Beginning **THEY WHO HAVE** *by Reita Lambert*

Secrets of the G-Men **BY J. EDGAR HOOVER**

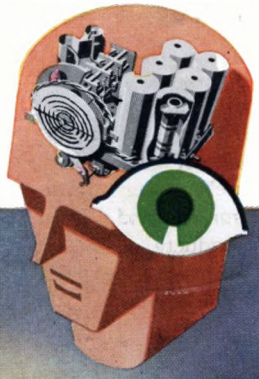
THIS MONTH — MORE THAN 35 FEATURES

Look! An RCA Victor Radio

with "MAGIC BRAIN," "MAGIC EYE," RCA METAL TUBES!

Yours For Only $89.95*!

THE "MAGIC EYE"... *brings you silent tuning*
The "Magic Eye," an electronic "beam"... tells when you are precisely in tune. No more blurred reception or "off-center" tone. Turn the set on, a colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye." Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. When the station is tuned in for its most perfect reception, the shadow is smaller. Turn up the volume control and there the station is. You have tuned in with your eyes... more sharply than any human ear could.



RCA Victor's magnificent world-wide sets offer greater power... more stations... silent tuning and many more features...at amazingly low cost!

HERE'S *value* in radio! Value you cannot afford to overlook. For it brings you the *most* for your money!

The beautiful console illustrated contains radio's greatest triumphs! Latest "Magic Brain", miraculous "Magic Eye" and RCA Metal Tubes, the greatest radio tube advance in 28 years! For only $89.95* complete!

The "Magic Brain" is 5 to 20 times more sensitive at 16 meters and below. And some models have a wider tuning range than many other sets. Extra coverage that brings you many extra stations.

New richness of tone will thrill you! True "Studio Tone"—virtually matching in performance the program in the broadcast station! And interference is reduced to a new minimum by the alert "armoured watchman" tube! The "Magic Eye" brings *silent* tuning as well as easier and more accurate tuning!

Many additional features! New range dials, scientifically built cabinets which beautify tone, oversize speakers and a host of others. But visit your RCA Victor dealer and enjoy a demonstration! You'll marvel at the low prices! RCA Mfg. Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A Radio Corp. of America subsidiary.

RCA Victor Console Model C8-19 has "Magic Eye," "Magic Brain" and Metal Tubes. Foreign and Domestic reception on three bands. Price $89.95*

RCA Victor Table Model T6-1 6-tube superheterodyne. $49.95*

Prices, subject to change without notice, from $19.95 up * f. o. b., Camden, N. J., including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. You can now buy these sets on C. I. T. easy payment plan. Remember, any set works better with an RCA Antenna System. Put new life in your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes. Listen to "The Magic Key" on WJZ and associated NBC stations, every Sunday 2 to 3 p. m.

RCA VICTOR

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records

When your throat *feels raw and irritated*- LISTERINE!

Almost immediately, relief follows the use of this safe antiseptic

WHEN your throat is sore or irritated, it is frequently a symptom that a cold is coming on . . . and that the irritation is caused by dangerous germs.

The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle not only often relieves the sore throat but may halt the progress of the cold behind it.

Relieves Inflammation

This pleasant antiseptic, so bland, so safe, yet so powerful, does a wonderful clean-up job in the oral cavity. There it attacks and kills on the mucous membranes millions of germs associated with colds and sore throat.

The inflamed tissues, almost completely rid of bacteria and bathed by the soothing boric acid in Listerine, immediately respond. Frequently, pain is banished entirely after one or two gargles.

Tests show that those who gargled Listerine had fewer cases of sore throat than those who did not gargle with it.

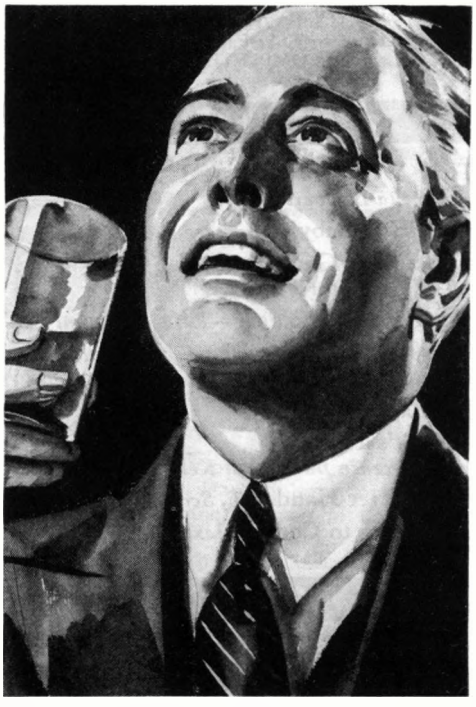
Even more significant are the results of tests showing Listerine's power against the common cold. These tests conducted in 1931, 1932 and 1934, revealed this comforting fact:

Fewer, Milder Colds

Those who gargled Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than non-users. When Listerine users *did* catch cold, the infections—for such they are—were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-gargers.

These results are corroborated over and over again by the personal experience of thousands of Listerine users.

Surely the twice-a-day gargle with this pleasant, safe antiseptic is worth a thorough trial this winter by you and your children. It may be the means of sparing you both a long, costly and possibly dangerous siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

The new, finer COUGH DROP wisely medicated yet tastes like candy. For smokers, singers and speakers.

HONORS

For more than 50 years Listerine has had the commendation of outstanding men in the fields of medicine, bacteriology, and chemistry. In addition, it has won high awards in great Centennial Fairs; has been tested in laboratories of international repute, and today is approved by the famous Good Housekeeping Bureau.

LISTERINE

-the Safe antiseptic to fight colds

APRIL 1936 • THE MAGAZINE OF TODAY AND TOMORROW • VOL. CXXI NO. 4

The AMERICAN Magazine

EDGAR WHEELER, MANAGING EDITOR SUMNER BLOSSOM, EDITOR ALBERT LEFCOURTE, ART DIRECTOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS · MABEL HARDING, ALBERT BENJAMIN

41 Stories and Features

MYSTERY NOVEL

STORIES

STORIETTES

The characters in all short stories, novelettes, and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended

SPECIAL ARTICLES

FACT AND FANCY

Cover: Natural-color photograph—*Paul Hesse*

Hat by Dobbs & Company, Inc. Dress by Bergdorf & Goodman Co.

NEXT MONTH

Nell, the tattoo artist, longed only for the sea and her home in Papeete —yet two men fought grimly for command of the ship that would take her there. The tang of salt water, the color and glamour of the San Francisco water front are in Kenneth Perkins's latest story...BLUE-WATER MAN

Published Monthly by The Crowell Publishing Company, *Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A.*
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"As Sheriff, I Needed A Tough Car!

MY 3 BROTHERS SOLD ME ON PLYMOUTH"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH DEPUTY SHERIFF PAT ENOS, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

"I DIDN'T HAVE TO look at all three," says Deputy Sheriff Enos, "to know Plymouth was the car for me. My three brothers did it for me.

"I got in their cars—saw how easily they rode—how easy they were on gas—how 100% dependable. There just wasn't any argument left.

"A man in my line of work has to have a car he can count on.

"You can't speculate on how quick your car will start—how fast it will pick up—or how sure it will stop—no sir, not when you're a sheriff in this country!"

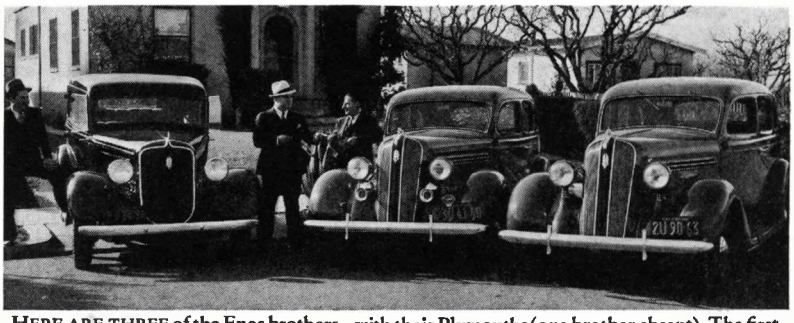
America is full of families who own more than one Plymouth. Drive this beautiful, new Plymouth—and you'll see why. Your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer will gladly arrange it.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

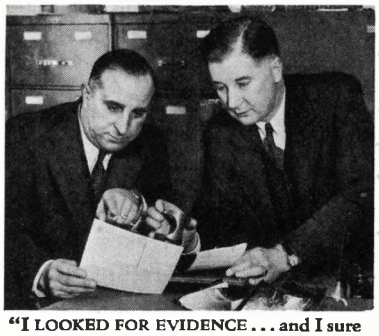
Insist on the
Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company
6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN
Available through all PLYMOUTH Dealers
You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* 2. Deduct down payment—cash or trade-in.
Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.*
*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.
PAY $25 A MONTH—INCLUDING EVERYTHING

$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

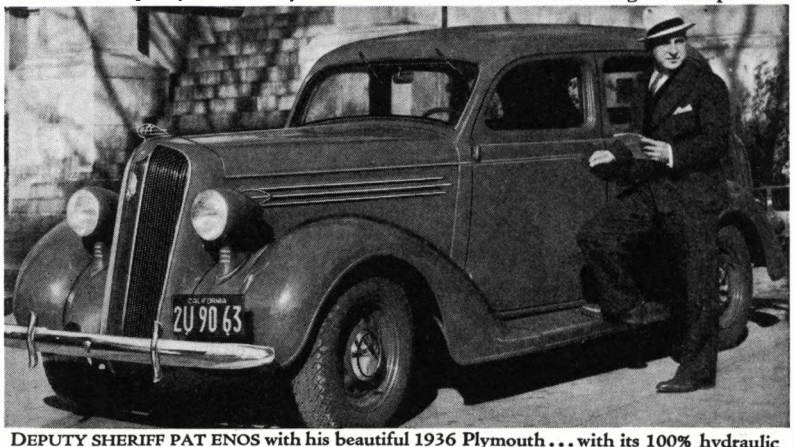


HERE ARE THREE of the Enos brothers—with their Plymouths (one brother absent). The first three Plymouth owners were so enthusiastic that today all four Enos brothers own Plymouths.



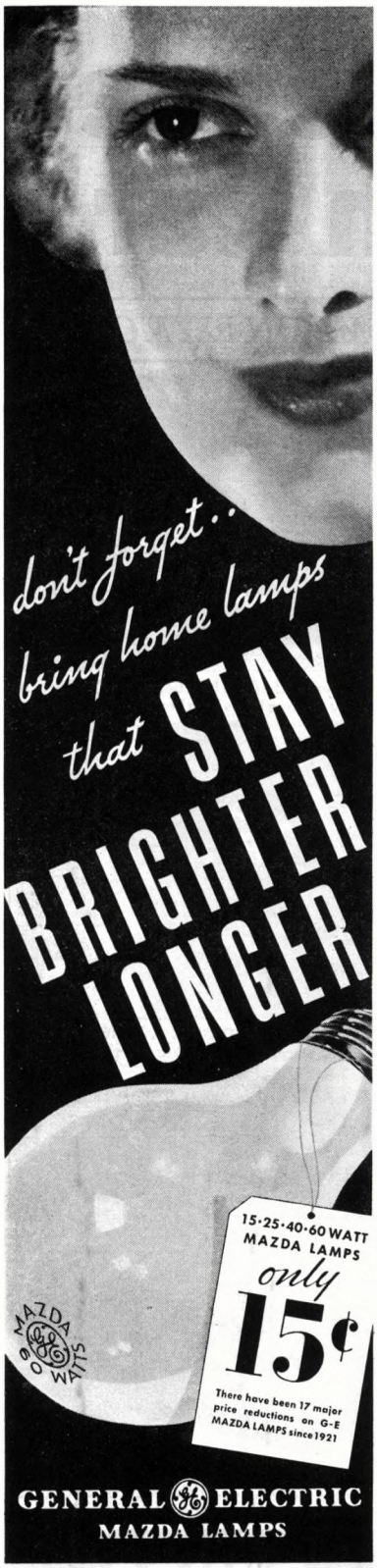
"I LOOKED FOR EVIDENCE . . . and I sure found there was plenty in favor of Plymouth."

"IT SAVES OIL AND GAS . . . I found out my brothers weren't overstating on that point."



DEPUTY SHERIFF PAT ENOS with his beautiful 1936 Plymouth . . . with its 100% hydraulic brakes and Safety-Steel body. "It's a beauty . . . a car I can always rely on," says Mr. Enos.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



ANOTHER BARGAIN—At 10 Cents

The G E "Dime" lamp is the best 10¢ value money can buy... available in 60, 30, 15 and 7½ watt sizes.

Advertised Products

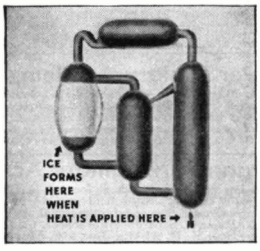
The appearance of an advertisement in The American Magazine is a specific warranty of the product advertised and of the integrity of the house sponsoring the advertisement. Only those products which live up to the claims made for them can be advertised in these pages.

ITS *Silence* IS PERMANENT

because its operating method is basically different

ELECTROLUX STAYS SILENT BECAUSE

"the flame that freezes" takes the place of all moving parts



This simplified diagram shows why Electrolux needs no moving parts, and parts that do not move cannot wear.

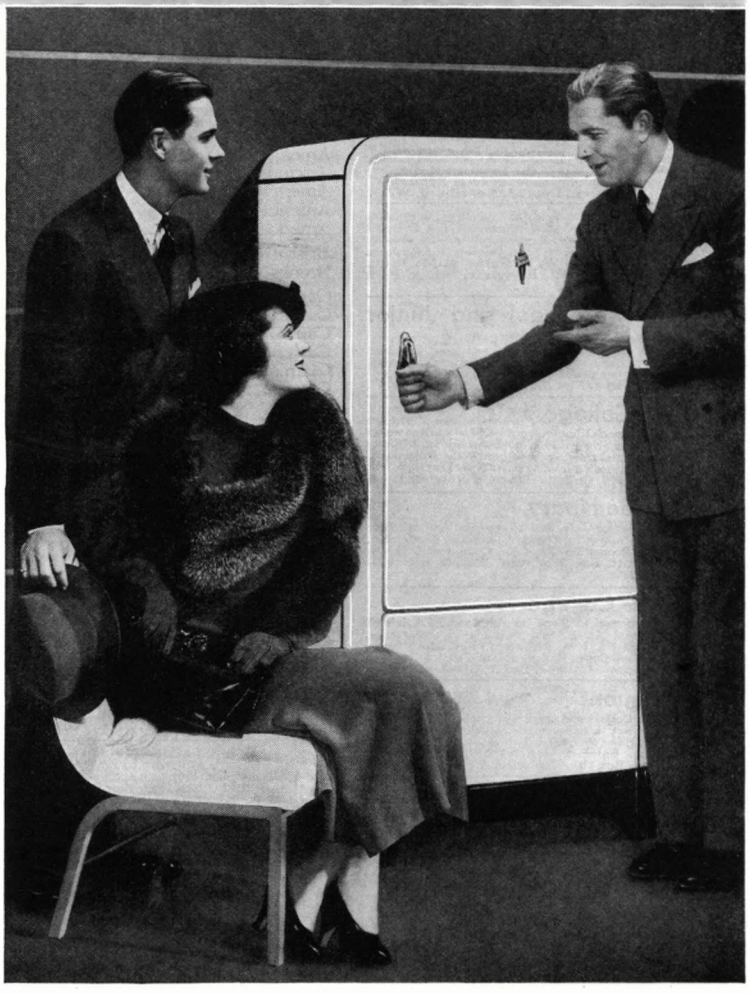
THIS MEANS a remarkably low operating cost . . . minimum wear throughout its long life . . . and perfect service every day you own it

LIGHT a gas flame today and it is silent. Light it twenty-five years from today and it will still be silent. And there, in a few words, is the reason why Electrolux runs in constant quiet . . . day after day, year after year.

This refrigerator actually has no moving parts . . . a tiny gas flame takes their place. It circulates a simple refrigerant which, by being first heated, then cooled, quickly freezes ice and produces constant cold. Such simplicity offers you a low running cost, fullest food protection at all times and the practical absence of all wear. Electrolux is the only refrigerator that can give you truly silent refrigeration over a long period of years.

SAVES MONEY THREE WAYS

Electrolux saves money on running cost and on food bills. In addition, it gives you a *third* important saving . . . the saving on depreciation that only a refrigerator with no moving parts can offer. The new models are on display now, at the showrooms of your gas company or local dealer.



GAS COMPANY SERVICE

Remember this, please: the gas industry more than any other group is noted for thorough testing of the products it sells and for prompt and willing service, should you ever need it. The fact that your own gas company stands back of every Electrolux it sells means a lot more than mere words. (Electrolux also operates on bottled gas.)

FOR FARM HOMES IT RUNS ON KEROSENE

Electrolux now operates either on gas or kerosene. This means that you can live miles from the gas mains and electric lines and still enjoy the same perfect refrigeration that has made Electrolux the choice for finest city homes and apartments. Let us send you further information. Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Division, Evansville, Indiana.

New Air-Cooled ELECTROLUX

THE SERVEL *Gas Refrigerator*

USES NO WATER

ENDORSED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN GAS INDUSTRY

Directory of Schools and Camps

Southern States—Girls

BRENAU
COLLEGE · FOR WOMEN

Accredited. A. B. degree and Junior College diploma. Endowed. Music, Art, the Speech Arts and Dramatics. Physical Ed., Home Economics, Secretarial. Located foothills Blue Ridge mountains. Near Atlanta. Altitude 1250 ft. Noted for health. 350 acres. All outdoor sports. Patronage 35 states. Attractive social life. Catalogue address:—

Brenau, Box R-4, Gainesville, Ga.

Greenbrier College
For girls and young women. Junior College and four year preparatory. Founded 1812. In the Alleghenies near White Sulphur Springs. Art, Music, Dramatic Art, Secretarial, Athletics and Social Training. Modern fireproof dormitory. For catalogue, address **French W. Thompson, D. D., Pres., Dept. A, Lewisburg, W. Va.**

Fairfax Hall
Standard Junior College. In Shenandoah Valley, near Skyline Drive. 4 years accredited preparatory, 2 years college and elective courses. Secretarial Science, Fine Arts. Outdoor, indoor pools. All sports—riding. Catalog. **W. B. Gates, A. M., Pres., Mrs. John Noble Maxwell, Registrar, Box A, Park Station, Waynesboro, Va.**

Saint Mary's School and Junior College
Episcopal. In Pine Belt. Healthful climate. Four years high school, two years standard college. Accredited by Southern Association. Special courses. All sports. Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Principal. Catalogue: **A. W. Tucker, Bus. Mgr., Dept. A., Raleigh, N. C.**

Southern College
74th Year. Near Richmond. Junior College and High School Courses. Six special diploma courses. Modern Study-play Plan. Year-round sports—riding, golf, swimming, Country Club privileges. Social training. Southern home atmosphere. For illustrated literature, address **Arthur Kyle Davis, A.M., Litt. D., Pres., 370 College Place, Petersburg, Va.**

Southern Seminary
A school of Character for Girls. Jr. College—High School. Blue Mts. of Va. Preparatory, Seminary, Collegiate, Music, Art, Expression. Home Economics. Phys. Ed. Commercial. Sports. 63rd year. **Robert Lee Durham, Pres., Box 968, Buena Vista, Va.**

Blackstone College
For girls and young women. 2 yrs. College, 4 yrs. High School. Diplomas in Liberal Arts, Music, Dramatics, Secretarial, Home Ec., Physical Ed. Near Richmond. Healthful climate. Modern fireproof buildings. Endowed. Total cost, $515. **Blackstone College, Box A, Blackstone, Va.**

Ward-Belmont
Accredited Junior College and preparatory school, with special courses in music, art, expression, home economics, physical education, dancing, secretaryship. Impressive buildings. Pool. All sports—riding. Catalog. **Henriette R. Bryan, Reg., Ward-Belmont, Box 104, Nashville, Tenn.**

Central States—Girls

Monticello College
For girls. Accredited two-year Junior College. Special courses in music, art, dramatics, dancing, physical training, home economics, secretaryship. Also 4-year high school. Open-air theater. Near St. Louis. National patronage. Catalog. **George Irwin Rohrbough, Box M, Godfrey, Ill.**

Frances Shimer
Accredited Junior College and Preparatory School. Music, Art, Speech, Home Economics. 84th year. 12 modern buildings. Gymnasium and swimming pool. Outdoor sports. Riding, golf, tennis. Inclusive fee, no extras. Catalog. **Registrar, Box 146, Mount Carroll, Ill.**

New England States—Girls

Lasell Junior College
For young women. Ten miles from Boston. Two-year courses for High School graduates. Academic, Home Economics, Secretarial, Art, Music, College Preparatory. Separate Junior School. Sports. Catalogs. **Guy M. Winslow, Ph. D., Pres., 141 Woodland Road, Auburndale, Mass.**

Co-Educational

Rider College
of Business Administration. Rider Plan saves time and expense. Bachelor degrees in Accounting, Education, Secretarial Science, Business Administration and Journalism. Coed. Dormitories. Athletics. Efficient placement. 72nd year. Catalog. **Secretary, Trenton, N. J.**

Camps for Boys

Culver Summer Schools
on Lake Maxinkuckee provide a boy's ideal vacation at moderate cost. All land and water sports. Emphasis on correct posture, courtesy, initiative and character building. Optional tutoring. Naval or Cavalry (Boys 14-19); Woodcraft (9-14). Specify catalog desired. **42 Lake Shore Way, Culver, Indiana**

Passaconaway
Waterford, Maine. For boys 6 to 16. Est. 1909. Eight glorious weeks in the woods of Maine with expert counselors. Highest health rating, excellent food, mountain, canoe and horseback trips, woodcraft, sailing, etc. Sister camp nearby. Moderate fee. **Mr. & Mrs. A. G. Carlson, Box K567, Scarsdale, N. Y.**

Colleges and Universities

Maryland College for Women
An established college of national patronage. Bachelor degrees, certificates. Journalism, Home Economics, Music, Kindergarten Training, Speech, Secretarial, Fine Arts. Social life. Sports. Riding. Near Baltimore. Catalog. **Box A, Lutherville, Md.**

Lindenwood College
For women. Accredited. A.B., B.S., B.M. degrees. Also 2-year Junior College. Modernized curriculum prepares students for civic and social leadership. Secretarial training. Special work in Music and Art. Modern buildings. Sports. Near St. Louis. Catalog. **J. L. Roemer, D.D., Box 936, St. Charles, Mo.**

Southern States—Boys

Tennessee Military Institute
Trains leaders: prepares for college or for business. Accredited. National patronage. Superior faculty inspires boys to best effort. 100 acres, golf course, pool. In healthful highlands. Moderate rates. Monthly payment optional. Est. 1874. Catalog. **Col. C. R. Endsley, Box 113, Sweetwater, Tenn.**

Riverside
Distinguished military preparatory school. Boys 10-20. Six months in Blue Ridge Mountains with winter session Hollywood, Fla. Golf Course, swimming, tennis, ocean sports, aviation. Catalog: **Col. Sandy Beaver, Box A, Gainesville, Ga.**

Randolph-Macon Academy
Military. Accredited. 44th Year. Prepares for college through intensive study methods. New fireproof building. Supervised athletics. Reasonable rate. Address **Col. John C. Boggs, Principal, Box A, Front Royal, Va.**

The Bolles School
Accredited—prepares for College Boards or Government Academies. 5th to 12th Grades. Splendidly equipped fireproof buildings, ideally situated on St. Johns River. Year 'round athletics. Military and Naval training. For catalog address **Col. Roger A. Painter, Pres., Jacksonville, Fla.**

Greenbrier Military School
Near White Sulphur Springs. Achievement record unsurpassed. Accredited. 125th Year. New fireproof buildings. Altitude 2300 ft. Boys 8 to 21. Reasonable rate. All sports. Summer Camp. Enter now. Write for Catalog:— **Col. H. B. Moore, Box A, Lewisburg, West Virginia**

Kentucky Military Institute
A school with a winter home in Florida. Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions all year. Oldest private military school in America. For booklet, address **Col. Chas. B. Richmond, Pres., Box M, Lyndon, Ky.**

Staunton Military Academy
One of America's distinguished military schools. For 75 years has prepared boys (10-20) for all colleges, universities, Annapolis, West Point. Able faculty, excellent equipment. Separate Junior School. Catalog. Address: **Superintendent, Box A-4, Kable Station, Staunton, Va.**

Middle Atlantic States—Boys

Bordentown Military Institute
Half a century of accomplishment. Accredited. Small classes. Sixth grade through college preparatory. Graduates in 40 colleges. Business studies. Summer session. Near Trenton. Athletics. Riding. For catalog address **Registrar, Box 14, Bordentown, N. J.**

Valley Forge Military Academy
A preparatory school with College Board Examination standards of training for all students. Boys carefully selected for admission. Ages 12 to 20. New, modern buildings and equipment. All sports, golf, archery. Infantry and Cavalry R. O. T. C., Band. Catalog: **Commandant, Wayne, Pa.**

Carson Long Institute
Boys' Military School. Educates the whole boy—physically, mentally, morally. How to learn, how to labor, how to live. Prepares for college or business. Character building supreme. Rates $500.00. Write for catalog. **Box 10, New Bloomfield, Pa.**

Perkiomen
Convenient to N. Y. and Phila. Accredited. Graduates succeed in leading colleges. New "special interest" courses. Vocational guidance. Individualised curriculum. Carnegie library. Junior School. 44th year. Moderate rates. Catalog. C. E. Tobias, M.A., Headmaster, Box 64, Pennsburg, Pa.

Teacher Training

NATIONAL College of Education
50th YEAR

Young women educated for teaching in nursery school, kindergarten and elementary grades. Here is an opportunity for a college education with a vocation. Excellent dormitory facilities. Athletics. Children's demonstration school and observation centers. Graduates assisted to positions. 95% of June class already placed. Summer sessions begin June 19. **Miss Edna Dean Baker, Pres., Box 67-D, Evanston, Ill.**

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Strayer College
Courses in Secretarial Science; Accounting and Business Administration leading to B. C. S. and M. C. S. degrees. Coeducational. Washington offers superior employment opportunities for Strayer graduates. For catalog, address **Secretary, Strayer College, Washington, D. C.**

Central States—Boys

Culver Military Academy
On Lake Maxinkuckee—Educates the Whole Boy. Prepares for all colleges. Junior College work. 432 graduates in 105 colleges. Every boy benefits from individual guidance. 1000-acre campus. All sports. Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, Band. Moderate Cost. Catalog. **42 Pershing Way, Culver, Indiana**

Morgan Park Military Academy
Progressive preparatory school located in Chicago suburb. Pupils enjoy the city's cultural advantages—yet are free from its distractions. Successful individual guidance. Small classes. All sports. Separate lower school. 63rd year. Catalog. **Col. H. D. Abells, Box 446, Morgan Park, Ill.**

Howe School
A clean mind in a sound body. Episcopal school effectively preparing boys for college. Business courses. Sympathetic faculty. Sports for every boy. Military. Junior School. 52nd year. Moderate rates. Burrett B. Bouton, M.A., Supt. Catalog. **646 Academy Place, Howe, Ind.**

St. John's Military Academy
Effective preparation for college. Faculty of "boy specialists." Thorough scholastic and military training. 16 buildings on 160 acres. Gymnasium. All sports, swimming, tennis, skating, riding, golf, rowing. Band. 52nd year. Catalog. **646 DeKoven Hall, Delafield, Wisconsin**

Wentworth Military Academy
and Junior College. 56th year. 41 miles from Kansas City, "in the Heart of America." High school and 2 years' regular college work. Accredited. All sports. Gym, stadium, swimming pool. Music, debating, dramatics. Write for illustrated booklet. **Col. S. Sellers, 746 Washington Place, Lexington, Mo.**

Onarga Military School
Accredited. Trains for Character. 5 modern buildings. 85 miles south of Chicago. 5th grade through High School. Also Business. Endowed. Payments permitted. Catalog:— **Col. J. A. Bittinger, Supt., Dept. A, Onarga, Ill.**

Kemper Military School
Junior College and High School. Small classes. Individual attention. Modern buildings. $200,000 gymnasium. Golf course. 96 acres. 93rd year. Catalog and view book. **Col. A. M. Hitch, Superintendent, 546 Third St., Boonville, Mo.**

Western Military Academy
Junior, Senior High School; Graduate Courses. 58th Year. Progressive Methods, with emphasis on Common School Branches. Competitive Athletics for all under unique plan. Modern fireproof buildings. Near St. Louis. For catalog address: **Colonel R. L. Jackson, Box M-4, Alton, Ill.**

Shattuck School
Episcopal. College preparatory; Business course. Individual attention. All athletics—8 coaches. Every boy on a team his age and size. 240 acres. Golf, swimming pool, gym. 75th year; Summer Session. Write for catalog. **C. W. Newhall, Headmaster, Box A, Faribault, Minnesota.**

New England States—Boys

Tilton School For Boys
A school of sturdy traditions emphasizing true education which brings the growing boy into manhood. Graduates now doing successful work in 52 colleges. Full program of athletics for every boy with special emphasis on winter sports. Write fully when requesting information. **John F. Thompson, Dir. of Adm., 52 School St., Tilton, N.H.**

Vocational and Professional

LEARN ELECTRICITY
TELEVISION - RADIO

Complete training quickly qualifies you in Electricity, Television, Radio, Talking Pictures and Commercial and Broadcast Operating. Coach R. R. fare allowed to L. A. Earn room and board while learning. 30,000 graduates. Write for *FREE BOOK*. Address—Dept. AMR-4, 4000 S. Figueroa St.

NATIONAL SCHOOLS - LOS ANGELES

Directory of Schools Continued on Page 8

The investment that brings

PLEASURE AND PROFIT TO EVERY HOME

—THE HARVARD CLASSICS

Now where can I find out about that?

AGLANCE at the fiftieth volume of The Harvard Classics answers that question. Here are indexed the best thoughts of some 300 of the greatest men of all the ages on 76,000 subjects. Here you get instantly the answer to the questions of a busy man's life, and gain immediate access to information on a wide range of subjects.

Over a year of expert work was spent on the Index Volume of the Five-Foot Shelf. It is the only volume of its kind in existence, and it may justly be said to perform the duties of a private secretary.

The Index Volume is a marvel of excellence, and by it one may easily trace the best thoughts on all topics of vital human interest running through the ages.

Their first investment—15 minutes a day

WHAT should a family's first investment be? Bonds? A home? Insurance? There is one thing even more vital than these. Their future success and happiness depend principally upon his and her mental growth. Will people feel that she is worth knowing? Will men in business be impressed with his range of information, his capacity to think clearly and talk well? Their future depends on the solution of these questions.

Over 350,000 families have found the answer in Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Some day he will ask you—

WHEN that important question is put to you, you will be glad you learned the secret of fifteen minutes a day. More and more, business leaders are asking this question of the men who come to them. *"What have you read?"*

Says ex-President Hadley of Yale:

"In every department of practical life, men have told me that what they really wanted from our colleges were men who have *this selective power of using books efficiently.*"

What are the few great books? How shall a busy man find them? Dr. Eliot has solved your reading problem.

"I would not exchange it," said Carnegie, "for all the millions that were ever amassed by man."

CARNEGIE knew the value of millions; but there was one thing which he valued even more. As a young man he worked for Colonel Anderson, a man of wide culture and fine tastes. Colonel Anderson took an interest in him and guided him in his reading and choice of books.

"To him," said Carnegie, "I owe a taste for literature which I would not exchange for all the millions ever amassed by man. Life would be quite intolerable without it."

What Colonel Anderson did for Carnegie, Dr. Eliot has done for busy men and women everywhere.

Why some people are always welcome

MANNERS alone are not the key to social success. A well-behaved bore has no chance to keep step in the swift march of American social and business life. The time has passed when the untutored can reach the heights of success. This is the day of the well-read man.

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THE
AMERICAN MAGAZINE
APRIL 1936

Commerce

A YOUNG MAN was seeking enrollment in the training course by which we develop our own ship and shoreside personnel. He was given the usual oral examination, and among the questions asked was this: "What is your understanding of the word *commerce?*" Flustered but determined, he blurted out: "Commerce is a system by which we live and let live."

Not good Webster, perhaps, but it is an apt definition.

Civilization's advance since the beginning of time may be measured in the terms of commerce—the principle of "live and let live." An exchange of unneeded surplus here for an unneeded surplus there; to the end that ALL may not only live, but live fuller lives.

The motivating force that caused early primitive peoples to strike out over unknown lands and waters not always had the direct incentive of commercial gain. But the ultimate success or failure of every notable migration in history can be measured in terms of commercial development.

Christopher Columbus admittedly set out to find a new trade route to the fabled wealth of India. He was the pioneer business man, seeking new markets. The Pilgrim Fathers, on the other hand, ventured forth for entirely different reasons, seeking nothing more than escape from intolerable conditions at home. Ultimate results of both expeditions, however, were the same. They created commerce. The wealth and power of the Americas stand as evidence. New worlds were discovered, conquered, and developed. Civilization advanced as the torchbearers of commerce pushed the frontiers farther back.

Today these frontiers are virtually nonexistent. The sensational progress in transportation and communication during modern times has served to merge the peoples of the world into one giant community.

IN THIS world organism, if communication is its nervous system, commerce surely is its life's blood. We know what happens in the human body when the blood supply becomes unbalanced or stagnant. Disease and death are the results. So with the world body when the blood stream of commerce becomes impaired by "poor circulation," unwholesome trade balances, and stagnated markets. Depressions, social and political upheavals, and even wars are the results. The peace and prosperity of the world depend upon a steady, normal flow of commerce.

Today, as never before, civilization's hope reposes in the maintenance of this balance of the world's blood stream. Nationalism and Greed should know that no country may expect prosperity or contentment in isolation from the rest of the world. The greatest social problem challenging man's intelligence today is the equitable and profitable distribution of world surpluses. This problem will never be solved so long as ruthless and destructive trade barriers are selfishly erected without due consideration of the principle of "live and let live."

Mr. Dollar, president of the Dollar Steamship Lines

R. STANLEY DOLLAR
Guest Editorial Writer

BEGINNING... *The moving, human story of modern youth and*

Terry moved her notebook to hide a worn spot on her old skirt—that was the effect the lovely and pampered Si Towers had on her

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL

OAKS, the butler, took the employment agency card from Terry, indicated a tall-backed chair, and went upstairs. Marie, Mrs. Creigh Towers' personal maid, took the card from the butler and carried it to her mistress. Mrs. Towers, with her front hair nicely waved and the thinned back of it hanging, like a very small tail, over her dowager's hump, said, "What's that?" and looked at the card. Then she said, "Good gracious! What do they mean by sending people at this hour? She'll have to wait!"

Marie repeated this to Oaks, who descended majestically to Terry and informed her that Mrs. Towers would see her presently. After which he descended to the kitchen and informed Cook—as majestic in her way as he in his, both of them having the well-cushioned contours peculiar to the servants of generous mistresses—"New secretary from the agency."

"Humph!" said Cook, who considered secretaries a hybrid species of nuisance, because they were neither servants nor ladies, must be served on a tray in their room, and addressed as "Miss." "What's she like?"

Oaks knew Cook was not interested in Terry's clothes, her looks. Was she high-hat, snooty? Would she try to play the lady with them? This was what Cook wanted to know. And so Oaks said, "Seems a nice-spoken, genteel sort of girl."

TERRY sat stiff and quiet in the tall-backed chair. Her own back was as inflexibly erect. Her hands in their fabric gloves, spotlessly white and exquisitely darned, were folded on her shabby leather purse. Her tan oxfords, her casual brown felt hat, her tweed suit, were the personification of neatness; her white linen blouse as snowy as sun and soap could make it.

This is what Oaks had seen—a slender girl in businesslike tweeds, "nice-spoken, genteel." If he had seen more, he would not have been a butler. If he had seen beauty in the pale face with its large, intense dark eyes, the faintly hollowed cheeks, the wide mouth at once strong and tender, he would have seen at first glance what it had taken better men than he several glances to discover. If he had been able to see into her heart, he would have seen tragedy in its newest, subtlest, most modern version; tragedy that masked itself in gaiety and valor and nicely simulated nonchalance.

Though she appeared to be looking at nothing save her own folded hands, Terry was far from insensible to the impressive and expensive beauties of Mrs. Creigh Towers' town house. Her chair commanded a view of a small, formal reception-room, all prim gilt and brocade. Another door gave her a glimpse of a spacious drawing-room; of deep chairs and the gleaming patina of polished wood, of paintings set deep in heavy gold frames, of splendid rugs and flower-

its outspoken revolt against the more fortunate...

They who HAVE..

By Reita Lambert

filled vases. Halfway up the curving staircase a tall old clock ticked solemnly, and the tumult of the city of New York came muted through the heavily draped windows.

The agency manager, Mr. Butterfield, had told her, "You land this job and you'll be sitting pretty. Of course, the old lady's temperamental as the devil—all these rich old girls are—but if you get around her . . ."

Terry had listened, her heart beating hard and fast. She did not tell him that "getting around" a temperamental society woman did not sound like a cinch to her. She needed the job—any job—too badly. And she had been hunting one for over two months.

Marie came tripping lightly down the stairs. "Madame will see you now," she said. "Will you come up, please?"

Mrs. Towers received Terry in the small sitting-room of her private suite on the second floor. Terry was a little taken aback by her first sight of the great lady. Despite her better judgment, her notions of wealthy dowagers had been largely drawn from the movies. But there was nothing of the celluloid *grande dame* about this big, deep-voiced woman, with her high-bridged nose and white hair and darting, bright blue eyes. The furnishings of the sitting-room were more comfortable than smart, and Mrs. Towers' simple black morning dress bore out this note of simplicity. "A *real* lady," Terry thought, relieved.

Mrs. Towers said briskly, "Good morning! Come in—sorry to keep you waiting, but Mr. Butterfield should know better than to send you this early. Sit down."

Terry sat down. The big woman's shrewd, bright eyes

swung over her in one swift, comprehensive survey. Neat! Neatness was essential, especially in a secretary, who could not be put into the protective shell of a uniform. Intelligent, attractive, but not really pretty. A girl who would know her place, a girl who needed the job. Her penetration was a little sharper than her butler's. The impeccable tweeds did not deceive her. Nor the proudly held small head.

She saw that the spotless gloves were mended, that the casual brown felt hat was not this year's model. She saw the urgent vitality in the dark eyes. She thought, "Needs the job, and needs it badly."

"What is your name?" she said, and answered herself by glancing down at the card. "Teresa Hefton. This says you're twenty-one. You don't look it;" and she added to herself, "Yes, she does, too, in a way."

"I was twenty-one in March."

"Ever done this sort of work before?"

"I held a secretarial position with Creen & Harder, the publishers, for nearly two years. They were bought out two months ago by Dappleford."

"You can type, then, I suppose—take dictation?"

Terry said she could.

"HOW are you on composition? I have a large correspondence. You'd have to answer a good many letters yourself."

"I believe I could learn what was necessary."

Mrs. Towers liked that modest statement. Liked the girl's voice, too. A soft, well-bred voice.

"Invitations—you can write regrets and acceptances, I suppose, keep my engagement book in order, take down committee-meeting minutes—that sort of thing?"

"I believe I could do all that."

"I've a good staff of servants but they haven't a brain among 'em. My own's nothing to brag about. I need a mind as well as a secretary. You look as though you might qualify. Where were you educated?"

"At Freedale Seminary and Handford College." She lifted her eyes and looked at Mrs. Towers. "But I'm not a graduate of Handford. I left after my freshman year."

"You mean you flunked out?"

"No. I couldn't afford to complete my course."

"Too bad. Handford was my niece's college. She never completed her course, either, but not for the same reason." The lines around Mrs. Towers' mouth and eyes puckered with reminiscent humor. "She was naughty. Her name is Nancy—Si, her friends call her. Perhaps you knew her."

Terry's pale cheeks flushed. Si Towers! "I knew her slightly, yes. We were in the same class."

"A nice child, Si. Not much topsoil but sound at heart. She lives here with me when she's in New York—which isn't often. Where do you live?"

"At Freedale on the Hudson."

"With your family?"

"Yes."

"Your father's business is in Freedale?"

"N-not exactly. He has—he had an office in New York until recently. My father is an architect."

"Out of a job," Mrs. Towers thought shrewdly.

No one could have called Terry pale now, and those calm hazel eyes were reflecting the fire in her cheeks.

Mrs. Towers said, "I don't mean to be impertinent, but I like to know something about the background of my people before I engage them."

"Yes—of course—"

"I was just thinking that Freedale is quite a distance for you to commute—"

"I commuted quite easily when I was with Creen & Harder."

"Much handier for you to live here. You'll have a comfortable room and be handy to your work. Your evenings will be free, of course, unless I should need you particularly. Things are apt to pile up around the first of the month. You're not afraid of work?"

Terry said that she was not afraid of work, and Mrs. Towers said, "Then if you'd like to come and try it, I'll pay you thirty a week, all found, as the English say, and forty if you prove you're worth it."

Terry swallowed and said, "I should like to try it very much," and opened her purse rather fumblingly, for her hands were trembling. "I have my reference from Creen &—"

Mrs. Towers waved it away. "I'm not interested in references, even when they're good. Because you suit some people doesn't mean you'd suit me. In engaging my help, I rely on my instinct." She stood up. "I think that's all. Try and be here by nine-thirty tomorrow. Your room will be ready."

WITHOUT warning, there was Marie to conduct Terry downstairs. She was out in the hurly-burly of Fifth Avenue without quite knowing how she got there. She leaned back against the grilled front door for a moment, breathing hard, blinking a little in the hard, bright October sun. It was all settled. The long search was over; the endless marathon from office to office, the profitless interviews, the knocking at doors, the waiting in stuffy anterooms and on draughty stairs, the sitting in employment offices fetid with the smell of dust and cheap cigars and poverty. The future was once more secure.

The near future, at least. Thirty dollars a week, forty if she made good. And she would make good, because she must. She had already sensed that making good was going to involve more than the able manipulation of a typewriter, more, even, than the mind Mrs. Towers required. That brief interview had made this clear enough. "I hire my people from instinct—" Her people! Red rose again in Terry's white cheeks. But that didn't matter. Nothing mattered, really, but that forty dollars a week. Forty dollars "all found." Which meant board and room. She had meant to refuse that, but she had been given no chance to refuse. And perhaps it was better so. It would make one less mouth to feed at home. Still a little dazed with relief, and perhaps also with hunger, for she had not stopped for breakfast, she walked to the corner and hailed her bus. . . .

NEITHER John Hefton nor his wife betrayed the relief their daughter's news brought them. They were bitterly ashamed that conditions had come to such a pass with them that they must look to their beloved first-born for their bread and butter. Mrs. Hefton merely hugged Terry and kissed her, and her father patted her on the back.

"Well, now, that's fine," he said. "It sounds like a very interesting position, my dear, and thirty dollars is not a bad salary." And then, fearing that might have betrayed him, after all, he said, frowning, "But I don't like the idea of your living there. Why couldn't you simply commute, as you did—?"

"She seems to think it is too far, Dad. And she's going to pay me forty if I make good. Forty 'all found,' as the English say, you know. That means I shan't need anything for myself. Just a little pin and soda money."

That was all. No one of them mentioned money again. Mr. Hefton went off, rather abruptly, into the garden. A big man he was, a little thick at the shoulders, a little more bent, much grayer than he had been two years before, but still erect. Mrs. Hefton hurried into the kitchen, saying that she guessed she'd bake a pie to celebrate. Thank goodness, there was a little flour left and some lard, and the cellar was stocked with the apples they had been unable to sell.

Terry ran up to her bedroom and sat down on her bed and cried a little. She felt guilty that she could not bring herself to say a little prayer of thanks. But she had not, in all those two and a half dreadful months, asked God to help her, and now she could not thank Him. She knew her father and mother were still in touch with Him and had probably already sent up their grateful thanks.

At dinner, they had all three recovered

"You're making a door mat of yourself for the idle rich to wipe their feet on!" he accused her

enough to preserve their tacit conspiracy to protect little Gerda. Gerda was fourteen, darker than her sister, all legs, dreams, poses, and superlatives. To Gerda the depression was no more than a deplorable inconvenience that had caused the departure of their faithful maid and made necessary certain sacrifices in the matter of food, clothes, and luxuries. When she heard about Terry's new job, she was enraptured. She said, "Oh, *Ted*, how *won*-derful!"

"Well, I like that!" Terry said. "I thought you'd be brokenhearted that I'm leaving home."

"But who *would*-n't! I mean to live in a *per*-fectly *mar*-velous house like that, with *ser*-vants to wait on you."

TERRY and her mother exchanged a smile, but Mr. Hefton frowned. Seeing that, Mrs. Hefton said quickly, "Was it very grand, Terry?"

"Was it just! Like something out of a play—one of those comedies of manners, you know. I didn't see much of it, of course, but I did see part of a drawing-room. You could imagine people standing around in evening clothes drinking cocktails and making epigrams." Gerda made an ecstatic sound, and Terry grinned at her. "And, a funny thing, it seems Mrs. Towers' niece was at Handford. She was in my class—"

"Ted! Not really!" Gerda cried. "Did you know her? What was she like?"

"I knew her to say 'hello' to, darling, and she was like all the most beautiful golden-haired fairy princesses you've ever read about, rolled into one." She told them what she remembered of lovely Si Towers. "She was always breaking rules, but she managed to get away with it, until one night she sneaked out to the flying field and went up with some pilot she'd been playing around with, and the ship crashed. No one was hurt very badly, but of course that was the end of her college career."

Gerda was thrilled. "Maybe one of her grand beaux will see you—you might just be passing the door when he was there or something—and he'll ask who that *ex*-quisite creature is, and she'll have to introduce you and he'll fall in love with you—"

"Gerda, what nonsense!" Mr. Hefton said.

But Terry laughed. "She's been seeing too many (*Continued on page 132*)

The Real

"Ma" Barker

AS director of the so-called G-Men —we much prefer to be called Men of the F. B. I.—a part of my task is the attempt to learn what lies behind criminality. All too often, the ardent "good citizen" of today may be the menace of tomorrow. It was so with the most dangerous lawbreaker in my experience.

And, strange as it may seem to some people, that person was not John Dillinger, Baby Face Nelson, nor any of the rest of our so-called No. 1 public enemies, but a woman. The most vicious, dangerous, and resourceful criminal brain this country has produced for many years belonged to a person called "Mother Barker" by scores of satellites.

In her sixty or so years this woman reared a spawn of hell. Of her four sons, one was a mail robber, another a holdup man, and the remaining pair were highwaymen, kidnappers, wanton murderers. To a great extent their criminal careers were directly traceable to their mother; to her they looked for guidance, for daring resourcefulness. They obeyed her implicitly. So, too, did the other members of the Barker-Karpis gang of hoodlums, highwaymen, kidnappers, and murderers which she headed.

With the calm of a person ordering a meal Mother Barker brought about bank robberies, holdups, or kidnappings and commanded the slaying of persons, some of whom only a short time before had enjoyed what they thought was her friendship. Yet she liked to hum hymns, and at one time in her life, at least, she was deeply religious and a regular church attendant.

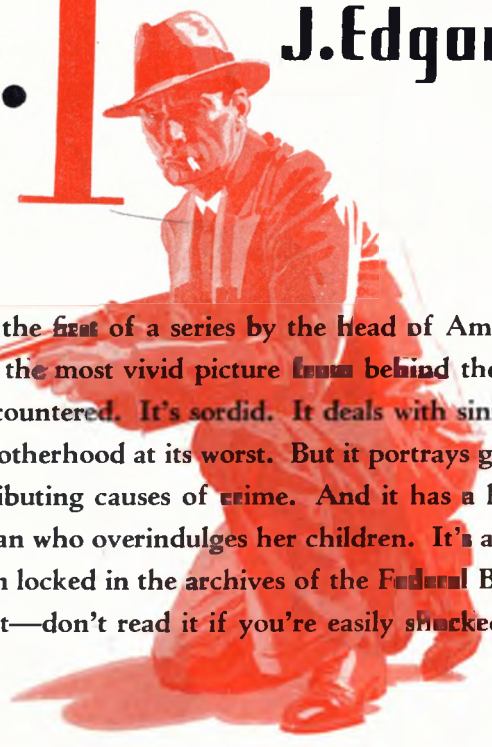
Crime travels into strange places for its recruits. For Mother Barker it reached into a farmhouse in a pocket of the Ozark Mountains some eighteen miles from Springfield, Mo., where a

BEGINNING—Never-before-told stories behind the most famous cases of our G-Men

Public Enemy No. 1

By J. Edgar Hoover

WITH COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER



This article, the first of a series by the head of America's Scotland Yard, offers the most vivid picture from behind the guns of crime I've ever encountered. It's sordid. It deals with sinister human beings. It is motherhood at its worst. But it portrays graphically some of the contributing causes of crime. And it has a lesson for every foolish woman who overindulges her children. It's a story that until now has been locked in the archives of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. But—don't read it if you're easily shocked.—*The Editor*

dark-haired girl of less than usual stature reached the age of marriage some time in the middle '90s. She was the daughter of parents predominantly Scotch-Irish. Friends knew her as "Arrie" Clark; she had been christened Arizona, for what reason is undetermined.

The life of her childhood had been that of an ordinary Missouri farm—church, Sunday school, picnics, hayrides, candy pulls, and the little red schoolhouse. Somewhere she had gained the nickname of Kate, again for no ostensible reason. Her family was circumspect and remained so.

A young farm laborer named George Barker came along when Arizona Clark was barely out of her teens. They were married at Aurora, Mo., where Kate Barker was known as a good wife, devoted to the Presbyterian church, a fair housekeeper, and averse to back-fence gossip. There her sons arrived, Herman, Lloyd, Arthur, and the favorite, whom she called Freddie. Herman and Lloyd grew to school age in Aurora; the others were still babies when the family moved to Webb City, where the father worked at various jobs in the lead and zinc mines. Kate Barker, always somewhat secretive, had few close friends.

She went to church and to Sunday school, dragging her brood with her, to sing the hymns with the same lustiness as the rest of the congregation. With her, of course, went George, her husband, a mild, inoffensive, quiet man who seemed somewhat bewildered by his dominating wife. This was especially true when he attempted to assume the guidance of his growing boys. There was a feline intensity about Kate's determination that no one but herself should be their mentor; and in her eyes they could do no wrong.

George Barker "forgotten father"

The eyes of Arizona Clark Barker, by the way, always fascinated me. They were queerly direct, penetrating, hot with some strangely smoldering flame, yet withal as hypnotically cold as the

(*Continued on page 118*)

Skid 'em, BABY!

SLOW anger stirred in Don Fraser's tanned face. He swept his crash helmet from his crisp red head and made a move as if to lift his solid body out of the tiny cockpit in which he sat.

A tightly knit circle of race drivers, mechanics, and pit attendants edged eagerly toward the child's-sized car. They could watch midget races twice a week, but not once in a blue moon could they witness the violent breaking up of a friendship like that of Don Fraser and Buck Heenan. Some of them had seen Don Fraser go into action. He fought as he raced and played, for keeps, and with a headlong recklessness as devastating as the explosion of a high-powered shell.

Now they watched him take a long breath and try to smile as he looked up into the stormy face of the young man who had been, until the past few minutes, his best friend.

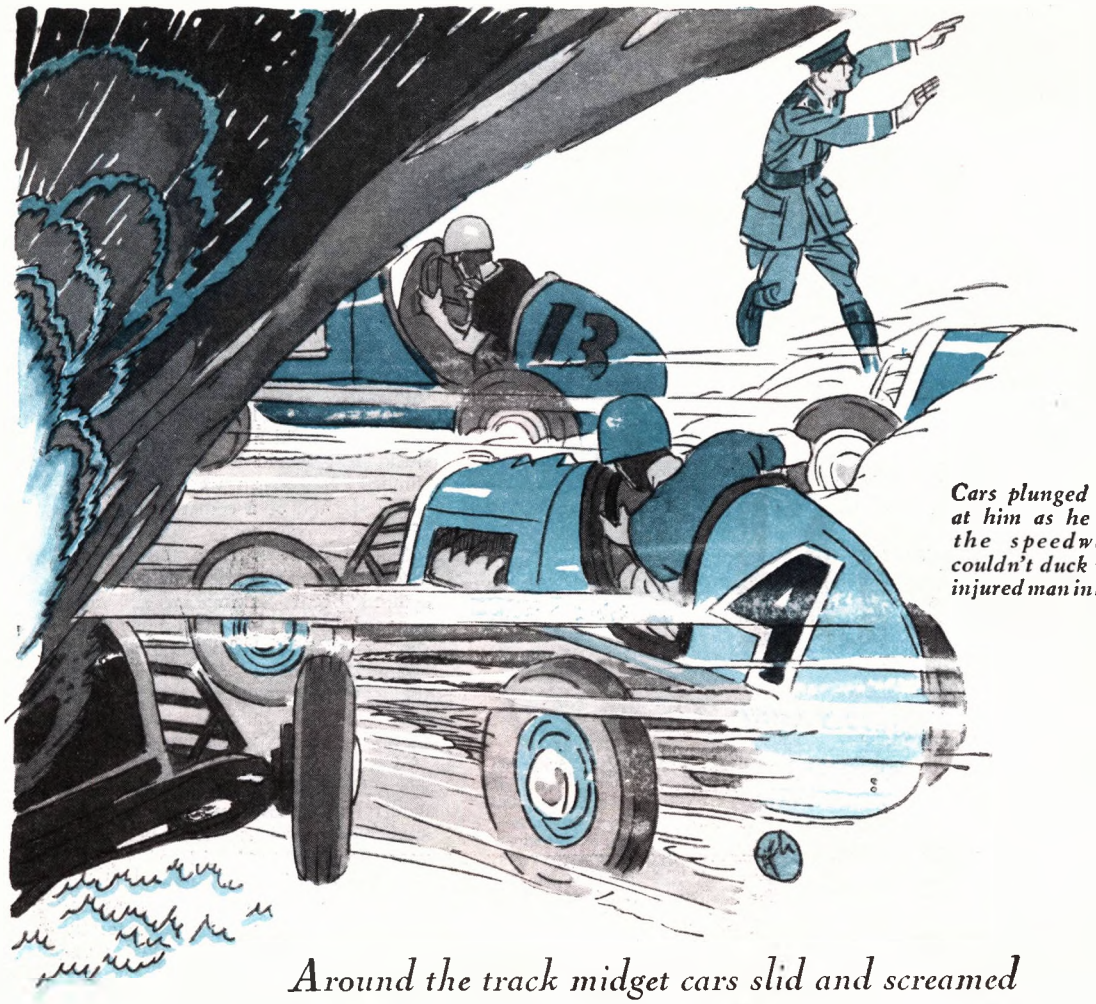
"Keep your hair on, Buck," he said, lifting his deep voice just above the ripping snarl of a dozen small cars which whirled around the track beyond the pits. "Wait until after the finals. Then you can speak your piece."

Bitterness was in the blue eyes of the tall driver who stood towering over Fraser's little car.

"We'll talk about it now," he said flatly.

The onlookers inched closer as Buck Heenan yanked a folded newspaper from

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN



Cars plunged straight at him as he crossed the speedway—he couldn't duck with the injured man in his arms

Around the track midget cars slid and screamed . . . in the grandstand a girl's heart stood still

By Eustace L. Adams

his pocket. They knew what was in that crumpled copy of *The Midget Racing News*. From Hollywood to Long Beach track fans had been discussing it all day Heenan held the thin sheet at an angle to catch the beams from the lofty floodlights which made a tent of incandescence over the great arena.

"Listen," he said harshly, "and I'll read it: 'What famous racing pals have curled on account of a fair-haired lass from the East? Fireworks expected in grudge race at Hollywood Stadium tonight.' What do you say about that?"

"A publicity gag," Don Fraser said. "Now, run along, Buck, before your fever gets too high. We'll talk about it in the morning."

"Hey, listen!" Fraser's chief mechanic begged. "Don't start anything now, will you? You ain't got an idea how easy I get upset before the final event." His worried gaze fell upon the gathering crowd. "G'wan, scram! I gotta roll this jallopy out on the line."

The rearward movement of the spectators was almost imperceptible. But the two drivers were scarcely aware of the presence of others, so accustomed were they to the admiring crowds which surrounded them at the pits.

"Buck," Don Fraser said evenly, "if you were getting sore about Kay, why didn't you say something? So far as I knew, everything was just fine."

A SUDDEN roar from the grandstand blotted out all sound in the pits. Seventeen thousand voices were lifted in a high-pitched scream. Turning quickly, Heenan looked across the crash rail toward the track, where eight midget racers, gaudy streaks of color under the floodlights, were hurtling at incredible speed around the dark oval. He was just in time to see a spinning yellow car pinwheeling end-for-end directly in the path of the others. It seemed impossible that seven snarling racers should not smash straight into that uncontrolled automobile, yet in the space of a heartbeat they had swerved, skidded sickeningly, and were safely past, charging around the curve into the straightaway as if nothing untoward had happened. The yellow car snapped out of its spin, gathered speed, and swept after those which had passed it.

"Ready for the main event, boys," called an official, checking off the numbers of the cars which had won previous heats on the program. "Come on, Don; roll it into line, will you? Buck, where's

your car? Come on, you chauffeurs, line up for the forty laps!"

Don Fraser looked up at Buck Heenan, who was still standing over him. Fraser's big hands were relaxed on the green cowling and his powerful muscles were quiet in the cockpit, yet there was an air of suppressed turbulence about him, as there always was before a race—or a fight.

"Let's get the record straight, Buck," he said. "Kay isn't your girl. I wanted to know, so I asked her."

"You're a liar!" Heenan blazed, crimson with fury.

Fraser's lean face became almost as red as his hair. For a long, long second he eyed the young man who stood there, fists clenched, body bent forward as if to pull him out of the car.

"I don't believe," Fraser said in a gritty voice, "that I can take that, Buck. Not even from you."

He braced his elbows against the cowling and began to ease himself out from under the close-fitting wheel. Instantly, however, his pit crew went into action. One jostled Buck Heenan out of the way. Carl Lamson, the mechanic, slammed heavy hands on Fraser's shoulders and shoved him back into the seat. The third threw his weight against the tiny green car, rolling it toward the line of gaily painted midgets which were ready to be pushed out onto the track.

An official, spotting trouble, pointed a stern finger at Buck Heenan. "Into your car, kid," he snapped, "or you don't ride any more tonight."

The tall young driver hesitated; then, slowly, turned toward his purple racer.

"Sweet sister!" breathed an enchanted spectator. "Just ask me will I be watching this race!"

KAY MOORE, her eyes wide with horror, saw the thing happen in the very last lap. From her seat in a trackside box she saw Don's snarling midget barely nudge the other. As if on springs, Buck's purple car leaped into the air, tilted wildly upon two wheels, and turned like a pinwheel. Then, a vivid flash of color, it slanted down across the track toward the infield.

Even afterwards, thinking about it and trying to sort the impressions out in her mind, she could not have told exactly how it had happened. Her eyes were not accustomed to that riotous kaleidoscope of color. The fast-shifting cars confused her, as did the booming voice of the loud-speakers, the howling crowd, and the acrid reek of burned castor oil. They all ran together in retrospect like the gaudy wooden horses of a carnival merry-go-round.

Buck had written her a long time ago that he had finished building a midget car and was having good luck at the races. But she had not quite known what a midget car was. Vaguely she gathered from his letters that it was a small car, not so big as the man who drove it, and that it was very fast. He had told her that the brand-new sport of midget racing had caught on in the West and that it was sweeping eastward with the speed of a wind-fanned prairie fire. It had sounded a little silly that Buck, a grown man of twenty-one, should be playing with an automobile hardly larger than the toy cars pedaled along the sidewalks by the children next door.

But never, until she sat this evening in the gigantic horseshoe of a grandstand, had she imagined how these gaily colored cars could stir her pulses, snap her breathlessly to her feet, and cause her knees to shake so she could hardly stand. There was a speed to the spectacle, a sense of poised catastrophe, that was wholly new in her experience.

Having spent all her nineteen years in Springfield, Mo., she knew nothing about automobile racing, but no expert knowledge was required to tell her that Don Fraser, in that mite of a green car, had something in him that the others, even Buck, lacked. In the first heats and in the semifinals he had shot, zigzagging, skidding, sliding perilously, through the entire field with an apparent recklessness which jerked the crowd to its feet time and time again. Seeing him flash past down there, a grinning streak of white beneath his green crash helmet, she tried to remember how he had looked that afternoon a week ago, on the second day of her visit in Hollywood. Buck had called for her at her aunt's house and had driven her to the garage he and Don shared in common.

"This is Don, Kay," he had said proudly. "He was weaned on a spark plug, and he's hard-boiled, but he's regular."

Don had been ready to leave the garage for the afternoon. He was sitting behind the wheel of his roadster. His hard gray eyes looked down at her, and she was instantly conscious of the strong pull of his personality. In that single look of his she caught a bright flicker of interest, and when he calmly opened the car door she did not remember to ask Buck if it would be all right. She climbed in without a word. It was like riding the tail of a comet, being with Don.

The roadster flew up the winding roads of the Outpost, skimmed swiftly around breath-taking curves, and swooped to a stop on an out-jutting shoulder that overlooked all Hollywood and most of Los Angeles all the way to the hazy blue line of the Pacific.

THEN, and for the first time since leaving the garage, Don turned and inspected her. With his big, competent hands resting idly on the wheel, he studied the straight line of her perky nose, the gay upward quirk to her bright lips, and the tiny golden flecks in her darkly blue eyes. Under the hard impact of that cool gaze she became faintly uneasy and instinctively tucked a vagrant wisp of russet hair beneath her close-fitting hat.

"If you're Buck's girl," he said flatly, "I'm going to take you straight back to him—right now."

She could feel her heart beating heavily. A quick presentiment of trouble swept over her. But her chin came up and she looked straight at him. "Why?" she asked him, clearly.

"Because he's my best friend, that's why."

He was rushing her, and she felt a little confused. At home the boys beat about the bush, played with words. There was a formula. Buck knew the formula. But she could not imagine this big, vital young man conforming to any orderly pattern, ever.

"No," she said; "I'm not Buck's girl. I've just known him a very long time and I like him a lot."

"Then," he said promptly, "we'll have dinner. A charcoal steak and shoestring potatoes."

Her eyes were amused beneath their heavy lashes. "I have a date," she said coolly.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he nodded, unruffled. "But you'll break it."

And, to her own astonishment, she did, although it was not her way to break dates, even when they were not

very exciting ones. She told Buck how sorry she was, and meant it.

"How many girls," she asked Don one afternoon on the beach at Santa Monica, "have you loved?"

His grin was unabashed. "I've almost loved a dozen."

"Why 'almost'?"

THE hard, clean line of his jaw became suddenly grim. "Because," he said, looking straight down at her, "a time came with all of them when they began telling me to be careful on the race track. And most of them began to wonder when I was going to quit racing and get a good, safe job."

"And then what?" she asked, watching faint restlessness play across his brown face.

"And then they found mugs who didn't race automobiles, and they were glad they had stopped liking me." He punched his cigarette deep into the sand. "Listen, Kay: Any girl who falls in love with a race driver ought to be put in a straitjacket."

"Why?"

"Because she'll have to go to races twice a week and sit all the evening chewing her heart, or she'll stay at home and hope the telephone doesn't ring. And later on, if her man ever graduates into the big cars, it'll be even worse. He won't be able to get insurance, and he'll be away most of the time riding dirt tracks, and when he finally goes through the fence at some county fair his friends will pass the hat to send him home, all neatly boxed, in the express car."

"Are—are you going to drive the big cars?"

His face came suddenly alive. "Kay, give me luck enough to win for a few more months," he said vibrantly, "and Mr. Ohstrom—he's a wealthy racing fan—will put up half the money for a 200-cubic-inch job. And then—" She was astonished by the earnestness in his voice "—after a year on the dirt tracks, I'll ride in the Indianapolis race."

"So you can go through the fence?" she asked quietly.

He hunched his powerful shoulders. "You take the breaks as they come," he said simply. "Speed is in you or it isn't. It's in me."

All these things and more Kay remembered as she sat in those roaring stands during the tumultuous two hours before the main event—and the accident.

She did not know enough about racing to understand exactly what happened in those few awful seconds. It seemed to her that Don, careening around the track at his usual breakneck speed, had swung quite wide as he skidded around the south turn. She saw Buck's purple car, which had been clinging close to Don's left rear wheel for a dozen laps, suddenly cut in toward the pole as if to squeeze through the slender opening Don had left. Then the tiny green car had slashed back into place. They seemed hardly to touch each other, hub to hub, but a glittering purple streak leaped into the air, turning like a pinwheel. The green car, sliding in a horrible sideways skid, smacked solidly against the white crash wall. The crowd screamed in a long, sustained cry of fear.

THEN things happened too fast for Kay's eye to follow. Don's car bounced off the wall, slewed around, and snarled angrily as it straightened out and tore down the track toward the backstretch. The other, the purple midget, turned over on its side in the infield and Buck, not dead nor even injured, crawled dazedly from his seat.

Heartlessly, it seemed to Kay, the race went on. She could see Don, skidding broadside around the north turn, glance across toward Buck and his overturned car. A man stepped out onto the track in front of Don's speeding midget and waved a checkered flag. The race was over.

A new, strange (*Continued on page 76*)

"If you're Buck's girl," he said firmly, "I'll take you back to him now"

America's Head Umpire

By Thomas Sugrue

TOWARD the close of a bright day in the town of Oswego, N. Y., in 1867, the Rev. David C. Hughes sat in the study of the Baptist Church rectory pondering his Sunday sermon. The leaves had just begun to fall, and the sun, picking up their russet and gold, sent the colors through the study window into the darkening room. It was very quiet, so quiet that when the door of the study opened a few inches and closed soundlessly, the stirred air brushed against the scholar's face and caused him to look up. On the other side of the desk, in the shadow, he saw something. It was small and round and had large eyes that stared at him.

"Hello, son," he said.

The child did not answer. He lifted, instead, a manuscript from his side and placed it carefully on the desk before his father. On the first page, in a round, legible hand, was written the title: "The Charles Evans Hughes Plan of Study."

Then the child spoke:

"They go too slowly for me in the school, Father. I know I'm only five, but I can learn faster than the teacher teaches. So I thought if you would let me stay at home and study by myself, then I could learn more. I've made out a plan. If you'll let me follow that I'll soon be educated." . . .

On another afternoon fourteen years later, at Delhi, N. Y., the same sun shone slantwise against Professor James O. Griffin, as he sat in his headmaster's study in Delhi's preparatory school for boys and examined his new instructor in Greek and mathematics, a young man named Charles Evans Hughes, who had been graduated from Brown University the previous June, and whom he had engaged by mail, sight unseen.

Professor Griffin was perplexed.

"My dear young man," he said patiently, "I cannot doubt your competency to teach the branches for which you have been engaged. But how do you expect to rule the young men who will come under your charge? You have no more beard than an egg, and I fear you lack the physique that is sometimes necessary to maintain discipline among effervescent souls." . . .

NOT long ago, the same sun shone across the white front of the new Supreme Court building in Washington. Fifty-four years had passed.

Inside it was quiet. The marble-backed clock on the marble wall said twelve o'clock noon. In the courtroom at the end of the marble corridor, visitors, attorneys, and court clerks waited without sound or movement. The great hanging of plush behind the long mahogany bench rustled. A tall, white-haired man with a white beard appeared, wearing an academic robe. Behind him were other men in robes, all old, all dignified. A man below the bench, the court crier, shouted:

"The Honorable, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States!

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!!

"All persons having business with the Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting.

"God save the United States and this Honorable Court!"

The nine robed men had seated themselves at the bench. The one who had entered first sat in the middle, in a chair with a high back. He rapped quickly with his gavel. An attorney rose from his seat and went to the lectern below the middle of the bench. In the second row of the visitors' section a young woman whispered to her escort:

"Which is Chief Justice Hughes? The one in the center?"

Her escort nodded and hissed her into silence. The attorney at the lectern began to speak. Except for his voice, there was no sound. From time to time the nine justices shifted their positions. The Chief Justice was as restless as his associates. He rubbed his nose, stroked his white whiskers, looked at the ceiling, looked at the six white columns along the side to his left, looked at the six white columns along the side to his right.

Sometimes he leaned forward to ask a question in level, articulate tones with a New England accent, minus twang. A few times he reached under the bench to get his nose glasses, slip them on, and look hastily at some record or evidence, keeping a wary eye on the attorney lest he miss a point.

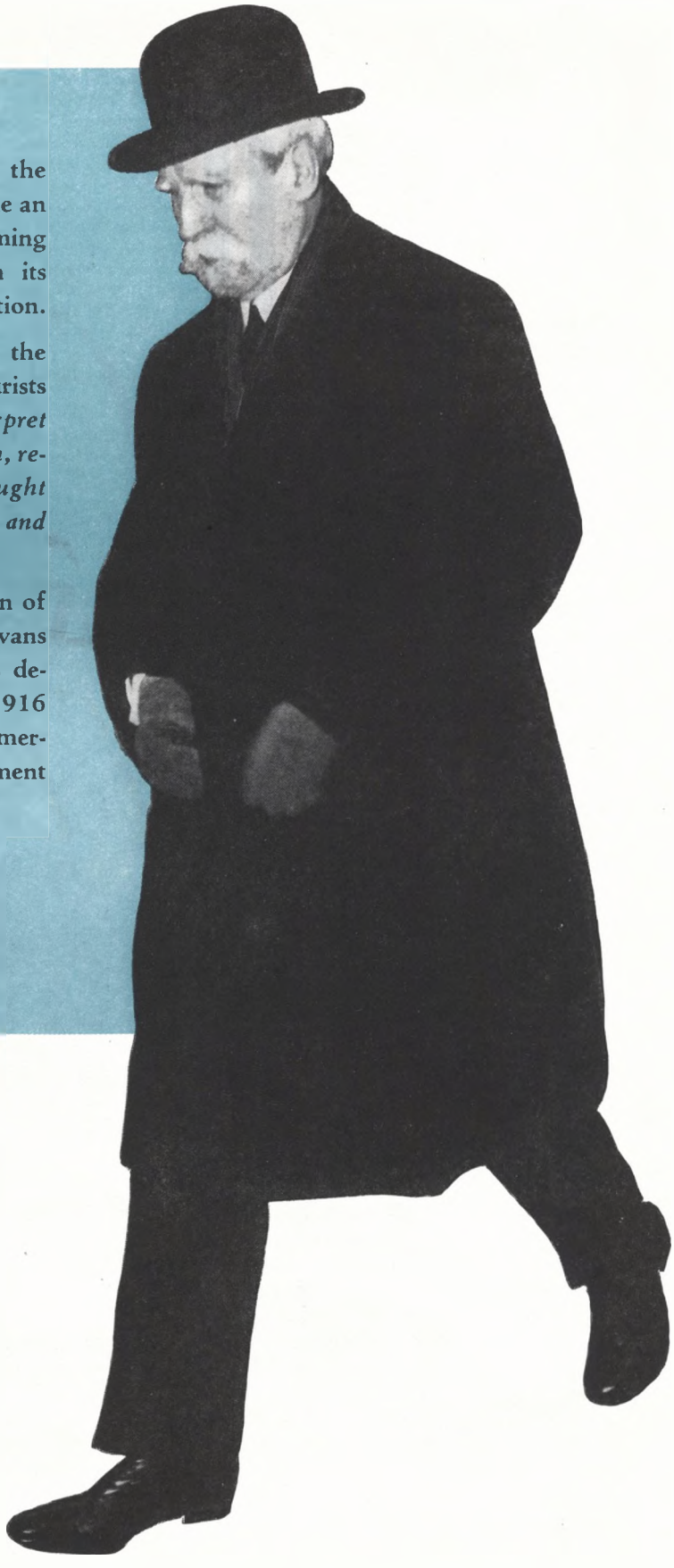
At one o'clock he rapped amiably with his gavel, and another case was brought up, the time limit on the first having expired. At two o'clock he again

The Supreme Court of the United States has become an important factor in the coming presidential election through its decisions on New Deal legislation.

It is a strange position for the court to be in. These nine jurists have but one duty—*to interpret the Constitution as it is written, regardless of the trend of thought or the desires of politicians and the populace.*

More strange is the position of its Chief Justice, Charles Evans Hughes. The man who was defeated for the presidency in 1916 finds himself the umpire of America's future. He sits in judgment on our changing times.

"AN AMERICAN WORD PORTRAIT"



rapped with his gavel. This time he and his associates rose and filed out of the room. At two-thirty they returned, sat down, and heard two more cases. At four-thirty the gavel rapped again. This time everybody rose. The court day was over.

IN THE robing-room upstairs the Chief Justice took off his academic gown, chatted, laughed, showing long white teeth, and put on his coat and hat. Down the marble stairs he walked briskly, and outside to the black automobile waiting for him.

At home he drank tea and talked with Mrs. Hughes. Then he set to reading the acres of manuscript, mimeograph and print, that were piled before him on the desk in his study.

When the sun had gone and it was seven o'clock (*Continued on page 102*)

THE STOLEN God

By Edison Marshall

What has happened so far:

"THE Emerald Buddha has been stolen from the temple," Ralston, American minister of finance to the Siamese government told Ned Holden. The Siamese people believed their government would collapse with the disappearance of the Buddha. It meant revolution.

Ned was an American, brought up in the East. "Any clues?" he asked.

"Daniel Griffin is in Bangkok. He's an unscrupulous Oriental art collector. He's going into the interior of Indo-China. I suspect that the Buddha will be delivered to him in the jungle."

Ned had met and liked Griffin. Especially he had liked Griffin's daughter, Virginia. But he undertook the job of finding the stolen god.

He began by searching the room of the Vicomte Chambon, Griffin's secretary and Virginia's fiancé. He found a baffling letter. "Tired of me," he translated the French. "You will avenge my wrongs, even as you avenge the fallen heads. If Chow See Veet . . ." Chow See Veet was the title of ancient Laotian kings, and the Emerald Buddha was stolen from Laos long ago.

Virginia caught Ned searching her room. She was shocked that an acquaintance could be, as she believed, a thief, but she allowed him to escape.

When the Griffins started into Indo-China, Ned was with them, disguised as

"Have you love charms?" the Kha girl asked breathlessly, and Ned nodded, knowing he could use her for a spy

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

T'Fan, a Laotian chieftain. He took his old servant, Koh-Ken, along as cook. He recognized two proud Laotian nobles in menial positions—Pu-Bow, disguised as a coolie bearer, and his mother, Nokka, acting as Virginia's ayah.

When the party got into the jungle Chambon spied an ancient ruined temple, and there Griffin picked up a broken stone image and a wooden Buddha—also a new silver coin lying in the dust.

As they went farther into the jungle, Ned began to notice signs of unrest among the Khas, the little jungle hill-people. One night when they had made camp he was waked by the pattering of little feet. And then Virginia's voice rose:

"Father! Father! . . . They've carried him off."

The story continues:

UNTIL now Ned had been fighting in a daze. In the violence and terror of the night attack, grappling with invisible things that clutched and gobbled and ran, he was only another savage in the dark. It was his heart, not his head, that had driven him to Virginia's bedside at all costs. But this news she cried from the doorway was a concrete thing, a hard fact to seize and face. All at once he was Ned Holden, on the job.

"Stay here with Chambon," he told Virginia. "Master"—and he called Chambon so without conscious effort, so suddenly clear was his mind and sharp his thoughts— "guard her with your rifle."

Flashing his light before him, Ned entered Griffin's room. There were his clothes over a chair—his rifle in a corner —here was the imprint of his head on his pillow. But the man himself had vanished without trace. Had he been knocked unconscious while he slept and carried off bodily? More likely he had yielded quietly to overwhelming numbers. And sensibly, too; caught in the mosquito net was a wicked-looking iron knife with a carved teakwood grip and a row of uncut topazes where the blade joined the hilt.

A clean blade. This was good news. Kha chieftains carried such knives; added proof that the raiders were Kha savages from the hills. To spare Virginia everything possible he put the weapon out of sight; then returned to her

"Your image in the water makes you look strange," Virginia said. "Like a—white man"

and her lover waiting in the next room.

As he came through the door, he was arrested by their faces in the lamplight, so vivid against the shadowy background. What a stanch little soldier was standing there, stark pale, but swallowing her sobs, her head up, her shoulders square! The expression on Chambon's face he would never forget. No bewilderment was there, hardly even curiosity, but a fateful look. . . . The night's raid was no mystery to Chambon. This fact was plain in his face. But wild horses would never drag the truth from him, at this stage of the affair.

VIRGINIA ran toward Ned with a little cry. "You haven't—found him?"

"Not yet, Heaven-Born." So spoke T'Fan. But Ned Holden longed to kiss the tear-mist from her eyes.

"Perhaps they were bandits, taking him for ransom. Doesn't that seem likely?"

Her hand went to her heart as she awaited his answer. To her this would be the least terrible solution of the mystery. Kidnapping for gain she could understand; any other explanation would be too strange and sinister to contemplate. But she had asked for the truth, and Ned knew he must not deny her.

"No, Heaven-Born. The Khas are not bandits. They have done this thing through fear."

He saw her wide eyes sink and narrow. "Fear—of what?"

"I do not know, yet. They are a race of children, given to sudden panics over nothing. Perhaps Tuan could tell you."

"I, T'Fan?" Chambon demanded. "I have never seen a Kha before this trip. Now call up your drivers, and we'll start at once for Chieng-Khuang to get help from the French. They'll scour these hills with troops."

"And what will they find, Lord?" Ned's tone was so grave that Chambon stopped and stared.

"What do you mean, T'Fan?" Virginia broke in.

"The Khas are a wild, strange people. If we drive them to panic with soldiers searching their villages, we shall never see Griffin Tuan again. But, if let alone, they will keep him unharmed until their end is gained. We must wait till they make terms."

The light was clearing now, so Ned went out to look for tracks in the dust of the road. At least fifty Khas had taken part in the raid, and about eight of them had led Griffin barefooted, probably at the point of a knife, across the road and into the thickets. There the trail was lost.

As Ned had foreseen, the little fear-ridden savages soon showed their hand. A long, wild call, like the shriek of a hawk, rose from the woods opposite the rest-house. Ned glanced up, to see something white flutter and disappear. It looked like a loincloth fastened on a bamboo stick.

Ned borrowed Virginia's handkerchief and waved it. Plainly, the little dark savage hidden in the vines understood and trusted the signal, because he moved timidly into the road.

"Go quietly to meet him, Pu-Bow, and tell us what he has to say," Chambon directed.

"With Tuan's leave, I will go also," Ned said.

"Why? You do not speak the Kha tongue."

"He is a chief and will expect to deal with a chief."

CHAMBON hesitated, but Virginia gave quick assent. Presently Ned and Pu-Bow were facing the little jungleman on the road.

"I am Trang" (the python), "headman of my village," he began.

"I am Pu-Bow, servant of the white lord. Where have ye taken him?"

"To a hiding place in the jungle that even the monkeys cannot find. He is unharmed, and I have come to make terms for his freedom."

"Ye had better free him quickly, without a scratch on his white skin. Then the great wickedness may be forgiven and your village spared."

"Nay, our gods have shown the road, and we will not turn aside." The little man stopped trembling and raised his somber eyes. "This is their command: that He-Who-Has-Come give up his purpose and swear by the Emerald Buddha to return to Vinh with all his goods, never to put foot in Laos again. Spies will be waiting at the frontier to see your devil-wagons pass, and send us word of your passage with the drums. Then, and not till then, will the white lord be freed and set unharmed on the road to Chieng-Khuang."

"Ye fools!" Pu-Bow spat in the dust. "Do you think your monkey-hands can hold back the rising sun? Do ye dream your ape-feet can rub away the writings on the stone? Ye will all die like your own dogs."

The Kha lifted his head with an indescribable dignity—and Ned's heart

warmed to him in spite of everything.

"It is better that we die, O thou in coolie dress with the voice of a Laotian baron, than that the iron rings should snap shut again."

Pu-Bow's long eyes were steel-bright crescents. "What if my lord scorns your threats and goes on to his destiny?"

"Then ye will never see the old white master again. That price, at least, he must pay. And if ye send French soldiers to search our villages, they will only find his bones."

Pu-Bow raised his arm to strike the man, but Ned caught it.

"It would be your last blow," he warned. "This man is under truce and must not be harmed. The woods are full of watchers with drawn bows."

The vines at the edge of the jungle rustled and then grew still.

The Kha envoy evidently understood a little of the Laotian tongue, because he turned to Ned and touched his hands to his forehead. "He owes you thanks, O Chief!"

It was too good a chance to miss. "Trang," Ned said, "your people have made a mistake. The old master means no harm to you; he is here only to see the country."

The Kha's eyes rolled in their deep pits. "We did not mean to take him. We wanted the young lord, but mistook them in the darkness. Now we have him, he must give bond for his friend."

"Why waste words on this woods-ape?" Pu-Bow broke in. "Let us go and report to the white lords."

Ned thrust him back. "When I wish you to speak I will call your name. Now we chiefs parley. . . . Trang, what is it that your people fear? Tell me what is going on?"

"To give words to the evil will add to its power," the Kha answered, and this was the Orient, pure strain. And Ned knew by the set of his dark lips there was no use probing further.

WHILE the Kha waited in the road, Pu-Bow reported to his master. As Ned was standing by, he gave a fairly honest recital of the conversation.

"But I don't understand," Virginia broke out. "André, why do the Khas want to get you out of Laos?"

"How do I know what nonsense runs through their silly heads?" Chambon answered almost angrily.

But Virginia only stepped nearer and searched his eyes. "They say you must give up the purpose of your trip," she went on, very slowly and thoughtfully. "André, have you some purpose that Father and I don't know about?"

"How could I have, Virginia? Use your common sense."

"I'm trying to. Suppose they think you've got one of their idols—perhaps the Emerald Buddha—and want to get it back—"

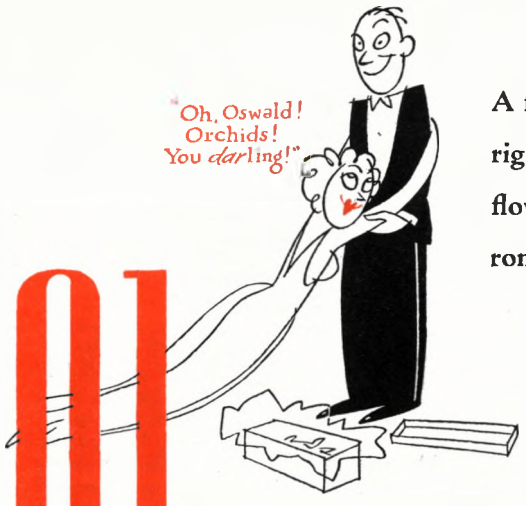
"If they think that, why did they order me out of the country—with all my goods?"

Virginia made a hopeless gesture. "Pu-Bow, tell the man we'll talk it over. Come, André—and T'Fan; I want your advice, too."

In the tense talk in the resthouse Chambon advocated going on to Chieng-Khuang and enlisting French help. But Virginia favored meeting the Khas' terms.

"What do you say, T'Fan?" Virginia asked.

Ned's thoughts flew wide and far. Which counted more, Griffin's greater safety, or the greater chance of recovering the Emerald (*Continued on page 161*)



A famous florist tells how to say the right thing or the wrong thing with flowers.... An Easter bouquet full of romance, beauty, and human nature

101 ways to

***HENRY PENN** has been selling flowers in Boston for forty-nine years and is one of America's best-known florists. He is a past president of the Society of American Florists and was one of the originators of "Say It with Flowers."*

A BOSTON business man called me up recently and said, "Henry, I think I should do more to show my wife that I appreciate her. From now on, every Saturday morning, send her two dollars' worth of roses and a card reading '*With love—George.*'"

I suggested it might be better if he sent the flowers less frequently, or if he would order them only whenever he thought of it, but he insisted on a standing order.

I knew what would happen. Orders like that nearly always work out this way:

When the husband comes home, after the first flowers have been delivered, his wife is all excited. She has arranged the roses herself, and she probably pins one on her beaming husband and gives him a kiss of genuine gratitude. His flowers have made it a happy day for both of them and he's quite proud of himself.

A week later the scene is repeated in about the same gay mood. The third week he gets a casual, "Thanks for the flowers;" and the fourth week he is greeted with: "George, how much are you paying for those flowers you send every week? I need a new hat, and if you don't mind—"

And the second honeymoon is over.

So the husband calls me up, a bit puzzled and considerably flabbergasted, and confesses: "It didn't seem to work out exactly the way I thought it would, so please cancel that order."

To get the most out of flowers you must understand the psychology of sending them. There are a hundred and one ways to win a woman with flowers. There are certain occasions when flowers must be sent and received as a matter of course, but usually they are most effective when they come as a surprise. Either they should drop right down from the clouds when the recipient least expects them, or the flowers themselves should be different.

DRAWINGS BY F. G. COOPER

A YOUNG man came in to buy flowers for a very popular girl whom he was taking to a dance. I knew them both, and hoped the boy would win what seemed to be a close race for her hand. Although I realized he earned little money and I try to keep customers from spending more than they can afford, I suggested that he order a corsage of two orchids that would cost four dollars.

"That's a good deal more than I expected to spend," he said.

"Just this once," I advised, "be extravagant. I happen to know that Jane

has never had an orchid. This will be a gift she'll never forget."

He bought the orchids, and when I saw her a few days later I asked her how she liked them.

"Mr. Penn," she said, "I actually couldn't breathe for nearly five minutes after I opened the box. That was the nicest thing any boy ever did for me."

They're to be married in June, and I think the orchids helped her select the right boy.

A printer recently looked over our display of Japanese flower gardens. He said, "I want something beautiful, so the man will keep it, but it mustn't look as if it cost a lot of money—or he'll think I'm trying to bribe him."

He was sending it to an advertising man who was moving into new offices. I had already received a number of orders for the same occasion and they were all about alike: "Five dollars' worth of roses," or "A vase of mixed flowers," or some such casual order, mostly from people who sold things to the advertising man. All these flowers would last a few days and be forgotten.

The printer chose something that would give the advertising man a pleasant surprise because it was different. He knew, too, that the Japanese flower garden would remain in the man's office for months, a silent reminder that Jones The Printer was always ready to do a job.

THE rose is the most beautiful and most popular flower—just as the diamond is the most popular gem—but often, if you use originality in your selection or ask your florist for help, you can choose flowers that will be more effective, and perhaps less expensive. The standard order is: "Send a dozen red roses." If you are a rock-bound conservative, at least break down enough to remember that in many rooms yellow roses are much prettier than red ones, which are often too dark and too formal to match the furnishings.

In most cases, mix them up. Even if you choose a few of nearly every variety the florist has on display, you are not likely to go wrong, for in a vase any flower looks well with any other flower and against any background. The colors of flowers never clash. And, no matter what flowers you send, they are sure to be in style.

Fashions in flowers don't change as much as the flowers themselves. Varieties lose their strength and beauty from inbreeding, and growers must constantly develop new kinds. The Marechal Niel, Perle, Jacqueminot, La France, and Bon Silène roses are seldom to be found in their old-time beauty. Even American Beauty roses are suffering and it is rather difficult always to get perfect ones. Cultivation, unfortunately, has destroyed the perfume of most flowers.

There are two classes of people who particularly need education as to flowers: those who don't use any, and those who use too many. The latter class disturbs me most. Flowers should help bring out the beauty of the surroundings. They should never dominate.

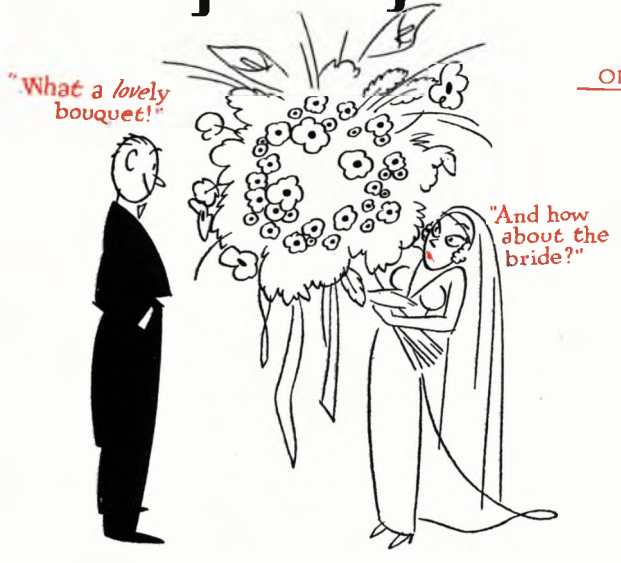
An actress may be proud that her dressing-room looks like a florist shop upon the first night of her play, but she's thrilled mostly by the fact that so many persons wish her luck. For that particular purpose, flowers in profusion are proper. It's fine to cheer an actress or a successful politician or the man who is opening a new store.

But quantities of flowers are neither beautiful nor tasteful in a home or when worn. If you are a young woman, and a man, seeing you, says instantly, "What beautiful flowers!" instead of "How lovely you look!" your corsage is all wrong. If your guests notice your flowers first when they enter your living-room or dining-room, you have failed to decorate your home properly. Most tragic of all is a bride whose bouquet is so magnificent that the wedding guests admire the bouquet and not the bride!

It is best to arrange flowers in comparatively small groups in the average home and, since not every housewife has sufficient vases, (*Continued on page 146*)

win a Woman

By Henry Penn



DEATH stops at a Tourist Camp

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

JOAN ACHESON closed the door of the tiny white cabin almost concealed under its gorgeous burden of crimson rambler, and leaned against it, eying the girl opposite her with a lifted brow.

"The trouble with you, my pet," she said softly, "is that you're scared—utterly and literally pea-green."

The girl opposite her had curly yellow hair and odd-colored eyes, rather greener than gray, and she wore a suede cloth polo shirt, high at the neck, and a very smart felt hat. She had one hand behind her and the other stuffed into the pocket of her flannel skirt. In fact, she was exactly like the girl leaning against the door, her slim feet planted firmly on the grass rug on the floor—except that her hair was not so golden and her full lips not so red. The mirrors in the cabins of the Shady Bridge Tourist Camp—one hundred miles from Richmond, Va.—were both mildewed and slightly undulating. So that Joan Acheson, regarding herself in one of them, did look decidedly pea-green.

However, she *was* scared. Furthermore, she was willing, now that it was too late to do anything about it, to admit it. She had been so sure she could make Richmond and a proper hotel before dark . . . and she could have, if she hadn't had a flat just after leaving Bristol. And she had promised her father she wouldn't drive after dark. Not that anything could have happened to her in an hour and a quarter, but she *had* promised. Furthermore, it had been darker than she had counted on when she asked the service station attendant at the crossroads about the road, and there was a detour through miles of back lanes.

"If I was you, miss," he had said, "I'd stop at Mis' Dixon's place just up

the way. They're mighty nice folks, and it's clean."

Joan had been doubtful. It was a tossup which her father would dislike more—her traveling deserted roads in the dark, or putting up at a tourist camp that he—and she—knew nothing about.

"It'll be all right, miss. A sixteen-cylinder Luxor's just gone there."

The man grinned.

Joan laughed. "If it's good enough for sixteen cylinders, it's good enough for eight—is that it? Maybe you're right. Good night."

It wasn't the sixteen cylinders that had made up her mind for her. It was a dark road, a no doubt quite imaginary rattle somewhere in the bowels of her sports roadster, and the large automobile association sign over the side of the road. That at least identified it. She had driven in across a shaded bridge through a line of old pollarded cedars, and here she was, the sole if temporary proprietress of a little rose-covered cabin, with a sign hanging over the door that said "Florida" in white letters. "The lady in Florida," the colored boy who brought her bag in had called her. Standing there in front of the door, she felt more like a babe in Timbuktu. It was astonishing how silent it was all around her. Silent, and dark, in spite of the racket the frogs were kicking up.

Joan tossed her hat on the dresser, tousled her mop of bright curly hair, and looked at her watch. It was quarter of ten. Everybody else was in bed, so the good-looking young man who showed her where to park her car had told her. The young man, in fact, had reassured her—his grin, to be exact, and a pair of pleasant brown eyes, which were about all she'd seen of him. But he was gone now, and the frogs' dismal dirge didn't make it any more cheerful.

She sat down on the edge of the narrow bed and looked around. It *was* clean, and it was amusingly furnished, with a painted dresser and chairs and a lamp with a chintz shade. On the other side was a narrow door leading to a private shower and lavatory, and there

Joan shrank back against the stone, and this time she didn't endeavor to keep control. "Jeff! Jeff!" she screamed

Rows of tiny cabins filled with sleeping travelers eager to be off early in the morning. . . . One occupant failed to wake

By Leslie Ford

were two small windows, both of them open, with chintz blinds drawn up at the bottom by cords secured on a hook at the side. At least, nobody could look in, and that was something. Still Joan did not undress.

Finally she took her shoes off, and dropped them firmly with a crash. "You're not going to be a complete fool," she said severely.

She reached over for her handbag.

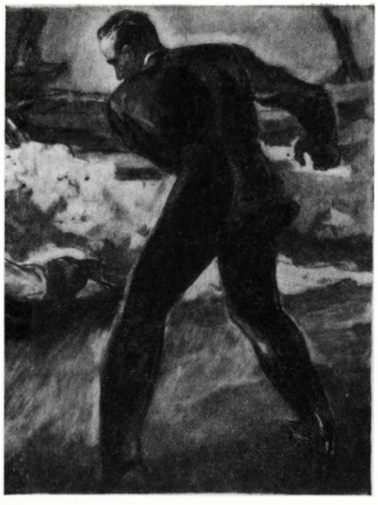
"Oh, gosh!" she groaned. She had left it in the car, on the seat. If it was gone, she'd probably have to wash dishes for her night's lodging.

SHE thrust her shoes back on her feet and rushed to the door, stepping down out of "Florida" and peering around to get her bearings. Little white cabins stretched in a row under the maple trees. "Iowa" was next to her on one side, "New York" on the other. Across the lawn was a corral of parked cars with a light burning over the entrance. She closed her door and ran across, wishing a little that the young man would appear. Not that she couldn't find her car alone.

It was very dark, and dismally quiet, barring the frogs. Joan stumbled a little on the uneven turf, and decided that if she walked, and didn't try to run, she wouldn't be so nervous. She glanced behind her. That was probably a mistake, too. You didn't glance behind you because you were afraid of bears—you were afraid of bears because you glanced behind you. A good bear would be rather reassuring, she thought; because the thing she suddenly saw, or thought she saw, under a tree did not look like a bear at all.

At first she thought the light there was a firefly. With so many moving lights it didn't look too solid. But when it dissolved in a shower of fallen sparks against the trunk of the tree, she knew someone was there, and furthermore that he had put out his cigarette so she would not notice him. She tried not to run or let her heart pound against her ribs as she gained the white-painted arch and peered around in the dark trying to find her car. There was a flashlight on the seat, too. It would be a relief to have that.

The light on a pole over the parking space shone dimly in the night, but it was enough to show up the shiny surface of the enormous car parked alongside of hers. They were parked quite close together, so that she had to step on the running board and put her hand on the door to get her own door unlocked and open. It occurred to her for an instant that her bag would really be safer there than inside the cabin; but she took it



He backed away from the inert heap lying on the ground

and the flashlight, climbed out, and closed the door. Then she stopped, her breath coming in quick gusts. For something inside the big car had moved.

For a moment Joan Acheson's heart pounded madly. She was standing on the running board of the big car—had to, to get out, because the fenders of the two were too close together for her to squeeze through. Her first idea was to run. Then she had an irresistible impulse to look in the dark window. She was probably wrong. It was extraordinary how much oftener she was wrong than right. She lifted the flashlight and turned its beam through the broad window. Then she gasped and lowered it instantly. The car was empty.

Joan stood there for a moment paralyzed. Then she shook herself impatiently.

"You're crazy!" she said. "Why shouldn't it be empty?"

She dashed back across the dark lawn as fast as she could go, burst into her cabin door, slammed it behind her, and turned the key. Then she turned around . . . and stopped short in her tracks, staring about her.

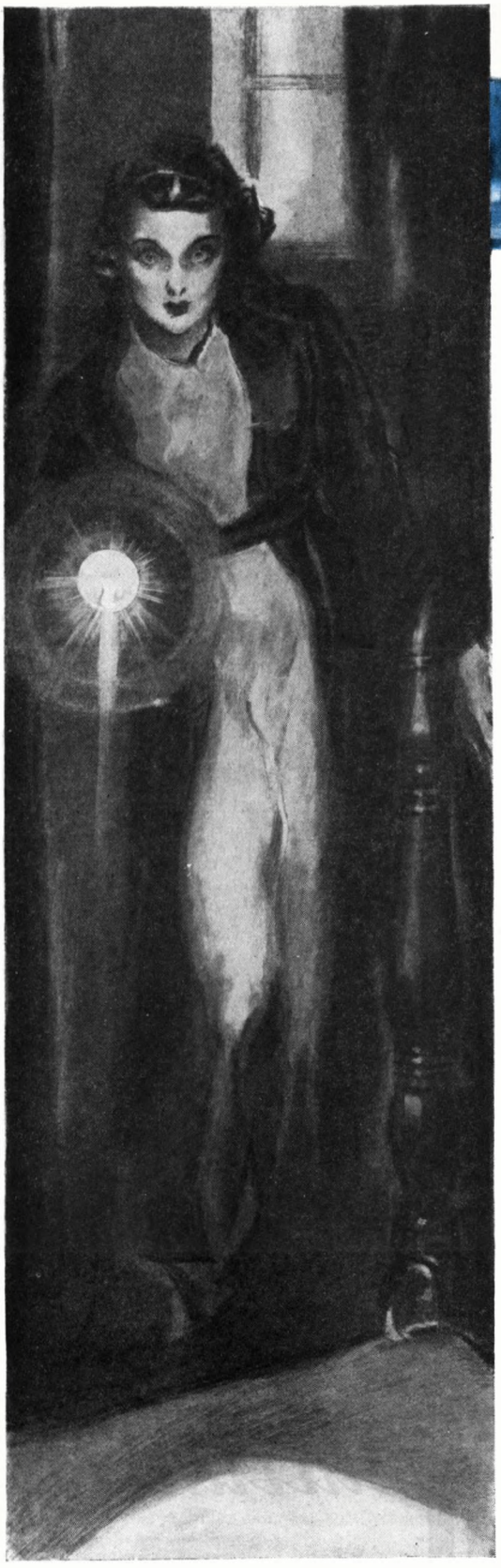
She could not have been away five minutes at the longest; but her things were entirely gone.

Joan Acheson, panic-stricken, looked from the narrow bed with its turned-down cover to the chintz blinds drawn up from the bottom, the chintz lamp shade, the grass rug, the painted dresser and chairs, the narrow door leading to the shower. She put her cold hands to her burning forehead, crept across and stared into the mirror, clinging to the dresser, wondering if she had gone out of her mind. Then she crept back to the door, unlocked it, and looked outside.

It was very dark. She searched among the fireflies for one that was solider than the rest, but whoever was out there had not lighted another cigarette. She stepped out and turned the flashlight up on the sign over the door, and breathed a great sigh of relief.

This cabin was "New York." Of course, they all looked just the same, she thought. She ran to the next cabin. The door stood open an inch, and through the crack she could see her coat on the hanger. Suddenly as she stood there she felt a quick, inexplicable wave of terror, as if something was just behind her in the night. The hand she instinctively stretched out to the door was paralyzed with fear. She whirled about, back against the white wall, and flashed the beam of her flashlight around the grounds. There was nothing there, only the maple trees and the other cabins.

SHE was about to lower the flash when something caught her eye. At the foot of the nearest maple, between the big roots, something—a tiny spot—glittered brightly, and beside it rose a thin thread of smoke from a short tube of gray ash. Joan stared at it a moment, then edged open the door with her shoulder, backed into the cabin, closed the door quickly, and bolted it. Then



Joan aimed the light on the bed . . . it hadn't been slept in

she turned around to survey things inside; and her lips parted in dismay.

She had left her traveling bag closed at the foot of her bed. It was closed now, but it was at the head of the bed; and her hat, which she had left mashed in front of the mirror, was still there, but it was carefully smoothed out.

She stared at them incredulously for a moment, then tiptoed to the small door leading to the shower and pushed it open. There was nothing there. She bent down and looked under the bed. There was nothing there, either.

Joan sat down on the edge of the bed. Someone had been in there while she was out. That was clear. Unless, of course, she *had* left the bag at the head of the bed. She shook her head slowly. It wouldn't do. It might have been all right except for the hat. She had never been known to push out the folds of a felt hat when she took it off—as her mother had pointed out to her for practically seventeen years, assuming she had begun at two, which was reasonable enough.

"Well, my pet," she said—aloud, because it was a little reassuring to hear somebody talking—"you might as well plan to sit up all night."

If anything did happen to her, she had left tracks enough, anyway. The flat, and the boy at the service station. Unless—and a cold shiver went down her already clammy back—it was a plot and the boy was in on it. But that was pretty absurd. People didn't just run into plots, not actually. Joan took off her skirt and put on her dressing gown. Then she got under the covers. For a moment she lay there with the light on, and then turned it off. There was no use being a fool. Nevertheless, she held her flash tightly in her hand.

"I'll stay awake, anyway," she said to herself, and went instantly to sleep.

SUDDENLY a heavy thud brought her sharply to. She sat bolt upright, her breath strangling in her throat, listening with every nerve. There was nothing—no sound. Then she remembered, and felt in sudden alarm for the flashlight. It was gone. She reached across to the little square table for the lamp, and turned it on. It was almost five. Joan rubbed her eyes.

She glanced at the door. It was still bolted, the shades were still drawn. Her handbag was still on the table, her traveling bag and hat in their places. The flashlight was beside her shoes on the floor under the bed. Joan took a deep breath and smiled. That was what had waked her—the light dropping out of her hand and rolling off onto the floor.

It was very early, but it was just as well, probably, to be up and on her way. She should, she realized—a little distressed—have telegraphed her father the night before. Still, if it was five now, she could be in Richmond well in time to call him while he was at breakfast in the garden. So Joan Acheson jumped out of bed, happily unconscious of the terrible and impossible thing that was shortly to happen. . . .

Julius Jones put her ham and eggs and toast down on the table under the mimosa tree and filled her cup from the old silver pot.

"I'm starving," Joan said, picking up a fork.

Julius Jones grinned virtually from ear to ear. "Ah could eat a mule's eah frah'd in grease," he said fervently. "People git up too eah'ly in this yere business (*Continued on page 172*)

The BOGUS Buccaneer

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

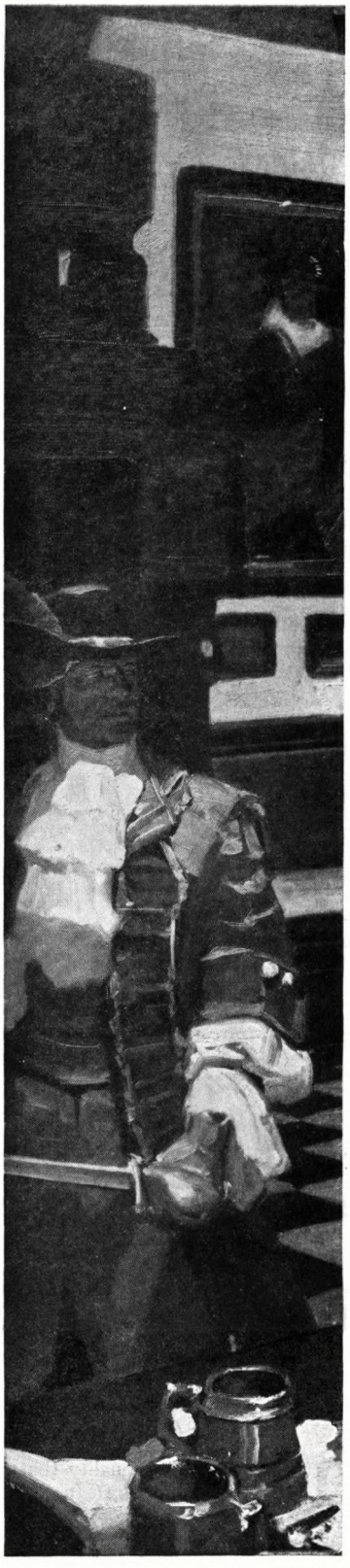
"I'll skin Captain Blood!" roared Don Sebastian, unaware that his dinner guest was that same bold pirate

By Rafael Sabatini

MOBILITY is a quality that has been a conspicuous factor of success with many great commanders by land and sea. So, too, with Captain Blood. There were occasions when his onslaught was sudden as the stoop of a hawk. At times this mobility assumed proportions which led the Spaniards to assert that only a compact with Satan could enable a man so miraculously to conquer space.

Captain Blood was mildly amused by the echoes that reached him from time to time of the supernatural powers with which Spanish superstition endowed him. But when, shortly after his capture of the Maria Gloriosa, the powerful, richly laden flagship of the Marquis of Riconete, he heard it positively and circumstantially asserted that on the day after his sailing from San Domingo he had raided Cartagena, five hundred miles away, it occurred to him that one or two other fantastic tales of his own doings which had lately reached his ears might possess a foundation more solid

It takes a brave man to trifle with Captain Blood — and a big man to fill his boots. Another of the dashing pirate's adventures



than mere superstitious imaginings.

It was in a waterside tavern of Christiansted on the island of St. Croix, where the Maria Gloriosa (renamed the Glorious and impudently flying the Union flag) had put in for wood and water, that he overheard an account of horrors lately practiced by himself and his buccaneers at Cartagena. The narrator was a Dutchman named Claus, the master of a merchant ship from the Scheldt, and his audience consisted of two traders of the town, members of the French West India Company. Uninvited, Blood thrust himself into this group with the object of learning more, and the intrusion was welcomed by virtue of the elegance of this stranger's appointments and the quiet authority of his manner.

"MY GREETINGS, messieurs." He drew up a stool and rapped with his knuckles on the table to summon the taverner. "When do you say this occurred?"

"Ten days ago it was," the Dutchman answered him.

"Impossible." Blood shook his periwigged head. "To my certain knowledge Captain Blood was at San Domingo ten days ago. Besides, his ways are hardly as villainous as those you describe."

Claus, a large, rough man, red of hair and face, showed resentment of the contradiction. "Pirates are pirates, and all are foul." He spat ostentatiously upon the sanded floor, as if to mark his nausea. "I had the tale two days ago at San Juan de Puerto Rico from the captain of one of two battered Spanish plate ships lately from Cartagena. They had been chased by the buccaneer, and they would never have escaped him but that a lucky shot of theirs damaged his foremast and compelled him to shorten sail."

"The Spaniards were in a mistake. That's all," said Captain Blood.

The traders looked uneasily at the dark face of this newcomer, whose eyes, so vividly blue under their black eyebrows, were coldly contemptuous. The timely arrival of the taverner brought a pause to the discussion, and Blood softened the mounting irritation of the Dutchman by inviting these habitual rum-drinkers to share with him a bottle of more elegant Canary sack.

"My good sir," Claus insisted, "Blood's big red ship, the Arabella, is not to be mistaken."

"If they say that the Arabella chased them, they make it more certain that they lied. For, again to my certain knowledge, the Arabella is at Tortuga, careened for graving and refitting."

"You know a deal," said the Dutchman with more than a suspicion of a sneer.

"I keep myself informed," was the plausible answer, civilly delivered. "It's prudent."

"Aye, provided you inform yourself correctly. This time you're sorely at fault. Believe me, sir, at present Captain Blood is somewhere hereabouts."

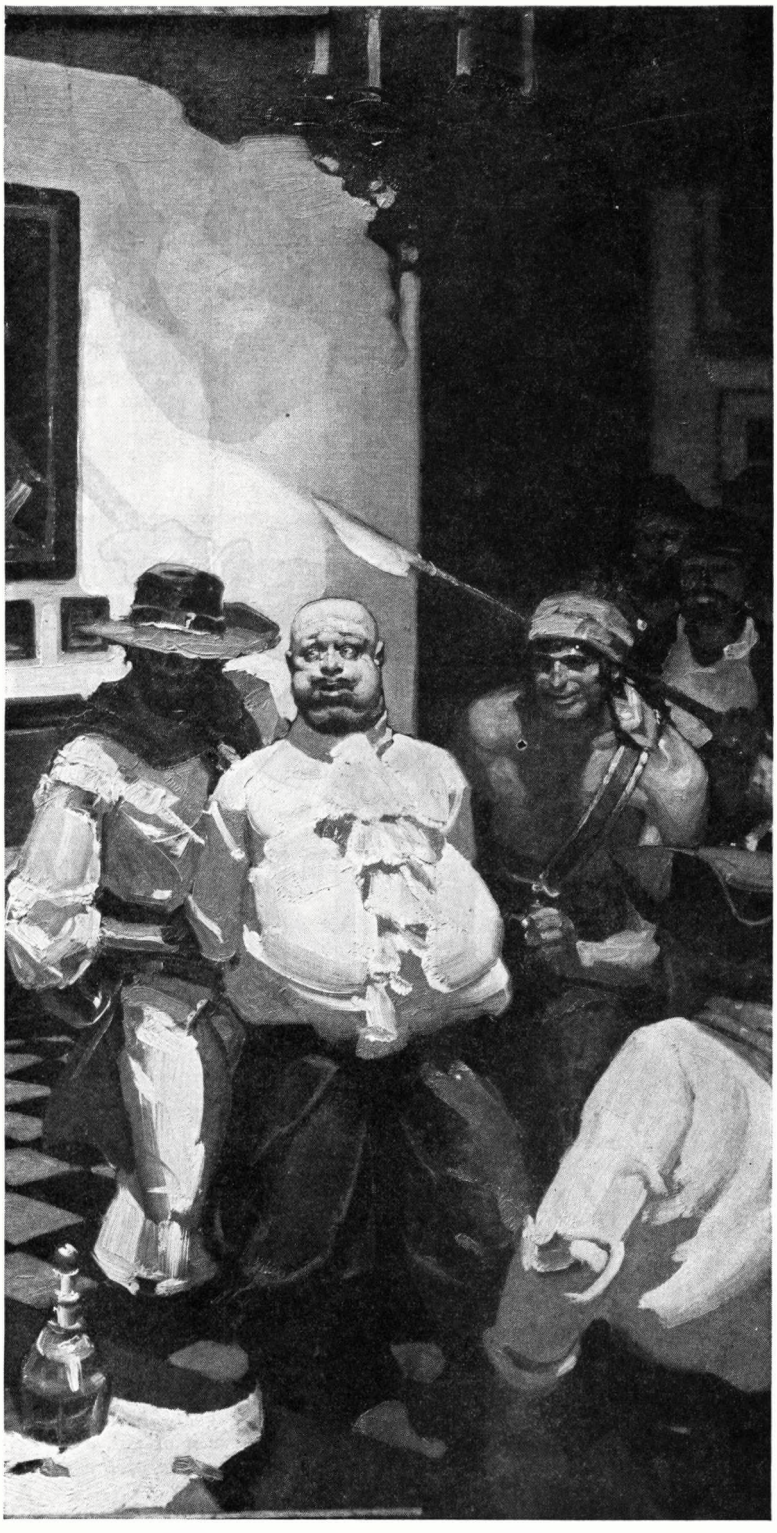
"That I can well believe. What I can't believe is the reason for it."

The Dutchman thumped the table with his great fist. "Didn't I tell you that somewhere off Puerto Rico his foremast was strained, in action with these Spaniards? He'll have run to one of these islands for repairs. That's certain."

"What's much more certain is that your Spaniards, in panic of Captain Blood, see an Arabella in every ship they sight."

Only the coming of the sack made the Dutchman tolerant of such obstinacy in error. When they had drunk, he confined his talk to the plate ships. Not only were they at Puerto Rico for repairs, but after their late experience, and because they were richly laden, they would not again put to sea until they could be convoyed. Blood's interest in this eclipsed his concern at the horrors imputed to him at Cartagena and the other falsehood of his engagement with those same plate ships.

THAT evening in the cabin of the Glorious, whose equipment reflected the opulence of the Spanish admiral to whom she so lately belonged, Captain Blood summoned a council of war. It was composed of the one-eyed giant Wolverstone, of Nathaniel Hagthorpe, that pleasant-mannered West Country gentleman, and Chaffinch, the little sailing master, all of them men who had been transported with Blood for their share in the Monmouth rising. As a



Don Sebastian roared fury and struggled in the powerful hands that held him. "You dog!" he snarled. "What assurance have I that you will keep faith?" "The word of Captain Blood," was the reply

result of their deliberations, the Glorious sailed that night from St. Croix, and two days later appeared off San Juan de Puerto Rico. Flying the red and gold of Spain at her main-truck, she hove to in the roads, fired a gun in salute, and lowered a boat.

Scanning the harbor through his telescope, Blood had made out quite clearly two tall yellow galleons, vessels of thirty guns, whose upper works bore signs of considerable damage. So far then, it seemed, the Dutchman's tale was true.

It was necessary to proceed with caution. The harbor was protected by a considerable fort, with a garrison no doubt rendered more than usually alert by the presence of the treasure ships. And with but eighty hands the buccaneers were not in sufficient strength to effect a landing, even if their gunnery should be able to subdue the fortress. They must trust to guile rather than to strength, and in the lowered cockboat Captain Blood went ashore upon a reconnaissance.

IT WAS improbable that news of his capture of the Spanish flagship at San Domingo could already have reached Puerto Rico. Therefore the white and gold splendors of the Maria Gloriosa should be his sufficient credentials. He had made free with the Marquis of Riconete's extensive wardrobe, and he came arrayed in a suit of violet, with stockings of lilac silk and a baldric of finest cordovan of the same color, which was stiff with silver bullion. A broad black hat with a trailing claret feather covered his black periwig and shaded his weathered, high-bred face.

Tall, straight, and vigorously spare, his head high, and authority in every line of him, he came to stand before the captain-general of Puerto Rico, Don Sebastian Mendes, and to explain himself in fluent Castilian.

He announced himself, not without humor, Don Pedro Encarnado, deputy of the Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, the Marquis of Riconete, who could not come in person because he was chained to his bed aboard by an attack of gout. From a Dutch vessel, spoken off St. Croix, he had heard of an attack by scoundrelly buccaneers upon two ships of Spain from Cartagena. These ships he had seen in the harbor, but his Excellency the Admiral desired more precise information in the matter.

Don Sebastian supplied it tempestuously. He was a big, choleric man, flabby and sallow, with little black mustachios surmounting lips as thick almost as an African's, and he possessed a number of chins, all of them blue from the razor. He (*Continued on page 127*)

CHECK

Reading from left to right —the old lady, the cop, the girl, the Italian, the hero, the goat himself, and, believe it or not, a dog—in the race of the century

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR

By Edwin Rutt

YOUR *Goat* SIR?

Jefferson Oakes was an advertising man... his secretary took everything into account

MISS KARY GARDE planted a nice, straight left to the chin of Miss Dartha Van Cleve. Miss Van Cleve reeled and tottered back, ending up in a slightly sidewise position. Miss Garde walked in with a kind of deadly slowness, measured the distance, and crossed her right. Miss Dartha Van Cleve slumped to the floor, bounced once, and lay still. And all this would have been infinitely more satisfying to Miss Karen (Kary) Garde had Miss Dartha Van Cleve been present in the flesh instead of being merely a photograph by Shanwell & Shanwell, Fifth Avenue's most fashionable photographers.

Not that Dartha's picture ordinarily reposed on the top of Mr. Jefferson Oakes's desk. It didn't. If a rising young advertising executive stands the photo of his affianced in the general neighborhood of his inkwell, he is likely to come in for considerable ribbing from the office force. Jeff Oakes kept Dartha's picture in the top drawer of his desk. And, at such times as Miss Kary Garde wasn't sitting before her typewriter in the southwest corner of his office, he was wont to take it out and brood over it with becoming sentiment.

Miss Garde had known about the existence of the picture for a month. She'd discovered it one day while straightening Mr. Oakes's desk. Of course, she wasn't surprised to find Jeff treasuring Dartha's photograph; she knew all about his engagement to Miss Van Cleve. As a matter of fact, she knew all about Jeff. She knew how much money he made, what size collars he wore, that he was a two-handicap man according to par figures for the Valley Lake course, that he had a passion for salted almonds, an offer of a better job with Reyerbold & Ricks, advertising agents, and a critical judgment that made him a pretty fair copy chief. She also knew that she had turned out to be one of those dumb secretaries who go ga-ga over their bosses. Wherefore, inasmuch as Dartha Van Cleve was the cause of pain and heartache, Miss Kary Garde had, photographically speaking, socked Miss Van Cleve the day she'd found her in Jefferson Oakes's desk. She'd been socking her regularly ever since, whenever the 178 pounds of well-distributed masculinity that was Jefferson Oakes ab-

sented itself from the copy chief's office.

As for Kary herself—eyes like aquamarines with black-flame centers, sun-colored hair, copper-patched, and a figure to put Garbo out of business. She was the kind of girl who causes street accidents. Being such, she should, on this gorgeous Saturday morning, have been as happy as a lark. She wasn't. She felt like throwing the window wide and casting herself to the ravenous traffic below. And all because she thought that Jefferson Oakes figured her as something that comes free with a noiseless typewriter.

Brooding upon this state of affairs, she extended a medium-sized foot in a medium-sized brown slipper and pushed Miss Dartha Van Cleve around the gray broadloom carpet for the space of two minutes. Finally she picked her up and replaced her in Jeff Oakes's desk. And at this point the telephone rang.

Kary said "Hello," and then jumped a foot.

A snappy cackle came over the wire.

Kary recovered commendably. "He—he hasn't come in yet, Mr. Averill," she managed.

A snappier cackle.

"Yes, Mr. Averill," Kary said; "I'll tell him."

SHE put the phone down and mopped her brow. Wasn't it just like that old nuisance, C. Halstead Averill, coming in on a Saturday morning and demanding to see Jefferson Oakes? C. Halstead Averill made a practice of doing unexpected things at the wrong times. He was a tyrant, a martinet, a dictator, a Simon Legree, a cynical, disillusioned old curmudgeon, and he gloried in it. Furthermore, he was the owner of the advertising agency that paid Jeff Oakes and Kary Garde their respective salaries. If, thought Kary, Jefferson Oakes did not get in pretty soon—well, it mightn't be so good.

C. Halstead Averill had founded The Averill Advertising Agency back in the days when men cut each other's throats over a billboard site. And when advertising emerged from the billboard chrysalis, got snootier and snootier, and added magazines, newspapers, and what-have-you to its list of media, C. Halstead Averill moved with it. Now, at the age of seventy-seven, he was still going strong. When the firm gave him a dinner on his seventy-sixth birthday a rumor arose that C. Halstead was on the verge of retirement. But nothing doing. Far too well did he love to jerk the strings of his puppets and watch them dance. And here he was on a Saturday morning, avid, it appeared, to do a bit of string-jerking. It was well known that C. Halstead rarely sent for the help except to chide them. Kary Garde wondered what Jeff Oakes had been up to now.

The door of the copy chief's office opened slowly. Kary's heart gave a bound, as it always did when Jefferson Oakes was about to loom on the horizon. But, in this instance, Mr. Oakes did not loom immediately. Instead, a white goat, walking with solemn dignity, entered the room.

The only thing that prevented Kary from passing out of the picture then and there was the spectacle of Jefferson Oakes running a close second to the goat. Just to make sure that she wasn't having hallucinations, she passed a hand over her eyes, took it away again, blinked thrice, and then stared. The goat was still a goat. Kary sighed, and regarded Jefferson Oakes.

Mr. Oakes looked much the same as usual, save that he sported what was probably the finest black eye in Greater New York. It was a great, leaping honey of a black eye, with purple shades around the edges of it, one that would have excited favorable comment along the water front. Wearing it, Mr. Oakes had all the appearance of a gentleman who has recently spoken out of turn.

Kary indicated the goat with a slim forefinger. "What," she inquired faintly, "is that?"

Mr. Oakes opened his lips, but there issued from them naught but a silly giggle. And right then Kary made a discovery. Jefferson Oakes, copy chief par excellence, was not quite himself.

To say that Mr. Oakes was plastered would be nothing short of base calumny. True, at some point in the night just past he had been plastered. But his state might be described as a kind of Indian summer before the hang-over sets in. It was that curiously pleasant and light-hearted period when the head seems detached from the body and all that passes before the eyes or reaches the ears appears to these organs as ridiculous.

"Imagine," he said, "a girl of your age not knowing a goat when she sees one. For shame, Miss Garde. And let me tell you something else, my good woman. This is the finest pedigreed or non-pedigreed goat in the great city of New York. His name is Mortimer. . . . Meet Miss Garde, Mortimer. Miss Garde is my very able secretary and assistant."

THE goat acknowledged the introduction by muttering in his beard.

"Mortimer and I," continued Jefferson, "came up in the freight elevator. The operator would have made some little difficulty, but I silenced him. 'Flunky,' I said, 'where I go, this goat goes.' But aside from that little contretemps, we've had pretty fair treatment in this building. To be sure, quite a crowd collected in the lobby and stared at us. It upset Mortimer. As a rule, he shuns publicity."

"Where," demanded Kary, "did you get this goat?"

Mr. Oakes sat down on top of his desk, lit a cigarette, and regarded her affably.

"Now, there," he said, "you have me. As my approaching nuptials bid fair to curtail certain of my—er—social activities, I took advantage of my fast-diminishing freedom to go out last night upon what we of the English aristocracy term a pub crawl. A loop or binge, to you. A few kindred souls accompanied me. Where we went is of no importance. But the stark facts are these: One by one my companions fell away from me, until, in the blue dawn, I found myself on the corner of Fifty-eighth Street and First Avenue attended by none except this faithful goat. I confess I don't remember at just what point Mortimer joined the party, but it was Mortimer who stood by me in this blue dawn of which I speak."

AT THIS juncture Mortimer began to exhibit signs of boredom. He paced the length of the room, nose to the floor, but found the pasturage only mediocre. Then he espied the telephone directory on a shelf beneath a low table. Nosing creditably, he dislodged this volume and began to eat somewhere in the neighborhood of the Aarons and Adamses.

Kary made an attempt to preserve the telephone book. "Stop that!" she commanded sharply.

Jefferson Oakes beamed alike upon her and Mortimer. "Be kind to Mortimer," he suggested. "Give him the privileges of the house."

Kary remembered now that she had an important message for Jefferson Oakes. But there was one question she simply had to ask before delivering it. "Who," she inquired, "redecorated your northeast eye?"

Jefferson smote the desk. His mien became stern. "If," he declared wrathfully, "I could find the low-down, white-livered skunk who took advantage of me, I would go to work on him. Unfortunately, I wouldn't know him if I stumbled over him in a telephone booth. I remember there was a scuffle, but I don't remember where or who with. Or is it 'whom'? And, changing the subject, Miss Garde, you wouldn't have a few old tomato cans around here, would you? Mortimer really ought to have a balanced diet."

"I," said Kary severely, "have remarkably little interest in Mortimer and Mortimer's diet. What's worrying me most right now is that Mr. Averill is in this morning and wants to see you."

Jefferson Oakes bounded from the desk. "What?" he cried, outraged. "You mean to say that old carbuncle has the effrontery to send for me—ME—on a Saturday morning? Well, I'll see him. I'm just in the humor to see him. I'll go right away."

Kary crossed the room with lithe,

swinging walk. She took Jefferson Oakes firmly by the arm and pushed him back against the desk. Mortimer looked up, with a section of the telephone book in his mouth, and eyed these proceedings without undue interest.

"Now, you listen to me," said Kary. "You're not going to do anything of the kind. You're in no condition to see Mr. Averill or anybody else."

Jefferson Oakes took umbrage. "Release me!" he said truculently. "If you were a man, you wouldn't get away with that." His tone changed to one of icy politeness: "Since you're a girl, Miss Garde, I can only inform you that I've never been more sober in my life."

"All right!" said Kary briskly. "Have it your way. But you're not going in to Mr. Averill. You're just lucky that this office is near the outer door and the reception clerk is off Saturday mornings. Otherwise the whole place would know that you have a goat in here." Then a thought struck her. "By the way, no one except the elevator operator did see you, did they? No one from this office, I mean."

"Why, no," said Jefferson brightly. "Mortimer and I just sort of slipped in without fanfare."

"THANK goodness for that," Kary said. "Now, here's what's going to happen: I'll go out and ring for that freight elevator. Then, when the coast is clear, you and this goat are going to scram as you never scrammed in your lives. I'll fix it with Mr. Averill. I'll tell him you phoned that you were sick."

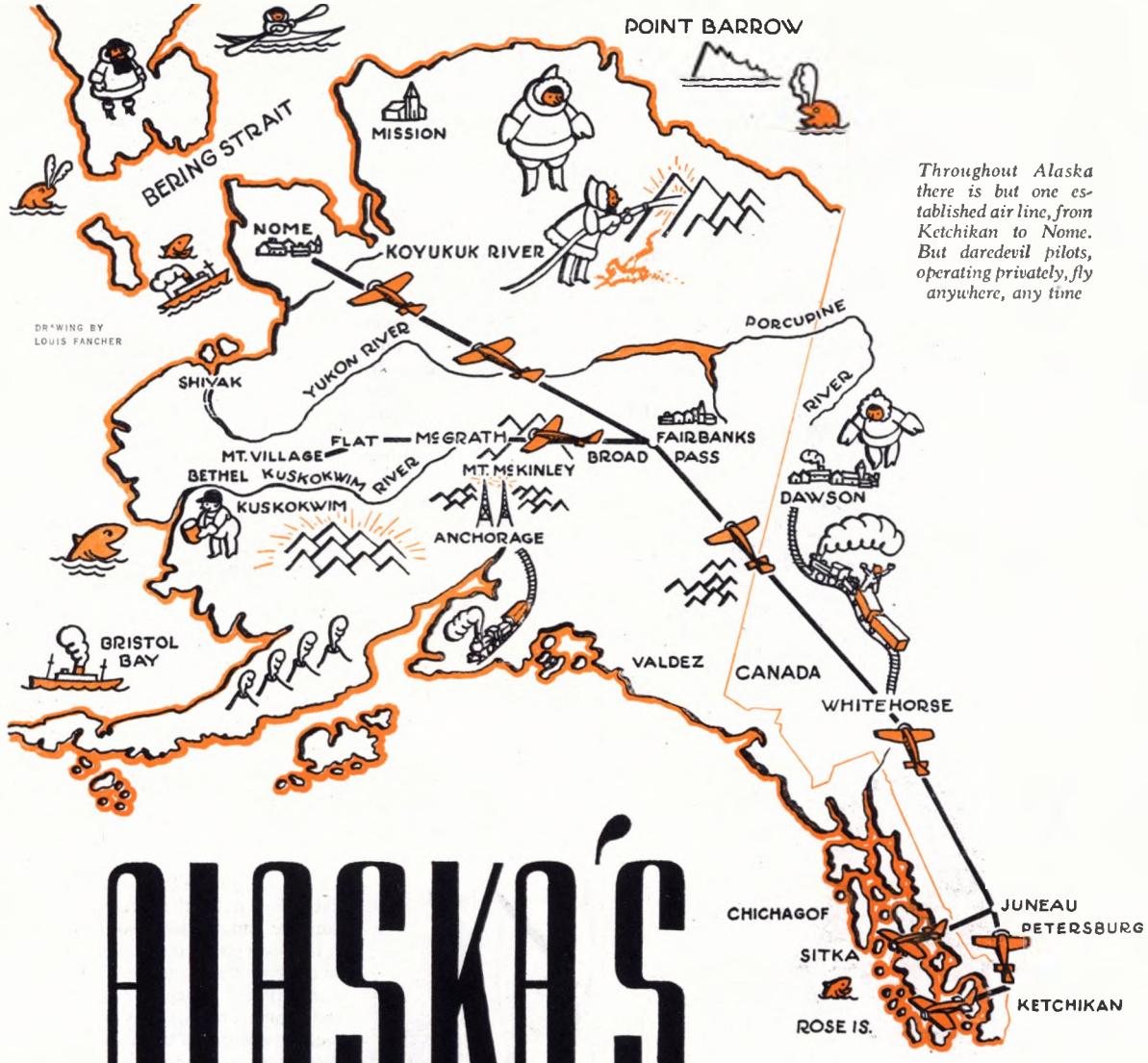
Jefferson Oakes planted his feet firmly on the broadloom carpet. "I refuse," he stated flatly. "I decline to put myself and Mortimer in the position of thieves slinking away into the night. An Oakes charges but never retreats." By way of putting a clincher on these declarations he thumped the desk resoundingly.

At this point Mortimer spoke unexpectedly. "Bah," said Mortimer.

Jefferson Oakes turned on him. "That'll do," he said sternly. "We don't need any Bronx cheers from the cheap seats. I repeat . . ."

He was not (*Continued on page 92*)

Jeff was stumbling through a lot of explanations, while Kary maintained an aloof silence. "Heck, woman!" he cried at last. "Say something!"



Throughout Alaska there is but one established air line, from Ketchikan to Nome. But daredevil pilots, operating privately, fly anywhere, any time

ALASKA'S *flying frontiersmen*

IT WAS half past eight one bitter January night when Station KFQD at Anchorage received a message which caused the manager to send a boy dashing across the street to the office of the McGee Airways. Pilot Barnhill appeared shortly, and to him the manager explained:

"Hell's popping! I just had an emergency call from Bethel. There's a sick woman at Shivak."

"Shivak!" Barnhill frowned. "That's somewhere out on the Yukon delta. I've never been there. . . . Just how sick is she?"

"Plenty bad. The local doctor has an amateur set and he managed to raise Bethel. Bethel relayed the message here. He must have some serum, quick. Doc Romig says he can supply it. Can you fly it through?"

After an instant Barnhill said, "I can try. What's the weather like inside?"

"Forty-six below at McGrath."

"I'll have to gas up there. Instruct them to put lights at each end of the field, then get a message through to Mountain Village. Tell them to pick out the smoothest place on the river ice—a thousand feet. When they hear me coming have them station an Indian with a lantern at each end. If I can

get down there I'll wait for daylight."

"It will be a tough trip. Whom will you take along?"

"There's nobody in town I hate enough to ask. It's darker than the inside of a cow and it's no cinch I'll hit McGrath."

"I bet you'll hit it. Good luck! The serum will be at the field by the time you warm up your motor."

AT NINE-THIRTY Barnhill took off alone on a 750-mile flight over some of the worst country in the world. His course lay across a wilderness unlighted by so much as a chimney spark, for there was scarcely a cabin between Anchorage and McGrath, the latter a pin prick on the map 250 miles away. It led over that tumultuous mountain barrier which forms the Alaskan Range. Almost directly in the pilot's path, Mt. McKinley and its lofty companions soared more than 20,000 feet into the sky, and in order to clear their westward shoulders Barnhill had to rise 10,000 feet. There were no beacons, no radio beams for him to ride; he had to lay a compass course and watch the needle, knowing perfectly well that the least error in his calculations would be fatal. A forced landing was impossible, for had he been able by

Bob Reeve . . . dived head-on into a snowdrift on a mountainside

some miracle to survive such an attempt he would have quickly perished from the cold. He had to hit McGrath—or else!

He hit it—on the minute and on the nose. By the dim glow of hand lanterns he set his ship down, refueled, and took off again, heading west.

When he made out beneath him the pallid surface of the Yukon winding between its darker banks of spruce he swooped lower and followed it at headlong speed, until, hours later, two faint match-flares told him that KFQD's message had come through to Mountain Village. Here he landed to wait for daylight so that he could find his way into Shivak. By dawn a blizzard was raging. It delayed him; nevertheless, he got that serum through in time, and the woman's life was saved.

That was one of the most sensational "mercy" flights in a country where they are common.

Nowhere else, perhaps, are pilots called upon so frequently to risk their necks in behalf of others as in Alaska, for airplanes offer the only prompt and efficient first aid. But nothing has been done to safeguard the rescuers or make their tasks lighter. There are no aids to navigation, no prepared emergency landing fields, no filling stations or repair crews.

Aviation, as an industry, is unorganized in Alaska. That country is our aerial frontier, and, like the old pony express riders, those Northern pilots must ride alone. Moreover, Arctic flying, both winter and summer, is beset with difficulties peculiar to itself; hence their jobs call for special training.

Many of those men own their own

★

A famous novelist who has hunted gold and adventure in Alaska since the days of the Klondike tells how pioneer pilots risk their lives day and night carrying supplies to our northernmost outposts

★

By Rex Beach

Joe Barrows . . . when his ship broke through the ice he stood by

Joe Crosson . . . first flier to reach the scene of the Rogers-Post tragedy

ships, so when they succor others they often risk their means of livelihood as well as their lives; nevertheless, "neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night" stays these couriers from the swift completion of their self-appointed errands of mercy.

ALASKA is an incredibly vast country. It is thinly populated, and travel by water is slow; by land, it is difficult at best, and often impossible. It has few railroads and fewer highways which lead anywhere. Since the arrival of the airplane, dog teams have become something of a curiosity, for everybody flies. The air mileage per capita is said to be higher than anywhere in the world, and yet less has been done to encourage and to foster aviation there than in any of our possessions. Development along that line has been left entirely up to private enterprise. Not one cent of public money has been spent for airports; there is no air-mail service to link the Territory with the States; inside its boundaries there is but one air-mail route, and that, like a pair of skates, is used only part time.

A business man can fly from one end of the North country to another, year in and year out, but during the open season if he needs to send a letter by air he must bootleg it. Passengers and freight are handled with celerity; a postage stamp is practically useless.

This state of affairs is the result of that habitual indifference which has always characterized the government's attitude towards Alaska. She has played the stepchild so long that she is used to the part. Impracticable theories of conservation, so popular when she was young, were tried out on her, and, like unsound theories of child hygiene, they only served to stunt her growth. Whatever progress she has made towards increasing her earning power has been accomplished, not by reason of paternal care, but largely in spite of it.

She has been a steady wage earner and has regularly turned her bit into the family till, but she could turn in a lot more if the family would get behind her.

Canada, in (*Continued on page 96*)

By Richard Connell

What has happened so far:

MIKE VAN DYKE, owner by inheritance of the huge corporation of the Van Dyke Two-Bits Stores, Inc., was just a wealthy playboy until he met Betsy Ross Beal, an assistant general manager of his own company. He spent his time speeding around in high-powered cars and boats; he had his personal servant, Arms; his personal legal adviser, Judge Gansevoort; and his personal bodyguards, Pete and Paul Fogarty. Also, he had a fiancée—a pretty, high-spirited Russian girl, Katja Maradin, with whom he had nothing in common. Their forthcoming marriage had been ordained more or less by Mike's aunt.

So, all in all, Mike had never taken life or himself very seriously until his first directors' meeting, when he and Betsy Ross Beal met—and clashed. They clashed so bitterly that Mike threatened to fire her, and Miss Beal told him in no uncertain terms that he wasn't worth two bits to his own business. She also maintained that he couldn't, if he wanted to, hold down the lowest job in his company.

And then suddenly Mike was given the chance to find out how justified Betsy Beal was in her estimation of him. Coming home late one night, he inveigled a taxi-driver into letting him take the wheel of his cab. (He couldn't drive his own cars, for his license had been revoked because of speeding.) The taxi crashed and the regular driver was badly injured.

After taking him home for treatment, Mike discovered that he was Tommy Taft from Poughkeepsie and was driving a cab only until the next day, when he was slated to start as section manager in the Flatbush Two-Bits

Katja screamed and threw the cheese sandwiches, plate and all, at Mike's head

Store. He also discovered that Tommy had a terrific hatred for him as soon as he found out that he was Million-a-Year Mike, the big boss.

The doctor whom Mike called said that Tommy wouldn't be well for several months, and thereupon Mike saw his chance to redeem himself in his own eyes. He gave instructions to his household, told none where he was going, and the next morning reported at the Flatbush store as Tommy Taft, ready for work.

Working at Tommy Taft's job, living in the boardinghouse Tommy had chosen, and living on Tommy's salary was no small task, but Mike vowed to himself that he would go on for four months if only he was not discovered before that time elapsed. The girl at his hardware counter, Miss Jennings, was a cheery individual and gave him many pointers, and finally he was in his third week. Miss Jennings had told him about all the executives of the firm, and even plenty about himself, their "goofy president." She got around to discussing Miss Beal, and for the sake of something to say, Mike mentioned that he'd like to see what she looked like. Foolish wish, for a few minutes later Miss Jennings turned away from a customer and said:

"Say, you said you wanted to see Miss Beal."

"Yes," said Mike.

"Well, here's your chance. She's just coming into the store now."

The concluding installment follows. . . .

THERE was no doubt about it—no doubt at all. It was Miss Betsy Ross Beal who was entering the Flatbush Two-Bits Store. Mike Van Dyke's domain was at the rear of the store on the side, so she did not at once see him. She stopped to exchange a smiling word with the clerk at the candy counter, just inside the front door.

Mike had an impulse, and he obeyed it. He ducked down behind his counter. It was a space about as big as the house of a medium-sized dog, and though he could stuff his head and part of his torso into it, he had a sense that the seat of his trousers, or, more accurately, Tommy Taft's trousers, protruded and had high visibility. This fear was confirmed when he heard Miss Jennings say:

"Hey, Duke! What's the idea? Playing ostrich?"

Mike backed out and peered warily over the edge of the counter. Miss Beal was still several sections away, and her back was to him. He vaulted over the hardware counter and dashed across the aisle.

While Mike was supposed to give the major part of his attention to the hardware, his title of section manager carried with it a roving commission. Indeed, the "manager" was a misnomer. He managed nothing, really.

"They call you 'manager,'" Miss Jennings had explained to him during his first week, "because you got to manage to do the work of three salesmen."

He was expected, when the hardware business was slack and business elsewhere more pressing, to jump in and give aid to the clerks at other sections at his end of the store. These sections bore various signs:

ROPE, TWINES, CORDS, ETC.
ELECTRICAL FIXTURES, ETC.
NOVELTIES, PARTY FAVORS, ETC.

It was behind the "Novelties, Party Favors, Etc." counter that Mike now slipped. At that counter on that day a special sale was in progress, a sale of snapper-caps, confetti, rattlers, and other ingredients of a party, including some quite realistic animal heads of thin papier-mâché. Mike grabbed the

"Have no fear, madam. I'm just giving a demonstration of dog heads. Step closer, please"

nearest head, forced it down over his own, and presented to the world the appearance of an amiable bulldog with Newfoundland leanings which, by some freak of nature, from the neck down had the body of a slim, young man.

"Woof, woof, woof, woof, woof!" barked Mike loudly. "Woof, woof, woof!"

Miss Beal spun round and gave a little cry of alarm.

"Woof, woof, woo-oof!" remarked Mike.

Her expression changed to one of interest. She came toward the party-favor counter.

"Gr-r-r, gr-r-r, gr-r-r-r!" growled Mike, and pretended to snap at her. "Yip, yip, yip, yee-eep!"

She backed away, and again showed a little alarm.

"Have no fear, madam," said Mike in his smoothest salesman voice. "I'm just giving a demonstration of today's best bargain in dog heads. Step closer, please."

She stepped closer.

"Bow-wow, bow-wow, wow, wow, wow!" barked Mike. "You see, madam, the effect is comical without being frightening. Just good, clean fun for the kiddies. An animal head for each and all, and what fun in the nursery! Examine the goods, madam. We have in this number frogs—croak, croak! cats—meow, meow! cows—moo-oo-oo! As well as rabbits, roosters, piggies, and Mickey mice. They come in three sizes—for toddlers, youngsters, and grownups. The color won't come off on the face, and you can have your choice for the absurdly small sum of twenty-five cents. How many, please?"

"My name is Beal—" she began.

"Just so," said Mike, whipping out his order book. "Mrs. Beal. . . . Just give me your address, Mrs. Beal, if you please, and I'll send your purchase right out to your home. Shall we say a different head for each of the little Beals, and perhaps a rooster for Mr. Beal? I'll take your initials and street number—"

"My initials are B. R.," said Miss Beal, "and my address is the Van Dyke Building, Manhattan, and I am not in the market for a dog head."

MIKE snapped shut his book. "Oh, you're our Miss Beal," he said. "And I thought you were a customer."

"What's your name?" she asked.

"Taft," he replied. "Thomas T."

"Aren't you the young man Mr. Vroom asked me to transfer from the Poughkeepsie branch?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Vroom said you were enterprising," she said. "I can see you are."

"I do hope I haven't broken any of the rules," Mike said.

"We have a lot of rules," Miss Beal said, "against many things, but none against salesmanship."

"Excuse me a moment," said Mike. "Oo-oo-oo—bow-wow-wow—oo-oo-oo-oo!"

He began to bark and whimper softly and plaintively at an enchanted small boy who was being towed through the store by an overdressed woman, presumably his mother.

"Oo-oo-oo!" said Mike.

"Mommy, I want that dog," the small boy said.

"Wuff, wuff, wuff!" said Mike.

"I want that dog, Mommy!" bawled the small boy.

"You have three dogs, Harold," said

his mother. "And a monkey and a goat."

"Ow, ow, ow, ow!" said Mike sadly.

"But I want *that* dog," cried the small boy.

"Oh, all right," she said. "I'll buy it to keep you quiet."

"Thank you, madam," said Mike, taking her quarter and handing her an already packaged dog head. "Could I interest you in something for yourself? We are selling lots of frogs this season. Easy to imitate. . . . Gugerum, gugerum, gunk, gunk, gunk!"

"I want a frog, too," said the small boy.

"I'll frog you when I get you home," said his mother.

"We've had quite a run on Mickey mice," said Mike. "Ee-eek, ee-eek, ee-eek!"

THE woman laughed. "You ought to be on the radio, young man," she said. "But I don't want any mice, thank you. I've got plenty at home—live ones."

"Mousetrap department, just across the aisle," said Mike.

"Come along, Harold," the woman said, and hauled Harold away.

Mike turned to Miss Beal. "You see," he said, "a proof of my theory that a look at the product in use is worth a thousand words of sales talk."

"I'm glad to see you so enthusiastic about your work, Taft," she said, "but don't try your theory in the bath-salts department."

"You can trust my discretion, Miss Beal," said Mike.

"Take off that ridiculous thing," Miss Beal said. "I want to have a look at you."

"I'm so sorry," said Mike. "In my haste to make a sale, I jammed on a toddlers' size. I won't be able to get it off till I oil my ears."

"Never mind, then," Miss Beal said. "Keep it on and sell some more heads. They haven't been moving very well. I'm going to tell MacQuarrie to keep an eye on you, Taft."

"Oh, he does," said Mike. "Thank you so much, Miss Beal."

He remained inside the dog's head, in peril of suffocation and strangulation, until she left the store. When he tried to get it off he found that his improvised story about its small size was all too true. It was a toddlers'. He twisted and wrenched and scraped his cheeks, but he could not get his head out of the canine trap. Eventually he had to ask a fellow clerk to cut him out with a can opener. Over Mike's protest Mr. MacQuarrie ruled that the wholesale price of the ruined creature must be deducted from Mike's next pay envelope.

"But that's not fair," said Mike.

"I know it," said Mr. MacQuarrie. "But I didn't make the rule."

"It's a mighty mean rule, if you ask me," observed Mike.

"I didn't ask you," said MacQuarrie. "Don't get rambunctious or you can take yourself and your animal noises back to the farm." . . .

It was the hottest summer Mike had ever felt. It was, as a matter of fact, the hottest summer the city had ever sweltered through, and a really sincere New York summer can turn the town into a suburb of Hades. The pavements and densely packed houses of that part of Brooklyn absorbed heat by day and held it at night.

The other inmates of Mrs. Pratt's institution were mostly clerks like Mike. She harbored also two subway guards, a stevedore, a linoleum layer, and a whitewing who practiced on the cornet. These men were affable enough to Mike, but they did not court his society. His table manners and his speech made him an object of suspicion to them. Mike gleaned that the common view of him held by the Pratt boarders was that he was an embezzler from a western bank, though the whitewing was of the opinion that Mike was a gigolo who had lost his union card and was temporarily reduced to following a humbler calling.

Mike found their talk of sports, girls, and drunks frequently fatiguing. He often felt lonely, with that acute loneliness a man feels when he is constantly surrounded by people and yet has nobody to talk to. He read more than he had ever read before. Sometimes he took walks but they were of necessity short ones, for he still had to favor his feet a little. He did not venture to cross the river to Manhattan lest he be recognized, even in the habiliments of Tommy Taft. They fitted him better now. What with the heat, the Pratt food, and the work, he had lost nine pounds, but he felt, physically, very well.

And he was learning a lot about how to sell hardware and make two quarters bloom where but one bloomed before. He kept in daily touch with Arms by telephone, and learned that Tommy Taft, though restless, was making satisfactory progress.

ON MANY a night, as Mike sat in his room with his bare feet cocked upon the window sill and the Brooklyn breezes soughing through his toes, his mind wandered from his book to his house, Silver Stream, and he found himself thinking of cool evenings on the terrace, with himself in an immaculate mess jacket, with amusing friends around him, with the fountains and radio playing, and with a swimming pool handy, and the butler passing around tall, iced drinks.

The urge to chuck his present life was often exigent.

"Maybe (*Continued on page 151*)

Mike ducked under his counter, but with as little success as an ostrich

Singing

America's leading tenor sings in the bathtub, over the telephone, on shipboard, in restaurants—any time, anywhere. . . . He's Opera's greatest musical spendthrift

NOT long ago a giant of a man climbed aboard a liner at its New York pier to see a friend, an elderly lawyer, off to Europe. If anybody noticed him it was probably because of his size. He stood six feet, two inches in height and weighed about 200 pounds. There was an odd contradiction in his features, too. They suggested both Primo Carnera and a choir boy. One might have mistaken him for an iceman if he had not worn artistic sideburns and pearl-gray spats.

The giant made his way to his friend's cabin and threw open the door without ceremony.

"Alex!" cried the lawyer. "I'm so glad you've come, my boy . . ."

But Alex did not speak. He simply stepped inside, placed one huge hand upon his heart, and began to sing. Impertinent little tugboats piped up in the harbor. Great liners spoke in basso profundo. The decks rattled with push trucks, and passengers shrilled farewells to friends ashore. But presently, out of all this hubbub, the voice of Alex emerged, immeasurably sweet and strong, singing a beloved aria. A hush settled upon the ship.

Then someone whispered, "It's Crooks! It's Richard Crooks!" The news spread, and a crowd surged to the cabin door. Porters dropped the handles of their trucks. The captain of a tugboat piped down and stood to. Waiters stopped with laden trays. When the voice died down, the crowd began to shout bravos and encores until it seemed as if it were the Metropolitan Opera House that was about to put to sea, with Alexander Richard Crooks, America's leading tenor, on the stage. And Crooks sang on and on . . . sad songs and joyous songs . . . until sailing time came. Although the captain roared and the officers implored the visitors to go ashore, Crooks did not discover he was delaying the ship's departure until the booming whistle drowned him out. Then he went down the gangplank laughing, and singing a happy song, while a crowd followed him as if he were the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

But there was one witness to this performance, a well-known manager of concert artists, who was not delighted.

"The idiot!" he exclaimed. "He wastes thousands of dollars' worth of precious voice in idle conversation. He's a musical spendthrift. He'll sing for anybody, anywhere . . . for nothing!"

In this criticism, all unwittingly, the concert manager characterized and paid high tribute to Alexander Richard Crooks, who today, at the age of thirty-five, is hailed by many critics as the foremost tenor of the world. He is the first native-born American to appear as leading tenor at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, an honor always reserved for a European until this season, when the tradition fell, like the highest wall of Jericho, before the splendid trumpet of his voice.

It is true. He will sing, as the concert manager said, anywhere, for anybody. And everybody listens because he is everybody's tenor. He has a great gift . . . and he gives it freely. Richard Crooks, through all his life, has spilled song as wastefully as if it were water splashing in the sun. And the fountain, far from drying up, has increased in volume and strength and beauty.

WHEN I first called on Crooks at the little apartment he has taken in New York for the operatic season, I interrupted an aria he was singing in the bathroom as he shaved. He came rushing out in a blue dressing suit, wiping lather from his chin with a towel and motioning me, with a razor in his hand, to a comfortable chair. His wife told me later that he always sings in the bathroom when he bathes, even as you and I.

I tried to persuade him to finish his toilet, but he wouldn't hear of it. He wanted to talk . . . about politics, business, detective stories, anything and everything the average man talks about; and he did talk until he had ten minutes left in which to shave and get to a rehearsal at the Metropolitan Opera House. It was difficult to get used to the idea that it was America's leading tenor speaking. One minute he was blowing off steam about America's neglect of struggling young musicians; next minute he was roaring with laughter about a disastrous crap game in the army, just after payday. It dawned on me presently that I was talking with an ordinary human being.

Richard Crooks is everybody's tenor because he is an average man. He has lived an ordinary life among ordinary people. He has painted gas tanks for a living, and he sang as he worked. He has been an iceman in Trenton, N. J.—a singing iceman—and a clerical worker in a New York insurance office. He lived in army barracks in the World War and learned to pilot a military plane. He plays good bridge, shoots an average game of golf, likes detective stories, and would rather be at home or on a fishing trip than anywhere else. In fact, his life appears to be so ordinary that a pub-

Richard Crooks hits a high note

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

ICEMAN

By Hubert Kelley

licity agent once gave him up in despair.

"Nothing to write about you," said the agent. "No scandals, no temperament. You weren't even born in Russia or Italy. You're just an average American."

But to me the ordinary story of this average American is most extraordinary. It is peculiarly an American drama.

WHEN Alex Richard Crooks was born in Trenton, N. J., thirty-five years ago, America had a limited tradition of classical music. Many wealthy patrons of the arts had their eyes upon Europe, the cradle of song. European singers, steeped in the musical culture of Italy, France, and Germany, were brought to America to dominate the operatic stage. America had produced great voices, but many more were lost in the rain barrels of the nation. Music was neglected in the public schools even more than it is now.

Sitting beside his mother at the family organ, four-year-old Richard Crooks discovered for the first time that he could sing and that singing was a joyous thing. The family and neighbors remarked upon the little child's voice, but nobody said, "Some day you will be a great singer. You will sing in the capitals of the world . . . before kings." The average persons considered such a prophecy to be an insult to a healthy American man-child. Singing was all right in church or behind the barber shop, but as a profession—well, it would do for wild-eyed and effeminate foreigners, perhaps, but certainly not for a red-blooded American male.

If the boy's mother thought of his having vocal lessons, she gave up the notion. Crooks, senior, was a good salesman but he didn't make enough money to employ a first-rate instructor for his son. Music was in the public school curriculum, but the pupils treated it as a joke. In high school, music was taught by an algebra teacher in one of her idle hours, and she didn't know one note from another. So young Crooks finished school—he never went on to college—without learning to read music. His voice grew up virtually untutored, a wild and splendid thing. He was nineteen years old (*Continued on page 114*)

Spirit of '36

By Janet Dietrich

I RAN into Cordelia on Eighth Street and we went into the Muddle Shop for a soda. The woman paid, Dee being one of those Greenwich Village female hobohemians who are old-fashioned about having to express their independence. The sex has been automatically independent of me since 1929, although I'd been in sufficient funds to coerce a bowl of soup down Dee a few times when I'd found her goggling at delicatessen windows. At the moment, success for me was consisting of politer rejections, whereas Dee had been in Pittsburgh, she attested, having a job a while. Apparently nothing had come of it.

"Have you a stamp?" she asked as we came out on the street, finishing her pack of cigarettes.

I gave her a stamp.

She was touched. "How do you own a stamp?"

"It's my one remaining pride."

We had to go to the post office for paste for it, and Dee bought a stamp to pay me back.

"Tut," I resisted gallantly. "Buy me a dinner some time."

But she tucked it in my pocket. She got broad-minded about letting me carry her model's case, and we swung along Tenth Street to keep warm, not going any place. Dee hadn't picked a furnished room yet. The only spot on earth I could call my own was a shabby armchair in three guys' studio.

"Have a good time in Pittsburgh?" I remembered to inquire.

"Not anything to keep from writing home about." She always liked to kid her virtue, an idiosyncrasy she was self-conscious over. She recounted her adventures in Pittsburgh. Pretty soon she asked, "You see Hob?"

I shook my head. "He's crawled off."

She made me think of a tourniquet that's had a fresh twist taken in it. Everybody'd liked Hob. "What's the matter with him?"

"Down," I said, "and out."

"Lost his job?"

"That's part of it. That and not being able to get another."

She drew her breath in. Everybody was knocked flat about Hob. He hadn't been a guy you'd have thought would throw in the sponge. Dee shot questions, then kept quiet till she said, "Let's drop in on him."

"People don't drop in on him," I said firmly.

You can hear anvil choruses when her green eyes do that way, or maybe it's just the whimsey in me. I don't get whimsey, though, about wenches that stay gangly at twenty-two with the same freckles on the same nose they had in first-year high. So maybe that isn't the explanation.

"Why don't people drop in on him?"

"Because people have tried," I explained. "Now people understand. You know 'inferiority complex'? You've heard the phrase, haven't you?"

Dee stopped to pet a cold-looking tom in a butcher's doorway. When she stood up her chin was stuck out. "I'm going to see Hob."

I groaned. "Listen, dope—"

"You listen," she said, with her throat stuffed. "Hob's given you next to his last quarter, you and the rest of you fakes that won't go near him now when *he* needs help—"

I whinnied. "What's who got to help him with? We did all pass him what half-bucks we could spare. What've I got now—?" I recalled. "You've got. Okay, baby. Let's go give him your

money." I turned down Waverly Place briskly.

Dee came behind me. She jerked, "I didn't say—"

I grabbed her arm. "Come on, come on," I growled, "you fake. Hob's given you next to his last quarter—"

She said, with her eyes doing village smithies again, "And he can have mine—my last dime—if that's what he needs."

I yelped. "If that's what he needs. The guy's starving. The guy's screwy for a smoke. How about breaking out a quarter and one cent tax and playing Home Relief?"

She handed me a dime and three pennies, and I stepped across the street and bought Hob a pack of his favorites, and Dee put them in her purse and we walked on, with neither of us saying another word. . . .

HOB had been bounced from his Christopher Street place. Dee and I went to a rathole on Perry Street where I'd heard he'd bluffed his way in. His landlady blew onions and bad gin at us, and Hob opened his room door after we'd set in systematically to hammer it down.

He looked the way they look, only you see them on the street, and it's a surprise to meet one in a house. Dee paled, staring at him, but snapped her jaw up.

"We're only the house detectives," she said, getting in past him. "It's all right."

I wormed in too, and we invited Hob to sit down. He said thanks and flipped his hand at some tough chairs. His eyes were hating us under his beachcomber's disguise, but the instinct of the gentleman was making him look for something for guests to smoke, even while the rest of him knew he didn't have anything and didn't care. I nudged Dee's pocketbook for the cigarettes she'd bought him. She hitched away.

"You got anything to eat?" she asked Hob.

Hob grunted, and his face twisted. Dee stood up all of a sudden and made for a greasy breadbox, and grabbed out a moldy crust and stuffed it down the way a monkey eats, and fished out a dab of dry corned beef hash and gulped the hash, too. She didn't look at Hob while she ate his dinner for that evening. Afterwards she turned toward him, and her mouth commenced quivering and she said "—Sorry—" in a funny whisper, and started to cry.

Hob stood gawking at her; then he glared at me. "Couldn't you feed her?"

I got my head shaken by degrees. Hob stood in the middle of his scummy room with the hate shocked out of his face. He jumped as if waking up, and pulled open a chest of drawers and dug out a quarter and shoved it at Dee.

She took it, burying it in her fist the way a kid hangs on to candy, and tossed a goofy look at me and bumped into the door. By the time I'd got myself together and scrammed after her, those gangly legs of hers had her some place I couldn't find. . . .

Dee seized the last piece of bread in the house and ate it ravenously

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECHOFF

I RAN into her on Fourth Street three months later. You can lose people that long even in the Village.

"Hob got the job," she said.

"What job?"

"Practically any job," she qualified. "First he was a sandwich man. Then he was a dishwasher. Then he was a goldfish salesman. Then he got this job. Advertising. It's a nice job."

I said that made me very happy. It did. We walked Dee's way.

"You've had me brooding," I told her. "*Were* you hungry?"

"Of course not."

"What did you bawl for?"

"Because it was such a terrible thing I was doing to him," she explained.

She turned us up Bank. Bank's a good street. I sniffed. "Hmph. Prosperity."

"Hob pays for it."

I was very surprised. "Is that honorable?"

"Yes, it is," she answered, looking right at me.

I lowered my eyes, but had another thought. "Is it independent?"

"Yes. A man is totally dependent on me."

"I wouldn't want to miss out on any of this," I said doggedly. "Dependent on you how?"

"To be dependent on him."

"And so that's your idea of being independent?"

"I can stretch a point," she said, becoming the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

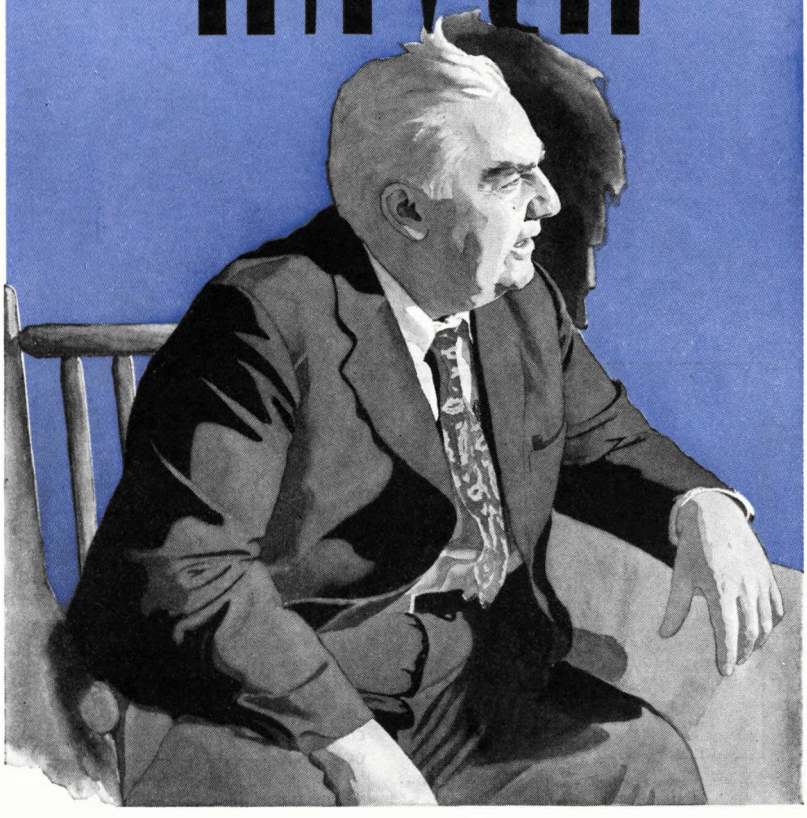
WHILE she hunted keys I asked her, "How long have you been in love with Hob?"

She calculated. "Three years, maybe four. But I never liked him. He was too independent."

"It must have been considerable risk for you," I commented, not letting on I noticed the MR. AND MRS. RALPH HOBSON on a mailbox, "putting him on his feet. He might have backslid and got independent again."

"I thought of that." Dee wrinkled her freckles at me. "But that was just another of those chances you have to take."

Hermit's HAVEN



The advice to ignore Coldriver's hermit was easy for Scattergood to give—but difficult for him to follow

By Clarence Budington Kelland

COLDRIVER found itself in possession of a hermit!

This new asset to the village caused no little excitement. The town was agitated and somewhat askance, because its experience with hermits had been exceedingly limited. It did not know whether to be proud or alarmed. This, probably, was because Coldriver was not clearly informed as to the purposes of hermits, their objects in life, and what one might expect from them.

Consequently Scattergood Baines, who ran the hardware store—and from it the valley and the state, and whose business in life was meddling in the affairs of other people—held a sort of levee on the piazza of his emporium.

"I dunno how long this here hermit's been livin' there," said Sheriff Fox, "but there he is, whiskers 'n' all, comfortable 's a bug in a rug in the old wanigan of your abandoned No. 6 camp. What the sliver cats has left of it he's tidied up, and put in a new stovepipe and some tar paper onto the roof."

"Huh," snorted Scattergood. "Young or old, eh?"

"I wouldn't say. He hain't decrepit, but he's so overgrowed with whiskers a body can't guess his age."

"Talked with him, Sheriff? Seen him close to?"

"I kind of talked to him. I says, 'How be ye?' and he says, 'Good mornin',' 'n' then he went inside and shet the door. So I says, 'Come out,' and he didn't answer nothin' a-tall. So I come away."

"Act scairt?" asked Scattergood.

"Jest kind of shy-like."

"Any of the earmarks of a crim'nal, did ye jedge?"

"Like I told ye, the's too many whiskers to tell. A body gets bewildered by 'em. When ye look at him you can't think of nothin' else. He looks like a feller standin' in the middle of a thicket of witch hopple."

"Hear of any depredations? Chicken-stealin' or the like?"

"Nary," said the sheriff. "I kind of thought I'd advise with ye what to do. I kin oust him for trespassin' if ye say so."

"I hain't much of an ouster,"

said Scattergood. "If he likes that there old wanigan I hain't no objection to his stayin' there, seems as though. I've been kind of denied opportunities to study hermits first-hand. Calc'late he's a kind of a welcome innovation, like ye might say. Did he happen to give any name?"

"He didn't give nothin'."

"Reticence," said Scattergood, "kin be carried too fur. The more reticent you git, the more folks' curiosity sizzles. Um. . . . I wonder if this here feller's a perfessional hermit or jest an amateur."

"He must 'a' been workin' at it some time," said the sheriff. "That there set of whiskers wa'n't raised overnight."

"The central idee of hermits," said Scattergood, "is that they want to be let alone to be hermits. A feller can't do a good job of hermitin' in the middle of a circus parade. You got to have solitude to git the best results. I'd suggest, if I was in a suggestin' mood, that we jest leave this here feller to stew in his lonesomeness till suthin' comes of it."

"Suits me," said the sheriff. "I got things to do besides go bushwhackin' in a crop of whiskers."

THIS advice—to ignore the hermit—was easy for Scattergood to give, but difficult for him to observe. Any departure from the normal in Coldriver weighed on the old man's mind until he penetrated to the true inwardness of it. So, for two or three days, he brooded. He speculated on the general topic of hermits, their causes and their ramifications; he discussed with himself the possible whys and wherefores of this particular recluse. Inevitably it came to a point where his curiosity could endure it no longer.

Therefore, on a Wednesday morning, he left young Pete Wray in charge of the store—on a commission basis—got his old mare out of the barn, and drove out the South Branch as far as horse and buggy could go. He was forced to abandon his equipage at the old covered bridge, which was in such a state of disrepair that he dared not trust his mare to it, and took to his very able old feet.

FROM that point he followed logging roads, balanced his bulk on stringers of disused trestles, and, at the hour of ten, sat down on a rotting log to mop his head with a huge handkerchief and to rest. He sat there for some time, a little back from the tote road, and enjoyed the morning.

The brook lay below him and he could see up and down the little valley; not the floor of the valley, except in spots where witch hopple or young spruce grew sparsely. In the openings grew clumps of that fiery orange flower known as the devil's-paintbrush. It was restful and quieting. A man might look the world over and find no more clement spot to bask and to think.

But then the old man sat erect and peered with awakened interest, for something was moving down there—stealthily. It might be a deer, though the glimpse he caught of it did not identify it as a deer. If it were, the deer was acting queerly. There was something lurking, stealthy about the movement. Scattergood watched, and presently he saw it again. It was no deer, though he could not make out exactly what it was.

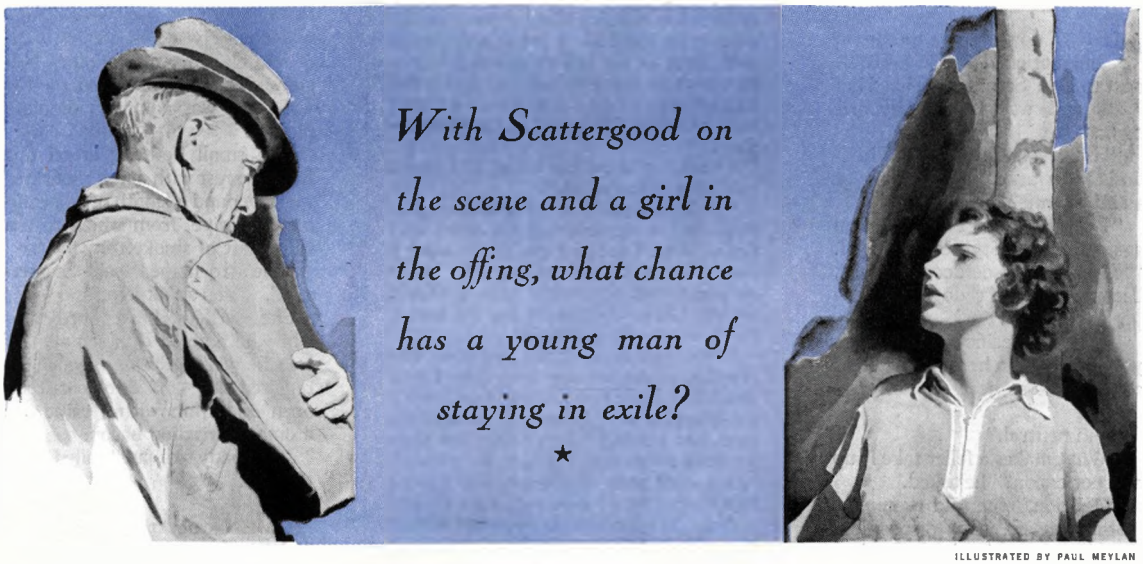
He got up from his seat and, with the practiced tread of an old timber cruiser, picked his way down the slope. He trod softly, keeping to cover as a skilled woodsman, aiming to intercept the lurking creature. Red squirrels scolded, advertising to the forest the presence of intruders. Scattergood reached the shelter of a thicket of young spruces, and waited. Presently, not twenty feet from him, a figure emerged into a spot of bright sunlight. It was a human figure crawling.

Scattergood waggled his head and stared. It was a tiny figure, a girl with a shock of chestnut hair, a flannel shirt, and a pair of riding breeches—and binoculars. She lay still and peered through the lenses at something beyond her. She was absorbed; her little, pert face was tremendously serious.

He cleared his throat. "Huh. What in tunket d'ye calc'late you're doin'?" he asked.

She turned quickly, startled but not frightened. "Who are you?" she asked tartly.

"Name of Baines—Scattergood Baines," he said.



With Scattergood on the scene and a girl in the offing, what chance has a young man of staying in exile?

★

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MEYLAN

"Oh!" Evidently she recognized the name, and was reassured.

"What be ye squirmin' around way out here fur?" he asked. "Playin' Injun?"

"Birds," she said succinctly.

"What kind of birds?"

"Any kind."

"Ye hain't got no shotgun."

"I don't shoot them," she said. "I study them."

"I SWAN to man! Ye study 'em! Do folks have to crawl on their stummicks to study birds?"

"If you really want to see and hear them. I've seen twelve varieties this morning, and heard three more I can identify."

"Must be a satisfaction to ye," said Scattergood. "Who be ye?"

"My name is Snow. I'm twenty-one

years old. I had mumps when I was six, measles when I was eight, and my vaccination took. I'm five feet two, I weigh a hundred and three pounds, and I have a bad disposition."

"Live around here? Eh?"

"On The Handle," she said, naming the locality on the edge of Coldriver where a number of wealthy city families had erected fine summer camps.

"Huh. Then I calc'late you'll be Mason Snow's daughter."

"I am."

"Name of Nellie, maybe."

"Maybe not. Name of Guinevere."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Scattergood.

"Guinevere Theodosia," she added severely.

"Ye hain't round-shouldered carryin' it," observed Scattergood.

HE SAT down beside the brook and motioned for the girl to sit next to him. Scattergood liked her looks and was pleased by her manner.

"Um. . . . Guinevere Theodosia," he asked, "be ye fur or ag'in' hermits?"

"I always liked Peter but I'm against Simeon Stylites," she said. "Robinson Crusoe doesn't count, because he didn't do it on purpose."

"Them is specific cases. What's your position on hermits as a kind of a gen'al subject of conversation?"

"I'm neutral."

"What makes a feller take it up as a perfession?" he asked.

"Religion," she said promptly. "Broken heart. Bad disposition. Fugitive from justice. Or just being a misfit."

Scattergood veered from the subject with characteristic abruptness: "Hain't ye afraid, prowlin' around the woods alone?"

"Who would hurt me?"

"Um. . . . A bird might git irritated at you pryin' into his affairs and peck ye," he said.

She looked at him pertly, with bright, alert eyes, and he could sense the little brain working swiftly under her delightful thatch of hair.

"What's all this about hermits —and it isn't safe for me to be in the woods?" she asked.

"You're one of them wimmin that puts two and two together," he said admiringly.

"And make four," she said. "So what did you come way out here to pry into? Hermits?"

"You're a-goin' to be a trial to your husband," said the old man.

"Yes'm, I got a hermit onto my hands. I dunno what make of a hermit he is."

"Let's find out. Maybe hermits will turn out more fun than birds."

"I calc'late," said Scattergood, "now I encountered ye I'll keep ye by me, jest as a percaution. I figger to study hermits alone. You'll hide off in the bushes and keep hid. But that won't stop ye from peerin' through them opery glasses."

"It won't," she said. "Let's get going."

Side by side, they made off in the direction of Camp Six. Presently the tote road widened, other logging roads centered upon it, and before long they neared the edge of a clearing overgrown with shrubs and baby spruce. Through the trees they could discern the black, dilapidated roofs of the set of camps, returning now to the forest whence they came. Ridge poles had given under the weight of winter snows; porcupines had gnawed, rot had attacked the log walls. It was a lonely, desolate picture.

One small building stood out from the rest with a new roofing of tar paper and a length of respectable stovepipe, from which rose a thin shaft of smoke.

"He's to home," said Scattergood. "You squat here."

She settled down obediently while he ambled over a patch of treacherous corduroy toward the repaired wanigan. The door stood open and from within came the aroma of frizzling bacon.

"Anybody to hum?" called Scattergood.

A MAN came to the door and stood silently. He was a splendid hermit. His hair was long, his beard made even Sheriff Fox's description seem like faint understatement. What with hair and whiskers, all that remained visible of his face was a pair of eyes whose color Scattergood could not make out, nor could he have told you if their expression was forbidding, pathetic, frightened, angry, or merely inquisitive. He was of good stature, but if he were young or of middle age it was impossible to say.

"How be ye?" asked Scattergood.

"Are you another sheriff?" asked the hermit.

"We don't have but one," Scattergood said. "I'm just a kind of a hardware man."

"I haven't made a better mousetrap," said the hermit.

"Dunno's I foller ye."

"Why," (*Continued on page 156*)

PUNCH Drunk

By THOMAS CASEY

FRIDAY night at 10 P.M. Mike Meslik lay on the rubbing table in the dressing-room of a little fight club. There was a frown on Mike's young face. The place reeked of a cheap cigar. Mike opened his eyes.

"Hey, Pop," he growled, "you can't smoke in here. You'll get me in wrong."

His father crushed the butt to the floor.

Mike sat up.

"Gee, Pop! What do you think? I'm resting here like I always do before a fight and I must of dozed off. And, boy, did I dream! I'm standing in my corner—see?—waiting for the bell. I got it all planned out. Soon as the bell rings I'm going to rush over to the Wop's corner and finish him off before he even gets set. I didn't train much for this fight," he added sheepishly.

"Yeah," grunted his father. "I heard you come in last night."

"Well, it's going to be different after this. No more training for one-round fights. After I get past this Wop tonight I ain't going to break training till I retire as undefeated lightweight champ of the world. Guess who taught me the lesson, Pop? It was my girl, Jean.

"I seen her in my dream just now. I'm standing in my corner—see?—like I told you. And in the first row was Jean, with a swell-looking guy. I should of got stinking mad, but I didn't. Jean's nifty but she's got good sense, too. This guy she's with—he's a swell gent. But down deep I guess he's trained for a battle, too. I got it all in a flash. Maybe Jean is disgusted with a guy who is only trained for a one-round fight. Maybe she wants a guy who is trained for the long, hard battle of life. And that's the kind of guy I'm going to be after this, Pop."

"I hope so."

Mike got up and shadow-boxed.

"Well, Pop, I guess it's near time for me to go on. Keep your fingers crossed, will you? I dreamed that when I rushed across the ring to finish that Wop I led with my right and he beat me to the punch. Boy! It was like a bomb exploded."

"You wasn't dreaming, kid," said Pop sadly. "You was knocked out. And how!"

AN AMERICAN Vignette

"Crowds are fickle," says the world's amateur golf champion. "They'll root for you one day and against you the next. Forget the gallery and play your own game"

Playing the GALLERY

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

By Lawson Little, Jr.

WHEN one fellow stampedes a mob it may make history. But when one golfer stands off mob pyschology it usually makes a golf championship.

I am certain that every tournament golfer who has drawn a gallery has felt the public's attitude with disturbing keenness. Even when the gallery is strongly for him it's sometimes more disconcerting than if he were aware of an antagonism that would stir in him an effective fighting mood.

I used to worry about the gallery attitude—until I got from various veterans so many different statements about its effects on them that I gave up trying to figure it out. Last summer I learned how lucky I had been to develop a gallery immunity.

During one of the sectional amateur tournaments at that time I saw a seventeen-year-old youngster saddened and soured on the world because he was too susceptible to gallery influence. Now, I'm positive that every man and woman in the gallery was entirely innocent of deliberate injury to the boy. He was a fine and promising golfer who got through to the finals. But there he met a popular veteran who was well acquainted with most of the people in the gallery.

Possibly some partiality was shown in the applause. I thought the youngster was getting his share of it under the circumstances. It was his first tournament and he'd had plenty to overcome in order to get a chance at the title. Several times during the play he got bad bounces, but what really beat him was the bad shots he made right after his opponent had made good shots that were signals for a mild and proper applause. The boy's good shots were quite often met with silence.

HE LOST 5 and 4. Very few offered him condolences. Most of the gallery swarmed around the winner and walked into the clubhouse sharing the victory, which, of course, is the inevitable procedure.

When I got to the locker-room the boy was alone, undressing, and I saw him take a furtive swipe at his eyes as he shed his undershirt. I introduced myself and congratulated him on his performance. To cheer him I told him not to mind losing, because he had done very well in his first tournament and lost out only to a fine, experienced golfer.

The young (*Continued on page 166*)

DRAWINGS BY F. G. COOPER

FATE *in her* HANDS

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

WHEN Carol was nineteen years old she went into a little tent set in a corner of a ballroom. There was music playing—a tune called *The Breakaway*. All the evening many people, mostly girls, had been going into that tent, where they faced a fiery little blond woman whose business was the private affairs of everyone else.

"You don't really believe in any of this, do you?" she asked Carol surprisingly. "I don't want to worry people about things that they can't help."

"I'm not the worrying sort," Carol said. "Whatever you tell me about my hand, I won't be able to remember it straight in half an hour."

"That's good." The woman smiled reassuringly, not at all offended. "Especially because I wouldn't want to worry such a lovely girl—one with so much consideration—such a gift for people—"

"I won't be worried," Carol repeated, embarrassed at this last. "Go ahead."

The fortuneteller looked once more into the outheld palms and sat back in her camp chair.

"For a beginning: You'll be married this year."

Carol laughed noncommittally.

"Are you engaged?"

"Not exactly. But anyhow we hadn't planned to do anything about it till spring."

The woman looked into her hand again quickly.

"I'm sure it's this year, and I'm sel-

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY MARIO COOPER

dom wrong about such things. And that means this month, doesn't it? It's already December."

Carol thought that if the question of such early nuptials should possibly arise, this cool prophecy would somehow weigh against her consent. She wasn't taking any brusque commands from fate—not this year.

"All right; go on."

"The second thing I see is great fame, great publicity. Not as if you were the heroine of some amateur play here in the city. Great notoriety all over the country. Headlines!"

"I see a black accident in your hands, something you can't beat"

"Mercy! I wouldn't like that. We're very—I've grown up in a very conservative family."

The palmist sighed.

"Well, I tell you only what I see. So don't be surprised if you marry Mahatma Gandhi about—let's see—three years from now."

"But if I'm to be married within a month!" Carol laughed. . . . Then she frowned suddenly. "You know, somebody else told me that I'd be notorious that way—with cards or tea leaves, I think—"

The woman interrupted dryly:

"That must have been very interesting. . . . Well—so we come to the third thing." Her eyes had grown very

bright—she was restless in her chair.

"This is what I felt at the moment I saw you, even before I'd really studied your hand—but you're going to be a wise girl and laugh at me. Your hand is very oddly marked, very sharply marked—with events, and their time, too. About six years from now, in May, I think, something very dark threatens you and yours. If I'm right you can't beat it—black accident—six years from now—in May—"

She broke off, and her voice rose with sudden passion:

"Let me tell you I hate fate, young woman. I—"

SUDDENLY Carol was outside the tent, uttering a strange crying sound. "Not on account of what she said. But because she jumped up as if she had frightened herself!" Carol thought.

Outside the tent she found Harry Dickey waiting for her.

"But what did she tell you?" he demanded. "Why do you look like that?"

"She told me some things I've heard before: Early marriage—fame or notoriety—and then something that sounds simply terrible."

"That's probably the early marriage."

"No."

"What was it? Come on—tell Papa."

"No, I won't."

"Then don't tell Papa. Marry him, instead. Marry him tonight."

A few months ago she might almost have considered such a suggestion from Harry Dickey. He was not the man to whom she had confessed being almost engaged, but he had been in and out of her mind for several years, and quite welcome there until Billy Riggs made his first flashing visit to the city several months before. Now she only said:

"She was a spook, that woman. I felt that any minute she was going to vanish."

"She has."

Carol looked around. Where the tent had been there was suddenly nothing.

"Am I crazy—or has it disappeared?"

"It has. She's got it folded up under her arm, and she's just this minute gone out the door." . . .

Billy Riggs and his friend, Professor Benjamin Kastler, swooped down upon the city two days later. When the long yellow car stopped in front of her house Carol's heart bumped and her blood pressure increased.

"And if that isn't love, what is?" she asked herself. "At any rate, life will be exciting with milord."

BILLY RIGGS was one of those who carry his own world with him. He always seemed less to arrive than to land, less to visit than to take possession, less to see than to conquer. Carol found it difficult to calculate her own position in the scene after they were married. She approved of his arrogance; she managed him by a good-humored nonresistance.

For a few minutes Carol did not connect his sudden change of plans about their marriage with the fortuneteller's prophecy: He wanted them to be married before Christmas. There was nothing seriously against it; she was of an age to know her mind, both of her parents were dead, and only the wishes of the parties concerned need be consulted. Yet—

"I won't do it, Bill," she said.

He had reasons, but to Carol her wedding seemed one matter in which her own slightest whim was of more importance than anyone else's logic.

"You talk to her, Ben," Bill said finally.

By this time they had been arguing for most of twenty-four hours and it was almost necessary to have a third party present as a sort of buffer. The victim was Ben Kastler, the prematurely gray young pedagogue whom Bill had brought with him as a week-end entourage. Now Ben tried:

"If you two love each other, why, then—"

They glared at him.

"Of course we love each other!"

"Then why not each set a date and then flip a coin?" he suggested ironically.

"You're a great help," Bill complained. "This isn't a joke. I've explained to Carol that Grandfather can't live a month. Well, I won't go and get married just after he dies—as if I were waiting for it. So it's either right now or else wait till June."

"We can get quietly married any time," said Carol. "I've always wanted just to drive out to my uncle's, in Chester County, and have him marry me."

"I don't like an elopement."

"It's not an elopement—he's my uncle and he's a minister."

AFTER the next half-hour it scarcely looked as if they would be even engaged much longer. Just before the irrevocable things could be said, Ben dragged his friend from the house. Upstairs, Carol walked her room, weeping angrily—this was not going to be the first of a series of submissions which would constitute her life. Of course, it had started with the fortuneteller—if Carol spoiled the first prophecy, that would break the charm. But now the struggle against Bill's will had assumed even greater importance. She had reconciled herself to ending her engagement, when the phone rang that night. Bill capitulated.

She made it hard for him. When he came next day, bringing Ben along in case hostilities should break out, she laid down her terms. He must agree to put off the wedding until after the first of the year, and also to be married informally by her uncle. Then, sorry for his wounded vanity, she suddenly agreed that he could decide everything else.

"Then it's understood that you'll marry me any time next year?"

"Any time."

"How about New Year's morning?"

"Why—sure, Bill; that'll be fine."

"You give me your word of honor?"

"I do—if Uncle Jim is willing to marry us."

"That ought to be easy to fix." His confidence drained back into him moment by moment. "Ben, you're a witness to the contract—now and next month, too. And as you're a professor of law—"

"Economics."

"—whatever it is, you know what a contract is." . . .

After Christmas, Bill and Professor Kastler arrived. With each day the marriage grew more inevitable—her uncle had no objection to performing the ceremony at five minutes after twelve on New Year's morning. It was to be as small and informal an affair as she could have wished—Bill's best man, the aunt with whom Carol lived, her two closest friends, and two cousins of Bill's.

And on New Year's Eve she felt trapped and frightened. She had given her word and she would go through with it, but at nine o'clock, when Bill went to meet his cousins at the station, it was this feeling that made her say:

"We'll start on—we five. Bill will be there almost as soon as we are—he knows the way."

They started off through the crisp darkness, with Ben at the wheel and Carol beside him. She heard the home of her youth crunch away into the past on the hard snow and she looked at Ben.

"It's sad, isn't it?"

When he did not answer she looked again, finding him as always too silent and too old for his youth, but liking a curious form and set to him, something that came from inside, as if he had constructed it himself, and that made a sharp contrast to Bill's natural buoyancy.

"What's the matter?" she demanded.

Still he did not give her any answer.

"Maybe I should have married *you*," Carol said, talking on faster and faster, "or somebody else. That's the sort of thing that worries me—"

He was speaking, and she was utterly startled at the intensity of his voice:

"Yes. You should have married me, Carol."

She looked at him quickly in the glow of a street lamp, to be sure it was just Ben Kastler. . . . But it wasn't. It wasn't Ben at all. He wasn't plain; he was handsome. The straight-ahead glitter of his dark eyes sent a sharp sword through her—her own voice was different, too, when she whispered:

"I didn't know you cared about me. I didn't have any idea, I feel terribly—"

"Let's not talk," he said. "It's almost over now. I wouldn't have told you, except—"

"Except what—tell me! I have to know. There's something in all this I have to know. Oh, I feel as if things had been kept back from me—and I've got nobody to ask."

"I'll tell you," he said grimly. "I should have spoken the day you had that quarrel. He lost you then, but neither of you knew it."

She sat silent, (*Continued on page 168*)

Carol whirled from the cameras and ran for the elevator with her child

feast in the

DRAWING BY JOHN ATHERTON

WE HAD ranged and browsed, on this gastronomic tour of ours, from the chowder pots of Maine to the orange groves of California, from the chili festivals of Texas to the chicken dinners of Ioway.

Now, turning our car eastward for the fifth course on our menu of typical American dishes—the mid-Atlantic states from New York to Virginia—Grace and I looked forward with a certain hungry complacency. This, we thought, is right on our beat. Here is our native stamping ground. We've been eating up and down this counter for years. This, we said, will be practically raiding our own pantry of such old favorites as Maryland soft crabs, fried chicken, and terrapin; Virginia ham, corn dodgers, and batter bread; kidney stew and corn cakes; Philadelphia pepper pot; and the rest.

But we found we didn't know the half of it. Sniffing and tasting along the old, familiar eating paths, we were lured off on strange and fragrant side trails. We found the old favorites, yes. But how about the schnitz un knepp and the pickled mushrooms? The seven sweets and seven sours? The aromatic cathedral herb garden and tipsy parson? The soup-making sailor and the pretzel benders? The steaming hot apple toddy and the lilting possum gravy?

We hope to tell you.

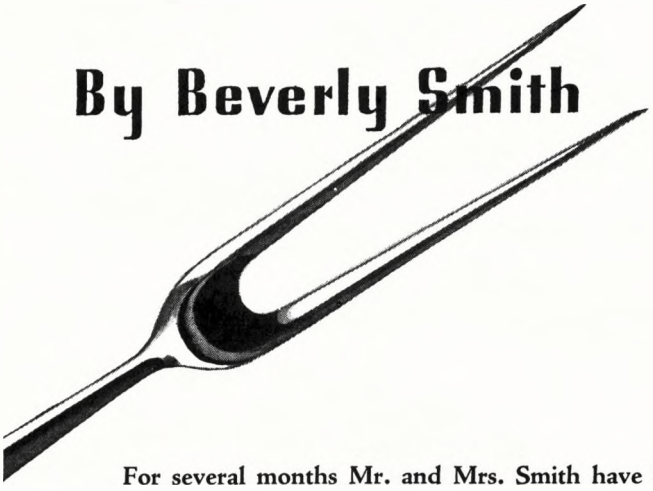
The greatest of these surprises was the Pennsylvania Dutch country. We had come to believe that the bruited cookery of this region was largely legend. But now we know better. On almost all of the large, trim, shipshape farms of the south-central part of the state, and particularly near the triangle made by Reading, Harrisburg, and Lancaster, historic Dutch cookery still blooms with pristine sweetness.

It dates back 230 years. George Washington, during dark days of the Revolution, was nourished and sustained by Pennsylvania Dutch cooks. Reading was commissary center of the Continental Army. And during all the intervening years these people, thrifty, hospitable, stubborn, ingenious, long-lived, and life-loving, have kept alive their culinary traditions.

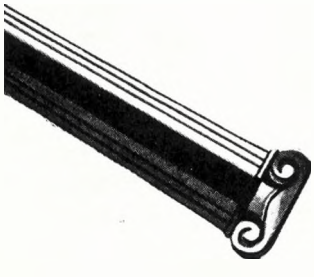
They are not really Dutch (though we will call them this). They were originally Germans from the Palatinate, Swiss, and Alsatians. "Dutch" was a perversion of "*Deutsch*." They are prob-

East

By Beverly Smith



For several months Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been touring the country, tasting the finest samples of typical American cookery. Previous articles have described favorite dishes of New England, the Northwest, Southwest, and Midwest. This is their fifth big course in the national menu—corn cakes to terrapin



ably the purest colonial stock surviving in America.

(Virginia and Massachusetts papers please copy.)

The *echt* (pure) Dutch dishes are not easy to find. Ask for the "best food around here," and you will probably be sent to a conventional city restaurant. But there is, we discovered, a key-word, a countersign, an open-sesame. Ask for schnitz un knepp. You may not find it ready this particular day. But any farm or dining-room which remains faithful to schnitz un knepp will also have its kindred dishes.

Schnitz un knepp (apples and buttons) is made of sweet dried apples cooked with ham hock, dumplings steamed in the ham-and-apple broth. As the dish appears it consists of gigantic dumplings with a sweet sauce of the schnitz. The ham is sliced and served in a separate platter.

Raised dumplings are considered the best for this, and the virtue of the dish is in the fine flavor of superior apples cut and slow-dried, with the peel on, in the great Dutch outdoor ovens. These dried apples moderate the strength of the ham and enliven the flavor of the dumplings.

• • •

Recipes for dishes marked* will be sent on request. See page 126.

At our first Pennsylvania Dutch meal—luncheon with Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Hertz in Lititz, Pa.—we ate schnitz and raisins, stewed. Great links of country sausage, fried *country* scrapple (which is more corn-meal mush than pork, best fried in chicken and bacon fat combined), and saffron potatoes were the mainstays of the meal.

Lancaster County is addicted to the bright yellow of saffron; it was stirred into the cream sauce that covered Mrs. Hertz's boiled potatoes.

We helped ourselves from dishes of sour celery, lettuce with hot dressing, spiced pears, and yellow-tomato jelly.

DR. HERTZ is a gray-haired, massively built village doctor, who nourishes a slight grudge against the Dionne quintuplets, because he, himself, back around 1910, ushered triplets into the world. They are still living, in the finest of health. But has Dr. Hertz received any credit? No.

Dr. Hertz, like other Pennsylvania Dutch folk, can hardly imagine how other Americans manage to survive upon their poor and insipid vittles. He still recalls with horror the days during the World War when, as a major in the medical corps, he was shipped to Mississippi and compelled to live, as he says, on "grits, greens, and grease."

"Here in Lancaster County," he told us, "we have some variety. It will take you about a year of steady eating to really understand it. We gave you only five sweets and sours today; it was a tossed-up lunch. For company we always have seven sweets and seven sours and they vary with the seasons."

We couldn't spare a year, but in ten days we managed to cover a good deal of territory and, by dint of much walking, to do justice to at least seventy sweets and seventy sours, not to mention such stand-bys as chicken corn soup,* black walnut tart, endive with bacon dressing,* shoo-fly pie,* potato filling,* and Moravian hickory-nut cake.

Mrs. George Weaver took us into her kitchen in Kutztown to let us watch her make the hot-bacon dressing for endive. She warned us to be sure and taste the dressing after we put vinegar in it, to see how much sugar it would need. "Vinegars vary."

And, holding the curly head of endive (which we know as chicory) in her plump, capable hand she gave us an instructive talk on what temperature the dressing should be when it is poured over the separated leaves. "For old endive, pour it hot, but for such a tender, nice endive as this, let the dressing cool, so as not to wilt it."

Every Pennsylvania Dutch housewife

has her own recipe for potato filling (known elsewhere as dressing) which is baked in its own pan along with turkey, chicken, roast beef, or veal. The harshest criticism a Dutch housewife can make of her neighbor's cooking is to say, "Her filling isn't extra."

The best filling we ate* was at the North Jackson Grange Thanksgiving dinner, where turkey dripping had been stirred into the filling, which was seasoned further with fragments of celery and minced parsley.

The farm wives who ruled the kitchen and the hundreds of farmers who feasted in the hall can speak good American, but by preference they conversed in Pennsylvania Dutch, that capricious American variant of German which confused the Hessians in 1777 and still trips up the philologists of 1936.

We didn't learn how to speak it, but we did think we were pretty well versed in Dutch cooking until we ate with Mrs. Sarah Warner Kresge at her home, Linden Court, in Sciota.

We had heard of her from afar. Letters had come from distant states; a Philadelphia epicure had sent his chef to learn her secrets; an Italian count, enchanted, had carried a jar of her pickled mushrooms back to his native land.

Hers is the *haute cuisine* of Pennsylvania Dutch cooking. She learned to cook as a girl; she cooked for the love of it; and soon she was cooking by popular demand. Today she is a woman of seventy-two, gray-haired, plump, bespectacled, with large gray eyes and tiny, sensitive hands.

If you want to eat with her you must telephone in advance, and ask whether she can "accommodate you." If she feels in the mood she will, but it is well to go in force, for Mrs. Kresge, like all good Dutch cooks, feels a bit cramped if she has to cook for fewer than eight people. Sunday is the best day.

MRS. KRESGE is the only cook we know who can put twenty-two different dishes on the table at once and have them pleasing to the eye and palate. She invents relishes—her baked pears from the can and pickled mushrooms,* for example. A meal at her table is a lesson in textures. There is a thin cream sauce for chestnuts, a thicker one for cauliflower. For sweets she will have preserved citron in a thin sirup, strawberries preserved to honey consistency, and darkly sweet baked oranges. Lettuce is dipped in a highly seasoned dressing, baked macaroni is suave and delicate, pepper relish is crisp and tender. Nothing is swimming in sauce, but each dish is right, in temperature and seasoning.

When the food is on the table she starts baking waffles, which are brought in with the gravy.

When the table is cleared, on come pies and cakes and frozen custard.

Mrs. Kresge sat with us after we had eaten, and she talked affectionately, precisely, with gestures, of "my little button mushrooms," of "my sausage, which I shall season tomorrow," of "my noodles, which I blanch and reheat in the butter, just so brown." She didn't call her cole slaw "heavenly slaw," but that is the name her admirers have given it.*

She told us how Moravian nut cake is made, and the crumbly shoo-fly pie that is Pennsylvania Dutch Sunday breakfast, with salt mackerel and coffee. She makes her own vinegar from cider, "the good vinegar makes so great a difference."

Mrs. Kresge, in her calico dress and neat apron . . . leaning forward earnestly as she talks. One of the great cooks of America.

AND before leaving this lovely land may I say a word about the humble pretzel? If you have not tasted the thin, buttered product of Pennsylvania, you don't know pretzels.

It was in this country that the American pretzel was born and raised to national eminence as a crooked member of the bar. I have always liked pretzels, so I seized the first opportunity, in Reading, to visit the pretzel foundries and watch the pretzel benders at their toil. First I went to a small establishment, where Mr. Allen Goas presides with one assistant. He showed me how the dough is mixed, drawn out thin, twisted, given a brief bath in boiling sal-soda solution (for gloss), buttered, flecked with salt, baked, and then kiln-dried. Best of all, he showed me how to twist, or "throw," pretzels. He throws an easy 35 a minute (the champions throw 55 to 60). After carefully instructing me, he allowed me to try my hand.

In five laborious minutes I was able to throw one question mark, a swastika, and even something like this: & . . . but nothing that resembled a pretzel. Nevertheless I was allowed the high privilege of eating a pretzel fresh from the kiln—the crispest morsel known to man.

Next I went on to a great modern foundry where pretzels are turned out by the carload. I talked with an obliging pretzel magnate, who told me the saga of the pretzel's struggles since repeal. First the uproarious "welcome back" from the beer drinkers; huge sales; overproduction, falling prices. Then the gallant rear-guard action of the pretzel against a series of parvenu rivals: salted peanuts, cheese crackers, parched corn, potato chips, cheese-sprayed popcorn.

A hard world. Hardest of all, the news that a machine is now nearly perfected which will replace the pretzel benders, throw millions of pretzels with scientific accuracy.

"It's the march of progress," said the pretzel magnate.

In all this region from New York down to Virginia the men have a most admirable custom of organizing clubs devoted to the alimentary arts. Males everywhere have a secret ambition to try their hand at the stove, with no feminine interference, and in this section the ambition is gratified in such ancient and honorable organizations as "The Rabbit," in Philadelphia, the State and Schuylkill (203 years old), on the Delaware near Eddington, the Gun Club (the shooting is incidental), near Princeton, N. J., and the South River Club, in Maryland.

IT WAS at The Rabbit, through the courtesy of John Wagner, its president and chief epicure, that we found the best recipe we know for Philadelphia pepper pot.* The club occupies a 200-year-old colonial residence on the outskirts of town—a place of massive old silver plate, a long mahogany table which shines with the care of decades, a roomy kitchen glittering with copper vessels for the exercise of the dignified gentlemen's art, and huge open fireplaces.

Also, lest we forget, the jolly earthenware jars (or wide-mouthed jugs) wherein is brewed, on snowy winter evenings, the famous hot apple toddy,* that most warming, relaxing, and philosophic of drinks. Here, (*Continued on page 124*)

"We want Campbell's Vegetable Soup for lunch!"

AND isn't Mother glad to surrender to a demand like that! It isn't every day she discovers a food that arouses such lively, genuine enthusiasm in the youngsters. A food that's overflowing with nourishment, too—just what they need for restoring energy and helping digestion—and one that can be placed before them almost as quickly and easily as the thought.

There's something about a cheerful, steaming plate of Campbell's Vegetable Soup that makes the children shout "hurrah!" the moment they see it. Just try it on those rollicking kiddies of yours and watch the fun. See how quickly they call for more!

And it's the good, wholesome kind of soup you would make at home, too—for Campbell's know the secret of bringing out the full goodness and flavor of its fifteen different vegetables and invigorating beef broth—of making them even more tempting with just the right seasoning. Truly, an irresistible treat for young and old alike. And being condensed, Campbell's Soups are most reasonable in price.

21 kinds to choose from... Asparagus, Bean, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Cream of Mushroom, Mutton, Noodle with chicken, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Scotch Broth, Tomato, Vegetable, Vegetable-Beef

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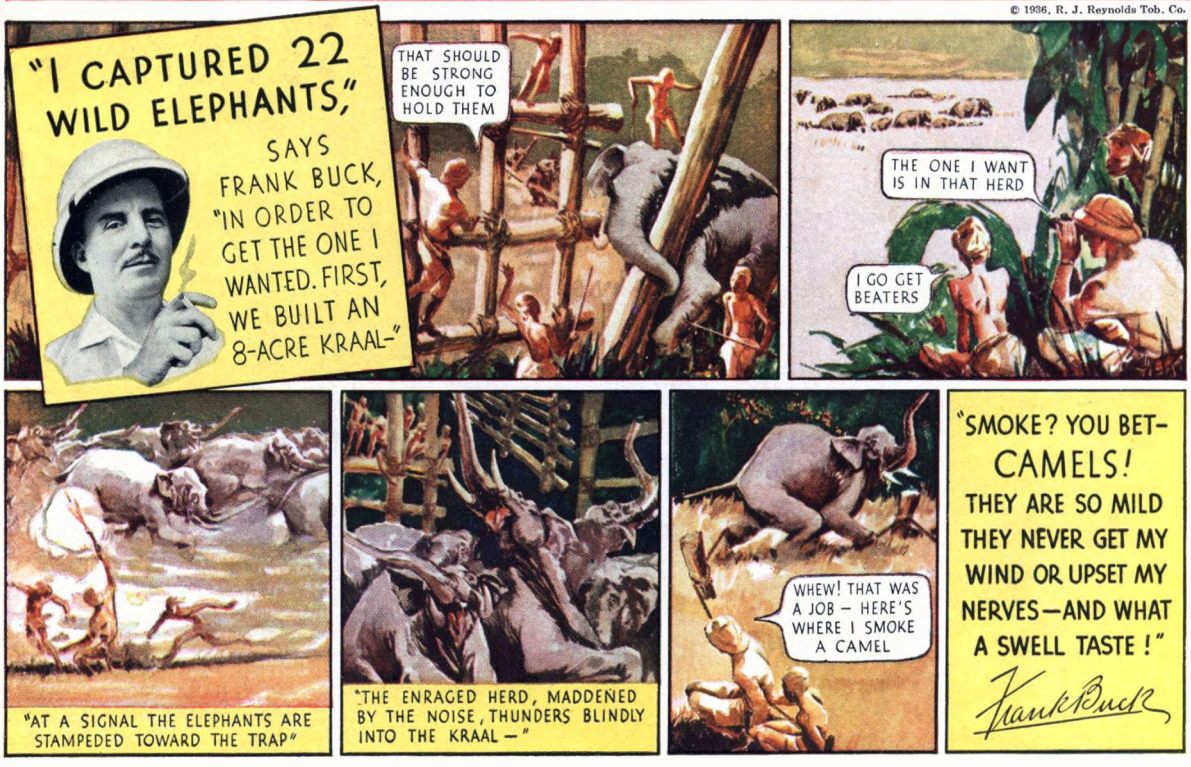
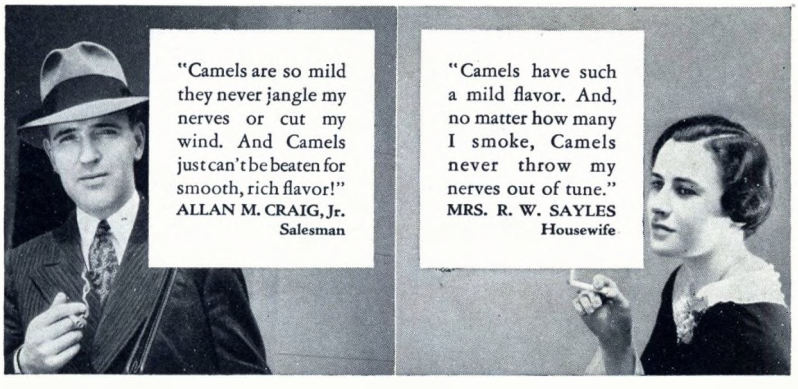
Campbell's are coming
With food for a king—
I'm really so happy,
I must do a fling!

"Camels NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!"



YOU'LL LIKE THEIR MILDNESS TOO!



"Camels are so mild they never jangle my nerves or cut my wind. And Camels just can't be beaten for smooth, rich flavor!"
ALLAN M. CRAIG, Jr.
Salesman

"Camels have such a mild flavor. And, no matter how many I smoke, Camels never throw my nerves out of tune."
MRS. R. W. SAYLES
Housewife

TUNE IN! CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE • DEANE JANIS • TED HUSING • GLEN GRAY AND THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA • Tuesday and Thursday—9 p. m. E. S. T., 8 p. m. C. S. T., 9:30 p. m. M. S. T., and 8:30 p. m. P. S. T.—over WABC-Columbia Network.

Costlier Tobaccos!

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

(*Signed*) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

WHY Get MARRIED?

"Ninety-nine men in a hundred bring everything to a marriage—the woman brings nothing." . . . That is the grim pronouncement of an eligible young bachelor who refuses to marry.

"Give us your proof," I said to him, unbelievingly, "and we'll publish it!"

Here is his argument—so frank and honest and forceful that we are printing it as it stands, and leaving it to you to decide whether or not he has won his case.—The Editor

AT LEAST twice a week for the last two years I have been led into corners by friends, acquaintances, foes, and busybodies and asked, "Why don't you get married?" Previously, in the depth of the depression, the same people used to say, "You're lucky you aren't married." Before that, when I was younger, they merely inquired, "When?"

On all occasions and to all these questions I have tried to give complete and honest answers. I have informed any number of friends just why I am not married and do not intend to marry. They shake their heads in sad disapproval. But I am tiring fast. My inquisitors, too, are getting more imperious. They point out to me that there is a shortage of husbands in the United States. I am reminded of duty, to my country, myself, and my God.

Only last week a woman, twice married and twice divorced, reminded me of the unborn children in heaven who awaited my fatherhood and of the lonely women who cry in the night for a mate. It was she, I think, who brought me to my decision—to state once and for all why I am not married, why I do not intend to marry, and why I see no reason for any man to get married if he can possibly avoid it.

I will, for obvious reasons, retain anonymity. But hereafter when anyone asks me why I do not marry I will point to this article.

I am, at this writing, thirty-five years old. I am engaged in the legal profession, and I practice in New York. My bank account today, balanced against my outstanding bills, my assured income, and my cases on hand, tells me that I am doing well and can support myself without trouble. I could support somebody else, say a wife, with equal ease.

I am neither diseased nor afflicted with neuroses. I am not addicted to strange vices, either, and when I look in the mirror at my face every morning as I shave I am only slightly displeased by what I see. I weigh 150 pounds and stand 5 feet 9½ inches in my dancing pumps. I play a good game of tennis, a better game of handball, ride horseback, play bridge, swim well, and know the names of several flowers and perfumes.

I have never been in love, and at this late date I doubt that I ever shall be. When I am depressed I read poetry. When I am happy I go to musical comedies and have Rhine wine with my dinner.

I have read all history and am not interested in posterity.

I do not like pigs' feet or liver. My father was a country storekeeper; my mother was an excellent cook. Both branches of my family are Anglo-Saxon, and have been in America for more than a hundred years.

Putting down these facts about myself as they occur to me and reading them over now, I realize that I have established my first point: I am eligible for marriage and would not be unduly undesirable to any number of women. . . . Perhaps I should have added that I resent any harsh noise or any noise whatsoever while I am dressing and eating breakfast in the morning, and that I am extremely cross when there is not much work to do or the weather is more than warm. But these things I am sure any woman could take in her stride.

It remains, therefore, to establish my second point: Why marry? I will attempt to be explicit, rational, and, as far as possible, unprejudiced in my argument.

To begin with, I was born in a small New England town, the fourth child of a family of seven children. When I was ten years old I began working at various odd jobs outside of school and turning my money in to my mother. At sixteen, I got a full-time job in a brass factory, and was later transferred to the firm's New York office. I worked during the day and went to late afternoon and evening classes and early morning classes at New York University.

I lived in a hall bedroom that was not quite so big as our pantry at home. My recreation was walking, learning my lessons as I went, stopping at automats to read a chapter, and walking to digest it. After five and a half years I received a degree of bachelor of laws.

Immediately I took and passed the New York State bar examinations. I went home for a rest, and, deciding to stay home for a while, I passed the bar exams for my home state and opened a law office. Then I began to mix socially with my old friends and with new ones.

ALL this time women had been on my mind—since I was sixteen. But as long as economic oppression forced me to put romance and matrimony aside I had not greatly minded the pretty girls who passed by me and into the arms of other boys.

I had become aware, in high school, of their sheathed (*Continued on page 72*)

PREJUDICE takes the stump

By Frank R. Kent

A widely known political observer sees danger ahead in the growing appeal to class bitterness

SOME thoughtful men feel that the presidential campaign of 1936, now in swing, may be more of a clash of class against class than party against party, a conflict without precedent in a nation brought up to believe that it is only a matter of three generations from overalls to overalls.

There is room for argument, of course, but certainly if the country is not more class-conscious than it has been before, it is not the fault of the curiously assorted groups and persons who have been trying to convince us that we are no longer free-minded individuals in a land of equal opportunity, but rather the chance members of a class, high or low, by whose united action we rise or fall.

I think it is accurate to say that in the last few years there has been a more deliberate and determined effort by more numerous and varied persons to solidify classes and create class hatred than in any previous like period that we can recall. Even though the once wealthy man may be swinging a pick on a WPA job today and his former employees making their way upward in individual economic enterprise, demagogues go merrily on, putting us in our classes and demanding that we do something about it.

Class talk is common patter on the college campus. Preachers refer to the proletariat and the capitalist masters from their pulpits. All of the so-called radical political organizations—the Socialists, Communists, the Lovestonites, the I. W. W.'s and the rest—have been pounding away at their classifications since the stock-market crash—insisting that farmers and laborers fall into one oppressed and static class, capitalists and industrialists into a high-handed and privileged one. And they can't agree thoroughly enough to get together into a solid group. They are too individualistic—too American.

An utterly unprecedented array of professional country-saviors, panacea purveyors, problem solvers, breast beaters, and political evangelists have arisen. They have produced "Plans" and "Programs," organized clubs, effected organizations, formed unions, societies, and associations. Some of them are sincere but muddy-minded men of the messianic type who really believe their own stuff; others are calculating demagogues completely cynical, as false and cold as a glass eye.

WIDELY as they differ personally, such men always have two things in common: One is their class appeal. Inevitably that appeal is to those who want to live without work, to receive pay without earning it, to share somebody's wealth without producing any. The other thing common to them all is that without exception they smugly mouth that mystic, cloudy, and seductive word "Liberal." Every political fakir in the land calls himself a "Liberal." He does not know what he means by that, nor does anyone else. Once we were by way of having a true Liberal Party, back in Theodore Roosevelt's time, but he was too keen a politician to be carried far in that direction.

But the word "Liberal," without any foundation in reality, is still afloat as the indispensable tag of the class-makers. No professional "friend of the peepul" would think of doing business without it. In some strange way, the impression has been created that a man who calls himself a "Liberal" embodies all the virtues, while those who do not subscribe to his doctrines, no matter what they are, are "greedy reactionaries," "Tories," "oppressors of the poor," destitute of honor and devoid of shame.

The appeal to class in a national campaign, or even a local one, is not by any means new in American politics. Aldermen from poor wards have found their way into city councils by attributing the poverty of their constituents to class oppression. They have solidified the vote by offering to "fight the bosses" and have been elected by overwhelming majorities. And then their constituents learned that there were no classes and that their champion was fighting windmills. Mayors, governors, senators, and even presidents have made their appeal to poor men, solidified for the moment into a class.

IN THE past, however, invariably it has been the "outs" who initiated the class appeal, strove for personal or political purposes to stir up envy, mass power, greed, indolence, the desire for a short cut to fortune and power. But today, added to the class-rousing clamor of the multitude of "outs," we have the clamor of a few "ins." Not very long ago, Mr. Harry Hopkins, head of the four-billion-dollar Works Progress Administration, told his staff of workers that "if by this time you do not know that this is a fight between those who have and those who have not, and that we are with those who have not, it is time you found it out." And two or three others in positions of responsibility in Washington have made similar statements.

That is one way of describing the two classes which may clash in this national election—the "Haves" and the "Have-nots," even though having and not having seem to be temporary conditions in American life. Some prefer to call these groups the labor-farmer class and the capitalist-industrialist group. I know many farmers who might be described as capitalists and industrialists. I know some former industrialists who are now

67

Take your baby regularly to the doctor for health check-ups. Consult him about immunization against some of the diseases of childhood.

The Healthy Child

EVERY prospective mother is a builder. She has the most important job in the world—the building of a human being—a son or a daughter. Foods are her building materials—both the food she eats before her baby is born and the food she gives him during babyhood.

The building process must begin even before the baby is born. Under her doctor's care and observation, the prospective mother will be advised what she should eat, the amount and kind of exercise she should take and how much time she should spend out-of-doors in fresh air and sunshine.

Perhaps the mother should be on a special diet or restricted exercise — because of underweight or overweight or some difficulty with her blood pressure, kidneys or heart. It is important to know and observe these conditions long before the baby arrives.

After the baby is born, he should when possible have the food that is best for him —his own mother's milk. But if conditions prevent, the doctor will order the best substitute. Into baby's diet must go all the elements needed to build sound teeth, sturdy bones, strong muscles. His food must contain the vitamins needed to help him grow into vigorous childhood and to build up resistance to help him fight off disease.

The Metropolitan will send you a 32-page book "The Baby" which was prepared by experts. It tells not only about his feeding, but gives helpful advice regarding his clothing, bathing, sleep and play. All this information supplements the advice you will receive from the doctor who periodically examines your baby.

This useful book "The Baby" will be mailed free upon request. Address Booklet Department 436-A.

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It takes ALL KINDS

DRAWING BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

By Albert Benjamin

BECAUSE of his infectious laugh, Herbert L. Ohrenberger, Boston, Mass., has been given a life pass to a local movie theater.

W. J. ARMSTRONG, secretary of Old St. John's Church in New York, has been best man at more than 1,000 weddings in the last five years.

H. A. SCOTT, Long Beach, Calif., recently built a steam engine entirely of glass. The machine has 375 parts, is 3 feet long, 22 inches high, and develops 1/20 of one horsepower.

L. K. HALLOCK, Jacksonville, Ill., has originated, solved, and catalogued 16,755 puzzles based on ordinary dice.

CARL P. DIETZ, Milwaukee, Wis., insurance man and alderman, collected more than 241 different models of typewriters and gave them to the Milwaukee Museum.

RALPH R. TEETOR, Hagerstown, Ind., blind since early childhood, is a leading automotive engineer and president of the Society of Automotive Engineers.

FRANK PAPE, 73, retired Columbia, Mo., salesman, claims to be the "nation's champion Bible reader." He has read the New Testament 58 times and the entire Bible 8 times; and has read it daily for 45 years.

LOGAN DAVIS, Star City, Okla., spends his spare time making furniture from bottle caps and wire.

JOE TAGGART, of Rockford, Ill., constructs scale-model circus wagons for miniature-circus fans, and George Barlow III, of Binghamton, N. Y., makes miniature circus tents constructed to scale.

MRS. AMANDA BAKER BELK, 88, of Charlotte, N. C., has 16 children, 155 grandchildren, 222 great-grandchildren, and 22 great-great-grandchildren.

TED DRANGA, Honolulu, Hawaii, earns his living diving beneath the sea to pick coral flowers with hammer and chisel.

KARL FELDMAN, of Toronto, Ontario, has built out of newspapers a violin that actually produces music.

HARRY RUDY, Dayton, Ohio, has built a toy-sized factory powered by mice running in small cyclinders.

MISS GERALDINE STICKNEY, Worcester, Mass., was recently married wearing a pair of shoes 518 years old. The shoes came over on the Mayflower with an ancestor of hers. Ever since then each oldest daughter in the family groups has worn them on her wedding day.

PATRICIA SALTER, 11, Madison, Wis., collects samples of dirt from all over the world.

SOPHRONIA AZMIRALLO SWIRZENSKI GERONOMO GEORGIA JONAS is the secretary of an oil company in Ponca City, Okla.

FRANKLIN A. AVERS, Portage, Wis., amateur photographer, has taken a new picture of his daughter Annette, now 3, every day since she was five weeks old.

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, film comedian, collects old trees as a hobby and has transplanted 450 of them on his 90-acre ranch near Hollywood, Calif.

CHARLES CRONKITE, Hollywood, Calif., explosive expert, provides bombardments, artillery engagements, and infantry barrages for the movie companies, but his real passion is collecting stamps.

A. F. THURMAN is mayor of Haskell, Texas, pastor of a local church, and also the town baker.

MAJOR JOHN MERTZ, 46 inches tall and 81 years old, a member of the Salisbury, N. C., police force, is said to be the smallest policeman in the world.

RANDOLPH H. CARTER, of Warrenton, Va., makes a business of training dogs to avoid moving cars.

Do you know an unusual fact that will fit into this column? We will pay $1 for each acceptable item accompanied by corroborative proof. Address IT TAKES ALL KINDS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries will be returned.

laborers, and who wish they could earn enough money to buy a small farm somewhere in the back country and raise their own hogs and chickens. But, never mind, the saviors of the country have so divided us up. And a few members of the administration, who should know better, are helping out. It is possible that their statements suggest the strategy of the Democratic Party in the national election. But I think an appeal to classes in classless America would be an affront to our tradition.

IT IS interesting at this juncture to reflect upon the matter of classes and class hatreds in this country. In the first place, we, in the United States, probably have more different classes of citizens than any other country in the world. Partly this is due to the great size of the country, but largely, I think, to its character. To a far greater extent than in most countries, this has been the land of liberty, which welcomed to its shores men and women from other lands, offering them, theoretically at least, equal opportunity for the pursuit of happiness and prosperity, making no distinction and legally permitting no discrimination.

Perhaps in practice we have not always wholly lived up to the elevated and noble attitude thus described. Perhaps we have cut a few corners in the practical observance of this great doctrine of equal opportunity, which is basic in our Constitution and almost treasonable to dispute. However, it is certainly true—even conceding some slight discrimination here and there—that the opportunities have been far more nearly equal here than anywhere else. That has brought to this country a great, heterogeneous population of now more than 130,000,000. While people of Anglo-Saxon descent constitute by far the largest proportion of this number, they are considerably less than a majority, and there is hardly a nationality on earth which has not contributed to us a respectable minority.

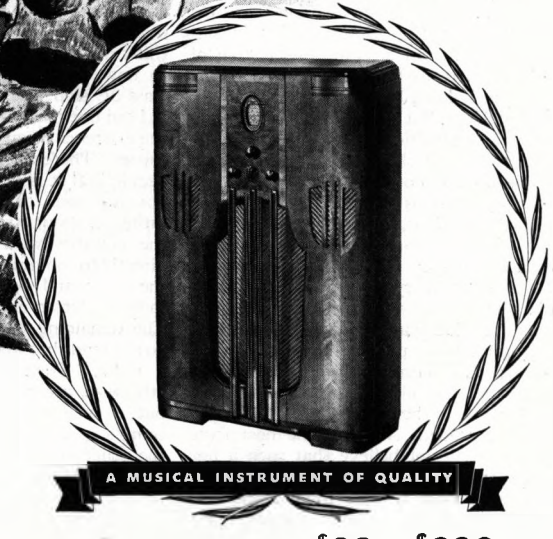
In such a nation, the inevitability of appeals by the politicians to class hatred and prejudice is clear. The conglomerate character of the electorate makes the temptation overwhelming and irresistible. There have been few political campaigns, either municipal, state, or national, since the nation really began to fill up, in which these appeals have not been made, sometimes openly, more often covertly. And even when the effort to array class against class has not been made, the effort to conciliate, propitiate, placate, influence, attract, wheedle, or beguile has been. All candidates have done it, even the very best of them. It has been part of every party's policy, and vast sums of money have been poured out for these purposes.

It is not a thing for which politicians should be damned. If one side did not make these efforts—such is human nature—the other side would. The voters being what they are and the country what it is, there is no way out of it for the successful politician or candidate, and every practical man knows that. The point I am making is not that there is anything new in the appeal to class-conscious citizens, but that in the present campaign the appeals—to certain classes—may be more openly as well as more widely made than before.

For purposes of analysis the citizens can be divided into six great classifications:

CRACK! *"It's a hit"* reports the announcer. But he only confirms what you already know. That first hit of the season is registered unmistakably by Philco . . . along with the roar of the crowd . . . the music as the players parade during the opening day ceremonies. Even occasional calls of "Peanuts" . . . "Hot dogs" . . . "Get an ice-cold drink" as vendors push through the stands! With Philco you're out at the ball-game! From April until the World Series . . . baseball is on the air! Hear it through Philco and thrill follows thrill. From the baseball diamond to the "Diamond Horseshoe" at the Metropolitan Opera House is an instantaneous transition. Philco High-Fidelity which makes the crack of the bat so convincing gives the same naturalness to the highest notes of Grace Moore . . . to the dramatic offerings of Leslie Howard . . . to the majestic sweep of the "Soldiers' Chorus" . . . or the hottest licks of a swing band trombone! Enjoy it all . . . to the utmost . . . with Philco!

The most important step forward in radio this year—the Philco *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System, which *automatically* tunes the aerial as you tune the set. A Philco discovery that doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy. *Built-in* . . . not an extra . . . not even in price. *And only Philco has it!* . . . See your classified telephone directory for your nearest dealer and have a demonstration. Sold on the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.



FORTY-THREE MODELS $20 TO $600

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO . . . SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE

THE NEW PHILCO 116X

A true High-Fidelity instrument bringing you the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. Exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers prevent "boom". The famous Inclined Sounding Board projects every note up to your ear level. Five wave bands bring you every broadcast service in the air . . . Foreign, American, Police, Weather, Aircraft, Ship, Amateur. With exclusive, automatic *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System, $180

racial, religious, social, economic, rural, urban. As to the first two classes—racial and religious—it is undoubtedly true that appeals to them have potentialities of great bitterness and bad feeling. It has been said —and with considerable truth—that the racial gulf is the widest, deepest, and most unbridgeable in the world. It is equally true that in matters of religion there is intense narrowness, intolerance, and bigotry, not by any means confined to the ignorant.

It is happily rare that a deliberate effort to create racial or religious hate for political purposes is made. The last time it was done was in the presidential campaign of 1928, when Alfred E. Smith, who happens to be a Catholic, was the Democratic candidate for president. In character and ability comparing well with any man who ever ran for the presidency, Mr. Smith was the victim of religious prejudice which manifested itself in its most poisonous form. Possibly he might not have won if there had been no bigotry in the country, but its existence was the thing that overwhelmed him in the election returns.

THERE is no more discreditable thing in American life than this racial and religious prejudice, but it is idle to minimize it —and no intelligent person does. It is easily excited, and the only reason there is so little of it is because the politicians avoid nominating for the presidency either a Catholic or a Jew. The Smith nomination was the one exception to the rule. There is not likely to be another soon, though decent people hope the time will come ultimately when this ugly feeling will disappear and any attempt to stir it up will arouse overwhelming resentment.

It is pleasant to record that there is nothing in the New Deal policies or political strategy which is even remotely designed to play upon these, our two deepest and most deplorable class prejudices. On the contrary, the administration is singularly free from anything suggestive of either. There are both Jews and Catholics, not only holding high public office under the President, but among his most intimate counselors and friends.

The inherent class appeal of New Deal philosophy, and of the various and sundry political messiahs who have sprung up in different sections, is largely on economic lines. For three and a half years there has been a tendency to divide the poor from the rich and to try to convince the farmer and laborer that the business and professional people are inimical to their interests.

A great many people—among them the late William Jennings Bryan and the late Robert M. LaFollette—have tried to draw a line between these two groups. None has so far succeeded. Actually, the most acute observers do not believe that such a line exists or can be drawn. The ground for this conviction is that there is no real difference, intellectually or politically, between these groups. The farmers and the workers are just as intelligent as the big or little business or professional man. They have the same understanding of public questions and, in a general way, are influenced by the same things. The ability to see through the political frauds and know claptrap from sound stuff is about equal.

One of the really fine things about this country is that there has never been a public question or a political fight in which the bulk of the business and professional people were on one side and the laborers and farmers on the other. The country often divides sectionally. The East will think one way, the West another, but up to now there has been no occupational class division.

I am one of those who do not believe in the existence of any such line between the classes. There is a dividing line among the people, but it is a line of communication, not of classes. There are, so the experts estimate, about 60 per cent of the people of the country with whom it is possible directly to communicate politically through the daily and periodical press, over the radio, by letter, and with the human voice. The remaining 40 per cent of the people do not read the papers or magazines or own a radio. Their opinions, political and otherwise, are molded by the 60 per cent, but it is a long-delayed, confused, and complicated process. That line does exist; the other—that of classes—does not. At least, it has not up to now.

NEITHER the efforts of so-called labor leaders, farm leaders, nor business leaders have prevailed to form a genuine class division for election purposes. The voters of each of these groups have divided according to their individual prejudices and predilections, their inherited partisanship, emotional reactions, and understanding.

It remains to be seen whether the country has changed or not. Since 1929 we have been going through a very acute and painful economic experience. Millions of men have been out of employment, and still are. Millions are on the relief rolls or upon the WPA-made jobs. Hundreds of millions of government money have been poured out in bonuses to farmers in an effort to increase prices by curtailing production, and an unprecedented and undreamed-of number of people are being supported directly or indirectly by the federal government. The federal functions have been greatly enlarged, heavier taxes have been imposed upon business and individuals of large income, inheritance taxes have been raised so as to break up the great estates, and a general effort has been made for what is termed a "more equitable distribution of the national wealth."

Without indulging here in any argument over the economic soundness of this legislation or the merits of the policy, or whether these things were necessary to meet the crisis, I think it fair to say that they have had a tendency to divide citizens, not only into the Haves and the Have-Nots, but to divide them occupationally and also according to whether they live in the cities or on the farms.

Their reaction to these appeals in the coming election will show whether the country has been changed by its recent painful experience or whether it has held fast to its basic character.

PERSONALLY, I hope that the class appeal will be minimized. Any appeal to class feeling, particularly a powerful appeal made by an administration, tends to create class consciousness and solidify class where none exists.

It is a dangerous and false assumption that classes in this country are defined and static, that we are graded and divided into unchangeable groups made up of individuals who naturally and inevitably belong to the same class for life or for the working career. With all the natural separations and differences of individual ambition and energy, every business occupation or profession offers countless examples of the falseness of the idea that our people stay put.

Examine your own experiences and observations and you will find among your acquaintances men and women who have changed their status, shifted from one class to another, generally bettering their condition, sometimes not. And everywhere you will find parents fondly educating their children for better ways of life than they, themselves, had, believing that the child can find a better way—with his own hands and his own mind.

We refer to classes only for convenience in speaking and writing, as I have found myself involuntarily doing here, but there is evidence in every community that Americans do not believe in any permanent station, economic or social.

All propaganda, all efforts to change this natural attitude of the American people can only lead to corrupting effects upon individuals, and especially upon the youth of our land.

They invade our mental and moral sureness and structure, weaken the sense of individual and self-reliant responsibility for one's own life and progress in the world of work. They shrink the horizon of promise. And America's horizon has ever been as broad as young people dared to dream.

NOMINATIONS

IN the December, 1935, issue readers were invited to tell whom they would like to see as next President of the United States, and why. Roosevelt received the most votes. Landon came next. Then, in order: Borah, Hoover, Knox, Al Smith, Henry Ford, and Vandenberg. The readers who submitted the winning letters are:

First, $25.00
MRS. W. H. WEBB
Marietta, Ohio

•

Second, $15.00
REV. ROBT. H. DOLLIVER
New York, N. Y.

•

Third, $10.00
GRANVILLE TRACE
Atascadero, Calif.

"WE USED TO GIVE PARTIES— HAVE FRIENDS—GO PLACES!"

He's always "dog-tired" when evening comes—

When your energy is low, it's often a sign of a run-down physical condition

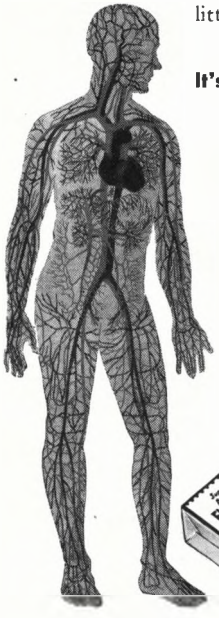
IF evening after evening you slump down in your armchair—too tired to talk—too tired even to read, you can be very sure there's a definite physical cause that needs looking into.

Doctors say this "used-up" feeling is usually a sign of a run-down condition and "underfed" blood. When your blood is "underfed," sufficient food is not carried to the muscles and nerves. Your energy suffers—you become listless, mentally depressed.

How Fresh Yeast helps to stabilize the nerves

Fleischmann's Yeast—by stimulating the digestive organs—helps to put more of your food into the blood stream. The blood carries this food to the muscle and nerve tissues throughout the body—builds up a new store of energy.

To do you the most good, Fleischmann's Yeast should be eaten *regularly*—3 cakes a day, before meals. Eat it plain, or on crackers, or dissolved in a little water or fruit juice.

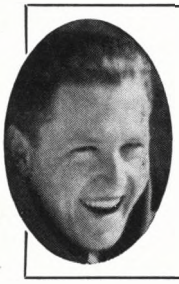


It's your blood that "FEEDS" your body

ONE of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you feel "overtired" at the least little extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food for your tissues. What you need is something to provide the full nourishment from your food, so that there is more for your blood to take up and carry to your tissues.

You're left out of good times if you're always "too tired" to be sociable



"I SURE WAS IN THE DUMPS. I was always tired. Often I'd come home from work—drop into a chair and fall asleep. Nothing was any fun. Everything an effort. I was really worried about myself. Then I read about Fleischmann's Yeast and took some home with me. Everyone noticed the change in my health after only a week. I got up in the mornings feeling great. I can do twice the work now that I used to. No dodging parties now."

George E. Mason, Springfield, Mass.

— *corrects* Run-down condition

by feeding and purifying the blood

WHY Get MARRIED?

(*Continued from page 65*)

legs and their red lips, their soft hair and their teeth. But I was also aware of the fact that I hadn't the money to buy a chocolate soda for even the most charming of them.

Now, when I had come home a lawyer, I met them again. Most of them were married and had children. Their legs were still sheathed in silk, but, after the babies had been around, the hose sometimes sagged and had runs. The red lips had paled and looked rough, and the soft hair looked brittle and a trifle unwashed. Almost invariably, as I visited these girls and their husbands in their homes, the wife after a while would begin to talk slyly of my bachelorhood and to remind me that I had missed life, with a capital L. I was fervently glad that I had not married any of them.

BEFORE long I realized that I had a social asset. I was an odd man. I found myself continually invited to fill in parties lacking an eligible man. I went up in the social scale purely because I was unmarried and had a dinner jacket.

Quite a bit of business was coming in as a result of social contacts, and I realized one day with a sudden fright that, to a degree at least, my success in the town depended on my remaining single. But the fact is, none of the dozen eligible local girls attracted me, nor did I enthuse over any of the visiting cousins from St. Paul and Dubuque. They were of a pattern, cut wide and without decoration. The more I saw of them the less inclined I felt to offer a bungalow beneath the elms.

There really was an old-fashioned feminine woman. I know it. She was soft in body and in speech. She could play a musical instrument and sing a little bit. She knew stories to tell her children, and she tried to understand her husband and make him happy. She could knit, sew, crochet, and cook.

She is gone. Too often her descendant is slim and brown and hard, without hips or breasts. Frequently she talks too much, moves noisily, and drinks. She swims and shoots and rides and plays tennis. Whatever she learned at school she has forgotten, including her manners. And most of the stories she knows are unprintable.

Just as I was beginning to feel restless, a letter came from a friend in New York. It was pointed.

"I can get you a place in a good law firm. B— wants a young, single lawyer. Says married youngsters are too absorbed in their home life and too worried about economics. He can't pay enough to support a family, anyhow, and on top of all that he wants a man who can travel."

In a week I was in New York and at work. My employer's advice was terse and to the point:

"Work hard. Stay away from dames if you can't resist them. Stay single for a few years and I'll make a good lawyer out of you. If you marry, your usefulness to me will be impaired. You will be unable to give yourself wholly and completely to your job, and you will think I ought to pay you more money for being married."

It was easy to follow his advice. I was able to live better than I had in my student days, and free meals came along quickly when it was discovered that I was single—the extra man. The money I thus saved went for clothes and books. I was always well groomed. I never came to the office looking bedraggled because I had to get up for the baby's six o'clock bottle or because I had endured a quarrel with my wife. I could take work home, or return to the office and read in the library.

I got along better than the young married men in the office because I did my work at least as quickly and as thoroughly, because I could go to Chicago or Washington or St. Louis on a moment's notice, because I was better groomed and fresher in the morning than they were. In 1933 I was made a junior partner.

With the promotion, marriage could not hurt me professionally, although it might cut to some extent the business I get from social contacts. But I found myself even less inclined toward matrimony than in my earlier years.

I had observed that ninety-nine in a hundred men bring everything to a marriage. The woman brings nothing. Nowadays there is no dowry, and a self-respecting man does not accept money from his wife. In my own case I would not need to think of this. I would look for other things, which I probably would not get.

The chances were against my getting a cook or a housekeeper. The odds seemed to favor my getting a star boarder who would smoke cigarettes in bed, have her breakfast in it also, and call up her friends from the bedside telephone. Aside from ordering a few things from market and telling the servants where to clean, her day would be her own.

She would probably go shopping with a friend, have luncheon, and go to a matinee, play some bridge, and come home for dinner. After dinner we might go out, in which case I would be pretty well separated from her for the evening. When we got home we would go to bed, and she would probably read a novel before going to sleep.

IN RETURN for this I would take on added financial responsibilities, buy new furniture, new silverware, hire some servants, and pay bills for clothes, bridge losses, matinees, flowers, extra food, her insurance, her doctor, her dentist, her culture lectures, and whatever else she could manage to amuse herself with. Our bathroom would be cluttered up with cosmetics, beauty lotions, sun-ray lamps, safety pins, wet towels, and deodorants. I would gradually be eased out of the drawer space in the dressers and chiffoniers, and finally given some tiny closet in which to store my clothing.

My present home is an apartment I fitted out myself, served by a faithful colored maid who knows exactly where I want everything. The maid, of course, would go and, with her, order—or at least my kind of order. I am sure that my furniture taste would not entirely please any wife, nor would she approve of my twelve pipes carefully racked where I can reach them while reading. She probably would object to my smoking a pipe in the house at all. Things which I do not want put away would be put away. Books I need at hand would be buried.

The icebox would be denuded of its twelve cheeses, its caviar and *pâté de foie gras*, its beer, and stacked instead with lettuce and tomatoes, pastry shells, grade B milk, and sandwich spreads. My taste in food would no longer determine my meals. For it has been my observation that in the average household it takes less than a year for the wife to get the husband to the point where he eats what he gets—even spinach—and likes it.

ALL THIS for companionship in the morning, when any noise annoys me and any human being looks unlovely, and in the evening, when I have it anyhow.

So soon as I married I would also, of course, be shut off from a large portion of my friends. Some of them my wife would not like. Some of them would not like my wife. My club would be mostly a memory.

Naturally, I would lose all the invitations that come to me as an extra man.

Then, too, we would have to return entertainment. As a bachelor I am not expected to entertain; I do not want to. An occasional bouquet of flowers, little gifts at Christmas or as remembrances on birthdays and anniversaries—such natural courtesies are graciously accepted as adequate credits on a bachelor's account.

Returning in kind such entertainment as I've had is expensive. I have said that economics does not enter the plan, but matrimony *would* mean buying fewer suits and skipping the annual Bermuda trip. I had too much of that sort of self-discipline in my youth. I do not want it any more.

I might not have to. But there would be children—why else would I marry? I would raise them, educate them, worry about them, and sacrifice for them. And would they appreciate our efforts—my wife's and mine? They would not.

No, I am better off unmarried. I have all of the benefits and none of the headaches. I have freedom. I get to my office whenever I please and leave it when it suits me, without feeling that I'm upsetting the routine of an entire household if I stay late to finish up a bit of business. I dine when I want to or when the invitation specifies. If I wish to stay up all night it is my business. If I wish companionship I can call up one of a dozen bachelor maids.

There are in every large city numbers of young unmarried women who occupy responsible, well-paying positions, and who live in pleasant apartments. These women are intelligent, capable, well dressed, alive to life, stimulating, attractive. They do not want to marry any more than I do—mostly because marriage for them would mean a step downward. The men who could carry them on to better things are already married. The others are already

THOSE *first* 5 MINUTES DO IT!

YOUR engine goes through a critical five minutes, every time you start it. It needs the protection of full lubrication from the very instant of "go."

Oil that is sluggish and slow, that has thickened excessively, can't lubricate. Then metal scrapes against metal.

That's why many a motor wears, loses power. The oil can't start, can't flow freely, when cold. And in these first five minutes of running, your engine gets more wear—a lot more wear than that which comes from the next 100 miles of hard, fast driving.

An oil that flows freely

Havoline is that oil. It starts flowing the instant you step on the starter and banishes the danger of excessive wear those first five minutes of running.

With Havoline in the crankcase, you can be certain your engine will keep its power longer, stay "younger." You'll always take pride in the quick get-away of your car.

Havoline is refined by the patented Furfural Process. Due to this Process it has the ability to be fluid—to flow freely in zero weather, as well as resist the highest operating temperatures of your motor.

Insist on Havoline next time you need a fill and avoid that dangerous first five minutes of wear. That's the way to keep your engine equal to new-car performance.

ALL TEXACO DEALERS . . . DEPENDABLE DEALERS EVERYWHERE CAN SERVE YOU

Next time you need oil that starts with the engine—go to your neighborhood dealer and ask for Havoline. He has the correct S.A.E. grade for your car—the number stamped on each can.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS · *Affiliated with The Texas Company*

failures or mediocrities, or do not measure up to the woman in intelligence. Meanwhile, she does very well by herself, enjoying her freedom and living an interesting life in an interesting world.

Such as myself she accepts as a friend. Together we explore Manhattan's restaurants and places of entertainment; we visit art galleries together and go to the races; we feel free to call on each other at any time, and have no resentment of the other's friends, whatever their status. No responsibility is shouldered by either.

I prefer these women, naturally, to those I meet who are merely existing until marriage or old age or death overtakes them. They have entered a man's world and willingly accept equality with a man.

They stand out above women who are half in and half out of the man's world which suffrage and the World War opened to them. Those latter, with less to do than the businesswoman, know less. They do not read newspapers intelligently nor books. They cannot discuss the man's world, or the woman's.

I MIGHT, of course, get as a wife a girl who could cook and dust, manage a household, make a budget and stick to it, keep children clean and quiet and herself impeccable. I'm sure I would like her even less than the girl who can't cook.

To this type of wife, the smooth running of the household is a sacred matter. Were I forced to work late and keep dinner waiting she would assume a silent martyrdom. The feeling that I had upset the routine of the house, that I had shattered a holy ritual, would be impressed upon me.

If I flicked a cigar ash to the rug, I would find myself suddenly surrounded by ash trays and asked to lift my legs so that a carpet sweeper might go steaming beneath them.

Not that I object to cleanliness—I object to the type of wife who makes a fetish of cleanliness, who will not allow a thing to get sufficiently dirty or mussed to make cleaning a job. And furniture—well, I believe furniture is made to be used, not looked at. And if I want to put my feet on the divan, I intend to put them on it.

Another kind of wife might, of course, be less fanatic about the household and more fanatic about me. She might be possessive. She might consider me a piece of personal property. She would tell me when to work, when to eat, when to sleep, when to bathe, and when to think. And, as the years went on, if observations among my friends mean anything, the affection such a wife had centered on me would be transferred gradually to the children. And I—well, I'd just be a meal ticket.

Of course, I might avoid all that by imitating that admirable hero of a folk story who gave his bride a poke in the nose at the altar. When asked for his reason he said, "That's for nothing. Think what you'll get if you do something."

But I wouldn't. Men are sentimental when they marry. They want to help their brides, to do little things for them, to make the new world of wifery easy. I would be the same. I would hear her fumbling about the kitchen and go to her assistance. Gradually, before I was aware of it, I would have myself nicely bound and tied with habits of help. If I ever tried to break them, I would be called mean and selfish. Maybe the tasks wouldn't be arduous, or take a long time, but they would detract just that much from my reading, my recreation, and my work. The marriage which started out as a partnership, a 50-50 proposition, would be a 60-40 or a 75-25 proposition. The less she did, this wife, the more she would pull the "slave-over-a-hot-stove" act.

So, from the fanatically meticulous or the possessive or the helpless thing I longed to help in the kitchen, I would inevitably flee. Perhaps not for a long time, but in the end—yes. To Reno.

I know, because I have seen it happen to my friends.

And always, of course, when the divorce came, there was alimony, and plenty of blame for the husband. He was a brute. He neglected her. This, indeed, is what people say today of a friend of mine whose wife didn't even stop when she directed his every movement in his home. She spent several hours a week in his office, made suggestions to employees, mixed in office politics, and finally wrecked a promising career. When he had stood all he could, and rebelled—well, he was "just like all men."

BACHELOR OR BENEDICT?

HOW do you feel about this remarkable "declaration of independence"? Is its author right or wrong? Suppose you had a chance to talk face to face with this young man. What would you tell him? Has he been fair or unfair in his statement of the bachelor's side of the marriage problem? For the best letter giving your views in reply to him, in 250 words or less, we will pay $25; second best, $15; third, $10. Address UNMARRIED, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No letters will be considered after April 15, 1936. None will be returned.

IF I am lonely in my old age and dream of the home I might have had I shall be fooling myself. Nowadays there is no home, or little of it. The family is not together at all. When the children are young they go to bed and the parents go out. When the children grow up they go out and the parents go to bed. Radios, automobiles, and movies have done away with the family's need to make its own entertainment.

Marriage was the result of primitive necessity. So were toes. Toes are no longer necessary, because we wear shoes and do not climb trees. Marriage seems no longer a necessity, because the home is no longer a necessity. People get around without it. Each individual can make his own—as he wants it.

But if I fell in love, you say, I would marry. That is true. But I think I have safeguarded myself pretty well against that chance. Women are better realists than men. It is the men who love. The women choose mates. My preferred woman, the business and professional girl, desiring marriage no more than I do, isn't apt to take the necessary initial steps. And I'm certainly not going to take them.

Suppose, however, I did fall in love, and marry. My chances for happiness, according to the best statistics available, would be one in three. I would soon be back where I started from, except that I would be paying a good part of my income for alimony.

The way to divorce is easy, in any marriage. After the first flush of matrimonial romance wears off, little habits of each begin to grate on the other's nerves. My way of getting up, my habit of throwing things around, my desire to be silent for hours on end while at home, my liking for an all-night celebration after an exhaustive case—all these probably would annoy any wife I'd get.

So I do not think that I will marry. Perhaps had I stayed in my home town I would be married now, and at night when the children were in bed my wife, hipless and breastless no longer, would pull up the stocking that was awry and paint the lips that were chapped and pale, and turn on the radio. Or perhaps she might sneeringly point to the huge income reported for my employers in the daily papers and remind me that they'd told me they just couldn't afford a modest raise for me.

YET there is a dream girl. She does not live and she never will. Not for me, anyway.

She would send me forth to enjoy the company of men from time to time, even over my own protest. She would coddle my eating and drinking and sleeping habits, and never consider them as "bachelor," unhealthy, uncleanly, or anything but a part of the man she loved—and therefore lovable.

She might ask me to help her choose her clothes. She would certainly never criticize mine or ask to go with me when I shopped. If I wanted a green suit—and what man doesn't?—I could have one without fighting a second or third Battle of the Marne first. She would nurse me in sickness without rebuking me for getting sick.

She would rejoice with me in the victories of my career, and solace me in the defeats. She would flatter my friends and business associates, and tell me things about them that only a woman can see. And she'd feed my ego—or self-confidence—by flattering me, too—at times. She would consider me to be a man, independent, free-thinking, and concerned with a career in life. She would consider herself to be a woman, married to me, plighted to help me and love me, and in return receive protection, tenderness, affection, and the dignity of a home and motherhood.

Nice! . . . But, as I have said, she does not live. . . . Or does she?

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Why Four Roses bears the proud designation

"A Blend of Straight Whiskies"

PROUDLY displayed on the label of each bottle of Four Roses is this designation: A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES.

A simple enough declaration. But how important! For it expresses our conviction—born of 70 years' whiskey-making experience—that this is the best and the surest way of producing really great whiskey.

Let us explain: Several straight American whiskies—*and only straight whiskies*—go into Four Roses. Each is a great whiskey in its own right. But each has some particular virtue. One is outstanding in aroma, another in flavor, another in body, another in smoothness.

Then we blend these whiskies in such a way as to give to one *superlative* whiskey the virtues of *all*.

That's why, in our opinion, Four Roses is better than any one whiskey alone possibly could be. And we think your own palate will bear us out.

Get a bottle of Four Roses. Try it against any other whiskey of any age or price. As its surpassing flavor fulfills the promise of its rich aroma, you'll know you've found *your* whiskey.

FOUR  *ROSES*

A blend of all straight, all American whiskies—blended as only Frankfort knows how

Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville and Baltimore, makers of Four Roses, Paul Jones, Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore—*all* blends of straight whiskies

Skid 'em, BABY!

(*Continued from page 21*)

sound was coming from the grandstand, a sound which Kay had never heard before. It started as a growl, rose in volume until it was a solid wall of angry, menacing thunder. A man stood up beside Kay, cupped his hands before his face and yelled, "Yah! You bum, you! Boo-oo-oo!"

"What—what's the matter?" Kay asked the shouting man when he paused to catch his breath. "Was it somebody's fault?"

"Didn't you see Don Fraser pinch him off at that turn?" the man demanded. "That Don Fraser's as hot as a firecracker, all right, but there's no call to do that just because it was a grudge race!"

Kay, a slim and vivid figure, steadied herself. "He didn't do it on purpose!" she blurted.

The man glared at her. Then, his eyes really focusing upon her, he smiled. He took a newspaper out of his pocket and indicated an item on the first page. "Read that, baby, and then figure it out." Whereupon he turned his shoulder to her, put his hands to his mouth, and yelled, "Boo-oo!"

DON FRASER, steering his car into the pits, yanked at the brake with an angry hand. "Buck's all right, isn't he?" he asked quickly.

"Yeah," his mechanic said glumly.

"The stands think I did it on purpose," Don said hotly.

Carl Lamson cocked an ear toward the angry booing which still rolled across the infield. "Yeah," he admitted; "sounds like they do."

"Do you?" Don demanded flatly.

Lamson looked at him. "You had a heavy foot, kid," he said at last.

"Buck knows how I skid into those turns," Don said. "He just took a chance I'd give him the pole, and he tried to sneak through. Load her on the trailer, Carl. I'm going over to see Buck."

"You always were a hog for trouble," the mechanic sighed. "Lookit, kid. Lay an eye on my mitt!" He extended a greasy hand, which shook perceptibly. "If I got a bounce outa that race with all the hot chauffeuring I seen in my time, how do you think Buck feels about it? Give him a chance to quiet down, kind of, before—"

But Don turned away impatiently. He shouldered through the crowd of mechanics and drivers. Buck's pit crew was rolling the purple car through the crash gate. Buck was walking behind his car, limping slightly as he came down the incline to the pits. It was not Don's habit to avoid an issue. Disregarding the sultry stares from the mechanics, he strode directly up to Buck.

"I'm sorry about that jam," he said. "I was dodging that Miller job ahead and I didn't know you were coming up so fast."

Buck's blue eyes seemed to come to Don from a far distance.

"You chiseled on my girl," he said shakily, "and now you try to roll me over. I've got a good mind to sock you one."

"Don't do it, Buck," Don said softly. "I don't let anybody push me around, not anybody. I'm telling you I didn't see you out there. Is that clear?"

"Ah, nuts to that!" snapped one of Buck's crew.

Don spun quickly. "What was that crack?" he snarled.

Involuntarily the mechanic stepped away from him. The others waited uncertainly. Standing flat on his two feet, Don eyed them challengingly.

"Anyone want to speak out of turn?" he asked them.

The track manager, wise in the ways of overwrought drivers, pushed quickly through the gathering crowd. "Snap out of it, you boys," he said incisively. "Trade one punch and you don't ride this track for a month."

In sultry silence Don marched back to his car. Carl had already loaded it upon its trailer. He turned gloomy eyes upon his driver.

"Old-home week over there, huh?" he said. "Just a nice, cozy little chit-chat."

"When Miss Moore comes," Don said coldly, "ask her to wait in the roadster."

When he returned, Kay was waiting. Without a word, he climbed into the seat beside her and nosed his car deftly through the press of traffic at the gates. She sat silent and thoughtful as he picked up speed and zigzagged swiftly through the congestion of Beverly Boulevard. Her mind was awhirl with conflicting emotions. This hard, violent young man beside her was entirely unpredictable.

The tires whined as Don turned his car in at a brilliantly lighted soda-and-sandwich stand. As they were parking, Kay lifted her young face and said, "Tell me, Don: did you do it on purpose?"

His gray eyes, hot with sudden anger, stared down at her. "Don't be an idiot!" he said, and stamped on the brake pedal with unnecessary force. . . .

"SO," Carl Lamson said, exactly seven afternoons later, "the champ is slipping."

Don Fraser was sitting on a packing box in the garage. He looked up sharply.

"You, too?" he murmured. "Because after winning for a year I lose one race?"

"At Long Beach the night before last," the mechanic said sorrowfully, "you drove like you was towing a steam roller."

"I got second place in the finals."

"Yeah, and Buck was so far ahead of you he could of stopped and shaved himself before you'd of caught up."

Don winced. His troubled eyes went to the vacant half of the garage where, until one week ago, Buck's purple car had stood. It had been fun, then, working over the two midgets together, joking with a steady stream of visiting fans and—well, just having Buck around.

"Why did Mr. Ohstrom call you down to his office this morning?" Carl asked presently.

Don snapped out of his moody abstraction. "He showed me a letter from England. Midget racing is catching on there, too. The crowds have gone hog-wild over it. He has just ordered a new job with one of those new motors. His idea of a good time is to take it over to Wembley and see if an American midget with an American driver can lick the British."

"Well, spin me seasick!" Carl said gloatingly. "And what about the big job he's going to build, maybe for the Indianapolis races?"

"That will be built this winter."

SUDDENLY the gangling figure of the mechanic stiffened. "You're holding back on me!" he said accusingly. "What's the matter? Ain't we going to drive it?"

"I wouldn't know," Don said dully. "He didn't like the way I drove at Long Beach. Said maybe that jam with Buck had made me balloon-footed, so I couldn't hold the accelerator down to the floor."

Carl made an unbecoming sound with his lips. "You got something on your mind, mug," he said. "Come over in the corner and tell Papa all about it."

Don grinned faintly and stood up. "You're a good egg, Carl," he said quietly, "but this is something I've got to tough out alone."

The telephone rang shrilly. Don walked over to the wall fixture.

"Fraser speaking," he said crisply. . . . "Oh, hello, Kay. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. Two box seats for you and your aunt. 'By."

He hung up, then stalked out of the garage without looking back.

"That," said one of the helpers, "is the third call that doll has made today."

"And second place in the final," the other said, "is what comes of mixing girls and speed."

Carl spat expertly into a dark corner. "'Tain't so. It's on account of Buck."

"He used to be hard," mourned the first helper.

"What do you mean," Carl demanded truculently, "he ain't hard? And how would you like a bust on the nose?" . . .

Don Fraser, his big body squeezed snugly into the minute cockpit of his green car, wished, desperately, that the final race of the evening was over. Instead, having finished introducing a dozen-odd motion picture stars to the packed stands, the loudspeakers were now booming out the names of the ten drivers whose gaudy cars were lined up, two by two, for the last and most important race on the program.

Adjusting his crash helmet, Don turned in his seat and looked at the purple car beside him. He and Buck Heenan, having won their respective semifinals, were accordingly starting in last place. The new fashion of increasing the danger by putting the fastest midgets behind the rest, resulted in frequent jams, and was consequently popular with the fans.

"Hi, Buck!" Don said hopefully. "Let's take the boys to town—what say?"

For a brief instant Buck's sensitive face brightened. Then his blue eyes swung up to the first tier of boxes, where Kay and her aunt were sitting. His face hardened and he pulled his helmet down with a jerk.

"Keep out of my way," he called in a muffled voice, "or I'll run right over you."

"—and in the last row," the loud-speaker brayed, while the white spotlight slanted down at the purple car, "in the pole posi-

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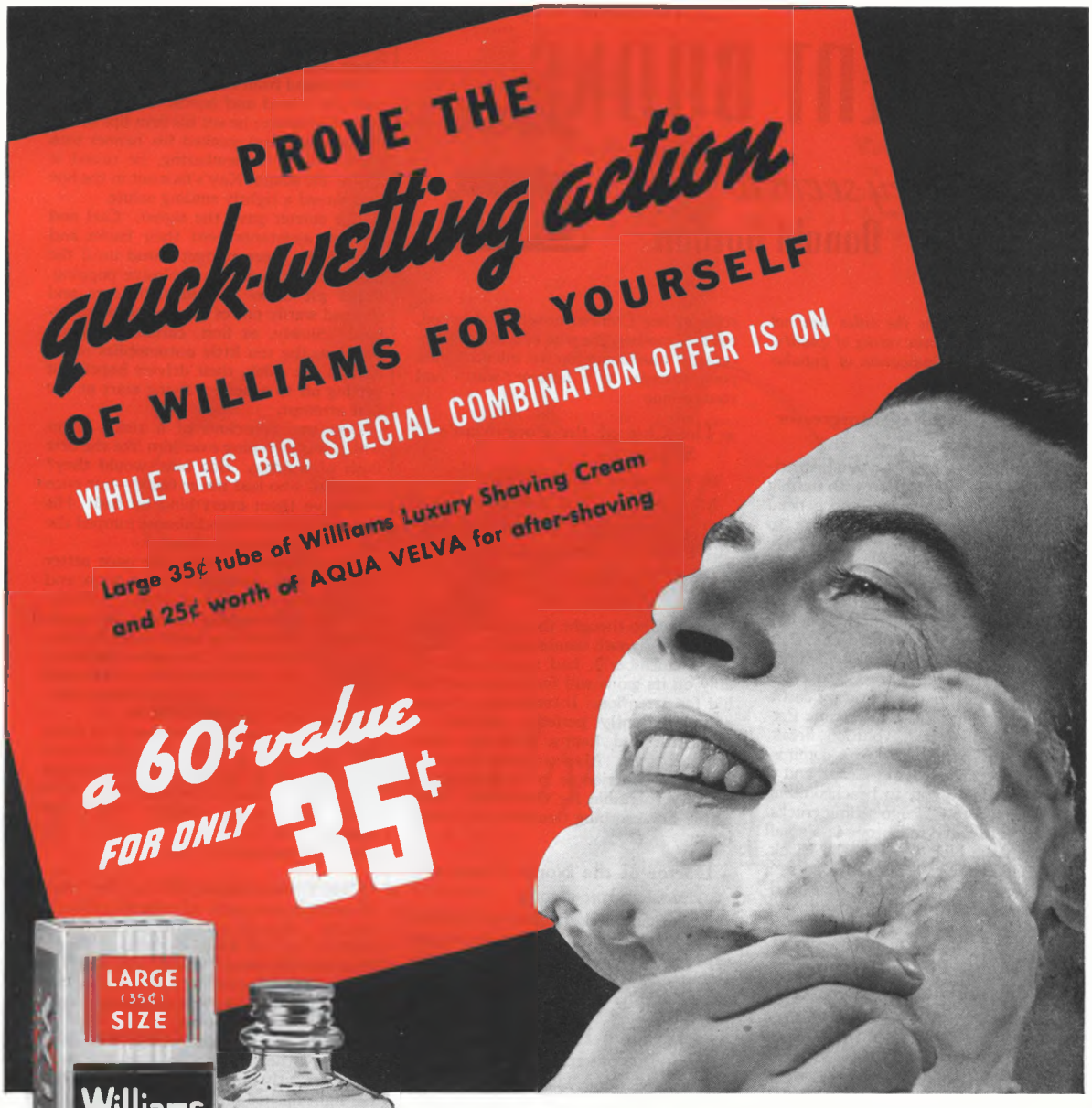

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CURRENT BOOKS

as they seem to Donald Gordon

THE stars opposite the titles are not necessarily a definite rating of quality, but rather a quick indication of popular interest.

★★★★ The Way of a Transgressor

By NEGLEY FARSON

The autobiography of a young American of fine antecedents born with itching feet, an athlete's physique, and a head fortunately not quite level enough to stay impulses. The story of an early twentieth-century boyhood spent never very far from fishing and sailing waters, a prep school and college education thrown out of joint by counterattractions, and a First Great Love which could not withstand the lure of an overseas job. From a Manchester desk he jumped into a job selling machines in the glittering carnival of corruption that was wartime Petrograd. He saw the revolution break, watched it roll. Then on to a commission in the Royal Flying Corps and a plane crash in Egypt, to beachcombing in Vancouver, to Chicago selling trucks. Then back to traverse Europe in a small boat from the North Sea to the Black. After that he found a hectic haven as a newspaper correspondent hounding headlines over the map of Europe and Asia. Six hundred pages of excellent nonfiction.

★ Marriage is Possible

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

Mismarriage tangles the lives of a group of attractive young Westchester people. Superior time killer.

★★★ The Hurricane

By CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL

The authors of *Mutiny on the Bounty* tell a tale of the white man's injustice to a noble native and how it was repaid. The South Seas setting loses none of its customary glamor in the treatment by these men who understand it.

★★ Old Man Greenlaw

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

Old Mahlon Greenlaw is the pivot about which move drama and comedy in a Maine coast village, beautifully caught by a new author. Recommended for anybody's evening.

★★★ The Exile

By PEARL S. BUCK

To a reader excessively irked by her recent fiction, Mrs. Buck's biography of her mother seems much the most engaging story she's written. The archaic style of her Chinese novels is dropped, and her mother, the wife of a nineteenth-century missionary on an inland China post, emerges as a heroine, warm and courageous.

★ The Clue of the Poor Man's Shilling

By KATHLEEN MOORE KNIGHT

Murder, Cape Cod atmosphere, and characters agreeably blended in a good "whodunit."

★★★ A Tree Grown Straight

By PERCY MARKS

Those who thought the author of that old flaming-youth bombshell, *The Plastic Age* (remember?), had retired comfortably on its gains will find here a serious bid for attention. Introducing a young man apparently perfectly adapted to successful and happy living in these complex times. Marks retraces the conditioning experiences of boyhood and youth responsible for the result. Altogether an absorbing treatment of a fresh idea.

★ Doctor of the North Country

By EARL VINTON McCOMB

A curious and frequently amusing hodgepodge of anecdotes from the long experience of a small-town physician. Presumably, the "North Country" is somewhere in Michigan.

★★★ Freedom Farewell!

By PHYLLIS BENTLEY

Since *Inheritance*, her novel of a year ago, cavorted over the country's "best-seller" lists, Miss Bentley's new one has been awaited with some interest. A biographical novel based on Julius Caesar, it begins with the young man's flight from the dictator, Sulla, into the provinces with a price on his head, and concludes with his fall. Certainly Miss Bentley brings the man alive in a Roman political hotbed. Caesar titters.

Marriage by Conquest

By WARWICK DEEPING

Old cloak-and-sword romance written by Deeping many years before *Sorrell and Son* and just published in America. It's very sour.

★ The Man Who Murdered Himself

By GEOFFREY HOMES

Mr. Homes's first novel is a murder mystery in which plot, characters, and dialogue are much above the ordinary.

tion is No. 53, Buck Heenan." The crowd bellowed approval. "And in the outside position, No. 15, Champion of the West Coast, Don Fraser!"

The sound from the stand slurred downward to a loud and hostile booing. Don flushed brightly; he set his firm lips into a straight line and yanked his helmet into place. Then, remembering, he raised it again. He sought Kay's face out in the box and waved a tightly smiling salute.

The starter gave the signal. Carl and his two assistants bent their backs and pushed the green midget ahead until the motor caught with an explosive popping. Other pit crews started their cars and skipped warily out of the way of those behind. Slowly, at first, carefully holding position, the ten little automobiles rolled around the track, their drivers hopeful of getting off to a perfect flying start at the first attempt.

Don was conscious of a rising anger which was sweeping over him like the first flush of a fever. Boo him, would they? Boo him, who had never failed—but once—to give them everything he had! His car leaped forward and almost jumped the tail of the yellow car ahead.

At the halfway mark the pace setter began to pick up speed. Every nerve end in Don's big body craved action, called for the thought-drugging ecstasy of speed. Skidding around the north turn, holding place automatically, Don glanced at Buck, riding so close beside him that they could have reached across a six-foot ribbon of flying track and clasped hands.

Don remembered dozens, scores, of times like this, when, buzzing around into the home stretch, he and Buck had exchanged glances of mutual encouragement. Now Buck was staring straight ahead, his goggled eyes fixed upon the tail of the aluminum-painted job before him.

THEY were coming fast up the home stretch, five pairs of colorful midgets, exactly aligned. Don's nerves were soothed by the swift increase in speed. That was the thing—speed. You had it or you didn't. Don had it. He knew it. One day he would slam the throttle down on a car with twice the power.

He was grinning tautly under his helmet as he saw the starter snap down the green flag. Directly ahead, at the turn, the signal light flashed green.

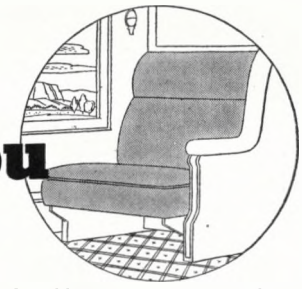
A thrill of savage joy surged through Don's being. Skid 'em, baby! Attaboy! An aluminum car slid away from a scarlet midget. Instantly Don sliced through that smoking space which was closing even as his silver radiator darted into it. Two gone. Seven to go. No need to watch the angle of the turn. Don knew it by heart, knew the precise angle of skid which would carry him around without spinning.

Down the back stretch, wide open. Where was Buck, who couldn't hold his girl, and got sore when someone else could? There he was; already he had worked up past three or four snarling midgets.

The north turn, a fearful chaos of varicolored cars, all skidding around at an angle of thirty degrees, filling the air with smoke and flying dirt. Into the midst of it, his front wheels scant inches from the rear tires of a broadsiding blue midget, went Don, grinning coolly.

Around and around, endlessly. Don

Reserved for you

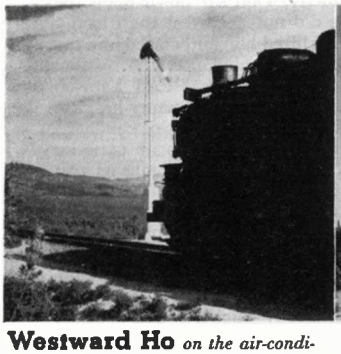


—THIS SEAT at the most thrilling moving picture you ever saw—a Southern Pacific vacation trip to California this summer!

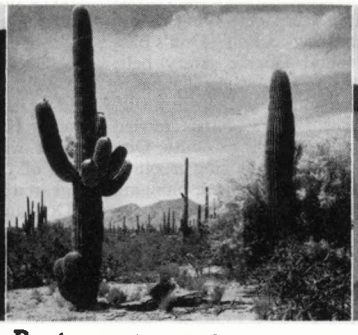
When you plan your trip to California, remember this: if you go there and back on the same route, you'll see the same scenery *twice.* But if you go on one Southern Pacific route and return on a different Southern Pacific route, every mile of your trip will bring something new. (The map below shows our Four Scenic Routes.)

These pictures illustrate a typical Southern Pacific "go one way, return another" trip. Going on our air-conditioned *Golden State Limited,* you see the wild western country along the Mexican border, Southern Arizona's enchanted desert, Southern California, San Francisco. Then up the entire length of the Pacific Coast, through Northern California, Oregon and Washington on our air-conditioned *Cascade,* and back home on a northern U. S. or Canadian line.

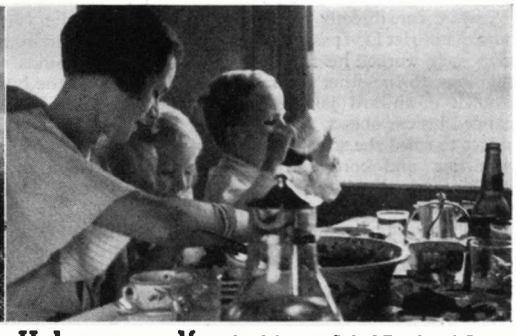
Very low fares are in effect now on completely air-conditioned Southern Pacific trains. Summer excursion fares start May 15. Examples from Chicago: $86 to California and back in standard Pullmans, $68.80 in tourist sleeping cars (berths extra), $57.35 in chair cars.



Westward Ho *on the air-conditioned Golden State Limited direct to Southern California. No extra fare.*



Past *cactus forests and mysterious mesas, through the land of the Apache Indians—Southern Arizona!*



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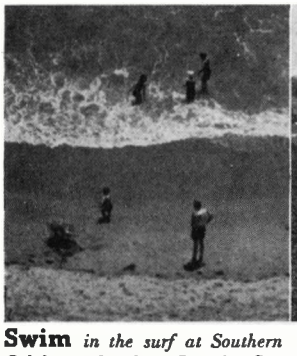
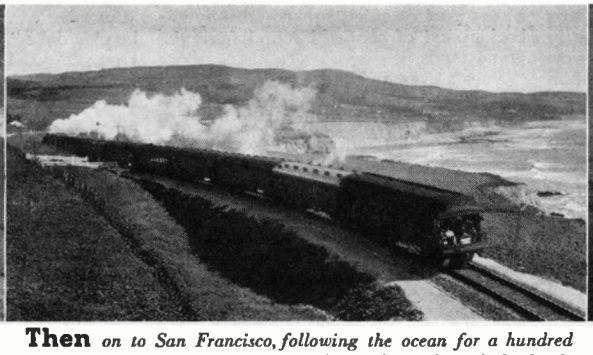
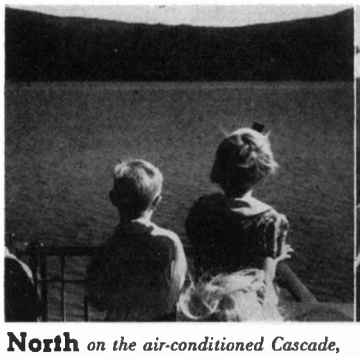


Swim *in the surf at Southern California beaches. See the San Diego Exposition.*

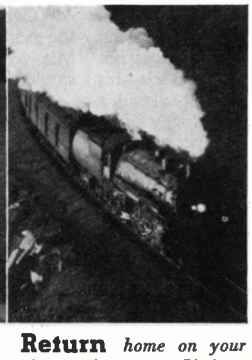


Then *on to San Francisco, following the ocean for a hundred miles. See Santa Barbara and Del Monte. Or go through the fertile San Joaquin Valley and sidetrip to Yosemite National Park.*

See *the world's two largest bridges, across San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate.*



North *on the air-conditioned Cascade, past blue lakes in an evergreen wilderness, to Oregon and Washington.*



Return *home on your choice of northern U. S. or Canadian lines.*

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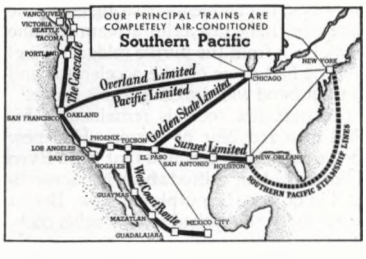


TEXAS CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, Dallas, June 6 to November 29 and SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION, California, now until September 9, are directly served by Southern Pacific trains. Include them in your trip.

Southern Pacific

had long since lost count of the laps. The number did not matter. The entire world was an unreeling ribbon of flying dirt wherein there were cars to be passed, laboriously, dangerously, one at a time. All you had to do was to wait for the turns, set your teeth, and strike in when they skidded an inch too wide. Just an extra ounce of pressure with your right foot did it, together with what it took in skill and guts to get yourself out of trouble.

A red-and-black midget just ahead began to broadside. It careened crazily and swung in a wild spin. Grimly Don gauged the probable course of that spin, tramped on the gas, and got through.

Coming down the home stretch in front of the stands Don lifted his eyes. Somewhere up there was Kay. Sliding perilously around the south turn, Don found himself thinking about her. Last night as they sat in the roadster, he had felt that she could learn to love him—that she might marry him when he asked her. And he wondered if he would ever ask her. . . .

A white car, directly ahead, would not move over to let Don pass. With incredible deftness he worked his front wheels closer and closer to the other's tail. Then, with a quick downward jab of his foot, he snapped his car ahead. The tie rod of his midget touched the streamlined tail of the white car, and bore down. The front wheels of the other lifted fully two feet off the track. Don dropped back, and the white car bumped solidly to the ground. Very politely, then, it moved over and let Don through.

Now only Buck was ahead. The cars had strung out until they were stretched like a whirling string of colored beads around the track. Definitely Don went out after the purple car. For countless long, quiet days he and Buck, working on their cars, had talked together as only men friends can talk, their minds meeting in solid, satisfying companionship. And now Buck, just because a girl did not love him enough, had no friendship left.

Down, then, on the throttle. Squinting through solid sheets of gravel spewed up by Buck's tires, Don could see that Buck was driving too fast for the track. Even on the straightaways the purple tail wavered. His broadsiding around the turns was hair-raising. It did not occur to Don that his own slewing skids were causing the crowds to stand breathless, unable even to scream for the fear that clutched at their throats.

IT WAS in the thirty-sixth lap that Don felt a knife-stab of fear lance into his heart. He was only three cars' length behind Buck, but suddenly, roaring down the home stretch, he saw a thin stream of flame streak back from the purple midget! Fire! His foot had come off the accelerator and his right hand was dragging at his brake.

The next few seconds remained in his mind in a red blur of horror. He knew Buck would not get around that turn. Even while his own car drifted ahead in a screeching skid he saw the purple car slew. Bright flames suddenly gushed from Buck's cockpit.

"Into the infield, Buck!" Don yelled wildly, hopelessly. "Infield, Buck!"

But the roaring of ten unmuffled motors blanked out his words. In a blazing streak of purple, Buck's car began to spin. It yawed to the right and ricocheted off the crash wall. As if its driver had been blinded by the smoke, it careened down the track and turned over directly in the oncoming path of nine speeding cars.

Don scarcely knew that at the first sign of smoke he had whirled his own car into a wild broadside. The green car slid sidewise toward the blazing wreck. And even before it slammed harmlessly into Buck's midget, Don had thumbed his safety belt and was pulling his legs out of the cockpit.

He tumbled on all fours to the track. Rolling to his feet like a cat, he glanced over his shoulder. The signal lights were flickering frantically, red to white, white to red, commanding all cars to stop. But four racers were already pounding around the turn, skidding horribly in an effort to pass the cars which blocked the track. And a high, shrill scream of fear from the stands was cutting sharply through the thundering of the racers.

DON'S legs were carrying him around the crumpled wreck. Through the viscous smoke he could see Buck lying there, trapped in his narrow cockpit. Don's blistering hands found Buck's safety belt, slipped the buckle. Buck's slender figure sagged in Don's strong arms. With a tug, Don pulled his friend clear. Flames crawled up his legs. Cradling Buck carefully, Don backed out of the pool of blazing gasoline.

Cars, yellow, white, blue, were plunging straight at him, but he could not dodge with Buck in his arms. They would hit him or they wouldn't, and that was all there was to it. An orange car, leaping and bouncing, caromed off the tail of the blazing wreck. It spun past the walking man so closely that wind sucked at his smoldering clothes.

Then Don's feet clumped down upon grass. Chaos was behind him. Ahead was a vast pool of quiet, broken only by the background of confused sound from the grandstands.

Buck's eyes, red and confused, blinked open. They looked up into Don's, unquestioningly.

"How about it, son?" Don asked through scorched lips. "Smashed up badly?"

Buck sighed and stirred painfully. "I guess not, old-timer. And—and thanks."

The ambulance was bouncing across the infield, its siren cutting through the hysterical shrieking of the crowd. Men—officials and mechanics from the pit crews—were streaming across the grass. Somehow the other cars had sorted themselves out of the melee and were coasting to a stop on the backstretch. A scarlet midget had overturned, but the driver was already on his feet and running toward Don.

Suddenly, astonishingly, it came to Don that he was going to faint. He must not drop Buck. A precious burden, Buck—his friend. And now, tottering grimly ahead, a clear light flashed into Don's foggy brain and he knew why he could never ask Kay to marry him. Sooner or later, working sweetly, quietly, and in the oblique ways that only a girl could know, she would get him out of racing. And out of racing, what would he be then? But that was not all. It was not even the most important thing. Buck wanted her, and Buck was Don's best friend. Maybe Kay liked him better now—but she had liked Buck before, and she would like him again—if Don were out of the running. And, when he was staggering across those last few feet of grass, Don knew that he could never find happiness with Kay, nor could he ever give Kay happiness. It just wasn't written in the book.

"Listen, Buck," he said, still unaware of his baked hands, of the parched and peeling skin on his left leg, and of the angry red welt on his left cheek, "you'd have licked me silly if you'd gone on. How could you have helped it, when your girl was rooting for you?"

"My—my girl?" Buck murmured faintly.

"Sure, she is," Don panted. "Last night," he lied gallantly, "I could tell it was—was you she loved."

And then hands came through a gray fog, lifting Buck out of Don's sagging arms. Dimly, through the gathering darkness, he heard the greater voice of the grandstand. It had taken on a new note now. No, not a new note. The booing had been new. This was the old, familiar sound, the vast, rising roar of applause.

Very quietly, Don sat down upon the grass. He did not even feel the friendly hands which lifted him and placed him beside Buck in the ambulance. . . .

"Well, slap me dizzy," Carl Lamson said as he ambled into the sunny hospital room. He surveyed the two bandaged figures which occupied cots at opposite sides of the big window. "Snug as two bugs in a rug, eh?"

Don and Buck grinned their welcome.

"I got news," Carl said happily. "I was working on that roller skate of yours, Buck. We can get her back into shape by the time you escape outa this morgue."

"By Thursday night?" Buck asked eagerly. "They say I can drive again by then. And Don can, too. We'll only miss the Long Beach race tomorrow night."

"Sure," Carl said easily. "Now we got your jallopy in a real garage, everything'll be okie doke." He turned to beam upon Don. "And I just seen the job Mr. Ohstrom's ordered for us. Papa, she'll do everything but sing Carmen! We sail in about six weeks. Howzat?"

"Fine, Carl!" Don said, with a great feeling of contentment in his heart. "Did he mention the big car?"

"Did he mention it? He says he'll plate it in platinum and stud it with diamonds if you have cravings that way." A slight look of unease came into Carl's eyes. "And, by the way," he said, looking carefully out of the window, "there's a dame—you know, Miss Moore—outside. I told her I'd see could she come in."

HASTILY Don sat up. "Come here, Carl," he commanded. "Help me into the next room before the nurse sees me. Miss Moore has come to visit Buck, and I wouldn't want to be a third."

Anxiety faded from Carl's freckled face. His strong arm slid under Don's, and the two moved slowly toward the door.

"Two cars back in the garage," he murmured, "and a boat ride coming, and a big racing job on the way. Ain't this the life, though? Just ain't it, I ask you?"

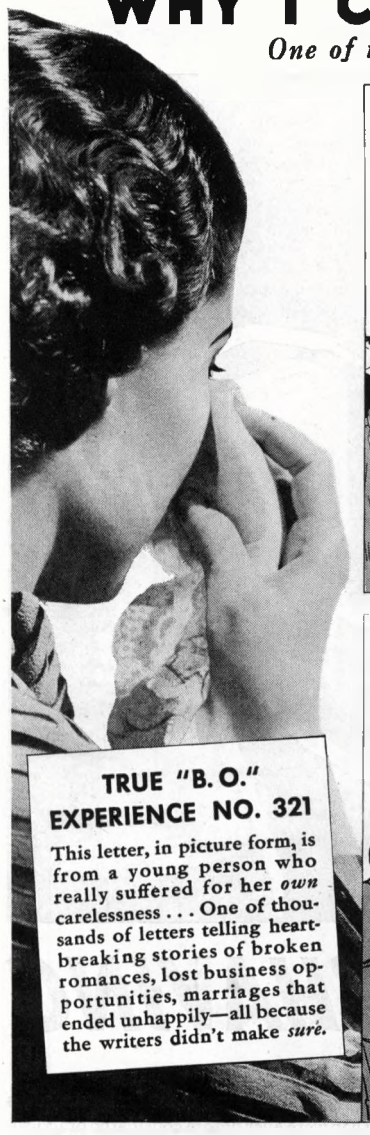
Across a dozen feet of space Don's gaze met Buck's. Upon Buck's face was the kind of smile Don remembered, a smile of complete friendship.

"Yes, Carl," Don said as they moved slowly through the door, "it isn't a bad life at all."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

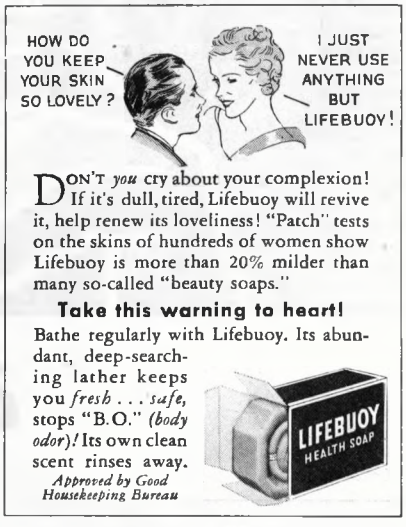
WHY I CRIED AFTER THE PARTY

One of the thousands of letters that come to the makers of Lifebuoy



TRUE "B. O." EXPERIENCE NO. 321

This letter, in picture form, is from a young person who really suffered for her *own* carelessness . . . One of thousands of letters telling heart-breaking stories of broken romances, lost business opportunities, marriages that ended unhappily—all because the writers didn't make *sure*.



DON'T *you* cry about your complexion! If it's dull, tired, Lifebuoy will revive it, help renew its loveliness! "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Take this warning to heart!

Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its abundant, deep-searching lather keeps you *fresh . . . safe*, stops "B.O." *(body odor)!* Its own clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

ITS 52% "MOISTER" LATHER SOAKS WHISKERS SOFT

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Lifebuoy's extra-moist lather assures a softer beard—an easier shave. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A154, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day tube.

(This offer good in U. S. only)

AND NOW

Effortless SHAVING

GEM BLADES NEVER IRRITATE THE FACE!

● Suppose you could pick up your razor and shave away your whiskers *without feeling them go.* This Effortless Shave is now made possible by Gem discoveries.

We've perfected a razor that absolutely duplicates the barber's long, gliding stroke. Instead of fussy, little chin-chafing strokes which irritate the skin, Gem's beveled top compels the blade to float gently through the whiskers. It fits the face—automatically giving you the correct shaving angle. No guesswork—no experimenting—no double-crossing to pick up topped hairs—Gem removes all stubble at the base.

Dual-Alignment (Gem patent) locks the blade at five points, holds it rigid, enables you to use far keener edges than were ever before considered practical.

And Gem provides these super-keen edges. Made of 50% thicker surgical steel, Gem Blades are stropped 4840 times. A whole series of inspections insures that only perfect, guaranteed edges reach you.

Treat your chin to Effortless Shaves. All dealers sell the Gem Micromatic Razor and 5 blades in a magnificent case for $1.00.

SPECIAL TO DOUBTERS:—

So confident are we that Gem will improve your shaves that we make a below-cost offer. For 25¢ and our coupon we will send you a test outfit consisting of a handsome gold-plated Gem Razor ($1.00 regularly) with a single- and double-edged blade.

C.A.S.R.C. 1938 **SPECIAL OFFER**

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.,
Dept. A32, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25¢ for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

PRINT NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 490 Wellington St. W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

GEM MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

America's INTERESTING PEOPLE

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEANE (HESSE STUDIOS) FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Vagabonds

FOR thousands of youngsters who will be hiking over the nation's back roads this summer, Monroe and Isabel Smith (Mr. and Mrs.) have set up trails and overnight shelters. They head the American Youth Hostel Association, headquarters, Northfield, Mass. Vagabonds themselves, they imported the idea from Europe in 1935. Already have 35 hostels covering a 500-mile loop in New England. Invading New York this year. The hostels are usually farmhouses. Boys sleep in haylofts, girls on screened porches, for two-bits a night. Everyone cooks his own food; all gather round bonfires after supper to swap yarns, play accordions. Live out of knapsacks. Average $25 for a month's vacation. The Smiths negotiate with hostel owners to specialize in crafts—carpentry, pottery, painting—to encourage the talents of their guests.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE W. VASSAR FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Evangelist

HAZEL COCHRAN, registered nurse, is the first feminine evangelist of air travel. Converts women and children to the pleasures of air flights (and gets paid for doing it). Two years ago only 3 in 100 airlane passengers were feminine. Hazel Cochran has helped up that figure to 30 per cent. Was so popular as an air stewardess (recovered lost gloves, umbrellas, once a man's toupee; nursed a flea circus from Chicago to New York) that she was promoted to be first saleswoman of air transportation. She's 25 and lives in Manhattan. Marvels at thousands of gifts passengers shower on her for the pleasure of their first flights.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL CONNELL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Historians

THESE two brothers have the world's biggest wardrobe. They could change costumes 500,000 times each and still have something different to wear. When movie companies want 4,000 Confederate uniforms or 1,000 Turkish fezzes, all they have to do is phone Hollywood's Schnitzer Brothers. (J. I. sat down for the picture, A. H. stood.) The Schnitzers are historians. Get authentic costume patterns from their library of history books. J. I. produced movies 19 months ago. Quit, bought some costumes, took Brother A. H. into the business. Now their costume collection numbers more than half a million. In their 8-story Hollywood factory, forests of sewing machines turn out everything from grass skirts to "poor man" suits of rags with dirt ground in.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Protector

FOR 10 years, with pistol on hip, Irish-born George McNamara has been guarding the original copies of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution at the Library of Congress in Washington. Came to the U. S. in 1896. Fighting in Cuba earned him American citizenship. Likes to answer foolish questions. Tells why Christopher Columbus and Col. Lindbergh didn't sign the papers. Explains the documents to foreign big shots, including premiers, princes, ambassadors. Some visitors chew peanuts before the shrine, others silently kneel. To McNamara these faded documents are the world's most important papers.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY DRUCKER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Dietician

LUCY CLAUSEN is the bugs' best friend. She's housekeeper for live insects on exhibit at the Museum of Natural History in New York. Miss Clausen has always had pests for pets. Now, at 25, her hobby's become a business. As insect dietician, she fattens up meal worms for scorpions, breeds fruit flies in bottles for spiders. Once her roaches went on strike against a monotonous banana diet. Now feeds them apples and spinach; then the tarantulas make a meal of the roaches. Carpet beetles go strong for chopped felt. Praying mantises (pious-looking, grasshopper-like insects) are her favorites. Always hungry but well-behaved. After each meal they wash their faces, prepare for another feast. Bans only black widow spiders. They're a bit too rough.

Skippy

OUT OF funny papers steps Percy Crosby, Jr., 6, present inspiration for his dad's comic-strip character—Skippy. The real-life Skippy, like his pen-and-ink double, is a belittler. Scorns his sister's talk of millions. Billions are small change to him. The human Skippy is quiet, something of a mystic. His twin deities are God and Santa Claus. Knows he came from heaven at birth via one of God's ladders. Prays God to save his old set of wings. (Doesn't want to break in new ones.) A wide-awake kid, quick on the trigger. Last Christmas Father Crosby laid out elaborate electric trains and tracks for him. Everything looked okay to adult eyes. But Skippy quietly asked, "Why isn't the station lighted?" Two months before the Crosbys went South this year from their Virginia home, he heaped a toy wagon with old toys, tin cans, a wet washcloth; announced that he was packed. On the trip Crosby, Sr., asked him how he would like drawing for newspapers. Without batting an eye Skippy replied, "That wouldn't be hard enough for me."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSLER-HENDERSON INC., WASHINGTON, D. C.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEANE (HESSE STUDIOS) FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Unorthodox

UNLIKE orthodox youngsters of New York's social set, Virginia Rainier, 19, doesn't spend much time at teas or dinner dances. In the last 2 years she's become one of America's leading women poloists. She's also turned to painting and sculpting. Models animal miniatures from photos of her pets. Paints portraits on commission only. Original in technique. Most artists outline a whole canvas first. She starts at the top and paints down. Spends days touching up the eyes. Has branched out to painting murals. Right now she's in the market for a farm. Wants to raise thoroughbred jumping horses and police dogs. There's only one animal she hates—a cat.

HE TRAINED his eyes for color, design, and variety collecting stamps as a kid. That's why Dr. Maurice Goldblatt, of Chicago, is one of the world's foremost art detectives. Has established identity of painters of 4,000 disputed works of art. Startled the world proving *La Belle Ferronnière* was painted by an unknown, not by Leonardo da Vinci. La Belle's creator used his right hand; Da Vinci was left-handed. In the same way authenticated as Da Vinci's work famous *Mona Lisa* in the Louvre. (In the picture the Dr. is holding a copy of Mona.) By X-rays detects hidden masterpieces painted over by lesser artists. Uncovers art forgeries by chemical analyses of pigments and by microscopic inspection.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINO SARRA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Detective

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES

EXPERTS marvel to see such a small person play championship billiards. (She's 4 feet 11½ inches short.) Ruth Harvey, 22-year-old Santa Monica, Calif., girl (they call her "the Mite"), is America's national women's pocket billiards queen. Idle curiosity led her into a billiard-room 2½ years ago. She decided it is "more a woman's game than it is a man's, because it doesn't need strength, only delicate touch." Took a few lessons. Played her first match a year ago this month. Won the West Coast women's title last summer. Last fall she became national champ. In Republican City, Nebr., her home town, her parents both died before she was 15. So she hitchhiked to Santa Monica and fame.

Mite

Farmer

HE TURNED his back on $60,000 a year writing Hollywood movie scripts so he could return to the University of North Carolina to teach philosophy at $4,000. Paul Green, Pulitzer Prize playwright, poet, novelist, isn't crazy. Three years ago accepted the Hollywood post to pay off mortgages on his and his relatives' homes. Skyrocketed to fame. Now he's back where he started from, and glad of it. Prouder of being one of North Carolina's champion cotton pickers than he is of his 50 plays, 2 novels, many short stories, poems, scenarios. Biggest hit: *In Abraham's Bosom*. Married to a poetess. Three daughters, one son. Builds them swings and swimming pools with his own hands.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WOOTTEN-MOULTON FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Fixer

LORENZO WINSLOW, chief government architect, is the man who in recent months has lifted the face of the White House. Began in 1933 by building a swimming pool for the President. Completed it in 29 days. Rebuilt the executive offices in 3 months (room for 150 more clerks). Next finished a library for Mr. Roosevelt. Its shelves roll into the walls. But his masterpiece is the newly finished White House kitchen. Everything is electric—a $5,000 cavernous oven, 3 ranges, 3 broilers, soup kettles, etc. Cooks, waiters, and maids have their own dining- and sitting-rooms. Winslow's forever remodeling his own 1795 house in Washington. Smokes corncob pipes and drives an ancient car.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

These are the $100,000 hands of Orah Cormack, "hand double" for movie stars, caught in the act of expressing fear and anguish

Double

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILL CONNELL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

ORAH CORMACK'S fingers, not her face, have brought her fame in motion pictures. Her beautiful, expressive hands used to pound a typewriter in a clothing shop in Hollywood. Today, insured for $100,000, they double for Katharine Hepburn's, Ann Harding's, and other stars'. She's the world's champion door-knocker—her skillful rapping expresses rage, impatience, joy. She's expert also at imitating handwriting. Hers is the hand you see on the screen when the leading lady writes a note of love or good-by. Hers is the hand, too, upon which wedding bands are slipped, that rings doorbells, hold daggers, necklaces. Uses a liquid flesh-colored powder that gives her hands a glossy look. Grooms her hands with glycerin and rose water, occasionally with olive oil. She likes cooking but hates dishwashing. And why shouldn't she?

Above: Miss Cormack's hands relax while their owner listens to a director asking her to pose them in a pleading mood, as on the right

CHECK YOUR *Goat* SIR?

(*Continued from page 41*)

permitted to repeat anything. Kary took him firmly by the lapels and shook him.

"Listen," she said; "you're simply making a darn' fool of yourself. Any minute now that telephone will ring again or somebody will come in here and . . ."

And just then somebody did come in. The door of the office swung open. C. Halstead Averill stood in the aperture.

C. Halstead Averill was tall, spare, white-bearded, beady-eyed. He now bent these eyes upon the copy chief's office and occupants. He perceived at once that several things were out of order. For example, he perceived his ace copy chief being shaken like some malefactor in the kindergarten. He perceived Miss Kary Garde gazing too earnestly into the eyes of Mr. Jefferson Oakes even as she shook. And he perceived a white goat whose mouth dripped telephone-book leaves. To C. Halstead Averill's narrow-minded way of thinking, these things constituted an upset condition.

HE OPENED proceedings by clearing his throat. The grating sound drew attention to himself. Miss Kary Garde spun around. Jefferson Oakes fell back against the desk and stared stupidly. Mortimer merely looked C. Halstead over while thoughtfully masticating the page upon which the Gillespies are listed.

C. Halstead stepped in. "Ha!" he demanded fiercely. "What's this?"

No one spoke. C. Halstead glared from one to the other, then indicated Mortimer.

"What's that?" he roared.

Jefferson Oakes was getting a bit tired of this. C. Halstead Averill was the second person who had, in the last quarter-hour, stared straight at a plain, everyday goat and then, stupidly, asked what it was. It seemed to Jefferson that any adult ought to be above such elementary inquiries.

"My gosh!" he said testily. "Don't you even know a goat when you see one?"

C. Halstead Averill pranced a little and foamed at the mouth. It was not usual for him to receive crisp retorts from those to whom, indirectly, he supplied bread and butter. But, even as he pranced and foamed, he determined to conduct this inquisition in the proper order. He overlooked Jefferson's rudeness momentarily.

"Who brought that goat in here?" he demanded, with savagery.

"I did," Kary said.

C. Halstead swung on her. This was something tangible, something he could handle. He drew himself up and pointed to the door.

"You're fired!" he barked.

Kary shrugged. "Oh, very well, Mr. Averill. I . . ."

"Listen!" Jefferson shouted. "Don't you try to pull any Sidney Carton stuff on me. I brought this goat here, and you know darn' well I did. I've had this goat for the last six hours. This goat belongs to me and—and"—here he was forced to fall back on an old stand-by—"where I go, this goat goes."

Kary stuck to her guns. "That isn't so, Mr. Averill . . ."

C. Halstead cut her short. He was fast nearing the boiling point. "Silence, young woman!" he ordered. Then he banged a bony fist against a bony palm. "I'll get to the bottom of this. Now then, Oakes, you claim you own this goat. The young woman says it's her goat."

"I didn't," said Kary. "I only said . . ."

"Silence! I'll do the talking here. . . . My considered opinion is that you are both lying."

Jefferson Oakes squared his shoulders. "No man . . ." he began, and stopped suddenly.

HE HAD been about to point out that no man could call him a liar unless the imputation were accompanied by a smile, but now he thought better of it. This was undoubtedly a tight spot, but C. Halstead's last remark seemed to him, in his weakened condition, to offer a means of egress.

"Perhaps," he suggested amiably, "neither of us brought the goat here. Someone else may have left it here. Just overnight, you know. Suppose you had a goat, and you were walking around wondering where to put it, and it was getting late . . ."

C. Halstead ended these meanderings by breaking into a kind of wrathful dance.

"Stop that driveling nonsense!" he cackled. "You're a born liar. Now, I want a straight answer from you, Oakes. Did you or did you not bring this animal into my advertising agency?"

Before Jefferson could think of a suitable reply, Mortimer took a hand. The telephone book had begun to pall on him. Furthermore, he had been studying C. Halstead Averill between bites. It seemed to Mortimer that C. Halstead looked more like another goat than anyone with whom he had come in contact for some hours. And Mortimer knew exactly how to deal with other goats. In his elemental creed there was but one method. That was to smack them over.

To think, with Mortimer, was to act. Raising his left forefoot, he pawed the carpet a couple of times. He accompanied this gesture with a snorting noise designed to reassure nobody. Then he gathered himself, lowered his head, and catapulted across the room, making a beeline for C. Halstead Averill.

Miss Kary Garde leaped backwards and flattened herself against the wall. With monkeyish agility Jefferson Oakes gained the top of his desk, from which vantage point he gazed laughingly down. As for C. Halstead Averill, he exhibited surprisingly little ability to take it. Turning cravenly but swiftly, he passed from the room like one of the speedier varieties of bat evacuating Hades. The door slammed behind him. An eyewink later Mortimer struck the portal in a shivering, sickening crash.

The door was built to withstand the onslaught of any goat ever born. For his splendid effort Mortimer got naught save a crack on the bean and a satisfying sense of having routed the enemy. Snorting and pawing, he backed off, with some idea of showing this door what was what. Then, suddenly, he dropped his warlike attitude and strutted back to the carcass of the telephone directory. During this hiatus the telephone rang.

While Kary was answering it, the door opened a crack.

"Oakes," came in an agitated voice, "you're fired."

"What?" said Jefferson Oakes, who was trying to listen to Kary on the telephone.

A fierce hiss came through the crack by the door: "I said you are fired. I've had my eye on you for some time, Oakes. Your work's been suffering lately. Too much social life. Too much business of getting married." A belittling sneer crept into the voice. "Now, understand this: I was prepared to give you another chance, but this morning's work has altered my viewpoint. If you think you can come into my agency with a black eye and a goat, you're vastly mistaken. Furthermore, I smelled liquor when I was in that room. No one except a drunken man would bring a goat into an advertising agency. So I'm dispensing with your services, Oakes."

Jefferson Oakes was having a difficult time trying to listen simultaneously to Kary on the telephone and the peevish voice of C. Halstead. He gave up worrying about Kary now. After all, she wasn't saying anything into the phone except "Yes." He riveted his attention on the door.

"Who says I'm drunk?" he demanded hotly.

The click of the door as it was closed suddenly was his only answer. Jefferson turned to Kary, just replacing the telephone receiver.

"Well," he said brightly, "the aged gentleman says we're fired."

Kary's eyes glinted at him. "I could murder you," she said.

"Oh, come," said Jefferson Oakes; "it isn't so bad. A smart girl like you can get a job anywhere. And, anyhow, there's no need. I'll—I'll see you through. For that matter, I'm going to leave, myself, and where I go, you go."

KARY found herself dangerously close to softening. A girl in love likes to hear that she is going to accompany the object of her affections in his wanderings. Her reply, however, was slightly acidulous.

"That," she said, "is what you've been saying about this goat all the morning."

Jefferson beamed benevolently upon Mortimer. "Ah," he said, "the goat. I'd almost forgotten him. But that gives me an idea, Miss Garde. You and I and this goat will simply go somewhere and exist as one big, happy family. How about it?"

"Listen," Kary said, with a kind of helpless gesture, "put on your hat and let's get out of here. You've got yourself fired, and you've got me fired. I'll see you into a cab, so you won't make yourself very much more ridiculous than you are now."

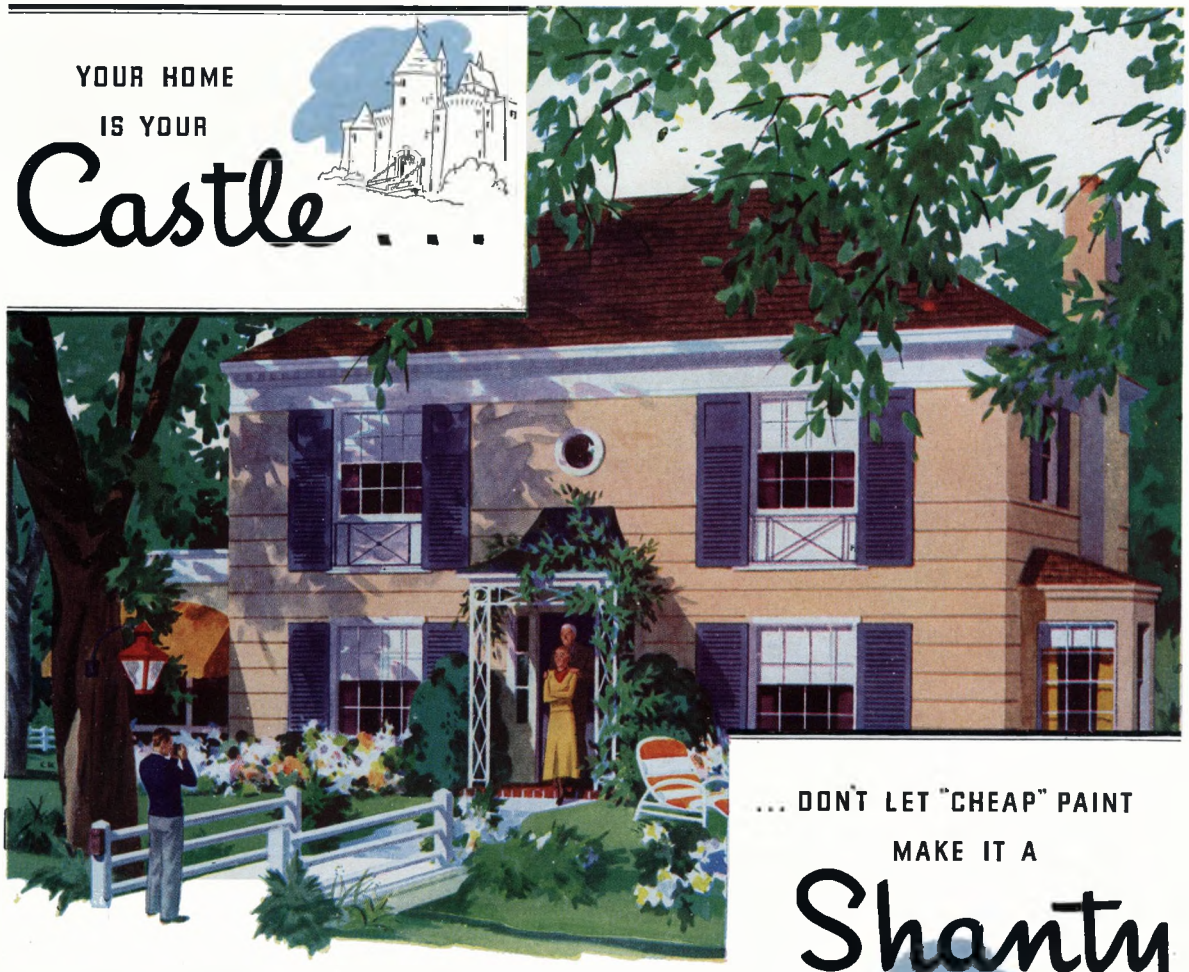
Jefferson Oakes paused suddenly and clapped both hands to his head. Alcoholically speaking, Indian summer was over and winter had set in.

"Oo-ooh, my head," he groaned.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Kary. . . .

YOUR HOME
IS YOUR

Castle . . .



. . . DON'T LET "CHEAP" PAINT
MAKE IT A

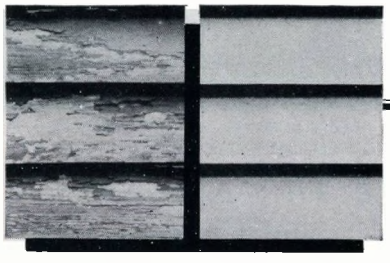
Shanty

IN THE eyes of the law your house is your castle. In your own eyes it's a castle, too . . . a home worthy of the best protection you can give it.

What a pity then to let "cheap" paint spoil it. For "cheap" paint quickly cracks and scales away in spots, ruining the appearance of your home and exposing it to the ravages of the weather.

Moreover, it's really the most expensive. When you come to repaint, you find you haven't saved money at all. For the remains of the "cheap" paint job must be burned and scraped off down to the bare wood . . . a heavy extra expense that more than wipes out what you thought you saved. Also, before the customary repaint coats are applied a new priming coat is needed, and that's another extra expense.

What a difference when you paint with Dutch Boy! Here's a paint that does not crack and scale. It resists the weather . . . wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint.



"CHEAP" PAINT
after 1½ years

Cost $110. Now the paint must be burned and scraped off at $60 more. Total, $170, or $113 per year. And on top of all that there's more expense—an extra coat (a new priming coat) will be needed in repainting.

DUTCH BOY
after 4 years

Located in the same community as the "cheap" paint job. Cost $120, or $30 per year to date, which will be still less as time goes on. No burning and scraping, no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.

The experienced painter recommends Dutch Boy White-Lead because its durability always backs up his reputation, and because he can mix it to suit the requirements of your job and tint it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

Dutch Boy White Lead

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

Easy to Pay via the N. H. A.

If lack of ready cash prevents you from painting, take advantage of a National Housing Act loan. Monthly payments are surprisingly small. Send the coupon below. It brings you complete information and a copy of our illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In", which tells how to modernize with paint and what to look for when buying a paint job. Address Dept. 210, nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, 111 Broadway, New York

116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 W. 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 820 W. Superior Ave., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

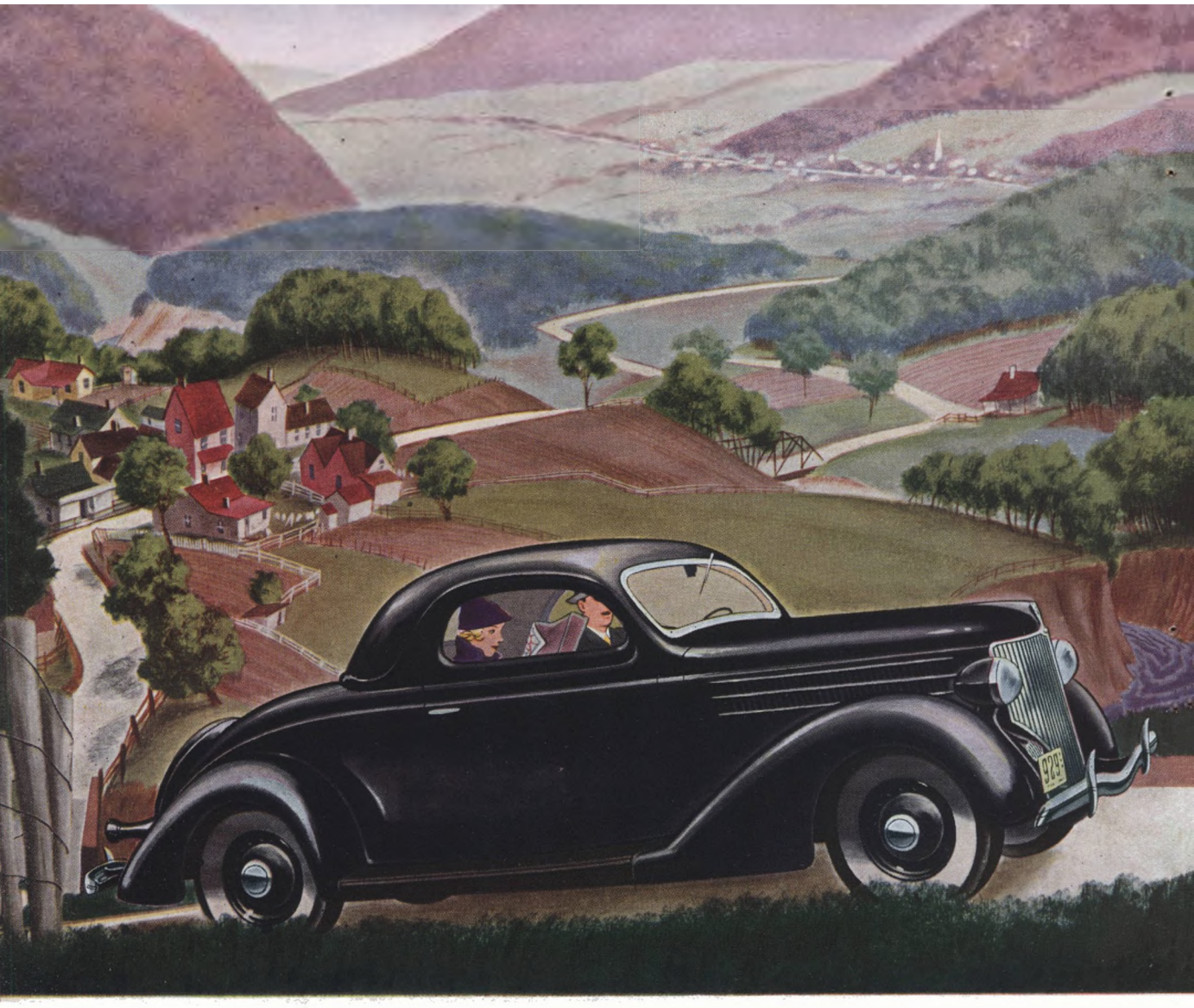
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Department 210
(See list of branches above)

Please send me your free booklet "The House We Live In," containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



It Needs No Breaking-In

You can take a Ford V-8 right out of the dealer's showrooms and drive it across the country. For it needs no breaking-in. You can drive it 60 miles an hour the day you buy it. . . . This means more efficient, useful service for every one—more enjoyable motoring because you do not have to drag along for 500 or 1000 miles. . . . The reason for this fine-car feature is as important as the result. . . . The Ford V-8 needs no breaking-in because of unusual accuracy in the manufacture of moving parts and the smoothness of bearing surfaces. Clearances are correct when you buy the car. You do not have to depend on a long wearing-in period to eliminate tightness and insure smooth running. . . . Formerly, only the most expensive cars could be driven at normal speed from the beginning. That still holds true today—except in the case of the Ford V-8. . . . Fine-car construction means fine-car performance.

FORD V·8 FOR 1936

$25 A MONTH, WITH USUAL DOWN-PAYMENT, BUYS ANY NEW FORD V-8 CAR ON U C C ½ PER CENT PER MONTH FINANCE PLANS

Mr. Nick Giankopopolis, taxi driver, was in some doubt as to the advisability of admitting a goat into the vehicle over which he presided. A five-dollar bill, however, waved in his face by Jefferson Oakes, settled Mr. Giankopopolis.

Miss Kary Garde, Jefferson Oakes, and Mortimer arranged themselves on the back seat, attracting, as they did so, some little notice from passers-by. Kary was attempting to look nonchalant, and failing utterly. As a matter of fact, she was here under protest. She would have given much to be able to disassociate herself from this party. But deep within her there still stirred a sense of loyalty to Jefferson Oakes. For a long time she had worked for and adored him. Now he seemed in a fair way to make a spectacle of himself before all Manhattan. Kary, schooled by habit to protect Jefferson, resolved to be a pal to the end.

"The A. S. P. C. A.," she said now to Mr. Nick Giankopopolis. "Somewhere on lower Madison Avenue, I think."

There was unexpected opposition. "Central Park," Jefferson said decisively. Then, to Kary: "You'll not put a goat of mine in any society for backward goats."

Mr. Nick Giankopopolis scratched his head. But, according to his Continental upbringing, the male member was the head of the house. He threw his car in gear and set a course for Central Park.

Kary glared at Jefferson. "How long," she demanded icily, "is this to go on? This silly goat has already made us objects of public ridicule. I suppose he'll land us in a police station next."

Mr. Oakes waved his hand. "Not a chance," he said. "Listen, Miss Garde; I've been meaning to tell you how swell it was of you to take the blame for Mortimer with old Averill."

As he spoke he looked directly at Kary. Publicity had brought a corally tinge to her cheeks. Annoyance had put a dangerous blaze in her clear blue eyes. And right there Jefferson Oakes made a discovery. Kary Garde really *was* swell.

"Gosh darn it," he said handsomely, "you *are* swell."

"Well," Kary said, "we've got that settled, anyhow. I'm swell."

BY NOW Mr. Nick Giankopopolis, having scraped six opposing fenders and given a brace of elderly ladies heart failure, had invaded Central Park. On all sides of the swift-bowling cab grew grass and trees and shrubs and herbs and things, and Mortimer, a ruminant without peer, began to cut up ructions.

He opened his act by bouncing at the door in Jefferson Oakes's vicinity and bumping his head against the glass. Then he placed his forelegs on Jefferson's knees. Jefferson pushed him off. Frustrated, he rushed the door on Kary's side. In the rush he brought a cloven hoof down on her instep.

"Ouch!" shrieked Kary. And she landed her capable left on Mortimer's snout.

Mortimer loosed off a defamatory *bah*, and for a moment it looked as if Kary would have a goat to fight. But something in her eye seemed to take the starch out of Mortimer. He contented himself with *bah*-ing again; then, half rising on his hind legs, he pawed air futilely.

"My heaven!" exclaimed Jefferson Oakes testily. "Can't we have peace in here? Nobody seems to realize that I've got a violent headache."

The injustice of this smote Kary Garde like a wet washcloth. Through the idiocy of Jefferson Oakes she had lost her job, been conspicuous before the multitude in America's greatest city, had her foot stepped on by a goat, and even now still rode crimson-faced through Central Park in close proximity to this same goat.

"Mr. Oakes," she said dangerously, "I'm getting out of this cab right now, and I'm not fooling. If you want to be a goatherd all your life, it's okay with me. But I'm quitting." She leaned forward and rapped on the glass partition that separated them from the domain of Mr. Nick Giankopopolis. "Oh, driver!"

Mr. Giankopopolis slid back the glass. "Huh?" he inquired.

AND right then occurred one of those rare instances when a mere male beats a woman to speech.

"Take us to the Park Inn," ordered Jefferson Oakes grandly.

"Okay," replied Mr. Giankopopolis, and slid back the glass.

Jefferson Oakes smiled in triumph.

Kary Garde sat back. Her lips quivered but no words came. She merely gave

Jefferson Oakes a look. But if the late Hannibal had known how to cast an eye like that, he would have taken Rome without a blow. . . .

The Park Inn is tucked away amid foliage in the eastern section of the park. Before this establishment Jefferson Oakes, Kary Garde, and Mortimer disembarked. In disembarking Kary issued an edict.

"I am not," she said flatly, "going in here accompanied by this terrible goat."

She was one hundred per cent right. The Bedlington terrier forever ruined Kary's chances of entering the Park Inn in the company of a goat. It now sallied from the Inn preceding its owner, a stout woman, by several yards.

A Bedlington terrier is an arrangement that acts like a dog, smells like a dog, no doubt thinks like a dog, and yet, perversely, looks like a sheep. Ordinarily, moving along with solemn dignity, it manifests little interest in its surroundings. But a goat, deposited in front of the Park Inn, can claim the attention even of a Bedlington terrier. Curiosity overcame the Bedlington in question. It approached Mortimer, gazed for a moment in disbelief, then lifted its left forepaw and waved it tentatively in Mortimer's face, accompanying the gesture with a kind of sheepish smirk. The smirk seemed to say pointedly: "Isn't this the silliest thing you've ever seen?"

Mortimer decided that he would be darned if he would be smirked and gesticulated at by something that looked like a sheep which has been crossed in love. Wherefore he acted promptly. He lowered his head and charged.

Then began a most unusual hegira from the premises of the Park Inn. The Bedlington terrier was interested solely in disassociating himself from Mortimer. Mortimer was interested solely in the Bedlington terrier. Jefferson Oakes joined the procession because he had come to feel responsible for Mortimer. Kary Garde joined because she felt responsible for Jefferson Oakes. Mr. Nick Giankopopolis entered because Jefferson Oakes had merely waved a five-dollar bill in his face, not given it to him. And the stout woman's only idea was to recover the Bedlington. She brought up the rear baying loudly for Lambie-Pie.

Separated from the Inn by a motor road is a green esplanade. Lambie-Pie reached this with open water showing between him and Mortimer. He was running strongly. Holding a fair lead, he began to circumnavigate the esplanade in a wide arc. And at this point the stout lady, who had been in sixth place since the start, put on an unexpected burst of speed. She whooshed past Nick Giankopopolis and Kary Garde and hounded the flying coattails of Jefferson Oakes.

"Hey!" she ordered, in a series of puffs. "Call off your goat!"

"Call off your dog!" returned Jefferson.

"Your goat started it," wheezed the fat lady at his elbow.

"The deuce he did," snapped Jefferson.

Patrolman Terence O'Canavan was patrolling the footpath that skirts the eastern border of the esplanade. He was in the park for the sole purpose of keeping order. Gazing now over the greening turf, he perceived the most magnificent chance of the week to keep it. He cheated. He cut obliquely across the grass, and so joined the procession with a minimum of running.

"Hey!" demanded Patrolman O'Canavan. "What's goin' on here?"

"Olympic tryouts," replied Jefferson Oakes flippantly.

Patrolman O'Canavan discovered that he was not in the mood for wisecracks.

"This'll have to stop," he pointed out.

Kary Garde now lost her left shoe and was forced to drop to last place. The Bedlington and Mortimer completed the first lap and entered the second with the field bunched at their heels.

AND then, suddenly, a mighty shout attracted the attention of the company.

Bearing down upon them was a swarthy, shirt-sleeved Italian whose arms gesticulated wildly.

"Deesa goat," he panted. "Heesa mine. Somebody steala heem las' night. Jus' now I come in da park. I . . ."

"Aw, nuts," said Jefferson Oakes rudely.

The Italian had to draw abreast of Jefferson to get his comeback over. But the devastating quality of the retort was well worth the effort.

"Nutsa t' you," he said.

Right then the stout lady double-crossed everybody. She stopped running and turned around. The parade went by her. But this bit of strategy placed the fat woman directly in the Bedlington's path.

"Here, Lambie-Pie! Here, Lambie-Pie!" screamed the fat lady.

Lambie-Pie heard, and came like a homing rabbit. The fat lady scooped him from off the very horns of the oncoming Morti-

mer. At the same time she aimed a kick at Mortimer. It missed. But, with the quarry mysteriously spirited away, Mortimer had no further interest in the chase. He checked himself by stiffening his front legs and slithering over the ground. Then, abruptly, he began to crop grass.

The fat lady, dividing her tongue between righteous indignation and honeyed endearments calculated to soothe Lambie-Pie, marched away across the esplanade. The rest of the pursuit grouped around Patrolman Terence O'Canavan.

"Now then," quoth Patrolman O'Canavan, perspiring, "I ought to take the bunch uv yez in."

He was interrupted by the Italian, who found waiting for the floor difficult.

"Now, I tella you somesing," said the Italian. "Las' year, summertime, wintertime, I poosha da poosh cart. An' den I buya Giuseppe." Here he indicated the goat. "Giuseppe, he pulla da cart. I no poosha no more. I smart fella."

"Listen!" said Jefferson Oakes. "To me, you're just a pain in the neck. That goat is known as Mortimer."

The Italian appealed to Patrolman O'Canavan.

"Las' night," he stated, "four fellas steal deesa goat from yard nex' door my house. My frien' Scala holler. Deesa guys put deesa goat in car an' go 'way. But"—he gestured magnificently—"I no care now. I got heem back. You, Giuseppe! We go home."

"It's a dirty lie . . ." began Jefferson Oakes, and stopped suddenly, goggling.

THE chase had ended near the motor road on the west side of the esplanade. But so engrossed had Jefferson been with the business in hand that he had failed to notice a number of cars which had drawn up so that their occupants could view the proceedings. He noticed them now, however. He noticed one in particular. It was a shiny sports roadster, and behind its wheel sat a lady. She had on a wide-brimmed white hat and a white dress. She seemed to epitomize cool languor. But her eyes were anything but cool. Miss Dartha Van Cleve, on her way home from shopping, had been anything but pleased to discover her fiancé, black of eye and red of countenance, the center of a voluble debate that included a policeman, an Italian, a taxi driver, a goat and a lady who appeared to own only one shoe.

Jefferson addressed Dartha.

"Why, hello, dear," he said. "I—we—that is, we were just having a little romp in the park. I . . ."

Dartha Van Cleve simply beckoned Jefferson with her forefinger.

Mr. Oakes realized that the game was up. He flung up his arms in surrender.

"Well," he said, "I guess I've got to be going. Nice to have seen you all. Enjoyed myself very much. I . . . well, so long."

And guiltily, like a schoolboy, he crossed the grass to Dartha's car.

Mr. Giankopopolis spoke suddenly. "Hey!" he shouted. "I ain't been paid."

"You keep quiet," Kary said, a pal to the end. "I'll settle with you." . . .

MISS KARY GARDE had on a stunning negligee. She also had on satin mules. She looked like a million dollars, and she felt like a slug nickel.

As Kary saw it, through a glass darkly perhaps, Jeff Oakes had Dartha Van Cleve; the Italian had Mortimer; the fat lady had Lambie-Pie; Mr. Nick Giankopopolis had his fare; Patrolman O'Canavan had his beat to patrol. In fine, everybody had something, with the exception of Kary Garde.

Kary decided to cry. In fact, she was searching for a handkerchief when the doorbell rang.

Jefferson Oakes stood on the threshold. Kary stared at him.

"Ah," said Jefferson pleasantly, looking around him. "Nice little place you have here. May I come in?"

"Y-y-yes," stammered Kary.

Mr. Oakes came in and closed the door.

"Shouldn't have butted in like this," he said, "but I—I wanted to see you. I—well, I got the air. From Dartha, I mean."

Kary's heart bounded like a pronged gazelle. But she decided to be stiff. Stiffness was what Jefferson Oakes deserved.

"Mr. Oakes," she said elaborately, "I don't see how that concerns me."

"You will see," said Jefferson placidly. "I'm coming to that. It seems that Old Man Averill knows Dartha's old man slightly. Well, he went out of his way to tell him I was fired. And, of course, Dartha saw me in the park today and—well, I guess she's got no sense of humor. She said I was a public disgrace. What do you know about that?"

Kary's heart turned all the way over. She preserved dignity, however.

"Well," she said, "what do you want me to do—cry my eyes out?"

"The funny part is," said Jefferson, ignoring this, "all afternoon I didn't give a hoot, and I didn't know why. And then suddenly it struck me. I was sort of thinking about you and how swell you looked in that taxicab this morning, and what a swell gal you are in general, and, all at once, *pouf!* I knew that alongside of you anybody else I'd ever known was just an also-ran. So I—er—er . . . heck, woman! Can't you help a guy out? Say something, for the love of Pete!"

Kary obliged. "Mr. Oakes," she said, "are you by—by any chance proposing to me?"

"My gosh!" said Jefferson Oakes. "What do you think I'm doing?"

AN INESTIMABLE time later Jefferson Oakes disentangled his face from Kary Garde's copper-blond hair long enough to remark, "Hey, now I think of it, I got fired this morning. I guess I'd better take that job with Reyerbold & Ricks."

Kary put her cheek against his. "You have taken it," she said unexpectedly. "I forgot to tell you, but they called this morning. While Mr. Averill was firing you. They asked if you'd made up your mind to go with them. I just sort of said *yes*. Then they wanted to know if you could start Monday morning. Well, I—I oughtn't to have done it, but your goat had just chased Mr. Averill out of the office and I thought there might be—er—trouble, so I just said *yes* again."

Jefferson Oakes possessed himself of as much of Kary Garde as he could gather in two arms.

"Girl," he said, "they thought up the word 'smart' just to fit you. I think I'd better kiss you again."

"I think you had," said Kary Garde.

ALASKA'S *flying frontiersmen*

(*Continued from page 43*)

the development of her trackless areas, has allotted to the airplane a role quite as important and far more romantic than the routine business of communication and the transportation of men, mail, and supplies. She has put it into the business of treasure hunting.

Alaska is the richest undeveloped mining area we have. Millions in base and precious metals are hidden there. Much of that wealth is well-nigh inaccessible and can be discovered only by air. Once found it can be recovered only with the same aid.

Canada has a program; we have none. She is rapidly increasing her gold production; Alaska is not.

However, a start in that direction has been made by some of those wildcat fliers. They are working without capital, but already they have shown what can be done and have proved that the country's future lies in the air.

The region around Valdez is rich in gold, silver, and copper, but the topography is such that an ant couldn't crawl over it. Mountains are precipitous, it is in the glacial belt, and enormous ice caps reach frozen fingers down towards the sea. Pressure has riven the surface of that ice into cracks and chasms, snows cover them and mask their pitfalls, hence those glaciers are practically impassable.

The hazards, the hardships, and the expense of moving mining supplies through such a country can be imagined.

Valdez was a prosperous, live town until the struggle against nature's odds became too exhausting. Then operations were abandoned, promising lodes were deserted. Discouraged owners swore they'd never go back until they grew wings.

Their wings have sprouted and those mines have reopened; Valdez is booming again. It happened in this way:

Bob Reeve, a pilot who had been flying

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in South America, arrived in town, broke. He acquired the wreck of an airplane which had cracked up, put it together again, and converted it into a freight plane. Then he made a proposition to one of those discouraged mine owners.

"It was my luck," he says, "to pick the owner of the most inaccessible claim in the district. It was located away up near the peak of the saw teeth, about 6,000 feet high. He was game, so we flew up there to investigate conditions. Things looked pretty unpromising until I discovered a small shelf or ice bench which might afford a landing place. I reconnoitered for a few minutes and took a chance.

"I skimmed low to observe the condition of the snow, but although the bench appeared to be flat it really sloped up so steeply that near the top my ship stalled and went out of control. Then—*bang*! . . . When I came to I looked back at my sourdough passenger and saw mostly feet and legs. We disentangled ourselves and climbed out, to find that I had flown right into the side of the mountain. The sun glare had blinded me. Fortunately we had dived into a deep drift and the plane wasn't damaged much worse than we were.

"It took us all day to dig out and tramp down a space on which to turn the ship. We took off at an angle of sixty degrees and got home, but that cured me for a while. I decided to learn more about snow conditions before I tried again.

"Later I landed safely on that bench, and in a week hauled more than 40,000 pounds of supplies up there, including a complete milling unit. It has always been a dangerous place, however."

IN THE past three years Bob Reeve and his helpers have carried 400,000 pounds of mine supplies in that old plane without damage or breakage—except to the ship. They carry anything and everything, except passengers. That risk Reeve will not take except when absolutely necessary.

Last summer he moved a Diesel motor up into cloudland by taking it apart, wrapping it in mattresses and dropping it by parachute.

He drops barrels of oil and gasoline, and recently landed 500 gallons with a loss through breakage of only 20 gallons.

He declares that flying among those glaciers and snow fields is quite unlike flying elsewhere, for in the winter light the snow surface is almost invisible and often there is no horizon. A pilot can only guess whether he is 30 feet or 300 feet above his landing place. Without flags or markers a pilot may fly head-on into a white death.

"I was three years getting up the courage to land on Columbia Glacier," Reeve confessed. "I scouted it repeatedly but could never see bottom, until finally I found a black rock outcropping which gave me a perspective. I landed, and then taxied ten miles to the mine I wanted to contact. There I put up flags. Scattering lampblack often helps, too."

Men are working now on a pinnacle of rock rising out of the heart of that desolate ice field, and Reeve hauls their supplies to them regularly. In spite of every precaution it is risky business.

"On one occasion it was storming," said he, "and I lost sight of my flags. I was trying to locate them when I flew directly into the side of a moraine. The impact nearly broke my neck, but fortunately I hit near the top of the ridge and slid over. A few feet lower and it would have been different. I flew the ship home but it took ten days to repair it."

Equally perilous and even more fantastic was his experience in landing a cargo on a glacier so steep that his ship slid backwards like a toboggan. There was a chasm below, and Reeve avoided disaster only by cutting in his motor and thus laboriously pulling himself up the incline. With his propeller whirling, he unloaded, then kicked the ship around and took off in a swan dive.

THE Reeve Airways will fly a prospector anywhere and see that he is serviced. That is possible because Bob has learned how to use skis in summer as well as in winter. He takes off with a full load either from a marsh or from the mud flats at low tide.

He admits there's a trick to the latter: unlike snow, mud creates a suction and, once in motion, the ship must be rocked in order to tear the skis loose. Reeve says:

"It's a tough racket. Every landing place up there among the saw teeth is a death trap. Storms come up unexpectedly. The air is bad, visibility is often worse, and those crevasses are nothing to fool with All the same, we like the work. We're not getting rich, but the country is progressing and it's our job to push it along."

I call that a pretty fine spirit. What Bob Reeve has done others can and will do when some of their handicaps are removed.

KFQD, that Anchorage station, is forever picking cries for help out of the air, snatching aviators off their jobs, and sending them out into the wilds. And wet, or dry, hot or cold, those fliers go, if there's sufficient visibility to see their wing tips.

KFQD is at once a broadcasting station, a newspaper, a medium of entertainment, and a clearinghouse for public and private business. It flings news of the world and of local happenings across mountains and muskeg, into sod-roofed cabins. It is likely to ask a listener on the Porcupine, if such there happens to be, to notify George Spelvin that his wife hasn't heard from him since October and is getting worried, or to report that Joe Doakes on Mystery Creek has a broken leg and needs help.

Of course, routine flying up there is not dangerous; the Northern Air Transport Company at Nome, for instance, boasts that it has flown 1,000,000 miles and carried more than 5,000 passengers without a single injury to them or to its personnel.

Pan American Airways operates a commercial service from Juneau, on the coast, to Fairbanks, Nome, and certain other interior points. The hop from Juneau to Whitehorse is a whizzer, for during the winter in less than an hour's flying the temperature may change from forty above to forty below.

This company is the first and only one in the field to establish a regular service on timetable schedule. To accomplish this, it has, at its own expense, carved out of the frozen sod and spongy tundra a string of airports and has perfected an Arctic radio system of eleven weather and communications stations. But its line covers only a small part of the Territory. The lesser companies and charter planes which operate from widely scattered bases must get along the best they can. To direct and man these trunk routes Pan American Airways has taken hardened Northern pilots and mechanics into the tropics and trained them in the fundamentals of safe transport operation.

Joe Crosson, the company's senior pilot, probably knows more about Arctic flying than any man in the country, which is no reflection upon the others, for he has been at it a long while. He is a natural trouble shooter, and it seems to be his luck to be on hand in emergencies.

He it was who found Ben Eielson's body when the latter crashed off the Siberian coast in 1930. He flew with Sir Hubert Wilkins in the Antarctic. On two occasions he succored Wiley Post. He has blazed trails and rescued the sick and the injured. On one occasion a scientific expedition came to grief on Mt. McKinley. Two men were killed and another was taken ill and could not be carried down. It was summer, and no ship on wheels could land on the snow fields above timber line.

Joe Crosson and Jerry Jones took off on skis from bare ground, flew up, and got him. They did it by watering the grass until their skis would slip! So far as I can learn this was the first time it was ever attempted.

Crosson it was who flew from Fairbanks to Point Barrow the morning after the Will Rogers–Wiley Post catastrophe and brought the bodies back; then flew them like an arrow to Seattle.

JOE BARROWS, Division Engineer for P. A. A. and junior only to Crosson in Alaskan flying time, is another who has shared in rescue work. In character, nerve, and stubborn determination he is typical of these snowbirds.

Returning from a flight one fall, weather conditions forced him to hunt an emergency landing on a freshly frozen river many miles from the nearest camp. He got his ship down but it broke through. He rigged up braces to keep it from wholly sinking and stood by to protect it.

Search parties spotted him after two days but he refused to leave, so periodically they dropped food to him. During several weeks of bitter, freezing weather he lived in his plane, then when the ice had frozen thick enough to permit landing the necessary salvage gear he not only worked it out of its precarious position but also flew it back to the base—and himself to a hospital with a bad case of pneumonia.

Al Munson, another Alaskan pilot, made a mercy flight calculated to raise the hair on a cue ball. KFQD broadcast the news that a man near Healy had frozen his hands and must be hurried to the Anchorage Hospital in order to save them. Munson was closest to the scene and flew there through a snowstorm. When he took off with his unfortunate passenger, visibility had lessened to practically nothing. The railroad to Anchorage runs through the Alaskan Range. It is crooked, it penetrates narrow gorges, and in places it dives underground, but it was Munson's only guide, and he flew it.

That blizzard forced him to fly so low that railroad men swore he took the stovepipes off section houses on his way. It will always remain a mystery how he managed to skim those rails at a hundred miles an hour in a blinding smother, twisting through crooked canyons and hurdling bluffs under which the track vanished.

About forty years ago Dr. Romig, a

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Good Gravy

By Josephine Gibson

WHAT this country needs is more and better gravy. I don't mean political gravy. Just good, honest gravy. Old-fashioned brown gravy—robust midwestern milk gravy! To pour into a little well in the center of a mound of mashed potatoes, to spoon over rice—or hominy grits (if you're a true Southerner). Good gravy—to sop from the plate with hot biscuit or a slice of bread.

Never you mind about gentility—when there's gravy! I'm sure our forefathers didn't—for the very word *supper* immortalizes the ancient and honorable practice of sopping bread in salubrious gravy.

Of course, there are a few little tricks to observe in making good gravy. I, for one, hold with the use of browned flour for thickening—flour that has acquired a beautiful tone in a heavy iron skillet before it is added to the drippings in the roaster. And I cannot too strongly recommend a final and dramatic dash of Heinz racy tomato ketchup—the famous 57 Varieties ketchup—to give to gravy, fillip and authority.

Simply add ketchup to the gravy just before you take it off the fire. I can't tell you just exactly how much ketchup to use. Nobody can. Let your palate be the judge. When you are satisfied that the blend is right—simmer and stir for a minute or two. As you do this, savor the rich, spicy aroma that rises from the pan. It's the enticing fragrance of luscious red-ripe tomatoes cooked down with spices. You'll get a whiff of cloves from Amboyna, and cinnamon from the flowering groves of Malabar.

There's a world of flavor in a bottle of Heinz tomato ketchup. Spice buyers from the House of Heinz go regularly to far-away places to select rare and flavorous seasonings. And only the pick of a pedigreed crop of tomatoes is used for Heinz tomato ketchup—the ketchup that has no rival for popularity and sheer goodness.

Why not make full use of the piquant possibilities in a bottle of Heinz tomato ketchup? Use it in your cooking—to awaken a lively new interest in familiar foods. Try it in casserole dishes and in sauces as well as gravies. To an omelet, a meat loaf or just lowly hash—add *dash*, with a dash of ketchup.

Many people nowadays buy "doubles". They order one bottle of Heinz tomato ketchup for the table—one for the kitchen shelf.

You'll find it a plan worth trying.

Good Gravy and Delicious Sauces—Quick One-dish Dinners, Party Platters—you'll find them all and many others in the new 108-page Heinz Book of Meat Cookery. To receive a copy, just send ten cents to me—Josephine Gibson, Dept. 176, H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

young physician, was sent to the Moravian Mission at Bethel to combat the influence of the Indian medicine men. Until Nome was built he was the only doctor west of Sitka, approximately 1,000 miles distant. He now heads the staff of the Anchorage Hospital, and many of its patients arrive by air.

This government-built railroad town where he and his companions are stationed is the busiest flying center in the Territory. There are few summer landing fields anywhere, hence most of the flying at that season is done on pontoons. The ships which come and go daily are forced to land at Anchorage on a frog pond which is too small for safety, so narrow, in fact, that in calm weather a pilot must roughen the water, churn it up, before taking off in certain directions. Twenty-five thousand dollars would connect it with another pond near by and remove a menace to life. Can the public funds with which to do it be found? No.

Sixty miles away is the Matanuska Farm Colony, an experiment upon which it is estimated the government will spend at least $5,000,000. That money will be devoted to bettering the living conditions of a small group of Middle Western farmers who met with misfortune.

Alaskan airmen who are keeping the entire country alive by pumping fresh blood into it have met with misfortune, also, but Uncle Sam has his first dollar to spend on them or their safety.

Elsewhere he is pouring out millions to further aviation. In my home state every town the size of a pocket handkerchief has its airport. I live in a "city" of 3,000 people; eight miles away is another of about the same size. Midway between them is a field which used to be adequate to care for all traffic, as there was none. This field was abandoned and two more were built, as a relief measure. They are reported to have cost $100,000 each. They are growing up to weeds.

Tell that to an Alaskan and hear him squawk.

IT WILL illustrate the amazing change in transportation methods and indicate its importance to the country to recite an experience of my own: I once made a hurried trip from Juneau to Nome. Leaving in February, I arrived in May, and en route I wore out snowshoes, smashed sleds, froze, starved, and went snow-blind.

That journey can now be made in a day—in dancing pumps, if the traveler wishes.

Mail, of course, is the prime necessity of any country. Without a prompt and dependable delivery, business is severely handicapped and the inconveniences of living are multiplied. The Alaskan mail situation is so curious that it warrants further explanation.

Although Canada has always been willing to co-operate in developing better communications with the North and has indicated that she would concede the rights for a through route over her territory, for some unknown reason our own government has never seen fit to exert itself to establish such a service. The gap, from Vancouver to Prince Rupert, could be flown in a few hours, bringing Alaska three days closer to home.

As stated earlier, air mail within the Territory itself can be sent from Juneau to certain interior points during the winter

but in summer the service is discontinued. A letter posted at that place and addressed to Nome, must go south by ship to Seattle and thence again by water across the North Pacific and Bering Sea. Two weeks would be quick time for the trip.

If an answer is required inside of a month the writer must hunt up an air passenger and ask him as a favor to deliver the letter. He may not even entrust it to a pilot. The latter may, if he chooses, carry a carbon copy, but not the original! Postal regulations forbid it. As a matter of fact, that's how much of the summer mail moves —without postage stamps.

THE U. S. Signal Corps handles radio messages to all parts of the Territory, the post office runs its mail on a dog-team schedule. Air mail, what there is of it, is actually hauled under the old "star route" dog-team contracts.

That hasn't promoted development nor lessened the cost of living and doing business.

During my first two winters in the country we hired the toughest musher in town to sled our mail up the Yukon to Dawson, and we paid him a dollar a letter for all he took and brought back. Later, regular dog-team routes were established and contracts were let to the lowest bidders. The service was improved, until at certain seasons when the trails were good mail could be shot from Nome to Fairbanks, for instance, in the dizzy time of three weeks.

Pioneer fliers had to underbid the malemute punchers to get this business. They must still do that very thing.

Those air-mail contracts provided for what amounts to a rural free delivery. Pilots were forced to land every few miles; often they had to snowshoe a miner's mail to his cabin.

If some trapper "up the creek" suspected he was being slighted, or if he chose to be nasty, he would write to a friend, ten or twenty miles away, and the friend would answer. Under the contracts those spite letters had to be carried, and they had to be delivered. Naturally, the pilots froze their feet and the contractors went broke.

Although this practice languished as the value of speedy service became evident, even yet air mail on the few existing winter routes is carried at a loss.

One of these days ships will fly regularly to the Far East via Bering Strait, for that route is nearly 2,000 miles shorter than the route by way of Honolulu and the Pacific Islands. The most direct and the easiest airway from New York to Moscow is across Alaska and the Pole. Furthermore, it is less hazardous than the North Atlantic crossing. Incredible as it sounds, flying conditions, both winter and summer, are actually better that way.

Isn't it high time we lent a hand to those intrepid Alaskan fliers who haul its freight and passengers, who gamble with its glaciers, and risk their lives on blind mercy flights? Wouldn't it profit us to spend some of the money that is flowing elsewhere in quantities to establish a decent air-mail service in the North, and to build landing fields, hangars, light beacons, radio-control and weather stations?

It would open up new mines, create work for thousands, build towns, and swell our national bank roll.

There's millions in it.

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America's Head Umpire

(*Continued from page 23*)

he went to the dining-room and sat again with Mrs. Hughes. After that he sat in the living-room, reading. At ten he went upstairs and to bed.

He slept soundly. He was not disturbed, in his dreams, by worry over his labors, by thoughts of the future or the past. That he had been defeated for the presidency of the United States by a whim of fate did not, any more, occur to him. Had he won that election he probably would not now be alive. Wilson died under the strain. Harding died. Coolidge died. Hughes lives on, perhaps for a greater destiny than any of those presidents now dead. History may place him among the greatest of America's Chief Justices.

So the story goes on, the story that began on April the 11th, in 1862, in the Baptist rectory at Glens Falls, N. Y., where an only child was born to the Reverend David Charles Hughes and his wife, who had been Mary Catherine Connelly.

It is the story of a civilized American who possesses one of the greatest legal and judicial minds of our times; who has at different times been hailed as the greatest enemy of capital and its greatest defender; who has come, at the age of seventy-three, to a position as distinctive as the presidency which he failed to win. He is pointing the way, by the decisions he writes and reads from the bench of the Supreme Court, toward the future of the government of the United States.

The Reverend David Charles Hughes had become a Baptist minister in this country, after leaving Wales in 1855. The little Connelly girl whom he married had Irish, Scottish, and Dutch blood. This strange mixture made their boy almost a complete Celt. He was only a little past three when he learned to read, and from then on he was much alone. Travel fascinated him, and on rainy days he mounted his hobbyhorse, took a geography or travel book in his hand, and from his position astride the horse toured the world.

AFTER the affair of the Charles Evans Hughes Plan of Study he was quietly withdrawn from school and allowed to educate himself. Soon the family moved to Newark, N. J., and there, finally, he was allowed to enter school at the age of ten. Before he could advance very far the family moved to New York, where he entered Public School 35—"Old 35." He was graduated at thirteen, after making a frightening reputation as the author of such essays as, "The Limitation of the Human Mind" and "Self Help."

The next year, at fourteen, he entered Madison University, now Colgate, at Hamilton, N. Y. He was looked upon as a curiosity, a boy prodigy. He seemed to pay little attention to his studies, but never failed to get astonishing marks. After two years he transferred to Brown University, in Rhode Island, where nobody considered him even a prodigy, much less a genius. He read light literature, played cards, and answered to the nickname "Huggis." He never missed a party, knew all the current jokes, and told them well.

Of course, he took the Dunn premium for the highest standing in English at the end of his junior year, and the Carpenter premium for scholastic and general attainments, and was one of five in his class elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and delivered the classical oration at Commencement in 1881—but nobody considered him a grind. "Huggis," they thought, was just a bright kid who would always make a good living and be popular with everybody because of his ability to tell stories and laugh heartily at other people's jokes.

Years later, when he had become famous, he handed out this piece of advice to young men, with a characteristic twinkle in his eye: "Don't work too hard. I, myself, never worked hard. I spent my time playing cards when I was an undergraduate at Brown."

It was literally true, but not good advice to follow. Hughes's mind has always been photographic. It is only necessary for him to glance at a page and run his eye over the lines to get a perfect picture of it.

AFTER graduation from Brown he decided on law as a career. But first it was necessary to get the money for such an education. He therefore went peddling himself as a teacher, and was refused everywhere because of his youth. Finally, recognizing this fact, he applied to the Delaware Academy, at Delhi, N. Y., by mail. He got the job, and gave Professor Griffin a good many days of worry before he demonstrated that he could maintain discipline.

At Delhi he taught in the morning and early afternoon, read law in a local office from 4 until 9 P. M., and then prepared his classes for the next day. After two years he had saved enough money to enter Columbia Law School. He earned his diploma in two years, took highest honors in his class, and won the prize fellowship, an appointment as tutor for three years.

He had no trouble getting a job. Walter S. Carter, one of New York's most prominent lawyers, was so impressed with Hughes that he offered him a job in his own office. Hughes accepted, after stating his own terms, his credo: He would handle no divorce cases and do no criminal law; he would not handle all of any single firm's business, lest he commit himself entirely to its theories.

There was an ominous note in that statement. His forthright and unwavering honesty, his idealism, were to cause Hughes to remain in the back yard of history for a long time. They were to malign him to the public. They were to preserve him for his last great task.

During the next three years he worked harder than at any time during his life, mastering his profession, tutoring at Columbia University, and falling in love with his boss's daughter, Miss Antoinette Carter. The fourth year was easier, with the tutoring over, and at its end Carter took him in as partner. Promptly, Hughes and Miss Carter were married.

After his marriage and partnership he continued to work hard, so hard that in 1891 he suffered a breakdown and had to go to Cornell University and teach for two years. He returned to practice in 1893 with renewed vigor.

From then until 1905 he labored to become a great lawyer. and succeeded. So great did he become that there is an almost unbelievable anecdote about him. He was called in overnight on a case that was being lost because of the extreme brilliance of the opposing lawyer. Hughes, with a single night's preparation on a case which bulked tons of evidence, went to work with cold, detonating intelligence, and wrecked his opponent's case. A young lawyer watching the proceedings said afterwards that he watched the opposing lawyer sit awestruck, then crumble and go to pieces.

At any rate Hughes was, by 1905, at the top of the heap. Then the accident happened which thrust him into public life. The New York State legislature had authorized a commission to investigate gas rates. Henry W. Taft, brother to William Howard Taft, who was soon to be president, was asked to take the job of attorney for the commission. He said he was too busy.

"Get that young fellow Hughes," he advised, "who opposed me recently. He's a good man."

Hughes at first flatly refused. He had long ago made up his mind that he would not enter public life. He distrusted legislative investigations. They involved politics, and he distrusted politics.

"If you will promise to give me a completely free hand," he finally said after listening to long pleas, "I will accept."

They promised, and he was off on a road which he had vowed never to take.

During 1905 and 1906 he conducted two legislative investigations, one into the gas rates and one into the insurance rates.

Public investigation at best is a grueling job, with politicians to fight and a fickle people to keep in mind. Hughes was aware of this. He knew, with his intelligence, and he felt, with his honesty, the need for exactness. Therefore he dealt only in facts and figures. He was a cold person to the jury, to the newspapermen covering the investigations, to the visitors who sat at the hearings. There were no jests, no appeals to mob psychology, no cajoling speeches to the jury. Hughes presented figures and facts. His work saved the city of New York $800,000 in lighting expenses, and got 80-cent gas for the consumers. His investigation of the insurance companies resulted in drastic change of the insurance laws.

Overnight he became a personage, a miracle man. But when newspapermen asked him how he did it he replied briefly, "There is no wizardry about it. It is work."

YEARS later he told just how much work it had been:

"I used to sit up nights, until morning, poring over figures and statistics, preparing the next day's work. Always I was beset by fears. A great utility might be persecuted and a great company ruined if I distorted a single fact, used a single

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. . . *across this page and then across town in the*

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BY SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

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And a paint can . . . with a Sherwin-Williams label around it . . . is an indispensable part of your home's beauty and protection. Be it famous old SWP, America's best known and most widely used house paint; be it the interior paints mentioned; or be it any other of Sherwin-Williams well known products—furniture polish, floor waxes and finishes, etc., — it is made to help you to beautifully identify your dearest possessions—to transform a house into a home.

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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PAINT

ounce of cunning to win my case; or the people might be swindled."

The public saw him as a savior who had exposed public utilities. Wall Street, on the other hand, eyed him askance. He was a radical, a left-winger, an enemy of capital. Neither Wall Street nor the people knew anything of the real Hughes, the "Huggis" of Brown University, the raconteur of clubs and salons, the father who read "Mr. Dooley" and "Uncle Remus" to his children and wrote nonsense verses for them, the golf player and theater addict, the cigarette-smoking gentleman who loved to dine out where he could sit next to ladies and keep them in laughter with his anecdotes and spontaneous wit.

For his part he did not care. To him a man's private life was his own business. When he was offered the Republican nomination for Mayor of New York in 1905 he refused it. Then, in 1906, he was unanimously nominated on the Republican ticket for Governor of New York.

IT WAS a peculiar situation. The Republicans did not want Hughes. He was too dangerous, too radical. But William Randolph Hearst, the publisher, had been nominated by the Democrats, and Hearst had to be beaten. Hughes could win; the people liked him.

He won, by a plurality of 57,897. Two years later he was returned by a plurality of 69,462. In 1908 he had a chance to get the Republican nomination for president, but he avoided it, and it went to Taft.

He was never popular as governor. He was merely an intellectual machine, a good man in the job. He cleaned the Republican Party up, demanded honesty, and got it.

He was criticized and caricatured unmercifully. Once, returning from Europe in July, he was depicted in a cartoon standing on the deck of a ship which was shrouded in ice, despite the summer heat, because of his frigid personality. Now and then, every year or so, some newspaperman would write a piece discovering under his black beard and shy reticence a human being, warm and friendly. But these little shafts of green grass were lost in the blizzardlike legend of Hughes's austerity and frigidity.

Nor would he budge to humanize himself for the people. He was aware of public feeling, of the Hughes legend. He would have liked to correct it. But to set out to do this deliberately was not his way. His intelligence and culture would not permit him to pander, to stoop.

So he went on his way, refusing a third term and accepting an appointment, in 1910, to the Supreme Court bench. It was work he liked. He had never intended to be a public figure.

But in 1916 he was drafted again, this time to run for president against Woodrow Wilson, who had ridden into the White House on the Republican split over the Bull Moose party in 1912.

Hughes could not deny that he wanted to be president, but he would not speak a dishonest word to gain that office nor do an undignified thing. He was told, as the campaign progressed, that he would have to court the support of Hiram Johnson in California. Johnson was running for senator on the Bull Moose wing of the party and flaunting the fact openly. Hughes was running on the old Republican lines.

"It would be yellow," he said simply, when told of the need for Johnson support. "I won't do it."

Yet, curiously enough, he might have won out through his inherent courtesy. He and Johnson were at the same hotel in Los Angeles one day. When they had left, one of Hughes's aides came running to him.

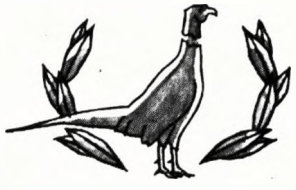
"Did you know that Johnson was at the hotel?" he asked.

"Why, certainly not," Hughes replied. "I certainly would have gone to him to say hello and shake his hand had I known. Call him up and send my apologies."

It was too late. In November Hughes was president for a day. Then the California vote came in, and he lost in the Electoral College 254 to 277. Had he won California he would have been elected 267 to 264.

It would be impossible for any human being not to be disappointed at such an outcome. Hughes returned to New York, and resumed the practice of law.

He had been an inept politician. He had not had the wisdom to give in on small points and fight for big ones. He had refused to promise political jobs in return for political support. He had believed that he



could present himself honestly to the country and win.

How long he was bitter, if he was really bitter, is hard to tell. He knew that it was a legend that had defeated him, an untrue legend, a legend that said he was stiff-necked and conservative—he, who had once been called radical and liberal. He knew himself to be a warm human being. That people thought of him as stone casing for a brain must have hurt him.

THE war came then, and he gave his energies to an investigation of aircraft manufacture. The war ended in a wave of disillusionment. Harding was elected, and Hughes found himself once more in public life, as Secretary of State.

Again newspapermen began to "discover" him as an amiable human being instead of a piece of marble. It was all a bit tiresome to him by then. Year in and year out since 1906 people had been discovering that he was human, that he loved to tell jokes in dialect, that he smoked cigars and laughed. But the legend persisted.

As Secretary of State he inherited some wartime problems. There was a peace treaty to be signed with Germany, there were problems arising from the Treaty of Versailles, there was talk of the World Court, talk of disarmament, talk of claims against Germany, talk of recognizing Russia. Hughes handled all these problems with dexterity and dispatch.

Almost every night he dined out. The ladies loved him, begged to be seated next to him. He was "discovered" as a wit and storyteller. People said Hughes was opening up, becoming human at last.

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Then, in 1925, he went back to New York and resumed the practice of law. Between 1925 and 1930 he appeared before the Supreme Court in fifty-four cases, nearly always representing big corporations. He was one of the country's leading lawyers. And quickly he became again the man of legend.

It is necessary to understand, if this paradox of man and myth is to be understood, what Hughes was in court. He presented a terrifying figure. Tall, well built, perfectly poised, he stood and decimated the ranks of evidence presented by the other side as a wind blows loose leaves in autumn. His eyes pierced anything they touched, reduced opponents to masses of quivering nerves, struck witnesses with terror. He was mind alive, intelligence directed, genius that could not be thwarted. That such a machine of legal knowledge could be human was unthinkable.

THEN, just as he was passing into honorable old age, a forgotten figure remembered for his beard, history struck again, for the last time. On February 3, 1930, Chief Justice Taft resigned. President Hoover wanted to appoint his friend, Associate Justice Stone. He was told that he couldn't pass over Hughes. He was advised to offer the appointment to Hughes, and was informed privately that Hughes would decline.

Hughes then did the unthinkable thing, for him. He accepted. His son, Charles Evans Hughes, Jr., had to resign his post as solicitor general. Everyone was startled. Hughes was making enormous fees in private practice. He had vowed to stay out of public life forever. It was as if he, the impeccable, had slighted good taste.

The Senate growled, muttering that Hughes was a representative of Wall Street, of the "powerful interests." Oswald Garrison Villard's *Nation* said, "What makes Mr. Hughes's appointment so regrettable is that here is a fixed, set, intolerant mentality, closed on various issues and deadly conservative."

But the appointment was confirmed, on February 14, 1930. Hughes began to emerge, shedding both his legend and himself as he went stolidly on his way in this last job. He has ruled, in the past six years, for and against labor, for and against capital, for and against the farmer, for and against the President.

The puzzling thing about Hughes during all of his public life has not been Hughes, but those who interpreted him. They insisted on cataloguing him, on thrusting him into pigeonholes of personality, political faith, economic creed, social philosophy. He was not made to fit into any of these categories. From the beginning to the end he acted honestly, as he thought best, as his mind dictated. Thus he was sometimes on the side of the liberals, sometimes on the side of the conservatives. He is now an old man, though his appearance and his mind belie it. He has lived to see those who defeated him die, to crush by the weight of his greatness any criticism against him, to rise to a height greater than any from which he was barred. He has lived to be a civilized American and a great man.

That is Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

According to CODE

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY ALFRED PARKER

When it came to winning yacht races, Christine was always there . . . this business of competing for a fraternity pin, though, required a different technique

By Maxine McBride

A T—I AM AGROUND AND REQUIRE IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE. . . .

Chris slapped the code book shut, and squinted down the channel at the black sloop. It was August, one of those large, warm days with the sea a Kerry-blue, and the Fairmont Yacht Club dozing, deserted, on its tidy carpet-strip of beach. She'd been lying in a wedge of shade aboard the Curlew, watching the gulls aquaplaning over the bay. They were good, she'd thought. Not a single waste motion, like Dodo Dane. That brought up Thorp, and she'd felt explicitly bleak thinking of those two in brackets, until the black sloop had rounded the point and started to beat toward the basin.

There'd been an air about it. She'd detected it from a distance, in spite of the corduroy region around her heart. Like someone arriving at Fairmont Cove without quite the right luggage. Chris had eyed it, and pushed up the V cast by the drying mainsail. You could see the gulls there, and not have to see Dodo Dane's cottage.

And then someone had called, "Hey," thinly, midway from the channel.

She had dug herself out of the V with an elbow, and the black sloop was standing perfectly still, two small signal flags flying from the mast.

IT WAS code, emergency signals, and it had never, to her best recollection, made an appearance before in an almost completely amphibious summer colony. She had slid down the companionway and fumbled hurriedly around for a salt-eaten book under a bundle of pennants.

"O—Man Overboard." "A M—Accident Has Occurred." "A T. . . ."

"So," said Chris Chandler. She stood on the fidgeting deck of her eighteen-footer, considering. It would take too long to get under way with the Curlew, and Thorp's outboard was tied up at the float. Ordinarily she wouldn't hesitate. She saw someone in white ducks swinging down the float steps. She flung a coil of line into the dinghy and rowed over.

"H'lo, sailor," said Thorp. The ducks were very clean and starched, like an interne's. They looked as if they were going to lunch somewhere. He said, "How are you today?"

"Today I'm fine," said Chris. It was a borderline lie, because she felt sunk seeing him so brownly handsome in ducks, with fresh, flatiron creases in the trousers. "Someone's aground off the channel. May I borrow your outboard?"

"Sure," he said heartily. "For Pete's sake—!" He looked at the color-barred codes. "He's got emergency signals out." He smiled broadly, his teeth parting magnificent bronze. "I'd like to tag along"—his eyes detoured, and managed, the way they'd been doing recently, not to look at her—"but I'm going to the Danes' for luncheon. Got plenty of line?"

"Enough to tow a liner," said Chris. She stepped into the outboard and spun the flywheel. It spluttered into action. She nosed away from the float, and turned and waved back. But Thorp was flicking something from a fresh-creased cuff. An indicative gesture, that. It didn't help the jagged feeling around her heart.

She cut a white streak across the bay. The outboard made a noise like a sewing machine. Thorp had acquired it since Dodo came. It didn't waste time getting places. Dodo didn't, either, though she had a loitering little voice and said, "Thawp," and "oce-yahn" for "ocean." Chris came from

New Bedford and had a voice that said "r" so you could hear it, and Thorp Clark's fraternity pin. They weren't much in the way of assets this season.

She shut down the motor and drifted alongside the black sloop. A young man, with a bright, new sunburn, had been regarding her approach anxiously from a post in the bow.

"Thanks for coming to my assistance," he said. He looked out from behind a pair of sunglasses at her. "I seem to have hit an obstruction at the edge of the channel. The charts didn't mention it."

"They wouldn't," said Chris. "The obstruction is the bottom of the bay. You're supposed"—she indicated the red and black markers—"to keep between these, you know."

"Do you mind if I jot that down?" he asked. He took a notebook out of a pocket. Sun blisters stood out like welts on the back of his hands. "I took a course in navigation last spring," he said. "It was rather fragmentary."

"You ought," said Chris, "to take something for that sunburn." She stood up and held the outboard alongside. She contemplated a question, but it didn't seem reasonable. But neither were rudimentary notes on navigation in the middle of a tow. It wasn't the Fairmont way.

"HAVE you ever sailed a boat before?" Chris asked.

"Not in practice," he said. "Of course, in the Institute we become familiar with most of the principles of conducting craft. And then," he said, "there was the course." He handed her the notebook. "At all times in mak port," he had jotted in personal shorthand, "keep bet red and black chan marks."

"Is there anything you can add to that?" he asked. He took off his glasses. He had brown eyes, and they smiled at her. "I'd be awfully grateful."

"Just ditto in leaving port," said Chris. She returned the notebook, and found herself returning the smile. She looked at the sloop. The water line showed a thin crust of barnacles, and the hull needed paint. It was prying, but she wondered. "Where did you find her?" Chris asked.

"In a lengthy letter from a yacht broker," he said. "She's called the Wow."

"Oh," said Chris. She didn't smile. He was screwing back the cap on a fountain pen, and she saw there was fresh rope-burn on his hands. "I think we'd better pull her off."

He followed her instructions earnestly. They had the sloop clear in ten minutes and under tow, with sails doused, to an anchorage. She cast off the towline, and circled back as he was paying out the anchor rode. She came alongside and picked up the dripping line.

He said, with gratitude, "I'm afraid I've put you to a lot of bother. When I explained the purpose of this cruise to the yacht broker, he assured me the Wow would practically sail herself. The course in navigation"—he suddenly grinned—"I may as well own up, was pretty sketchy. My name's Steve Graham," he added "of the Bates Oceanography Institute."

"Mine's Christine Chandler, of Fairmont, most any summer."

"Winters?"

"New Bedford."

"New Orleans." Then, "Whales," he said.

"The Mardi Gras," said Chris.

"Clam chowder."

"Chicken à la Creole."

"THAT reminds me." He checked a gesture toward his pocket. "Do you happen to know the marine procedure for lunch aboard ship?"

"You break out a red flag," Chris stated, "and hunt for can openers in the galley."

"I'd consider it a great favor," he said eagerly, "if I could have your assistance in the procedure."

"The Fairmont Salvage Company," said Chris with surprising alacrity, "accepts." She lashed the outboard to the black sloop and came aboard.

There were buckets in nested rows, down in the cabin, and poles tipped with prongs, and a microscope on a swinging shelf. It wasn't the regular equipment for a cruising yacht. Vials with empty labels stood in the shelf racks, and the bunks were lumped with books. Heavy-looking, scientific. The galley was something else. Corrosion and confusion.

Together they coped with the confusion, but the corrosion went with the Wow. It needed a complete overhauling, Chris intimated gently over a bowl of chowder on the afterdeck. Two weeks in a boat yard at best. It would have been sounder, she pointed out, if he had gone farther than a yacht broker's letter before purchase.

"But," said Steve Graham, "I didn't buy her." He plowed his fingers through his hair. It was very nice hair, with sandy ripples. "I—chartered her. For the eelgrass."

"The—what?" said Chris politely.

"The eelgrass. *Zostera marina*. It vanishes, periodically, from coves along the New England coast."

"Oh," said Chris. "And so this—"

"Is my first cove. On a two weeks' field survey for the Bates Institute. Would you like to hear about it? It's really pretty interesting, even if it is out of the run of general conversational topics."

"From the very beginning," encouraged Chris.

"The field cruise, proper, began last night. At Buzzard's Bay. Fog and no wind, and the auxiliary engine quit."

"The spell of the sea," said Chris sympathetically.

"Later, there was a lot of wind. We deal with currents and ocean phenomena at the Institute, but not much with wind. When I was assigned the survey of eelgrass, I entered the course in navigation. They covered wind in a thirty-minute lecture. With the course," he said reminiscently, "came the letters."

"From the yacht brokers?"

He nodded and helped her to a second ration of chowder. "Dozens of them—'Let us consider your problem.'"

"'Desirable yacht in good condition'?"

"'Stanch and seaworthy.'"

"'Tastefully decorated. Snap of boat enclosed.'"

"The Wow," said Steve. "I chartered her," he admitted, "from the snap. The jib blew out at dawn. I spent the morning patching it. Then I came to Fairmont."

"And now," said Chris, "about the eelgrass."

"It grows," he said, "in shallow water in bays and inlets along the coast, sometimes six feet in length, and the Greeks had a name for it—*Genus Zostera*. Fish live in it and waterfowl feed on it, and all in all it's a pretty important plant. Every now and again, for no good reason, it disappears, and so," he said, "I hired a boat and set out on an exploratory cruise."

"I took a course in botany once," Chris remembered. "We wore knickers and hip boots, and took field hikes through swamps, with specimen baskets hanging from our waists. We had pond scum and fungi, but never any eelgrass. Although," she recollected, "I found a lovely diatom once, and they pickled it for posterity."

"Algae," he said interestedly.

"That," she said, "was the family name the Romans had for it."

THEY grinned at each other, largely, and doused their chowder bowls in the Kerry-blue waves that rocked the Wow gently up and down like an anchored sea horse. From the rigging billowed the meal flag. Chris looked at it, and slightly reluctantly towards shore. There were two small-scale figures in white descending the float steps.

"It's time," said Chris, "to haul down the meal flag, I guess. Certain parties on shore are looking for a borrowed outboard. I've got to take it back. I liked hearing about the eelgrass and the Wow. If anything untoward comes up that the course didn't cover, I can generally," she told him, "be reached by code."

"I'll bear that in mind," he said. "It was awfully nice of you to come out. I've an idea most of your visiting yachtsmen don't dip into bundles of code."

"Most of our visiting yachtsmen," said Chris, "know nothing of *Zostera marina*."

She climbed into the outboard and droned off, trailing foam-drift in her wake. She glanced back over her shoulder, and he was standing, meditative and tall, in the bow. She directed a wave at him, and he returned it

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promptly. It made her feel better about Thorp and Dodo, sitting on an overturned dinghy on the float and aiming prepared smiles at her.

"Chris, the sea scout," said Thorp breezily. "How was the towing?"

"We've been waiting ages, hon-awh," said Dodo.

"I was having lunch with an oceanographer," said Chris.

"A what?" said Thorp.

"The man whose boat I towed," said Chris. "We had chowder and conversation on his afterdeck."

"Oh," said Thorp, less gustily.

"Hon-awh," said Dodo, "did you get his na-ahme?"

"Steve Graham," said Chris.

Dodo never wasted time. She had come up from the South this season and detached, with soft ease, the pick of Fairmont's saltiest young men. Listing from the top, Thorp Clark, who had spent summers formerly and continuously in the Curlew.

"We were going for a spin in Thawp's outbohd," observed Dodo.

"To run over the course for next week's handicap," enlarged Thorp. "Dodo wants to sail in it. It'll be her first yacht race. You can ship someone to fill in on the Curlew, can't you, Chris?"

"Oh, sure," said Chris. It didn't even stick in her throat. She was thinking about something else. She walked up the float steps and drove off in her roadster.

THE Chandlers lived in a wandering house, with ells and porches and Chandler bathing suits in a constant process of drying behind a rear lattice screen. There were Mr. Chandler, Mrs. Chandler, Tad, who was twelve, and Chris, who was nineteen.

Chris went into the living-room, where trophy cups shaped a silver-plate parade over the mantel. There was a big dictionary on a stand in the corner, nicked with alphabet letters. She turned them rapidly over to E—"Eelgrass (*Zostera marina*): A submerged naiadaceous plant of the pondweed family. . . ."

With that, and three or four encyclopedias, she was busy until sunset gun. She stacked them handily on a table then and looked down on the cove. Nesting quietly at anchor was the Wow, a riding light glimmering in the bow. It made her feel very good somehow, better than she had all summer. She ran upstairs humming. . . .

The cove was splashed with rain the next day. Chris put on a sou'wester and oilskins and sloshed down to the float. All the boats were fast at their moorings, including the Wow. Far up the channel swayed a bit of black, someone fishing from a rowboat.

Chris shoved a dinghy into the water and pulled over to the Curlew. The black sloop bobbed blankly up and down at anchor. No puffs came from the galley smokepipe, and the cabin slide was shut. He hadn't seemed, she thought, like the dallying sort.

She blinked the rain from her eyes, and looked at the black speck. It was moving in circles with an oar, like a pencil, thrust up from it. The tender from the Wow was gone. Making two and two, and Steve Graham in distress.

She stroked the dinghy up the channel. His tender was full of buckets and lead lines and pronged poles, and only one oar.

"I thought you would," said Chris.

"What?" he asked.

The thwarts, she saw, were covered with specimens of the pondweed family.

"Lose an oar or something in the advance of science. Particularly the first day. I almost mistook you for someone after bluefish."

"Listen," he said. "I'm going to be a nuisance. Something tells me. I lost the oar when I was grabbing for a six-foot beauty with a bunch of silt on the roots."

"Where is it?" Chris asked eagerly.

"The oar? Halfway down," he said sheepishly, "the—"

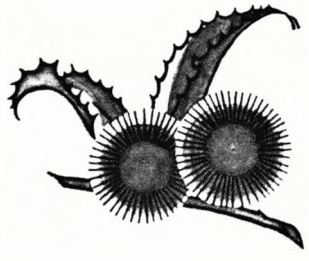
"The eelgrass," said Chris. "The six-foot specimen. Has it a spadix?"

"And what a spadix!" he said. "Look."

They picked up the oar later. . . .

Most of them gathered on the float mornings for sun-bathing. The Howell twins, Newt Dennis, Lib Young, and intermittently Thorp. Dodo freckled, and kept under beach umbrellas on the Danes' front lawn. Chris went through earnest motions of listening to a narrative of Newt's.

"—and so I carried Thorp 'way over to the blinker before I luffed and came about."



"Um-m," said Chris. She regarded a black mote at a far end of the cove.

"He's entering the Neptune in the handicap," said Newt. "Who're you signing on for crew, Chris?"

"I don't know," said Chris.

Newt had always been around. He was stubby and dark and nice.

"Make it me," he advised. "It'd be a swell combine; honest."

"I'll think it over," said Chris.

NEWT was sweet, and had been steady about filling in Thorp's lapses all summer.

From the Danes' cottage, small steps of radio music strayed. Chris dove into the water and executed a neat crawl over to the Curlew. It looked like a dappled race horse, and had brought back the silver-plate parade on the living-room mantel. They used to be a top triumvirate, with Thorp counted in. Newt was good, too. But you could, thought Chris, be a little too salty. They were disintegrating down on the float, and over the crinkly crape of the cove the black mote was coming in.

He pulled up alongside the Curlew with the tender heaped with mounds of green.

"Stacks of it," he said. "I've been raking the south shallows."

"When I think," said Chris, "how I've been taking my eelgrass as I found it for all these summers—"

He looked at the Curlew. "That's the kind of boat," he said, "you're not apt to run across in every yacht broker's letter. Do you," he asked wistfully, "go out much?"

"A lot," said Chris. "I'm taking her out this afternoon. You see," she explained, "there's going to be a race."

"I've never seen one," he said, "except in newsreels." He looked interested. "Is it coming off soon?"

"Next week. It's a handicap, boats of all sizes, and they take it pretty seriously at Fairmont. A spectator fleet, and visiting yachtsmen with gold braid on their caps, and a big, shiny cup. Which," said Chris, "the Curlew's been winning. I'd started dusting off a place on the mantel for this year's—when things went *zing*."

"How so?" said Steve Graham.

"My crew," said Chris. "The other half of it. It went over to a competitor."

"Can't you pick up a new one?" he asked. "I'd like to apply, but they skipped yacht racing altogether in the course."

"It would take you away," she pointed out, "from that cove-to-cove cruise."

"I've decided to concentrate on Fairmont," he said. "It offers every condition for a complete survey. I could confine myself," he suggested, "to eelgrass in the morning and crew work in the afternoon. That ought," he opined cheerfully, "to balance very nicely."

"I'm sure of it," said Chris. . . .

They started out that afternoon. Steve did very well indeed. They sailed out beyond the cove, and maneuvered against an imaginary fleet and practiced setting a spinnaker, and conducted a crisp dash home and over an invented finish line.

"A very," Chris assured him, "slick start." She whistled contentedly as she hooded down the Curlew for the night. . . .

MR. CHANDLER was reading his favorite yachting writer in the evening paper when Chris came home.

"It says in tonight's paper," he read from the newspaper, "'There has been a shift in crew aboard Fairmont's champion Curlew. Thorp Clark, former regular aboard Miss Chandler's eighteen-footer, will enter his own Neptune in the club's classic handicap. According to reports, Miss Chandler has not yet indicated whom she will sign as replacement.' Hm-m," he observed, "I wonder if she could indicate it to a parent."

"Steve Graham," said Chris.

"There're so many new people at the cove this summer," murmured Mrs. Chandler mildly from a neighboring chair.

"He's quite new," Chris said. "He's an oceanographer."

"I don't believe we've had any oceanographers before, Mother," Mr. Chandler said gently. "I'm inclined to be open-minded. Why don't you," he inquired, "bring him around some time?"

Chris did, the night of regatta dance. The Chandlers sat on their front porch and waited for him.

Tad, in outpost role, announced his approach: "He's taller than Thorp, and hasn't got grease on his hair."

They liked him. "For an oceanographer—" said Mr. Chandler, and retired to the alphabet-bordered dictionary in the living-room. . . .

The dance floor was coated with the pulverized shine of a moon. Chris danced twice with Steve before Newt cut in, and, after an intricate turn with a Howell twin,

the float association met for group discussion around the punch bowl. They took to Steve.

Steve was clapping for a second encore to a dance and the moon was pouring in like a klieg light, when there were Thorp and Dodo suddenly beside them. Dodo in something floating, and with her hair coiffed in little golden frankfurters.

"Why, Steve—how did you evah turn up heah, hon-awh?"

"On a boat," Steve said.

"You know—uh—?" said Thorp.

"Of co'se," said Dodo softly.

THE music flared up gaily, and Dodo was holding out her hands to Steve and then they were dancing. Thorp and Chris were dancing, too, stepping on each other's toes and begging each other's pardon abstractedly.

It was over, in a dismissive punctuation from the drum, and Steve and Dodo disappeared down a moon-planked stretch of porch. It was a long gap between tunes. Thorp fiddled with his wrist watch, and Chris regarded the shimmering cove lights.

The music started up again, launching blithe strands that drifted out over the water.

"I won't dance; why should I?
I won't dance; how could I?"

a tenor intoned through a megaphone.

Chris laughed. She said, "That's just about it. If you don't mind, we won't."

"All right. You—" he stumbled. "I guess—you—"

"Know," she said, "how it's been. About Dodo. It doesn't," she assured him frankly, "matter a particle. I've been going to tell you," Chris remembered. "And give you back something. It's stuck in a pincushion," she recollected, "home. It's in very good condition. I'll send it off to you by mail tomorrow."

"Th—thanks," said Thorp. "You've—been swell, Chris. Dodo is—"

Chris nodded. "I know." She was thinking of someone who had gone off beside her.

The music was a bright shell inside, and people were dancing in it. The next number was a waltz, slow-swinging and low, bringing Steve and Dodo along with it.

"We've been looking at the oce-yahn," said Dodo. "It's just gran'."

"Great," agreed Steve. He gazed urgently at Chris. "Dance?" he asked.

They moved off into the soft pool of music. It brushed around them in little minor keys, and they danced through it silently without finding very much to say. There was a cluster of brittle tunes again and cutting in, and gatherings on the porch to talk about next day's race, and some time during it Thorp and Dodo had gone, so that there was only the float association, augmented by Steve, to dance out the final flickering measures of *Merrily We Roll Along.*

It might, thought Chris, have been a good evening if you could delete Dodo. And that gap when Steve had gone off with her. He hadn't talked about it when they had walked over the moon-bleached road to the Chandlers'. About knowing her—about everything else, instead: weather conditions for tomorrow, and sample sediments in the north shallows. She stepped out of her dress, in her room, and unclasped a gold pin from a bureau cushion. The scientific approach, thought Chris, had been pleasantly different. If it didn't, she reflected wistfully, end at Dodo. . . .

The next morning was cloudless and propitious. Washed with sunshine and a small, exuberant wind. Shaped for racing. Chris inspected it anxiously from the front veranda. There was nothing to add to it. It couldn't, she thought, have been designed more handsomely.

She perched a brief white cap on her head and edged the roadster out the drive. The yacht club turnaround was choked with cars heaped with sail bags. A steward hailed her from the float steps:

"Seen your boat yet, Miss Chandler?"

"Why, no," said Chris. "Why?"

"They sure," he said commiseratingly, "did a job on it."

"Who?" queried Chris. "What job?"

"A bunch over from Pebble Point last night. Rammed it in the dark in a speedboat. She was leaking bad this morning, but we got her over to Dawson's yard in time. He says it'll take all day to patch her up."

"Thanks," said Chris mechanically.

She sat down on the top float step and regarded the brisk blue day. A small, curious importance had gone out of it. Which, after all, didn't make sense. Because it was just another race, with nothing unprecedented about it. Except Steve. Steve instead of Thorp. There had been something disturbingly unprecedented about Steve, she thought, ever since he had come to Fairmont Cove.

He was rowing over to the float now, pushing the oars swiftly through the water. He made the Wow's tender fast to a cleat and climbed up the steps.

He smiled warmly. "I saw you," he said, "come in the drive. The specimens are out for the day. Any pre-race advice you can give?"

"The race," said Chris, "is out. The Curlew's in a boat yard, convalescing from an accident. Some visiting yachtsmen," she told him, "ran into her last night."

"And we're not sailing?" He looked extraordinarily disappointed. "It doesn't seem right."

"It doesn't." Chris agreed. But it was extremely better, having him disappointed, too. "Every spare boat's entered in the race."

"Except," he said, "the Wow."

"Oh," she said, "we couldn't. It—"

"Was made to order," he grinned, "for a handicap race."

THEY entered it, in the list of immaculate white tents jockeying before the wind at the edge of the starting line, disheveled, and festooned with barnacles. Slow and deliberate in movement. They sawed heavily back and forth, in the midst of the white, prancing craft.

"We'll need every second," Chris opined, "of the time allowance."

"She isn't," Steve granted, "exactly what you'd call streamlined."

They puttered down a tack and came about. A warning gun rang out. The Neptune paced restlessly alongside, Thorp at the tiller, Dodo peering out from behind the brim of a jaunty yachting hat. They looked at the Wow, and at Steve, and at Chris. And suppressed budding smiles. The float association scattered in criss-crossing craft, shuttled by, bestowing broad grins.

"We seem," said Steve, "to be presenting the comedy relief."

"I'd give a lot," said Chris darkly, "to win this race."

The preparatory gun cracked. The boats bunched and nosed cautiously towards the line. Chris was at the tiller of the Wow. Steve held a stop watch. The spectator fleet strung out in the background, people training their binoculars on the start. "Two minutes," said Steve. Chris gauged the distance, and hardened the sheets. There wasn't much danger of beating the gun. The Wow took on the gait of a hurrying plow horse. They crossed first, with the sharp *wh-ack* of the starting signal.

"Nice going," commended Steve. He flattened out a typed flimsy of the course on his knee.

They headed up to windward, the other boats slipping towards them, whittling down the blue margin in their wake. Single and in little coveys the white-winged leaders came abreast, and romped past toward the first buoy marker. On the second leg the vanguard was creeping up, slick, gleaming canvas molded taut by the wind. Chris hung watchful and intent over the tiller, and Steve competently tightened and eased the sheets. It wasn't much use. The jib of the Wow was grained with wrinkles and she lolled dilatorily over the waves. They were the last boat around the second marker.

THE final leg of the course stretched ahead, commanding a fine view of the sterns of the Fairmont Cove fleet. They were standing out toward a sickle-shaped island, between the last marker and the cove. Steve pulled the typed flimsy of the course out of his pocket and scanned it shortly.

"The rules," he said, "say nothing about voyaging around an island. Does it occur to you, Miss Chandler, that if we slide between it and the cove, we'd annex a mile and a half?"

"Not to mention," answered Chris, "practical possession of a trophy cup. It's almost a good idea. Only, does it occur to you why it doesn't occur to anyone else?"

"Because," he said cryptically, "they know nothing of eelgrass. Suppose we run in and collect that cup."

"And . run," said Chris positively, "aground. That passage is blocked with shoals. No one," she assured him, "has used it for years."

"Then," he said, "let's inaugurate it. What do you say?"

"Nothing," decided Chris. "Since the Wow, more or less, belongs to you."

She pointed the sloop silently toward the green inside hem of the island. They forged tranquilly and unchecked over the passage, the lace insertion of their wake trailing steadily behind. The last lip of the island lay astern, and the finish line ahead. The burgee topknots of the Fairmont fleet were just rounding the outside curve.

Chris looked at Steve.

"Would you mind," she asked in a small voice, "telling me just why we're here instead of aground?"

"Because of the eelgrass," he said cheerfully. "Because it's disappeared. From the shallows between the island and the cove. They anchored down the silt, and when the *Zostera marina* disappeared, the

tide stepped in and made short work of the shoals. I found that out," he said, "during the first few days of the survey."

"Oh," said Chris.

She couldn't, at the moment, think of anything adequate to add. People were waving from the spectator fleet, and boat whistles were rupturing the air, and the bluejacketed chairman of the race committee was holding aloft shiny little guns. The Wow plodded slowly and decisively over the line. . .

THE shell-pink colors lay over the cove, and the last of the fleet were in. Chris Chandler fiddled about in the cabin of the Curlew, patched and rehabilitated, back at its mooring. There was nothing much to do on it, and the flannel-swathed trophy of the Fairmont handicap lay on a bunk, ready to be mounted on the Chandler mantel. It would have been there by now, if it hadn't been for Dodo. She had checked its triumphal march at the very edge of the float. Waiting to detach Steve, and remove him easily, willingly, up over the hill to the Dane cottage: "If you-awl won't min'. Foh just a secon', Steve; hon-awh."

It had run into several of them, and Chris had sculled over to the Curlew and descended dispiritedly to the cabin to examine the repairs. The region adjacent to her heart felt like corduroy again. Rough, ridgy corduroy rumpled about her heart. The scientific approach, which had been so definitely superior to Thorp's, had ended obviously, and in the same manner, at Dodo Dane's. Chris picked up the cup and emerged on deck. There was a red-barred pennant flying from the Wow:

V—I REQUIRE ASSISTANCE.

Chris looked at it for a long moment, and went below. She came back with two signal flags, and ran them up the mast:

V B—SIGNAL IS NOT UNDERSTOOD, THOUGH FLAGS ARE DISTINGUISHED.

There was a short wait. Two more signal flags flapped from the Wow:

A M—ACCIDENT HAS OCCURRED.

Chris bundled the trophy cup into the dinghy and sculled slowly over.

STEVE GRAHAM had something in his hand. It resembled, before she came aboard, the spadix of a very small *Zostera marina*.

"I missed you," he said, "at the float. I remember you said you could generally be reached by code."

The Wow's riding light glimmered on the something in his hand. It resembled a fraternity pin.

"According to it," she said, "you've had an accident?"

He looked at her, and the little ridges suddenly dissolved into velvet around her heart.

"It happened," he said gravely, "quite a while ago. When I went aground off the channel. The survey, you see, originally included Dodo Dane. Since," he explained, "I was engaged to her. Last night, at the dance, we broke it by mutual consent. I have something here that was just returned, but"—there were soft, warm depths in his brown eyes—"it's not much good without your assistance."

She found something adequate to say. The scientific approach ended in a small gold pin on Chris Chandler's sweater.

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Singing ICEMAN

(*Continued from page 49*)

before he took his first lessons in harmony and learned to read the scale. His great voice, in all of his early days, had only one value to him—joy! He loved to sing. And he was prodigal with song.

If it had not been for two things, his voice might have been lost to the world at large, like the voices of other Americans before him. When he was twelve years old 3,000 school children sang at the annual Trenton Music Festival, where the crowd applauded volume more than it did quality. There were only two soloists. One was Alex Crooks. He had sung as boy soprano in church, but he had never faced a vast audience like this.

WHEN he had finished and the auditorium was roaring with applause, a gray-haired woman named Ernestine Schumann-Heink, then at the height of her fame, left her place on the platform, threw her arms around the blushing boy, and kissed him.

"You have the voice of an angel!" she cried. "If you will work, only greatness lies ahead."

Right then the words meant nothing. The only thing Alex could think of was that he, the left-handed pitcher of the home-town ball team, had been kissed in public by a lady who liked his soprano. He rushed from the platform in a fog of rage and humiliation. But, later, the woman's words came back to him . . . "only greatness lies ahead" . . . and he wondered.

The other influence which stirred a vague ambition in his breast was Mildred, the dark-eyed little girl next door. She played piano and organ in church, where the boy sang on Sundays, and marveled at the sweetness of his voice. They became fast friends. He liked her, and sang to her evenings beside her piano. She knew the mysteries of notes and rests; he had the voice and soul for great music. The boy's mother died when he was fourteen years old, and Mildred became the sponsor of his voice. She is Mrs. Crooks now. They were married when he was twenty-one and she was eighteen.

"I believed from the time I was a little girl," she told me one day, "that Alex would be the greatest tenor in the world."

But young Crooks, in those days, did not take the notion very seriously. And one day, when his voice cracked at choir practice, he gave up the idea altogether.

He went on singing to Mildred and himself until his voice began to crackle like a worn-out phonograph record. And when she looked sad, he laughed in the hoarse cackle of adolescent manhood and said he was growing up, anyhow. A real man couldn't be a boy soprano, could he? And he looked like a man, too—a huge, tough customer.

Strolling out by the gasworks one day, he saw a gang of young men painting the great reservoir tanks. He hit up the foreman for a job. The foreman said, "Sure. I'll give you time rates for painting the bottom, time-and-a-half for the top."

The boy's eyes traveled up the eighty feet of gas tank.

"I'll take the top," he said.

And a year later, when he was only sixteen years old, he passed himself off as twenty-one and joined the 626th Aero Squadron for service in the World War.

"Ground service or the sky?" asked the recruiting officer brusquely.

"The sky," said the boy.

He said it quite naturally, unconsciously. It was only in retrospect, later, that his decisions seemed to have meaning. As he learned to fly, his voice began to return. Droning along in a teetering army plane at high altitudes, he would test it out. The sweet soprano had perished completely. But in its place was a golden, manly tone. . . . Back came the words of Schumann-Heink—"only greatness lies ahead."

Crooks's age was discovered just before his squadron went overseas. His discharge papers bear the comment, "Earnest, faithful, and loyal." And suddenly he found himself on the ground again . . . on his uppers. The top? Mildred said one must work, learn the intricacies of music . . . foreign languages. But that took money, and young Crooks was virtually penniless. He couldn't do anything but sing.

A boyhood friend got him a job at the ice plant. Crooks loaded the great blocks on the ice wagons. He went to work mornings at three, and for four hours shouldered the blocks with a pair of tongs. When dawn came, he was drenched to the skin and almost hoarse from singing. He roared army songs, and the gang joined in. Sometimes he sang an air learned from Mildred. At first his fellow icemen hooted at his solos, but presently the voice somehow found its way into their hearts.

WHEN he had saved enough money, Crooks went to New York to study music, only to make a discouraging discovery. Good American teachers asked from $20 to $50 for a half-hour's lesson. The money he had earned as iceman melted like the ice. He got a job in an insurance office at $80 a month and began to rise so rapidly that for a moment he was tempted to forget the top. . . . Mildred came to New York and they were married.

But Mildred had not forgotten the top. She brought as dowry a new hope. They rented a little cottage near the city and began to save. When the fashionable Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church announced auditions for a new tenor soloist, Crooks took a chance. He was forty-seventh on the list and many followed him. But he got the job . . . at $25 a Sunday.

And then, on a Sunday afternoon shortly afterward, while he was down on hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor and Mildred was papering the pantry shelves with music-sheet covers, the telephone rang. A representative of a famous Brooklyn singing society was on the line. Was Mr. Crooks engaged for next Thursday night? The society wanted him as soloist at its annual meeting. The honorarium was $75.

"Just a moment," said the unknown tenor. "I'll have to look in my engagement book."

He held his hand over the mouthpiece while Mildred screamed with laughter. There wasn't any engagement book. When she had quieted down, he replied with dignity that he was free on Thursday night and would be glad . . . His engagement book, now a directory of the opera houses and the imperial courts of the world, is still a family joke.

That was his first real engagement—in Brooklyn—and others followed. He quit his insurance job and went to work in earnest. He sang far into every night, beside Mildred at the piano. She tightened up on the family budget, saving his "Sunday money" and running the house on his occasional fees. In a year they had $1,300 in the bank.

WHEN Crooks was not singing, he was playing handball . . . keeping himself fit for the top. He knew that great tenors must be strong men, powerful, and of great endurance.

When the New York Symphony Orchestra offered him an engagement to sing the third act of Wagner's *Siegfried*—at the age of twenty-two—he played in the New York State Handball Championship match the day before his debut. Much to his disappointment, he came out runner-up. Mildred tried to comfort him.

"You make your great debut tomorrow," she reminded him. "What do you care about handball?"

"But I'm sure of my debut," he said. "I'm not sure of the championship."

On the morning of his New York debut he played the champion. It was a tense game. Three hours before concert time Crooks had not put in an appearance. Mrs. Crooks, the managers, and the conductor were frantic. Another hour passed.

Mildred was almost in tears. And then, while the orchestra was tuning up, Crooks bounded in, crying, "I'm handball champion of the State of New York!" He appeared on the stage of Carnegie Hall, radiant with success on the courts, and brought an ecstatic audience to its feet.

But it was not the success that he hoped for—the spotlight at the Metropolitan—the top! Well, he would take the top, if not in America, then in Europe.

With $1,300 and a handball loving cup Alex and Mildred shipped, third class, to Paris, and found a cheap lodging in the Latin Quarter, the rendezvous of artists and musicians. They ate in cheap restaurants and spent the evenings in song. When Paris had taught him what it knew, Crooks went on to Munich, Germany. He and Mildred rode in a third-class coach without sleeper, and spent the night silently playing bridge with a German couple who couldn't speak English.

Before Crooks left Europe he was a master tenor. He had contracts in German opera houses, in Austria, and in Scandinavia. And he was singing incessantly, with or without contracts. Taxi-drivers

and waiters in Paris and Munich heard his voice for nothing at night in restaurants, if Crooks had a mind to sing.

For six years he was an idol on the Continent. He would not sing in Italy or France, because it was the custom of opera-house managers in those countries to charge Americans for debuts.

In an obscure town in Norway his concert failed to pay expenses. He refused to take a cent. When the manager literally forced the money upon him, he promised to return the next year, at his own expense, and sing for nothing. And he did, drawing the largest crowd the town had ever seen. Crooks has made it a rule of his life never to accept payment if his concert is not a success.

Not long ago, his voice failed from laryngitis at a concert in New Jersey.

"I'm sorry," he said near the close of the program. "I cannot go on. I shall give another concert next week, instead."

And he gave it, refusing a cent for his services.

AS THE singer rose in fame, he began to call himself Richard Crooks, for fear a critic should refer to him as "Smart Alex," something a playmate had called him when he was a boy soprano. One ingenious press agent suggested the name of Riccardo Crusino, because Americans seemed to prefer Italian tenors. But Crooks held fast to his own American name.

While this American was conquering Europe, the Europeans were conquering the United States. Crooks could have taken a second or third place in the Metropolitan, but he was seeking tops.

When he had finished with Europe, he set about conquering the United States, in concert, not in opera. And before his debut at the Metropolitan in 1933, when he received thirty-seven curtain calls as Des Grieux in *Manon*, and stopped the performance for fifty minutes, he was known to the whole nation as a great tenor.

He did not stint his marvelous voice. One of his friends told me that he almost hawked it on the street like a newsboy. That is going a bit far, because he was not "selling" his voice; he was giving it for the joy of song. With or without an audience, he sings. He seldom tires.

Not long ago, after a long rehearsal and a night's appearance at the Metropolitan, he went home exhausted.

"I'm so tired I'll not sing another note for a week," he said. "I'm done in."

Fifteen minutes later, in his bath, he began to hum. And just after midnight he was asking Mildred to run over some phrases with him. He sang on until two o'clock in the morning.

Young Dick, his ten-year-old son, told me he did not care to go to the opera to hear his father sing.

"I can hear Dad any old time at home," he said.

But Patricia, the other child, thirteen years old, will listen to her father hour upon hour at home, then beg to be taken to the opera. She attended his opening this season, wearing her first evening dress.

Not long ago a friend telephoned Crooks at his apartment, telling him how much he had regretted not being able to attend the opera that night.

"Then I'll sing it for you," cried the tenor, and sang the principal aria. His

friend, spellbound, hung on to the receiver, while the charges mounted up.

One night this season Crooks dropped into a little restaurant near his apartment for an Italian supper.

"Signor!" cried the waiter almost in tears. "I have saved my tips to hear you, and the manager, he would not let me off. I am sad, my friend, because I may not hear *La Traviata* again this year."

"You shall hear it now," cried Crooks, and arose, without introduction or accompaniment, and sang the leading aria. When Crooks had finished, he took ten bows from the waiter, the manager, two taxi-drivers, and an Italian importer.

This spendthrift of song gives his managers some bad moments, but he has given other people—like Nancy Council—the thrill of their lifetime.

For several years, from among the thousands of his fan letters, Richard Crooks plucked a little letter every few weeks. He had never seen the writer; in fact, he knew virtually nothing about her. Nancy Council always wrote about music . . . suggestions, criticisms, all of them extraordinarily good. And Crooks always wrote a note of thanks in reply.

When he went to Berkeley, Calif., to sing in concert, he remembered that it was her home, and he looked her up. Her mother, on the telephone, said that Nancy would be at the concert . . . the doctor was permitting her to go. Doctor? Well, yes, Nancy was an invalid, strapped to a board. Her spine had been injured in infancy. She would be carried to the hall.

But before the concert the mother called again. Nancy could not hear the concert. She had been so excited at the prospect that the doctor had forbidden it.

Mr. Crooks immediately telephoned a piano dealer to send a grand piano to Nancy's house at once. He arrived while the truckmen were carrying it in.

Nancy, a lovely child in her teens, stared at him incredulously. "I can't believe you've come," she said. "I can't believe it. It's too wonderful."

Mildred played for two hours, and Richard Crooks sang his entire concert. Color came to the child's cheeks. Time came for his concert downtown, but Richard Crooks sang on. His manager was desperate. He ran down every clue in the hope of finding his erring tenor. But when at last he found Crooks singing by the bedside of Nancy Council, he did not interrupt. He returned to the hall and said merely that Richard Crooks was singing to a sick child. When Crooks arrived at last, two hours late, the crowd stood up, without applauding. . . .

IF I were to sum up the character of Richard Crooks in one word, it would be "Generosity." He not only gives his voice to "anybody, anywhere." He gives it to any kind of music that seems beautiful to him. I asked him once to tell me his favorite songs and favorite roles in opera.

"I haven't any," he said. "If I am given a part in some great opera I think I do not like, I assume that I am at fault, that I do not understand the part. It is my duty to study it. And when I study a part which other men have appeared in to their credit, I always find I like it. I think I have no preferences."

When Crooks was preparing for his appearance in *Manon*, he went to Paris and

studied the locale of the opera, steeping himself in the atmosphere.

Where his friends are concerned, Mrs. Crooks told me, he is generous to a fault. He lends them hundreds of dollars and never asks for a note. But in business matters he is what Americans call cagey. He drives a sharp bargain.

Although he has given his voice freely, he has profited by it. Since he was twenty-one years old he has been making phonograph records, and they have sold in virtually every country of the world. Not long ago, tuning in on a short wave set, he picked up a station in Poland in time to hear an announcement in English: "A waltz dis by Ri-kard Crew-kees."

WHILE the voice of Richard Crooks has ever been like water from a fountain, he has worked intensely to broaden the fountainhead of his song. He has learned French, Russian, German, and Italian

One day when I called on him, he was sitting at a typewriter knocking out line after line of what I thought was verse.

"I'm learning some songs," he said cheerily. "One hundred and forty of them for my Australian tour this coming summer. The easiest way to learn them is to type them seven times each."

As I talked with him, I discovered that he had spent the morning rehearsing a radio program and most of the afternoon rehearsing an opera at the Metropolitan. And that night he was to go on the air in a national radio hookup. He has prodigious powers. He looked as fresh, as he worked on his 140 songs, as a morning schoolboy.

But as he works Mildred is at his side. She has not been his professional accompanist for several years. He and the children require too much attention. But she accompanies him at any hour of the day or night when the mood moves him to sing. During the operatic season, she cooks all his meals. While he is too healthy to need a throat specialist, he is careful of his diet. He is a large man and his singing makes tremendous demands upon his energy

They always go to the opera together, she with a thermos bottle of bouillon to serve him between acts, he with his roll of music. She sits in the audience and reports on his voice after each curtain.

A few years ago, after Richard Crooks made his famous debut at the Metropolitan, he and his wife talked things over one night. They had seen many marriages wrecked around them. Sometimes it seemed to them that fame was a breaker of homes. Would their marriage fail, too?

"You know what I'm going to do?" he said suddenly. "I'm going to buy a wilderness, far away from fame, fortune, people, and everything. We'll go there three months of every year, just you and I and the children. We'll live there together, simply and naturally, just as if we all were children again. How about it?"

The wilderness is in New Brunswick, Canada—a mile of river front. The nearest neighbor is twenty-eight miles away. The forest is full of game; the water teems with fish. And there, every summer, Richard Crooks sings to the hills, the sky, and the water, the children laugh and run, and Mrs. Crooks cooks the meals over a crude fireplace. Solitude and simplicity have been their solution of the marriage problem—and it has worked, gloriously.

But this summer, the Crookses cannot

go to New Brunswick. The whole family is packing up and going along to Australia with Father.

While America in the last fifteen years has created a native musical culture, there is still a feeling among many men, which I hear expressed as I travel over the land, that a great tenor cannot be completely a man. I think it is a hang-over from pioneer America, when chopping trees and shooting game were more important, of course, than high C's. But Richard Crooks, with his brawn and his courage, should set any man right about the matter.

Last year, at their refuge in New Brunswick, Mr. and Mrs. Crooks and their son went for a long canoe trip on the river that flows past their cabin. Far upstream, they went ashore and tramped a while through the forest, turning back at dusk, intending to float home under the stars.

Suddenly Mrs. Crooks screamed. There, looming in the shadows, stood two huge brown bears, reared on their hind legs for attack. Richard Crooks knew at once that they were very dangerous, because two cubs cowered in the background. He was unarmed; a club would have been of no avail against those monsters. The three of them started back; the bears had cut off their approach to their canoe. But the bears advanced upon them.

And then Crooks turned and advanced upon the bears. The great tenor voice which had thrilled thousands the world over was released in a reverberant whoop. The bears dropped to their four feet and cowered back, while Crooks edged forward a foot. Again he yelled—high C, a splendid note. The bears retreated again. For almost an hour, Richard Crooks advanced, foot by foot, fighting the bears with his voice, until at last, unable to make up their minds to attack, the bears fled.

"What a man!" murmured Mrs. Crooks.

FOR many years at the Metropolitan Opera House, a "little boss," head of a sort of esthetic Maffia, sold bows and encores to singers, young and old. He had no connection with the house, but he was in a position to fill the standing room with his retainers, who could control the applause of the audience. It was said until last year that this so-called "claque" could make or break an artist. So Richard Crooks had heard, too. But when he made his debut he did not barter with the group at all. He would rise or fall on his own merits.

His reception was one of the greatest and most tumultuous in the history of the opera, much to the chagrin of the claque. As his fame increased, his earnings increased tremendously, but the "little boss" and his retainers weren't getting a dime. Several times, speaking esthetically again, they put him on the spot.

"You pay for your applause," he was told. "If you don't, we will hiss you off the stage."

Many an artist less sure of himself than Crooks would have capitulated. But Crooks, free-born American singer, accepted the challenge with cold contempt.

"Hiss!" he said.

But that night when he sang, fully expecting a condemnation like the rush of steam, the house thundered with applause. Even the claque, faithful at least to their old-world love of song, forgot their cue and beat their palms in acclamation.

The Real Public Enemy No. 1

(*Continued from page 17*)

muzzle of a gun. That same dark, mysterious brilliance was in the eyes of each of her four sons. Perhaps it spelled fierceness, for Kate Barker was a fierce woman, in crime and in her affections. That fierceness took her and her boys to extreme depths for which she blamed everyone except the true transgressor—herself.

The neighborhood knew her children first as rowdy youngsters, window breakers, and petty pilferers. Complaints to the father brought the information that "they'd have to talk to Mother—she handled the boys." Recourse to Kate Barker resulted in tirades against their accusers. Then Herman, the oldest, was picked up for petty theft.

Kate Barker stormed down to the police station. She made up the amount of the pilfering but admitted no wrong on the part of her child. She pursued the same course with her other sons as they, in turn, got into trouble. Once freed through her efforts, the boys received a bitter tongue-lashing, not for breaking the law, but for getting caught at it. She would ask them why they had answered questions when they were picked up by the police. The person who talked always lost—say nothing and lose nothing. That was Ma Barker's advice. She upbraided them for displaying the articles they had stolen, for bragging to other boys, for spending money they had gotten illegally before the theft had been forgotten. Then on Sunday she would lug them off to church, her dark, blazing eyes defying anyone to insinuate that her brood was not of the best.

George Barker told the story of his family in a few sentences last January. The first blizzard of the winter was blowing. At a filling station in northern Missouri, a short, almost wispish, white-haired handy man of sixty-nine was laboriously sweeping the snow off an automobile. His was the tired voice of a man who had known much suffering.

"She'd pack up those boys and take them to Sunday school every Sunday," he said. "I don't know just why. Because when I'd try to straighten them up she'd fly into me."

George Barker loved those sons. Bent against the slanting bite of the storm, he talked wistfully of the days when he had tried his own methods of reform—to interest them in clean pursuits: the fun of tramping across country in search of rabbits, of hunting for squirrels.

"But that was when they were good boys," he concluded hopelessly. For him, it was all in the past; two boys in prison, two others and their mother dead as the result of lawlessness.

BY 1910 every one of the four sons had been accused of breaking some state law. It was not until 1934, however, that the F. B. I. received information that the gang had broken laws under its jurisdiction. In every instance of those state offenses the procedure of Mother Barker, as she had now become known, was exactly the same: First, argument; then storming denunciation of what she complained was a studied campaign of persecution. Hers were good boys, she insisted; the best in town. Failing in this tirade, she would weaken, and beg for clemency. She could weep with the ease of a movie star and much more convincingly. Failing in everything else, she would turn to the prosecuting witness and reach into her poor purse to indemnify the losses, and finally either avoid or materially weaken prosecution.

Home again with her guilty offspring there would be bitter upbraiding for the clumsiness of flight which had led to their capture. Without realizing it, she was teaching herself as well as her sons, and learning the lessons which were to make her the most ruthless and daring criminal leader of her time. Not once, apparently, did it enter her head to punish her boys for wrongdoing. Laws counted little against her belief that they could do no wrong.

Finally Herman, the oldest, was picked up by the police of Joplin, five miles from Webb City, questioned about a highway robbery, and released. Mother Barker raged.

"We'll move out of this town!" she announced, and shortly afterward made good her determination. The brood went along as a matter of course; George Barker, however, followed reluctantly. Life for him was rapidly becoming more unhappy.

They moved to the oil town of Tulsa, Okla., where George worked at odd jobs and where the boys soon met the police. That is, all but Herman. He had gone forth into the world, taking at various times a dozen aliases. Kate Barker followed him with letters of advice, letters sometimes addressed to him as a prisoner and sometimes as a fugitive from the police.

Meanwhile, Kate Barker placed the other boys in what is now the Washington School in Tulsa, but they re-educated themselves in the company of the Central Park Gang, a crew of youngsters who played about the park in the daytimes and early evenings, then went forth to night robberies. Here were vicious criminals in the making; a half-dozen of these boys later became notorious in Midwestern outlawry. The Barker house was their meet-

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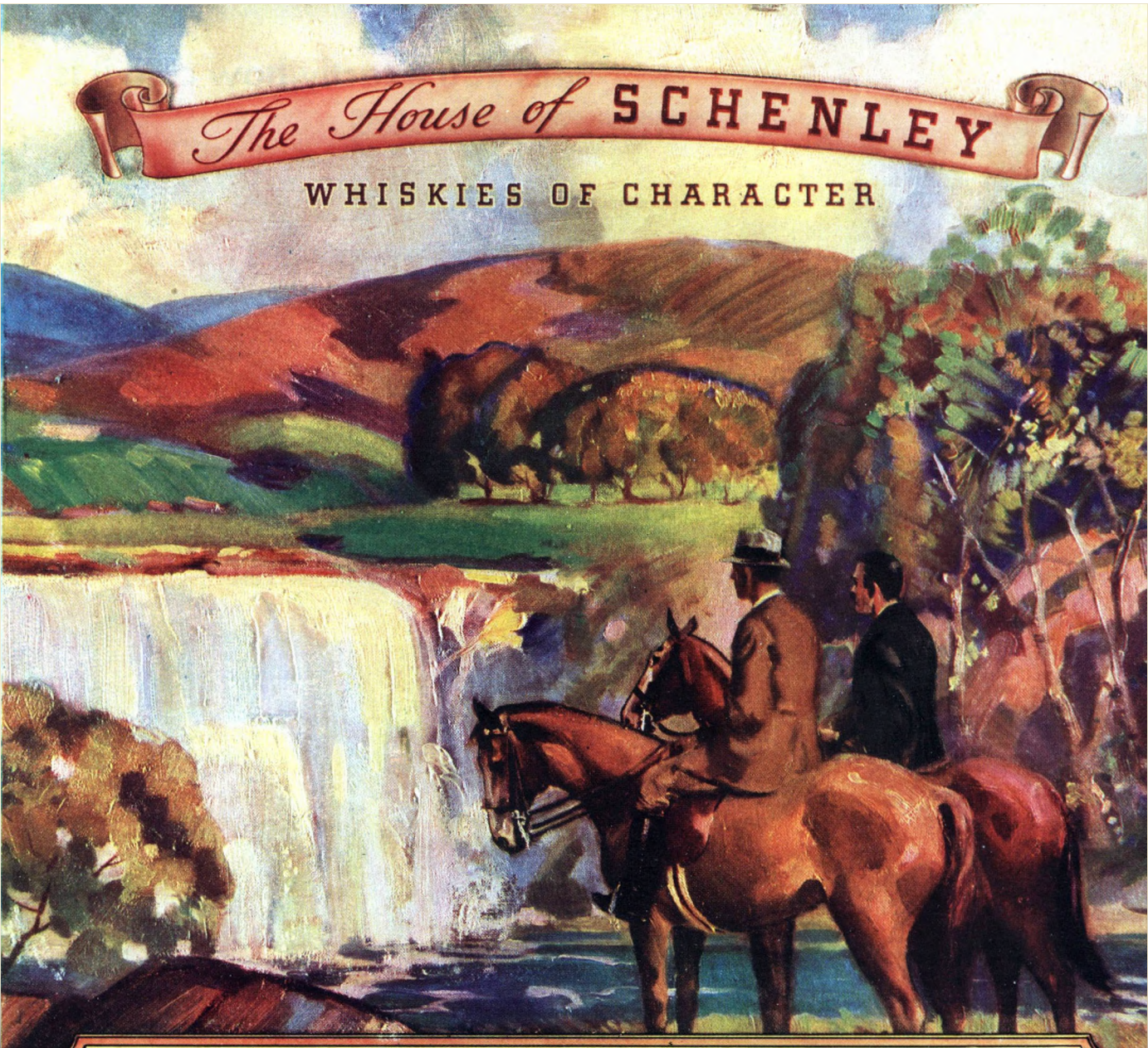

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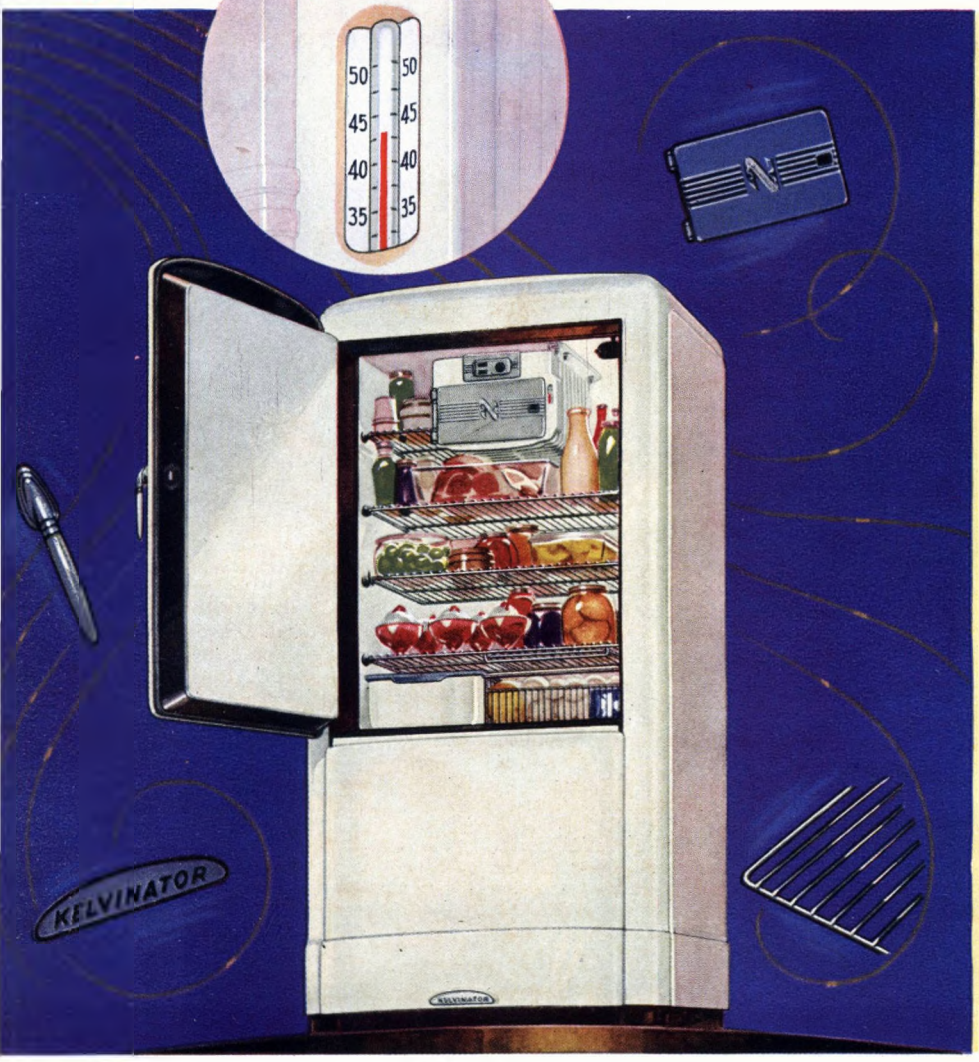

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ing place. There they could talk of crime, while Mother Barker, slowly growing fat and dumpy, sat and listened, offering here and there canny suggestions on ways to outwit the law, and George Barker's remonstrances counted for nothing.

"Ma" Barker wasn't always highly ethical in her advice to the neighborhood boys. For example, once when a Central Park "playmate" was arrested with one of her sons for a serious offense, she went to this companion and instructed him what to say when he reached court.

"If you'll tell the same story my boy tells," Kate Barker insisted craftily, "it'll be sure to get you loose. Otherwise, you might be convicted."

So the lad told the same story as young Barker. It mitigated the Barker boy's offense, true, but it convicted the other one of a crime which he later insisted he did not commit

Herb Farmer, of Webb City and Joplin, an old playmate of the four sons, went to prison on a serious charge. On his release he resumed the old friendship, introducing pals he had met in prison. Ma Barker met them all and from them absorbed new phases of technique, new hatred of law enforcement.

Finally the word passed from crook to crook that there was a place in Tulsa where a criminal could get not only protection, but shrewd advice. George Barker, unable to reconcile his sense of right and the life of his family, gave up his family and went away. Ma grew fatter, shrewder—and prospered.

Criminals from a dozen penitentiaries sought her out. If a criminal needed a new partner for a job Ma Barker could put him in touch with the best man available. Only two things were lacking at "Ma's"—liquor and women. A man was a fool to drink, she said, and she'd better not catch her sons at it. Likewise, he was a fool to run around with women; sooner or later they'd put the law on him. Loot, other than explainable cash, was not allowed on the premises. Meanwhile, her boys took part in robbery after robbery, in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and Oklahoma.

ARTHUR was caught in 1918 for the theft of a government-owned automobile. He escaped, was caught again, broke jail, and finally, in 1928, was sent to Oklahoma State Penitentiary on a life sentence for the murder of a night watchman during a hospital robbery. Ma Barker pleaded, wept, stormed, begged, and offered money. She spent thousands of dollars for attorneys' fees and other expenses in determined efforts at parole.

Freddie likewise had tripped—first for vagrancy, then for bank robbery, burglary, and assault with intent to kill. He was wounded by Kansas City police, but escaped. He forfeited bond after bond—money raised, incidentally, through the efforts of his indefatigable mother. Finally he was captured and sent to Kansas State Penitentiary.

Meanwhile, "Ma" lived in comparative luxury. To feel money stream through her fingers, to know it could buy whatever she desired, to order extravagantly—all these were great solaces to Ma Barker. She demanded increasingly heavy fees for the hiding of a convict or for her counsel in a major job of lawbreaking.

Lloyd was sent to federal prison for robbery of the United States mails; she fought for his freedom until all hope of acquittal was gone, then immediately began a campaign for parole. She was still at it, writing doleful "mother" letters to prison authorities on how badly needed her boy was by his poverty-stricken parent only a short time before she, herself, was killed, a bullet-heated machine gun in her aged hands.

However, in all her life Ma Barker was not once arrested. She was officially charged with only one crime, in spite of later revelations that she collaborated in them by the score.

WHILE Lloyd was in Leavenworth Prison on a twenty-five-year sentence, Arthur serving a life sentence in Oklahoma, and Fred doing five to ten years in Kansas, Ma Barker moved from one to the other, weeping before officials, writing piteous letters to those who might intervene for a parole. Meanwhile she shielded and protected Herman, who, with a bandit named Ray Terrill, was preparing a new foray into crime. A criminal genius, Terrill had invented a different type of bank robbery. He simply backed up a truck and winch to a small bank, stole the movable safe, carted it away, and cracked it at his leisure.

They attempted a bank robbery in Missouri and were caught, Herman being shot. Both escaped, and made surreptitious trips to see "Ma," who was alone now, except for the occasional company of an old billposter named Arthur Dunlop.

Then, one night in 1927, J. E. Marshall, a traffic officer, of Newton, Kans., was killed while seeking bandits who had held up an ice station. Witnesses said that Herman had done the fatal shooting. Ma Barker, down in Tulsa, screamed it was a lie. Herman's body was found the next day, in a weed patch on the outskirts of Wichita. Officially he is listed as a suicide, but possibly he died as the result of a wound received in the battle with Marshall.

Death brought Ma and George Barker together once again, to stand beside an open grave in a weed-strewn little cemetery near Welch, Okla. Then, with the earth mounded, they parted, the husband to return to the only life he cared to know, the straight one; the wife to her criminality.

It was nearly four years later that Fred was released from the Kansas State prison. In these years, with her three younger boys behind bars, Ma extended her acquaintance in the underworld; became even more cunning, more stern, and more calculating.

Fred, now thirty-two and with a jail term, a prison term, a reformatory term, and a score of jumped bonds behind him, brought home with him a young man named Alvin Karpis. "Ma" established for them a hide-out near Thayer, Mo., from which she felt they could work with impunity. She quickly took Alvin Karpis into her queer, fierce range of affections.

For a time, from her point of view, things went along well. Then the boys disregarded her instructions and drove a car which had been used in a store robbery in West Plains, Mo., to a public garage for repairs. The sheriff approached to question them and was killed.

"Ma" and her boys fled to South St. Paul, Minn., where she rented an apartment, establishing contact with some of the most desperate outlaws in that section, and planned a series of bank robberies.

The neighborhood was a good one and no one seemed to suspect the round little old woman who lived quietly with her sons. Ma Barker was an actress. She appeared to most people to be a demure, friendly, smiling person. Throughout her life she frequently took advantage of reputable people whom she met, in obtaining letters of reference. She used such references in renting hideaways among respectable people in many different cities and states. "Gordon" and "Anderson" were two of the many names she used.

Thus the old woman, with an air of age and respectability, led the way. The rest of the gang followed when she gave the word that the surroundings were free of suspicion. Once she was planted, a series of robberies would be planned and executed.

Sometimes, as far as 500 miles from the place of hide-out, a bank would be robbed; and although at the time the authorities didn't realize it, it usually happened shortly after a pleasant little oldish-appearing woman had been in town.

"Ma" was an expert at what is known in the underworld as "casing the joint." "A nice little old woman," she found it easy to enter banks, ask questions, and obtain assistance in such matters as the changing of a small bill. Her eyes were keen and her ears were sharp. Nothing was left unnoted. When, after "casing the joint," she went back to her boys, she knew the peak hours of its business, something of the amount of cash kept on hand, the method of police protection, the average number of people in the bank and on the street outside. There were even instances in which her "boys" were provided with photographs of the scene of the proposed crime, complete even to the policeman on the corner.

PERHAPS "Ma's" twisted, criminal mind showed itself best in her plans for the escape after the commission of the crime. Her "getaway charts" were amazing in their minute attention to detail. These were routed with the identical car later to be used in the robbery. "Ma" would have one of the "boys" drive her over the route selected for the escape. With one eye on the speedometer, she would mark down in code every turn and twist of the road, every obstruction, every dangerous curve, every congested section, and every place where it was possible to take a side road and thus enhance the chances of defeating pursuit. Speeds were recorded, with the result that the bandits frequently knew more than their pursuers about road conditions.

By actual test, for example, "Ma" determined the maximum speed at which a curve might be taken in safety. Thus there are several instances in which her "boys" took a curve at the exact top safe speed limit, while the posse, traveling at higher speed, piled up in the ditch. Nor did "Ma" stop there. She made her road tests in wet weather and in dry, to be ready for any emergency at the time of the actual flight.

Of course, Ma Barker never went out on the actual robberies. The "getaway chart" was sent along to the holdup to be read to the driver. But this was not until after she had conducted several rehearsals and was sure that every gangster knew his part and had drawn from her expert knowledge every possible suggestion.

With a smoothing of her hair and a

clearing of her throat she would say, "In this place you'll get along better with machine guns. Flash them the minute you step into the bank. Remember, it's close quarters. You can cover everybody easily. If you've got no more questions you can go now. And don't let me hear of any of you slipping!"

Sometimes Fred or Alvin Karpis would drive; sometimes another trusted member of the gang. The speedometer would be set at zero at the bank, as it had been in the rehearsals. Then after the holdup one of the bandits seated alongside the driver would read the chart:

"One and one-tenth miles. Turn right at white church. 60 miles an hour. Two and two tenths; a bad crossing just ahead. Slow down to 30 and be ready if necessary to swing through alleyway 40 feet this side of crossing."

By such methods the gang robbed and plundered throughout the North and Midwest, killing at random. Ma Barker took a goodly cut of the proceeds, a large part of which she spent trying to effect the release of her son Arthur from the Oklahoma Penitentiary. The rest she lavished on Arthur Dunlop, the billposter, who was now a part of the household and whom she dominated just as she had her husband.

Then one day the son of the landlady of their South St. Paul apartment noticed the pictures of Alvin Karpis and Fred Barker in a detective magazine as being wanted for murder. He told the police, but "Ma's" suspicions had been aroused, and when they arrived she and her "boys" had fled to Kansas City, where they lived in an apartment in a fashionable section under the name of Hunter. Dunlop had ceased forever his hanger-on connection with criminality. Ma Barker and "the boys" had blamed him for that tip-off to the police, and his body had been found the next morning on the shore of a Minnesota lake, pierced by three bullets. Not far away was a woman's bloodstained glove.

DURING all this time, it must be understood, the Federal Bureau of Investigation held no charges against Ma Barker or any of her brood. It knew them well, however, just as it knows hundreds of other arch criminals with whom it is powerless to interfere because they have confined themselves wholly to state offenses, thus obviating pursuit or prosecution by federal authorities. However, some of their associates, wanted for federal offenses, were pursued by the F. B. I. In our efforts to capture these men it was natural that all possible data about every criminal with whom they associated should be catalogued.

A bank in Fort Scott, Kans., was robbed and one of the gang captured. "Ma," wanting to save him from prison, hired an attorney. The attorney did not do his work to please the gang. He received a call to meet "the boys" at a golf club near Tulsa, Okla. He kept the appointment, which was with death. There is evidence that he was murdered by Fred and Alvin.

"Ma" took her brood back to St. Paul, still endeavoring to gain freedom for Arthur and for Lloyd. Efforts for the latter were unsuccessful, but Arthur was released from the Oklahoma state prison and joined "Ma" and the "boys."

About this time "Ma" decided that bank robbery was petty stuff. She knew everybody of importance in crime—criminals, politicians, and hide-out owners. Her graying hair dyed dark red, her clothing fashionable if ill-fitting, she ranged through the Midwest like a tempestuous, whim-struck queen, storming at the slightest disobedience of her rulings. Her old objections to women caused her now to indulge in a dozen forms of intrigue against the "molls" whom various members of the gang insisted on having about them. She retailed gossip, causing constant friction.

As her ambition grew, demanding bigger, more lucrative forms of lawlessness, she wanted no rivals either for the affection or the allegiance of her "boys."

A KIDNAPPING flashed across the pages of the newspapers and "Ma" took her cue. Soon afterward the nation learned that Edward G. Bremer, of St. Paul, had been kidnapped, finally to be released on the payment of $200,000 ransom.

"Ma" was the hub of the Bremer kidnapping. The various members of the band moved here and there about the country during the sending of ransom notes and the quick trips to and from the kidnap hide-out, but they all reported to her. She kept each in touch with the other; she advised, directed, and counseled.

Home at last, Mr. Bremer told about the refueling of bandit cars while he was being returned from the hide-out to the spot of his release in Rochester, Minn. Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation discovered four gasoline cans, upon one of which was a fingerprint. The F. B. I. found it to be that of Alvin Karpis. For the first time Ma Barker and her brood had come within federal jurisdiction.

The federal forces went to work. The changers of ransom money were tracked

down and arrested. One by one, more than a score of persons associated with the gang were caught. But Ma and Fred and Arthur and Alvin Karpis remained free.

All the incidental information about this gang and its consorts was brought from the files. Here and there lines of action were delineated through hide-outs of other gangs frequented by members of Ma Barker's crowd. The chase for John Dillinger and Baby Face Nelson had brought the Barker names into reports; and yielded clues. Slowly, patiently, and persistently, they were followed down.

Meanwhile, the gang was desperate. George Zeigler, one of its members, slowly becoming insane, had become talkative. He met the fate of old Dunlop and the attorney. Four shotguns blazed one morning in a Chicago suburb and he slumped to the pavement. Just who fired these guns has never been determined. However, there are reasons to believe that "Ma" ordered his execution. She didn't like persons who talked. At last, following a year of effort, the tightening search of the F. B. I. led to Chicago, to the capture of Arthur Barker, the killing of Russell Gibson, a member of the gang, and the arrest of another associate named Byron Bolton. Letters were found. There was a map, with a ring around the region of Ocala, Fla.

Arthur held firm to the teachings of his mother—"Never talk and you'll never get in trouble." But that map told much, plus the letters and certain statements which had been gathered from time to time. A chartered airplane zoomed out of Chicago, bearing guns, ammunition, and members of what is known as the Special Squad, a group of picked men of the F. B. I. assigned to such cases.

They found their objective to be a luxuriously furnished, expensively built establishment on the shores of Lake Weir, near Oklawaha, Fla. "Ma" and Fred were there Fred was known as J. E. Blackburn and now and then did a little hunting. It was different hunting, however, from that of the old days when his father had led the boys over hill and dale in Missouri. Here most of his time was spent in an automobile, equipped with a short-wave radio set, listening for the police broadcasts which might warn him of approaching capture.

The beautiful white house in which he lived with his ever-watchful mother was an arsenal. In it were two machine guns with fifty- and hundred-shot drums, two shotguns, three automatic pistols, cartons of ammunition, a rifle, and five bullet-proof vests.

IN THE darkness of night the Special Squad surrounded the place. Long hours passed. The special agents were moved into position—five to guard the highway and prevent accidents to passers-by, eight to surround the house. Then, in the drip of a dewy dawn, the special agent in charge stepped into the open.

"Fred!" he shouted. "Ma Barker! We are officers of the United States Department of Justice!"

There was no answer. The special agent went on: "We want you to come out, one at a time. You will not be injured."

There was still no answer. Again the special agent called, "Unless you come out, we'll have to use tear gas to force you out!"

Silence. Then special agents began to call from every side, reiterating the fact that the place was surrounded. At last Ma Barker answered; the tone was firm, cold: "All right; go ahead."

The officers believed she was telling Fred to surrender. Still in the open, not thirty yards from the house, the special agent in charge again shouted, "All right; you won't be hurt. Come out one at a time. You first, Fred."

The answer was a burst of machine-gun fire from Ma Barker, at an upstairs window. Then a rifle was fired by Fred from downstairs. The agent in charge was surrounded by whipping dust, raised by the bullets of the machine gun. But he reached cover, miraculously escaping at least thirty-five shots aimed at him by the woman.

Then the battle truly began, lull and burst, flaring flame followed by silence. But there was no surrender in the heart of Ma Barker or that of her dominated son. The bursts of flame continued. At last, the special agents figured distances from the windows, and approximate places at which the mother and son had concealed themselves. They began to shoot through the walls of the house at these points. After a time there was no answering fire.

THEY entered the house. On the floor of an upstairs bedroom lay Fred Barker and the grim old woman who had so long defied the law. Empty machine-gun drums were scattered about. Fred's gun was still in his clutched hands. Ma Barker's gun, with forty shots gone from a hundred-shot drum, lay across her body. Fred had been pierced by eleven bullets, Ma Barker by three. One had gone through her heart. In her pocketbook was found $10,200 in bills of large denominations.

As soon as he was able to scrape together the necessary money, George Barker, the forgotten father, sent for his wife and son. They were buried in the unkept, weed-strewn cemetery near Welch, Okla., beside the grave which contained all that remained of Herman Barker.

After it all was over, a tired, frail old man went back to his job as handy man around a filling station, there to attempt forgetfulness. Today he never talks of "the boys" except as children. He makes no mention of Lloyd, still in Leavenworth, of Arthur, sentenced to life imprisonment for the Bremer kidnapping, or of Alvin Karpis and Harry Campbell, two of the most hotly hunted men in America. He tries to remember only those days when, gun in hand, he led the youngsters over rolling meadow or through leafy woods.

"They were good boys then," he says.

NEXT MONTH—*J. Edgar Hoover tells of another of the famous cases of the G-men. It is the story of one of the most sinister figures in all criminal history—a gang doctor. Just as he has traced here the career of "Ma" Barker, he will show how this cultured, gentlemanly surgeon slipped almost imperceptibly into a life of crime and became the companion and indispensable aid of a host of notorious public enemies.*

feast in the East

(*Continued from page 62*)

indeed, is one of those clubs where "few die and none resign."

In Jersey, at the Gun Club, the presiding genius is Dr. Charles Browne, A.B., A.M., M.D.; one-time member of Congress, sometime Mayor of Princeton, "and some other things, but primarily interested in cookery." I had the pleasure of visiting the Gun Club with him and discoursing long upon food, upon which he talks as justly and entertainingly as any man I know.

He cooks over a wide range, from the simplest dishes to the most delicate omelet. He has even written an excellent gun club cookbook. Consequently it's not easy to choose a recipe from among his skills.

I suggest the corned beef hash*—a dish to which justice is seldom done and which, as Dr. Browne prepares it, ranks among the great American dishes. There is also an excellent modification of his recipe to be used with canned corned beef hash.

Some of the finest New Jersey cooking is to be found in the Quaker neighborhoods east of Philadelphia. Here, in the quiet villages which reminded us of old steel engravings, we tasted such Quaker stand-bys as pear-chips, cinnamon buns, raspberry vinegar, sauce made from cranberries fresh from the bogs, and lemon butter.

Best of all, for picnics and teas, is the lemon butter,* the secret of which was given us by Ruth and Marion Bonner, schoolteachers of Quaker ancestry, who now live in Kutztown, Pa.

IT'S hard to assign any native dish to Delaware. The northern section draws from the Pennsylvania Dutch and the Quakers; the southern part is practically a part of the Eastern Sho' of Maryland. But we cruised around, nevertheless. And we learned two things: that the taverns of Delaware serve a famous snapper soup,* free, once a week; and that Wilmington has an oyster house whither the most eminent lawyers of America repair.

Partly because Delaware has such obliging corporation laws, partly because of the Du Pont family, this state is a happy hunting ground for lawyers. At mid-day you will find most of them, from the hustling young business-getter to the ancient, white-haired, and scholarly advocate, happily gathered in the small, whitewashed brick shack owned and operated by Mr. Hugh McCaffrey.

Mr. McCaffrey is a walking (or sitting) lecture on the virtues of simplicity. He sells oysters. Only oysters. Raw, panned, fried, and stewed. From October to April. Then he shuts up and goes off to live happily in a castle by the sea. Such are the rewards of doing one thing well.

And so southward. . . . But hold! We had almost forgotten New York, the Empire State. Certainly, we must mention it here, but what can we say?

A city of seven million, and counties with six million more.

A town where, for a price, you can eat all around the clock and all around the world. Where there are markets of all nations, and you can buy mangoes, mussels, squid, yedhost, bird's-nest soup, lingenberries, shark's fin, venison, stone crab, and Bombay duck (which isn't duck at all).

It's the only place I know where I can get, at their best, broiled soft Guilford clams; sheesh kabab; blini with caviar and sour cream; corned beef and cabbage; lentil soup; Wurzburger on tap; and breast of guinea hen with raisins and almonds.

Outside the city, northward, are the peach pies* and ole koeks* (little round, raised doughnuts concealing brandied fruit) of the early Dutch patroons; the admirable wines (just now again coming to flower) of the Finger Lakes section; and in general the lavish kitchens of the region which bred up the Roosevelt family.

OF ALL the upstate cooks, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Krebs are the admitted leaders. I heard about them in Baltimore as early as 1913. Their fame has grown, and in the last few months we have received mouth-watering letters about "Krebs, in Skaneateles" from many of the forty-eight states.

Mr. and Mrs. Krebs started serving Sunday dinners in 1899. Their place grew steadily. Now, without advertising, they serve 1,000 to 1,400 a day. They could expand, but they are afraid they will lose the personal touch. Mr. and Mrs. Krebs spend most of their time in the kitchen.

Grace and I visited there. We have no recipes to give. The fame of the Krebses is not based on special dishes. It is merely the best food, cooked the right length of time, precisely seasoned, served on hot plates fresh from the stove, and lots of it. Don't go there with a canary appetite.

The name of Maryland is renowned for cookery, as attested by the menus, all over the country, which take this name in vain. We read, hopefully, of "Chicken à la Maryland," "Crabmeat Maryland," and "Terrapin Maryland." But it doesn't mean anything. More often than not the flavor of the terrapin, if it *is* terrapin, is heavily masked in cream, eggs, and flour; the crab is disguised beyond recognition with grated rat cheese and condiments; and the chicken may be anything.

Even on their own soil, alas, these great dishes are sometimes betrayed.

I am a Marylander, yet I write of its delicacies with some misgivings. How can a man tell dispassionately of the food of his own home, of his boyhood? There are too many memories.

The barrel of oysters on the back porch, the barrel of pippins in the airshaft, and sweet-wailing colored hucksters who brought the fairest fruits right to your door.

In summer the soft-shell crabs, rustling gently in their bed of cool, wet grass. . . . The dinners at Uncle Holly's, where fifteen or twenty sat down to table every day, and my uncle, himself, stood guard to see that the corn was not picked until the pot was boiling to receive it.

And the time when my father and Harvey McCay, after twenty years of play, won the last leg and possession of the Atlantic Whist Cup, and Harvey agreed to buy me all the raw oysters I could eat at the Rennert raw bar. I was fifteen. I ate seven dozen, then went upstairs for lunch. . . . (Grace has been looking over my shoulder. "A good story," she says, "and I hope this is the *last* time you tell it.")

THAT noble amphibian, the Chesapeake diamondback terrapin, is probably the most famous of all Maryland dishes. Some Baltimore families, and a couple of the clubs, serve it well, but the place to find it at its best is in its habitat, the Eastern Shore. Here we were lucky enough to be invited to a terrapin feast by a man who, former Governor Albert C. Ritchie told me, has about the best terrapin there is. Our host, fearing lest some other terrapin fanatic kidnap his cook, prefers to remain nameless, so I will call him Mr. Calvert.

We breakfasted lightly at Baltimore this Sunday morning and drove southward to our host's pillared mansion. The other guests were already gathering, and a bowl of cold apple toddy was brought in—rather tart for appetite's sake.

We talked of terrapin (Marylanders pronounce the "e" like the "a" in Harry); of the colonial days when it was so plentiful that the slave indentures used to provide that the slaves should not be fed it more than twice a week; of its modern scarcity—with prices in New York at $3 to $5 a portion.

Then we all filed out to the kitchen to see the great bowl, filled with the meat of a dozen fine diamondbacks, already cooked, resting in its own jelly, and awaiting only the last heating and flavoring.

Mr. Calvert, wielding a ladle as though it were a gavel, gravely pronounced a eulogy. He spoke of the terrapin's intelligence, cleanliness, tenderness, and haunting delicacy of flavor. He excoriated those who would desecrate it with too many condiments and sauces.

Bella, the smiling colored cook, now took over, warming the stock, blending in the meat, adding the fresh country butter, the salt and cayenne. When nearly at the boil it was placed in a big chafing dish and brought to the table.

Nothing was served with it except Maryland beaten biscuits and dry sherry. Some Marylanders like a little sherry added to the terrapin, but the strict school, to which Mr. Calvert belongs, holds that the sherry (or Madeira) should be served on the side.

After the terrapin, a light salad of lettuce and grapefruit with French dressing, and a thin slice of Maryland country ham. That is all, and it is perfect. A dessert would be a profanation.

Though I no longer have the appetite I had in childhood's greedy hour, I continue through the years to enjoy the food at home in Baltimore as much as ever. My mother knows how to cook and, how to train a cook, and she has had with her now for fifteen years the invaluable Viola Brown.

Viola has skill, a kind heart, a nice sense of taste, and delights to please. In private life she is a leading spirit in her sect, The Saints of the Lord, Inc. She is politely and quietly puzzled by this gastronomic tour of

ours. As she commented, quite sensibly, to my mother:

"Mist' Beverly and Miss Grace sho'ly travels a long *ways* to eat."

Every day, ever since I can remember, my parents have had corn cakes for breakfast. Corn-meal-batter griddle cakes,* not over three inches in diameter, an eighth of an inch thick, lightly tender, served hot from the griddle to the plate, four at a time (which means about two mouthfuls).

The first couple of batches are eaten with half-melted butter, the next with sirup—brown sugar, maple, or fruit sirup. And on Sundays, always, with hot, savory, fine-chopped kidney stew,* cooked long and ripened overnight in its gravy.

Viola makes these cakes even better than my mother, but she can't tell *how*. So one morning Grace, my mother, and Viola went into the kitchen together and experimented persistently with them, by two methods (sweet milk and buttermilk).* My father and I and the cat, Paul (a great cake eater), were the beneficiaries of all this. The final verdict was that the buttermilk method is a shade better.

Viola also showed us how she makes crab lump*—the best I know for those who like the crab flavor without too many distractions.

Baltimoreans have a Thanksgiving Day idiosyncrasy: They serve sauerkraut with turkey. The idea is always greeted with alarm by outlanders—until they taste the combination. Pour a little of the turkey gravy on the sauerkraut.

Before leaving Maryland I must air an old grievance and give a warning. For years, outside the Chesapeake area, I've been ordering soft-shell crabs, and getting them swathed and bundled in batter.

Never, never, *never* dip soft crabs in batter. Dust them lightly with flour if you will, but cook them plain. Broil them or, better, sauté them in butter or bacon grease, or a combination of the two. Use the small or medium size. Serve tartare sauce with them if you like, but, for my part, I'll take just a wedge of lemon.

DINING with friends in Washington, D. C., we noticed, more than once, certain mysterious and tantalizing nuances in the omelets, stews, and salads. We made inquiry. "Just a touch of lemon balm," they would say blandly. Or, "The tarragon is probably what appeals to you."

The source, we discovered, was a beautiful and amazingly comprehensive herb garden in the grounds of the Washington Cathedral. It is maintained with skillful care by the ladies of All Hallows Guild. We went out to the little cottage in the Bishop's garden, where the air is ever aromatic from a kettle of herbs which steams on the hob, and the shelves are stocked with the greatest variety of herbs we have ever seen.

Anyone who has tried to use great-grandma's handwritten recipes and been balked on some of the best because they called for borage, lovage, or sweet marjoram —"fresh green leaves, not dried"—will rejoice to know of this garden. You can write the guild for what you want. They will even ship you the plants.

The guild has worked out many good recipes. We especially like the idea of basting broilers with a mixture of sweet marjoram, lemon balm, summer savory, lovage, basil, and thyme. A tablespoon of

these, mixed, is stirred into the juice of half a grapefruit. You start basting the chicken with this at the second basting, and continue until done. Salt, pepper, and butter are put on the broilers to begin with, and two tablespoons of water in the pan.

A friend of ours in Fairfax, Va., makes a superb lettuce salad with French-dressing base, and sweet marjoram, thyme, borage, and chives.*

There are two things to remember. The herbs should be cut extremely fine, preferably with a scissors; and most herb amateurs spoil their dishes by using too much of the herbs. Better to use too little than too much.

FROM a lieutenant commander, some months before, I had heard the fame of a certain naval cook, Chief Commissary Steward John C. Ladd.

So when we reached Norfolk I hastened out to the Naval Base, where Ladd is now stationed, to pay my respects. I found him pacing judicially beside a battery of gleaming, steam-jacketed caldrons—soup for 2,600 sailors. A man impressive in beam and displacement, he paced slowly, pausing now and again to sniff and sample. On his left arm were the gold stripes of twenty-eight years in the Navy.

I introduced myself, shook his great hand, and tried to talk. It was impossible. Each time I began a sentence, my speech was checked by the fragrance from the caldrons. A rich blending of the essences of ham, cloves, beans, cayenne, onion. I found myself gulping and inhaling.

Quickly divining my trouble, Chief Steward Ladd gave the nearest caldron a heaving stir with an oar, dipped in with a spoon, and silently extended it to me. One spoonful, two, half a dozen. Ladd, himself, sampled it a couple more times.

"Best white-bean soup I ever tasted in my life," I said.*

"The boys seem to like it," admitted Chief Steward Ladd. "It builds them up."

It built me up rapidly, and soon I was able to talk normally. We went to Ladd's office. And there, to my persistent urging, he unfolded his romantic story.

He was born on a farm in Kentucky. As the youngest of eight brothers, he began to help his mother in the kitchen as soon as he was old enough to shell peas. From the tales of a brother, who had served in the Navy, he formed an ambition to join, himself, when he grew up. But when he was fourteen there came the death of his parents. The boy wandered about, got a job peeling potatoes for a crew of wheat threshers and clover hullers in Maine. One day the regular cook got drunk, and the Kid from Kentucky took over with an easy mastery that clinched him the job.

Now it was easy. All he had to do was grow up to be seventeen and join the Navy. Which he did, quickly finding his way to the galley as a "striker," and then moving steadily up from fourth cook to chief commissary steward. He cooked in home stations and on distant seas; on bucking destroyers; on a battlewagon in the North Sea in war-time.

A naval officer who ought to know tells me that Ladd has probably contributed more than any other man to the improvements in Navy cooking in the last twenty-five years; that hundreds of his recipes have gone into the official Navy cookbook.

Chief Steward Ladd is happily married, The only thing he and his wife argue about is which is the better cook. She is unimpressed by his fame.

RECIPES

for one or more of the following dishes mentioned in Mr. Smith's article will be sent to you on request. Address RECIPES, *The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

- **Pennsylvania Dutch Chicken Corn Soup**
- **Mrs. Weaver's Bacon Dressing and Endive** *(Pennsylvania Dutch)*
- **Mrs. Kresge's Shoo-Fly Pie** *(Pennsylvania Dutch)*
- **Jackson Grange Potato Filling** *(Pennsylvania Dutch)*
- **Mrs. Kresge's Relishes: Heavenly Slaw, Pickled Mushrooms, Baked Pears** *(Pennsylvania)*
- **Pepper Pot** *(As served at The Rabbit, in Philadelphia)*
- **Hot Apple Toddy** *(As served at The Rabbit, in Philadelphia)*
- **Gun Club Corned Beef Hash** *(New Jersey)*
- **The Bonners' Lemon Butter** *(Pennsylvania)*
- **Old-fashioned Peach Pie** *(N. Y.)*
- **Dutch Ole Koeks** *(Upstate N. Y.)*
- **Delaware Snapper Soup** *(Delaware)*
- **Viola's Batter Cakes** *(Maryland)*
- **Viola's Crab Lumps** *(Maryland)*
- **Viola's Kidney Stew** *(Maryland)*
- **Lettuce with Sweet Herbs** *(As served in Virginia from a Wisconsin recipe)*
- **John Ladd's U. S. Navy Bean Soup** *(For eight people, or an entire lunch for four hungry boys)*
- **Mrs. Daniel Webster Sykes's Tipsy Cake or Tipsy Parson** *(Virginia)*
- **Virginia Hot Breads** *(Corn Dodgers, Scalded Batter Bread, Buttermilk Biscuits)*
- **Dunlora Fruitcake** *(As made for many generations in Virginia, and baked today at Farmington, Charlottesville)*
- **Bernard Chamberlain's Albemarle County Possum Gravy** *(Virginia)*

FROM Norfolk we made a pilgrimage to Smithfield, Va., the town of 1,200 people whose hams are famous throughout America and in Europe. Smithfield hams are not the monopoly of any company or individuals, but the name can be used, according to Virginia law, only for hams made of hogs from certain designated counties and cured within the corporate limits of Smithfield.

The hogs run lean during the summer, finding their own food, mostly acorns, in the woods. In October they are turned into the peanut fields, where a part of the crop has been left for their delectation. By November or December they are ready for a final ten days of corn.

Curing the hams is a long, slow, expensive, careful process. They lie long in salt, and are smoked for weeks. We spent an afternoon talking to venerable ham-curers (consecrated men) and, going through the smokehouses. At nightfall, repairing to the pleasant hostelry maintained by Mrs. Daniel Webster Sykes, we found a lavish reward in the thin, pink, flaky slices of the finished and perfectly cooked product.

Mrs. Sykes says that many cooks, and some of the leading chefs of the country, spoil Smithfields by trying to gild the lily. They add fancy spices. I agree with her. The plainest cooking of Smithfield ham is the best. It carries its own rare flavor.

We had gone to Mrs. Sykes for the ham, and finding two other notable dishes was just so much velvet. One was cracklin' bread. Cracklings are the juicy little scraps left over when lard is made at butchering time, and they are cooked in, crisp and tender, with the corn bread.

The other was a dessert which Mrs. Sykes calls tipsy cake or tipsy parson.* It is made of sponge cake, almonds, whipped cream, and a boiled custard stiffly laced with brandy. I have tasted similar desserts, but Mrs. Sykes's beats them all.

FROM Smithfield we cruised westward from the Tidewater up toward the Blue Ridge Mountains, sampling such favorite Virginia vegetables as string beans, simlins (or cymlings—tender little yellow squash), black-eyed peas, and fried tomatoes; such hot breads as corn dodgers,* corn pone, batter bread; and Virginia fried chicken (similar to the Maryland) with mush cakes.

The greatest of all these, to my mind, is batter bread,* and in no county is it better than in Albermarle, home of Thomas Jefferson and of the University of Virginia. And no breakfast can surpass the Albemarle favorite of batter bread, translucent fried apples, and a bit of Virginia ham or bacon.

Batter bread (some call it spoon bread) is brownly crisp on top, light, tender, wholesome, delicious, and so delicate and digestible that it is often served to invalids.

Grace, who never eats hot breads elsewhere, was immediately converted when she reached Virginia, and went in enthusiastically for dodgers and biscuits.* She says the secret is partly in the water-ground corn meal (in the corn breads), partly in the skillful use of clabber or sour milk, partly in the fact that the breads are cooked up in small batches and served hot from the stove at frequent intervals during the meal. The biscuits are hardly bigger than a 50-cent piece, and mostly crust.

Every Virginia family has a recipe for rich, dark fruitcake. The finest we found was at the Farmington Country Club, made from a recipe of Mrs. Esther Fishburne's that has been in her family for generations.* It has a great quantity of nuts and fruit, and just enough flour to hold it together.

Virginians serve fruitcake with eggnog at Christmas time. Too rich a combination? Perhaps, but it's a custom.

My own choice among Virginia drinks is the punch, for which they have a luxuriant and versatile genius. Almost every

county has its punch. When a Virginia gentleman goes into a creative trance and starts to compose a punch, time, trouble, and expense are no object, and all other business of the household is disrupted.

For my punch-maker I will choose Bernard Peyton Chamberlain, noted throughout Albemarle County for his possum gravy.*

Mr. Chamberlain was a noted athlete and high-jumper at the University of Virginia fifteen years ago, practices law in Charlottesville and has written a learned treatise on native wines.

Possum gravy is a drink for a flowing bowl beside a bonfire after a possum hunt. "The aim of the mixer of possum gravy," Mr. Chamberlain informed me, "is to prepare a drink which will assist in bringing a large number of persons into outbursts of song without at the same time causing them to lose to any appreciable extent their respective powers of locomotion."

A wise objective, and one which Chamberlain's art fulfills. . . .

And so, regretfully leaving Virginia, and heading farther southward for the last lap of our gastronomic tour, we toast you, sir, and you, madam, in a beaker of possum gravy.

★

If you live in the deep South and if you know of an exceptional cook in your neighborhood, send in the name to Mr. Smith in care of The American Magazine. *His concluding article will appear in an early issue.*

The BOGUS Buccaneer

(*Continued from page 37*)

received the false Don Pedro with all the ceremony due to the deputy of a representative of the Catholic King. He presented him to his dainty, timid, still youthful little wife, and kept him to dinner, which was spread in a cool white patio under the green shade of a trellis of vines, and served by liveried Negro slaves at the orders of a formal Spanish major-domo.

At table the tempestuousness aroused in Don Sebastian by his visitor's questions was maintained. It was true enough that the plate ships had been set upon by buccaneers. It transpired in the course of the tale that there was bullion aboard

those vessels to the value of 200,000 pieces of eight, to say nothing of pepper and spices worth almost the like amount.

"What a prize would not that have been for that incarnate devil, Captain Blood, and what a mercy of the Lord it was that the ships were able to escape!"

"Captain Blood?" said the visitor. "Is it certain, then, that this was his work?"

"Not a doubt of it. Let me lay hands on him, and I'll have the skin of his bones to make myself a pair of breeches!"

Captain Blood smiled amiably. "He may be nearer to you than you suppose."

After dinner the visitor departed to report to his admiral. But on the morrow he was back again, and when the boat that brought him ashore had returned to the white and gold flagship, she was observed by the idlers on the mole to take up her anchor and to be hoisting sail. Before the freshening breeze that set a sparkling ruffle on the sunlit violet waters, she moved majestically eastward along the peninsula on which San Juan is built.

PENMANSHIP had occupied some of Captain Blood's time aboard since yesterday, and the admiral's writing-coffer had supplied his needs: a sheet of parchment surmounted by the arms of Spain, and the admiral's seal. It was an imposing document which he now placed before Don Sebastian:

"Your assurance that Captain Blood is in these waters has persuaded the admiral to hunt him out. In his absence, as you observe, he commands me to remain here."

The captain-general was poring over the parchment with its great slab of red wax bearing the arms of the Marquis of Riconete. It ordered Don Sebastian to make over to Don Pedro Encarnado the command of the military establishment of San Juan de Puerto Rico, the fort of Santo Antonio, and its garrison.

Don Sebastian frowned and blew out his fat lips. "I do not understand this at all. Colonel Vargas, who commands the fort, is a competent, experienced officer. Besides, I have been under the impression that it is I who am captain-general of Puerto Rico, and that it is for me to appoint my officers."

"In your place, Don Sebastian, I must confess that I should feel as you do. But . . . what would you? The admiral is moved to excessive anxiety for the safety of the plate ships."

"Is not their safety in San Juan my affair? Am I not the king's representative? Let the admiral command as he pleases on the ocean; but here on land . . ."

Suavely Captain Blood interrupted him, a hand familiarly upon his shoulder: "My dear Don Sebastian!" He lowered his voice to a confidential tone: "You know how it is with these royal favorites."

"Royal . . . I never heard that the Marquis of Riconete is a royal favorite."

"A lap dog to his Majesty. Hence his audacity. You know how the royal favor goes to a man's head."

Thus brought to imagine that he trod dangerous ground, Don Sebastian consented, as Captain Blood urged him, to take comfort in the thought that the admiral's interference relieved him of all responsibility for what might follow.

After this, and in the two succeeding days, Peter Blood displayed a tact that made things easy, not only for the captain-general, but also for Colonel Vargas. It reconciled the colonel when he found that the new commandant warmly commended his military measures and generously confessed that he should not know how to improve them.

It was on the first Friday in June that the false Don Pedro had come ashore to take command. On the following Sunday morning in the courtyard of the captain-general's quarters, a breathless young officer reeled from the saddle of a spent and quivering horse. To Don Sebastian, who was at breakfast with his lady and his new commandant, this messenger brought the alarming news that a powerfully armed ship, manifestly a pirate, was threatening San Patricio, fifty miles away. It had opened a bombardment of the settlement, so far without damage because kept out of range by the guns of the harbor fort. But the fort was very short of ammunition, and once this was spent there was no adequate force in men to resist a landing.

Don Sebastian's amazement transcended his alarm. "In the devil's name, what should pirates want at San Patricio?"

"I think I see," said Captain Blood. "It's the back door to San Juan. These

pirates hope to march overland from San Patricio and take us in the rear."

"By all the saints, it must be so!" The captain-general dispatched a messenger to fetch Colonel Vargas from the fort. Stamping up and down the long room, he gave thanks to his patron saint that Santo Antonio was abundantly munitioned and could spare all the powder and shot that San Patricio might require.

THE timid glance of Doña Magdalena was turned upon the new commandant when his voice, cool and calm, invaded the captain-general's pause for breath:

"It would be an error to take munitions from Santo Antonio." Now he stated what he knew to be the case, since it was precisely what he had commanded: "The attack on San Patricio may be no more than a feint, to draw thither your strength."

Don Sebastian stared blankly, passing a hand over his ponderous blue jowl. "That is possible. What then, Don Pedro?"

Don Pedro took command: "I have a note of the munitions aboard the plate ships. They are ample for the needs of San Patricio, and useless at present to the vessels. We will take not only their powder and shot, but their guns as well, and haul them at once to San Patricio."

"You'll disarm the plate ships?"

"What need to keep them armed whilst in harbor here?" He became more definite. "You will be good enough to order the necessary mules and oxen for the transport. As for men, there are two hundred and thirty at Santo Antonio and a hundred and twenty aboard the plate ships. What is the force at San Patricio?"

"Between forty and fifty."

"Heaven help us! If these buccaneers intend a landing it follows that they must be four or five hundred strong. I shall have to send Colonel Vargas to San Patricio with a hundred and fifty men from Santo Antonio and a hundred men from the ships."

"And leave San Juan defenseless?"

Captain Blood's air was that of a man whose knowledge of his business places him beyond all wavering: "I think not. We have the fort with a hundred guns, half of them of powerful caliber. A hundred men should abundantly suffice to serve them. And lest you suppose that I subject you to risks I am not prepared to share, I shall, myself, remain here to command them."

WHEN Vargas came he was as horrified as Don Sebastian at this depletion of the defenses of San Juan. But the new commandant was not to be ruffled: "If you tell me that we can attempt to resist a landing at San Patricio with fewer than three hundred men, I shall understand that you have still to learn the elements of your profession. And, anyway," he added, "I have the honor to command here."

As the cathedral bells were summoning the faithful to High Mass, Colonel Vargas marched out his men. With a long train of mules, laden with ammunition, and of oxen teams hauling the guns, he took the road across the gently undulating plains to San Patricio fifty miles away.

To Wolverstone, who had been placed in command of the Glorious, Captain Blood's orders had been to continue his demonstration and keep the miserable little fort of San Patricio in play for forty-eight hours, and then, under cover of night, to slip quietly away before the reinforcements arrived, and come round at speed to deliver the real blow at San Juan. Messengers from San Patricio at regular intervals throughout Monday brought reports that showed how faithfully Wolverstone was fulfilling his instructions.

It was heartening news to the captain-general. "By tomorrow the reinforcements will be there, and the pirates' chance of landing will be frustrated."

Soon after daybreak San Juan was awakened by the roar of guns. Don Sebastian's first uplifting thought was that here was the Marquis of Riconete announcing his return by a fully royal salute. The continuous bombardment, however, stirred his misgivings even before he reached the terrace of his fine house and there exchanged them for consternation.

Captain Blood, half dressed, hastened to seek at Don Sebastian's side the explanation of this artillery, and there experienced a consternation no whit inferior to the captain-general's, though vastly different of source, for the great red ship whose guns were pounding the fort from the roads had all the appearance of his own Arabella, which he had left careened in Tortuga less than a month ago.

At his side the captain-general of Puerto Rico was invoking all the saints in the calendar to bear witness that here was that incarnate devil, Captain Blood.

Tight-lipped, that incarnate devil at his very elbow gave no heed to his imprecations. With a hand to his brow, he scanned the lines of that red ship from gilded beakhead to towering poop. It was the Ara-

bella, and yet it was not the Arabella. The difference eluded him, yet it was there.

As he looked she came broadside on in the act of going about. Then he obtained a clear assurance. She carried four guns less than his own Arabella.

"That is not the Arabella."

Don Sebastian proffered his telescope. His tone was contemptuous: "Read the name on the counter for yourself."

Captain Blood took the glass. In letters of gold, to his renewed bewilderment, he read the name Arabella.

"I do not understand," he said. But the roar of her broadside drowned his words and loosened some tons of the fort's masonry. A moment later the fort thundered in its turn for the first time.

"They're awake at last!" cried Don Sebastian, with bitter irony.

BLOOD left him, to get his boots, ordering the servants to saddle him a horse.

The captain-general was at his side when, five minutes later, his foot was in the stirrup. "It's your responsibility," he reminded him. "Yours and your precious admiral's. I hope you'll answer for it."

"I hope so too, and to that brigand, whoever he may be." He spoke through his teeth in an anger more bitter if less boisterous than the captain-general's. For he had all the feeling of being hoist with his own petard. He had been at such crafty pains to disarm San Juan, merely so as to make it easy for a pestilential interloper to come and snatch the prize for which he played. And so, by a singular irony, Captain Blood rode forth upon the hope, rendered forlorn by his own contriving, of organizing the defenses of a Spanish place against an attack by buccaneers.

He found the fortress in a state of desolation and confusion. Half the guns were already out of action under the heaped rubble. Of the hundred men that had been left to garrison it, ten had been killed and thirty disabled. The sixty that remained were rendered helpless by the incompetence of the officer in command.

Captain Blood came amongst them just as another broadside shattered twenty yards of ramparts. "Will you keep your company cowering here until men and guns are all buried together in these ruins?" he demanded.

Captain Mendes bridled. "We can die at our posts, sir, to pay for your errors."

"So can any fool. But if you had as much intelligence as impertinence you would be saving some of the guns. Haul a score of them out of this, and have them posted in that cover." He pointed to a pimento grove less than a half-mile away in the direction of the city. "Leave me a dozen hands to serve the guns that remain, and take the rest. And get your wounded out of this. When you're in the grove send out for teams of mules, horses, oxen, against the need for further haulage. Load with canister."

If Captain Mendes lacked imagination to conceive, at least he possessed energy to execute. Dominated by the commandant's briskness, he went diligently to work, whilst Blood took command of a group of ten guns on the southern rampart which best commanded the bay. A dozen men, aroused from their inertia by his vigor, carried out his orders calmly and swiftly.

The buccaneer, having emptied her star-

board guns, was going about so as to bring her larboard broadside to bear. Taking advantage of the maneuver, Blood passed from gun to gun, laying each with his own hands, deliberately and carefully. He had just laid the tenth when the red ship put the helm over and presented her larboard flank. He snatched the spluttering match from the hand of a musketeer and touched off the gun at that broad target. The shot sheared away the private's bowsprit. She yawed under the shock and listed slightly, and this at the very moment that her broadside was delivered. The result was that the discharge soared harmlessly over the fort and went to plow the ground far in its rear. At once she swung down-wind so as to run out of range.

"Fire!" roared Blood.

The buccaneer's stern presenting but a narrow mark, Blood hoped for little more than moral effect. But if eight of the twenty-four-pound missiles merely flung up the spray about her, the ninth crashed into her stern-coach, to speed her on her way.

The Spaniards sent up a cheer: "*Viva Don Pedro!*" And it was actually with laughter that they set about reloading, their courage resurrected.

There was need for haste. It took the buccaneer some time to clear the wreckage of her bowsprit, and it was quite an hour before she was beating back, close-hauled against the breeze, to take her revenge.

IN THAT most valuable respite, Mendes had got the guns into the cover of the grove. Blood stayed to repeat his earlier tactics. But this time his fire went wide, and the full force of the red ship's broadside smashed into the fort and opened another wound in its crumbling flank. Then the buccaneer ran in close and, going about, delivered her second broadside at point-blank range.

The result was an explosion that shook the buildings in San Juan, a mile away.

Blood felt as if giant hands had seized him, lifted him, and cast him violently from them upon the subsiding ground. He lay winded and half stunned, while rubble came spattering down in a titanic hail-storm, and the walls of the fort slid down as if suddenly turned liquid, and came to rest in a shapeless heap of ruin.

An unlucky shot had found the powder magazine. It was the end of the fort.

Over the water came a mighty cheer from the buccaneer ship.

Blood roused himself and made a mental examination of his condition. His hip was hurt, but the gradually subsiding pain assured him that there was no permanent damage. He got slowly to his knees, still half dazed, then, at last, to his feet. Badly shaken, his hands cut and bleeding, smothered in dust and grime, he was, at least, whole. He had broken nothing. But of the twelve who had been with him he found only five as sound as they had been before the explosion; a sixth lay groaning with a broken thigh, a seventh sat nursing a dislocated shoulder. The other five were gone, buried in that heaped-up mound.

The buccaneer, having finally disposed of the fort, now prepared to land. Five boats were lowered, manned to overcrowding, and pulled away for the shore.

By this time Blood and his survivors had joined Mendes in the grove, and the unsuspected guns there, charged with canister, were trained on the spot less than a mile away where the enemy should come ashore. Whilst waiting, Blood lectured the Spanish captain on the art of war:

"You begin to see the advantages in abandoning a fort that can't be held, so as to improvise another one that can. These sons of dogs deliver themselves into our hands."

BUT the moment never came. Captain Mendes was not to receive a demonstration of the futility of divided command.

Don Sebastian had armed every man of the town who was able to lift a weapon. Without taking the precaution of consulting Blood, or even of informing him of what he proposed, he had brought the five- or six-score of his improvised army, under cover of the white buildings, to within a hundred yards of the water. Thence he launched them in a charge against the landing buccaneers, at the very last moment. In this way he calculated to make it impossible for the ship's artillery to play upon them. In itself the operation was strategically sound; but it had the disadvantage that whilst it balked the buccaneer gunners on the ship, it likewise balked the Spanish battery in the grove. Before Blood could deliver the fire he was holding, the charge of the townsfolks was upon the invaders, and all was a heaving, writhing mass in which friend and foe were inextricably mixed.

That fighting mob surged up the beach, slowly at first, but steadily gathering impetus, as Don Sebastian's forces gave way before little more than half their number of buccaneers. Firing and shouting, they all vanished together into the town, leaving some bodies behind them on the sands.

Captain Mendes urged a rescue. He received yet another lesson:

"Actions are not won by heroics, my friend, but by calculation. The ruffians aboard will number at least twice those already landed. If we march in now, we shall be taken in the rear. We'll wait a while and make quite sure of them."

The time of waiting was considerable. In each of the boats only two men had been left to pull them back to the ship, and they made slow progress. Slow, too, was the second loading and return. So that close upon two hours had passed since the first landing before the second party leaped ashore.

"Miss Williams, the laundry's putting too much starch in the uniforms again!"

Bo Brown

It may have appeared to the buccaneers that there was no need for haste, since all the signs showed that their captain was able fully to deal with the feeble opposition offered. For the pirates had swept invincibly through a city whose resistance had been crushed at the outset. Finding the place at their mercy, they yielded to their brutal instincts before giving attention to the plate ships. Separating in groups, they went smashing, pillaging, murdering, and burning in a sheer lust of destruction worthy of the vilest of their kind.

Their leader, a tall, swarthy, raffish fellow, who called himself Captain Blood, had invaded the captain-general's house with a half-dozen followers, and whilst these were remorselessly pillaging it, the captain was intent upon a more particular kind of robbery. He sprawled at his ease in Don Sebastian's dining-room, his plumed hat cocked over one eye, and a leer on his thick, shaven lips.

Opposite, between two of the pirates, stood Don Sebastian in shirt and breeches, without his wig, his hands pinioned behind him, his face the color of lead. A length of whipcord encircled his temples.

THE captain was addressing him in clumsy, scarcely intelligible Spanish:

"One minute to tell me where you hide your doubloons. One minute." He held up a dirty forefinger. "Time for me to drink this." He poured himself a bumper of dark, sirupy Malaga from a silver jug and quaffed it at a draught. He set down the glass so violently that the stem snapped. "Now then—these doubloons. Haven't you heard that you can't trifle with Captain Blood?"

Don Sebastian glared. "I've heard nothing of you that's as obscene as the reality, you filthy dog. I tell you nothing."

His wife made a whimpering sound and broke into speech: "In heaven's name, Sebastian, tell him! Let him take everything. What does it matter?"

"Give heed to the pullet's wisdom," the captain mocked him. "No?" He sighed and made a sign. "Ah, well! Squeeze it out of his head, my lads." And he settled himself more comfortably in his chair, in expectation of entertainment.

One of the brigands thrust a rod like a pipestem between the cord and the flesh. But before he had begun to twist it the captain checked him.

"Wait. There's perhaps a surer way. These dons be mighty proud o' their women." He turned and beckoned Doña Magdalena. "*Aqui! Aqui!*"

"Don't move, Magdalena," cried her husband.

"He . . . he can always fetch me," she answered in terror, so as to excuse her disobedience.

"You hear, fool? It's a pity you've none of her good sense."

The frail, pallid little woman, quaking with fear, dragged herself to the side of his chair. He flung an arm about her waist and pulled her to him.

"Come closer, woman."

Don Sebastian roared fury, and strove a moment in the hands that held him.

The captain, handling the little lady as if she were invertebrate, as, indeed, horror had all but rendered her, set her on his knee.

"Never heed his jealous bellowing, little one. He shan't harm you, on the word of Captain Blood." He tilted up her chin, and smiled into dark eyes that panic was dilating. This and his lingering kiss she bore as a corpse might have borne them. "There's more o' that to follow, my pullet, unless your loutish husband comes to his senses. I've got her, you see, Don What's-your-name, but you can ransom her with the doubloons you hide."

"You dog!" Don Sebastian roared. "What assurance have I that you will keep faith?"

"The word of Captain Blood."

A sudden burst of gunfire shook the house. It was closely followed by a second and yet a third.

Momentarily it startled them, but the captain was prompt to find the explanation. "My children amuse themselves," he said. But he would hardly have laughed as heartily could he have guessed that some fifty of those children of his had been mowed down by canister from guns which he could not suspect to have survived the ruin of the fort. Nor could he suppose that the force which had opposed his landing did not include the full strength of San Juan or that some threescore Spanish musketeers were advancing at the double from the pimento grove.

The education of Captain Mendes was continuing. The Spaniards having now secured their rear as a result of Blood's waiting tactics, they could advance with confidence to deal with the pirates scattered through the town. And deal with them they did as they came upon them in groups of four or six, or ten at most. Some were shot at sight and the remainder rounded up and taken prisoners.

IN THE captain-general's dining-room the buccaneer captain gave no heed to the sounds from outside, to the shots, the screams, and the bursts of musketry. So he continued, unhurried, to savor the humors of tormenting the captain-general with a choice between losing his wife or his doubloons, until at last Don Sebastian's spirit broke and he told them where the king's treasure chest was stored.

But the evil in the buccaneer was not allayed. "Too late," he declared. "You've trifled with me overlong. And meanwhile I've grown fond of this dainty piece of yours. Your life you may have. Your money and your woman go with me."

"You pledged me your word!" cried the demented Spaniard.

"But you trifled with me," the filibuster mocked him. Neither heeded the quick, approaching steps. "And it is not safe to trifle with Captain Blood."

The last word was not out of him when the door was flung open. A tall man in a black periwig, without a hat, his violet coat in rags, his lean face smeared with sweat and grime, came in, sword in hand. At his heels followed four musketeers. He spoke in crisp, metallic voice that held a grimly humorous note:

"Faith, I'm glad to hear you say it, whoever you may be."

Startled, the ruffian flung Doña Mag-

dalena from him and bounded to his feet, a hand on one of the pistols he carried slung before him.

"What's this? Who are you?"

The newcomer stepped close to him and looked into his eyes with a smile that sent a chill through him even before he had caught the words that were swiftly muttered in English, for the pirate's ear alone: "You poor pretender. I am Captain Blood."

The other stared at him in wide-eyed, fearful wonder for a moment, then plucked forth the pistol on which his hand was resting. But before he could level it, Captain Blood had stepped back, and his rapier licked forth. The pistol clattered from a nerveless hand, and two of the musketeers closed with him and bore him down, whilst Blood and the others dealt swiftly and efficiently with his men.

ABOVE the din of that brief struggle rang the scream of Doña Magdalena, who reeled to a chair, fell into it, and fainted. Her husband scarcely in better case when his bonds were cut, babbled thanksgivings for this miracle.

By sunset, however, he was sufficiently himself to be giving attention to the restoration of order in San Juan, and in this the burial of the dead played a considerable part. Generously he admitted that if these were mostly buccaneers, the thanks for that and for the salvation of the city's treasure were due to the very able and heroic representative of the Admiral of the Ocean-Sea.

His relief on the following morning to behold the return of the Maria Gloriosa was tempered by a regret that she should not have returned in time to complete the work of vengeance for the outrage suffered. By the time she dropped anchor in the roads, the false Arabella was hull down on the horizon. The pirates who had remained marooned aboard her without boats had seen enough, even if they did not understand it, to know that disaster had overtaken their main body ashore. When at peep of day they sighted the Maria Gloriosa in the distance, they concluded that to continue there was but to wait for doom.

Don Pedro Encarnado, now the hero of San Juan, went at once aboard the white and gold flagship to report events and receive his admiral's orders. He came back with them to Don Sebastian.

"His Excellency desires me to inform you that the Caribbean being now delivered of the infamous Captain Blood, he must yield to the urgency of returning to Spain at once, and he will convoy the plate ships across the ocean. He begs you to request their captains to be ready to sail this afternoon at three."

Don Sebastian was aghast. "But more than half their crews are absent, and they are without guns."

"So I informed his Excellency. He takes the view that since each ship has hands enough to work her, there is no need to wait. The Maria Gloriosa carries guns enough to safeguard them."

"He does not pause, then, to think what may happen should they become separated? But, to be sure, that is his affair. It is he, not I, who is Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, and I thank God for it. The plate ships have brought trouble enough to San Juan, and I'll be glad to see the last of them. But permit me to observe that your admiral is a singularly rash man. It comes, I suppose, of being a royal favorite."

Don Pedro replied with a little smile that subtly suggested complete agreement. "It is understood, then, that you give orders for victualing the ships. His Excellency must not be kept waiting."

"Oh, perfectly," said Don Sebastian with exaggerated submission.

DON PEDRO turned to another matter: "I see that they are erecting a gallows on the beach."

"As you desired: for Captain Blood. He is to be hanged at noon."

"'*Sic transit gloria mundi,*'" said Don Pedro.

"Say rather, '*infamia mundi.*' It is your noble achievement, sir, that brings this dastardly pirate to the gallows."

Don Pedro smiled. "It had always been my prayer that Captain Blood should never hang by any hand but mine. My homage to Doña Magdalena."

They embraced and parted, and so it befell that on that same day the false Captain Blood was hanged on the beach of San Juan de Puerto Rico, and the real Captain Blood sailed away for Tortuga on the Maria Gloriosa, convoying the richly laden plate ships, which had neither guns nor crews with which to offer resistance when the truth was discovered to them.

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***Further adventures of the bold Captain Blood, as told by Rafael Sabatini, will appear in an early issue of* The American Magazine.**

They who HAVE...

(*Continued from page 15*)

movies. Darling, I'm only her aunt's secretary."

"Things like that *do* happen," Gerda said firmly. "Gosh! I wish I were old enough to get a job like that. I'll bet it's going to be *fun!*"

Terry thought, when she went upstairs to pack after dinner, that perhaps it would be fun, after all. It seemed silly now to think that just for a moment after the grilled door had closed on her, she had been gripped by a very panic of nervous foreboding. She had not lived on campus when she was attending Handford; she had never been separated from her family before. She needn't really be separated now; New York was only thirty miles away, and she could run out to Freedale whenever she liked—every evening, if she liked, and keep in touch with her friends. With Chet.

Her mother had unearthed an ancient but roomy suitcase, and presently Gerda came clattering up.

"I thought maybe I could help you pack," she said. "I'm so *thrilled*, Ted. Listen—do you think I could come and see you? Was the butler wearing livery?"

"Livery?" Terry said. "No, he wore an ordinary dark coat."

Gerda nodded, and hugged her knees delightedly. "That's right. They don't put on their formal livery until later—cocktail time, maybe."

Terry stared, and laughed. "How do you know that, your ladyship?"

"Goodness, *every*-body knows things like *that*—everybody who wants to do things correctly. Listen—aren't you going to take your evening dress?"

"Certainly not. What would I want with an evening dress?"

"I'd take it, if I were you. I mean, suppose Mrs. Towers was giving a dinner party, and one of her guests got run over on the way and she'd ask you to fill in. Things like that happen all the time."

"Only in movies, darling."

Gerda looked unconvinced but let it pass, and presently she said, "I bet Chet Sommers is going to be sore about this."

"Why should he be sore?"

"Having you in town. Anyway, he's a Red, you know. He hates the rich."

"Oh, no, he doesn't, darling. Chet hates injustice; that's all."

"WHEN I grow up I'm not going to play around with any gloomy goofs like Chet. He's a regular social misfit."

"Don't say that, Gerda!" Terry said sharply. "Chet's not a social misfit. He's—fine! And if your father had committed suicide and left you to look after an invalid mother, you'd be a little gloomy, too, my dear."

"All the same," Gerda said sulkily, "he'll never have any money. He'll always have to take care of his mother—"

"There are plenty of better things than money in life, Gerda."

"*I* don't think so," Gerda said.

"There's Chet, now. I hear him talking to Dad," Terry said, and got to her feet. "I'll have to change my dress."

On the porch, Mr. Hefton was telling Chet Sommers about Terry's new job. Chet had always liked Mr. Hefton, both as an employer back in the better days when he had been one of Byrnes & Hefton's architectural draftsmen, and as a

man. But, of late, the bitterness that was poisoning all else for him had been poisoning also his affection for the older man. Listening to that pleasant voice talking so pleasantly, so lightly of Terry's new position— "As though I didn't know what it means!" Chet thought. "As though I didn't know it means bread and butter." Age still clung to its false gods—pretense and silly pride.

For Terry's sake he tried to keep the impatience out of his voice when he said, "Too bad she couldn't have found something in an office. Working for any private individual—especially for a woman like that who has no idea of routine or system—is no cinch."

"Terry says she seems a very sensible, businesslike sort of woman."

"And having her live there, where they can call on her any time of day or night. They'll make little more than a sublimated servant of her."

Mr. Hefton resented that. His tired gray eyes blazed. "I doubt if anyone could do that to Terry," he said.

He turned and walked abruptly down the steps and into the garden, still abloom with dahlias and great, heavy-headed hydrangeas. He had felt the antagonism growing in Chet this long time. Now his brief flare of anger gave place to compassion. Adversity made the old abject and the young bitter, he reflected.

CHET had not moved. He stood staring at his cigarette, hating himself for offending Terry's father. Why should he be so bitter tonight? Terry had her job, at last. Of course she needed it. That was just the point. She shouldn't need it! . . . The night was warm for October; radios sounded from open windows and women's voices and children's shrill laughter . . . well, let them laugh while they could—

"Hi, Chet!"

"Hello, there, darling!"

She had changed her utilitarian tweeds for a soft print dress. It had faded and shrunk from many washings, but Terry had shrunk, too, during those past two and a half months. Slender as a boy, now, she was; flat shoulders, narrow hips, soft red-brown hair parted low on the side and caught into a small roll in the nape of her neck; head held high, eyes glowing, a little flush of excitement on the smooth, clear pallor of her cheeks—Chet thought her the bravest, purest, most beautiful woman in the world.

He said, "Well, I've been hearing all about the swell new job."

She gave him her two hands and he held them in a fierce and eager grip. "It *is* swell, isn't it?" she said.

"Swell title, anyway. 'Social secretary!' What does it really mean?"

"It means thirty a week—forty when I make good, mister!"

"And making good means making a door mat of yourself for the so-called idle rich to wipe their feet on."

She drew her hands swiftly away. "Now, listen, Chet. If you're going to talk that way, you can go home."

"I'm not. I didn't mean to—I meant to be all enthusiasm and a hey-nonny-nonny. But I know what it's going to be. Don't forget I chauffeured for the upper classes before I got this *good* job, lady."

"You're jealous, that's all."

"Yeah, maybe that's it. *I'm* making

only twenty-five a week—but then I'm handicapped with an A.B."

She slipped her hand under his arm and drew him down beside her on the porch swing. "You know, when people begin building houses again—"

"They won't. Why should anyone build anything when they know fate's going to come romping along and kick it over?"

She pressed his arm hard. "Chet, stop it! You don't mean that!"

"All right." He produced a grin for her. "I'll be good. The real low-down is I'm broken up about your living in town."

"Well, you work in town. You can stay in sometimes and come to see me."

"It won't be the same. It won't be like having you here where I can drop around every night—spill over on you."

"Maybe that's just as well," she said. "It might be better for you if you didn't have me to spill over on."

"Think I'd better keep it bottled up, do you? Then one day—*bang*!—I'll explode."

She laughed. "I can see the headlines—'NEW YORK FEELS DETONATION AS YOUNG ARCHITECT EXPLODES.'"

"Besides, I keep enough bottled up as it is. You should know that."

"Don't, Chet."

"Don't what?" He spread his hands, a gesture of injured innocence. "You didn't think I was going to bring up that old business about my being in love, I hope!"

She said firmly, "I should hope not."

"You mean, of course, that you wouldn't want to hear about that."

"I mean that this is no time to talk about love."

"You're darned right, it isn't. What right have *I* got to talk about a thing like that?" he said, and waited. Then he said judicially, "No man should mind waiting a paltry five or ten years."

She said, "Don't be silly, darling."

He pretended to misunderstand. "Oh, well, it may take a few years longer than that, but what of it? Life begins at forty." She started to get up, but he grasped her arms, held her there beside him, said seriously enough now, "Terry, look at me. Let me say it just once!"

There was no need for her to speak. That she had relented was evident in the laxing of her body, the tender laughter that trembled in her voice. "You're a nuisance. You're incorrigible."

"I'm in love," he said, against her cheek. "With you. I love you, love you—"

"Just once, you said."

They laughed, a little shakily. . . .

FROM her dressing-room, Mrs. Towers asked, "What's on the books for this morning, Teresa?"

And Terry called back from the adjoining small study, "A special meeting of the chairmen of committees of the Recreation Arts Benefit. Ten-thirty at the Pelletier."

Terry had been three weeks on her new job. Promptly at nine-thirty she descended to her employer's suite. At the same moment Marie came for the breakfast tray. Though she breakfasted in bed, Mrs. Towers was up the moment the tray was removed, often was in and out of her bath before Terry had the mail opened and sorted. Marie laid out her clothes and left, to return only when she was summoned to dress her lady's hair.

The door between the dressing-room and the study was left open, and the flip-flop of Mrs. Towers' mules, the hiss of an atomizer, the controlled wheezes as the big woman got into her shoes and corset, marked the progress of her toilet. Terry sat at a Hepplewhite desk overlooking the garden. It was her first duty to open and sort the great stack of letters, of which two thirds were demands for money. Mrs. Towers was sincerely and deeply concerned with the problems of the unemployed and destitute. "Conditions are dreadful, dreadful," she would say to Terry. And Terry, writing a substantial check for some emergency relief fund, would think of her father and mother and the mortgage and overdue taxes on the house in Freedale, and would say yes, she supposed they were pretty bad.

MRS. TOWERS came in now for her personal letters, which she would read while Marie was doing her hair. It was, at the moment, twisted into a comical tight knot on the top of her head. Otherwise she was fully dressed. She took the letters Terry handed her and said, "By the way, my niece is arriving from Europe next Thursday. You might make a note of it in

your book." Terry could see that she was pleased about this, and excited. "I had a cable from her this morning, from Villefranche. Lovely harbor. Ever seen it?"

Terry said no, she had never been to Villefranche, but Mrs. Towers hadn't waited for the answer. She rang for Marie and went back to her dressing table. Terry followed with her notebook and pencil, and Mrs. Towers looked at the first letter.

"Bother!" she said. "Here's Scott Roberts—been thrown again. I should think he'd have sense enough to stay off a horse—he's too fat to ride. We'll have to get someone in his place for tonight. Where did we have him placed?"

Terry brought her memoranda from the desk and leafed through them. "He was taking Mrs. Harkness in to dinner. Miss Cynthia Welles was on his left."

"Um-m—well, we don't have to worry about Cynthy. You could seat her next to a Hottentot and she wouldn't know the difference since she's been engaged. But we'll have to find an attractive man for the Harkness. You might call Austin Brech. If he can't come, get Rufus Fowler. He'll come. . . ."

Mrs. Towers was racing through her letters, barking out orders in that deep, clipped voice: Order flowers for Sally Pratt's debut. Order tea roses for Mrs. Wallace McGovern. ("I'm glad that baby's come at last. I must try to get up to see it.") Mail check to Babies' Milk Fund; make appointment with Madame Simone for fitting—appointment with dentist—order cards and scores for bridge benefit—confer with caterer—

"Let's see—Si will be back in time for the dance, thank goodness. You made a note of the day—Thursday?—The boat must be met, of course—"

When Mrs. Towers had left for the Pelletier, Terry gathered up her notes and address books and invitations. She did most of her work in her own room, where she could be sure of privacy. On her way upstairs she heard Oaks, the butler, talking to someone in the upper hall, his voice dripping sarcasm.

"No hurry, Mattie," he was saying. "Suppose the cleaner *is* waiting—"

"I *am* hurryin'!" came Mattie's voice, muffled with fury. "What does she think a person is?"

"Never mind that, my girl. Get those curtains down, and be quick about it." But, meeting Terry at the head of the stairs, he smiled benignly at her. "Good morning, Miss Hefton. My, my! That's more than one young lady should carry."

He took the books and papers from her and carried them into her room. His attitude toward her was a careful balance between the suave deference he maintained for his mistress and his lofty condescension toward the under servants. A nice sense of social discrimination had Oaks.

"Work is poison to these girls," he said, bland and confiding.

"They do work hard."

"Tut, tut—they don't know the meaning of the word when Miss Si's away. When *she's* home—well, you'll be able to judge for yourself. Miss Si is a lively young lady." He said it with pride.

When he had gone, Terry walked through the hall to Si's room. The door stood open, the windows were wide to the sun and the crisp air, the curtains and drapes had been taken down. Even so, it was a charming room; big and sunny, and cluttered with a heterogeneous collection of furniture—a carved Dalmatian bed with a canopy, an antique American lowboy, a modern dressing table, a Boston rocker, an eighteenth century chaise longue with some long-legged dolls sprawled on its pillows, a Raphael Madonna over the fireplace. A capricious, extravagant, impulsive sort of room.

SHE turned and went back to her own room. It seemed shabbier than she had thought it, and smaller, though in reality it was neither small nor shabby. True, it was the only master's room in the house lacking its own private bath, and it was a little too close to the sewing-room for absolute quiet. A kind of poor relations' room, Terry thought. Then she thought, "Good heavens! What's the matter with me?" and settled to her work. "Black tie—" "White tie—" "Mrs. Creigh Towers regrets—"

When she thought it was time to call Mr. Austin Brech—she had learned that it did not do to call the Upper Classes too early—she left her typewriter for the telephone. Mr. Brech was sorry that he was engaged for dinner that evening. But Mr. Rufus Fowler was as obliging as Mrs. Towers had expected him to be.

He said, "Tonight? That's charming of Mrs. Towers—will you hold on a moment, please?" She held on, and heard him call someone named Charles, heard him ask, "What am I doing tonight?" And, after a pause, "Well, send her my excuses, will you, and half a dozen orchids." . . . Mr.

Fowler was evidently *not* a victim of the depression. . . . Then his voice came more clearly to Terry: "I'll be delighted to come—what time did you say?"

"At eight. Black tie."

"Thank you very much. By the way—this is Mrs. Towers' secretary speaking, isn't it?" Terry said it was. "You don't happen to have heard when Miss Towers is expected back, do you?"

"I believe she is expected Thursday."

"*Next* Thursday!" His pleasant, light voice was suddenly quick and strong. "Do you happen to know what ship?"

Terry smiled to herself as she told him. Mr. Fowler's obligingness was explained.

"Thank you very much indeed," he said, and he did sound glad and grateful. "And please extend my thanks to Mrs. Towers—I shall be delighted to come."

SHE cradled the telephone, made a note to alter the name on the place card, went back to her typewriter. But a timid knock sounded on the door, and Miss Sopworth, the seamstress, looked in.

"Just to say good morning," she said in her half-coy, half-ingratiating voice. She was a tall woman, slat-thin, with the thrust-forward head and peering eyes of the perpetual seamstress. Five days a week, from ten until five, she spent in the little sewing-room, with the Towers linen, darning, mending, hemming, eating her lunch off a tray on her sewing table. "Oaks just told me that Miss Si is expected home Thursday."

"Yes."

"A wonderful girl, my dear, and so utterly beautiful. And so democratic, my dear," Miss Sopworth went on. She lifted her thin shoulders and thinner brows in mute attestation of Si's democracy. "Though she's been everywhere and known everybody—princes and counts—she could have married a prince last year—he was *mad* for her—and yet so friendly to everyone. Why, one day last winter she was on her way to a cocktail party and caught her heel in the hem of her dress, and she came running up to the sewing-room holding it up. My, she looked lovely, that day—'Soppy, sew me up, quick; there's a darling!' Just like that. She always calls me 'darling.'" And Miss Sopworth laughed and her eyes shone.

Terry listened, marveling at the worshipful and fluttering gratitude these small, humane kindnesses had roused in the flat breast of the seamstress. She marveled more at the pride with which the plain and shabby woman spoke of Si's "wonderful clothes." There was one evening gown that had cost $400. She repeated the figures in a voice that shook with awe and pleasure, but in which Terry could detect no envy, no resentment. When she finally left Terry, her thin, plain face was radiant with vicarious glory.

That night, when Terry had dined off her tray in her room, she hurried into her hat and coat. She had promised to meet Chet at eight; it was a little later when she started down the long, curving staircase. She had gone only a few steps when she saw that Mrs. Towers' dinner party had spilled out into the foyer; two or three couples stood about chatting and laughing over their cocktails. Terry had a glimpse of women's lacquered heads, of white shoulders, white shirt fronts. Terry turned and hurried down the hall to the back

staircase. She had not used it before, was not supposed to use. But she could not bring herself to run the gamut of that festive scene in the foyer.

Her cheeks were hot when she closed the grilled gate marked "Service Entrance" behind her. Halfway up the block she saw Chet. His back was turned to her; he was walking slowly, waiting. She ran and caught up with him, slipped her hand under his elbow.

"Hello!" he said. "I'd begun to think you were never coming."

"Why, why didn't you come in and wait for me?" she said, and her voice was high and irritable. "You don't have to hang around the street like this, like a—a furtive newsboy!"

He looked down at her. "Hey, what's eating you, darling?"

"I don't like it, that's all. Meeting on street corners as though we had something to conceal, to be ashamed of."

"I don't like it much, myself," he said, "but I'm certainly not going to barge in there—face that snooty butler. Besides, suppose there was a party—lot of people in evening dress."

"What do you care?" She stopped, remembering that she, herself, had come to her rendezvous by way of the servants' entrance because *she* cared. "I don't mean it, darling. I know how you feel, of course. Will you forgive me?"

He hugged her arm against his side. "I may forgive, but I never forget," he said solemn y. "Come on; I've reserved a couple of ringside seats at the sea lions' tank."

THEY crossed Fifth Avenue and entered the Park at the Zoo entrance. The wind tugged at the few remaining leaves on the trees. Terry and Chet sat down on one of the benches that flanked the sea lions' pool, and Chet laid an arm across her shoulders.

"What's happened? Anything go wrong?"

"No. Not really. I think I must be getting an inferiority complex. Perhaps you can't help it, working in a place like that."

"You have to hold on to your sense of values."

"I know. It isn't as though I were envious—or maybe I am." She leaned her head against his arm. "The other servants aren't—envious, I mean."

"*Other* servants!" he said. "Where do you get that stuff?"

"They revel in it," she said. "Boast about how much things cost—how much grander Mrs. Towers' parties are than other people's—how much richer she is than the people their friends work for."

She told him about Si's expected return. "The whole house is in a tumult. They all admit that she makes more work for them, turns the place upside down, imposes on everyone, but they love it—brag about how extravagant she is, how many titles she's had a chance to marry."

"They get a vicarious kick out of it, I suppose," he said.

"It never seems to occur to them to resent her, to envy her."

"Do you?"

"No-o, ' she said. "I don't think so. But I can't help thinking how unfair it is, Chet. If you could see the waste—why, what they throw away would feed both our families—"

He wagged his head over her. "This from you! Teresa Hefton."

"I know," She laughed again and looked down at her hands. "I'll be shouting, 'Soak the rich!' on a soapbox next, or throwing stones through limousine windows."

"Come on; let's." He drew her back against him and turned the collar of her coat up around her throat. "Trouble is, if we soak the rich I never will get a chance to build houses for them. And that's all I want, Ted—just a chance—and you."

She relaxed inside his arm, moved her head, and pressed it hard against his cheek. The Park was by no means deserted, but its occupants were chiefly lovers, like themselves, who had no better place to tell their love on a chill October night than the public park. Terry felt a surge of pity for them, and then she realized that she and Chet were not much better off these days. Sitting on a bench in the park—

She gave a little laugh. "If all these people are in love, it must be true that it's love that makes the world go round."

"Something must," he said. "It doesn't seem to have any other visible means of support just now."

She laughed again, though she was shivering. She knew he was cold, too; knew that his overcoat was too light as well as too shabby. She sprang up. "Come on, let's go to a movie and get warm."

"And hold hands," he said.

She said gaily, a little hysterically, "Yes, darling, and hold hands!" . . .

TERRY did not see Si Towers the day she arrived, but she heard her. Si's coming shook the big house. The place was alive with exuberant sound—running feet, and laughter, doors banging, trunks thumping.

The next morning Terry saw Si. Marie was doing Mrs. Towers' hair and Terry sat near by with her pencil and notebook, when Si knocked and came in.

"Good morning, lamb! May I come in?"

"No. Go away," her aunt said, but her big face grew ruddy with pleasure. "You're interrupting. Why aren't you asleep—after getting to bed at dawn?"

"Sleep!" Si said. "It isn't being done any more, darling." She sauntered across the room, bent and kissed her aunt's cheek. She wore pajamas and walked with the light, free stride of a barefoot boy. Her short curls were as golden, her eyes as blue, her lashes as long, her smile as winning as Terry remembered them. "Morning, Marie!" she said. Then she looked at Terry with the frank curiosity of a friendly child. "Hello," she said.

"Oh," Mrs. Towers said. "This is Teresa Hefton, my new secretary. An old college mate of yours."

"Not really! You don't mean you were at Handford!"

"Yes. For a year, ' Terry said.

"But she wasn't thrown out, like you were," Mrs. Towers said.

"You malign my alma mater, darling—make her sound like a night-club bouncer." She went over to Terry and shook hands. "Of course I remember you now—in English eight. Doctor—what was his name?"

"Dr. Thorne?"

"Yes. Wasn't he a lamb?—*So* con-

scientious. He used to say my papers would bring his gray head with sorrow to the grave. Did they?"

"No, I think he's still alive and well."

"It's a wonder to me," her aunt said, "that the entire faculty didn't turn white."

"Well, you would have me cultivate a mind, darling," Si said, and sighed. "They really were crazy about me, though, weren't they, Terry—that's what they used to call you, isn't it? I really do remember—they wept buckets when I left, didn't they?"

Terry furtively moved her notebook over a threadbare spot on her brown serge skirt. She was suddenly and acutely aware that her white cuffs were frayed at the edges, that the toes of her shoes were stubbed, that she had a mended run in her stocking, and needed a manicure. This was what Si's expensive presence had done for her—unintentionally, of course. Terry hated herself for it, smiled, and pretended to be amused at the little passage of arms between aunt and niece.

"Well, how does it feel to be home?" her aunt asked her.

"Just dandy," Si said. "So nice and restful."

"Restful! Then I can imagine what it was like at Villefranche."

"It wasn't so frightfully hot," Si said; "except the night before I left for Paris. Evvy gave me a party—the girls had to draw their men out of a hat."

Mrs. Towers snorted. "That sounds like one of Evelyn's ideas."

"I was furious," Si said. "I might have drawn a congenital ape. But he wasn't so bad. He was English—a baronet."

"Another silly title," Mrs. Towers said.

"You must try to be broad-minded, Auntie."

Mrs. Towers sighed. "What you can see in foreign men— They make the worst husbands in the world."

"And when it comes to husbands, you want me to patronize home industries," Si said, and grinned across at Terry. "But, darling, all the really worthy American men these days are too poor to marry. Isn't that so, Terry?"

Terry felt the fire in her cheeks. She said quietly, "Yes, I'm afraid it is."

Mrs. Towers said, "What about Rufus Fowler? I should call him a very worthy young man. And he's not too poor to—"

"No, darling, but he's too everything else. Too worthy and too rich, too good-looking, too well dressed, too chivalrous. In short, Rufus is perfect."

"Well, what more do you want?"

"I don't want more, darling; I want less." She stood up, stretched and yawned. "Especially in a husband, my lamb." She went with her barefoot-boy stride to the door, turned, and said to Terry, "We must get together and talk over our old college days, Terry, if this slave driver ever gives you any time off." . . .

JOHN HEFTON dropped the cup; it shattered, spread itself in ragged, unmendable bits over the linoleum.

"Darn! Must have been wet—sorry, dear."

"It's all right." She stooped down, began to gather up the pieces. "It's only a cup, after all." One of her treasured Wedgwoods they had brought back from England, from their wedding trip.

"I'm no great shakes at washing dishes,"

he said, at once defiant and apologetic.

"You shouldn't have bothered. I told you—"

"I was only trying to save you." His voice rose, harsh and angry. "If Gerda would make herself useful once in a while—"

"Gerda has her homework, dear." She stood up, the pieces of china in her hand. She was smiling, but her smile, her placating voice were like the pranks of an old clown—too often rehearsed to be convincing. "Was the coffee all right?"

"Yes. But it certainly wasn't worth all this. I'd rather have gone without."

He had formed the afternoon-coffee habit back in the days when he had been wont to come home fagged from a busy day in town. He would drink it on the side porch, sipping it with slow relish, often with a blueprint on his knees, something he had brought back from the office—a lodge for a mountain camp, perhaps, or a Cape Cod cottage. Country commissions were always dear to his heart.

These days, however, he slipped into the kitchen and made his own coffee, washed his own cup. He barked down his wife's protests, said he liked doing it.

NOW he stalked out of the kitchen, steaming with fury, the defensive fury of a man grasping at any imaginary wrong as an outlet for his deeper, realer grievance. He knew how his wife treasured those cups. Well, why on earth did she use them? As though he cared whether he drank his coffee out of Wedgwood or tin!

He stamped through the pantry, through the dining-room, the living-room. They were full of late afternoon sun. He had come to hate the sun, its ruthless searching out of scars—the worn places on the rugs, the cracked walls, the widening flaky patches on the ceilings, the threadbare upholstery. The house was falling to pieces, like everything else. In these last two years—of course, he knew such havoc could not have been wrought in a brief two years. But two years ago, he could say to himself, "Must get the painters in here this spring," or "I'll have to get the carpenter up to repair that porch." Things had begun to look black even then, but he had still had hope.

Now he had nothing—a small commission now and then, for an addition on some house he had built, a pergola on some estate he had designed. He didn't mind for himself, no, nor for his wife. They had had their day. But he minded for his girls. "They're the ones who've got to pay—the children." He would say it over and over. But no one wanted to hear; everybody changed the subject as quickly as possible.

He crossed the wide hall and went into his study and closed the door. He picked up a pencil, began to sketch. Presently he saw that he had drawn a cup—a graceful little cup flaring up and out like a daffodil. He looked at it, and remembered a June day in London twenty-five years ago, his bride on his arm, her face as rosy as the roses on her big Merry Widow hat, but no rosier than the future had seemed to them that lovely, lovely day. He dropped his grizzled head on his arms—

In the kitchen, Mrs. Hefton sat down on a high stool to peel potatoes. She was still slender, still pretty, could still—if she took the trouble—pluck out the white hairs that were beginning to show among the brown ones. Her cheeks were a little more flaccid, a little more lined than they had been two years ago, but she had the soft, intensely feminine look of a woman who has been consistently adored for twenty-five years.

Presently Gerda came down the back stairs, two at a time. "Listen, Mom, I want to go to the movies tonight."

"Did you finish your homework, dear?"

"All but my history. I can do that in study hour. Listen—"

"No movies tonight, dearie. You know Terry's coming. She'll be here for dinner."

"Well, *she* likes the movies." She drifted over to the stove, sniffing. "What's this?" She lifted the pot lid and looked in.

"Pot roast."

"Gosh! I bet our meals seem horribly bourgeois to Ted after all the grand things she has at the Towerses'."

"They may be grand, dear, but Terry says they're usually half cold by the time the tray comes up."

"Well, *I'd* rather have cold squab and venison and things like that than hot pot roast *any* day," Gerda said.

Mrs. Hefton carried the potatoes to the stove, stopped, and stood listening. "That's the five-forty whistling now. Terry said she'd try to come on that with Chet. Why don't you meet her?"

Gerda went, bumping into a chair, falling over the hall rug, slamming the front door. Mrs. Hefton found that she was faintly excited—not only at the thought of seeing her first-born after a week's separation, but at the prospect of hearing more about Mrs. Towers, the lovely Si.

When she heard her girls on the porch, she hurried out to meet them. Gerda came in first, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes brilliant. She cried shrilly, "Surprise! Surprise! Oh, hurry, Ted! I can't wait—"

"Gerda, hush! Hello, Mum, darling! Wait until I put this down."

Mrs. Hefton hugged her, kissed the cold cheek, looked down at the boxes. Both of them huge. "What are they, precious?"

"Clothes!" Gerda shouted. "Can I open it now, Ted?"

Terry grinned at her mother. "Come on, let's get it over with."

In the living-room, as she untied the boxes, she explained. It seemed that Si had brought a new outfit home from Paris, had been cleaning out her old wardrobe, had thought Terry might make use of some of the things. "She and I are about the same size, you know, but I thought you might cut some of them down for Gerda—and there may be something you can use—this polka dot, for instance."

"Look, Mom!" cried Gerda. "*Look* at this evening dress! Did you ever see anything so *divine!* And this cape—I could wear *this*, couldn't I?" She draped it over her slim shoulders, caught it together at the hips, stuck out her small stomach, and writhed stylishly back and forth for them.

Mrs. Hefton dropped down on the sofa. Its shabby velours was quite covered with shimmering silk, chiffon, soft English tweeds. Her fingers closed awesomely on the silk polka dot, soft as birds' wings. "Do you think you *should* have—I mean, dear—"

"WHAT'S all this?" demanded Mr. Hefton from the doorway. He came in slowly, his eyes glued to the sofa, frowning.

"Look, Dad! Look at my new evening cape!"

Mrs. Hefton stood up, cleared her throat nervously. Terry said, "Hello, Daddy, dear," and started toward him, stopped. His face was crimson, his mouth a tight slit under his short mustache.

"I asked you where you got these things."

"They—they were some clothes Si Towers couldn't use any more, Dad—she thought I might use some of them—"

"Ridiculous! Take that cape off, Gerda. And you, May, what are you doing with that thing?" Mrs. Hefton hadn't realized she was still holding the polka-dot dress from Paris. "You don't mean to say you'd actually accept them—wear another woman's castoffs?"

"But, my dear, they're really lovely things—hardly worn at all—I can alter some of them for Gerda—"

"What has that got to do with it? Good heavens! You're not a public charge—yet. We haven't fallen quite that low." He whirled furiously on Terry. "And you—bringing them home! Is this what that job's doing to you?"

She said urgently, "But, Dad, dear, she'd have thrown them away—or given them to the Salvation Army—"

"That's what she should have done. There are plenty of beggars and parasites in the world."

"But they were so good, and I knew Gerda needed things—and Mother, too!"

It was no sooner out than she regretted it. Her father's face went from crimson to white; his lips shook. "Don't you suppose I know that, too! But I thought they had more self-respect—"

Mrs. Hefton dropped the dress and went to him quickly, laid her hand on his arm. "We have, dear. We don't really need any of these things." She pressed

close to him, looked up into his face. "You must make allowances for us. We were tempted for a moment by all the pretty things—like savages. All women are a little like savages, you know."

"Evidently," he said. "Well, get rid of 'em before we turn savages altogether."

"But can't I keep *even* the *cape!*" Gerda wailed.

"Put it back in the box, dear, and come help me set the table."

Terry said, "I invited Chet, Mum. If there isn't enough to go round—"

"There's more than enough, darling," her mother said brightly. "Come along, Gerda."

Gerda flung a last anguished look at the velvet cape, and followed her mother. In silence, Terry began to fold the things, lay them back in the boxes. In silence her father watched her, plucking and plucking at his mustache. At last he took a step toward her, another, until he stood beside her. She flung herself into his arms.

"Daddy, Daddy, I'm so sorry—and I feel so guilty because I *know* how you feel—I know so well! This morning when she gave them to me, I felt horrible—so poor and—and low."

HE HELD her to him, gazing somberly down over the top of her smooth brown head into the lovely nest of color spilling over the box.

"I understand, Ted," he said. "I'm afraid I was pretty harsh, but it's not only the clothes. It's—well, you see, my dear, I've never in my life accepted anything I didn't earn. Do you understand that, my dear?"

"Yes, Daddy! *Yes!*"

"Once you begin accepting favors from life—well, it grows on you, like any other habit." He looked down at her. "I know it must be pretty hard for you, contrasting your own situation with the situation of these rich people. Don't let it get you, Terry. Take what you earn from life, no more."

She said stanchly "I'll remember, Dad."

They were very gay at dinner. Mr. Hefton repented his outburst, Mrs. Hefton her weakness, Terry her thoughtlessness. Chet was happy because he was with Terry.

Terry told them about Si's home-coming, the party at Villefranche, how Si had drawn a baronet out of a hat.

Gerda was enchanted with this idea. She said, "I'm going to give a party just like that, the first grown-up party I have!"

"Maybe you'll draw an earl!" Chet said.

Gerda tossed her head. "He may not be an earl but he'll be rich, because I won't invite anyone to the party who *isn't* rich!"

"In that case, I'm afraid your invitation list will be pretty limited," her father said.

"Mrs. Towers has been worrying about it ever since Si told her," Terry said. "It seems he's been writing and cabling—the baronet, I mean. She's afraid Si might marry a foreigner. She says she wouldn't take a dozen titles for one American."

"Very patriotic of her," John Hefton said dryly.

"Patriotic!" Gerda said. "Idiotic, I'd call it. Listen, if I had a baronet chasing me—"

Chet grinned across at Terry, and took a paper out of his pocket, handed it over to Mr. Hefton. "Did you happen to receive one of these?"

Mr. Hefton glanced at it. "Yes, a couple of days ago." He explained to his wife and Terry: "Another competition."

"Five thousand dollars this time," Chet said, "for the lucky guy who designs a house that will reduce the housewife's labors to two hours a day. You know, kind of a robot of a house—no cellar, no attic, disappearing garbage pails and self-starting vacuums, self-regulating heaters, self-winding clocks, built-in beds, cats that put themselves out at night—"

"The House of the Future it's to be called," Mr. Hefton said. "I was tempted to enter the contest until I read the specifications, but, after all, I'm a designer of homes, not houses." The color deepened in his tired face. "How any man or woman, of past or future, could be happy in a house like that—no cellar, no attic—where the dickens are the children of the future going to play on rainy days?"

"And what," said Mrs. Hefton, thinking of her own rambling old house, "is the housewife of the future going to do with her spare time?"

"Cultivate her mind, if any," Terry said.

"She won't need a mind," Mr. Hefton said. "She'll just push a button marked 'Culture,' probably, and Culture will come gushing out!"

The problem of what the housewife of the future was going to do after her work was done proved to be a hilarious subject. But when Terry left for the station with Chet, she said, "Are you going to enter that contest, darling?"

The excitement she had felt smoldering in him all the evening burst out: "Am I! Listen—I'm going straight home and make some sketches. I'll show them to you the next time I—"

"You needn't," she said. "I loathe these cold, correct, modernistic cells they call houses these days."

"You wouldn't have to live in one," Chet said. "If I won the first prize we could build us a real home—"

"With little casement windows that wouldn't let in enough sun," she said. "And plenty of dust-gathering closets and an attic full of junk, and impossible stairs and a lovely, scarred old fireplace—"

Chet said, low and passionate, "You wait! Darling, darling, if I can cop that first prize—"

Well, and what if he did, she thought. Five thousand dollars was not a great deal of money. He would still have his mother, she her family.

THE stationmaster had closed his window and gone home for the night. Chet and Terry walked to the far end of the platform, where it was crowded in between the rails and the high stone walls of the cut.

There, in the dark shadow of the wall, he took her in his arms. "What is it, darling? What's wrong?"

She clung to him. "Oh—everything! Mother and Dad—the house—Gerda. It seems so terrible, Chet, for some to have so much and others so little. It's not *fair!*"

"Do you think I don't know that!"

She broke out again: "Chet, I never want my children to go through this. To have them carrying my burdens, working for me. I don't mean that I mind working.

This isn't Dad's fault. I'm just glad I can help. But my children—I'm not going to let this happen to them."

"*Our* children, Terry!"

"If they're to be ours, darling, you'll have to make a great deal of money—not for me, for them."

He drew her closer. He whispered, "I'll bear it in mind, dear heart, but right now, with you in my arms, I can't think of anything but you—"

THE next morning Si Towers knocked on and opened Terry's door. "Hello. May I come in?"

Terry was at her typewriter. She turned and smiled at Si over her shoulder. "Of course. Sit down."

"Just for a second, darling—if you're not too frightfully busy?"

She came in and perched on the bed. Her soft wool dress, with its matching short cape and cossack hat, was the same shade as her eyes; like blue gentians they were, under her dark lashes.

"I wanted to ask you a favor, darling. Will you do me a favor?"

"Of course—if I can."

"Darling, will you see Rufus Fowler for me? I had a luncheon date with him and I can't keep it. I've tried to reach him on the phone, but he's gone off somewhere—and he's coming here at one."

"But—what shall I say?"

"Oh, anything. That—that an old friend is in town just for the day and I've *got* to lunch with her. I'd do it if I could get him on the phone, but he'd think I was making her up, anyway."

"Are you?"

"Of course." She sighed. "But I've lunched with him practically every day for a week and I must have a change of scenery." She sighed more heavily. "You don't know Rufus, do you?"

"I've talked with him over the telephone."

"He's sweet. It's always so much more difficult when a really nice man's in love with you, isn't it?"

"I suppose it must be, if you're not in love with him."

"You feel so guilty," Si said, dramatizing this thought, which was a quite new one. "As though there must be something wrong with you. Sometimes I think I've no capacity for loving anyone."

TERRY glanced restlessly at her typewriter. "You don't really think that, I'm sure."

"I suppose not, really," Si said. "Only, sometimes, everything goes so darned *stale*." She stood up. "You will see Rufus, won't you, darling?"

"I'll do the best I can," Terry said.

Si went to the door. There she stopped. "Oh, I meant to ask you, darling, who was that nice man I saw yesterday? I was just going out, and I saw him kind of loitering around the door. Oaks said he thought he was a friend of yours."

Terry's cheeks flushed crimson. "He is. His name is Chester Sommers."

"I thought he was sweet," Si said. "He isn't a poet, is he?"

"No, he's an architect."

"I knew he must be something interesting. But, darling, why doesn't the poor man come inside?"

Terry felt as though her cheeks were burning up. She said lightly, "I was a

little late—I suppose he thought I'd be out any minute."

"I was tempted to drag him in, myself, and give him a cocktail. He looked as though he needed it."

"He's shut up in an office all day. I expect the air felt good to him."

"Well, next time have him come inside, or he'll catch pneumonia. And thanks so terribly for seeing Rufus." She smiled slyly at Terry. "You might pinch-hit for me, darling. He spoke of you just the other day—said you had a lovely voice."

She went out, and Terry sat quite still, her cheeks blazing. That Si should have seen Chet "loitering around." That Oaks should have known who he was—how had Oaks known? But, of course, he would know. It was Oaks's business to keep loiterers off the premises.

Presently she went to the telephone and called Chet. She said lightly, "Listen, mister, when you come here for me tomorrow, I want you to come in and ask for me like a little gentleman."

He said, "Now, why bring that up again?"

"Because I won't have you hanging around like a burglar and catching your death of cold. Yesterday Si Towers saw you, and she's just been telling me how pathetic you looked."

There was a little silence. Then he said—and she could tell that he was seething, "Poor girl! I suppose she's been worried to death ever since."

"Outside of that, you impressed her very favorably. She thinks you look poetic."

"My gosh! Is that what being cold does to me?"

"You're coming *in* tomorrow, do you hear?"

"Perfectly, madame. By the way"—his voice dropped—"I love you."

She went limp, felt the tears stinging her eyes. What was the *matter* with her these days, wearing her emotions on her sleeve like this! "If you want me to believe that, you'll come in tomorrow," she said, and went back to her work feeling better, smiling tremulously to herself.

IT WAS a little before one when Oaks came up to say that Mr. Fowler was downstairs. Terry had forgotten Rufus and turned, frowning, to the butler. He repeated, "Mr. Fowler, Miss Si left word that you would see him."

She continued to frown as she smoothed her hair, retouched her lips. Well, she would make short work of Rufus. She ran briskly down the stairs.

Rufus Fowler was seated on the chesterfield before the carved oak mantel in the library, idly turning the pages of a magazine. He was very tall, very slender. As a boy he had been called "redhead" and "carrot-top," and, even now, his hair and brows were the same shade as his deeply tanned, good-humored face. He wore rough English tweeds, custom-made English brogans. He was worth several million dollars and had the gentle, courteous manners of a well-bred schoolboy.

Oaks had not, acting probably on Si's orders, told him that Si had already left the house. And Rufus, rising at the sound of brisk, light footsteps, was astonished to find himself confronted by a strange young woman, dark-eyed and slim, her wide mouth a vivid red against the smooth, clear pallor of her skin.

"I'm Teresa Hefton, Mrs. Towers' secretary," she said. "Miss Towers asked me to tell you that it would be impossible for her to keep her luncheon engagement."

He stood looking at her attentively. Then he said, "Thank you very much."

"She asked me to tell you that an old friend was in town just for the day—"

"I understand," he said. He was smiling, a polite, skeptical grin. "Too bad of her to make you perjure yourself."

She refused to be baited, said gravely, "She tried to reach you on the telephone this morning—"

"I've been out of town—at my farm," he said. "Sitting up with a sick horse. A stableboy hurt the feelings of one of my mares, and she darn' near killed him."

"How dreadful!"

"Oh, she'll be all right in a day or so," he said. "Sensitive beasts, horses."

She stared at him, indignant. "I meant how dreadful for the stableboy."

FOR some reason, that amused him. He laughed. "He's all right, too. More scared than hurt, as a matter of fact."

"I'm glad to hear that," she said. She added shortly, "Miss Towers said if you would call her about six—"

"Thanks, I will," and then, as she turned to go, he said, "Now that you've discharged your obligations couldn't we go on to something else—to you, for instance?"

"I'm sorry, but I've other obligations equally important."

"Yes, I know. Still, you must take a little time out now and then. For lunch, perhaps? I don't suppose you'd lunch with me, now that Si—"

"Thank you, but I've had lunch," she said, annoyed, but amused, too. There was, as Si had said, something "sweet" about him, and nothing at all of the rich-young-man-about-town.

He shook his head slowly. "You've no idea how much you're like your voice. The first time I heard it over the phone, I said to myself, 'Now, there's a girl with absolutely no nonsense about her.'"

"If you can read voices as accurately as that," she said, "you must find it a very useful gift."

"It is," he said earnestly. "I've often thought I should go in for it more seriously—start a kind of voice-reading service for my friends." He crossed the room as he said it, stood beside her. "For example, if you should happen to have a friend you suspected of some secret vice, you could just have him telephone me; then I'd send you in my report—"

She had been edging toward the door, perfectly aware that he was simply making a leash of words to hold her there. "Thanks. I'll bear it in mind."

"No trouble at all—look here, you're not really going!"

She said sternly, "I have a great deal of work to do."

"But just as we were beginning to get acquainted," he said sadly. Then he brightened. "I'll tell you what. If I go now, without making a scene, will you let me see you again some time—soon?"

She laughed. "But I shouldn't mind at all if you were to make a scene."

"We'll put it this way, then," he said. "The next time Si breaks a date with me, you'll keep it for her. Now, that's fair enough, isn't it?"

"Fair!" she laughed. "Fair to whom?"

"Why, to me, of course, and to her and you—all three of us. We'll settle it that way, shall we?"

She didn't bother to remind him that there was nothing to settle. She knew that would be a waste of time. She said over her shoulder, "Very well, we'll settle it that way," and fled. And she was still smiling at that ridiculous interview an hour later. . . .

CHET did come in the next day. Oaks came up to announce him, knocked on her door, and said grandly, "Mr. Sommers calling, Miss Hefton." She hurried down, to find him sitting in the hall with his hat on his knees, looking very cool and indifferent, as though calling at millionaires' houses was a daily occurrence with him.

He stood up. "Hello, there, darling!"

And "Hello!" said Si, coming from the drawing-room, sauntering toward them. "So you decided to come inside today!"

Terry, surprised, stammered out an introduction: "Miss Towers—Mr. Sommers." Found herself raging at her own confusion, resenting Si's ease, the shimmering black satin hostess gown that lent her golden hair a deeper glow, made her fair skin fairer.

Si placed her little soft hand in Chet's. "I saw you the other day—"

"Loitering around, looking frozen," Chet said. His thin, dark face was flushed, his eyes held a defiant glint. "I understand you were worried about me."

"But why didn't you come in before?"

"Scared," he said, eying her dangerously. "I'm just a man of the people."

"I've often wondered what *he* was like," Si said.

"He's the fellow who throws bombs and incites the proletariat to public demonstrations."

"That sounds pretty grim."

"Life's a pretty grim business for the working classes these days," he said.

"Is it?" she said. "I hadn't realized. Come in and tell me about it."

"That would take too long."

"Not for me." She took her eyes from his face for the first time, looked at Terry, said, "This man worries me. Let's see what a cocktail will do for him."

TERRY'S color deepened. She said, "I'm afraid we haven't time."

"But one cocktail, darling! He's a menace in his present state."

"Not half the menace I'll be if you ply me with strong liquor," Chet said. He was as easy as Si, yet he was resenting her, too, fighting her with his eyes, his drawling voice. He held out his hand. "Nice to have met you, Miss Towers."

She put her hands behind her and shook her head, a charming, self-willed child. "No," she said. "I'm not going to let you go." She dipped her head, lifted her lashes. "You will come in, please?" she said, and started back toward the drawing-room, smiling over her shoulder.

Terry and Chet exchanged a quick glance. Chet's eyes shouted NO! But Terry shrugged, nodded her head ever so slightly. There was a strange, hard light in her hazel eyes as they followed Si, a stranger thought in her mind. She was thinking, "She has everything; now I suppose she'll want Chet!"

(To be continued)

The HOUSE Detective

EACH month Mr. Whitman, the household Sherlock Holmes, and author of the book, *First Aid for the Ailing House*, tracks down the solutions of homeowners' elusive problems. Here are typical questions he has answered recently for readers, as well as hints culled from his voluminous notebooks. If you need his advice, write Mr. Whitman in care of this magazine, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope. He cannot, however, undertake to answer legal or financial questions.

QUESTION: In our house the window sills and sash between the panes will not retain paint, although I have painstakingly put on underlying coats of flat paint and finished them with enamel. The paint does not peel off entirely; but just in large spots down to the wood. The remainder resists all efforts to remove it. The sills are evidently made of yellow pine. What can I do about this?—H. H., Syracuse, N. Y.

Answer: It is possible that there is excess gum in the wood, in which case it should be washed with turpentine before painting. Another more probable explanation is that the wood becomes water-soaked from the underside. Where the strips between panes are concerned, the putty may have cracked or separated from the wood, so that water works through. As for the sill, there may be an open joint outside. (A hairline opening would be enough to make trouble.) In any event, paint for the first coat should be thinned with a little turpentine.

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IN patching a crack or break in concrete, loose particles should be brushed away and the old concrete should be dampened thoroughly with water. Dry concrete would absorb water from the patch, which then would not harden properly. The patch should be kept damp for several days. Should it dry out before the cement has cured, it would be weak and powdery. The mixture for patching should be 1 part cement to 3 parts of clean building sand.

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QUESTION: Squirrels have removed the shingles in one part of the roof and entered the attic, bringing a supply of acorns with them. How can we get rid of the squirrels? There is no inside entrance to the attic.—K. H., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Answer: At about noon on a bright day, when the squirrels are out of the house, cover the hole they have made, as well as a large area around it, with fine-mesh chicken wire. At the same time, destroy the path by which they reach your roof, cutting off near-by tree branches and so forth.

• •

RUST stains on an enameled sink or tub can be taken out by continued rubbing with a scratchless cleaning powder moistened with kerosene. No abrasive should be used. Steel wool or sandpaper, for instance, would destroy the gloss and open the enamel to more serious staining. Other stains can usually be removed with Javelle water or other bleaching liquid containing chlorine.

QUESTION: How can I prevent the floors in my summer cottage from heaving or buckling up? The cottage is located on low, damp ground, near water line, and elevated about 2 feet off the ground.—Mrs. W. M., Superior, Wis.

Answer: The buckling of your floor is due to moisture soaking into it from the under side. The remedy is to put a waterproof covering under the floor as protection. Use heavy impregnated paper or

By Roger B. Whitman

roofing felt. If the job is well done, the floor will dry out and remain dry. The buckled boards can be forced back into position by flathead screws, run through from the top.

• •

CLEAR GLASS can be made opaque and given the effect of ground glass by patting it with a lump of putty softened with linseed oil. The effect can be improved and made even by a second treatment after the first coating has hardened.

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QUESTION: During house-cleaning time the janitor disconnected our radiator and forgot to reconnect it before sending up steam. The steam has made a mess of our furniture. The gloss on the mahogany grand piano has disappeared and a smoky, milky-looking surface seems to be left under the top hard surface. Is there anything we can do to improve its looks, outside of a complete refinishing job?—Mr. E. M., Chicago, Ill.

Answer: Try wiping the milky-looking places with a cloth damp with turpentine; then rub dry with a soft, dry cloth. If this takes out the milkiness, as I believe it will, you can finish with furniture polish, of crude oil thinned with a little turpentine. It is possible, though, that the finish has been damaged so greatly that a refinishing job will be necessary.

• •

WHITEWASH can be given increased resistance to rubbing and wear by adding common salt in the proportion of 15 pounds to 50 pounds of hydrated lime. The salt is dissolved in 7 ½ gallons of water, the lime added and mixed, and more water added until the consistency is that of cream.

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QUESTION: I am building a house of gray limestone. Will plaster put directly on the inside wall sweat? Would it be better to put up some studding and leave a dead air space between the rock wall and the plaster?—O. W., Gilpin, Ky.

Answer: By all means build air spaces into your walls, inside of the limestone. Plaster applied directly to the inside of the limestone will sweat heavily.

101 *ways to win a Woman*

(*Continued from page 29*)

it is well to send one with your flowers. These days beautiful vases are quite inexpensive.

A single flower in the right spot may be more dramatic than a dozen. Garden flowers and lilacs may be used in gay groups, but you will make the more dignified flowers happier by allowing them to keep out of crowds.

A friend who has a beautiful garden came in one day wanting suggestions for arranging flowers. She was to compete in a garden club contest for the best table decoration.

I wrote out two suggestions and sealed them in envelopes, marked "A" and "B."

"Decorate your table in your own way," I said, "then open envelope 'A' and follow directions. Then open envelope 'B.'"

She went home, decorated her table, opened envelope "A," and read my advice: "Take out half of the flowers and rearrange those that remain."

She did that, then opened envelope "B," and read: "Now take out half of those that are left."

She won the blue ribbon.

Overdecoration annoys me most at dinners and banquets. Table decorations should be not more than 7½ inches tall. When I furnish flowers for a banquet they are set on little tables in front of the speaker's table and about a foot below.

IN BUYING, don't demand flowers that are fresh from the market. Roses, particularly, need conditioning for twenty-four hours in the florist's cooling room—a hardening process that adds several days to their life. Infrequently, flowers in a shop look fresher than they really are because they are kept in a very cold temperature. If you can't recognize a "tired" flower and haven't confidence in your florist, pull off a petal. If it resists the pull and lets go with a little snap, the flower is fresh. If the petal comes off easily, don't buy.

Some people like to buy buds, because they'll last a day or two longer, but I think it's a mistake. Flowers bring the greatest happiness when they are first taken out of a box and displayed. They should look their loveliest at that moment—not day after tomorrow.

Flowers need coolness, water, and elbow room. They must be kept out of drafts. Of course, you're not going to keep your home chilly just to preserve the flowers, but you can put them in a cool place, even in the ice box, at night. Keep cut flowers in as deep water as possible and slice a little off the stems each day. Don't cut them with scissors, for that closes the veins. Slice them diagonally with a knife. Contrary to general belief, aspirin or salt placed in the water will not prolong the life of flowers. Tobacco smoke does not harm them.

Never crowd the stems in a vase—that chokes them. Be careful, also, to arrange the blossoms so that nothing touches them. They bruise easily and, once bruised, die.

Violets don't absorb water through their stems, and unless the leaves and flowers themselves are given a chance to drink every now and then, they die of thirst.

Ferns are often killed by too much water. A pot of ferns should be placed in an inch of water every other day for five minutes, and then allowed to drain for half an hour. More watering than that makes the soil sour.

Flowering plants should be given light. In the evening they should be placed where electric light will shine upon them.

I CAN'T understand why everybody in the world doesn't become a florist—it's so much fun. I have been selling flowers in Boston for forty-nine years—ever since I was ten years old—and as long as I am able to move on my own power I shall be at my shop all day long, among the roses and orchids and carnations.

I know nearly all the successful florists in the United States and no matter how rich they become they refuse to retire.

The florist knows things about people in his community that the newspapers never print. Through orders for flowers he follows their lives from birth to death. He knows which boys are courting which girls and sometimes helps the boy he likes best by putting in a few more flowers than the order calls for. He is one of the first to learn of engagements and wedding dates. He knows secrets that he keeps as inviolate as though he were a doctor, such as that a certain husband is taking an interest in chorus girls, and that a certain wife received $25 worth of orchids from another man when her husband was out of town.

When I was ten years old I was a newsboy in Boston, working after school hours. One evening a man pushed up to the curb of Tremont Street a hand cart loaded with white pond lilies. I had never seen anything so beautiful. He wanted us newsboys to sell the lilies on the street at 5 cents a bunch. We were to get a cent and a half for each bunch we sold. Just holding them in my hands made me tingle all over. My parents lived in the slums and almost the only flowers I ever saw were in the public gardens behind *Don't Touch* signs.

Right then I decided to become a florist. Two years later I had a cart, and newsboys were working for me, selling flowers I bought from florists at the end of the day.

One of my proudest possessions is a picture of the class in which I was graduated, at the age of 14, from Eliot School. The picture-taking was important, and I took six carnations to school that day and gave them to my best friends. The picture of half a hundred little ragamuffins shows five of us and the headmaster proudly wearing carnations in our buttonholes, just like, I thought, the Cabots and the Lowells when they had their pictures taken.

At twenty I had saved $300, and I started my own shop. In those days flowers were sold mostly for funerals and important

social functions, and on Memorial Day, Valentine's Day, and Christmas.

The rose is most in demand now, carnations are second, and violets third, although from September to December chrysanthemums take second place. The rose, I believe, is the most beautiful flower; the orchid the most exciting (and the one that retains its beauty longest, after it is cut); and the pansy the sauciest.

While often you could select a flower that would be more appropriate than the rose, it is never the wrong thing to send.

Not every person appreciates a long-stemmed rose. They think long stems are only a fad, but the longer and hardier the stem, the more beautiful the rose.

Long stems are grown thus: When the stem is about nine to twelve inches long, a bud appears. The grower pinches this off. The stem, growing stronger, at about two feet produces another bud, larger and finer. In most cases the grower lets it develop, for this is the most popular length. For a longer stem he pinches off the second bud, and sometimes the third. When you buy American Beauties with stems five feet long, three buds have been destroyed to get that exquisite blossom. That's why American Beauties cost $24 a dozen.

THE rarest and most expensive flower grown in America is the white orchid. It is reported that an orchid plant with a white flower on it once sold for $10,000. The plants that produce the orchids sold in florists shops at from $2 to $12 each, are worth, on an average, about $300 each.

Orchids must be grown by experts and handled with great care. A seedling produces a flower only after seven years, and then the blossom may be worthless. Only the developed plants can be depended upon, and the loss in raising a supply of dependable plants is enormous.

The orchid came originally from the tropics, and the government plant quarantine so restricts its importation that there is no chance of its price being lowered. The only native American orchid that is at all in demand is the lady's slipper.

The white orchid would be the most popular if it were not so rare and so costly. Usually people choose a shade of purple, which is not always the most suitable, because of the color of the gown of the woman who is to wear it. Small orchids may be more practical in corsages than the large varieties. And they cost less.

Gardenias and camellias grew in popularity for corsages, partly because they were not so expensive as orchids. Now the supply doesn't equal the demand, and *their* prices are going up.

Gardenias are expensive in winter because they have to be forced in a temperature eight to ten degrees warmer than that necessary for other flowers. It takes more coal and oil to produce them, but that isn't the only reason for the high price. Gardenias don't like to bloom in the winter and, as a protest against the forcing process, buds drop off the plants. The grower loses three flowers for every one he gets to market. In the spring gardenias are quite happy to bloom, and at that time are not only cheaper, but more beautiful.

Texas has a flower, the Cape jasmine, which grows in profusion on trees. It looks very much like the gardenia and is so called there. Years ago, before I knew about that flower, a Boston man ordered $5 worth of

gardenias to be delivered to his sweetheart, who was visiting in Galveston. I telegraphed the order, and I heard later that the Galveston florist drove up with six barrels of gardenias.

In plants, the most popular one is the poinsettia, which at Christmas time is a staple. Poinsettias with white leaves are being produced, but they're only a novelty and the demand for them is small. A new plant, the kalenchoe, is now being developed for Christmas. It is small and bushlike, with red flowers, shaped a little like lilac blossoms. Growers have just learned how to make them blossom at Christmas time. They do it by giving them a rest in a dark room for a few hours every day.

Generally the best plant to buy is the one that is in season.

Few persons are superstitious about flowers. Now and then I hear that the Jerusalem cherry is bad luck, but all others seem to be lucky. In France a spray of lily of the valley, worn on the first day of spring, is believed to bring good luck, and the custom is spreading to America.

I don't believe in using "the language of flowers," for the recipient isn't likely to understand the meaning.

The purple hyacinth means, "I'm sorry," and many a man who has forgotten a dinner date or committed some other almost unforgivable sin, has ordered purple hyacinths sent to a woman, with nothing enclosed but a card bearing his name. My guess is that in most cases these flowers made her madder than ever because she didn't understand the message and thought that the *least* he could send would be roses.

Once a lovesick young man gave me an order for dead leaves and a dark geranium to be sent to a young woman. I looked in the book and found that meant, "I am very unhappy." The chances are the girl didn't know what it was all about, and I often wished I could have heard what she said when she opened a box that looked as if it might contain violets or orchids, and found there a dark-red geranium blossom resting on some old dead leaves.

The lily seems to be about the only flower which speaks a language that all can understand. After the last presidential election, when Roosevelt was elected, one Boston Democrat ordered lilies sent to eleven of his Republican friends.

ONE day a youth asked for our book containing the language of flowers and decided he wanted to send his sweetheart red roses (meaning, "I love you"), with no message—just a card bearing his name.

"Why not write what you want to say?" I suggested.

He thought that was a good idea, and began to write card after card, crumpling them up and throwing them in the wastebasket. After he spoiled twenty-five cards I asked if I could help.

"I can't think of anything clever to say," he moaned.

"Don't try to be clever," I said. "Make it simple and clear. Why not just write, 'I love you,' and sign your name?"

So that was the message he sent.

I love you is undoubtedly the best of all. A sweetheart or a mother or a wife opens a box of beautiful flowers. On top is an envelope and she draws out the card and reads the simple, sincere, and stirring words, *I love you*. It's the thrill of thrills.

Very few persons know their own birth-month flower. In sending birthday flowers, the recipient will be pleased at your thoughtfulness if you choose the proper ones and explain on the card, not too subtly, just what you're doing.

One way to waste a good idea is to send a significant number of flowers—such as a rose for each year a couple has been married—without mentioning the fact on the card. People don't often count flowers. There are exceptions, however. Once a young man ordered twenty-three roses sent to his parents on their twenty-third wedding anniversary, and his mother called me up and accused me of giving her a short count. She missed the point and took it for granted her son had ordered two dozen.

PEOPLE are using better taste these days in choosing flowers for funerals. Usually loose sprays are best. They should be in full bloom at the time of the funeral. White roses were once favored for all funerals, but now, except upon the death of an elderly person, colors are best. The demand for conspicuous set pieces, I am glad to say, is falling off.

L. Gluck, New York florist, tells of a foreigner who went in to buy a floral piece for a funeral and saw on display a huge horseshoe bearing the word *Success*. The more the florist tried to explain that this piece was designed to wish the recipient good luck, the more firmly the customer insisted in broken English that it conveyed exactly the message he desired to send, so off it went to the funeral.

Flowers for the sickroom should usually be in bright colors, but thought should be given to the patient and his condition. Red roses are seldom suitable, nor are flowers that have a distinctive scent, such as narcissus, hyacinth, and tuberose. An elderly or nervous person should receive flowers in quiet pastel shades. But when the patient is calm and getting along well, send flowers that will brighten up those dismal white walls! Plants are ideal for sickrooms, for they last and are easily cared for.

If you are sending cut flowers, and the patient is likely to be ill for some time, don't spend all your money on the first bouquet. Send two, a week apart, for usually a patient receives many flowers when he is first taken ill and then, after a week or ten days, almost none.

Folks leaving on a sea voyage usually have too many flowers when they sail and none during the last days of the voyage. Flowers can be sent to the chief steward of the ship, who will keep them refrigerated and deliver them with your card on any day of the voyage you designate.

As Chairman for eighteen years of the National Publicity Committee of the Society of American Florists, I had a good deal to do with spreading the slogan, "Say It With Flowers," and was on hand when it was born. My friend, the late Major P. F. O'Keefe, a Boston advertising man, was discussing with me various ideas for a slogan. He suggested, "No matter what message you have to send, you can say it with flowers."

"That's it!" I said. "*Say it with flowers!*"

And a slogan was born.

The idea of Mother's Day was conceived

by Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, nearly thirty years ago. She suggested that on one Sunday out of the year, men whose mothers had died should wear a white carnation to honor their memory. (England observes floral days in remembrance of certain great statesmen.) Miss Jarvis asked the florists to help her, and we chose the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day because white carnations were more plentiful and not so much in demand at that time.

Few of us went into it with any idea of great profit. But we liked the plan for sentimental reasons and because we favored anything that would call attention to flowers.

For a good many years we were sorry we ever started it, for at first it made us more enemies than friends. The growers were totally unprepared for the great demand for carnations. They raised the prices, and some florists had to ask 25 cents for carnations that a week before sold for 5 cents. Even then we didn't have enough.

The idea of honoring mothers who had died extended to mothers who were living. Men wanted carnations of all colors and other flowers of all kinds. The flower-growing industry is geared for certain peak loads and produces great quantities of flowers on certain dates, such as Christmas, Valentine's Day, Memorial Day, and Easter, but only because of years of preparation.

It took nearly ten years for the growers to get enough plants regulated so they would bloom for Mother's Day in sufficient quantity to supply the demand. Now we breathe easily on that occasion, but in the early times the unavoidable high prices convinced hundreds of Mother's Day buyers that the florists were using a noble sentiment to rob their customers. . . .

IN NEARLY every wedding in motion pictures the bride carries lilies with such stunning effect that many brides want lilies now. Only one bride in ten can carry them effectively. She must be tall, must have beautiful hands, and must carry the lilies at a graceful angle. In the excitement she usually forgets, and the lilies, carried any which way, spoil the whole effect of the ensemble. A bridal bouquet, made up in shower form, is excitement-proof. It hides the trembling hand and is beautiful at any angle.

Floral muffs—usually made of small orchids on white satin—are becoming popular, but brides need practice in the art of carrying them. The old-fashioned bouquet is most practical. In four recent weddings of daughters of prominent florists throughout the country, the brides carried bouquets of white hybrid orchids, of three dozen gardenias alone, of lilies of the valley and gardenias, and of orchids and lilies of the valley.

Flowers for evening wear must be an integral part of the ensemble and never conspicuous. First, a corsage must harmonize with the gown. A man who is sending one, and who does not like to ask his consort about the color of her gown, should have his florist telephone her for the information. Lacking information, we choose white and pastel shades that will go well with anything.

For street wear a small spot of color, usually on the right shoulder, is all that is needed. Small corsages are worn for after-

noon events. Usually the woman selects these herself, and now and then, alas, she orders a corsage that is entirely too large and too distinctive.

In the evening, flowers, if placed artistically, may be worn almost anywhere and any way, except upside down. The rule generally is to pin the flowers so the wearer can look into them, but sometimes corsages are worn at the waist, at the back, and at the back of the neck. We are making necklaces, leis, belts, and chains of flowers to cover shoulder straps, but they are effective only when carefully designed in color and size to match the wearer and her gown. Flowers are being used in the hair in forms ranging from an elaborate bandeau to a single camellia. A floral fan, made of small orchids, lilies of the valley, and delicate ferns, on a wire frame, is a novelty, but the most popular and practical of the new ideas is the floral wristlet or arm band, worn on the left wrist or above the left elbow.

In these corsages almost any flower may be used, but the favorites are orchids, rosebuds, lilies of the valley, carnations, gardenias, sweet peas, camellias, and violets.

Flowers that are to be worn at a party should be carried there in the box and pinned on in the cloakroom. Otherwise they may be crushed by the coat and, in winter, weakened by sudden exposure to cold air. If a corsage begins to wilt or is bruised in dancing—only the orchid is sure to retain its brilliance until early in the morning—the wearer should immediately discard it. No flowers are better than wilted flowers.

For daytime wear men usually wear carnations, but the little French chrysanthemum is also in demand. In the evening deep maroon carnations are in some cases preferred to gardenias. Roses are too large and just won't do for men.

Sometimes girls wear two tiny wristlets. Two little nosegays are often effective for a daytime shoulder decoration.

Flowers in twosomes have been used for many years. A bouquet to the new mother is accompanied by a tiny one for the baby. A boutonniere for the host goes with flowers for the hostess. But only recently have people discovered the charm of two identical pieces. Two small bowls of water lilies or gardenias are often better than a single large bowl as a table decoration.

NOW and then a man who has forgotten to send flowers on an anniversary asks me to call up his wife and tell her I had the order in time but it was mislaid. I won't do that, for I have found that frankness brings forgiveness. If you should have sent flowers yesterday, send them today and enclose a card reading: "One day late." It works satisfactorily every time.

I know only one case in which the sending of flowers caused trouble. A famous professor at Harvard died a few years ago. He had never married and I'm one of the few persons who knows why.

About thirty-five years ago he was courting two young women in Boston. He was sure he wanted to ask one of them to marry him, but he hadn't made up his mind which one. Neither knew of his attentions to the other. He often sent flowers to both and was quite particular about the bouquets—always choosing them himself and putting in the card with his own hands, before I sent them out.

He came in one Valentine's Day and ordered two bouquets, one of violets and one of lilies of the valley. While we were making them up he wrote two little verses—one to Eleanor and one to Alice—enclosed them in envelopes, and wrote the names on the outside. He put the envelopes in the boxes, and we delivered them.

That was the end of his double romance. He had transposed the cards, so that Eleanor received the sentimental poem addressed "To Alice" and Alice read the message that indicated he loved Eleanor. The explosion must have been terrific.

THE largest order for flowers I ever had was for a recent wedding in Boston. For decorating the church and the banquet rooms we used more than 30,000 blossoms, including 12,000 peonies and several hundred orchids. . . . But the order that thrilled me most was a dozen yellow roses that I sold two years ago.

Two boys and a girl came in one afternoon. They were about ten years old, ragged, but with clean faces and hands. The boys took off their caps as they entered the shop, and one stepped forward with some authority and said solemnly, "We're the committee and we'd like some very nice yellow flowers."

I showed them some inexpensive yellow spring flowers, and the boy said, "I think we'd like something better than that."

"Do they have to be yellow?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," the boy said. "You see, mister, Mickey would like 'em better if they was yellow. He had a yellow sweater. He liked yellow better than anything."

I asked quietly, "Are they for a funeral?"

The boy nodded. I noticed the little girl was trying hard to keep back the tears. "She's his sister," the boy said. "He was a good kid. A truck—yesterday— We was playin' in the street. We saw it happen." His lips were trembling.

The other boy said, "Us kids took up a collection. We got 18 cents. Would—would roses cost an awful lot, mister? Yellow roses?"

I knew it wouldn't do to let these children think they were the objects of charity. That would spoil everything.

"I have some nice yellow roses here," I said, "that I'm selling for eighteen cents a dozen." I showed them to the committee.

"Gee, those will be swell," said one of the boys.

"Mickey'd like those," the other boy confirmed.

"I'll make up a nice spray," I said, "with ferns and a ribbon. Where shall I send it?"

One of the boys said, "Would it be all right, mister, if we took 'em? We'd kinda like to—you know, take 'em over and—sort of give 'em to Mickey—ourselves. He'd like it better that way."

So I accepted the 18 cents, and the committee, with the kind of flowers Mickey would like, trudged out of the store. I felt spiritually uplifted for days. It was grand to have known brave, thoughtful children like that and it was grand to have helped them. Unbeknown to them, I had had a part in their tribute to their friend.

And, after all, when you stop to think of it, the greatest pleasure in flowers is not in receiving them—but in giving them.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

KEEP *the* Change!

(*Continued from page 47*)

they're right, after all," he said to himself. "Maybe I can't take it. Betsy Ross Beal—Tommy Taft—both called me yellow. Maybe I am. Why should I go on like this? What will it prove?"

Finding no answer written on the blank wall of the brewery which adjoined the Pratt premises, he returned to the perusal of his book, and he buried his discontent in its pages.

He woke one morning, resisted his daily desire to pulverize the alarm clock, and realized that he had lasted three months and was into his fourth. He put on Tommy Taft's other suit, a brown one, and went to work behind the rampart of hardware.

"Good morning, Duke."

"Good morning, Miss Jennings. You're looking well this morning."

He suddenly became the salesman:

"Yes, sir, you'll find our ten-penny nails the best you ever put a hammer to. . . . A quarter's worth? . . . Yes, sir. . . . Here you are. . . . Call again."

"Most of the fellas in this joint don't waste all those words like you do, Duke," remarked Miss Jennings.

"They are mere order takers," said Mike airily. "I'm a salesman."

AND so the hot days went by. Mike had two days to go, to fulfill the vow he had made to himself. Tommy Taft was up and about and eager to go to work. Mike Van Dyke was rather pleased with himself. His time was nearly up. No more alarm clocks. No more cantankerous customers. And yet, Mike mused, would he be wholeheartedly jubilant when forty-eight hours had elapsed and he was a free soul again?

Katja Maradin had been home a week now. Mike had radioed to her ship to tell her that it would be impossible for him to meet it. He said that he sent kindest regards and that he would see her just as soon as he finished the pressing business which kept him out of New York.

When Mike reported for duty at the hardware counter on the morning of his next to last day, Miss Jennings remarked, "Pull yourself together, Duke. I'm afraid you're in for a blow."

"How's that?"

"MacQuarrie left word he wants to see you in his office right away," she said. "He's in an awful stew about something, and I'm afraid, Duke, it's you."

Mike frowned. Then he squared his shoulders and marched toward the lair of MacQuarrie.

As he walked the few yards to the manager's office Mike had many of the sensations that attend a man on his way to

a lethal chamber. He tried to tell himself that it did not matter if he was fired. Of course it didn't. How quickly he could turn the MacQuarrie bark into a whine. But with his hand on the knob of the manager's door he paused, and it took courage for him to turn the knob. He realized, now, that the loss of his job did mean something to him—something real, vital, and important. It meant falling short of a goal that he had vowed on his manhood to attain.

MacQuarrie looked up when Mike entered. "Sit down, Taft," he said.

Mike sat down.

"This is a fine kettle of fish!" exploded the manager. "A pretty how-dee-do!"

"I'm sorry, sir, if I've done anything wrong," said Mike. He meant that.

"Who said you had?" snapped MacQuarrie. "It's that ingrate, Pinkham."

Mike knew Mr. Pinkham as a sallow, sanctimonius floorwalker.

"What has Pinkham done?" he asked.

"Vamoosed!" said Mr. MacQuarrie.

"Taken anything?"

"Only his own hypocritical carcass," said the manager. "But he might have given me some warning, me that raised him from a pup up. And what does he do? Quits cold. To go with Warrington Brothers. Oh, the worm!"

"Why did you wish to see me?" Mike asked.

"You're not much good, either, Taft," said Mr. MacQuarrie. "You bounce around like a pebble in a pail. I took you from Poughkeepsie on Vroom's recommendation. But Miss Beal thinks you have possibilities. She's probably wrong. Sometimes I think you're a bit crazy. I'm going to try you in Pinkham's job."

"That's great, Mr. MacQuarrie. Thank you," said Mike.

"Two dollars more a week. All the traffic will bear. That's all, Taft."

"Thanks, Mr. MacQuarrie."

To say Mike walked on air from the office would be an exaggeration; he walked on his own two feet, toughened, now; but he was prouder of that two-dollar raise than of anything that had ever happened to him.

HIS new job was not much different from his old one except in scope. Where formerly he had but a state under his wing, now he had a whole country, the lowlands in the basement. In his new domain lay a popular institution which took up most of the basement, the Catalonian Tea Room, "a bit of old Spain." And also he presided over the woodenware, goldfish bowls, carpet, oilcloth, picture-frame and paint sections.

As he surveyed his kingdom, Mike recalled that his rule there was, by the terms of his agreement with himself, to be limited to one day—and then he would go into exile. Yes, he could not stay. There was his impending marriage to Katja.

He decided to meet the problems of the day after tomorrow when he came face to face with them. Meanwhile, he experienced a marked sense of elation. He had made the grade!

The Catalonian Tea Room was so very busy that day that the new floor manager, after the fashion of men recently promoted, felt extra zealous and decided to help the sandwich builders, who were swamped with orders.

He was bending down behind the long soda fountain, busily buttering pieces of bread, when one of the counter girls shouted to him, "Two swisses on rye."

"Two swisses on rye, coming up," echoed Mike.

He quickly slapped the sandwiches together, put them on a plate, straightened up, and set them on the counter directly in front of—Katja Maradin.

SHE screamed when she saw him, and would have toppled off her high stool had not a long, strong arm shot out and held her. The arm, Mike saw at once, belonged to Sergei, the Count Iponoff.

"Well," said Mike pleasantly, "this is a surprise."

"It is me who is surprise'," said Katja. "Mike, what in the name of all the holies do you do in a slummy place like this?"

"The same to you with mustard." He passed her the mustard pot.

She pushed it from her, and her black eyes flamed. "So now I see!" she cried. "You sneaky one, you spy on Sergei and me. You follow us here. I am ashamed for you."

"You should be ashamed to think such a thing of me," retorted Mike.

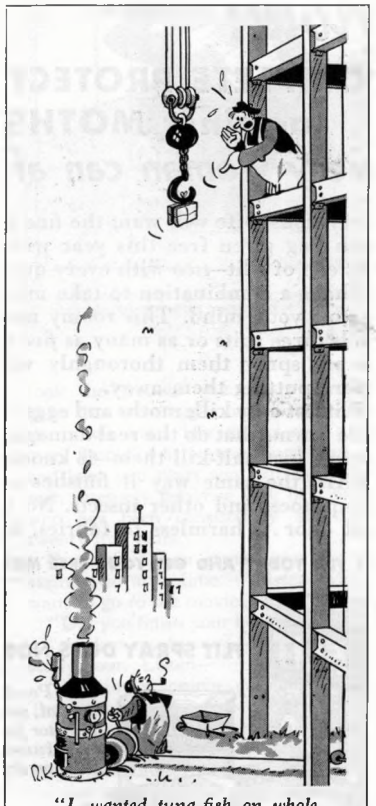
"Then I ask you again why you are here playing like a servant?" Katja asked.

"I'm not playing," said Mike. "I'm working."

"Oh, how could you stoop down like this?" said Katja. "To find you like a kitchen boy in such a place!"

"Well, you're here," remarked Mike, "and so, I notice, is the count."

"We come here to eat a bite," said Katja.



"I wanted tuna fish on whole wheat — not white!"
Reamer Keller

"Well, there it is before you," said Mike. "Made by my own hands."

"I could not touch it. You are disgusting to me."

"Now, Katja," said Mike, keeping his voice low. "No scenes, please. I don't have to explain my conduct to you. I don't ask you to explain yours to me. If you want to have a date with Sergei, you don't have to come 'way over here to Brooklyn where nobody knows you."

"I am glad I did come," said Katja. "I'm glad to see you like this. Now I know what I always did know—at heart you are the tradesman."

"I see you fingering your ring," said Mike. "Please don't throw it at me. If we've come to the parting of the ways, Katja, so be it; and no rough stuff or regrets."

"You are a pig."

"And you, my fiery friend, are a snob."

"You insult this lady," said the count.

"My insincere apologies," said Mike, getting warm, "and I'll ask you to go on playing the strong, silent wrestler and keep out of this. Katja can defend herself."

"I spit upon you," said Katja.

"Read the sign. It's against the rules," said Mike.

"You sneer at me," said Katja furiously. "You think I care if I do not marry you! Well—get this—I marry Sergei!"

"Wedding ring department on the street floor," said Mike.

"You insult again," said Katja. "You make fun because you think Sergei has not the money. I laugh at you for that. Sergei sign the new contract to make wrestling two times a week for the year. He will make money hand over foot. They pay him three hundred dollars for each wrestlings. Put that in your pie and smoke it."

"The sandwiches are two for a quarter," said Mike.

COUNT IPONOFF pulled out a coin and flung it. It hit Mike on the nose.

"You big phony," Mike cried, white with rage.

"Swine, yourself," said the count, and his large hand went out in a gesture his opponents in the ring had learned to fear, and cuffed Mike on the ear with such force that he was knocked backward into an open vat of whipped cream. He jumped up and faced the count.

"Sorry," he said, and his voice was no longer low, "I haven't the classic comeback handy—but we're all out of custard pies. However, this will do, I hope."

He seized a large banana shortcake and planted it firmly against the count's features. Katja screamed and threw the cheese sandwiches, plate and all, at Mike's head. The plate cut his forehead.

The count wiped the bananas from his eyes and returned to the wars. His great hands shot out, grabbed Mike by the lapels, and jerked him over the soda bar, spilling milk shakes and phosphates right and left. In the count's professional grip, Mike could do little, if anything. He was shaken the way an angry child shakes an offending doll; he wrenched away, leaving most of his coat in the count's hands, and he threw from the floor a wild right swing that landed on Iponoff's left eye and made a purple swelling puff out and close the optic.

That was about all that Mike contributed to the encounter. The count launched 232 solid pounds at Mike's midriff

in a flying tackle, bounced Mike against the counter, picked him up by a leg and an arm, whirled him in an airplane spin around his head, and threw him through the air. The record for throwing a man through the air is in no books; but, whatever it is, it was broken at that moment. Mike sailed through space and came down with a resounding crash in the goldfish-bowl department.

The count wiped his hands, took Katja by the arm, and pushed his way through the crowd and out to the street. Mike lay where he'd been flung. Blood was running from cuts on his face.

MacQuarrie was the first to reach his side. MacQuarrie had been the only one to try to stop the fracas, but the count had batted him aside as a bear might bat aside a cub. He hauled Mike from the wreckage.

"Where did he go?" cried Mike.

He started after the count, but MacQuarrie barred his way. "Don't be a bigger sap than you've already been," he said. "Come to the office with me."

THE manager turned to the crowd of employees who clustered about.

"Go back to your jobs," he barked. "Do you think you're paid to gawk? Beat it, now. . . . Of course," he added, with a sudden change of tone, "my remarks do not apply to customers. I apologize to them for this disgraceful scene."

He led Mike back to his office. Mike sat down in a chair and swabbed his wounded face with his handkerchief. The cuts were not long or deep.

"Well, Taft," said MacQuarrie, "I give you a little authority and it goes right to your head. What do you think this store is—a bull ring?"

"Get it over with," said Mike miserably. "Give me my money and turn me out."

"That's what I'm going to do," said Mr. MacQuarrie. "That's what I've got to do. The rules are plain. They say that if any clerk strikes a customer he must be discharged on the spot."

"All right," said Mike. "I'll be going to a doctor and getting my face fixed."

"Try Dr. Ungle, just across the street," said MacQuarrie. "He's cheap."

"Thanks. Good-by, MacQuarrie. Sorry this happened," Mike said.

"So am I," said MacQuarrie. "Man, that was a grand swipe you fetched that dirty tramp. If you'd only been thirty pounds heavier, now—but even so, you staggered him—and him a professional strong man."

"Do you know him?" exclaimed Mike.

"Man alive," said MacQuarrie, growing confidential and Scotch. "I haven't missed a wrestling match in years. It's my hobby. Like all fans, I have my favorite—and it's Sandy Ogilvie, the Dundee Dreadnaught. Ye see, Taft, I'm Scotch, myself."

"Really?" said Mike.

"Yes. And I went to see Sandy wrestle this Cossack fellow and, man, the Russian is a dirty worker! He butted the sense out of poor Sandy and threw him, just as he threw you. It wasna cricket, I'm telling ye. I won't be charging you for the shortcake you conked him with. I only wish it had been an anvil."

"So do I," said Mike, his hand on the door.

"Now, man, stop a bit," the manager

said. "Fire you, I must. That's the law. But I'm going to take a chance. I'm going to suspend you, without pay, mind you, till I get a decision from higher up. There are extenuating circumstances in your case. I saw him slap you into our whipped cream—and go off without paying you for it. Now, you just run along and have Dr. Ungle bandage you up, and I'll ask Miss Beal when she comes in if I can give you another chance. But let this be a warning to you, Taft; never hit a customer, no matter what he says or does, unless he's that big Russian son of a bum."

"Is Miss Beal coming in today?" asked Mike.

"I expect her. Run along now."

MIKE went across the street to the office of Dr. I. Ungle. He painted the cuts on Mike's brows and cheeks with iodine and stuck adhesive plaster over them.

"You'll live," he said. "Give me a dollar, and close the door on your way out."

"Listen, Doctor," said Mike, "can't you do something more for me?"

"What do you expect I should do?" demanded Dr. Ungle. "Take out your appendix?"

"No; but I wish you'd put a lot of bandages around my head," Mike said.

A knowing gleam came into the doctor's eyes. "I got it," he said.

He took from his cabinet a large roll of gauze and wrapped it around Mike's head till only his eyes, mouth, and the tip of his nose could be seen.

"That'll get you a week's vacation," Dr. I. Ungle said, "as sure as warts are warts. Don't forget to close that door. Come again soon."

When the much-bandaged Mike returned to the manager's office MacQuarrie was not there, but Miss Beal was.

She surveyed him anxiously. "I was told your wounds were not serious, Taft," she said.

"The doctor says I'll live," said Mike.

"I'm sorry about this, Taft."

"So am I, Miss Beal."

"You knew the rule."

"Yes, I knew it."

"But you struck the customer."

"Twice," said Mike. "Once with a banana shortcake and once with my fist."

"Mr. MacQuarrie says the assault was provoked by the customer. He says the man hit you first."

"He wafted me into the whipped cream," said Mike. "Even so, I guess I was a bit hasty."

"Such scenes hurt business, you know."

"I'm afraid they do, Miss Beal."

"The rule under which you must be dismissed was passed at the last directors' meeting and approved by the president," said Miss Beal. "I'm afraid there's no appeal from it. I'm very much disappointed in you, Taft. Sorry for you, too."

Mike shrugged his shoulders. "I'm sorry for myself, Miss Beal," he said.

"What are your plans? Have you any other work in view?"

"No."

"I'll see if I can get you a job in some other concern."

"Thank you, Miss Beal."

"MacQuarrie says you were turning into a very useful man."

"I think I was," said Mike. "I've worked pretty hard; so I'm going to dare to ask a favor of you, Miss Beal."

"What's that, Taft?"

"Let me stay on here one more day, please," Mike said.

"That's a rather extraordinary request, Taft," she said. "You must have a good reason for making it."

"I have the best reason in the world," said Mike.

"Can you tell me?"

"I'd rather not."

"Well, I don't know," said Miss Beal. "I don't like to stretch the rules unless I know all the circumstances."

"I'll tell you this much," said Mike. "It's to redeem a promise I made."

"To whom?"

"To myself."

"I still don't understand," said Betsy Ross Beal.

"I promised myself I'd hold this job four months," said Mike. "I lack a day. Will you let me make my word good?"

She looked at him thoughtfully. "Yes, I will," she said.

"I'm very grateful to you," said Mike.

For a minute she did not speak. "Taft," she said finally, "I think it would be a shame to let a man like you go."

"So do I."

"The time is not far distant," she said,

"when this company is going to need men who can work and fight. Here's what I'll do: The law says I must fire you. . . . All right, you're fired. The law does not say I can't rehire you. I'm going to do just that. . . . Taft, you're hired. Report for work when you look less banged up."

"You're a sport, Miss Beal."

"Never mind that." She was watching him intently. "What's the matter, Taft?" she said. "You seem all upset. Your hand is shaking. Would you like a smoke?"

"Just what I need, thanks," Mike said.

"Light up, then," she said.

HE TOOK a cigarette, put it in his mouth, dipped into his pocket, and took out his lighter. It was the platinum lighter with his initials, H. B. V. D., on it which he had absent-mindedly slipped into the pocket of Tommy's suit when he left home.

He saw her eyes fasten on it.

"Where did you get that lighter?" she exclaimed.

"What lighter?" said Mike.

"The one in your hand."

"Oh, that lighter," said Mike.

"Yes, yes," she said. "Stop stalling. Where did you get the lighter you have in your hand and are now trying to conceal?"

"Why, it's mine," got out Mike. "I mean, I got it from a friend—it was his—and now it's mine."

"Just unwind a few of those bandages, will you?" said Miss Beal in her quiet voice that carried authority.

"Oh, I can't—I'm frightfully cut up."

"Nonsense. MacQuarrie said you had only a few scratches."

She stepped toward him.

"Oh, all right, all right," said Mike, beginning to unreel the yards of gauze. "You win, and there's no prize." He finished taking off the bandages. "Well," he said, "now that you've found the long-lost heir, what are you going to do with him?"

"Congratulate him."

"On what?"

A wide smile came to the face of Betsy Ross Beal. "Now, what do you think?"

Mike was smiling, too. "Are you sorry you said what you said?" he asked.

"No; I'm glad."

"But weren't you just a little bit wrong about me?"

SHE held out her hand to him. "Yes, I was entirely wrong about you," she said.

"Local drone makes good," said Mike. "Yes?"

"Yes," said Betsy Ross Beal. "But, Mr. Van Dyke, you must come right back with me to the office."

"What for?" said Mike. "I've got to finish out my term here."

"We'll let you do that later," said Miss Beal. "We've been hunting everywhere for you."

"Why?"

"To tell you the bad news."

"Gosh! What is it?"

"Leeming, Symington, and Apthorpe have resigned and are taking over Warrington Brothers."

"Is that your idea of bad news?"

"What's to happen to the company?"

"You said, once, you can step into Leeming's shoes," Mike said.

"I could—but they want me to go to Warrington's with them."

"You're not going," said Mike.

"Why not?"

"You're staying with me."

"With you?"

"With me, Betsy Ross Beal," Mike said firmly.

"All right," she said, meeting his eyes. "I'll stay."

"The three of us will run this business and run it right," Mike said. "I've learned to be a good boss by working for myself."

"The three of us'?" said Betsy Ross Beal. "Who is the third?"

"The third is the real Taft—the fellow I'm understudying. Given another two years, he'll be ready for big work, or I'm the worst judge of character in the world."

"Does he want to go with us?"

"Yes," said Mike. "I broke my exile and had a long talk with him last night. I convinced him that he should let himself be groomed for Symington's place."

"But you didn't know, last night, that Symington had resigned," objected Miss Beal.

"No, I didn't," said Mike. "I hadn't an inkling that he, Leeming, and Apthorpe were going to pull out. But I did know they were going to *get* out. That's one presidential order that I was going to make stick."

"And what do you want me to do in the new administration, Mr. Van Dyke?"

"Three things," said Mike.

"Name them."

"First, call me 'Mike.'"

"All right, Mike."

"Second, be a partner."

"All right, Mike."

"Third, marry me."

She looked full at him, and there was no business in her gray eyes now.

"Why do you want me to marry you, Mike?" she asked in a voice he had never heard her use before.

"Three reasons," said Mike.

"Three should be enough—if they're good ones."

"They're perfect," said Mike.

"What are they?" she asked.

"First, I know we'd make a grand team," Mike said.

She nodded.

"Second, I think you're wonderful."

She smiled.

"Third, I'm most terribly in love with you, Betsy Ross."

"Mike," she said, and her voice shook a little, "I won't say, 'This is so sudden.' I won't say, 'Why, I never thought of us that way.' Because I have thought of us that way."

"You said once you'd never give me a job, Betsy Ross," Mike said.

"Yes."

"I took one."

"Yes."

"I'm asking you for a job now," said Mike. "A life-long, marvelous job. And let me tell you, Betsy Ross, if you don't give it to me, I'm going to take it, anyhow."

She smiled back at him.

"You're hired," she said. "When do you want to start work?"

There was only one thing for Mike to do in the circumstances. He did it.

TWENTY minutes later Mr. MacQuarrie stuck his head into his office. What he saw made him pull his head back and retreat rapidly. When he ventured to return ten minutes later, Mike and Betsy Ross Beal were just emerging from his office, arm in arm.

"Oh, MacQuarrie," said Miss Beal. "This is Mr. Hermanus Van Dyke, you know."

Mr. MacQuarrie did not say anything. He couldn't. All he could do was hold out a hand that was clammy with surprise and trembling with astonishment.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Mr. Van Dyke," he said. He hesitated. "I knew your grandfather," he said. "And I've just found we can save some of that whipped cream you sat in. Only the top part is spoiled."

"Good," said Mike. "And, MacQuarrie, when you come to my pay envelope for this week, take out a quarter, will you?"

"If you say so, Mr. Van Dyke," MacQuarrie said. "What shall I charge you with?"

"On the way out," said Mike, "I'm going to take a ring."

"Very well."

As Mike and Betsy left him and headed for the ring counter, Mr. MacQuarrie took out his memorandum book, and in a fine, precise hand wrote:

"One ring—25 cts. Deduct from pay of T. T. Taft."

Then he went into his office, sat down at his desk, wagged his terrier head, and began to think. He was wondering just how to charge off the broken goldfish bowls.

(The End)

Hermit's HAVEN

(*Continued from page 54*)

asked the hermit, "should the world beat a path to my door?"

"My name's Baines—Scattergood Baines."

"Thank you," said the hermit.

"In these parts," said Scattergood, "when one party names his name the other party gen'ally does likewise."

"I'm not of these parts," said the hermit. "I left Rome so I would no longer have to do as the Romans do."

"Italian, eh?"

"Iberian," said the hermit. "This is my village. I'm first in it."

"I know that one," said Scattergood, "because my wife, Mandy, she reads that the.e poem about Miles Standish. She reads it out loud every time suthin' don't happen to stop her."

THE hermit turned and walked back into the shanty. Scattergood sat down placidly on the stoop before the door. Twenty minutes passed. The hermit appeared again.

"I prefer," he said, "to speed the parting guest."

"Be you one of them hermits?" Scattergood asked.

"I m a man who asks but one thing of the world—to be let alone. It is a very little thing to ask. It troubles no one."

"You ask another thing," said Scattergood.

"What other thing?"

"A place to be let alone in."

"True."

"Did you build this here wanigan?"

"No."

"Do you own this here land?"

"No."

"You can't throw folks off of premises where you hain't got no legal right to be."

"You have the logic."

"Now, take me," said Scattergood. "I built this here wanigan. I built these here camps. I logged these here woods. I own as fur as ye kin see in all directions. Because I worked and earned the money to buy it. I dunno what a body kin have in this world unless he works and buys it, one way or another."

"Are you telling me to move on?"

"Wa-al, no. Havin' seen as much of ye as is visible through them whiskers, I calc'late to move on, myself. But I'm a business man. It runs counter to the ways of the world to git suthin' fur nothin'. I'm offerin' you a dicker."

"Of what nature?"

"Calc'late on bein' a hermit long?"

"Forever."

"How'd ye like a lease of these premises, so as you could exclude everybody from them legal?"

"I would like the power of exclusion."

"I'll grant ye a lease—say a ten-year lease. But you'll have to pay rent."

"What rent?" asked the hermit.

"You'll have to pay me some answers. I'll consider 'em legal tender and give ye a lease in writin'. Answers to these here followin' and ensuin' questions: Fust: What's your name? Second: How old be ye? Third: Where'd ye come from? And fourth: What set ye up in the hermit business?"

"There is no answer to the first. I dropped my name in a blind beggar's cup. It is no longer mine, but his. It was no great piece of philanthropy." The hermit's voice seemed here to take on a slight tinge of bitterness. "I am probably several centuries old, because I spent at least one night a hundred years long. As to your third question, I came from a place variously called Gehenna, Sheol, Hades, Dis. And, lastly, I—as you put it—set up in the hermit business because it was the only profession for which my undoubtedly peculiar talents fitted me."

SCATTERGOOD considered. "Each one of them is a good answer," he said. "I'll take them over the counter as legal tender. Before I left Coldriver I had Johnny Bones make out a lease in case it might come in handy. From Scattergood Baines to John Doe. It's yourn."

"Conferring upon me," said the hermit, "the High Justice, the Middle, and the Low."

"I'll be gittin' along," said Scattergood. "Hope ye do well in your perfession. G'-by."

"Should I thank you?" asked the hermit.

"No call fur it," said Scattergood. "G'-by."

He ambled back across the clearing and disappeared in the undergrowth. There he found Guinevere Theodosia kneeling with avidly leveled glasses.

"Fust-class hermit," said Scattergood.

"He's cunning," said Guinevere Theodosia.

"I kind of wonder what he'd look like," said Scattergood, "if a body was to throw a gang of men into them whiskers and clear 'em away."

"He would look," said Guinevere Theodosia, "pretty pitifully young."

"Where'd ye git that notion?"

"I could tell," she said, but offered no explanation.

They trudged back to the covered bridge, where she had hidden her little car. On the walk the old man learned more about birds and their calls and their private affairs than he had ever dreamed existed. But he learned very little about Guinevere Theodosia. You could hear what she said, see what she did—and, when you were through with it, continue to wonder what she meant by it. Which pleased the old gentleman very much.

As she started her car he said, "Don't go meddlin' with the hermit. Stick to pa'tridges."

She made a comical face at him and rocked away down the nearly impassable road. . . .

ON THE following Monday Scattergood went to Boston for a conference with the eminent legal firm of Mills, Mills, Throgglebury & Mills on the subject of a certain lumber company which had omitted the important duty of showing a profit on its operations. As he entered the still, mahogany offices, a huge, burly citizen, evidently in an evil humor, rushed out of the door.

Scattergood was shown into the presence of the senior Mills, whose austerity had cowed many a personage.

"How be ye, Jabe?" Scattergood asked.

Mr. Mills squirmed. No one else in the world had ever ventured to call him "Jabe."

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Baines," he said coldly.

"Just seen Ramsay Q. Breen rampagin' out of the office," said Scattergood. "Kind of dotes on tantrums, don't he?"

"He lacks restraint," said Mr. Mills.

"Yeah. So does a gorilla with a burr in its tail," said Scattergood. "What ails him, if it hain't private? And if it is, what ails him, anyhow?"

"If it were private he would make it public," said Mills disapprovingly. "A young man in his office just absconded with $62,352."

"And how many cents?" asked Scattergood.

"It would not have been so bad," said Mills, "if this young man had not been a friend of Breen's son. Er—the fact of the matter is the two youths disappeared together."

"Huh. Why should Breen's son steal money?"

"He and his father did not see eye to eye."

"Meanin' Ol' Man Breen couldn't git along with his boy?"

"Yes. But, as I understand it, I can't blame him. The boy, apparently, was no good. A rich man's son. Wouldn't work. Untrustworthy. Useless."

"So the Ol' Man clamped down onto him, and the boy 'n' his chum stole a snag of money?"

"That's how it looks. Now Breen is on the warpath. Offering a reward. Going to send them both to the penitentiary."

"Got all the appearance," said Scattergood, "of a rattlesnake bitin' itself."

"Why," asked Mills, "do so many able men have worthless sons?"

"Mebby it's more the fault of the able men 'n what it is of the boys," said Scatter-

good. "Able men have a habit of wantin' their own way. Allus contrivin' to run other folks' lives. A boy with a father that's awful rich or famous has got him a hard row to hoe. If he hain't jest like his daddy he's no good."

"I fancy Breen has been rather dominating as a parent."

"Goin' to offer a reward, eh? Got pictures of these here boys? Eh?"

Mr. Mills reached in a drawer and tossed across a couple of photographs.

"Which is the Breen boy?" asked Scattergood, and Mills indicated with his finger.

Scattergood examined the photograph. "Kind of mild-lookin'," he said. "Tother boy looks too smart. Um. . . . This here Breen boy looks like he'd walk around a caterpillar so's not to step onto it."

"I never saw him," said Mills.

"Calc'late his pa never did neither," said Scattergood cryptically. "Huh. Any distinguishin' marks?"

"None that I know of. You seem quite interested, Mr. Baines."

"I'm allus int'rested in folks," said Scattergood. "Take Ol' Man Breen, now. I'm int'rested in him. You figger he's jest savage, don't ye? And cantankerous?"

"Yes."

"It's one way," said Scattergood, "of puttin' a poultice onto a breakin' heart. . . . Wa-al, I calc'late we got to talk business."

NEXT day Scattergood was at home again in the familiar surroundings of Coldriver. Just before time for the noon mail to arrive a small car stopped at Sam Kettleman's store across the street, and a girl alighted. She waved her hand to Scattergood as he sat in his specially reinforced chair.

"Mornin', Guinevere Theodosia," he said. "Need anythin' in hardware?"

"I might," she said, and crossed the street. "You've been away."

"I gad about consid'able," said Scattergood. "How's all the titwits and peewees? Um. . . . What ye got that guilty look in your eye fur?"

"It's not a guilty look."

"Just where have ye been spyin' on the fambly affairs of them birds?" he asked.

"Oh, here and there."

"Yeah," Scattergood said. "To be sure. I might 'a' knowed. Birds with whiskers."

"I," she said boldly, "am a student of natural history. It was my duty to find out what makes whiskers grow so luxuriantly in this climate."

"What come of it?" he asked.

"I've a new mission in life," she said.

"Sich as?"

"Whisker elimination," she said. "I'm starting a campaign. Millions for toupees but not a cent for beards. He has lovely eyes. They're brown."

"Did he order ye off the premises?"

"Yes, but I didn't go. He went in the wanigan and shut the door, but I sat on the steps and meowed like a cat till he came out again. He was quite severe with me. He said I was invading his privacy and it was very bad manners."

"So you done what?"

"I kept right on invading," she said. "I was very big-eyed and young, and I really looked quite beautiful. Those things have an effect, even on hermits."

"I jedge so," said Scattergood, with a twinkle in his eye.

"He is all hurt inside," she said, "and

he's terribly young, and so, of course, he had to brag about it. I mean about how hurt he was. Boys always do." She paused. "He really has a very nice mind. It's gentle, but he isn't anybody's fool."

"What's his grief?" asked Scattergood. "Some gal bust his heart?"

"He didn't say. But it wasn't a girl. I think he loves someone a great deal, and the someone despises him. And then there was somebody else—this wasn't just clear, either—but this someone else was a man, too, and did him dirt."

"So that's how it was," said Scattergood thoughtfully.

"He hates banking and Wall Street and offices—and so he thinks he is no good. He got to talking and kind of forgot about himself, and he had some pretty splendid thoughts."

"Dew tell!" exclaimed Scattergood. "What's he aim to use 'em fur?"

"He wouldn't tell me, but I found out just the same."

"I'll venture."

"Yes, siree. It was when he got to talking about people who write plays that he forgot everything else. He sort of worships O'Neill. And there was a lot of paper scattered around inside the shanty."

"Well, well," said Scattergood. "Um. . . . I calc'late I got to do some ruminatin'. G'-by, Guinevere Theodosia."

"I asked him if he couldn't be a hermit without whiskers, and he said he couldn't."

"G'-by," said Scattergood.

HIS hand went down automatically and slipped off his shoes. His eyes closed, and Coldriver might have believed he dozed. But he was wide awake concentrating upon the problem.

After the mail came in Sheriff Fox stopped by with a Boston paper in his hand. He pointed to an advertisement offering a reward of $5,000 for information concerning two young men named Wilson Cabot Breen and Homer Withers.

"One of 'em couldn't be that there hermit, could it?" the sheriff asked.

"It could be," said Scattergood, "but even if it is, it hain't, so fur's you're concerned."

"Five thousand is five thousand."

"And bein' sheriff is bein' sheriff," said Scattergood with meaning.

"I calc'late I druther keep on bein' sheriff," said Mr. Fox.

"G'-by," said Scattergood.

"G'-by," replied Sheriff Fox.

"Has that there Guinevere Theodosia gal drove out of taown yit?"

"No."

"If ye was to meet her," said Scattergood, "would any idees occur to ye?"

"I'd tell her you wanted to see her," said the sheriff.

"Didn't say so, did I? Eh?"

"No."

"G'-by," repeated Scattergood.

Presently Guinevere Theodosia drove up in front of the hardware store.

"You wanted to see me?" she asked.

"Never said no sich thing, but as long's you're here ye might's well hitch."

She sat down on the step below him. "Well?" she asked.

"Hain't never a-goin' out to see the hermit ag'in, be ye?"

"I am," she said. "He's my present mission in life."

"Like him?"

"The way it looks to me at the minute," she said, "I've picked him out. I could use a young man like that."

"Don't git headstrong. Um. . . . You wasn't a-goin' out tomorrer, was ye?"

"I could."

"If ye was to go there," Scattergood asked, "could ye contrive to show him a bird's nest or suthin'—one that was a ways off from the camp? Eh?"

"Quite probably. Why?"

"I betcha," said Scattergood, "he'd dote on seein' a bird's nest."

She scrutinized his face. "Do you mean my young man any harm?" she asked.

"Would ye think so?" he countered.

"I'll play it your way," she said. "But remember, whatever happens, those whiskers come off."

"G'-by," said Scattergood.

"I'll start around nine o'clock," she said.

"G'-by," Scattergood repeated.

So it was that the next day the hermit found himself tolled away from his cell and kept away from it for an ample period. When Guinevere Theodosia brought him back it seemed to be just as it had been. There was no sign of an intruder. She wondered what it was all about and if Scattergood Baines had meant anything by his request to get the hermit out of the way. Though she questioned him next day, she remained as ignorant as before. And the day following that the old hardware merchant was invisible. He had been driven away just after daylight and nobody in town could guess at his whereabouts.

On Monday he sat in his accustomed place on the piazza when she drove up.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

"Inquirin' into, and findin' out," he said placidly.

"Finding out what?"

"If," said Scattergood, "it was jest a hope and a delusion, or if, mebby, it was like I hoped it was a-goin' to be."

"What?" she asked.

"How'd the hermit like birds' nests?" he asked.

"Mr. Baines," she said, "would you believe it? I've got that young man hooked."

"How about your pa? Huh?"

"Probably " said Guinevere Theodosia, "he'll have a conniption."

"I hadn't ought to countenance sich goin's on. Um. . . . If you was to be in taown every day and seen me a-settin' on this piazza, what d'ye calc'late you'd do?"

"Stop and talk," she said.

"G'-by, Guinevere Theodosia," he said.

AT SOME hour on almost every day she stopped to talk to the old hardware merchant, but he said nothing significant until nearly two weeks had passed.

"Contrivin' to do anythin' of a Monday?" he asked.

"Such as?" she countered.

"Studyin' hermits?"

"I can. But I wish you would explain."

"If ye object to havin' private and mebby pers'nal conversation overheard, mebby ye better stay to home."

"Why?"

"Because," said Scattergood, "it might be a good idee if the talk was to run in sich and sich channels." He outlined the channels in which he desired it to proceed. "Git the idee?" he asked.

"I can manage that, of course. It will be easy; but I don't get the idea."

"Now," said Scattergood, "fur *where* you do this here talkin'. About fifty yards down the tote road behind the wanigan 's a perty suitable log fur settin' on and chattin'. And the's a perty thick mess of young spruces jest behind it. Know where?"

"I know it."

"If you was to git there jest after eleven it would be perty handy," said Scattergood. "Um. . . . And don't git uppity if anythin' happens, and don't shet up the hermit if he gits to talkin' what ye wouldn't care fur strangers to hear. I calc'late ye kin endure it if—wa-al, say, if it was to git the hermit's whiskers off of him."

"I'm trusting you a heap," she said.

"Nobuddy never knows how suthin' 'll turn out," he said. "All a body kin do is strive and kind of hope fur the best."

"It had better come out best," she said fiercely. "I won't have him hurt any more."

WHEN she was gone he went to his telephone and called up Mr. Mills in Boston.

"This here's Scattergood Baines," he said. "Breen still hankerin' to ketch his son?"

The answer being in the affirmative, Scattergood continued:

"You deliver Breen in Coldriver Sunday night. Git him here alone. No Breen, no son. If he does any foolin' around he'll wisht he hadn't. Got it clear?"

"Yes, but—"

"That's all. Deliver him Sunday night." . . .

Somehow, Scattergood knew the irascible Mr. Breen would arrive, and he did arrive in an enormous car just after sundown on Sunday evening. Scattergood sat on the piazza of the hotel and arose to meet the great man.

"Name of Baines—Scattergood Baines," he said.

"Where's my son?"

"Hain't a-goin' to do ye no good to b'ile over," said Scattergood. "The boy hain't to be reached tonight. Calc'late we'll run onto him in the mornin'. But we won't run onto him then, or any other time, if ye don't let me handle this my way."

Breen bristled. His jowls grew purple.

"Hain't nobuddy ye kin bully around here," Scattergood said placidly. "I aim to take ye home to dinner with Mandy. She's baked up some pumpkin pies."

"I'll—"

"You'll jest eat pie," said Scattergood calmly, "until I git ready fur somethin' else. You been a-waitin' a couple of months. Another night won't kill ye."

"Where's my son?"

"You'll see in the mornin'. Now, jest settle back in the britchin' and jog along comfortable."

In the morning Scattergood loaded Breen into a car driven by Sheriff Fox and carried him to the coved bridge. Breen made no protest, not even at the tramp through the woods.

"Now, mind ye," said Scattergood, "I got your word not to let a peep out of ye, no matter what comes or what ye hear."

"I don't understand it," said Breen. "But you have my word."

"We scrouge down in here," said Scattergood. "We got mebby five minutes."

It was a little more than that before Guinevere Theodosia appeared with the hermit. Scattergood could feel Breen stiffen at sight of the girl.

"Let's sit here," said Guinevere Theodosia, pointing to the fallen log.

"You mustn't be coming up here," said the young man. "It isn't right."

"You couldn't live without me," said Guinevere Theodosia promptly. "Don't tell lies." She paused. "Let's talk about hermits and whiskers. Now, just why, specifically, did you go into the hermit business? I know you're a misfit and all, but name names and give dates."

"No," he said.

"What about your mother?"

"She died twenty years ago."

"But you must have a father."

"Yes," he said in an odd, tortured voice, "I have a father."

Suddenly he leaned toward her and gripped her arm. "Did you ever worship anyone who despised you? When I was a kid—a lonesome kid—I worshiped my father. I used to wait all day for him to come home. Then he would come. I guess you can't understand it, but I would almost burst. Sometimes he would notice me. I thought he was the greatest thing in the wor d, and I would be afraid. I wanted to touch him. But I didn't dare."

Old Man Breen made a movement, but Scattergood's hand stayed him.

"He was not unkind, but he didn't notice me much. When he did—talk to me or maybe set me on his knee for a moment—I was so happy I was dumb. I got older and kept on worshiping him, but I could see he didn't like me. I didn't know what to do, but I could see he rather despised me. I tried to find out what kind of a boy he would like—and to be that way."

HE STOPPED and looked off across the hills. "I think it made me queer. I used to avoid him—when I would have given my right hand to be near him." He paused again. "That's about that. He grew more and more ashamed of me. I didn't resent it. I just realized I was no good and that he couldn't be bothered with a misfit—" His voice dragged off into silence.

"You don't hate him?" asked Guinevere Theodosia.

"Of course not," he said with surprise. "I—I guess I feel just the same as I did when I was a little boy."

"So you turned hermit."

"I was no good. But the final straw was—I had a friend. He wasn't really a friend. He worked for Father. I found out one night he had robbed Father. And it seemed to me that kind of a world couldn't be lived in. So I just came away."

Breen's body jerked, but Scattergood's fingers gripped his knee. He nodded to Sheriff Fox, who creaked to his feet and floundered through the spruces.

"Young Breen, hain't ye?" he demanded of the boy. "I'm Sheriff Fox. Calc'late I got to take ye along."

The hermit looked at Guinevere Theodosia and shrugged. "I'm not even a successful hermit," he said.

Guinevere Theodosia was on her feet, eyes flashing, cheeks flushed, but the sheriff jerked his head toward the underbrush, and she subsided. But she went very close to the hermit and touched him

"I think it will be better from now on," she said, and then, inconsequentially, "I never was kissed by a man with whiskers."

"Want to git anythin'?" asked the sheriff.

(*Continued on page 160*)

"No," said the hermit, and they walked away, leaving the girl standing.

She waited till they were out of sight and then turned to the clump of spruces. "I hope," she said softly, "you got an earful."

Scattergood and Breen appeared. The face of the financier was gray and set.

"I thought," he said harshly, "the boy hated me. I thought he ran and hid whenever I came in the house."

She looked at him scornfully. "And you're supposed to be a great man."

"I—I don't know what to do," said Breen.

"Ye hain't a-goin' to him now," said Scattergood.

"When?" asked Breen.

"Not," said Scattergood, "till he gits him some self-respect and kin meet ye eye to eye. Um. . . . Guinevere Theodosia, kin ye git your pa to take ye fur an overnight trip?"

"It's arranged," she said.

"Eh? What's arranged?"

"Papa and I," she said, "are going to spend the night in Hilltop. You needn't think I missed what you were up to."

"Guinevere Theodosia," said Scattergood solemnly, "you're too doggone smart. That there boy'll rue the day he fust see you. . . . Let's be moggin' along."

At the hotel in Coldriver, to which the sheriff took the hermit, the young man expressed a wish to rid himself of his beard. "Where are we going?" he asked.

"Start for Boston after a bit."

"I suppose so."

"Be kind of a late start. We'll break the trip by stayin' all night at Hilltop."

Young Mr. Breen shrugged his shoulders wearily. He did not care.

LATER in the afternoon the pair drove out of Coldriver. They arrived in Hilltop at seven and dined silently in the Inn.

"I see they got a show troupe here," said the sheriff. "One of them summer the-ayters with New York actors and all. Might's well go to it as set around the hotel."

"I know," said young Breen. "They've done some rather fine things here."

So, after they had eaten, they walked to the little theater and took seats. Though Breen and the sheriff did not know it, there was an unusually distinguished audience that night. America's first playwright was there, the guest of a member of the summer colony, and one of the most astute of critics from the metropolis had driven over from his summer camp.

The curtain parted and the play was in progress. For a few moments young Breen watched with dull eyes, then he leaned forward tensely. He listened. His cheeks grew hot. He half rose from his seat.

"Set still," admonished the sheriff.

The young man sank back, astounded, frightened. It was impossible! The thing that was happening could not happen! At the end of the first act the audience sat silent for an appreciable space; then it burst into a roar of applause.

Young Breen did not stir. At the end of the second act there was an ovation.

"It can't be," muttered young Breen. "I—it's quite impossible. I—"

"Shet up," snapped the sheriff.

The third act ended, and the house rose. It cheered, it clapped. Curtain call followed curtain call. But the audience was not content. It shouted, "Author! Author!"

Then the curtain parted again, and America's first playwright stepped upon the stage.

"I did not write this play," he said gravely. "I wish I had written it. People say I have written good plays. With just a touch of jealousy I confess that I have never written so great a play as this one. It has been your privilege, ladies and gentlemen, to be present at an event—at the first introduction to the world of a genius of the theater. I will say no more. I am proud of the privilege which has been given me—the privilege of presenting to you this young man, who is here in the audience tonight." He paused and peered over the footlights. "I, myself, wish to make the acquaintance of Mr. Wilson Cabot Breen."

Young Breen stumbled forward. He was bewildered. Eager hands pushed him out upon the stage, and he stood there, trembling, very young, engaging in his bewilderment. When the uproar subsided he spoke hesitantly:

"I didn't know . . . some kind of a miracle . . ." It seemed he could not go on. Then, with a pitiful gesture of the hands, he spoke again. "I—I wish my father was here," he said.

From the auditorium came a bellow: "I'm here, by heck! I'm here, son. Right here in the tenth row."

IT WAS midnight in the little Inn before Old Man Breen was alone with his son. There was a closed door between them and the world, and no human being save themselves knows what was said in that room. But they emerged with eyes from which shone contentment and happiness.

"Where's that girl?" blustered Old Man Breen.

"Present and accounted for," said Guinevere Theodosia.

"You can't have him," said Old Man Breen. "He's mine"

"Try and keep him," she said. "But I'll give you a peek once in a while. It was me picked him right out from among his whiskers."

"Baines!" said Breen.

"Shucks," said Scattergood. "Stealin' a play out of a shanty when the hermit was away wa'n't nothin' of a chore. These here actors grabbed it like they was trout and it was a worm. Um. . . . World's full of different kind of people, hain't it?"

"True," said Breen.

"Every kind sort of fancies it's the cream off the pan," said Scattergood, "till they kind of git it forced onto 'em that the other kinds has their merits. Financiers is grand. So is poets. Inventors is kind of wonderful. So is playwrights. Make things sort of easier fur everybody if each brand of human 'ud up and realize his kind hain't the only one that can lay an aig."

"Hurray!" applauded Guinevere Theodosia.

"Which gits around," said Scattergood, "to the old sayin' that the folks is as good as the people."

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

will return in an early issue with another delightful story about Scattergood Baines.

THE STOLEN God

(*Continued from page 27*)

Buddha, its sacred diamond intact? Griffin was Virginia's father—but the green idol was the bulwark of a nation.

"Heaven-Born, if you turn back toward Vinh, you will vision Tuan's death at every turn of the wheels," he answered at last. "If we seek help from the French, the Khas may strike. So I say stay here, and watch for a chance to rescue him."

"Then we'll leave it in your hands, T'Fan." Virginia's pale face had flushed and her imploring eyes gazed into his. "Save my father."

At once Ned returned to the Kha envoy, still waiting in the road. "Come at noon tomorrow for your answer. Meanwhile, you and your men stay out of bullet-range of our camp. If Tuan Chambon sees your black forms in the woods he will surely shoot to kill."

FOR the next hour Ned kept track of the traffic on the road. Idly he watched wandering bands of Muongs, Mois carrying long packs strapped to their foreheads. But when a tall, dark man, wearing a dark gown with a red sash and driving a string of little belled ponies appeared, Ned stepped out to meet him.

This man was a Meuw horse trader. His tribe were the gypsies of Indo-China, roaming from the ruins of Angkor to the lost cities of Bhutan, buying and selling horses, and wearing their wealth in coils of silver about their necks.

Like most successful traders, they were accomplished linguists, and Ned could have communicated with the man in various hill dialects. But he chose to greet him with the Meuw salutation which but a few score Laotians could even pronounce.

"Good weather and sound horseflesh—brother of the Ivory Shrine!"

The Meuw salaamed gravely. "Who art thou that speakest our tongue."

"I am T'Fan, a chief from the Mekong. But my mother's mother was a Meuw, and I learned her speech."

"I see now thou art tall, like we of the Shrine. Hast thou horses to trade?"

"Nay, I am guide and interpreter for rich *sahibs*, at camp in the resthouse," Ned explained calmly, in the purring, spitting Meuw language. "But an old sickness has come back to my bones, because of a sin committed long ago. There is only one cure, brother—to cast off my Laotian garb, and for one day honor my grandmother by wearing the habit and mien of her people."

This utter absurdity made perfectly sound sense to the Meuw—as Ned had well known. The man nodded gravely.

"When I saw thee come up the road, my good angel told me thou art the appointed one," Ned went on. "If thou hast extra clothes in thy saddlebags, I will put them on, and for one day wander the road with your ponies, until the sickness passes away."

"I have extra garments. They will look well on thy long limbs. But what bond wilt thou give not to forget to return my horses?"

"The bond of the Ivory Shrine. The bond of the Hidden Room in the Temple of the Serpent."

"Say no more—O prince!"

"Besides, if I fail to return at the agreed hour, give the word to the French soldiers at the nearest post. Thou knowest how they love thieves!"

Ned went to explain a little of his plan to Virginia: "I am going spying, Heaven-Born, in the garb of one of my kinsmen." For once in his life, he thanked all the white gods and the yellow for his childhood in the arms of Asia. It had prepared him for this high chance—to serve the girl he could love, in her hour of need.

WITH a bundle from the Meuw's saddlebags under his arm, Ned vanished behind the dense screen of the jungle. Half an hour later the men in the outfit saw a tall man in Meuw dress, wearing a fancy headcloth, emerge from the woods and gather together the grazing pack horses. But they were too far away to see his face.

There were several Kha villages within striking range of the resthouse, but Ned had the whole day to pick the one most likely to conceal an important prisoner. He had at least one clew already. The drum-telegraph last night had originated in the south; from that direction throbbed the indescribable *Boom*, pom, pom, pom, of the devil-dance, indicating a general assembly with many wizards in attendance. Now he could see a haze of smoke hanging above the hills, showing many fires and possibly a triumphant feast.

Circling carelessly southward through the little Kha roads, he soon found a dry trail crowded with footprints. But he did not stop to examine the footprints. The Khas were simple folk, but adept at posting spies. Even now, dark, sunken, sullen eyes might be watching him.

The trail climbed steeply toward the smoke-cloud over the hills. He followed it with frequent rests and occasional careless glances at its dust. Presently he thought he saw a larger footprint than any Kha would leave. Farther on, he saw it again—and not only its size but its shape told him he was on the right track. The Khas' footprints were delicate and high-arched; this was flat and out of shape from years of shoe leather.

Early in the afternoon he stopped and made a meal from a box of cold rice in his saddlebags. Then he slept in the sun, in approved Meuw fashion. Only added danger would be gained by pushing on until the shadows fell.

He rose at four, rounded up his ponies, and climbed to the top of the ridge. Like swallows' nests on a chimney, a little cluster of palm-roofed huts clung to the steep

hillside below him. Unless all signs failed, the end of his search was in sight.

Now the Khas themselves told him so. The village was alive with little black figures that ran about, collected into groups, separated like swarming bees, and jabbered so that a dim sing-song streamed up to him even here. The whole Kha population of the surrounding hills had assembled. A score of cooking fires showed preparations for a great feast. The devil-gongs were hung out and the drums were ready.

It was not an auspicious time for a Meuw trader to visit the village. The little junglemen were ordinarily harmless as monkeys, but they could scarcely be held accountable tonight. The drums would beat, the gongs clang. They would drink of the stone jars of rice wine. If aroused by a careless word or an imagined insult, they would strike first and consider afterward.

Already a lookout had seen Ned standing in silhouette against the paling sky. He raised a cry and pointed; the village grew deathly still. Then the murmur began again, louder than before, and the men collected in a dark mass behind their chief.

Ned only shouted to his horses and trudged on down the trail.

AS HE drew near the scowling crowd, all sound died away but the clatter of rocks under his ponies' feet and the cheerful tinkle of their bells. He pretended not to see that many of the headmen held their bows ready in their hands. He walked straight up to their chief and raised his hand in the air—the only salutation that a Meuw trader would condescend to a jungle-ape of a Kha.

"I have come far, and will spend the night here," he said in the Kha tongue.

"But we have no horses to trade, or silver to buy your wares. Ye had better move on to the next village."

Ned turned gravely. "If the Khas have forgotten their welcome, indeed I will move on. And if the crops fail, and the swine die, and the wild elephants push down your huts, ye will remember ye have turned away a stranger seeking shelter."

The chief quickly touched his forehead with both hands. "Do not lay that curse, O Meuw lord! The huts will be crowded tonight, and I thought you would find better comfort at the next village. But if you will honor our mean roofs—"

"It is permitted. And men of my tribe will not cease to come here to trade."

But there was still deep water to cross. As Ned turned to unpack, one of the headmen stepped forth from the crowd. Ned's heart jammed against his ribs as he recognized Trang, the Kha envoy he had met at the resthouse.

"What is your name, O Meuw chief?" the Kha demanded.

"A blunt answer for a blunt question. Have you a horse to sell or a knife to buy, that you would press a guest for his name?"

"Nay, but—"

"Perhaps you have a notion that we have met before," Ned went on boldly.

"Yes, I have seen your face—not long ago, I think—and heard your voice."

Ned thanked all his white gods for the shadows of early evening.

"I remember," he said, with a taunt in his tone that made the crowd strain to listen. "It was at your village fair. You came to me to buy a charm—to make your unfaithful wife be true."

A roar of laughter went up from the crowd—and Ned knew he had won. He would be welcome now about the wine jars. The strained dark faces and taut forms relaxed; the silent, threatening mob welded by fear became a fluid gathering of little gobbling men. Presently the women began to come up timidly and ask him what goods he had to show.

"My bags are nearly empty, but I have a few pretties. I will show them in the morning."

One Kha girl lingered at his elbow. "You have medicines to sell?"

"We always have medicines—bark for fever, and oil for the stomach-ache."

"And—and charms?" she persisted.

"I have only such charms as I learned from an old priest at the Snake Temple in Yünnan. Weak things, that can merely make a rival's hair fall out and her skin wrinkle—or win back a wavering love."

The girl's black eyes were like fireballs. "Then come to my house at the first dark. It is third in the row, with a witch mark on the door. I have good opium to pay."

As soon as the dark thickened, Ned stole off to the rendezvous.

The door of the hut opened to his knock, and the girl's hand clasped his in the darkness. She led him into a rear room lighted only by a single flickering stone lamp.

"Speak quickly," he cautioned. "Is it a lover that has grown cold?"

"Nay. It is to win a lover who has never yet put his breast to mine. He—he has a sweetheart he must forget."

"That will need a strong charm. I know the recipe, but have not the ingredients. Perhaps I can bring them after the next rains—"

"Nay, I must have them now. Tell me what they are. I will search the world."

"One is the flour of five rice grains, crushed by iron, not stone."

"The rice for fertility and the iron to give strength. That much is easy."

"Another is a drop of your own blood, pressed from a thorn-prick on the least finger of your left hand."

"I would press out a bucketful, to win one smile from my heart's heart."

"The third is the tongue of a wild peacock, fried in oil."

"O wisdom! The peacock is the bird-god of love."

"But the fourth is—the moon, as far as a Kha maiden can aspire. Nothing less than the hair of a white woman."

THE girl leaned forward, and Ned saw lights in her eyes, like a tiger's in torchlight. "Must it be a white *woman*—?"

"The hair of a white man would do as a substitute, provided you add an extra drop of blood. But that, too, is impossible."

"So you think so!" She laughed softly. "I will have it before the feast is over."

"Wait." Ned paused to get his breath, ravished by excitement. "Surely there is no Tuan in this village!"

"That I must not tell."

"A secret for a secret. But I have a curiosity to see a white man in a Kha hut. Will you lead me to him?"

"Nay, not for a thousand charms. My tribesmen would fill me with poisoned arrows till I look like a porcupine."

He tacked quickly: "I see, then, it is deep business, not for the ears of a Meuw trader. But do you dare go to him yourself?"

"I shall ask our chief to let me carry the bowl for his evening meal. Then I shall beg a hair from his head as a remembrance."

"Yes, but there is a certain form to follow, or the charm is worthless. As you touch his head you must whisper 'Virginia,' the name of one of his gods, twice, in his ear. Can you pronounce it?"

"Veer-geeniah," the girl echoed dutifully.

"That is well. Do not forget. When you have all the ingredients, put them in a snail shell and hide them under the door of your lover's house."

NED returned to the cooking fires and told of wonders seen on his travels, quoted beloved proverbs, and exchanged daring compliments with the deep-bosomed Kha women. Yet, like all good Meuws, he never forgot to keep an eye on his horses. Frequently he disappeared in the darkness to see if they had found good grass.

Once they heard him complaining loudly: "Oh, thou piebald son of devils! Thy mother was not a mare, but a witch. Why hast thou run away, to make me chase thee half the night?"

Beyond the last ray of firelight Ned crouched behind a thorn bush and watched and waited. In a few minutes he saw the slim Kha girl take a bowl from the hands of the chief and carry it into the darkness.

Ned followed her through the gloom. She sped so quickly that he soon lost sound of her; then he heard her voice, low-pitched and thrilling through the dark.

"I bring food for the white lord," she said, evidently to a sentry.

Ned heard a bolt drawn, and saw a faint glimmer of light as a door opened and shut. Creeping nearer, he identified the building as the tribal joss house, a double-length, palm-roofed hut all but concealed by a patch of jungle below the village road. In a moment or two the door opened and shut again, the bolt scraped into place, and the girl crept by him.

Ned stole off, waited a few minutes, then came walking boldly back toward the joss house. Near and nearer—and still he heard no sound but his own careless feet in the pebbles. Yet he knew a sentry waited in the black silence, and he needed neither sight nor sound to tell that a poisoned arrow pointed at his breast from a drawn bow. Would the Kha guard shoot first and challenge afterward? Ned feared that nervous, dark hand unseen in the deeper dark as he had feared few things in his life.

But just then a gobbling noise broke the taut and long-drawn silence.

"Peace!" he called in the Kha tongue. "I am a Meuw trader, guest of your chief. Have ye seen an evil-starred, spavined, sway-backed hyena of a horse pass by here?"

"Nay. Go on quickly with your search."

"I shall look no more. He can break his evil neck for all I care." Ned paused, with a little cough. "Nay, I spoke in wrath. It is a good horse, sound of wind and limb, a lucky animal—"

"Now I know you are a Meuw trader of a certain," the sentry laughed. "You would praise a peddler's jackass for a king's Arab if you had him to sell."

"He runs away from high spirit. Perhaps you would buy such a noble beast."

"Evil-starred, sway-backed—your very words. But you can do no trading here. Go back to the feast. There are matters afoot not for your eyes and ears."

"Great matters must they be, that a guard is posted at the door of the joss house."

"Another sits just within the door. Hear me now! This ground is forbidden, even to Meuw traders."

"Do your wizards do magic within? Will bad luck come to me that I have ventured so near? Give me leave at least to call on my gods, in my own tongue, to avert the curse."

"Call quickly, then, and go."

Ned raised his voice loud enough to carry through the bamboo walls of the joss house, but instead of naming heathen gods, he spoke English words:

"Do not answer me, Tuan Griffin, but listen!"

"Strange-sounding gods you have, O Meuw," the sentry scorned.

Ned salaamed thrice and went on, his heart bursting with excitement:

"It is I, T'Fan." Now he employed the chanting tone of a priest saying a charm. "Just at moonset I will attack the sentry and try to get you out. Be ready, and help me all you can."

"That is enough," the sentry broke in. "Finish your rites at the feast."

Ned returned, to find the Kha jubilee in full swing. It was a scene he would never forget—torches flaring, flame leaping, high lights on naked skins, the gray moonlight over all. Now the drums began, slow at first, with rapidly rising tempo. The great gongs came in, and an old patriarch began to dance.

Soon the very landscape seemed to sway and swing with scores of dancing men. *Boom*, pom, pom, pom—*Boom*, pom, pom, pom—knocking holes in the silence and thrilling to the stars.

The dance reached its climax, and suddenly ceased. With yells of joy, the tribesmen rolled out stone jars of rice wine. Bamboo tubes were thrust in, at which the men took turns. Ned had a sound, well-seasoned head, so, when his turn came, he sucked till he could hardly breathe. But he made an impressive void in the jar, inciting his fellows to even deeper draughts.

Meanwhile, the moon was dipping slowly toward the hills.

When the moon was no higher than eagle flight over the hills, he strolled off beyond the torchlight. Bridling two horses, one of which he also saddled, he led the rest to the foot of the trail, fastened up their halter ropes, and left them to graze. When he passed them in his desperate flight from the village, now almost at hand, they would probably follow their mates.

LEADING the two bridled horses, he tramped down the village road to the joss house.

The sentry challenged again: "Is it you, you plague of a horse peddler?"

"Only I," Ned answered in calm tones. "Is the business within finished yet? You asked to see a good horse, and I have brought two."

"*I* asked to see your cursed donkeys? Go quickly, before I pierce your great gall with an arrow!"

"Nay, but look. Even in the half-dark you can see his sound teeth, his noble eye." Meanwhile, Ned moved nearer and dropped the bridle reins so the horses would stand.

"I warn you now," the Kha began savagely. "Stand back—"

And then, with a last weird wink, the

moon dived behind the hills. At the same instant Ned swerved to one side and struck—cool and straight and swift to the base of the Kha's jaw. He dropped in silence, just as Ned had proposed. The next instant he was up the ladder and groping for the bolt of the joss house.

There was a yell and a sound of falling bodies within. Ned found the bolt and flung wide the door, to see Griffin, his hands bound behind his back, lying full on a squirming. yelling Kha and trying to hold him down.

Ned had drawn his pistol by now, but there was no need to alarm the village with its report. He bent—struck once with the barrel—jerked Griffin to his feet—and with one slash of the Kha's knife freed his hands.

"*Follow me!*" he yelled.

"*That-a-boy!*" Griffin shouted, in tremendous excitement.

And now they were scampering down the ladder—and now Ned was helping his stiff and muscle-bound companion into the saddle. Someone yelled in the darkness—an arrow hummed a vicious song—but now Ned, too, was up, and, with hoofs drumming and striking sparks from the stones of the road, they were racing through a gaping crowd of tribesmen toward the hill.

As they darted up the slope, and bells began to jingle as the pack animals swung in behind, Ned almost gave himself away by shouting Yankee Doodle to the rhythm of flying hoofs. . . .

Not until the last angry shout thinned and died away, and the final torch-gleam whisked out under the rim of the hill, did Ned and Griffin remember their mortal necks and check their wild pace. Their horses were winded, so they gave the hill-trained animals free rein and let them smell their way along the pitch-black trail.

"Golly Moses!" Griffin exclaimed.

"Yes, Lord," Ned answered, in the proper tone for T'Fan.

"Boy, you sure pulled that off! Like enough I'd been in the stew by now, helping out the pigs. Instead, I got away with nothing worse than sore feet and a scalp lock clipped off by that little girl who brought my supper. It was great, young fellar, simply great."

Taking every north fork in the trail, in an hour they were on the highway. Another hour showed them the watch fires at the resthouse—and then Ned's shout brought the sentries running down the road to meet them. And in a moment more Virginia was laughing and weeping in her father's arms.

WHILE the watch fires blazed and Ned and the camp crew stood on guard, Griffin sat wrapped in a steamer rug, a toddy at his elbow, telling his adventures. The name of T'Fan came often into the tale—and always it brought a sparkle in Virginia's eyes and a glow in her heart.

"And the question is now," Griffin concluded, "where do we go from here?"

"The sensible thing," Virginia answered, "would be to turn around and head straight for home."

"I reckon that's so. Just the same, I'd like to see the end of this business now we're in it."

"There is no reason why you should not," Chambon said, his voice ringing and confident. "This camp is the outer edge of Kha country. If we turn back, we'll be exposed to their attacks all the way to the Annamese frontier. If we go on, in ten minutes' ride we shall be on the open savannas and absolutely safe. We will tell our story to the French at Chieng-Khuang, and they will furnish us with a military escort for our trip out."

Griffin nodded his tired head. "I'd like to take a little sleep, before we start."

"Why not? We'll keep the fires burning and the men on guard."

"Good. Tell T'Fan he can rest, too, for, by the great Sam Hill, he's got it coming. And, by the way, André—I promised you I'd send him back to Vinh."

"Yes, and we will fill his pockets with silver before he goes."

"I'll keep that promise," Griffin went on, with a glint in his gray eyes. "But I'll just say this—if he goes back, Virginia and I and the outfit are going too."

Chambon's still face lighted with a smile. "You want to keep the faithful fellow at your side? Of course, Père Griffin! We shall all go on together." . . .

WHEN the sun rose, enormous and red, over the Pou Luong range, the natives began to assemble the outfit for departure. Ned returned his borrowed horses, and, with Griffin's consent, rewarded the Meuw with double the worth of his whole outfit.

Meanwhile, the general joy in camp completely passed Ned by. Another day had passed—one of his precious few remaining—with the Emerald Buddha and its sacred diamond no nearer recovery. Yes, he had served Virginia. Her eyes had kindled with happiness—and what glorious eyes they were! But *they* would not shine on him long. While Chambon sat with her at breakfast in the resthouse, he must wait here, watching and being watched by furtive eyes.

At least he'd take it out on Pu-Bow, just now loading Chambon's wooden Buddha into the curio car. That Laotian lord in his coolie dress was sailing much too smoothly. Ned determined to give him some heavy weather:

"Pu-Bow, you are not a coolie. Neither is your mother a humble ayah. Why have you come on this trip?"

The mandarin's face was carved teakwood. "Later, perhaps, you shall know—if you are a good Laotian."

Much too good a Laotian, Ned thought with a pang. But as an American—and a lover—he was a dismal failure. Aloud he said, "It had best not be questioned, even by a baron, cousin of dead kings."

"Then this at least I will tell you—to hold close to your heart. There are great events to come in Laos. There are those who would thwart them—the Khas among the least—but they have been written on the stone and shall not fail. If you, T'Fan, prove worthy, you shall have a noble share in the glory; but, if you raise a finger to oppose them, you will wish you had been born in the body of a rat." Pu-Bow spoke in a tone calm as his face, but he raised his hand in an imperious gesture. "Hear me and remember!"

Ned tried to look scornful. "It is monkey-talk."

"If you think so, only carry my words to the French, and count the times you eat rice and drink water thereafter."

"Give me proof, Pu-Bow. Are the Kha stories true that the Emerald Buddha is even now in our camp?"

He was watching Pu-Bow's eyes, but they did not flicker. "Wait and see."

Whatever trail Ned took he found only impenetrable jungle. He had already examined every barrel and box in the outfit large enough to conceal a two-foot image. But there remained the two curios found in a forsaken temple—and a new silver coin in the dust.

One glance at the cracked bust Griffin had saved told him it was several inches too short to hide the Emerald Buddha. But there lay the wooden image Chambon had asked to keep.

Pretending to adjust the load in the curio car, he knelt in the tonneau out of sight and examined the image. Its wormholes were a fake, its gold leaf applied in modern style. And where the body fitted on the base there was a break in the wood. He made up his mind to operate on the wooden Buddha before another day dawned. . . .

Wakened by the high blaze of morning, Virginia ate a late breakfast in her room, chatted awhile with old Nokka, then went to look for T'Fan. But her driver told her that he had gone to the spring for water. The pool was in a small patch of woods, surrounded by open ground. She pushed softly through the vines.

Through a tiny rift in some dense thickets to one side, she saw something brown. Thinking it was a deer, she crept nearer. Now she saw it plainly. It was not a deer, but a man—a tall, fine-figured man whose muscles rippled under his glossy skin as his arms moved in some unguessed task.

It was no wild woodland deity, only T'Fan. The old cook, Koh-Ken, stood beside him holding his clothes. Startled, Virginia began to steal away. Suddenly she paused, her eyes narrowing and alight. There was a spot on T'Fan's shoulder that looked less brown than the rest of his body. Staring, she watched him rub the place until it gleamed white, then apply some coloring matter until it matched his complexion. Not a native, but a white man! And as he went on with the cheat, she saw him smiling to himself.

Virginia crept away, glad, deliciously glad, that she had seen. T'Fan was not an Oriental, but one of her own kind!

AFTER a time she saw him, once more in perfect Laotian dress and mien, stroll out of the woods.

She strolled up to him, veiling between narrowed lids the shine of her eyes. "T'Fan, would it be safe for me to go to the spring?"

"Yes, Heaven-Born—if I may go with you as your guard."

"Then come. We'll have a few minutes, anyway. I want to pick some orchids."

Presently she was sitting on a mossy stump. She made a little motion with her hand, and he crouched at her feet.

"This seat is favored by the gods," he told her after a long silence. "I can see Heaven-Born twice in a single glance—on the ground and her image in the water."

"Your image makes you look so strange," she answered, steadying her voice. "Almost like a—white man."

He did not flick an eyelash. "When this trip is over—and Heaven-Born has gone back to her own kind—I shall come often to this spring. Then, if she has not forgotten her guide, T'Fan, I shall see her picture in memory."

"But if I do forget?"

"Still the bright waters will recall her smile—and her bright eyes."

He was faking even now—speaking Oriental compliments, while his Yankee eyes smiled into hers—but she liked it just the same.

"Do you suppose you would talk that way—if you were a white man?"

"Only much bolder, Heaven-Born. Now I remember my dark skin."

"Where did you learn to speak so well, T'Fan?"

"I went to a mission school—"

"You didn't learn that talk from a missionary. What is your real name, and why did you come with us on this trip?"

"My other names are secret, as is the custom with us Orientals," he explained. "If I told them, it would give leeway to witches and demons to work spells against me—or so we believe. One witch has worked a spell already on the name of T'Fan."

Virginia forced down a smile. "What does that name mean, in your language?"

"It is the Laotian word for a small and timid deer, prey of the leopards."

"Fits you exactly." Virginia's lips never twitched. "Now go on with my questions."

"I live beyond the Mekong." This was perfectly true, but it meant what "on the other side of nowhere" might mean in America. "I came on this trip partly to be near you."

VIRGINIA sat very still. "But you had never seen me before?"

"Yes, Heaven-Born. I saw you when you went into the hotel at Vinh."

"I think I must have seen you, too." She spoke in a rush of breath. "You remember—I told you when we first met I thought your face was familiar."

"I will never forget—one word or look—even when Heaven-Born goes back to her own kind, with her lover."

"You had some special reason for wanting to come with us. What was it?" Virginia persisted.

"Yes, there *was* another reason. But I cannot tell it now."

"Will you tell me one thing, on your honor as a gentleman? Did you come as my father's friend, too—or as his enemy?"

"At first, not knowing the lay of the land, I was neither. Now I would help him as I would you."

"You've shown that. What about Vicomte Chambon?"

"I will serve Chambon well, if he'll let me. More I cannot say."

Her hand crept to her heart, as though to still its jubilant dreams. Her impetuous heart must be locked up. It had cheated her before, and not long ago. She remembered with flushing cheeks how it had played fast and loose with her when she had first met the hotel thief in Bangkok, Ned Holden . . .

As this thought stole through her mind, her gaze was resting on her companion's face. Suddenly her eyes lost their dreamy luster—fixed—widened—grew wildly bright. The color raced from her cheeks and she sprang to her feet with a cry:

"You—you—!"

"What is it?"

"You know." Her head drooped and her hands dropped at her side. "You are the man I found in my room. You are Ned Holden."

(To be continued)

Playing the GALLERY

(*Continued from page 55*)

fellow shook his head mournfully. "Of course, I care about the match," he told me, "but what bothers me most is why all the people out there hated me so. I'll never play in another tournament!"

That boy got a break at the opposite extreme from the one I got when I played Jimmy Wallace at Prestwick and won my first British amateur championship.

The gallery had every reason to be violently partisan. Wallace was a local boy and I was making my maiden flight in a British amateur championship as a foreigner who'd had plenty of fortunate breaks to get to the finals. Jimmy was a prime favorite, and deservedly so.

Obligingly, Jimmy three-putted the first green to let me have the hole with a par four. Frequently the first hole is the most trying one on the course. It is especially so with me because I'm a slow starter. After the match is well under way I become accustomed to concentrating on the business at hand. When Wallace dumped the first hole at Prestwick into my lap my nervousness vanished.

We halved the second with par threes. Then my day of days began. It was one of those rare and happy times when everything I did came off right.

On the third green I holed a thirty-footer for an eagle three. That touched off the fireworks and I sparked the first nine in 33 to be six up on Jimmy. Probably the psychic influence of the gallery was getting Wallace and he was missing shots because of trying too hard.

On the tenth—a long par five hole—I holed another long putt for a birdie.

THEN the gallery seemed to realize that I was playing golf I'd never play again and began to pull for me to break the course record. Wallace, my opponent, was the ringmaster of the crowd and pulled for me harder than anyone else. He started talking to my putts, trying to tease them into the cup. He played his own game faithfully but it just happened to be my time. Jimmy and the gallery sensed that before I did. I beat Wallace 14 and 13 and made the first round in the amateur record figure of 66 strokes.

As good as I felt that day, I would never have played the round I did had it not been for the help given me by the gallery and my opponent.

It was one of the finest exhibitions of sportsmanship that golf has presented. I was an alien, taking away the prized national trophy. The defender was a bonny Scot. So to have Jimmy and his compatriots encouraging me when I got hot gave me the greatest thrill I've ever had in golf. It also gave me such a profound conviction that golf galleries are unfathomable, that I've not been concerned with gallery attitude since that time.

All that came back to me as I listened to the mystified wail of the lonely young amateur. Maybe the gallery at that tournament did unconsciously pull against the boy. Just why, no one in the gallery would ever know. Next year, if the boy goes back to that tournament, the chances are fifty-fifty the gallery will be for him. I'm willing to bet that many of the people who apparently were against him will come to him and say, "I'm so glad to see you again. I saw you play in the finals last year and admired your game. How about having dinner with us tonight?"

It all adds up that the gallery, under the mysterious influence of mob psychology, doesn't think about what it's doing. So why should the player? That's the way I've begun to look at it, and this viewpoint has saved me some sleepless nights.

At least two years ago I reached the point where even the most flagrant unfairness of obviously well-bred galleries ceased to bother me. I achieved this tranquil stage when I realized that such unfairness was the result of thoughtlessness or ignorance and might be condoned by any player with a philosophic temperament and a sense of humor.

ONE of golf's fine sportsmen with a bubbling sense of humor was unjustly condemned as a sour win-at-all-costs golfer by an incident that spread by the prairie fire of mob psychology into the press tents at the national amateur championship of 1933 at Cincinnati. The unfairly censured player was Max Marston.

Max was playing Sidney Noyes in the quarter-final round. At the sixteenth hole Marston drove to the left side of the fairway. Noyes sliced his drive onto a dirt road under some pear trees to the right. The players walked after their drives with approximately 60 yards separating them and a huge gallery between them. They obviously could not watch each other closely. Noyes found a pear lying close to his ball and removed it. The referee gave the hole to Marston, a proper penalty because the road was a hazard and the penalty for removing an obstruction from a hazard is loss of the hole.

Noyes had no kick to make and Marston didn't even know of the decision until he had played his ball to the green. But, as is often the case when holes are won and lost on the rules of the game and on stymies, the fellow who wins gets condemned. Marston was murmured about by unthinking ones in the gallery until, by the time the reports reached the news wires, it seemed that Max was the sort of fellow who skulked about setting orphan asylums afire.

I must add, in justification of the newspapermen, that a golf championship is about the hardest of all sports events to cover with color and accuracy. The amount of territory to be traveled and the number of contestants scattered all over 120 acres make it necessary for the writers to depend on secondhand reports if they

are to get their stories written to make editions. They want more than a dull recital of threes, fours, fives, and a few fatal sixes in the score. They want human interest, and when a fellow can be made out wrong, that's human interest.

Marston was wronged in this instance. If you could have seen him on the Walker Cup team's trip in 1934 you would know there is not a bit of meanness in his big, jovial frame. He pulled a classic of practical jokes during that trip. Max found the instruction sheet of a treasure hunt that was being conducted aboard the boat we took to England. He took the sheet and substituted instructions of his own. One of them ran something like this: "Go to the wireless operator's cabin. Open the door, stick your head inside, and say, 'Come up and see me sometime.' The operator will give you further instructions."

HE THEN stationed himself near the door of the wireless operator's cabin and practiced shuffleboard.

The first victim was a dignified, middle-aged Englishman. He followed instructions, and was shockingly rebuffed by the operator, who roared, "What's the matter? Are you nutty? Get to hell out of here!"

The Englishman turned to Max, puzzled, remarked, "Mystifying, what, old chap? 'Get to hell.' I don't understand. How can I do that, now?"

Max remained grave until the Englishman left, and then raced to spread the news. Everyone delighted in the jest.

There's your man who was reputed to be an unpleasant stickler for technicalities!

At the other extreme, as far as the gallery's baffling mental antics are concerned, is Hagen. He is more of an irresponsible kid than any amateur I've met. He has kept galleries waiting for an hour, but, when he finally appears, laughs like a boy who has been fishing and forgot that school was in session, and then starts to perform, they all forgive him. The crowd helps Hagen.

The antagonism of the gallery can wreck the best of players. I recall, painfully, the most distressing display of gallery partiality I ever saw. It caused two able golfers, Harrison Johnston and Dr. O. F. Willing, to play in awful figures for national amateur championship finals when the two met at Pebble Beach in 1929 and Johnston defeated Willing for the title.

Dr. Willing is a self-contained, serious player, and absolutely fair. But gallery feeling against him ran so high this day that there was applause when his ball sprayed the sand or burrowed into the rough. In newsreels of the match I heard voices saying, "Stay out of the hole," when Willing was putting. What set off the explosion of mob psychology was an incident in a match Willing had played with Cyril Tolley, the British long driver. Willing didn't concede a two-and-a-half-foot downhill sidewise putt on a fast and tricky green. Someone a hundred yards from the green shouted to the doctor, "Oh, concede it!" The cry was echoed by others. By the time the story got back to the clubhouse the putt had diminished to a three-inch tap that Willing had forced Tolley to make.

Ninety-five per cent of the criticizing galleryites wouldn't have conceded a putt of half that length if they had been playing their best friends for a nickel a hole. That's why I couldn't understand the resentment against Willing's action.

That case helped me to disregard an unfavorable gallery attitude. The gallery is spontaneous and unreasoning, and, most of all, often in ignorance of circumstances. For what they don't know I guess they can't be blamed.

The part that the gallery in golf doesn't understand is that its criticism or applause at the wrong time is frequently more embarrassing and injurious to the fellow the gallery wants to help than to the other player. An instance of this sort occurred when I was playing Willie Turnesa , a swell golfer and gentleman, at Brookline during the 1934 national amateur championship. On the long eleventh I missed a two-foot putt when the match was tight. A dozen people burst forth with enthusiastic applause. Willie turned blushing to me and said, "That's a hell of a time for anyone to clap, isn't it?" His comment cured the sting.

I've often suspected that the gallery at a golf championship—and many other sports events—gets more excited about the affair than do the contestants. The crowd has to let off its steam some way. The players can swing at a ball, punch or tackle the other fellow, or—except in the case of golf—explode verbally.

Rumors of grudges are always sure to inflame a crowd. They are ridiculous. The nicest thing about a national amateur tournament is the reunion with other players. We kid each other in practice matches before the tournament, and someone with a mild mania for letting others know the "inside story" is apt to make the jests appear to be vicious personal encounters. I've even heard it said that Gus Moreland and I were at swords' points, such stories having been circulated by fellows who might have overheard us ribbing each other during practice rounds. The rumormongers don't realize that if Gus and I weren't pals we wouldn't be playing practice rounds together.

LAST year when I was playing Walter Emery in the finals of the national amateur at Cleveland I heard a man ahead of me tell two of his friends: "Little made a lousy remark to Emery yesterday, and I hope he gets a good beating today. He told the Emery kid, 'If you and Joe Lynch don't speed up tomorrow, I wish you'd stand aside and let Goodman and me play through you.' "

Now I had said exactly what was quoted, but under circumstances that made Emery, Lynch, and Goodman laugh—which was the purpose of the remark.

Joe Lynch is a slow and careful player. He has a right to be. It's his game he's playing. He, Walter, Johnny Goodman, and I were getting our pictures taken as the quarter finalists. Walter and Joe were in the upper bracket and were to play ahead of Johnny and me. All of us have been playing together for some time and are close friends. We've kidded Joe plenty about being a man of leisure on a golf course, and he bounces back at us some Celtic rap that wins the kidding contest.

It seemed rather funny to those in the know that Johnny and I, who play as if we had a posse of vigilantes behind us, were to be in the wake of the slow-moving Lynch. Anyone who is at all familiar with national amateur championships knows

that one match doesn't go through another, so my jest was entirely innocent and was accepted as such by Lynch. But the gentleman who told his companions of the "inside story" got the whole thing absolutely wrong, while repeating every word of my remark correctly.

Now, you can't really be disturbed by a thing like that. You have to laugh at it.

I AM certain that there never was a fellow in a golf gallery who deliberately wanted to be unfair. The player who realizes that is going to be helped a lot by the gallery, psychologically. I know it's helped me, for I've even overheard some pretty harsh things about myself which were true, and which I was able to correct when I learned about them.

In the mechanical aspects of play the gallery helps the smart player far more often than it interferes with him—and it does interfere now and then.

I heard of an interesting case of gallery assistance when Walter Hagen won the 1929 British championship on the Muirfield course.

The English gales were whipping over the course at a near-hurricane rate. During this terrific blow Walter and the rest of the field played the last two rounds of the championship. Hagen was well in the lead for the title, but under those weather conditions leads vanish quickly.

Hagen's well-deserved popularity in England drew a gallery that practically surrounded each green. This was especially helpful on the speedy and slippery English greens, because as much as two feet have to be allowed on a twenty-foot putt because of the deflecting force of the wind. Not only in putting did the crowd help Hagen but in his other shots. The gallery crowded around him, so that he was sheltered from the gale and could play with firm balance. Hagen shot two 75's that day and many expert witnesses declare it was the greatest golf they ever saw played under such weather conditions.

In my own case there have been plenty of times when gallery eagerness to observe shots has helped me. The gallery has crowded in so close that I have been afraid of hitting someone. That naturally makes me play with extreme care and deliberation.

When the crowd outlines the green and fairway it's easier to judge the shot requirement. This assistance of the gallery is particularly valuable if the light is deceptive or the player is shooting into the sun.

I am told that an experienced player in England won a national championship by taking advantage of a condition for which the crowd was responsible. The fairways were soggy, so that shots straight down the middle dropped deeply into bad lies. This wise veteran deliberately played for the rough, which had been trampled down by the gallery into such condition that it provided excellent lies for him.

Figuring out the gallery physically isn't hard, but I've already made up my mind that you can't figure them out mentally. One day they are for the champion; the next day for the underdog. They'll switch without reason and boost or blast with equal enthusiasm and blindness. They're part of the fun. Although it's grand playing golf with just three other players and the caddies in sight, it's still more fun when there are several thousand people inspiring you with hurrahs or making you feel mean enough to want to be master.

Tommy Armour, a perennial gallery-god of golf, gave me some advice two years ago which I wish I'd remembered when I was trying to console that heavy-hearted lad who was made miserable by a minor tournament gallery.

Said the silver-thatched Armour: "Lawson, you're bound to be misunderstood by a lot of people in galleries. But you won't be able to understand *any* of them, and that makes it even."

SO I just go ahead and hack and keep interested. I'm now—I think—so thoroughly sold on the idea that the galleries are conscientiously trying to help the players that I'm shockproof when some of the gallery may be trying to help the other fellow instead of me.

Some day there may come to my ears something a man in a gallery may say in strict confidence to a friend by his side, and to several hundred other people in the immediate vicinity: "I hope Little loses. I know for a positive fact he put poison in the other guy's coffee this morning."

Instead of being amazed, I think I'll be as nosy as the rest of them. I'll probably ask the man if he saw what kind of poison it was. After all, why shouldn't I have all the fun out of golf that the gallery gets?

FATE *in her* HANDS

(*Continued from page 59*)

heavy, and frightened. They were out of town, and he drove faster, through a long suburb and out on to the state road. Desperately she counted the little townships they passed—till only one remained. Then she said:

"You're right. It was over then, if there was ever anything. But what does it matter?"

"You're going to go through with it?"

"I promised."

"That's right. Your word is your bond—Portia."

He was silent so long now that the last village before her uncle's house rushed up and went by before he spoke:

"But do you happen to remember the exact words?"

Five minutes later the group were blinking under the lights of her uncle's parlor. Ceremoniously arrayed, he greeted them, but there was no time to lose and Carol took her uncle into another room.

"You've got to listen very carefully," she said. . . .

He listened to the storm of old words, new intentions.

". . . It'll be terrible for Bill, but marriage is for life . . . and better now than later . . . my promise was—now, listen—'if Uncle Jim is willing to marry me.'"

"But I *am* willing."

"But you *wouldn't* be willing if I was already married to somebody else."

Carol was very beautiful and convincing, and she had always been a pet of her uncle's. At ten minutes to twelve o'clock, she and Ben Kastler were made man and wife. . . .

WAITING for her husband, Carol Kastler bought the baby daughter a new toothbrush, and then stepped on scales that politely refused to accept her nickel. On one side of the scales was an automatic pin game; she didn't want to play that by herself—the drugstore was just across from the crowded city campus and she was a dean's wife. But the nickel wanted to be spent, and next to the gambling board was a slot machine. Into this she put the coin, receiving in return a small white card:

You're the kind who cuts lots of capers;
Look out you don't get your name in the papers.

She read it and smiled. Then she put in another nickel and pressed a lever:

Don't you worry. Some fine day
Lots of fame will come your way.

This time she did not smile.

"Why, I do believe it's the old curse," she thought. "I wonder what would be the mathematical probabilities of these two cards turning up one after the other."

She was about to put in a third coin when her husband came in.

"Gaze at these, darling. Fate's creeping up on me. Remember, about three years ago that fortuneteller told me I'd be notorious?"

"Oh, you mean that fortuneteller," he said, as they got into their car. "I'm sorry—I was thinking of something else."

"You ought to be grateful to that fortuneteller," Carol reproached him. "If it wasn't for her we wouldn't be us."

"Oh, I'm grateful—but I don't think you've ever gotten over it, the second-sight business, I mean. It was just as accidental as these penny cards."

"Nickel cards. . . . But, Ben, it's due now—three years, she said. And, lo and behold, these funny little cards!"

"It's good I don't believe in signs, then," he said placidly, "because noto-

riety is the last thing we want right now."

"Have you heard anything?" Carol asked eagerly.

"Too much—I have to pretend to be deaf."

"If it *did* happen—at your age—oh, Ben—"

He slowed down suddenly. "You see the effect on me—I'm excited, I step on it, I get arrested for speeding, the regent sees it in the papers—there's your notoriety for you—and I'm disqualified."

Discouraged from mentioning fate, either in its larger aspects or in the possibility that Ben might be the new president of the university, Carol nevertheless thought a moment longer about the cards. They were a warning—but she couldn't think how any unpleasant notoriety could spring out of the quiet happiness that so far was the story of her marriage.

But the cards had somehow disturbed her, and her last thought that night was that if there were a University of Fortune-tellers she might have a talk with the president. She decided to inquire around among her friends at a Junior League committee meeting next day. But in the morning it seemed silly, and going into town she put it out of mind.

THE League was sponsoring an infants' health show, and Carol took her child along to see the champion babies. Just as she entered the hall of the civic building an almost theatrically dirty and ragged woman, carrying a child, spoke to her:

"You belong to this Junior League?"

"Yes," said Carol.

"Well, how about this show for healthy babies? I'd like to let them see this one that I can't get enough to feed her."

"Go to Room 312. That's the Welfare Bureau."

"You got something to do with this baby show?"

"A little, but that's another matter—"

Two men had drawn near and were listening with unusual interest to the conversation. The woman was insistent:

"Well, if you're so interested in babies you might look at this baby of mine—"

Impatient at the importunity, Carol peered hastily into her bag, found only a nickel and a ten-dollar bill. Simultaneously one of the men touched his hat.

"Excuse me, lady, but if you're on the baby show committee I'd like to have your name."

Instinctively her lips froze upon her name; to the woman she said, "I'm sorry, I only have a nickel—"

"*Hold it, lady.*"

At that instant she saw the camera, and in a split second more she had whirled away from it—just as the corridor flashed full of light. She grabbed up Jean and darted into an elevator as the gate clanged. A woman she knew spoke to her.

"Were they after you, Mrs. Kastler?"

"I guess so," Carol panted. "What on earth is it?"

"It's a tabloid newspaper stunt—you know: 'Rich Boast Babes While—' That sort of thing. Did they photograph you?"

"They tried to—" Carol paused.

They *had* photographed her—though her back had been to the camera at the flashlight—and she had nearly given her name. They wanted a victim from the Junior League, and she had almost played into their hands. They might have pictured

her handing a nickel—a nickel—to a wretched mother with exaggerated reports of her social activities. The headline danced in her brain:

"*Dean's Wife Spares Nickel.*"

And she saw the regents of the university in conclave, each with the impression that Dean Kastler was married to a particularly callous and penurious social light.

Notoriety, indeed! She decided to go home without attending the meeting; she went downstairs by another elevator and slipped through a drugstore into the street. Only when the apartment door closed upon her did she draw a breath of relief.

It was a short breath—in a moment the phone rang and a man's voice asked for Mrs. Kastler.

"I don't think she's in," Carol was on guard again. "Who is this, please?"

"This is for a newspaper society column. Can you tell us if Mrs. Kastler has a hat with a bow of ribbon on it?"

"No, I haven't," said Carol—and immediately could have bitten off her tongue.

"So *this* is Mrs. Kastler. We'd like to get a story about you and that kid of yours. We'll have a man out there—"

"I won't see him!" she cried, and hung up.

After a moment she called the university, but Ben could not be located. Stories and movies that told of tabloid persecutions rushed through her mind—if they were after you they sent reporters down chimneys. Not since the sins of childhood had she so passionately wanted to be far, far away.

With the thought came a quiet inspiration—Mary Kenyon. This was a friend who had many times invited her to spend a week in her boasted Arcady—a cabin not three hours from the city, but totally isolated; without neighbors, newspapers, radios, or telephones.

In a hasty letter Carol explained to Ben what had happened. She gave the envelope to the maid, with instructions about carrying on in her absence.

"I haven't sealed this letter," she added, "because if Mr. Kastler calls on the phone you'd better read it over the phone to him right away." The maid was rather flashy but intelligent enough. "If anyone else calls just say I won't be home for a week and you don't know where I am."

At the moment of leaving Carol took a final precaution: She went all over the apartment gathering up every picture she could find of her baby and herself, and locked them into a closet. Then she ordered a taxi to come to the service door.

THAT night Carol told Mary every detail, from the palmist to the hat with the ribbon bow on it, and she added:

"I brought that along and I'm presenting it to you."

The four days she had allowed passed tranquilly. There was no fear when Mary started with her and the baby for the station; there was only eagerness to see Ben.

A few miles down the road a farmer neighbor hailed them from beside a stalled automobile.

"Sure hate to bother you, Miss Kenyon, but my car burnt out a bearing—these two gentlemen—"

One of the two men with him spoke up briskly, and in a momentary resurgence of panic Carol wondered if the newspapers had caught up with her.

"We want your car for half an hour. We're from the police department, and we want to make a few inquiries near by."

"Up to Marky's shack, Miss Kenyon. They think—"

"Never mind," said the detective.

Mary drove as she was directed, off the main road and down what was little more than a wagon track, until told to stop.

"You wait here in the car," one of the men said.

When they were out of sight the farmer laughed. "Ain't had the law down here since white-mule days."

"Well, we don't want excitement," Mary said. "What are they after?"

He lowered his voice: "I think it's about the kidnapping of this woman and—"

"Heavens! We haven't seen a paper for four days."

"No? Well, there's nothin' else in the papers—the kidnappers are askin' twenty thousand dollars. Kidnapped the wife and child of the president of the university—name of Kastler." . . .

THE idea had been the maid's—with the help of an ambitious boy friend. The maid had a police record herself, and when Mrs. Kastler was so kind as to disappear of

her own accord, leaving no trace save a letter which need not be delivered—well, what better opportunity for extortion?

But they bungled the job and were in course of being captured about the time when Carol reached her husband by telephone. Their conversation was long and shaky. It was days before they could talk logically about the matter to each other.

What confused Carol most was the reiterated question of how much it had been predestined. Once again she wondered if the future really was engraved in her hand—or if the prophecy itself, by frightening her, had been responsible for the event. Irresistibly her thoughts swung to the third and most sinister of the predictions, and she tried to remember the exact wording the woman had used: "Six years from now . . . a black accident threatening you and yours . . . look out for the month of May . . ."

Several years after the "kidnapping," when Carol went home for a visit, she determined to locate the woman and ask for another reading. When, after some difficulty, Carol located the woman, she was startled to find herself remembered.

"It was at a dance—nearly six years ago," said the palmist.

She looked briefly into Carol's hands.

"I remember—everything. Tell me, do things go well?"

"Very well. That's why I'm frightened. You told me—"

"It's all still in your hands. Do you want me to repeat it?"

"Just the part about the accident—about May. Is it still—?"

"Let me look again."

For a long time she stared into Carol's right palm, then she asked the date of her birth and wrote some figures below it.

"Go along with you," she cried. "I've nothing to tell you."

"You mean it's still there—it's so awful you won't tell me?"

"Just remember this—if I was infallible I'd now be traveling the world in splendor."

"Don't send me away like this," Carol begged. "Would it make any difference if I took very good care of things, of myself, of those I love?"

"Not if it's *really* written there. Oh, best forget it, Mrs. Kastler, and wake up one day and find it's June, and say, 'That old fool didn't know what she was talking about.'"

The experience of being sentenced is commoner than is generally supposed—it must have been remarked that at the moment of birth one is sentenced to death. But the terror of the dentist's waiting-room, the terror of the death house, depend on clock and calendar. And thus it was with Carol—she was afraid of time.

"After the first of June," she promised herself, "I'll put this out of my head."

At the beginning of May she had erected, to the best of her abilities, a Chinese wall around herself and her two children. There was little she could do without Ben's knowledge, but what she could do she did. Privately she gave his chauffeur ten dollars to drive him always at a moderate rate, even when he objected, and twice she followed in a taxicab to be sure.

Her daughter was five, her son was two. There was a nurse, but, during May, Carol went out only when necessary. Several times during the month she took both children to the doctor for examination.

For herself, her precautions were mostly of a general order, but she crossed streets at intersections only, she cautioned drivers, she did not run downstairs nor undertake labors involving struggles with inanimate objects. And all during the month her restlessness grew till she would have welcomed the prospect of some lion hunting at the month's end.

Ben sensed an increased timidity in her. It was because of this that he told her only a part of the Holland House matter.

HOLLAND HOUSE was a frame structure about eighty years old, long used as an administration building, and housing, among other bureaus, the president's office. It was of the federal period and, as far as could be ascertained, it was the first extant college building west of the Ohio. Ben had a special affection for this landmark, and now the question had arisen of sacrificing it to progress. For the city was putting in a subway branch which would run within fifty feet of it. Would the building survive the blasting? A substantial number of regents wanted it condemned to the woodpile. Ben wanted to preserve it at almost any cost.

This much Carol knew. What she did not know was that, after getting expert advice to back his contentions, Ben had announced his intention of sitting in his office on the afternoon of May thirty-first, when the blasting would occur on a street near by. Mrs. Wheelock, the dean's wife, rang the Kastlers' doorbell early that afternoon.

"You'll think this is an odd time to call,

Mrs. Kastler—and I admit I'm on a presumptuous errand."

"Not at all," said Carol ambiguously. "But I was wondering if you see what I see. My daughter is in the act of climbing up that pine."

"Let her climb," said Mrs. Wheelock. "She might be startled and fall down—now I *am* being intrusive."

"Jean, come down!"

A face looked reproachfully from a ten-foot branch of the ladderlike pine.

"Oh, can't I?" it protested.

"I'm sorry; not till you're six. We'll have to call it a 'Big Crime.'"

She sat down again, apologizing and explaining to Mrs. Wheelock about big and little crimes.

"I was saying," resumed Mrs. Wheelock, "that I've come about the Holland House matter. It is a matter between—"

For a moment, watching Jean's descent, Carol only half heard. But suddenly she was listening with her whole body.

"—of course, if these termites haven't eaten out the insides of the lumber, your husband can sit in his office till doomsday. But if they *have*, then this blasting—"

Carol was on her feet.

"Why didn't I know this?"

"Your husband's been argued with, but, as you know, he's a most determined man—"

Carol was already in action, seizing a hat, summoning the maid.

"I won't be gone an hour . . . let the baby sleep—don't disturb him . . . Jean is not to climb trees. . . ."

As they hurried down the walk to Mrs. Wheelock's car Carol took a quick last look at Jean and her three little friends from next door, with their collie.

"They're all right," she thought, and then aloud: "I hope I can get to him in time."

She saw the excavation as they turned in at the university gate—that part of the street was marked off with red flags. In front of Holland House she stared at a placard on the door:

NOTICE

THIS BUILDING TEMPORARILY CLOSED
BECAUSE OF BLASTING
OFFICES MOVED TO McKAY BUILDING

DEN was alone in his office, leaning back thoughtfully in his swivel chair.

"Good heavens, Carol!" he exclaimed. "What do you want?"

"I want you to come out of here."

He groaned disgustedly. "There isn't a bit of real evidence that termites—"

"Come with me now—right away, Ben, before they begin. You've got to—there's a reason you don't know—"

"Darling—I can't believe you've been listening to soothsayers again."

"Ben, what if I have—couldn't you do this one thing for me? I'm not a coward, you know that, but after the other two things how can you laugh at me? I'm trying in every way I know to fight against it—and here, with danger in the air, you run deliberately into it."

"Hush!" he said, and then after a moment, "I wish you'd get out, Carol."

Darkly she hated him for his obtuseness.

"I won't go without you. If you cared you wouldn't sit there."

"I sit here because I do not believe this building will be damaged. I have given in

to the extent of ordering out the personnel and removing valuable records. But it's a point of honor that I remain here myself to vindicate my judgment."

She had never hated him so much, admired him so much; but, as an undertone to his words, other words thundered in her head, mingling with the music of a forgotten dance:

"—*black accident . . . May . . . you and yours*—"

"But I do wish you'd go, Carol," he said. "The ceiling is wood, but a little molding may fall."

HE broke off suddenly as the air was split as by a cannon outside. Simultaneously there was a mutter of the windows, a mutter that became a rattle; the frames themselves became faintly blurred and a chandelier was swaying.

Br-rr-rr-rr CLAP! Clipclip WA-A-A-A CLAP!

In a sudden stillness she heard Ben's voice:

"That was the first blast. There'll be three, half a minute apart."

At the second boom the windows took on so hearty a vibration as to compete in sound with the timbers—this time the whole fanfare in joist and molding, the shaking and snapping, endured so long that the third *boom* came before it had ceased. Presently through this, like a new, high motif, they heard the tap of plaster falling in a few rooms above. Then a sound went through the house like a long sigh, a last eerie whistle that ended somewhere in the eaves—the quake was over.

Ben got up and walked quickly about the room. His eyes were flashing with delight.

"Is it over?" asked Carol, dazed.

"All over. The next blasting will be half a mile away."

Only now for the first time did he seem to become truly aware of her presence—he put his arm about her.

"How do things go at home?" he said. "Carol, what is the matter lately? Tell me all about it—you can't go on being afraid of bogies."

"I know, Ben. I'm glad this happened. I'm glad I was here this afternoon."

"You're making the children jumpy, too—you scarcely let them exercise."

"I know. I've been a nut." Impulsively she picked up his phone, called the house and spoke to the servant:

"This is Mrs. Kastler . . . I just wanted you to tell Jean she *can* climb that tree."

Carol hung up and turned to her husband. "You see, I've changed. I won't be such a ninny—honest."

And now she confessed everything—the last interview with the fortuneteller, the bribing of Ben's chauffeur—"But not any more. Take me home in the car now, and we'll have him just tear along."

"I had some work—"

"Not today. I feel released—all that sort of thing."

He was rather silent and thoughtful on the way home.

"People who figure on chance and fate and luck— You know about Napoleon and his star—how he used to figure out whether his generals were 'lucky' generals?"

"I don't know about Napoleon," Carol said; "I never knew the man. I just know about you and me. We're lucky."

"No, we're not—we're logical from now on."

There was an unusual silence about their house as they reached the door. Yet Carol, usually sensitive to such things, did not notice that anything was wrong until the maid rushed at them in the hall.

"Now, don't worry, Mrs. Kastler. The chillen's upstairs and all right."

"What is it, Emma? Now, what is it?" Carol shook her by the shoulders.

"No cause to worry *now*—but we had plenty roun' here the last hour. I tried to call you when that mad dog—"

"What?"

"That collie dog next door. He been actin' funny lately, an' he began actin' funny this afternoon, goin' roun' snappin' at them chillen, and he nipped at that little George an' they took George to the hospital— Say, don't you look so funny, Mrs. Kastler; you sit down there."

"Did he nip Jean—where was Jean?"

"I tell you Jean was all right—I told Jean what you said on the phone—so when it all began to happen she was sittin' way up high in that tree."

WHEN she had taken the spirits of ammonia Carol did not follow Ben upstairs but sat very quiet in the dining-room.

If she had not telephoned home about the tree Jean would probably have been bitten like the other children. On the other hand—if the dean's wife hadn't called . . .

She gave it up. Ben was right. You could regard the future only in the most general way. She sighed wearily as the phone rang and she lifted the receiver.

"Oh, Mrs. Kastler, I recognize your voice. This is Spillman."

That was his secretary—couldn't Ben be left alone after a day like this?

"Can I take the message?"

"Well, I thought he'd want to know. It's about Holland House. It—why, it collapsed like a house of cards about ten minutes ago. Nobody was in it—"

"Oh, my heavens!" she said. Then, after a long pause, "I'll tell him, Mr. Spillman."

She sat quiet in her chair. Faintly from above she heard Ben saying good night to the baby. And Jean's voice: "Daddy, he snapped so quick you wouldn't know, and the man that took him away said they'd keep him under obligation—"

Carol sat still. She felt no sense of triumph, no desire at all to tell Ben about the house; she would rather that the news be deferred as long as possible.

She looked at the clock; the hands stood at six. It would be the first day of June in exactly six more hours.

Six more hours.

DEATH *stops at a Tourist Camp*

(*Continued from page 33*)

fo' me. Ah ain' nevah had time t' finish mah breakfas' yet, since Ah been heah."

"You'd better go and finish it now," Joan smiled. "I don't want anything else. This is awfully good. I've got my bag right there."

"Ah'll put it in youah cah, miss. Hadn' Ah bettah see if you done lef' anythin'?"

Joan waved a hand airily. "Don't bother. I looked around."

She gave him half a dollar. Julius beamed. He brought the car out of the parking corral and put her bag in it. Then Joan saw him heading towards the cabins and realized, with a sigh, that he was going to have a look, anyway. What was it about her, she wondered, that made porters and maids, friends and parents, always assume she was leaving something behind? She usually was, but anyway. . . Joan raised her coffee cup and put it to her lips.

Then a sudden scream that had in it all the terror of the trackless jungle and the primitive soul rent the still air. Joan put her cup down hastily and looked around.

Julius Jones was flying out of her cabin as if a dozen fiends were at his heels. The young man with the pleasant eyes came running out of the big brick house. He caught the darky by the shoulder.

"What's the matter with you?" he said curtly.

Julius Jones pointed a trembling finger first at Joan, then at the cabin, tore himself loose, and ran on. Young Mr. Jeff Dixon stared after him a moment, stared at Joan, and ran across the turf to the cabin. Joan stared, too. She got up hastily. It was obviously impossible that she could have left anything in the cabin, but, whatever it was, it couldn't have been as terrifying as all that. As she ran across the grass she saw a white-haired woman come hurrying over the lawn. Joan got a brief impression of a sweet, careworn face.

JEFF DIXON had stepped into the cabin, and was backing out when Joan came up. He turned round abruptly. The brown eyes that looked into hers were anything but pleasant. Joan stopped short, staring at him, astonished. He was staring at her, his eyes hard, flat disks, his jaw white-ribbed and tight, his lips a thin, steely line. The contempt and loathing in his face stung her like a lash across the

eyes. She drew back, bewildered and a little frightened without knowing why, and she would not have been Joan Acheson if she had not been angry, too.

Then she pushed past him and looked through the door.

Lying huddled in a disgusting heap on the floor under the edge of the bed was a large man. He was very inert and, staring at him, Joan knew he was dead before she saw the thin, dark line of dried blood that smeared the floor under his coat.

She turned slowly around to the young man.

"That's why you wanted to sneak out early, is it?" he demanded.

The blank astonishment and fright on Joan Acheson's face turned slowly to sickening, desperate horror. "What . . . what are you talking about?"

Jeff Dixon looked at her with icy fury, tinged with a perverse sort of admiration for her acting. Anyone not versed in the deceitful ways of woman in general would have been taken in at once by the wide, slate-gray eyes and the white, drained cheeks and sharply brilliant mouth, whose brilliance had no relation to the pale, trembling lips under it. But Jeff Dixon knew women. He still writhed when he remembered a pair of innocent blue eyes looking up at him and their owner saying, "But, *Jeff*, you couldn't expect me to marry a boy whose mother runs a *tourist camp!* I always thought it was one of those old colonial estates, and it was just *money* you didn't have."

It flashed into his mind now. Joan saw his white face flush and his eyes kindle.

"I'm talking about the dead body you were trying to sneak off and leave on us," he said angrily.

She stared at him in horrified bewilderment. "You . . . you're crazy!"

"Yes? That's the cabin you were in, isn't it? And there's the dead body."

Joan stared at him still, speechless. It was a simple and unanswerable statement of the whole business. Unanswerable, that is, until Dr. Harp came in. For as far as Joan knew it was actually, literally true.

AND Jeff Dixon thought suddenly of his mother, coming across the lawn from the big house now, anxious-eyed, her white hair shining in the sun . . . and about the tough job she'd had to make the Shady Bridge Tourist Camp a paying proposition. First there had been the business of the Roanoke bank teller, then this. It would wreck the whole works. You couldn't have fugitive embezzlers and then murder in a tourist camp and expect nice people to go on stopping at it.

The little hum and buzz of excited talk had risen slowly, and Joan, looking helplessly about her, saw the people coming, from the big brick house and out of the little cabins up and down the row, crowding around now with curious, avid eyes.

Jeff Dixon spoke curtly: "Won't you all go back to your cabins? There's been a . . . an accident here. Your breakfast is ready when you want it."

Joan looked in a daze from one to another of the strange faces closing in around her. Questions pelted her numb brain like tiny pellets of hail: "What's happened?" "What's she done?" "Did he say *murdered?*"

A booming, confident voice rose above the hum: "What's up, young fellow?"

A large man in pajamas and a striped wool dressing gown, with iron-gray hair and an outthrust jaw, started towards the door of the cabin.

Jeff Dixon stepped in front of him. "Sorry, Mr. Baylor. You can't go in there."

Then he spoke patiently: "This girl was getting ready to leave, when the boy looked in the cabin and saw a dead man there. That's all there is to it so far. The state police usually drop in here about now, or we'll phone. Now please go back, will you?"

Joan did not see any of the people actually move, but suddenly the space between them and her was much larger. Only the big man held his ground.

"I think the young fellow's being a bit high-handed, Miss . . ."

Joan whispered her name automatically.

"My name's Baylor," the big man said, "Howard Baylor. If there's anything I can do, little lady . . ." He hesitated, a natural caution asserting itself. "That *is* your cabin?"

Joan nodded helplessly. "Yes," she whispered. "I can't understand it."

BAYLOR looked up at the green board with the white "Florida" on it, and back at Joan. Doubt seeped into his shrewd eyes.

A woman's voice spoke up from the outskirts of the circle: "You keep out of this, Howard, and let the police handle it."

Joan looked around at her. There was something in the sharp hostility of the woman's voice that for the first time made her realize that this was not merely embarrassing. She was actually in danger.

"You come along. We'll get out of here before this is spread over the front page of every paper in the country."

Joan looked at her, hardly understanding. Mrs. Baylor was fifty, fat, with a sagging, heavy face.

Mr. Baylor eased back into the crowd a little uncertainly.

"Sorry!" Jeff Dixon said. "Nobody can leave this place until the police get here."

Mrs. Baylor's eyes snapped. "You come along, Howard! Don't pay any attention to that impertinent young fool."

Another voice, drawling and rather bored, rose from beside Mrs. Baylor: "Oh, he's probably right, you know, Mother."

Joan's eyes rested on a young man in a neat flannel dressing gown.

"You keep your mouth shut," Mr. Baylor said curtly. "Your mother doesn't need your advice."

"That's all right, Harold." Mrs. Baylor nodded sympathetically to her son.

"If you'll all go and get dressed, you'll probably get away quicker," Jeff Dixon said patiently. "I'm sorry about it, but somebody has been killed here. We've got to wait for the police."

As the little circle broke up Mrs. Dixon came up to them.

"There's a man dead in 'Florida,'" Jeff said quietly. "Where *she* stayed last night."

Mrs. Dixon gazed incredulously at Joan. "This girl?" she said. "Who is the man?"

Jeff looked at Joan and waited. "Well?" he demanded coldly. "Who is it?"

Joan gulped. "I . . . I don't know!" she blurted out. Then she caught herself quickly. She mustn't let herself get hysterical. "How should I know?" she added more calmly.

"Great Scott! He's under your bed!"

For an instant their eyes met and held, the anger rising in them like storm signals.

"I can't help that!" Joan said hotly. Her eyes blazed green venom. "I tell you I never saw the man before in my life!"

"Yes? Queer, isn't it?"

Mrs. Dixon put her hand urgently on his arm. "Don't, Jeff," she said. "There must be some mistake. This child . . . that's too dreadful!"

"I'll say it is. . . . Hello, there's Carter."

A motorcycle streaked around the bend and across the bridge, and came to a stop in a cloud of dust. Jeff Dixon went forward to meet the state policeman. Joan saw him nod back at her as they talked. She saw the policeman staring at her—a man of thirty-five or so with dark hair and a rugged, sunburnt face. They walked across the grass to the cabin. Jeff pushed open the door.

The policeman said "Gee!" and turned and stared back at the girl standing trim and erect. He then went into the cabin. The hand protruding stiffly from under the mussed bed seemed to beckon like a ghastly relic. Carter lifted the sheet hanging down over the dead, stary-eyed face. He let it fall quickly, straightened up.

"Don't touch anything," he said. "The C. A.'s on his way. Who's the dame?"

Jeff shook his head. "She got in after nine, alone, and slept here. Then she tried to get away first thing this morning. It burns me up. Mother's had a rotten time trying to make this place go, and just when things are picking up this has to happen."

Carter nodded. He knew the Dixons and the job Mrs. Dixon had had after her husband died to send Jeff to college.

"Who is the guy?"

"That's the crazy thing about it. I never saw him before. I mean, he's not one of the bunch that stayed here last night."

Carter looked at him, puzzled.

"Sure he didn't come in with her, or the other folks?"

Jeff shook his head. Carter left the cabin and walked across the grass to where Joan was looking out towards the road.

"Look here, sister."

JOAN ACHESON was as willful and headstrong as a thoroughbred colt. She could also be eminently levelheaded and cool when she had to be. Moreover, this was not her first encounter with a state policeman, although it was the first where anything worse than seventy miles an hour was involved. She turned calmly around, and met Carter's eyes. And then a gleam of recognition came into both their faces.

"Hello!" Carter said. "It's you, is it? Thought you were going to Richmond to see your dying aunt."

Joan flushed brick-red.

"I guess it was your dying uncle, eh?"

Joan's heart sank. It just went to show. You ought never to tell a fib.

She tried to steady the voice that seemed suddenly very shaky: "I'm sorry."

"Yeah; I'll bet. What's your name?"

Joan looked at him, and past him to the hard, resentful eyes of Jeff Dixon. Something inside her went cold as ice.

"I think I'd better phone my father," she said.

"Yeah," said Carter. "I guess he's dying, too. Listen, sister—no more tricks.

See? You answer questions. When there's phoning to do, we'll do it. Get it?"

Joan clenched her even white teeth firmly. This was getting impossible. After all, she thought desperately, the whole thing was absurd—terrifyingly absurd.

"What's your name, sister?"

Joan's eyes shot out green sparks. "I'm not your sister, Officer. And, what's more I'm not going to answer any questions till my father gets here."

"O. K., sister. You can just go and cool off in one of them cabins till the C. A. gets here. How's that?"

"That's swell!" Joan said hotly.

Carter looked a little taken aback. "Look here," he said. "All I got to do is to take your license number and phone Headquarters, and I'll have your life history in five minutes."

"Then do it, and shut up about it!" The hot tears stung her eyelids.

"O. K., sister. I'll do just that. You keep an eye on her, Jeff."

JOAN watched him head for the house. She felt suddenly like a circus balloon with all the air let out of it. She bit her lips impatiently. She ought to have given him her name. She was acting like an idiot.

Joan choked back a little sob and sat down abruptly. The idea that she, Joan Acheson, could get mixed up in anything of the sort was so preposterous that she couldn't actually grasp it. Yet it was true. And nobody even knew she was Joan Acheson. She glanced back at the house. The state policeman was doing a double-quick back towards them. His face was lighted with triumph.

"No wonder you didn't want to give your name," he said. "Thought you could pull something, didn't you?" He looked over at Jeff. "Her old man's Judge Acheson. Will the C. A. eat that up? They're friendly like two rattlesnakes."

A hot, angry flush darkened Jeff Dixon's face. He had a sudden impulse to crack Carter on the jaw. After all, she was only a kid. He looked around at her. She was staring straight ahead, her face very white. The poor little devil, Jeff thought. He took a step towards her. She looked up, startled; her wide-set eyes turned a sudden, hostile cat-green. Jeff remembered the other girl. He shrugged, and turned back to the state policeman.

At first Joan hardly noticed the chubby, bright-faced little man who was coming hurriedly across the lawn from the big house. Then she noticed him chiefly because his round face, with its round, gold-rimmed spectacles with thread wrapped around the nosepiece, was so comically distressed . . . and because of the way Mrs. Dixon's anxious face smoothed out when she caught sight of him.

He listened silently, with pursed lips, to Mrs. Dixon's account of what had happened.

"You must help her, Doctor," Mrs. Dixon entreated.

The little man smiled at her and patted her shoulder. He looked searchingly for a very long time at Joan. Then he struck the ground with his gold-headed cane.

"Oh, nonsense!" he said. He said it with so much conviction that the state policeman looked up a little nettled.

"All right, Professor," he said. "Have a look for yourself."

The professor nodded. Joan watched

him stump off, open the cabin door, and stand there a moment peering in. Then he came back to them hurriedly.

"But surely!" he said to Carter. "This child? Why, it's . . . it's nonsense!"

Carter shrugged. The little man calmly pulled up a hickory chair by a table, propped his gold-headed cane carefully against it, sat down, and looked at Joan earnestly. "My dear," he said, "this is all silly. I hope you'll let me help you."

He fished in his inside coat pocket, brought out a card, and handed it to Joan. She took it automatically. It read: "Porteus Alexander Harp, A.M., Ph.D., D.Sc." And, in the lower, left-hand corner: "Professor of Geology, Saginaw College, Saginaw, Mich."

Afterwards it seemed incredible to Joan that anyone so amazing should have walked into her life so informally and with such momentous consequences.

Dr. Harp smiled expectantly at her, and Joan managed a smile in return.

He nodded approvingly. "That's the ticket," he said. "Now, my child, Mrs. Dixon says you deny any knowledge of this . . . affair."

Joan nodded helplessly.

Dr. Harp nodded. "I thought so," he said. "Now, in that case, my dear, and in my opinion, the thing to do is to put into action what we call the scientific method." He looked at her with a sort of owlish intentness. "I take it you really didn't stab this man . . . not even in a fit of temporary insanity nor in self-defense?"

Joan stared at him.

"I suggest that," Dr. Harp went on, "because I'm told they are the best defenses a young woman can offer."

"I . . . " Joan said. Her brain whirled. Then she pulled herself together with a great effort. "Listen, Dr. Harp," she said, as firmly as she could. "You don't understand. *I didn't do it. Please* believe me!"

DR. HARP nodded serenely. "One of the features of the scientific method," he said, "is the necessity of having one's premises correct. Because, if we proceed from inaccurate premises, why, then our conclusions are bound to be inaccurate."

Joan glanced covertly at Mrs. Dixon and Jeff. Their attitude—even Jeff's—seemed to be indicating, in some odd, matter-of-fact way, that everything would be all right now that Dr. Harp was there.

Dr. Harp nodded to himself. "Very well," he said. "Roman Numeral One: You didn't kill the man in there." He pulled a worn envelope out of his pocket and made a note. "Roman Numeral Two: You did sleep in the cabin last night?"

Joan nodded.

"Very well. . . . Roman Numeral Three: You did not see a dead man under your bed. Correct?"

"Correct," Joan said. After all, it couldn't possibly make things worse.

"In that case, and in my opinion," said Dr. Harp, "there could have been no dead man there when you left the cabin."

He raised his hand quickly. "However. . . . Roman Numeral Four: There *is* a dead man there. Capital Letter A: He has been there for some time, because the blood on the floor around him is dry. Capital Letter B: He has not been there for a great period of time, because he does not yet appear to be in rigor mortis. And Capital Letter C: There is only one entrance through which a body can (1) enter, or (2) be introduced, into the cabin.

"Therefore—Arabic Numeral 1 under Capital Letter C—the body was not introduced through that entrance—namely, the front, and in fact only, door—*after* 'X' left the cabin (that's you, my dear), for the simple reason that there were witnesses watching that entrance all the time. That's you again. Correct?"

Joan drew a deep breath. "Yes," she said. "That's correct." She knew it was, and yet, at the same time, it couldn't be.

"Then, where were we?"

Dr. Harp adjusted his spectacles and looked down at his notes. Then he looked at Joan with a troubled frown.

"But," he said, "in that case, and according to the scientific method, you must have killed the man in your cabin."

"*But I didn't!*" Joan said.

"I know. And that shows us that something's wrong. But not the method. Depend on it, my dear; the scientific method can't be wrong. It follows simple logic."

He bent over his envelope and went back over the outline he had made, shaking his head, pursing and unpursing his lips.

A SUDDEN burst of speed in the road behind them made Joan turn in time to see a large car, preceded by a motorcycle, cross the bridge and pull up in the drive. As it stopped she recognized the commonwealth attorney in it. With him were half a dozen men.

The Honorable Milton Bassford, Commonwealth Attorney for Bedford County, Virginia, strode across the grounds toward the cabin without so much as a glance her way. Jeff and Dr. Harp were following the commonwealth attorney. Joan shuddered. For the first time she felt a sense of grim tragedy waiting behind the gay, rose-covered little façade.

Joan opened her bag and took out her vanity. It came to her as a shock that the face gazing back at her in the mirror was still her own, and still the same. She patted her nose with the puff, and looked up quickly, hearing someone coming.

"Oh," she said. "It's you, is it?"

Jeff Dixon flushed angrily. "Yes," he said. "It is. And how in thunder you can sit there and powder your nose, I don't see."

Joan closed her vanity and put it back in her bag, swallowing down the aching anxiety that kept swelling in her throat.

"What do you expect me to do?" she inquired, with an elaborate nonchalance that anyone but Jeff Dixon would have seen through instantly. "Sit here and wring my hands? I'm not going to. If they'd let me go and phone my father . . ."

"He's been phoned to. He had to go to Knoxville. They're trying to locate him."

"Oh," said Joan.

Jeff moved aside as the commonwealth attorney came up across the lawn.

"How do you do, Miss Acheson?" he said. "I don't think we've ever met, but I know your father."

The Honorable Milton Bassford's hand was cold and slightly damp. Joan looked at him steadily, seeing a pair of shrewd, hard eyes and a hawklike beak over a long, grooved, predatory upper lip. His chin was cleft, too, and gave a curiously sardonic look to his thin, wide mouth.

"Sit down," he said. "Sit down, Professor."

Dr. Harp drew his chair a little closer to Joan's. It was a simple act, but it ranged him definitely on her side.

"Carter's phoning your father. He should have let you do it. Makes an awkward situation. We don't have situations like this often, so it's hardly surprising he didn't know what to do."

Joan flushed. "I believe my father has been called," she said coolly.

Bassford's eyes narrowed. He looked at her again in cold appraisal. "Who is the dead man, Miss Acheson?"

"I don't know, Mr. Bassford." Joan drew a deep breath, and tried to be as calmly composed as she could. "All I know about it is this: I came here last night because I was later than I thought, and I didn't like driving on to Richmond after dark when the road is mostly detour. I stopped here, and asked them to call me at five. I was leaving, when the colored boy went back to my cabin to see if I'd left anything, and found—"

"Found you had," said Bassford dryly.

Joan recovered quickly. "Apparently. I've never seen the man before; I don't know how he got there."

Bassford still stared coldly at her. "I can tell you how he got there," he said. "He was stabbed in the back and shoved under the bed, quite dead, at least five hours ago. You were in there from half-past nine last night till five this morning. The surgeon says he's been in there since approximately one o'clock."

He regarded her steadily.

"My advice to you, Miss Acheson, is to come forward with a straight story. It'll be easier for you—and your family—in the long run. You can't hope to hush this up. You can depend on me to do all I can to make it easy for you. I think your father will tell you I'm a square shooter. Who is the man, Miss Acheson?"

"I don't know, Mr. Bassford."

BASSFORD'S lips tightened. "Listen, Miss Acheson," he drawled. "The facts are perfectly clear here, and incontrovertible. You seem to have a mistaken idea about . . . the powers of the courts."

Joan flushed again. "If you mean my father, Mr. Bassford, you're wrong. I'm telling you the absolute truth. If that man was in the cabin when I left it this morning, I didn't see him," she said. "He wasn't there last night, because . . . well, I looked under the bed before I got in it."

Dr. Harp nodded. "I doubt if you could convince a jury otherwise," he said.

Bassford coughed. "Suppose you let me take care of that end of it, Professor," he said. He nodded to his stenographer. "Tell us your version, Miss Acheson."

So Joan repeated the story that nobody believed: about going out to the car to get her bag, coming back, going to sleep with most of her clothes on, and waking up when her flashlight fell. At that point she stopped suddenly. "I turned on the light and picked it up . . . and if anybody had been under the bed, I'd have seen him."

"You certainly should have." Bassford's voice was heavy with irony.

"*But I didn't!*" Joan snapped.

Jeff Dixon, standing fifty feet off, suddenly kicked a small stone out of his path with quite useless violence.

Carter looked at him and then grinned

suddenly. "Pretty, isn't she?" he said.

"Is she?" Jeff's manner clearly indicated surprise and indifference. "I don't care if she's pretty or not. I don't like the way they're hounding her."

"Nuts! She got in it herself, didn't she?" Carter moved closer and lowered his voice. "Let Milt handle it," he said. "This is a break for him, and he's good. This is the biggest thing he's had since the Farmers' Bank robbery in Roanoke. And did he get them! The whole caboodle except the president."

Jeff nodded. "You're telling me," he said bitterly. "He got everything except the president and a hundred and ten thousand dollars of the depositors' money—and nine thousand of it belonged to us. Anyway, what gripes me is, what if that kid really didn't kill him, after all?"

Carter stared. Then he winked broadly. "Listen. If she didn't do it and old Milt can prove she didn't, that'll be the best thing he's ever pulled for himself. 'Commonwealth Attorney Proves Old Enemy's Daughter Innocent of Murder Charge.'"

JEFF looked back at the girl still at the table with the commonwealth attorney, and shook his head. He looked back at the car corral, where two plain-clothes men were working through the parked cars.

"The weapon?" he said.

Carter nodded. "And anything else. They didn't find anything in his pockets but a watch and a big bulge where his wallet had been. I guess they figure it's around somewhere. Look; Bassford's giving you the high sign."

Jeff crossed the grass to the little group under a sycamore tree. Joan Acheson apparently did not even see him.

The commonwealth attorney indicated a chair. "Sit down, Dixon. You've changed the name of this place since I was here last. You called it the Haunted Bridge Camp, three years ago."

Jeff nodded. "We changed it—for two reasons: The name scared people. They used to leave the lights burning all night. And, second, you gave us so darn' much publicity catching the last of that Roanoke bank gang in the end cabin there that we couldn't handle the crowds."

Bassford smiled dryly. "Sorry if that hurt you," he said. "How many people are here now?"

"Thirteen, altogether. Dr. Harp stays in the house. He's practically one of the family."

The chubby little man blinked behind his gold spectacles. "I come every vacation," he explained. "I . . . I study geologic formations."

He cleared his throat, glanced sideways at Jeff, and reddened. Jeff grinned. His mother could hardly be regarded as a geologic formation. Once or twice he had come on them, Dr. Harp looking wistful and a little hurt and his mother shaking her head very kindly.

The commonwealth attorney asked, "The dead man was not one of the thirteen?"

"No. I've got a list of the people who came in, from noon yesterday, or were here already." Jeff handed Bassford a typed sheet:

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Baylor,
Harold Baylor, New York City
Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Lyons, Baltimore, Md.
Miss Ella Green, Miss Lucy Cowie, Miss Viola Sayre, Detroit, Mich.
Mr. and Mrs. James Perkins, San Francisco, Calif.

"And a man and woman named Smith, with a New Jersey license, who didn't give their address. And Miss Acheson."

"Who didn't give her name?"

"I didn't ask for it."

"You do ordinarily ask people's names?"

"Not when they take the cabins. We do if they're in the house. I happen to know the Lyonses, by the way. They've stopped here two or three times a year for some time, on their way to Florida and back."

Bassford nodded. He jerked his head at one of his men standing by him. "Get 'em all over," he said. He settled back on the rear legs of his chair and regarded Joan through narrowed, calculating lids.

It was a great relief when Bassford turned his head towards Dr. Harp. The little man was staring down at his notes on the envelope on the table in front of him with an expression of delight.

"Eureka!" Dr. Harp cried. He waved the envelope in the air.

Bassford stared at him. "Eureka *what?*"

"Eureka," Dr. Harp said calmly, "means simply that I've found it. In other words, the scientific method has been entirely vindicated. I was discussing it with Miss Acheson prior to your arrival. You see, the scientific method is quite infallible."

Bassford stared again, and smiled very dryly. "I suppose you mean she didn't kill the man?" he drawled.

Dr. Harp nodded. "Precisely so," he said.

Joan Acheson stared at him, hardly daring to believe, really, that the absurd, kindly little man could have figured something out that would make them all see how ridiculous it was. She glanced anxiously at Bassford. He was nodding an ironic thanks to Dr. Harp, with an amused contempt that was hardly concealed.

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind explaining, Professor, how the man's body got in the cabin—if Miss Acheson did not see it there. When she slept in the cabin and has been sitting out here ever since she left it. And when you can't get a body in there except through the front door."

"That," said Dr. Harp, "is elementary."

HE GOT to his feet, patted Joan reassuringly on the shoulder, and bowed to the commonwealth attorney.

"If you'll excuse me," he said, "I shall verify my conclusion by a simple observation. The application of the scientific method to the problem—assuming, of course, that Miss Acheson did not kill the man—shows plainly that there is only one possible way in which the body could have been introduced—under all the circumstances—into the cabin. I shall make sure that that is so."

Bassford raised his hand. Dr. Harp turned back to the table.

"Just a minute, Professor. Just as a matter of routine, you didn't happen to recognize the body yourself, did you?"

Dr. Harp blinked like an owl whose sense of honor had been seriously impugned.

"Certainly not," he said. "Furthermore, I should like to give you my itinerary

of yesterday afternoon and evening. I investigated the cavern at the end of the cow pasture after my siesta until five o'clock. I returned, and helped Mrs. Dixon in the flower garden until dinner. I dined, and accompanied Mrs. Dixon to prayer meeting, and returned at nine o'clock. I then went to my room and read until half past ten, when I retired."

"You weren't out of your room between nine last night and this morning?"

"No, sir." Dr. Harp bowed again. "With your permission . . ."

"Sure, go ahead." Mr. Bassford grinned a little, looked at Joan, and shook his head.

Dr. Harp stumped off across the grass. Then he stopped, turned suddenly, and came back.

"Mr. Commonwealth Attorney," he said, "I wish to amend my last statement. As a matter of fact I *did* leave my room, at about quarter to ten."

THE commonwealth attorney looked up, surprised and alert.

"I went across the hall to get a glass of water—begging your pardon, Miss Acheson—for my plates. I . . . I have, as you see, artificial teeth. I thought I should tell you. As I frequently explain to my students, the scientific approach is useless unless one has all the data."

Mr. Bassford nodded. "Thanks, Professor. That sure takes a load off my mind."

Dr. Harp beamed again and stumped off toward the cabins.

The commonwealth attorney shook his head. "That man's cuckoo," he said to Joan. "Gosh! He's coming back."

Dr. Harp had turned a second time, and was trudging back towards them. As he came up he drew his chair over by Joan and sat down very soberly.

"It occurs to me, my dear," he said calmly, "that possibly I could be of more service to you right here. I shouldn't want them to—to put anything over on you in the absence of counsel, as it were. If that's satisfactory to Mr. Bassford."

"Sure," the commonwealth attorney drawled amiably. "But what about the scientific method?"

"That," said Dr. Harp gently, "will keep. Not being dependent upon time or personality for its effect."

Bassford grinned. Joan glanced anxiously at the little man. It was obvious that something else had occurred to him.

Mr. Bassford's eyes ran blandly around the little circle of faces in front of him.

"I'm sorry about this, folks," he said. "I want you to be on your way as soon as possible, but I've got to keep you a while. A man was murdered here last night, in this young lady's cabin. It looks pretty bad, on the face of it, but it's an axiom of the law that a person is innocent until he's proved guilty. Now I'm going to ask you folks to see if any of you can identify the body over there. I'm going to tell you that so far we have not found the weapon that killed him. My men are going through the baggage of every person here."

Mr. Howard Baylor spoke up in the murmur of protest that went around: "You're not going to ask these ladies to identify the body?"

"I'm afraid so, Mr. Baylor."

Baylor flushed hotly.

Bassford shook his head. "I'm certainly sorry about it, sir," he said suavely. "But

as this young lady is suspected of the murder I could hardly excuse any of the older women here . . . much as I should like to."

Joan Acheson sat listening to them. Two quite inconsistent thoughts kept persistently shoving themselves up in her consciousness. The first was that it was all preposterously theatrical, utterly and completely impossible and unreal. The second was that, granted somehow that it really was real, it was all so perfectly American. They were so perfectly a cross section of all the country. Mr. Howard Baylor, prosperous, aggressive, slightly pompous, perfectly confident of himself, and not too intelligent. Mrs. Baylor, obviously pulled up by the bootstraps, and a snob . . . in contrast to Mrs. Dixon, who was "reduced," but a lady to her finger tips and always would be, no matter where she was or how poor she was. Hal Baylor, groomed, glossy, bored, a little amused in a veiled, faintly contemptuous way by all of them, including his parents. The young couple named Smith, the man pale and quiet and quite overborne by the buxom, dark-haired, deep-bosomed girl with him, wearing a shiny new wedding ring and much too much lipstick . . . and both of them obviously frightened.

The three women standing next to Mrs. Smith were certainly vacationing schoolteachers if Joan had ever seen one. Miss Cowie was plump, bright-eyed, and coy; Miss Sayre was thin and tight-lipped; and Miss Ella Green was large, slow, and patient.

There were two other couples, and they would be the Lyonses and the Perkinses, of Baltimore and San Francisco, respectively. The Lyonses were completely at ease and at home. Mrs. Lyons was very quiet, but gave the impression that she was not missing any tricks. Her husband was lean and dark, with dark hair and graying temples, a hard mouth, hard eyes.

And then there were the Perkinses. Joan could see that they did not think much of Mr. Lyons. Mr. Perkins was a big, simple man with horn-rimmed glasses and an honest face, and he stood beside the round little woman, also with horn-rimmed glasses, with a protective bulldog air.

Twelve of them. And Joan Acheson was the thirteenth. And one of them had, somehow, in some way, got a man into her cabin and killed him there.

THE commonwealth attorney was going up towards her cabin and everybody was following him. Dr. Harp touched her arm, and she went too.

She stopped on the narrow path edged with whitewashed bricks and bordered with spice pinks. Bassford was at the door of the cabin. The people were approaching one by one as Carter told them off.

"You stay here, my dear," Dr. Harp whispered.

The next instant she saw him standing alongside the commonwealth attorney quite as if he were a special deputy, and she was by the door of the cabin next to hers, alone. It was odd, the way they all kept away from her . . . all except one of the commonwealth attorney's men, who did not get more than ten feet from her at any time.

She sat down on the white doorstep of "Iowa" to wait, and looked up quickly, vaguely aware that someone was looking at her. It was Harold Baylor, and when he caught her eye he moved easily away from his mother and sat down beside her.

"Neat mess," he said pleasantly. "How'd you get mixed up in it?"

"I'm not sure yet," Joan said.

"Serves us right, I guess—stopping at a dump like this."

Joan shook her head. "You oughtn't to be talking to me. Mr. Bassford will think we're accomplices."

Hal Baylor grinned. "That's O. K. by me, lady," he said. "Who's your friend?"

"Who?"

"The thunder-cloud guy." He nodded towards Jeff Dixon.

"He's no friend of mine," Joan said hotly. "He thinks I killed that man."

Baylor yawned. "Probably did it himself."

A sharp voice rose: "*Harold!*" Mrs. Baylor was staring at them.

"Guess it's my turn to take a peek," Harold said. "I'll be seeing you."

He sauntered off, and Joan saw him go into the cabin, and come out. Then Dr. Harp came hurrying towards her.

"It's your turn, my dear."

INSIDE the cabin Bassford was sitting on a chair by the bed, his face almost even with hers as she looked in. He raised the chintz spread and the sheets without taking his eyes off hers.

Joan shook her head slowly. Then she looked again, and felt the blood drain out of her face with a sudden, sickening rush.

"So you do recognize him, Miss Acheson." Bassford's voice was as silky as the slither of a snake through the dried corn.

"I . . . yes, I do. He was—"

There was a sudden loud shout from outside: "*Hey, Chief!*"

Joan looked through the open door in time to see one of the men who had been searching the cars slam the door of her coupé and come running towards them holding a small object in his hand.

"It's his wallet, Chief. Stuck up on the sun shield over the wheel." He handed over a black leather billfold.

Bassford opened the billfold, looking steadily at Joan. He took out a motor registration card of the District of Columbia issued to Ernest L. Rose, 1868 K Street N. W., a driver's license in the same name, and four fifty-dollar bills. His face was a cynical mask. Joan gazed at him with dawning horror.

"Who is this fellow, Miss Acheson?" he asked softly. His hand waved at the inert mass under the sheet.

"I . . . I don't know," Joan whispered. "I saw him yesterday . . . at a hot-dog stand where I stopped. He was getting gas. I didn't recognize him before."

Bassford looked steadily at her. It looked cut and dried. But he was not a fool. It looked almost a little too much cut and dried. "If this was my own daughter," he was thinking, "I might think there was something cockeyed." Furthermore, it wouldn't do to make a mistake.

Then the commonwealth attorney shook his head impatiently. "Find that weapon, Carter," he said through shut teeth.

He stared coldly at Joan. "What did you kill him for, Miss Acheson? A girl in your position doesn't need two hundred dollars. What did you do it with?"

Joan shook her head dumbly. "I . . . I didn't—"

"Did he come into your cabin?"

Dr. Harp leaned forward. "That's self-defense, my dear," he whispered.

Joan shook her head.

Bassford looked at the little man with a sardonic flicker in his eyes. "Thought you had it all figured out, Professor."

Dr. Harp hesitated. "So I have," he said slowly. "*If* she didn't do it. It's entirely dependent on the truth of the premise. The scientific method merely explains how the body got into the cabin, granting Miss Acheson's innocence."

Bassford turned as Carter stuck his head in the door.

"Say, Chief, the lady in the big car says they're leaving. How about it?"

"Oh, well! Let 'em go."

"Just a moment!" said Dr. Harp earnestly. "Just a moment! *If* my conclusion is correct, they really shouldn't be allowed to go, Mr. Attorney!"

Bassford looked at him curiously. "You still think she didn't do it?"

"I still think—" said Dr. Harp, "in fact I *know*—that the presence of the body here does not necessitate that conclusion."

THE commonwealth attorney wiped his forehead. "Spring it, Professor," he said softly.

Dr. Harp paused to collect his thoughts. "It's perfectly simple, if you follow the scientific method," he said. "One of three things has *got* to be true. It's the simplest logic. One: Miss Acheson killed this man in the cabin—I hope you'll pardon me, my dear—or outside and dragged him in. It's immaterial. Or, Two: He isn't dead in the cabin. Of course, that really won't wash. Or, Three: He *is* dead in the cabin *—but Miss Acheson did not stay in the cabin.*"

"Which she did," said Bassford blandly.

"*No!*" said Dr. Harp. "That's just the point. *She didn't!*"

The commonwealth attorney groaned. "Good heavens, man! She says herself she stayed in the cabin!"

Dr. Harp nodded very placidly. "I know," he said. "I know. *But she must be wrong.* She *must*, logically!" He hurried on as Bassford—and Joan—stared at him. "What I mean is this—that if she stayed there, she *must* have killed him. But if she didn't kill him, then she couldn't *possibly* have stayed there. Don't you see?"

The commonwealth attorney nodded with heavy irony. "I see," he said. "The answer is that she killed him."

"You don't see," Dr. Harp said calmly. "But I'll show you."

He turned to Joan, who felt very much like a bone between two dogs.

"My dear," he said gently, "you left your cabin last night, after you'd got settled in it."

Joan nodded. It seemed to her that if in all her life she had utterly not understood anything, this was the time.

"Precisely," said Dr. Harp. "That is essential to the theory. Now, my dear—Please attend most carefully, because it's very important to you. Did you, or did you not, leave your door open when you went out?"

"I always close doors—quietly," Joan said. "It's the only thing they ever really taught me."

"Precisely," Dr. Harp said. "However, I trust they taught you one other thing. Now, my dear: When you came back, *you came to the wrong cabin.*"

He looked expectantly at Joan, and as she nodded dumbly he looked triumphantly at the commonwealth attorney.

"Yes," Joan said. "I did. But I . . . I don't know how you know it."

Bassford stared at the little man. "I don't know what difference it makes, Professor," he drawled, "but just how *did* you know it?"

Dr. Harp chuckled. "I didn't *know* it," he said. "I assumed it. It was demanded by the scientific method—and the scientific method is infallible. So it *had* to be. We will show you what difference it makes. . . . My dear, just tell the commonwealth attorney how you knew you were in the wrong cabin."

It was Joan's turn to stare. "Because it was empty," she said.

Dr. Harp nodded. "The things you had left in it—I mean if it had been your cabin—were not there?"

"Yes."

"Precisely. And then you went outside . . ."

He nodded encouragingly to Joan to go on, and looked to see if the commonwealth attorney was following.

"I went outside and saw I'd got into 'New York' instead of 'Florida.' They all looked exactly alike."

"Precisely. And therefore, my dear, you immediately went on to the right, to your own cabin. To 'Florida.'"

Joan nodded.

"Where the body of Ernest L. Rose was found the next morning," said Mr. Bassford silkily.

Dr. Harp chuckled again. "That," he said, "if you will pardon a vulgar expression, is what *you* think. Now, my dear—The probability is that I can tell you one more thing you did last night, *if* you were taught in your youth to keep your eyes open as well as to close doors quietly."

HE PAUSED a moment, then continued very deliberately:

"When you got to your cabin, you found of course that your things were there. *But they were not the way you had left them!*"

He looked expectantly at Joan again, and he chuckled a third time.

"Why, yes!" Joan said. "My bag was at the head of the bed instead of the foot, and my hat was all smoothed out, and I—"

"And you don't smooth hats out," said Dr. Harp, nodding. "Well, it's all very clear, then. Come outside, Mr. Commonwealth Attorney. I shall demonstrate."

He led the way to the neatly bordered path, followed by Joan and Mr. Bassford, turned about, and looked up at the three rose-covered cabins in front of him: "New York" to the left, then "Florida," and "Iowa" to the right.

"Now, then," said Dr. Harp. He stumped briskly to the cabin to the right, reached up on tiptoe, and with a pair of chubby hands unhooked the little green sign on which "Iowa" was printed in neat white letters. He then stumped briskly down the path to the left, unhooked the "New York" sign and put "Iowa" there; came back directly in front of them, substituted "New York" for the "Florida" on the cabin in which the dead man's body lay, and put the "Florida" sign on the cabin to the right. He then came beaming

back, turned, and surveyed the three cabins. They were now "Iowa," "New York," and "Florida."

"You see," he said, "it was all quite simple . . . to the scientific mind and once the scientific method was applied—and realizing that this child couldn't possibly have killed anybody. It was purely a matter of—ah—ratiocination. When Miss Acheson admitted returning to the wrong cabin, it was elementary. And this is what happened: She did not return to the wrong cabin. Her sense of direction was perfectly adequate. But in her absence the name of the cabin had been changed—as I have indicated—and her things removed. The cabins are practically identical, inside as well as out, so the subterfuge went unnoticed."

JOAN and the commonwealth attorney spoke at the same moment: "But why—?"

"For the simple and nefarious purpose," Dr. Harp interrupted, "of making it appear that you, my dear, had murdered the man ostensibly under your bed—the late Mr. Rose. And that it was definitely plotted to that end is of course further shown by the fact that the bed was mussed as if you had slept in it, and the man's wallet was in your car." He rubbed his hands and looked around, his face shining with triumph.

"But why *me!*" said Joan.

Dr. Harp blinked, and turned a troubled face to her. "Why?" He repeated. "My dear, I shouldn't know *why*. That is the commonwealth attorney's field, not mine."

He turned to Bassford. The commonwealth attorney was staring at the changed signs and nodding his head slowly.

"I get you, Professor," he said. "Your idea is that Miss Acheson, after going to what she thought was the wrong cabin, then went on to the right and spent the night in the cabin labeled 'Florida,' which really was 'Iowa.' So she never was in the cabin with the body."

Dr. Harp looked a little surprised, as if so obvious a thing really ought not to have to be put into words. "Oh, certainly," he said. "The signs, of course, were changed back after she'd got in. She might have noticed, as she came out in the morning. However, as you see, she didn't."

Bassford strode abruptly to the cabin to the right, which was labeled "Florida" now that Dr. Harp had changed the signs, and opened the door. Joan and Dr. Harp, following, peered in under his arms. And Joan gave a little gasp.

"What is it, my dear?" said Dr. Harp.

"That's my hairbrush on the dresser!" she said. "I always leave something!"

The commonwealth attorney strode into the cabin and picked it up. On the silver back was engraved in neat letters, "Joan Mason Acheson." He stared down at it. Hanging from its stiff white bristles were a dozen short, curly golden hairs.

Bassford nodded curtly. "I guess the scientific method wins, Professor," he said. He went to the door. "Carter! Tell the Baylors they'll stay here till I tell 'em to go—and they'll *like* it!"

As far as Joan could see, the only people who still regarded her with suspicion were the three schoolteachers. Mrs. Baylor, in particular, was most cordial.

Mr. Bassford also was most cordial, and when Dr. Harp busied himself in a continued application of the scientific method, Joan was privileged to be present when the professor made a formal, logical statement of the issues yet to be developed.

With the definite abandonment of the easy and obvious solution that Joan had murdered the man whose body was in the cabin where she should have slept, and the continued failure to find the weapon with which the murder was committed, Dr. Harp's investigation was, as he complained, painfully shy of premises. Shorn of his Roman numerals and Arabic numeral subdivisions, the items he jotted down on the back of a second envelope even more creased and soiled than the first were as follows:

Why was the young lady framed?
Why did the Baylors stop here?
Why are the Smiths so upset?
Is there any connection between the dead man and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Lyons, of Baltimore, who stop here two or three days on their way to and from Florida every year . . . and have already been here twice this year?

And when the unexpected information came out in the general meeting later, presided over by the commonwealth attorney, that the little round woman in horn-rimmed spectacles, Mrs. Perkins, whose husband was a retired mail carrier with a pension of $102 a month and two married sons, had seen the dead man at the dog races in Hialeah distributing betting forecasts—Mr. Perkins having decided that it was better to admit they had seen the man before than to conceal information from the law—and further that she had frequently seen Harold Baylor there, Joan watched Dr. Harp's pen scribble:

Why does Baylor's mother look frightened?
Why does Baylor Senior ditto?

BUT when the greatest surprise of the morning came Dr. Harp wrote nothing at all. He simply sat looking perplexed.

The first definite information connecting the dead man with the Shady Bridge Tourist Camp came when Mrs. Dixon whispered to her son. Then she caught the commonwealth attorney's eye.

"Was the man's name Ernest Rose?"

"Yes, ma'am." Bassford shot her a surprised and questioning glance.

"Then he is probably the man who came here in December and wanted to see the place. I—I didn't connect him before. He said he was thinking of buying a place here, and I told him to come back . . . some time." She turned to Jeff, who was looking at her strangely. "I didn't tell you, Jeff. You see, I thought I might sell the place, so you could get into some kind of business and not be so tied down."

She looked away quickly. Jeff's face flushed darkly.

"Did you see him again, ma'am?" Bassford said quickly.

Mrs. Dixon shook her head. "But I got a letter from him last week from Palm Beach saying he would be up the last of the month to talk business."

"You did?" said Bassford. "Where's the letter? Have you still got it?"

Mrs. Dixon nodded. "Run and get it, dear. It's in my secretary, in the upper left-hand drawer."

Joan watched the swift, clean stride that took Jeff Dixon out of sight behind the crape myrtle hedge, and looked back,

catching Harold Baylor's eye. He seemed rather more amused than alarmed at Mrs. Perkins' having seen him at the race track, but Joan thought there was a first little flicker of alarm in his eyes.

"I tried to sell the place after my husband died," Mrs. Dixon said. "It was so much to keep up and pay taxes on. No one wanted it then. And here within a week two people turn up, both wanting to 'take it off my hands.'"

Dr. Harp was looking at her very intently.

"This man Rose, and who else?" Bassford asked.

"A Mr. Henson from Richmond. He's coming down again tomorrow."

Bassford nodded to his stenographer, who made a note.

"How much were they offering?"

"Mr. Rose said $5,000. Mr. Henson $4,500 cash. There are over two hundred acres left, but the land isn't good and the house needs a lot of repairs."

JEFF DIXON came quickly through the crape myrtle hedge.

"You must have put it somewhere else, Mother," he said. "It's not in your desk."

Mrs. Dixon was puzzled. "Are you sure?"

"I've been all through it."

Mrs. Dixon got up. "I'm sure it's there," she said. . . . But when she came back she was more puzzled than before. "I know I put it there, because I was going to show it to Mr. Henson when he came tomorrow. I put it away very carefully."

Joan looked, puzzled, from one face to another. Most faces were as puzzled as her own, but the commonwealth attorney's was serious and intent. So was Dr. Harp's.

Bassford looked around the circle, his mouth tightened and sardonic. "All right," he said. "Which one of you got away with that letter? Hand it over!"

No one moved. He turned to Mrs. Dixon. "When did you put it there?"

"Last week. But . . . I saw it there yesterday afternoon."

"How many of these people were in that room since then?"

Mrs. Dixon hesitated.

"There's been a murder here, ma'am," Bassford said. "Nobody who'd kill that fellow would stop at stealing a letter."

"The desk is in the back parlor," Mrs. Dixon said hesitantly. "My son and I have been in there, and the house servants, Julius and the cook, Charity. Then in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Lyons came, and the Baylors."

She made a simple gesture of apology as she mentioned the names, as if wanting them to know that she would rather not have had to do so.

"In fact, everybody here was in the house except Miss Acheson. You see, we serve dinner in the dining-room, and breakfast, unless people want it outside. Most people don't. But, of course, my desk isn't in the dining-room, and Mr. and Mrs. Perkins and Mr. and Mrs. Smith I'm sure didn't go in the parlors at all."

"The rest of 'em did?"

"Well, yes. You see, many people have the idea that if you take in tourists it's quite all right for them to inspect everything. Of course, we're pleased when they like our things."

"Did you see any of 'em near the desk?"

Mrs. Dixon flushed a little. "Mrs. Baylor and the three ladies." She smiled at the schoolteachers. "Mrs. Baylor was kind enough to offer me fifty dollars for the desk . . . which I've refused seven hundred for." Mrs. Dixon smiled again faintly. "It's hard to get people to understand that you don't want to sell your old things. . . . You did open the drawer, didn't you, Mrs. Baylor?"

Mrs. Baylor was annoyed. "Just to see if there was a secret panel,"she said tartly.

"Of course. I quite understood that."

Mr. Bassford did not. "Did you see the letter, Mrs. Baylor?" he asked blandly.

"There were papers in there. I didn't look at them."

Bassford nodded. "And how about you, ladies?"

The Misses Green, Cowie, and Sayre denied doing more than poke about.

"As a matter of fact," Mr. Lyons said, "Mrs. Dixon mentioned to me that she was thinking about selling the place."

Joan turned to look at him, lean and dark under his heavy coat of Florida tan.

Dr. Harp was scribbling again on his envelope. Joan read:

Why in Heaven's name should Mr. Rose wish to buy this place?

Why should Mr. Henson?

Why should anyone steal Mr. Rose's letter?

"Mr. and Mrs. Lyons have been stopping here three and four times a year for the past three years," Mrs. Dixon was saying. "We think of them as old friends. I hadn't mentioned selling the place to anybody but Dr. Harp"—Mrs. Dixon colored faintly—"and when Mr. Lyons said something about coming down in July I told him I was thinking of selling."

Joan looked around again. It was all too puzzling for her, but she could see from the face of the commonwealth attorney that it meant something.

Bassford nodded slowly. "I'll have to ask you people to stay on the place," he said shortly. He turned to Mrs. Dixon. "I'll have a look inside, ma'am."

Joan looked at Jeff Dixon. He was watching the rest of them move off. Just as his eyes met hers and brightened, Harold Baylor touched her elbow.

"How about having a look at the natural wonders the professor tells about, lady?" He pointed to the sloping pasture behind the field of young corn. "We've got lots of time on our hands."

Joan looked back at Jeff. But he had turned and was following his mother and the commonwealth attorney towards the house. She smiled brightly at Hal Baylor. "Elegant! When do we start?" . . .

IT WAS after lunch when they started. It was too late to go before, in the first place, and, in the second, Dr. Harp, commandeered by Mrs. Baylor, had agreed to give, and did give, an impromptu lecture on the stalactites and stalagmites that had been forming through thousands of years in the small cavern above the cow pasture.

"I shall be happy to conduct a party up there later," Dr. Harp said, "because, in my opinion, while there is nothing in the Dixon cavern to compare with the great caverns across the ridge, it is most interesting geologically. You see, the Dixons' place was regarded for many years as haunted, because of the tiny wraith that floated over the hill above the pasture. Actually, the wraith was caused by the

cold air coming from the sinkhole. Few colored persons would think of venturing near the cavern, and no native whites are interested except children. That is why I find this spot of unusual interest . . ."

Joan and Harold Baylor wandered away and watched the tadpoles swimming in the pool under the bridge. Mrs. Baylor watched them out of the corner of her eye.

At lunch Joan and Hal Baylor ate at a small table under the mimosa tree. That is how they saw Milton Bassford leave. It is also one reason why they did not see that the newspaper-wrapped parcel under his arm contained a bayonet that Jeff Dixon's grandfather had carried at First and Second Manassas, and a long, thin-bladed knife that had shaved slices of old country ham in the Dixon kitchen for two generations. Neither did they know that a crumpled, half-charred letterhead of a Miami hotel had been retrieved from under the garbage box at the gate of the car corral and was carefully tucked away in the commonwealth attorney's coat pocket.

Joan watched him go with a sharp pang of apprehension.

"What's the matter?" Hal Baylor was watching her.

Joan shrugged. "I don't know. I'm just afraid, somehow. It seems so ghastly, knowing there's somebody here who could do anything like that. It seemed a little . . . safer, when he was here."

Baylor grinned. "You didn't think so when he was busy pinning it on you."

Joan's slim body quivered involuntarily. All that seemed pretty remote and unreal.

"Who do you think did it?" she whispered.

Hal Baylor shrugged his immaculately tailored white-linen shoulders and yawned. "Your guess is as good as mine. And listen, lady—I don't care. We could stay here the rest of the year and it'd be O. K. with me . . . as long as you were here."

"Thanks," Joan said coolly. "It doesn't make any difference to you that somebody's going to be hanged in a month or so?"

"Oh, rot! That bird won't find anything he doesn't know already. He'll end by pinning it on the nigger. That's what they do down here."

THE words were hardly out of Baylor's mouth when he felt a stinging slap on the side of his face. He stared stupidly at the girl standing up beside him.

"Don't you dare say such a thing!" Joan cried hotly.

"Why, you little spitfire!" Hal Baylor sprang to his feet, his dark eyes smoldering. For an instant they glared at each other. Then he laughed suddenly. "Sorry—I apologize! I forgot you're a native, too. Darn it, I forgot your father's a judge. Don't go! You and I are the only civilized people around here."

"Then no more cracks about natives," said Joan, the quick, green anger slowly dying in the cool gray of her eyes.

"I promise."

The smile in Baylor's eyes was all surface, but Joan was too angry to see that.

"Your mother's probably looking for you, anyway," she added curtly.

Baylor grinned. "That makes us even. Sit down—or let's hunt the wraith and the natural wonders before the rest of them."

Joan hesitated. Baylor tucked her arm in his. "Atta girl!" he said. She started to take her arm away, when she saw Jeff Dixon coming from the house and saw that he was watching them. When they got beyond the row of cabins she drew her arm away. They walked up the narrow cart trail winding between the limestone boulders beyond the corn patch. A hundred feet above them was the cow pasture fence and a grove of hickory trees. Standing nonchalantly in front of the gate, his elbows on the top rail and one foot resting on the lowest, was Jeff Dixon. Joan looked at him as they came up, and glanced back at the house. He must have run through the field to get there so quickly.

Baylor stared offensively. "Well, well," he said. "Fancy meeting the farmer boy here, of all places."

THE quick anger flared in Joan's eyes. Jeff smiled cheerfully. Furthermore, he made no move to get out of their way. Joan's anger shifted instantly. On the whole, she decided, young Mr. Dixon was being by far the more offensive of the two.

"Will you open the gate, or will you get away so we can do it?" she demanded.

Jeff Dixon grinned, and extracted a cigarette from his shirt pocket. He put the cigarette between his lips.

"What's the idea, farmer boy?" Baylor took a step forward.

"The idea, friends," Jeff said calmly, "is that the little lady with the yellow locks is staying with the folks."

"Yes? You've got your wires crossed. Miss Acheson is going for a walk with me—through that gate."

Jeff shook his head. "Oh, no. She's going back to the house and stay there—until her father comes to take care of her."

Joan's eyes went a bright green. "Don't be a *complete* fool!" she snapped.

Jeff looked at her. "I'd rather be a fool than have another corpse to plow under," he said calmly. "You see, young lady—or you would see if you had anything under the yellow topknot—there's been a murder in these parts. If you're the chap that did it, then our city friend isn't safe with you. And, if you didn't do it, why, then, my child, you aren't safe with . . . anybody."

"Are you implying that I—?"

Jeff cut Baylor short with a bland wave of the hand. "I imply nothing. I'm telling you, in words of one syllable, city guy—if you don't already know it—that somebody around here tried his darn'dest to pin a swell crime right on Miss Acheson's left cheek . . . and he must have had a reason for doing it. Now, it may have been you—I don't know. But I know that whoever it was isn't going to get another crack at the little lady. Not while she's on our hands. It gives the joint a bad name. So trot back, children."

He regarded them with maddening complacency, and Joan's eyes snapped.

Hal Baylor took a step forward. He was an inch or so shorter than Jeff, but heavily built.

"Look here, Dixon," Baylor said curtly; "Miss Acheson and I are going up the hill. And we're going through that gate. Now!"

Jeff shook his head. "*You* can go through the gate, Baylor, or you can go under it, or any darn' way you want to. Miss Acheson is going back to the house—if the farmer boy has to carry her."

Joan could not remember ever having been so angry. She walked up to him, her

voice as silky as a water moccasin in the lily pads, her eyes sharp emerald needles.

"Will you get out of the way and mind your own business?"

"That's exactly what I'm doing, little one." He looked down at her with infuriating calm. "You see, it doesn't make any difference to *me* whether anything happens to you. But, as long as you're here, you're doing as you're told. Now, scoot back to the house before I pack you back."

"Don't you dare speak to me that way!" Joan cried. She stamped her foot. "We're going up there and you can't stop us!"

He grinned again. "I'll give a swell imitation."

Joan stood there helpless. Hal Baylor stepped forward.

"One side, farmer," he said easily. One hand shoved Jeff Dixon off, the other reached for the wooden bolt on the gate.

Then Joan caught her breath. Jeff took one step towards him. Baylor swung round and brought up his hands. Jeff's left shoulder swung in, and in front of it a trained, flashing left, hard on the mark. Hal Baylor's head jerked violently back; he staggered away from the gate, lost his balance and, sat down abruptly.

"*Oh!*" Joan said.

She stood breathless, looking down at him. Baylor got up slowly, breathing heavily, killing rage in his dark eyes, and lost his head. He rushed wildly, arms swinging, at the cool, lean figure by the gate. Joan saw the flashing left again, almost quicker than her eye could follow, and heard the sharp *Smack!* as Baylor slumped to the ground. He lay quite still.

Joan took a quick step towards him, then whirled around. "You bully!" she cried.

Then a strong pair of arms went round her waist and lifted her off the ground, and, before she quite realized what was happening, Joan Acheson, kicking and hitting out, was being carried like a sack of meal down the crooked trail. Then suddenly Jeff put her down. He grinned cheerfully at her and picked up her hat.

"There, now. Run along and comb your hair."

"I won't!" Joan cried passionately.

"All right. I'll carry you the rest of the way, then. You see, I'm not going to have you hurt." Jeff's voice was suddenly deeply earnest. "I don't think I'd like to have you hurt. And there's a murderer around here . . . beautiful!"

He took a step towards her. But Joan dodged, and ran like a gold-tipped streak of lightning down the trail.

Jeff stood for an instant looking after her. Then he turned and looked up the trail to the fence. Hal Baylor was getting unsteadily to his feet. Jeff watched him for a moment, and went on down the trail.

THE Commonwealth Attorney for Bedford County patted his moist forehead and ran two fingers around the inside of his wilted collar. It was hot and damp, and long after his supper hour, and the information neatly tabulated in the sheaf of papers in front of him seemed to him to make the wood of mystery that surrounded the Shady Bridge Tourist Camp shadier than ever. He went through the sheaf a final time to ponder once more over the information that his office had been able so far to collect about the thirteen people concerned in the murder.

Mr. Bassford now knew the reason—or one reason—for the Baylors' staying at a tourist camp instead of a Richmond hotel. It was not because of Mrs. Baylor's interest in antiques.

He knew that the murdered man, Rose, had served two short sentences for high-class confidence games, one in Baltimore and one in Chicago, and that between sentences he had lived alternately at the best hotels in Atlantic City, Palm Beach, and Miami and in the dives that cluster round racing centers. His car, a 1929 sedan, had been found half a mile below the Shady Bridge Tourist Camp a little off the road. The dead man's baggage consisted of half a dozen new shirts, a tan worsted summer suit, and a pack of stationery from seven of the leading hotels on the Eastern seaboard.

The proprietor of the service station and hot-dog stand where Joan Acheson had seen the man had given the information that his wallet had contained, the day of his death, a thick bundle of hundred-dollar notes clipped together. He had shown them accidentally when paying for gas, and when the proprietor had asked if he was a mint had explained that he had made a killing at the Hialeah races.

Whoever had killed him, Mr. Bassford reflected, had got away with so much money, apparently, that he could well afford to leave the four fifty-dollar bills as a blind.

HE SHOOK his head and picked up the sheet marked "Howard Baylor." He wondered if Mrs. Baylor knew that her husband was completely washed up, and that even the sixteen-cylinder car was liable to be taken up some minutes after it went out of the Holland Tunnel. Would Baylor murder a man for . . . ? Bassford shook his head again. For how much? That was the question.

The Perkinses there seemed to be no question about. He had carried mail for thirty years in San Francisco, had a small but adequate pension, with but slight expenses, and with Mrs. Perkins was spending his retirement in traveling.

The Lyonses. Lived on Cathedral Street, Baltimore. The landlady knew nothing about them except that Mr. Lyons was in business somewhere and his wife was a buyer in a cloak and suit house on Charles Street. His business took him around a good deal, and Mrs. Lyons went with him twice a year between seasons.

Young Baylor. Mr. Bassford hesitated. If he played the races he might be desperate.

The Smiths. Mr. Bassford smiled a little. Their name was Mr. and Mrs. Burton Forrest. They had eloped two days before and were terrified that their parents would find it out. Mrs. Forrest had run away from Miss Belt's school in Arden, Pa.

And finally the commonwealth attorney picked up a telegram that was dated from Saginaw, Michigan, and signed, "Registrar, Saginaw College." It read: "Glad to know whereabouts of Professor Porteus A. Harp. Please notify am forwarding his last two salary checks today."

Mr. Bassford shook his head wearily. He was wondering what the scientific method would be able to make out of them. . . .

Joan said good night to Dr. Harp, and

bent forward, giving Mrs. Dixon a sudden, impulsive kiss. "You've been *awfully* sweet to me!" she said, her eyes suspiciously bright. She ran upstairs quickly.

"She's got a blind spot in her left eye," she heard Jeff say cheerfully, and realized how silly it was for her to try to ignore anybody who was so objectionable as to refuse to be ignored.

All things being equal, she would have stayed in the cabin rather than accept anything from him or his family. But things weren't equal, and she had been more relieved than she cared to admit when both Dr. Harp and Mrs. Dixon had flatly refused to hear of her staying out in the cabin.

SHE closed the door behind her. The sight of the high four-poster made her realize that she was so tired she could drop. Last night and this morning with its awful burden seemed years away. She was glad her father hadn't got back and that they hadn't been able to get in touch with him, now that everything was over. She took off her clothes, put on her pajamas, crawled into bed, and was asleep almost before she turned off the light.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright in the bed, wide awake, staring in the pitch-darkness, her heart pounding in her throat. She tried to listen, to focus her senses on the thing that had waked her, but her own beating heart deafened her ears. She tried to control herself, knowing with some instinct as old as the race that no noise had waked her, that it was something deeper than noise, some primitive urge of self-preservation. Her heart was quiet now, and her hands still, every taut nerve obedient.

After a long time she drew her feet up and let them slip over the side of the high bed, seeking the familiar ridges of the rag carpet. She went over in her mind the layout of the house. Jeff's room was behind hers, Mrs. Dixon's and Dr. Harp's were across the wide hall, divided by the narrow stairs leading to the third floor, where Julius Jones slept. She put on her dressing gown, crept noiselessly across the floor to her bag, and felt among the soft folds of her clothes for her flashlight. There was still no sound.

She crept back to the bed and slipped across to the window, knelt down there, peering out into the yard. Two cabins only were dimly visible—"Arizona," on the end, where the Lyonses were, and "Idaho," with the Smiths. Her eyes, gradually accustoming themselves to the night, made out a shadow moving, and she waited, her cold hands steadying her body in the angle of the window frame. The shadow moved, so slowly that Joan thought it was a trick of the dim night. Then she knew it wasn't.

It was the door of Glenn Lyons's cabin opening; and after a moment someone slipped out, so quickly that Joan lost him almost before she was sure who it was. She waited again, until she saw the dark shadow, almost invisible, slipping stealthily up the hill towards the hickory grove.

Joan stared a moment, wondering where he was going. It was the way she and Hal Baylor had gone that afternoon. Then she crept across the floor, felt for her shoes, and put them on. She tiptoed towards the door, put her hand on the brass knob and turned it quietly, tugging gently. The door did not move. Someone had locked her in. For an instant she stood there seething with anger, trying to think whether in all her life she had ever hated anyone as much as she hated Jeff Dixon that moment.

"He's got no right to treat me like this!" she whispered.

Something inside her, protesting violently, choked the faint, small voice of reason that tried to tell her she was a fool to leave that room.

"I'll just show him!" Joan said stubbornly.

She crept back across the room to the door at right angles to the side window. It would lead into Jeff's room. She held up her flash. Her heart gave a leap of joy when she saw the white painted bolt. If only there wasn't another on the other side. She put the flash in her pocket again and pulled gently at the bolt. It slipped back easily. Joan put her hand on the brass knob and turned it, hearing the dull click of the old lock bolts slipping out of place.

The black margin grew as the white door opened. If she could get through without waking him up! She took a step forward, caught her foot sharply against something, and drew back, waiting there in the dark, suddenly angrier than ever at him for making her be such an idiot.

Then she realized that he hadn't. As she listened there was no sound, and she realized that there was no one in that room—no one but herself. She put her hand in her pocket, took out the flash, and waited, listening. Then the yellow ball of light fell squarely on the big bed. Joan did not need to hold it there. One instant was enough to show her that the bed had not been slept in.

JOAN stood there in the dark, feeling suddenly strange and a little frightened. Somewhere in the silent, dark recesses of the house a grandfather clock struck two.

Joan Acheson did not move, for suddenly, with a clarity that made the events of the previous day so plain that she couldn't imagine why she hadn't seen them before, the whole thing dawned on her. She caught her breath sharply, and the green eyes snapped in the dark of the silent room and she could feel her cheeks flushing with hot anger. It was a plant . . . and who was it that could have done it most easily? It was Jeff Dixon, who knew she was in "Florida." He would know the simple trick about changing the name boards. He was the last person up. He'd know she was going to be the first out in the morning. He even had an obvious motive for killing the man whose body had been left in her cabin. He didn't want his mother to sell the place. He had found out about it by taking the letter out of the secretary in the back parlor. And why didn't he want to sell it?

Joan thought suddenly of the caverns. She didn't understand, but no doubt that was it. That was why. And it was also why he wouldn't let her and Hal Baylor go up there that afternoon, and why he was no doubt out there himself now.

The shadowy figure of Glenn Lyons slipping along the path beyond the cabins came back to her. Joan hesitated, and then made up her mind.

Later, when she tried to explain it to herself, she couldn't remember what it really was that had made her slip back to her room, get into some clothes, and creep

back through Jeff's door into the hall and on down the steps.

But she kept on, and went softly downstairs. She crept along the garden path until she came to the shadowy stand of young corn beyond the kitchen orchard. She ran along quickly. There was no other sound that she could hear, and she, her self, ran lightly. At the end of the long, dark row she stopped and peered out. The slope of the hill rose in front of her beyond the cow pasture fence, bare except for the few piles of boulders and the clump of hickory trees along past the gate.

When she left the shadow of the trees Joan went quietly, staying behind the fence, making her way towards the hickory grove. The gate was open, propped open a foot or so with a boulder. Joan slipped through it and stopped suddenly. Someone was running down the hill.

For one galvanized instant Joan stood rooted to the spot. Then, with an instinct as old as the hill above her, she sprang into the hickory grove and crouched down in the shadows. She knew without thinking about it that fear was in those flying steps and that danger was closer to her than it had ever been before. She held her breath. The steps came nearer. She could hear the labored breathing of a man as he came out of the shadow of the grove, nearer and nearer. Joan's eyes, glued to the path, dilated with sudden terror. It was not Glenn Lyons, there, nor Jeff Dixon; it was someone shorter, heavy-set. She rose noiselessly to her feet as he went down the path, going slowly now, transformed instantly from a man fleeing in terror to one creeping stealthily into hiding.

Joan gripped the tree trunk as a terrible thought came to her. "Jeff!" she breathed.

In an instant she was out of the shadow of the grove, flying like the wind up the crooked trail, her heart sick with dread for the man she hated worse than anyone she had ever known. Her senses were sharpened with fear, not so much because of the look that she had sensed on Hal Baylor's face as he came dashing down the trail, as the sudden, crafty stealth that changed him, once he was safely through the gate, and sent him suddenly creeping, catlike, along the corn back to the cabin at the end of the row.

She came up the path towards the clump of scrub oak beyond a narrow circle of heaped-up rock. It was halfway up the slope, not a hundred yards from the grove of hickories. Joan peered ahead of her, afraid, for some reason she could not express, to light her flash. She gripped it in her hand and ran on to the pile of rocks. Then she stopped.

"*Jeff!*" she cried.

AHEAD of her, sprawled on his face on the ground, his body strangely and grotesquely huddled, he lay, quite motionless.

Joan sprang forward, knelt down, pulled the body over, and recoiled with a sharp, horrified cry, staring down in the dark at her hands, sick with loathing. They were wet and warm with something that she knew must be blood. Slowly she wiped them off on the grass beside her, fumbling with nerveless fingers for her flash. She pressed the switch and stared at the body in front of her. . . . It was not Jeff. It was Glenn Lyons. His eyes were open, staring back at her, but the stare was glazed and expressionless.

Joan backed away. Lyons's body fell back, face down in the soil.

Joan did not hear anyone come up behind her. She was still alone in the night with this thing, until she felt a hand on her shoulder. She looked up slowly. Jeff was looking down at her, incredibly unbelieving.

Joan stared dumbly at him. "I was afraid it was you!" she whispered.

"Me?"

She nodded, unconscious of the horrified question in the face he bent to hers as he lifted her to her feet. She stood looking down at the dead man. Then doubt and terror seeped gradually into her own face. She turned back to him.

"*Jeff!* You didn't . . . not *you!*"

"*Me?*"

He held her round chin up towards him, gazing down into her eyes. "Didn't *you?*"

Joan shrank back. "Oh, *no!* I *found* him, like this . . . I came out because . . . because you locked me in!"

FOR a moment—it seemed years to Joan—Jeff Dixon stood there silent, looking down the hill with grim, abstracted eyes. Then he turned back to her.

"Look, Joan." His voice was hard, but there was something in it that Joan had not heard there before. "I want you to tell me something . . . just because I've got to know it. It won't make any difference, Joan. I'll do anything you want me to. But I've got to know. Did you . . . ? Oh, I know you didn't. You couldn't!"

Joan shook her head and stretched her hand out timidly until her finger tips brushed his cheek.

"Jeff! *We* didn't do this! It was Harold Baylor—I saw him running down the hill." She said it in a hushed voice.

Jeff looked at her for a moment. "I saw him," he said. Then he shook his head. His hand moved to Joan's and took the round, black cylinder gently out of it. She let him have it, and watched him turn the yellow beam slowly over the bloody wound under Glenn Lyons's shoulder blade.

"Stabbed from behind," he said. He swung the ball of light past the body to where Joan had wiped her hands on the grass, and beyond that to the pile of broken rocks above them. He held it there a moment, and Joan suddenly knew where they were.

"Is that the sinkhole?" she whispered.

Jeff nodded. The white circle of the flash in his hand held steadily on one spot, and Joan felt his body tense sharply. She followed as he strode across the inert heap towards the rocks and looked down where the beam was focused on a single dark red splotch glistening on the smooth gray surface of the stone.

"It's blood!" she whispered.

He nodded again. Before she knew what he was doing he stepped over the low barrier down onto the first step of the sinkhole. The cold air came up around them like an icy blanket. Jeff turned back to her.

"Go down to the house," he said curtly. "You'll be all right there. You go back to your room and go to bed."

She drew back involuntarily, bewildered and suddenly angry. He went on down into the cavern. She could see the beam of light faintly for an instant, then it had disappeared.

Joan stood there an instant, stunned,

helpless, and furious. Then she looked back at the dead man. Something glinted under his shoulder. She went back to him, bent down, and picked the object up. It was his flashlight. Joan wondered suddenly if Lyons had planned to go down into the cavern, too.

In another instant she had stepped over the stone barrier and was shivering as she slipped down the narrow mouth of the cavern through the tiny corridor. Her flash revealed a small, low room with short, rudimentary stalactites hanging from the grayish white ceiling, and stalagmites no bigger than goblin garden stools on the floor. Joan peered around. It was not the first cavern she had been in; she had been in most of the celebrated ones in the state. But this was small and unknown and unlighted, and it was a different matter.

SHE turned off her lamp and tried to see Jeff's light through the narrow openings that must lead on into the heart of the hill. Then she lighted hers again. There were two openings, one to the left and one directly ahead. She took the one ahead and crept forward, scraping her head against the cold, wet, nubbly ceiling as she went, treading carefully to keep from slipping on the steep incline as the opening lengthened into a narrow corridor before it came out into a large room. For a moment Joan forgot the crimson splotch on the stone outside, and stood waving her light up at the lovely white cascade of limestone veils that hung down from the ceiling of the room, her light playing over it like a golden ball on the snow.

Suddenly she felt a sharp pang of loneliness. "Jeff!" she called softly.

There was no sound but the echo of her own voice, no light but the yellow shaft she turned anxiously now from one dark, glistening pillar to another.

Then in the overwhelming silence she heard a footstep, and turned around, not knowing which way to go to find it. There was no one in the room.

"Jeff!" she called. A far, hollow note came back: "*Jeff!*"

Joan let the flashlight out, and blinked, listening, in the solid, unrelieved black that surrounded her. There was no sound.

She took a deep breath and shook her head.

"Do you realize, my pet, that you've already probably lost yourself in a labyrinth, and that Mr. Lyons's flashlight will probably run out before you get out?" she said softly. "You'll also probably fall in a hole and break your leg, or hit a stalactite and break your neck. I should go back immediately if I were you."

She breathed deeply again and decided for once to take her own advice.

SHE flashed the light on and went back up the narrow incline. Or it looked like the narrow incline; but in a dozen steps she was going down instead of up, and at the next step her feet suddenly shot out from under her and she was crashing down a steep slope. She clutched the light frantically. Then she stopped as suddenly as she had begun, on the hard, wet floor of a lower cave.

Joan closed her eyes, her heart a cold lump in her throat, her body bruised and aching. She pressed the switch on the light. The room, as far as she could see, was precisely like the one above, and she turned the light off. It was already, or she had imagined it, fainter than at first. Joan shook her head. "Thank God, I didn't lose it, anyway," she whispered. Her voice was sharp and sibilant in the dark.

She lay there a moment, listening, wondering what to do next, and held her breath. Someone was there, in the room, near her. She could hear a breath as sharply sibilant as her own. It kept on when hers was still . . . at slow, uneven intervals, like someone old or out of breath. Joan suddenly pressed the button on the flash. The light leaped out as she swept it round, bringing into being a room wide and deep and heavily pillared, filled with broken lengths of stone and stalagmites. She raised the light above her. From the ceiling the stone growths hung down like misshapen, dwarfed forms, unfriendly, terrifying. Her light moved round. She could no longer hear the heavy breathing.

Then the beam of light jerked and faltered, and Joan Acheson gave a low gasp of horror. Then she steadied the beam, exerting all the power of her soul. Hanging from one of the misshapen stone growths, not ten feet from her, was the body of a man. It was fully clothed, and above the collar a sightless, oddly blackened face stared down at her. It was old and shriveled and very lifeless.

"Jeff! Jeff!"

Joan shrieked, covering her face with her hands.

The empty echo came back: "*Jeff! Jeff!*"

The sharp, sibilant breath behind her loosened again, and a man moved, watching the terror-frozen girl with shrewd, cold eyes.

Joan's breath came in hard, dry sobs. "Jeff!" she whispered, so pitifully low that there was no echo.

IT SEEMED an hour to Joan before she was able to pull herself together and get to her knees. Her ankle ached poisonously. She kept the flashlight off, because she feared, far worse than the dark and the foul thing hanging there, dangling, dripping, blackened, that the battery would run out and leave her still more helpless than she already was.

Then again came the breathing. In the horror of that grotesquely dreadful sight above her she had forgotten that. But nothing living could be so terrible as the dead. She gripped the light and moistened her lips.

"Who . . . who is it?" she said. But no sound came from her throat. She tried to swallow, to speak again. "Who is it?" Her voice came. There was no answer.

Joan moved a little again, put her hand up over her head and got slowly to her feet. Then there was more than the breathing, there was the sound of someone treading behind her; and she whirled about, shooting the fading beam of yellow light out into the horrible darkness. Her arm came hard against a slender, hanging shaft; there was a sharp crack and the crash of falling stone. Joan swept the beam desperately from right to left as the crash echoed back from the walls, so loud and reverberating that Jeff Dixon, in the chambers above, stopped, trying to fix the source of it. But no one was in sight of the boring shaft of light.

Then Joan turned the beam down to the ground at her feet to make certain that she did not go down another slide, and suddenly held it there motionless. A little mound of rock had fallen apart at the impact of the stone she had knocked off the ceiling, and lying there in the middle of it she saw a sodden, bulging leather bag. She hesitated a moment and bent forward to pick it up. Just as she did so Mr. Lyons's flashlight burned out; and as she stood there in the pitch-black, heart pounding like mad, a voice just behind her in the dark spoke softly:

"How unfortunate, my dear, after I so carefully locked you in!"

FOR a lightning instant Joan Acheson's heart rose in a great burst of relief . . . and as suddenly it turned as cold as if dead, icy fingers had closed over it. The kindly, familiar voice was still gentle, but under it was a steely, serpent smoothness as cold and inhuman as the pillars of stone that peopled the unendurable darkness of the cavern. She stood motionless. Death must be like this . . . or was it all a ghastly nightmare and the darkness around her that made shafts of red light shoot through her aching eyeballs just something she had dreamed?

"And fancy your finding—so accidentally—what I've been hunting for—let me see—for three years now. Dear, dear! I'm afraid it shows that while the scientific method will eventually triumph, accident often permits us a short cut."

Joan pushed the damp curls off her burning forehead with slow-motion fingers of ice.

"Dr. . . . Dr. Harp?"

It couldn't be! Oh, it couldn't be! But his voice went on:

"I notice, my dear, that you saw the other cave dweller."

A broad, white beam of light shot directly on the shrunken, gibbeted figure, pendent motionless from the cavern ceiling. Joan shuddered violently and tried to speak. The question that she could not have asked was answered before her mouth was opened.

"No, no. For that I am not responsible. I assure you, my dear. I simply guessed what had happened when he was never found."

"Who is it?"

Joan's voice was quiet; something that had no relation to her tight, frozen throat, as if it was just a thought that took shape in the air.

"Who?" Dr. Harp repeated gently. "Why, who indeed but Mr.— Dear, dear, I've forgotten his name. —Gage. Mr. Gage, my dear. He was president of the Farmer's Bank in Roanoke. And there, my dear"—the white ball of light surrounded the sodden leather bag in its nest of shattered limestone—"is undoubtedly one hundred and ten thousand dollars. In cash. There is also a ticket to the Argentine Republic."

Dr. Harp's quiet chuckle struck into Joan's groping brain like an icicle.

"You see the advantages of the scientific method, my child. The papers were full of it. The robbery of the bank, the disappearance of the president, the apprehending of the teller at the Haunted Bridge Tourist Camp, the energetic efforts of the splendid commonwealth attorney. But no money— no president—trail cold. Now, my profession, my dear, has led me through this country many times, and I postulated the simple premise that if the bank president, who undoubtedly had the money, were not above ground, then he must be below. And in a country full of caverns, why not? And obviously not a public cavern—therefore a private. What could be simpler? And, since the trail ended here, what more natural than this cavern?"

"You . . . you found him?"

"I found him, my dear. I found him my second visit. Let me see. The robbery was in November. I came here on Christmas vacation, and again in Easter, and I found him Easter Day. No one but myself ever came here . . . and I found him. As you see, he had hanged himself by his belt. Because he was a lost man. In his left-hand coat pocket he has a Richmond newspaper, with his picture, a reproduction of his fingerprints, an account of the teller's confession, and even an account of the ticket to the Argentine taken under an assumed name. I'm afraid he naturally saw it was all quite hopeless . . . and so, like Judas, he went and hanged himself. And there he is . . . and there he will be forever and forever."

The great white beam played again on the motionless black figure; and, as Dr. Harp went on, Joan Acheson could sense that he was shaking his head regretfully.

"What a stalactite he will make in a thousand years, my dear! 'The Hanging Bank President!'"

Dr. Harp made a strange little clucking sound with his tongue against his teeth.

"But I'm really distressed about you, my dear. You see . . . I have no compunction about taking this money. Teaching is a very unsatisfactory profession financially, and robbery is equally so morally. So I have concluded that in a combination of the two the moral disadvantage of robbery will be offset by the moral prestige of teaching, while financially the disadvantage of teaching will be compensated for by the advantages of robbery. I don't know if you follow me, my dear. But that's the value of logic. Women and laymen are silenced by it. It sounds so well."

JOAN ACHESON sat down on a rock by the leather bag. Her knees seemed to have disappeared. But her brain had stopped whirling, and she was thinking, desperately and clearly. If anything would help, it was to keep him talking.

"Mr. Lyons?" she asked calmly.

"Oh, Lyons," said Dr. Harp. "Mr. Lyons, in a way, had precisely the same idea in mind. So did Mr. Rose, who I believe must have had some connection with the bank gang—because Mr. Rose was quite incapable of doing even the rudimentary thinking of Mr. Bassford. Mr. Lyons is employed by a bonding company that had to pay out a good deal of money. He's been coming here quite as long as I have. But it was quite accidental—which my coming was not—and Mr. Lyons furthermore made the mistake—until just this evening—of making perfunctory investigations, and those aboveground. He did offer me a fee if I came on anything of interest in my researches. Dear, dear, what nitwits men of action think pedagogues are! It is true he did become suspicious at the end. Then that young snip, Baylor, got wind of something and trailed

Jeff most of the day—ever since their fight over you, my dear. That is, he trailed him until he found Lyons's body. Then he either became frightened or thought that he had something on Dixon at last. Lucky for him he turned back when he did."

Dr. Harp chuckled again, and Joan took a long, sickening breath. The man was mad.

For the second time Dr. Harp answered an unspoken thought:

"No, no," he said patiently, "I'm very sane, my dear. The lives of men like Rose and Lyons mean nothing to me. You wouldn't hesitate to kill a spider. But to the scientific mind most spiders are more admirable than some men. I don't insist on that as a philosophy, however. No doubt it's merely my own rationalization of the unfortunate necessity of getting them out of the way."

DR. HARP was silent a moment. Somewhere water dripped, softly and monotonously, as it had dripped two hundred thousand years to build up the dark stone forest in which they stood.

Joan Acheson's heart suddenly leaped and beat furiously, for somewhere in the black recesses of the room there was a tiny sound, the sound of a soft, padded footfall. She breathed deeply and as quietly as she could, and gripped the stone on which she sat to keep her hands from shaking so that Dr. Harp would know.

"The regrettable thing, my dear, and the only one, is . . . well, frankly, you. I really don't want to harm you. It's curiously but definitely true that no teacher can harm his charges and remain honorable in his own sight, and, after all, I have taught you something—I trust—about the scientific method. You are possibly my only blunder. If the scientific method took cognizance of fate, I could easily regard you as fate here."

Joan breathed slowly in the overpowering blackness. Her ears, keyed to their keenest pitch, could hear the almost silent steps, and they were coming nearer, infinitely cautious. And then a great chill swept down her spine as she realized that Dr. Harp could not hear them. He went slowly on:

"You see, both Lyons and Rose sought my professional help, and Rose, in the vernacular, was attempting to double-cross me. He wrote to me the same time he wrote to Mrs. Dixon—a very charming lady—and I agreed to meet him. By a curious chance, I set the place of our meeting in the cabin called 'Florida,' at 2 A.M. that night. The cabins, of course, were never more than a third full, if that. Why Jeff had to put you in 'Florida' when four others were all vacant is something the scientific method cannot answer.

"However, it was too late to change my plans. When I saw you leave your cabin, the light on your hair made it look white. I think very quickly, my dear, as you may have noticed, and I saw my chance. I changed your bags and the signs. I really had no intention of killing Mr. Rose. In fact, I had no means of killing him, if it had not been for a queer accidental happening which I trust I shall not have to explain to you. I thought that Mr. Rose—a very stupid man, my dear—could be turned aside. But he knew too much, and he was suspicious. He informed me, very foolishly, that he was prepared to buy the whole place, just on a gamble, and turn everybody out—including, of course, myself. He showed me twelve thousand dollars that he had in cash. I knew of course that Mrs. Dixon would sell for much less. I had only two courses of action—or give up the prospect of a hundred and ten thousand dollars. And while one of them would have kept Rose out and worked out very well for the Dixons, it would have worked out equally badly for me."

Joan could sense Dr. Harp shaking his head in the silent room.

"The alternative was to rid myself of Rose, and I chose it. I then 'planted' him, as they say, on the white-haired lady; of course, changing the signs back later on, crumpling the bed sheets, putting the billfold in your car, and so on. I figured idly that you might be up and out of the way before they found him. Or not; it was immaterial. That was your problem. I figured that it could easily have been baffling to the surely very low intellects of the local authorities. But then I saw you in the morning. You were a mere child, and furthermore your father was a prominent figure. It was quite impossible, both from the idealistic and the practical side,

to have you accused. So, as you know, I threw my reasoning—and my prior knowledge—on your side. I thought after that of implicating the Baylors—most objectionable people—and should have been able to do it, but things moved too quickly. That was the point, of course, of taking Mr. Rose's letter from the secretary. However, I had also learned that such a course could be definitely a boomerang, as indeed it turned out in your case. So I simply let things work themselves out. And I dare say they will."

THERE was no sound in the darkness pressing in on them.

"How?" said Joan.

Dr. Harp did not answer for a moment. Then he said, "I don't suppose you could see your way clear to going back to earth . . . we should become a Proserpine and Pluto, in a sense . . . and saying nothing about all this? Could you?"

Joan's heart gave a wild lunge. If she promised she might be safe. But she hesitated . . . too long.

"No; I see you couldn't," said Dr. Harp. "I didn't think you could. So you see there are only two courses for me . . . both of them unpalatable. I must either kill you or leave you here—I notice your light has gone out, and you would be surprised at how involved this cavern is—to die in the dark. Dear, dear! I do wish you'd stayed in your room! I locked you up so carefully . . . assuming that you'd have more modesty than to go through Jeff's room at night."

The name beat through Joan's brain . . . and with it the quick thought that of course Jeff didn't even know she was in the cavern. He'd think that she had gone back, as he had told her to.

"I'm afraid I've been pretty . . . obstinate," she said.

It was so terrible . . . but still so preposterous, standing there in the dark cavern, the blackness relieved fitfully as the little man switched his light off and on.

"You've made it very difficult," Dr. Harp said earnestly.

SOMEWHERE in the tomblike silence of the caverns the water dripped slowly on, *drip, drip, drip*. The eternal monotony of the *drip, drip, drip*. It must have been the *drip, drip, drip* that had made the man hanging there, rigid, blackened, not twenty feet from her head, finally lose his nerve. And suddenly all the warm young blood in her veins welled up in passionate protest. She didn't want to die. Not alone in this inky blackness . . . with that awful thing hanging there. "*No! No!*" her heart cried.

Joan sprang to her feet. "Oh, *no!*" she sobbed. "*Jeff! Jeff!!*"

The beam of Dr. Harp's light fell full and dazzling on her face, and she could hear the little man take a step towards her.

"I'm sorry, my dear," he said, his voice even more cold and steely than before. "Sorry—but what other course is open to me?" He advanced a few more steps.

Joan struggled for control, but another sob broke through her frozen lips. "You seemed so nice and kind," she muttered.

Dr. Harp sighed. "I always have been—I was to you, too, until you insisted on getting in my way. Now it's either you or I—and I've gone to such lengths to get this wealth. You wouldn't expect me to give it all up now, would you, my dear?"

The light was still blinding Joan, but she thought from the sound of his voice that he must be closer. She stumbled backwards, and this time she didn't endeavor to keep control.

"*Jeff! Jeff!*" she called, her voice rising to a tremulous scream.

Then, as Joan shrank back against the stone behind her, a second beam shone for an instant in the great room, not ten feet from them, and there was a rush of catlike feet as Jeff Dixon sprang barefooted across the slippery ground between him and Dr. Harp. Joan screamed. Dr. Harp swung around. His gold-headed stick swept into the air too late as Jeff's hands descended on his wrists. The stick and the flashlight dropped from his hands. A broad white beam shot across the floor of the cavern, and Joan, scrambling forward, picked up the light and turned the beam full on the two.

Dr. Harp stood quite still, his breath coming in sharp gusts. "Ah, well," he said calmly. "The scientific method is useless here."

"Quite," said Jeff.

He brought the little man's wrists together and held them with one hand while he ran the other over his pockets.

"I am not armed," Dr. Harp said.

Then Jeff reached down to Joan and pulled her to her feet. "All right?" he said.

Joan said, "Oh, yes!" and held very firmly to his arm.

Together they stared at the chubby little man, and Jeff looked curiously down at the sodden leather bag. He looked back at Dr. Harp and shook his head.

"You forgot I spent my childhood exploring these caves," he said.

Dr. Harp nodded calmly. "Do you think I might have my stick, my dear? My bad knee, you know."

He held out his hand, and Joan placed the cane in it, never taking her eyes, still wide and dazed, off his round little face. For an instant Dr. Harp stood, both hands on the gold head of the stick, the under hand fumbling a little. Then suddenly without warning he raised a capsule to his lips.

Jeff sprang forward.

Dr. Harp shuddered a little. "Too late, my boy," he said coolly. "You see, even in the scientific method one must be prepared for errors, and accept the consequences. Death isn't necessarily the most terrible."

He moved a step, still holding firmly to his stick. His breath came quickly. Fine beads of perspiration stole out on his forehead, like myriads of tiny specks bright in the beam of white light. Dr. Harp swayed a little as they stared helplessly at him.

"JUST one thing, Jeff—for you and your mother—to help you both. Don't sell the cave! Mr. Henson's coming tomorrow—today now, I fancy. He consulted me—he's attorney for the Pearly Caverns across the ridge. Your next rooms here happen to be some thirty-five feet from them in a direct line."

Perspiration bathed his forehead; the veins at his temples stood out in purple ridges.

"They're worth a hundred thousand to them, Jeff! They're little gems, your rooms. Don't sell! Lease them on a royalty basis . . . say ten cents a visitor. They . . . they had a hundred thousand last year. But don't sell!"

His voice grated, harsh and fitful. The chubby body wavered, the breath came in sharp spasms.

"Don't sell!" Dr. Harp gasped again.

He clutched his cane. One trembling hand moved down the shank. He spoke again with a last desperate effort:

"The weapon, Jeff! I must leave it all . . . tidy. The scientific method . . ."

Dr. Harp's breath rattled horribly in his throat as he reeled forward, tottered, and lurched suddenly to the ground As he went down, the stick sprang from his hands and rolled across the wet stones with a sharp, metallic clang.

For an instant Jeff and Joan stood staring down. Out of the innocent shank protruded a thin, murderous knife, the bright blade red with blood. Dr. Harp's fingers twitched sharply once and were still . . . forever.

The light in Joan's hand wavered tremulously, and steadied again as Jeff's arm closed protectingly around her.

Another short mystery novel will appear complete in the May issue—COME-ON GIRL, by Charles J. Kenny.

What the READERS Say

Red

Springfield, Mass.—What on earth is THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE coming to, anyway? First it was Lawrence Gately's yapping in *Almost a Red* (Nov., 1935). Now comes an article about Earl Browder, *Our No. 1 Communist* (Feb., 1936). I wouldn't be surprised next to see a guest editorial by Stalin. To say that I have been amazed and disgusted is putting it mildly. How any editor who calls himself an American can parade a man like Browder in the pages of an American magazine is beyond my comprehension. He and his kind should be kicked out of the country and sent back to Russia, where they belong. Even that is too good for them. Yours for unadulterated Americanism.—J. S. R.

On the other hand, here's one who looks at it differently:

Akron, Ohio—Hubert Kelley's article about Earl Browder is one of the most enlightening and interesting things I have read in a long time. I have no sympathy whatever with the Communists or the Communist Party. Far from it. But this article has revealed to me for the first time the subtle manner in which our crop of malcontent "reds" are raised on good American soil and from good American stock. Surely you are to be congratulated on an intelligent and serviceable piece of journalism.—A. R. N.

Batter Up!

Winfield, Kans.—What Mrs. R. N. wrote about hobbies in your January number strikes a responsive chord. My husband's hobby is baseball—the big-league kind. To him, Dizzy Dean, Schoolboy Rowe, Pepper Martin, Lou Gehrig, and their kind are the marrow of his bones. No radio program means a thing from April to October except the sports review and reports of the various games. If our guests do not talk in terms of batting averages, etc., he is the proverbial clam. From October until April he works up a mild frenzy over the various trades, draws charts on next year's plays until it makes me furious. Is this a hobby or an obsession? To me it is a nuisance.—Mrs. H. W. S.

From where we sit it looks like a home run.

Beds

Westminster, Calif.—"Should I let my husband's hunting dog sleep in the kitchen?" asked Mrs. G. F. in your January issue. My answer is a very emphatic *No.* If you want to keep on the right side of friend husband, reserve only the very best chair in the very best room for the precious dog.—Mrs. A. C.

Or how about the bed in the guest-room?

Saint

Claremont, N. H.—While the Leslie Charteris stories are clever, brilliant in plot, and extremely well written, I do not think the Saint is a fit mental associate for adolescents. His colossal success as a self-imposed instrument of justice "outside the law" makes him a dangerous idol for your youthful imitators.—L. I.

And, on the other hand:

New York, N. Y.—I congratulate you on having Mr. Charteris as one of your authors. He's marvelous. I liked the sketch about him in the *Interesting People* section, too.—Miss S. F.

Everyone seems agreed at any rate—that the Saint is an extraordinary character. He'll be with us again in an early issue.

Pipe Dreams

In a recent issue readers were invited to tell about their pipe dreams. Here are some of them:

Dallas Center, Iowa—I have two pipe dreams. One to adopt as many orphan babies as I can take care of financially; the other to "colonize" on my ten acres of desert land in New Mexico. Perhaps I can do both at once. How many orphans could thrive on ten acres of irrigated land?—Mrs. D. K.

Union, N. Y.—I want my own business—to be run so that worthy employees will have as nearly ideal working conditions as science can give them; and so that they all will be sharers in net profits. I want to see them enjoy life while they are here.—F. T.

Beltsville, Md.—I'd like to attach a very complete trailer to my coupé and go wandering. With my typewriter and books, magazines and radio, comfortable bed and good kitchen equipment, I believe I could be happy for months on end—a lone, middle-aged gypsy.—Miss M. J.

Chicago, Ill.—I would like to become a very successful and highly respected person. Then, at the annual school alumni banquet, I would look up that individual who, in my earlier days, continually ribbed me about my lack of intelligence and good sense and acquaint him with my success. I'll bet many prominent Americans share my dream.—L. C.

Random Shots

Kansas City, Mo.—Is a married girl who wants to work justified in telling her employer she is not married?—Mrs. L. R.

Greensburg, Ind.—My experience is that old maids and widows make the best friends.—Dr. F. W.

Kentville, N. S., Canada—Bad housekeeping is the cause of half the divorces today.—G. C.

La Grange, Ill.—I think it is too bad to see you cultivating a love for dogs or cats in your magazine when we owe a bigger debt to the birds.—W. P.

Plot

Seattle, Wash.—Congratulations on your Sabatini stories, and on Edison Marshall's serial, *The Stolen God.* It's a real treat to run into a well-thought-out, carefully plotted story these days. Modern fiction seems to be made up of smart young people hurling refined insults at each other until the last paragraph, when they fall into one another's arms. But your recent fiction selections have encouraged me no end, and I'm picking THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE to head my back-to-the-plot movement.—A. F. G.

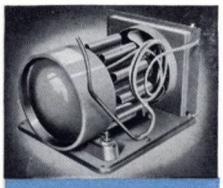
Dilemma

Springfield, Ill.—I always read the Scattergood stories—*Dancing Daughter* (Jan.) along with the rest. Mr. Kelland deserves thanks for the geniality of his creation. But I wonder that he did not sense his unwitting portrayal of our present-day dilemma and disgrace—the so-called decent girl who for a thousand dollars a week makes public exhibition of her "pretty laigs." It is far below the traditions of the ancestors from whom we come, and should be condemned, not condoned.—Rev. W. W.

Knockout

Here's the sort of letter that always gladdens an editor's heart. It comes from Artist A. Parker, who illustrated the serial story, *Keep the Change*, concluding in this issue:

St. Louis, Mo.—*Keep the Change* was a knockout to illustrate—the best yarn that ever came this way since I started scribbling. As a result I had the time of my life, and I hope it was evident in the illustrations.—A. P.



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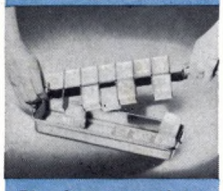

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FREE inside *Every* Size Sack of GOLD MEDAL Flour—Valuable GOLD MEDAL Silverware Coupons. Complete Sets Obtainable This Way. Also *Free* Recipes.

FREE!
EXTRA OFFER

THIS LOVELY 75¢ *Sugar Shell*

Every Woman Who Sends In 25c and A Sales Slip Showing Purchase of 24 POUNDS OR MORE of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour will receive IN ADDITION FREE AND POSTPAID to the Lovely Butter Knife ONE (1) Medality Pattern SUGAR SHELL (75c Value) At Left

So confident are the millers of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour that you will like it better (it's guaranteed, you know) they make this EXTRA FREE OFFER: One (1) Wm. Rogers & Son 75c Medality Pattern Sugar Shell will be sent ABSOLUTELY FREE and as a gift to every woman sending in for the Butter Knife *providing* your sales slip shows the purchase of 24 POUNDS or more of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Note in coupon order blank at right how to accept this extra Free Special Offer Prepaid!

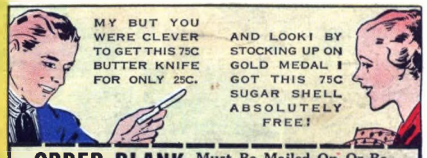
Complete sets of exquisite Medality Pattern easily, quickly redeemable with GOLD MEDAL Silverware Coupons packed in *every* size sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Also in every package of Softasilk, Wheaties, and Bisquick.

Princess Galitzine, Noted Authority Praises Charm of Medality Pattern

"The Medality Pattern is one of the loveliest and most exquisite of silverware designs—and I predict that it will soon be seen gracing the tables of ultra-smart hostesses everywhere."
Princess Josephine Galitzine

Got Her Silverware In "No Time at All"—Friends Rave Over Pattern

"I can't tell you how delighted I am with my set of Medality spoons. My friends simply rave about them—and it seems no time at all since I commenced saving the coupons. Now I am starting to save for salad forks and later on for butter spreaders."
Mrs. Betty Gray, Portland, Oregon



ORDER BLANK Must Be Mailed On Or Before Midnight, April 30, 1936

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR, Dept. AM-4
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please mark offer you want by "X" mark in box

☐ Enclosed please find 25c-piece and sales slip showing purchase of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Please send me One (1) 75c *Butter Knife.*

☐ Enclosed please find 25c-piece and sales slip showing my purchase of *24 lbs. or more* of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Please send me One (1) 75c *Butter Knife.* And *In Addition FREE AND POSTPAID*—One (1) 75c *Sugar Shell.*

Gentlemen: I have marked offer above I wish to accept. Please send it rush, prepaid.
(Good only within continental limits of U. S. A.)

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. No. .....

City ..... *State* .....
(Offer restricted to States permitting such redemptions)

WHEN YOU WANT A DELICIOUS CAKE OR PASTRY, OR ANY KIND OF BREAD, REMEMBER THE EASIEST WAY OF ALL IS TO ORDER IT FROM YOUR GROCER OR YOUR BAKER DIRECT. YOUR BAKER TODAY, WITH TRULY PROFESSIONAL SKILL, TRANSFORMS WHEAT, OUR OUTSTANDING SOURCE OF FOOD ENERGY, INTO DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS FOODS FOR YOUR TABLE. BAKED FOODS FROM YOUR BAKER ARE DELICIOUS, ECONOMICAL, COMPLETELY WHOLESOME. SERVE THEM GENEROUSLY EVERY MEAL!