pilloried by their laughter. They tried to let him go on; they honestly tried, it seemed, but choice was beyond their powers to regulate. He was, for them, a butt and nothing more.

Three times he tried, each time to be hammered down by roaring laughs. Then it was the silver-haired, white-faced man who plucked his sleeve and gestured to his chair. You can't let a man talk who is ridiculous in the eyes of his audience.

Claire sat behind the screen during the other speeches, through the show, hearing, seeing nothing, enveloped in a narcotic lassitude.

She started. "Oh!"

It was only Gordon, touching her arm. "Your bow, Claire."

She nodded, rising. Then whispered him sharply back, just in time. "Not by name, please! Just as—as old friend, or something? Please!"

Her intensity puzzled him, she saw. But he did not speak her name.

"An old friend of yours is with us," he said. "I'm sure you'll want her to take just a bow."

She moved slowly out, napkin against her cheek, covering half her mouth and chin. She moved almost decrepitly, as if afraid that the batter of enthusiastic palms menaced her physical safety. She held it while the applause swelled. And then, timing its height, she bowed. She dropped the napkin, sank low to the floor in that graceful, gracious, lovely gesture, a cheek all but on her extended knee, and was up and gone without revealing her face for an instant.

Well, that was over! Make-up off, she fussed with her hair, fluffing it out again, not daring to look closely at herself in the mirror.

She'd never go on with this routine again without feeling Lennie there. It was all going to be different now. It was going to be harder to do hereafter because —

"Yes?"

Her hands were stilled at the nape of her neck, elbows wide.

The rap came again.

She moved toward the door, going cold.

After a long moment, while she clung to the knob for support, she said, "Lennie?" questioningly, and in a whisper.

He moved forward, shutting them in. She'd forgotten his eyes were so blue. Blue like ice, and as cold and as hard, as if he steeled himself for an ordeal.

"I caught the bow, Claire," he said quietly. "I never suspected, until the bow."

A feeling of cold failure ran down her chest while she laughed, making it hard and bright.

"Didn't expect ever to see me in an act like this, did you?" she said, and things began to spin swiftly and she heard her voice going on and on, quick and brittle. She was sick at having betrayed herself to him—a part of her was. But another part was saying things, things that weren't so; telling lies about her foot, her routine, covering up her dismay and shame and heartache; trying to go on being just a trouper; trying to stay tough and brusque, as a broken-down hooper should.

But after a while, somehow, she was listening while he talked.

"I see," he said, and might as well have told her she lied. "I see. But I wanted to tell you what you did for me tonight. You made a jackass of a man who's—well, stood in my way. Who's sort of tramped on my hands from above while I've tried to climb. They were going to promote him, but couldn't. Not after you finished with him. So they gave it to me. That's why I came up and —"

"Claire!" he said, breaking off as though this were what he'd come for. "Why'd you write 'Not here' across my letter? I knew your handwriting, of course!"

The wait, while she swallowed just once, was agony.

"Skip it!" she laughed, trying to be offhand and callous, though things were tearing at her heart. "It's great to hear such good news! You certainly deserve it—and who was the girl?"

It was as if someone else had said it. Another person. In another room. Another world.

His brows drew together, puzzled. "Girl?"

"Yes. Some girl crossed you up, didn't she? Working this way, we hear gossip. I was behind a screen before I went on. Your friends were talking."

"Oh!" he said flatly. "It's been hinted to me that they thought that. I've been pretty busy. I've had to keep my eye on the main chance for—for seven years now."

"I'm glad of that." Her voice was very small. "It would be tough, when you've got everything, if you'd lost something you wanted more than anything. I mean—that is —"

His hands were on her shoulders then. He was shaking her roughly; his face was close to hers.

"Stop it!" he said through shut teeth. "Stop it, Claire! Stop and back up and start again!"

"From where?" she cried.

"From here!" he whispered, drawing her close.

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BIGGEST WAR BABY

(Continued from Page 21)

tipsters—all bent on diverting some easy money into their own pockets. New York is the happy hunting ground. When a ship docks and another foreign buying commission steps ashore, the newcomers are besieged by middlemen with the assurance that they need look no farther for their machine tools. All the buyers have to do is say how many they want and, presto, they'll get them. And spot delivery too. . . . The price? Man alive, nobody talks price over here. Delivery is what you've got to have, isn't it? Okay, take a tip from a guy whose wife's sister married a countryman of yours and grab these lathes while you can get 'em.

All the go-between asks is one peek into the commission's portfolio to see what machines they have come over to buy.

As soon as he has a faint inkling—which is all he ever gets—the go-between rushes for the nearest telegraph office and files a series of telegrams to every machine-tool builder on his list:

HAVE INSIDE TRACK WITH NEWLY ARRIVED SPIVOKIAN PURCHASING COMMISSION. CAN GET YOU AN ORDER FOR ONE HUNDRED LATHES WITH ONE THOUSAND PREMIUM PER LATHE FOR SPOT DELIVERY. WIRE BEST PRICE AND PROTECT ME FOR FIVE PER CENT.

Does that sound fantastic? Any machine-tool builder can show you more fantastic telegrams than that from so-called export agents. Here is an example to the point. A Middle West machine-tool builder opened his mail one fine morning recently to read the following letter typed on the most expensive all-rag paper, expensively embossed with the name of an export house utterly unknown to him:

Dear Sir: Our company is prepared to place large orders for immediate delivery for export to Spivokia of 200 fuse-forming lathes identical in specifications to your No. K4 machines. As prompt delivery is paramount in this case, any reasonable price you ask will be immediately accepted. In quoting, please include our usual export commission of 15 per cent. Please wire your quotation, as this deal may close today.

Streets Paved With Gold

The Middle West machine-tool builder, skeptical, but not wishing to overlook any bets, wired back that he would be in New York the following Monday to discuss the matter in more detail before quoting. The unlisted exporter with the magnificent letterhead promptly wired back:

HAVE EXERTED MY INFLUENCE WITH SPIVOKIAN COMMISSION AND THEY HAVE AGREED TO WITHHOLD PLACING ORDER WITH VERY FAVORABLE DELIVERY UNTIL YOUR ARRIVAL.

Upon his arrival in New York, the machine-tool builder was called upon at his hotel by this energetic export agent claiming an inside track with the Spivokian Commission. The export agent had bigger news than ever to disclose to his new principal. The Spivokian Commission was buying 1000 lathes, not 100, as first expected. And the whole order was in the bag—a 5,000,000-smacker deal if it was a cent!

The machine-tool builder inquired who was going to pay for all those lathes, and how was the payment going to be made?

The exporter sporting the magnificent embossed letterhead smiled reservedly. He had forgotten to mention that his company was amply financed to handle deals of any magnitude. In fact, his company bought for cash and extended long-term credits to its foreign customers. Offhandedly, the exporter mentioned his bank and remarked that if the machine-tool builder cared to, he could telephone one of the vice-presidents—whose name he wrote down on a card—for confirmation of the financial responsibility of his company.

The Deal That Fell Through

The machine-tool builder did better than that. After calling up the bank and getting an unequivocal recommendation of the export agent, he telegraphed his local Dun-and-Bradstreet agent for a special report. When he arrived home, there was a confirming letter from the New York bank, signed by the man who had talked with him over the telephone. The letter repeated that the trading company in question commanded unlimited funds, and the bank felt every assurance that it could meet the largest obligations.

Then the machine-tool builder picked up the special report obtained for him by his local Dun-and-Bradstreet agent. The report went into considerable detail as to the personal history and financial record of the export agent. The report ended with this ominous comment: "The subject's record is not clear." Which is just about as near as the laws of libel will permit damning a man as a bad credit risk, without airtight documentary proof.

Needless to say, the machine-tool builder broke off negotiations at once. But why would a vice-president of a large New York bank give this exporter an unlimited credit rating? The only hint the machine-tool builder has been able to discover lies in an offhand remark tossed off by the export agent—that a well-known American financier was his financial backer.

In the main, however, the palpable chisellers are not getting the lush pickings they enjoyed during 1914-1918, when all that was necessary to get a fat order from the Russian purchasing commission was to double the market price of shell lathes and distribute the difference in cash among the visiting patriots. Open bribery of this nature is not practiced today. The British and French purchasing commissions occupy spacious quarters in the same New York office building, at 15 Broad Street. There is daily liaison between the two organizations. An American machine-tool builder cannot quote one price to the French and another to the British for the same lathe without the discrepancy being aired. The two commissions co-ordinate their buying in order not to bid against each other for the output of the same American machine-tool builder.

Unfortunately for them, even the most careful co-ordination in their timing of the release of inquiries for munition-making machinery has little effect as a brake on a runaway sellers' market. This is because American machine-tool builders are fully aware of the enormous quantity of metal-working machinery the Allies still must obtain, as the war continues. Americans know with a fair degree of ap-

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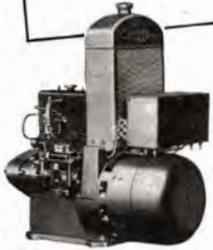
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proximation how many thousands more shell lathes their customers overseas will require; how many more precision grinders will be needed to bolster airplane-motor construction; how many thousands more turret lathes will be needed for making shell fuse noses, and on through an almost interminable list of very expensive types of metalworking machinery, to a sum total that makes amounts spent for purchases to date look like peanut money.

The truth is, the Allies were in such a state of unpreparedness for the war that the entire machine-tool-manufacturing capacity of the United States for the next two years may prove insufficient to re-equip the Allies on a superior industrial-war-making footing with Germany.

As was mentioned, the American machine-tool industry's peacetime capacity is approximately \$200,000,000 annually. But peacetime prices have gone by the boards, so that figure in mere dollars is of little value in estimating the real producing capacity of this basic industry. Another more reliable gauge of the productive capacity of the American machine-tool plants is the 52,323 wage earners it employed during 1935.

From the standpoint of the trained man power, the American machine-tool industry with its 52,323 men is obviously limited in its productive capacity—alarmingly limited even for the rearmament needs for home defense. The Ford Motor Company alone employs almost twice this number of men in the manufacture and distribution of its automobiles!

It would be natural to expect, with the current demand for American machine tools already absorbing all of the 1940 production, and with deliveries spilling over into the uncertain days of 1941, that our machine-tool plants would be expanding and doubling capacity overnight, as they did back in 1914-1918. But there is very little actual machine-tool-plant expansion going on. Manufacturers learned a bitter lesson about overexpansion from the last war. At its close many of them found themselves burdened with huge plants, on which they were unable to earn taxes and depreciation. Receivership and bankruptcy wiped out a number of large machine-tool companies during the ten-year period following 1918. Many more, after surviving the first shock of peacetime deflation, went on the rocks during 1933-1936.

Buying What They Sell

The present attitude of the industry toward expansion is ultraconservative, if not actually reactionary. Ironically enough, one of the most powerful influences against expansion is the current high prices of machine tools. This is because machine-tool builders are largely specialists; a lathe builder requires iron planers, boring mills, milling machines, gear-cutting machines, drill presses, precision-grinding machines and numerous other types of machine tools with which to build his lathes. In order to expand his own productive capacity, he must go into the open market and compete with his checkbook against the frantic bidding of the foreign purchasing commissions. Even while charging a dollar a pound for his own machines, he knows he cannot afford to pay much more than fifty cents a pound for machine tools for his own use.

Another reason why the industry is not expanding stems directly from the greatly changed political and economic

conditions under which it now does business, as compared to 1914-1918. Suppose an American lathe builder does expand his plant to get the boom business while the getting is good—who gets most of the juicy profits? Not he. The Internal Revenue Bureau collects them, and doesn't allow the builder to charge off the excess "wartime" cost of the new machine tools he was forced to buy in order to expand his plant. The builder feels he is entitled to such a charge-off, because when he expands he provides that much added machine-tool capacity for the day when the United States may have to arm itself against possible aggression by a trade-starved Europe.

A Business of Specialists

Another heavy brake on expansion is the serious shortage of mechanics skilled in the difficult art of machine-tool building. Machine-tool building is more than a trade. It requires a high degree of individual judgment on the part of a higher percentage of the productive employees than the automobile industry, or even the aviation-motor industry. In the machine-tool industry the quantities manufactured in one lot are small. The machines on which the parts are produced are, as a consequence, largely manually controlled. In the automobile industry, on the other hand, the quantities manufactured for each part form an unbroken stream during the production season. Hence, automatic or semi-automatic machines, costing five to ten times more than the simpler machines used by the machine-tool builders, are not only a justifiable investment but are absolutely essential if parts are to be produced in mass quantities at all. To a large extent, the automobile plants use machine tenders who can be trained in a few days to feed the automatic machines and carry away the finished work. In the machine-tool-building industry, it is otherwise. Each man must be a skilled machinist, or at least a trained specialist in the operation of, say, a lathe or a precision grinder. It takes years of training to make dependable machine-tool builders.

This shortage of skilled labor, in the face of the highly publicized seven or nine millions of unemployed eager for a job, looks unreasonable. Where are those hundreds of thousands of skilled mechanics who were supposed to be walking the streets, back there in 1933? It might be a profitable digression to consider this significant question in more detail. The census figures for 1930 list 640,000 machinists in the United States, exclusive of the related metal-working crafts like steel-mill workers, blacksmiths, foundry workers and sheet-metal workers. The Department of Commerce figures on employment during the boom times of 1928-29 did not disclose any serious shortage of machinists. Why should there be a shortage now?

That there now is a shortage permits no argument. The Help Wanted columns of any newspaper continuously display advertisements of good jobs open for skilled machinists. And yet back in 1929 there was supposed to be a huge army of 640,000 skilled machinists plying their trade, or willing to, if a job was available. But that was more than ten years ago. A depression has intervened since then and must have shaken at least 50 per cent of these men from their old jobs. Some of these displaced men were driven to other means of subsistence. Some went back to the



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52-PAGE FREE BOOKLET—"WHAT TO DO"

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old folks on the farm, and stayed there. Others set up small garages and service stations and went into business for themselves; these are proprietors themselves now and can no longer be considered available as machinists.

The most potent factor of all in reducing the ranks of the 640,000 machinists listed in the 1930 census has been Father Time. Ten years have elapsed, during which death and superannuation have greatly thinned the ranks. It has been estimated that the average working life of a skilled machinist is a matter of twenty-five years. Stated in concrete terms, the 640,000 machinists available in 1930 have been reduced by 40 per cent by age alone. At least another 10 per cent irrevocably changed their occupation. Which leaves the country with an old guard of rapidly aging machinists of something like 320,000 men—some feeble, some only good enough for rougher classes of machine work, but all middle-aged and older.

This extraordinary condition results from the fact that there has been no general policy of apprentice training in America since the outbreak of the World War in 1914. Now we are reaping that harvest sown twenty-six years ago—the old guard died, we did nothing to replace it with a young guard of machinists.

Badly needing skilled men to meet the war demands of Europe—to say nothing of our own impending rearmament program for national defense—the machine-tool builders find their Help Wanted advertisements unanswered. There is not only a shortage of machinists but an even more serious shortage of competent shop foremen and manufacturing executives capable of operating a plant on more than one short forty-hour shift. Rare is the American machine-tool plant operating twenty-four hours a day, in spite of the unlimited volume of highly profitable orders going begging.

There are at least two other serious factors limiting the production of American machine tools. In the course of a year or two of intensive apprentice training and intelligent shifting of skilled labor to the most exacting operations, the critical labor shortage could be remedied to a considerable extent. But when a lathe builder says he will accept no more business because it involves doubling his office staff to handle the maze of reports demanded by the Government—income-tax reports, excess-profit schedules; pay-roll-tax reports, summonses of the National Labor Relations Board, and other Government bureaus—then he is headed for stagnation, decay and eventual defeat. It is a nasty fact to face, but too many plant owners show little interest in putting forth any more effort than is required to maintain their business at its present level.

Profits and Pessimism

But why be pessimistic over the fact that foreign buyers are flooding the American machine-tool market with orders at prices that have already lifted an entire industry from depression to affluence? That question deserves a full answer.

In the first place, the frantic bidding for American machine tools by these foreign buyers has ballooned the domestic price of these same machines far above the point where an American manufacturer can afford to purchase new equipment, either for replacement or to expand his production facilities for manufacturing a new product. That

American industry at large is in need of new machine tools to replace obsolete and worn-out equipment has been repeatedly disclosed by surveys. Expert opinion consistently agrees that more than 50 per cent of the metalworking machinery used by American industry today is obsolete, and must be replaced if the United States expects to maintain its present position as the leading manufacturing nation of the world. In a recent survey conducted in a Middle West population area of 1,000,000, not a single iron planer under twenty years old was found in any of the plants inspected. Most of the machines of this type found were ten years older than that. In several instances, iron planers over fifty years old were still in use. Outside of the automotive industry, tractor plants and aviation plants, and a few isolated cases elsewhere, the metalworking machinery needing immediate replacement in American manufacturing plants would absorb the full-time production capacity of the entire American machine-tool industry for the next five years—at the most optimistic estimate yet published by a trade journal.

The Menace of Peace

Last year, more than 50 per cent of the capacity of American machine-tool plants was exported. This year, if the present trend holds and no Government embargo is clamped down, 75 per cent of our new machine tools will be shipped out of the country. In payment for these machines we are getting raw gold, which we immediately lock up in a hole in the ground. We are not getting in exchange needed raw materials, agricultural products or useful manufactured goods—nothing that we can use or eat.

France, England, Russia and Japan, all our present-day, big-time foreign customers for machinery, are not buying single-purpose machines from us, as they did in 1914-1918—machines that are suitable only for some special munitions operation, such as turning the outside of a shrapnel shell. No, our foreign customers are not buying special war machinery that will be so much scrap iron when peace dawns. The shiploads of new American machine tools now going overseas are our latest and most modern high-production types, with special emphasis placed on their convertibility to automobile, airplane, refrigerator and tractor manufacturing when the war is over.

In so many words, what this boom in American machine-tool export amounts to is a wild race on our part to equip England, France, Japan and Russia with faster and better machine tools. In a few short months after the war is over, these will be competing with the products made by the obsolete and badly overworked machine-tool equipment of American industry. Furthermore, we can't help exporting the American philosophy of high-precision and low-cost manufacturing along with our tools.

The editor of one of the most widely quoted American trade journals feels so strongly over the mass migration of American machine tools to foreign countries that he is attacking the practice in his editorials and stumping the country, warning tool builders of the commercial competition which will begin the moment peace comes and the combatants set about recapturing world trade. We are shipping them better machine tools than we can afford for our own plants, says this editor, in

(Continued on Page 78)

NATIONAL Caskets

MADE BY NATIONAL CASKET COMPANY, INC.

If You're Buying a Washer This Week, This Month or This Year
... then by all means see this amazing Apex demonstration



SPIRAL SAFETY SUDS DEMONSTRATION

See It With Your Own Eyes At Your Nearest Apex Dealer's!

See lovely cotton prints that have been washed 50 times in laboratory tests without any perceptible wear or loss of color values. Washed not 10 or 20 times—but 50 times! See how the spiral agitation of the Apex Spiral Dasher quickly builds a bountiful supply of Oxydol suds and gently removes all trace of dirt.

See how the **APEX SPIRAL DASHER**
 washes clothes *Cleaner—Faster*

● In recent tests by one of America's largest independent testing laboratories, the Spiral Dasher washed cleaner and faster than four other leading makes. The results of these unbiased tests show that Apex washed 35% more effectively, or accomplished a given degree of cleansing 31% more quickly, and was 43% more consistent in cleaning performance than

the average of the four other washers tested. ● The Apex Spiral Dasher is scientifically designed with perforations, ridges and spreader cups to wash clothes almost as human hands would wash them. Now, see how its broad, curved vanes gently swish and flex the clothes, with each movement of the dasher, washing them cleaner, fresher, brighter.



Water rushes through perforations, aids in contacting clothes to washing vanes.



Cleansing ridges gently rub the clothes, flex them and loosen dirt.



Spreader cups move clothes outward, open and spread garments.



Special
 DURING SSS DEMONSTRATION
 MODEL 351 **\$59.95**
 SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN FAR WEST AND SOUTH



APEX SPEEDLINER WASHER

It's Beautiful—Massive—Durable!

See its streamlined beauty created by Henry Dreyfuss, designer of famous streamlined trains and Theme Exhibit of New York World's Fair. See how the Spiral Dasher washes 8 lbs. of clothes clean and fresh in 6½ to 8 minutes. See how the Pressure Selector selects the proper wringing pressure for garments of all kinds. Then note its sturdy baked enamel chassis of bonderized steel that resists rust. Here is a washer that will save you time and money—and last for years. Compare it feature by feature with washers that sell for \$10.00 more. It's the buy of the month! The Apex Electrical Manufacturing Co., Cleveland.

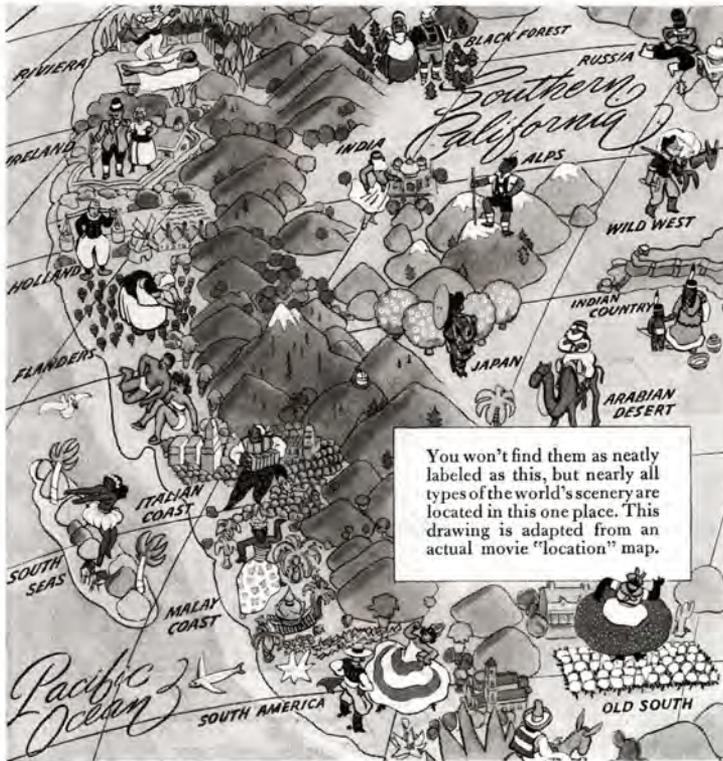
APEX HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES ARE BACKED BY 27 YEARS OF RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURING EXPERIENCE

Why movie stars seldom leave home!



For business: the studios find nearly every type of the world's scenery within a short drive of Hollywood. **For Pleasure:** this same variety of scene means every kind of leisure-time fun. The stars take advantage of it...why not join them this summer?

Relax on cool beaches, dip into blue combers, scale the High Sierra, explore Old Spanish Missions...curious industries. Enjoy the after-dark night life of a great world capital: the symphonies, supper clubs, celebrities. Sleep under blankets 9 nights out of 10. Southern California offers the finest kind of summer vacation... a vacation that's really different!



You won't find them as neatly labeled as this, but nearly all types of the world's scenery are located in this one place. This drawing is adapted from an actual movie "location" map.

2 WEEKS IS AMPLE FOR A VACATION IN

Southern California

Faster travel makes it easier than ever to see Southern California in as little as two vacation weeks. Costs here average 22.8% under those of 20 other leading U. S. resorts. Plenty of accommodations in Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pasadena, Hollywood, Pomona, Long Beach, Santa Monica and other cities in or near Los Angeles County.

When you arrive you're invited to consult our unique free Visitors' Bureau, the All-Year Club's famous hospitality center in downtown Los Angeles, (505 W. Sixth St.). Valuable guidance to vacation fun. 26 services—all FREE.

FREE: AUTOMATIC TRIP PLANNER

Your Southern California trip really plans itself through this new unique book, acclaimed by travel experts as America's most useful resort guide. Answers all your questions about what to see and do, how to get there and time required, weather, what to wear, detailed cost schedules, etc. Lavishly illustrated with photo-



graphs and maps. Based on 18 years' experience in serving visitors; crammed with impartial facts available only through this non-profit community organization. Use this valuable coupon now, and get your free copy by return mail.

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for tourists, the attractions are unlimited.

FREE—MAIL COUPON TODAY

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Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____
 (Please print name and address)

(Continued from Page 76)
 effect. We are teaching them our latest methods in mass production. When this war is over, the machines we have sold will be used in an attempt to sweep American goods off the world market. Foreign competitors then will resort to barter and every subterfuge of manipulated exchange and long-term credits to freeze out American goods. No tariff wall can be constructed tight enough to resist the infiltration of foreign-made goods into the American market, depressing the standard of living for the American workman to the level of the regimented workers of Europe. Our only hope is to re-equip our own industrial plant, reorganize for more efficient production, and bring to bear the full power of American inventive genius on the problem of defending our domestic and foreign markets against the competition which will come with peace.

At the moment, the forthright position this trade-journal editor has taken is unpopular with some of his advertisers. His outspokenness has cost him several important advertising contracts. Fortunately, however, most machine-tool builders who see beyond the lush present give this editor strong support. These machine-tool builders, as it happens, form the strongest group in the industry. This group is committed to the policy of manufacturing, first and foremost, for home consumption and offering only excess production over domestic needs to export buyers. Today, an American manufacturer in need of new machine-tool equipment can obtain three to four months' delivery on a machine which is quoted by the same machine-tool builder for export at eight to ten months' delivery. From these same

machine-tool builders, an American manufacturer can still buy machines on thirty-day terms, or even longer credit terms by special arrangement. At the same time, foreign buyers are required to pay from 25 to 50 per cent cash with the order, and deposit the balance in irrevocable credits against arrival of shipping documents in New York.

Meanwhile the dance goes on. Brokers and export agents swarm around the offices of the foreign buying commissions. Rumor flies by wire from New York to the machine-tool-building centers of the interior—to Cincinnati, to Cleveland, to Rockford, Illinois, to Indianapolis and Richmond, Indiana—wherever machine-tool plants hum. . . . The French commission has just received a cable to buy 1000 more lathes at any price. Make it 10,000. Who cares? . . . Whoops, this is like the good old days of 1914 and 1915! . . . Cut me in for 5 per cent on this \$1,000,000 deal; I got the inside track to and I'll give you the name of the guy to see. . . . Listen, the Spivokian Commission is offering \$1000 apiece bonus for ten weeks' guaranteed delivery on 100 gear hobbers. You can get \$10,000 apiece for 'em, just as easy as five. All I ask is my usual 10 per cent cut. . . . I've cleaned up fifty grand in commissions. . . . I'll be sitting pretty in a couple of more months, when they start delivering. . . . By the way, could you spare me a dollar or two? Gotta take a man out to lunch. . . . What, a customer? Don't make me laugh, brother; I don't take customers out to lunch. This bird is a machine-tool builder. He's got lathes for spot delivery, and the poor hiek doesn't even know there's a war on!

NAZI GERMANY'S FIRST DOMINION

(Continued from Page 31)

that Russia is too weak to stand by itself in the face of threats from the Far East and from Europe.

Stalin's regime was a lot more shaky last year than he wanted anybody to know. The workers in the "workers' paradise" had become extremely restless. Stalin's propagandists might have been able to fool the rest of the world indefinitely, but the Russians were tired of being fooled. They were demanding more for their labor, and were getting less. Stalin's frantic efforts to industrialize and mechanize and militarize Russia imposed such intolerable burdens upon the Soviet peoples that he could hold them in line only by systematic espionage and police terrorism.

Conditions had steadily become worse since Stalin discovered conspiracies against his regime at the end of 1936 and began his merciless purges. He had created the most complicated state organization known to history, with public ownership and operation of everything, and then he executed, imprisoned or exiled the people most competent to operate it.

From evidence now available, we know that Stalin decided, late in 1937 or early in 1938, after he had paralyzed most of the best brains in Russia, that he must have foreign assistance to put his reeling Eurasian state back on its feet. War was then looming in Europe, and if Russia got mixed up in it, the whole Soviet structure threatened to topple over. Stalin needed two things desperately: To keep out of the Euro-

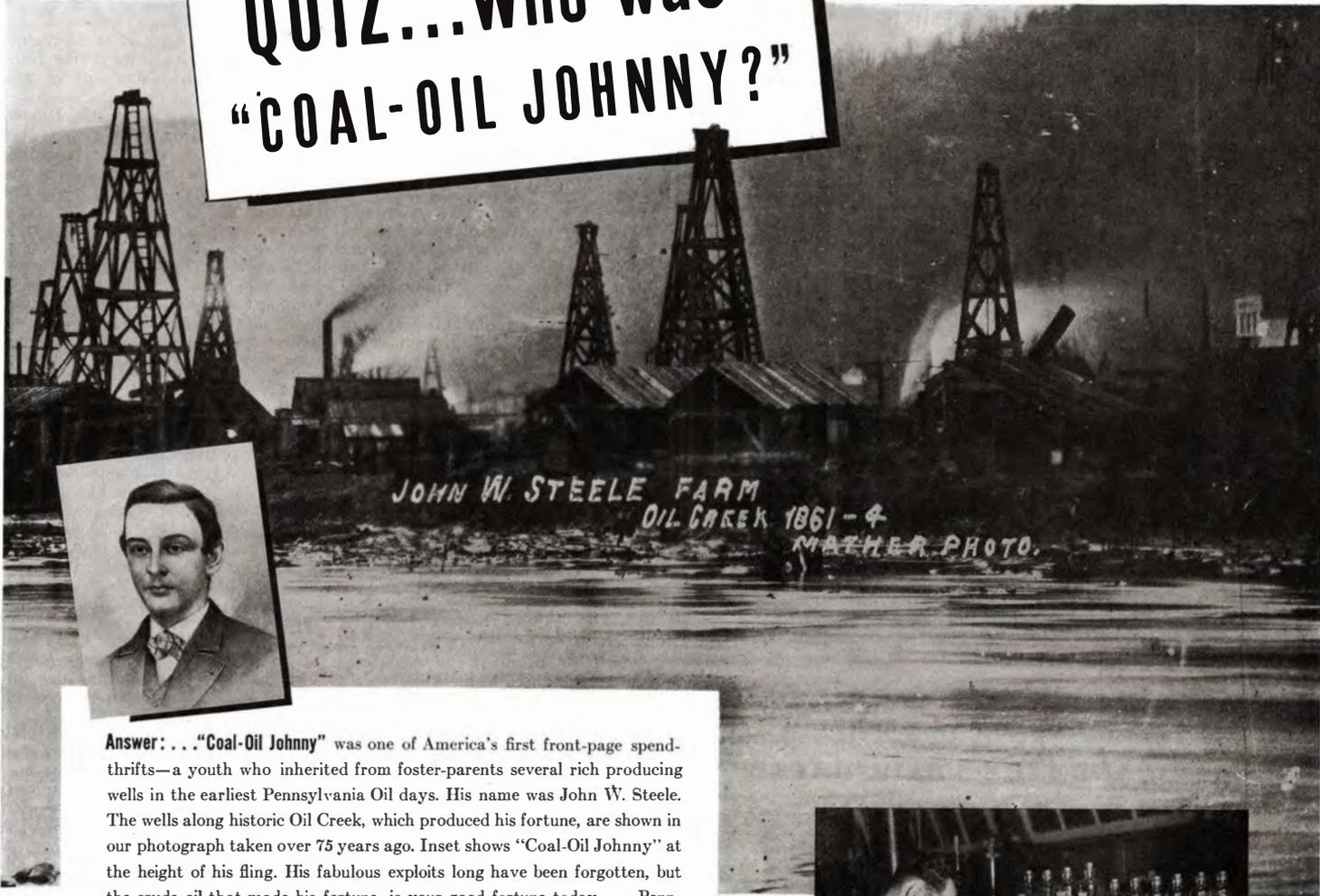
pean war; and to import foreign brains, machinery and manufactured goods on a vast scale.

These two needs must have been uppermost in Stalin's mind during the critical days last August which preceded the signing of the Soviet-German political pact. He had before him then the choice between striking a bargain with Germany or with the Anglo-French combination. And Germany looked like the best bet, because Germany was in the right geographical position to serve Stalin's purposes. If he played his cards properly, Germany might be used both to shield Russia from the European war and at the same time to supply the brains and materials which Stalin must get somewhere to reinvigorate the famished Soviet state. But it was a tricky game, a game in which Stalin could never afford to lose the upper hand.

When the Soviet-German pact was finally signed, on August twenty-fourth, the whole world began to speculate about what it might mean. There were all sorts of contradictory interpretations. At one extreme, some people said Stalin and Hitler had joined forces to promote "totalitarian world revolution." At the other extreme, Soviet sympathizers suggested that Stalin had "embraced Hitler in order to strangle him." In Western Europe and America, the most common view was that the pact was a deal between political gangsters who could not trust

(Continued on Page 80)

QUIZ...Who was "COAL-OIL JOHNNY?"



Answer: . . . "Coal-Oil Johnny" was one of America's first front-page spend-thrifts—a youth who inherited from foster-parents several rich producing wells in the earliest Pennsylvania Oil days. His name was John W. Steele. The wells along historic Oil Creek, which produced his fortune, are shown in our photograph taken over 75 years ago. Inset shows "Coal-Oil Johnny" at the height of his fling. His fabulous exploits long have been forgotten, but the crude oil that made his fortune, is your good fortune today . . . Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, the crude from which all emblem-protected Pennsylvania Motor Oils—the world's finest—are made.

(Photos from Mather Collection, Drake Memorial Museum, Titusville, Pennsylvania.)



"A twist of the wrist and I regulate pressure in oil sands far below the earth's surface," says Floyd Williams as he turns a controlling air-valve, on a Pennsylvania well. Modern re-pressuring operations in oil producing areas in Pennsylvania have renewed many old wells, and made new ones flow faster—to the everlasting advantage of your car and your pocketbook.



Carefree, low-cost motoring goes hand in hand with regular use of our emblem-protected Pennsylvania Motor Oil. You'll buy fewer "fill-in" quarts; you'll have fewer maddening repair bills; you'll have a "better" car and enjoy it more if you'll stick to a Pennsylvania Motor Oil entitled to use the well-known emblem of this Association.



All "hole-y" cheese isn't actually Swiss cheese . . . and all "eastern" oil or "paraffin-base" oil isn't Pennsylvania. Decidedly not! Genuine Pennsylvania Motor Oils are made only from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil . . . and that one quality-proved crude oil comes from the Pennsylvania oil region . . . and from absolutely nowhere else in the world. Always remember that.



Motor oils get "tired," just as you do, after working for a long stretch. Oxidation-acids are formed. Here a Pennsylvania laboratory worker filters out these "fatigue" acids for special study and analysis. This is one of many researches at State College, Pennsylvania, helping to keep emblem-protected Pennsylvania Motor Oils so far ahead in lasting quality, and lubricating value, in your car.



This is the official emblem of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association. It is registered in the U. S. Patent Office and protected under federal copyright laws. This emblem is not the mark of a brand. It is a guarantee to you that a motor oil is made entirely from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil and that the oil is up to this association's rigid standard in every respect.

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AMERICANS LIKE THEIR BREAD BUTTERED



JOHN A. STEVENSON

"Dry bread alone will keep a man alive . . . but most of us find it more pleasant to put a little butter on it.

"A good many plans have been discussed and tried for guaranteeing food, shelter

and clothing for workers after their active days are over.

"That's fine, so far as it goes. But there are millions of Americans who think of life as something more than the bare necessities of living. They want and need such things as books, travel, education—food for the mind and spirit as well as for the body. And they secure these and many other things on the strength of their own initiative and self-reliance. They have learned to plan.

"To this great group, life insurance through the years has provided the economic independence necessary for better living. And life insurance does it in the free American way! Individuals decide what they want, when they want it, and where they want it. And then they buckle down to do the job.

"It is, I think, to the eternal credit of the American people that 64,000,000 of them voluntarily choose the kind of economic and social security which life insurance gives them. I find real satisfaction in the knowledge that every day well-trained Penn Mutual representatives are helping Americans plan their insurance programs to make certain that their 'security bread' will be buttered.

"In 1900, only 13 per cent of our population owned life insurance. Today every other man, woman and child in the United States owns it and enjoys the higher standard of living that goes with it."

John A. Stevenson
PRESIDENT

THE **Penn Mutual**
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FOUNDED AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1847

(Continued from Page 78)

each other and would soon come to blows.

We can see now that all those interpretations were wrong. We can see that the Soviet-German pact, as matters turned out, proved to be only one step, although a very important one, in the process of creating a new imperial system, differing only in details from imperial systems of the past.

The evidence now available shows that the two dictators, when they closed their first deal last August, were not sure how far it could be extended. Their original understanding was expressed in general terms. Its final form depended upon the course of events. And during the three following months, three pertinent events occurred: Hitler swept through Poland; the Allies declared war on Germany; and Russia invaded Finland.

The first of these events served to push Germany and Russia closer together; in the partition of Poland, they became partners in crime. But the second event, the outbreak of war, promised to restrict or dissolve their partnership. In his intense anxiety to keep out of the European war, Stalin hesitated to embrace Hitler too closely. The Allies carefully distinguished between Germany and Russia, although Russia, too, was an "aggressor" in Poland. So long as Stalin limited himself to supplying Germany with supplies, his relationship to the Allied-German war was not dissimilar to that of the United States. He could assert the same right to sell what he pleased to Germany as Americans could claim to sell to the Allies.

It was the war in Finland which finally subordinated Stalin to Hitler and turned Russia into a dominion within the Nazi empire. All the evidence goes to show that Stalin had no idea, when he began his military adventure in Finland, that he ran any risk of getting himself into a major war. He believed that he could get what he wanted in Finland without seriously fighting for it, and the Red army began its Finnish invasion without adequate preparation. Weeks passed before Stalin and his henchmen seemed fully to realize the dangers to which they had exposed themselves and their country.

Who Won the Finnish War?

Their whole previous course of action showed that they desired to avoid at almost any cost a war with the European powers. And yet they themselves precipitated a war in Finland which threatened to attract to Russia's very borders the armies of England and France, backed with volunteers from almost every country in Europe except Germany.

Sometime in January, Stalin appears to have realized the full extent of the predicament in which he had involved himself in Finland. As things looked to him then, Germany alone stood between Stalin and the European war which might mean his ruin. The Bolshevik dictator's own blunders had put him at Hitler's mercy. If the Nazis turned against him at that moment, his regime was probably finished. But the Nazis did not turn against him. For at that moment Stalin made a notable decision.

His decision was not revealed publicly until several weeks later, on February thirteenth, at a time when Stalin's armies were still up to their necks in the Finnish war. On that day, Stalin's agents signed the so-called

trade agreement with Germany, which was actually much more than a trade agreement. It was an acknowledgment of Russia's status as a virtual dominion in the Nazi empire. It was evidence that Stalin had bowed to the inevitable and staked his own future and the future of Russia upon a second deal with the Nazis. It was advance payment to the Nazis for saving Russia from direct involvement in war with England and France.

Soviet Russians may still believe that Stalin won the Finnish war. But almost everybody else now recognizes that Germany won it, and without the loss of one German soldier. It was the cheapest victory which any European power has ever won. But it was a very great victory.

It made fairly certain that Stalin, from that time onward, would back Germany in the war with the western powers. It gave the Bolshevik dictator a direct and vital interest in a German victory in Europe.

General Geography

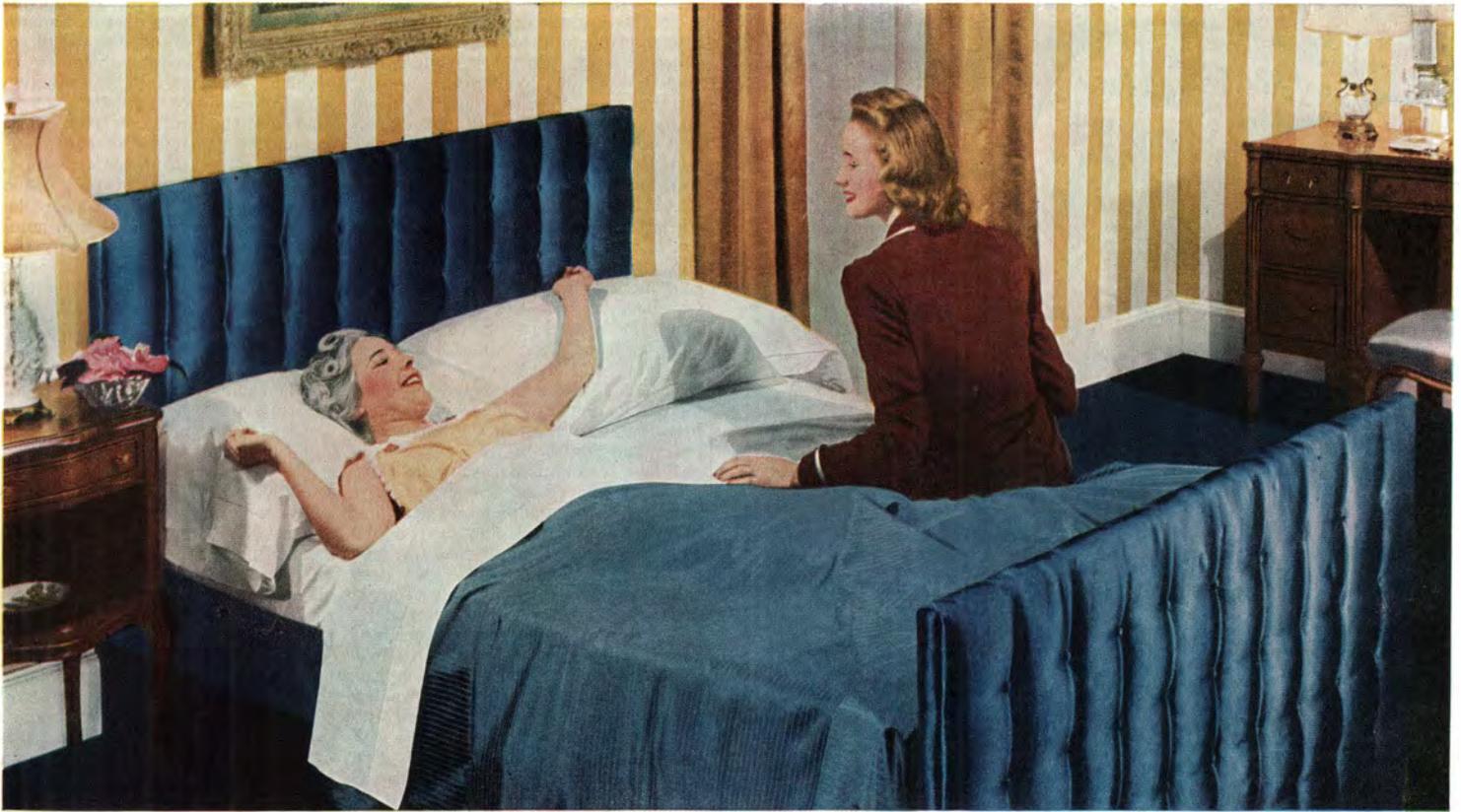
The Russo-Finnish war could not have worked out better for the Germans if they had planned it in every detail. Not only Stalin but also the British and French governments played directly into their hands. At the end of last January, I asked a neutral military expert in Paris whether there was any truth in the rumor that the British and French were considering an expeditionary force to Finland. I had just come from London, where I had been assured that British military strategists had turned down the idea, although some French leaders were still insisting upon it.

My military friend replied: "I think the British can talk the French out of it. I have not found any military officer who favors the notion. Geography is all against it. Germany controls that situation perfectly. She can do what she likes with it."

This expert outlined weeks in advance just what finally happened. He foresaw that the Swedish and Norwegian governments felt obliged to refuse to allow Allied troops to pass across their territory to Finland, and were likely to stop even the flow of supplies whenever Germany gave the word. If they did not do this, they would automatically turn their countries into the first big battleground of the Allied-German war, under geographical conditions which favored Germany. It is ironic that, even after their utmost efforts to placate Germany, the Norwegians were plunged into the volcano they were trying to skirt. But their efforts certainly remain understandable to international realists. Even the Finns, after they were fighting with their backs to the wall, preferred to submit to Russia's terms rather than summon an official Anglo-French army to their aid. Finnish leaders refused to make Finland a battleground for the European powers.

When news of the Russo-Finnish peace negotiations broke suddenly upon a startled world, there was dismay in England and France. The political opponents of the British and French prime ministers accused them of indecision and vacillation. They asked why, after refusing for more than two months to send an expeditionary force to Finland, the Allied Supreme War Council suddenly offered to do so. They argued that if an expeditionary force was to be sent at all, it should have been sent at once.

(Continued on Page 82)



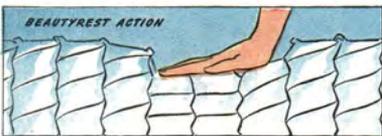
Only a penny a night for the "luxury comfort" of the
GREAT, NEW BEAUTYREST!

A GLORIOUSLY new kind of comfort awaits you the first time you settle down on your New Deeper Beautyrest. As you relax on this deep mattress, a feeling of utter surrender steals over your body. Never before have you felt so dreamily, lazily ready for sleep.

MAKE THIS COMPARISON



Ordinary action. Ordinary springs are tied together by wire. When you press one spring down, others go down, too, forming a hollow. This type cannot give you supreme comfort. We know. We make both kinds: the luxurious Beautyrest and the "ordinary action" mattress.



Beautyrest action. Inside the New Beautyrest are 887 resilient springs. Each spring is separate from the others—not tied together. So each "gives" independently to the slightest pressure of your shoulders, elbows, hips. You get buoyant support for every part of your body.



Guaranteed for 10 years! The New Beautyrest is guaranteed for 10 years, but under normal use it should last even longer. At the United States Testing Co., Inc., Hoboken, N. J., a Beautyrest was rolled, crushed, pounded 489,000 times—yet was still in sound-sleeping condition—it lasted 3 times longer than any other mattress tested. It is the only mattress regularly tested and endorsed by this famous laboratory.

The edges of the New Beautyrest never sag, because they are of patented construction. You get "mid-mattress" comfort to the very edges.



Beautyrest stays sanitary inside, too . . . thanks to 8 ventilators that "breathe in" fresh air, expel stale air.

Only a penny a night! Your New Beautyrest costs \$39.50 (time payments easily arranged). Based on our 10-year guarantee, this price comes down to about a penny a night. Where else can you get such "luxury comfort" for so little? See the New, Deeper Beautyrest at your furniture or department store today.

IMPORTANT: If you are shown mattresses supposed to be "just as good" as Beautyrest, remember that no other mattress in the world has ALL Beautyrest's advantages. Insist upon seeing this label.



NEW DEEPER BEAUTYREST
 MADE ONLY BY
SIMMONS COMPANY
 CHICAGO

Beautyrest Box Spring, for use with Beautyrest mattress, \$39.50. Or get the Ace Coil Spring, \$19.75.



Seal the cylinders! Save oil!

"Say, I haven't added a drop of oil between changes since you put in Sealed Power Rings."



● "Your experience is identical with the experience of thousands of motorists. Sealed Power Rings end oil waste, restore pep, power."

"I understand Sealed Power Rings are used as original equipment in leading automobiles."



● "Right you are—the makers of over 83% of America's automobiles use Sealed Power Rings as standard equipment. That's why we stick to Sealed Power. We know they're engineered right!"

"One more question: What is this Sealed Power Triple 'S' Service?"



● "It's simply a super-checking service to see that your car is repaired properly. Every part is double-checked by us with a Sealed Power specialist. You can follow the recommendations completely."

Look for the Sealed Power Girl—the trade mark of quality in motor parts. And ask for Sealed Power Rings by name. Any car dealer or repairman can supply them. Be sure he uses the Sealed Power Oil and Gasoline Economy Manual in checking your motor before making any repairs.

SEALED POWER CORPORATION

Long the ring leader... Now the line leader

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN • WINDSOR, ONT.

Piston Rings, Pistons, Pins, Valves, Sleeves, King Bolts, Bushings, Water Pumps, Tie Rods, Front End Parts



Sealed Power Piston Rings

BEST IN NEW CARS! BEST IN OLD CARS!

(Continued from Page 80)

To this argument, the British and French prime ministers never made an effective reply. But they could have made one, if they had cared to reveal certain facts. Because they knew, as many of their critics did not know, that relationships between Germany and Russia had become completely transformed in the very midst of the Russo-Finnish war. When that war started, Allied statesmen still had reason to believe that Stalin's deal with Hitler was not final, and that the Russian dictator was no more eager for Germany to win the war than for England and France to win it. They counted upon him to play for stalemate in the European war, and therefore to restrict his assistance to Germany. Some of them even hoped he would eventually turn against Germany and join the Allies.

When reluctant British politicians belatedly yielded to French pressure and agreed to organize an expeditionary force for Finland, they made a gift to Hitler which he had hoped for, but could hardly have expected. They presented the Nazis with an opportunity, without appearing to lift a finger, to rescue Stalin from Anglo-French attacks. They thus cemented Stalin's adherence to the swelling Nazi empire. There is reason to doubt that Germany would have ever struck so boldly in Norway, if this allegiance of Russia had not been so cemented.

The deal which Stalin and Hitler closed last February, in the midst of the Finnish war, ranks in historical importance with the deal they closed in August. Although its full details are not likely to be made public for some time, it is already clear that Stalin has taken down for the Germans most of those barriers which Soviet Russia previously erected against all foreigners. In 1937, Stalin had shot and imprisoned several hundred Germans then living in Russia, in order to keep Hitler from learning just how matters stood in Soviet industry. But since last February Stalin himself has handed over most of his industrial secrets to the Nazis assigned to reorganize his industry.

Stalin's Second Deal

The Germans wasted no time in sealing their new bargain with Stalin. Since last February, German technicians and experts of every kind have poured into Russia. Moscow's hotels are not big enough to accommodate them all. Some of them have been given posts previously held by Soviet commissars. No group of foreigners since the revolution has been entrusted with so much authority. Stalin has turned over to the Germans not only individual factories and enterprises but whole sectors of industry. The Germans have begun to reorganize industries which have nothing to do with war, including those making clothing and household necessities for which the Soviet peoples are clamoring. It has become obvious that Stalin, in making his second deal with Hitler, has gone too far now to turn against the Germans unless and until the Germans are losing their war.

It is impossible for those who have not lived in Russia continuously for years to realize how the Soviet peoples suffer from chronic shortages of things to eat and wear and use. The shortage was bad enough during the four years I lived there, but it has become much worse since I left Russia at the end of 1937. I spent days recently talking

with two American friends who have lived in Russia for a decade, and who stayed there during all the recent sensational developments, including the Finnish war. They told me that living conditions are worse now than at any time since the famine of 1932. Russia has had two poor harvests in succession, due largely to breakdowns in agricultural machinery. Scarcity of food has been accompanied by even more severe scarcity of clothing and household necessities. Whenever any shop gets new stock, eager lines of people stand for hours until the shop puts up a notice that it is sold out.

Peaceful Plunder

When one of my American friends left Russia this spring, he decided to dispose of some odds and ends of used clothing and household utensils he had taken in with him. The word got around among his Russian acquaintances, some of whom hold high posts in the Soviet hierarchy. They descended upon him and begged him to sell them everything he possessed at his own price in paper rubles. One of the most popular and highly paid actresses in Russia pleaded with him to sell his worn shirts and suits, his soiled neckties and scuffed shoes. She wanted them for her husband, a successful executive who, she explained, had not been able to buy clothes for himself for a year. She went into the kitchen and saw several coffee cans. She asked eagerly: "Will you sell me those?" My friend explained that they were only empty tins, which she was welcome to take. She answered: "Oh, no, I will pay you for them. Tin cans are worth a lot of money in Moscow."

My other friend from Russia had visited Eastern Poland shortly after the Russian occupation. He reported that he had never seen a region so thoroughly devastated in so short a time. The devastation, however, was no planned outrage or systematic spoliation. In fact, my friend reported that the Soviet troops were admirably disciplined. The devastation was the spontaneous behavior of a human swarm hungry for things they had been deprived of for years.

When the Russians came in, they found the Polish shops fairly well stocked with cheap clothing and household goods. The most quick-witted Soviet soldiers telegraphed to their wives to rush to Poland as fast as they could get there, and to bring with them all the money they could lay their hands on. Within two weeks of the occupation, every shop in the whole region was completely cleaned out; Russian soldiers and their wives had swept through them like a cloud of locusts, eagerly buying even odds and ends which the Poles themselves had rejected and which had littered shop shelves for years. And then, having done such a roaring business, the shopkeepers found themselves holding quantities of paper rubles, only to discover that their new fatherland could not provide them with fresh stock. Most of the shops closed down because they could get nothing more to sell.

These personal experiences of two responsible Americans may help to explain why Stalin decided that he must have foreign help. And the strain imposed upon the worm-eaten Soviet industrial structure by the Finnish war sufficed to dissolve any remaining doubts Stalin may have retained.

So Stalin concluded his second deal with Hitler, and that deal changed the

(Continued on Page 85)

**THIS BREAKFAST HELPS US
GET A KICK OUT OF LIFE**



*A delightful Balanced Breakfast**



**ASK FOR IT
BY THE
FULL NAME**

Just the thing to lift the lid on that morning-appetite—*a cupful or more of milk poured on two National Biscuit Shredded Wheat and fruit. It's the true rich inner flavor of pure whole wheat, toasted in crisp and tender strands...It is delicious balanced nourishment, all in one dishful—eight vital food

values—three Vitamins (A, B₁ and C), Proteins, Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus and Carbohydrates. All these precious elements that we need, in one simple breakfast that's mighty good to taste. At your food store say National Biscuit Shredded Wheat—for a balanced breakfast your family will relish.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT
SHREDDED WHEAT**

THE ORIGINAL NIAGARA FALLS PRODUCT

BRIDES LOVE PYREX WARE!

the gift that never loses its sparkle -
**FOR SHOWER GIFTS... FOR
WEDDING PRESENTS**

OF all the gifts for the bride-to-be, there's none more welcome than sparkling Pyrex ware! And there are few that are easier to give, for Pyrex Ovenware prices have been reduced 30% to 50% within two years.

Go to your dealer's today. See the new sets and other recent additions to this famous line. For wedding presents or showers your dollar today buys an amazing lot of Pyrex ware. And remember, each gleaming piece can be used for baking, serving, and storing. Look for the PYREX name on every dish... famous for a quarter century. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

DESIGNED to take care of 90% of her baking needs! New Home Baker set contains 17 pieces including new 8-oz. red-marked level-full measuring cup. Just one of the 7 attractive Pyrex ware sets priced from 39c up. Home Baker set, #295 **\$295**



She's a lucky, lucky young lady who starts with Pyrex Flameware!



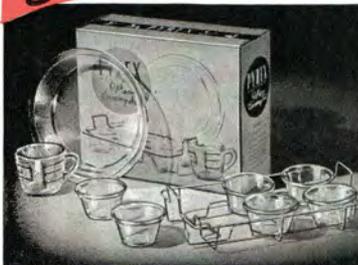
TEA FOR TWO or a party of ten! Smart Flameware all-glass teakettle with chrome trim. Water level always visible. Handy for boiling, and serving vegetables, soups or fruits. Use **\$295** right over open flame. 2½ qt. size only...

WHAT BRIDE WON'T RAVE over this Flameware Double Boiler. Grand for icings, custards, cereals and sauces. Bottom part alone makes a convenient saucepan! The big 1½ qt. size **\$345** \$3.95. 1 qt. small-family size only.....

ALL-GLASS SAUCEPAN for cooking, serving, storing...can also be used in the oven. Lock-on cover. Convenient pouring lip. Straight sides. Wide, flat bottom. Cool glass handle. Three sizes: **\$165** 2 qt. \$2.25; 1½ qt. \$1.95; 1 qt. size only....

NO MORE JOKES about bride's coffee with this Flameware percolator with glass pump. Makes rich, delicious coffee. Easy to clean! Glass handle can't char. Doubles as utility pitcher. **\$245** 9-cup size \$3.45. 6-cup size for THEM, only

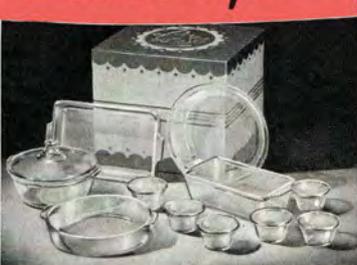
Look! Pyrex Ovenware reduced 30% to 50% within 2 years!



A GRAND START FOR COOKING IN GLASS! 9-piece "Economy" set includes 9½" pie plate, new 8-oz. level-full red-marked measuring cup, six 4-oz. custard cups with handy wire rack. **79c** Set #179, packed in smart new gift box, only



PICTURE THIS ON HER TABLE! Attractive 8-piece matched set for baking, serving, storing: deluxe 1½ qt. casserole with pie plate cover, and six dainty custard cups. Clear Pyrex glass bakes better! Set #145, gift-packed, only... **\$100**



WHAT EVERY BRIDE NEEDS! She'll love this fine 11-piece set! Includes 1½ qt. knob cover casserole, 10 ½" utility dish, 9½" pie plate, 9½" loafpan, six 4-oz. custard cups, 8¾" cake dish with handles. Set #245, gift-packed, only... **\$245**

A PRODUCT OF CORNING
RESEARCH IN GLASS



(Continued from Page 82)

whole appearance of the Allied-German war. Those Allied statesmen who had been figuring that Russia was no worse than a malevolent neutral, now had to face the fact that Russia's doors were thrown wide open to the Germans, who are just as free to organize Russia for their own purposes as Great Britain is free to organize Canada—and probably more so. There is no longer any question of fighting Germany, and not fighting Russia. The Nazis have sucked Russia into their system.

As for German strategists, several interesting possibilities opened before them. After months of maneuvering they had finally got Stalin where they wanted him. They had succeeded in erecting the skeleton of a vast land empire extending from Central Europe to the shores of the Pacific. But the skeleton had been put together in a terrific hurry, and not even all the bones were in the right places. The Germans would require years, and probably generations, to clothe those bones with flesh. Breaking every known historical record, the Nazis had acquired a full-fledged empire in less than five years. Their job now was to hang onto it.

Last February, Nazi group leaders, who tell Germans what to think, began to pass the word around among the people that time was now on the side of Germany, and that German armies did not need to attack the Allies unless they chose to do so. The German people were assured that their leaders might decide not to fight any serious war at all in the west, and that eventually the British and French "war mongers" would get tired of sitting forever outside Germany's impregnable Siegfried line. Nazi agitators pointed to the political crisis in France as evidence of the restlessness of the French people. The German people were told they had already won their war, because there was no power on earth which could make the Germans disgorge what they had already won.

That is what the ordinary German people were told by the group leaders. But meanwhile some of the "radical" advisers around Hitler—those who have come to great power recently—argued a different course. They insisted the British and French were so decadent that they could be completely overwhelmed—that now was the time to strike; that by taking risks Germany might become the imperial center of all European possessions throughout the world. Hitler makes his own decisions, but he could not help but be influenced by this paean of possible triumph, dinned into his ears repeatedly. It was at this time that Britain clamped down on Scandinavian products flowing toward Germany, and laid mine fields in Norwegian neutral waters. Hitler's anger balanced the scale in favor of the arguments of the "radicals."

Cutting Up Europe

Meanwhile the Nazis have pushed ahead with brutal efficiency and relentless speed their schemes for turning upside down the social and economic and financial structure of more than half the European continent. Some of their terrific bursts of energy have direct military objectives. Hundreds of thousands of men are at work, under various forms of compulsory labor, building new fortifications and motor highways and railways and canals in Germany proper, and in its new possessions in Austria, the Czech provinces, Poland and Denmark, as well as in Russia.

But some of the Nazi projects are not military; they are more nearly revolutionary. Great masses of population have been hurled around, whole states have been virtually knocked to pieces, and others have been set up. Whole classes of people, numbering millions, have been dispossessed and others have been set in their privileged places. Three hundred and sixty thousand Germans have been brought back from foreign countries this year and settled in Germany. Hundreds of thousands of Poles and Czechs have been moved into Germany to do menial tasks. The Jews of Germany and the Czech provinces and Poland have been picked up by the thousands and dumped into a Jewish reserve in Poland.

These things went on, and are still going on, with less notice than the great battles which began when Germany took Denmark and struck into Norway. But these things mean that Eastern Europe, no matter whether the Germans win or lose their war, can never be the same as it was before.

Empire Without Cement

Empire building has usually been a slow process. Historians have to dig laboriously through the records of centuries to unearth the development of most existing empires. But the new German empire is being built up at such breakneck speed that most of us cannot keep up with its growth. In about two years the Nazis have added to their new empire four important European countries and one Eurasian dominion. They have constructed the framework of a compact contiguous land empire whose potential power and influence are incalculable.

The question remains whether an empire erected at such mad speed can possibly last. The Germans have concentrated upon themselves the hatred of millions of their new subjects; not only the slow hatreds developed through centuries of conquest but the living hatreds of people who have seen their loved ones killed or crippled or shut up in concentration camps. The Germans naturally have not been able, in two years, to cement together the units of their new empire as other empires have done through generations or centuries. There is little or no organic unity in the Nazi empire.

And this new German empire, even before its skeleton is completed, faces in mortal combat the ancient empires of England and France. Because of what happened in Russia last February, the European actors have shifted their roles. Nazi Germany, long familiar as the aggressor nation, has begun to act like a satisfied power, and Nazi statesmen have begun to talk about maintaining the *status quo*. They are arguing that Britain and France, not Germany, are now the aggressor powers in Europe, seeking to upset the status of small nations who want peace. They were already advancing this argument when the Norwegian crisis came. They followed through boldly by saying they would not have struck into Norway had it not been for Britain's penetration of neutral Norwegian coastal waters.

In just one sense, there is some basis for the Nazi claim. The Nazis, for the first time, are more interested in keeping their plunder than in getting more. And the Allies, looking at the new Nazi empire, feel they must knock it down immediately, before it consolidates itself. If they fail to do that, they foresee that they may have to face later a world power stronger than the two of them combined.

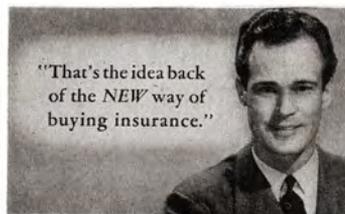
It may cost you as much to drive

THIS

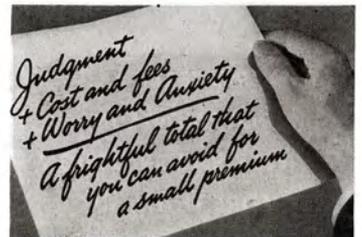


AS THIS

1. It makes little difference financially whether you hit a man with an automobile or a golf ball. The important question to ask yourself is: "If it did happen, how much would I lose?" No one can tell you, but your loss might be disastrously large in either case.



"That's the idea back of the NEW way of buying insurance."



2. "Losing money hurts — no matter how you lose it," says the Hartford Insurance representative. "So the NEW way of buying insurance starts with an expert analysis of all risks to which you are exposed—covers you first against possible large losses — gives you adequate protection."

3. The NEW way of buying insurance protects you against serious losses like this—no matter how unlikely they may seem. A small premium may save you thousands of dollars in losses. Better look into this NEW way!

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To learn more about the NEW way of buying insurance, just call Western Union (in Canada, call Canadian National Telegraphs) and ask for the name of the Hartford representative nearest you. Or get in touch with your own insurance broker.



THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE . . . Hartford, Connecticut

YOU WOULDN'T BUY A 1905 PHONOGRAPH



But Do you shave with a razor invented before 1900?

The first successful safety razors came on the scene about 1900—40 years ago. Since that time few really important advancements were made in razor design until the invention of the Schick magazine-type razor. Improvements in that product resulted in the Schick Injector Razor. Already, more than 5,000,000 men have switched to this up-to-date shaving instrument.

THE GREATEST IMPROVEMENTS IN SAFETY RAZOR DESIGN IN MORE THAN 35 YEARS ARE FOUND IN THE SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR.



The "POPULARITY" KIT \$1.00

Smart, pigskin-grain case contains Schick Injector Razor and Injector cartridge of 12 double-thick Schick Blades. 20-year razor guarantee stamped in bottom of every Kit. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Conn. and Niagara Falls, Ont.

Same prices now prevail in Canada

Fast becoming America's most popular razor!



1. Blade Corner Guards... among the most important contributions to safer shaving are Schick Injector's corner guards which shield your face against nicks and scratches from sharp blade corners.



2. Solid Guide Bar... Schick Injector perfected solid "toothless" guide bar to control skin "action" in front of blade edge; avoids nicks, scratches by flattening skin. You can even shave against the grain.



3. Shaving Angle... With the Schick Injector, the angle between the blade and face is the smallest of any popular razor. Just right for the average man's whiskers.



4. Compact Head... Schick Injector also has the smallest head of any popular razor. Half as deep, but shaves just as wide an area; gets into hard to shave spots with ease.



5. Double Thick Blades... Schick Blades are just as long and twice as thick as ordinary blades—3 times thicker than wafer-thin ones. They are able to take a really thorough sharpening at the factory!



6. Oil-Sealed Blades... Schick Blades are sealed in this metal injector cartridge in a bath of oil. Keen edges suspended in space. Nothing can rub or dull them. You buy blades 20 or 12 at a time.



7. Automatic Blade Change... A pull and push on injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to reassemble.



8. Instant Cleaning... Nothing to take apart when you clean this razor. A quick flush under faucet does trick. No "teeth" to clog up. No wiping necessary.

FREEDOM'S A HARD-BOUGHT THING

(Continued from Page 13)

"The freedom sickness?" said Cue. "The freedom sickness," said the old woman, and her little eyes glittered like sparks. "Some they break and some they tame down," she said, "and some is neither to be tamed or broken. Don't I know the signs and the sorrow—me, that come through the middle passage on the slavery ship and seen my folks scattered like sand? Ain't I seen it coming, Lord—O Lord, ain't I seen it coming?"

"What's coming?" said Cue. "A darkness in the sky and a cloud with a sword in it," said the old woman, stirring the pot, "because they hold our people and they hold our people."

Cue began to tremble. "I don't want to get whipped," he said. "I never been whipped—not hard."

"They whipped your Granddaddy Shango till the blood ran twinkling down his back," said the old woman, "but some you can't break or tame."

"I don't want to be chased by dogs," said Cue. "I don't want to hear the dogs belling and the paterollers after me."

The old woman stirred the pot. "Old Marster, he's a good marster," said Cue. "I don't want to do him no harm. I don't want no trouble or projecting to get me into trouble."

The old woman stirred the pot and stirred the pot.

"O God, I want to be free," said Cue. "I just ache and hone to be free. How I going to be free, Aunt Rachel?"

"There's a road that runs underground," said the old woman. "I never seen it, but I knows of it. There's a railroad train that runs, sparking and snorting, underground through the earth. At least that's what they tell me. But I wouldn't know for sure," and she looked at Cue.

Cue looked back at her bold enough, for he'd heard about the Underground Railroad himself—just mentions and whispers. But he knew there wasn't any use asking the old woman what she wouldn't tell.

"How I going to find that road, Aunt Rachel?" he said.

"You look at the rabbit in the brier and you see what he do," said the old woman. "You look at the owl in the woods and you see what he do. You look at the star in the sky and you see what she do. Then you come back and talk to me. Now I'm going to eat, because I'm hungry."

That was all the words she'd say to him that night; but when Cue went back to his loft, her words kept boiling around in his mind. All night he could hear that train of railroad cars, snorting and sparking underground through the earth. So, next morning, he ran away.

He didn't run far or fast. How could he? He'd never been more than twenty miles from the plantation in his life; he didn't know the roads or the ways. He ran off before the horn, and Mr. Wade caught him before sundown. Now, wasn't he a stupid man, that Cue?

When they brought him back, Mr. Wade let him off light, because he was a good boy and never run away before. All the same, he got ten, and ten laid over the ten. Yellow Joe, the head driver, laid them on. The first time the whip cut into him, it was just like a fire

on Cue's skin, and he didn't see how he could stand it. Then he got to a place where he could.

After it was over, Aunt Rachel croke up to his loft and had her granddaughter, Sukey, put salve on his back. Sukey, she was sixteen, and golden-skinned and pretty as a peach on a peach tree. She worked in the Big House and he never expected her to do a thing like that.

"I'm mighty obliged," he said, though he kept thinking it was Aunt Rachel got him into trouble and he didn't feel as obliged as he might.

"Is that all you've got to say to me, Son Cue?" said Aunt Rachel, looking down at him. "I told you to watch three things. Did you watch them?"

"No'm," said Cue. "I run off in the woods just like I was a wild turkey. I won't never do that no more."

"You're right, Son Cue," said the old woman. "Freedom's a hard-bought thing. So, now you've been whipped, I reckon you'll give it up."

"I been whipped," said Cue, "but there's a road running underground. You told me so. I been whipped, but I ain't beaten."

"Now you're learning a thing to remember," said Aunt Rachel, and went away. But Sukey stayed behind for a while and cooked Cue's supper. He never expected her to do a thing like that, but he liked it when she did.

When his back got healed, they put him with the field gang for a while. But then there was blacksmith work that needed to be done and they put him back in the blacksmith shop. And things went on for a long time just the way they had before. But there was a difference in Cue. It was like he'd lived up till now with his ears and his eyes sealed over. And now he began to open his eyes and his ears.

He looked at the rabbit in the brier and he saw it could hide. He looked at the owl in the woods and he saw it went soft through the night. He looked at the star in the sky and he saw she pointed north. Then he began to figure.

He couldn't figure things fast, so he had to figure things slow. He figure the owl and the rabbit got wisdom the white folks don't know about. But he figure the white folks got wisdom he don't know about. They got reading and writing wisdom, and it seem mighty powerful. He ask Aunt Rachel if that's so, and she say it's so.

That's how come he learned to read and write. He ain't supposed to. But Sukey, she learned some of that wisdom, along with the young misses, and she teach him out of a little book she tote from the Big House. The little book, it's all about bats and rats and cats, and Cue figure whoever wrote it must be sort of touched in the head not to write about things folks would want to know, instead of all those trifling animals. But he put himself to it and he learn. It almost bust his head, but he learn. It's a proud day for him when he write his name, "Cue," in the dust with the end of a stick and Sukey tell him that's right.

Now he began to hear the first rumblings of that train running underground—that train that's the Underground Railroad. Oh, children, remember the names of Levi Coffin and

(Continued on Page 88)



HE LIVED TO TELL A TALE
OF OLD SALEM . . .
*because \$250 saved him
from despair*

HIS HOPES of a literary career crushed after years of striving by the repeated refusals of a publisher to accept his work, Nathaniel Hawthorne was close to despair. At this dark moment a friend, Horatio Bridge, came to his rescue by secretly advancing \$250 as a guarantee toward the publication of *Twice Told Tales*, a collection of Hawthorne's early short stories.

But for the immediate success of that volume and its heartening effect on the author, such immortal classics as *The House of the Seven Gables* and *The Scarlet Letter* . . . so beloved by generations of Americans . . . might never have been written. Hawthorne's spark of genius burst into flame after a friend staked \$250 on his future at a critical time.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, proudly showing his friend, Horatio Bridge, a copy of "Twice Told Tales."

*A small amount of
money can remove
a Great Obstacle*



POSSIBLY Nathaniel Hawthorne would have won through his struggle against despair even without the financial help of Horatio Bridge. It is difficult to smother real talent. So, too, might your dependents get along somehow if they were suddenly deprived of your active support. . . . But such struggles are hard and unnecessary when a small amount of money can accomplish so much at a critical time.

A John Hancock Readjustment Income

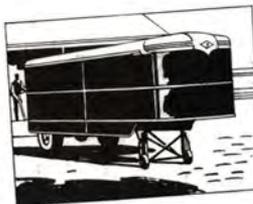
Plan smooths the road for a dependent family after the death of the breadwinner, by covering essential expenses during a trying period, thus permitting the family to make clear-headed plans for the future, free from financial worries.

How a readjustment plan was applied to a typical family in moderate circumstances is described in our booklet, "Two Lives," which takes but four minutes to read. Write to Department S-3 for your copy.

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



YOU SEE THEM *Everywhere* THEY'RE TRUCK-TRAILERS THAT SAVE MONEY FOR EVERYBODY



Here's a modern Fruehauf Trailer. Business men, with loads to haul, in more than 100 different lines of activity, use them. They find them more economical than trucks that carry loads on their backs—to compare them with pack horses, for instance, that carry instead of pull loads.

TAKE THIS TRAILER . . .



COUPLE IT TO THIS TRUCK

and you have a Truck-Trailer that will actually haul more than three times as much as a truck which carries instead of pulls the load. It stands to reason that a truck is able to pull far more than it can carry.

● HERE'S HOW YOU SAVE . . .

IF YOU ARE a business man with loads to haul, you'll save in several ways by using a Truck-Trailer. You'll save on initial cost because you'll be able to use a smaller, less expensive truck. You'll save on gas by using the smaller truck—as much as 30%—and you'll save on upkeep costs—as much as 35%. You'll have less depreciation and you'll pay less when the time comes for replacement. The Fruehauf Trailer is good for ten or more years of service.

Then, too, you may be able to save still more by using a "shuttle" operation—have several Fruehauf Trailers, leave only them to be loaded and unloaded, while the truck does an almost constant job of pulling first one and then another of the Trailers ready to be moved.

IF YOU don't use trucks in your business, Trailers save money for you, regardless. By using them, business men reduce their costs. And, in the vast majority of cases, those savings are passed along to you, the consumer. Competition sees to that. Furthermore, by using Truck-Trailers, business men with commodities to haul—especially perishables—are enabled to get them to you quicker and in better condition. Everybody enjoys the economies made possible by Truck-Trailers.

Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Truck-Trailers

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Sales and Service In Principal Cities

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS

"Engineered Transportation"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MORE FRUEHAUF TRAILERS ON THE ROAD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

(Continued from Page 86)

John Hansen! Remember the Quaker saints that hid the fugitive! Remember the names of all those that helped set our people free!

There's a word dropped here and a word dropped there and a word that's passed around. Nobody know where the word come from or where it goes, but it's there. There's many a word spoken in the quarters that the Big House never hears about. There's a heap said in front of the fire that never flies up the chimney. There's a name you tell to the grapevine that the grapevine don't tell back.

There was a white man, one day, came by, selling maps and pictures. The quality folks, they looked at his maps and pictures and he talked with them mighty pleasant and respectful. But while Cue was tightening a bolt on his wagon, he dropped a word and a word. The word he said made that underground train come nearer.

Cue meet that man one night, all alone, in the woods. He's a quiet man with a thin face. He hold his life in his hands every day he walk about, but he don't make nothing of that. Cue's seen bold folks and bodacious folks, but it's the first time he's seen a man bold that way. It make him proud to be a man. The man ask Cue questions and Cue give him answers. While he's seeing that man, Cue don't just think about himself any more. He think about all his people that's in trouble.

The man say something to him; he say, "No man own the earth. It's too big for one man." He say, "No man own another man; that's too big a thing too." Cue think about those words and ponder them. But when he gets back to his loft, the courage drains out of him and he sits on his straw tick, staring at the wall. That's the time the darkness comes to him and the shadow falls on him.

He aches and he hones for freedom, but he aches and he hones for Sukey too. And Long Ti's cabin is empty, and it's a good cabin. All he's got to do is to go to Old Marster and take Sukey with him. Old Marster don't approve to mix the field hand with the house servant, but Cue's different; Cue's a blacksmith. He can see the way Sukey would look, coming back to her in the evening. He can see the way she'd be in the morning before the horn. He can see all that. It ain't freedom, but it's what he's used to. And the other way's long and hard and lonesome and strange.

"O Lord, why you put this burden on a man like me?" say Cue. Then he listen a long time for the Lord to tell him, and it seem to him, at last, that he get an answer. The answer ain't in any words, but it's a feeling in his heart.

So when the time come and the plan ripe and they get to the boat on the river and they see there's one too many for the boat, Cue know the answer. He don't have to hear the quiet white man say, "There's one too many for the boat." He just pitch Sukey into it before he can think too hard. He don't say a word or a groan. He know it's that way and there's bound to be a reason for it. He stand on the bank in the dark and see the boat pull away, like Israel's children. Then he hear the shouts and the shot. He know what he's bound to do then, and the reason for it. He know it's the paterollers, and he show himself. When he get back to the plantation, he's worn and tired. But the paterollers, they've chased him, instead of the boat.

He creep by Aunt Rachel's cabin and he see the fire at her window. So

he scratch at the door and go in. And there she is, sitting by the fire, all hunched up and little.

"You looks poorly, Son Cue," she say, when he come in, though she don't take her eye off the pot.

"I'm poorly, Aunt Rachel," he say. "I'm sick and sorry and distressed."

"What's the mud on your jeans, Son Cue?" she say, and the pot, it bubble and croak.

"That's the mud of the swamp where I hid from the paterollers," he say.

"What's the hole in your leg, Son Cue?" she say, and the pot, it croak and bubble.

"That's the hole from the shot they shot at me," say Cue. "The blood most nearly dried, but it make me lame. But Israel's children, they's safe."

"They's across the river?" say the old woman.

"They's across the river," say Cue. "They ain't room for no more in the boat. But Sukey, she's across."

"And what will you do now, Son Cue?" say the old woman. "For that was your chance and your time, and you give it up for another. And tomorrow morning, Mr. Wade, he'll see that hole in your leg and he'll ask questions. It's a heavy burden you've laid on yourself, Son Cue."

"It's a heavy burden," say Cue, "and I wish I was shut of it. I never asked to take no such burden. But freedom's a hard-bought thing."

The old woman stand up sudden, and for one she look straight and tall. "Now bless the Lord!" she say. "Bless the Lord and praise him! I come with my mammy in the slavery ship—I come through the middle passage. There ain't many that remember that, these days, or care about it. There ain't many that remember the red flag that witched us on board or how we used to be free. Many thousands gone, and the thousands of many thousands that lived and died in slavery. But I remember. I remember them all. Then they took me into the Big House—me that was a Mandingo and a witch woman—and the way I live in the Big House, that's between me and my Lord. If I done wrong, I done paid for it—I paid for it with weeping and sorrow. That's before Old Miss' time and I help raise up Old Miss. They sell my daughter to the South and my son to the West, but I raise up Old Miss and tend on her. I ain't going to repine of that. I count the hairs on Old Miss' head when she's young, and she turn to me, weak and helpless. And for that there'll be a kindness between me and the Big House—a kindness that folks will remember. But my children's children shall be free."

"You do this to me," say Cue, and he look at her, and he look dangerous. "You do this to me, old woman," he say, and his breath come harsh in his throat, and his hands twitch.

"Yes," she say, and look him straight in the eyes. "I do to you what I never even do for my own. I do it for your Grandaddy Shango, that never turn to me in the light of the fire. He turn to that soft Eboe woman, and I have to see it. He roar like a lion in the chains, and I have to see that. So, when you come, I try you and I test you, to see if you fit to follow after him. And because you fit to follow after him, I put freedom in your heart, Son Cue."

"I never going to be free," say Cue, and look at his hands. "I done broke all the rules. They bound to sell me now."

"You'll be sold and sold again," say the old woman. "You'll know th'

(Continued on Page 91)

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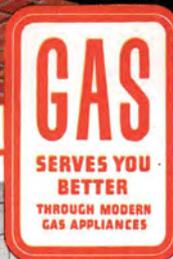
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(Continued from Page 88)

chains and the whip. I can't help that. You'll suffer for your people and with your people. But while one man's got freedom in his heart, his children bound to know the tale."

She put the lid on the pot and it stop bubbling.

"Now I come to the end of my road," she say, "but the tale don't stop there. The tale go backward to Africa and it go forward, like clouds and fire. It go, laughing and grieving forever, through the earth and the air and the waters—my people's tale."

Then she drop her hands in her lap and Cue creep out of the cabin. He know then he's bound to be a witness, and it make him feel cold and hot. He know then he's bound to be a witness and tell that tale. O Lord, it's hard to be a witness, and Cue know that. But it help him in the days to come.

Now, when he get sold, that's when Cue feel the iron in his heart. Before that, and all his life, he despise bad servants and bad marsters. He live where the marster's good; he don't take much mind of other places. He's a slave, but he's Cue, the blacksmith, and Old Marster and Old Miss, they tend to him. Now he know the iron in his heart and what it's like to be a slave.

He know that on the rice fields in the hot sun. He know that, working all day for a handful of corn. He know the bad marsters and the cruel overseers. He know the bite of the whip and the gall of the iron on the ankle. Yes, Lord, he know tribulation. He know his own tribulation and the tribulation of his people. But all the time, somehow, he keep freedom in his heart. Freedom mighty hard to root out when it's in the heart.

He don't know the day or the year, and he forget, half the time, there ever was a gal named Sukey. All he don't forget is the noise of the train in his ears, the train snorting and sparking underground. He think about it at nights till he dream it carry him away.

Then he wake up with the horn. He feel ready to die then, but he don't die. He live through the whip and the chain; he live through the iron and the fire. And finally he get away.

When he get away, he ain't like the Cue he used to be—not even back at Old Marster's place. He hide in the woods like a rabbit; he slip through the night like an owl. He go cold and hungry, but the star keep shining over him and he keep his eyes on the star. They set the dogs after him and he hear the dogs belling and yipping through the woods.

He's scared when he hear the dogs, but he ain't scared like he used to be. He ain't more scared than any man. He kill the big dog in the clearing—the big dog with the big voice—and he do it with his naked hands. He cross water three times after that to kill the scent, and he go on.

He got nothing to help him—no, Lord—but he got a star. The star shine in the sky and the star shine—the star point north with its shining. You put that star in the sky, O Lord; you put it for the prisoned and the humble. You put it there—you ain't never going to blink it out.

He hungry and he eat green corn and cowpeas. He thirsty and he drink swamp water. One time he lie two days in the swamp, too puny to get up on his feet, and he know they hunting around him. He think that's the end of Cue. But after two days he lift his head and his hand. He kill a snake with a stone, and after he's cut out the poison bag, he eat the snake to strengthen him, and go on.

He don't know what the day is when he come to the wide, cold river. The river yellow and foaming, and Cue can't swim. But he hide like a crawdad on the bank; he make himself a little raft with two logs. He know this time's the last time and he's obliged to drown. But he put out on the raft and it drift him to the freedom side. He mighty weak by then.

He mighty weak, but he careful. He know tales of Billy Shea, the slave catcher; he remember those tales. He slide into the town by night, like a shadow, like a ghost. He beg broken victuals at a door; the woman give them to him, but she look at him suspicious. He make up a tale to tell her, but he don't think she believe the tale. In the gutter he find a newspaper; he pick it up and look at the notices. There's a notice about a runaway man named Cue. He look at it and it make the heart beat in his breast.

He patient; he mighty careful. He leave that town behind. He got the name of another town, Cincinnati, and a man's name in that town. He don't know where it is; he have to ask his way, but he do it mighty careful. One time he ask a yellow man directions; he don't like the look on the yellow man's face. He remember Aunt Rachel; he tell the yellow man he conjure his liver out if the yellow man tell him wrong. Then the yellow man scared and tell him right. He don't hurt the yellow man; he don't blame him for not wanting trouble. But he make the yellow man change pants with him, because his pants mighty ragged.

He patient; he very careful. When he get to the place he been told about, he look all about that place. It's a big house; it don't look right. He creep around to the back—he creep and he crawl. He look in a window; he see white folks eating their supper. They just look like any white folks. He expect them to look different. He feel mighty bad. All the same, he rap at the window the way he been told. They don't nobody pay attention and he just about to go away. Then the white man get up from the table and open the back door a crack. Cue breathe in the darkness.

"God bless the stranger the Lord sends us," say the white man in a low, clear voice, and Cue run to him and stumble, and the white man catch him. He look up and it's a white man, but he ain't like thunder and lightning.

He take Cue and wash his wounds and bind them up. He feed him and hide him under the floor of the house. He ask him his name and where he's from. Then he send him on. O Lord, remember thy tried servant, Asaph Brown! Remember his name!

They send him from there in a wagon, and he's hidden in the straw at the bottom. They send him from the next place in a closed cart with six others, and they can't say a word all night. One time a tollkeeper ask them what's in the wagon, and the driver say, "Southern calico," and the tollkeeper laugh. Cue always recollect that.

One time they get to big water—so big it look like the ocean. They cross that water in a boat; they get to the other side. When they get to the other side, they sing and pray, and white folks look on, curious. But Cue don't even feel happy; he just feel he want to sleep.

He sleep like he never sleep before—not for days and years. When he wake up, he wonder; he hardly recollect where he is. He lying in the loft of a barn. Ain't nobody around him. He get up and go out in the air. It's a fine sunny day.

He get up and go out. He say to himself, *I'm free*, but it don't take hold yet. He say to himself, *This is Canada* and *I'm free*, but it don't take hold. Then he start to walk down the street.

The first white man he meet on the street, he scrunch up in himself and start to run across the street. But the

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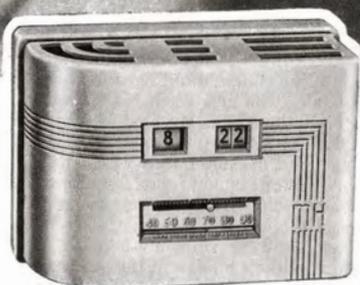
Sukey learned some of that wisdom, along with the young misses, and she teach him out of a book.





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white man don't pay him any mind. Then he know.

He say to himself in his mind, I'm free. My name's Cue—John H. Cue. I got a strong back and strong arms. I got freedom in my heart. I got a first name and a last name and a middle name. I never had them all before.

He say to himself, My name's Cue—John H. Cue. I got a name and a tale to tell. I got a hammer to swing. I got a tale to tell my people. I got recollection.

I call my first son 'John Freedom Cue.' I call my first daughter 'Come-Out-of-the-Lion's-Mouth.'

Then he walk down the street, and he pass a blacksmith shop. The blacksmith, he's an old man and he lift the hammer heavy. Cue look in that shop and smile.

He pass on; he go his way. And soon enough he see a girl like a peach tree—a girl named Sukey—walking free down the street.

LEAVE MY BROTHER ALONE

(Continued from Page 29)

far out, his feet planted wide apart on the rug—and read a magazine article: Will Rockets Reach to Mars? But his reading was desultory; he missed not a word, not a tonal inflection, not a shade of feeling in the conversation that was taking place in another part of the room among his mother, his twenty-three-year-old brother Curt, and Marian, Curt's pretty wife.

"It's the sweetest place," Marian was saying. "It's just what we want. But Curt thinks —" She turned her head toward him.

Roddy looked too. Curt Johnson was big, rugged, personable, reasonably intelligent—an adequate young man. He was, perhaps, not so extraordinary to the world at large as he was in Roddy's eyes, the gray eyes that now watched his face with a gaze of unadulterated admiration. Roddy himself was completely oblivious of the quality of this gaze; and Curt almost so. Marian, on occasion, had noticed; but it was Mrs. Johnson alone who knew that Roddy, though he spoke to Curt largely in monosyllables, had seldom in the past ten years looked at his brother in any way but one.

Curt said, "I think it's just what we need too. But I don't want to begin buying a house when things are so unsettled."

"You should know soon, shouldn't you?"

"The trustees meet Saturday."

"What do you think?"

"I don't know. They've never before given a three-year coaching contract."

"Well," Marian said, "it's high time they began, then. After that tie with the university last year —"

Mrs. Johnson said, "You won't take another one-year contract?"

Curt shook his head. "I want something more secure. Of course, that offer at the university is still open. But between handling a freshman backfield there and —" He shrugged.

"He does love to run things," Marian said. "He loves to be boss. He'd rather be boss anywhere than not boss anywhere else."

"That's right," Curt said. "But unless the trustees come through with that contract —"

Mrs. Johnson sighed. "I'd hate to have you children move away."

Roddy, obscure and forgotten in his chair, whispered to himself, "Children!" He shook his head in disgust. But then the words "move away" struck him with their full force. "Move away," he whispered sepulchraly. "Move away." His throat dried and contracted, the print on the page before him blurred and lost its meaning; he ceased on the instant to care whether rockets ever got to Mars or not. He tried to imagine an autumn that lacked the sight of Curt, sweat-shirted and cleated, overseeing scrim-

mage in the crisp, smoky afternoons; he tried to imagine not sitting on the fifty-yard line at home games. And even more incredible, he tried to imagine a town without Curt in it. Curt's leaving home after his marriage was one thing, but leaving town —

Why, if Curt could go away to live, then anything, Roddy felt, could happen. For almost the first time he sensed the flux, the inevitable reshufflings of life. The props on which he had based his existence, the premises, the very foundations that he had always taken completely for granted, were slipping from under him.

"I don't want to move away," Curt said. "But unless I get what I want here, I don't see there's any choice."

"He means," Marian said, "that there is a choice and he's made it."

Mrs. Johnson said, "I suppose Mr. Hackett will have a good deal to say about it?"

Curt nodded. "At a guess, his recommendation will be followed. He practically said as much. I talked to him yesterday."

"How does he feel about it, do you know?"

"He was the picture of indecision."

"That's bad," Marian said. "We all know what that means. It means the decision is up to Mrs. Hackett."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Johnson.

"Oh, mother, just because she's your friend, you don't have to defend him to us. Why, everybody knows he doesn't buy shaving soap without asking her advice."

Curt laughed. "Something in that. To the question, 'Are you mouse or man?' Mr. Hackett's answer is certainly 'Mouse.'" He became serious. "If Mrs. Hackett just doesn't have one of her childish whims between now and Saturday —"

"Oh," Mrs. Johnson said, "Myra has her whims, I can't deny that. . . . Curt, did you want me to mention this contract to her? Is that what you meant?"

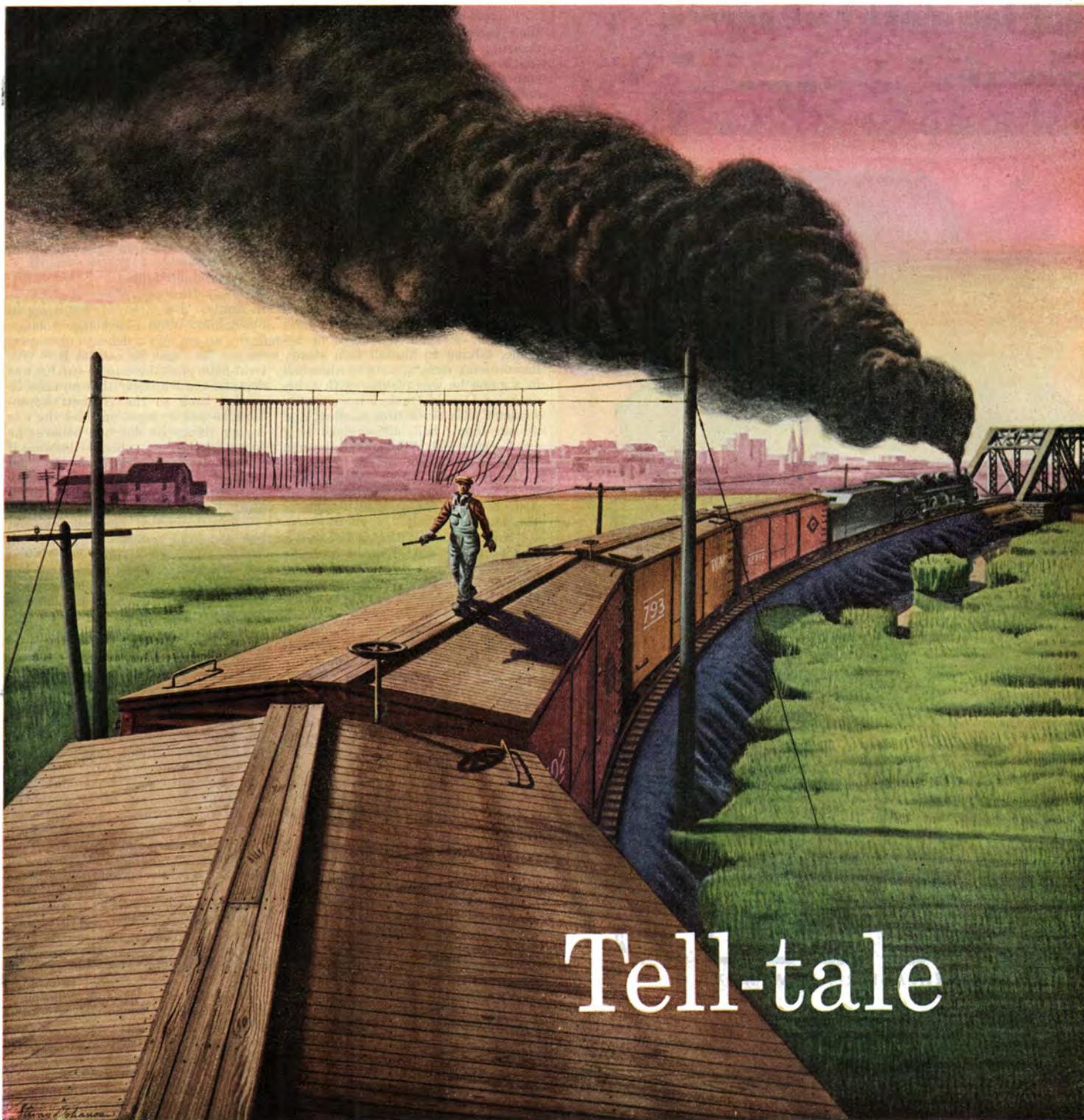
"Oh, no. I'd rather not. I really think the thing will go through all right. But if we can keep her from starting one of her periodical Johnson-Hackett feuds, never-going-to-speak-again and involving all the generations, it probably wouldn't hurt anything."

"Speaking of the generations," Marian said, "that little Willie gets to be more of a terror every day. He's the sort of child who'll grow up to ride motorcycles. You watch."

"Yes," Mrs. Johnson said, "Myra's very worried about him. She's been reading a lot of child psychology, and she's a mine of misinformation. She simply doesn't know what to do about Willie."

"Well, I can tell her what to do!" Roddy's voice rose shrill into the momentary hush. The three people turned

(Continued on Page 94)



Tell-tale

IN FRONT OF low bridges and before the entrance to tunnels on every railroad in the country, is a weather-beaten line of ropes called a tell-tale.

Grayed and dirty and prosaic-looking as these ropes are, they perform one of the most important safety functions on our railroads.

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(Continued from Page 92)

their heads; they had forgotten his presence. "Leave the little dope alone, that's what to do. My golly, if they'd stop telling him not to do ever'thing, and telling him all the time he's delicate, and making a big fuss all the time—I don't blame him if he's tough. I'd be tough too!" He was shaking a forefinger in the air. "Say, I wished I had a-hold of him for a while! I'd show 'em how a kid ought to be raised up. Why —" He became conscious that he was an object of gentle amusement. His voice trailed off. He retreated in hot-cheeked confusion behind his magazine, muttering unintelligibly.

The subject of this outburst, when Roddy came along the street the next afternoon, was on the steps of his home, talking to himself in a steady monotonous stream, utterly absorbed in a game he was playing with a bedraggled Donald Duck, a ten-cent toy roadster with three tires missing, and an old tennis ball, all confined in a cracker tin which Willie waved through the air as he talked, talked, talked.

Roddy paused. Willie stopped talking, but did not stop waving the tin. After a while, Roddy said, "What're you doing?"

"Noffin," said Willie, belligerently. The fact was that Donald and the roadster had just been married and were on their wedding trip in a balloon; the tennis ball was their lunch. A bad storm—in all truth, a hurricane—had arisen, and the balloon was in imminent danger of being wrecked on the second step, a small island devoid of shelter or habitation.

Roddy, with the respect of children for other people's privacy—a respect engendered, perhaps, by the constant and shameless prying of adults into their own secrets—asked no more. He started to walk on.

"I had a dream," Willie said loudly. "A bad, bad one."

"Yeh?" Roddy had stopped. "What about?"

"Well, I"—Willie's eyes lighted on Donald—"well, a great big duck was coming at me and he was sapping his teef"—he demonstrated—"and sapping his teef, and he comed after me, and comed after me, and —"

"Ducks don't have any teeth."

"They do too!"

"No use trying to tell you anything," Roddy said. "Might just as well not try to."

"Ducks have teef," Willie said equably, as if by sheer weight of logic he won an argument. "Lions do too. One time I had a dream about a lion. And he was coming at me and —"

"Ah, that's just the same old dream. Don't you ever dream about people?"

"I just dream about animals."

"People are animals."

For a moment Willie was silent, trying to digest this revolutionary pronouncement, preparing himself for a possible drastic reclassification of local fauna.

Then he said tentatively, "No."

"Listen, bo. They eat like animals, don't they? And they sleep and walk, don't they? And they got eyes and ears and mouths like animals, haven't they?"

"No," said Willie, wavering.

"Course people are animals. Why —"

"You leave him alone!"

Roddy turned to face an avenging Emily.

"You leave my brother alone, Roddy Johnson! My ought to be ashamed of

yourself, telling him a thing like that!"

"Ah, it's the truth, isn't it? My golly, you don't want him to grow up ign'rant, do you?"

"You had no right to tell him. You've got him all upset!"

"Well, excuse me for living!"

"I hate you, I hate you, I hate you!"

"Well, I should care. I should worry, I should fret, I should marry a suffragette. She should die and —"

He was brought up sharp by an abrupt thought. "Ah," he said pacifically, "I wasn't doing anything to him. . . . Was I, Willie? I didn't get you upset, did I?"

"Yes," said Willie.

Roddy frowned. "Listen," he said to Emily, "I wouldn't do anything to upset him. Why, like you said, anybody can see he's a delicate little guy. And you got to be careful how you treat little guys, because"—in his sudden and acute anxiety that no tales be carried back to the Hackett household, he was laying it on thick; he was saying things he did not believe; he was spiritually groveling—"because if you aren't careful, why, you can't tell what it will do to them when they grow up. Just like you said the other day."

Emily looked at him suspiciously, but she was mollified. "Come on, Willie," she said. "Nap."

Willie, muttering an unisistent but face-saving string of "Foogies," followed her into the house, and Roddy was left to plod slowly home, his self-respect shattered by his unmanly display. He sighed. Well, he'd had to do it.

"Aw, mom! My golly, mom!"

"Now, Roddy, just take it easy. Just calm yourself. It isn't the end of the world."

"But gleeps, mom, that'll spoil all the fun."

"Now wait. Just what could you and I do alone that Emily and little Willie couldn't do with us?"

"You don't understand. My golly, you don't understand!"

"I understand that I'm taking you and the Hackett children to the circus tomorrow, and it's all settled, and I think you'd be very wise to accept it."

She did not feel called on to explain that Mrs. Hackett, who did not like circuses, had given hints that could not in neighborliness be ignored. Roddy, she knew, sensed something of the sort; and, of course, he sympathized with the motive that prompted her not to do anything right now that would antagonize the Hacketts. His protest was largely a matter of ritual.

"Ah," he said, "whyn't they take their old kids to the circus? Anyway, I don't want to go tomorrow. I want to go Saturday."

"That's neither here nor there, Roddy. And we're going tomorrow. And don't grouch. You must get over this grumpiness, and I want you to be particularly nice to them. I promised Mrs. Hackett we wouldn't let Willie get too excited. She didn't know whether to let him go or not."

"Well, if she's a-scared to let him go, why in heck doesn't she keep him at home?"

"She's more afraid of the things he would imagine and dream if he didn't go."

"That stuff!"

"Now, Roddy —"

"Listen, mom. He doesn't dream all those things. He just says he dreams 'em because they want him to say so, and because—well, the only time they

pay any attention to him is when they can worry about him. He's just a little liar, and I don't blame him, either!"

"Now, Roddy —"

His rebellion early the next afternoon was not ritual but real. Clad in a white suit which, though practically new, already cramped him across the shoulders and came a little above the bony ankles and wrists; his hair, except for the upstanding double crown at the back, unattractively plastered to his head; his gray eyes protesting, he stood on the circus grounds with his mother and Emily and Willie.

He was saying incredulously: "No side show!" He cupped one hand behind an ear. "Did I hear somebody say 'no side show?'"

"No side show," said Mrs. Johnson firmly.

Willie said, "Let me see the side show. Let me. Let me!"

"I'm sorry, Willie. I promised your mother —"

"First hamburgers without goo on 'em, and now no side show!"

"Side shows," said Emily, very prim, "are disgusting. Let's see the animals."

She led the way, followed by Mrs. Johnson with a disappointed Willie and a muttering Roddy in tow, to the animal tent, where, among the multitudinous noises of the crowd and the odor of tanbark and animals, they made their slow way around the oval, looking at the lions, at the monkeys, at the unsightly baboon. Willie, furnished with a bag of peanuts, fed one to an elephant, dropping it into the pink tip of the outstretched trunk. He looked with little interest at a restlessly pacing tiger—"It's only a tiger"—reached one hand gingerly forward to touch a docile zebra on the nose; and, legs planted wide and lovely face upraised, stared for some long moments at a towering giraffe before he said, darily, "Foogy," and, when the giraffe did not retaliate, said it again, louder.

Inside the main tent, the elaborate parade, which fascinated Roddy, with its stalwart horsemen and gorgeous horsewomen, had on Willie no effect that could be seen in his face. He sat motionless, and spoke only once, when an elephant bearing a particularly gaudy howdah went by.

"That's my elephant," he said, in tones that dared anyone to contradict him.

But by the time the trained seals, digesting their fish, had been wheeled off, Willie had begun to droop a little. He had been tired when they arrived, from anticipation. Now he was tired. His tiredness induced boredom, and he looked around for a diversion from the very plethora of diversion before his eyes.

He pointed to a vender of pink cotton candy below them in the stand. "I want some of that stuff."

"What stuff?" Emily said.

"That stuff there." He pointed, somehow, harder.

"No," Emily said. "It'd poison you."

"I want to be poisoned."

"No, Willie."

From then on he seemed to lose interest in the show. During the bareback acts he wanted a bottle of pop. A few minutes later it was another bag of peanuts. Then again cotton candy. Each time the answer was no.

Finally he concentrated on a second hamburger: "I want a hamburger. I want a hamburger."

"You can't have one," Emily said. "You already had one."

"I want a hamburger. I'm sarving."

"You won't starve. Look at the pretty lady."

"She isn't a pretty lady. I want a hamburger."

"Sh-h-h." Emily could not be bothered; her eyes were on a trapeze troupe in the center ring, her mouth half open, her whole being entranced—they were the most beautiful people she had ever seen, doing the most beautiful things she had ever seen people do.

"I want a hamburger."

"Emily," Mrs. Johnson said, "wouldn't it be all right for him to have another hamburger?"

"He can have a plain one when it's over. It's almost over. . . . Willie, wait a while."

"I want to go home!" Willie's voice had changed from demand to plaint; sweat stood on his short nose and his small, firm chin; there were little sunken spots under his eyes. "I have to go to the bathroom! I want a hamburger!"

"Well, my gosh!" Roddy stood up. "I'll take him. . . . Come on, Willie. . . . Be right back, mom."

"I don't want to come back," Willie said.

Mrs. Johnson glanced at Emily, who obviously was not yet to be torn away from her aerial gods and goddesses. "Meet us at the car, then, darling. And be careful."

"O.K. O.K. . . . Come on, William." He took Willie's moist hand and led him away. "Poor little dope," he said. "Raised up with nobody but women." Mr. Hackett, he felt, didn't count; he was too old and too meek.

At the hamburger stand Roddy reached in a back pocket, took out a change purse, carefully extracted a dime, closed the purse and put it back in the pocket, and held the dime out to the counterman.

"I want that stuff on it," Willie said, without hope.

Roddy hesitated. He scratched his head, frowned, looked up at the sky, scratched his ear and said, "One all the way."

"And undion too," Willie said.

This time Roddy's hesitation was shorter. "O.K., bo. . . . Onion, too, please."

Willie's dimpled hands reached out greedily and clutched the hamburger and jammed it into his mouth. He stood eating. Roddy watched him, thoughtful; he was remembering, through the sentimental glow of time gone by, that circus Curt had brought him to.

He said, "How'd you like some pop?"

Willie's eyes shone. His head bobbed a vigorous yes.

And when, for the moment suspending operations on the hamburger, Willie had finished a bottle of lavender pop, Roddy, by now forgetting everything else in an orgy of altruism, gestured toward the bank of huge and seductive paintings across from them and said, "How'd you like to see the side show?"

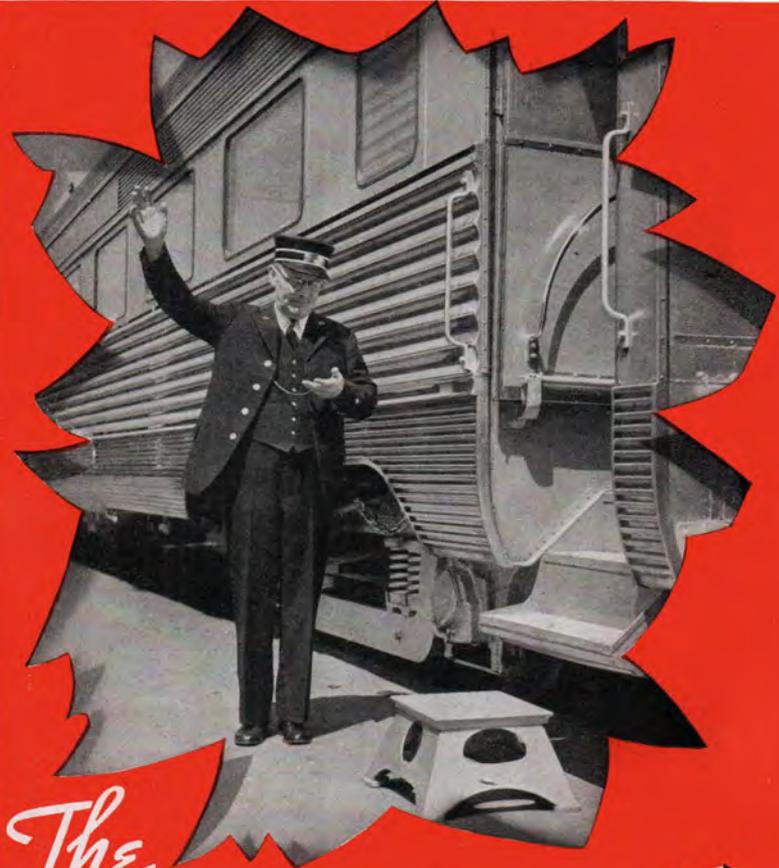
Again Willie's head bobbed.

"Then come on."

They had to hurry—a few people were already dribbling out of the main tent—but they spent several entrancing moments before each of the exhibits, the performers with swords and fire and snakes, the victims of glandular deficiencies, the unfortunate monsters, the proud and sorrowful freaks. The bearded lady spoke to Willie: "Hello, sonny." Willie stared solemnly at her, the diminishing hamburger

(Continued on Page 97)

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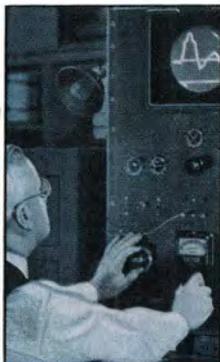
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(Continued from Page 95)

jammed into his mouth, the relish dripping. As solemnly, and with as little comment, he looked up and up and up at the giant, and levelly at the scornful midgets. He stared at the inhuman dog-faced boy, at the three-legged man, at the sword swallower, at the man with the rubber face and its incredible contortions, at the bird girl. He said not a word; he merely stared and munched.

Outside again, Roddy said, "There. Guess you had a good time, for once."

And then, the deed accomplished, he began to have misgivings—vague misgivings and then sharp ones, growing and growing as they went toward where the car was parked; and he was just on the point of threatening Willie with dire tortures if he ever told where he had been or what he had eaten when they were overtaken by Mrs. Johnson and Emily. And then it was too late.

He sat alone in the back seat, trying to be as small as possible, trying to be nothing. If Willie told, as he was sure to tell; and if—and if—and if— His hands felt cold and he was breathing hard. But as the miles went by and the sun dipped into a bank of dark clouds and Willie remained silent—they all did: they were worn out—he began to take heart. Maybe there was still a chance, maybe he could catch Willie alone for a minute in time to warn him that he'd better not tell, unless he wanted his ears taken off.

Then he saw why Willie hadn't spoken. His head, just visible above the seat back, was beginning to droop. "Oh, goodness," Emily said. "I bet his dreams tonight will be just perfectly awful."

Mrs. Johnson laughed. "I remember the first circus Roddy went to. He had dreadful nightmares." She touched the horn button and passed a car. "But then, of course, Curt had stuffed the child with everything in sight, and he'd seen all those freaks. . . . Willie, wouldn't you like to put your head in Emily's lap and go to sleep?"

"Uh-huh." And Willie collapsed. Roddy leaned forward, his arms along the back of the front seat. "I didn't either have nightmares," he said hoarsely.

"Why, darling, of course you did. And no wonder."

"I —"

"Sh-h-h," Emily said. "He's asleep already."

Roddy stayed where he was. Fascinated, he watched the relaxed face, like the face of a slumbering angel—an angel troubled in his sleep. In the waning light he could see the spasmodic frowns that came and went on the tiny eyebrows; and each turn and twist of the cramped body had a meaning; Willie, his stomach crammed with indigestible foodstuffs, was dreaming. He was dreaming about the side show—the horrible things in the side show—things many times worse than crocodiles and lions and pirates and ducks, were chasing Willie through his dreams, snapping their teeth, roaring at him.

He slept on while they approached the town, and then the section in which they lived, and then the street. And when, in the gathering dusk, they pulled into the Hackett driveway, he was still asleep; and by then Roddy had given up, by then the whole chain of disastrous events had just the same as already taken place—Willie had told his dreams, and Mrs. Hackett had got mad, and Curt had failed to get the contract and had moved away and never wanted to see Roddy again; and Roddy, outlawed and tortured with remorse, had run away to work in a mine in the West, and one day there had been a cave-in, and —

"Here we are," Mrs. Johnson said, with a sigh Roddy rightly, and painfully, interpreted as indicating relief that the day had passed without mishap.

"Willie," Emily said, "wake up. Home."

Mrs. Hackett came out to the car, frowning agitatedly. "Oh," she said, "I was beginning to get so worried. Oh, yes, I knew the children were perfectly safe, but you know I simply can't help worrying." She lifted Willie out to the ground, where he stood rubbing his eyes with his chubby knuckles, still groggy with sleep, weaving slightly, sighing.

"Huh?" he said, though no one had addressed him.

His mother stooped and put an arm around him. "Are you all right, sweetie? Did you have a good time?"

"Huh? Uh-huh."

"Was there anything special?"

Roddy, his head out the car window, wanted to die.

"Facial?" Possibly Willie was too drowsy to lie, too tired to pursue his battle against the world, too worn out to bring his attention-getting devices

into play; or possibly the thing uppermost in his mind, the real experience of his day, was so vivid as to make all else seem unimportant. "Oh, mamma," he said in a reverent whisper. "Mamma, I patted a zebra."

Mrs. Hackett smiled fatuously. "How nice, sweetie. What else did you do? What did you see?"

Roddy closed his eyes, tight, till they hurt. Now it would come.

But there was a short silence. He opened his eyes to find Willie looking at him. That was all he saw, just Willie looking.

"Oh," Willie said at last, "a lot of stuff."

Mrs. Johnson, too, saw Willie looking, and she recognized a peculiar quality in his gaze, a quality to which Roddy was oblivious—the way Willie was looking at Roddy and the way Roddy looked at Curt were identical.

"Tell me what you saw, sweetie," Mrs. Hackett insisted, anxious for her fears to be justified.

Quite visibly, Willie pondered. He did not know how much hung on his words; all he knew was that if he spoke up, Roddy would get in trouble. "Oh," he said, "just stuff. Elephants and stuff."

"He doesn't want to talk," Emily said. "No way of making him."

Some days later, after a visit of inspection to the house Curt and Marian had bought and were moving into, Roddy came whistling along the street and found Willie on the Hackett lawn, jabbering monotonously at an assortment of toys—he was a doctor in a hospital, and his patients were dying off like flies.

"Hello, dope. What're you doing?" The jabbering ceased. "Noffin."

"Want a half of an apple?"

"Foogy."

"Do you or don't you?"

"I want all of it."

"Listen, you, you'll take half and like it." Roddy fumbled in the catch-all of a pocket and brought out two knives. He put one back and divided the apple with the other. "Here."

"Sank you," Willie said, and stuffed the fruit between his lovely lips.

Mrs. Hackett, hovering at a window, overheard this conversation, and wondered. Never before, except under extreme duress, had she heard her son express gratitude. She frowned. She was worried about Willie.

WHAT DO THEY MEAN, FIGHT CAMPS?

(Continued from Page 38)

"We didn't have any money and we couldn't stand a postponement," the gritty Braddock explained when he had won the title. "I'd have fought Baer with a broken leg; I was desperate then." All the assembled experts, incidentally, had failed to notice that Jim had been hurt in his camp. None of them knew anything about this mishap until Braddock told of the incident after he'd beaten Baer.

"I didn't want Max to know I had two strikes on me going in there," Jim admitted. "If he found out I had a bad side, he'd have beaten me on those ribs for fifteen rounds and he might have won."

Another daffy layout was Kingfish Levinsky's slug spa in Chicago when the haddock handler prepared to swoon before Joe Louis. The King toiled in a suburban roadhouse called Peg's Haunted House. If it wasn't haunted

before, it certainly was when the King moved in with his entourage. The featured attraction of this weird roost was an Amazonian waitress named Sylvia the Swede, who had been left over from the World's Fair. Sylvia weighed three hundred pounds; she was more than six feet tall and she could have taken the King and all his subjects and broken them in two with her bare hands. Callers at the King's camp always left Sylvia large tips, in self-defense.

Peg's Haunted House seemed a storage place for slot machines. There were more than a hundred of them there. They were all over the place and a few were scattered around the training ring where the King worked. Between rounds with his chopping blocks, the Kingfish would scramble through the ropes, borrow a fistful of quarters from newspapermen—no mean achievement in itself—and try to hit the jackpot. It

was an unforgettable sight to see the King trying to stuff a coin into the slot with boxing gloves. If the machine didn't kick back occasionally, the Kingfish would fly into a rage and smash in the front of the iron bandit with his kayo blow.

Unkind critics said that the King punched himself out on these machines and didn't have anything but a yearning to be elsewhere when he faced Louis.

Levinsky lived a few miles from Peg's Haunted House in a place that faced on an amusement park. The roller coasters practically scooted across the King's pillow. He did most of his roadwork on a shoot-the-chutes, and he had a big police dog far more savage than his master. Reporters were afraid to venture near the King's manse, lest this beast tear them to shreds.

The bar at Peg's did a land-office business while the King was flexing a

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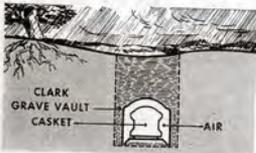


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muscle there. It was the custom of visitors to watch the King cuff his hirlings with a Scotch highball in one hand and a herring in the other. Loop gamblers swept down on the King's quarters like a plague of locusts. The Kingfish talked them into a stupor. He told of ripping trees up by their roots. Each morning he ran ten miles at break-neck speed. He'd "moider" Louis, Levinsky ranted. Leaping Lena Levinsky, the King's sister and severest critic, agreed with him. "The King'll stiffen him," Leaping Lena insisted. "If he don't, I'll flatten him myself when I get the King home."

The gamblers believed Lena and her boastful brother, but when the King quit colder than one of the mackerel in his own fish market, sitting on the middle rope and pleading with the referee, "Mister, don't let him hit me no more!" there was gloom on Madison Street. The King nearly got his throat cut by one bookie who had lost a bundle on him. This irate citizen came after him with a long sharp knife and chased him the length of the Morrison Hotel's mezzanine. The fellow meant no harm; he was merely going to remove the King's ears and take them home for a souvenir.

It was then that the Kingfish gave voice to an immortal utterance. Trying to justify his craven conduct when he groveled before Louis, the King said: "I wasn't meself. I didn't know what I was doin'. I guess I was in a transm!"

Another quaint character in cauliflower society is Philadelphia's Maxie (Boo Boo) Hoff. Two Boos has a little idiosyncrasy—he likes to shoot tin-foil pellets with slingshots. Double Boo has a slingshot that would be a deadly weapon in a world war. He hires an office boy who has nothing to do but roll pellets and keep Boo Boo's various slingshots in working order. Boo Boo can hit a bull's-eye at a hundred yards with his devilish device. Your correspondent, who was unconvinced and challenged him to demonstrate his prowess, will testify that Boo Boo shot a whistle out of a traffic cop's mouth at a Broad Street corner one afternoon. The gendarme was just about to tweedle his whistle when Boo Boo drew bead, stretched the rubber bands of his slingshot back a couple of feet and let fly. The whistle was knocked from the officer's lips and he howled in anguish. Boo Boo paid no heed; he thrust his slingshot into his hip pocket and walked off. "I love to shoot cops," quoth Pair of Boos. "I usually take a shot at one or two a day, just for luck. Those flat-foot holler murder, and it is music to my ears."

Baer's Bugaboo

The place where everybody had the screaming meemies was Maxie Baer's sinew salon up at Speculator, in the Adirondacks, when the Californian was worrying himself into a state of collapse before what was laughingly called his fight with Joe Louis. Maxie began fretting over Joe six months before he met him. The Louis bugaboo was preying on Baer's mind while he was still champion, long before he lost to Braddock. Down in Asbury Park, where the carefree Baer was going through a course of light calisthenics to polish off Braddock—whom he regarded as a soft touch up until the very moment that the referee raised Jim's hand and declared him the new title holder—Baer thought of nothing but Louis.

He had never seen Joe at that time, either in or out of the ring. But he was reading a lot about him in the news-

papers. A few miles from Baer's Asbury Park retreat, Louis was shuffling through some limbering-up exercises preliminary to dusting off Primo Carnera. Baer braced your correspondent one day and asked: "This Louis—is he as good as you fellows say he is? You're all lying—he couldn't be! Nobody is that good. You writers are building him up and trying to scare me! I'll tell you what I'll do with that kid; I'll teach him a lesson and put him in his place. You drive me over to his camp. I'll act as his sparring partner and pay him twenty-five dollars for every round he lasts with me! Then we'll see who's the head man around here, Louis or me!"

This seemed like an excellent idea at the time, and I was bundling the semihysterical Baer into an automobile when Max's manager, Ancil Hoffman, interfered with the stunt.

Protecting a Million Dollars

"Don't be a dope, you dope!" Hoffman snapped at Max, as he shoed him back into his dwelling. "Remember, big boy, I'm making the matches around here, and when you fight Louis, it'll be for really important money; we're not giving anything away!"

But from that day on Baer's number was up. He talked of nothing but Louis whenever he gathered an audience during his training for Joe in the Adirondacks. He developed a very bad case of jitters. The owls in the trees kept him awake at night, he complained. The place was so quiet he couldn't sleep. He'd swap the beauties of Nature for a cabaret and a swing band.

Promoter Mike Jacobs, who spent a week end with Baer just before the brawl, came back to New York and confided to this reporter: "Max can't win. He's scared stiff. Joe's reputation, plus Baer's poor showing against Jim Braddock, has shaken his confidence in himself. I'm afraid he may decide to call the fight off at the last minute, and that'd be a terrible blow to poor Michael, with all the money I've got in the box office."

Baer became incoherent and fled when he and Joe met at the New York State Boxing Commission offices to be weighed in a few hours before they were to meet in Yankee Stadium. Jacobs had six strapping fellows on hand to watch Max. When he ran from the room, babbling something about not caring whether he fought Louis or not, Promoter Jacobs sent his retrievers after him.

"Watch that guy and don't let him out of your sight," he barked at these bully boys. "If he goes near a railroad station or starts for Newark airport, grab him and drag him to that ball park, if you have to hit him over the head with a club!"

In his dressing room as he waited the bell, Max's nerves became even more unstrung. He kept up a running fire of chatter about saving the heavy-weight championship for the white race. He put his boxing shoes on the wrong feet. "Hey, you forgot your socks," his second, Jack Dempsey, told Baer, when he had corrected this blunder. Baer's knees clicked like castanets, his mountain-tanned face turned as white as a handkerchief, beads of perspiration stood out on his brow. Promoter Jacobs' six pallbearers stood at his elbow.

"I wasn't sure he'd fight until the bell rang," Jacobs admitted, "and I'd given those fellows orders to pick him up bodily and heave him into that ring



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ALKALINE DENTAL PLATE POWDER

if he balked. The minute he stepped through those ropes my responsibility ended. But if he hadn't, I'd have had to shell out a million bucks to the customers, and giving back money is one thing I abhor."

Mike should have split his profits with Dempsey, for it was Jack who really bucked up Baer. The old Manassa Mauler was disgusted with his protégé. But what he told the panicky pugilist as he herded him down the aisle was this: "Don't be afraid, kid. That fellow can't kill you. Remember, you're getting a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for this, Max, and there'll be nothing the matter with you that that kind of coin won't cure. When I was your age, I'd fight a lion for a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Get in there and keep punching, boy!"

Now let us return to the boxing writers—the so-called experts of the camps—for a moment. They sit back, look wise and give off profundities about this athlete or that one. Most of them can't lick their lips or slug their way out of a paper sack. One New York expert I knew used to be a certified public accountant. Another was a soda dispenser. A third was a toupée salesman up in New England. A working-press ticket to a big fight and a job on a newspaper qualifies you as an expert. These swat sages are gluttons for punishment too. It is said that heartless fight managers were the ones who originated the "they can't hurt us" slogan. I think it was the boxing writers. In Chicago at the Braddock-Louis fight, I overheard one expert—who used to be a comic-strip salesman for a syndicate—shout, "It's a fake!" when Louis impaled poor Braddock and knocked him senseless for twenty minutes with a sledgehammer smack on the chops. Later, in Jim's dressing room, while a doctor was hemstitching the old champ's ripped jowls, the same skeptic sneered, "Aw, he walked into that one to take the easy way out!"

Joe Louis' Minstrels

In Toledo at the Dempsey-Willard fight in 1919, the late Tad Dorgan, gifted sports cartoonist, and his co-worker, Damon Runyon, had pooled their resources to bet on Dempsey. Between them they had pooled \$300. They bet their bank roll at 10-1 that Jack would stop Jess in the first round. If he did, they stood to win \$3000. They had the money spent mentally when the fight began. They were going to buy themselves a Stutz Bearcat roadster. They would have a special color job, which Tad would design and which would make a rainbow seem drab by comparison. They were talking over their plans in their ringside pews when Dempsey let fly with a left hook, the first solid punch of the fight, and dropped big Willard like a poleaxed steer. "We'll paint the wheels yellow!" Tad roared in Runyon's ear; then he shouted at the prostrate Willard through cupped hands: "Stay down, you bum—stay down!" But Willard got up and the Stutz stayed in the show window.

A Joe Louis camp is like a minstrel show. Louis usually spars under a canvas marquee, with a player piano grinding dippy-doodle tunes outside. Peddlers sell fried chicken, stewed corn, hot dogs, soda pop, Joe Louis lucky rings, Joe Louis souvenir handkerchiefs, the life story of Joe Louis, and so on. In Joe's shack, Bill Robinson dances his tap steps, Duke Ellington

and Cab Calloway provide the harmony, and all they need is Lew Dockstader asking, "Mr. Bones, who was that lady I seen you with last night?" Louis himself sleeps fourteen hours a day and eats prodigious quantities of food. He is the eatingest and sleepingest of them all.

In his easygoing way, Joe is quick on the trigger at repartee. After Schmeling stopped him in their first bout, a reporter interviewed him as he was taking off from Newark airport for his Detroit home. Joe's head was swollen the size of a pumpkin and dark glasses hid his closed eyes.

"Are you going to see the fight pictures, Joe?" the battered boxer was asked.

"Naw," said Joe, "I saw the fight!"

Cannon Fodder

Right after he disposed of Braddock, another inquisitor asked him: "When did you know you had the fight won, Joe?"

Louis answered: "When Braddock signed for the match."

There is no spendthrift in Joe, financially or conversationally. Newsreel photographers asked him and Schmeling to pose and say a few words.

"What'll I say?" asked Joe.

"Oh, anything—just a couple of words."

Joe thought carefully and then mumbled, "Hul-lo!"

The sports scribblers snickered when Louis solemnly declared he would stop Max Schmeling "in about two rounds, Ah reckon!" But their jeers changed to cheers when Joe's estimate proved too conservative. For the champion has an uncanny knack for calling his shots. Louis lays his hopes and expectations right on the barrel head, and he's rarely more than a round or so out of the way.

Joe's favorite training site is Dr. Joseph Bier's estate at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, only an hour by motor from New York. Here the Detroit auto-factory laborer lolls about in an old Colonial stone home that was once the abode of General Schuyler, of Revolutionary War fame. Legend has it that Joe's sleeping quarters were occupied by General Washington, but neither Louis nor anybody else is too sure about that.

Sparring partners are one of the major problems in a Louis camp. Other fighters have no trouble getting all the catchers they need for ten dollars a day. Louis offers twenty-five dollars per matinee to each man, and when there are no takers, he hikes the ante to fifty dollars. Even then, the turnover is rapid. Each evening some battered unfortunate is seen trudging down the dusty highway toward the railroad station, and scouts around New York gymnasiums get frantic calls to ship another load of beef to Pompton. Joe was in a particularly savage mood before his second Schmeling fight. He reasoned that, since he was paying top money to the hired hands, it was his privilege to flog them furiously.

"I ain't fooling," he explained. "I tell those boys it is every man for himself. I pretends they're all Max Smelin' and I lets 'em have it—poff!"

Joe is a prima donna in his camp. After each work-out, he gets all dressed up in flashy sports togs and struts around, posing for countless cameras and signing autographs laboriously. When he trained for Schmeling, he spent nearly as much time playing pool as he did in his practice ring. He is no

"Cigar store golf balls?"

I howled

"Not for me"



1. This is the sort of thing that burns me up plenty! I went into a cigar store the other night to buy a pack of cigarettes, and just as I was walking out the "bright boy" behind the counter asked . . . 'how about some golf balls, Mister?' . . . Golf balls from a cigar clerk who probably doesn't know a mashie from a stymie!



2. I looked at this tycoon of the tobacco industry, and said: "Listen, my Panetela Pro, I buy my golf balls from the one man in the world who deserves my trade — my golf Pro, out at the course . . . where I play."



3. Later I told Tom, our club Pro, about the affair . . . and he shook my hand. "Thanks, Mr. Whipple, maybe you've wondered why I recommend Acushnet Golf Balls so often. Well, I'll tell you —



4. "Acushnet Golf Balls are sold only through us Pros. Every ball! That policy helps me improve your game. It lets me be sure that the ball you're playing will go where it should with the swing I'm teaching you.



5. "We see all kinds of balls in play — we play 'em ourselves — and we get to know which are right — and Acushnets — tested by X-ray for balance and perfection before they leave factory — are the 'rightest' balls we know."



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G-32 MANICURE SET. Right - Blue, red or brown cowhide case containing all necessary Manicure and Pedicure equipment. \$3.95

G-21 SEWING SET. Below - Brown or burgundy Celanese Case with Embroidery and Sewing Scissors, etc. \$3.95



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Willie Hoppe, either. He grins gleefully when he beats his sparring partners though. They explain, however, "If Joe couldn't fight any better than he can knock those balls around, he'd be a prelim boy. We let him win though. If we don't, he lathers us when he gets us inside those ropes! It ain't safe to take a game from Joe." Joe plays poker as he plays pool, but he wins there also. "Anybody takes a big pot from him tonight, gets his brains knocked out tomorrow," sighs dusky George Nicholson, who is the champ's No. 1 spar mate.

Each afternoon during his Schmeling siege, they showed Joe movies of the German's fight with Maxie Baer. Louis laughed uproariously as he watched Baer blast Schmeling into insensibility. "That Baer," Joe guffawed, "he can't lick the lazy side of me. Schmeling didn't whup me, it must 'a' been some other boy." His handlers reminded Louis at every opportunity of Schmeling's taunts. They didn't let him forget that his conqueror had derided Joe as a green, awkward amateur. They goaded Joe by reading newspaper interviews in which Max said he could drop Louis on his haunches whenever he chose to hit him on his big, jutting chin. They constantly quoted Schmeling's claim: "I am the champion in fact, since I beat Louis. He is the champion in name only—a paper champion!"

The Dark Avenger

Joe's eyes narrowed and his jaw muscles twitched at these gibes. "Max say that, eh?" he snapped. "Well, we'll see—we'll see!"

The camp psychologists did their work well. When Louis left camp, he was fighting mad. "I was mad at Max when I stepped into that ring, but I

felt sorry for him after I hit him a few times," he recalled after the battle. "I thought he was laughing at me when the referee introduced us. I know now he was just smiling, being polite. But somebody in my corner said: 'Look at him, Joe, he thinks you're funny!' But I'm not mad at Max no more. He's okay, I reckon. He's just a poor old man who thought he was too good!"

The sports writers take the lead in promoting most of the high-powered whackeroo which features life in fight camps. They tried to re-enact the Chicago fire up at Primo Carnera's camp in Auburn some years ago. A snoozing village constable was the cause of it all. When the writers strolled into an Auburn hotel and found the town cop catching some shut-eye when he should have been patrolling his beat, they decided to teach him a lesson. The gendarme was sitting, his chin on his chest and snoring lustily, on one of those old-fashioned circular leather lounges that are built onto a pillar that extends from floor to ceiling. One of the boys rolled up a newspaper in billiard-cue style. He touched a match to it and thrust it under the seat, intent upon jamming it between the officer's No. 12 brogans. But the playful pyromaniac miscalculated the speed with which his torch would burn. Instead of toasting the policeman's hoofs, he set fire to the couch itself and almost succeeded in burning down the hostelry.

As the years roll by, you hear a lot of wild-eyed stories about the Dead Eye Dick doings about the Dempsey-Tom Gibbons fight at Shelby, Montana, in 1923. According to those yarns, after he and Kearns had bankrupted the little Western cow town, Dempsey was forced at pistol point to fight Gibbons. There were gun-toting hombres shadowing Dempsey at all times and

daring him to leave town, as he had threatened to do unless he got all the money he'd been promised, according to the tales that drifted East. A routin', tootin', two-gun bad man was supposed to have squatted in Dempsey's corner, his .45 pointed at Jack's close-cropped skull, and yelled at him to fight his best or get plugged with a dose of hot lead. Kearns and Dempsey denied all not long ago.

Broadway Cowboys

"There were a lot of gunmen in that town," Dempsey's manager said, "but they were cowboys from Forty-second Street and Broadway who'd come West with me and the champ. They got those rods at a theatrical costumer's. They bought high-heeled boots, fur chaps, red checkered shirts, and thought they were tough guys. They'd have been in a bad way if some of those natives had challenged 'em. I grabbed all the money in the till before Dempsey went into the ring. There wasn't a thin dime in the town that I didn't have. I had a couple of hundred thousand dollars wrapped in an old newspaper, which I carried under my arm as if it were my other shirt, when we were ready to leave. I was afraid they were going to stick me up and take that swag away from me, and if they'd decided to do so, my drugstore cowboys wouldn't have been any help, because they'd have been in my way when I started to run. There were several private railroad cars parked on a siding in Shelby. I gave a fellow five hundred dollars to let me and Dempsey ride out of town in one. We locked the doors and barricaded ourselves in a drawing room until we were a hundred miles down the line. Then I found out it was my own car. I'd ordered it and forgotten about it in the excitement."

OLD DOCTOR, YOUNG DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 17)

than a large house where they put out chicken dinners and occasionally have a guest for the night. He got out and ran for the door, hunching his shoulders under the old-fashioned rain cape that hadn't had much of this sort of usage lately.

It was Bill Stacey who needed a doctor; Bill Stacey who asked little of life and got much, but most of it bad. Bill lay on the leather couch in what he was pleased to call the lobby of the inn, and Bill's leg was stretched gingerly out from his body and seemed to have an entirely new joint between knee and hip.

"Doc Grinbaugh!" he said, pleased. "Didn't expect to see you way out here, Doc. But it's swell just the same. Is the leg broke bad?"

"I don't see how it could be broken any worse," said the old doctor cheerfully. "How'd you do it?"

"That rustic bridge we put in over the creek to tickle the tourists! She was half washed out with this rain, and she gave under me."

"Oh, well, it could have been a compound fracture, which it isn't," said Doc Grinbaugh.

He fussed around and Mrs. Stacey fussed around, and then he got Bill's ankle in both his big, veined old hands and said, "Hang on, William."

Then after a while the leg was set pretty well, and Bill wiped large drops from a greenish forehead and his teeth released a lower lip that hadn't quite

been bitten through, and Mrs. Stacey came around with a bottle. Bill didn't bother with a glass.

"Haven't had you out here for years, Doc," he said, after the bottle neck had been wiped clean and passed to the veined old hand. "Mostly it's been Doctor Dave. But like I said, it's swell you came yourself, particularly with a ticklish job like this one."

"I guess I can still set a busted leg with most of 'em," said Grinbaugh comfortably. "But, shueks, Bill, so can Dave."

"Sure," said Stacey. "He's a right good boy. Nobody's denyin' that."

Doctor Grinbaugh was winding strips of an old dress around splints that had been part of a canned-goods case a moment ago. His fingers slowed perceptibly. "How old are you, Bill?" he asked, after a moment.

"Thirty-six," said Stacey. "Why?"

"You spoke of Dave as a boy. I wondered what made you say that."

"Well. I don't know."

"Dave's thirty-five," said Grinbaugh.

"Thirty-five?" Stacey said. "I thought he was younger. I mean, I guess I didn't think of it at all. It's just that he's kind of under you, and you're head man, and it seems sort of like it was when he first came here and he was kind of young then."

Grinbaugh was tying neat knots.

"I didn't mean he isn't a swell doctor, or anything," said Stacey anxiously.

"It's all right, Bill," Grinbaugh said. "Stay off this till I tell you you can hobble. Get some of the boys to carry you upstairs."

The phone rang before he could get away, and it was Jean relaying a call to go to Mrs. Planer's house down the line toward Bristol Mills; and from there he went to the squalid shack of the Cackov family, because the little girl had a sudden sore throat that might be diphtheria, but wasn't; and then he stopped at old Mrs. Morgan's house at the edge of town to see how her liver was; and finally he got home at about ten minutes of seven, and he went pretty directly to a chair.

He made no objection whatever when Jean suggested that she take his shoes off and that he put his feet in a hot tub. It had been a devilish hard afternoon, he thought fretfully; just the sort of afternoon when a lot of chumps had a lot of troubles which made it necessary for a doctor to splash out to them, and it did seem to him that at his age he was entitled to a little more consideration. Damn it all, he'd been caring for these folks for nearly fifty years.

Dinner had just been set on the table when the phone rang, and it was Tom Creeley to say frenziedly that he thought his wife, who had pneumonia, had taken a turn for the worse. Automatically, Grinbaugh turned for Dave, but Dave wasn't here. So he cursed

(Continued on Page 102)



Girl Meets Train

and loses her heart to the new de luxe "Pacemaker"!

Edna dear --
New York is thrilling! The Fair is lovely! But the most wonderful of all was our train--the "Pacemaker"! Edna, just imagine the grandest hotel--no, club--you ever saw. Put it on wheels, and then you can imagine what the "Pacemaker" is like! You tell your family they're just crazy if they still think of driving to the Fair! Why should anybody get all tired out cooped up in a car when the "Pacemaker" is so much more fun--more comfortable--and costs much less! Not even counting all the time it saves. These pictures I took don't really begin to tell you what and Dad met some played bridge all but not Betty! boy from Yale dinner and late club car radio over too soon write to me trip and return



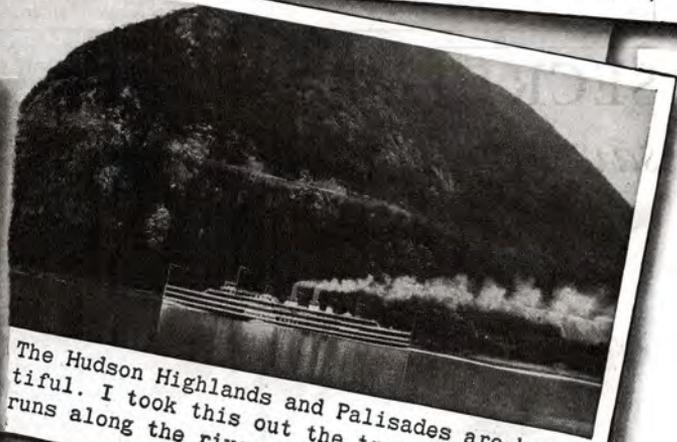
Mother and Dad slept like babies in those big reserved "reclining chairs" that tip back to any angle you like for comfort.



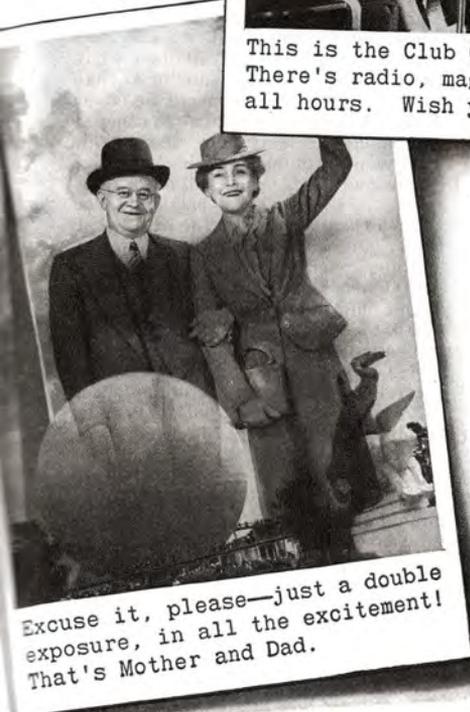
The meals were simply marvelous--and such grand service! It all reminded me of our cruise last year--remember? (That's the boy I mentioned)



This is the Club Car where we went after dinner. There's radio, magazines, and buffet service at all hours. Wish you and Ed had been with us!



The Hudson Highlands and Palisades are beautiful. I took this out the train window. It runs along the river for miles.



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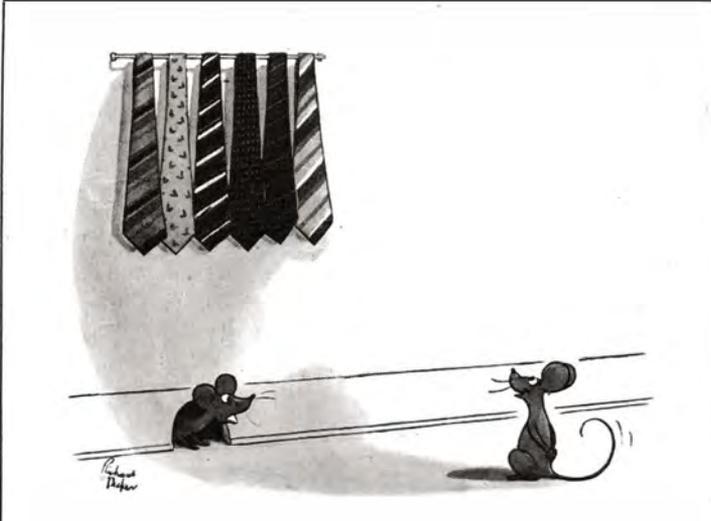
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(Continued from Page 100)

with a vigor that made Jean put her hands over her ears, and shrugged into his sopping rain cape.

"Take Dave's coupé," suggested Jean. So Grinbaugh weakened to the extent of doing that, because his own car, good as it was, had been made in the days when distributors were still temperamental, and this was not a night for temperament.

He got back, and there was a call from Blake's Corners, which is even beyond Bear Mountain; and there followed a summons from Emergency Hospital, where a patient of twenty years' standing called in delirium for Doc Grinbaugh and no one but Doc Grinbaugh, and the rain was a blast from a double-barreled shotgun, because now it had fulfilled its destiny and turned to sleet with an even higher wind behind it. Everywhere, creeks were roaring and roads were half under sheets of muddy water like coffee.

"Why anybody has the bad sense to be a country doctor," he raged as he got wearily to bed at about midnight, "is more than I can understand."

And Jean, who had been looking pretty anxious before he'd staggered exhaustedly back from that last visit, had a dent in her right cheek that would have been a dimple if the smile had ever materialized, which it didn't.

There was no incipient dimple there at two in the morning, when the phone rang and she took it. There was blank dismay, and an uncertainty about what she should do next that was utterly unlike Jean.

"Well?" said Doc Grinbaugh testily, from his bed. "What is it? What is it?"

"Mrs. Pearson," said Jean. "Jed phoned. That baby's coming this time for sure."

"Let Dave —" began Grinbaugh. But there wasn't any Dave.

Grinbaugh was beyond words, even curses. He ached all over. He couldn't quite come out of his sleep, which hadn't been violated like this for years. He seriously doubted whether he'd be able to stand up long enough to dress, but he did it. He didn't look in the mirror, so he did not see the drawn, exhausted countenance which, for once, showed every one of its seventy-two years. But Jean saw it, and she pushed her father into a chair and went to phone Doctor Calvert, of Bristol Mills, and Calvert was out and they didn't know when he'd be back.

Grinbaugh slogged on tremulous old legs to the door.

"Dad!" cried Jean. "Wait! I — You needn't —"

The closing door cut off her voice, and Grinbaugh labored to Dave's coupé. Somebody was throwing smothering cold blankets around his face, and that was the snow, which the sleet had now become. Then he was driving half blindly through mud and slush and sloshing over deep pools which couldn't run down the ditches fast enough.

He had heard the radio at the hospital. Roads slippery with ice and water, creeks flooded, visibility bad, don't take your car out unless absolutely necessary. And he had forty-six years of this kind of stuff behind him. Hang it, it wasn't right that a man should have to call on a seventy-two-year-old body for this kind of thing.

But if he thought this was all he was going to call on it for, he was mistaken, because when he got to the bridge leading to the Pearsons' muddy road,

he saw that there wasn't any bridge. Grinbaugh examined the creek bank, saw that there wasn't a chance of fording it anywhere, and got his aching old body back into the car. He went to the nearest crossroad back of him and started over. And that was almost the end.

The crossroad was of earth, with no stone fill under it. The car slipped and slid, and then stuck, even with chains on it. Grinbaugh got out and cut branches from the roadside trees and put them under the wheels, and they sailed gaily off by themselves when the wheels next spun, and then a near-by farmer came out with a slicker over his night clothes, and by mental suggestion or something they got the coupé going.

He stalled again a half mile farther on, and this time branches did the trick; and he stalled once more and apparently forever a mile and a half from the next bridge up from the washed-out one, which was his goal. He was so bone dead that he could only whisper his opinion of Dave's coupé and of his own good sense for not taking his old-timer with the high wheels, instead.

The second bridge was out, and old Doc Grinbaugh sat weakly down on a rock and put his whirling head in his hands, and then got up and slogged along the bank.

He had spent his boyhood as well as his manhood in these parts. When he was a boy there had been no bridge at this spot to wash out, but he and the other boys had crossed the creek all right. It had been at a spot a quarter of a mile down, where a young oak flung a branch across. In the years past he had occasionally seen the oak again, ever older and bigger, with the branch ever more amply spanning the stream. Grinbaugh got to this tree, finding it in the darkness by the simple process of bumping into it.

It was chest-high in water, and when he somehow managed to get up to the limb and out its treacherous overhang, he saw boiling rapids of unguessable depth where the other bank should have been. Old Grinbaugh cursed, because that was what old Grinbaugh always did when he should have been praying, and he dropped and found himself in chest-high water again, but only chest-high.

He got to Pearsons' all right, and Mrs. Pearson was having her baby this time, no fooling about it; and Jed wasn't around because he had gone out in the night to meet the doctor at that washed-out bridge and see if he could help him across. So Grinbaugh ushered his millionth baby into the world, and slept a moment sitting up in a chair, and then, as Jed still hadn't appeared, got the nearest neighbor over by telephone just before the wires went down, and finally started back home at ten minutes of five in the morning.

Doctor Grinbaugh would never know how he got back to that tree with the overhanging branch. There was a year spent in bucking the smothering white blankets and dragging his unfeeling feet through water and slush and mud. There was another year of fumbling around with his arms up in the darkness, and then he felt the branch.

"I can't make it," he said calmly to himself as he hauled on the branch till the tip sagged down. "It's crazy even to think I can make it."

So he got up on it somehow, because after all it wasn't the thing to do to just lie down and go to sleep, and he

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**IT'S THE ONLY IRON
IN THE WORLD
YOU NEVER
LIFT OR TILT!**




Strands on its own legs

(Continued from Page 102)
started an inch at a time along the branch.

The branch was old. It had been nearly sixty years since Grinbaugh had climbed along it, in its, and his, youth. There was a crack heard only faintly over the shrieking wind, and suddenly Grinbaugh was hanging from a mass of branched and raking twigs that only ceased their weary down-droop when half of him was in the water and his weight was thus eased a trifle.

"I'm going to die here," said Grinbaugh to himself very calmly. "I'm going to be able to hang on for about a minute, and then I'll have to let go. When that happens, I'm going to drown."

It was then that something was swept against him, almost wrenching his grasp loose before the minute was up. It was something that thrashed around and then convulsively grabbed him by the legs.

"Jed!" yelled Grinbaugh, veined old hands hanging onto the still-cracking branch. "Jed Pearson!"

But there was no answer from the man who had come to help him and then got in over his depth himself; or, if there was an answer, the gale whipped it away before Grinbaugh's failing hearing could record it.

The strain on his legs relaxed as the almost-unseen figure beneath him found a kindly rock to which to cling; and in the next instant Grinbaugh's grasp on the branch failed, too, and he was in the boiling flood, and that was going to be the end of old Doc Grinbaugh.

A hook or a hand or something got him, and he was towed to the rock and thence, after a while, in easier stages, to the shore. There he was put into a car. But Grinbaugh didn't know any of this, because he had been in a far place where there is no snow or sleet or scorpion night, but only soft, sweet blackness.

Even when the blackness lifted, it didn't lift much, and he only knew that he was in a car that was lurching till he had to hang hard to the edge of the seat to keep upright. He didn't know how long it was before the car stopped and he was more carried than led into a house that looked familiar. It seemed that he had been brought home. Then he was so deeply asleep that Jean could tiptoe into the room later, face

pale as the sheet he lay on, and open one eyelid for a frantic look without his waking up. And Dave, with her, could examine and care for the in-domitible old body without its even stirring.

So two people had a late breakfast on the sun porch later in the morning, with a bit of sun coming in this time from a crack in the clouds suggesting that perhaps after all this was April instead of February. The two were young Doctor McKee and his wife, and if you thought Jean was pale, you should have looked at the pallor of young Doctor McKee.

"Do you feel as mean and petty as I do?" he asked her.

She shivered. "We had no idea things would pile up that much, or that bridges would be out and everything."

Dave acted as if he had scarcely heard her. He wasn't eating. He was just looking absently at the neglected breakfast. And not seeing it. Seeing, instead, the tall old man boring into the storm; boring, boring, like an old horse that will break someday in harness, but never in any other conceivable location.

"He was magnificent," he said, tone low, eyes wide. "I started prepared to steady him back to the car when he was stopped, and go on to take care of the call myself. I ended by using everything I had, and reserves I didn't know I did have, to keep up with him. At the creek, he left me completely. Fifteen minutes must have passed before I found out how he had crossed and got over myself. Then, when I followed him back to the creek again —"

Dave took out a piece of toast and put it back again.

"Do you know he very probably saved my life last night? I fished him out later, but he gave me my chance first. Jean, I don't care what it means to me, he goes on till he's a hundred, if he chooses."

Jean's eyes didn't fill with tears, because she was a doctor's daughter and a doctor's wife, but the look in them was not good to see as she visioned more years ahead of Dave, who was such a fine boy and someday—possibly when he was sixty—would turn out to be a regular doctor. But Dave didn't let himself observe that look, and he didn't let himself feel the emptiness

(Continued on Page 106)



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(Continued from Page 104)

of waiting around as an aging apprentice till the old man felt like relinquishing his decaying empire. He thought of and saw only the grandeur of old Doc Grinbaugh, who answered the needs of the ill when he had no strength to answer, and crossed raging rivers when there was no way to cross them, and was certainly the last of his breed.

"Poor old boy," he said gently. "He's going to feel pretty awful when he wakes up. We'd better keep him in bed for a couple of —"

He stopped, because there was the sound of a step in the dining room, through which you went to the breakfast room, and the step belonged to old Doc Grinbaugh.

He came in, rubbing his hands and snorting with the pleasure of a good rest and a clear conscience. He came in, sniffing the fine smell that was crisp bacon, and he didn't seem to see the utter astonishment in the blue eyes of Jean and the gray eyes of Dave.

"Good morning," he said in an amiable growl. "Nice day. What a sleep I got! Feel like a boy. You missed some excitement last night, Dave."

"Orange juice," said Jean, in somebody else's voice.

"Mrs. Pearson had her baby last night, all on schedule," said the old man, making short work of the orange juice. "Had a job getting to her, and a worse job getting back home, even with help. I don't mind admitting I was pretty tuckered. Yes, sir, pretty tuckered."

"Toast?" said Jean, in the stranger's voice.

"You bet."
 As he ate, old Doc talked, and what he talked about was the annoying in-

consistency of Nature—letting you be practically seventy-two years old and not permitting you to feel any older than a good sound fifty. And then he trumpeted into his oversized handkerchief, more from exuberance than necessity, and went back through the dining room to the foot of the stairs with a firm step.

But at the foot of the stairs Grinbaugh stood for a time, because he didn't know whether or not he was going to be able to get up those stairs on the tremulous old legs that had taken such a beating last night. Finally he did, with each step a triumph; and then he was sure he'd never make it from the head of the stairs to his room, but he did that, too, panting, but grinning as he panted.

He sat at his desk without moving for a while, still grinning, and then he opened a little drawer and took out a frayed strand of fabric. It had dropped from his relaxing fingers when he was put to bed last night, and nobody had noticed it till this morning when he picked it up.

A wisp that had come loose in the grasp with which he had held to the seat edge in the lurching car last night. A wisp matching precisely similar wisps fraying from the worn seat covers of his own old car, and telling him who was the Samaritan who had brought him home.

After a long time he chuckled like an old lion with a joke in its throat, and he began considering the best way to put out a discreet announcement to the effect that he had long wanted to retire into the laboratory, and that now he could do so because Doctor David McKee, a man mature in his practice and in his knowledge of Barstowe and its needs, stood ready to take over.

QUICK SERVICE

(Continued from Page 37)

Mrs. Steptoe's embarrassment expressed itself in an uneasy titter. She was beginning to feel unequal to the situation. Her residence in Great Britain had done much to put her abreast of the customs of the country—for weeks she had been eating her boiled eggs out of the shell instead of mashed up in a glass, and Howard was never allowed to fasten the bottom button of his waistcoat—but she knew that there were still weak spots in her equipment, and one of these was that she had not yet quite got the hang of English humor. Sometimes she could grab it off the bat, but sometimes—as now—it got past her.

"Is that the latest gag?" she asked, with what she hoped was adequate sprightliness.

"Madam?"
 "Yes, calling women that, like men in the old novels saying, 'Dear lady.' It's kind of cute," said Mrs. Steptoe musingly, "but I'm not sure I really like it. It makes you sound as if you were a valet or something."

"I am, madam."
 There came to Mrs. Steptoe an unworthy suspicion. Joss still looked like the son of some noble house, but she now found herself regarding him as the son of a noble house who has had a couple.

"I'm afraid you will think me very dumb," she said coldly, "but I don't quite see the joke."

"No joke, madam. I am Mr. Steptoe's new valet."

"What!"

"Yes, madam. Miss Fairmile engaged me this morning."

There is no anguish so acute as that experienced by a woman of strong views on class distinctions who, having lavished all the charm of her best manner on a supposed scion of the nobility, discovers that he is the latest addition to her domestic staff. And Mrs. Steptoe would undoubtedly have given eloquent expression to her feelings, had she not, just as she was about to begin, caught Joss' eye. It was a strong, steady eye, the eye of a man who for two years had given J. B. Duff look for look, and if not actually made him wilt, at least confined him reasonably closely to the decencies of debate. It impressed Mrs. Steptoe. She could recognize personality when she saw it.

Hard, keen, practical woman though she was, the chatelaine of Claines Hall had a wistful, castles-in-the-air-building side to her nature. Ever since she had landed in England, she had dreamed of one day securing a valet of the right sort, a gentleman's personal gentleman of blood and iron, capable of sticking his chin out at her Howard and making him play ball. And here, unless she had been totally deceived by a promising exterior, he was.

Her glance softened. An instant before, she could have been mistaken for a rattlesnake about to strike. Her air now became that of a rattlesnake which is prepared to reserve its judgment till it has heard all the facts.

"Oh?" she said.
 "Yes, madam."



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"Chibnall should have taken you to the servants' hall."
 "Yes, madam."
 "Still, now you are here —"
 "Precisely, madam. No doubt you wish to give me certain hints and instructions with regard to my duties." Joss coughed discreetly. "I understand from Miss Fairmile that Mr. Steptoe is inclined to be a little difficult."

It was the very point which Mrs. Steptoe was anxious to discuss. "That's right," she said. "He gets rough with his valets."

"Indeed, madam."
 "He throws a scare into them, and they quit. The only one so far that's stayed as long as two weeks was the fellow before you. I had hopes of him, but Mr. Steptoe finally got him down. He didn't like Mr. Steptoe rubbing his nose on his shirt front."

This interested Joss. He had not known that he was taking service under a man with an India-rubber neck. "Is Mr. Steptoe a contortionist?"

"You don't get me. It was the fellow before you's nose that Mr. Steptoe rubbed on Mr. Steptoe's shirt front. The fellow before you had laid out a stiff-bosomed shirt for him to wear at dinner, and Mr. Steptoe doesn't like stiff-bosomed shirts. So he rubbed the fellow before you's nose on it."

"I see, madam."
 "So there you are. That's what you're up against."

"I quite appreciate the situation, madam. But I view it without concern. This will not be the first time I have been in the employment of a difficult gentleman."

"And you made out all right?"

"Entirely satisfactorily, madam."
 Mrs. Steptoe's last lingering doubts were removed. If she still bore any resemblance to a rattlesnake, it was to one which has heard the voice of conscience and decided to simmer down and spend a quiet evening with the boys. This was the superman she had dreamed of. She resolved to conceal nothing from him, but to give him the low-down in overflowing measure.

"Well, that's fine," she said. "You've taken a weight off my mind. I'm beginning to think you'll be able to swing this job. It's not everybody that can handle Mr. Steptoe when he's going good, but you seem to have what it takes. You see, the whole trouble is this. Mind you, this is strictly off the record. I wouldn't want to be quoted."

"I quite understand, madam."
 "Between ourselves, then, for your guidance, Mr. Steptoe is a hick."

"Indeed, madam?"
 "He has no natural sense of dignity. I can't seem to drive it into his nut that he's got a position to keep up. Only the other day I caught him in the stable yard, shooting craps with my chauffeur."

"Tut, madam."
 "Yes, I heard a voice yelling 'Baby needs new shoes!' and there he was."
 "Dear, dear, madam."

"And he hates dressing for dinner. He says collars scratch his neck and he can't stand for the way stiff-bosomed shirts go pop when he breathes. You see, he was raised all wrong. Till I married him, he thought that a morning coat was something on your tongue. You know, he used to box in preliminary —"

"Mr. Steptoe was a boxer?"
 "Preliminary bouts on the Pacific Coast. The first time I ever saw him was at the American Legion stadium in Hollywood. He was getting the tar whealed out of him by a fellow called Wildcat Wix."

This relieved Joss somewhat. He was prepared to take the rough with the smooth, but it was nice to feel that he was not coming up against an irritable world's champion.

"Well, you know what small-time box fighters are. They get the pork-and-beans outlook, and don't seem able to shake it off. So I'm relying on you to be very firm with him. Tonight, particularly. There's one or two really nice people expected to dinner, and I wouldn't put it past Mr. Steptoe, if left to his own unbridled instincts, to show up in a turtle-neck sweater. And now I'll ring for Chibnall to take you to your room. I hope you'll be comfortable."

"Thank you, madam."
 "Watch Mr. Steptoe's shoes. Take your eye off him for a second, and he'll be coming down to dinner wearing sneakers."

"I will be very vigilant, madam."
 "I'm sure you will. . . . Oh, Chibnall," said Mrs. Steptoe, "this is Weatherby, Mr. Steptoe's new valet. Will you show him his room?"

In stating that there is no anguish so acute as that which is experienced by a hostess who mistakes a member of her staff for a scion of the nobility, we were guilty of an error. It is equaled, if not surpassed, by that of a butler of haughty spirit who finds that he has been calling a fellow toiler "sir." It was with burning eyes and resentment in every feature that Chibnall turned on Joss as the door closed behind them. Only the fact that Joss' five-pound note was nestling in his trousers pocket restrained him from the most violent form of rebuke.

"Why didn't you tell me who you were?" he demanded.

"You never asked me," said Joss.
 "Bowling up to the front door in your car, as if you had bought the place!"

"The wrong note, you think? Yes, I suppose you're right. Here, where are we going?"
 "I was instructed to show your lordship your lordship's room," said Chibnall, whose satire, though good, was always inclined to be a little on the heavy side. "Perhaps your lordship will be so obliging as to pick up your lordship's feet and follow me."

They had left behind the soft rugs and Chippendale furniture of the ruling classes and had come into a barren land of uncarpeted stairs and passages smelling of yellow soap. Joss found his spirits sinking. He felt like Dante being shown through the Inferno by Vergil. And when Vergil threw open a door in the very heart of the yellow-soap zone, revealing a small bedroom with an iron bedstead and a cracked pitcher standing in a chipped bowl, he shook his head decidedly.

"Oh, no, no, no," he said. "Oh, no, no, no, no, no."
 "I beg your pardon?"
 "This will never do. Haven't you something better than this?"

"Perhaps you'd like a private bath?"
 "A private bath, of course," said Joss. "And a few good prints on the walls and a decent armchair. Two armchairs, in fact, because I am hoping that you will often look in on me for a smoke and a chat, when we are off duty."

A sharp, whistling intake of breath at his side told him that he had been too abrupt. He felt that he should have remembered that preliminaries are essential to these negotiations.

"I wonder," he said, taking a five-pound note from his pocket, "if you would be interested in another of these? Perhaps you are a collector?"

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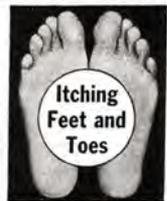
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There was a long pause, during which Chibnall, the man, wrestled with Chibnall, the butler. The man wished to fling the five-pound note in Joss' face, the butler was in favor of trousering it. The latter won.

"Thanks," he said.
"You see," Joss explained, "Mrs. Steptoe made such a point of telling me to be comfortable. I wouldn't like to disappoint her. And I ought to tell you that I have not always been as you see me now. Until recently I lived in an atmosphere of refinement, even luxury. In fact, I dwelt in marble halls with vassals and serfs at my side. I can't mention names, even to you, but if I were to reveal the identity of the titled father who cut me off with a shilling for refusing to marry the girl he had chosen for me, you would be staggered."

It was as if Chibnall had suddenly seen light in the darkness. Subconsciously, he realized now, some such explanation of these peculiar goings-on had already begun to suggest itself. He was a great reader of novelettes, and had often argued their merits with Miss Pym, who preferred thrillers. The situation which Joss had outlined was not a new one to him. He had come across it not only in Hyacinth but in Mark Delamere, Gentleman, and The World Well Lost.

"Indeed, sir?"

"That's what makes me a little fussy."

"I quite understand, sir."

"Who arranges about the bedrooms here?"

"The housekeeper, sir."

"She should be able to find me something suitable?"

"Unquestionably, sir. There are a number of unoccupied guest rooms."

"Then lead me to her. In fact, you had better assemble the whole staff. I should like to address them on an important point of policy."

It was some half hour later, as Joss sat in the servants' hall enjoying a pleasant rubber of bridge with Mrs. Barlow, the housekeeper, Mrs. Ellis, the cook, and Chibnall that there pealed through the regions below stairs the sound of a bell. It gave the impression that somebody with a powerful thumb had placed that thumb on the button and kept it there.

"Mr. Steptoe," said Chibnall, who was dummy.

Joss sighed. Enthusiastically supported by his partner, he had just bid little slam in hearts, and looked like making it.

"A nuisance," he said. "But inevitable, I suppose. Perhaps you would come and show me the way."

The door of Mr. Steptoe's bedroom, when they reached it, was ajar, and from within there came the restless movement of some heavy body, suggesting either that an elephant had got loose or that Mr. Steptoe was pacing the floor. It was a sinister sound, and Chibnall's eyes, as they met Joss', were alive with respectful pity. Chibnall had seen so many valets enter that room, only to totter out shaking in every limb and groping their way blindly, like guests coming away from a lord mayor's banquet, or even, as in the case of the fellow-before-you, bleeding profusely at the nose.

Quickly shaking Joss' hand, he tiptoed off.

Joss pushed the door open and went in. It seemed to him that the early stages of his first interview with his new employer might be marked by a little friction. Nor was he mistaken. One glance at the latter was enough to

show him that Mr. Steptoe was not at his sunniest. As a matter of fact, nobody who had known him only since his arrival in England had ever seen Howard Steptoe sunny. He was, as has already been indicated by his demeanor at the breakfast table, a soured and disillusioned man.

When a wealthy widow, infatuated by his robust charms, had removed him from the pork-and-beans surroundings in which he had passed his formative years, Howard (Mugsy) Steptoe had supposed that he was about to sit on top of the world. And here he was in a hell of valets, starched collars, tea parties, county society and companions who were so good for him, like Lord Holbeton. A rude-awakening.

Today, he had been hotting up ever since lunch. It was over the luncheon table, it will be remembered, that Mrs. Steptoe had told him of Mr. Duff's offer for the portrait of Mrs. Chavender. And when a man sorely in need of ready cash hears that his wife has turned down a dazzling offer for a portrait belonging to himself, on which he would have put an outside price of thirty cents, he is apt, even if of a mild and equable temperament, to chafe pretty considerably. Mr. Steptoe, who was not mild and equable, had chafed like a gumboil.

And about half an hour ago he had met Sally and learned from her that a new valet had arrived at Claines Hall. Just when he had been congratulating himself on having stamped this evil out.

Howard Steptoe was waiting for this valet.

"Good evening, sir," said Joss.

"You rang?"

He found himself impressed by the other's physique, and was surprised that it had never carried him beyond preliminary bouts on the Pacific Coast. Faulty footwork, he presumed.

There was a snowy shirt lying on the bed. Mr. Steptoe pointed a bananalike finger at it—emotionally, for it represented to him the last straw.

"You!"

"Sir?"

"See that shirt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Stiff."

"Precisely, sir."

"Well, take it away, or I'll make you eat it."

Joss felt that the moment had come to be firm. There was a compelling steadiness in the eye which he fixed on the fermenting man.

"Steptoe," he said quietly, "you will wear your nice shirt."

VIII

THERE was a silence. Mr. Steptoe's vast frame had become afflicted by what looked like a palsy. He moved, he stirred, he seemed to feel the thrill of life along his keel. His hands had bunched themselves into fists, and he breathed tensely through his squashed nose.

"What?" he muttered throatily.

"Wassat you said?"

Joss repeated his observation. He had shifted his position slightly, so as to place a substantial chair between them, and had taken from the mantelpiece a stout and serviceable vase—just in case. He was pretty confident of being able to settle this dispute through the channels of diplomacy, but there was no harm in being prepared.

"I'll break you into little bits."

"Don't be silly. What use would I be in little bits?"

A bitter smile disturbed for an instant the tenseness of Mr. Steptoe's

(Continued on Page 110)



"I hadn't even noticed it was burning —
I'm using Mennen Menthol-iced Lather!"



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(Continued from Page 108)

lips. "Ha!" he said. "Smart guy, huh?"

Joss slapped his thigh. "I knew you were going to say that."

"Is that so?"

"Either that or 'Wise guy, huh?' I was as sure of it as I am that I have in my pocket the IOU's for the money you lost to the cook at craps."

"Cheese!" said Mr. Steptoe, tottering on his base.

It was about a week since Howard Steptoe, in the hope of picking up a little pocket money, had started teaching the domestic staff this fascinating game, and in a black hour had come up against Mrs. Ellis, the cook, who possessed a natural aptitude for it. This very evening he had been compelled to ask her to accept another promissory note for sixteen shillings, bringing his obligations up to the colossal figure of six pounds, eight and twopence.

"And when I think what Mrs. Steptoe is going to say when I show them to her," said Joss, "I shudder."

So did Mr. Steptoe. He shuddered from stem to stern.

The fear lest this evidence of his sinning might someday find its way to Mrs. Steptoe had haunted Muggsy's dreams for a week. He knew so well what the harvest would be.

In the main, though despotic, his wife's rule was benevolent, and the love she bore him enabled him to rub valets' noses in shirt fronts without exciting anything worse than a pained "Oh, Howard!" She had even been reasonably mild when she had found him rolling the bones with the chauffeur. But there was one point on which he knew that she would tolerate no funny business. Let her discover that he had been trying to skin the best cook in Sussex, thus sowing in that cook's mind possible thoughts of giving her notice, and the tigress that slept in her would be unchained.

"Anticipating a spot of toughness on your part," said Joss, "I leaped at the opportunity offered to me just now of buying up your paper. It may interest you to know that I got it dirt cheap. Confidence in your financial stability is very low in the servants' hall, and sacrifice prices prevailed." He paused. "Steptoe," he said, "you will wear your stiff-bosomed shirt, and like it."

Mr. Steptoe had sunk into a chair, and was supporting his head on his hands. Joss felt a pang of pity for the stricken man.

"Cheer up," he said. "You have only to show a docile and reasonable spirit, and I shall not proceed to the last awful extreme. How on earth," he asked sympathetically, "did you come to get in the red to that extent? You must have been rolling them all wrong. You'd better let me give you a few lessons."

Mr. Steptoe raised his head, staring. "Do you play craps?"

"Do I play craps?" said Joss, with a light laugh. "That's good. The diers of a dozen cities would smile if they heard you ask that. You, I take it, are a novice."

"No, I'm not," said Mr. Steptoe hotly.

"Then there must be something seriously wrong with your methods. The whole science of craps consists in saying the right thing to the bones at the right time. And that, I suspect, is where you have slipped. You suggest to me the ultra-conservative, hidebound personality. What you learned at your mother's knee is good enough for you. I understand that you still say, 'Baby needs new shoes.'"

"Well, why not?"
"All wrong. Dice aren't going to respond to outmoded stuff like that. But I'll go into all that later. For the moment, Steptoe, let me urge upon you never again to play with cooks. Practically all of them have an uncanny skill. Your future as a craps shooter, as I see it, lies among the nobility and gentry. If I were you, I would reserve myself for this garden party of which I hear so much."

"How do you mean?"
"Wait till the garden party, and then detach a contingent of the best element in the county from the tea and buns and take them behind the stables and give them the works."

"I never thought of that."
"I see no reason why you should not make a substantial killing."
"It can't be too substantial for me."
"You require the money for some special purpose?"

"Do I!" Although they were alone, behind closed doors, Mr. Steptoe looked nervously over his shoulder. "I want to raise enough to buy my transportation back to Hollywood."

"Your heart is still there, is it? But I was given to understand that your career there was not an unmixedly successful one. Suppose you ran into Wildeat Wix again?"

"Say, listen; I could eat that guy for breakfast."

"I was told that he whaled the tar out of you."

"Who said that?"
"Mrs. Steptoe."

"Women don't understand these things. I was robbed of the decision by a venal referee. And, anyway, I'm not planning to go back to being a prize fighter. When I left there I was doing swell in pictures."

"I don't remember seeing you."
"Well, it was extra work till just at the end. Then I was in one where I had three good speeches."

"You had?"

"That's what I had. It was one of these tough stories, where everybody's all the time slapping somebody else's face. I was one of these gangsters. A guy comes up to me and says, 'Oh, yeah?' and I say, 'Oh, yeah?' and slap his face. Then another guy comes up to me and says, 'Oh, yeah?' and I say, 'Oh, yeah?' and slap his face. And then a third guy comes up to me and says, 'Oh, yeah?' and I say, 'Oh, yeah?' and I slap him on the kisser too."

"I suppose they couldn't get Clark Gable?"

"And then Mrs. Steptoe goes and marries me. Wouldn't that jar you? Just as I'm starting to break in."

"Many people say that the artist should not marry."

"It bust my career. There's a rising demand in pictures for fellows with maps like mine. How about Maxie Rosenbloom? There's a case for you. Started out as a prize fighter, like me, and now look at him."

"Maxie was a champion."

"Well, so would I if I had been a champion if it hadn't been for jealousy in high places. I tell you, I was being groomed for stardom when Mrs. Steptoe comes along and takes me away from it all. And all that stands between me and it now is not having the dough for my transportation."

"A lesson or two from me, and we'll soon adjust that. You'll send those dukes and earls back from the garden party in their shirts."

"I cert'n'y will. Say, listen," said Mr. Steptoe, regarding Joss with affection and respect. "You're all right!"

tasty brain teaser

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ANS.—Buy a reliable cook book? Smile at the butcher? Both helpful, but not enough! She must, above all, be careful of her seasoning! For seasoning makes the dish... yes, makes the meal! That is why those brides, who are novices in the kitchen, should put Lea & Perrins Sauce on their first grocery order. A dash of spicy, tangy Lea & Perrins adds delicious flavor and appetite-tempting goodness to meats of all kind, fish, soups, salads and gravies. Nothing will please Hubby more. 'Tis the bride's cheapest and best possible cooking insurance.

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"I'm one of the nicest fellows you ever met. In proof of which, take these."

"Cheese!"

"I merely needed them at the outset of our acquaintance, to insure the establishing of our relations on a chummy basis. And now," said Joss briskly, "as time is getting on, climb into that shirt."

The joyous light died out of the other's eyes. "Must I?"

"I'm afraid so. People are coming to dinner."

"Just a bunch of stiff's."

"The stiffer the stiff's, the stiffer the shirt front. That is the fundamental law on which Society rests. So upsy-daisy, Steptoe, and get it over."

"Well, if you say so."

"That's my brave little man. And now," said Joss, who had been looking out of the window, "I must leave you. There's somebody down in the garden that I want to see."

ix

SALLY had dressed for dinner early, in order to be able to enjoy a stroll in the garden before the guests should arrive. Claines Hall was one of the moated houses of England, and a walk beside those still waters always refreshed her after one of her visits to London.

Her thoughts, as she leaned over the low wall, looking down at the fish darting in and out of the weeds, had turned to Joss. As his social sponsor, she felt herself concerned in his fortunes. She wondered how he was settling down in the servants' hall, and hoped that that exuberance of his had not led him into the perpetration of one of those gaffes which are so rightly resented in such places.

It was nice, at any rate, to find that he had been an outstanding success with Mrs. Steptoe. That autoerat's enthusiastic response to her rather apprehensive inquiries had astonished Sally. Mrs. Steptoe had unhesitatingly stamped Joss with the seal of her approval as the goods. She had spoken in no measured terms of the quiet forcefulness of his personality, giving it as her opinion that this time the master of the house had come up against something red-hot. If this new fellow was as good as he seemed, said Mrs. Steptoe, not mincing her words, it was quite within the bounds of possibility that Howard might make his appearance at the garden party looking half-way human.

A cheery "Hoy!" broke the stillness, and Sally turned to see the very person she had been thinking about.

Valets did not as a rule saunter about the gardens of Claines Hall in the quiet evenfall, but nobody had told Joss Weatherby that.

"So there you are," he said. "Do you know, in this uncertain light, I mistook you for a wood nymph?"

"Do you always shout 'Hoy!' at wood nymphs?"

"Nearly always."

"I suppose you know that valets aren't supposed to shout 'Hoy!' at people?"

"You must open a conversation somehow."

"Well, if you want to attract, for instance, Mrs. Steptoe's attention, it would be more suitable to say 'Hoy, madam!'"

"Or 'Hoy, dear lady!'"

"Yes, that would be friendlier."

"Thanks. I'll remember it." He

joined her at the wall, and stood scrutinizing the fish for a moment in

silence. The evening was very still. Somewhere in the distance, sheep bells were tinkling, and from one of the windows of the house there came the sound of a raucous voice rendering the Lambeth Walk. Despite the shirt, Joss had left Mr. Steptoe happy, even gay.

"This is a lovely place," he said.

"I'm glad you like it."

"An earthly paradise, absolutely. Though mark you," said Joss, who believed in coming to the point, "a gas works in Jersey City would be all right with me, so long as you were there. 'A Book of Verses underneath the Bough —'"

The quotation was familiar to Sally, and she felt it might be better to change the subject.

"How are you getting on?"

"Fine. Couldn't be better. I was hoping to run across you, and here you are. And as I was saying, 'a Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou beside me in the Wilderness —'"

"I didn't mean in the wilderness. I meant in the servants' hall."

"Oh, the servants' hall? I'm its pet."

"Chibnall, of course, is the man you have to conciliate. His word can make or break."

"I have Chibnall in my pocket."

"Really?"

"We're like Cohen and Corcoran. One of those beautiful friendships. We hadn't known each other half an hour before he was taking his hair down and confiding in me. Did you know he was engaged to the barmaid at the local pub?"

"No."

"Perhaps it hasn't been given out yet. And he was a good deal upset because he found her this morning straightening a commercial traveler's tie. 'Oh, curse of marriage,' he said to himself, 'that we can call these delicate creatures ours, and not their appetites.' His impulse was to write her a stinker."

"And did you approve?"

"No. I was against it. I pointed out to him that it is of the essence of a barmaid's duties that she be all things to all men, and that it had probably been a mere professional gesture, designed purely to stimulate trade. I am a close enough student of human nature to be aware that a commercial traveler who has had his tie straightened by a pretty girl with copper-colored hair is far more likely to order a second beer than one to whom such a girl has been distant and aloof."

"That's true. He must have found you a great comfort."

"Oh, he did. He's going to introduce me to her tomorrow."

"You seem to have comforted Mr. Steptoe too. That sounds like him singing."

"Yes. I found him rather moody, but I dropped a few kindly words, and they cheered him up like a noggin of J. B. Duff's sherry. I forgot to ask about that, by the way. Did you and he finish the bottle after I had left?"

"Not quite."

"Was the interview satisfactory?"

"Very, thanks."

"Let me see; I forget what it was you were seeing him about."

"You should take one of those memory courses. How do you get on with the others?"

"They eat out of my hand."

"Has Mrs. Barlow given you a nice room?"

"Terrific."

"Then you think you will be happy here?"



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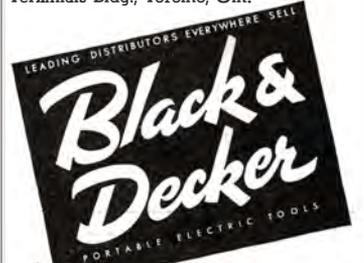
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"Ecstatically."

"How are you going to manage about looking after Mr. Steptoe? Can you valet?"

"You have touched on my secret sorrow. I can't. But it's all arranged. Immediately upon arrival, I summoned the staff and addressed them. I said that if they were prepared to take my work off my hands I was prepared to pay well for good service. I had the meeting with me from the start, and the details were speedily fixed up. Charles, the footman, will see to the technical side of Mr. Steptoe's valeting. The matter of my morning cup of tea is in the capable hands of the kitchen maid. The cook has contracted to see that a few sandwiches shall be beside my bed last thing at night, in case I get peckish in the small hours. The whisky-and-soda to accompany them will of course be in Chibnall's department."

Sally stared. For one disloyal moment she found herself regretting that Lord Holbeton had not more of this spirit of enterprise. It might have been purely her fancy, but she thought she had detected in the latter's manner, when she broached the idea of stealing Mrs. Chavender's portrait, a certain listlessness and lack of enthusiasm.

"You're quite an organizer."

"I like to get things working smoothly."

"What used you to be before this? A captain of industry? But I was forgetting. Mr. Duff said you were an artist."

"Yes."

"Then what were you doing in his office? When I came in, I thought you must be a partner or something."

"That is a mistake lots of people used to make. My air of quiet dignity was misleading. I was a kind of tame artist employed by the firm to do illustrations for advertisements and so on. Among other things, I did the posters for Paramount Ham."

"Oh, no!"

"All right, I don't like them myself."

"But Mr. Duff told me you painted that portrait of Mrs. Chavender that's in the breakfast room."

"Quite true."

"Then why —"

"The whole trouble was," said Joss, "that the necessity for eating thrust itself into the foreground of my domestic politics. When I painted that portrait, I was in the chips. I had a private income—the young artist's best friend. It was later converted to his own use by the lawyer who had charge of it, he getting the feeling one day that his need was greater than mine. When you're faced by the paupers' home, you have to take what you can get."

"Yes," said Sally, who had had the same experience. "But what a shame. I'm sorry."

"Thanks," said Joss. "Thanks for being sorry. Well, I struggled along for a while, getting thinner and thinner, and finally did what I ought to have had the sense to do at the start. I saved J. B. Duff from a watery grave. We were at East Hampton at the time, he on his yacht, I holding an executive post in a local soda fountain, and we met in mid-ocean. I got him to shore, and in a natural spasm of gratitude he added me to his London staff. He was just leaving for London to take charge. I have an idea he has regretted it since. Thinking it over, I believe he wishes occasionally that he had gone down for the third time."

"I can see how you might not be everybody's dream employee."

"Too affable, you think?"

"A little, perhaps. Well, it's a shame."

"Oh, all in the day's work. Someday I hope to be able to be a portrait painter again. The difficulty is, of course, that in order to paint portraits you have to have sitters, and you can't get sitters till you've made a name, and you can't make a name till you've painted portraits. It is what is known as a vicious circle."

"Very vicious."

"Almost a menace. But let's not waste time talking about me. Let's go on to that dress you're wearing. It's stupendous."

"Thank you."

"It looks as if it were woven of mist and moonbeams. Mist and moonbeams, and you inside. Beat that for a combination. It's a most extraordinary thing. You seem to go from strength to strength. When you came into the office this morning in that blue frock, I thought it was the last word in woman's wear. And now you knock my eye out with this astounding creation. But, of course, it isn't the upholstery, it's you. You would look wonderful in anything. Tell me," said Joss; "there's a thing I've been wanting to discuss with you ever since we met. Do you believe in love at first sight?"

Once more, Sally had the feeling that it might be well to change the conversation.

"The ducks nest on that island over there," she said, pointing at a dim mass that loomed amid the shadows of the moat.

"Let them," said Joss cordially.

"Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Believe in love at first sight. Chibnall does."

A car rounded the corner of the drive and came raspingly to a halt at the front door.

"I must go," said Sally.

"Oh, no, don't."

"People are arriving."

"Just a bunch of stiff. I have this on Mr. Steptoe's authority. Pay no attention to them."

"Good night."

"You are really going?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall look forward to seeing you tomorrow, and we will take up this subject where we left off. There was some famous fellow who fell in love at first sight. Not Chibnall. Somebody else. Where do you stroll in the mornings?"

"I don't stroll. I work."

"Work?"

"Yes. I see the cook —"

"Don't take her on at craps."

"And I do the flowers and I brush the dog."

"I'll help you brush the dog."

"No, you won't."

"Why not?"

"It would excite remark."

"I being a humble valet?"

"You being a humble valet."

"What a curse these social distinctions are. They ought to be abolished. I remember saying that to Karl Marx once, and he thought there might be an idea for a book in it. . . . Romeo! That's the name I was trying to think of."

"What about him?"

"He fell in love at first sight, like Chibnall and —"

"Good night," said Sally.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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REAP THE WILD WIND

(Continued from Page 25)

employed on the Havana, Charleston and Baltimore run. She had put out of the Havana with a cargo of 3120 boxes of sugar, 53 bales of cotton and a few barrels of rum.

The Falcon, cruising to the south-east, had sighted the wreck soon after daybreak. Daniel Claiborne was in command, for Capt. Ben Cutler lay in his house in Key West, suffering from an attack of recurrent fever. Dan had boarded the Carlotta from his longboat and been accepted as salvor. It was then that Captain McQuade had expressed a desire to arbitrate the salvage without going into Key West to court.

Dan had acted with the swift precision of a good wrecker. The Carlotta's anchor was taken out and let go at the end of a forty-fathom hawser to windward of the shoaled schooner. And all day, in water only moderately choppy, the boats of the Falcon and the Carlotta had lightened the latter's cargo. After sufficient boxes of sugar and bales of cotton had been stowed aboard the Falcon to represent 35 per cent of the value of the stranded vessel and her cargo, the Carlotta had been floated off the reef.

Thirty-five per cent. . . . Over and over Loxi repeated it in her mind like a lesson in arithmetic in which the answer always came wrong. *If it takes three vessels three days in seething and dangerous waters to remove a cargo and the salvage is only twenty-five per cent*

That had been the award asked by the salvors in the case of the Jubilee. She found herself wishing swiftly, fervently, that Jack Babcock, on the Alstons' Havana run now, were in Key West. He was so strong and sure. He would know exactly what Dan should do. He would be able to handle this impertinent maritime lawyer—this "sea lawyer," trying to invent a case to earn a fee.

Thirty-five per cent, a day's easy work — like a maggot in her brain.

But it had all been done legally and correctly. Captain McQuade had expressed a desire to avoid "the confounded nuisance" of a salvage trial in the Key West court. He wished to arbitrate at the scene. This was a clearly lawful procedure; though, true, it was rare.

The two schooners—the Carlotta proving only slightly damaged by her grounding—had eased out into deeper water and anchored off Indian Key, where there was a small settlement. The Falcon had put a boat into shore with a sealed message to two retired ship's officers whom Captain McQuade knew there. Their services were requested as arbitrators.

The two men had come aboard the Carlotta. They had examined her and studied the scene of the wreck. Then they had spent the evening in the cabin drawing up the terms of settlement, approving the 35 per cent salvage on goods and vessel. McQuade had been satisfied. At dawn the Carlotta set sail north toward Charleston and the Falcon sped swiftly to its home port of Key West, bearing its prize.

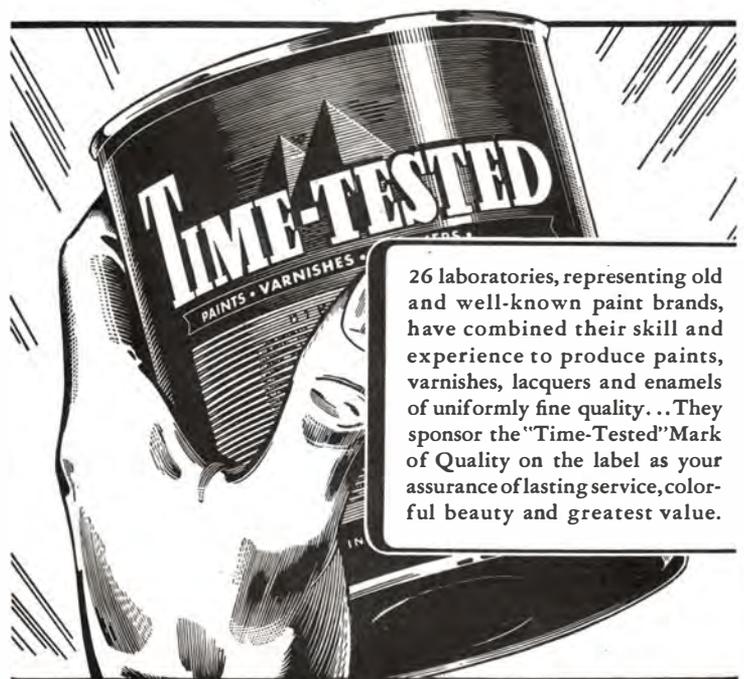
Now they were saying—they were saying that McQuade, thinking to turn a dishonest penny from his own faulty seamanship, had proposed the arbitration and the high salvage rate, in return for a promise of a share in the proceeds from the sale of the forfeited sugar and cotton. They said that Dan had agreed, knowing Cutler would approve, knowing there would be extra money in it for himself.

They dared to say that about her brother! About Daniel Claiborne! Surely everyone must realize that he "couldn't add one shilling to another."

Loxi and the captain had been walking in silence along the dock together,

(Continued on Page 117)

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Shocked by this treachery, the plant made her heroic decision. Though it might cost her life, she

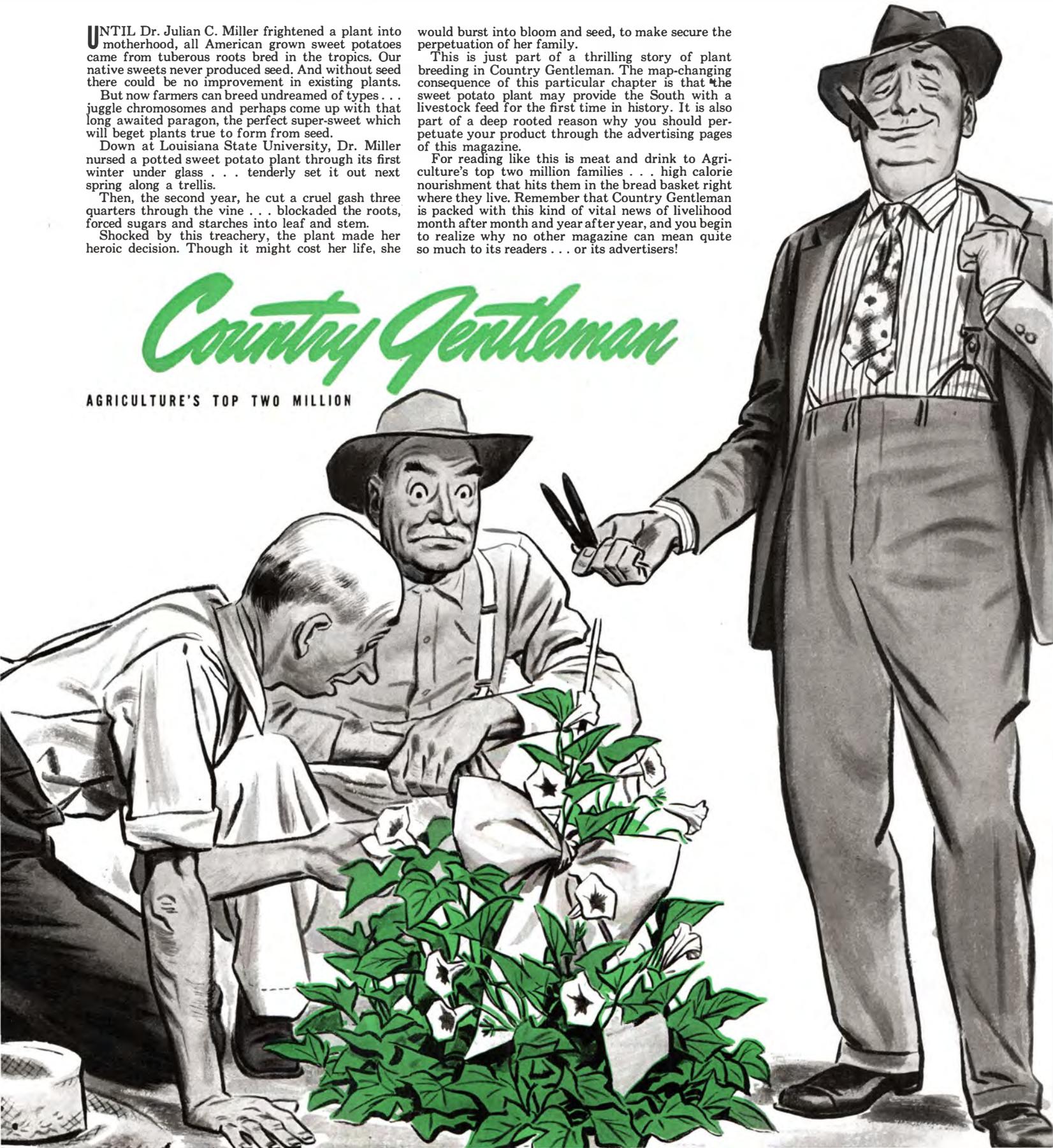
would burst into bloom and seed, to make secure the perpetuation of her family.

This is just part of a thrilling story of plant breeding in *Country Gentleman*. The map-changing consequence of this particular chapter is that the sweet potato plant may provide the South with a livestock feed for the first time in history. It is also part of a deep rooted reason why you should perpetuate your product through the advertising pages of this magazine.

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Country Gentleman

AGRICULTURE'S TOP TWO MILLION



(Continued from Page 114)

and now their feet were on land once more.

"Here's where I change my course," decided Captain Murray. "I'm for the warehouse now." He smiled down at the girl's upturned face, a tender, encouraging smile. "Keep your rigging taut, mate. I'll be standing by."

"I know you will."
He put his hands in his pockets and looked down the line of wharves. "It's easy to tell that the spring squalls have come."

Loxi gazed at that harbor that was not quite like any other harbor. The marks of the town's unique profession were always there to read. At the O'Hara wharf there was a ship hove down and men clambering over her, making repairs. On the Pardon Greene wharf a wrecker was unloading boxes of sugar with a Spanish imprint upon them, and all along, like race horses straining at the barrier, the beautiful wrecking vessels, at tight bridle, waited for a hint of change in the calm weather that was prevailing now after the first onslaught of the rains. For the thunder that would send them charging to the reefs like a battle call.

Suddenly Captain Murray stiffened, with a muttered exclamation. Loxi followed the direction of his glance and saw a strange, black-hulled craft thrusting out her bowsprit beside the Browne wharf. She was long and lean, schooner-rigged, and her tall masts had a sharp rake aft, like the ears of a vicious nag thrown back upon its neck. Loxi recognized the cut of her. She was one of the new vessels built in the Baltimore yards, faster than anything that had ever sailed the seas.

"Look at her!" the captain exploded wrathfully. "Lying there 'longside honest vessels—that accursed black craft out of hell! It's an ill day for Key West that sees her here."

Loxi drew in her breath sharply. "A slave runner! One of the Cuban vessels that smuggle them into Spanish colonies! What is she doing in Key West?"

"I can answer that, Miss Claiborne," a voice said quietly at her elbow. They had not heard the approach of Mr. Witherspoon, the dignified white-haired British vice consul. He pointed to that rakish black hull with an indignant forefinger. "The charming Cuban owners of El Pavo Real have sold her to an American, a shipmaster from New Orleans. She's come to Key West, I'd say, to change her name and get her clearance papers, because this is the nearest American port to Cuba, and a logical place for getting supplies and furnishings."

"Oh," said Loxi with relief, "then she isn't going to run slaves any longer."

"Indeed she is," growled Captain Murray.

"But since the slave trade was prohibited, an American vessel carrying slaves can be seized by our men-of-war and tried for piracy," protested Loxi. "Surely no American master will risk being hanged."

"Have you heard of the new treaty between England and Spain to enforce the old anti-slave-trade agreement more effectively?" asked the vice consul.

"Yes. Papa was talking about it."

"Under the old treaty the two countries agreed to co-operate in stopping the slave trade. British frigates were given the right to capture any Spanish vessel carrying slaves from Africa to the West Indies or Brazil."

"Yes, I know."

"But plenty of vessels still took the risk, as ye well know too," put in Captain Murray.

"Now the new treaty makes it legal to seize a ship if she is equipped as a slaver," continued the Englishman. "She needn't actually have slaves on board."

"But how can they tell?" the girl puzzled.

"A slaver is always rigged up with special-built slave pens and shackles, and platforms and cooking coppers," explained the captain. "The evidence is there, plain to see."

"So now the risk is doubled," Loxi observed. "A slave runner can be captured on the way from Cuba to Africa as well as on the way back."

"There ye have it," said Captain Murray. "That's where we come in. A Britisher can't search an American vessel, and we have no such equipment law. Merely one against carrying slaves. It's less risk now for an American to go to Africa and run slaves into Cuba than for a Cuban. So I understand some of our bold rascals are getting into it as the Cubans drop out." He jerked his thumb toward the renamed vessel. "She's powerful fast. She can dart away like a galleysnapper. And there aren't many American men-of-war in West Indian waters."

"I hate the thought of her clearing from Key West!" the girl burst out angrily.

"It ain't the last one ye'll see." Captain Murray shook his head. "The glitter of Spanish gold will seduce many an American master, I'm thinking." Then he reached over and gave her a hearty pat on the shoulder. "Here we are, talking about the forces of evil on a fine, bright day like this! After all, that Spanish trollop yon has nothing to do with us. Did ye ever see the water so blue?"

She removed her gaze from the black schooner. Captain Murray was right. This slaving business, thank God, had nothing to do with any of them, and she had no need to borrow trouble just now, when her heart was so full of anxiety over Dan.

The Laura came to port next day on a sunset tide. The ringing of the bell, which had always had such a gala note for Loxi, sounded to her now like the tolling of doom. All day she had kept running to the cupola to study the spars at the wharves, in the hope that the Falcon had come in. But she was still out, unloading the Portuguese wreck.

With heavy foreboding, she watched her mother drawing on her gloves to go down to meet the mail packet. Sally Claiborne had not the slightest idea of the rumors about her son. She had been deeply distressed by the quarrel between Daniel and his father, but she believed that a little time would bring a reconciliation. Now she was even humming to herself as they walked down the steps together.

As the Laura, sharply illumined in the lucid light of a brilliant sunset, glided smoothly into port, Loxi waited with her hand upon her mother's arm, standing very close to her, as if in instinctive protection, while the happy, chattering throng surged forward.

Now they were at last casting down the ropes from the mail packet's bow, and the passengers were crowding close to the rail. There was Mrs. Watlington, who had been visiting in Charleston. There was an invalid in a plaid shawl, come to find health in this soft climate. There was —

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There was Stephen Ogier. A traveling cloak was thrown loosely over his shoulders, and he had a flat case, such as lawyers carried, under his arm. Beside him, and apparently accompanying him, stood a stout, florid, sullen-faced man in the uniform of a sea captain.

The girl down upon the dock knew—knew with a swift and terrifying flash of certainty—why Stephen Ogier had come to Key West. He was the sea lawyer from Charleston of whom Captain Murray had warned her.

He had come in vengeance. Pursuing her relentlessly to this remote end of the world to punish her for flirting with him and flouting him, for hurting his pride. His fierce Ogier pride.

He had come to strike her a crushing blow by persecuting her brother, by dragging the Claiborne name into the dust. There could be no other reason for his taking this case. It was not important enough to bring such a successful lawyer so far.

Oh, I had not thought—I had not thought he would be a man like that.

It was a strange feeling of disappointment rising up in her. Like a duelist who sees an adversary—but a respected adversary—make a murderous and unsportsmanlike lunge.

The words of Captain Murray echoed now in her ears: ". . . their sea lawyer . . . persuaded them to sue."

All the things the judge, her uncle, had said, all the words of praise from the banker that Sunday on the Battery, flooded into her memory, filling her heart with panic, with horrible, sickening fear for her brother.

With parted lips and paling cheeks she stared up at the lawyer. That great New York law firm had bid for his services. "A genius for the law . . . masterly handling. . . ." And for Daniel Claiborne's defense there would be only a plodding Key West lawyer, used to simple salvage cases. This was disaster, disaster! Unconsciously her fingers twisted together under her light shawl in helpless frenzy. What chance had Dan now?

Her eyes remained riveted to the figure of Stephen Ogier like a child who, having carelessly struck a match, sees a terrible conflagration blaze up to destroy her. Yes, it was because of her that Devereaux and Son were pressing a charge of criminal conspiracy against her own brother.

As though from a great distance, the frightened girl heard her mother's voice: "Loxi, do you see that tall young man in the traveling cloak? There is something about the stamp of his features that makes me feel I should know him."

"He is Stephen Ogier, of Charleston, mamma."

"To be sure!" Sally Claiborne's face flushed with pleasure. "How much he resembles his poor father. Not a handsome man, either, but with a fine manner. We will ask him to come home with us to supper, and hear all the news of Charleston."

"Mamma, wait," Loxi began desperately, but her mother was already moving forward as the passengers began to descend.

Now, coming down the gangplank, Stephen Ogier saw Loxi Claiborne at last. He met the defiance in the girl's uplifted face with an oddly set and drawn expression. Of course he must know that she understood why he had come.

But the muscles of his face lost their careful control when he found her waiting for him at the foot of the gang-

plank, and when she politely, though coldly, introduced her mother.

Sally Claiborne welcomed him with a touching warmth. He was not only her daughter's suitor; he was a link to the Charleston of her girlhood. "You do not know how happy I am to have you here. An Ogier in Key West is like having one of my own family arrive. The Ogiers and de Trevilles were so close when I was a girl. Your dear father was always like an older brother to me."

"I have often spoken—I mean my father often spoke —" Stammering and embarrassed, Stephen turned his hatbrim unhappily in his hands.

"You are coming home to supper with us, of course," Mrs. Claiborne pursued. "I have so many questions to ask you."

"You are very kind, but I—I have things to see to. I —"

"Now, now, indeed! Where else would an Ogier eat his first meal in Key West but in my house! Our carriage is this way."

"But really, I —"

Here was a very different young man from the one who had sat in the carriage that Sunday, regarding her with such dignified aloofness. Loxi observed the lawyer's stammering discomfort with a fierce satisfaction. When he had come to Key West to persecute her brother, he had not counted upon meeting her mother. Her sweet, fragile-looking mother, overwhelming him with kindness, unconsciously stabbing into his conscience with every happy little word she spoke.

Loxi looked at him and said blandly, "It is indeed a pity that my brother Daniel is not here. He is away on his schooner, but should be home soon now. Mamma has not been well, so he will try to return as soon as possible."

"Daniel is such a dear lad. You and he will be sure to like each other," Mrs. Claiborne assured him, leading the way to the carriage, quite unaware of the trapped and miserable expression upon Stephen Ogier's face as he saw no way to avoid the unwelcome prospect of an evening in the Claiborne house. In the house on which he was so soon to bring a dark cloud of trouble.

But Loxi's eyes burned upon his flushed face. And as he lost his poise she began to regain her own. Here was no invincible lord, only a lawyer, even though cleverer than most. She was not defeated yet. She would think of something, some way to save Dan.

Just ahead of her, the girl glimpsed a familiar back. Jim Hayward was lounging against a bale of cotton, languidly fanning himself with his palm-leaf hat. Jim was in the office of his father now, an underwriter, but he had been a neighborhood scourge in the days when they had all been growing up together. His family lived directly across the road from the Claibornes on Caroline Street. He was a plump, good-humored, indolent youth who admired Loxi intensely and had always happily forgiven her for the many scrapes into which she had led him.

Loxi stared at that broad back in the wrinkled white coat with a sudden speculative gleam in her eyes. Then she addressed Stephen: "If you will pardon me a moment, I see a friend for whom I have a message."

Through the crowd she wove her way quickly to Jim Hayward's side. She seized his elbow and plunged in without wasting words: "Jim, I am in trouble and need your help. I want to force a man to leave town. At once. Surely we can think of a way—a trick —"



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PLASTIC WOOD

A peculiarly unreal, nightmarish atmosphere hovered over supper in the Claiborne house that night. Loxi sat silent, scarcely eating at all. It was heartbreaking to watch her mother, happy and smiling, making such a gala event of Stephen Ogier's arrival. "To my mind, April and May are the most beautiful months in Key West. May is best for fishing. . . . He must make a trip up along the Keys on the Polaris, mustn't he?"

Stephen, his face looking pale and somewhat haggard in the candlelight, was obviously making a difficult effort at light conversation. Loxi avoided his eyes determinedly. Once or twice she found her mother observing her in a puzzled sort of way, attributing her silence, no doubt, to girlish self-consciousness in the presence of a suitor so intent as to follow her all this way.

"We must have a picnic party at Fleeming Key for Mr. Ogier," said Sally Claiborne. "There's such a pretty stretch of beach."

There was something dreadful about her gaiety—when any one of the three of them could blast her with a single sentence.

Matthew Claiborne, sitting back in his chair, holding his small coffee cup, kept crumbling pilot bread with the other hand. He knew—of course, he knew why Stephen had come.

The talk turned upon the new salt works at the eastern end of the island; the report that Texas, led by a man named Sam Houston, was determined to fight for her freedom; the new treaty that had been signed between Great Britain and Spain to wipe out the slave trade.

"We hear rumors of Americans blackbirding into Cuba now," remarked Stephen.

"They are true rumors—the more shame," rumbled Matthew Claiborne.

"How about the risk of meeting one of our Navy ships in the Caribbean? After all, it is still illegal to carry slaves, whether it be to this country or the West Indies."

"The American blackbirder has a new trick," replied his host. "He runs no risk of capture by our Navy."

"How is that?"

"Simple enough. He sails under his own American flag to the West Coast of Africa and takes on his black cargo right under the noses of the British cruisers patrolling those waters and helpless to stop him. They can't halt and search an American vessel. We've no treaty permitting them to do so, as Spain has. Then, when he nears the West Indies, where there's danger of meeting American frigates, he turns Spanish."

"But I don't understand," Loxi frowned, intensely interested.

"He carries with him a Spanish captain and Spanish papers, got in Cuba by bribery. Once clear of those British vessels looking for Spanish slavers, he hauls down the American flag and raises the Spanish one. Then his is a Spanish vessel, and no American man-of-war can touch him."

"But he still has to land his slaves in Cuba without being caught by the Spanish patrol. Or any lurking Britisher," protested Stephen.

Matthew Claiborne shrugged. "There are few British frigates in West Indian waters. And the Cuban authorities wink at the trade. The officials charge a standard rate of two doubloons a head for turning their backs when a load of blacks arrives."

Mrs. Claiborne looked troubled at this conversation. As Junius came in with a silver basket of fruit she shook

her head warningly at her husband to change the subject.

Mr. Claiborne pressed his napkin to his lips and then inquired of their visitor what late news there was of the Indian war in the Upper Floridas. "The excitement here has died away," he said. "We are still keeping up our water patrol and our guard on land, though not with any great degree of alertness. It seems reasonably certain now that the danger of an Indian attack upon Key West has passed."

"Then you have not heard?" Loxi regarded her father in wide-eyed astonishment. "The Firefly came to port this morning with news of seeing Indian canoes near Key Vaccas."

"No!" exclaimed Matthew Claiborne. "Key Vaccas! That is too close for comfort. Strange, the report had not reached me."

"The master of the Firefly said he could make out a large party of canoes. They appeared to be massing together. And where would they be bound for if not Key West?"

Mrs. Claiborne's face showed alarm. Then she said quickly, "Fortunately, the Government has at last sent us ample ammunition. And no doubt the watch will be doubled tonight."

Loxi addressed Stephen directly for the first time: "The captain of the watch is stationed at our barracks, but that is out Caroline Street way, beyond Elizabeth. There is also a guard at the customhouse, with many stands of arms. If an attack comes, we do not expect it from the harbor, but from the south of the island. The savages will land secretly and creep up upon us through the brush."

There was a pregnant little silence in that room. Somewhere a dog howled dismally, and a branch of the gumbo limbo creaked against the house, swayed by the night wind.

Sally Claiborne gave an involuntary shiver. "I think we might talk about more pleasant things to our guest, Loxi."

"If he is to stay here, mamma," Loxi pointed out gently, "it is well he should be aware of our arrangements against attack. Who knows? He may be of help to us. He is said to be an excellent shot."

"I fear you flatter me," said Stephen politely.

"Oh, we do not expect you to shoot like a Key West wrecker," replied Loxi sweetly, "who can easily bring down a bird from a height of a hundred yards, but I am sure you can shoot well enough to save your scalp, sir."

The moon was a thin, late-risen crescent in the sky when Stephen at last took his leave, explaining that he wished to unpack.

"May I walk down as far as Drusilla's house?" Loxi asked her mother. "I wish to borrow some crimson worsted for my embroidery. I can work a little upon it before I go to bed. Their Sam can bring me home."

Mrs. Claiborne gave her ready assent. She beamed approvingly upon the two of them. Henrietta was right; they made a distinguished pair. And Loxi was obviously more deeply affected by this young man than she would admit. She had not behaved at all like herself the entire evening.

"You must not linger in the night air, my dear," she admonished, as she walked out to the piazza with them. But her daughter was not listening just then. She was looking toward the house across the road, where Jim Hayward lived.

Through the jalousied doors of the Claiborne house the light from the

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crystal candelabra in the center hall cast golden bars across the steps as Stephen and Loxi descended silently.

When the gate clicked behind them, the girl glanced for a brief moment toward the Hayward house again, then she turned to Stephen abruptly. "You came to try the case of the Carlotta, did you not?"

"Yes, but believe me, I —"

"Wait, please; I want to be sure the latch on the gate has caught." Before Stephen could gallantly interpose, she opened it and slammed it again very hard, making a sound that echoed loud and sharp as a signal shot in the silent night. "We had best keep to the middle of the road," she said. "It is very dark in the shadows. Perhaps we should have brought Scipio with a lantern, though he would be a-tremble at the very thought of venturing out while we are in such great danger from the Indians."

As she talked on, they had started down Caroline toward Duval. Over their heads the broad fronds of a palm tree waved restlessly in the soft, ever-present breeze of the island.

Suddenly Loxi stopped, very still and tense. Her hand went fearfully to the arm of the man beside her.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Do you . . . hear something?"

He listened intently. At first he heard only the sighing of the wind. Then his ears became gradually aware of a curious rhythm vibrating steadily against them.

"It sounds like a drum."

"A drum! A drum!" Loxi regarded him wildly.

"Listen," he cautioned.

Now it was coming louder. Still faint, but unmistakable. A muffled, hollow drumbeat.

"It's the *kasi-talki*! The Indian war drum!" Loxi whispered hoarsely, standing as though frozen by horror.

"It sounds near. Almost across the road."

"Sounds carry very far in this air. There may still be time!" Her grip upon his arm became frenzied. "Run! Run as fast as you can! Over the bridge, there, to the customhouse, where the guard is! Oh, run and give the alarm, if you would save all our lives!"

Stephen Ogier was straining his ears toward that pulsating rhythm. The first look of alarm on his face had given place to puzzlement. Then something almost like a twinkle came into his gray eyes, to vanish instantly. And now, at the girl's terrified appeal, he seized her hand.

"Come! We'll go together! I can't leave you here!"

She pulled back. "But my mother—my father!"

"We've no time to lose!" He began half-dragging her down the road. "You, at least, can be safe. Hurry, for heaven's sake, Loxi! The savages may be upon us any minute now!"

"You can run . . . faster . . . without me!" she gasped.

"Don't waste breath talking. I am going to save you in spite of yourself. If you won't run, I will carry you."

His hand, pulling her along, was like a vise over hers. He took her at such a headlong pace that she was afraid of toppling head over heels.

She had not breath or time for further struggle as they whirled left into Duval Street and dashed madly onto the long, narrow footbridge over the shallow pond.

At last, when they were nearly halfway across the shaking planks, and Loxi's breath was coming in tearing,

half-sobbing gasps, Stephen Ogier halted abruptly. So abruptly that the girl stumbled against him and would have fallen had he not caught her.

The sound of the drum was very faint now, almost as faint as the thin chant of the water insects over the pond. Loxi leaned against the side railing of the bridge, fighting for breath. Stephen took a folded handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his forehead, refolded the handkerchief and returned it deliberately to his pocket.

"Now," he said in a casually conversational tone, "tell me. How was that sound made? It's my guess you'd arranged with a confederate who was watching from across the street, and that the clicking of your gate was the signal for him to begin the performance. And I fancy that fine, hollow drumbeat was produced by striking with a club on the top of a cistern. We used to do that, playing Indian in Charleston. Am I correct?"

The girl on the bridge did not answer. She turned her back defiantly and stood gripping the frail railing with both hands, still breathing heavily.

"It is not at all likely, you know, that Indians would make a surprise attack accompanied by a drum. But the stage has lost a splendid actress in you, Miss Claiborne. Let me congratulate you upon your performance."

Still she did not move or answer. The curfew bell rang out, sudden and clear upon the night, and in the distance they could hear the clattering of feet on coral as some belated Negro slave scurried homeward. The rippling of the water in the lovely, coral-bottomed, moon-reflecting pond announced the slow moving of the tide.

The studied lightness had dropped from Stephen's voice when he spoke again: "You thought to make me ridiculous. That was the purpose of your plot, was it not? To have the whole of Key West rocking with laughter at the spectacle of that ripsnooty lawyer from Charleston, running to the guard with his coattails flying, and screaming that the Indians had come, that he'd heard their drums. Scared out of his wits, he was? Yes, I can hear them! I could not have shown my face in court. I would have been literally laughed out of this town. That was what you meant to happen, wasn't it?"

She did not turn, but she said in a faint, husky voice, as she had said to him once before, "Please go . . . now."

But this time Stephen Ogier did not stir. "Please listen to me, Loxi." He was in deadly earnest. "I swear to you that when I left Charleston I did not know your brother was involved in the case of the Carlotta. My firm handles legal matters for Devereaux and Son. They came to me with the tale of the Carlotta and the high rate of salvage. I felt certain that McQuade had made a dishonest agreement with the wrecking vessel and that the master of that vessel could be sued. Devereaux feared they could not win in this court, that it would be prejudiced on the side of wreckers. I did not believe this would be so." He paused, and the girl beside him moved a little, but did not speak again.

"I took the case. McQuade had to come as witness or admit his barratry at once and forfeit his master's license. In my talk with him in Charleston, he had merely referred to his negotiations with 'the mate.' We were on the way here before I learned that the mate's

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name was Claiborne." He passed his hand across his forehead. "The irony of this is that I urged Devereaux to sue because it meant that I would see you again. That should amuse you . . . now."

She turned to face him then, in passionate appeal: "It is not too late. You can drop this case. You can return on the Laura and say that you found you could not win. You can do that! Dan is not dishonest. He is heedless, and only thought he was doing good business. Please do not shame him, do not disgrace him!"

"Loxi —" he began, but she would not let him speak. Her hand was on his sleeve now, her face lifted despairingly to his own.

"I know I have no right to ask such a grace of you. I treated you ill. The night in Charleston, when you threw me into the water, I hated you with a black hatred. But afterward—I will be truthful—I was glad you had done that. When I had returned to Key West and had taken time for thinking, I realized how unhappy my mother would have been had I run away from Charleston in a cloud of scandal. You were right to stop me that night."

He knew—oh, he knew how hard it was for Loxi Claiborne to say that!

"But it isn't for myself that I'm begging you now to go—go back on the Laura at once. It isn't even for my brother, though I would die for him. It is for my mother. You know the story of my uncle, André de Treville?"

He answered "Yes" in a low voice.

"That nearly killed her. It cast a shadow on her whole life. How can she bear it—how can she bear it, if she must see her son publicly dishonored? I won't let you do that to her!"

She was crying now, shaking, frantic sobs. She swayed against him, and Stephen Ogier's arms went out hungrily and drew her head gently against his shoulder.

"Loxi! Loxi!" His voice was low and taut. "You said you would die for your brother. I would give my life for you. I wish it were so easy a thing you ask of me. Because I love you. I love you, though I know you do not love me. Though I think perhaps another man already has your heart. Your face gazes at me from the pages of my law books, so I cannot work. I love you for something deep and warm and fine and dear in you. I love your bravery and loyalty. I would be happy to spend my life protecting you from ill . . . and it is my fate to bring you disaster!"

She drew away from him, and he did not try to stop her. His face was haggard and harrowed, his eyes dark and tortured.

"Don't you see—don't you see I cannot betray the faith of those who sent me here? I cannot dishonor my lawyer's oath and go back and lie to them. That is the one thing I cannot do, even if by doing so I could still win your love."

"Then you are determined to bring my brother into court and charge him with knavery?"

It was not a question. It was a statement of fact. Her face was no longer anguished and pleading. It had become as cold and set as that of a marble statue, though there was still the dampness of tears upon her cheeks.

"Can't you see? You must see —" His desperate phrases, trying to break through to her, begging for her understanding, died upon his lips. He said, "When this is over, I will help your brother to a new berth. That, at least,

I can promise. There are men in shipping firms who trust my judgment, and —"

"My brother would never accept such charity. And I am sorry I humbled myself to beg your help. I will ask nothing of you again."

He made no reply, and the girl in the pale yellow frock stood there regarding him for a moment in silence, shivering a little in the wind, like slender sea grass swayed by the rippling tide.

When she spoke again, it was slowly and quietly, and her eyes rested gravely upon his face: "I do not think you know what you do in coming here . . . to try to disgrace a Claiborne in Key West. We are very close here and strangely democratic. My brother and I are friends with every wrecker, every pilot, every fisherman in Key West. Their work is dangerous and violent. Such men are prone to act upon their passions, and think afterward."

"You are threatening me?"

"No, I am not." She gave him a long, sober look. "I am warning you. If you bring the case of the Carlotta to court, you will not likely leave this island unharmed. Good night, sir."

It was three days later that the shrill screaming of a macaw awakened Loxi in the very early morning. She lay for a moment in sleep-drugged bewilderment. Then she remembered that she was in the Havana, at the house of her father's friend, Pedro Fernandez. She opened her eyes upon the whitewashed walls of her low-ceilinged room and stretched luxuriously. The bed was a mere cross-legged frame of wood with canvas stretched across it and provided with a pair of thin sheets, but it suited this tropical climate. Feeling rested and refreshed, she pushed aside the mosquito-netting shroud and slipped on her cambric peignoir.

No one else in that low, sprawling, tile-roofed house seemed to be astir. But Loxi knew that her father, always an early riser, would be up and about somewhere. She wondered if her mother was awake yet, and at thought of her mother the shadows stole across her face once more.

It was on Sunday that Stephen Ogier had arrived in Key West. On Monday he had gone to Judge Webb and secured an order attaching the Falcon's share of the Carlotta's cargo. This was still in the Pardon Greene warehouse, as sufficient time for getting news of its sale to prospective buyers had not elapsed. He had also instituted proceedings against Captain Cutler and his first mate.

On that same day Matthew Claiborne had decided to take the Polaris immediately to Cuba to confer with the owner of his sugar plantation, for it was the grinding season now. "I think it would make a pleasant trip for you and your mamma, if you wish to come with me," he said to Loxi. "We may stay a week or more."

The Havana . . . Jack, Jack . . . the Havana. Loxi had struggled to keep that sudden glow, that unbelieving joy out of her face. For Jack Babcock's run was to the Havana now, and only ten days ago there had come from New Bedford a letter—not by the regular mail packet, for they could not risk his ardent messages falling under the eyes of her parents—saying that he was leaving on a voyage soon. He was awaiting some repairs to his vessel. He would try to let her know when he would reach the Havana, and perhaps somehow, somehow —

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For 6 people

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 ½ to ¾ lb. salami, cut in strips 1 large cucumber, thinly sliced
 ½ lb. Swiss cheese, cut in strips 2 green peppers, cut in thin rings
 4 to 6 sliced hard-cooked eggs 1 cup chopped celery
 ¼ lb. smoked herring, cut in strips 1 lb. string beans, cooked & marinated
 4 tomatoes, cut in eighths 1 small can artichoke hearts

THEN: Mix in salad bowl:
 1 teaspoon salt ¼ teaspoon pepper
 ½ teaspoon sugar Touch of garlic (optional)
 1 teaspoon dry mustard ¼ cup Wesson Oil
 1 teaspoon paprika ¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice

Fill the salad bowl with chilled lettuce, chicory, or other greens broken into mouth-size pieces and toss thoroughly with the dressing.

NOW, serve a portion of the salad greens to each guest, who then places on top of his greens, his choice of the other ingredients from the side dishes. He mixes all together to get the benefit of the dressing. If he chooses, he may add more dressing.

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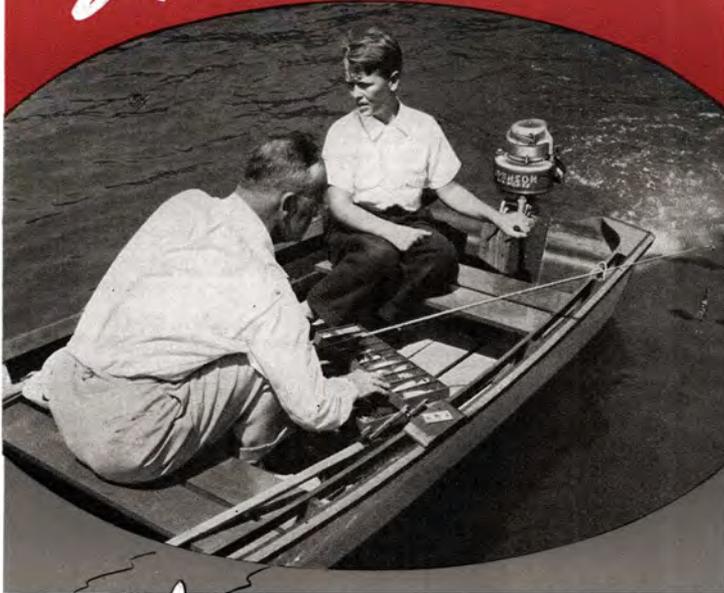
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after all the nights she had lain awake, scheming a reason for such a trip.

"I should be very happy to go," she told her father with forced sedateness. "And you will persuade your mamma?"

He did not look at her directly as he spoke, and she suddenly understood that the real purpose of the proposed trip was to get her mother away from Key West, to protect her as long as possible from the news about Daniel. Studying her father's face, Loxi was certain that he was deeply troubled about his son, but she also knew that it would be useless to try to talk to him concerning Dan. He had never made friends of his children—perhaps he had not known how—and, though they stood there together, father and daughter, one flesh and blood, there was no means of communication between them. She had felt suddenly terribly alone.

"I am sure mamma will want to go," she had said. "May we take Drusilla with us? She was planning to visit her aunt in the Havana before taking the packet from there to New Bedford. She would be delighted to travel on the Polariss."

Drusilla was going to visit the Alstons in New Bedford, and then to Boston to buy her trousseau. Never having been north of Indian Key, she was in a Latin frenzy of excitement. Her faraway aunt, Mrs. James Alston, had unexpectedly seen fit to notice this half-Spanish offspring of her husband's younger brother, now that she was about to marry into an excellent family. Accordingly, the invitation had been issued.

For all of their long friendship, Loxi reflected, as she turned back into that room in the silent Fernandez house and stood brushing her hair before the mirror, she could never quite understand the girl her brother was to marry. There was this matter of Dan's implication in the case of the Carlotta. Drusilla was remarkably unperturbed by it. She had a Cuban's easygoing attitude toward business ethics. She had even expressed to Loxi the blithe and surprising conviction that Mr. Claiborne, being a man of means, would "arrange matters" with the judge to keep the family name from being brought into court. Life, Loxi considered, would always be simple for Drusilla.

A purple-turbaned maid knocked with the customary cup of morning chocolate, and Loxi sipped it as she slowly finished dressing. The city was awakening and she could hear the big market carts rumbling by on the rutted street. Could Jack really be in the Havana now? And, if he was, how was she to find him, to see him? Oh, surely, if he was here, she would know it by something in the very air.

At ten o'clock there was the usual heavy Cuban breakfast that ended with wine and black coffee. When the little pan of live charcoal was brought to light the gentlemen's cigars, portly Señora Fernandez went about her household duties, and Loxi returned to her room to get her bonnet and then went to kiss her mother, who had remained in bed with a headache. She wanted to do some shopping before the noonday heat descended.

Matthew Claiborne was awaiting his overseer to arrange for the purchase of an iron sugar engine. The overseer arrived as Loxi came down in her bonnet, and he swept off his wide sombrero with an admiring "¡A los pies de usted, señorita." He was a tall and striking caballero, with a brilliant scarf tied

rakishly round his waist. He wore bright morocco boots with silver spurs. A silver-hilted machete and an ebony-handled dagger dangled smartly from his heavily embroidered belt.

They made a dashing procession as they set forth, Loxi and her father in the glossy painted *volanta*, the long-shafted, two-wheeled carriage of Cuba, and the overseer riding behind on a prancing white horse, its bridle adorned with colored wools. Loxi wrinkled her nose a little at the odors, and her ears were deafened by the shrill, incessant clamor that was the voice of this town.

She left her father at a large mercantile establishment near the harbor. Promising to return for him shortly, she gave her red-jacketed *calesero* an address on the Calle Obispo.

This was a jewelry shop where she hoped to find a bon-voyage gift for Drusilla. Its wooden sign, like those on other Havana shops, disdained to give any indication of its business. A gaudily painted *caballero* was pictured extending his hand to another gentleman. This was the sign of "el buen amigo"—"the good friend."

In the Havana a young lady did not enter a shop alone. Loxi waited in the *volanta* while her coachman, who rode on the back of the horse in Cuban fashion, swung himself down and called the proprietor. This silversmith was a gnomelike, yellow-tinged little Spaniard with whom Loxi had dealt before, and he came out, bowing and beaming, followed by a black boy bearing trays of delicately fashioned trinkets. There were silver pastille boxes and brooches encrusted with semiprecious stones, and cassiolettes set with pearls.

The girl in the carriage pored over these treasures with exclamations of delight. At last she held up a pair of earrings, lovely little circlets of seed pearls. "How much?"

"Fifty reals, señorita."

"I will give you forty." This was traditional, this was expected.

"Forty-eight," countered the smith.

"Do not give him a real over forty-five," advised an amused voice close at her elbow.

She turned so swiftly that she nearly knocked over the tray. All the color left her cheeks as she cried out, "¡Jack!"

He was standing there on the narrow, curblike sidewalk. He had discarded his seaman's uniform for the cooler white duck of the tropics. It was cut with a narrow-kneed, slim-jacketed Spanish swagger, and his handsome dark face was even browner by contrast with the stark white.

He said, "I saw you from across the street. I thought at first I must be touched by the sun or that I'd the yellow fever. I could not think that my eyes were really looking upon you."

Loxi stammered, "I thought that perhaps—that you would be in the Havana. But I was not certain."

"I wrote you before I left New Bedford, telling you the time of my arrival, and hoping and praying you would find a way to be here. But I must have traveled faster than my letter. I'm master of a fast ship, the Rising Sun. She's a fine, big vessel, nine hundred and sixty tons burthen. I brought her to port yesterday."

"Will you be in the Havana long?"

"Two weeks, I think. We're taking on a large and valuable cargo—cedar and mahogany logs, cigars, sugar and rum."

Words weaving a sort of screen between them. But suddenly the man's voice broke almost harshly through that light tissue of impersonal sentences: "Loxi! How can I stand here



in the street just looking at you? I must see you alone—I must talk to you!" He pressed his hand against the side of the carriage. "I am on my way to an appointment with the Alston Havana agent. Where are you staying? When can I see you?"

Loxi considered a moment. "I am with my parents at the Fernandez home. Drusilla Alston and I are going to the concert in the Plaza de Armas tonight with her aunt, Señora Ximenez."

"I will be there," he said. "I will find my way to your side. And I will try to live until then. Watch for me."

Then abruptly he was gone. The little silversmith moved his tray of bangles suggestively. The girl in the *volanta* brushed her hand across her forehead as though awakening from a dream. She picked up the earrings again. "Forty reals," she said.

Dinner in Cuba was at three and it seemed an interminable meal that day. Loxi sat fidgeting at the long, flower-heaped table while the Fernandez family lingered over the great silver basket filled with *sapodillas*, pomegranates, guavas and oranges, the coconut dipped in lemon sirup, the thick black coffee.

Señor Fernandez owned a *cafetal* in the hills, but he had a finger—a slim, aristocratic finger—in many another of the island's enterprises and knew all that happened. He sat peeling an orange, relating a tale in his bland, fluid Spanish voice: "So my friend provided this slaver with the merchandise to offer the traders at Benin, or perhaps it was Trade Town. Provided it at cost only, with the understanding that he was to share in the profits from the 'sacks of charcoal' brought back and smuggled into Cuba. Well, the vessel came back in ballast, and the master, who was also owner, reported he had been boarded by pirates—pirates, now!—on the return voyage and his cargo of blacks stolen. What could my friend do? He could not go to court!" The eyes of Señor Fernandez twinkled. "That cargo was landed, of course, but not in Cuba. It would have become known. The opinion is that the schooner took them to the Tortugas, and from there they were transhipped to a waiting vessel and sent to the Brazilian plantations."

Matthew Claiborne frowned. He was a slave owner, but, like many another, believed in the abolishment of the trade, in keeping down the preponderance of blacks in the West Indies. "I have heard of no such devilry as that at the Tortugas, but I do not like the thought of it. The Tortugas are close neighbors of Key West."

Their host was still smiling at his own bit of gossip. "It was a clever trick, though. How do you say it—a Yankee trick? You will pardon me, but he was a Yankee, this owner. The Yankees are taking over the slave running to the Spanish-Americas since the treaty. Taking it over rapidly."

"So I have heard," said the Key West merchant shortly.

"They have those new fast schooners. They have organization." The Spaniard smiled urbanely. "You Americans, you have a genius for organization. When we Spaniards break the law, it is in a haphazard fashion. But you Americans —" He turned the orange thoughtfully on the tips of his fingers as though it were the globe of the world. "There is an American here—Señor Ranstone, usually called 'the pockmarked one.' He is becoming a man of great affairs. He makes the arrangements for the American vessels—secures their false Spanish sailing papers for the return trip, bribes the officials, posts pilots at Rocky Key, Crocodile, Isle of Pines, French Key. He has agents at Guanimar and Punta Del Guanál—these are favorite landing places—to facilitate the handling of the cargo. He works on commission."

"A dirty business," growled Matthew Claiborne.

"But enormously profitable. There is the *Venus* out of Baltimore. She cost a hundred thousand dollars in your money. She has made one trip, at a profit of a hundred and fifty thousand. It is possible to make two voyages a year, and if both are successful"—he threw out his hands with an eloquent gesture—"a fortune in a year!"

"Is there no way of enforcing the law?" Mrs. Claiborne joined the conversation.

"While there is a demand, señora, it will be met. And these newly bought slaves, the *bozals*, are the strongest workers on the plantations."

"My overseer buys no *bozals*," asserted the American planter, "and my yield is satisfactory."

"You have a clever overseer, perhaps," Señor Fernandez murmured with a somewhat cryptic expression, and he signaled for the fruit to be removed, the cigars to be brought.

As Matthew Claiborne reached for one of the fine *Dos Amigos*, he addressed his daughter abruptly, "I am returning to Key West on the *Polaris* tomorrow, Biloxi. I have decided there are matters that need my attention, and now that the spring storms have begun, Captain Murray should not be away from the Keys. Señora Fernandez has persuaded your mother to remain here for a visit to the *cafetal*. You may stay also, or return with me."

"I will —" She had been about to cry out joyously that she would stay. But she would not go to the coffee plantation—not with Jack Babeck in the Havana. She would stay with Drusilla, who would help her to find many opportunities for seeing the captain.

Then she remembered, and her heart sank. The case of the Carlotta would be coming to trial. Her mother was safe in the Havana now, and she could be at her brother's side. He needed her now, as he never had before. She thought of Stephen Ogier, and unconsciously her chin lifted a little. When he rose in court, he would find her there, at her brother's side, proud and defiant.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE GIRL FROM SYRACUSE

(Continued from Page 11)

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reporters on police-headquarters details. Her career has everything, including coverage of revolutions and subjection to machine-gun fire. In power and prestige, she is rivaled among her sex only by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and if she wants to, Miss Thompson can take satisfaction in the knowledge that she came up over a thornier path.

In 1938 an article which she wrote for Foreign Affairs on the plight of refugees reached President Roosevelt's desk. At his instance, the State Department extended invitations to thirty nations for a conference on the refugee problem. It was held at Evian, France, four months later. A single radio talk in behalf of Herschel Grynszpan, the distraught refugee who shot and killed a Nazi attaché in Paris, unexpectedly attracted donations totaling \$40,000 from her listeners. In her broadcast Miss Thompson had made no appeal for donations. Of the amount volunteered, \$10,000 was sent abroad to obtain the services of the best criminal lawyer in Paris, and the remainder was given to various funds for refugee relief.

These and other instances of the influence which she is able to wield have not been without their effect on Miss Thompson.

"I'll fix it; I'll write a column about it," is a way she has of capping a conversation about something that needs reforming.

Her column is got together in a hectic atmosphere with the help of three secretaries whose first names are, by an odd coincidence, Madelon, Madeline and Madeleine. One secretary spends all her working time in Miss Thompson's office at the Herald Tribune, which the columnist rarely visits, answering telephone calls and replying to the 250-odd letters which are received there each day. The columnist reads few of the letters. Framed

on the wall of the office is the Gestapo expulsion order which was served on Miss Thompson in 1934. Near it is a James Thurber cartoon from The New Yorker. It depicts a man dashing off a letter while his wife says to a visitor: "He's giving Dorothy Thompson a piece of his mind."

Aides-de-Camp

The other two secretaries, using the office as a base of operations, do Miss Thompson's research. They read French, British and German publications and clip items which may be of interest to their employer, and also check information at libraries and other sources. Miss Thompson may summon one or both of them to her apartment on a moment's notice to take dictation and keep them up until all hours if she is in the pursuit of a hot idea. One of the secretaries takes care of Miss Thompson's personal and household accounts. Among the aides' other tasks is that of keeping the col-

umnist supplied with silk stockings. She is hard on hosiery and waits until she is down to her last pair, then orders a dozen at a time.

How a Column is Written

On the Record comes out three times a week, and because of the haste with which it must be assembled, its author never has time to wait upon the ordinary mails for information. Facts come to her by air mail, messenger, telegram, cablegram and long-distance telephone. Her phone bills are fantastic. If she feels that she must talk to a prospective informant, she calls him promptly, even if he is in Hollywood or Bangkok. Her transoceanic calls have fallen off some since the war began, because of interference by the censors, but they still account for a sizable chunk of her business expenses. To keep her wire clear for emergencies, she has her number privately listed, but she is always thoughtlessly giving it to people she meets at parties and forgetting she has done so. Every few months the calls from these casual acquaintances begin to pile up and she gets her number changed.

As she keeps late hours, Miss Thompson awakes around ten o'clock. For an hour or two she sits up in bed reading letters, clippings and passages in books at a rapid pace. Then, if it is a day on which she is to do a column, she summons one of her secretaries. Not all of her columns are composed in bed, nor are they all dictated. When coming to grips with an especially knotty problem, she gets dressed and goes into her study, where she writes out her thoughts in pencil on a large yellow tablet. Afterward, with gestures, she reads aloud what she has written: to a secretary, if one is handy, otherwise to no one in particular.

When satisfied with the way it sounds, she has it typed and sends it

by messenger to the syndicate office, which is in the Herald Tribune Building. A syndicate reader checks it for possible libel and sends it on to one of the Thompson secretaries for a final research check. The manuscript then goes through the editorial-room copy desk where grammatical errors are caught, and is sent to the composing room to be set in type. Most of the papers which use On the Record get galley proofs by air mail. A few take it by telegraph.

Miss Thompson and Sinclair Lewis have a 250-acre farm near Woodstock, Vermont, where she lives from June to September. Two of these months are devoted to loafing, or to that approximation of loafing of which an active woman is capable. The columnist gardens a bit and talks a great deal of exercise, but doesn't take much of it. During the rest of the summer she writes her column as usual, doing some of her research in the library of Dartmouth College, which is not far away. She borrows books from the library and



An original Thompson doodle. When phoning she invariably draws heads which are idealized versions of herself as a girl.

forgets to bring them back, but the college authorities, who made her a Doctor of Humane Letters in 1938, are more honored than angry. The column is mailed, telegraphed or telephoned to the Herald Tribune, depending upon how much time there is. If telephoned, it goes through the same routine as dispatches which the paper's correspondents send by that medium from Europe—it is recorded on a disk and turned over to a typist for transcription.

Much of Miss Thompson's day-to-day life is built around the refugee problem which her *bête noire*, Hitler, has done so much to help create. She contributes to the support of scores of the victims and is always ready to part with a twenty or fifty dollar bill when a new one comes to her for aid. For two years, at odd intervals, she worked with a refugee actor, Fritz Kortner, on a play which was intended to dramatize the sufferings of the homeless wanderers whom the Nazis have cast adrift. Under the title, *Another Sun*, the play was produced on Broadway last February. The critics, while friendly to its intentions, almost unanimously dismissed it as inept, and a few used the word "hysterical" in describing it. The production closed after eleven performances.

Miss Thompson's reaction, which was emotional and violent, was to align herself with a small school of playwrights who consider the critics to be vindictive and irresponsible assassins. She publicly deplored the supposed fact that a handful of reviewers can make or break a play—a thesis to which the successes of Abie's Irish Rose, Tobacco Road and Hellzapoppin seem to present obstacles—and put the critics down in her future-book for a keelhauling. Sooner or later the drama slayers will get theirs from Miss Thompson, and get it aplenty.

Germany's Protectress

With a generosity that is characteristic of her, the tyro playwright sent a bonus of fifty dollars to each of the eleven members of the cast, to make up in part for the payless days they spent in rehearsing. Then she valved out the head of steam which her Broadway misadventure had generated within her by sitting down and writing an erudite article, 9000 words long, for *Foreign Affairs*. She considers it one of the best pieces she has ever done. That is another interesting facet of Dorothy Thompson—on the heels of her greatest disappointments she bobs up with her most spectacular achievements. The pattern is detectable throughout her career. "Resilient" is, among others, the word for Dorothy.

To an extraordinary extent, Miss Thompson has identified herself, much as Hitler has done, with the welfare of the Reich. At times, it seems as if she were setting herself up in opposition as the Protectress of the True Germany. She has described her feeling for it as one of frustrated love.

"I am one of the few real pro-Germans in this country," she has many times said in answering objections to her hectoring of *Der Fuehrer*. The warmth of her feeling was revealed in a preface which she wrote to Kurt Schuschnigg's *My Austria*, which was published a few years ago. In it, she spoke of herself as one who would have given up her life to save Austria from the Nazis. The statement was joshed in some quarters, but close friends of Miss Thompson credit her with the courage to go through with just such a sacri-

ficial act. Dying for ideas is an old human custom, they point out.

Miss Thompson's love of things German and Austrian dates back to the years of happy living which she enjoyed in those lands and the many friendships which she made there. Her hatred of Hitler seems to spring primarily from what she considers his desecration of these scenes, his perversion of Germanic culture and his ruthless destruction of her friends' lives and fortunes. Possibly, too, a classic misjudgment of Hitler's capacity for leadership, which she made before he came into power, has had something to do with the vehemence of her present passion to destroy him.

Adding Up Hitler

Her impression of him was based upon an interview she obtained in 1931. It was published first as a magazine article and later in book form, under the rather triumphant title, *I Saw Hitler!* She wrote: "When finally I walked into Adolph Hitler's salon in the Kaiserhof Hotel, I was convinced that I was meeting the future dictator of Germany. In something less than fifty seconds I was quite sure that I was not. It took just about that time to measure the startling insignificance of this man who has set the world agog."

"He is formless, almost faceless, a man whose countenance is a caricature, a man whose framework seems cartilaginous, without bones. He is inconsequential and voluble, ill-poised, insecure. He is the very prototype of the Little Man. . . . There is something irritatingly refined about him. I bet he crooks his little finger when he drinks a cup of tea."

Miss Thompson predicted, correctly, that Hitler would soon be elected to the chancellorship, but expressed certainty that he would be unable to match wits with other German leaders and would be lost in the shuffle. "I thought of this man before me, seated, as an equal, between Hindenburg and Bruening, and involuntarily I smiled," she wrote, adding, "Oh, Adolph! Oh, Adolph! You will be out of luck!"

On the other hand, her antipathy for *Der Fuehrer* may be based upon pure, ice-cold logic.

For a sizable part of the past decade, he has been her personal devil. Her husband, who likes to feel indifferent to international crises, has been quoted as remarking jocularly that if he ever sues for divorce he intends to name Hitler as co-respondent.

Miss Thompson speaks excellent German and at her parties sometimes discourses with European visitors entirely in that tongue, to the mild distress of guests who want to appreciate her thoughts, but cannot understand German. She delights in fussing around her Vermont kitchen, making Viennese dishes. The kitchen is a model of Teutonic neatness. In orderly rows on the shelves stand red-and-white metal containers which are lettered Pfeffer, Salz, Brot, Zucker and Kaffee, instead of their English equivalents, Pepper, Salt, Bread, Sugar and Coffee. A garden sign warning, in German, of a biting dog, hangs in her dining room. It is a souvenir of her days of residence in Berlin.

Of Miss Thompson's five servants, four are blond Germans, and Nazi sympathizers to boot. Friends have repeatedly warned her of the hazards inherent in admitting a hostile ideology to her pantry, but she laughs at them. She takes the position that she hired the staff for service, not for political

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allegiance or personal friendship, and says that she is satisfied with their work. She overpays them, as she does everyone else who works for her, and when in Vermont lends them her automobile to take out on basket picnics on their day off. What the picnickers have to say over the ham and potato salad would doubtless make interesting reading.

Around home, the Nazi servitors make no effort to conceal their distaste for the numerous refugees upon whom they have to wait, and they no doubt think that America is a queer place, indeed. The fifth servant is Marie, a French cook. Marie, according to Miss Thompson, is the only person in New York, excluding herself, who knows how to make clear beef broth properly. The pair also share, in Miss Thompson's estimation, pre-eminence in the art of buttering bread for tea. (You butter the end of the loaf first, then cut off a thin slice, butter the end again and slice, and so on. Bread which is sliced first and buttered afterward is likely to have holes gouged in it.) If Dorothy Thompson has any pet hates which rival her aversion for Hitler, they are bungled broth and clumsily buttered tea bread.

The storminess of Miss Thompson's *Kampf* with Hitler has tended to obscure her views on the present and future of the United States. This is unfortunate, as these opinions represent an interesting philosophy which had grown over the years in the mind of an alert and perceptive observer of the American scene. Miss Thompson has at different times been called a radical and a conservative, which is not surprising, since she is, under varying aspects, both. Perhaps this is the chief reason why, in a nation puzzled over conflicting approaches to basic problems, her column is popular: she speaks for the regime and the opposition.

A Political Philosophy

She admires President Roosevelt and likes much of the New Deal, particularly its awakening of a social consciousness, but believes that, on the whole, the Administration has missed the train. She thinks that it has inhibited productive energy by curbing individual initiative and she abhors, as a totalitarian trend, its centralizing of political power in Washington. She thinks a good dose of decentralization, including the industrial, would benefit the country. New York City is, to her, a monstrosity from any angle. Vermont, which has preserved an eighteenth-century form of society almost intact, is her ideal of a place to live.

Miss Thompson would approve of public spending as a pump primer on a scale which the New Deal has not yet dared to suggest, provided the money went into building up or conserving what she calls the public estate. By this she means forests, lands for production, schoolhouses and other items of the national plant. Her objection to the New Deal spending is that too much of it has produced nothing tangible in the way of economic wealth and has left gaping deficits. The concept of wide-scale planning, which is a bogey to other critics, does not frighten Dorothy Thompson. She thinks that if America is ever to realize its full promise, planning will have to be undertaken on a heroic pattern, probably on a regional basis. She would make sure that the men who did the planning were strictly nonpolitical officials. She thinks that public ownership which destroys soundly operating private en-

deavor is an economic waste. But she would approve of it in instances where private operation results in concentration of too much power or where it fails to produce dividends for shareholders.

One of her favorite indoor pastimes is lambasting an audience of capitalists for permitting their greedier brethren to gum up our economy. She tells them that old-style capitalism is doomed. They seem to like it and continually ask for more. This phenomenon may be attributable to a feeling that she is really talking about the other fellow or to the sure knowledge that when Miss Thompson berates private enterprise, she does so with a red apple behind her back.

The red apple disconcerts left-wing liberals. One of them was seated near Miss Thompson at a dinner at which she was holding forth animatedly on the subject of capitalism. When she had finished, he said, "Dorothy, I've always liked and admired you, and I

struggle, but she adds cryptically that we may "if it proves to our interest to do so." It is hard to say just where this leaves the question of America and the European war. But it may be said reasonably that Miss Thompson is farther away from the isolationist camp than any American outside the membership of the plainly labeled Anglophile and Francophile societies. A talk with her on the condition of the world leaves an ordinary person amazed at the breadth of her intellectual canvas. She sees this war as just one manifestation of a world revolution that has been going on for some time; in the next ten years, she predicts, the United States will undergo a revolution of its own, probably a peaceful one, possibly a violent one. It is difficult for even so distinguished a prophetess as Dorothy Thompson to be any more definite, at this distance.

People often remark upon the English pronunciations and idioms which

sonage near the glass works. By the time the regular pastor got back, the Thompsons had decided to stay in the United States and take out citizenship papers. They never did get back to England. Two years after Dorothy's birth they had a son, Willard, and two years after that another daughter, Margaret. By that time the Rev. Mr. Thompson had held several upstate pastorates.

Dorothy rebelled against her world from the start. She made her maiden attempt to run away from the parsonage when she was three years old and her father had a congregation in Clarence, New York. Accompanied by a neighbor's child she set out, carrying a buggy umbrella for protection against the weather. They were found a few hours later, asleep under the umbrella on a lawn several blocks away. A year later, in Tonawanda, she tried flight again, taking along another small friend. They were located in a neighbor's gooseberry patch, sound asleep. A noteworthy feature about Dorothy's escapades was that she always managed to get someone else involved in them. She was a sort of Little Lulu in many respects.

Tomboy Thompson

As Willard grew into the walking stage, he became her foil. Willard was a fat lad and easily persuaded. Once she took him for a ride in his old perambulator and let go of the handle on a steep hill. At the end of a wild ride, Willard was pitched out. His arm was broken. It was an education being Dorothy's younger brother. When Willard recovered, Dorothy catwalked along a porch rail and dared him to follow suit. He took the dare and fell, cracking his head against the corner of a flower box. Once she induced him to run away with her. They sat under a tree in a public park for their first meal, and Dorothy handed Willard a loaf of bread and a carving knife which she had taken from her mother's kitchen. Willard cut his finger trying to slice the bread and ran home, crying, and the expedition was over.

Try as he would, Willard could never come up to his elder sister's expectations of him. As today, she insisted upon high standards of performance. Once the minister gave his children two cents apiece with which to buy valentines. They pooled their pennies and Dorothy persuaded Willard to go into a store and dicker for bargains in big lacy valentines, while the girls waited outside. After some conscientious haggling, Willard found that the lacy cards came too high and emerged carrying a stack of comic valentines which he had picked up at ten for a penny. He appealed for approval. His elder sister tore his purchases into bits and burst into tears.

Dorothy was gawky and a tomboy. She could shin up a tree for apples and she was a daredevil aerialist. In a gymnasium which she had rigged up in the hayloft, she would catch her feet in the ropes of a trapeze and swing almost to the rafters, with her pigtailed and petticoats flying. She could swing, holding on by her knees or heels, and walk a tightrope, using a parasol for a balance. As a climax to a circus which she organized, she jumped out the hayloft window, with an umbrella for a parachute, and fractured her collarbone.

As a parson's daughter, she was a minor neighborhood scandal, but her father, a gentle man with an affection for the simpler gaieties, never rebuked

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LITTLE LULU

still do, but I don't like the Dorothy Thompson who is grooming herself for the presidency of the D.A.R." Miss Thompson, who has an explosive temper, bit her lip and flushed, but said nothing. She left the party early.

Few of Miss Thompson's views have brought more criticism than those which she has advanced on the present war. Isolationists see in her hysteria-daubed intimations of Armageddon an unexpressed conviction that the United States ought to be fighting alongside the Allies. One editorial writer wondered whether she would feel any differently if her young son were of military age. Miss Thompson considers the isolationist's hopelessly narrow. She believes, with probably most Americans, that our interests lie patently on the side of Allied victory and that, therefore, we should operate a neutrality that is benevolent to that side. She considers silly the argument that selling armament to France and England might draw us into the war. Privately, she has said that she does not think America will get into the

crop up in Miss Thompson's speech, not realizing that she is English by blood. Except for a geographical accident, she would have been born in England. Her father, the Rev. Peter Thompson, was a Britisher. He came here to visit a brother who lived in the Middle West, and during his stay met an Englishwoman named Margaret Grierson, whom he married. Both were eager to get back home and together they set out for New York, from where they intended to take ship. During a stopover in Buffalo, probably for a look at Niagara Falls, they made the acquaintance of another Methodist clergyman from England, who was even more homesick than they were. He had a small congregation of glass workers in the industrial town of Lancaster, near Buffalo. Out of sympathy, Peter Thompson agreed to remain and occupy the pulpit until the preacher could go home on leave and return. The preacher's absence was a long one, and meanwhile Dorothy, the Thompsons' first child, was born in the par-



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(Continued from Page 126)

her. When Dorothy was seven and the family was living in Hamburg, her mother died and the minister's oldest sister, Aunt Lizzie, came in and took charge of the household. Aunt Lizzie was white-haired and ageless. She wore a white lace collar, a black dress and a bonnet tied beneath her chin with a white organdy bow, and she had reared ten children of her own. Her discipline was as crisp as her bonnet. She insisted upon sulphur and molasses as a spring tonic, but she decorated wonderful Christmas trees and gave lots of corn-popping parties. During the reign of Aunt Lizzie, the parsonage was a happy place.

The air began to cloud up one day when the church organist, a Miss Eliza Abbott, invited the Thompson children to tea. Margaret was excited. Dorothy was skeptical and angry. She stamped her foot.

"I know what she wants," Dorothy said. "She wants father, and I won't have it. I won't let her. I've heard the big girls talking. They all say Miss Abbott is setting her cap. They say she waits so she can be the last one out of church on Sunday, so he'll have to walk home with her. Aunt Lizzie says all the unmarried ladies carry on like a lot of hussies, coming here at all hours on any old excuse just so they can see father, but she's the worst. I won't go there. I don't want any stepmother. We've got Aunt Lizzie, haven't we?" The speech was such a memorable event in the family that it is still remembered by Margaret, who is now married and living in Chicago, and Willard, who is a New York engineer.

Dorothy's father heard her champing and called her into his study. In a few minutes she came out and said she guessed that she would go, after all. After the tea, Margaret said: "Wasn't she lovely to us? She never said a word about marrying father. You must have been wrong."

"You wait and see," replied Dorothy, a Cassandra at the age of ten.

In the following week, the Rev. Mr. Thompson broke the news. He told the children that they needed a mother and that since Aunt Lizzie was getting old and had done her share, it wasn't fair to ask her to go on. He and Eliza Abbott were going to be married; if everyone did his part, the family would go on being a happy one. Dorothy wept, but agreed to try being a dutiful stepdaughter. She promised that she would even call Eliza "mother."

Stepmother Trouble

Dorothy was a prim and reserved flower girl. The ladies of the congregation cooed over the bride. The scent of flowers was sweet and cloying. Margaret was ecstatic. Willard gorged on ice cream and cake, and became sick. The bridal couple were showered with rice as they left on a honeymoon.

They returned on a hot August day, and Eliza had the Ladies' Aid to tea on the front porch. The children were dressed in their Sunday clothes.

"Married two weeks," said the hostess to her guests, "and already I have a lovely family. This is my baby." She lifted Margaret onto her lap. "And this is my nice big boy." Willard smirked. "And Dorothy—Dorothy, where are you, dear?"

There was a flash of white on the parsonage lawn, followed by a stark display of petticoats and ruffled underpants. Dorothy, who was practicing for a new circus, was standing on her

head. Eliza arose and ordered her to her room. When Dorothy had gone upstairs, the minister's wife explained with a forced smile, "The poor dears, they do need a mother; someone who is really in authority."

Eliza's brand of discipline was disconcerting to the children. Aunt Lizzie had dispensed sound justice, with spankings. Eliza said, "You must conquer children with love." She was always assuring them that she loved them as if they were her own, and this embarrassed them vaguely. Aunt Lizzie had never said anything about loving them, but they had never doubted that she did.

The stepmother would turn them over to her husband for penances. She always addressed him as "Dominie." "Dominie," she would say, leading Dorothy into the study, "she's a problem, she really is. I shall do my best for her, but I shall need your help."

The minister's help usually consisted in having Dorothy commit to memory a poem or Bible passage, and in coaching her in the proper delivery of the lines.

Once she memorized the whole of *Il Penseroso*, and her father bragged about her feat for months. It was pleasant spending the hours in this way, and the coaching helped to make Dorothy Thompson the effective speaker that she is today. She has had no other formal training.

Aunt Lizzie stayed on a few weeks to make the transition smooth, and then packed her bags to go and live with one of her married daughters. Dorothy knelt before her and begged her to stay. "It's Eliza's home now," said Aunt Lizzie, "and you have a mother." There were no more Christmas trees after Aunt Lizzie left. Eliza said that they made the house a mess. The children, she said, should be satisfied with seeing the one which decorated the

church. From family accounts, Eliza was a stepmother out of a Victorian novel.

When the first family-group photograph was being taken, there was a quarrel over the way Dorothy had arranged her hair. She had parted it on the side and swept it back close to her head in a way that she considered dashing. Her stepmother reminded her that she had a long neck and warned her that the hair-do would make the neck look even longer. Dorothy was stubborn and refused to change it. When the plates were developed, the stepmother was proved right.

She seemed to feel that she had won a victory. Dorothy pleaded with her to hide the picture. Instead, she put it on the mantelpiece, and when there were visitors she made a point of calling their attention to the long-necked member of the family group. The child's long neck and long legs and her awkward, developing figure were frequent targets of the stepmother. She would poke fun at them before other members of the family until the victim ran to her room, crying, and slammed the door.

"If she doesn't learn to control that temper of hers, she'll come to no good end," Eliza would say.

One Christmas morning she handed Dorothy a package. It contained a baby's nursing bottle and a card saying, "Merry Christmas to a crybaby." Dorothy threw it down on the floor and fled upstairs.

Her father gasped. "Eliza, how could you do that!" he exclaimed.

"Mercy," was the reply, "can't anyone in this family take a joke? Somebody has to teach that girl to control herself, and if I don't, I don't know who will."

By way of compensation, Dorothy's sins grew in magnitude. One afternoon during a Ladies' Aid meeting at the

parsonage, one of the members arrived with the news that Dorothy and a girl named Marguerite were playing slippery-slide in the lumberyard at Main and Center Streets, clad only in bathing suits. The minister's wife and Marguerite's mother, who was the recording secretary, hustled down to the lumberyard and hauled their daughters back in disgrace.

When Dorothy was going to high school in Gowanda, she would wait until she was out of sight of home and roll her stockings. The rolled-stockings craze had not yet reached Gowanda. To the other girls, Dorothy was a fearless pioneer; to the school authorities she was a problem. The principal, when Dorothy was a freshman, was a pedagogue who had recently come from a school in another county. The memories of his former post were still green, and his way of reprimanding his pupils was to compare them unfavorably with his old pupils.

Into Exile

This was resented by the Gowanda student body, but no one did anything about it until Dorothy Thompson came along.

The principal had an egg-shaped head and Dorothy had a gift for drawing. She drew a caricature of him and inscribed a verse underneath it. The theme of the verse was approximately, "If you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?" A teacher intercepted it as it was being passed around the room and turned it over to the principal. Dorothy was suspended. She was reinstated a week later, after she had apologized.

Eliza, who felt that the prank had brought shame down upon the family, delivered an ultimatum; either Dorothy went away to school or she, Eliza, would go back to her parents. The Rev. Mr. Thompson made arrangements for Dorothy to go to Chicago and to be raised by her paternal aunts, Hetty and Margaret, who lived there. Eliza explained to the Ladies' Aid that Dorothy was being sent away so she would have the benefit of "advantages."

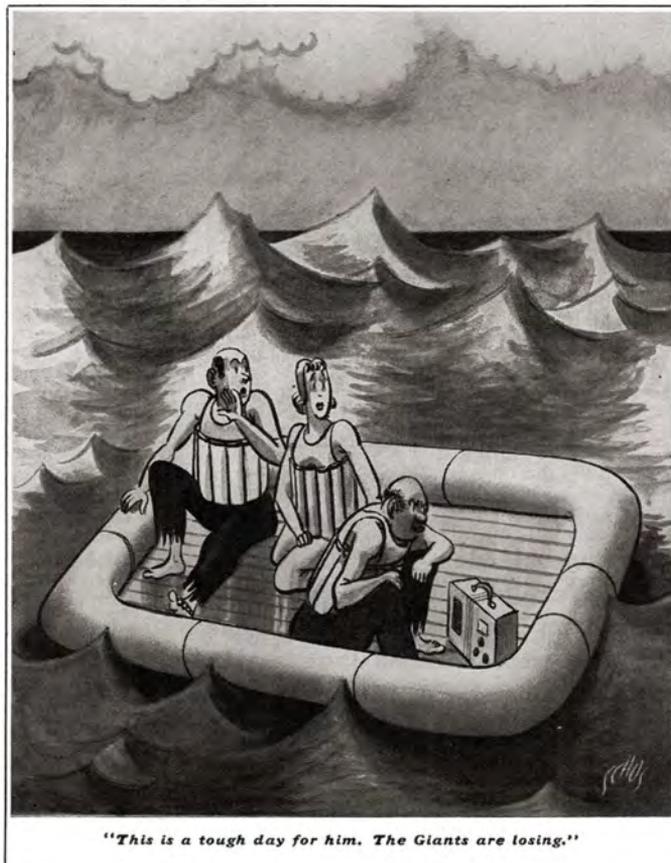
Dorothy was twelve when she left Gowanda. She hit it off well with her aunts, and Chicago seemed a thrilling place after upstate New York. She learned to paint water colors at the Art Institute, and at the Lewis Institute, where she was sent to school, she got into a sorority, played center on the basketball team and became a debater. "All the debaters," the school reported once, "acquitted themselves like men, including Miss Thompson."

In a translation of an ode of Horace, the parson's emancipated daughter wrote:

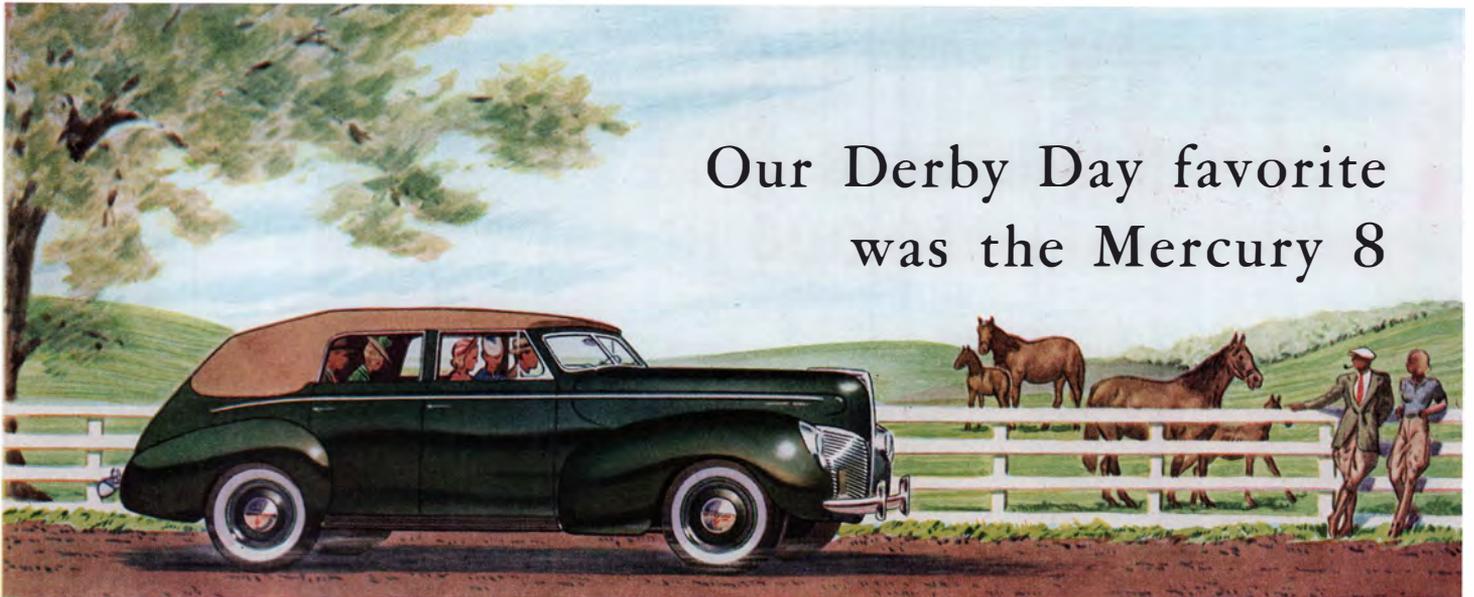
*Hence with cold! Build high the hearth,
For youth is thine.
We must laughter have, and mirth,
Life, jest and song, with never dearth
Of Sabine wine!*

Eliza had won a battle, but Dorothy had won the war. Chicago proved to her something that she had long held as an article of instinctive faith—that the land beyond the horizon is always fairer. To this day she believes in it and it runs like a red thread through the fabric of her written philosophy. She never returned to the parsonage, except on visits. As soon as she got a chance she became an idealistic wanderer.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles on Miss Thompson. The second will appear in next week's issue.



"This is a tough day for him. The Giants are losing."



Our Derby Day favorite was the Mercury 8

White sidewall tires extra

I Had Derby Day in Mind when we picked out our Mercury 8 Convertible Sedan—and it looked even better on the trip than it did in the showroom. The miles ticked past by the hundred—but that car rides and drives so smoothly you'd never guess the speed or distance—or even the kind of road. The Mercury's stabilizing construction makes all roads smoother.



In the Blue-Grass Country, our Mercury drew as much attention as a promising new foal. Long and low as you like, with a graceful flare amidships to make the seats extra wide. And a look of power that its V-8 engine lives up to! It's a real thoroughbred with a smooth light-footed gait, graceful, well-balanced, responsive to your slightest touch.

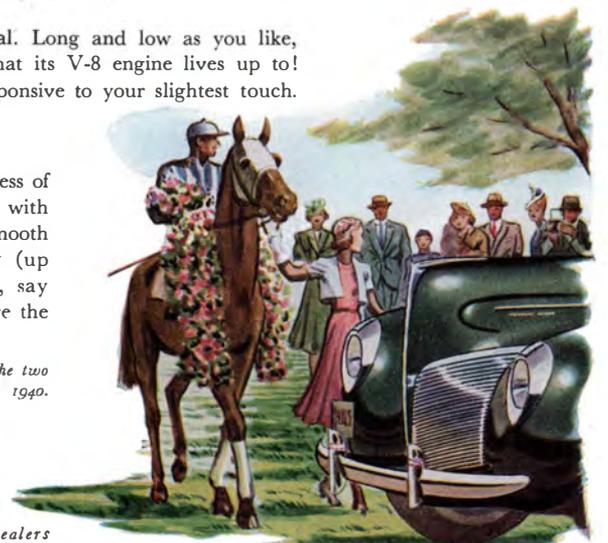
There's a message for you in the full-grown, sure-footed Mercury 8. Slip into the spacious driver's seat—and you're master of ninety-five horsepower—V-8 style. Head for open country. Any kind of road will do—the Mercury shines on all. Look out—you're traveling faster than you think! No noise, no strain, no tensing for bumps. You don't really *drive* this car—you *guide*

it. The Mercury is the sensational success of modern automobile history, a fine car with all the advantages of size, luxury and smooth power—plus extraordinary **ECONOMY** (up to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline, say owners). Get to a dealer—see and drive the great Mercury yourself!

Visit the new Ford Expositions at the two Fairs, New York and San Francisco, 1940.

Mercury 8

Built by the Ford Motor Company—distributed by Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Ford dealers



FREE! 50 PONTIACS

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Each with 1000 Gallons of Texaco FIRE-CHIEF Gasoline

5 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS
 THESE PRIZES EACH WEEK
TEN 1940 PONTIAC 4-DOOR SEDANS
 EACH WITH 1000 GALLONS OF TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE PLUS \$100 VACATION MONEY TO EACH PONTIAC WINNER
 and also Each Week 100 CASH PRIZES OF \$10 EACH



THE PONTIAC SPECIAL "6"

A big, luxurious, "power-packed" beauty. 8 3/4 inches longer and 4 inches wider at the front seat, than last year's Pontiac. Famous for engine quietness, economy, for its "Triple-Cushioned" ride. Your choice of 10 standard colors.

Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline is available for your convenience and service in all 48 states.

EASY! —FINISH THIS SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS

"I like Ivory Flakes because"



FOR CONTEST NEWS AND PONTIAC WINNERS TUNE IN ON



"The O'Neills"—"Against The Storm"—"Life Can Be Beautiful" Mondays through Fridays — see newspaper for time and stations.

WIN A PONTIAC! GASOLINE! CASH!! Picture yourself —your family—driving off, on the vacation of your life in a magnificent new 1940 Pontiac. \$100 for expenses in your pocket!! Credit for 1000 gallons of Texaco Fire-Chief Gasoline!! Get your gasoline free at any Texaco station in the country. . . This contest may make this beautiful dream come true for you!

550 PRIZES IN ALL! 5 separate weekly contests! Enter each contest as often as you like! It's easy! These marvelous prizes are offered by Ivory Flakes because we want you to see how beautifully Ivory Flakes take care of your nice things.

WONDERFUL FOR STOCKINGS! Good silk stockings washed nightly with Ivory Flakes give extra-long wear! 9 out of 10 leading makers of famous stockings advise Ivory Flakes care.

SO SAFE FOR COLORS! Ivory Flakes are pure—quick-dissolving even in lukewarm water! See how they help protect the colors of your dainty summer washables—how they help keep silk soft and lustrous.

TO HELP BABY CLOTHES STAY SOFT! Washing with strong soaps may leave deposits irritating to baby's sensitive skin. Manufacturers of fine baby clothes often advise pure Ivory Flakes—for comfortable softness.

THE RIGHT CARE FOR WOOLENS! See how soft and fluffy your pet sweaters—your nice blankets come out when you wash them gently in lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes.

START WRITING ENTRIES NOW! Try Ivory Flakes for any of its many uses. You'll think of lots of ways to finish the sentence! Send them all in. Remember, sentences as simple as the samples below can win! Don't wait. Send in your first entries today!



EASY RULES

- Simply finish the sentence, "I like Ivory Flakes because . . ." writing 25 additional words or less. Write on one side of a sheet of paper. Print or write your name and address. Please send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entries.
- You can enter these contests as often as you like, but each sentence must be accompanied by one Ivory Flakes box-top, either size, (or facsimile). Mail to Ivory Flakes, Dept. M, Box 238, Cincinnati, Ohio.
- There will be five weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are:

| CONTEST OPENING | CLOSING |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| First Sun., June 2, or before | Sat., June 8 |
| Second Sun., June 9 | Sat., June 15 |
| Third Sun., June 16 | Sat., June 22 |
| Fourth Sun., June 23 | Sat., June 29 |
| Fifth Sun., June 30 | Sat., July 6 |
- Entries received before Sunday, June 2, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the final week's contest must be post-marked before midnight, July 6, and must be received before July 22.
- Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought concerning the qualities and uses of Ivory Flakes. Decision of the Judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.
- Any resident of Continental United States, Hawaii, or the Dominion of Canada may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and the families of these employees. Contests subject to all regulations of the United States and Canada.
- Prizes in each weekly contest are: 10 first prizes of new 1940 Pontiac Special Six 4-door sedans (standard equipment), each with 1000 gallons Texaco Fire-Chief gasoline and \$100 vacation money; 100 second prizes, each \$10 cash. Pontiac winners in Canada and Hawaii will receive cash equivalent in place of free gasoline.
- Pontiac winners will be announced shortly after the close of each contest, over Ivory Flakes' radio program, "The O'Neills," coast-to-coast. Winners of \$10 cash prizes will be notified by mail.

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THESE SAMPLE SENTENCES MAY HELP YOU WRITE A WINNER!

"I like Ivory Flakes because I find they're so helpful in the care of silk stockings, and that quick daily washings in these pure suds help stockings wear longer."

"I like Ivory Flakes because they're a quick-dissolving form of my favorite Ivory Soap—so convenient for washing my nice dresses and underwear quickly, easily, and beautifully."

"I like Ivory Flakes because when I do dishwashing, they make suds very quickly and are so easy on my hands, helping me keep them soft and smooth."

Finish sentence "I like Ivory Flakes because . . ." in 25 additional words or less. Attach one Ivory Flakes box-top, either size, (or facsimile). Send entry to Ivory Flakes, Dept. M, Box 238, Cincinnati, Ohio.

99⁴⁴/100% PURE

DON'T WAIT! ENTER TODAY! ENTER EACH WEEK! MAYBE YOU'LL WIN A PONTIAC.