

August 1932

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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The American Magazine

25¢

Flying the Atlantic

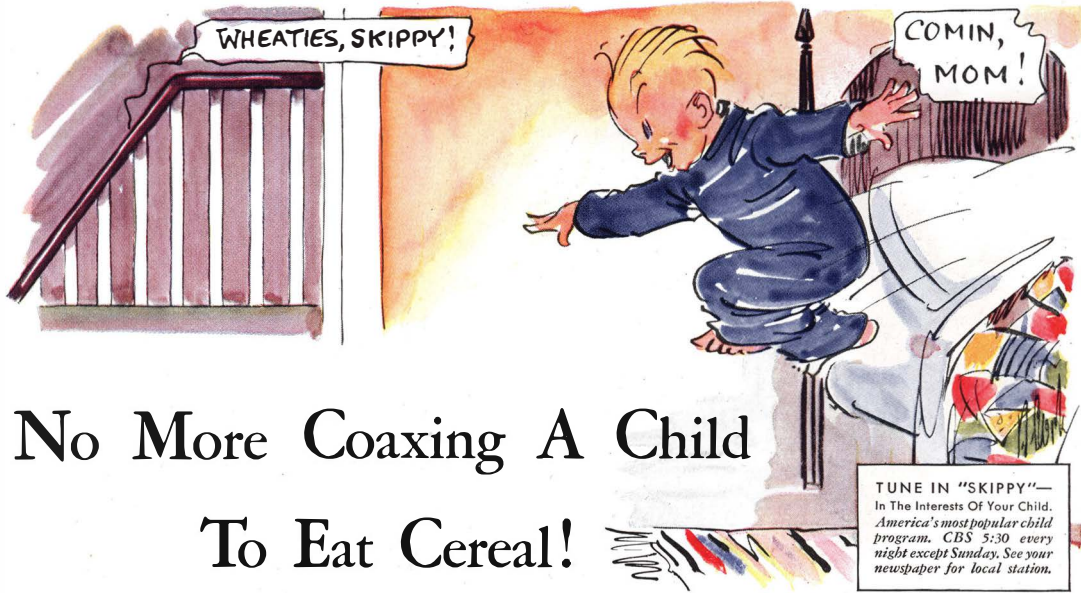
By

AMELIA EARHART

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Are You Acting

HAYDEN HAYDEN.



No More Coaxing A Child To Eat Cereal!

TUNE IN "SKIPPY"—
In The Interests Of Your Child.
America's most popular child
program. CBS 5:30 every
night except Sunday. See your
newspaper for local station.

© Percy L. Crosby

Here's Whole Wheat In A Form Children Go For... Eat Up... And—Ask for More!

*Whole Wheat In Flakes As
Light As Snowflakes... As Gay
And Alluring As A French
Confection... Yet—Whole
Wheat With All Its Marvelous
Energy-Giving And Body-
Building Elements*

NO child, leading child authorities now say, should ever be forced or coaxed to eat a tasteless, unwanted cereal. But should be served instead some cereal which he will eat *willingly*. If you agree with science's findings, then you are urged to try this new and amazing form of whole wheat that children simply adore.

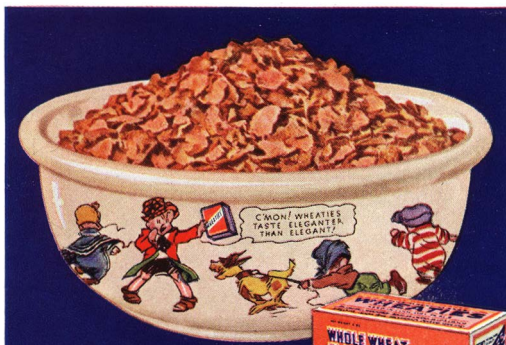
Whole wheat ready-to-serve in flakes as light as snowflakes. Whole wheat crisped golden brown. A cereal with all the allure, all the gaiety of a French Confection. Yet—a dish that with milk or cream builds strong bones, red blood, solid flesh. And—gives the energy the growing child requires.

It's different from any whole wheat cereal you've ever known. Tastes like whole wheat has never tasted before... *a new and unique form of the most basic of all cereals for human consumption.* A form that children simply go for. And—will eat *absolutely without coaxing, commanding.*

Developed by the millers of famous Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour, it magically transforms whole wheat from a "necessary" food to a food that's marvelously light and tempting.

The name of this whole wheat creation is Wheaties. And they're supremely delicious, served with milk or cream and sugar.

If you believe in whole wheat for yourself and child—you are urged to try Wheaties.



To Obtain This Bowl, Note Coupon

A PURE FOOD, HONESTLY ADVERTISED
The Seal of Acceptance of the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association is your best guarantee of the quality of any product and the truthfulness of the advertising claims made for it. Look for it on every food you buy. Wheaties have this Acceptance.



All The Mineral, Vitamin Containing Elements Retained

In the manufacture of Wheaties, none of the bran, containing valuable phosphorus and iron, none of the germ (that part of the wheat berry where nature has stored up essential vitamins A, B, E, and G) has been removed. All the carbohydrates that provide energy, all the protein that builds healthy flesh; all these are retained in Wheaties.

Another point, brought out at the time of their acceptance by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association is that Wheaties supply nearly twice the body-building protein and more minerals than even such commonly used foods as corn and rice.

Wheaties cost but 15c the package—enough

for a week. Yet the special type of wheat from which Wheaties are made is far superior to the best grades of ordinary wheat. Furnishing, as it does, almost twice as much body-building protein and more minerals than such grains as corn and rice, do you wonder that millions of homes have already adopted Wheaties?

Get Wheaties at your grocer's. Ask for by name—W-H-E-A-T-I-E-S. Try them on your child, your husband and yourself. To see the way they go for them is worth many times the few cents they cost.

GOLD MEDAL FOODS, INCORPORATED
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS
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And your child will never be late for
breakfast

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To increase the interest of children in the "Skippy" radio program, we are able to offer both bowls to users of Wheaties for only 40c and 2 TOPS which you tear off from 2 packages of Wheaties. Bowls hand-somely decorated as shown in large illustration. You'll say this is the best investment you ever made. MAIL COUPON TODAY. 1137-R

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Minneapolis, Minn.
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Street or R. F. D. No.....
City.....State.....
AM-8



the hat the
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 paid for
 and the teeth
 it beautified

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 or several pairs of stockings—these
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 by using Listerine Tooth Paste in-
 stead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.

it
 saves you
 \$3
 a year

Judge by results alone

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It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely

natural lustre of sound beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25¢ the large tube, effecting an average saving of \$3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



THE QUALITY TOOTH PASTE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

Summer Blossom

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Managing Editor

Henry B. Quinan

Art Director

August * The American Magazine * 1932

NEXT MONTH

Dick Lowell looked down at the girl beside him. Slender, young, and vibrantly alive, Nora Henderson stood with the desert sun and desert winds caressing her.

"I haven't learned what's up yet," Dick told her. "It's like watching clouds gathering for a storm and listening for the rumble of thunder. But I've learned one thing—there's trouble headed for the border country."

TOM GILL has written a stirring, sparkling novel of the Southwest which starts in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for September. Don't miss this gripping story of political intrigue and the fight for a desert kingdom—of a loyal girl and a boy for whom life has been only a mad search for thrills and adventure. . . .

Guardians of the Desert



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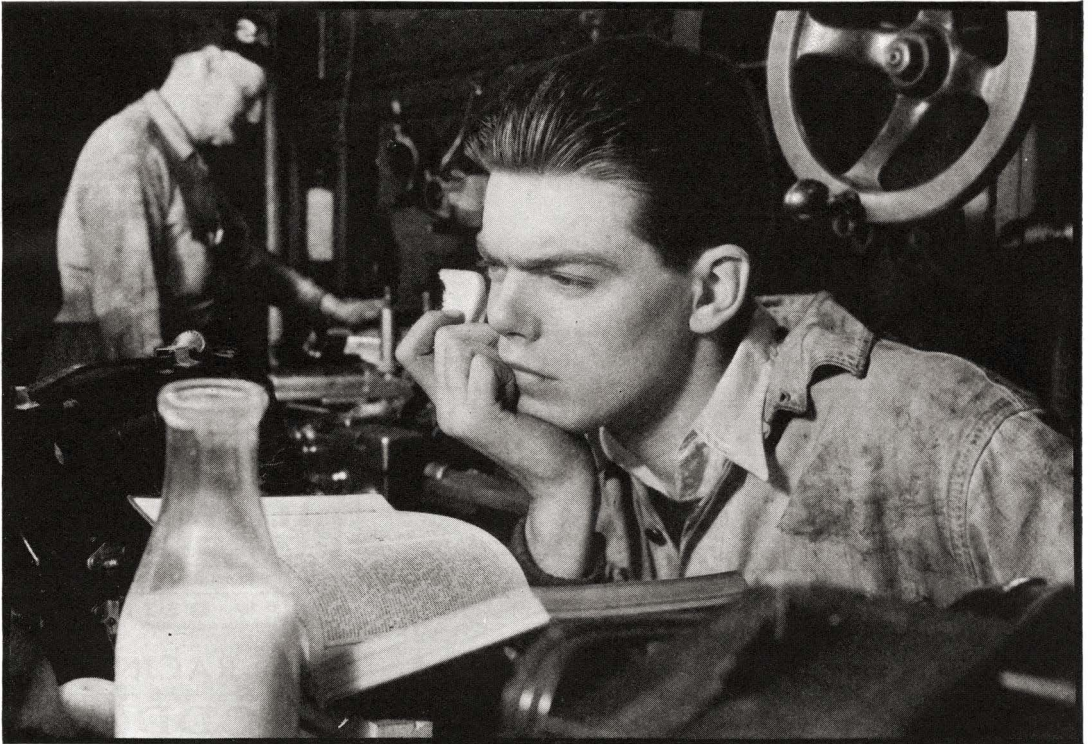
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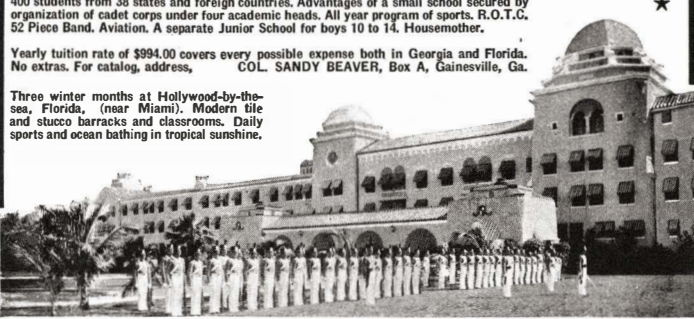
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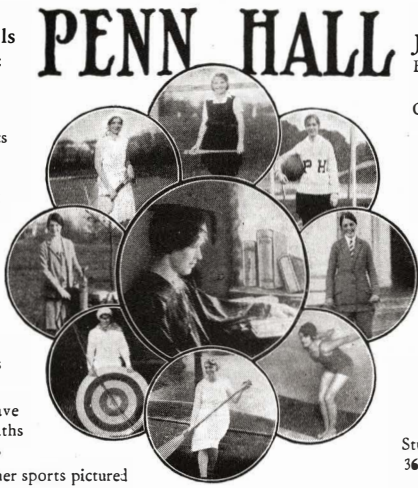
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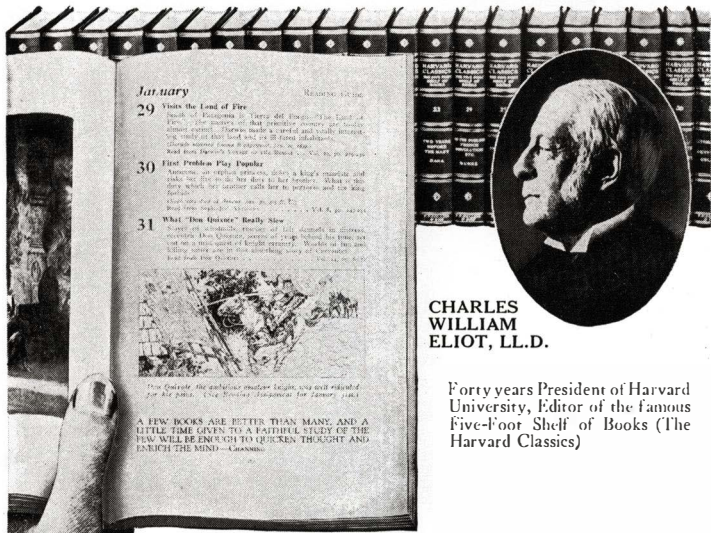
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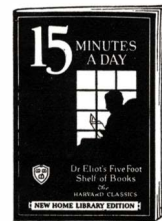
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And he's going to take the Ivory often! You won't fool him with one of those deep-diving sinker soaps that drops like a round-house curve. And you won't get him to smell like a beauty shoppe or a hospital—not him!

He howls for Ivory now. He'll insist on that clean-smelling, man-sized cake when he grows up. He'll be that kind of a man!



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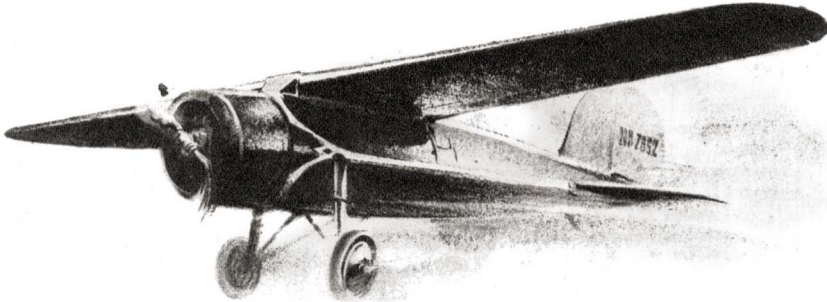
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August 1932

The **A**merican
Magazine



Flying the Atlantic

—and selling sausages have a
lot of things in common

I FLEW the Atlantic because I wanted to.

If that be what they call "a woman's reason," make the most of it. It isn't, I think, a reason to be apologized for, by man or woman. It is the most honest motive for the majority of mankind's achievements. To want in one's heart to do a thing, for its own sake; to enjoy doing it; to concentrate all one's energies upon it—that is not only the surest guarantee of its success. It is also being true to oneself.

Whether you are flying the Atlantic, or selling sausages, or building a skyscraper, or driving a truck, or painting a picture, or skiing down an unknown hill, or nursing shell shock patients in a hospital, or running a grocery store in Atchison, Kans., your greatest power comes from the fact that you want tremendously to do that very thing, and do it well.

If you worry about the money you will make from it, or what people will say about you, or whether you will stub your toe or bark your shins, then you are frittering away that power—that inner concentration on the goal itself. "To thine own self be true . . . thou canst not then be false to any man." Thus Mr. Shakespeare gave the answer

By AMELIA
EARHART

more than three hundred years ago.

Some of my friends have suggested that I made very little preparation for my recent Atlantic flight. I took with me only what I wore—jodhpurs, silk shirt, windbreaker, and a leather flying suit—no dresses for the other side. I sent ahead no agents to greet me and attend to my affairs on my arrival in Europe. I made no advance announcements to the newspapers. I carried with me only twenty dollars in bills. My supply of food included only a thermos bottle of soup and a can of tomato juice.

The extras, as a matter of fact, were of as little value to me as a monocle to a man going over Niagara in a barrel. If I

succeeded, they would take care of themselves; if I failed, they were irrelevant. A pilot whose land plane falls into the Atlantic is not consoled by three-decker caviar sandwiches, and bank notes are not legal tender in Davy Jones's locker.

My concern was simply to fly alone to Europe. Extra clothes and extra food would have been extra weight and extra worry. They would have distracted my attention from the main object. Advance publicity would have been more distracting still. The questions of reporters, the protesting and congratulating letters of friends, the scores of commercial propositions—all these would have been exhausting and thoroughly unimportant. Worse than this, they would have committed me to the flight and thus deprived me of woman's inalienable right throughout the ages—the right to change my mind. I wanted to fly because I *wanted* to; not because advance publicity compelled me to.

AVOIDING all this, I was able to pursue my daily life normally—fit, happy, and rested, physically and mentally. I was free to concentrate on the essentials—a thorough, careful preparation for the flight itself. As to the plane, I had no concern, for it was an old and tried



friend, with a wonderful new motor and the best of modern equipment, all installed under the direction of Bernt Balchen, supreme flyer and technician.

I chartered the plane to Balchen. It was known that Balchen was planning an Antarctic expedition with Lincoln Ellsworth, and so in all our preparations we could proceed under the benevolent fiction that it was this other flight for which Balchen was tuning up. Thus I was able, quietly, to fly hour after hour, day after day, my head in the cockpit, entirely by instruments.

VERY few non-flyers realize the extreme difficulty of flying "blind" in darkness or fog. Without instruments it is almost impossible to tell whether you are flying upside down or right side up, whether you are climbing or heading for destruction. I remember that in one of my early tests I was blindfolded and placed in a chair which could be noiselessly revolved. The examining physician turned the chair slowly to the left.

"Which way are you turning?" he asked.

"To the left," I said.

"Now which way?"

"To the right," I answered confidently.

"Lift up the bandage and have a look for yourself," he said.

The chair was not turning at all. The physician consoled me by assuring me that my mistake was entirely normal. My brain had registered the first motion correctly. But when the physician slowed down the turning and stopped, my brain registered, unmistakably to me, that the chair was being turned in the opposite direction. Try a test on yourself. Blindfold yourself and—with a friend close behind you to see that you don't bump into anything—try to walk one hundred feet in a straight line. I think you will be surprised to find where you end up.

Thus you can see of what crucial importance to me were the hours of practice in flying blind. They were worth more to me than all the attention which might come afterwards. I was not interested in the afterwards. I was interested in the flight.

I merely wanted to do a certain thing very much, and was determined not to be distracted by incidentals. If there is anything I have learned in life it is this: *If you follow the inner desire of your heart, the incidentals will take care of themselves.* If you want badly enough to do a thing, you usually do it very well; and a thing well done, as society is organized, usually works out to the benefit of others as well as yourself. This applies to sport, business, friendship, and art; to football, chain-store management, loyalty, and the sonnet.

But here another question confronts me. I have heard it often. It goes something like this:

"Yes, Miss Earhart, we understand that you wanted to fly the Atlantic alone. But why did you want to do it?"

It is a fair and sensible question, and therefore I will waive my privilege of saying "Because . . ." and try to give a fair and sensible answer.

I might, of course, say that I did it for the Advancement of Science, the Progress of Aviation, and the Promotion of International Good Will. The trouble with this answer is that it

Why did she do it? For the same reason, says Amelia Earhart, that sometimes makes you want to hop out of the rut and follow your heart's desire

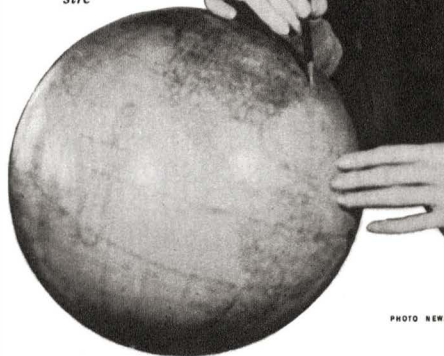


PHOTO NEWS

isn't true. *If science advances, and aviation progresses, and international good will is promoted because of my flight, no one will be more delighted than I—or more surprised.* The earliest transoceanic flights undoubtedly worked towards these excellent ends. But so many have been made since the flight of Alcock and Brown from Newfoundland to Ireland in 1919 that the effect has somewhat worn off. The number of individuals who have crossed the North Atlantic by heavier-than-air machines, to date of writing, is fifty-eight, not to mention the several hundred who have crossed in dirigibles.

So I must fall back on less ponderous and more personal reasons. In 1928, as you probably do not remember, I was the first woman to fly the Atlantic. With Wilmer Stultz, pilot, Lou Gordon, mechanic, and me, surplus baggage, the seaplane "Friendship" hopped off from Trepassey, Newfoundland, and landed at Burry Port, Wales.

THAT first flight, for me, was quite accidental. I was doing social work in a settlement house in Boston at the time. One day I received a telephone call from a Captain H. H. Railey, whom I did not know, asking me whether I would like to take part in a flight involving some danger. I said that I might. After checking up Captain Railey's references, and finding them excellent, I went down to New York to see what it was all about.

I discovered that Mrs. Frederick Guest, a wealthy Englishwoman born in America, desired to sponsor a transatlantic

flight to foster good will between her native and adopted countries. The tri-motored plane had been purchased; Stultz and Gordon had been chosen; and Mrs. Guest wanted an American woman flyer to take part in the flight. I was one of the women pilots under consideration. I had held the women's altitude record and done a good deal of flying in my spare time.

I was interviewed by David T. Layman, Jr., and John S. Phipps. And there I found myself in a curious situation. If they did not like me at all, or if they found me wanting in too many respects, I would be deprived of the trip. But if they liked me too well, they might be loath to drown me. It was therefore necessary for me to maintain an attitude of impenetrable mediocrity. Apparently I did, because I was chosen.

I was reminded vividly of this curious test in my last flight. About six hours out, at night, with my altimeter broken, there were fog below and cloud above, with mist in between. Climbing higher, for safety, I found ice gathering on my plane. I could tell it by the slackening of the ship's rate of climb because of the extra weight, by the slush on the windowpane, and by the spinning of the tachometer, which registers the revolutions per minute of the motor.

I descended to hunt for warmer air to melt the ice. Down I went until I could see the whitecaps through the fog. It was unpleasant there, because sudden heavy fog and a dip would land me in the ocean. So I climbed until the ice began to form again. Then down again to the fog above the waves. Then up to the ice-laden clouds. I remembered that interview of four years before. *There are occasions in life when flying too high or flying too low brings equal danger.* Then is the time to call upon the good old instinct of mediocrity, with which we are all bounteously equipped.

TO GO back for a moment to the "Friendship" flight. It was my understanding that I was to assist Stultz with the piloting—he to handle the take-off, landing, and more difficult flying, I to give him a rest by taking the stick when the going was smooth. As it turned out, there was little smooth going. We had bad weather and blind flying practically the entire way across. Consequently I, who at that time had had almost no experience flying blind, crouched in my little compartment back of the gas tanks, changing places occasionally with "Slim" Gordon, for the whole trip. I was a supercargo. As one British newspaper phrased it, accurately but unkindly, "Stultz and Gordon might just as well have brought a sheep across with them." My status, in fact, was slightly below that of the back-seat driver, because I couldn't even shout loud enough to annoy the pilot. And so in that first flight I did not do what I had set out to do. I enjoyed myself tremendously. I felt the thrill of adventure which skirts close to disaster; I caught glimpses of beauty I had not seen before; I watched two brave men fighting the black trickery of the elements with courage and unwavering skill. But for me the adventure was incomplete. I had been on the sidelines when I wanted to play the game myself. No one ever suggested this thought to me. Everyone insisted on giving me credit far greater than I deserved. Because I

There
are pointers
to help
you fly your
own Atlantic
in this article by
a woman who has
twice flown the ocean

was a woman—which had nothing to do with the case—there was more hullabaloo about me than about the two men who did the work.

This, then, was one reason why I wanted to make another flight, alone. I wanted to justify myself to myself. I wanted to prove that I deserved at least a small fraction of the nice things said about me. . . . I already had the credit—heaped up and running over. I wanted to deposit a little security to make that credit good. Illogical? Perhaps. *Most of the things we want are illogical.*

But there were other reasons—stronger than this. First I will mention another motive which everyone will recognize. This is, simply stated, that women can do most things that men can do. I do not claim that women can run the mile, or put the shot, or pull the oar in a boat, or carry a football through the line, or fight twelve rounds with Tunney or Dempsey. To say that women can do *anything* that men can do is absurd. What I contend is that women, in any job that requires intelligence, coordination, spirit, coolness, and will power (without too heavy muscular strength) are able to meet men on their own ground.

My important reason, which I reserve for the last, has nothing to do with efficiency, science, international good will, women's rights, money, aviation, keys to the city, publicity, engine-testing, or unofficial ambassadors.

It is this: *Adventure is worth while in itself.*

And when I say "adventure," I don't mean flying the Atlantic alone. I mean every adventure that happens to all of us from the minute we are born. I mean such things as my childhood remembrance of going out to the barn back of our little house in Kansas, with my sister, and sitting in the old buggy, and picking up the moth-eaten whip, and lashing the nonexistent horses, and dashing wildly across country to London, Paris, and Berlin. I remember careening down the post road to Vienna. A knight in armor came galloping swiftly toward us.

"Dispatches, Sir Knight!" I shouted. "For the congress of Vienna of Treves in favor of the Holy Grail—crusade about to start—unless we get through, the Pagan may prevail!"

The knight put up his lance and let us pass—a more knightly fellow, I wot, than the thousand and one motorcycle policemen who have given me tickets in later years. I do drive *rather* fast. I say this in my own defense: that I have never had a real accident. And the policemen have been extremely forbearing. Possibly they have, deep in their bones, some of the old chivalric sense.

BUT when I say that adventure is worth while in itself, I do not mean rashness. Anyone who is careless or hot-headed or loose-minded affronts the spirit of Ulysses, the supreme adventurer. Every nit-wit who goes into adventure unprepared, every adolescent who wades into rattlesnake-infested mountains in thin stockings, every short-brained hero who swims out farther beyond the surf than his own strength can bring him back, every pseudo-Achilles who challenges a Hector twice his size—for these I am sorry. They are not adventurers. Adventure is not for novices. It is not for scatterbrains. It is for people who have wanted to do a certain thing, who have wanted it for years more than anything else, and who finally, concentrating on that above all other beckoning thoughts, have carried it through.

No novice has ever accomplished anything of importance. Two exceptions may be made. The Asbury Park Baby Parade and the Atlantic City Beauty Contest. Even in these cases we may fairly say that the contestants had been preparing for the event since birth. Mussolini, I have been told, started to be a dictator as a novice and made a great success of it. But Mussolini, from the age of thirteen, had been deeply involved in party politics, had edited party papers, had campaigned in the streets, and had gone through the hardest and most complete apprenticeship of dictatorship in the world.

Even in my first transatlantic flight I was not entirely a novice. I had become interested in planes in 1918, when I was a V. A. D.—an assistant nurse—in a war hospital in Toronto. From that moment the excitement (Continued on page 72)

Something to Tell

who can't see where

By CLARENCE
BUDINGTON
KELLAND

I HAVE come to the conclusion that the crying need of the country today is for good, inexpensive, efficient Maxim silencers adapted to the conformation of the human jaw. This mature and studied conclusion has been reached after six months of conversations with my friends and neighbors, with casual individuals met in smoking-cars, with enemy aliens, with the cook and the gardener, with artists and bankers and merchants and editors. And though neither of my dogs can talk I have noted a peculiar look in their eyes. Anyhow, this six months of listening has taught me that it is not capitalism which has failed, nor the gold standard, nor statesmanship, nor the facts of life concerning the operation of barter and trade. No. The thing that has gone up the spout is the ability of the human animal to do plain or garden thinking when he has cramps in his pocketbook.

I spent a couple of hours last Sunday with a gentleman who was worth maybe twenty-five millions a couple of years ago. He's ruined now—reduced to destitution—practically a pauper with nothing to live on but a meager fraction of his old fortune amounting to a miserable five or six mil-

lions! He is standing in the bread line in a \$10,000 automobile.

This gentleman has one of the finest minds I have ever encountered; he is a lawyer of international fame; great businesses and vast estates intrust him with their affairs. He is such an impressive person I always feel I'm about two inches tall when I talk to him.

All this I tell you so you can get some faint idea of the utter breakdown of human reason, and the character and class of mankind who are affected by it.

Anyhow, this gentleman up and said to me, "But the time has gone forever when money can make money!"

Just like that! He came right out with it and let it lie and quiver on the floor under my horrified eyes.

"Meaning what?" I asked.

"Meaning," he said, "that a man with a thousand dollars or a million dollars cannot use it to make more money with."

"Never?" I asked.

"Not while any of us are alive," he said. "It's going to be hard to keep your principal intact."

"Aren't there going to be any mortgages on good real estate?" I asked with my accustomed naïveté.

"Real estate has no value. Nobody knows what land is worth."

"What about government bonds?" I asked out of my ignorance.

He just rolled his eyes, and I gathered that government bonds were about in a class with stock in an oil well where there wasn't any oil and never would be a well. "Nobody knows what is going to happen," he said lugubriously.

"So you're afraid the United States is going to blow up and bust?"

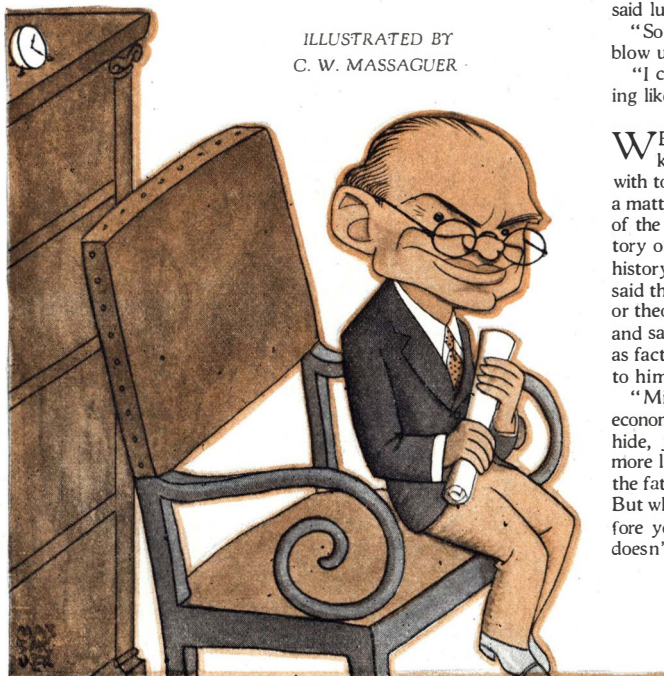
"I can't see any hope anywhere," he said. "Nothing like this has ever happened before."

WELL, I'm just an ignorant writing person who knows nothing about finance, a defect I share with too many financiers, but I read a book once. As a matter of fact, I read quite a lot of books, and some of the most interesting of them were about the history of the United States, which is more or less a history of panics, and right off I knew my friend had said the thing which was not. Anybody can generalize or theorize or prophesy, and you can't pin him down and say he is mistaken. But let a man state a thing as fact, and if it isn't fact you've got him. So I said to him:

"Mister, we've had so many of these that the economic history of the country looks like a zebra's hide, just strips of black and white. Maybe it's more like bacon, with strips of fat and lean, because the fat strips have been so much wider than the lean. But when you say nothing like this has happened before you just prove that a business man's memory doesn't run back more than two years.

When a very impressive person tells you that "nothing like this has ever happened before," remember what Kelland told the great man who always made him "feel about two inches tall"

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. W. MASSAGUER



the Folks

Business is Going

"You folks who have lost faith in the United States and its future destiny and greatness are off on the wrong foot, hopping along with a blindfold over your eyes. In less time than you can imagine, prosperity will come again. It will come as inevitably as day follows night. It will come and it will stay for a grand long time—nine or ten or even twelve years. It will be a better and sounder and bigger prosperity than we have ever known—because after each of our depressions the prosperous period has been better and sounder."

HE LOOKED at me with a sort of pitying tolerance, as though I were just a sweet little Pollyanna talking through my hat. So I put him straight.

"Mind you," I said, "I'm not saying these things as a practicing optimist, nor as a person upon whom the sun has

shone throughout these present emergencies. I'm saying them as one who has had plenty of experience in taking it on the chin because I didn't profit by my own knowledge, nor act as history told me I should act. I've had all the woes, with some extra fancy trimmings. I've taken a socking in the stock market that is so complete and devastating as to make even the depression ashamed of itself. The bank, and it was a first-class bank, in which I was a director, had to close its doors, and gave me another wallop that jolted me all the way off my financial foundations. I'm in the same boat as everybody else, and maybe a little worse.

"But—I haven't lost one thing that a lot of folks have, and that is my head. I haven't dived into a swamp of terror, and I haven't been so idiotic as to think this thing is (Continued on page 78)





To Jule, it was the way of the West

—to Natalie . . .

By

LEONA
DALRYMPLE

THE Louis XV bed explained Natalie Elverson's mother. It was luxurious and very soft. The hangings draped about it diffused a flattering glow. An empress was said to have slept in it once, and that fact had made a considerable difference in John Elverson's bank balance.

Mrs. Elverson, still in the Louis XV bed at three o'clock one afternoon under a lace and satin coverlet, was thinking of the Elverson vitality. It was beginning to complicate her life and threaten the fashionable schedules of her comfort. In Natalie, at times, in the sparkle of her eyes and the tireless animation of her days, it was almost like a fire.

And yet Natalie, people said, was her mother's somewhat obscure and wholly marketable girlhood recast. Slenderness with long, beautiful, curving lines. High-arched feet and insteps. Long, lovely hands. And once in a blue moon you find such hair, so finely spun that a comb must be specially ordered. Natalie's hair in wind blew about her mysterious, dark-eyed face in a mist of chestnut gold.

Natalie, too, that afternoon was troubled. Sylvia Jefferson's crazy tea was on her mind.

"Mother, when she hears about it," thought Natalie, approaching her mother's bedroom door, "will go quietly, elegantly mad!"

ONLY Sylvia Jefferson, of course, would see in a rodeo committee of debutantes an opportunity to have a reau tea. Cowboys at large in the Jefferson suite at the Ritz. Ten-gallon hats! It

was too fantastic. Especially when you knew that Sylvia, with the aid of the press agent, had brazenly bribed her way to a door in the basement of Madison Square Garden where the riders in off hours played some kind of low-life poker. Simply so she could pick out the best-looking men.

Well, none of it could be helped. Her mother, Natalie knew, would speak again with lifted brows of Sylvia's unfortunate likeness to her father. Mr. Jefferson, years ago, had blown up on the western horizon like a cyclone filled with cattle gold and hearty noises. A detestable young "he-man," Mrs. Elverson said, who hadn't even known, until it was over, that he had married into the Social Register.

"But I have to go!" Natalie, pausing, tapped on her mother's door. "I'm on the committee. And it is a hospital benefit. . . . Is the beauty parade all over, Mother?" she inquired, looking in.



"How dare you!" she blazed in a low voice. "How dare you make me ridiculous!"

A Social Error

Mrs. Elverson sighed.

"Really, for one day," she said plaintively, "it is almost too exhausting. Do come in, Natalie, and close the door. I feel a draft. Miss Lindqvist massages in such a positive manner. And then a mud-pack besides and the scalp specialist. And my nails had to be done today. There's a letter from your father. He may fly home. Have you been riding, Natalie?"

"Yes, Mother. Did—Father buy the ranch?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Elverson patiently. "He isn't even sure he can get it. I wish I hadn't invited those English people to tea. Tomorrow would have been better."

"It never is," Natalie said. "When will he know?"

"I do wish I could find the letter," murmured her mother. "I remember perfectly getting up to let Miss Lindqvist rearrange the bed, and Miss Lindqvist, I

know, had some letters with her. She may have picked it up—"

"Mother," exclaimed Natalie, "you could lose a grand piano!"

"Your father," said Mrs. Elverson tranquilly, "agreed with me. It is quite the most beautiful spot in all of Wyoming. Of course, I saw it only once, years ago, but for people like we are—I mean, Natalie, it really is almost the only western place I could possibly endure, even for short periods in summer."

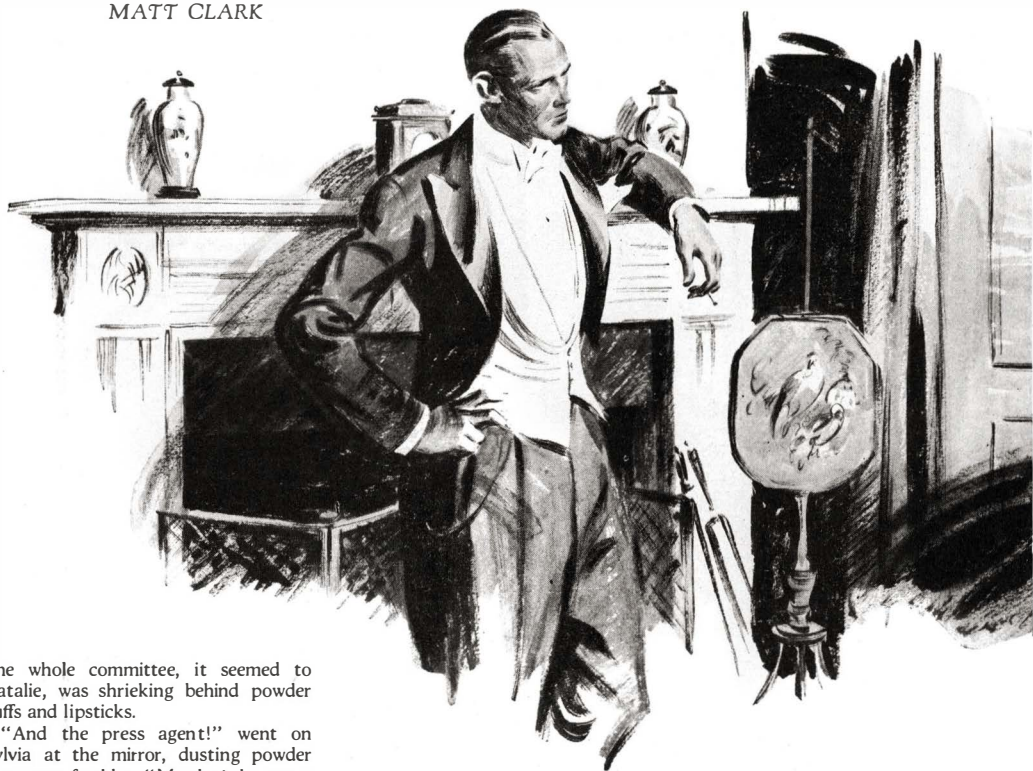
"I do hope he gets it!"

"And that," said her mother with dignity, "is precisely why all of it is so unreasonable now. Even before you were born, your father talked about a ranch for summers, and why now he should suddenly grow so stubborn when a place in Southampton would be so much nicer for all of us—I can't recall a

summer," Mrs. Elverson added with a sigh, "when your father really cooperated in any plan. It's made the summers uncertain and confusing, and I blame your uncle Geoffrey. I'm sure it's his idea that somebody every once in a while must travel out and inspect those ridiculous copper mines your grandfather financed, and, every time your father goes, the ranch idea comes up again—"

Natalie had heard it all before. She moved rapidly, hopefully toward the door. Happily, when her mind was occupied or tired, Mrs. Elverson forgot to ask her daughter's plans.

Sylvia Jefferson, when Natalie rang the bell of the Jefferson suite at the Ritz was shrieking in a babble of voices in her bedroom. The French maid, Susanne, who opened the door, was faintly smiling. Natalie, unsmiling—her mother, too, detested intrusive expressions on a servant's face—brushed quietly by her.



The whole committee, it seemed to Natalie, was shrieking behind powder puffs and lipsticks.

"And the press agent!" went on Sylvia at the mirror, dusting powder over some freckles. "My dear, he was a lamb, too. After I'd picked out nine of the best-looking men you ever saw in your life—"

"Nine of them!" thought Natalie, shuddering. "Nine cowboys!"

"HE SAID," went on Sylvia rapturously, "What about one plug-ugly with a glass eye? You ought to have some contrast! Don't you love it? Hello, Natalie. And of course he didn't have a glass eye. The press agent was lying. I made him admit that. I mean, I simply couldn't endure a glass eye at a tea, could you? But Slim—Slim's my favorite. His ten-gallon hat cost three hundred dollars. Slim told me confidentially that the plug-ugly was the roughest, toughest man in the outfit and they'd simply have to bring him along or he might go haywire and wreck the whole Garden. . . . Listen!"

The room froze into silence.

"Oh, my heavens, kids!" Sylvia gurgled ecstatically. "The Great Open Spaces are on the way! The corridor is simply rocking."

"But what on earth are they doing?" Natalie whispered. "Marching?"

"Who cares?" cried Sylvia, darting across the threshold.

Natalie, unhurried, surveyed the entranced committee in a big formal room across the hall settling into chairs.

"I do hope your arteries survive," she

said slowly. "I think there's a complication. They seem to be holding a whispered conference around the door-knob."

"Mother," gasped Sylvia behind the tea wagon, "wouldn't let me have any cocktails. Oh, for heaven's sake, Natalie, do sit down. You look so darned superior. Oh!"

The doorbell had tinkled.

"I reckon, ma'am," a voice drawled outside, "we all are expected?"

"*Oui, monsieur*," murmured Susanne, discreetly gentle.

Three thousand dollars' worth of hats with a round hundred gallons of capacity, the newspapers were to state, had invaded the Ritz that afternoon, with a sunset of soft-colored shirts and individual symphonies in buckskin and leather, brilliant bandannas, and chaps.

To the more impressionable eyes of the Junior League Committee, prairies walked in with them, wild winds, western sunsets, and horizon silhouettes of lonely riders, but to Natalie Elverson's brief glance they resembled musical comedy desperadoes. Show clothes! Clustered in a setting of rare etchings and brocaded furniture, their warm brown grins were faintly angering, like the tail-wagging of an accidental mongrel in a pedigreed show.

But their hats! Their preposterous ten-gallon hats. Why on earth had they

carried them in? What would Sylvia do? You couldn't collect them. You couldn't expect Susanne to stagger out with them, one by one.

"Scatter!" Sylvia's voice, contagiously friendly, addressed the squad formation of Lochinvars conspicuously out of the West. "Don't dare stay in a huddle. Sit down anywhere you please and tell whoever will listen your name and age."

An extremely good-looking and literal-minded young man with red hair seated himself immediately on the floor at the side of Natalie's chair and neatly skimmed his enormous hat the depth of the room. Eight hats followed with breath-taking rapidity, piling up in a mound at the side of the grand piano. Somebody faintly whooped.

"Well, thank heaven for that!" breathed Sylvia. "The only thing I could think of about the hats was to send out to the railroad station for a baggage truck and wheel it around the room. Slim Sothern, you sit here by me and put lumps of sugar on the saucers."

SYLVIA, like her father, of course, could demoralize any party. Names were flying. Awful names: Shorty Davis, Happy Tolliver, Tex Fusswinkle. It couldn't—it couldn't possibly be a name. An impeccable automaton from the hotel dining-room appeared with cakes and sandwiches.



"I wasn't really striking at you," explained Natalie. "I was sick with terror and unhappiness . . . everything I had come to accept was tearing away"

"Ma'am," drawled Natalie's cavalier, addressing a lovely frosty profile, "my name's legitimately been Red Dawson for twenty-nine sinless years. Sound in health and sounder in morals, and don't you let any low-minded prairie dog tell you that any part of that is accidental. Cold in here, ain't it?" he added innocently. "Slim, tell 'em about Jule. Jule Lawrence."

"Plug-ugly!" Sylvia guessed, enchanted. "The rough, tough man who rages about. Why didn't he come? What's he wrecking?"

"Ma'am," Slim said with awful solemnity, "the ornery cuss is in the cooler. Awful mug on that maverick. We'd oughta taken measures."

"Where? When? What cooler? Why?" the committee demanded.

Slim answered the "Why?"

"For scarin' little children," he said in a broken voice. "Just lookin' at 'em kind."

"Slim Sothern," Sylvia grumbled, "I've regusted. You stop telling cowboy lies. And quit eating the sugar."

"He's comin' later," Slim amended meekly.

It grew, in Natalie Elverson's opinion, steadily worse. A hilarious rumor flew about the room that Mr. Fusswinkle had eaten a diminutive tea napkin by mistake. Its size, he said, had fooled him. Mr. Davis had asked hungrily for another book of "them bread and butter stamps." And Happy Tolliver, intemperate in his teacups, was growing confidentially Southern.

"YES, suh," he was saying, "we figgued you all'd think we didn't know nothin'. So Bud says, 'All right, if you think they're figguh'in' to kid us, we'll kid them. We'll all walk in with our hats on as if we didn't know any better and sweep 'em off in a bundle and bow.' But we talked it over befo' we rung the do'bell and Slim says, 'Gosh, that'd be kinda raw, wouldn't it?' And Red says—Red's kinda ridin' herd on us until Jule gits here—Red says, 'Hell! We'll just walk in and act natural.' Oh, Gawd! How much is a littleol' hell word, Red?"

"Five smackers," said Red sternly. "And you used it twice. And a dollar and a half for 'Gawd.' Eleven fifty." He wrote it down. "You better quit quot-

in' me, son, if you don't wanta get broke."

Red rose up with a murmured apology and blandly warmed his hands at the gas log under the mantel. Natalie glanced at him sharply. Something disconcerting seemed to laugh at her in his eyes.

"Well, I swan!" he ejaculated. "Bud, come and look at this gadget. You can turn this little ol' trick log off and on with a spigot. Out in my country we got a low-down, vulgar kind of log you just naturally have to set fire to before it warms up."

Natalie's remote gaze passed through him. Mr. Fusswinkle, blond and tanned and lazily contented, had found Sylvia's ukulele on the piano.

"If he sings 'Bury me not on the lone prairie-ee,'" thought

Natalie wildly, "I know I'll shriek."

Mr. Fusswinkle was actually considering some such procedure when the tenth rider arrived. Apparently he recognized a hatrack from pictures, for he lingered around it for some time and eventually hung his ten-gallon hat correctly on a peg. A dismaying uproar of cheers and gibes ushered him in.

"Slim Sothern," Sylvia exploded, "you've all been taking us for a sleigh-ride."

Resentment blazed in Natalie's cheeks. Plug-ugly! You knew to look at him that he was the handsomest man in the outfit. You knew from the clamor that he had a ridiculous sort of popularity. You wondered where he had learned to wear his clothes in just that manner. Even his wrist watch had an air about it. A dare-devil. It smiled in his eyes. A rider with an easy, wiry grace. An unimpressed young man from social deserts, with black hair and a smolder of fire-blue eyes in a dark, tanned face: Jule Lawrence.

Mr. Lawrence, unperturbed, met her stare and returned it, motionless in the doorway. (Continued on page 94)

RAYMOND DITMARS

Wizard of the Zoo

By
BEVERLY
SMITH

RAYMOND LEE DITMARS knows more about animals, they say, than any man since Noah. For thirty-three years, as curator of mammals and reptiles at the New York Zoological Park, he has lived among animals. He has studied their antics through a telescope and their remains through a microscope. He has stage-managed their appearances for hundreds of thousands of feet of film.

But for all his preoccupation with other species, he has not forgotten his brother animal, Man. He was one of the pioneers in the research work which, through the perfection of serums against snake venom, has in the last twenty years saved more than a quarter of a million human lives.

Like Noah, he drifted into his animal job more or less by accident. In 1899 Ditmars was working as a reporter on a New York daily. One Sunday afternoon the city editor called him over. "Go up to the Bronx," he said, "and find out what this new highbrow Zoological Society means by saying it's going to have the biggest zoo in the world."

On a stretch of undeveloped wooded country in the northern borough of the city, Ditmars found Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the society, camped in a small cabin. Surveyors were staking out the land. The animal collection boasted three specimens: a bear cub, a wolf pup, and a snapping turtle—the last paddling about in a rusty tin bathtub.

As Doctor Hornaday and Ditmars talked, the scientist was surprised by the acuteness of the young reporter's questions. Soon he himself became the questioner, and Ditmars told about his own interest in animals. He told of how, as a boy, he had collected pets of all kinds; of how he had taught frogs to nod their heads in harmony, and had organized katydids and crickets, by selecting those with chirps of different notes, into a kind of insect orchestra; of how he had begun a collection of snakes, and with the aid of friendly sea captains who touched at distant ports, expanded

it into a group of rare serpents which preëmpted his attic and drove his family to distraction.

"The fact is," Ditmars concluded, "I like to bum around with animals."

Doctor Hornaday tapped a finger on Ditmars' shoulder.

"You don't want to work on a newspaper," he said. "You want to come and help us build up this park. We'll make it one of the finest in the world."

And so they did. In thirty-three years the 524 acres of magnificently arranged woodland has become one of the wonders of its kind, visited by 2,000,000 persons from all over the country every year. Doctor Ditmars (he holds an honorary degree) has become famous among zoologists everywhere. Even the snakes in the attic were glorified—they

moved to luxurious new quarters and played their parts in providing the material of many a dramatic life-saving.

I had talked with Doctor Ditmars scores of times before I ever met him. New York newspapermen, when news is dull on Sunday afternoons, usually call up Doctor Ditmars. Often I used to have this assignment.

"Hello, Doctor Ditmars?" I might say. "What's going on up at the Zoo? Any new animals? How's the duck-billed platypus? What's this story about gangsters planning to kidnap a kangaroo and use its marsupial pouch for dope smuggling? What does the laughing hyena think of present conditions in the stock market?"

A calm voice would reply, mildly denying these unscientific rumors, and further stating that there was no news at the Zoo. But his answer was not to be taken seriously. It was necessary to continue the questions. Finally a question would strike a spark, and Doctor Ditmars would begin to talk. When he talks, he is always worth listening to. His stories are not often sensational, but he is one of the raremen who can discuss a dry scientific fact in plain, lucid language which any layman can understand, and make it as exciting as a rescue at sea.

ONE day, I remember, he told me that the Zoo had acquired a lungfish (*lepidosiren*). Now, the lungfish is one of the most stupid, dull, ugly, useless animals extant. He is neither flesh, fowl, nor good Bismarck herring. He lives sluggishly in noisome South American swamps. When the dry season comes and the mud bakes, he curls up miserably in a hole, pulls the hole in after him, and there remains, breathing painfully with his inadequate lungs, until the next rainy day.

Yet this deplorable animal, when Ditmars spoke, became a creature of romance. Uncounted ages ago, when primeval life began its slow crawl from the sea up to the land, the granddaddy of the lungfish was a humble member of the procession. But he did not quite have the strength of his convictions. He hesitated. While the conservative creatures remained happily in the ocean, and the progressives pushed on resolutely, evolving competently into birds, mammals, and reptiles, the lungfish made a wretched compromise. He took refuge in a mud puddle. He is still there, a living fossil, an obsolete misfit, a

How Well Do You Know the Animals?

HERE'S a chance to find out. See how many of the following questions you can answer:

The smallest animal in the world is hardly larger than a cricket. What is its name? The largest animal sometimes attains a weight of five tons.

What is it?

Which is the fiercest animal?

The most timid?

The most human?

The most constructive?

Do fishes ever climb trees?

Do they ever breathe with lungs?

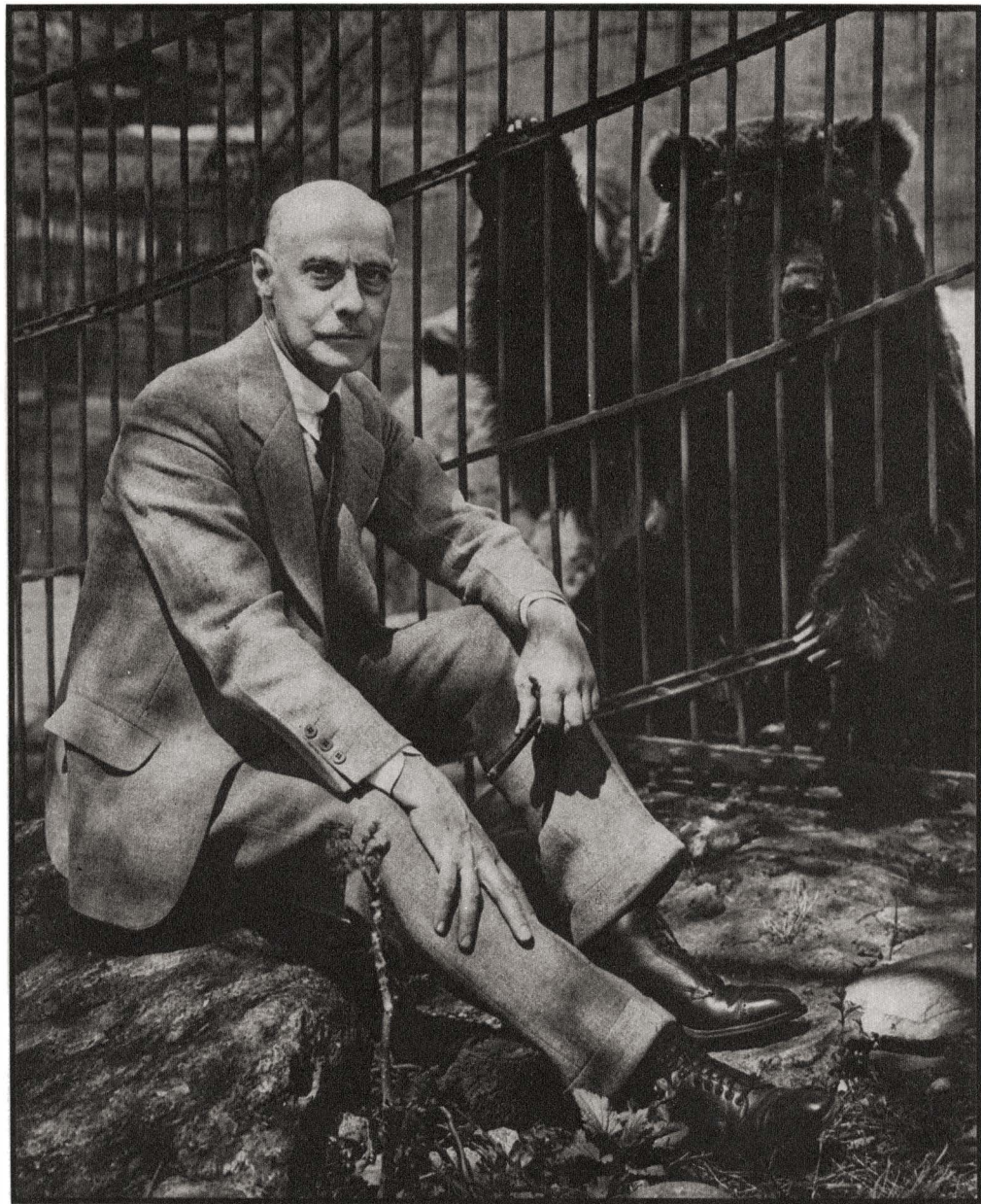
Is there such a thing as a hoop snake?

Can snakes hypnotize birds?

Do some animals forecast the weather?

What is a skink?

Doctor Ditmars tells you the answers here. He opens the door to a thrilling world of adventure and introduces you to strange friends he has made.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

wheezing and horrible example of the perils of indecision—and a story for the Monday morning paper.

On another occasion Doctor Ditmars told me that some beavers had “almost escaped.” That didn’t sound promising for a story. If a beaver had actually escaped, and bitten an archbishop, that might be news. But what interest could there be in beavers that tried to escape, and failed?

These particular beavers, new arrivals at the Zoo, had been placed in a large

Every day brings to Doctor Ditmars an interesting new adventure or discovery. In his thirty-three years among the animals there have been few dull moments

fenced enclosure through which ran a stream. Beside the stream was a plentiful supply of logs, sticks, brush, leaves, and mud. But the beavers did not, with their traditional industry, at once set about building a dam. They paced around the enclosure, curiously looking over the territory, and examining with

special attention the stout four-foot fence.

After nightfall they went to work. First they transported sticks and branches to one point of the fence. On top of these they piled water-soaked leaves, patting them down into the crevices. Over all they spread thick, sticky mud, which they carried between their paws and chins. During the night they constructed a fine, evenly sloping ramp toward the top of the fence. If the keeper had (Continued on page 96)

A Winner Never Quits

By
ALBERT
BENJAMIN

ON a sunny Saturday afternoon, several summers ago, two American battleships, the Arkansas and the Florida, were plowing side by side across the Atlantic. The ocean was covered with feathery whitecaps. The fighting ships plunged and wallowed as roller after roller pounded against the sides or hurled combers of blue-green water across the forecastle.

Unmindful of the buffeting seas, the officers and men of the Florida were gathered about an improvised boxing ring tucked between the basket-like masts of the ship. As each pair of white-clad opponents climbed into the ring and squared off, the sailors, from their perches astride turret guns or from heights on the masts, vied with the officers about the ringside in cheering their favorites.

High on an after-turret of the Arkansas, three hundred yards away, was a little man clad in a gray civilian suit, a tiny baseball cap pushed far back on his head. As each bout began on the other ship the little man glued his eyes to a huge pair of binoculars and watched, round by round. One minute he was lying flat on his stomach, elbows resting on the cold steel; the next, he was sitting, his back to a range-finder, the powerful marine glasses protruding over the tops of his knees. Occasionally a sudden shudder of the ship as it shook aside tons of water would throw him off balance and pull the glasses from his eyes. Often a shower of spray would reach up to blur the lenses and soak him from head to foot. But the little man would merely grin—and hastily assume another position.

At the end of each bout he scrawled a few words on a scrap of paper and handed it to a sailor standing by his side. The sailor, unfurling a pair of signal flags, would rapidly wigwag a message to a signalman stationed by the boxing ring on the other ship.

There would be a brief pause, a period of hushed suspense aboard the Florida, and then, as the message coming across the stretch of water was made known, the fight fans would split the air with yells of approbation. The decision of



U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY PHOTOGRAPH

each bout rested in the hands of the little man in the gray suit three hundred yards away.

The contestants were future admirals—midshipmen from Annapolis on their annual cruise. The little man was Spike Webb, boxing instructor at the Naval Academy.

The referee aboard the Florida had not given a satisfactory decision at the end of the first bout. Spike, who often accompanies the midshipmen on their cruises, was over on the Arkansas, and so the boxers sent him a message asking him to referee the matches through a pair of binoculars. Spike agreed. And the cheers that greeted his decisions showed unanimous approval.

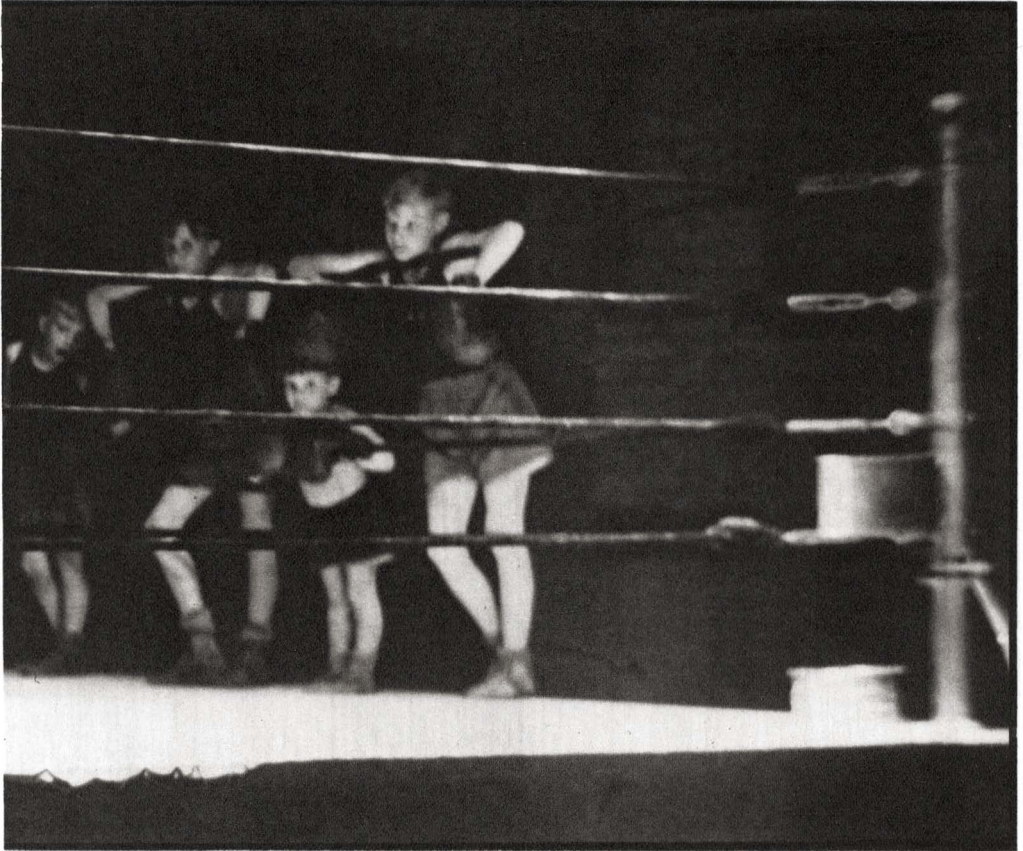
SPIKE WEBB speaks with authority. He is the coach of the United States Olympic boxing team in the 1932 Games at Los Angeles. He served as the American boxing coach at Antwerp in 1920, at Paris in 1924, and at Amsterdam in

1928. He's the only man ever to coach four times in the Olympic Games. During the World War he coached the boxers of the A. E. F. and was chosen by General Pershing as head coach of the American boxing teams entered in the Inter-Allied Games.

Thousands of two-fisted men the world over swear by him. From him they have learned how to use their hands and heads; how to deliver blows and block them; how to stand up under punishment and come back for more; how to gain the self-mastery of fearless encounter.

Spike is a stocky little man, and he usually wears that little baseball cap cocked over one eye. But his five-foot-two embodies the spirit of clean, hard-hitting sportsmanship which in the last year or so has brought amateur boxing to the front of American sports to take the place of a fast-slipping and commercially degraded professionalism. It was he who, as Annapolis coach, was

—and a quitter never wins, says SPIKE WEBB,
who teaches future admirals more than boxing



responsible for creating the present enthusiasm for boxing contests in American colleges and universities—an enthusiasm which has swept beyond the campus to cities and towns where amateur bouts are now packing amphitheaters to the doors.

I FOUND Spike in the gymnasium at Annapolis. He was just winding up a boxing class of plebe midshipmen. They were lanky youngsters of seventeen or eighteen years—all fine physical specimens. Spike had paired them off according to height and weight and sent each pair into the ring to mix it up for a two-minute round. Occasionally he would stop the bout and show the boys a certain punch or a method of blocking a blow, but most of the time he stayed outside the ropes, content to watch them pummel each other. If any of the contestants showed evidence of stalling he ignored the two-minute period and kept them battling away until they were well-

nigh exhausted. It was a cinch they wouldn't stall the next time! Two of the boys went at it too thick and fast. Spike immediately stopped the match. Fighting, black eyes, knocked-out teeth don't go in his classes.

Boxing brutal? Not if you listen to Spike.

"No sport," he told me, "has won so much praise and at the same time so much censure. It has been lauded for the scientific play it develops and for the training of the mind and body. It has been adversely criticized for its roughness. Boxing is rough . . . but roughness doesn't necessarily mean brutality.

"You can't entirely eliminate injury to boxers," he said. "But isn't that true of every sport and occupation in life? Football, hunting, and many other sports result in more serious accidents than boxing. Everybody has to face physical risks. Any game which has no element of roughness or risk is hardly worthy of young and vigorous Ameri-

If you have trouble making Junior eat his spinach, you'll be interested in Spike Webb's system. His two-fisted training works wonders, not only with the small sons of naval officers, but with the midshipmen at Annapolis, where he is the boxing coach

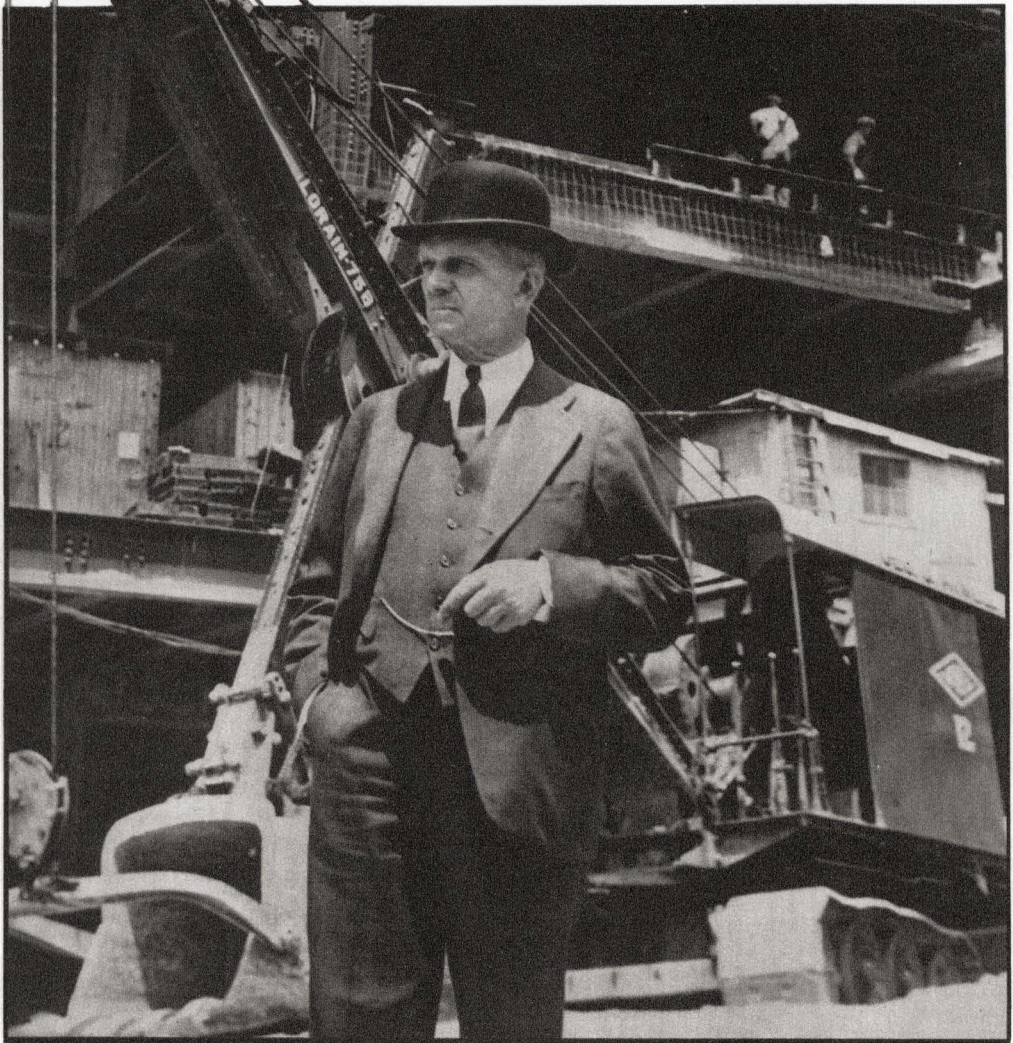
cans. And I have yet to find a red-blooded American boy who doesn't want to learn how to box."

HAMILTON M. WEBB was born in New York in 1889. His family moved to Baltimore when he was a youngster and his boyhood was spent there. Spike's father, George W. Webb, was connected with the United States Post Office Department for thirty-eight years and is now retired and living in Baltimore.

"There were seven of us children in the family," said Spike. "We all attended the public schools in Baltimore, and I later graduated from the Baltimore Polytechnic (Continued on page 98)

What “a fraction more” Can Do for You

By EMMET CROZIER



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

JOHN R. TODD,
*engineer of the largest
private building project
in history, tells how to
step out from the crowd*

WITH his hands in his pockets, John R. Todd might pass for a college president, or—in less trying days—a banker.

A tall, quiet man of late middle age, blue-gray eyes, close-cropped mustache, a sparse layer of brown hair shading into gray, he is the type Hollywood would cast as chairman of the board of directors.

But one look at his hands tells an-

other story. They are broad, powerful hands, freckled across the knuckles. You don't acquire such strength—or freckles—turning the pages of books or counting \$20 bills.

The first time I became aware of those hands, John R. Todd used one of them to illustrate a maxim. He was lying back in an armchair in his living-room; a lean figure of a man, relaxed, brooding, his eyes intent on some horizon beyond the

wall. We had been talking about the differences in men, why some men go so much farther than others.

Suddenly, leaning forward in his chair, he said:

"Did you ever hear the common definition of an expert?"

I shook my head.

"An expert," he quoted, "'is said to be just a darned fool away from home.'"

I smiled and waited, knowing that this was just a prelude.

"I don't agree with that definition."

He held up one of those powerful freckled hands, the thumb and forefinger extended, with their tips about an eighth of an inch apart. "An expert," he went on, "is a man who knows just *that much more* about his subject than his associates. Most of us are nearer the top than we think. We fail to realize how easy it is, and how necessary it is, to learn that fraction more!"

JOHN R. TODD took the trouble to learn "that fraction more" about his own job—building—and today, at the age of sixty-four, he is one of the foremost construction engineers in the country. At a time when the building industry generally is in the doldrums, Todd is up to his neck in work. As builder of the Rockefeller Center, he is directing the largest private building project in all history.

Three blocks of old brownstone houses have been torn out of the heart of midtown New York, and on that vast, sprawling site, 3,000 workmen are building a city within a city. It will contain the world's largest office building; the world's largest theater, seating approximately 6,000 persons; another theater of importance, because it is built and arranged to keep pace with and eventually handle television; and two buildings housing broadcasting studios and executive offices of a great radio and entertainment group (Radio City).

The other seven buildings will include separate structures for British and probably French, Italian, and German national interests; also possibly the Metropolitan Opera House; office space for many important American business concerns; and seven acres of landscaped roofs with gardens, pools, trees, and shrubbery. The entire project contains more than a mile of shops. Completed, it has been estimated to represent an investment of \$250,000,000.

The main responsibility for the execution of all this rests in the hands of John R. Todd—those strong hands, broad across the knuckles, and freckled. They know their stuff. They know the fraction more. . . .

It was at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., where he had gone to take a rest a few weeks ago, that I learned why Todd had been selected for the job. Todd himself didn't tell me. He was not a fluent talker. At times during our conversation there were thoughtful, painful pauses.

Once, riding beside him in the front seat of his motorcar, I asked him a question, and the speedometer turned exactly one mile and an eighth before he replied. When the words came, arrow-like they sang. Listening to John R. Todd, it is necessary to summon something from within, some reserve store of nervous energy just to keep up with him. I have never known a quiet voice to contain so much challenge, such intensity, such extraordinary power to set one's mind tingling.

A little over four years ago Todd received a telephone call from the office of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Rockefeller had become interested in Williamsburg, Va., a fine old colonial town—formerly the capital of the Old Dominion—then threatened by decay, filling stations, and shoddy commercialism. He wanted somebody to help him save what was left of the old town's historic beauty, and restore as much as possible of its colonial grace and simplicity.

It was not an ordinary building job. Something more than a "blueprint mind" was needed to tackle the complex problem and see it through. Surveying the building field, Rockefeller's representatives discovered in John R. Todd that important something more, and he was called in.

A five-year plan was formulated for Williamsburg's salvation. Effective in the working out of this plan were Todd & Brown, a real estate concern, of which Todd's son was a member, and Perry, Shaw & Hepburn, architects. Most of the old town-site was bought outright. Unsightly modern structures were torn down. Old colonial houses on the road to decay were restored, redecorated, and refurnished. The job was a brilliant success, but Mr. Todd insisted—and still insists—that the credit was not his, but that of his associates.

AFTER the work at Williamsburg was well under way, Todd received an invitation to visit Rockefeller at his summer home in Maine. They reviewed the then proposed development of the Rockefeller Center, and Rockefeller asked Todd on what basis he would assume the management of the whole project. Planning, designing, financing, renting, and building were involved. The project must be made to pay its way. Todd made his proposal, and the following morning went to New York and tackled the job of his life. . . .

The early stream of a man's life, like the source of a river, sometimes meanders a bit. Todd's father, a Presbyterian minister, wanted his son John to follow in his footsteps, but Todd himself, in his early twenties, changed his course to the law. A little later, circumstance took him by the nape of the neck and made him a builder.

He was born in Johnstown, Wis., in 1867. A ministerial "call" took the family to western (Continued on page 80)

Sometimes it pays to watch the clock

A FRIEND confessed to me that for years the habit of taking plenty of time kept him from getting ahead. At last a frank and honest boss put him wise to his trouble.

"I notice," said the boss one day, "that when I allow you unlimited time for a job, your product is usually labored, empty, and dull. But if I give you more than you can handle, or a rush job with a 'dead-line' to meet, immediately you put originality and sparkle into it."

At once my friend adopted the practice of setting difficult time limits for himself. Gradually his work gained recognition, and with recognition came advancement. "I discovered," he told me, "that THE LESS TIME YOU HAVE, THE MORE YOU CAN DO."

Isn't it the truth? The other evening two tomcats were fighting nose to nose in our back yard. For five minutes the battle was nothing more than yowls and tail-waving. Suddenly a dog came upon the scene and made a bee line for the pair. In a split second there was more action than in all the previous backings and fillings of the "fight."

Most of the caterwauling nowadays is being done by folks who are killing time waiting for something to happen.

Put a stop watch on yourself. Crowd yourself. Dig in the spurs. You'll be surprised how much you can accomplish. It may give you that "something more" which, as Mr. Todd says in this article, is the stepladder from mediocrity to the top. —THE EDITOR

Hearts and Clubs

There ought
to be a law
against married
couples playing
as partners in
contract bridge

By
OCTAVUS
ROY
COHEN



MR. SAMUEL ETHRIDGE sighed and resigned himself to the ordeal of domestic argument. He did not relish controversy with his wife because, in the first place, he was a peaceable man and, in the second place, her chronic good humor caused his nerves to jangle.

By profession Mr. Ethridge was an architect, and by nature he was non-combative. He adored his home, his tranquillity, and his wife—but there were some concessions which he refused to make. At least, he refused to make them without some show of opposition.

Elinor was a tiny woman, with a sunny smile and a disposition of such equability as to excite community comment. She was also more than merely pretty, which fact caused Samuel considerable pride, although he knew too well that beneath her ash-blond hair and creamy complexion there was a will as inflexible as fate.

Samuel stretched his feet toward the fire and sounded his declaration of independence.

"I will not do it," he said.

"But, sweetheart," countered Elinor

sweetly, "you simply must learn to play cards."

Her stroke was delicate and deadly. Samuel was aroused from the calm with which he was struggling to surround himself. "I do play cards, Elinor. I have always been an excellent poker player."

"Poker!" There was infinite scorn in her voice. "Once a year," she added pityingly, "your friends consent to play poker—merely because it is your birthday."

"They like it!"

"You mean *you* like it, dear. I suggest that next year you invite them to a euchre party. Or perhaps you might indulge in a frenzied game of cassino." She settled herself more comfortably and crossed one shapely, silk-clad knee over the other. She was really amazingly pretty—for a wife.

"Samuel?"

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you love me?"

"I adore you. But I won't—"

"You don't want me to be miserable, do you?"

"Certainly not."

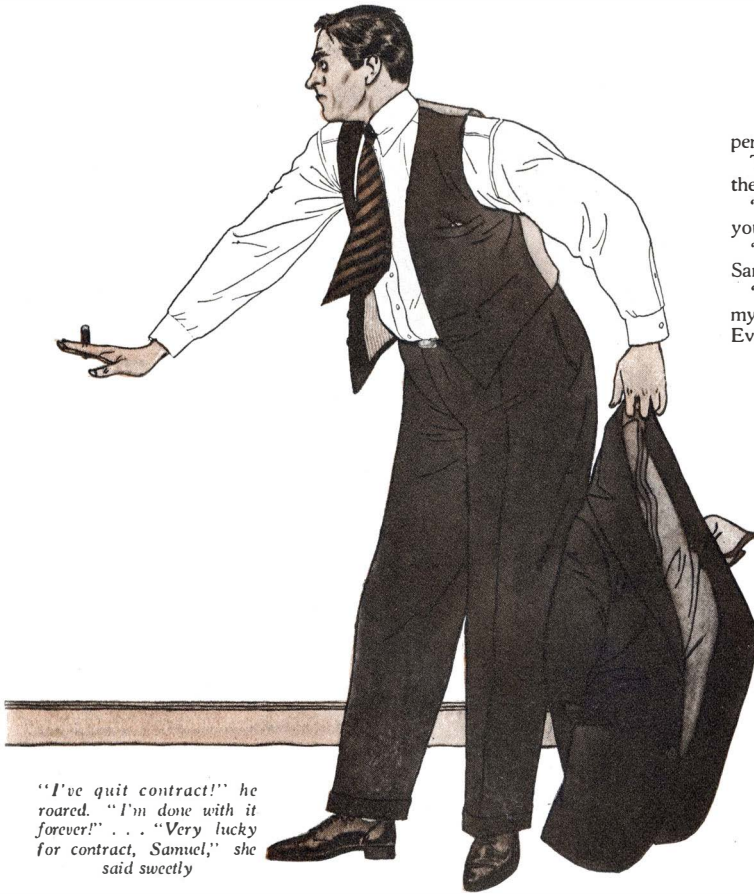
"You don't want me to be without

friends, or to feel that I am out of touch with the community—socially, I mean—do you? At night, Samuel, you and I are lonely. Have you noticed, dear, that our friends don't drop in any more? Have you thought why?"

MR. ETHRIDGE squirmed uncomfortably and lighted a cigar to hide his embarrassment. Hemurmured something about "Well, if they don't like us . . ."

"But they do like us, dear; except that they consider us *passé*. Our friends have discovered that you are antiquated—old-fashioned. They like us, but they like contract bridge better, and so they seek those homes where contract is played. Of course, Samuel, if it pleases you to have me become aged before my time I shall not argue further. But unless you are willing to accept those consequences, my dear, you will be forced to play contract. Everybody does."

He flung his cigar into the fire with a curt, exasperated gesture. "I've watched contract," he snapped. "Nobody seems to know what it's all about. Most contract games sound like a debating so-



"I've quit contract!" he roared. "I'm done with it forever!" . . . "Very lucky for contract, Samuel," she said sweetly

ciety. There is an authority for every misplay. Couples—otherwise happy—quarrel and fuss and shed tears."

"We have never quarreled, have we, Samuel?"

"We haven't played bridge together, either."

"That has nothing to do with it; and, Samuel . . . it would make me very happy to have you as a partner. You are so intelligent and you have such an excellent technical training—you know so many mathematics, and all that . . ." Her eyes took on a misty, far-away look: "Oh, sweetheart! it would be such fun playing against those snooty Farradays, who think they're so skillful." She observed him closely, and executed a tactical coup. "Would you mind if I sat on your lap, honey?"

He held out his arms, and she snuggled.

"WELL, all right," he said finally.

"But I'll tell you this: If I'm going to play that game, I'm going to play it right. I'm going to learn it from the ground up. I shall take a few lessons from the best teacher in the city. Whom do you suggest?"

She made a gesture toward the bosom of her dress, produced an engraved card, and shoved it into his hand.

"He's the best teacher in the state, Samuel. You can start tomorrow. I wouldn't be surprised if he could take you for a private lesson at exactly four-fifteen."

MR. SAMUEL ETHRIDGE—a gentleman who, until a few weeks previously, had been known for his placidity—slammed thirteen cards upon the table and glared at the haggard little woman who sat opposite.

"I will not be called a fool!" he declared.

"Oh, yes, you will. They had closed the bidding at one spade—and you reopened it. Now they've bid game, and they're going to make it."

"I had my bid."

"But no intelligence."

Mr. Ethridge turned to Mr. Farraday. "Go ahead and play the hand," he growled. "I hope you make a million."

"They will," remarked Elinor sweetly. "Thanks to you."

"My bidding was perfect."

"Of course, dear. You bid your hands

perfectly and play them superbly."

They played two more hands. Then the Farradays took the rubber game.

"You don't play discard signals, do you?" inquired Elinor.

"You discarded a trey," growled Samuel.

"And then a deuce of the same suit, my dear. High-low, you understand. Even by *your* book that invites a lead of that suit. If you had led it, we would have set them."

"I didn't see the deuce."

"Quite a handicap not to notice discards," smiled Elinor. "Really, quite a handicap."

THE Farradays departed. Samuel and Elinor stalked upstairs. He removed certain garments and then exploded.

"I've quit contract!" he roared.

"Very lucky for contract, Samuel."

"I'm done with it forever!"

"That will probably cause a great deal of excitement in better bridge circles."

Samuel sat on the edge of the bed and tugged at his shoes.

"We used to be happy, Elinor—before we took to playing contract. There ought to be a law against married couples playing as partners."

"From the way you've been acting, Samuel, I thought you were going to end that sentence on the word 'couples.'"

"I hate bridge!" he said, seeming inevitably to return to that statement.

"Only because you play it badly, dear. Even then I don't believe you hate it."

"I'll show you. I'm through with the infernal game. If our friends wish to let us alone, that's up to them. At least, I shall have the distinction of living in the one home in the city which isn't rendered hideous by bridge arguments."

IN THE weeks which followed, Elinor sighed many times, for once again their home was deserted at night. At first their friends did not believe that Samuel had actually quit the Great National Game, but as his refusal to play became almost insultingly steadfast and his manner insufferably superior, they—and Elinor—regretfully ceased to argue with him. Even her admission of her own delinquencies failed to alter his determination.

"We're happy now—that's the important thing," he would reply when she brought up the subject.

"But we can be happy and also play contract, dear." (Continued on page 76)



Jack reached out swiftly and gripped Chris by the belt. A moment later, trembling with exhaustion, he carried him ashore

His Own Kind

You cannot undo the work of twenty years in half an hour of talking

By SEWELL
PEASLEE WRIGHT

IT WAS like springing a trap with a twig; you knew the jaws would snap together, you expected it—and still you always jumped when the trap was sprung.

Jack Smith had known for twenty years that some day this would happen, that fate would spring this trap of circumstances. Yet, now the moment was here, it brought with it a distinct sense of shock, of surprise, of disaster.

"Mr. Tyson," Big Ed was saying, "this is Jack Smith. Best guide in my string, bar none. Been in this country . . . how long is it, Jack?"

"Ever since the war."

"Better than ten years, then. A real north woods bushman, Mr. Tyson."

"That's fine." Mr. Tyson did not offer to shake hands. That was like Chris; if he had changed at all, his old traits had been merely emphasized. "This



ILLUSTRATED
BY
JAMES E. ALLEN

is Mrs. Tyson," the city man added.

The woman Chris had married was slender and proud, with cool, uninterested gray eyes and prematurely gray hair, the color of platinum. She glanced toward Jack and nodded almost imperceptibly. Jack pulled off his old felt hat and fumbled with it, mumbling in simulated confusion. Perhaps if he acted the part well enough, he could continue to be just Jack Smith, bush rat and guide. That would be best.

The others started down to the shore, and Jack followed, carrying two of the numerous packs.

"How far is it," asked Chris in his cool voice, as the boat hummed away from the little dock, "to this camp?"

"Not far, Mr. Tyson; an hour's run. It's what we call the Lob-pole Camp, on a little lake of its own. With any luck at all, you should have fresh meat inside the first three, four days. It's good moose country, and the deer are very plentiful this year. And the fishing—well, you'd have to go some to beat it. The lake's good, and at one end of the lake a stream comes in down a series of falls. The fishing's always good in the deep pools there. Jack'll show you; he knows the country like a book."

JACK listened idly to Big Ed's chatter; it was all very familiar to him. Big Ed was a salesman; he had to be. The outfitting business was not all beer and

skittles, what with all the competition which had sprung up the last few years.

It shouldn't take a salesman, though, to sell this country to any man with red blood. Jack looked out across the bright water, his eyes shining. It was beautiful country, still unspoiled. The bush was clean; the thin strips of sandy beach were virgin save for the points of sharp wild hoofs and little padded feet, with only here and there a black smudge of charred wood to show where man had stopped and performed the miracle of fire.

Jack had always loved the dim, green mystery of the woods; so, for that matter, had Chris. It had been their one common ground of understanding. That

was why Jack had known, always, that some day he would meet Chris again, up here. The country was large, but the points of entry into good territory were comparatively few. It was written in the book of fate that this meeting should be.

A SUDDEN change in Big Ed's voice attracted Jack's attention. He heard his own name mentioned; he could not help listening.

"—'Maple-leaf Jack,' some of them call him, on account of that scar on his cheek," Big Ed was saying in guarded tones which evidently were not intended to reach Jack's ears. "Got that in the war. It looks quite a lot like a maple leaf, if you look close, with the stem up under his left eye and the leaf part slanting back along his jaw. Mighty fine guide, Mr. Tyson; you'll like him.

"His wife's the cook at the Lob-pole Camp, and every party she's worked for has spoken of her very highly. She's a squaw, but she's clean, and neat as a pin. They have a little camp some distance away. You'll find her very obliging and anxious to please; both of them, for that matter. Quite a number of my parties insist on having them every year. . . ."

Jack looked straight ahead, his lips pressed tightly together, his eyes bleak. He could feel the burning imprint of the scar Ed had mentioned.

That wasn't quite fair; Anne wasn't a squaw. She was only one fourth Indian; the rest was French and Scotch. But to Big Ed she was a squaw. To Chris and his wife she would be a squaw.

A squaw—sister-in-law to Christopher L. Tyson, and to the platinum-haired aristocrat, his wife!

Automatically, Jack turned the wheel, and sent the craft swinging toward the mouth of a narrow stream. Here the current was swift and black, and the hum of the motor came back to them sharply from the high shores of sheer, lichen-spattered rock, drowning out the sound of Big Ed's enthusiastic voice. Jack was grateful for that. He wanted to think.



Landing in Montreal, Jack had drifted westward and taken up with the frontier life of the little towns with the intriguing Indian names

If possible, he wanted to straighten matters out in his mind so he could see clearly, do the wisest thing. A hundred wild plans presented themselves, but none held the least promise of success. He had known that some day the trap of fate or circumstance would be sprung, and still the snap of the jaws had found him startled and unprepared.

ONLY one thing was in his favor: He had changed greatly. He knew that. There was the huge scar on his left cheek, the scarlet, puckered badge of his war service. A bit of shrapnel had done that. A pity, in many ways, that it had not . . . done more.

And he was stockier, by far; he had been no more than a stripling when Chris had seen him last; a wild, smooth-faced youngster who sang in the church

choir and often did solos, thinking of brave deeds in far, strange places as he sang. He had grown older, older perhaps than his years. The sun had darkened his face to the color of old leather and had put a bracket of fine wrinkles around his eyes. His chin had acquired a stubborn set, and the grimness of the bush had left its mark upon his mouth. The great scar lent a finishing savage touch.

Chris he would have recognized instantly anywhere, for Chris had not changed. He was still a nervous, wiry figure of a man, with searching blue eyes and a mouth which seldom smiled. No, Chris had not changed; he had merely grown older. Twenty years older.

It seemed longer than that.

CHRIS had gone to work in the bank as soon as he had finished college. He had expected Bertram—how strangely unfamiliar his own name seemed!—to do likewise, to carry on the family tradition. The Tysons had always been bankers.

But Bertram had not been a Tyson. His mother's blood was in him, and she was a McCrae. The McCraes had been politicians, explorers, fighting men, adventurers, and troupers, but none had been bankers. Bertram had worked for a time on the railroad, then as a stage-hand at one of the local theaters, and finally had taken to the open road.

Eventually, he had reached the Mexican border, just about the time the ban was placed on the shipment of firearms into that troublous state. Gun-running promised excitement, adventure. Thoughtlessly, the McCrae blood running wild, he had tried it. He had been caught. It had taken all of the Tyson influence and not a small sum of Tyson money to get him out of that scrape.

Back home again, half ashamed, he had been taken to task by Chris, as head of the family.

"Bertram," he had said in his fatherly, reproving way, "you've been acting like a bad little boy. Like an urchin. It's time you realized you have grown up; that you're a man—and a Tyson."

Bertram had been willing to listen to reason; upon second thought, he had found little cause to be proud of his adventure on the Border. But Chris had stroked him the wrong way.

"Oh, the deuce! I'm a human being, and I won't have the Tyson tag hung on me and be filed away for ready reference. What do you want me to do—come work in the bank?"

"Do you realize, Bertram, that you are speaking rather slightly of some very fine gentlemen, including your father, when you sneer at the 'Tyson tag'? Men who have borne that name and carried it, proud and untarnished, to their graves?"

THAT would have reached Bertram; he had loved his father and he was not without a proper family pride, but unfortunately Chris had gone on without observing the effect of his words.

"As for working at the bank, I'm afraid that's impossible. A bank, as you know, is a delicately situated organization. Its personnel must be above reproach. However, Mr. Clarendon, one of our depositors, is willing to give you an opportunity selling bonds, and perhaps, after a few years, when your recent escapade is forgotten—"

"You mean, in brief, that you're ashamed of me—is that it?" The McCraes were a hot-headed race. "Well, you may relieve your mind, Chris. I'll not stay here to cast any further blots

upon our fair escutcheon. I'm through!"

He had gone around the world in a tramp steamer, after that, with time out for adventure in a score of roaring foreign ports. At Maceió he had jumped a southbound ship in favor of another sailing for New York. There was a war in Europe, and he wanted to be in it. In three months he was.

AFTER that was over, he had decided to join the Foreign Legion, changed his mind at the last minute, and crossed the Atlantic. Landing in Montreal, he had drifted westward along the northern line of one of the railroads, and had taken up with the frontier life of the little towns with the intriguing Indian names.

As Jack Smith, he had become a part of the country. He had learned its ways, and he had fallen in love with a girl of the bush country. Had married her. Anne and their five-year-old son were his best-beloved possessions.

Willfully, almost savagely, Jack Smith had blunted the finer sensibilities of Bertram Tyson. He had learned to butcher game, with arms smeared to the elbows with blood, calmly and methodically. He had learned to speak the lan-

The two Mrs. Tysons! Chris's wife aristocratic, complete master of herself. . . . Anne, her dark eyes shy and filled with dismay, her capable fingers intertwined nervously before her

guage of the bush country, to act as men of the bush act, and to think, to a certain extent, as men of the bush country think. Almost entirely he had sloughed off the memories of the life he had once known.

And all the time he had been certain that some day the trap would be sprung. Even in his college days Chris had gone north on canoeing and fishing trips, during vacations. The north country was his hobby, and a bank president can afford to indulge himself.

"There's the camp!" exclaimed Big Ed suddenly. "See it, on the far shore?"

Startled, Jack looked up. They were just entering the little lake which belonged to the Lob-pole Camp. He had been following the familiar route unseeingly, automatically.

The camp was straight ahead. In a few minutes he would be there with his brother, cut off from all the rest of the world. Big Ed would take the boat back, leaving them together.

Two weeks! Men learn a great deal about each other, in the bush in that length of time. . . .

THE first two days went off with routine monotony. Mrs. Tyson was calmly delighted with the beauty of the lake and the little paths through the bush around the camp, and every morning Chris went fishing. Evenings, early, they tried for moose.

The (Continued on page 82)



YOUR TOWN CAN Save You Money

If you don't believe it is possible, read this story of one community that has given taxes a fine old trimming

By NEIL M. CLARK

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, rises to nominate Lieutenant Edgar Wright's saddle blanket for a place in the hall of fame alongside the war bonnet worn by the man who dumped tea into the harbor at the Boston Tea Party.

Lieutenant Wright commands the mounted traffic officers who preside over Louisville street corners. A month or so ago the blanket which he straps under his saddle wore so thin that even the horse felt bad about it. He discovered that the blankets of other officers were in much the same state. Plainly, new blankets were in order, so Lieutenant Wright put in a requisition for a dozen of them. Ordinarily the blankets would cost at least \$2 apiece. And why not? The money would come out of the public tax barrel—usually supposed to have a very deep bottom.

But this time Lieutenant Wright figured differently. He and the city buyer put their heads together and calculated how they could save the city money. Instead of spending \$24 for a dozen new blankets, they purchased three old army blankets for \$7.50. From each of these were cut four ordinary-sized saddle blankets. Thus a dozen officers were supplied with perfectly good blankets at a cost of 62½ cents apiece instead of \$2—a saving to the city of \$1.37½ on each blanket.

So you see why saddle blanket and war bonnet, according to Louisville, ought to hang on neighboring pegs. The owners of both were agitated by a spirit of uncommon revolt against the wasteful and hateful use of public tax money.

Things are happening in Louisville that simply do not happen, as a rule, in a city government. And that is great news for you and me, whether we live in Galveston, Tex., Missoula, Mont., or Bad Axe, Mich. For what has been done once, conceivably may be done again—and again and again.

The big news is that in Louisville, during the last two years, the taxes

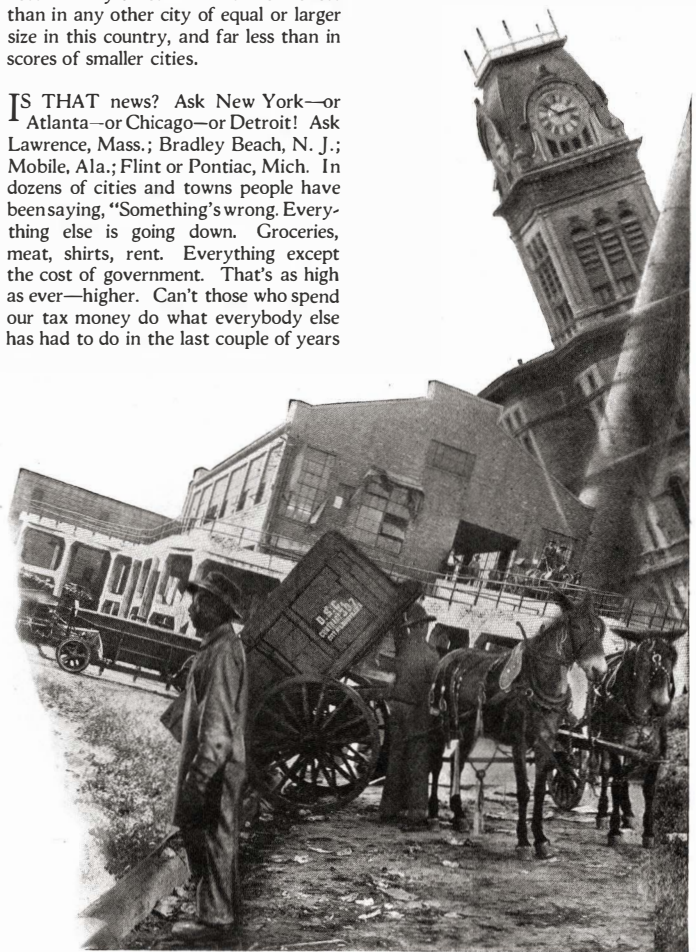
which the average citizen pays to support his home town have actually been reduced! The city government has actually been living within its cash income, practicing economy as rigidly as if it were an intelligently managed business. Today taxes in Louisville are less than in any other city of equal or larger size in this country, and far less than in scores of smaller cities.

IS THAT news? Ask New York—or Atlanta—or Chicago—or Detroit! Ask Lawrence, Mass.; Bradley Beach, N. J.; Mobile, Ala.; Flint or Pontiac, Mich. In dozens of cities and towns people have been saying, "Something's wrong. Everything else is going down. Groceries, meat, shirts, rent. Everything except the cost of government. That's as high as ever—higher. Can't those who spend our tax money do what everybody else has had to do in the last couple of years

—trim out the waste and live within income by *reducing outgo?*"

After visiting Louisville and discovering Lieutenant Wright, and many more like him, I know they can. For Louisville has done it, not by any mysterious or extraordinary plan, but simply by applying common business sense, such as any other city or town might use.

Louisville, a city of 307,745 people, has been able to do this for a number of reasons. One of these is the fact that, since 1929, the city has operated under a plan of government which centers responsibility in one man. The people elect one man, the mayor, to run the city for four years and then get out—he can-



PHOTOMONTAGE BY
BERT CLARK TRAYER



Police Lieutenant Edgar Wright, who helped save tax money for the people of Louisville by making new saddle blankets out of old army blankets. Photomontage shows some of the city's items of expense

not succeed himself if he has served a full term. He appoints his heads of departments, just as the head of a business does, and he can fire them at a minute's notice if he wants to.

The people also elect a small legislative body, consisting of twelve aldermen who serve for \$100 a month, and one public official besides the mayor, known as the comptroller and inspector, who is the public's watchdog in the City Hall. He is elected two years after the mayor, so that his term overlaps two administrations. He has the authority, and it is his duty, to investigate the management of every city department at least once a year and report publicly on it, with suggestions for improvement.

This arrangement is simple and effective.

Up to 1929 the tax rate of Louisville, like that of almost every other community, had been suffering growing pains ever since the war. It had jumped from \$1.85 in 1920 to \$2.40 for every hundred dollars of assessed valuation.

When the financial tornado struck in 1929 and 1930, business throughout the

country took in sails. Salaries were reduced, unnecessary people discharged, expenses cut to the bone. Mayor William B. Harrison determined that it was only common business sense for Louisville to do the same.

IT WAS in the latter part of 1930 that real financial danger signals for the city began to appear. People were a little less prompt than usual about paying their taxes. There were many delinquencies.

"Next year may be worse," warned the mayor. And so appropriations were chiseled more carefully than usual, with the result that the tax rate for 1931 was reduced from \$2.40 per hundred to \$2.34. Not a great amount, but headed in the right direction at a time when any reduction was enough to make a "good" politician turn over in his grave.

Louisville got through 1931 without a deficit, living strictly within its cash income. In fact, there was a surplus. But the danger signal was still up. Obviously, further cuts would have to be made in 1932. City departments were told what

a pruning knife was for. And, as a result, the tax rate for 1932 was reduced to \$2.23, an 11-cent reduction from 1931.

Nobody, however, could lay a safe bet on what 1932 would bring forth—whether taxes would be paid promptly enough, and in sufficient amounts, to keep the city going. Like every other city, Louisville has its share of unemployment and distress tax delinquency. So Mayor Harrison and his administration decided to conserve cash to the limit. They made a provision which has proved a master stroke of public economy and has enlisted every fireman, clerk, garage hand, street sweeper, and policeman, to say nothing of higher officials, in a war on the waste of public money.

City salaries were not actually cut. But—get this!—beginning January 1, 1932, 10 per cent of every city employee's pay was suspended—held back. Even those who possessed statutory and inviolate salaries volunteered to take the suspension along with the rest.

"You don't get it," city employees were told, "unless—"

And therein (Continued on page 88)

Can You Hear a Pin

Those of us who can't, have learned that eyes can substitute for ears and that even being deafened has some advantages



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PLUMER, INC.

"Just a little louder, please"—a magic formula for the deafened

I SAT in a stiff little upright chair while the doctor peered at my eardrums. I continued to sit there, staring at the wall, when he arose, walked a few steps away, and began calling numbers in a low voice. I was to repeat them—as long as I could hear.

"Seventy-six."

"Seventy-six." That one was easy. He moved a little farther off.

"Forty-three."

Fainter now, but still I caught it.

"Forty-three."

Another step back.

"Sixty- . . ."

The last figure was just a ghost, lost in the fog. I couldn't hear it, and so I shook my head.

The doctor came back and sat down beside me. Gravely, frankly, he told me the truth: I was *deafened*. My ears had lost half their hearing power. I was condemned to a world of near silence.

Calmly we talked it over. Probably we joked about it. I could still hear laughter—if it was loud enough.

I knew a good deal about ears, for I was a doctor, too. In medical school I had often handled those three tiny, fragile-looking bones—hammer, anvil, and stirrup—that help transmit sound to the brain. I never thought that my own would be in troublesome day.

Now, with my general medical knowledge and my friend's specialized skill, we went back through my childhood "history," looking for clues to the cause. Calm, disinterested; two doctors looking at something as if through a microscope.

I'd never had ear trouble—no aches,

no running ears following neglected colds, measles, scarlet fever, or other childhood infections. No one had pulled or boxed my ears. There had been no amateur doctoring with fluids. No prying hairpins had scratched the canals and delicate drums.

We were never able to answer that simple question, "Why?" There were two slight leads: first, an acute sinus infection which had cleared up rapidly; second, that fatigue which always results from a period of years at college, medical school, and hospital without proper intervals of rest. Possibly these were the causes of what happened to me. But we weren't sure. Doctors have a lot to learn about the vagaries of the human ear.

My trouble was obstructive, or catarrhal, deafness. Was there any hope that the condition would clear up and my normal hearing return? None. Neither nature nor science could revitalize the ineffective tissue inside the ear structure and restore the acute perception of sound which I had lost. The doctor told me that frankly. My medical training and my common sense told me the same thing. Well, that was *that*. I thanked my doctor. We shook hands. I got my hat and coat, walked out of his office into the twilight, and began to plan some changes in my life.

It wasn't so easy nor so orderly as it sounds. For a while I had a pretty bad time. Every time I saw a symphony concert poster in a shop window my lips tightened. Good-by to all that! The sight of a bird annoyed me. I remembered how the robins outside my window used to waken me on April mornings. Well, their noisy chirruping wouldn't bother me any more.

Every sound I heard was a challenge. Every conversation was a strain. To make matters worse, my ears developed noises of their own, an alternate buzzing and ringing that made hearing more complicated.

AT NIGHT I lay awake, contemplating the bright future that might have been, tossing restlessly, counting the hours till morning. No, I didn't consider suicide. Deafened persons rarely look to self-destruction as the way out. But I worried myself to nervous exhaustion. Would my hearing grow worse? Would I become a social outcast? What would become of my family if my earning power diminished?

In a few weeks I came through this dark period to the cold daylight of

Drop?

By

HUGH GRANT ROWELL, M. D.

common sense. Despair and self-pity wouldn't pay the rent nor the grocer. I took stock of my assets. My general health was good. I had friends. I had a loyal, devoted wife. I had a good medical education.

My first decision concerned my work. I might have faced the complex problems of a practicing physician with second-rate ears. But the public prefers to place its life in the hands of a doctor who is physically perfect himself. I never really wanted to undertake private practice, and a first-class opportunity decided me to enter institutional and educational work.

The position was that of health director in a large city. I told my prospective employer frankly about my defect, and got the job.

SO FAR, my career as a deafened person had consisted of receiving the bad news, going through a terrific emotional strain, and then getting down to business. The transition period was comparatively easy for me, I realize now, because I faced the facts. Some deafened persons have a much harder time, often because they refuse to face them.

One man I know wouldn't accept the doctor's verdict. One doctor, he reasoned, couldn't keep abreast of all the newest scientific discoveries. Surely, somewhere, there was a specialist who could restore his ears to par again.

He became a "tourist," wandering from one doctor's office to another, paying \$5 to \$50 for examinations. At length he heard of a so-called specialist who claimed to have developed a new way of relieving ear troubles. There are plenty of such men. Eagerly he called this doctor's office on the telephone to arrange an appointment. A businesslike secretary told him the doctor was booked up for three months ahead, but she would arrange an appointment for the following November.

He waited, with mounting hopes. Meanwhile, a booklet arrived through the mail, describing the "specialist's" methods of revitalizing impaired ears, giving a list of distinguished patients, with testimonials. The booklet was convincing enough to anyone who didn't understand that a physician just doesn't send out such stuff unless he wishes to risk being classed as irregular by his fellow practitioners.

When the appointed day arrived, the man went to the doctor's office an hour ahead of time, waited his turn in a luxurious reception-room, and finally met the "specialist." The examination was brief. The prescribed treatment—ever so secret, ever so mysterious, ever so

expensive—would cost \$1,000. The hopeful patient took it—and paid. He is still wondering when that money will bring dividends in hearing.

Any honest medical man could have told him he was a victim of a charlatan—one of those dwellers in the medical twilight zone who have mulcted millions of dollars out of credulous deafened persons; one of those so-called specialists whose treatments have been branded as unsound by the American Medical Association and the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing.

But he wouldn't listen. Still he sought the unattainable. Two years ago he read in a newspaper that the sudden changes in air pressure encountered by airplane passengers had been known to restore hearing to the deafened. He spent \$50 riding the sky at high altitudes, but all he got for his money was the view. If anything, his ears were further deafened by the roaring propellers.

I saw him only the other day. He was carrying in his pocket a small box of ointment made from some kind of oil "obtained at great expense from a secret spot in the Fiji Islands." Periodically he rubbed the stuff behind his ears; still living in hope; still waiting for a miracle.

LUCKILY, I had no such illusions.

But when I had passed through that first trying period of readjustment, I may have believed that my problem was solved, that in those few weeks I had learned all there was to know about making the best of a pair of disabled ears.

I soon found I had only begun. As long as life moved in a narrow groove between home and office, everything was comparatively tranquil. But once that routine was broken by a railway journey, a dinner party, a contact with new people, complications arose.

Railway journeys begin at the ticket window. You'd be surprised how many questions the clerk can mumble. One way or round-trip? What train are you going on, the five o'clock or the six-fifteen? Upper or lower?

Now, I can't afford to engage in any such cross fire. Long experience at railroad ticket windows has taught me to make my wants so definite and explicit that I won't have to strain my ears to catch mumbled queries and hold up the traffic behind me. Here's the way I do it:

"I want a one-way ticket to Chicago and a lower on the five o'clock train this afternoon. If you haven't got a lower, I'll take an upper."

That leaves no room for questions. All the clerk has to do is take my money, slip my tickets through the window, and

wish me a pleasant journey.

In the observation car I find myself sitting next to a sociable stranger, and another problem arises. Shall I answer him gruffly and crawl into my shell? Or shall I pretend that I hear everything he is saying and try to bluff my way through?

I'VE tried both these methods and they're no good. I don't want to be a hermit. I like to hold up my end of any conversation that promises to develop interesting ideas. I want to be a normal, sociable human being. But bluffing doesn't solve the problem. My friends used to say to me, "Don't tell a soul about your hearing. You can still get by. Keep it to yourself."

I never followed this advice, but others have tried it for a while. They find it doesn't work. Sooner or later people get wise to you. One of the first things I say to a stranger is this: "Just a little louder, please. I'm a bit hard of hearing." Said with a smile, this is a magic formula.

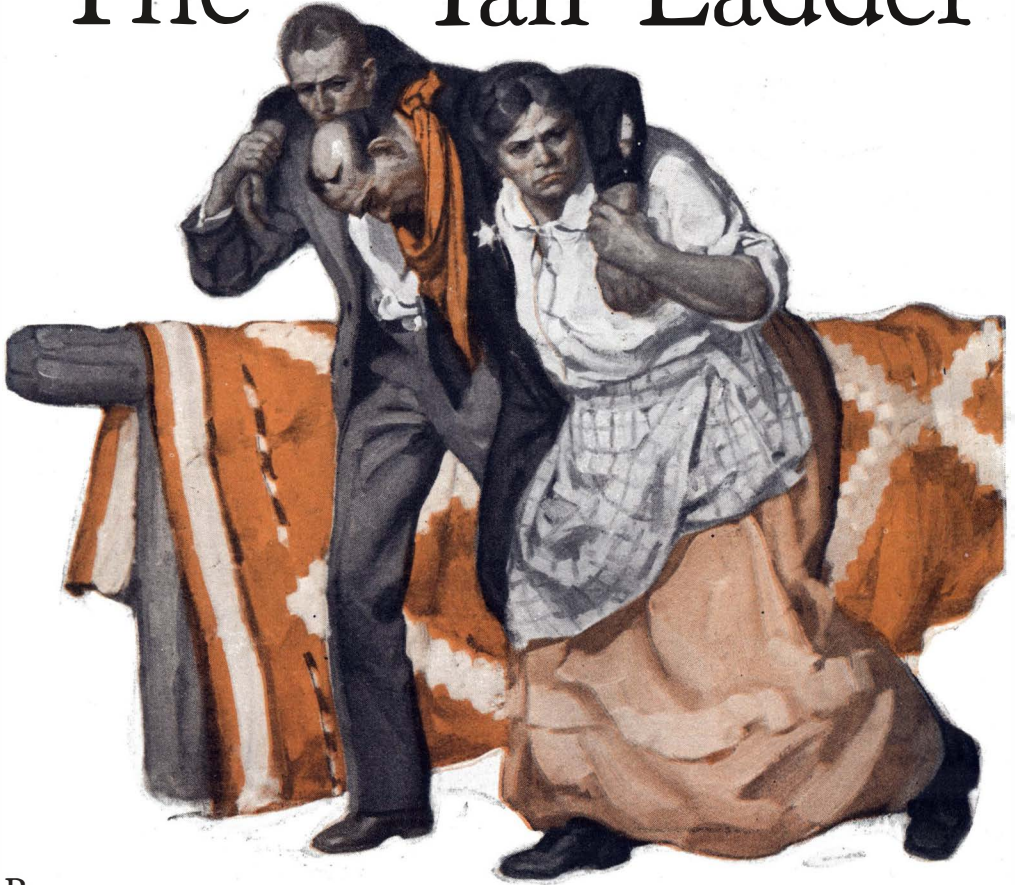
Intelligent people are quick to readjust their voices to my hearing range. Sometimes they overdo it and shout loudly. Tactfully, I tone them down. The important thing, I tell them, is to speak clearly, distinctly, at fairly close range. Amusing situations grow out of the efforts of some persons to help me hear.

"What on earth are you doing with your face?" I asked a friend. "Are you by any chance practicing your singing lesson?"

"Why, no," the young lady replied in some confusion, "I was exaggerating my lip movements so you could read them."

"Be yourself," I told her amiably. That phrase best expresses the advice I would give to anyone who
(Continued on page 116)

The Tall Ladder



By
KATHARINE
NEWLIN
BURT

JEFFERSON WAGER held Julia Oliphant close.

"You're enough to make a man cry in the night, and laugh and strike at the dark," he told her. "You make a man dream of your softness and wake to your hardness . . . and yet you show a deep, unfaillin' sort of gentleness for such folks as Jasper Clere . . . whatever you was to him once. . . ."

"I was his wife," said Julia.

And then he put her away from him . . . and walked out and closed the door.

Julia went unsteadily across the room to the window to see him go. Then she saw Ma Orme follow him down the trail, her right hand wrapped in her skirt.

Julia's marriage to Jasper Clere had ended in bitter failure when Clere was convicted of a stock fraud and sentenced to prison. She secured a divorce. Shortly afterwards she promised to marry Locksley Greene, an old friend of John Oliphant, her father; but on the eve of the wedding day she discovered that he had been partly responsible for Jasper's conviction. And so she fled West, alone.

The Flying O Ranch, deep in the cañon wilds of Wyoming, caught her fancy, and, purchasing it from the owner, Seth Gaynor, she began life all over again. On her very first day as empress of her own kingdom she rescued from the clutches of the law a mysterious bandit whom she thought to be Joe Carr, a noted fugitive from justice. Giving him the name of "Jefferson Wager," she set him up as foreman of the ranch. From the near-by town of Coyote, Julia procured tyrant-faced Ma Orme, Ma's helper, Maisie, and several others to help her start ranching on a strictly business basis. Jasper's prison term had come to a close, and, in

the hope of making amends, she sent for him and put him in charge of the horse-raising.

Jefferson Wager was frequently seen riding off into the hills alone. Julia began to suspect him, and one early morning she decided to follow him, despite Jasper Clere's warning to her of the danger that might arise. She discovered that the purpose of Wager's mysterious trips was to keep a rendezvous with a man hiding in the hills above the ranch.

Upon returning home that afternoon she found that Locksley Greene had arrived in his car from New York to take her back East. She not only refused to go, but demanded of him an explanation of his treatment of Jasper. His answers were unsatisfactory to her.

Jasper Clere left the supper table that evening rather than eat with Locksley Greene, and at dawn the next morning he ran both Greene and his chauff-

A hunted man joins forces with a woman whose will has conquered fear



"Nothin' of the sort," Ma snorted in answer to Julia. "I know more about this sort of a wound than most docs you'd find in two days' huntin'"

fear off the ranch at the point of a gun. It was later that morning that Wager pleaded his cause with Julia and asked what Jasper had been to her. And then he had left her and headed for the bunkhouse, followed by Ma Orme. A half-hour later Ma Orme entered Julia's office.

be here afore sundown. You see, that man you call 'Jefferson Wager' ain't and never was Joe Carr." "How can you know?" "I had ought to know, seein' as I had the raisin' of Joe Carr till he was sixteen years of age. I'm his mother." Now go on with the story. . . .

THEN who, in the name of wonder," Julia whispered, after a breathless pause, "is Jefferson Wager?"

"That's for the sheriff to find out," replied Ma Orme. "But whatever the name he answers to, he's the man that killed Leigh Price and rid himself of young Joe Carr."

But no man had, in fact, Julia reminded herself, been drowned in Hiding River. No man had accompanied Jefferson Wager in his desperate climb up the side of the steep river bank. No man but Jefferson Wager himself had worn the yellow scarf and the gay scarlet shirt. Surely it must be a living and protected Joe Carr, then, in the hills. She would tell Ma that presently. But first she must think, think hard. Fast. Decisively. If Wager were not Joe Carr, the weakling, soft toward women, but if, nevertheless, he had worn Joe Carr's conspicuous "duds" and now kept Joe Carr in hiding, then, truly, Wager must be the stronger villain, the killer. "He did the killin'," Wager had said, "and I'm the thief." Reverse that, by looking-glass methods, and she must have the truth.

A killer. He had lived for three months, day and night, at Flying O. Its foreman. Only a short time ago, he had held her in his arms and kissed her mouth. And he had showed restraint, foresight, strong feeling, and imagination that would have been remarkable in any man as young as this one and, in this one, outlaw and ignorant, had been extraordinary.

A sudden question leaped to Julia's tongue: "Why did you tell me?" "You're thinking that I'd know your first action would be to warn Wager? Well, ma'am, he's made his get-away already, and of course you might ride after him, but it would make your situation kind of awkward with the sheriff. And it ain't so easy just as it now stands."

And "Ain't that the truth!" Julia's startled mind ejaculated, a light sweat breaking out on her forehead at the picture of herself, Julia Oliphant, detected in, confronted with, a lie.

"Then ag'in," Ma's rich and ruthless voice continued, while her acute eye watched for a dimple that was conspicu-

ILLUSTRATED BY
SAUL TEPPER

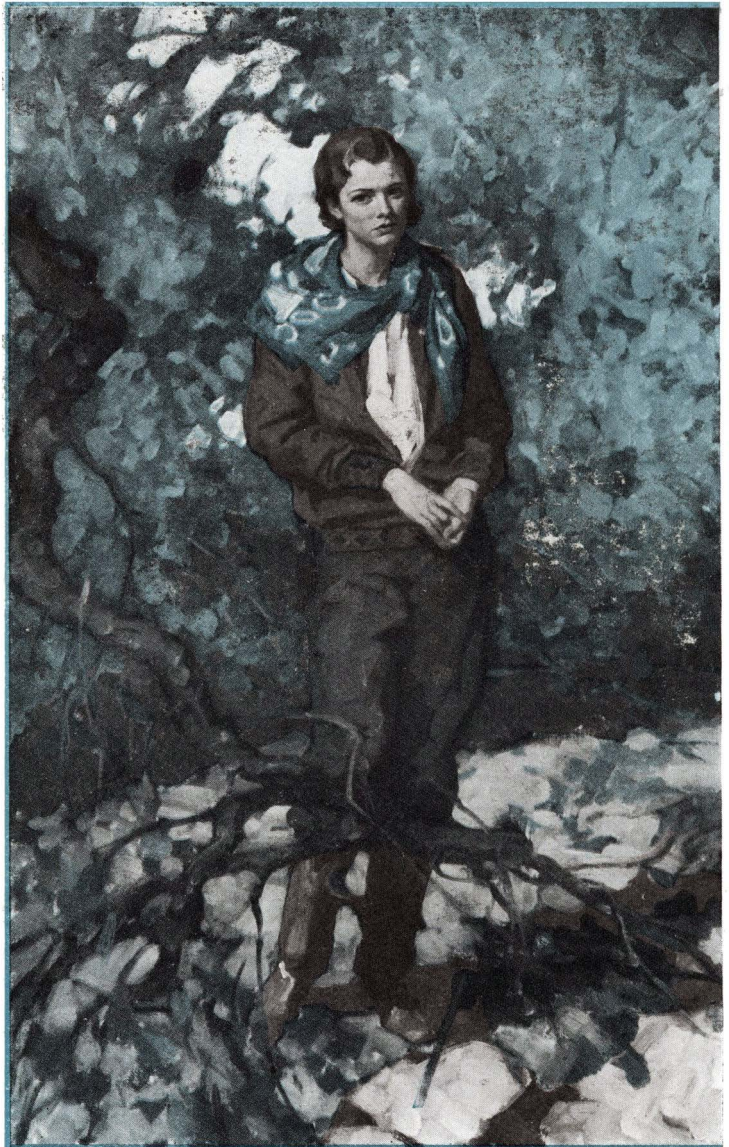
ous for its absence, "you *might* send out some of the boys, but that'd get them in wrong all right. Folks kin be jailed for—*col-loosion* . . . that's the word."

Jailed! Julia's wrists evaporated. Well, thank the Lord, it was her own car that had gone down into the river. She would not be arrested for that piece of vandalism. But she *had* lied to the majesty of the law; she had balked and bewildered its justice. She had aided and abetted one criminal, they might perhaps say two, in evasion and escape. Collusion . . . partnership in crime. . . She heard herself, in an unconscious effort, probably, to keep Ma's eye somewhat diverted from her own uneasiness, stammering irrelevantly, "And Maisie . . . I suppose . . . is concerned through you."

"MAISIE," said Ma, "is Joe Carr's wife. At least, he told me so when he sent her to me a couple years ago. He'd wed her, and he'd found her kind of shiftless and hard to care for, and he says, 'She's a better age and temper for your lickin's than I am, Ma. See if you can raise her,' and sent her on in. I ain't never had to lick her but once't, and that was when she begun to make eyes in that absent-minded way of hers at a town feller that come in to Coyote to sell tombstones. She's been right good since then."

Julia went out of her office merely to escape Ma's eye, but no sooner was the door closed and she herself free from the uneasiness it caused her, than it began to tell her something. It was an eye of riotous elation, and the tongue beneath it had been loosed by secret triumph. Suddenly she knew the reason for both the elation and the triumph: Jefferson Wager had not got off into the hills. Ma had wanted her to believe that, but it wasn't the truth. Julia, herself, had seen Ma following him steadily, stealthily, with her right hand hidden in her skirt. There had been no shot. But wasn't there a legend in Coyote as to brass knuckles? As Wager bent to buckle on a spur, Ma coming up from behind on those noiseless feet of hers . . . Yes, she had struck him and dragged him off and tied him up . . . webbed him as a spider webs his living prey, and saved him, cannily hidden and gagged, to be delivered over to the sheriff—that sheriff now on his quick way into Hiding River County.

Julia walked quietly over to the main



cabin and into her bedroom, where she made herself conspicuous putting away some clothes. She did not want Ma to guess at any part of her sudden inspiration. Then, moving very fast, she got herself out by the far door and, skirting the wooded lake edge, went towards the corrals.

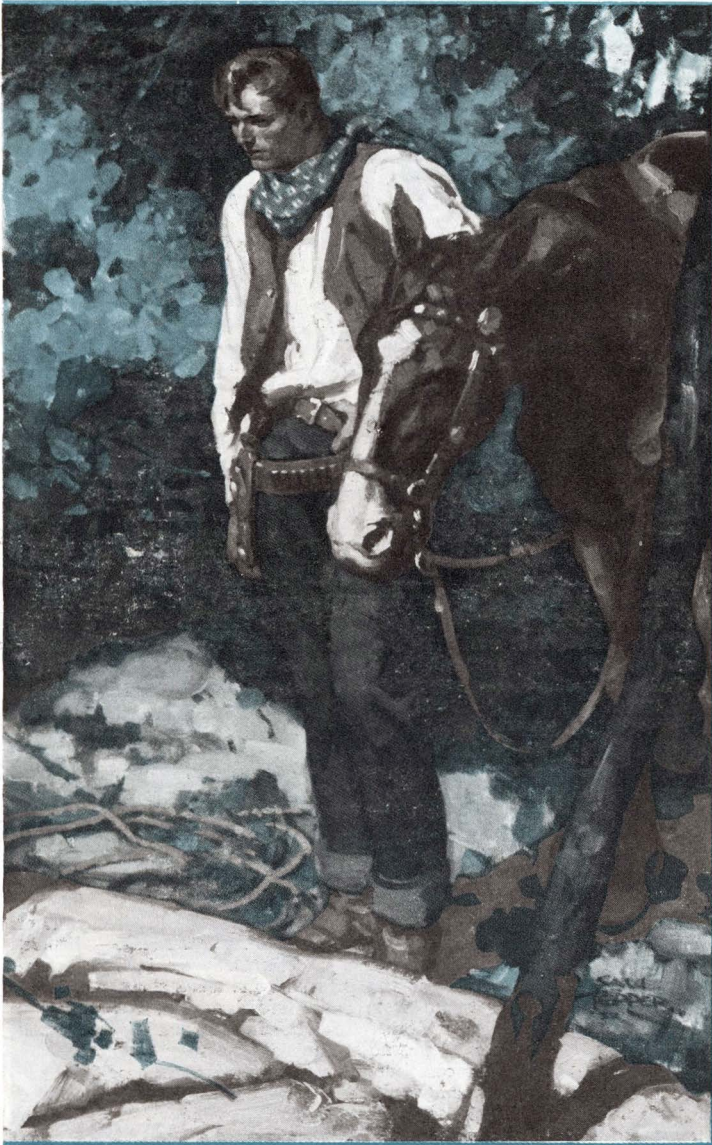
"If I don't find him at once," she decided, "I'll tell Ma that she has set the sheriff on her own son, Joe Carr, hiding out in the hills, under the protection of Jeff Wager. But I'd like to be sure of it first. I can . . . I must find Jefferson at once. He's not far away. He can't be. Ma couldn't drag him far. It wasn't more than three quarters of an hour ago

he left me." And again she put her hand across her lips.

At a point opposite the corrals, she left the lake edge. Here the stream that made so loud a music to her lonely cabin windows, after making an abrupt curve away, ran through a deep, tangled gully into the lake. In some such near-by tangle Ma would have hidden her prisoner.

Pushing through it, branch-whipped and muddy-booted, Julia heard, not far off, a pony stamping and a faint jingle of harness . . . a stirrup iron . . . a buckle or a chain.

Julia stood and listened, with the lifted head of a dryad, all dappled, half with shadow, half with light. The day



*"I figger Ma sent for the sheriff,"
he muttered. . . . "I better get
me up into the hills"*

tightened on Timber's bridle, the other sought the automatic in her pocket.

The creature came slowly, with pauses and queer spasmodic breathing, an animal that had been hurt. The willows swung jerkily and parted, and she saw Wager's face. It was bound across the mouth by a red handkerchief, and above this it was dazed, pale, and wrenched, with a look of strained concentration in its eyes. She hurried towards him, parting the willows, holding out her hand to his aid. He caught at it awkwardly and pulled himself a little from his crouching pose, his face lightening. He had been bound around and around with ropes, some loops of which still hampered his movements; he could move his legs only with difficulty and constraint. He looked numb, paralyzed, body and mind. The gag was tied painfully across his teeth inside the lips and was biting into their corners, filling his mouth to suffocation. From this she instantly freed him, and he gagged and spat and worked his mouth about, easing its muscles.

"GET me my knife, ma'am, from the right pocket," he besought her thickly, and used it on his bonds. Free, he went straight to Timber and began to fumble at his hackamore.

"I figger she sent out for the sheriff," he muttered, still with a dry and swollen tongue. "I better get me up into the hills."

"Wait a moment, Wager. She struck you?"

"Yes, ma'am. Hadn't it been for the sun comin' out sudden, I'd never knowed nor cared what hit me. I was close to the saddle house, bendin' over bucklin' on my spur, when the clouds broke, and jest beyond the shadow of the roof I seen the shadow of an arm lifted, with a big, bony, lumpy-lookin' fist. I had jest time to drop forward in the direction of the blow, which took some of its force, and play dead. She had me roped and gagged that quick . . . jumped me like a jaguar . . . I never seen a bulldozer throw and tie faster. But, not bein' altogether knocked cold—owin' to my fallin' the way of the blow, savvy?—I had a chance't to pull in a big breath and tighten up my muscles as hard and large as I could make 'em—like an acrobat taught me when I was a boy. I hadn't heard her comin'. She walks like an Injun . . . flat feet, toein' in."

He had *(Continued on page 102)*

had begun gray, with an evenly covered sky, but a wind had torn it into flying clouds. That pony was on the other side of the stream, somewhere amongst the willows a little higher up, at the foot of a steep ridge.

SHE waded the stream and tore her way along it and then up. After a bewilderment of slashing branches and uncertain footholds, not without danger, for these mud holes could be deep and sudden and of a sucking tenacity, Julia came to a little space of green where, tied to a single pine, rusty with swamp death, she found her quarry: Wager's horse, Timber, accoutered for riding, Wager's chaps across his saddle.

But this was not Wager himself, nor was Timber a dog, to lead her certainly to his master. He would be far more likely to seek his own friends on the range.

She stood, hesitating, listening, rubbing the pony's nose, murmuring to him some of her own distress. Not at her speech, he pricked up his ears, snorted, and pulled back.

Something large, low-bodied, clumsy, was coming toward him through the willows. Their tops were shaking. Julia inevitably remembered bears. She had seen them often enough in the berry patches late at evening or before sunrise—dark, lumbering shadows, swinging their low heads. One of her hands

How Many FRIENDS Have YOU?

JOSEPH
CUMMINGS
CHASE

*who has hundreds,
tells what makes and
what holds them*

IF YOU can grow rich in friends you will never be poor.

A young friend of mine who has written a score or more of stories since last he sold one, has been getting along bravely on one meal a day for some time. Head up and smile on, he continues pounding out stories, being "up against it" but yet not *feeling* poor. His telephone is not in working order, and a few days ago he dropped into my studio for a bit of a chat.

Yes, everything was fine. Jack was full of energy and sure that the story he was working on was a little better than anything he had done in his palmist days. But I dug out of him the fact that he hadn't sold anything for months. My cigarettes had run out a few minutes before Jack came in and I asked him if he had one. Out came a package, or, rather, half a pack of them. I took one, saying jokingly, "These hard times cut down the smokes, don't they?"

"Here, take these, old man," he said. "I won't need any more today."

"No," said I, putting the pack back in his pocket. "Tell me the truth, kid, how much money have you got?"

"Oh, I'm all right," he assured me. "I can let you have enough for a square meal."

"I don't want it," I told him, "but I insist on knowing exactly how you're fixed."

Jack dug down and produced two one-dollar bills and some small change. "You see, I'm all right for a few days, and I have a hunch that my last story is going over. You can have part of this just as well as not."

"No, sir!" said I, hatching a plot in my mind to get in touch with the editor to whom that story had been submitted.

We talked about what a tough time some chaps were having; talked hopefully of the days to come; talked laughingly of the jolly days gone by; and Jack left me to get back to his typing.

As soon as he was gone I discovered his pack of cigarettes, which he had craftily left on my easel where I would see it when I began to paint. My first impulse was to run after him and hand him his smokes, but I thought better of it, knowing that Jack had *enjoyed* his giving. It had not occurred to me that my light remark about hard times cutting us down on cigarettes would be taken as anything but a joke, and I was touched when a few minutes later a boy delivered at my door a package containing three packs of cigarettes and a penciled note from Jack. The note read, "Have a great big dinner on me, old pal," and to the note was fastened a one-dollar bill!

That lad, sharing his last bits with a friend, felt truly wealthy.

THE consensus of a number of bass-voiced friends of mine elected the three most desirable assets of a human being. They are: bravery, good taste, and ability to love and to be loved. They are the elements of friendship.

With such an equipment for living, what adventure, what comradeship may be found along the highway of life!

A wise man said, "While it is impossible to believe in the infallibility of anyone, it is restful to believe in the integrity of someone." That word "restful" suggests the serene dignity of belief in a friend, No indecision here, no meandering of approach, no consciousness of being critical or finding fault. Friends are made and held by appreciation, for friendship is appreciation.

We can't make ourselves care for anything or anybody. Either we do or we don't. But there are plenty of delightful reasons why we like our friends and why their friendship makes work desirable and play with them heartening.

Among the friends I have prized over many years, I have sensed certain qualities, grave and gay, that make them indispensable to me; qualities that vary tremendously in the different men, that personify them, that ripen and mellow more or less, but are persistently dependable. Naturally, these friends for the most part are men of the arts—writers, painters, actors, sculptors, musicians, and so on. Quite a number of us form what may be called a group of friends, enjoying the same club, dining together, chatting together, playing to-

gether. The ties between us are strong.

In all of them I have observed that each friend senses the worth of the others; not entirely seriously nor jovially, but with an understanding that is indulgent and not censorious.

True comrades accept one another at face value. My friends look good to me just as they are. It is an Anglo-Saxon word—the word "good." And it means "that which satisfies a need." It carries no implication of immaculate or angelic aloofness. My author friend, Irvin Cobb, for instance, couldn't get his shirt on over a pair of wings, and still he is the Irvin Cobb of the long ago. We traveled hither and yon to political conventions, he to write the running story and I to sketch more or less likenesses of Theodore Roosevelt, William Jennings Bryan, Chauncey Depew, and the rest of the lot—and then, as now, Cobb was the same marvelously entertaining, persistently working, wingless Irvin.

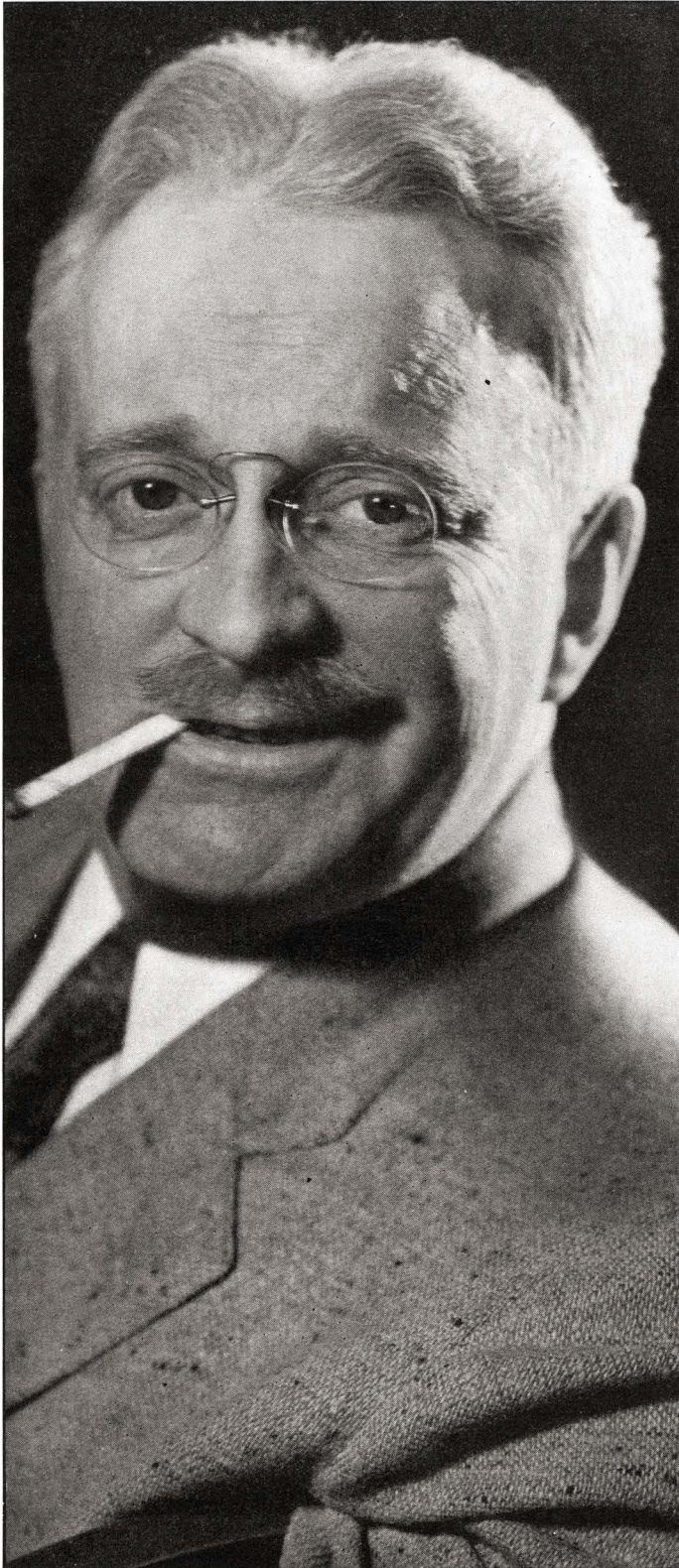
Absence of "side," "high-hat," cocksureness, assumption of importance, is another mark of my friends.

"Jimmie," I said to Mr. James T. Powers—who to me is the funniest comedian under one hundred years of age on the American stage—"Jimmie, I'm bothered. Fact is, I'm writing some intimate things about my friends, and that's dangerous, but what I'm really afraid of is that my readers will be thinking no mere portrait painter could possibly have the good fortune to know you familiarly enough to call you 'Jimmie.'"

"If you dared call me anything else," encouraged Mr. James T. Powers, "I'd—I'd—I'd knock your bloomin' bally block off. It's when my friends take liberties with me that I know they like me."

WITH the absence of "high-hat" there is also the absence of envy, jealousy, dickering or bargaining. There can be no such business between hearts. When one of the group of my friends comes through with a successful book, or play, or painting, the rest of us rejoice at the recognition accorded him, rejoice at his prospect of financial returns, and rejoice most of all at the encouragement to him as an artist.

At such times we find our "successful" friend invariably and amazingly humble. Bob Sherwood and Marc Con-



PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT CLARK THAYER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

A distinguished portrait painter, Mr. Chase finds that the most desirable assets for making friends are bravery, good taste, and the ability to love and to be loved

nely and George Kaufman write plays that are hits; Gari Melchers, artist, acquires another prize for a painting; Charley ("Ci-Gi") Norris writes a best seller, and Lincoln Steffens produces another; Walter Hampden, actor, completes a successful tour with his large company; Lawrence Tibbett, baritone, gets a new contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company and blossoms in the talkies as well. And when we tell them how happy we are about it they stammer with modesty. They hesitate a moment, and then all they can say is, "I'm awfully glad you like it."

THERE is no evidence among my friends that affluence or the lack of it affects the sincerity or the contentment of friendships. This may be somewhat due to the fact that all creators in the arts are dyed-in-the-wool gamblers, taking chances with their work which the business man would never consider in his. Knowing perfectly well that a certain kind of output done in a certain manner will be salable, there is a sincerity of heart which induces the real artist to try yet another manner if he *feels* that a better product may be possible thereby, and chance the matter of sale.

Nevertheless, friendship seems to be one of the few things that remain immune to financial depression or boom. Between friends all times are good times. When Fenley Hunter, the explorer, arrived back from the Arctic the last time, he ran over to Kentucky to see his old schoolmates and then returned to settle down with a few of us who are his buddies (including his fellow explorers, Vilhjálmur Stefansson and Sir Hubert Wilkins). The well-known depression was a topic of conversation, and Fen's part in the discussion was an illustration of his own friendly brand of philosophy: "When I asked the fellows down in Covington if this depression thing was botherin' them to any great extent, they jes' said, 'Well, we figger that now that we've got so much more time, we've got jes' that much more time in which to enjoy ourselves.'"

A man who has made friends and held them does not hang his head nor whimper when the Fates turn against him. When I attempt to telephone one of my friends it may be to discover that his telephone service has been "cut off." Such a catastrophe would be, for some business man, humiliating, but my friend who finds himself in that predicament knows *(Continued on page 100)*



*When one is twenty-three there's always a chance
of meeting . . .*

Someone Special

By BROOKE HANLON

TED sang in the bathroom. Whit sang in the living-room, searching for the tie he had cast off there the night before. Renie sang in the kitchen, timing Whit's eggs. Whit liked his eggs boiled, Ted took his scrambled, and Dad preferred his poached. It was like them to be that way, when they knew she had to be downtown, crisp and alert, immaculately

white as to gloves and straight as to stocking seams, at nine-thirty. Nevertheless, Renie sang. She slid two poached eggs onto a hot plate and retrieved a tray of raisin-bread toast which was just about to burn. Whit clamored if he didn't have raisin toast with his boiled eggs; Ted liked soft white rolls, heated, with marmalade.

"A kiss in the dark . . . in a cab . . . in a park," Renie caroled, improvising haphazardly, one eye on the clock. Some day she was going to change

all this. Some day—not today. Her vacation started soon. She'd have three long, glorious, care-free weeks at Crest Haven with Jean Witte. None of this mattered. She flipped eggs gayly.

It was in her bedroom, later, that Whit exploded her song. Whit's eyes stayed so blue and his straight hair so blond that he seemed younger than his fourteen years.

"Dad says he hasn't money for the cottage at Coon Lake this year," he said ruefully, sitting on the edge of her bed.



"Hasn't he?" She stitched on carefully at a break in the seam of her glove. It was true. She hadn't heard the usual summer talk of Coon Lake. But she'd tried to push it into the back of her mind. Dad had been under heavy expense the past year, with their mother's long illness and her death. "Oh, he'll scrape it up, somehow," she reassured Whit uncomfortably.

She held the thought of Crest Haven in her mind snug and secure. She could see her bank book, with its neat line of figures.

But she cast an anxious glance at her father on her way back through the dining-room. He looked tired, even at the beginning of the day. He hadn't looked really rested since that day, nine months before, when they'd all come back from the cemetery, frightened and panicky and broken-hearted, and trying desperately to hide it from one another.

"Whit's school exercises are tonight," he said as she kissed him. "Like to go, daughter?"

"Oh, Dad. Isn't that like me? I have an engagement."

"That's all right," he said immediately, kindly. "Ted and I will take them in."

Renie went on downtown to her job of comparison shopper for Delmuth's. Somehow she felt on the defensive.

"There's a shift in the vacation setup," Miss Landers said then, the moment she got in the store. "You're to go July fifteenth, instead of the seventh. Is that all right?" Miss Landers smiled.

"THAT certainly clicks," Renie thought ruefully, slipping the list of things she was to shop into her bag. Dad always had his vacation July fifteenth. Her father and mother and the two boys had started for Coon Lake every July fifteenth as far back as she could remember.

"I don't care," she thought rebelliously. "I can't be expected to give up my vacation. And I hate camping!" Her three hundred dollars would swing it, of course. She frowned. "What did Mother ever get out of it? Cooking. Washing dishes. Cleaning fish!"

But she knew, walking in the sunlight

The boys, under O'Brien's direction, had the car unpacked in a few minutes

of Fifth Avenue, what her mother had got out of it.

"I do enough." She stiffened her defensive, lurching home in the crowded subway. Fatigue was marked in shadows under her blue eyes now; it was drawn in a single line across her forehead. She had countless things to do, in addition to her job: Checking the laundry list. Sewing buttons. Mending socks. Dusting the corners that the cleaning woman always missed. Making up the grocery list each night, so that Ted could leave it on his way to his law classes next morning.

"I do enough," she reminded herself, fitting her key into the apartment door lock. "And I hate camping."

That clinched it, seemingly. But it was one of those evenings. . . . Whit was dressed and shining for the school exercises. Ted sang, splashing in the bathroom.

"The potatoes are on," her father said

ILLUSTRATED

BY

HERBERT PAUS

helpfully in the kitchen. "I sliced peaches and whipped the cream. I've got the broiler hot, honey."

"Good egg," she approved, giving him a glancing kiss. "Now go in and read your paper."

"H'lo, Gloria!" Ted looked in on her, pink from shaving. "Say, that Witte woman downstairs left these for you." He deposited a packet of booklets on the table. He surveyed himself approvingly in the glass door of the kitchen cabinet and smoothed his hair back. "Said to tell you to look'em over."

RENIE turned the gas down over the steak and stole a hasty glance at the Crest Haven literature. She saw a stretch of lake, girls perched on diving boards, trees. She saw smooth tennis courts, a shaded bridle path. "Two orchestras—" she read sketchily. "Saddle horses—I can't give it up." That nagging argument had been going on in her head all day. "It's my only free time."

But there was no need to flourish this gay vacation literature in front of the family. She thrust it hastily between the leaves of an old cookbook.

"Dad!" she called. "Ted! Whit!"

The radio dinner music from a downtown hotel chose to be tranquil that evening. A cool breeze stirred the curtains of the dining-room. The boys looked clean and serious, waiting for their servings. Whit, who was rehearsing a civics speech he was to deliver that night, opened his eyes at intervals and grinned.

"Seems to me you've taken your school work more to heart this year, youngster," Renie said idly.

Whit opened his eyes. "Say, anybody'd work for old O'Brien," he said expressively.

"What are you doing tonight, daughter?" her father asked.

"Just going over to the Beckers' with Walter Prescott," she said, "for bridge."



"Is the Prescott boy getting to be something special?" Ted cocked an eyebrow at her.

"No. Nothing like that."

IT WAS true. There was nothing special about Walter Prescott. Everything about him, in fact, was particularly un-special. There was nothing special about Lee Danielson, or Perry Whiting, or any of the boys who turned up at intervals to take her places. One went out with them—well, just to have boys about. Men, the men she knew, were disappointing.

After all—she faced it honestly—that was why girls liked to go to places like Crest Haven. When one was twenty-three, there was the imminent chance of meeting someone special. It was hanging, tremulous, in the air. "This winter has been dull—but next summer— Next summer!" No, she couldn't give up Crest Haven.

Somehow, words were coming from her, then. Perhaps she had known all day that they must come.

"Coon Lake," she suggested, with a little gulp. "Seems to me I haven't heard any camp talk from you chaps this summer."

"Not this summer," her father said hastily. "Next year, perhaps."

"I have three hundred dollars saved." It went on. "Suppose I throw it into the family budget and we all go. I—I'd just as soon—"

"Yip-pee!" Whit's howl rent the air. It drowned the dinner music.

"Now—" Her father began a protest.

"Look here, Dolores—" Ted looked at her anxiously.

"Greta!" Whit yelled. "Good old Greta!"

He had her neck in a strangle hold. At moments like this, or when they wanted something from her, Ted and Whit always gave her the name of a reigning movie favorite.

"Let's call it settled." She was surprised that her voice could be calm when her heart was thudding so heavily with disappointment. "You go ahead and get the cottage, Daddy, won't you?"

"If you really feel—" He looked at her doubtfully.

"Look here, Gloria—" Ted looked at her, too.

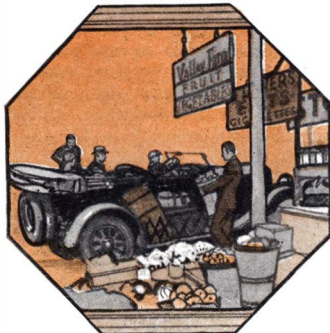
"Yip-pee!" Whit shot like a rocket into the air, settling it. "Coon Lake! Yip-pee!"

HER head ached next morning, and her heart was still heavy. She decided not to go to the store, where the girls would be crowding around, talking vacation plans, where she'd have to go out to lunch with Marion Leader and Peg Davenport and have them ask, enviously, for the latest Crest Haven plans. She tucked her hair carelessly into a knot, and rubbed cold cream on her face. She began putting the apartment to rights.

At half past nine Jean Witte came rushing in.

"I met Ted downstairs and he told me you were in," Jean said. "Grand and glorious! We'll have all day to talk plans. Tell me, what do you think of this garment?"

She held a fragile blue evening dress up to view.





He didn't care, apparently, whether or not she waited to see the moon. "Go on in, if you're tired," he said lazily. She settled herself then, and was still

Say, he had an offer from the Minneapolis team and turned it down. He'd have made the majors easy. Everybody says he would."

"A rancher!" Renie's voice went high. "A school-teacher! A Babe Ruth—" Her teacup crashed into her saucer and she laughed. "I'm to operate a summer boarding house, am I?"

"WHAT'S eating you?" Whit inquired, puzzled. "Do you mean you don't want O'Brien? Say, you haven't even seen him."

"I haven't even seen him!" Renie agreed, her voice higher. She regained control of herself then. "What's the use?" she asked despairingly. "If you and Ted— If Dad thinks— Oh, what is the use!" Her hands spread.

"Daughter," her father said that night, "if I had stopped to think— I should have asked you—"

His eyes were asking her pardon, asking her to say that everything was all right.

"It's all right." She said it tonelessly. "One more won't make any difference."

Of course, one more *would* make a difference. He'd be a guest. She'd have to prepare special dishes and cater to his whims. She'd have to see that the boys didn't lapse too far into barbarism in front of this school-teacher. She'd have to rescue this school-teacher from her father's frequent, and sometimes too long, discourses on the business cycle. She'd have to talk when she felt like being quiet, and be quiet when she felt like talking.

Renie's resentment crystallized, and directed itself toward Roger O'Brien. She found herself buying stocks of paper tablecloths and napkins in place of the new fitted bag she had promised herself—dozens of cheap swim towels in place of a new evening dress—a huge vacuum jug in place of the beach pajamas that (Continued on page 90)

"That's—that's all off for me, Jean." Renie fingered the material. The thumping that was in her head seemed suddenly to concentrate behind her eyes. "I'm going up to Coon Lake with Dad and the boys. It's the only way they can go. I mean, Dad hasn't a lot of money this year and—"

Jean stared at her. "I think you're crazy!" she exploded. "You spend your entire year waiting on them every spare minute and then—"

"I suppose I am crazy," Renie agreed listlessly. "Don't let's talk about it, Jean. I'm sorry to let you down."

Her eyes were on the fragile blue frock.

"It isn't that," Jean said. "It's you . . . I mean, Enid will go with me if I ask her. But, oh, Renie," she wailed, "think of all those marvelous brokers and things up there spoiling for attention! Think of whole polo teams—Cynthia Tate met them—going to waste! It's just shameful. It's more than they can expect of you, darling. Why should you spend your whole vacation drudging in an out-of-the-way—"

"Let's not talk about it," Renie pleaded. "I've told the boys, and I can't back out now. You and Enid go. I—"

Jean went down the stairs at last, storming inaudibly.

WHIT, reveling in freedom from school and in thoughts of Coon Lake, crooned all over the house. He had fishing tackle out and tennis rackets.

"This one, Rene, has got to be re-strung," he bellowed. "Say, where on earth are my old khaki trousers? Renie, did you see my sneaks any place?"

He wasn't much help to a headache. "Don't be a wet blanket about it." Renie took herself to task. "If you're going, you know, you may as well do it cheerfully."

SHE helped Whit find his camp clothes. Her head kept thumping.

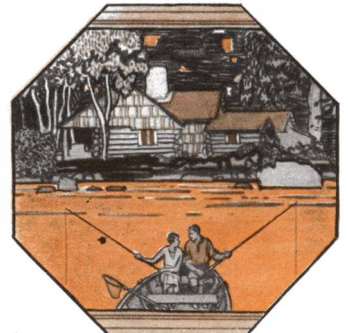
"Say, did Dad tell you—?" Whit remembered something while they were having a sketchy lunch at the kitchen table, and it was something which widened his grin and set his blue eyes dancing. "Old O'Brien's coming with us! Dad met him last night, and he liked him, too, right off. Say, everybody likes him. Ted, too, and you know how he is—"

"What do you mean, Whit?" Renie looked at him, her eyes opaque.

"Old O'Brien," he elucidated. "Gosh, he's coming up to Coon Lake! The civics bird. Dad asked him—it's a fact. Golly, did I hold my breath! He said he'd come, though. He said, no use of a school-teacher going out looking for a job this summer."

"Whit—" Renie's voice was hard and hostile. "Do you mean to say Dad asked a—a stranger to go up to camp with us! A perfect stranger, around and in the way, for me to cook and work for? As if things weren't bad enough— Do you mean—?"

"Now, listen—" Whit frowned. "Old O'Brien isn't a stranger, not by a long shot. Dad knows him, and Ted, and I do, too. Stranger, say—some stranger. He can do everything. Wish you could see him dive. He played baseball on his school team two years and he has a letter for track. He's lived on a ranch.



You're as Old as You Act

*And here's a chance to study
yourself under the micro-
scope and find out
your emotional
age*

By
ALBERT
EDWARD
WIGGAM

MOST of us who have passed the twenty-one-year mark firmly believe we are full-grown adults. If someone says to us, "Oh, be your age," we refuse to take it seriously. We are mature, responsible, wise, and dignified. Surely we have put away childish things.

But are you and I really as grown-up as we like to think?

Look at the people about you, your friends, relatives, neighbors, business associates. Observe their actions. Can you find one among them who does not

display childish and even babyish actions occasionally that irritate others, get him into difficulties, retard his progress, or cost him the respect of others?

There are the boasting business man who displays his money and possessions, the wife who pouts and whimpers when she can't have her way, the confirmed practical joker, the clerk who is tied to apron strings, the matron who dresses like a schoolgirl, the spoiled husbands, and all the rest. You know them all.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
FLUMER, INC.

Each is an adult in physique and appearance. Only, certain mental processes have failed to grow up. Each

has one or more emotional streaks of childishness.

But now turn the tables about. Have you ever considered how you appear to other people—whether you have traits that seem childish to them? Have you ever asked yourself, “Am I really grown up? Are my thoughts and actions as mature as my years? Exactly how old am I emotionally?”

The other day I tried to examine myself in that way. The attempt left me with misgivings and bewilderment. I had no accurate yardsticks with which to measure myself. What seemed grown-up to me might really be babyish.

“Just how am I to know,” I wondered, “whether I am acting my age?”

I took that question to an authority who, I was sure, could tell me if anybody could. He is Dr. David Mitchell, a distinguished consulting psychologist who lives in New York and whose scientific advice has aided thousands of business men, parents, school-teachers, and young people in solving their problems. For years his chief job has been to teach people to face life’s situations like real men and women.

Doctor Mitchell answered my query by giving me a test consisting of fifty questions. These questions appear on this page. Try them on yourself. You’ll find it not only entertaining but helpful in sizing up accurately your own emotional habits. If you answer the questions thoughtfully and honestly, you can compare your emotional age with that of other people. And you can put your finger on the most immature parts of your mental and emotional make-up.

Doctor Mitchell explained to me some of the reasons why people fail to act their age, and indicated how certain immaturities may be prevented or remedied. To put it in his own words as nearly as possible:

PROBABLY no one desires to be an altogether-perfect grown-up at all times. It is just as well. There are moments when it is a fine and invigorating relaxation to cast away dignity and cut youthful capers. I know one middle-aged business executive who now and then revives his youthful spirits by roller-skating up and down the sidewalk with the boys and girls of his neighborhood. Another borrows a sled, when the snow is on the ground, and has a gorgeous time coasting “belly-whopper” down the hill. I have seen a gray-haired woman jumping rope, and a sedate editor down on the floor playing with electric trains.

Such things never hurt anybody. It is the pronounced and habitual streak of childishness—and sometimes it is much more than a merestreak—which does the damage, cramping a person’s abilities and retarding his progress. The difficulty is that most persons fail to recognize such a streak in themselves.

How to see if you really are grown up

If you want to find out just how nearly you are acting your age, and how you rate in emotional maturity, try this test prepared by Dr. David Mitchell, distinguished psychologist.

Read each question carefully and answer it honestly to the best of your ability. Opposite each question to which your answer is “Yes,” place a check mark. You will notice each of these questions is followed by a number. That is your score. After you have finished your answers, add up the scores for the questions you have checked. Then divide the total by the number of check marks. That will give you YOUR AVERAGE score. Finally, turn to the table on page 117 to see how you rate as compared with other people.

1. On being introduced to a group of people, do you feel at ease and readily think of appropriate things to say?..... 80
2. Do you worry about what you would do if you lost your job?..... 20
3. Do you find greater satisfaction in mingling with people than in reading about them?..... 60
4. Do you seek for hidden motives in friendly acts?..... 10
5. When there is a desirable end to be attained by exercising great self-control, can you do it?..... 90
6. Are you self-conscious and unhappy among a group of people better dressed than you?..... 40
7. Do you refuse to carry old griefs and grudges?..... 70
8. Do you usually find fault with people who are being discussed?..... 10
9. Are you able to discuss sex questions in the same unconcerned way as other questions?..... 100
10. Do you worry a good deal over past mistakes?..... 30
11. If you're up against irremovable obstacles, do you remake your plans calmly?..... 80
12. Are you unhappy if you are not the center of attraction?..... 10
13. Are you appreciative of other people's efforts, giving due credit to worth-while performance?..... 100
14. Are you distressed by fear of accidents and plan how you would meet emergencies?..... 30
15. Do you attempt new tasks without instructions and ask for advice only after failure?..... 70
16. Do you settle arguments on the basis of facts, disregarding your own and other people's beliefs?..... 90
17. Do you want what you want, when you want it?..... 10
18. Can you accept and use constructive criticism?..... 90
19. Have you what you consider a good sense of humor?..... 50
20. Are you frightened when delivering a speech, but able to control your voice and present your ideas logically?..... 60
21. Do you feel that you have a fairly good line on yourself?..... 100
22. Even at a favorable time are you afraid to ask for a raise?..... 0
23. Does mingling with a crowd of strange people make you feel lonely and ineffectual?..... 40
24. Do you make up your mind decisively at the right time?..... 80
25. Are you fairly at ease in the presence of the opposite sex?..... 60
26. Do you let sales people persuade you to buy against your better judgment?..... 30
27. Do you think of tactful things to say when others are ill at ease?..... 70
28. Do you, when irritated, say things for which you're sorry; then do not know how to make amends?..... 10
29. Do you carefully weigh your courses of action and reach conclusions which satisfy you?..... 90
30. If there is an accident on the street, are you one of the first to offer help?..... 50
31. If your plans are opposed, do you coolly look for the reasons and try to overcome them?..... 80
32. At a reception do you seek to meet the important people present?..... 50
33. Do you first say “No” to any proposed change in the established way of doing things?..... 40
34. Do you bring out the best in others?..... 100
35. Do you easily feel slighted?..... 40
36. Do you start new tasks when the time should be given to old ones still uncompleted?..... 50
37. Do you make and retain friends?..... 70
38. Are you immediately prejudiced against a person who reminds you of someone you do not like?..... 30
39. When responsibilities are placed upon you, do you accept them cheerfully and try to meet the requirements?..... 80
40. Are you inclined to brag about what you have and what you have done?..... 0
41. Do you refuse to read books or see plays or moving pictures which are harrowing?..... 30
42. When you have many tasks to perform, do you arrange them in order of importance and complete one at a time?..... 70
43. Are you fazed when anyone watches you at work or play?..... 30
44. Do you find moderate satisfaction in just being with people?..... 60
45. Are you irritated, when driving a car, if a smaller car passes you or travels directly in front of you?..... 20
46. Are you undisturbed when people do wrong, but aim to discover the reason and persuade them to do better?..... 90
47. Are there a number of people you want to get even with?..... 10
48. Do you enjoy playing practical jokes?..... 40
49. Do you feel uncomfortable going to the front seat of a theater or church?..... 50
50. Are you poised and calm in the face of emergencies and do you feel quite able to meet them?..... 100

If they did, they could easily get rid of it.

One of the chief causes of adult childishness goes back to youthful training and habits. Almost every day I talk with grown men and women who have never learned to think and act for themselves. They have intelligence, good health, sound livers and hearts, yet their lives are all awry because they have never got out of the chrysalis stage of their emotions. For this parents usually are to blame—parents who themselves have never grown up enough mentally to realize that their first duty to their children is to wean them away, make them stand on their own feet, and build up their own worlds.

A woman of high intelligence sat in my office recently and argued for an hour trying to prove to me how necessary it was for her to make all of the decisions for her sixteen-year-old son—his choice of neckties, shoes, socks, underwear—even the choice of his girl friends. She tried to tell me that she was doing it “for the boy’s own good.” But I happen to have met the lad. He is one of the most pampered, helpless youths I ever saw. He goes into manhood without ever having been taught to use his judgment about anything.

Such a mother very likely was responsible for the difficulties of a business man in his early thirties who came to me not long ago for help. By pull or otherwise he had managed to land a fairly responsible executive position with a large wholesale house.

“I don’t have much trouble managing the smaller details of my job,” he told me, “but when it comes to really important decisions, I am helpless. I simply don’t know how to make them, and I have to go to my wife or to some friend and get them to decide for me. But they are beginning to get wise to me in the office; they won’t stand for a man who can’t decide for himself. And if I don’t do something about it soon, I’ll be out of a job.”

I tested him with much the same questions I have given you here, and found he was below the average in emotional age. By practicing certain suggestions which I gave him for overcoming his immature kinks, he is learning to stand on his own feet.

OFTEN fathers are to blame. How many times a prosperous business has gone to ruin after the “Old Man” who built it has died. In a few years the sons have run it on the rocks. People say, “Well, the boys never had the old man’s ability.” Nine times out of ten that is not it. They had greater advantages, more opportunities, better schooling than he. The real reason is that the “Old Man” never taught them to grow up mentally or emotionally, never compelled them to make their own way. They learned to carry out his instructions, but when they went up

against the exacting situations an executive has to meet, they went to pieces. They had not learned to act their age.

Some months ago I encountered a man who had been coddled and ruled by his mother until he was twenty-two years old. Then his mother died, and almost immediately he found someone else to lean on. He married, and while his wife did not desire particularly to dominate him, she found it necessary because of his emotional immaturity. Then, after ten or twelve years of marital servitude, he began to wake up and rebel against his wife’s rule, and eventually thought he was in love with another woman, a woman also willing to decide his problems for him.

He came to me and insisted that I decide for him what he should do! I directed him to list in one column all the reasons he could think of for continuing with his wife, and in an opposite column all the reasons for the opposite course. Then I forced him to make his own decision. He decided for himself to continue with his wife, and with some coaching he was able to increase his mental and emotional age sufficiently to gain his wife’s cooperation and respect. As a result he is not only happier in his home life, but he is more effective in his business.

AQUITE different type of childishness is seen in the chronic practical joker. I know a man of national prominence who has given much of his time to making other people miserable. One of his favorite jokes is to attach to a door a contrivance whereby a pailful of cold water pours down upon the first person to open it. Another is something new in chicken dinners. Inside the whole roast chicken, before it is placed on the table, he carefully arranges a spring contraption in such a manner that later, when the host begins to carve, the chicken will jump bodily off the dish.

No doubt you know many like him. The fellow who puts a turtle between the bed sheets; the one who pulls a chair out from under you, or puts vinegar in the coffee. They are not acting their age—and this even though they may have national reputations in their chosen vocations.

When adult men and women go to extremes in dress they are not acting their age. They are mere adolescents back in the mating years of life. I know a sales manager fifty-one years old who every morning spends from fifteen minutes to half an hour before the mirror studying the cut of his clothes, the set of his tie, the trim of his hair. Such attention is natural for boys from fourteen to the early twenties, boys who would rather die than fail to make a hit with their best girls, but it isn’t natural for the boys’ fathers. When your son or daughter says, “Dad, be your age,” or “Mother, you are no longer a girl,” it’s well to stop and listen.

Among the flock of grown-up children is also the boaster; always talking about himself, his money, and his achievements. He is simply a grown-up boy bragging about how many times he can chin himself, or how many marbles he has won.

A neighbor on a street where I once lived was like that. If someone on the block bought a new car, he immediately bought a flashier and more expensive one, and then boasted about it. He bought a piece of land adjoining his house so that his lawn might be twice as large as any other on the street. The one time I visited his home he entertained me by telling me what he had paid for his house and lot, his car, furnishings, draperies, shrubbery, and what it was costing him to put his son through college.

Bad taste? More than that. Childishness, which turned an otherwise decent and likable citizen into a fool.

The ways in which grown-ups can and do act like children are almost endless. There are the people who cherish ancient, worn-out grudges. They think it is a sign of pride and courage. Consider, for example, the childish mountain feuds that were carried on generation after generation, until nobody had the slightest idea what started them. Because nations perpetuate petty grudges, we continue to have puerile wars. Almost every day I meet people who for years have carried some little ancient quarrel or some little insult they have magnified out of all proportion.

Then there are the persons who nurse griefs. Grief in adults is natural and reasonable, unless carried beyond intelligent limits. But the other day there came to me a woman who, five years after her mother’s death, was still a nervous and emotional wreck. She displayed a pathetically childish lack of control. And I know another woman whose husband died many years ago, but who still keeps his chair and his place at the table. When she has guests, she frequently bows and smiles toward his chair as though he were actually present. She even keeps at his place a glass of ice water.

IF YOU suspect that you sometimes fail to act your age, the first and best step is to take stock of yourself and diagnose your case by means of the test questions I have given here. When you have done that, go carefully over each of your answers. Look back into your life and your training and see if you can discover where your unfortunate habits and actions really started. Very often this leads at once to the remedy.

Cultivate the happy medium of moderation, sanity, and common sense in everything you do. These are the wise counsels of mature healthy-mindedness. They will make you worthy of more responsibility, give you the respect of your fellows.

A SHIP'S DOCTOR

talks about his

JOB

By FRANK STEWART, M. D.

ALL visitors ashore!" The babel of voices is deafening. The last warning gongs sound. The gangways are slung off, and the big S. S. Leviathan, her flags flying and bands playing, swings slowly out into the river and heads for the sea. To you it's the start of a transatlantic crossing. To me, the ship's doctor, it means the taking over of a large new medical practice.

For the next six days the medical care of the more than two thousand residents of this floating village is up to me and my staff of a dozen assistants and nurses. The crew, for whose physical well-being I am also responsible, are the "natives" of our sea-going resort, and you passengers who come blithely aboard on sailing day are the "summer residents," with leisure on your hands.

I hope you won't be sick on the voyage—and most of you won't be. But I know from experience that about one in ten of you will want to consult me about real, imagined, minor, or serious ailments. My shingle is out—"Chief Surgeon"—over the door of my offices amidships as I write. Sooner or later every ill that flesh is heir to turns up here for treatment.

Like every doctor in a small community, I enjoy to a considerable extent the confidence of my patients. It seems to be human nature to tell the doctor things that you can't or won't tell your sweethearts, husbands, or wives. Often I am called on to break bad news. But just as often I am the one to be told the good news first.

For instance, a well-known golfer—conspicuously a bachelor, wedded to his game—fractured his arm the first night out. He had dashed to the rescue of a pretty girl who had missed her footing as the ship rolled, and tried to save her from falling down the companionway into the dining saloon. They came to my office together—she to be treated for bruises and he for the fracture. They had never met before. The last night at sea they looked me up to tell me their secret—they were going to be married as soon as they landed. The wedding wasn't made public for at least a month, and created quite a newspaper sensation when it was finally announced.

Naturally, my knowledge of what goes on at sea does not all come to me from the sick. The "glory hole"—the quarters of the vessel's service staff—is well provided with the news of the day, and the officers quickly get word of anything interesting or important. Also, as chief surgeon, I take my meals at the head of a large tableful of passengers. As a friendly ship's officer, I hobnob on deck and in the public rooms, picking up shipboard acquaintance with you. With most passengers, a uniform is as good as a formal introduction: "Do tell me what



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

If you take a sea voyage, there's one chance in ten you'll want to consult the ship's doctor. Doctor Stewart is chief surgeon of the liner Leviathan

your three gold stripes and two red ones stand for? I'm such a landlubber that I don't know!" Some folks, however, get fun out of pretending that they're shipwise and know all the ropes, and wouldn't ask if they never found out.

CONTRARY to a popular impression that a doctor's life on shipboard is made up of lounging in a deck chair all day, eating and drinking plenty, and enjoying ten hours of undisturbed sleep at night, my day's routine on the Leviathan is a full one. It runs about like this: from 9:00 to 9:30 A. M., office hours for the crew; 9:30 to 10:00, for third class; at 10:30, for the cabin passengers. At 11:00 I take part in Ship's Inspection. The captain leads off, followed by the chief engineer, myself, and the chief steward—each of us the responsible head of one of the four divisions of the service: deck officers, engineering staff, medical staff, and the huge corps of men who do the house-keeping aboard ship.

While you are enjoying your mid-morning cup of bouillon on deck, we make our rounds. We enter any cabin unoccupied at the time, to see that it is shipshape—clean, dry, and tidy. We look at the public rooms, inspect the cook galleys, ice boxes, butcher shops, and storerooms. At twenty minutes to twelve the skipper leaves to shoot the sun and I make my round of sick calls. In the late afternoon I have office hours again and make more sick calls. Part of my afternoons and all of my evenings are my own. But, like any medical man in a small community, I am subject to emergency calls any time of the day or night.

And I must be prepared to treat (Continued on page 86)

Junior Partners

Tink and the Baylor twins turn detectives

By HOWARD
BRUBAKER

YOUNG Sergeant Randall of the State Police bumped down Apple Tree Lane on his motorcycle one chilly spring day and came to rest at the door of Tinkham's Garage. The proprietor, Burnley's gifted motor mechanic, had recently moved his shop to this sequestered nook, having sold his location on the Post Road at a pleasing figure. He had made this change for the remarkable reason that he wished to get away from automobiles and have a little peace and quiet.

The officer now addressed that portion of the lean and lanky anatomy which was visible to the human eye:

"Tink, how come you got such a rotten piece of road down here?"

From somewhere under the hood of a car came the following harsh noises:

"I thought"—*bang! bang!*—"it would keep away some of these"—*bang! bang!*—"hick cops."

Tink's assistant, the youth called "Pickles," who was washing some object in a pail of gasoline, tried to conceal his pleasure. He was proud of a boss who could treat policemen with disrespect.

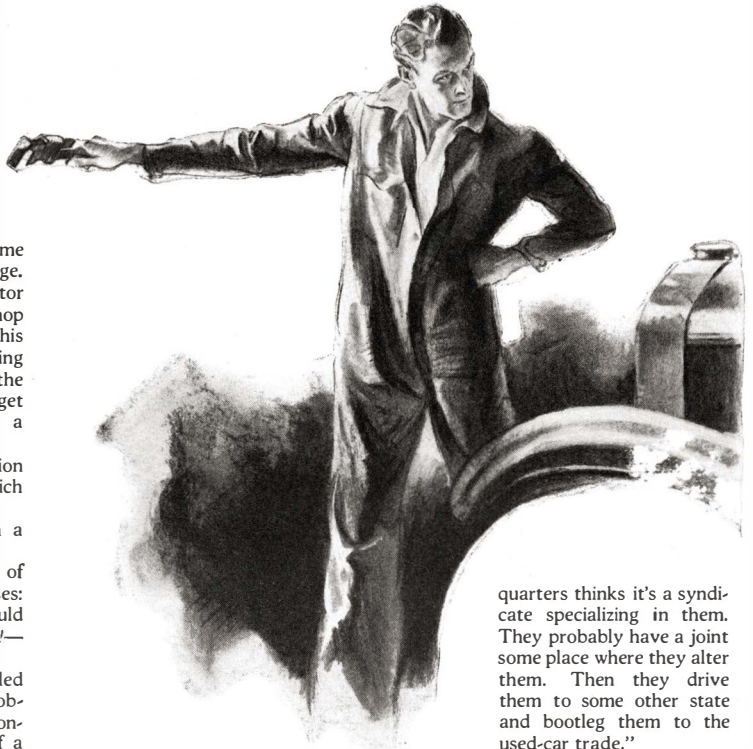
This blond and curly-headed cop was much admired by young lady motorists, but his face was no treat to Tink, who came out of his job only when good and ready.

"I've got a little piece of work for you," the officer said. "You claim you can examine a car and tell a lot about its history. Here's a chance to do your stuff."

"Tell me all."

"A car was found early this morning at the side of the road on Oak Street near Joe Seeley's place. It's an old Queen touring job, not cracked up or even out of gas. The license plates are counterfeit; a party in Chichester has these numbers and his car is all right. So far, nobody has reported a stolen Queen to any station in the state. I want you to examine it thoroughly and see what you can find out about it," Sergeant Randall concluded. "The department will pay you for your time."

"What's the idea, Slicker? The owner



would report the theft."

"Maybe not. Something happened last night." The officer looked mysterious. "I'm putting two and two together."

"How much did it add up to, Sherlock Holmes?"

"Three blocks from where this car was found, Molly Shrewsbury's brand-new Yankee Six was stolen from her garage. It's an even bet that the guy that stole it left this bum Queen."

THE fun was over for Tink now.

"That's a tough break for Molly. She showed me that coupé the other day out in front of Hank Hillworth's law office, where she works. She was so proud of it I didn't have the heart to tell her that a Yankee motor is made of low-grade cheese. All paid for, she told me, out of her savings."

"And no insurance—that's the worst part. She's all broken up. She phoned me this morning and I've been assigned to the case. There's been a lot of stolen Yankees in the state lately. Head-

quarters thinks it's a syndicate specializing in them. They probably have a joint some place where they alter them. Then they drive them to some other state and bootleg them to the used-car trade."

"The Yankee Snitching Corporation. The company must have been short-handed, though, or they wouldn't have discarded the Queen."

"If the Queen was stolen, too, we'll get a squawk from the owner at some station before night. Otherwise, I'll bring the old bus around in the morning. If I could clear up this job, it would help me a lot with the department and—so on."

"So on' being a pet name for Molly Shrewsbury," said Tink, who had heard rumors.

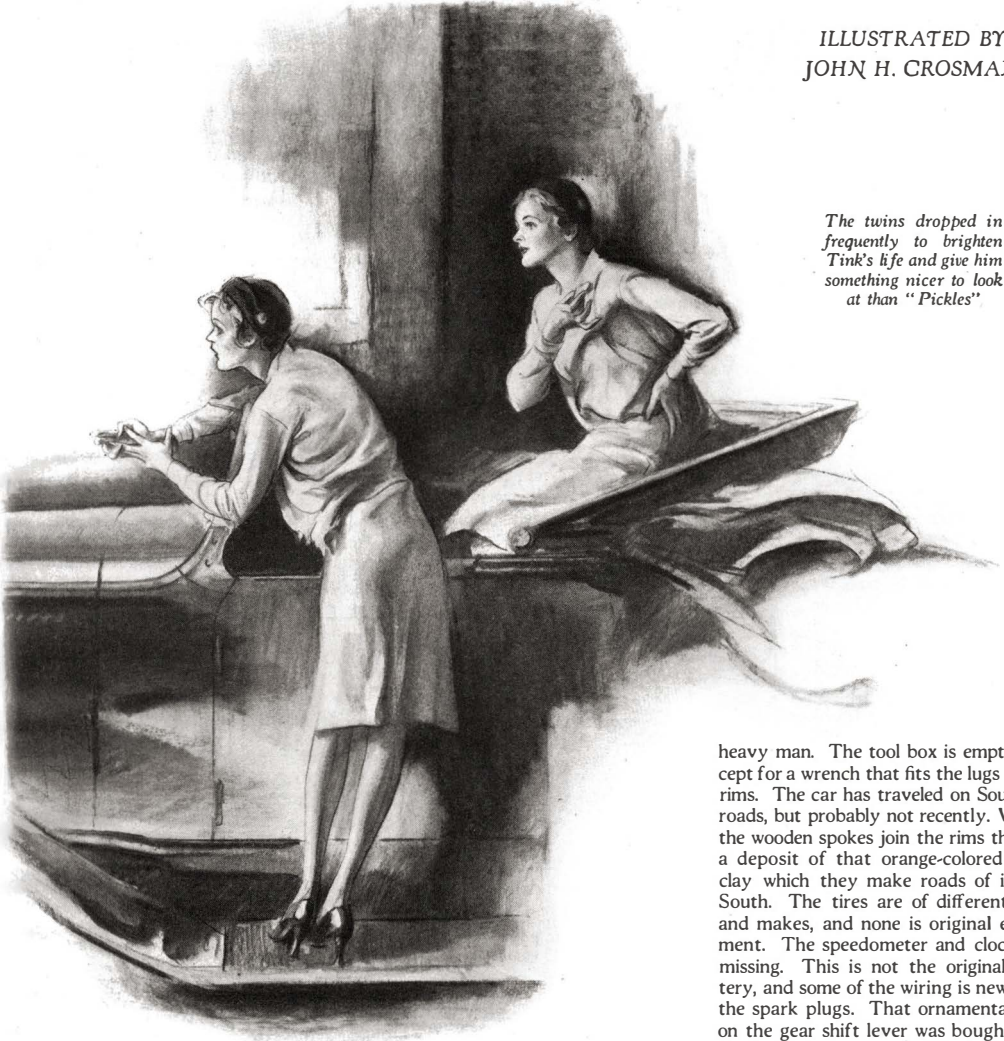
"I told Molly I was pretty sure I could find her car," Slicker admitted. "That cheered her up some, but maybe I promised too much."

"You bit off quite a mouthful, I'll say. Well, the job on the floor will be finished tonight if I don't have to stop every few minutes to talk to hick cops. I'll do what I can tomorrow. It might not come to anything . . . Queens are as common as mud."

"Atta boy, Tink! You're a swell guy!"

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN H. CROSMAN

The twins dropped in frequently to brighten Tink's life and give him something nicer to look at than "Pickles"



Early the next morning Slicker appeared at Tinkham's Garage driving the abandoned car. Evidently no squawk had been received.

"What's this, Slicker?" asked Tink. "I thought it was a Queen."

"It is. Look at the name plate on the radiator."

"Well, of all the dumb tricks! They stuck a Queen label on her. Anybody but a detective would spot that job a block away. They haven't even changed the hub caps—see the triangle in a circle. It's a Flash, of course. What a dick you turned out to be!"

HE RAISED the hood and found that the name plate had been removed and the engine number chiseled off.

"I'll drive you to the barracks, Slicker. Maybe somebody has reported a stolen Flash. That would let me out."

The police list showed no Flash, but

Tink gave himself the pleasure of telling Captain Coughlin that the outfit was feeble-minded.

"If it had 'Akron' on the radiator, you'd have called it a dirigible."

He now drove to the Flash agency in Chichester and learned all he could about that model—what car and engine numbers were in use that year, what accessories were standard equipment. When Slicker arrived at the shop in the late afternoon Tink gave him a lot of information which he had jotted down in his notebook:

"The car has its original paint, except for a place on the left front fender, which has been ironed out and painted over. The radiator shows traces of flaxseed which somebody has put in to stop up leaks. It has a mixture of glycerin and alcohol in it now. The springs in the front seat cushion sag on the left side, indicating that it has been driven by a

heavy man. The tool box is empty, except for a wrench that fits the lugs in the rims. The car has traveled on Southern roads, but probably not recently. Where the wooden spokes join the rims there is a deposit of that orange-colored sand clay which they make roads of in the South. The tires are of different ages and makes, and none is original equipment. The speedometer and clock are missing. This is not the original battery, and some of the wiring is new, also the spark plugs. That ornamental ball on the gear shift lever was bought in a five-and-ten-cent store. The headlights are standard equipment, but the left glass is newer than the other. Maybe it got smashed when the fender was crumpled."

"**S**OME of those items might help in a pinch," Tink said, "but here is the real dirt: I took the engine down. One of the connecting rods is a stranger and all the bearings have been replaced. Most shops don't carry Flash parts in stock. It's an expensive car and not very common. A repair man goes to the nearest Flash service department. In this state only the big cities have them. Here's the list—there are six. Write letters to them and ask what customers they have had for a set of bearings and one connecting rod for the 1926 V-70 Flash Six. They have to answer questions from cops, don't they? Probably that combination hasn't happened more than once."

"Maybe it hasn't happened in this

state at all," suggested the sergeant. "That would make it harder, but you could find it eventually."

"So that's what you advise?"

"No; I advise giving this car to Molly. An old Flash is better than a new Yankee any day. Its works are made of metal."

"You try giving that old wreck to Molly if you want a sock in the eye. We'd have no right to, anyhow—not for quite a while. I'll write those letters and see what we draw. I'll leave the car here, if you don't mind."

"O. K., Slicker, but I'm all washed up with the job. I'm through detecting. I've got troubles of my own—the Bayers are in town. The twins are having a spring vacation from school—that's why the family is here. Virginia wants me to go over in the morning, put a battery in the car, and see if it will run."

"If she needs any help from the police—"

"You better concentrate your brain power on Molly Shrewsbury, Slicker. You're not doing any too well as it is."

The family of George W. Baylor, a New York lawyer of international fame, spent their summers in comfortable simplicity in a lovely old house on Mayfield Road. The three daughters ran wild over Burnley, causing mixed emotions. Virginia, the oldest girl, sometimes known as "Sunny Jin," was much esteemed for her blond beauty and her cheery smile. The fifteen-year-old twins, Jane and June, spent their abundant leisure devising ways to inflict pain. They were not at all what the public wanted. Tink was the only person who could bear their society, and he only for limited periods.

FOR the next two days this pair often rode down AppleTreeLane on their bicycles and swarmed over the shop, making life difficult for Tink and quite impossible for Pickles.

It was June who first caught sight of the ancient Flash.

"Well, Tink, I see you're doing a little job for the Fresh Air Taxicab Company."

The girls piled into this picturesque ruin and there finished their box of peanut brittle. By persistent ques-

tioning they wormed the story out of Tink.

"Since when did you take up detecting?" asked June.

"Detectink," said Jane. "Old Mr. Tinkerton."

"Just for that, you can both get out. Beat it, now—this is not my vacation."

"That brings up something we were going to ask you."

"You promised us you would take us for an all-day trip in your car."

"Let's do it this week."

"You need a day off yourself, Tink. Stuck down here in AppleTreeLane with nothing to look at but Pickles."

THESE remarks came alternately, and the girls now admitted for the first time that they were on the verge of nervous breakdowns from overstudy. A long day in the spring air might save them.

"And bring back," said June, "a little color to our wan maiden cheeks."

"You wouldn't want us to pine away and die, would you?"

"Not here on the premises," Tink

growled, which didn't do a bit of good.

The twins dropped in frequently to brighten Tink's life and give him something nicer to look at than Pickles and to advance new reasons why they should all have a lovely trip together. Happily for Sergeant Randall, however, they were not present on the following day when he called to report progress.

"Did you have any luck with the Flash people?" Tink asked.

"Nothing doing, except at the New Paris place. They had an order like that three years ago from a garage in a town called Millport."

"That model?"

"Yes, but the trouble is—the chief won't let me off to run it down. He says your idea is all wet. A hick town garage one hundred and fifty miles away repaired somebody's Flash in 1929. How would that help us find Molly Shrewsbury's new Yankee? Captain Coughlin says that as a detective you're a swell repairman. He'll O. K. the bill for your day's work but I'm supposed to drop that line," Sergeant Randall said.



"Tink, you claim you can examine a car and tell a lot about its history," said the officer. "I'm going to give you a chance to do your stuff"

"It does sound like a long shot," Tink admitted. "Still—that thing only happened once in this state—it wouldn't do any harm to ask. Got any other leads?"

"Not a thing. And Molly calls me up about every hour. I'm getting so I hate to hear the phone ring."

"WAIT a minute, Slicker." It suddenly occurred to Tink that he could kill two birds with one stone. The Baylor kids would give him no peace until they got that ride. "I'm going on a trip tomorrow—a little spring vacation—try to get back a little color in my wan cheeks. I'll take the Flash instead of my own car and see that garageman in Millport. Give me a letter saying I represent the department, to use if anybody acts snooty."

"I'll do that little thing. The chief won't have to know anything about it unless it clicks."

"Somebody ought to go who knows the difference between a Flash and a baby carriage."

So, when the Baylor twins next in-

fested the shop, Tink broke the bad news that he could not waste any time for that trip because he had to do a piece of detecting tomorrow in the east end of the state. The job might take a couple of hours or a couple of days—you never could tell in secret service work.

"When you come back in the summer," Tink concluded, "I'll take you for a ride. I promise you."

Their reaction was exactly as expected. They were overjoyed. They had no engagements, and their parents would not care how long they stayed if they had Tink to look after them. He would be surprised what a help they would be. While they had never actually done any detective work, they had read mystery books and seen crime movies and they were thoroughly familiar with the underworld.

"And you love to poke your noses into other people's business. Nosey and Snooty, the schoolgirl detectives!" Tink added.

He began to feel that, after all, these two young ones might have enough enter-

tainment value to pay for their upkeep.

"How shall we dress?" Jane asked.

"Alike."

"I mean, I suppose we ought to put on plain clothes. Nothing spiffy."

"Maybe we'd better not wear our Russian sable coats, Tink?"

"Good heavens! No."

"That's perfect. We haven't got any." After a moment's reflection June added, "The girls at school will simply curl up and pass out when they hear about this."

Jane added a pleasing thought:

"Jin will turn a horrible green."

IT WAS the charming Virginia in person who appeared with the twins later in the day to say that the family had consented to the trip. Far from being a horrible green, Jin wore her usual pink and white complexion and seemed in good spirits.

"We can stand it if you can, Tink," she said. "What's the idea, anyway? They act so mysterious. I can't get anything out of them but 'shush.'"

"It will all come out in the last chapter, Jin. Anyhow, the chances are we'll be back the same night. If 'ot, I'll give you a ring from some place."

Thus it came about that on a sunny spring morning Tink and his two queer companions set forth in the shabby old Flash with a vague idea that they might find the owner and get him into trouble.

"This trip will be very educational," Jane said. "We'll learn a lot about geography and crime and everything."

The girls brought along a small bag for possible use, though, as Jane pointed out, they might not have a chance to go to bed at all because night was the best time for detecting. They were pleased to note that Tink had also brought a valise. Both girls had pocket flashlights. They wore dark cloth coats, and Tink said they were as alike as two string beans. Their footwear was tennis shoes, so that they could sneak up on the criminal classes. Jane carried in her pocket a magnifying glass for examining footprints, though their mother used it for reading numbers in the telephone directory. June had a pair of opera glasses, with which she identified suspicious-looking characters along the way. The state seemed crowded with criminal faces today.

As (Continued on page 108)



Whether the break
is good or bad

It's Worth Something

By TOM GILL

I SHALL long remember the words of the Mexican *padre* as we rode together one blazing day in Sonora. "You writers of stories"—the old fellow smiled at me a little maliciously—"you sell us your past memories like bright beads for us to play with. All things—how shall I say?—are grist for your mill."

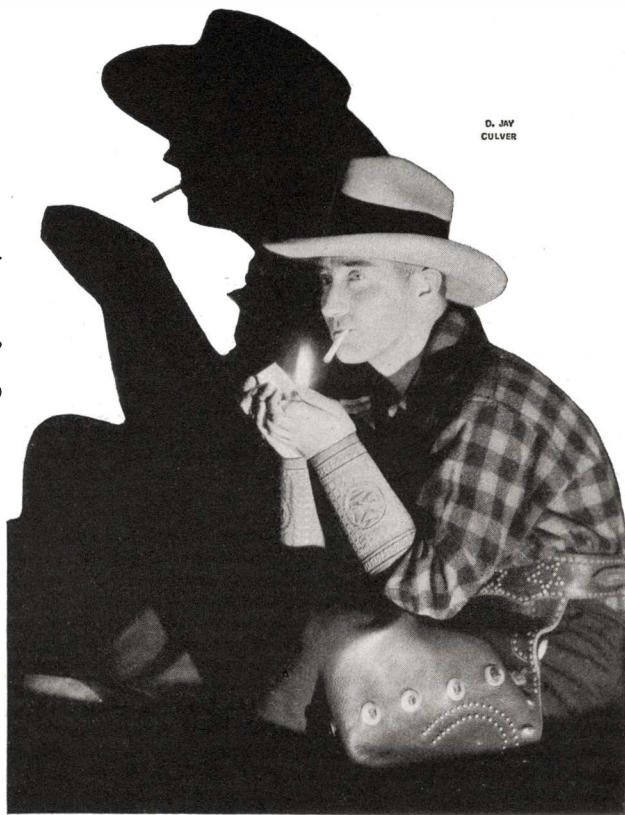
Since then I have often wondered how much of this may be true. I have surveyed my memories, the happenings of my life, good and bad, the tales I have told. And I have concluded that the old *padre* was mostly right. Every happening, however slight and ephemeral, has proved to be of some value to me, a writer. No experience has been worthless, however regrettable it may have seemed at the time. Certainly none has been lost. Most of my stories are, and must always be, close to the desert, the forest, or the tropical jungle. They must happen there, because so much of my life has happened there. All has been "grist for my mill."

Not only of writers is this true. I believe that no experience is valueless, whether you are a druggist in Racine, or a real estate man in Los Angeles, or a scribbler like me. No part of one's life is ever wholly lost or ceases to be an asset. Only the other day a friend of mine quit his job to go to a distant city to try to make his way in a new field—a field he had always wanted to enter. He chose this depression time deliberately.

"Even if I do not make the grade," he said, "the experience will be valuable to me. It will toughen my fiber. Bucking times like these will give me a confidence which will be profitable throughout my life. So, you see, I cannot lose."

Looking back, I can see that even the memories of my earliest boyhood have played a vital part in shaping my course.

They are memories of the tales told to me by my father, of his own life on the



D. JAY
CULVER

Tom Gill lives what he writes and writes what he lives—stories of the deserts, jungles, mountains, and timberlands. Master of Forestry, war flyer, cattleman, trail blazer, and author, he has woven the glamour of his adventures into fiction of stirring action and color. His new serial, "Guardians of the Desert," will begin in the September issue

Mexican border, of old ranching days when Corpus Christi was a double row of wooden shacks with a muddy road between, when the only law was border law and hung at a man's belt. My father must have been a tremendously exciting person to my childhood. *Rio Grande, Pecos, Billy the Kid, Geronimo*—they were words of strong alchemy to me, and my magic carpet—it hangs before me as I write—was a many-colored serape my father carried in northern Mexico more than half a century ago.

SO, ALTHOUGH I had not then seen any of that country of his, yet it was all very real to me, and later those stories played their unseen but sovereign rôle in deciding what paths my life was to follow. They formed a background of glamour and adventure which eventually was to color my every effort as a writer.

From the very first I loved hunting, camping, and when at last it came time to decide on some way of living I chose the relatively new profession of forestry. It seemed to offer a well-ventilated, active career, and promised to protect

one's declining years from the ignominy of dozing behind a mahogany desk.

So, after a sufficient interval, Yale bestowed on me the optimistic title of "Master of Forestry," and, this dignity achieved, I was drifting leisurely toward the Southwest with a classmate when, in Alabama, the same mail brought us offers of forestry positions—his in British Columbia and mine as a forest ranger in northern Wyoming. Hasty consultation revealed a fact we already suspected—the funds to take us there were nonexistent, but by pooling our capital one of us might accept. We tossed a buffalo nickel to see who would go. He went. The rest of that summer I spent piling lumber beneath an Alabama sun. I've never cared for buffaloes since.

All this made me a little late in keeping my Wyoming appointment, but before snow flew I managed to get there, and, buying a horse and bed, went into the northern Rockies. Here, almost a hundred miles from the nearest railroad, we marked timber and fought forest fires in summer, and mapped timberlands on skis (Continued on page 74)

Forlorn Island

The great adventure comes to a dramatic close—but Eric's fight for love and happiness goes on

By
EDISON
MARSHALL

SHIPWRECKED
On a lonely island off the coast of Alaska, Felix Horton, American millionaire, and the survivors from his lost yacht, the *Intrepid*, were constantly faced with the problem of holding in check the cutthroat crew of the yacht, led by the deaf giant, Sandomar.

Besides Horton, his daughter Nan, and his mother, a spirited old lady of seventy, the shipwrecked party consisted of Roy Stuart, Horton's choice for a son-in-law; Wilcox, the yacht owner's secretary; Marie, Nan's maid, recently married to Wilcox; and Eric Ericssen, a young Alaskan, first officer of the ill-fated *Intrepid*.

Ericssen immediately took charge of the stranded party. The native Aleuts were easily controlled through Fireheart, the high priestess of the people and their acknowledged leader. The other prop on which Eric could count was the revolver that had been thrust into his grasp by the dying captain of the yacht. However, he was forced to fire the last remaining cartridge to defend himself against a rebellious member of the crew. Thus his last defense against dishonor and death was gone.

To insure Nan Horton's safety, she was pledged to Eric. Sandomar and the little cockney, Garge, whose flying fingers served as ears for his deaf master, hated Eric, not only for his dictatorship, but even more for the possession of Nan Horton's youth and beauty. Again he had escaped from one of their deadly attempts on his life.

Now go on with the story. . . .

ERIC'S first thought was to find Nan, lest she attempt some desperate act of rescue and fall into Sandomar's power. As he sped down the village row toward Horton's hut, forgetful of his weakness after Sandomar's blow, he heard her low voice behind him: "Eric!"

Hearing his nearing footfall, she had hidden in the shadows; and not until he had passed her, looming in the moonlight, had she dared believe he was safe. As he whirled, she ran to meet him, a seal spear firmly grasped in her right hand.



Eric backed down the beach, Sandomar pushing him hard

She had not come alone. Behind her, fired by the flame—in her purpose, came the others. Mother Horton likewise held a spear, and in the ghostly light her thin face showed set and grim. Horton brandished a native ax—in Wilcox's hand glinted his hunting knife. Even Marie had snatched up a walrus tusk and had come to fight beside her mate to the last. And finally, cool and aloof, Roy came strolling out of the shadows, a lance in his hand. He smiled dryly when he saw Eric start and stare.

"Yes, I'm as big a fool as the rest," he said grimly.

Clutching Eric's hand, Nan hurried him to Horton's hut. Presently all

her party were behind the stoutly bolted door, gazing fearfully into one another's faces.

The storm that had threatened them so long had broken at last. There could be no truce, no compromise, but only the bared blade, the hissing spear, the implacable flint. Life was reduced to its first form—kill or be killed, the brute battle to survive.

"What now, Eric?" Horton asked.

"It looks to me like a fight to the finish."

"But we're only four men against seven—one of 'em Sandomar. How are we going to even up those odds?"

Eric glanced at Nan, then at Mother Horton and Marie. At the last and the worst, all three would strive beside their men-folk, like the women of the covered wagons on the plains.

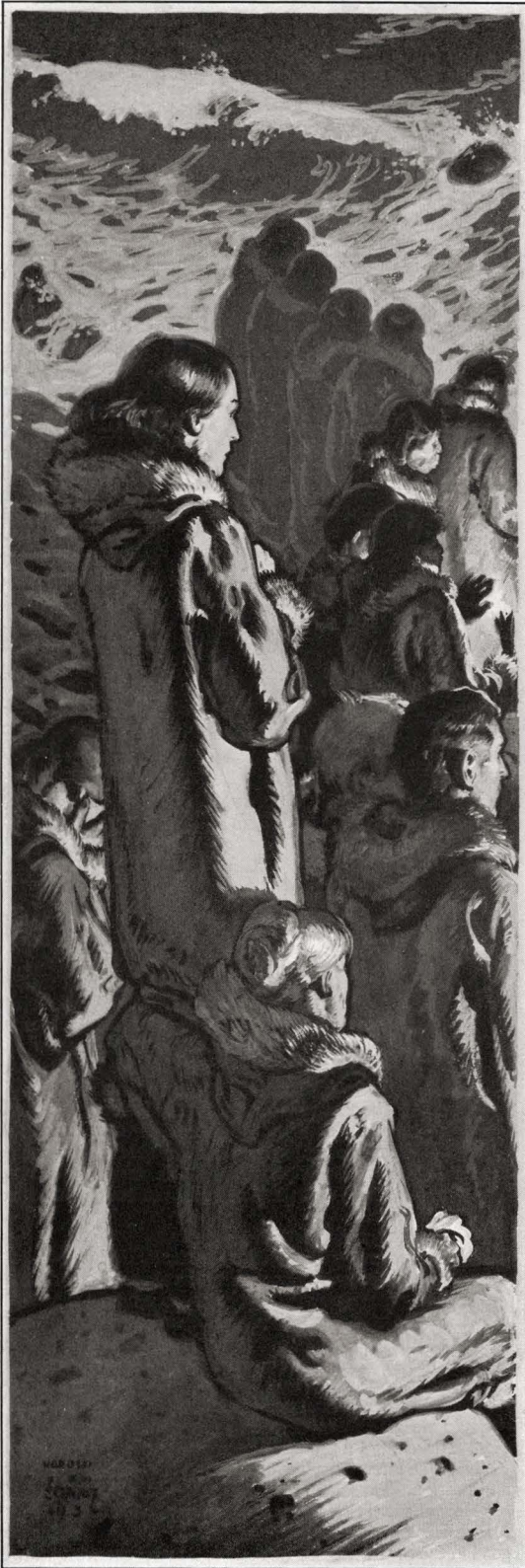
"There are seven of us, too," Eric said.

"Could we get any of their crowd to come over to ours?" Horton asked. "I'll promise 'em anything."

"Not a chance. They've all turned brute—crazy with hate and passion. The island did part of it—Sandomar the rest."

"How about trying to get away in kayaks?" Roy asked.

Eric shook his head. "Kayaks are fine in deep water, but no good in the rocks. I think we'd stand a better chance fighting.



If we can kill Sandomar and Garge, we may bluff out the rest. And there's one little chance—"

He paused, afraid to give words to the feeble hope. But Nan swayed forward, her fevered eyes gazing into his, and whispered what was in both their hearts:

"The Aleuts might help us!"

In the startled silence, Roy grunted disbelief: "They'd be more likely to help Sandomar. He's more their kind—and his whole gang has made pals of 'em while we've been bossing them around."

"It's a chance, just the same," Eric persisted. "No one ever knows what an Aleut is thinking—"

His words were drowned out by a dull thud in front of the house. As they listened, riveted in their tracks, the sound was repeated, and something bumped and shook the door. Nan's quick mind was the first to guess the truth.

"They're locking us in!"

Eric sprang toward the threshold, then stopped, baffled. Plainly, Sandomar and his crew had put their shoulders to one of the immense volcanic rocks strewn on the ridge and had rolled it to the door.

"What do those men mean to do?" Nan asked, wide-eyed.

"I s'pose they want to keep us rounded up till they're ready for us."

But Eric concealed what he deemed their main purpose. While one or two of their pack guarded the prisoners, the others could haul up the boats and seize the paddles. There would be no flight to sea, but war to the last ditch. . . .

Presently they heard a familiar voice through the window: "'Ear, you!"

ERIC crept close to the wall, careful not to cast his shadow on the oiled pelt that acted as a glass pane. "What do you want?" he asked coolly.

"I want to talk to 'Orton, not you. I'm 'ere to give 'im till sunup to meet our terms."

"What are your terms?" Horton spoke huskily.

"Turn over Ericssen and the two gals to us. We don't promise what we'll do to 'im—we've got plenty to pay 'im back for—but the gals won't take no special 'arm. Sandy and me'll keep one—Sydney Bill the other. The rest of you can live 'ere in peace."

"And if we refuse?"

"You won't. You've got too much sense. If you don't 'and 'em over by sunup, we're coming in th'rough the roof to get 'em, and we'll let a few rocks come first to pave the way."

There was only a moment's wait. Horton's pale face turned black as the turf, and he shook his fist at the window. "Come any time you want to," he shouted. "We'll fight you to the last man."

His voice echoed and died away. The only sound was the hum of the oil lamp, and every man's pulse beating in his ears. They knew at last just where they stood. Their backs were to the wall.

In a dark portion of the dome-shaped roof, Eric began to cut a small opening level with his eyes. For a long time he watched and listened. At last Nan stole up beside him.

"Where are they?"

"All gone to the beach, I think. But there may be someone watching the door."

"Hadn't we better break out while the coast is clear?"

"Not yet. I don't want to give any alarm until I can slip off and get back safe."

She drew a deep breath. "What are you going to do?"

"Find Fireheart, and ask her to help us."

Before she found breath to plead with him, to call him back, Nan saw Eric board his little ship

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

"Do you think?"—Nan's throat filled, but she went on bravely—"that it's worth the risk?"

"I'll be careful. Anyway, it's our only chance for complete victory." He listened and watched a moment more. "Nan, hold up one of the robes between me and the lamp. I'm going to make a hole and sneak away. Put the clods back when I get out, so they won't see the light," he directed.

Apparently he meant to go on his perilous errand without a word of farewell—and she made no move to stay him. But at last, when his spear was ready in his hand, he swayed toward her with hungry lips.

"Good luck, Eric," she whispered, her mouth moving against his.

At once he slipped through the aperture. Hovering close to the turf wall, he surveyed the ground. Luck was with him. Two of Sandomar's gang stood on guard, but they were in front of the hut door, and by ducking into the shadow of the next house he thought he could steal away unseen. Not a pebble rattled under his feet as he crept down the village row to the chapel.

BRIGHT moonlight spread before the entrance, but Eric crossed it boldly. He found Fireheart kneeling before the icon, lost in some old service passed down by a long-dead priest. She sprang to her feet, trembling.

"Why you no with white girl in new house?" she demanded.

"I'm in trouble," Eric answered gravely. "I've come to you for help."

The squaw's lip curled. "You come to Fireheart? She just ugly squaw. Why you no go to white girl? She your wife—she help you plenty."

"I want you to help her, too. The trouble has come to us all."

"Me—help *white girl*?" Her voice had a metallic rattle. "Fireheart *no-love* her—*no-love* you, too. You get out trouble best you can."

Eric turned to go. "I'd hoped you'd be a friend to me—as I've been a friend to all your people."

The squaw's hand leaped out like a salmon striking, and clutched his wrist. "What trouble come? Fireheart feel good to know. Sandomar maybe steal wife?"

"Sandomar has found out that the little gun won't shoot."

"Little gun no shoot?" Her slim breast swelled.

"It hasn't been any good since the night I shot Swede."

"And you boss whole island—Sandomar—Aleut—everybody—with pretend?"

"Yes, but they've found me out. Sandomar means to kill me and take Nan."

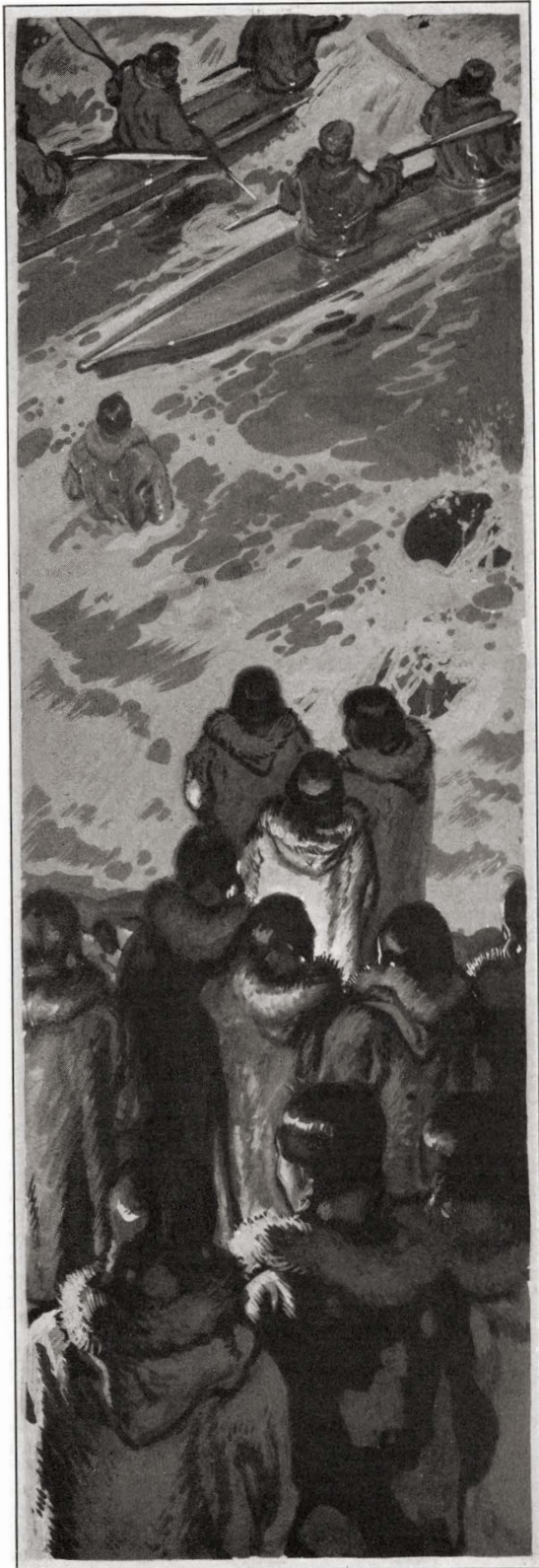
Her somber gaze stole again and again to his face. The tendons stood out on her dark, unlovely hands. "You go back Horton's hut?"

"Right now."

"Then I go and call hunters here. I tell 'em about little gun—they be plenty mad. They no like you—you make 'em work—boss 'em hard—they glad you get in trouble. Guess maybe they like go see Sandomar kill you."

Eric moved to make a last appeal, but the squaw's drawn face and smoldering eyes repelled him. Turning to the door, he made a brief survey of the moonlit ridge, then crept away. Disheartened, he moved less furtively, pausing but briefly to reconnoiter, along the village row. His fighting edge was dulled. He stole on, his guard lowered.

But he had not reckoned on Sandomar's weird intelligence, Garge's cunning. They had foreseen that he



might try to enlist Fireheart—just too late to stop him—and had guessed by what route he would return. As he dipped through the inky shadow of a midway turf house, a vengeful, patient foe came into his own.

Eric had walked into a trap. Heavy shoulders smote his side and strong arms encircled his thighs. Before he could turn to fight, a second assailant leaped on his back and caught him around the neck; and a third, on the opposite side, wrenched the spear from his hand. Their combined weight hurled him headlong; the darkness was streaked with fire.

It was a savage, silent attack; but some cool mind far within his reeling head was astonished at its repressed power. Why didn't these foes impale him quickly on their spears, while they had the chance? Why were they so careful with him, not striking him with their fists, anxious not to knock him senseless, nicely measuring their violence to hold him fast but not to break his bones? If this were mercy, it was a strange kind. He knew they hated and feared him to the last poison drop in their veins. For three months he had mastered them—cowed them—stood between them and their brute desires—and that they should now turn gentle made his skin crawl. It was as if they wished to keep him fresh for some revelry to follow.

Two of them held him, while the third lashed his wrists. They hauled him to his feet, and in grim haste led him toward the beach. Only when they emerged full into the moonlight did he recognize his captors—Sydney Bill and the two Smiths. They were breathing hard, through set teeth—a sign Eric feared. His vitals cold, his head swimming, his temples dripping icy sweat, Eric could not at once credit the scene on the beach. It had the uncanny quality of a dream—silence, grayness, timelessness.

SANDOMAR sat on a boulder, his paws in his lap, the moonlight in his brutish eyes. Back of him stood Garge—and for a long time neither made a move nor said a word. Cooky and Petrof were dark shapes squatting on the sand, somehow grotesque, ominous. There was a silvery glint on the crags, a witch light over the sea. The waves rolled up dreamily and lapped the pebbled strand; the wind whispered—sobbed softly—died away. Fabulous rubies glowed in the ashes of the supper-fire.

At last Sandomar's monotone streamed into the silence: "I see you caught him."

"Just where you said he'd be," Sydney Bill answered.

"So I'll try him, as he tried De Valera," Sandomar went on, unaware that Sydney Bill had spoken. "Garge—get him ready."

The little cockney came weaving across the sand. There was something

horribly exultant in the lightness of his step, the position of his hands. He held a spear thong tied in a noose, which he dropped loosely over the prisoner's head. Holding the end, he slashed with his knife the cords binding Eric's wrists. At the same time, Little Smith raked up the coals of the supper-fire and threw on fresh fuel.

Eric's brain was clearing, now. His eyes moved in their sockets as he sized up the ground. But there was no chance or shadow of a chance for escape. At his first move, the noose about his throat would jerk tight and Big Smith's ready spear would whiz down. He waited quietly.

"You showed us how to hold court, so don't blame us if we learned the lesson well," Sandomar went on, with somber dignity. "You're charged with the killing of Swede and the attempt to kill De Valera. Garge, you speak for the prisoner."

Garge took a step forward; in the spreading firelight his face looked sharp and pinched as a starved rat's. "I don't think we ought to be too 'ard on this 'ere prisoner," he began, his tone dripping with malice. "He committed them crimes in the 'eat of passion, and I think all we ought to do to 'im is cool 'im off."

THERE was a long, breathless pause.

Big Smith began to tremble with rage and hate. "How you goin' about to do that, Garge?" Cooky asked. Plainly this was part of a mock trial rehearsed beforehand.

"We'll just tie 'im 'and and foot, and lay him down on the tide flat. The tide's just turning in, and it will cool 'im off proper in the next six hours."

"Your plea for mercy for the prisoner is granted," Sandomar said, just as though Garge's venom had entered his dead ears. "Ericssen, you've given us some cold nights, but it's your turn now."

"He'll flop around enough to keep warm, when the water gets up to 'is mouth," Garge rasped.

"Smith—get him ready. Then you and Sydney Bill carry him down."

The two executioners moved toward the condemned, a pitiless shine in their eyes. In twenty seconds more he would be helpless—his doom written—his cause lost—the girl he loved slated for suicide or worse. Now, in this swift interval of time, lay his only fighting chance.

His mind surged free from the murk of terror and pain. Instantly he was cold, steady, resourceful as never in his life before. He raised his hand in a commanding gesture. Some echo of his lost power stopped Smith and Bill in their tracks.

"You pack of cowards!" His voice rumbled along the strand. "I'll fight any one of you for my life."

His gaze moved slowly from face to

face, but the very cowardice of those who heard him was his doom. The waves lapped the shore, and the moon cast her sinister spell, as he waited for an answer—in vain.

But there was one of his enemies who had not heard the challenge. For him, sound did not exist—and, for reasons of his own, Garge's nimble fingers hung motionless.

"Garge, tell Sandomar that if he's not a coward, he'll fight me man to man," Eric said with stinging contempt.

The ratty face seemed to wizen. Eric's faculties were preternaturally keen, fighting for his life, or they would never have taken warning from the instant paralysis of the little, delicate hand. Then he saw it rise boldly up, the fingers wiggling like the legs of a water spider.

WITH a suffocating heart, Eric watched Sandomar's face. All he asked now—flickering hope at best—was one gleam of human anger in the deep-set eyes, one telltale quiver of the lip. But the dark visage remained a brutish mask. The great limp hands never clenched.

It was a cruelly effective answer. It implied a whale's indifference to the snarls of a polar bear—a supremacy of strength beyond need of test. His henchmen squared their shoulders. Their looks grew brutish. They could do what they liked to the prisoner now, with many a grim joke, and no flush of shame on their drawn cheeks. . . . *He was not the Person of the Law, but only a man—a man!—like themselves . . . Down with the Island King! Let him writhe and sob as the tide creeps over him. . . .* Eric's blood rippled cold as the moonlight on that tide.

But suddenly it shot down his veins like liquid fire. . . . *Even Sandomar could not be so inhumanly strong. . . .* He remembered the strange depths of Garge's love.

He whirled on the little cockney with an oath. "You didn't tell him what I said!"

"You're a bloody liar!"

Sandomar leaned forward on his boulder, his dead ears pricking up in vain. Glowering, he looked from the gray wolf to the trembling jackal.

"What's going on?" he demanded.

But Garge dared not tell him. Desperate, he pulled the thong to throttle his enemy.

Just in time Eric saw his wrist twitch. His right hand grasped the thong, holding it slack. Beside him, Big Smith flung back his spear.

"You let Sandy alone." Garge spoke in bitter anguish, his hand on his knife hilt. "If you don't, I'll carve your heart—"

Ignoring him, Eric stooped and began to smooth off the sand between himself and Sandomar. Perhaps no act of his life demanded colder nerve than this—to take down (*Continued on page 111*)

"Before you buy,
consult reliable men
who know. It will
save you money!"

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PETER HELCK



We Never Thought of That

When we bought the place it looked like a bargain—until we ran into a fuss over the boundary. Snags of home-owning that have cost me money

By
**JOHN CHAPMAN
HILDER**

WHAT do you mean there's a hitch?" I asked the real estate agent. "He still wants to buy that property of mine, doesn't he?"

"Some mix-up about the title," the agent said. "His city lawyers have run against a snag. They said if you'd let 'em have your abstract maybe it'd help 'em get straightened out."

"My abstract?" I echoed. "Sure. Abstract of title. You know, the thing you got when— See here, you had the property searched before you bought it, didn't you?"

"No," said I. The agent looked at me as if to say, "People like you ought not to be allowed around loose." And he snorted.

The situation, briefly, was this: The preceding autumn I had bought a piece of land in Connecticut, with the idea of building a house on it. It was a beautiful piece, twenty acres of rolling fields and woodland, fronting on a newly improved road, and with a view of Long Island Sound from its highest point. The moment I saw it I knew it was a bargain at the price asked—\$5,000. Seven months later, having changed my mind about building, I had put it on the market, and almost at once had received an offer of \$9,500. But now, just as I was congratulating myself on having been pretty smart—and just as I was planning what I would do with my profit—my agent had summoned me to his office with the news that there was a hitch in the transaction.

"May I ask," he went on, "why you

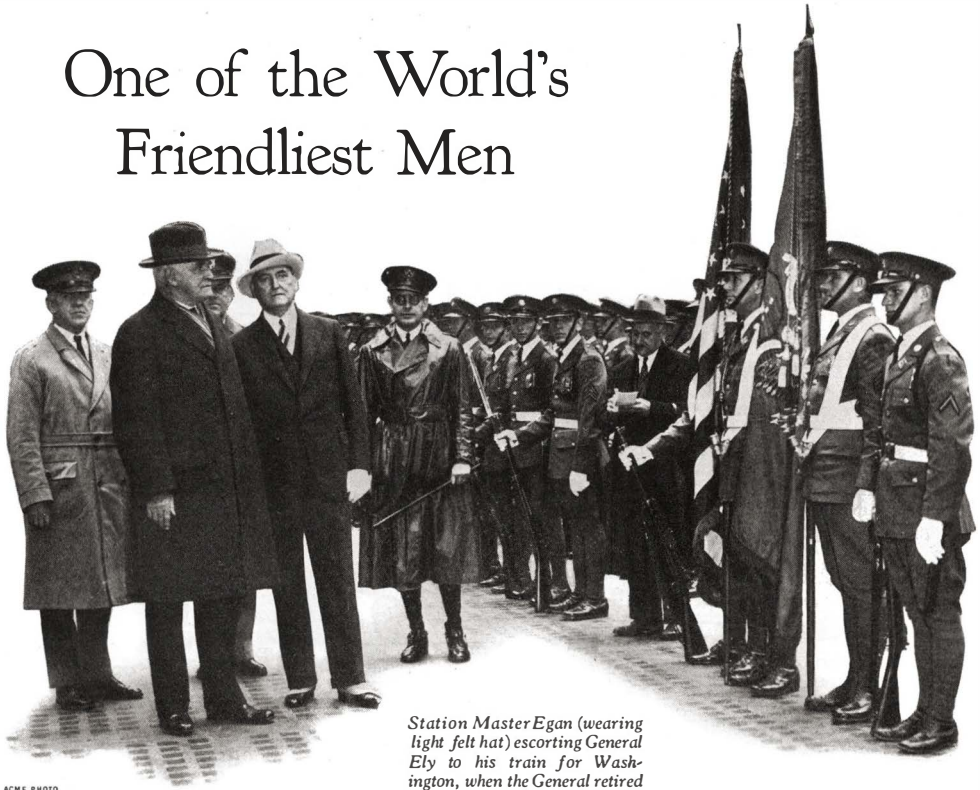
were such a parboiled idiot as to pay money for the property without making sure who really owned it?"

"It was sold to me by two ladies of irreproachable standing who'd had it for years," I told him, "and I took it for granted that everything was all right. Besides, it would have cost me another hundred dollars to have the title searched, and I didn't—"

"Yes, and it'll cost you more than that now to get this thing cleared up—if it doesn't cost you the sale."

WELL, the sale did eventually go through. We prevailed on the purchaser's lawyers to enlist the aid of a local attorney familiar with the county records. As is often the case with rural acreage in long-settled regions, the property had been part of an estate to which there had been many heirs. Though it had subsequently changed hands several times, some of the original heirs, according to the records, had never signed releases. Therefore, though none of them had actually filed claims to the property, or any part of it, there was a possibility that they might do so. And the lawyers (*Continued on page 118*)

One of the World's Friendliest Men



Station Master Egan (wearing light felt hat) escorting General Ely to his train for Washington, when the General retired

ACME PHOTO

SOME men are born friendly, some achieve friendliness, and some have friendliness thrust upon them. William H. ("Big Bill") Egan has it all three ways.

If Bill Egan were dropped from a Zeppelin upon the Tibetan plateau and landed amidst a group of fanatically hostile monks, he would be the most popular man in the monastery within an hour. Ignorance of the language would be no bar. His immense physique, his sanguine smile, his deeply rumbling laugh, his affable blue eye—these are a passport under any flag. He exudes an irresistible good will. He enjoys life so largely that all who are near him must enjoy life also. If the Tibetan monks had some complex and irrational religious ritual, Bill Egan would not mind. He would join in it with zest, chanting and beating his breast with the others. And when mealtime came around he would be found in the monastery kitchen, instructing the cook, by sign language, in his special formula for preparing corned beef and cabbage.

Take such a man and make him station master of a great railway terminal, where 65,000,000 persons pass his door every year, and you begin to get friendship on a really large scale. Bill Egan, I suppose, has more personal friends than any other man on earth.

He started with the Pennsylvania Railroad as a freight brakeman back in 1884. Soon he was a passenger brakeman, then a parlor car conductor. So many passengers liked him and wrote to the company officers about his courtesy and helpfulness, that he was chosen in 1897 as assistant station master of the Pennsylvania terminal in New York, then located at the Twenty-third Street Ferry.

Here his special talent for friendship quickly became apparent. Everybody who came through the station seemed to know Big Bill. His presence gave the huge station some of the human warmth and intimacy of the village depot. Grover Cleveland used to drop into Egan's office for a chat. And President McKinley.

Early in this century Prince Henry of Prussia visited the country.

"He was the greatest guy that ever came over here," Egan declares. "That boy knew what a good time was. Wherever he went there was eating, drinking, laughing, and high jinks. Every day was a celebration, not only for him, but for everybody in his neighborhood. You couldn't come within a block of him without beginning to feel like circus day when you were a kid."

The German prince immediately recognized Egan as a kindred spirit. He

begged him to accompany him around the country and threatened to kidnap him and take him back to Potsdam with him. As a matter of fact, Egan is always in danger of being kidnapped. If he accepted a tenth of the invitations he receives he would have no time left for his duties. He could spend the rest of his life visiting his friends in all parts of the world. British admirals, French generals, Italian statesmen, South American diplomats—they all like Bill Egan.

In 1910, when the new Pennsylvania terminal at Thirty-second Street was opened, the executives decided that the former freight brakeman was the logical man to act as station master. He had shown a thorough grasp of administrative detail. But, more than that, he had acquired an immense quantity of good will of his own.

In the new station his interminable list of friends grew faster than ever. Theodore Roosevelt was already his congenial friend, dropping in often at his office to type out an editorial for his magazine before catching the train for Oyster Bay. Then Taft. But there was one thing about Taft that worried Bill.

"That dieting of his," said Bill, shaking his head. "I never liked that. I always warned him that he was making a mistake with that dieting. Good food never did a man any harm. I've always

thought Mr. Taft would have lived longer if he had eaten his fill."

That's typical of Bill Egan. It is inconceivable to him that the good things of life may be overdone. One night I was having dinner with him in his bachelor apartment near the station. I consumed two large helpings of corned beef and cabbage, but declined a third helping. Bill looked at me with real concern in his kindly blue eyes.

"What's the matter?" he inquired solicitously. "Aren't you feeling well? Here, take just a little mite more. Corn' beef and cabbage never did anybody any harm."

Mr. Egan has the carelessness about his own health which is natural in men of great physical strength and vitality. One day last winter, when he had been suffering with an attack of the "flu," I dropped by his office to ask about his

health. I found him there, cold and wet and chilled, and coughing rather alarmingly. It was a dank, windy, rain-and-snowy day. He had left a sick bed to attend the funeral of one of the Negro red-caps. That is one of the reasons why the 3,100 men under his command think of him as they do. Big Bill Egan is just as warm a friend to them as to the hundreds of celebrities who forgather in his office every year. BEVERLY SMITH

Her Tears Are Worth Their Weight in Gold



FOR years, ever since broadcasting began, nobody could find a way to reproduce over the microphone a sound that exactly mimicked a baby crying. This may have come under the head of something to be thankful for; but at the large broadcasting stations soundmen worried about it. There was Ed Whitney, for instance, who can duplicate the noise made by everything from a boa constrictor to an express train on the "L;" Ray Kelly, for another instance, who produces animal, mechanical, and weather sounds, and prides himself on his imitation of a lion, both hungry and eating; but neither he nor the phonetically protean Mr. Whitney could do a satisfactory job with a baby.

So somebody wrote something about it, and up at a girls' camp on Lake Champlain, in Vermont, twenty-year-old Sally Belle Cox read the piece. Today she monopolizes the cry-baby rôles of radio.

Miss Cox is a tall, attractive blonde, who was born and reared in Parkersburg, W. Va.

After graduating from finishing school, she heard that a tutor was required by an orphanage in Cleveland.

Sally applied for the job and got it. Her brief career has been marked by applications for and receipt of—jobs.

"This orphanage was a delightful place to work in," she goes on. "But there was one little girl who began to make life miserable. Whenever another child was praised she'd set up a howl that became unbearable. One afternoon when she went on one of her bawling

jags, in sheer despair I bawled back at her. The effect was magical. The youngster recognized superior genius. She stopped.

"Then, every time she threatened a squawl, I'd start first. Conquest was quick. After that I used to encourage the little girl to cry. It gave me practice."

From Cleveland, Sally Belle Cox took her crying technique to where it wasn't wanted, except in evenings-around-the-fire socials.



Sally Belle Cox imitates a crying baby over the radio. She uses the pillow to muffle her cries—it makes them more realistic

"I got a job as swimming instructor," Sally explained, "because I play the piano. If you play the piano, it's an entrée almost anywhere. At any rate, it persuaded them to hire me for that vacation camp, because they told me so."

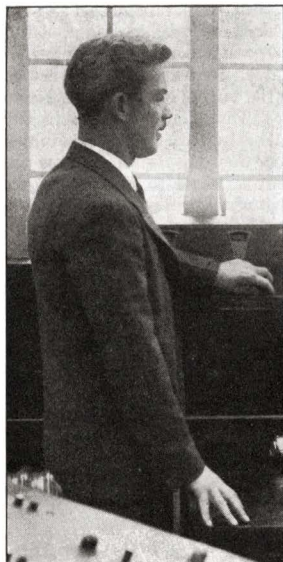
Sally plays the piano for business purposes. Art is secondary, and some of the girls who hear her play are inclined to agree with that.

Then she read that newspaper item about the famine in radio cry-babies. She hurried to New York, after writing for an audition. Nothing was done about Sally Belle Cox's cry-baby act; so she showed them something else she had learned to do at the Cleveland orphanage—jazz a pipe organ.

This introduced her by a back-studio to radio for brief daytime spots. Then the touch of luck that favors the industrious came about. A sponsor was sold an act—a daily serial story—of newlyweds—that is, not too newlyweds. For they had a baby, and the skit was called *Raising Junior*; but in the absence of satisfactory impersonation of an infant-in-arms, there was no aerial junior to raise. That's where Sally came in. She tried once, was accepted, and was put on a regular salary. Her crying has become so popular that radio fans now come in droves to see how it's done. And the sponsors have signed up the skit for a period that will take the baby out of its crib. Then what will Sally do? She doesn't know. Our guess is she'll think of some other job to apply for—and get it.

JOHN B. KENNEDY

They Direct Air Traffic from a Glass Tower



THIS is the story of three young men who work in a glass house. So don't go throwing stones. Roscoe Dittrick, George Abrams, and Henry Brady are aviation's pioneer traffic cops. From a tower overlooking the municipal airport in Cleveland, Ohio, a tower that's just one big, round window, they direct the goings and comings of hundreds of airplanes every day.

This air traffic tower, the only thing of its kind in America so far, performs the same service for airmen and air passengers that the policeman at your most crowded street crossing performs for you and your automobile. And the three young men who operate it in eight-hour shifts are every bit as busy. Only, they do all their whistling and arm waving with a microphone.

To direct a heavy ship through the winged traffic over the field and safely down onto the runway is anything but an easy job. Transport pilots have a clear view from their cabins of the sky above them and the horizon on either side, but that's about all.

Other planes could be all around without a pilot's knowing a thing about it. And over an air field as busy as this one in Cleveland they often are. But with Dittrick or Abrams or Brady in the glass cage on top of the Administration Building, the pilot doesn't have to see those other ships to know exactly where they are.

The ship from Toledo was due when it climbed panting into the control tower. Dittrick, a sandy-haired young man with spectacles, was sitting on the circular window sill with a microphone in

PHOTOS BY JAMES J. MELI, CLEVELAND, O.

Henry Brady tuning in on an approaching transport plane. Dittrick plotting on his map the location of another plane. George Abrams giving directions to a pilot about to take off

his hand. While his eyes restlessly scanned the sky over the west, he talked:

"Calling Cool. Calling Cool. Calling Cool. Hello, Cool." A pause while he leaned still more precariously out over nothing to get a better view of things to the west. "You're about due, Cool. We're standing by for you. There are a few ships in the sky, but they're sticking to the far side of the field. A Stinson tri-motor just took off, and there's a small biplane going down the runway. I'll be watching them. The wind's light and"—he glanced up at the big weather vane on top of the tower—"and southwest."

A speck appeared high and far away in the sky. He stood up.

"Think I see you now, Cool, coming in over the valley. Everything's clear ahead." The speck grew, became the wings of a distant plane. "Come on over to the south end of the field. That's right. Now in. There are eight or nine ships on the ground, but keep close to the ramp and you'll be all right. The tri-motor's out of your way and I'm holding up the biplane. You can drop her now. Easy. That's it. Come on down. Come on down."

The big ship set its wheels gently on the ground and rolled to a stop in front of the building. Dittrick removed a white sticker from the map on his desk and glanced at the clock. Then he picked up his microphone again and scanned the sky.

"Calling Robby. Calling Robby. Calling Robby."

Roscoe Dittrick and his two young associates—they're all under thirty-five—have operated this radio traffic tower of the skies ever since it was installed a year ago. They've operated it without a single casualty, but not without several narrow escapes.

Recently a plane filled with newspaper photographers roared across the field directly into the path of a transport about to land. Spectators on the ground waited tensely for the smash-up. An ambulance driver jumped into his seat, started his engine. Ground attendants shouted, waved their arms. But Abrams in the tower merely spoke a few quick words into his microphone.

"Don't land!" he called to the transport pilot. "Go on up again. There's a ship in your path."

It hasn't taken many incidents like this to convince Major John Berry, manager of the Cleveland Airport, his assistant, Claude F. King, and the radio experts who helped them construct and equip the tower, that it's a decided success.

Dittrick, Abrams, and Brady have brought down ships when the fog was so thick you couldn't see your nose, and during the army maneuvers they sent 400 planes off the ground in an hour without a mishap.

LEONARD FALKNER

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America has faced the cylinder question and America has made its choice. The finger of public preference points directly at the six-cylinder Chevrolet. Since January 1st, America has purchased more Chevrolet Sixes than any other type of car in the lowest price field. Buyers everywhere have demanded "Six cylinders. No more. No less!" When you buy a low-priced car, do as

America is doing. Lift the hood. Count the cylinders. And remember—with more than six cylinders you sacrifice Chevrolet's famous all-round economy and low maintenance cost. With less than six, you sacrifice the built-in smoothness that protects vital parts from costly, wearing vibration. Choose a six—a Chevrolet Six—and you can't go wrong. It's the happy medium be-

tween two extremes. And it is also the most complete and modern car in the lowest price field. It gives you Fisher bodies—custom car styling—luxurious appointments—Synchromesh gear-shift—Free Wheeling—four long parallel-mounted springs, and a long list of other fine-car features. It's the Great American Value—prices, features, and popularity prove it beyond a doubt.

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Six wire wheels and fender wells on all models, \$15.00 list additional. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division of General Motors.

CHEVROLET \$445 AND UP
F. O. B.
FLINT, MICH.

Hay Fever Put This Couple in Business



EVERY year, between April and November, with all the certainty of taxes, twenty-odd families of field grasses shed their pollen to the winds and thereby sentence countless Americans to sneeze, sniffle, and choke in varying degrees of torment. The ragweed pollen which rides the air between August 15 and October 30 makes miserable the majority of sneezers, while some unfortunates sensitized to all twenty are in sneezing jeopardy for the entire six months. Some of these victims escape the annual hay fever season by taking ocean trips or prolonged vacations in high altitudes. But Dr. Isabel Beck and her husband, Charles Davies, are probably the only couple who look back gratefully upon a sneezing season as the cause of their business success.

The air filter which they invented and manufacture is now used by laboratories and hospitals to insure sterile rooms and also by many hay fever sufferers to keep out the offending pollens. But the kerchoos that typify hay fever gave them the inspiration and impetus to create.

At their new laboratories Doctor Beck, a slim young woman with bobbed hair and earnest blue eyes, told how she was forced to turn inventor on her honeymoon. She was assisting in the hay fever and children's clinics of the hospital where she received her training, when she married Charles Davies, a young South American engineer on his first visit to the United States. All augured well until the 15th of May, when the bridegroom was overcome by persistent and violent sneezing. He gasped for breath. His eyes, inflamed, streamed with tears. He appealed to his wife for a diagnosis—surely this couldn't be one of the manifestations of love? The bride, as physician, finally discovered that her husband was sensitive to the pollen of all North American grasses that produce hay fever and was in a fair way of spending the summer with a handkerchief to his nose. Inoculations brought no relief. Only the air-conditioned movie houses helped, but unfortunately they didn't remain open all night. Finally the exhausted victim decided to stay at home and shut out the irritating



PHOTO BY BERMOSEČE, NEW YORK CITY

Dr. Isabel Beck and Charles Davies, her husband, with an early model of their hay fever filter

pollen by keeping all the windows closed.

The cinema house filter plant was naturally out of the question for home application, but Doctor Beck felt sure there was some way to ban the pollen while admitting air. With an egg crate obtained from the grocer, a piece of flannel, a small hammer, and an electric fan, she turned inventor in earnest. From the crate her husband made a wooden frame to fit in the lower half of the bedroom window. Flannel was stretched across this. The fan was installed outside to speed the air. But the atmosphere of the room remained stifling, and sneezes announced the prompt arrival of pollen.

"Next we tried filter paper," said Doctor Beck, smiling wryly at their original crude efforts, "and then pleated wire covered with oil. Charlie had to give up his job temporarily and passed his sentence to indoor life by making new frames and models and pleating filters. His sneezing was a certain barometer to our lack of success."

Despite many disappointments and gibes, the couple kept stubbornly at work. Finally, after much experimenting, they devised a filter material that kept out pollen and other impurities and, with the aid of a powerful motor, let in plenty of air.

"Charlie wanted to work on a gas-mask model for street wear," continued Doctor Beck, "but I was sure the benefits of sleeping in completely filtered air would last over, and I plagued him into experimenting. Between eight and eleven hours of pollen-free air enabled him to face the outside world. Then we corralled hay fever victims to sleep in our apartment and try out the filter. The tests resulted satisfactorily, so we got patents."

Then the Davieses were asked to demonstrate their filter before the American Medical Association in convention at Detroit. After that they got a flood of orders from laboratories and hospitals that wanted filtered air for sterile rooms. In segregating the pollen, these inventors had also purged the air of other impurities. The interest among medical men enabled the young couple to raise capital to manufacture on a large scale; and now their invention is being used with enthusiasm by some of the most prominent medical institutions all over the country.

So some time soon the Davieses are hoping to take a second and more comfortable wedding trip on the proceeds of the device they spent their first one inventing. Which, after all, seems only fair.

RUTH MILLARD



Adrian Nelson, the twelve-year-old editor of "The Chitina Weekly Herald." Left, his brother Philip (the reporter). Right, Billy Moore, his circulation manager. In one year the paper has achieved a circulation of over 350 and is still growing



Youthful Publishers of a Flourishing Newspaper

UP IN the land of the midnight sun there's a small boy with a large ambition. He read, in his dog-eared biography of Thomas Edison, that the great inventor, as a lad of fifteen, had published a weekly newspaper which finally attained a circulation of 400 copies. Adrian C. Nelson is doing his level best to equal that record.

It hardly seemed possible, at first. The village of Chitina, Alaska, where he lives, has a more or less transient population of only about 150. But he thought it would be fun, anyway, to publish his own paper, so he borrowed his dad's second-hand typewriter, asked him about how you make the number "1," and pecked out the first edition of the *Chitina Weekly Herald*, which consisted of the original sheet and four carbon copies.

That was over a year ago, when Adrian was 11. The paper was given a hearty welcome, and its circulation increased so fast that he had to take on additional help almost immediately. He appointed his brother Philip, then aged 9, reporter and business manager, and they soon took their chum, Billy Moore, on the staff as assistant editor and circulation manager. He was 12.

If the *Chitina Weekly Herald* keeps on growing as fast during the second year as it did the first, Adrian's hopes will soon be fulfilled, for the circulation at this writing is over 350. Obviously, the paper has more than a local interest. Every week the painstakingly mimeographed copies are delivered by hand, dog sled, railroad, and airplane to subscribers in Alaska, and by mail to other readers in thirty-six of the states, to Cuba, Mexico, France, and Japan.

There are probably several reasons for its popularity. One is that the local

news is colorful and interesting to people unfamiliar with Alaska. Outsiders are naturally curious as to how Alaskans live during the long winters of continuous night, when the mercury sometimes drops to 60 below and disappears altogether. Life under these strenuous conditions gets pretty exciting. But the main reason is undoubtedly the personality of the editor and his enthusiastic assistants. It shows between the lines and gives the material a rare tang. You can see that these youngsters get a great kick out of their pioneer life, and also out of telling about it. Here, for instance, is a recent "scoop":

GORDON BRANCH, TRAPPER & FOX RANCH

He has both good luck and bad. Recently he and Maw Lamson saw 4 baby coyotes. They were so small they looked something like rats, so Maw Lamson started to go off out of their way and it scared the coyotes to see her move so fast. So that Gordon caught only one of them, in his own hand, and the other 3 got away. He brought the front left foot into town, and made his affidavit before U. S. Commissioner Nelson, who paid him \$15.00 Coyote bounty for the paw in behalf of the U. S. Gov't. Gordon said he hated to see those 3 other good fifteen dollars go running off into the brush and fox-pens and holes. If it wasn't that Maw is such a nice and kindly lady he might of scolded her good for being such a afraid cat. They both surely were sonic at losing the extra \$45. We hope they won't lose any of their fox-pups, which are extra fine this season, from having 3 coyotes growing up and running around loose. The paw brought in was awfully small to get 15 bucks off Uncle Sam for.

Bucks's father is judge of the probate court, in addition to being the United States Commissioner. His main

work, however, is operating the town's hydroelectric power plant, which he himself constructed, and maintaining the running water system—a real feat of engineering in wintertime. Adrian was born at Kenecott, the site of one of the world's largest copper mines. "After my birth," he writes, "I was taken to Chitina, where my father carried on his work. When I was 2½ years old my brother Philip (the reporter) came. When I first saw him I said, 'He's a fine little fellow.' And still is. Billy was born in Cordova, Alaska. So you see we are all real sourdoughs because we have lived in Alaska all our lives ever since we were a baby."

In the country around Chitina there's lots going on. Something interesting happens to everyone almost weekly—something that couldn't possibly happen anywhere else in the world. Such events have news value; for example:

A SPROSPECTOR'S OUTPOST

Mr. Pilot Gillam, J. L. Clough and daughter Lillian, O. A. Nelson, & Earl Woods mushed a, tothem, unknown trail towards the Nabesna Country. Most of the way there was no trail. Nobody, not even Gillam knew the way, but they knew it was along some creek-bed over towards Lost Creek. They turned out to be on the right path. Mr. Semple, the famous musher (the same one we told about last spring) who gets to places by "pickin' em up & puttin' em down" was in at Jack Lake. The party carried him \$5. worth of grub as they knew he had to stay in prospecting longer than he expected. Semple was living in a spruce shelter of 3 sides with a bonfire all the way across the open side, to keep wild animals away. He had 1 plate, 1spoon, 1fork, 1 fry-pan, 2 cups but no knife. He had had a butcher knife but it was lost & his jackknife was on the bum. "J. L." (Continued on page 117)



After a hot, dirty train ride

TAKE A BATH FROM THE BOTTLE

REFRESHES . . COOLS . . DEODORIZES

Tuck a bottle of Listerine in your hand bag when you travel. You'll be glad you did before the trip is over. With no other aid than Listerine, you can be fresh, dainty, and clean. Here are a few of Listerine's good points.

When you are hot and dusty, and a bath isn't convenient on the train, or can't be had at a crowded hotel, a rub-down with Listerine is the next best thing. It cleanses the skin, relaxes tired muscles, and refreshes you surprisingly. And, best of all, removes perspiration and other body odors. Listerine instantly gets rid of odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours.

Other toilet uses

Diluted three to one with water, Listerine makes an excellent eye wash.

A little of it used in connection with the shampoo cools and cleanses the scalp, and "sets" the hair.

Makes breath sweet

Employed as a mouth wash, Listerine cleanses the mouth, gets rid of unpleasant taste, and leaves your breath sweet and wholesome. It is the sure remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Lastly, should an accident occur while traveling, Listerine used full strength will combat infection until you can get medical attention. Because Listerine, while safe and pleasant to use, kills germs in the fastest time.

Send for our **FREE BOOKLET OF ETIQUETTE** — tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. A. 8, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



LISTERINE CHECKS **BODY ODORS** ENDS HALITOSIS

Flying the Atlantic

(Continued from page 17)

and romance of flying had got into my blood. I remember one day in 1918 when I was standing out on the field. It was November, with snow on the ground. The plane, on skis, started. The backwash of the propellers threw burning, biting snow into my face. It was like the finest cold-shower you ever imagined. I determined then that I would some day ride one of these devil machines, and make it blow snow to my will.

Why should I want to fly the Atlantic? Why should a man climb a high mountain, with all the risks, to see a superb sunset? Why should the artist, Morse, successful in England and America, waste his time playing with a spark called "electricity," and invent the telegraph?

WHAT I am trying to work toward is this: that *beauty and adventure have a certain value of their own, which can be weighed only in spiritual scales.* I have the greatest respect for dollars and cents. They are quite important. They pay the rent and the grocer; they buy clothes and satisfy the tax collector. But they are not the final measure of the human spirit.

A friend, the other day, said to me:

"Now, Amelia, I know you made a lot of money out of that first flight. But this second flight was just nonsense. Transatlantic stuff is *passé*. You'll be lucky if you make expenses."

I told her a few things which are perhaps not generally known. The costs and rewards of transatlantic flights are the subjects of wildly inaccurate rumor. *I doubt whether any transatlantic flight, except one, has ever brought the personnel any net profit.* In my own case, in my first flight, I contributed nothing. I was asked whether I wanted any recompense. I said that I did not. I received nothing, except \$10,000 from a newspaper, which I turned over, every cent of it, to the backers of the flight.

Undoubtedly, I received certain benefits. I received, and accepted, certain offers for jobs which otherwise would never have come my way. I was led into fields and businesses which had never crossed my mind. These were incidentals—very nice, but never part of my plan. My plan, always, was to do what I wanted.

I have always enjoyed doing new things, *first-time* things. It is a desire I have had as long as I can remember. I recall the special glee with which my sister and I, in Atchison, Kans., twenty-five years ago, put on our new gymnasium suits and went out to shock all the nice little girls. It seems a trivial thing now, but it was tremendously daring in those strictly conventional days. I remember our joy when we somehow obtained a little .22 gun, and popped bottles off a fence. (The gun was discovered and promptly taken away from us, as it undoubtedly should have been.)

In those staid days even bloomers were considered "rough" for little girls, and riding "belly-whopper" on a sled was simply beyond the pale. All dignified young ladies must ride sitting up. So, of course, I delighted in violating the rule, and to this, perhaps, I owe my life. One day, on a particularly steep and slippery

hill, I was nearing the bottom at zipping speed. A junkman's cart, pulled by a heavy old horse equipped with enormous blinders, came out of a side road and moved directly across my path. The junkman did not hear the shrieks of warning, and the hill was too icy for me to turn. In a flash my sled shot straight under the horse, between his front and back legs, and safely out on the other side! If I had been sitting up, my head would have gone straight into that horse's ribs. Thus my avoidance of the conventional, in this one case at least, may have saved my life.

New things! Strange places! Caves and rivers and deserts and mountains! And even in so civilized a place as Columbia University small adventure may be found. When I was a student there I discovered that a maze of underground passageways, forbidden to students, connect the various buildings. I think I may say that I am one of the greatest authorities on those forbidden passageways. I explored every nook and cranny of them. I also, for some reason, found a good deal of pleasure in climbing into the lap of the great gilded statue in front of the university library. On one occasion I climbed to the top of the library dome—I mean the top—to see an eclipse of the sun.

Firsts are always exciting. My first airplane flight, which was taken, by the way, with Frank Hawks, later to become famous as the great breaker of speed records, delighted me so much that I determined, on the moment, not to rest until I had learned to fly, myself. And my first solo flight pleased me so greatly that I went up and flew about for quite a while at 5,000 feet, much to the alarm of my instructors. (I spoiled it, afterwards, by making a wretched landing.)

MY PARTICULAR inner desire to fly with me. I had flown Atlantics before. *Everyone has his own Atlantics to fly. Whatever you want very much to do, against the opposition of tradition, neighborhood opinion, and so-called "common sense"—that is an Atlantic.* I have found it myself, often. When I left Ogontz School, in Philadelphia, to become a nurse's aide in a Toronto war hospital, I was discouraged by all my friends.

When I wanted to learn to fly, in California, in 1920, and set out to earn the money for flying lessons by working for the telephone company, I was ostracized by the more right-thinking girls. When I got a job driving a truck delivering sand and gravel, I became a simple nobody. Such things were not done.

All this adverse talk was, so far as I was concerned, smoke up the flue. I have enjoyed life since I was a little girl. I intended to go on enjoying it. Whether it was considered "the thing to do" or not was irrelevant. As a little girl I had ridden my own buggy in the stable; I had once climbed up on a delivery horse; I had explored the fearsome caves in the cliffs overlooking the Missouri; I had invented a trap and trapped a chicken: I had jumped over a fence that no boy my age had dared to

jump; and I knew there were more fun and excitement in life than I would have time to enjoy.

It's a thought like that which comes to me when I try to explain to my sensible, practical friends why I set out to fly the Atlantic for the second time.

"Because . . ." There is more than that, if I can only tell it. Have you ever longed to go to the North Pole? or smell override apples in the sunshine? or coast down a steep, snow-covered hill to an unknown valley? or take a job behind a counter selling ribbons, and show people how to sell ribbons as ribbons have never been sold before? or take a friend by the arm and say, "Forget it—I'm with you forever?" or, just before a thunderstorm, to turn ten somersaults on the lawn?

IF YOU have some time had a desire like that, you will understand. *The small things that invite us to hop out of the rut mean just as much as flying the Atlantic.* If these are mere daydreams, pass them by. But if they absorb and encompass you, if they get hold of your heart, if they become what the philosopher calls "that obscure inner necessity"—heed them. They are your self.

My husband, George Palmer Putnam, the publisher, has often expressed to me a similar idea. "Some day," he threatens, "I am going to some small western city, take an assumed name, and get a job as a newspaper reporter. I want to prove to myself that I could do it all over again." The majority of us have the same feeling.

Most of all, I would like young people to heed these inner calls. Young people and old people, too, are too timid about experimenting, trying their little adventures, flying their own Atlantics. Step out! Try the job you are interested in! Use the talents which give you joy! There's plenty of time. *I've had twenty-eight different jobs in my life, and I hope I'll have 228 more.*

Experiment! Meet new people. Find out about them. Adapt yourself to them, please them, anger them, study them! That's better than any college education. *You will find the unexpected everywhere as you go through life.* By adventuring about you become accustomed to the unexpected. The unexpected then becomes what it really is—the inevitable. But you are ready for it—flexible, realistic, tolerant, hard-boiled, and sympathetic.

All this, I suppose, is very much off the subject: *Why did I want to fly the Atlantic? But maybe it is not so far off, after all.* Sometimes a deep necessity demands that we do a thing. We want it with all our hearts. We follow it out. It is, I believe, as good a rule as any. And once again Mr. Shakespeare is in my corner:

"The purpose you undertake is dangerous.—Why, that's certain. 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

And that is most true of the safety of our inner content. Treasure that safety too closely and, like hoarded gold, it loses its value. Better to follow your innermost desire with gallantry and courage.



Most of the 5000 people who died last year from one particular form of cancer could have been saved if they had been warned in time of their impending danger — and had acted without delay

LAST year in the United States alone there were more than 5,000 deaths caused by rectal cancer. Had these cancers been discovered in their early stages, a large majority could have been operated upon successfully. Almost all of them could have been found by competent physicians making *thorough* physical examinations.

Either false modesty on the part of a patient who should be utterly frank and truthful with his physician, or disinclination on the part of a doctor to urge his patient to have only the most complete and searching examination possible — one or the other — may cause suffering and tragedy.

There are thousands of cases of unsuspected rectal cancer. In the beginning, they are usually painless. The first slight symptoms are often disregarded. They may be so similar to those of other ailments that only by a conscientious local examination can any doctor determine whether or not a cancer is present.

Irregular or abnormal conditions

should be reported to and investigated by your doctor without delay. The discovery of rectal cancer in its early stages should not cause undue alarm. In most cases such a cancer can be removed with entire success.

The United States Army and Navy Medical Divisions, leading newspapers, magazines, the foremost doctors and health officials all over the country urge complete, periodic physical check-ups. It would be impossible to estimate correctly the amount of suffering such examinations prevent and the years of life they add.

A partial examination is valuable as far as it goes. But it is, after all, a compromise not to be tolerated if you wish to guard yourself in every way possible from needless loss of health due to unremoved growths or uncorrected impairments.

Everybody should have a health examination at least once a year — and it should be *complete*. Get the protection which medical and surgical science can provide.



It's Worth Something

(Continued from page 58)

throughout the winter. Summer was just an interlude. The natives called it "fly-time." That part of Wyoming really specialized in winter. It lasted ten months and lapped over a little on the other two. That first summer the weather let me down in many ways. For one thing, I lost five dollars backing my faith we couldn't have a snowstorm in August. We had three.

But it was virgin country and lots of it—vertical and horizontal. When it wasn't snowing we surveyed, mapping unnamed streams and lakes, seeing few people except an occasional prospector or Indian.

And yet even back in that remote corner of the Rockies men had already lived and laughed and ceased living. For I remember three of us sitting on our horses in one of those narrow, breathless box cañons at the end of a summer's day, looking down upon a very old grave.

For years it had been there, uncared for and unnoticed, probably forgotten by anyone then living. At its head leaned a weathered slab of yellow pine, and on it, carved in rough letters, were the words, "He sure enjoyed life." Beneath it a crude cross. That was all. No date, no name. Nothing to tell us whether the man who lay there had been a prospector, cowboy, or road agent. Of one thing alone could we be certain—that to the unknown occupant life had been a joyous adventure.

I think that picture lingers because the terse phrase so well described all that far-flung band made up of the pioneer, the adventurer, the man who goes on before. There's was a sturdy zest for life, and even then something of their glamour and high-hearted adventurings seized my imagination, bidding me chronicle this pioneer breed and the fullness with which they "sure enjoyed life."

JUST as old Cap Smith loved life.

When the Mexican *vaquero* describes to you someone who is all a man, "*un hombre y medio*," he calls him—"a man and a half." Cap was an "*hombre y medio*." One of the earliest to dare the ferocity of the Sioux by entering the Black Hills, he helped build the first stockade where the city of Custer now stands. He had seen men die quick, untidy deaths.

Through two perfect summers we camped together, riding the trails of those beloved hills of his, and he told me much of the West of other days and of the events that had happened to him, good or bad. Life had mauled and battered him many times, yet never once did he express the least regret. I asked him about that.

"Regret?" He seemed to be testing the word, as something unfamiliar to him. "How can any man regret whatever happens? How are you going to be sure that the very thing you regret most isn't the best thing that could have happened to you in the long run? And since you don't know and can't ever know—" Cap shrugged. "In over sixty years of living I can't tell yet whether any one experience was a knock or a boost in the long run—but it was sure all interesting."

Years have passed since then, and old Cap has crossed the last divide, but often in many a queer corner of the world I have

looked back over the assorted smiles and wallops fate deals us and wondered if one is ever able to tell just what was really good or bad. And why bother? After all, we can be certain of this—it helped create life. It was all part of the high adventure of living.

But in those days just before the war one was too busy living life to reflect on life's economy. Only later I came to accept this pioneer philosophy that all things somehow find their use in building up that complex structure we call a man's life.

No, I wasn't thinking any abstract thoughts that last winter before the war. I began it scaling logs for the Forest Service on top of the Rockies at an altitude two miles above the sea. By December the temperature parachuted to forty degrees below and stayed there, and all night long you could hear the aurora crackling.

But rumbles of the War-to-End-War reached us even there, and soon I found myself bound south for the desert again. Toward the end of that brief stay I went down into the Mexican Quarter to make my farewells before leaving to learn the ways of armies and airplanes. The *padre* was last to say good-by.

"So you are leaving the desert country for the war, my son." I still remember the trace of Castilian accent. "You will have adventures and many hardships, but to accept them gladly is the part of wisdom. Do not seek to avoid experience, however stern, for these are the bricks life is built of."

Then his hand moved in a shadowy Sign of the Cross: "*Vaya con Dios*."

That was his farewell. To me it was more than a farewell, and, although I never saw the kindly old *padre* again, something of his tranquil attitude toward life went with me as his benediction. It was so typically part of the unworried philosophy of the desert people—to accept whatever comes.

Out there one comes to believe that sooner or later the least important happening, the most vagrant experience, is, in his phrase, "all grist to the mill." The way a man treats his horse, the way a child may look up at you in passing, a gleam of sun through storm clouds—such things as these pass and are forgotten, but they are not lost. Perhaps nothing is lost. We say, "Well, that's over." But is it?

MEANWHILE I was learning to fly. Those were the mad, glad days of aviation. Any contrivance that would get us into the air we called an airplane in that time of unexpected necessity—any crate or sewing machine that would take off.

It was then I began to recognize life's scheme of economics and to believe that every experience is made use of, often in bizarre and unexpected ways. For, as I say, planes were few, and most of the time we loafed around the hangars, praying for a chance to take a hop. The more hours in the air, the greater our chances of "getting over."

One winter morning I was waiting there, with no 'chance of an early flight, when the major in command sent for me:

"Lieutenant, from your service record

I see you've had experience in running compass lines in the West."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think you could adjust and install airplane compasses?"

"Yes, sir."

I had never seen one, and had no least idea what one was like, but in the army "Yes, sir," is commonly the right answer. So I sat up most of that night experimenting with an old compass, and next day received the official title, all duly stamped with the great seal—"Officer in Charge of Compasses and Cross-Country Flying." It seemed a little garish, but at least it meant that from now on I was to have all the flying I wanted, since my job was to test the compasses of every plane that left the field.

WHAT did the war teach me? The absurdity of war, for one thing, and perhaps the tragic transience of life.

Not long ago someone objected to a story I had written. "You treat death so casually," he said. "Almost as if death didn't matter."

I made no answer, for I was thinking of the long table where the flyers of my squadron sat at mess. At the end of many a long day's flight there would be empty seats at that table—seats that would never be claimed by their old occupants again. And we would write awkward, inarticulate letters to their parents, and other men would fill those seats. Death—it was an ever-present reality, and one owed it to sanity not to take it too seriously. Mine was the same gesture that the Argentine *vaquero* makes when, hearing of the death of some close comrade, he shrugs and says, "Why not? After all, so many beautiful horses die."

But at last the war went bankrupt, and I stayed on for a time in the army, drifting down again to the border country of Texas, flying patrol along the Mexican line. Resigning, I went West again, settling this time in Deadwood, S. Dak.

Here life wore its rational, familiar aspect again. There were forest fires to fight and all the world to ride through. There were trout in the streams, foresters to camp with, and everywhere the fragrance of pine. But those days were soon over, to be followed by a train of tropical wanderings that would take me into many an unfrequented corner of the Caribbean. And it came about as if the little gods took a perverse pleasure in resurrecting the very part of life I thought to be through with. For I had mentally kissed all airplanes farewell.

But one morning a man came to me searching for airplane pictures of timberlands. Nothing had satisfied him and I promised to show him some of my own. Instantly he was alert:

"You're an aviator?"

"Yes."

"And you have worked in the timber?"

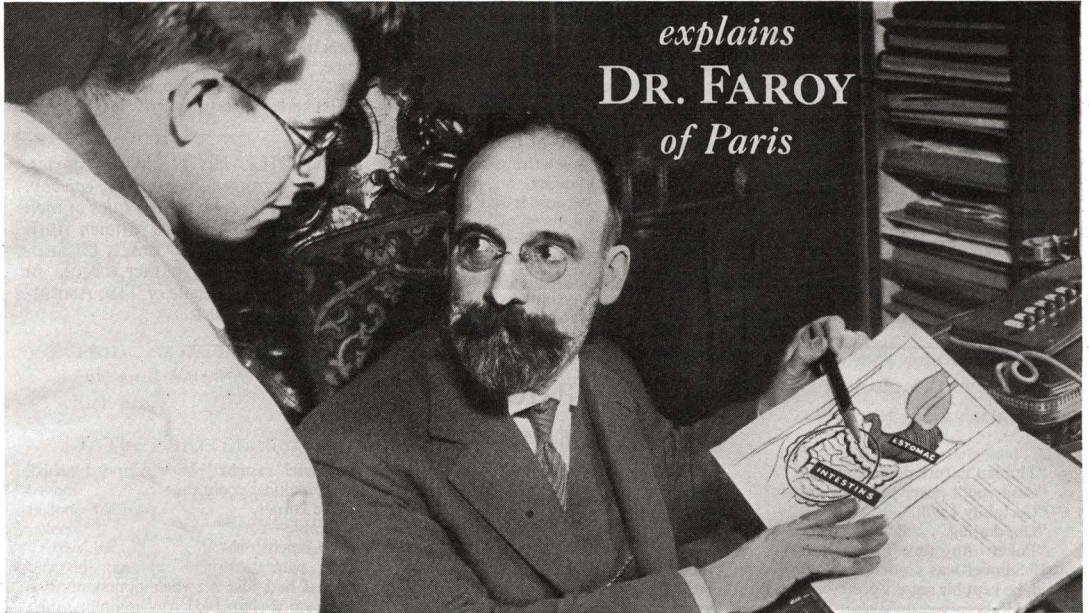
He seemed unusually interested when I acknowledged to some years of life in the forest, and he finally told me he represented a large interest holding an option on a million acres of tropical timberland. He was seeking someone who knew timber

Coated tongue is usually a sign of constipation. Correct this trouble with fresh yeast, doctors advise.



“COATED TONGUE

—that’s a symptom of self-poisoning!”



In such cases, declares this Noted Authority, “I advise . . . fresh yeast”

THAT white, coated tongue of yours. It’s a signal of bodily distress. *Heed it!*

That’s the advice leading doctors — including world-famous medical authorities — are now giving.

For instance—here is the statement of Dr. Georges Faroy, author of the famous “Digestive Therapeutics” (1928). Dr. Faroy is head of the department for internal diseases in the great Hôpital Beaujon, Paris. He says:—

“Poisons that collect in the intestines destroy vitality, health . . . Headaches, coated tongue, indigestion and a general loss of vitality are . . . symptoms . . .

“I advise people suffering from these . . . ailments to take fresh

yeast . . . not to resort to cathartics and laxative drugs. I know no safer means for permanently overcoming constipation.”

If you would “tone up” your system and keep it free of the poisons that lead to coated tongue, bad breath, bad skin, etc., try Fleischmann’s Yeast!

Just eat it regularly, 3 cakes every day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (a third of a glass). Why not add it to your diet today?

DR. STRASSER, physician-in-chief of a famous Austrian sanatorium, states: “Fresh yeast has a revitalizing effect on devitalized intestinal muscles.”



“EXTRA WORK together with my studies made a very full schedule,” writes Miss Ethel A. Anderson, of New York. “It used up so much of my energy that . . . I felt very run-down. I often had headaches. My system felt sluggish.

“I read . . . how great European doctors were recommending Fleischmann’s Yeast . . . I began eating it. Now I have no more headaches. My strength . . . came back . . . Yeast cleared up my complexion beautifully.”



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to fly over the tract and estimate its value.

It was a mad undertaking, but we finally got hold of an antiquated plane, and two weeks later I was bound for unmapped tropical jungles.

It began inauspiciously enough with a shipwreck near one of the mouths of the Orinoco. A gale blew us on an uninhabited edge of the delta, and for a few memorable days I lived on crocodile tails and an occasional iguana egg. Why crocodile tails? Well, one of my fellow castaways insisted that it was the best part of the crocodile. Perhaps so. I never had the courage to investigate. If it was, the rest of the beast could scarcely have been a delicacy.

STILL, one survives even that diet, and before long I made my way northward through the forests of Central America, camping in the shadows of ruined Maya temples, getting mixed up with a Guatemalan revolution in the manner of innocent bystanders, having my train fired on near Guadalajara, and a little later making a frantic ride to catch a French boat at Vera Cruz, just twelve hours before that port fell into rebel hands.

But it was up one of those little-known rivers in South America that again I had occasion to remember how even the least premeditated thing becomes grist for the mill in very tangible ways.

I was looking for timber and had engaged a party of twenty Indians and a half-breed interpreter. My interpreter spoke only Spanish and the queer Indian

dialect of that locality, and to while away the long hours as we poled and paddled upstream, I had him teach me many of the words they used. He was mildly amused.

"It is idle for the señor to weary his head with such words," he objected, "seeing that at most not over two hundred people in the world speak them."

But for the next ten days I did bend my efforts toward learning that sibilant, hissing dialect without being able to justify the effort even to myself. Then suddenly, overnight, the interpreter was stricken with one of those mysterious, unpredictable fevers, and as he lay between life and death, half my Indians had deserted. Should the man die, I knew what to expect from this superstitious people—I would be left alone to cut my way back through the wilderness as best I could.

Before breakfast I had made my decision. Sending the interpreter back to the coast with two men, I pushed forward with my remaining Indians, able by this time to speak enough of their language to gain their help and loyalty. Thus my idle pastime of learning strange and "useless" words proved to be of the utmost value.

Even then I was writing in a desultory way, at ranch-houses, on boats, or in camps, writing because it was a manner of passing time, but most of all because of that irresistible allure which lies in the never-ending pursuit of words. In this too short game of life, words, I think, are the most amusing plaything.

"What kind of stories do you like best to

write? Stories about animals, stories of the Mexican border, or of the northern Rockies?" I never know just how to reply to that question. Maybe the answer is, "All of them—at different times." I know I shall never lose my love of animals—it is too much a part of me—and as for the location, the Mexican border country and the Rockies bulk biggest in my past. They are even more real to me than the jungle. No matter how far I stray or in what corner of the world I find myself, I am always returning to that glamorous land of Mexico and its colorful, *simpático* people.

SO MY old priest was right. Only of the things that have been part of our own living can we write—or, for that matter, express ourselves in any other field of creative work. That is the law and the prophets. Other men's lives, other men's books—they are valueless. To create something that will live, even for a little time, you must go to life itself—more than that, you must love life, welcoming it in all its varied aspects as "grist for the mill."

TOM GILL has LIVED his stories. Forest ranger, army flyer, cowboy, and explorer, he spins tales of men and places he has known intimately. His new novel, GUARDIANS OF THE DESERT, begins in next month's issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Hearts and Clubs

(Continued from page 31)

"Human nature doesn't change."
"And you'll never play cards again?"
"Certainly I will."
"Oh, darling. . . ."
"Poker. Any time."

If Samuel was conscious of any social void, he kept his regrets pretty well to himself. He betrayed only one sign of weakness: He commenced refusing invitations to parties where bridge was to be played.

"Why?" Elinor demanded.
"Foolish game. I'd rather read a good book. Besides, it makes me fidgety to see the way some of those dumb-bells play their cards. Last time it was that impossible Warner chap. He was sitting under an original no-trump with a setup minor suit, and he bid that suit. Ridiculous."

"What would you have done, Samuel?"
"I'd have passed. So would the bidder's partner. Then I'd have massacred their one-bid with my long suit. They were vulnerable."

"You really have bridge sense," she applauded admiringly. "You should start playing again."
"I'm happy now, Elinor. I intend to remain so."

She went to many parties without him. Yet she felt that he was eager to play again. Contract was that way. Like the drug habit, only more so. Samuel was simply too stubborn.

She tried to be a good scout. He was a good sort, really; there wasn't any use fussing about it. Besides, his birthday was coming and she decided to make a gesture.

He was delighted to learn that she was planning his annual poker party.

"There's a game for you!" he enthused.
"Good, jolly fellows playing a jolly game. Kidding each other all evening; enjoying themselves. No solemn faces; no bitter criticism—just a good time. It's no wonder that men love poker more than contract."

"But, dear, they don't. I had a terrible time finding seven guests who were willing to play. I had to explain that it was your birthday, and even then they accepted reluctantly. 'Oh, all right!' they'd say. 'We suppose we'll have to indulge the poor goof!'"

"You're making that up!"
"It's the truth, sweetheart. And you really are one, you know."

"H'mph! You listen outside the door at my poker party, Elinor; you'll hear folks really having a good time!"

THE seven men came to Samuel's birthday party. There was a certain air of restraint over the dinner table. Later they adjourned to the breakfast-room, and Elinor went upstairs with a book.

Then from downstairs came occasional bursts of laughter. Samuel must have been right, after all. Poker was that sort of game. She caught snatches of healthy ribaldry.

At ten-thirty she walked downstairs to prepare some ginger ale for Samuel's guests. She walked through the breakfast-room, en route to the kitchen.

Samuel caught her eye and blushed. The breakfast-room table had been shoved into a corner. The eight men sat—not at one table—but at two. Instead of poker chips, each table was equipped with a score pad. Samuel's partner (he and Samuel had just set their opponents two tricks on a slam bid) was complimenting Samuel.

"Brother, you played that hand—and how! Fine defensive work, the way you fooled Bill with a false discard!"

"Oh," answered Samuel complacently, "I've been studying the game."

Elinor made no comment when she served the ginger ale. She didn't even look at Samuel. Not fair to embarrass him before all these men. But she was waiting, starry-eyed, when he bade his guests good night and came upstairs.

Samuel did not evade. He took her in his arms and made a frank confession.

"Playing contract tonight was my suggestion, honey."

"They didn't prefer poker?"

"No, frankly, they didn't."

"And—and Samuel. . . .?"

"Yes, dear; we'll play together again. And we won't fuss or quarrel or criticize. I always admit when I've been wrong."

He was staring across the room, and suddenly a speculative light came into his eyes.

"What I want to know is this, Elinor," he said suddenly. "Was it entirely accidental that tonight there were two bridge score pads in my box of poker chips?"

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Something to Tell the Folks

(Continued from page 19)

more than a very temporary state of affairs which will come to an end. My own opinion is that never again in our lifetimes shall we be present at such an opportunity for moderate wisdom and common or garden courage to lay the basis of fortune. I intend to. I mean to come out of this depression with seeds planted that will grow me more of a competence than I ever possessed. Anybody can do it if he only realizes the facts.

"When you say that nothing like this has ever happened before, it's like a woman with thirteen children trying to tell the neighbors that nothing ever happened like the fourteenth."

"Why thirteen?" he asked.

"Because," I said, "we've had just thirteen of these messes before, and this is the fourteenth; and because this one has a strawberry mark on its shoulder blade it isn't just another baby, but a catastrophe."

"Thirteen?" he asked.

"Since the year 1800," I said, "we have had a baker's dozen, and at least three of them were so much worse than this one that the present predicament looks like a gold rush."

"But conditions were never the same. The whole world never was affected before. There never was another world war. The economic machinery of the whole earth hadn't broken down."

"There was a fellow named Napoleon," I said meekly.

"What about him?"

"Well," I said, "if he didn't run a world war, and keep it running about four times as long as we kept this last one running, then somebody has been writing fiction. Nobody was mixed up in the Napoleonic wars but France and England and Spain and Holland and Italy and Russia and a few others, including the United States. And we had just finished up a disastrous war with England. And India was in revolt, and China was in upheaval. If that wasn't a world war go find me a better one."

"Yes, but—" he said.

NOW, that irritated me, because every second man you see is a yes-butter. No matter what fact you hit him with he answers you with a yes-but.

"And," I said, "along came the panic of 1837. It came about as many years after Napoleon was abated as this one came after the Kaiser was quelled. When it was done, the world was in a state that bordered on universal bankruptcy. Everybody was broke, governments and people alike. And everybody was saying this was the end of civilization, and that we never could come out of it, and that money could never make money any more. Banks were popping all over the United States like squibs on the Fourth of July. Nothing was worth anything. People were starving. There was no work. Business was at a standstill. You can't name a condition that exists today that didn't exist then, only a little more so."

"Yes, but—" he said.

"And then what? Well, we stepped right into the age of steam. We invented steamboats and the cotton gin and spin-

ning and weaving machinery—and in a couple of years, a little longer than this present depression has been going, we went into a period of activity and prosperity the like of which the world had never seen."

He was a little interested. "How did we come out of it?" he asked. "What did the financial leaders do to cure conditions?"

"Just what they are doing now," I said; "nothing, and doing that very poorly. The thing that brought us out of it was that the mass of people just naturally have a foundation of intestinal fortitude; and the inventive and creative brains of the world did their job, and the first thing everybody knew, the world was at work and buying and selling. You can't," I said, "stop the operation of a natural law by throwing a bank president at it. The pendulum had swung too far one way, and it had to swing back the other. Even the financial leaders couldn't stop it."

"That was one," he said, "and it just happened that way. This is different."

I COULDN'T make out just how it was different, and there wasn't any use arguing, so I said, "What about the Great Blizzard?"

"The what?"

"That's what they called the panic of 1857. It was more like this one than even '37. We had had a dozen years of what the historians call unrestrained commercial optimism. All Europe had been in a state of war and of revolution. The year 1848 had seen thrones tottering; we had fought a war with Mexico. The world had gone mad, just as it did in 1929, and there was a wild inflation of credit and the same cock-eyed sinking of capital. The amount of debt incurred by railways, manufacturers, promoters, states, counties, and cities had reached a point where the public could not absorb it."

"That sounds natural," said my friend.

"We had overproduced railroads and canals worse than we overproduced automobiles and radios and the rest in '29. Manufacturers enlarged their plants because they thought it was always going to last. And then came the blowup, just as in November of '29. Railroads went bust. Practically every bank in the country, with the exception of one in New York, a few in Kentucky, and four in New Orleans suspended."

"Ouch!" he exclaimed.

"Commodity prices dropped thirty-three per cent. Real estate lost its value. There was no railway traffic, and fourteen railroads failed. Russia, after the Crimean War, commenced dumping grain. And listen to what President Buchanan said in his annual message:

"Our country, in its monetary interests, is at the present moment in a deplorable condition. In the midst of unsurpassed plenty—in all the elements of national wealth—we find our manufactures suspended, our public works retarded, our private enterprises abandoned, and thousands of useful laborers thrown out of employment or reduced to want."

"That was Buchanan's idea, and no president is given to overstating deplorable conditions."

"And then what?"

"In less than three years—1860—the country began to recover confidence and prosperity. Manufacturers started and railroads got back on their feet. Money was loaned with freedom. And take a look at this: Iron, the worst sufferer in public estimation, went ahead and surpassed any previous figures. Railway stocks rose on an average of a third. By the end of '60 the recovery was complete and the country found itself in the same prosperous condition as before the panic."

SO WE argued and wrangled, and no matter what historical fact I dragged out into the light, he always came back at me with a yes-but.

"I'm refusing to handle any trust funds or to invest any money for clients," he said. "I don't dare. I don't know where I can put it to keep it intact, let alone drawing any income that is sure."

"So what?" I asked. "What do these kids do with funds?"

"Scatter as much of them around in savings banks as they can," he said.

"But what do the savings banks do with them? They can't keep them in the cellar and still pay three per cent interest, can they?"

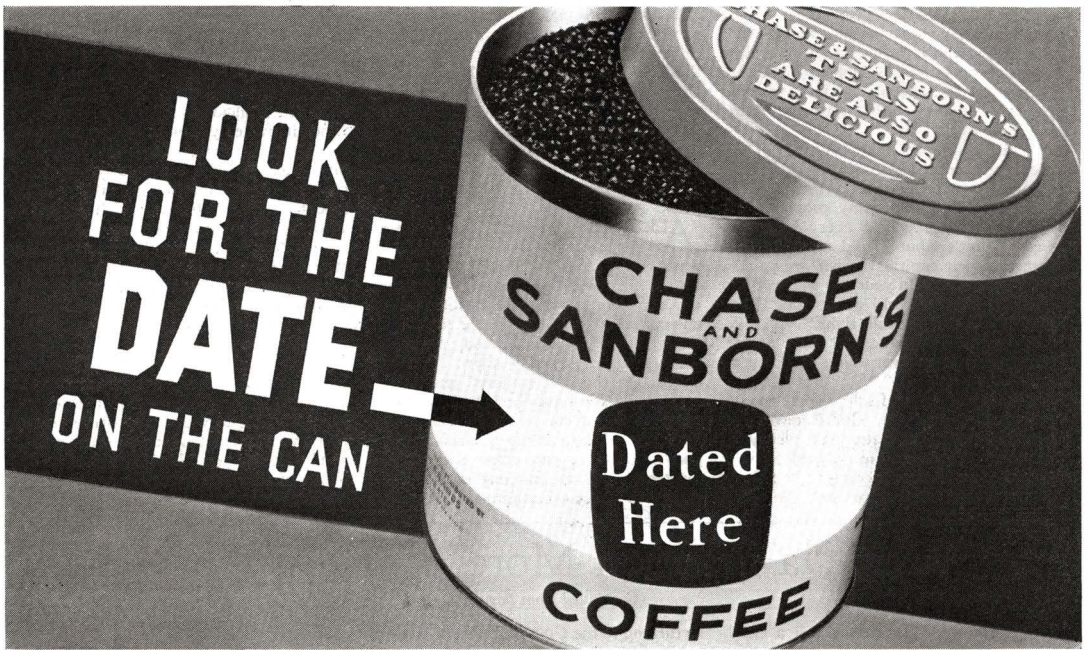
"That," he said, "is up to the banks."

And there we are. Just whom the savings banks can pass the buck to I wouldn't know, but I do know where they can loan that money with safety and for the benefit of everybody. I know in this little town where I live twenty substantial people who either wish to borrow money on their homes—fine, valuable homes—to use for business purposes, or who wish to borrow on mortgage to build homes which will give them a stake in the community and make them better and more valuable citizens. And, while real estate may shrink in sale price in times like these, it doesn't vanish. A lot remains a lot; it stays where it is on a good street and in a good neighborhood. It can't be wasted or squandered.

And people have to live in houses. The population continues to grow. The actual, basic value is always there. And every time a bank lends money to build a house or a store or a garage or a back fence it is throwing a pebble into a pond that sends out ever-widening waves. It gives men work; it sells lumber and plaster and nails and bricks. It stirs up business. And the capital loaned on that mortgage is safe.

The longest time of depression we ever have known was five years, after 1873. The house will be there in five years and the lot in five thousand. If investments in good first mortgages are sour, then I'm mistaken in believing I'm a Nordic and probably am a Chinese.

I was holding the head of a friend who is an artist. He was viewing with alarm. He knew even less about finance than I do, and he was afraid he was going to lose his house, of which he is very proud and which means more to him than most people's houses mean. Everybody had told him the world was coming to a financial end and that nobody, artists included, would be able to make a living. As a result he couldn't work. He was up in the air.



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COFFEE IS PERISHABLE . . . in the same class with butter and milk. If you want delicious flavor—you must get it absolutely fresh.

"Forget the house," I told him. "If you owe somebody money let him worry. He's the fellow who is trying to get it, and he doesn't want a house. Nobody's going to bother you if you keep up your interest and pay your taxes. Just forget everything but your work."

Which is another point. A lot of people are so preoccupied with being afraid of the future that they make a mess of the present. There aren't any prophets, but there is a clock. And every hour you waste—that's what I told my friend—is just so much capital thrown away. . . . "You go on and do your job the best you can and let the world do its job. Then you'll both come out all right."

"Yes, but—" he came back at me, "everybody says everything is going to smash."

"Well, if it does," I said, "what good is your house, anyhow? But it never has gone to smash and it's had plenty of chances. People are funny; they think if it rains they are never going to be able to go out again without an umbrella. But

even Noah's rain ended eventually. When a cyclone comes along, get into the cyclone cellar, but don't make your plans to live there all the rest of your life. Because there never was an endless cyclone. And every time you put in a day doing a job of work, you've done that, and you've the satisfaction of knowing you have one day less to wait before good times come back."

"If they ever do," he said glumly.

"ALL I can say," I said, "is that they always will. Listen," I argued, "we've had thirteen of these things, some worse than this, some not so bad. And the folks in each one curled up with fear of the future and thought they would never end. And then, the first thing anybody knew, they were ended. In the past hundred and thirty-two years we have had four years of prosperity for every year of adversity. We have proved, by coming through thirteen panics, that we can come through the fourteenth. When this one is over we're going to have unexampled prosperity

just as we have had after every panic."

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Well, if a thing happens once in a certain way, it's just a happening. If it happens twice in exactly the same way it may be a coincidence. If it happens three times it makes you wonder. But, fellow, if it happens thirteen times in a row, then any scientist will tell you you've discovered a law. And this law is that there is an ebb and flow in finance which is going to work just as the tide of the ocean ebbs and flows. You can't do anything about it, nor stop it nor hasten it. It is going to flow in beautifully for about ten years and then it is going to turn around and ebb for about three years. And it is always going to keep on doing the same thing."

I am what an optimist might call busted. But I'm getting ready for the coming ten years of grand going, and I'm expecting them, if all history and comparison aren't cock-eyed, to start within so short a time as to astonish you. Don't go sour on the future of this country or the world. Such an idea is nonsense.

What "a Fraction More" Can Do for You

(Continued from page 29)

Minnesota while Todd was still a child. That was frontier country, and among Todd's boyhood memories are the wide sweep of the prairie, and long, night vigils against marauding Indians.

In 1882, the elder Todd accepted a call to the little town of Altamont in the southeast corner of Kansas. More prairie land; but cowboys instead of Indians. Reading, writing, 'rithmetic in a small-town school. At seventeen, Todd went with his brother David to a small sectarian college in Missouri.

But, after two years of it, Todd suddenly decided he wanted a broader field of study, a wider horizon. He wanted something more—a fraction more. He would leave, and go east to Princeton. His brother David agreed to go, too.

"WHEN the college authorities found out about our plans," Todd told me, "they promptly expelled us both and forbade the other students to speak to us. They told us that even to think of another college was disloyalty. So we packed up our belongings, went to Altamont, and from there to Princeton."

About six months before this the Todd brothers had invested the savings of two years of hard work in five lots in Kansas City, Kans. They immediately sold their contract for this property, and with the proceeds paid up everything they owed and had sufficient balance to buy transportation to Princeton, with \$55 cash in the pocket of each. Somewhere in Ohio David's \$55 was appropriated by a thief, and the Todd brothers landed in Princeton, N. J., with their capital reduced by half. They worked their way through Princeton, with the help and support of President McCosh, by tutoring, cataloguing the library, renting bare rooms, fixing them up with second-hand furniture, and sub-renting them again. Somehow they managed to make ends meet.

Graduated from Princeton in 1889, Todd went to Beirut, Syria, where he taught for two years in the Syrian Protestant College.

Returning to the United States, he went to see his father in the West, and told him he had decided to give up the ministry for the law.

In New York he found a job in a law office, went to law school at night, managed to get his master's degree at Princeton in 1893, and passed his bar examinations in Tennessee a year or two later.

In 1895 he formed a law partnership with an old Princeton classmate, Henry C. Irons. Irons & Todd. But just as they were ready to embark on their joint venture, Irons found himself in a curious difficulty.

For months previously Irons had represented some builders who were erecting an eight-story apartment house. They were operating on a shoe string. Unable to see the job through, they turned the whole proposition over to the lawyer. Irons, always ready to help his associates, and endeavoring to straighten out the deal, suddenly found himself involved as a principal, loaded with obligations of others.

Right there the firm of Irons & Todd, Attorneys at Law, became Irons & Todd, Builders. Todd put in about \$6,000, his entire savings from a well-paid tutoring job, and together they took over the half-finished apartment house, pacified the contractor, and saw it through to completion. Then they rented and later sold it.

"That," said Todd, "started a twenty-year partnership which was not only reasonably successful but, better than that, delightful. Irons, who later became well known in New York, was a tower of strength."

Out of one building deal—into another. After disposing of that first apartment house, they found some vacant lots in another part of the city. Presently they were off on another building venture. But their margin of capital was thin.

"We had an office downtown," Todd recalled. "Every day at noon, Harry and I would go to a near-by saloon, each buy a bottle of sarsaparilla at the bar for a nickel, and then wander over to the free lunch

counter and get a bite to eat. The bar-keeper was a good sport. After all, somebody had to eat the free lunch."

One Saturday afternoon they didn't have even a nickel left. A search of their pockets disclosed that Irons had no money at all. John had exactly one cent.

"Well," said John, "this penny won't do us any good. Here goes—for luck!" and he flung the penny as far as he could throw it down Nassau Street.

One of them recalled that a former Princeton classmate had an office near by. Upstairs they trudged to see him and when they went down again, they carried a cash capital of \$35.

One of Todd's most vivid recollections of those early days is a bright red travel folder which he picked up in a steamship office the first winter after he returned to New York from Syria.

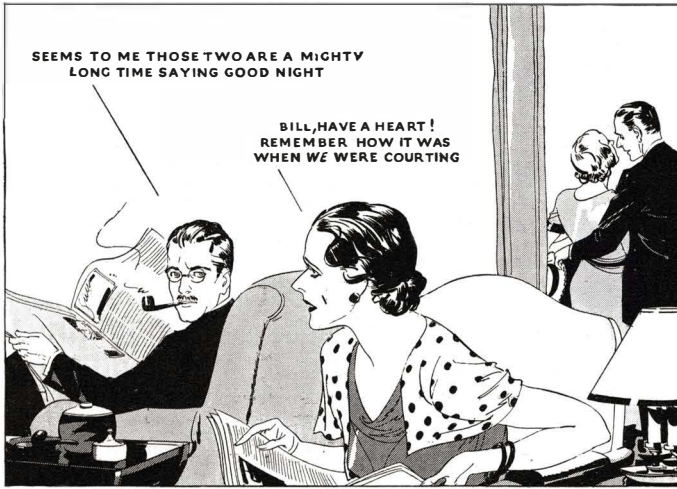
That red steamship folder—and the dream that went with it—brought a curious "something more" to the building activities of Irons & Todd. When they had an important job on their hands, they buckled down to it, worked long hours, and saw it through. But when the pressure eased up, regardless of the time of year, they went vacationing—to Florida, California, the West Indies, Europe, the Holy Land. Away from the feverish concentration of life and noise in the big city.

When they returned, they always brought something with them besides clear eyes and a coat of tan. They brought open minds and a fresh point of view.

AN OPEN mind, Todd told me, is one of the most valuable things a man may bring to his job. That mental freedom enables him to examine his problems, study his field, and acquire that important "something more."

"The trouble with most of us," said Todd, "is that our minds are clamped tight on a set of notions, ideas, and conclusions that are mostly all wrong. What we need is consistently to question every preconceived notion."

A HELPING HAND FOR CUPID. . . by ALBERT DORNE



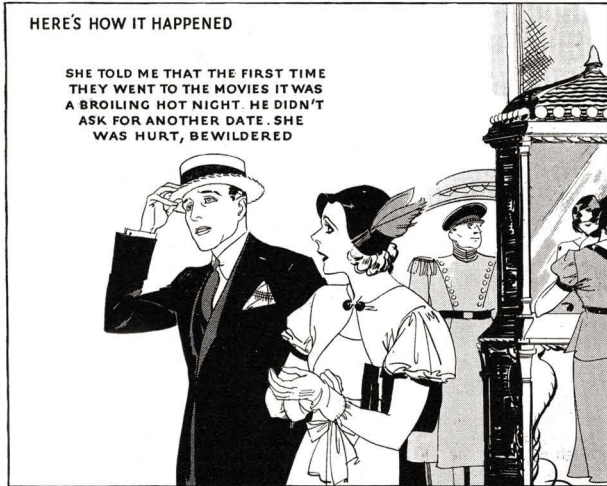
SEEMS TO ME THOSE TWO ARE A MIGHTY LONG TIME SAYING GOOD NIGHT

BILL, HAVE A HEART! REMEMBER HOW IT WAS WHEN WE WERE COURTING



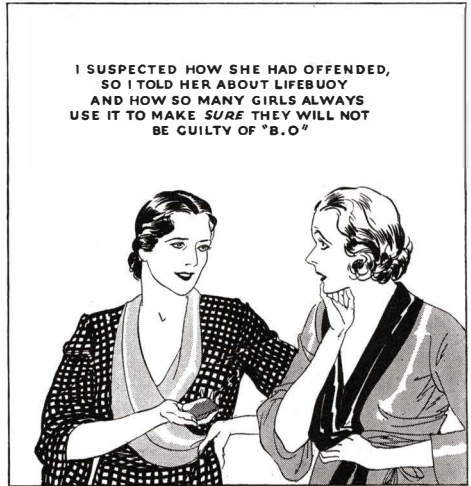
YOU KNOW, I TAKE SOME OF THE CREDIT FOR YOUR SISTER'S ENGAGEMENT

OH, YOU PLAYED MATCHMAKER, DID YOU?

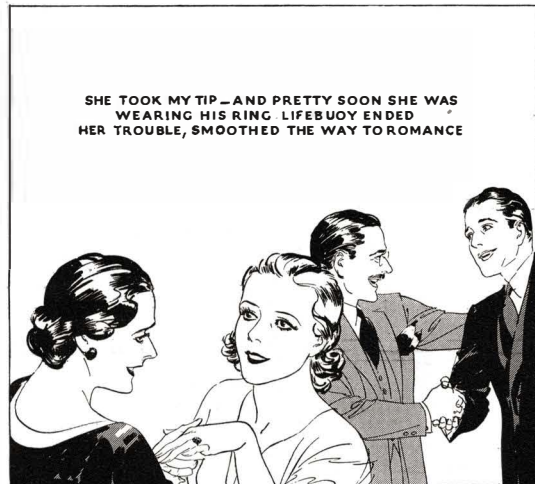


HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED

SHE TOLD ME THAT THE FIRST TIME THEY WENT TO THE MOVIES IT WAS A BROILING HOT NIGHT. HE DIDN'T ASK FOR ANOTHER DATE. SHE WAS HURT, BEWILDERED



I SUSPECTED HOW SHE HAD OFFENDED, SO I TOLD HER ABOUT LIFEBUOY AND HOW SO MANY GIRLS ALWAYS USE IT TO MAKE SURE THEY WILL NOT BE GUILTY OF "B.O."



SHE TOOK MY TIP—AND PRETTY SOON SHE WAS WEARING HIS RING. LIFEBUOY ENDED HER TROUBLE, SMOOTHED THE WAY TO ROMANCE

"B.O." weather now—beware!

(body odor)

WE CAN'T help perspiring freely these sweltering hot days. But we *can* prevent "B.O." (body odor) from offending! Just bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, cooling lather washes away heat and stickiness—every trace of odor, too. *Purifies* pores—gets germs off hands. Its pleasant, hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you better than words why Lifebuoy *protects*.

Complexions that charm

Every night, cleanse the face thoroughly with Lifebuoy. Its pure, bland lather is kind to the skin—makes it glow with the healthy, *natural* loveliness everyone admires. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Even on his travels, where most people are sheeplike followers of routine, Todd refuses to follow the herd. A few years ago, with a party, he was making a trip to Arizona. Riding westward from Kansas City, they suddenly changed their plans, deciding to stop at the Grand Canyon on their way West, instead of on the return journey. Consulting a time-table, Todd discovered that the train stopped, very early in the morning, at Williams, Ariz., the connecting point for the Canyon. There they would have to transfer their baggage to another train, make the one-day trip to the Canyon, and then go through the bother again on their return. Todd sent for the conductor.

"**LOOK** here," he said, "you've got two Pullmans on this train bound for Phoenix. Neither one is full. Why can't you move the Phoenix passengers from this car into the other one, and run this Pullman up to the Canyon for us?"

"Sorry, sir," said the conductor, "but I'd have to get orders from the division superintendent."

"All right," said Todd, "send some telegrams."

Later the conductor reported he had sent some telegrams, but hadn't got the necessary orders.

"Send more telegrams," Todd suggested. "The only man who can issue that order," the conductor announced with an air of finality, "is playing golf at a country club outside of Los Angeles, California."

"Good," said Todd: "send him a wire and have it delivered on the course."

The Pullman went to the canyon.

"Not an easy job to break railroad routine that way," I commented when Todd had told me the story.

"That," said Todd, "is exactly what routine is for."

John R. Todd knows a fraction more about dealing with his fellow men than any person I have ever encountered. He is a remarkable listener.

He told me a story about listening. A few years ago he wanted to buy a site for an office building. Preliminary appraisal disclosed the value of the plot to be something over \$2,500,000. Todd went to see the

owner—a well-known business man with wide interests and a colorful career—with an authority in his pocket to buy the property for \$2,500,000.

The business man, Todd had heard, liked to talk. Most men do. Todd walked in, shook hands, took a chair beside the great man's desk—and listened. He listened quietly, interestedly, for fifty minutes, while the property owner did all the talking. At the end of that time, there was a brief transaction, and Todd walked out with a contract to buy the property for exactly \$2,000,000. Listening had saved him—and the clients he represented—a half a million dollars.

Different men, different methods. On another occasion he was closing an important construction deal with a man who viewed life as a sporting proposition—in other words, a gambler. There was a difference of \$50,000 between the figure Todd wanted for the job and the price the man was willing to pay. The client said:

"I'll match you for that \$50,000 difference, Todd."

"All right," said Todd, "we'll toss a coin." They matched, and Todd won the \$50,000.

Yet Todd isn't a gambler. He simply meets men on their own terms.

When I asked him what men had influenced him most, he said:

"Some years ago, while Mrs. Todd and I were traveling in the Holy Land, we stopped beside the Sea of Galilee for a saddlebag luncheon. It was a beautiful day, and as we opened the lunch and prepared for a leisurely repast in that historic setting, a Bedouin boy, herding some goats on a hillside near by, came over and watched us with interest.

"We asked him about drinking water. He told us there was a spring a little farther up the lake. Would he be good enough to go up there and bring some? He went off, good-naturedly, and came back with a jar of cool, fresh water.

"I reached in my pocket and held out some coins to him but he shook his head.

"No," he said, 'I'm a gentleman, the same as you.'

Todd learned from that small brown Bedouin boy a lesson in democracy. From

a Negro who has worked for him for twenty years, always singing at his work, he learned that song and work go well together. He learned from a superintendent on a building job.

"Ten years ago," he told me, "when we were working on the Cunard Building in lower Broadway, two men arrived at my office with some sheets of parchment which were to be sealed in a copper envelope and placed in the corner stone. On the first sheet were the signatures of subcontractors and foremen and workmen, and I was to sign it along with the rest. At the head of the parchment was this inscription:

"To the Glory of God and the Advancement of Civilization, we dedicate our efforts in the erection of this building—"

"I never could find out definitely who wrote that inscription, but always figured that it was our head superintendent. I had occasion to call him on the telephone.

"'Bob,' I said, 'when will the scaffold in the main hall come down?'"

"On March 24," he told me. I made a note of the date. That was in December. On the morning of March 25, I called Bob again.

"What about that scaffold in the main hall?" I asked.

"Oh, the scaffold in the main hall? Why, that went out last night."

"To me that sounded like the 'Glory of God' and the 'Advancement of Civilization.'"

TO THE average building engineer, there probably would be no connection between the inscription on the corner-stone parchment and the removal of the scaffold on the day it was scheduled to come down. But John Todd tied the two together. Here, he told me, was a building superintendent who not only knew the routine functions of his job—he knew a fraction more.

Not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door—that fraction. Todd measured it between the thumb and finger of his right hand. An eighth of an inch. But it makes all the difference in the world!

"How easy it is," said John R. Todd, "and how important, to learn that fraction more!"

His Own Kind

(Continued from page 35)

Christopher Tysons were a devoted couple. Adelaide Tyson, obviously, was accustomed to the things which only great wealth can command.

She was no sportswoman.

"You run along, Christopher," she would say. "I know Smith would consider me a great nuisance. I'll take a stroll and perhaps a cat nap."

They went fishing on the fourth afternoon, the business of cutting and bringing in a moose, shot the evening before, having upset the morning routine.

Chris was unusually silent. The fishing was poor, but Chris kept casting patiently.

"Your son ran away this morning," he said at length. "Over by our camp. A very manly youngster, Jack."

"Thank you, sir; we think a lot of him. He's all boy." Now what was up? "I sure hope he didn't bother you none."

"Not at all. I enjoyed my little chat

with him. He says," went on Chris, his searching, blue, banker's eyes lifted to Jack's, "that his name is Christopher. That's rather a coincidence."

"Coincidence, sir? How come?" He had been a fool to name his son after his brother. An utter fool.

"Because," replied Chris, "that happens to be my own name."

"**WELL!** Imagine that, now. And it is it? I believe we'd better paddle up and fish the falls, sir; they don't seem to be takin' anything here, do they?"

"No, they do not. We'll try the falls, if you like. . . . How did you happen to name the boy Christopher, if I may ask?"

"Oh, that was just his mother's idea: kind of a good-sounding name she took a fancy to, I guess."

"I see. I thought perhaps you'd named

the boy after . . . after some relative of yours."

"He guessed! Chris guessed! Guessed? He *knew!* Despite the changes—the scar—the work of the years, old Chris had recognized his brother. The weight of the knowledge had bowed his back and head. It had brought that break to his voice.

"No, sir," said Jack crisply. "Ain't none of my relatives named Christopher—except the boy, of course."

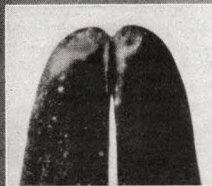
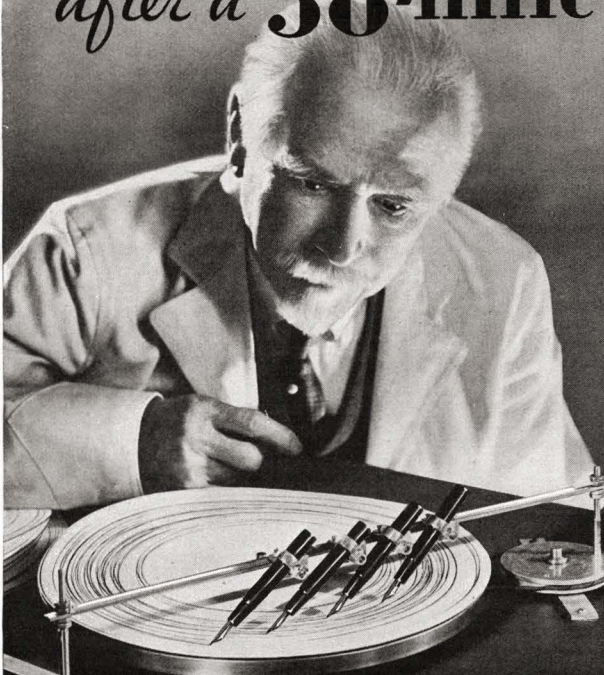
Chris did not reply, and with muscles in which there was no feeling, hardly knowing what he did, Jack paddled toward the falls.

Chris fished. He knew the bush-bitten man with him was Bertram Tyson, but he fished. He fished one pool after the other, carefully and scientifically. He caught fish, beauties, but they brought no gleam to Christopher Tyson's eyes.

Jack, watching Chris covertly, under-

Waterman's

shows what happens to Pen Points after a 38-mile Writing Test



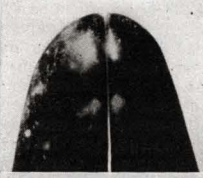
Other Make No. 1—Both point tips worn flat. Ink channel obstructed by worn metal.



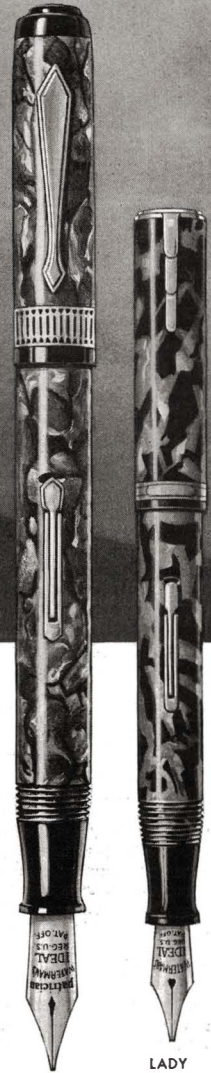
Other Make No. 2—Right hand point worn shorter than left. Tip extremely rough.



Other Make No. 3—Ridges worn into entire writing surface. Right hand tip flat and pitted.



Waterman's—Perfect roundness and smoothness unaffected by severity of 38-mile test.



PATRICIAN LADY PATRICIA

FOUR new pen points . . . a Waterman's and three other makes . . . were fitted to the holders in a writing machine in order to test their comparative ability to withstand wear.

A distance of 38 miles was traversed by each pen point . . . the equivalent of years of average usage.

The Microscope Shows What Happened

Note the microscope-photos herewith . . . the roundness and smoothness of the Waterman's iridium point . . . its freedom from wear, after the severe 38-mile test, in contrast with the roughened writing surface and worn-down tips of the other pen points.

What more convincing evidence of the super-quality of the Waterman's point . . . what greater proof that Waterman's writes with incomparable smoothness not only when new, but after years of usage?

In addition to enduring quality, Waterman's provides a pen point to suit exactly every individual style of handwriting. Whether for yourself or as a gift, it pays to get a Waterman's.

L. E. Waterman Co., New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Montreal

Do you know you can get a Waterman's . . . the world's finest writing instrument . . . for as little as \$2.75?

stood what was going on in his brother's mind. He knew Chris, knew his overwhelming pride, his stiff-necked conventionalism. And Jack was content that Chris did not speak of the things which filled his mind. Words, now, would be twenty years too late.

"I think, sir," ventured Jack at last, "that we might boil the kettle, if you like. I've packed along some sandwiches and a pannikin for the tea—"

"As you will." Chris changed position without glancing around.

"Be careful, sir, of those rocks," warned Jack. "They're slick, mighty slick. You can't trust 'em—and the water's deep."

"I'm not quite a greenhorn!" snapped Chris, the nervous tension beginning to tell on him. "I can see what I'm doing."

Jack did not reply. He dropped his pack on the ground and began looking around for wood.

IT WAS a beautiful spot, high above the lake, which shone like a pool of quicksilver far below. To his left the first fall, really no more than a rapids, rushed headlong toward the momentary peace and quiet of the broad pool Chris was fishing. To the right the pool narrowed and spilled its contents down a narrow, rock-lined chute into another, smaller pool. There were two other falls, the first a sheer drop of twenty feet or more onto black, broken rocks.

Swiftly, Jack laid and lighted a fire. The smell of the smoke was good. The incessant roar of the water was soothing to his tense nerves; the homely business of making tea was a familiar routine which helped take his mind off—

From the edge of the pool came a sharp, startled cry. Jack leaped to his feet, turning just in time to see Chris plunge wildly into the foam-laced water.

Chris could swim. Jack knew that. But he could not last long in that treacherous eddy, with heavy eighteen-inch boots on his feet. Jack knew that, too. He bent over, tearing at the knots, the lacings, of his own light shoe-pacs. They were off in an instant and he threw himself after his brother.

Chris had made no sound since that first instinctive, startled cry. He was not wasting his breath. He was fighting the current grimly. Fighting a losing fight.

"Chris!" gasped Jack. "The other shore! The other shore!" Chris had been trying to fight his way back against the eddying current. "Let it carry you—"

But the instructions came too late. The current had Chris; he was slipping, feet foremost, toward the chute, with its rushing black water.

He knew he was going. He ceased fighting, and turned a tortured face to his brother.

"Bertram!" he shouted. "I knew . . ." The rest was lost, for Jack lunged forward like a hungry pike, head buried in the roaring water, straight for Chris.

He moved with magical swiftness, the rush of the current adding to the speed of his mighty lunge. He flung up his head so that it broke water, and reached out a long brown arm. His fingers closed like talons around his brother's wrist.

Twice, in the grip of that terrible current, they were spun beneath the surface like limp rags. Chris's wet, slippery wrist almost twisted from Jack's grasp, but he

hung on with the strength of desperation. And then, suddenly, they were catapulted into the little pool below the chute.

Here, Jack knew, was their only chance, for below this little pool was no rapids, but the falls. There was a terrific undertow, and Chris, dragged down by his heavy boots and his strength drained by his desperate fight above the chute, was almost a dead weight.

Chris was trying to pull himself free. He was shouting:

"Bertram! Let go! Let me go, I tell you! Save yourself! We can't both make it." It didn't matter what he was saying.

They were very close to the brink of the falls. Jack tore at the current until his muscles crackled and little pains like sparks of fire flashed through his arms and legs, but he was losing out.

Something reached up from below and gashed his thigh. Something hard. He glanced down, and saw, through the swirling water, the green and slimy trunk of a water-logged tree, slanting back into invisibility toward the shore.

It was a chance. Jack dropped both legs, shooting them straight down on the upstream side of the submerged log. His feet were swept downstream and the current slammed his body against the log with a force that made him grunt aloud, and he stopped the motion of Chris's body, an instant later, with a jerk which nearly tore his arm from its socket.

"All set, Chris!" he gasped. "See if you can get on this side of the deadhead. Give you a chance to breathe . . . take off those damned boots . . . try it, now . . ."

CHRIS made it, and with his body doubled about the log, held there by the force of the current, drew in long whistling breaths of strength-renewing air.

"Close, that," he said at length. "And, Bertram, why—?"

"Not now, Chris," interrupted Jack. "This deadhead is old and rotten. She's likely to let go any moment. Rip off those boots and save your breath. We're not out of it yet. We've got to make the shore."

Chris nodded, and reached down under the water. First one boot and then the other went tumbling swiftly downstream and over the brink of the shouting falls.

Jack felt the log move uneasily. The force of the water, piling up in a vicious hump behind his back and Chris's, was loosening the moorings of the water-logged trunk.

"Ready?" he asked sharply. "Think you can make it?"

With haggard eyes, Chris glanced toward the shore. It was not far. Ten feet away the water shoaled into a sort of backwater, where there was little current. But to fight through that ten feet of flood would be a Herculean task.

"Ready," he nodded. "Now?"

"In a moment. Don't try to swim straight to the shore. Swim upstream, at an angle to the shore, to make up for the pull of the current. Shove off from the log with every ounce of strength you've got. I'll be right behind you. Now!"

Chris started instantly, swimming strongly, Jack at his side. The drag of the current was terrible, but inch by inch they neared the shore.

It was close now. The pull of the current seemed left behind. Jack shot down an exploring foot and touched coarse

gravel. He reached out and gripped Chris, thrashing wearily, by the belt.

A moment later, trembling with exhaustion, his breath whistling in and out between his teeth, he carried Chris ashore and threw himself down beside the sodden figure, while the world seemed to rock around him and the roar of the falls rose furiously in his ears.

Later, still seated there beside the falls, they talked. A silence of twenty years had been unsealed.

At first they did not talk of the things which filled their minds and hearts. They spoke of the war, of Chris's success, of Jack's wanderings, of mutual friends back home. But at last, as was inevitable, they talked of the present time and place, and of themselves as they now were.

"It's great to see you again, Chris," said Jack earnestly. "You don't know . . . what it is to make a new world for yourself; to—pull down a curtain between yourself and everything and everybody that's behind you."

"I can guess, Bertram. This isn't your life. By birth, breeding, by education . . . you won't regret leaving it?"

"Leaving it?" repeated Jack slowly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean this: There are only the two of us left to carry on. You've had your fling, and you're grown up. The runaway youngster has grown into a man."

"A man named Jack Smith," put in Jack quietly, "with a wife who is part Indian. And a child."

"True. But—"

"I'm not leaving them, Chris," Jack interrupted. "I love Anne as much as you love your wife. The lad I named after you is as dear to me as though his mother were the finest lady in the land."

"Did you think I'd ask you to leave them?" reproached Chris. "You'd be no Tyson, Bertram, to run away from a responsibility."

"Then what do you propose?"

"I propose," cried Chris, "to claim my brother! I want you; I need you, back there. Shoulder to shoulder . . . that's the thing, Bertram! You've got the strength and the energy to go out and get things done. I've the money, the influence, the knowledge of the game. Blood's thicker than water. It wasn't Christopher Tyson, a sport, for whom you risked your life, was it? No! It was old Chris, your brother—and that's something I can't forget."

"And Anne?" asked Jack hesitantly.

THE picture Chris painted was sharp and vivid before his eyes. He would like that sort of life, now; to mingle with his own kind, to have power in his hands.

"Anne and the boy we'll take along, of course. A little readjustment, that's all. We'll smash things wide open, Bertram!" Chris went on enthusiastically. "I know finance, and I know politics. But I've always needed a man like you to batter away at the front while I pulled the strings and did the paper work behind the lines. And you—you can do the battering. Lord, but I'm proud of you, and the man you've turned out to be! You've the strength of a derrick, the constitution of an ox. 'Tyson and Tyson'—there's a firm name for you!"

Jack leaped to his feet, pacing nervously. "Tyson and Tyson!" Old Chris and himself, shoulder to shoulder. Blood was

thicker than water. He turned to Chris and thrust out a brown, hard hand.

"Tyson and Tyson!" he said. "We'll do it, old-timer!"

They shook hands, and their glances met. Queerly, there was a blur before Jack's eyes.

"Chris . . . it's good to have you back," he muttered, choking. "I guess I'm an idiot. . . ."

Chris's arm went about his brother's shoulder. He said nothing, but the gesture was more eloquent than any words.

Chris sat amidships, facing Jack, as they paddled back through the beauty of the late afternoon.

"A great country, Bertram," said Chris, motioning. "I suppose you'll hate to leave it?"

"In a way," nodded Jack absently. What would luxury be like? How would it feel to sit down before fine linen, gleaming crystal, and polished silver? To hear soft voices and discreet laughter? To match his wits with men, instead of his brawn?

THEY were close to the camp—the big camp of peeled logs, with its porch of rustic rails. Close, too, to the little camp, just beyond the point, where he lived with Anne and the boy.

Chris's wife was seated on the porch steps. At her feet, the boy was whittling on something. As the canoe nosed alongside the little dock, Chris's wife rose and came gracefully down the path toward them. The boy ran after her.

"You look tousel, dear," Mrs. Tyson said observantly. "What's the matter?"

"I slipped in, and I'm not quite dried out yet. Was it a long afternoon?"

"Not very. I've been talking to the youngster, here." She glanced down at the boy, smiling humorously. "He's making himself a bow, 'a reg'lar huntin' bow to shoot me a moose with,' he says. He's a most amusing little savage, really."

A cold feeling of dread, almost of terror, settled suddenly over Jack. "—a most amusing little savage"! He glanced at his brother; Chris's face was rigid. Jack looked away, toward his camp.

Anne was coming toward them, calling softly to the boy. Her bright green skirt was very full, cruelly accenting the slight heaviness of her hips. There was just the suggestion of the Indian in her walk.

"Christopher!" she said. "You are one bad boy! Come here quickly, immediately! I have told you many times you must stay by our camp, non?"

"Please don't scold him," said Mrs. Tyson gently. "He's been amusing me."

Anne glanced at Jack, confused and uncertain. The two Mrs. Tysons! Side by side—Chris's wife and his own.

Chris was staring, too. He saw the contrast. Jack was afraid of what he would see on his brother's face.

Chris's wife, beautifully dressed, slim and aristocratic, complete master of herself and any situation. Anne, with her bright skirt, her rounded figure, almost matronly, her beautiful dark eyes shy and filled with dismay, her plump, capable fingers intertwined nervously before her.

"Dear," began Chris desperately, "I have something to—"

Old Chris was trying to go through with it! Proud, Chris was. Always had been! Proud of the family name, of his given word . . . proud.

You can't See "SCALP CRUST" .. that's why it's dangerous



If your head itches—look out! Scalp Crust is probably the cause.

You can't see Scalp Crust. That's why it is so dangerous—that's why many people of otherwise cleanly habits so often neglect it.

Scalp Crust is a thin film of skin scales, oil and dust on your scalp. It clogs the pores—makes your scalp an easy victim for the dandruff germ.

Scalp Crust is caused by hair neglect—lack of proper scalp care. You can't afford to tolerate this unhealthy, unclean scalp condition.

2 SIMPLE STEPS TO PREVENT SCALP CRUST

1. Shampoo at least once a week with Packer's Tar Soap. For more than 60 years Packer's has been the physician's prescription for hair and scalp. (Ask your doctor.) Packer's Tar Soap contains genuine pine tar—and pine tar stimulates the scalp and helps keep it free from dandruff.

2. Massage daily with Packer's Scalptone. This new tonic contains ingredients that are antiseptic, cleansing, stimulating. Scalptone helps to dissolve Scalp Crust.

And Scalptone is the only tonic you can adapt to your scalp's needs. Use it as it is, if your hair is oily; or make it oily, if your hair is dry and unruly—directions with each bottle tell you how.

Because of this separate oil tube you make Scalptone more or less oily, as your hair requires. Scalptone makes your hair look as well as it makes your scalp feel.

PACKER'S

1. TAR SOAP

for the Weekly Shampoo

2. SCALPTONE

daily, as Tonic and Dressing



But this thing must not be! It had all seemed very easy, there beside the pool, far away from the camp, with the sun shining and only the two of them to make plans.

With the two women standing side by side, it was different. Chris's wife would never understand. None of her kind would understand. His own kind . . .

Anne . . . sister-in-law to Chris's wife? The "little savage" a nephew to this proud, disdainful creature? And the lad himself: what would be his fate in the city—where his mixed blood would make him the target for every pitying eye and the victim of a thousand gibes from his more fortunate playmates?

It wouldn't do. Darkness, like the final darkness of death itself, settled swiftly over Jack's brain; darkness, and a sort of despair. Twenty years, and the changes of twenty years . . . you couldn't ignore them. Couldn't undo their work in half an hour of talking. It was no go. No go. "I'm begging your pardon, sir," he in-

terrupted swiftly, "but you'd better be goin' to the camp and changin' into somethin' dry and warm. You sports ain't used to duckin's, like we are up here."

SLOWLY Chris turned his head. He looked at Jack, his eyes wide and staring. His lips were trembling.

"Bertram!" His lips formed the word, but they made no sound.

"Why, Christopher!" said Mrs. Tyson sharply. "Are you ill? Smith, help me with him! He's—"

"I'm all right, dear, really." Chris pushed her away gently. "Just something I've eaten . . ."

"Will you do as I say, sir? It's best not to—to take chances, sir." He glanced at Anne, watching him with wondering eyes. "Run along with the lad, dear," he said softly. "I'll come over presently."

Anne nodded breathlessly, and hurried away with the boy.

"Chances?" repeated Chris dully. "Perhaps . . . I believe . . . perhaps . . . you're

right," Chris was saying jerkily. "Thanks . . . Jack."

Jack. Not Bertram. Jack.

And sir. Old Chris was sir to him.

"Something must have happened," Chris's wife insisted. "Both of you behave as though you were trying to conceal something. Tell me, was it anything serious?"

"It might have been," replied Jack. Oh, yes; it might have been. Might have been serious. "Kind of unnerving, I guess. But he'll be over it in a little spell. We just didn't want to worry you."

They went up the path to the cottage, side by side. Chris's head was bowed on his chest; his wife's arm was about him, and she was questioning him curiously.

Jack turned and looked out across the lake. It was a pool of liquid rubies in the red light of the sunset, and very beautiful. Very peaceful. Beyond was the bush, blue-black and silent.

It was Anne's country. His own country. The country of Jack Smith, bushman.

A Ship's Doctor Talks About His Job

(Continued from page 53)

anything from sick headache, neuralgia, pneumonia, hysteria, acute indigestion, and appendicitis to delirium tremens and infected heels. Infected heels, by the way, are a frequent source of trouble. Most ocean travelers leave all their tried and true shoes at home. For a journey during which they'll walk and dance many more miles than they are accustomed to, they carry only new shoes in their luggage. If you can find space for just one pair of comfortable old shoes, bring them along. They'll save you from tears and torture when you dance, and perhaps from a dangerous infection resulting from a blister.

MOST voyagers also give little thought to sudden sunburn and windburn. You can save yourself from a painful burn by protecting your skin before exposure and by replacing afterwards the natural oils which the sun has dried out. A real case of sunburn is no fun for anybody. And I never saw an attractive girl who looked more attractive for a peeling nose.

I remember last summer a lovely, fair-skinned young woman who sat beside me at meals. She was on her way to London to become the bride of a young Englishman of good family, and her mother-in-law-to-be, whom she had never seen, was to meet her at Southampton. Most of the trip the young lady loafed in a sheltered deck chair and read. But the last day of the run she played shuffleboard for hours under a broiling sun. That night she came to my office in tears. Her face was a sight. And all that unhappy, sunburned little American girl could think of was how formally gracious her prospective English mother-in-law's letters had been and what a reputation she had as a stickler for form. What little I could do for her I did with a right good will, and turned her over to the beauty parlor for the finishing touches. Between us we managed to turn out a girl who was quite presentable. But with a little care she might easily have preserved her exquisite skin.

I notice that as a rule there is more sickness on the homeward passage than on

the trip over. Most people don't leave home for a visit to Europe unless they are feeling moderately well, but they'll make the trip home no matter how bad they feel. Also, a skylarking holiday, with much traveling about, strange foods, and possibly much more liquor than customary at home, does not put passengers back on shipboard in the pink of condition.

Of course, technically speaking, there is no such disease as "seasickness." But the Greeks had a word for it! And maybe you've suffered from it and know what I mean. Old Dr. J. C. H. Beaumont, chief surgeon on the liner *Majestic* for many years, who made a thousand and two Atlantic crossings before he retired, used to say that he knew 889 "cures" for seasickness, none of them any good. I, myself—and most other ship's surgeons—prescribe easily retained bromides in small doses, partly because they quiet the nerves, and so, indirectly, aid in recovery, and partly because of the psychological effect on the distressed patient. But there's no "cure."

The seat of the trouble, most medical authorities agree, is in the three microscopically small canals of the middle ear. Set at right angles to each other and filled with a semi-viscous liquid, they govern the body's equilibrium. Shake your head back and forth so fast that the fluid in these tiny canals cannot keep up with the movement, and you'll get dizzy. Keep the disturbance up long enough—as in bad weather at sea—and you'll get a reflex action on the nerves of the stomach, and vomiting will follow. That is what happens when one of your fellow passengers scurries to the rail.

How quickly he'll get his sea legs and become a good sailor depends on how quickly his semicircular canals can accommodate themselves to the ship's roll. An Apache dancer, for instance, accustomed to being swung in violent arcs over her partner's head, can laugh at the corkscrew motion of a ship battered by the heaviest seas. But if you are one of those people who, after a few turns on a merry-go-round, stagger for a minute or

two, or are subject to train sickness or car sickness, you're likely to have trouble.

Women are more subject to seasickness than are men. I know of two women who have made one-way trips and steadfastly refuse to return home until someone bridges the Atlantic. One—a native of Nebraska—now lives quietly outside of London, troubled occasionally by pangs of homesickness, but daunted from making the return journey by her recollections of the trip over. The other made her permanent home in Barbados after a trip to the West Indies. Her memories of how her ship—and her tummy—behaved off Cape Hatteras are enough almost to keep her from even taking a bath.

But seasickness, honestly, is nothing for the average person to view with alarm. I've roved the sea as a ship's surgeon for fifteen years, and I've never even heard of a death due directly to seasickness.

I AM often asked what preparation, physically, one should make for a sea trip. First, if you believe you are a bad sailor, pick a ship with a reputation for steadiness and get your cabin amidships, which is always the steadiest spot on the boat. Size of the vessel is not so important as design, for some of the big boats, despite their steadiness, make their own bad weather by driving hard into head seas.

You can judge an ocean liner best by what folks tell you about her. But—as it is in the human family—sister ships of practically the same design do not always possess the same virtues.

Big send-off dinners are bad medicine for anyone likely to suffer from *mal de mer*. "Deliver me from my friends for a week before sailing," one sufferer recently groaned in his berth. "If I have had no party dinners, I'm all right!" A liver in good condition is your best friend at sea. For it makes the stomach less sensitive to those upsetting reflexes wired down from the resentful canals in the middle ear.

The simplest foods—preferably dry, like toast or crackers—stay down best. Diversion is a help, too, if you're equal to it.

Some folks find relief in standing long hours in the bow of the boat and watching the ship plunge through the waves and rise again. And most people find the avoidance of everything likely to suggest seasickness important.

Curiously, when some real weather comes along, most of my seasick patients forget about their ills. A good storm gives them something else to think about. I remember the case of a woman passenger aboard a small, storm-tossed vessel. When she heard that a big wave had washed the deckworks away she forgot all about her seasickness. "Doctor, Doctor," she cried, "the ship is going to sink. Do give me something so I won't know it!"

In the old days, whenever we had a spell of weather, we used to treat cases of hysteria caused by fear of shipwreck. But no more. Really bad storms bring many patients to the hospital with bruises and fractures, but the perils of North Atlantic crossings have been much reduced since the days when the decks were ten feet above the water line and big waves swept over them and washed passengers into the scuppers. Occasionally a frightened landsman will quiver under the beating of a big ship takes and exclaim devoutly, "I pray God there are brains on the bridge tonight!" But most of the passengers will go on with their dining and dancing and card-playing undisturbed.

MEANWHILE, it is possible that I shall be in the hospital below, performing an operation. Naturally, we do not go in for surgery unless it is absolutely necessary. During my five years aboard the Leviathan I have performed about three operations a season for acute appendicitis. I am happy to say that all of my patients have made a splendid recovery. And at no time did I find the motion of the boat any problem.

Obstetrical cases, too, are no novelty. A colleague of mine aboard the Carmania holds the record. One birth every voyage for a whole year. And before the immigration quotas were established, seven or eight births from port to port were not unusual. The girl babies were invariably named after the boat, and the boys as a rule honored the doctor.

I remember one case of a young Hungarian mother whose first baby was born on shipboard. It was a very light crossing, and as a result she received the undivided attention of the medical staff. And four idle stewardesses speaking four separate languages vied with one another in bathing the baby. As usual, the first class passengers made up a little purse for the newcomer; and the women on board showered the young mother with gifts.

Evidently she was able to recommend the ship's service highly; for about a year later, the woman's sister, now also approaching her time, came to America by the same boat! It was a good thing that she did, because it happened that she required special surgical treatment which she hadn't a chance of getting in the little Hungarian village from which she came.

It isn't always a case of the expectant mother's planning deliberately to make use of the ship's hospital facilities. Often she is eager to get to this country before her child is born. Recently an expectant mother was stopped at the gangplank in

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FINISH the day with pep to spare. Go to *sleep* when you go to bed. Drink a cold, delicious Borden's Malted Milk at the fountain to build your energy. Drink it warm at night, made with milk, to settle your nerves and promote sleep.

You will find Borden's a real help. This is why . . . Exhaustive tests made by a great university prove that Borden's is rich in those precious vi-

tamins A, B and G—rich in the identical vitamins and other food elements that so definitely promote energy and sound nerves!

Drink Borden's at the fountain. Buy the Home Package, too. Try the two-a-day way for two weeks—see how much better you feel. The coupon below with 10c will bring you a liberal trial package, and a valuable booklet.

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THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND

THE BORDEN COMPANY,
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Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me 3-serving sample of Borden's Malted Milk and booklet.

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Southampton after she had paid her passage money to travel on a certain liner. She hastily took another liner to America, sued the steamship company for damages, and collected. The court decided that the company had violated its contract by declining to carry her. This woman had wanted her child born a citizen of the United States.

The ship makes no charge for treatment of "illnesses originating on board." A few passengers take advantage of this. Occasionally a perfectly healthy deck stroller will halt his promenade to drop into my consulting-room and ask me if I'd like to test his heart. And then there's the case of the New England spinster who thought that the ship's hospital would be just the place and a sea voyage just the time to have her tonsils removed.

SHIP'S surgeons all agree that the American traveler is much more exacting than the European, and the rich more so than the poor.

In the course of my eleven years of service with the United States Lines, two complaints have been turned in to the company against me. In one case a self-indulgent woman passenger asked at 1 A. M. for special treatment for a minor ailment, requiring the services of a nurse. All of the nurses were in bed after a hard day, and I urged the patient to put off the treatment till morning. She reported that I had refused medical treatment. The other was the case of a man who had hurt his finger in the afternoon playing quoits and who called for a doctor to dress it at 3 A. M. I suggested mildly that he might have let us have a look at it at an earlier hour.

It's characteristic of Americans, I think, to demand instant service and lots of attention for the most trivial ailments, but to be game in the pinches and stoical under real pain.

But a chief surgeon's life at sea isn't all trouble. A friendly doctor makes delightful acquaintances and has leisure for entertaining and being entertained. That grand old veteran of all ship's surgeons, Doctor Beaumont, used to go in for hospitality with a lavish hand, and he boasted often of knowing intimately the cream of the

traveling public. When he retired he had a collection of some seven thousand autographed photographs of distinguished people; Kitchener, Cleveland, Roosevelt, Caruso, Patti, Browning, Mark Twain, Andrew Carnegie, and Charlie Chaplin were just a few of the notables in his gallery. I, myself, enjoy the company of interesting persons—in fact, I like all sorts of people—but I have never gone in for souvenirs. The only autographed photograph I possess is one of the late Sir Thomas Lipton.

He was a delightful and friendly companion and he always crossed on the *Leviathan*. His Christmas card in 1929—which I still have—carried the pictures of three boats: his private yacht, the *Erin*; his racing yacht and cup contender, the *Shamrock*; and the *Leviathan*. Perhaps because of his enthusiasm for things American, perhaps because of the solid, seagoing merits of the ship, Sir Thomas always called the *Leviathan* "my boat."

Sometimes I am asked if the chief surgeon's duties aboard an American vessel aren't chiefly a matter of issuing prescription whisky to thirsty passengers. In a word, no. Under the present regulations, the *Leviathan*, or any other boat of American registry, is able to give the passengers the same bar and dining-saloon service that any French or British or Italian liner offers. Like theirs, its liquors, purchased aboard, are put under seal when the ship gets inside the twelve-mile limit. But at sea cocktail service is available in the smoke-rooms and at the bar, and a wine steward takes orders in the dining saloons.

So elegant bootlegging is no part of a ship's surgeon's chores! But one frequently recurring problem of every doctor at sea is the unjust claim for accident damages. Somebody standing where he has no business to be gets in trouble with a hawser, suffers a minor or a major injury—sometimes deliberately—and tries to collect. Every reputable steamship line gives free medical and surgical care, but is wary about damages.

Not long ago a young lady was riding a mechanical bicycle in the ship's gymnasium. She leaped off without waiting for the pedals to slow down, and scraped

one of her shins. The wound was only a scratch. The girl's chief concern at the time was the damage to a silk stocking. Two days after we reached port I happened to see her bicycling gayly through the English countryside. She recognized me and waved. I asked about her injury and she assured me that it was quite all right. Just four months later the steamship company received a letter from her lawyer saying that the young woman's leg was permanently injured and asking what we were going to do about it. Fortunately, I had her complete record to present. What we were going to do about it—and did—was nothing at all.

There are many good doctors at sea. You need not be afraid to consult them.

Some of us sign on because we've always had a hankering for a seafaring life. I happen to be one of those, even though I was born in Fairfield, Ill., and went to medical school in Urbana! I served my internship in Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn and discovered, the first time I saw her, that the sea was for me. As soon as I could, I signed on, and I've never regretted it.

ONE competent ship's doctor told me that he went to sea because it was the easiest way to get away from a wife he couldn't get along with. A few go for their health, and many more to see the world. Work on the big ships pays plenty to satisfy a professional man's modest desires. And a boat, like a woman, is something to love—loyally.

In my own case work, play, the lure of the sea, adventure, and jolly good times are all bound up, in my imagination, with the ships I've served on. Aboard ship is a life of tremendous romance. Happy people, sad ones, sick ones, well ones, good ones, bad ones—folks joyously in love or getting painfully over it—you people who feel that the world's before you—others of you who know you could be happier if only this or that in your life could be changed. And sometimes you want me to help. . . .

A hundred stories are begun, for the doctor, on every ocean crossing. I have but one complaint. I rarely get to the end. For me your stories are cut off at the gang-plank—with an *au revoir!*

Your Town Can Save You Money

(Continued from page 37)

lies the spice of the pudding. The employees were promised that if they would cooperate, and by hook or crook help save enough on city expenses to provide the cash, they would receive all of their suspended pay, or as much of it as might be available in cash at the end of the city's fiscal year in August.

What would you do in a case like that? Rubber bands and paper clips would take on a new importance, wouldn't they? Because they cost money. You'd maybe make every sheet of carbon paper last a time or two longer, wouldn't you? Because your money was at stake. And that's exactly what happened in Louisville.

Lieutenant Wright and his saddle blankets are only a patch on the picture. In every branch of the city government there is an enthusiasm for economy that beats anything I ever saw. Not crippling economy, but constructive economy—the

kind that you and I practice in our daily affairs to make both ends meet.

For example: Louisville has a municipal garage, where they repair city cars, buy gas in large quantities at wholesale prices, and feed it out cheap to cars used on city business. One day a desk man in the tax receiver's office drove up and got four gallons of gasoline. Just four. Total, 48 cents. The garage man knew the purchaser was a desk worker, and became suspicious.

"What in thunder," thought he, "was Jones doing, getting city gas? Cheating me, probably—doing me out of my back pay?"

HE TOOK his suspicion to the boss, and learned that the desk man had been assigned temporarily to outside work; therefore, was entitled to gasoline. The point is, with everybody so alert, even the little

leaks have about as much chance as a flea on a hairless spaniel.

Huffman, a sewer inspector, did his inspecting in a city-owned car. A genuine museum piece, 300,000 miles old, it was. When it developed palsy, paralysis, and high blood pressure simultaneously, Huffman modestly requested a new car. His boss, the director of public works, spotted the requisition and had a look at the car.

"Any way to fix her up?" he asked the garage men.

"Hopeless!" they said.

"I guess you're right," he agreed.

And he O. K.'d the requisition.

Now, it is astonishing, but nevertheless true, that every city requisition in Louisville goes to the mayor's desk before it goes on to the city buyer, and his O. K. is not put on with a rubber stamp. He laid Huffman's requisition thoughtfully to one side.

"I see you're ordering a new car," he said to his director of public works.

"Yes, the old one is worn out."

"Can't it be fixed up?"

"They tell me it's hopeless; but—I'll try again!"

The requisition was temporarily shunted onto the siding. But a week or so later the mayor relented.

"Huffman's car is in bad shape," he said. "You'd better get him a new one."

"Not on your life!" protested the director. "They fixed it up for him—he says it runs like new. He's happy."

Economy! One of the directors asked for a new desk. The city buyer checked up with the mayor.

"Get a second-hand one," said Mayor Harrison.

It was done. An expenditure of \$25 instead of \$80!

The Louisville City Hall was built in 1870. Electricity came afterwards, and those who installed it evidently believed that the central chandelier in each office could not lawfully contain fewer than fifteen or twenty lamp bulbs; also, that there must be as many wall brackets as possible, all controlled by a central switch, so that when the switch was thrown on, there would be a blaze of glory and a maximum consumption of electricity all day long. These old fixtures were removed and new ones, which quickly paid for themselves, were installed. Each one uses a single powerful bulb, centrally located, and furnishes ample light at a fraction of the cost.

Along the "white ways" maintained by the city in various business districts, every other lamp was darkened—without ill effect and at a saving of approximately \$3,000 a month.

LOUISVILLE'S city workers are very earnest about their economies. The city attorney, who is also the director of law, hired a \$15-a-week stenographer to follow up the collection of long-past-due personal property tax bills. Most of the bills amounted to only a few dollars apiece. In former years, if not paid in due course, the practice had been to chuck them away and forget them; it was too much bother to follow them up. But with the new sharp interest in the city's financial well-being, this girl was hired to get out legal letters threatening levies in case of failure to pay.

There was no typewriter for her, so one was bought, second-hand, for \$30. There was no desk; but, instead of ordering one, the city attorney ransacked the basement and found an old kitchen table which serves the purpose excellently. Presently the girl needed assistance, and two of the city's unemployed were engaged to work three hours apiece, three evenings a week.

What are the results of this little piece of contriving? These were old, previous years' bills, mind you. Yet for a total expenditure to date of about \$300, there has been collected at this writing more than \$10,200, and less than half of the city has been covered.

Automatic sirens were needed on five city fire trucks. The kind wanted cost \$90 apiece. In the new zeal for economy, the firemen themselves rigged up a way of hitching the old hand-operated sirens to the engine. The results were all that could be desired in the way of a shriek—at a cost of less than \$60 per siren.

Things like that. Dozens of them.

'Only ATHLETE'S FOOT' she had said.. but she spent her vacation in bed



IT STARTED with only a slight itching between the toes. And although she admitted then that it was "Athlete's Foot," she dismissed it as not being serious.

But soon the skin between her toes turned red, raw; turned white, cracked open—resulting in soreness so painful as to make her limp.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And if neglect continues, graver perils may follow, as in this young lady's case. With her blood stream exposed by open skin-cracks, another infection attacked, and sent her to bed for a month.

**Don't let "Athlete's Foot" make you
pay the piper for neglect**

With "Athlete's Foot" bringing serious trouble to numberless people every year, can you afford to disregard even the slightest symptom?

And the fact is, it may attack you any time, anywhere, for the startling reason that it *lurks almost everywhere*. It lurks by the billions on shower bath, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

**Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germs
of "Athlete's Foot"**

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on safe, reliable Absorbine Jr., tested in clinics and laboratories for its swift ability to kill the germ when reached.

Don't YOU take chances; go to your druggist at once for a bottle of Absorbine Jr.—\$1.25. Refuse substitutes. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 378 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.*

NEW RADIO FEATURE

Whispering Jack Smith, three Hummingbirds, Arnold Johnson's Orchestra—WJZ and N.B.C. Blue Network—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday nights—see local newspaper for time.

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

ABSORBINE JR.

**for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises,
burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions**



Things that happen daily in private business, but rarely in public business, because everybody's business is nobody's and the urge to save is missing. In Louisville, they have the urge.

Interdepartmental notes used to be written on engraved city stationery. Now they are written on cheap printed stationery. The city used to buy 32 city directories at \$16 each. Now it buys only 23.

City cars are making old tires last another thousand miles or so.

Businesslike methods. Or, better, common-sense methods. Plus honesty and energy.

A BIG company wanted to sell certain machines to the city. To a city official in a key position, the company heads said:

"Use your influence to swing this deal for us. There's \$300 in it for you for every machine the city takes."

Just one of those little "deals" that you and I usually pay for in the end. But this gentleman said: "Take it off the price."

As a result, the city got those machines for exactly \$300 less, each, than another large city, not 350 miles from Louisville, paid for the very same model.

One day a certain city contract was awarded, and, as the successful bidder was leaving, the city official called after him that he had left his newspaper.

"I'm through with it," the contractor replied. "I thought you might want it. And by the way—be careful how you open it."

The official opened it at once. Several good-sized bills fell out. He caught the contractor in the hall.

"Here's your paper," he said calmly; "take it. And I never want to hear of your sending another bid to this city."

Sellers have been pretty well educated not to attempt the good old grafting tactics with this particular administration, and that's all to the good for Louisville's pocketbooks.

Has economy been gained in Louisville at the expense of good service? In the main, no. A few things have been put off, such as most new street construction and all except the most necessary street re-

pairs. On the other hand, many departments are giving more service at less cost.

The police force, for example, which has been taken out of politics and put under a bipartisan civil service board, is being reduced by the simple expedient of not filling vacancies. Louisville is comparatively free from criminal gangs and racketeers. Most beats are now patrolled in cars equipped with radio. There has been an actual gain in police efficiency, even with fewer men.

Take the workhouse. Inmates used to operate a rock quarry inside the city limits. The city was enjoined from using the quarry on the score of inconvenience and risk to residents near by. The workhouse itself being very old, the need for a new building was imminent. So the director went out in the country and bought a 180-acre farm for \$50,000. This does not sound exactly like economy. But wait a minute! These fellows were smart.

The price was advantageous, because the land contains a good rock quarry, as well as excellent farm land. Besides, the money is not paid all at once, but in ten annual installments of \$5,000 each, which can be wangled easily out of the present budget allowance—or possibly even a smaller appropriation. Moreover, workhouse inmates will be employed to build the new workhouse, which if let on contract would cost about \$250,000. By these devices, plus the sale of farm produce, quarry products, and the old workhouse, the city will presently possess a brand-new, up-to-date workhouse, without paying a penny extra or issuing bonds.

These are some of the things Louisville is doing to protect the interests of its citizens, to make their tax dollars go farther, to reduce the amount they pay.

"We have proceeded," Mayor Harrison told me, "on the theory that it is the business of Louisville, through levy and collection, to keep itself in a sound financial position, just as it is the effort of private business to sustain itself through volume of sales and collection."

What else can you call that but common sense?

Much more could be told. In spite of the strict régime of economy, the city

managed to squeeze an extra \$250,000 this year out of the budget, to be used for unemployment relief.

As for the future payment of the suspended salaries of city workers, the city, at the moment of writing, has carried over from 1930-31 about \$300,000 of unexpended appropriations and has more than twice as much cash on hand as it had a year ago. It has spent \$513,000 less than last year. That is the sum which hundreds of economies—on saddle blankets, law books, gasoline, lights, and what not—add up to. Mayor Harrison is confident that city employees will get their back pay when the fiscal year ends.

AS FOR the city's credit standing, grab tight hold of this: Louisville has under way a big sewer-building program for which \$10,000,000 in bonds was authorized by the people several years ago, but only \$5,000,000 was issued. The other day city officials wanted to issue a few more of those bonds in order to go on with the work, which involved jobs for some 1,700 people. But they were worried because the market for municipal bonds lately has looked like something Abner's cat dragged in. They went to the Legislature to get an enabling act permitting them to sell some of the bonds below par if necessary—a thing they could not legally do otherwise. But, before the ink was dry on the enabling act, a syndicate had bought \$500,000 of these bonds at par at 4½ per cent interest and had taken an option on \$1,500,000 more. All of these are now sold. Wouldn't some other cities love to sell a couple of million in bonds on similar terms!

Unlike many cities, there is not more tax delinquency in Louisville this year than last, when it amounted to less than five per cent. As early as February, more than half of the 1932 taxes had been paid. Oddly, about 60 per cent of the taxes is being paid in cash, much of which looks to the collectors as if it came out of the old sock, for it is in the old large-sized currency. Which seems to indicate that the people of Louisville realize they are getting a real bargain in city government.

Someone Special

(Continued from page 49)

beckoned from every Fifth Avenue window. Coon Lake was backwoods. One wouldn't need beach pajamas there. She sat silent in Bardee's at lunchtime while Peg Davenport and Marion Leader talked smart resorts. The weight of fatigue that had been on her for months closed down oppressively. . . .

Roger O'Brien had a long and shabby open car which was to transport them to Coon Lake. She watched from the apartment windows while he helped her father and the boys attach to the car all the bulky and multitudinous things that were part of a camping trip. Her grimace of distaste almost hurt. She powdered it away finally and went down resignedly to meet him.

He had red hair and gray eyes, and gave her a puzzled stare.

"But I thought you were going to be about ten years old" he said. "This is a break." He grinned.

"It isn't a break," she felt like correcting, coldly. She stowed herself away in the back of the shabby car, edging in around boxes and strapped bundles of blankets making room for her father and Ted. Whit climbed gleefully into the front seat with O'Brien. "Yip-pee!" His shout wakened echoes on the quiet avenue. Renie sat up stiffly, that weight of weariness pressing down.

"WELL, here we are," she thought. "It's going to be worse than I expected."

She couldn't be nice to anyone, and she didn't mean to try. They were soon in open country; breezes blew on them and the sun warmed them. "Like any common auto tramps," she thought, sensitive to the appearance of the car.

They had been traveling two hours when O'Brien drew up at a roadside stand. He got out and came back to the car with a

split basket piled high with fruits and greens.

"May as well get these now," he called back to them. "Farms may be scarce farther on."

He stopped at another roadside stand and brought back chickens. He wangled a bucket of ice at a third stop, and, coming back to the car, exchanged a few words with Whit.

Whit clambered out.

"Mr. O'Brien wants you to ride up front, Renie," he said regretfully. "It's easier."

"I'm all right," she said hastily.

But Whit was climbing in over her; O'Brien was waiting to help her descend. There was nothing to do but move and watch him settle himself comfortably behind the wheel beside her. The car eased forward; it picked up speed. He didn't seem to feel her stiffness.

"I can see there's one examination I

should have given my boys early in the term, and didn't." He looked down at her humorously after a while.

"What was that?" she asked politely. "I should have stood them up in a row the first day and asked each one of them, 'Have you a sister?'"

"Yes?" It was chilling. "And, 'When am I going to meet her?'" Renie attempted a smile, but it failed. "Now let's stop at one of these farmhouses and see if we can find a ham. If you want to taste ham that is ham, Miss Lewis, the place to get it is on one of these farms."

"But you can't do that," Renie objected. "You can't elect yourself the whole commissary department this way. Dad"—she called back to him as the car stopped—"see if you can buy a ham at this farmhouse, honey."

"You haven't heard half of it," O'Brien told her. "I'm electing myself cook, too. Wait and see. By the way, do I have to keep on calling you 'Miss Lewis'? After all, it's a camping trip."

"My name is Irene." "Thank you, Irene. I am generally known as 'Red.'"

RENIE looked straight ahead. "How is Whit getting along with his school work, Mr. O'Brien?" she asked after a moment, formally. He might as well understand that that bit about being called "Red" hadn't got over.

Country odors were all about them now, a sweet drug compounded of drying hay and berry blossom, with now and then a whiff of pine. For Renie it had no charm. She took off her hat and leaned her head back. She didn't think that Red O'Brien was the type to care, or even notice, if the wave she was accustomed to set conscientiously in her hair each night blew to the four winds. She found herself taking stock of him. The look of assurance in his gray eyes increased her antagonism, if that were possible. He raised his head now and then and sniffed the woods scent. Yes, he was that type—backwoods. He'd delight in all this. The tide of weariness rose up, engulfing her. She wondered whether he knew that she hated him.

"Why don't you smoke?" he suggested, fishing a cigarette from a paper in his pocket.

"I never do, in front of Dad." "He won't care." He called back to him, "You don't mind, Mr. Lewis, do you, if Renie smokes?"

"No," her father said promptly, surprised.

He lighted the cigarette for her. She drew in a long breath and exhaled slowly. "What did you mean," she asked finally, "when you said you were going to cook?"

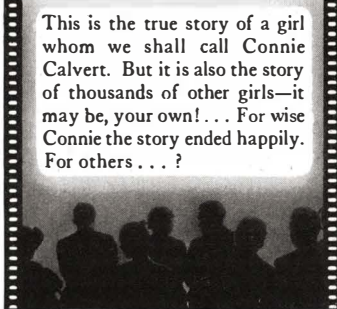
Her tone made it seem a feminine accomplishment, on a par with his school-teaching. Her eyes, cool, appraising, suggested that if he could cook, it didn't serve to make him any more interesting in her eyes. Her tilted nose and chin suggested that if there were men who could cook, at least, thank heaven! she didn't know any of them.

"Wait and see," he returned calmly. "I'm to be cook. Ted is to be dish-washer. What is to make beds and carry water and keep the camp shipshape in general."

"What, pray, am I to do?" "Can you dive?" "No." She was short.

REAL LIFE MOVIES

... Connie Comes Back!



This is the true story of a girl whom we shall call Connie Calvert. But it is also the story of thousands of other girls—it may be, your own! . . . For wise Connie the story ended happily. For others . . . ?



Everyone was happy for Connie and Tom when they became engaged . . . until . . . even their friends began to notice. Tom was definitely growing cold.



Then—the Blakes' party. And Tom's interest in that vivacious Peggy Hale. Jealously, Connie contrasted Peggy's sparkle with her own listlessness.



Late that evening, locked in her room, Connie faced the facts. Of course, Tom was full of life . . . And she—well somehow she *had* become a "dim bulb."



She realized how much of a girl's charm is vivacity . . . vitality. And somehow she had lost hers. Then—Connie did a wise thing. She went to Dr. Summers.



Connie never suspected the real trouble—constipation. But what a change in her now! And Tom can't understand this *new* vivacious, *fascinating* Connie!

AND THIS IS HOW CONNIE "CAME BACK"



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If you are troubled with headaches, tiredness, lack of energy—do as Connie did! She exercised more—ate more fruit and vegetables, drank more water, and EVERY morning, she had a bowl of Post's Bran Flakes. Post's Bran Flakes, a natural "regulator," speeds up sluggish intestines. And often brings new vigor to tired minds and bodies—new color to dull complexions.

You'll find, too, that it is a most delicious food. Thousands call it the finest tasting cereal on the market.

So don't let intestinal sluggishness rob you of enjoying the good things of life. Begin eating Post's Bran Flakes *regularly* every morning. A product of General Foods.

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Not many years ago, this company bought first-rate materials, pared production cost to the bone and produced a tooth paste at 25¢. Today it is a leader in the field. Its price was appealing, but merit and results gave it this leadership.

Now we're doing the same thing with Listerine Shaving Cream. We've made it as good as a shaving cream can be made. Like the tooth paste, it is winning men by thousands. Also like the tooth paste, its price is 25¢. Anything over that, we think is extravagance.

Here's a satiny cream that will lather in four seconds. In hard water, cold water—even in ice water. That cools and soothes skin and softens the beard so that your shaving is a delight instead of a nuisance.

To produce this shaving lather you use a bit of cream no larger than your little finger nail. The tube seems to last forever.

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FREE—15 shaves for you

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Please send me free trial of Listerine Shaving Cream.

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"You're going to learn to dive, for one thing." Red O'Brien guided the car easily with one hand while he procured another cigarette and lighted it for her. "Ever fish?"

"No."

"You're going to learn to fish, then. Ever shoot?"

"No."

"I brought a couple of guns. You'll learn to shoot a mark. But the most important thing you're going to do is rest. I can see you need it. You work downtown, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And hold a family together?"

Really, this was going too far. "I—" she began.

"You see, I wangled it out of Whit on the way up, just now. Any girl who holds down a job downtown and keeps a family going in her spare time needs a rest," he said decisively, impersonally. "Do you freckle?"

"A little," she said frigidly.

"You're going to rest, then, and accumulate a thousand and one freckles. We school-teachers," he warned, "are accustomed to being obeyed."

Renie registered a silent vow that she would do anything, in the weeks to follow, but fish, dive and rest. She edged imperceptibly away from him in the seat. If he thought that all this, or any part of it, intrigued her— She was Irene Lewis, slender, blond, and accustomed to a rush from every new man she met. She was used to giving orders, not receiving them.

THEY were in wilder country soon. They'd reached Coon Lake and the shabby car had nosed out the Lewis camp. It was a fair enough place, as camps go, with five rooms and a screened porch and lots of windows. Renie took one look at it, and shuddered.

She was caught up in a sudden rush of activity then. The boys, under O'Brien's direction, had the car unpacked in a few minutes. Before her astonished eyes Whit was carrying mattresses out and hanging them in the late afternoon sun, Ted was unpacking boxes and bags, stowing things away with a system and zeal she had never observed in him before.

"That's the stuff, old man." O'Brien approved first one, and then the other of them. He made quiet suggestions and they leaped to carry them out. "Not a wrinkle in those beds, when you get them made," he warned Whit. "One wrinkle and you make them over."

"You try and find a wrinkle!" Whit, who had never made a bed before, shouted his boast.

"Try and find any dust in this place when I'm through," Ted bellowed, busy now with broom and dust cloths.

Her father rambled about happily, stowing fishing tackle with an excess of care, hanging the guns on the rough walls.

"We're being handled." Renie watched, aloof. "We're being managed."

"Here's warm water." O'Brien appeared, magician-like, with it. "I thought you might want to wash up a bit. I set your things in the front bedroom. It's the coolest one and has the best bed."

"Thank you," Renie said formally.

She came out of the room after a few minutes with her face washed and freshly powdered, her hair smooth. "Do you

think you could find anything for me to do?" she inquired.

"We're all going for a dip in the lake as soon as I get dinner started, lady," he said. "In the meantime, I've strung up a red hammock back of the house, in the shade. You might try it."

Renie frowned. "Seriously," she said, "you can't be like this. I'll cook dinner, of course, and Dad will help me. If you'll just loaf around with the boys for a while, we'll do our best. It may not be much, but—"

"Seriously," he told her, "I can and mean to be like that. I'm chef here, or I don't stay. We cooks are temperamental, you know. It's my one artistic accomplishment and I mean to show it off—"

She was taken by the shoulders, then; she was propelled firmly through the kitchen door and up a little rise of land that was pine-needle-carpeted.

"There's the hammock. Now, wait; I'll bring cushions." He was gone.

Renie lay in stiff rebellion. "Scout master!" she thought scathingly. "School-marm! Bossy, domineering, egotistical—" Rage choked her vocabulary and she was suddenly asleep.

SHE woke up two hours later with a feeling that someone was looking down at her. It was Red O'Brien. He was in khaki trousers now and had on an army shirt. His rusty hair was smoothed back. He grinned.

"We had our swim," he told her. "You looked so comfortable we decided to let you sleep. Dinner is on the table, lady. Now, come in and tell me whether or not I qualify as cook."

The odors of coffee and fried chicken assailed Renie's nostrils.

"I'm not very hungry," she said stiffly.

The chicken was crisp and golden on the outside, tender and steaming and delicious inside. The potatoes were creamy and white and smooth. A salad of greens was mixed in a huge bowl and anointed with a dressing which tantalized both nose and tongue. They had fresh berries and cream. They had coffee and cigarettes. The camp talk of the boys crackled about the table. Renie picked a little at the food. Hunger overcame her then and she ate heartily.

"Well?" She found Red O'Brien's eyes resting upon her humorously.

"You're quite a housekeeper," she said noncommittally. If there was a barb beneath her words he did not notice it.

"Marlene," Whit said wheedlingly, "how about another dish of berries?"

"None of that, old man," O'Brien interposed briskly. "I'm the waiter here. And you're the dish-washer, Ted; remember that. The water is heating."

"If you think I can't wash dishes," Ted said scornfully, "you'll find out."

He itched to be at them.

"Get to work, then," O'Brien said calmly. "Renie and I are going to build a bonfire."

From force of habit, Renie powdered her nose in front of the wavy lamp-lighted mirror. "Big excitement!" Her lip curled a little as she touched it up. She lay back against the cushions that Red O'Brien fixed for her and stared moodily at the flames. There was silence, except for the crackling of the fire and the woods murmur that closed in on the camp. Jean Witte

and Enid Markham would be floating in chiffons now at Crest Haven. They'd be dancing to the muted music of expensive orchestras; they'd be listening to sparkling and sophisticated talk. She stirred restlessly.

O'Brien's eyes remained fixed upon the fire. He kept getting up to rearrange it, to add a stick or two. Firelight was becoming to him, she conceded reluctantly. Camp life was becoming to him. He fitted in. "Backwoods—" She attempted to recapture some of the scorn that had been in the epithet earlier in the day. But she was drowsy now. She couldn't give it the force she could have given it an hour or two ago.

"It's great up here, isn't it?" he asked. "It's all right, for a place of its kind," she qualified.

But she stirred again. There was a spell on the camp, a special sort of spell that she couldn't remember from her visits here as a child. It was made up of firelight and woods scent and silence, of the lake stretching out in front of them and trees rustling over their heads. It was made up—she struggled against admitting it—of Red O'Brien's presence here, of his easy way of fitting into her family, his calm disposal of the hundred and one details that would have made their first day at the camp a shambles. She fixed her mind upon Jean and Enid and Crest Haven in a panic, but it was no use. The weariness that had been on her for months was seeping down into the pine-needled earth.

"Guess I'll turn in." Her father got up and yawned.

"There'll be a moon popping up behind that hill a little later," O'Brien said. "Like to sit up and wait for it?"

"I don't mind," Renie said.

She found him studying her, and looked away. He found her studying him, and looked away. Both looked back, and their eyes met.

"I think I'll go in, after all," she said experimentally.

"Go on in, if you're tired," he said. She settled herself then, and was still.

SHE tried to analyze her feeling of complete at-homeness with this school-teacher of Whit's, but a thing like that couldn't be explained. It was just there. She moved her shoulders slightly and expelled a long, peace-freighted breath.

"You're wonderful with boys," she hazarded. "I can see why you like teaching."

"The thing to do is to expect things of them," he said bluntly. "I think you've spoiled them a little."

"Perhaps I have," she said honestly. "But it's easier than struggling—"

"No," he said flatly. "You're wrong. A few weeks of firmness does it, and it's worth while. I'll teach you how."

"You're going to teach me a lot of things, aren't you?" She smiled.

He was beside her suddenly, his cheeks suffused with color, his eyes like Whit's when she scolded him in rare moments of impatience, hurt and bewildered.

"I didn't mean it that way," he said. "Say, I've been officious, haven't I?"

"No, you haven't." She was moved, now, to reach for his hand. "It's my turn to say I didn't mean it that way. Do you believe me?"

"Yes."

He was stretched at her feet then, blinking contentedly at the fire. He was telling her things. How lonely he had been all winter in a hall bedroom. How he hadn't seen anything all winter but boys and books. How he'd spent last year in England and had been equally lonely there. He'd been studying for his doctor's degree at Columbia and had taken it last month. He'd received an appointment to the Columbia faculty, effective in the fall.

"Which is another reason why I'm glad I met you," he finished candidly. "Tell me"—his eyes weren't impersonal now—"are you going to stay around where I can look at you this month?"

"I don't know where I'd go," Renie said.

"There'll be men around this lake." He considered the possibility unhappily. "By tomorrow they'll be popping up, and I give them three days to surround this place."

"Perhaps you overestimate me."

AN UNREASONABLE rush of happiness flooded Renie's heart and it seemed to her that it must show in her eyes. She leaned forward suddenly to stir the fire. She shaded her eyes with her hand.

"What," he asked after a moment, "are you thinking about now?"

"I'm just thinking about some girls I know," she said dreamily.

She was feeling remotely sorry for Jean Witte, for Peg Davenport and Marion Leader and Enid Markham. She stirred on, watching sparks and jetting blue spurts of flame. She was happy to know that Red O'Brien was stretched at her feet, no farther away than that. There seemed to be an ultimate rightness about it.

Someone special. The imminence of meeting him was all about, when you were twenty-three. It was hanging, tremulous, in the air. He might be wearing a pair of old khaki trousers and an army shirt. He might have sandy hair which had been smooth, but was now ruffled and spiky with pine needles and twigs. You might begin by hating him, and be betrayed in a few hours into this state of peace, this feeling of at-homeness and rightness, this undercurrent of excitement and promise. It hadn't been exaggerated, then. She'd had times of being afraid that it was. Girls were led to expect something special, and then sighed, saying of someone like Walter Prescott, "He isn't so bad." No, it wasn't like that.

"It's too soon," she cautioned herself, but the fire danced, mocking her. The moon came up.

"Hello." He stirred. "You are punishing that fire."

"It's going out," she said regretfully.

"Cheer up. There'll be other fires. And now, lady, you're going to bed."

"Now, teacher—" Renie made a small face, but it was dissolved in a huge yawn.

No, she thought dreamily, it wasn't too soon. She gave him her hands, and he pulled her to her feet.

"It sometimes happens like this, Irene," he said, looking at her, his clasp tightening on her hands. "Once in a thousand times. I rather hoped it would for me."

"What do you mean?" she asked, confused.

"What do you want for breakfast?" he countered, laughing. "Waffles?"

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A Social Error

(Continued from page 23)

Then hubbub claimed him. Slim and Sylvia opened the lid of a phonograph and bickered over a choice of records, and Mr. Fusswinkle went off without warning into a complicated Charleston. But after that a famous jazz band, imprisoned on a disk, blared tempting syncopation over an empty floor. A good deal of bantering encouragement slyly passed from man to man. The floor remained empty. Six cow-punchers, however, when the music ended, arose in a body and turned the record over.

The tenth rider looked again at Natalie. He had looked a good many times.

"My name, ma'am," he drawled, approaching, "is Jule Lawrence. Can I have this dance?"

"No," said Natalie. It was the single audible word in a silence.

Afterward, Natalie remembered, the hand of Shorty Davis about to release the record had turned to stone. The room had suddenly grown very still.

Red Dawson shuddered. Natalie, annoyed and startled, raised dark, formal eyes to the tall young man standing before her and caught under his lashes a blaze of quick resentment.

"In my neck of the woods," drawled Mr. Lawrence too slowly, too gently, "when a lady don't want to dance, she's sympathetic. She gives a reason. Too tired or too warm. Anything will do. Just politeness, of course. But it's something. Don't you all do that here?"

His tone stung.

"Not," said Natalie, "in this instance." The icy words rang shamefully in her ears, irrevocably rude and ungracious. Mr. Davis, at the phonograph, resumed breathing because he had to, and feverishly touched a lever. The music blared out. Mr. Lawrence moved away. The floor filled all at once as if men flogged urgently to clear the air. Natalie fled to Sylvia's bedroom and groped for her coat. Nobody would miss her. Not even Sylvia.

"COWBOYS!" Mrs. Elverson said at dinner. "Cowboys at a tea?"

Natalie nodded, something within her leaping apprehensively at the sudden peal of a telephone bell.

"You mean those rodeo men? I can't—"

"Telephone, Miss Elverson," said the butler. He placed one of Mrs. Elverson's endless, effort-saving extensions beside her daughter's plate.

"My dear," came Sylvia's breathless voice, "I had to call you up and break the shock. Father came home after you left and got to roaring around about the West when he was young, and of course those rodeo punchers simply lapped it up. And then Mother came in, and they didn't go and they didn't go, and finally Dad blew up with benevolence and invited them all to Marjory's coming-out party tonight—"

"Oh!" gasped Natalie in a faint voice.

"Not really! Not really, Sylvia—"

"They're coming after the show."

Natalie hung up. She couldn't go now. She couldn't. Mrs. Elverson listened with careful calm to her daughter's vehement outburst.

"Natalie," she said, "you'll have to go,

of course. I plan to look in myself with those charming English people who were here to tea. They had with them a most delightful young man. He's going, too, and his title is one of the best in England. You can simply ignore these circus men or whatever they are."

NATALIE at the Ritz at a quarter to twelve was checking her ermine cloak in the dressing-room. She loitered restlessly at a mirror, loath to go in, absently fingering the soft, dark-golden waves of her hair.

Outside in the corridor her mother was talking to Mr. Jefferson. Or rather Mr. Jefferson was talking to her mother.

"Yes, sir, a fine bunch of boys," Mr. Jefferson's incurably Western voice was roaring. "You'd ought to have been there this afternoon, Mrs. Elverson. It would have done your heart good. You hail from the good old West yourself, don't you?"

Momentarily, Natalie knew with a shiver, her mother was speechless.

"No," Mrs. Elverson said then; "years ago I had a remote relative who came up from the South and—rather reluctantly, too—went West to regain his health."

"Oh," said Mr. Jefferson with hollow heartiness. "Oh, that was it?"

Mrs. Elverson moved on. Mr. Jefferson's patrician wife hurriedly advanced from somewhere to pick up the pieces.

"Jed," Mrs. Jefferson grumbled, "when will you learn?"

Funny, Natalie thought; detestable as he was, Mrs. Jefferson seemed to like him.

"You told me, Martha," Mr. Jefferson protested in a muffled roar, "that the old gas bag never had an emotion. If she didn't have an emotion then, by gravy! I'll eat my boiled shirt. But, gosh, honey," he added hastily, "I'd better get those cow-punchers now. I told 'em to come straight to the apartment at twelve o'clock and we'd all come down together."

Natalie, with her cheeks burning, waited until they vanished.

Her arrival in the ballroom was something more than a welcomed rescue to the tall young Englishman standing beside her mother. She was, he thought, quite the prettiest American girl he had seen yet. White, heavy folds of satin fell about her silver feet. Silver sequins sparkled under her bare white arms and melted low in the back into a soft, metallic blaze. Her back, except for two thin, glittering straps, was petal-white and uncovered.

The young Englishman, leading her out to dance, thought vaguely of camellias and starlight. Then, because he was still a formal young man, he tried unsuccessfully not to touch her back, and blissfully gave it up.

His struggle was not protracted. The cool, examining eyes of the stag line spotted her instantly and threw out a battle line of black and white antennæ. One of them whirled her away.

"When he presented himself again, dodging nimbly through the dancers, he was gripped by a fresh excitement.

The cow-punchers had arrived.

They eddied vividly near the doorway. Every girl on the floor, Natalie thought

with disdain, was conscious of their spectacular clothing and undeniable good looks. Sylvia had been an excellent picker. They made—thank heaven!—no effort whatever to reach the stag line. Rather absurdly, Natalie thought, they were standing somewhat in the manner of a royal guard, around the tall figure of Mr. Lawrence. Slim had arrived picturesquely with a lariat over his arm. Show-stuff again.

Mr. Lawrence, the truth of the matter was, was surrounded by worried watchfulness. He eluded it at a moment of encore when the floor was clear in spots and Natalie's young Englishman was applauding American jazz. Slim, waving to Sylvia Jefferson, had contrived to drop his lariat. Mr. Lawrence retrieved it.

Natalie had her back to him. She knew merely that a snakelike ring of rope hissed above her, dropped, and tightened around her arms. She whirled with a faint, choking scream. If he had meant to pull her toward him, he was frustrated at the start by the desperate wit and terror of dignity publicly menaced. She went toward him rapidly of her own accord. She faced him with high head and scarlet cheeks.

"How dare you!" she blazed in a low voice. "How dare you make me ridiculous?"

"Funny!" he said, surprised. His voice was gentle. "I've just found out—I can't. You were gorgeous." He released her.

She ran blindly toward the cloakroom.

Nobody yet was quite sure what had happened. The young Englishman exploded the row. He had seemed to fossilize in his tracks when he realized first that Natalie was moving away from him. Then, shouting something to a puzzled stag line, he bounded forward into the mineral-like fist of Mr. Jule Lawrence. The stag line broke, yelled, and piled up behind him, fighting mad.

NATALIE, by the time the maid had matched the checks and brought her cloak, found herself penned in beyond the dressing-room door by a milling mob in broadcloth dotted with darting flails of color. Coats, white collars, bandannas were ripping and flying about. Mr. Jefferson on a radiator, his eyes circular with dismay, was impartially yelling pleas to both factions.

"I heard them going through the corridor, Miss Elverson," exclaimed the terrified maid. "They were asking the one they call 'Jule' why he had to cut loose."

Ten cowboys. And three hundred maddened young men.

"They'll kill him!" Natalie said, white with terror.

The police arrived. Somebody arrested Mr. Jefferson.

Ten rodeo riders vanished in the grip of the law, with Mr. Jefferson, released by accident, pounding after them in a taxi to do what he could.

The battlefield was still picking up its clothes while Mrs. Elverson's English guest was conveying Mrs. Elverson's daughter to a taxi. One of his eyes was richly purple and his collar was gone.

It was inevitable. The tabloids of a

city hurled bright young men into the mine of Marjory Jefferson's amazing début and brought up headline gold.

Natalie Elverson, locked in her room, learned staggering rumors over the telephone and sent for the tabloids. Her name was in the headlines.

The doors on Park Avenue, the tabloids chattered, were unrelentingly closed to the press, but in the basement of the Garden the rodeo riders bailed out by Mr. Jefferson were once more playing stud, and some of the young men had been bitterly talkative.

IT WAS all there. Natalie, with anguished eyes, read over and over what a popular débutante had rudely said to Julian Lawrence. She read, with her face scarlet and angry tears on her cheeks, that Red Dawson, University of California, 1924, had been mercifully saved from a frozen death by a gas log and the warm hospitality of Miss Elverson's kindlier friends.

She read on:

Of the ten young men Miss Jefferson picked for her tea, two were university graduates. Red Dawson's saddle exploits have been a brilliant feature of rodeos for several years. Three of the men with him yesterday were riders from his father's ranch. Dawson every year takes his vacation riding while the show is in New York. Julian Lawrence was his roommate at college.

Mr. Lawrence is the "Buck Lawrence" whose dare-devil escapades abruptly ceased a few years ago when his father, who has since died, was permanently crippled in a railroad accident. Young Lawrence, it is said, rolled up his sleeves then and went to work.

"Tabloid stuff!" said Natalie, very white; then she continued reading:

Buck Lawrence's history has been decidedly picturesque. Though he is a fanatical horseman and a brilliant rider, this is his first appearance in the rodeo ring. While the elder Lawrence, one of the grand old cattle kings of Wyoming, bequeathed to his son several million dollars, most of it vanished in the market crash of '29.

Apparently Miss Elverson was unaware that these men pay their own expenses. They are competing for prizes. They appear in their show clothes for purposes of publicity. Furthermore, the picturesque jargon with which Dawson chose yesterday to kid Miss Elverson was widely different from his fluent brimstone diction today. Strong reporters shuddered. Buck Lawrence, land-poor and with his eye on the stakes, Dawson intimated, has simply in the panic found himself a job.

It is possible that Julian Lawrence, made ridiculous himself, threw the rope in a hot-headed moment of reprisal. Maybe, briefly, the old Buck Lawrence rode in his blood.

Who wants to know?

Probably, for one, the young British nobleman who left the Ritz last night with a shanty hanging where his monocle should have been.

"Miss Natalie!" A maid was rapping. "Your father's home," she whispered when Natalie opened the door. "In Mrs. Elverson's room. He wants you."

In her bedroom, Mrs. Elverson was quietly weeping near an open fire. Natalie looked at her father's dark, unwelcoming face and closed her eyes. More tabloids were scattered about.

"How much of this is true, Natalie?" he said quietly. "The part about you?"

A great many people liked John Elverson, including his daughter. He was a generous, peace-loving gentleman.

Natalie sat down and proudly conquered the ache of hysteria rising in her throat.

"All of it, Father."

"Thank God," John Elverson said, "that my daughter, at least, is truthful."

"It's the letter, Natalie," Mrs. Elverson murmured in exhausted tones. "How could I possibly read the rest of it, John, when I mislaid it?"

"I wrote, Natalie," her father said, "suggesting that as soon as I got back it might be an excellent thing to entertain Julian Lawrence."

"Julian—" Natalie's dark, frightened eyes met his.

"Unfortunately, the one ranch your mother can bring herself to endure belongs to him. I saw him in Wyoming."

"Oh!" Natalie choked.

"He flew here with Dawson," John Elverson went on in expressionless tones, "in Dawson's own plane. I saw him shortly before he left. He was not at all anxious to sell. The ranch-house on the cliff, he said, is about all he has left."

"You see, Natalie," Mrs. Elverson said plaintively, "if your father had troubled to tell him how strongly I feel. But that's the sort of thing men never do."

"I am quite sure, Elizabeth," he said, "that you must have misunderstood me. I told him as much as I could about—your preferences. He didn't understand, of course, that you probably wouldn't go anywhere else but Southampton or that something more was involved than the choice of a ranch. Naturally, I didn't tell him that if we didn't get this ranch of his, we'd probably talk a great deal and end up by doing—what you want to do. I blame myself," he added. "It has been a mistake."

MRS. ELVERSON bestowed upon him the look which Jed Jefferson called the royal jab.

"You have said unpardonable things to me this afternoon, John," she said with dignity. "What do you mean?"

"Too many surrenders," he said slowly. "My daughter—warped. Strange, I did think Natalie had escaped. Your beauty, Elizabeth, is a little blinding."

Natalie covered her face with her hands.

"If you mean, John, that Natalie is like me, I am very proud of her training."

You couldn't reach her, John Elverson thought. But Natalie, this girl of his. What of her? What really was in her? Anything at all, for instance, of the fine old Elverson courage her grandmothers had had? It seemed to him that he had to know, and he went about it directly in a way of his own:

"I feel very strongly, Natalie, that you owe Julian Lawrence an apology."

"I, Father!" Natalie stared.

"Your father, Natalie," said Mrs. Elverson, "has forgotten the sanctioned code of people of breeding. It has never been considered necessary for a lady—"

"Oh, that's old stuff," John Elverson said patiently. "Women, Elizabeth, have scrapped their halos. If one human being is unpardonably uncivil to another, an apology in my code is quite in order. You can think it over, Natalie. If you find you agree with me and care to call him up, he's Dawson's guest in a suite at the Ritz."

DISCOVERED "SECRET" OF PIPE SATISFACTION TEN YEARS AGO

TEN years ago Mr. J. Franz Norgren of Madison, South Dakota, was still engaged in the search well known to every pipe smoker—the search for the ideal tobacco. Then one day his seeking was rewarded. He found it at last in Edgeworth! For some time he believed he had stumbled upon a "secret." But as the years passed he met up with the "little blue tin" with increasing frequency. Mr. Norgren's letter tells the story of his discovery.

Madison, South Dakota,
December 25, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.
Dear Sirs:

Today, Christmas Day, I received a half-pound of Edgeworth from a friend. That's a real gift! Ten years' intimate acquaintance with this excellent tobacco only intensifies my approval of a friend's good judgment.

When I first smoked Edgeworth, I thought I had discovered a secret. I had no idea before how satisfactory a fine blend could be. I came to look upon a good pipe packed with Edgeworth as a point of distinction wherever I might be. My observations since have upheld my theory. I meet up with the little blue tin with ever-increasing frequency.

Living in the country, a fellow gets to be particular about tobacco. To my mind, Edgeworth is the one tobacco that shows up best in any circumstances. At work or at leisure, there's no pal that comes up as cheerfully and that lends itself so perfectly to the moods of man and nature as another pipe of Edgeworth.

The point is, though, Edgeworth isn't the secret I thought it was. It's out—such things don't stay secret when you have friends.

Very truly yours,
J. Franz Norgren.

Mr. Norgren's affection for his pipe and Edgeworth is an affection typical among pipe smokers. In work or play, there's no companion closer to a man's heart than his pipe. Are you one who has never known the genuine satisfaction of a good pipe and good tobacco? Have you never felt the relaxation, the comfort and companionship they can bring you?

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"If only," Mrs. Elverson sighed, "I hadn't invited all those people to dinner tonight. That English boy—Wear the new green dress, Natalie."

Incredible! John Elverson mused. Even yet he hadn't made her understand that this was a show-down.

"He probably won't come, Mother—the English boy," Natalie said at the door. "He's got a frightful shiner."

"I telephoned to his aunt," said Mrs. Elverson. "He was still asleep. I told her his eye wouldn't matter."

"It wouldn't," said Natalie strangely. "It's a British eye and very noble." She went out.

A maid was closing her bedroom door. "A messenger brought a note, Miss Natalie," she said, leaving. "It's on your desk."

The handwriting was unfamiliar:

Dear Miss Elverson:

No apology can be adequate. I can't possibly ask you to forgive me. I can only tell you I am sorry. There can be no possible excuse for what I did.

Most unhappily,
JULIAN LAWRENCE.

She lay for an hour face downward on her bed.

AT TEN minutes of seven in Red Dawson's suite at the Ritz a young man correctly appareled for the evening was inspecting a fresh supply of court-plaster over his knuckles with a glint of reminiscence.

"Pete's sake, Red," he grumbled, "go on out and get your dinner. I don't need a guard. And get it out of your brain that I'm heading for a bender. I simply holed up here today to get rid of those darned reporters. This accused dinner I've got into is at eight o'clock. I'll be at the Garden at quarter of ten. Plenty of time. I've fixed it up with Happy."

He believed, when the doorbell tinkled at seven o'clock, that Red had returned. It was not Red. It was a tall girl, with a bare brown-gold head, muffled darkly in an evening cloak of fur and velvet. Julian blankly met her eyes and reddened.

"I—telephoned the desk for the number," Natalie said. "Please don't worry about my reputation, Mr. Lawrence. I left the elevator at Sylvia Jefferson's floor and came up the stairway."

He stammered something, stepping aside to let her in.

"Those infernal tabloids!" he said, closing the door.

He followed her worriedly, wondering whether, in the sitting-room, Red had left the tabloids scattered over the divan. Red had.

"It doesn't matter," Natalie said, flushing. "I've read them all. I thought at first," she added unsteadily, "that I couldn't come. And then I knew I had to. I came to apologize."

"Lord!" Julian said, distressed. "You mustn't! You really mustn't!"

"Mr. Lawrence," Natalie said, raising dark, sober eyes to his, "have you ever looked at yourself with the eyes of somebody else? Your—father—or—or anybody?"

"Today," Julian said grimly. "And several years ago. It was neither time a pleasing spectacle."

"Then you know—"

HIS silence brought a sudden wave of scarlet sweeping over her face.

"I know what you're thinking," Natalie said. "You think I came here tonight because of the ranch. It isn't that. I would have had to come—no matter what."

"You can do brave things," Julian Lawrence said slowly.

"Oh, what must you have thought of me!" Tears splashed over her lashes and made them glistening black.

"Shall I tell you?" he said. "Are you brave enough to listen?"

"Yes." She sat down. "Yes, please."

"You'll hate it," he said. "Yesterday in the Jefferson hall I could see you clearly in a mirror. I was a long time hanging up my hat. I thought I had never seen a girl with so lovely a face. I knew in twenty seconds—I'm sorry—that I had never in my life been really in love before."

"That," Natalie said, "was yesterday."

"I knew," he went on, "as soon as I walked in that something was all wrong. Red Dawson is a redhead and flaringly independent. I realized that he was kidding the party. I didn't—at first—know why. When I did, I backed him up. Even after you went, I kept on thinking about you. You probably think that rope was planned. It wasn't. Miss Jefferson had knocked the last remnant of sense out of Slim Sothern's head, and when she begged him to add an additional touch of local color to his costume in the form of a lariat over his arm, he obeyed. No amount of jeering on the way up had any effect. Slim, in the ballroom, was standing beside me. When he dropped the rope and I picked it up, he was much too intent on Miss Jefferson to give much thought to me. Red was the only other man who could have stopped me. He was on the other side—"

"He didn't try," said Natalie. "Sylvia saw him. He—laughed."

"I realized that the Englishman was falling hard. I—hated him. I'm still glad I hit him. I hated the stag line you accepted, and I made up my mind that at least you'd remember me—all your life."

"I will," said Natalie.

Her cloak had fallen back from her shoulders and Julian, more miserable than he had ever been in his life, wondered how the ice-green of a gown could bring out so much warmth in a girl's wet face.

"When I said what I did at Sylvia's tea," said Natalie in a low voice, "I—

was sick with terror and unhappiness. Everything I had come to accept was—tearing away. I wasn't—really—striking—at you. I was—striking—at chains."

She flung her arm out over the padded side of the chair and bowed her head on it, racked with sobs.

Julian bent over her.

"Oh, don't cry, please!" he begged.

A glimmer of handkerchief touched her hidden face.

"I thought," Natalie said, "that you were the best-looking man I had ever seen in my life. I—I knew that for me there never would be anybody else—that all my life I would go on seeing you—in a doorway."

"Natalie, do you know what you're saying?"

"All the way home in the taxi," her muffled voice went on, "I cried. I—I was in love with a man I couldn't possibly have. A—cowboy. It—didn't even matter—"

"You were right," he said slowly. "I wouldn't do. You'd give my life aim and purpose, but I'll always be a rancher. Even if I sold that ranch-house on the cliff to your father and as much of the land in the valley as he wants, I'd buy a smaller ranch and stock it and start again. All I have left is some land and an old Chinese cook who tries to keep an eye on me. You—couldn't possibly live like that. Solitude—apart from crowds," he added miserably.

"You'd be there," said Natalie. "Nothing else—can ever matter. Julian, I want to help—"

HE PICKED her up in his arms and carried her to a chair by the fireplace. He was to remember nothing of what he said. He remembered only the impulsive touch of her lips and the dissonant peal of a telephone bell at quarter of eight.

Natalie clung to his hands.

"I know what Father will say. He'll tell me it will be good for me. But Sylvia! And the tabloids!"

He groaned and kissed her.

"And Red!" he said on his way to the telephone. "There's a thought. Red's mad right through to the marrow. Maybe it might be a good idea, Natalie, to elope in Red's plane and let Red and your mother fight it out."

He came back smiling.

"It was your father. He's sent the car for you."

"Father!"

"He said that he had been reasonably sure he could trust you to do the sporting thing, though he thought, until he saw you leave in a taxi, that you'd do it by telephone. Honey," he added a minute later, holding Natalie's cloak, "that saves your busted ranchman a taxi fare. Your mother invited me to dinner before you came. She was very sweet and gracious. Oh, I knew. She wants my ranch. Fair enough. I want her daughter."

Wizard of the Zoo

(Continued from page 25)

arrived an hour later the next morning, they would have walked across to freedom.

Thus an unsuccessful beaver, when Ditmars told it, supplied new evidence that animals may possess instinct as well as reason.

I had had these telephone conversations with Doctor Ditmars for years before I finally went, not long ago, to visit him in his offices at the Zoological Park. I have called on many executives in my life who have harsh and awe-inspiring secretaries,

but never have I found an approach so fearsome as that which leads to Doctor Ditmars. His office is in the back of the reptile house.

Entering the front door, I could discern dimly hundreds of glass cages lining the

walls, containing rare and contented reptiles from the mountains and jungles of the world, ranging in variety from the garter snake to the python, from the bush master of South America to the cobra of India.

Frankly, I am afraid of snakes. Consequently, I was vastly relieved when an attendant led me through a back door into the light, cool, civilized office of Doctor Ditmars.

He is a man of fifty-six, straight, lean, and military in appearance. He has the brow and high, domed forehead of a scholar. His hair at the sides and his mustache are beginning to gray. His clothes are well tailored and invariably light in color. Dark clothes, he says, make him look like an undertaker.

What impressed me most vividly were his eyes and his hands. His eyes are a pale gray-blue—large, calm, grave, and infinitely perceptive. Those eyes, you feel, see *everything*. Their possessor is a man you would like to have around in an emergency.

And then the hands. Whether you watch them handling a snake, or moving a paper weight on his desk, or turning a steering wheel, or shuffling the pages of a book, you are struck with their facility, their extraordinary competence. Here is a human quickness which can compete—which has competed—with the speed of a serpent's strike.

As I entered his office I observed, in one corner, a pile of white cloth bags, each tied securely at the top with a piece of cord. Doctor Ditmars noticed my glance.

"Just a few specimens," he explained. "Mostly harmless, though there are a couple of rattlers and copperheads among them. I'm taking them with me to the Police College tonight—I'm giving a lecture to the young patrolmen." (Doctor Ditmars' services as a lecturer are always in demand.)

"Yes, yes; of course," I said casually, but I continued to watch, for a time, the gently moving pile of bags out of a corner of my eye. I sat in a chair by a window and told Doctor Ditmars of my pleasure in meeting him after years of telephone acquaintanceship. As we talked I almost forgot about the bags.

Suddenly I noticed that one of the bags had detached itself from the pile and was inching itself across the floor. It had already covered half the distance between the corner and my chair, and was proceeding steadily, straight in my direction. Clutching my chair, I drew my feet slowly up from the floor. Still the bag inched closer.

DOCTOR DITMARS, recalling old times, was leaning back with his hands folded behind his head, gazing reflectively at the ceiling. When at last, observing my silence, he glanced in my direction; he saw me poised precariously, my knees high in the air. With a bound he sprang around the desk and scooped up the bag.

"Why," he said, "he won't hurt you. He's not even a snake. He's just a Gila monster."

"Monster or no monster," I said, "why is he after me?"

Doctor Ditmars chuckled and tossed the bag expertly back on the pile.

"He's not after you," he said. "He was just heading for that window behind you. He likes the light, that's all. He can give a

nasty bite, but not through that bag, if you pick it up properly."

I joined in the chuckle, a bit hollowly, and moved my chair to the darkest part of the room.

DOCTOR DITMARS was born in 1876 in Newark, N. J., the family moving soon afterwards to New York, where he has lived ever since, when not roaming in the tropics or the jungle. His father, a furniture merchant, was once on the staff of General Robert E. Lee. Hence the boy was given the middle name "Lee."

I asked Doctor Ditmars how he first became interested in animals. He thought for a few minutes.

"I honestly can't remember," he said. "As far back as I can think I liked them. I was never afraid of them. Cats, dogs, chickens, spiders, beetles, snakes, turtles, frogs—they all seemed equally innocent and entertaining to me. And equally alarming to the family when I brought them home with me. But my father didn't interfere with me much, so long as I kept my pets strictly in order."

As he grew up, his father, planning an army career for him, sent him to a local military school in preparation for West Point. He did well in his studies, but his main interest was still in his animal collections. In the summer before he was to take his West Point examinations he discovered some curious beetles and butterflies which he could not identify. He took them to the American Museum of Natural History. One of the curators, impressed by his eagerness and knowledge, offered him a job as assistant.

"Why go to college?" said the curator. "Let the museum be your college."

And so young Ditmars spent four years examining, classifying, arranging, and cataloguing insect specimens at the museum. But it was hard work, and it was with *dead* things, while his interest was all in *living* animals.

He cast about for some other work and hit, strangely enough, on the idea of becoming a congressional reporter. He devoted all his spare time to studying shorthand. His method of practice was ingenious. His father was an admirer of Dickens. Every evening he read aloud, and his son took down the reading. In the course of a winter young Ditmars had accumulated an entire set of Dickens—in shorthand. He still has it.

And now note Ditmars' extraordinary manual adeptness: Most men are content to write shorthand with one hand. Ditmars learned it with both hands. When his right hand tired he switched to the left. Sometimes, he had heard, two congressmen talk at once. He wanted to be ready for any emergency.

While waiting for an opening on the congressional staff, he obtained a job as cub reporter on a New York newspaper.

After a year of newspaper reporting, chiefly in the criminal courts, Ditmars received the lucky assignment to the new Zoölogical Park which changed the entire course of his life. He entered his new job with enthusiasm. He was doing what he had always longed to do and actually being paid for it. Generous appropriations brought rare animals from the five continents into the new zoo in a never-ending stream. Aye-ayes and anteaters, coatis and kinkajous, wart hogs and wombats,



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boobook, boatbill, and borele. Every day there was some outlandish beast with new habits and tastes to be studied. In summer he took a busman's holiday by traveling with one of the big circuses, learning the tricks and practical wisdom of the old "animal men."

BUT serious and dangerous work lay ahead. Dr. Albert Calmette, of the Pasteur Institute at Paris, France, had already completed his early experiments toward producing a serum to neutralize the venom of certain poisonous serpents, but little had been done with the American types, such as the rattlesnake, moccasin, and copperhead. Nor did Calmette have at his disposal any such variety of poisonous snakes as Ditmars had assembled, the finest collection in the world.

Ditmars undertook experiments with his reptiles and developed an ingenious method of extracting venom.

This venom, infused in small successive doses into horses, immunizes them against the poison. The horse's blood, drawn off painlessly, contains a serous substance which, injected in a human being within a reasonably short interval after a snake bite, saves his life.

But a serum prepared from the venom of one type of serpent was not always efficacious against the bite of another type. Ditmars studied tirelessly the effects of the various venoms, mixing them in endless combinations.

Year after year the work went on. Sometimes Ditmars handled as many as a hundred snakes in two hours. Often the late Doctor Hideyo Noguchi, the brilliant Japanese scientist, worked at his side. They would take turns with the snakes. Noguchi would make one venom extraction. Then he would turn to Ditmars with an Oriental bow and smile.

"Your snake," he would say.

This work, fitting in with the equally devoted investigations of other scientists in other countries, developed serums which in the last twenty years have saved an estimated total of more than 250,000 lives, chiefly in eastern and tropical countries. All hospitals in snake-infested areas of the United States now carry supplies of the life-preserving fluid.

In all his thousands of experiments Ditmars was never bitten. The eyes never wavered, the hands never slipped.

But snakes absorb only a fraction of Doctor Ditmars' time. Every day the keepers of the Zoo come to him with half a dozen queer animal problems: Mr. Elk, having lost his antlers in due season, is being mercilessly beaten up by Mrs. Elk. What to do? Koko, the big orang-utan, has snatched an incautious lady's purse and eaten a five-dollar bill; the elephants, very delicate in their sensibilities, have noticed an alien smell in their new consignment of hay, and refuse to eat; the giraffe has been licking the new paint off the bars above his cage and a net must be devised to keep him from committing suicide.

And every day there is a bale of letters to be answered: What is a *skink*? (A kind of lizard). What shall I feed my pet chameleon? (Cockroaches, madam.) Is it true that some animals are weather prophets? (No—a myth that is almost universally believed.) Is it true that some fishes climb trees? (Yes, the East Indian gurnard.) What is a hoop snake? (A fable—there ain't no sech animal.) How does a snake fix a bird with its eye? (It doesn't. The apparently helpless fluttering of the bird is simply a stratagem to lead the snake away from the nest.) And so on.

Doctor Ditmars told me that the fiercest animal is the black leopard, and the most timid is the hyena; the largest is the elephant, which sometimes attains a weight of 10,000 pounds; the smallest is the shrew, a little cousin to the mole, and hardly larger than a cricket. The most valuable animal in the Zoo at present is the Indian rhinoceros, worth about \$25,000, or \$5 a pound on the hoof. The most human animal is the orang-utan, but he is far behind the beaver in constructive and cooperative intelligence. "If the beaver had hands, he'd be a wonder," Doctor Ditmars said.

DOCTOR DITMARS lives in a comfortable country home at Scarsdale, N. Y. His wife (whom he has been courting, he says, ever since he saw her, at the age of ten, swinging her schoolbooks on a strap) and his two daughters are adven-

turous ladies who have usually accompanied him in his travels to far places. They like animals, too, but not quite so much since some monkeys which Doctor Ditmars had brought home for experiment escaped one night and wrecked the interior decorations.

The home of Doctor Ditmars offers further evidences of his manual dexterity and scientific absorption. His hobby is meteorology. When a man is hunting strange animals in strange places, the weather is of the utmost importance. Thus he first became interested in isotherms and low-pressure areas and tornadoes and blizzards. He has fitted up one room in his house as a complete weather station. It is a maze of delicate instruments and gadgets.

IN THE yard back of the house there is a heavy concrete "pill box." Here are stored more than 500,000 feet of motion picture film which he has made of strange animals. Some of this film has been shown over most of the world. Perhaps you recall seeing the dramatic fight between a cobra and a mongoose which Doctor Ditmars staged. The pictures are taken in the small but well-equipped studio near by. Here, too, much of the workmanship is Doctor Ditmars' own.

Among all the freak manifestations of the weather, Doctor Ditmars' favorite is the hurricane. Every August, when the season approaches, he takes ship for the West Indies and tries his darndest to get into the center of a hurricane. With him he takes a suitcase in which he has compactly arranged all the necessary working instruments for weather observation. He admits with some pride that he has found extremely high wind velocities and extremely low pressures. But his ambition to experience the exact, whirling core of the Caribbean terror has not yet been achieved. He is probably the only man on earth who actually hunts hurricanes.

When the hurricane season is over he hurries back to the Zoo. There he has done his job well, performed a service immensely valuable to mankind, and had a whale of a good time. There you will find him most any day—"bumming around with the animals."

A Winner Never Quits

(Continued from page 27)

Institute. When I was a kid of twelve I worked during the summer in a cotton mill, sweeping cotton from under the looms. I worked from six-thirty in the morning until six at night. I received ten dollars a month for my trouble, but, at that, I really enjoyed it all. The banging of the looms and the rattle of the shuttles were music to my ears. Somehow, this job made me see the importance of hustling."

When he was ten years old, a friend living down the street received a pair of boxing gloves for a birthday present. Spike's crowd immediately assembled on a street corner to try the gloves out. Young Webb licked the tar out of all his friends and trounced the district bully. He became the idol of the neighborhood.

With such a finished boxer in their midst, Spike's companions soon decided to start a boxing club, with the champion as coach.

The Webbs lived in a two-story frame house, and the cellar, with its earthen floor, was ideal for fistic headquarters. A huge gunny sack was filled with oats to serve as a punching bag, and training began in earnest.

"When I got to be fourteen," said Spike, "I thought I was pretty good. The boys in the neighborhood weren't giving me much competition, so I went out hunting for real opponents. Joe Gans, who later became lightweight champion of the world, came to Baltimore about that time, and Al Herford, his manager, was running the Eureka Athletic Club. I had never even seen a professional boxing match, but nevertheless I decided to go around to Herford and ask him for a fight. The doorman at the club threw me out several days in a row, but I finally cornered Al just as he was entering the building."

"But you can't fight . . . you're only a little kid," protested Herford.

At that, Spike did a little shadow boxing just to show that he was serious about the matter. Herford watched the kid for a moment. He didn't look so bad, after all.

"Well . . ." he drawled finally, "will your mother and father let you fight?"

Spike hurriedly crossed his fingers and said "Yes." And so it was arranged that Spike should fight a bout that very night.

"By evening I had lost most of my courage," confessed Webb, "and I was one scared youngster when I climbed into that ring."

"My opponent turned out to be Tommy Donahue, a local pugilist of some repute. Somehow I managed to hold my own and stay on my feet. The referee called it a draw. Tommy wasn't even hurt, but sometime during the fracas I received a

beautiful black eye. That eye was the cause of broken diplomatic relations in my home for several days."

As the result of Spike's showing in his first match, Al Herford immediately took him under his wing, and during the next few years entered him in more than thirty preliminary bouts.

"My parents and sisters begged me to give up boxing," said Spike. "They had visions of cauliflower ears and a battered nose. So, to keep peace in the family, I quit the ring. My twenty-third birthday was just around the corner then, and I figured giving up boxing would be a good present from me to my family."

In 1913 the city of Baltimore opened the playground of the West Park Recreation Club in the heart of its cotton mill district. Spike was selected to take charge, and during the next four years the West Park athletes became famous for their prowess.

In 1916 Johnny Kilbane, then feather-weight champion of the world, came to Baltimore and offered to take on all comers. As far as the West Park boys were concerned, there was only one man in the world who could lick all comers, and he was Spike Webb. And so they egged Spike into accepting Kilbane's challenge. Luckily for Kilbane, his title was not at stake, for Spike gave the world's champion a trouncing.

When the United States entered the war, Webb gathered his West Park boys together, mounted a platform, and warned the assembly that they were no friends of his if they didn't fight for their country. The result was that two hundred of the young men immediately enlisted. The War Department offered Spike a commission at Fort Myer, but he chose to go along with the boys. If they got into a good scrap he wanted to be on the spot. And so Private Webb appeared with the Maryland contingent at Camp McClellan, at Anniston, Ala.

Once in camp, Spike got out his boxing gloves and appointed himself coach of his own outfit—the 29th Division. Camp McClellan contained the National Guard units of New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia and it was the first time since the Civil War that troops of the North and South had ever been quartered together. The division was called the Blue and Gray.

"Teaching those boys to box," chuckled Spike, "was the most fun I've ever had. I used to line them up in rows facing each other. One group would wear khaki and the other blue overalls. When I blew my whistle to commence boxing, believe me, it was another Battle of Gettysburg."

CAMP McCLELLAN was spread over so much territory that short-legged Spike found it difficult to arrive at his classes on time. And so he petitioned for some sort of vehicle. He was given a wild-eyed horse. With a dozen pairs of boxing gloves on his saddle, cowboy style, Spike would travel from outfit to outfit kicking and coaxing his steed along. One day, in a hurry, Spike saddled an unbroken colt instead of his own mount—one horse looks like another to Spike—and the colt began to kick, buck, and bite. After covering a lot of territory in mad plunges, the steed finally rolled and pinned Spike under its body. The landing field was a mud puddle, but after a veritable fight for his life Spike managed to extricate himself.

"It was my old boxing ability that won the day," Spike told me, when I asked him how he had avoided the horse's hoofs. "I clinched his right forefoot under one arm and with my other warded off his blows."

It's a good story, anyway!

Orders for the 29th Division to proceed overseas came through early in 1918, but in the same dispatches were instructions for Spike to remain behind to coach a new outfit. When the news reached Webb he ran to General Morton, the camp commander, and said, "I'm a fighter and I'm going with you!"

You can't keep a man like that down, so the general pushed Spike's orders off his desk and, with a sly wink, growled, "All right . . . pack up your boxing gloves!" So, when the Blue and Gray arrived in France, Spike was there with his boys.

Pershing must have heard about the fighting spirit that Webb had instilled in his outfit, for just two days after arriving at Saint-Nazaire they took over a front-line sector. Spike's leadership soon won him a promotion to sergeant, and along with it went the privilege of leading raiding parties over the top. He's mighty proud of his service at the front, for he was the only official A. E. F. boxing instructor who also served as an enlisted man in the thick of the fighting.

Between raiding parties Sergeant Webb continued to arrange boxing contests.

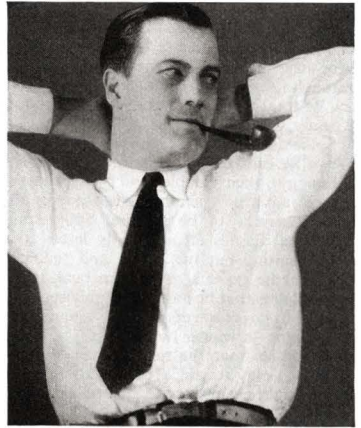
ORGANIZED boxing contests between the French and American soldiers became frequent during the last months of the war, but the number of Yankee victories was small until Sergeant Webb blew into Paris, shortly after the armistice, with his 29th Division fighters. Those boys knocked out the Frenchmen as fast as they climbed into the ring, and Spike became the hero of the town.

When the Blue and Gray Division was ordered home, General Pershing asked Spike to take over the A. E. F. champions and train them for the Inter-Allied Games. In the shadow of Notre Dame Cathedral was a small gymnasium thirty-five feet square. There Coach Webb established training headquarters for the group of fighters representing the United States Bob Martin, already a well-known pugilist, was among the first to report. Then the marines sent Gene Tunney, a rangy youth weighing about 165 pounds who was later to become the world's heavyweight champion. And shortly afterwards, Eddie Eagan, fresh from an artillery unit, descended upon the training camp. He was destined to become a great amateur.

Eagan, Tunney, and Webb became inseparable companions.

It was while coaching Tunney for the Inter-Allied Games that Spike discovered, or originated, the right-hand hook upon which he places most of the responsibility for his success as a boxing instructor. Tunney developed this blow until it became one of the most important elements of his attack in all his bouts.

At the close of the Inter-Allied Games the American team returned to this country as guests of the navy on the battleship Minnesota. Back on United States soil, Webb was appointed boxing coach at the United States Naval Academy. For eleven years the Naval Academy boxing teams went by season after season with an un-



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Street.....

City.....State.....

broken line of victories. In the twelfth season the navy suffered its first downfall at the hands of Syracuse University. This year the Naval Academy team went through its season again undefeated, making its total record to date: 97 bouts won, 3 draws, and I defeat.

Spike is the idol of the midshipmen. When he isn't teaching them boxing he's listening to their troubles and giving them fatherly advice. When one of the Academy's athletes seems to be slipping Spike sits down and dashes off a friendly letter to him, pointing out his faults, and telling him that he expects to see him buck up. Spike claims that he hasn't any philosophy of life, but he is forever quoting, "A quitter never wins—a winner never quits."

He insists that the midshipmen "Play clean and play to win. It's just the same in playing the game of life," he tells them.

DURING the football season Spike acts as the team's trainer and follows the boys around like a nursemaid. He swears that the navy lost the last Army-Navy game because some alley cat ate his pet rouse. The mouse lived under the rear seat of his automobile. Ever since he had first acquired the mascot the navy had been winning, but that cat spoiled everything!

For the past ten years Coach Webb has never permitted his interest in full-grown boxing champions to interfere with his mosquito, flea, and grasshopper weights—little chaps from two and a half to ten years old who make up weekly boxing classes each winter. These are the sons of naval officers on duty at the Academy. They are measured for boxing tightness and shirts and go in for the art of self-defense

in a serious way. Spike draws up a regular set of training rules for them and insists that they eat sparingly of candy, go to bed every night at eight o'clock, and keep their faces, hands, bodies, and teeth clean.

"Each boxing period for the midgets starts with ten minutes of setting-up exercises," Spike told me. "Then I gather them around me and give them a five-minute talk on eating spinach or some of the other things their mothers want to include in their diet. You'd be surprised what those kids will do for me. Why, they'll go home and eat anything I've told them to, and without any protest to their parents. The mothers come to me and ask how I do it, and beg me to keep the boxing classes up all the year round.

"I teach the youngsters the fundamentals of boxing, and I pair them off as I do the midshipmen and then send them into the ring. Of course, they can't hit very hard, but facing one another in personal combat develops their courage and manly qualities. I never let one fellow crow over another, and if there is a bully in the crowd I see to it that someone knocks it out of him."

Spike is the only civilian who ever accompanies the midshipmen on their summer cruises. Hardly a year goes by that he doesn't pack his ditty-box with the rest of them and sail off for foreign ports. He spends a few weeks aboard each ship of the squadron and promotes bouts among the midshipmen.

Spike's other pastime on a cruise is fishing. Day after day he will stand in the stern of a battleship and troll with a line that looks 'most a mile long. He fouls the propellers more often than he

catches a fish, but no one seems to complain.

As soon as the ships hit port he is the first ashore, dashing off to renew acquaintance with some of his foreign fistic friends, of whom he has many.

Spike has never had time to get married. The art of boxing has been his only love. He believes that the days of personages in the fight game have passed and that amateur boxing is here to stay.

"College boxing, especially, is a real scientific game today," he said. "In the boxing of today there are twelve different ways to prevent being hit and only one way to deliver a blow. The average person thinks that a fighter has to take a score of punches to give one. A smart boxer can win a fight without having a mark on his body. If every person learned a few simple boxing methods he would never have to fear any street attack. Once a boxer enters a fight, the rough-and-tumble artist is the loser."

JUST then there was a clanging of gongs throughout the building. Spike glanced at the clock on the wall.

"I've got a gym class this period," he explained and, grabbing up a little baseball cap, he stuck it on the back of his head and started towards the door.

"If you forget everything else I have told you," he said, "remember this one thing: The real benefits of boxing are overlooked. There's nothing so important as developing courage in a man . . . and boxing can do it. What this country needs today more than anything else is a straight left and a right-hand hook!"

I hadn't thought of it before in exactly those terms, but I guess Spike is right.

How Many Friends Have You?

(Continued from page 45)

that his standing with me is affected not at all. His is still a proud spirit to which beauty of thought is not a stranger nor bursts of laughter a surprise. "A certain jollity of mind pickled in the scorn of fortune" is part and parcel with his other assets. And so, attired in his tweeds of yesterday, he simply tightens his belt, undaunted and unashamed at the turn of fortune.

There are those, rich in friends, who never have felt poor, even though getting a living has always been through difficult sledding. And there are other people who feel desperately poor because they have "lost" a million of their two millions of paper assets.

It's all in how a fellow feels.

Fritz Kreisler, the master violinist and composer, lunching with us one day, said, "We of the arts are just as hard hit as the business man, but we can smile because we still have our assets."

Those assets are not reckoned in dollars and cents. They consist of a wealth of appreciation. And large among them is the appreciation which cements friendship.

Friendships may have begun long ago, or yesterday. The age of a friend doesn't seem to matter. But the goodness of friendship is beyond dispute, and appreciation is always now. Time and age are not.

A nine-year-old lad named Stephen indicated friendship when he wrote me: "When I grow up I am going to hire you

to paint lots of pictures and pay you lots of money for them."

And Barbara Marquis, twelve, wrote me, editorially, from the "office" of her *The California Sun*, "I want you to realize how very much I appreciate—you. The only reward that I know of to reward you with is, when your subscription runs out I shall keep it going indefinitely."

A FEW days ago at five o'clock I knocked off work to change into a dinner coat. The telephone rang, and the voice of a friend said, "My son and heir is having his first birthday today. At six o'clock we are going to cut his first birthday cake. Won't you come around and help?"

I was obliged to say, "I'm mighty sorry that I can't. You see, I'm just getting ready to catch a train to the suburbs, where I'm going to help cut the birthday cake of another friend of mine who is ninety-one years old today."

Two hours later I was grasping the hand of the ninety-one-year-old, whose eyes were happily beaming and whose ninety-year-old voice was saying with a chuckle, "Goodness! what beautiful hours we've spent together, haven't we?"

When I left at eleven o'clock he was just sitting down to a few hours of contract. Ninety-one!

As we shook hands at parting he said softly, "And we'll never forget the hours we've had together. Will we?"

Age doesn't matter. In the eyes of a friend, a man changes absurdly little through the years. Once in a while someone walks into my studio from out the past and I am invariably impressed with the evidences that my acquaintance of many years has changed hardly at all. Older, of course, with hair whiter and a few pounds more or less, but the timbre of the voice is the same, the manner identical, the lines of general conversation, the facial tricks, the gestures, the philosophy, and the disposition so much the same that it is hard to believe that a score of years, or twice it, has passed since last we met.

So it would seem to be fortunate for us and for our friends if our way lies along the road of appreciation where the sun shines upon the mountain and where the poplar trees grow tall.

The other day some of us were discussing the meaning of success. William G. ("Bill") Tachau, architect, remarked that the companionship of friends is of itself a distinguished success in life.

"Money has so little to do with it—with real success," he said.

"Business success seems to be gained too pathetically often at the sacrifice of certain world-old understandings of integrity," chimed in Bob Anderson, author. "The fellow whose daily pursuit is laying-up more-money becomes so unmindful of any other reason for living. The history of our time tells that plainly."

"In the midst of plenty (of beauty) he is in want (of more money)."

When he has "made enough money," or when he has got away from other people enough of their money, he tells you he is going to travel, to read something besides the stock market page, to write, to paint, to make friends.

He thus excuses his present lack of appreciation and sense of proportion, not realizing that appreciation must not only be conceived, but nurtured, exercised, developed. He does not sense that it cannot be laid hold upon suddenly, even with the aid of great wealth.

"Some time I am going to *make* friends—worth-while, interesting friends," he tells you.

But it is written upon the wall that friends are not *made* except by Allah. We either have friends or we haven't them.

SOMETIMES when I am painting the portrait of a man eminently "successful" in "big business," I take him to lunch with the friends of whom I write. I watch my wealthy patron at the table. His share in the conversation is usually very slight. He looks on at the hearty *camaraderie*; hears talk that is light and talk that is serious; "gets" the wit and the lines of banter; finds himself moved by evidence of beauty of thinking—none of the fellows taking themselves seriously, but taking their work very, very seriously. It is a new world to him. And I have seen upon his face an expression akin to hunger.

Afterwards he is sure to ask me many questions about the men who have interested him peculiarly, and frequently he speaks of the voices of these men—voices as of men unafraid.

How many "successful" ones there are who can figure "in their heads" precisely how much interest compounded at six per cent (or more, if the traffic can stand it) will increase the principal; but if suddenly confronted with the necessity of replying to a stranger from Mars who asked, "What kind of world is it that you live in?" would be very hard put to it to answer. Such answers come only from appreciation which is nurtured by the comradeship of ideas.

Elliot Bacon, a financier of splendid memory, was a man who, in spite of big business, possessed large appreciation and a generous nature which made him of superior worth. And yet Fenley Hunter told me a story about him that illustrates the point that success in business cannot quite satisfy. Said Fen:

"A pleasant-voiced stranger telephoned me four years ago saying he was planning to go to Alaska, and that one of his friends had told him to have a talk with me about it. 'Can I drive out to see you?' asked the stranger. 'My name is Bacon.'

"I told him to come along, and that evening Bacon called on me. A fine, upstanding, important-looking man.

"As we talked I discovered that he knew all about Alaska, had read everything concerning the country for years, had been 'crazy' to go to Alaska for some time, wanted to see Alaska more than he wanted anything else in the world.

"When I began to tell him about the outfit he would need, and mentioned the cost, he broke in with, 'It isn't the cost that is bothering me, it's the time involved. I don't see how I can ever take the time.'

"What kind of work do you do?' I asked him.

"I'm with J. P. Morgan,' said Bacon. "What sort of a job is it?"

"Why, I'm a partner,' answered Bacon. "Do you mean to tell me that you are a partner of J. P. Morgan & Company and that you can't give yourself vacation enough to go to Alaska? I call that a heck of a job!' I exclaimed.

"That's just it exactly,' said Bacon slowly. 'I can't take time to go to Alaska.' "A year later Elliot Bacon died without ever seeing the Alaska that was his dream. Great wealth failed to satisfy."

Much of the wealth and satisfaction to be found in friends comes from conversation, real conversation, the exchange of ideas and interests and experiences.

"I love a guy's mind," said Fen to a group of us one day, "that operates somewhat after the fashion of the aurora borealis—thar's one of the reasons I like you guys."

He meant that in the exchange of ideas he found in his friends the inspiration of unconstrained emotion, unchecked enthusiasm, a sort of glowing, a flashing.

Occasionally when my friends and I are dining together, some stranger drifts into our midst. We converse as usual and gibe and laugh. One of us quotes some old author, and the quotation gets corrected from several throats at once, and there is smiling reprimand of ignorance. Experiences are related, and food is forgotten. Maybe Henry W. Lanier, the publisher, lights his pipe and gently asks a leading question that starts us off on a topic, and Irvin Cobb tells a story which illustrates a point, with his amazing cackling imitation of the colored man's laugh. And when we break up, some off to play upon the stage of a theater, some to play cards, and others to read, read, read—then, he who came in a stranger oftentimes says, "I didn't know there was any conversation like that in the world."

FRIENDS are widely scattered. Sometimes a buddy of mine is away for many years, and there may never be a letter, but there is content of friendship. And when the lad blows in again there are stories, questions to be asked and answered, songs to be sung again, the same cheering laughter together and the same understanding.

Between friends is a spirit of perpetual youth.

Rheumatics and palpitations can be very annoying, but they cannot bring gray hairs or middle age to comradeship.

Don Marquis, author and playwright, gave me a chuckle when he defined middle age as "the time when a man is always thinking that in a week or two he will feel just as good as ever."

But a man is not "as he thinketh." A man is what he *feels*. And there is a feeling of unaging confidence that comradeship may weave.

I am told that in Pittsburgh is the grave of the elderly wife of a famous astronomer. When this woman died her man carried out her wish and had carved upon the stone that marks her grave the words that she desired. The beauty of them brings one's heart throbbing to his throat:

"We have loved the stars too fondly
To be fearful of the night."

* * * * *

That's
an idea!



Every time I give a party, I always call up Helen. She's a dietetics teacher and has the cleverest ideas for making everything you serve look and taste different. "What shall we have to drink?" I asked her. And she said "Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. There's nothing like a good cup of coffee at night—if you make sure it won't keep you awake."

You have no idea how many people will compliment your thoughtfulness as a hostess if you serve "the coffee that lets you sleep."

Kaffee Hag Coffee is guaranteed pure coffee with 97% of the caffeine and the indigestible wax removed. No fear that caffeine will keep you awake—affect your nerves—or digestion. Yet experts say Kaffee Hag has as fine a flavor as any other coffee.

At all grocers in vacuum-sealed tins. Reduced in price. Roasted by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Quality guaranteed. Money refunded if you're not entirely satisfied.

The Tall Ladder

(Continued from page 43)

leaned now against Timber's tree and with shaking fingers was rolling and lighting a cigarette. His eyes were heavy but his color was coming back, and there was an ironic twist of amusement on his wounded lips. He gave himself thoroughly to his story, as was his habit, making it vivid to his eager listener:

"My father bein' a play-actor, you see, was always meetin' up with show folks and fetching them home. This one had a rope act—seemed he could get out of any rope-holt. The whole trick was in swellin' up unnoticeable while you was bein' tied. That gives you, when you relax, a lot more leeway than you'd think." He rested again, smoking and breathing deeply. "Well, ma'am, that's how I worked ag'in' Ma. I got my right hand free and undid some of them puzzles, enough to move, and then I figgered I'd better get me to Timber. I could hear his stompin' . . . How did you get on my trail, Mrs. Oliphant?"

"Ma has sent for the sheriff. She means to accuse you of the murder of Leigh Price . . . and of Joe Carr."

He gave her a startled look, threw away his cigarette, and left the support of the tree.

"The murder . . . of Joe Carr? But then you told her . . ."

"I told her you were Joe Carr, and she said she knew better, since Joe Carr was her own son."

He stood and looked at her. "I never did tell you I was him, lady," he protested, though she had said nothing to reproach him for a lie. "It was the sheriff that told you Joe Carr was the man he was after, a-climbin' up that bank. I didn't tell you."

"Why not?"

"Well, ma'am, I figgered it like this: You maybe would feel more easy towards me . . . you bein' so sort of masterful . . . if you thought I was a kind of a manageable feller, soft-like, and then I figgered, too, that the puzzlin' I'd give you, you kind of sizin' me up as not bein' the sort of feller the sheriff had described, would kind of keep you interested in me, like."

He gave her one of his indescribably winning and wise smiles, and Julia felt that familiar flush.

"You figgered me up pretty shrewdly all around, didn't you? I'd be too pitiful to give up a weakling and too . . . intrigued to give up a problem before it could be solved. Well, the problem no longer exists. I now know that my pity was misplaced. You are not a more or less harmless weakling, a self-justified thief, you are a dangerous criminal, a murderer."

THE smile had left the man's face grim once again now, and simple enough, too, in its repressed pain of spirit and of body. "Yes, ma'am. You're through with guessin' and with trustin'. My game's played and I figger that you have won. I told you good-by before."

"I'm going back to tell Ma that she is sending the sheriff out to get her own son." He paused—his foot already in the stirrup, his hand on the high horn. "You'll tell her that? For why?"

"Perhaps she'll find some way to stop

the sheriff or to hold him when he comes. It will certainly make a change in her intentions."

"That's likely. If you are carin' for her to make a change. Well, Mrs. Oliphant, I'll be a-ridin'. There's a place up there in the hills where the sheriff won't find searchin' easy. It's a country to lose any man in—any man not trail-wise."

"Wager"—she was absolutely out of breath—"you will come back? I must know . . . the truth. You owe me your truth."

"I reckon that's right," he conceded patiently. "If I can make it, I'll be back to give you my truth . . . although that won't be such easy tellin'."

She did not know that she had set her hand upon his arm until she felt his own hand cover it. He was still looking at her.

"What about your truth," he said, "to me?" And, without waiting for an answer—rather as if he feared one—he moved her hand gently from him, swung himself slowly into his saddle, and rode out of her sight.

SHE stood alone in the rapid play of light and shadow, amongst the limber willow branches, watching the place that he had left empty, seeing him in it, so grave, so curiously master of himself, his fate, and her. And she saw him a great man and a great lover. She could see him, even now when so much of the ugly truth seemed clear, in no meaner semblance. She started, stung by time as though it were a wasp, thinking of the sheriff, and tore her way back through the willows at a speed so ruthless that she came into Ma's kitchen with a bleeding streak across her face.

Ma looked up from a mixing bowl, set it down quickly, and advanced. She put no question, though her eyes were lively with inquiry, but set her hands on her hips and waited, with her lips set tight.

"Has Maisie come back?" Julia asked.

"No, ma'am. I sent Clere down-country to search for her, to find out what's holdin' the girl."

"You're running the ranch today? Perhaps there's someone left to send out to stop the sheriff."

"Nothin' nor no one ain't a-goin' to stop the sheriff."

"You are," said Julia, leaning against the side of the door, her hands inside her belt; "if you can. You will surely try to stop the sheriff, Mrs. Orme, when I tell you that your son, Joe Carr, is not dead but is in hiding, under Wager's protection and with his help, up yonder in the hills."

Ma made three jarring steps on the flat, toed-in, squaw feet Wager had noted. "Joe . . . alive . . . up yonder . . . in the hills?" It was the first time she had betrayed emotion regarding her son.

"Yes. He's Wager's pal. They're in this killing, robbing scrape together. I don't know the facts. But I know that Wager wore Carr's trappings, probably to draw off pursuit, and he let me think he was Carr, for other reasons, and let the sheriff believe Carr was dead, for obvious motives. And I know Joe Carr is hiding out up in the hills and the man I call Jefferson Wager has ridden up to warn him."

"Hold on," Ma gasped, making past Julia for the door. "That's what he's got to do pronto. Joe in the hills. The sheriff comin' by my orders!"

"Don't go out. I found your prisoner in the willows and helped him. He's off."

"That ain't the truth. He couldn't no more ride . . ."

"He saw the shadow of your arm and managed to ease off your blow before those brass knuckles hit him. And he knows a trick against tight roping. Don't waste time not believing me, Ma Orme. He's off to warn Joe. It's up to you and me to hold the sheriff."

"Ain't that the truth!" said Ma. "Where's that there Peavy? Where's Slim? Drat 'em! I sent the whole shebang of 'em this way and that way with faked orders from you so's I could have a free hand with Wager. . . . Hark! Did you hear that, Mistress Oliphant?"

"Yes," said Julia.

What they had heard was the sound of a car making its way down the road to the lake . . . a high-powered car, humming easily, taking the rough mountain trail without protest.

"Can that be the sheriff, Ma?"

"He don't usually come by motor, too uncertain for tires and springs and gadgets over that pass. Times, too, he may have to leave the road, sudden-like."

Julia and Ma hurried together around the cabin to the front of their log home. The car swung into their sight through an opening and out of it again before reappearing. Julia turned a flushed face to her cook.

"That is Greene's car," she said painfully. "Locksley Greene's car. The sheriff is with him. Locksley has met the sheriff, and the sheriff has commandeered him, brought him back."

"Ain't that the truth!" said Ma.

"But where in h—," Ma added, as the car, containing indeed Locksley, his chauffeur, and a full-bodied man in riding dress, all too recognizable to Julia's guilt-distended eyes, slid up to them and stopped, "where in h— is Maisie?"

LOCKSLEY sprang down before the wheels had stopped turning. He was a new Locksley, revived in self-respect, electric with zeal and masculine authority. He was flushed, sunburned, dusty, and elated, a knight-errant and a rescuer.

"Julia, my dear! Thank God, I didn't get out of the country before I knew of your desperate situation here. I met with Officer Crowle over the mountain. We were actually at the junction of our road with the highway when he rode up to me. He had had your message. This murderer! I'm glad to find you alive, unhurt!"

"I would like to see you alone, Mrs. Oliphant, ma'am," said the sheriff, his blue and terrible mild eyes resting without expression upon the pale Julia. "Could we step together into the house?"

"You may come over to my office."

"The rest of you folks," the sheriff remarked over his shoulder, "kindly stand by for further orders. I got a list here of the inmates of this here ranch. I don't want nobody to leave these parts until

I've given them the once-over. Mr. Greene and his mechanic there are armed and have instructions. Nobody's to leave here; savvy?"

"Nobody is a-goin' to leave," said Ma with a sort of soft ferocity.

But the sheriff was watching Julia and was a man of small distributive attention. He stood aside to let her enter the office, followed, and shut the door. He pulled up a chair, set himself roundly into it, removed his large hat and put it on his crossed knees, and faced Julia in her own official chair behind the desk.

"Well, ma'am, I got your message, as you can see, and I come, makin' better than pony time, thanks to the Noo York gentleman. Now, where's my man?"

"First I must tell you, Mr. Sheriff, that it was not I who sent the message."

The sheriff's chair creaked and then cracked, its occupant having moved forward and back.

"Who sent for me?"

"It was my cook, Ma Orme."

"And without your cognizance?"

"Until about three hours ago when she came into my office, here, and told me."

"But you are wise to the fact that you had this shootin', holdup feller on your ranch?"

"Ma believed that a man was working for me . . . the same man, in fact, Mr. Sheriff, that you interviewed to your own satisfaction three months ago above Hiding River . . . Jefferson Wager, whom I brought with me into this country. Ma got the notion into her head that this man had killed her son, Joe Carr."

"Her son? Joe Carr? That's too bad."

"Too bad? What do you mean?"

"Too bad that any good cook . . . and I take it you wouldn't be hirin' her without her being a A-1 cook, lady . . . should have a no-account son like that there Joe. And you never told her, lady, that you seen Joe Carr, with your own eyes, go down and get drowned in that river?"

"Mr. Sheriff, she did not believe that he had been drowned. She was determined to suspect my foreman . . . I made Wager my foreman . . . and, being an outside man, that created feeling, jealousy, you understand. There was a prejudice against him in the minds of Mrs. Orme and of her daughter-in-law from the start."

"U-hum. I've seen women fix their fangs in a man afore now that-a-way. But you, ma'am, you never had no reason to suspect this feller Wager of no past history?"

JULIA had a feeling that back of the sheriff's simplicity and his easy-going interest in her opinions and admissions, was hidden a shrewd and secret suspicion of her lie. But there seemed nothing for it but to move on, as long as possible, on the bias line she had started for herself. She was at least gaining time for Wager and for Carr.

"I didn't know much about him, certainly, nor did I have any opportunity to look into his past history. I discharged my Eastern chauffeur back in Nebraska and had to engage a mechanic."

The sheriff, to Julia's horror, produced a notebook and a pencil stub.

"You give me, please, ma'am, the name of the Nebraska town and the garage or hotel that recommended Wager."

Julia's imagination sprang to her aid.

"It was a very tiny town, named Vincent. . . . V-I-N-C-E-N-T. The name of the garage? Why, I haven't a notion. It was one of the garages of Vincent. V-I . . ."

"I got that down, ma'am."

"I . . . I couldn't tell you the name of its owner or its manager."

"You hire kind of easy, don't you?"

"I am rather quick, some people would say rash, in my decisions. But I've had a good deal of experience in hiring, and I flatter myself I have a keen eye for sizing up a man."

"And this feller, this Jefferson Wager"—the name, repeated by the sheriff, had a very *alias* sound, thought Julia—"mechanic out of V-I-N-C-E-N-T, Nebraska's, lead-in' garage, he understands ranchin' well enough to make you a satisfactory foreman? As I recollect, he kind of talked like a Noo Yorker, East-sider."

"He . . . he has been everywhere, done everything, like so many of you extraordinary Westerners. I think he was born on New York's East Side."

"WELL, ma'am, he has served you well on this here hoss and cow ranch?"

"He has been satisfactory."

"To everyone but the cook. Well, ma'am, I figure I better interview the party that sent me the information. She thinks your foreman is the man that killed Leigh Price, the man that got Joe Carr into this scrape, and that run off dressed up in Joe Carr's duds."

"Then you don't believe now that it was Joe who held me up and went down with my car into the river?"

"No, ma'am, it wasn't Joe. It was a man . . . But I'll talk to you later, and thank you kindly, ma'am, for the help you've given me in my search for this here criminal. You see, lady, I'd apologize for causin' you so much trouble, but the man we want is involved in right serious mischief. He is accused of shootin' a man through the head, scatterin' his brains across the floor of his own home and emptyin' his cash drawer of all his savin's in cash, available. This man is not just a pretty kind of visitor for a lady's ranch, away off here. And if he is the big boy of the gang Joe Carr was runnin' with, he's got other nasty doin's on his record. Cheatin' at cards, the mildest. Dirty work with a woman and an ugly-lookin' knife business back in loway. Well, ma'am, I reckon I hadn't ought to just set here and enjoy myself talkin' shop with an understandin' young lady, but get on with my inquiry, like. I better interview the lady that sent out for me. She told me she'd have my man ready for me to carry off. Is this man Wager locked up somewehers, like?"

"Not to my knowledge," Julia answered, her dimple at engaging, if nervous, play. "I have too much respect for my ranch foreman to have him locked up, Mr. Sheriff."

"I have your permission to question Mrs. Orme?"

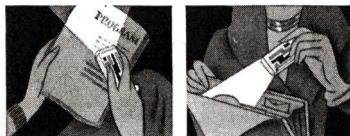
"Of course. Shall I send her to you here?"

"No, ma'am. No, ma'am. Stay where you are, please, ma'am. I'll be back. Excuse me, ma'am."

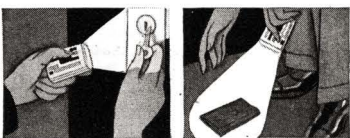
Ma Orme, however, was not far to seek. She was waiting outside the office door and had certainly heard every word that they had said. There was no leading her away



The new EVEREADY Pocket Light



FOR THIS . . . OR THIS



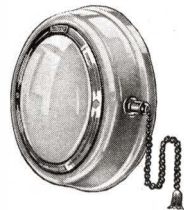
OR THIS . . . OR THIS

EVEN if you had a bushel, you wouldn't hide this light under it! You'll never be ashamed to pull it out—anywhere. The case is nickel, trimmed with buffed French enamels in rich red and black.

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to privacy nor any chance for inquisitorial diplomacy. She began to talk the instant the sheriff appeared.

She stood with her arms akimbo, balancing visibly to and fro on her flat, strong feet.

"You call yourself an officer of the law," she said, and the sheriff was certainly her target, "and you waste your time listenin' to the prattle of a fool gel like this here Julia Oleyephant, who don't know a bad man from a good one, so long's he's handsome and tall and has a way with him."

"Ain't that, perhaps, the truth?" Julia commented to herself with ruefulness.

"Say, she'd hire Bill, ze Boob, himself." "Beelzebub," on Ma's tongue, became a gangster's sobriquet. "And ask no questions about his tail, though 'twas a yard long and her a-fallin' over it at every step. Your bad man has got away from me up yonder into them mountains, and he's the man, all right, that killed Leigh Price and made away with my boy, Joe—dead, shot, or drowned in Hidin' River, and it's up to you, Mr. Sheriff, to be on your way to git him. I'll set you on a horse and gather up a ranch posse of able-bodied boys to foller close' after you; but you better be gettin' on that killer's tracks afore night comes to cover 'em. I'm tellin' you."

"You're right, ma'am," the sheriff said. "Let's go."

Julia wanted to cry out to him to stop, or to follow him, but Locksley Greene was on the porch when she came out and caught her by the arm. "No. No. You will stay here with me. Julia, my darling, you're safe now. Don't be frightened any more."

"Great heavens!" said Julia. Nothing more. And she sat down on the edge of the porch, set her head between her hands, and endured his consolation. She did not listen to it.

She could not understand Ma's apparent treachery. Had she, at the last minute, preferred to risk the discovery of Joe Carr rather than to balk her vengeful malice against Jefferson Wager? And why that malice, now that Jefferson's collusion with Joe had been revealed?

She could hear only vague, customary sounds, the sudden trampling of corralled ponies aiding and abetting the perennial attempt of one of their friends to resist capture. Ma's free and capable swearing, a shout of triumph from the sheriff. Silence; then Ma's voice in a changed key calling aloud, "Help! Someone, help!"

LOCKSLEY and Julia sprang up, exchanged a look of frantic query, and ran at top speed towards the corrals.

A saddled and bridled pony was running about unheeded in his own cloud of dust. Ma, still calling, was bent above a figure on the ground—the sheriff, unconscious, bleeding a little from a small wound behind his ear.

"Say"—Ma, pale and round-eyed, stared up at Julia—"I caught up Circus for Sheriff, and he was in his saddle all right when I thought I seed a stone in the critter's near forefoot. Nothin' would do but Sheriff would get down and see for himself. I told him Circus had a ornery hind foot." This was the truth; the pinto had kicked Slim on the thigh and lamed him for a week. "Next I knowed, crack! Back fell Sheriff, and Circus, he took off. Lend me a hand. He's got a nasty head-wound. We'll get him to a bed."

Julia's heart labored, as she watched the rolling head, the dust-pale honest face, simple as a boy's in its unconsciousness. A pony's hoof might have made that wound, but she had seen, herself, and not three hours ago, just such a clot of blood on Wager's head in just that spot back of the left ear. She spoke aloud: "I must send Locksley at once. For a doctor."

"Nothin' of the sort. I know more about this sort of a wound than most docs does."

Julia thought, sickly enough, that it was likely Ma would be an authority on the treatment of such nicely calculated knock-out blows. Nor would she want the sheriff to die at Flying O. Ma had, besides, to Julia's knowledge, an excellent practical skill in first aid and ordinary remedies, had set a broken bone, cured the ranch's more frequent indigestions.

"I know he needs to lay down with loose clothing in a dark and airy room. I know the wound must not be touched except with iodine, but kept from dirt and flies. Heat to his feet. No more could be done by any doc . . . unless he had X-ray and antiseptic surgical appliances. Likely, it ain't a surgical case. Don't act like it to me. He ain't dead. Don't you scare, Mistress Olyphant. If he ain't better, come mornin', we can send out Mr. Greene for help, if he can run it down across these here plains and mountain country."

THE sheriff's eyelids had indeed trembled and his lips were less ashen. Julia found herself thinking, "It's almost dusk. That will give him all night . . . and longer . . . longer than the night to get away."

Julia had a little shiver of sympathy, of loneliness and fear. Then of a narrower horror of herself. She directed the carrying to his bed of a man who was, to a delicate conscience, her victim. She connived at outlawry, at murder. Was this the daughter of John Olyphant? Were she and Ma Orme sisters under the skin? Was she a liar, a marionette to violent emotions, violent accidents? No. No. She was climbing up, by rough steps, uncertainly, improvised, but up, up, with the burden of other men's lives in her keeping, towards something that must eventually be fine, be true.

To Locksley's camp bed, still in the corner of her office, they carried the half-unconscious, muttering sheriff. Julia watched Ma's deft and merciful dealings with him and felt somewhat relieved. Ma had the voice and the bearing, the quiet concentration of a professional nurse, and she seemed genuinely interested in the man's comfort and recovery.

"I'll be up with him tonight, Mistress Olyphant," said Ma softly. "Tell Mistress Peavy to fetch me some supper. You turn in early and get some sleep. Lord only knows what may be ahead of us."

One by one, the ranch hands straggled in from east and west, north and south, for supper. Slim, Shorty, Arizona, and the Peavys, man and wife. They were told a story of the sheriff's coming to look for a man he'd heard to be in hiding "somewhere in Castle Cañon mountains," and of the accident. Jefferson's absence was easily accepted. He had often been late riding in.

Locksley was resolute to patrol Julia's cabin all night. Nothing could turn him from that purpose. The chauffeur would

take one watch and he the other. West-erners, Locksley had decided, were not to be trusted. Any one of them might be a bandit or a bandit's brother. No, until one o'clock in the morning he would circle the main house, gun in hand, and from that hour to sunup MacClosky would patrol. Julia fancied that the earlier watch had been Locksley's choice because there was a better chance that during it she would be awake to hear that faithful step, to visualize those bright, devoted eyes, strained to her service.

But someone visited the ranch during Greene's watch, coming to the window of the office where the sheriff lay, flashing a quick light once across its uncurtained panes, invisible from any point of the main cabin walls, and thereafter melting like a shadow out of sight.

BEFORE dawn, at the last hour of MacClosky's watch, Julia was awakened. There was a faint, persistent scratching at her door, which opened into the dark living-room. She heard it and the loud voice of the stream, and sat up in bed. At the faint sound of her mattress beneath this movement, a voice spoke. It was ash-dry with exhaustion, a burnt-out voice, but recognizable:

"Mrs. Oliphant, can you step out and see me here?"

She came to the door and whispered, "Jefferson, be quiet. There's a watchman. I'll be with you in a minute."

There was a whisper of laughter beyond the panels. "I told the watchman he wouldn't be needed and to turn in. He was right grateful. Must have been sleepin' there ag'in' your wall for hours."

Julia put on overalls and a heavy Mackinaw shirt over her pajamas, thrust her feet into fur moccasins, brushed back her hair, and came out softly into her living-room. It was very faintly lighted by a green, pine-sifted dawn. She could see Jefferson leaning against the wall, his pale face and roused hair, the weariness of his slack pose.

"Sit down. I'll get you some hot coffee." "Better not risk a light, ma'am. Ma Orme, she's sure to be watching, even if the shower ain't so good a guard."

"I'll get you some food, anyway. I won't make any noise."

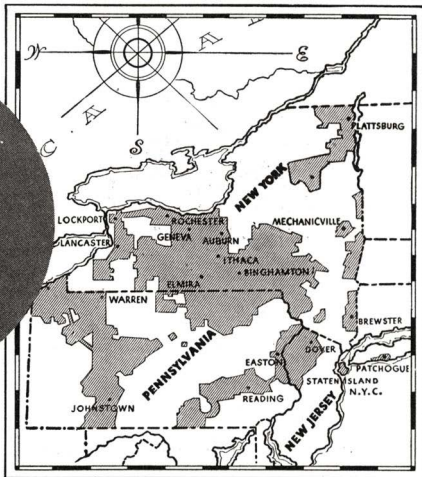
He was in one of the long, deep chairs when she returned, tried to rise, but submitted to being kept down and provided with bread, cold meat, and milk. He drank thirstily and ate slowly.

"The shower was asleep ag'in' the wall close't to your bedroom window. He had a rug and a coat wrapped round him, and, judgin' from the smell, something inside of him, too, ag'in' the cold. He had his gun hugged up under his chin." Amusement lived in the ash voice, moved through it like an ember. "I touched his shoulder and said, 'It's all right now, MacClosky, you can turn in, and thanks.' I figger he kind of recognized me for the feller that was fore-man this mornin' and maybe just hadn't got it through his head that I might hev turned outlaw durin' the day. Anyways, he says, 'Yes, sir. Thank you, sir,' and lumbered off like a bear, still holdin' his gun close't under his chin. You sure are well protected at Flying O, ma'am, with me away."

Dimly she could see his smile where he lifted it to her. She stood beside the hearth



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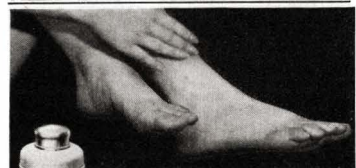
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as though its ashes gave her comfort in the biting cold of daybreak.

"I don't suppose it would be safe to start a fire."

"No, ma'am. But set you down. I'll wrap one of the skins about you."

"Stay where you are, Wager."

She dropped to the hearth rug, a black bearskin, pulled a soft coyote rug about her, and sat in it like a slim Indian chief, holding her slight blue-jeaned knees in her cold hands.

"Are you strong enough now to tell me?"

"Yes, ma'am. Did the sheriff come?"

She told him the story.

"Phew! And I bet he didn't see no shadow afore that pony kicked. If he has a headache tomorrow worse than mine, he'll be out after no outlaws."

"Did you warn Joe Carr?"

"Lady, I never did find Joe. And it is scare that fetched me back so quick. Timber is near about as close't to bein' a dead hoss as I am to bein' a dead foreman . . . or outlaw . . . but I had the fear of God in my heart, and that kept us both a-travelin'."

"The fear of God?"

"Or of death—which may be just about the same brand of fear, I figger. I didn't find Joe."

"I heard a shot, about sundown."

"Yes, ma'am. 'Twas what I heard, and when I got me, at a high lope, to the place where that shot come from, though I hollered and shot off my gun, forgettin' any need I might once't have had for caution, there wasn't no answer . . . not from Joe."

"What do you mean? Who else could answer?"

"Mrs. Oliphant, Ma's knuckles gave me a dirty crack back of the ear. I might have had a disturbance of the hearin'. Likewise, I might have been, and still may be, out of my right senses. I sure got a pain where I do what I call my thinkin'. But what I thought I heard, just once't—I couldn't by no means get it to repeat itself—was a crazy kind of woman's scream."

JULIA felt the quick ice of superstitious shock. "A crazy woman's scream? It was a coyote or a mountain lion."

"No, ma'am."

She accepted the denial. "Well, Wager, who do you think it was? Has your easy-going, soft-hearted friend imported a crazy woman into the hills?"

Jefferson swallowed audibly. "Is . . . Maisie . . . back?" He asked it in a whisper more athen and more ghostly than his former speech.

Julia rose to her knees from amongst her furs. "Wager, I don't know. I've been so anxious, excited, and distracted about you and Ma and the sheriff. I'd forgotten she wasn't here for supper. She was sent out early to get off the wire to the sheriff."

"Yes, ma'am. And . . . Jasper Clere?"

Julia was now on her feet. "He was sent out after her . . . before noon."

"And neither of them has come back. That's what's been scarin' me."

"Why? Why? For pity's sake, tell me what you're afraid of and why you should be afraid."

"Joe Carr's got Injun blood. His mother is a quarter-breed. He's watched Clere wanderin' about these trails with Maisie. And Maisie happens to be Joe's wife. Did you know that? He's watched and he's

told himself that it was love-makin' that took place along them idlin', singin' trails of theirs. And Joe's a hungry coyote, homeless and hunted, out in the hills. Cold. When a kid's got the brain of a coyote, and the blood of an Injun and the instincts of a lonesome he-dog, he don't like to look down on love-makin' or listen to love songs from a man with a job, singin' and love-makin' to his own wife."

"He hasn't even tried to see his 'own wife' for years."

"No, ma'am. And he's seen a plenty of other women durin' those years. But that don't make no difference in a coyote's feelin's, nor in a he-dog's instincts, neither. I tried to warn Clere once't. He laughed, not understandin' the danger, which was natural enough. I figger he thought I was jealous about Maisie my own self."

WAGER'S voice trailed off. His head had dropped sideways. Sleep had sprung upon his exhaustion in the midst of fear.

Julia shook his shoulder ruthlessly. "Wager, wake up. You can't rest now or here. I'll hide you presently, make you comfortable. You can't do anything more until you've had some sleep. But, Jefferson, try to tell me what you're afraid of . . . for . . . Jasper Clere."

"I think," Wager muttered thickly, fighting the fog in which he was all but lost, the tide that was carrying him away, "I think Joe's carried off Maisie and trapped Clere. And Joe's an Injun, and I figger he's staged some . . . sort of . . . horror . . . for them in the hills."

Julia was a woman of strong will and of vivid fancy. The two attributes joined battle now. While her will had the upper hand she got Wager to his feet and led him, stumbling, nodding, to a woodshed, a lean-to against the blind eastern wall of the kitchen, where, back of logs and sacks, she let him lie at his length and covered him with blankets, comforters, and two concealing hides. She locked him in and took the key as a precaution against discovery, returned to the main room, and meticulously cleared away all traces of his visit and his meal. Then she went to her own bedroom and paced it. Imagination had its innings and her will definitely went down, although it never took the count. She must wait for the sun. She must wait. She could do nothing alone. Nothing without Wager's help and knowledge.

She tried to lie in a fur coat on her stripped bed. She paced the floor on her fur-shod feet. When the birds sang loud and the strong sun smote warm under her eaves, and the aspens were awake and wet with morning, she went out, stripped, and plunged into the icy water of the lake, ran back, and rubbed her body to a glow, dressed like a careful rancher, and came forth, pale, sleek, bright-eyed, tight-mouthed, a woman whose will had at the last necessary instant, conquered fear.

Ma was setting the breakfast table. Peavy had lit the fire.

"How is the sheriff?" asked Julia, looking tall and stern in her high-heeled boots, with a black scarf wrapped tightly round her throat.

"I'm sending him out in about fifteen minutes in Greene's car to the Cayuse County Hospital. MacClosky won't go alone, so I've routed out Greene and commandeered him into goin'. He'll be back

tonight with armed men, and that's cheerin' his languor. He would like to see you for good-by. He's drinkin' hot coffee in the kitchen. The sheriff ain't dead. Nor he ain't in danger of dyin'. And he can stand to travel in a smooth-goin' machine run by an A-1 shower like MacClosky. And he has signified he wants to go. He's rarin' to go. He aims to send back by Greene a bunch of able-bodied officers to get to the bottom of the sitoo-a-tion here. Now, ma'am, if you'll be good enough to tackle breakfast . . . I've got things started, and Mistress Peavy, she's on hand."

IN THE kitchen, between swallows of hot coffee, Locksley spoke:

"I hate to leave you like this, Julia, even for a few hours, but it seems wiser to exchange one injured sheriff for half a dozen able-bodied officers of the law. I'll be gone not more than eight or ten hours, will not rest until I'm here again. If I could trust MacClosky . . . but I'm afraid our adventures during these past two days have shaken his nerve."

It gave Julia a faint and perverse pleasure to realize that Locksley's nerve was not shaken, but rather that it had been benefited by exertion, anxiety, and shock. He was more of a simple man, an earnest lover. It occurred to her that here was a nature infinitely more primitive, more sentimental, closer to plain Adam than the nature of that ignorant man whom she had named, in her own sentimental simplicity, Jefferson Wager. Locksley was speaking coincidentally now of no one else.

"This fellow, Wager, Julia"—his bright eyes flashed out long inquiring, restless wrinkles—"when we have a little leisure, I'd like to hear something about him. I haven't set eyes on him as yet, but the more I hear of him, the more astounded I am by your confidence in him." A flush obliterated the wrinkles, the strained lines about his mouth. "I never thought you a romanticist, not since your runaway marriage. . . ."

Julia hushed him. Mrs. Peavy had come in with a pail of milk.

He hastily swallowed the last of his coffee and turned to pick up his greatcoat and his gloves. After he had pulled on the former he came close and bent over, caught both her hands, spoke low and forcefully. She had never known him to be more dominating. For one weak instant she feared a surrender to her old habits, old obediences. Perhaps the tall ladder, when her own foot should slip, might see her tumble down, down, pride gone, all the bones of her will broken, down again . . . to this. She closed her eyes beneath the anger, the resolution of his.

"You must promise me, Julia, not to see this man again."

"Am I likely to see him, do you think?"

"The sheriff will be absent. I don't trust you, Julia. I need your promise."

Her eyes flew open, bright as gray fire, but wet.

"You are right not to trust me, Locksley. Never trust me again. I can never again trust you and I can't trust myself."

He kissed her. "You will trust me," he said. He was simply masculine, triumphant, and self-confident. "You will obey me. You will not favor this man . . . nor that one. I can take care of you, and save you from your folly. I believe, Julia Oliphant, that you are weak."

Julia's long, dark red mouth twisted into its very lovely, startling irony. "So mere a woman!" she said, sighing.

He turned away from her, more deeply flushed. He was still angry when he left her. Julia was always glad to remember that. He was angry. And never in her life did she see him again, alone.

Not to see him again now she stayed at the kitchen window to watch the sheriff's departure. The limousine was drawn up close to the office porch, and down its steps, moving painfully, slowly, bent, leaning on Ma's arm, came the sheriff, his hat tilted forward over a clumsy bandage, his throat and chin muffled in a knitted scarf. Ma eased him down the steps and in at the door of the car. For just that second, Julia had a clear glimpse of one uncovered portion of his dark cheek. It was dark, rather than ruddy, and deep into it cut an astounding dimple that dipped in and out like a dancing scar. The sheriff with a dimple? Queer that she had never noticed so marked a feature, one so incongruous to a sheriff.

The limousine door was clapped shut by Ma. She had rid herself of the law certainly, but would it not be returning that same day in force?

Julia remembered belatedly that, as his hostess, she owed the sheriff perhaps a gesture of courtesy, and she came out hurriedly to call and wave her hand. Too late. The sheriff did not see her.

AS SOON as Ma was busy again in her kitchen, Julia went towards the office past the woodshed door.

The boys, animated and inquisitive, had gone in to their breakfast. The kitchen windows did not overlook the woodshed. Julia opened its door and stepped inside. The dank, earthy smell was lightened by a curl of cigarette smoke.

"Wager," she whispered.

He rose, as nearly to his full height as the roof allowed. "Yes, ma'am. I'm ready, if you are. Let's get down to the corrals and ride."

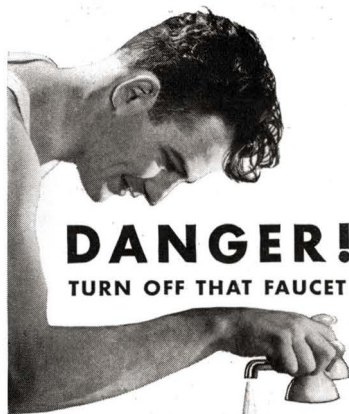
"Ride?"

"Yes, ma'am. We got to get back into them hills and see what's doin'. Leave word down at the saddle shed that any able-bodied man there is to follow if we ain't, one of us, back here by noon. I won't get the law up into them hills if I can help it, but we may need the law and men's aid past any other fearin' or needin' before dark. Skirt the house and get down close't to the lake bushes. They won't see us. Catch me up a fresh horse, ma'am. Cavy would be a good one, if he's on hand. Yourself, Trusty. Lead 'em out to the willows up the trail we took yesterday. I got my harness up yonder on the rock where I turned poor old Timber loose last night. I'll meet you there. Fetch along some extra rope. Take your little gun and fetch me mine. That is"—his dark smile broke through—"if you kin trust a reg'lar killer with it."

"I can trust you," said Julia gravely, and looked at him for an instant as a child looks, with all her eyes. "I do trust you. I can't tell you why."

Fifteen minutes later they mounted in silence, secretly, and took that trail, Wager in the lead, up the tilted, steeply secret mountainside, which hid in ambush all the horror and the danger of a dream.

(To be continued)



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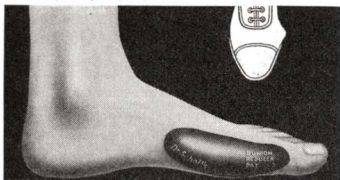
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Dr. Scholl's AIDS FOR THE FEET

Junior Partners

(Continued from page 57)

June was sitting with Tink, she told him the latest news: His name was Reginald Barton and they were his only daughters, Jane and June, the apples of his eye.

"One apple for each eye," said Tink. "Our sainted mother," Jane said solemnly, "passed away three years ago this April."

"On the first of the month, probably. Wouldn't I be a little young to have such elderly spinsters for daughters?" Tink was in his middle thirties.

"You were mere children when you married. Now we are all you have in the world. You can't bear to be separated from us and—"

"Nobody would believe that." "Wait till you see us play our parts. We were in the junior show at school and everybody said we were hot."

BEFORE noon the bereaved widower and the apples of his two eyes arrived at the small town of Millport and presented themselves at the Riverside Garage. Tink forgot his alias and introduced himself to Hurley, the proprietor, as Tinkham, of Burnley, a fellow member of the garage racket. He told Mr. Hurley as many facts as necessary and asked whether he had ever done connecting rod repairs on this job.

"The only Flash we've had in Millport as far as I can remember was Pierce Fillmore's, and that was quite a spell back. Seems like I did a job like that once—I'll check up on that."

Tink won his first point, and presently they were on their way to the home of Pierce Fillmore.

"That's an assumed name, of course," June said to Jane—they were both on the back seat now. "He got it out of a history book."

"Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln," the other bookworm replied.

"When he sees the car, he will probably break down and tell all."

At the home of the so-called Fillmore they were asked to wait until he had finished his midday meal. He was apparently a hearty eater. The twins complained of the delay, for they were ready to do some eating themselves.

When the culprit appeared, he proved to be a stout man, as predicted by the motorcar analyst.

"I'm trying to find the owner of this old Flash," Tink said. "Did it ever belong to you?"

"Well, I sure had one of that model." He squeezed himself under the wheel and looked over the car carefully, while the twins regarded him with cold and fishy eyes. "I never had that nifty ball on the gear shift." Suddenly his face broke into a broad smile. "Bless my soul, if it ain't Emma! Looky where I used to scratch matches on the inside of the door. That's an old Fillmore custom. Well, Emma, come to Papa!"

Mr. Fillmore now sighed for happy days gone forever.

Tink had to explain how this car had been found near the scene of the crime.

"There's a fool law against stealing Yankees," he said. "It ought to be made illegal to make 'em."

"You said something there." Mr. Fillmore pointed a thumb at the snooty passengers on the back seat. "Were Amy and Annie in the old boat when they found it?"

Here Jane crashed into the conversation:

"Mr. Reginald Barton is our father. He always takes us along for company." "He can't," said June, "bear us out of his sight. We are all he has in the world."

They evidently intended to tell about their child-mother who passed away on April Fools' Day but Tink broke in with a lot of questions. He learned that Mr. Fillmore had bought the Flash new in New York. He had once run low on oil and burned out connecting rod and bearings. He had never smashed a fender or headlight. He had bought a new tire, maybe two. He never used flaxseed in radiators, nor had he driven the car in the South. He had turned it in to the Eagle agency in Bay City and had never heard of it again. He had no record of the maker's and engine numbers and did not save his old licenses.

"Do you remember your old license numbers?"

"Come hither." He led the way to the junk pile behind the barn, and there they found the markers for the years when dear old Emma had made her home with Papa. Tink made a memorandum of these numbers, also those of two old tires in the barn. He thanked their genial host for his assistance. Mr. Fillmore's last words were, "Good-by, Kate and Duplicate."

"We should never have let that bird slip through our fingers," said June.

"It's a shame he turned out to be an honest, respectable citizen," said Tink. "Detecting is full of ups and downs." "It's about time we had some ups," said Jane.

"It's about time we had some lunch," said June.

They ate extensively at a restaurant in the next town, and Tink was amazed at the amount of provender the two string beans could hold. During this repast they chided him for his poor acting in Millport. He forgot his name and he did not act like an adoring father. He did not treat them like apples of his eyes but more like a couple of lemons.

Tink said he would try to be a better parent but he would never stoop so low as to be Reginald Barton.

"All right, Father dear," said June. "From now on we are the Misses Tink."

THE next stop was the Eagle agency in Bay City. There Tink had to show his police credentials to get any information. The records showed that they had taken Fillmore's old Flash as a trade-in, and the transferred license gave the car and engine numbers. This was a step in advance. The books of the used-car department showed that it had been sold to one Mario Picciello, there in Bay City. Inquiry at the address showed that the Italian gentleman had long since left for parts unknown. Mrs. Piazza, who now lived at the house, had a vague idea that the Picciellos had moved to Atlanta.

Tink set sail for Jefferson, the state

capital, to look up the records in the Motor Vehicle Department. The fact that the Flash had been in the South was no news to him. What he wanted to know was who had owned it last.

In the middle of the afternoon the lady and gentleman detectives parked their car in front of the state capitol building.

Tink had to bully the department with his police letter to get any attention to his request. The records showed the ownership by Fillmore, the Eagle Company of Bay City, and Picciello—then Emma seemed to disappear from view. At this point the department tried to get rid of Tink, but without success.

"Can't you fix it so I can see the cards of all the Flash cars? They're not so numerous."

"There's a cross index," the clerk said; "but it would be quite a job to look them all up."

"That's why I brought my secretaries. I want the cards on the 1926 V-70 Flash Six touring cars."

"That old bus is probably on a junk pile somewhere in Georgia," the clerk said.

"That theory is sound," Tink replied, "except for the fact that it is standing out in front of the statehouse this minute."

They found no card bearing the proper engine numbers. The only result of their tiresome search was one bearing the name of Josiah Singleton, of Jamestown. The numbers were wrong, but the card stated that the machine had been registered the year before in South Carolina.

"I guess I'd better look up Josiah," said Tink. "Jamestown is only about fifty miles from Burnley," he told his assistants, as they started on their way. "If we don't get something on Josiah we'll go home. It looks as if I'd get nothing out of my day's work except a schoolgirl complexion."

THE chilly spring twilight had fallen by the time they reached the business section of the village. Jane cheerfully misquoted from Paul Revere's Ride:

"It was five by the village clock when he drove into Jimtown."

"Elm Street is right," Tink turned a corner. "Our man lives at 145."

Presently he stopped at the curb before a white house with a private driveway leading back to a garage. Tink took a thoughtful view of the surroundings in the deepening dusk. Just beyond a low hedge there was another driveway, and here was a sign that he found interesting. In the light of his car lamps were revealed the words: "The Maples. Tourists accommodated."

"Listen, my children. We've had a hard day. Let's see if we can get rooms there, if it's a nice place."

"Swell, Tink!" cried Jane. "We'll spend the night detecting Josiah."

The Maples family, it seemed, consisted of a motherly widow, Mrs. Wentworth, and Alfred, her fifteen-year-old boy, who helped with the bags. Tink saw his self-appointed daughters installed in a pleasant corner room on the second floor.

"You wash your filthy faces and rest up a little," he said. "I'll drive down and phone your folks from a drug store. We'll have a little talk before supper."

June said the nice thing about this room was that a person could spy on the Singleton family out this window with opera

glasses. Jane said she expected to get a lot of information out of Alfred, who was nice and dumb.

"I'll dazzle him with my beauty." "They probably," said Tink, "dazzle pretty easy in Jimtown."

Before going downtown he walked back to the two-car garage of The Maples. This structure adjoined that of Josiah Singleton, with only two or three feet between. The door of the neighboring garage was open. Tink crawled around the end of the hedge and walked in. There was no car there. A small window at the rear still admitted faint daylight. He ran his fingers along the casement and found that the window was secured by a simple hook and staple. He unfastened this and slipped back into Mrs. Wentworth's yard.

WHEN Tink returned to the house from his errand downtown he noted that the twins' corner room was dark. He observed, as he put away his car, that the Singleton garage was closed. In the sitting-room of the Wentworth home he found Jane on chummy terms with the son of the household, who was showing her an album of snapshots taken "up at the lake."

"Father, dear," she asked, "could I go to the movies with Alfred tonight? We won't be late."

"Well—all right." He produced a dollar bill. "We'll finance this party. Where's your sister?"

"Up in the room. She's kind of tired. I don't think she'll go."

"We'd better get her down to supper."

The other operative, it was discovered, had been sitting in the dark by the window detecting Josiah. He had come home in the car and was now eating supper.

Jane had been asking Alfred questions about everybody and everything and building up a reputation as a question-asker. She expected to have a complete history of Josiah before the evening was over.

"O. K. Meanwhile, June and I will do a little snooping. I talked with Jin on the phone. She says it seems very peaceful and quiet at home."

As he left them Tink said: "Remember, we haven't got a single thing on Josiah except that his car was once in the South. He's probably absolutely innocent—a nice white house in a hick town is not where you would look for crooks."

"Then that's just where they'd be," said Jane. "Don't be so weak-minded." "He's a defective, not a detective," said June.

After supper Jane went to the movies with her nice, dumb Alfred and June retired to her room. Presently she came down in her hat and coat and suggested that they take a little walk.

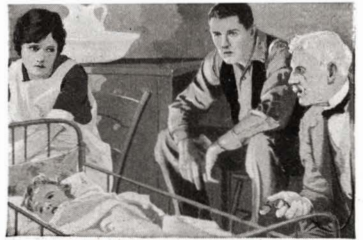
"They've gone out," she told Tink when they had closed the door.

"I didn't see the car go."

"They didn't take the car; they walked. Towards downtown. Maybe they went to the movies. I saw him put out the light."

"Little bright eyes! All right, we'll have time to give the garage the once-over."

The door was locked, but Tink easily opened the window which he had unhooked. June's job was to stand in front of the garage, where she could see the house, and let him know when the folks came home. Tink put his flashlight in his pocket and



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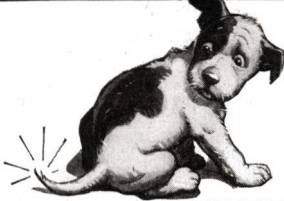
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let himself into the dark shed. The first thing he saw was exciting. The car parked there was a Yankee Six!

It was a sedan, however, not Molly Shrewsbury's coupé. He examined this car thoroughly, took its numbers, searched its pockets and its tool box. Then he turned his attention to the accumulation of junk in the shed—a lawn mower, a couple of worn-out tires, the numbers of which he wrote down, a roll of roofing paper, an empty gallon can which had contained a glycerin-alcohol mixture for radiators, a tobacco tin containing small grains of flaxseed. He burglarized Mr. Singleton of that. He also found a dirty old road map issued with the compliments of a brand of gasoline widely sold in the South. These discoveries were trifling and most of the results were negative. He found no battery, tools, or spark plugs belonging to the Flash.

WHEN June whispered that the Singletons had made a light in the house, he climbed out of the window and closed it. He had to admit to the girl friend back in the safety of The Maples' garage that his pickings had been slim.

"When I was waiting," said June, "I looked with my own flashlight at the junk between the two garages. I found this. You know, that fat man said he never had that fancy ball. Could this be—?"

She handed Tink the metal top of the gear shift lever.

"It might—at that." He unscrewed the ornamental ball and put this in its place. It fitted perfectly, but it did not screw tight. He examined it again with his flashlight.

"The threads are stripped—that's why he threw it away and got a new one. Atta girl, June! That's a clue—who's that?"

There was a footstep on the gravel and the familiar call, "Hoo-hoo!"

"I gave the boy friend the slip and said I was going to bed," Jane said. "Did I pump that guy!"

The three musketeers sat in the car while Jane told her story. Mr. Singleton was in business in North Sanbury—Frame & Singleton, Tinners and Roofers, River Street. They also did something about cars—ironed fenders and repaired bodies and that sort of stuff.

"Get this, Tink—this is going to be hot. Josiah banged his old Flash one evening against the left side of the garage door. He had skidded in the snow. Alfred heard the crash and came out. He cracked up his left headlight and crumpled his fender."

"You're good, Jane," said Tink admiringly.

"Good! I'm practically marvelous." "Tinners and roofers and body repairs," mused Tink. "That's kind of interesting."

June was again detecting the house next door.

"Lights out," she announced. "Josiah and the missus have gone to bed."

"Then we can take a look at the junk between the sheds," Tink said. "There's sure to be some pieces of that headlight and maybe some other stuff."

The next morning, after the twins had ruined a generous breakfast at The Maples, the trio set sail for home. They all rode sociably in the front seat and were known

as "Tink & Daughters. Detecting. Night work a specialty."

"I still think we should have had him arrested while we were at it," June complained.

"That's just brute force, girl. Cops are good enough for that sort of work. We use brains."

Before noon Tink was mounting the steps of the state police station in Burnley. He carried a paper-wrapped parcel in his hand and on each arm he wore a thrilled and grinning twin. In the presence of Slicker Randall, he deposited his package on the chief's desk.

"My two operatives here and I," he told Captain Coughlin, "have found the owner of the guilty car. You can get him whenever you want him." He opened his bundle and displayed his exhibits. "This can has a little flaxseed in it which he used in the radiator. This ball is the one that was on the gear shift until he stripped some threads. Here are two of the original spark plugs. This is part of the headlight he broke when he mashed his fender."

"Here is the man's name and address in Jamestown. This is his place of business in North Sanbury—tinning, roofing, and fender work. My staff and I"—here the Baylor girls coughed in an important way—"have reasons to believe that you will find there a factory for making license plates and altering stolen cars. Personally, I looked through a crack there at one o'clock this morning and saw them working on a Yankee Six."

"But how," Captain Coughlin fairly gasped, "did you find this out?"

"You wouldn't understand, Cap. It's a gift. Some of us have it and some haven't. I'll bring back the car as soon as I take the junior partners home for a well-deserved rest."

Jane and June elevated their noses like a couple of snobbish camels, and the three detectives left the room.

THAT night Tink called at the Baylor home and went into conference with the junior partners. Beneath his gloomy exterior there was an ill-concealed note of triumph. The police raid on the shop in North Sanbury had been a huge success.

"They found a nest of Yankees, including Molly Shrewsbury's coupé. Our Italian friend, Picciello, belonged to the syndicate. He and another fellow did the Burnley job. They got scared off by some noise and decided to leave the old car behind. Slicker Randall is probably down at Molly's house now getting thanked for his swell work. Captain Coughlin will get credit for breaking up the Yankee gang. What do you think he wants to wish on me? He says I can have that old Flash. I won't give that boat house-orn. I'll go any length to get rid of it—I'd even give it to you!"

Tink suddenly found himself all wrapped up in daughterly arms.

Jane was already making plans. "We'll paint it all over with wise-cracks and be a couple of co-eds. Amy 'n' Annie, for one thing."

"Next summer," Tink growled, "I'll teach you to drive. Gosh, how I dread it!"

June had a look on her face like maiden dreams come true.

"The girls at school," she murmured softly, "will simply curl up and pass out."



Forlorn Island

(Continued from page 62)

his guard in the ring of the hungry pack. Then, with his right hand still grasping the thong, the fingers of his left forming a pencil, he wrote immense letters in the sand:

COWARD

There was no sound but the whispering wind, the lapping waves. The sailors stared at the great indictment, stretching ten feet across the beach, then looked furtively at their master.

Sandomar rose slowly, with repressed strength. The jungle eyes lighted—the long arms hung bowed. "I didn't understand you before," he muttered. "I do not hear—and Garge cheated me. You ask to fight me man to man?"

Eric nodded. "I'll give you what you ask, but you'll wish you'd chosen the tide. With weapons or empty hands?"

ERIC feared the terrible paws to the marrow of his bones, so he pointed to Smith's spear.

Sandomar shook his head. "I am not handy with a spear." Then, turning to Sydney Bill: "Get two tomahawks."

Three of the men were armed with these stone-age weapons—heavy, sharp flints lashed to stout shafts—and Bill presented them quickly.

"Let Ericssen take his choice," the dull voice ran on. "He'll need that little advantage." He stood inert, a grotesque, forlorn, and tragic figure, while Eric weighed the two weapons and chose the lighter. "Now take off his noose, and stand back. Give him your spears if he turns to run, but as long as he'll fight—stand back."

The gorilla lumbered forward; the monkey and the wolves drew back. With wings on his feet and cold rapture in his heart, Eric came weaving in . . . Mind, and all it means, versus Might. Law opposed to Chaos.

At first, the spectacle seemed like a weird dance, rather than a duel to the death. The tide began to crawl in—the wind died—and the moon sailed from star to star—without one blow struck home. Sandomar lumbered over the sand, hammering the air, his left hand thrust out as a guard. The least of his short, choppy blows would have crushed Eric's skull, but always the quarry danced away.

Eric sparred for time. No one knew better than he that he was fighting a losing fight. He was much lighter on his feet than his foe, suppler, better coordinated, but this could not begin to compensate for Sandomar's superhuman strength. He dared not feint, because he could not pass his enemy's guard. He knew well that unless he struck full force—an overhead swing at close range—the huge left paw would catch and tear the weapon from his grasp.

They fought to the water's edge and back to the ridge. They fought in the fire-light and the cold moonbeams. Once they drew clear to the edge of the mud-reef where the creek met the tide. Eric heard it suck, and smack its muddy lips, just in time. To back into it would mean to sink over his knees in clinging silt.

The lurid-eyed sailors saw the end was

near. "Rush him, Sandy!" Big Smith yelled. "Go to it, you gorilla! You've got him groggy."

But Sandomar never changed pace. Onward he lunged, patient, tireless . . . and a dull, dim thought brooding in Eric's brain suddenly took vivid form.

Sandomar was deaf! And this handicap was Eric's strength!

He partly lowered his weapon, as though in extreme exhaustion. His shoulders sagged, his feet faltered. Sandomar quickened his lumbering pace. The sailors began to utter hoarse yells.

But still Eric managed to dodge the terrible flint. Staggering, reeling, he backed down the beach, Sandomar pushing him hard. No danger of his escape—the creek would soon cut him off.

Now Eric heard again the suck and smack of the mud-reef, drawn by the flowing tide; but Sandomar did not hear. Eric backed straight toward it.

There was a warning gurgle just behind him. He appeared to trip and fall—Sandomar came lunging. But just as the flint hummed down, Eric wriggled aside.

His enemy whirled to follow him, but Sandomar's momentum carried him a step too far. He felt the softness under his muckles, but his reflexes were tardy, and he had never been fast on his feet. His desperate plunge was too late.

With a wordless bubbling yell, he shot down into the silt. Eric saw him like a horrible dwarf—plunging on foot-long stumps, his mouth open, his arms waving.

Eric's flint-ax swung high in his arms. Deliberately he aimed—remorselessly he put all the rallied remnants of his shoulder-strength into the blow. For Sandomar the moon went out, and the utter dark he had feared so long clutched him at last.

SANDOMAR was dead—lying in the silt from which he had sprung—and Nan was safe. As Eric knelt beside the mud-reef, hurled down by the momentum of his stroke and too tired to rise, this was his only consolation.

His own hopes burned low and flickered out. He had won his island war, but his own life would be the price. The peace terms would be made too late to save him. Already his enemies were sweeping toward him across the moonlit beach, brandishing their weapons.

If Eric could turn them only a moment, he might be saved. As soon as their heads cooled, they would be glad to make peace. But he was like a spent swimmer—even if he could get to his feet, he could not raise his hand. They would stretch him beside Sandomar before they knew what they were doing.

But it was not written that Eric should win his war only to lose his life. There was an angry whistle over his head, and a native spear stabbed the sand not two paces in front of Garge. Unable to stop or swerve, he tripped over it and went to his knees. As he clambered up, Eric heard him utter a groan of despair.

It was a long time yet—perhaps five seconds, possibly ten—before Eric's swimming brain could grasp what had happened. Slowly he got to his feet and turned.



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GLOVER'S IMPERIAL ANIMAL MEDICINES

Sweeping down the bluff to his defense came a horde of warriors. All the fighting men of the tribe were there, armed with spears; and Chechaquo—empty-handed—ran before them. It was his long throw that had checked Garge and saved Eric's life.

But even swifter than the warriors ran three women—Eric saw them plainly as they splashed across the moonlit creek. One was Nan, of course—the other two were Fireheart and Chugalim, mother of Chikak, the child Eric had saved. At first there was only confusion. Vaguely he saw the natives sweep by him, savage figures in the moonlight, and instantly surround and smother his enemies. Cooky and Petrof were begging for mercy; Bill and the Smiths raised their hands.

FIREHEART paused before him and gave a squawlike grunt: "We come!" "Thank God!" "Fireheart's love—no love—they fight like eagle and big fish. Fish flop hard, but by'm'by eagle catch him, fly away to rock, eat him all up." The coarse lips trembled. "No love, him all gone. Only love, he left. Fireheart no have you, but she love you." Eric tried to answer, but his throat closed. The outer scene grew blurred and faded, leaving naught but a squaw's eyes burning into his own. He forgot Garge, only three strides away, and did not see the delicate little hands fall from the ashen face and the snaky gaze sharpen as it fastened on his breast. For a few brief seconds he even forgot Nan.

He could not understand Fireheart's part. Here was a strong current, but instead of flowing into the sea, it seemed to waste upon the sands. In this stark drama of the North there could be no lost sequences—yet as far as his veiled eyes could see, Fireheart's love was thrown away.

Nan gasped, and Eric turned to her. Behind him, Garge's sunken eyes grew large and larger as they fastened on Eric's broad back. . . . There stood the man who had killed Sandy, only three steps away. It was Kismet . . . fulfillment . . . rapture. . . .

WITH a moan that rose to a shriek, he drew his knife and lunged.

Victory was certain. Eric had his back turned and could not whirl in time. The tribesmen had let their guard fall, and now, though they flung back their spears, they were a full half-second too late. Nan's view was cut off by Eric's shoulders—she could not see and she could not save. He would be shattered at her feet before she knew what had happened.

But at his side stood one who loved him with a savage, hopeless love. Without a sound, Fireheart leaped between Eric and the blade.

Into her dark breast the steel plunged deep. And even before she fell, avenging spears were whizzing through the air.

Three of them hummed and stung. One struck the killer in the left side, one in the right, and a third, entering the back at close range, slithered through his body and stood out a third of its length.

Eric gathered the dying girl in his arms; Nan knelt by her side. The slanted, ink-pool eyes had already begun to film over, but they quickened perceptibly as they gazed into those she loved.

She struggled for breath. "I go?" she asked at last.

"Soon now, Fireheart."

"Fireheart no care. She no have you anyhow. She mighty glad go in your place. She go home—to great God who come from West. *God of the Icon. God of the Candlestick.*"

Eric nodded, but he could not speak.

"Now you no stay here, when Fireheart gone. She no want come back in winter midnight, see you in white girl's arms. . . . Take her—go back to home country. . . . *I raise taboo.*"

Eric's breast heaved, and the words poured free: "We'll go as soon as we can. . . . soon as we can learn the way."

"Look in sea-otter poke by Fireheart's bed—where she keep charms. You find paper wrote by paleface priest long time ago." She choked, drew a sobbing breath, then went on bravely: "We no can read paper, but it big medicine. Old shamans think it tell way through shoals."

Nan clutched the quivering hand. "Don't try to talk any more—"

"Fireheart better talk fast. Breath, he go like lamp-flame." She rested a moment, then the dull tones rolled again into the silence: "Fireheart no show you paper before. She want keep you here until you catch love, then we go through shoals together. But you no catch love for Fireheart."

A gray glaze settled on her face. Her eyes shone like a dying moth's. But she rallied for one last effort.

"Fireheart love you, White Chief," she whispered. "No forget her, when you go to own country—and I tell big God give you good luck. And Fireheart glad—she die—for—you. . . ."

WHEN Eric had revived, he and Roy searched for the sacred document handed down from Fireheart's Russian ancestor, the founder of her dynasty. They found it in a seal-hide packet, written with native ink on fine, homemade parchment. The ink had faded, the white skin darkened by time, but the script was still clear.

"Why can't Petrof translate it?" Eric asked tensely.

"No reason in the world," Roy said. "Like most of these revolutionary coves, he's something of a scholar."

Eric found Petrof roaming the village row. His red passions had cooled, and he was glad to be of service to his conquerors and make peace at any terms. In the flickering light of Horton's turf house, surrounded by tense, drawn faces, he translated quickly and easily the message from the past.

Yes, it was big medicine:

For any of my countrymen and faith who come after me, my prayers.

After many years of patient effort, I have learned the route across the shoals to Ignak Island, now taboo. I have native children and I cannot go, but I record it for other castaways, lest it be utterly lost.

It is shorter than the northern pass, through which I drifted. The best time to go is in the early fall—the currents are less strong at this time of year and the days clearer, although there is great danger of sudden storms.

Paddle south for seven hours. You will see ahead a line of barrier reefs. Make to them boldly; five ship-lengths away you will strike a strong current sweeping southwest. Do not fight against it, but paddle with it for three hours. Soon you will pass

a great arch of rock. When you see the light full through its opening, turn south again and paddle for your life. A mile beyond will find you in the open sea, only four hours' paddle to Ignak harbor.

Be sure the shamans prophesy clear weather before you go. Start well before dawn, so that you will find the harbor while the light still lingers.

It is a perilous journey, but by the blessing of our Lady of Kazan and Saint Michael and Saint George, you may win through. Adieu.

PAUL GOLIKOV

Petrof's voice died away. In the long silence, Nan saw the old-time strength of purpose flow back into Eric's haggard face. But Roy was the first to speak:

"The old chap had more confidence in native weather prophets than I have. It would be sweet to get over there on the shoals and strike a fog."

Eric raised his eyes to Nan's. "We'll try it, anyhow."

"When?" It was half a whisper.

"Tomorrow night. There's usually a week of good weather after a boorga, and all the signs say so." He spoke with an echo of his old power. "We'll go in the two three-hatch kayaks—Petrof, Chechaquo, and myself in one—Bill, Big Smith, and Cooky in the other. There'll be nothing to fear from the men, except that they may desert. With any luck, we'll be in civilization by next full moon." Eric's eyes closed wearily. "Now let me sleep."

When he opened his eyes again, the sun of his last day on Forlorn Island was high.

PREPARATIONS were made swiftly. These included food and water in the boats, and money in Eric's pocket, concealed from his comrades. "I'm going to give you a check, too, for a substantial amount," Horton said in decisive tones. "It will do wonders toward getting a relief ship here."

Eric decided to start before midnight, to meet the reefs as soon as possible after dawn. So it came that the honeymoon did not shine yet for him and Nan, and only too likely—there were thick clouds below the southern horizon—it would never rise at all.

Nan did not return to the broken nest. She and Eric spent their farewell hour in her father's hut.

Everything was changed. When Eric drew her close she kissed him gently, and shook her head to the pleading in his eyes. "It's too late," she whispered. "Everything must wait until we get back to earth. We're just waking up from a long dream—and we must find out how much of it is true." She smiled wistfully. "You won't blame me, Eric. . . ."

"Your happiness comes first. Mine would be a poor love, not to concede that." He stood back and adored her—the lovely rounded contours of her dark head, her dusky hair flowing, her pointed hazel eyes lustrous in their long black lashes. "I only wish I had taken you when I had the chance—for my own."

"Perhaps I'll wish so too—when you are gone. If you're lost out there on the shoals and I never see you again, I'll always hate myself—for a fool—and a coward."

"It hasn't been cowardice. That much is sure. You're the bravest girl I've ever known." He kissed her eyes, forehead, lips. "I'm coming back for you, Nan."

The parting at the beach was one of the

high moments of the whole adventure. Weeping openly, Mother Horton clasped Eric in her lean arms, and her son's voice was hoarse as he said good-by. Roy wrung his hand and clapped him affectionately on the back; Marie kissed him with Gallic fire. Even the Aleuts were moved. The five survivors of Sandomar's crew kept to themselves, but they shared in the hand-shaking at the last.

With a tortured breast, Nan saw Eric board his little ship.

"Good-by, good-by," her friends were shouting into the dark. "Good luck!"

And back across the water came Eric's voice, full and strong. "Good-by, good-by! Keep a stiff upper lip! I'll be back before you know it."

Then naught was left but the night, the lapping waves, the spectral moon, and she and her friends forsaken on the strand. . . .

Eric kept his course. The breeze was favorable and the waves moderate. Hour after hour the paddles dipped, while the moon sailed majestically overhead.

JUST before sunrise, precisely seven hours after they had embarked, they heard breakers roaring ahead. So Paul Golikov had written—and the voyagers' hearts were cheered. And when they were two hundred yards from the rocks—five ship-lengths of Golikov's time—the paddlers began to feel a strong drift to the southwest. It was like a river running in the ocean. Paddling boldly, Eric ran before it.

Fully nine miles an hour they swept along the shoals. Soon the stream widened and lost power, but even when the tide turned, it continued to bear them to the southwest. And now Chechaquo grunted, and pointed with his hand.

South by southwest they saw a pale blue shadow on the skyline. It was landfall—the farthest outpost of Nan's lost world.

"Ignak Island!" Chechaquo muttered, deep in his throat. Eric did not look at him, but he knew that his eyes glowed like black pearls. Home, and all that it meant to his child's heart. Sweet food and strong drink from the trading store. The greeting of his hunting mates. His return to his old place by the cooking-fires. . . .

The boats sped on. Eric began to watch for a natural arch of stone. Presently he picked it up—a great dome looming among the shoals, with the sea running in its hollow. When he saw the light through it full and round, he turned south straight across the current.

The breakers roared—the reefs rushed to attack, fangs bared and snarling, only to swerve aside and sweep impotently behind—rocking, pitching, bounding up like swordfish, the boats sped far down the current toward the fatal shoals below the pass. But when the paddlers' breath was spent they saw the open sea rolling beyond.

NOTHING but a sudden gale could stop them now—and no cloud was in sight. The bluffs of Ignak Island began to take form.

And now Eric divined that the great adventure of his life would soon pass. As Ignak harbor opened before him, he saw what looked like three little black sticks standing in the blue.

The trading ship was in. . . .

The skipper of the Chelsea, little auxil-

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itary schooner out from Seattle to trade with the Aleutian and Kurile Islands, gave no greeting as the two kayaks paddled alongside, but his eyes opened. White faces were not common in these waters. The kayaks were of a primitive type he had never seen before—and they came from the direction of Davy Jones Shoal.

When the boats were fast, Eric came up the ladder to the deck. "I'm Ericssen, first officer of the Intrepid."

"Of de—wat?" Captain Nelson demanded.

"The Intrepid," Eric repeated patiently. "She was lost early in the summer."

Nelson stared hard. This was bigger news than he had imagined. "I hear about her. She was suppose' to go down wit' all hands. De papers been full of her."

"Captain Waymire and nearly half the crew went down. The survivors are marooned on an island in Davy Jones Shoal." Eric drew a deep breath. "I want to arrange for you to go in and get them."

"But—but"—the old Dane stammered and stuttered—"dare ain't no way to get into Davy Yones Shoal!"

"We've been there—with the Intrepid. She draws more water than you. The pass from the north is safe unless you hit a gale. Of course, if you don't want to try it, I'll wireless for a Coast Guard cutter, but the passengers are in a hurry, and you can name your own figure."

They were under way in three hours. The Chelsea cruised round the shoal, and at noon of the next day Eric was on her bridge, spying for the pass.

The search was long and nerve-racking, but another twenty-four hours found the trader safely through into deep water, heading for Forlorn Island. . . .

NAN looked often to the deep in the three days of Eric's absence and was first to see the Chelsea's masts prick the skyline. Sobbing, she ran to Horton's hut; but she could not speak, and could only beckon her friends to the beach. . . . It was true. The ship was coming in. Deliverance . . . fulfillment . . . home.

While the Aleuts gazed darkly, the castaways leaped into the nearest boats and sped to meet the ship. Cheering, laughing, with streaming eyes, weeping with smiling lips, they paddled alongside until the anchor dropped, then boarded and held revelry on the deck.

Horton wanted to leave at once, but Nan remembered her humble friends forsaken on the bleak shore. "Of course, we must tell them good-by," Horton said contritely. "Oh, if we only had some presents to give them—"

"De hold of dis ship is clean full of presents," Nelson told him.

"Of course. This is a trading ship." There was a clang in his voice that silenced Nan and made Eric whirl. "Captain Nelson, I want to buy a thousand dollars' worth of your goods to give the natives. Eric, here, will know what they want most. Steel knives, axes, rifles—sweets and the like—everything."

The boats were loaded to the gunwales—such a treasure as the tribe had never dreamed of—and the gifts were taken to the beach and distributed amid an awed silence. From now on, life would not be so hard behind the shoals. Now that the pass was known, perhaps a little schooner would steal in once a year, to

trade the white man's luxuries for pelts.

They only grunted when the palefaces bade them good-by, eyes unlit and brown faces impassive as their own sand dunes, but when in a dreamy silence the ship boats glided into the harbor, their strange, lonely souls gave voice. Collecting on the beach, an old crone struck up a wavering chant. All her people joined in—a weird song of farewell in the minor key that might have been brought from their lost Asiatic birthplace beyond the setting sun.

The song died away. Awe-struck, the sailors rested on their oars. Eric looked into Nan's eyes, to find them brimming with tears.

The oars flashed. The crowd on the beach dwindled to black dots in the shadow of the crags. . . .

IT WAS still rough fare for the castaways. The three women would occupy the captain's cabin; the others were given bunks below decks. But great changes impended; Eric gazed southward with troubled eyes. Only two hundred miles through the Aleutian chain lay the well-charted sea lanes of the North Pacific, and beyond the port lights were shining.

The dream was passing, just as Nan had foretold. Horton was among the first to waken—with nervous, fumbling hands he removed his parka and donned the clothes of civilization saved from the wreck—a rumpled blue suit and a yachtsman's cap still trig and smart. But presently his leaping heart beat steady and cool. After a reassuring touch of the little leathern book in his pocket, he made for the pilot house. Eric and Nelson were looking at charts, but he pushed boldly between them.

Eric glanced up with narrowed eyes. Not only Horton's clothes but his face was changed. His sagging jaw was set, his expression confident and resolute.

"Nelson, we're not very far north of the Great Circle route to the Orient, are we?" he began authoritatively.

Nelson came to attention. "Yust about a day's run, if we hit straight t'rough de Aleut chain."

"I want you to intercept one of the big liners and put us aboard. How soon do you think you could do it?"

"De Empress of Castile iss eastbound right now—only about eight hundred miles away. We heard her talking yust last night."

"Do you think you could catch her?" "Wit' fair luck, yes. But—but de Empress, she do not stop at sea to take passengers from a packet like dis."

"She'll stop for me!" Horton spoke calmly. "Get in touch with her right away—tell her it's Felix Horton and his party. Arrange to meet her in the shortest possible time."

Without a word to Eric, he wheeled and went out of the room.

THE radio crackled. Changes came thick and fast. The Empressped east—aclean five hundred miles in twenty-four hours—and the little Chelsea dipped south nearly half that distance in the same time. They met in a sheet of sunlight water between curtains of mist, the liner's huge funnels looming against the sky. Grandly she hove to; a boat was lowered, manned by trig-looking sailors.

For the passengers that lined her rail, this was higher romance than any they

had found in the cherry orchards of Japan. They saw the oars flash and seven survivors of the Intrepid, given up for dead, clamber down the trader's ladder. . . . The middle-aged man in the yachting cap was Horton himself. The old woman was his mother—a very eccentric old lady, so they whispered—and one of the girls his daughter. The younger yachtsman was Roy Stuart, believed to be Nan Horton's fiancé; but no one knew the blond-headed man in the blue coat. Probably he was just one of the officers of the ill-starred Intrepid. The last two were no doubt the secretary and the maid, spoken of in the wireless bulletins. Further survivors of the wreck remained aboard the Chelsea.

Cameras clicked and purred—the young people began to cheer. . . . The captain himself waited at the head of the ladder to greet Horton—presently the stewards were taking the party in charge. Horton and his friends went to the Queen's Suite—the blond mate to the officer's quarters. The Empress swept on to her rendezvous at the city gates.

This was mid-afternoon. By eight in the evening Horton's party were ready to take their place in the care-free luxury of ship-board life. Friendly passengers and the ship shops had supplied them with every want. Forlorn Island was no more than a gray dream in the fairy seas of Keats.

When they went to dinner, the three Hortons and Roy were given seats at the captain's table. Eric, seated with the first officer, saw them come in, but although Nan's eyes raced around the crowded room, they did not meet his own. She was never so lovely, so alluring. Her red dinner gown revealed her girlish contours and enhanced the dull glow of her cheeks. Her dusky hair, cut again in a long bob, was lustrous as sea-otter fur.

Horton and Roy were gay over their champagne glasses; Nan seemed quite grave. Often her gaze swept the hall, but still no glance passed between her and her lover—not one smile made his cold heart leap. Had he won the island war, only to lose the prize? Was the great adventure all in vain? He would soon know. He would take his answer tonight, win or lose. When Nan rose from the table, he strode forward and touched her hand.

She whirled with a low exclamation, but before she could speak Horton pushed between them.

"WHAT is it, Eric?" Horton's tone was grave, but not unfriendly.

"I want to talk to Nan."
 "You may, in a moment. I'd like to talk to you first. Come to my stateroom. Nan—you wait on the deck."

Presently they were seated in Horton's luxurious suite—the cool, confident millionaire and the grim, steady-eyed ship's officer.

"I want to tell you, first of all, how indebted we all feel toward you," Horton began quietly. "You saved our lives on the island—and I'll not forget it. I propose for you to captain your own ship. Moreover, I'll always want you for my friend."

"Now, about Nan," Horton went on. "I've reserved a stateroom for her, adjoining mine. It is true that you and she went through a certain ceremony—under duress—but I can't regard it as a legal marriage, and I feel sure that she doesn't either. It was only an Aleut rite. And she

has never—I feel sure of this—really become your wife."

"Did she ask you to say this to me?"
 "No, not in words. I think, however, I am carrying out her wishes. Eric, I want you to be reasonable about this—forget that empty form in the mud church. It will be better for her—and for you too."

"That's for Nan to say, not you." Eric rose to his full height. "I'm going to talk to her."

Horton rose too. "I advise against it. Her answer will be the same—and it will be keenly embarrassing for both of you. Later, when we are all home again, you may come to see her and try to win her. Although I think it better for a girl to marry in her own immediate sphere, I would have no objection to you as a son-in-law. But it must be brought about in the conventional way."

"I'm going to know—right now. I can stand the embarrassment, and so can Nan. Unless she herself says otherwise—she is my wife."

HE STRODE out, to find Nan waiting by the rail. On the boat deck, under the waning moon, they found a secluded corner. But at first his tense throat could not shape his question; the long-drawn seconds fell and wasted, one by one. At last she touched his hand.

"What did you want to say to me, Eric?"
 "I want to know whether we go on together—or part. There can't be any halfway. You must make up your mind now."

"Did Father speak about the ceremony on the island?"

"Yes. He hinted that you didn't consider it binding."

"That's true. I can't feel that I'm your wife. It was only a savage rite, and I think we may as well consider it annulled."

The moonlight died in Eric's eyes. "That's all I need to know." He turned as though to go.

But her hand fell lightly on his arm. "But Eric—you might like to know that I'm going to be really married tonight—by the captain of the ship—provided the man I want will take me. And I think he will."

"He'll take you—but he'll never love you as I love you." Eric spoke in the grave, slow way she knew of old, in sorrow, not in bitterness. "I don't blame you, Nan. You warned me all the time. I suppose it was inevitable that you'd decide on Roy, as soon as you got back to your own world."

The girl smiled dimly, and a starry shine was in her eyes. "This is not my world."

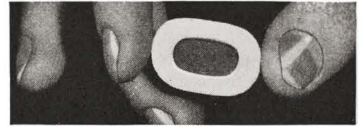
Something in her tone shot an electric current through every fiber of his body and soul. "I—I—don't understand—" He stared in dazed wonder. "Don't make me hope, and then let me fall," he begged. "You—you mean Roy—don't you?"

"I mean you—you—no one in this world but you." Her warm arms crept about him and her soft lips pressed his. "Don't you understand now? Hold me, Eric, and don't ever let me go."

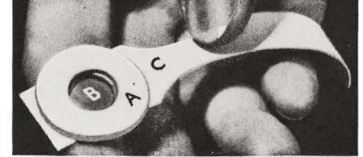
His heart pressed to hers made answer, and his lips moving against hers bore witness. His old mother, the Sea, would die in her bed and his father, the great North, would wear chains on his strong, free limbs before he would let her go—here or in Valhalla. . . . Young love . . . romance . . . rapture . . . victory. . . .

(The End)

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OR DO YOU WANT A



CORN REMOVER

A, Fell pad stops shoe pressure. B, Mild medication removes corn. C, Adhesive holds plaster in place.

Don't confuse corn plasters and corn "covers." Corn "covers" do not remove corns. If you merely want to protect a tender spot, use Blue-Jay Protect-O-Pads.

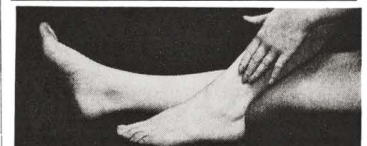
But—if you want to take the corn out whole, use Blue-Jay Corn Plasters. The scientific, medicated, double-relief remedy, made by a noted surgical dressing house. World's standard corn remover. All druggists, 6 for 25c. Pay no more for any corn plaster.

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Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM

Can You Hear a Pin Drop?

(Continued from page 39)

converses with a deafened person. Nevertheless, I appreciate any effort to make me understand.

Deafened people react differently to isolation in the midst of a social group. One woman I know said recently, "I smile mechanically and hope they think I am joining in the merriment. I wish I dared ask them to speak louder or repeat what they say. But I know I would soon make myself a nuisance."

One of my deafened friends seems to take an unholy joy in turning every conversation into a shambles. He insists upon hearing everything. Each person has to repeat his words until all spontaneity is gone.

I used to be like that—but no more. It doesn't seem fair. Nowadays, when I can't hear the conversation, I pause and reflect:

"If these people are talking about anything important in politics, science, or world affairs, I can find it all in the daily newspapers and magazines.

"If they're talking philosophy or religion, I can find it in my library.

"If they're talking gossip—well, it wouldn't do me any good."

One thing is certain, while they're talking, I can be thinking. The deafened person has more opportunity to develop an inner life, a deeper, richer philosophy than the person whose ears are always on the job.

When I first crossed the threshold into the world of half-silence I was oppressed by the feeling of being alone. Later, I learned I had joined an army of 20,000,000 people.

Twenty millions—one person out of every seven—on this continent are deafened, and 3,000,000 of them are school children. Some of them are only slightly hard of hearing. Others can't hear a shrill alarm clock two feet from their ears.

You'll find them everywhere. On the board of directors of the New York League for the Hard of Hearing are a lawyer, a manufacturer, several business executives, a retired merchant, and several doctors; all deafened; all successful. A prominent judge on the New York State Supreme Court bench is hard of hearing. He has solved his problem with a wiring system which brings the voices of witnesses and attorneys to his desk, and his decisions are rarely reversed.

In New York, the most difficult, complex journalistic arena in all the world, is a deafened newspaperman who has held his job for more than fifteen years.

EVERYBODY knows about the deafened genius, Edison, who often observed that deafness helped him concentrate. But if I were a newly deafened person, I think I should get more inspiration from Evelyn Parry than from any other example that comes to mind. At the age of fourteen illness made her partly deaf. She took a short course in lip-reading and then went on with her high school work. At twenty-two, another illness lowered her hearing so that no ordinary human voice reached her ears.

She went to the New York League for the Hard of Hearing for advice. There she was told to take up lip-reading again, to

study it, master it. She enrolled in their classes and settled down to hard work.

Two years later, through her skill in lip reading, she obtained a good position with a large corporation. She has won distinction in national lip-reading competition.

The corporation she works for is proud of her. This year she was one of five employees to receive an increase in salary out of an organization of more than two hundred.

Had I known it, lip-reading would have made my own pathway easier. Several years ago I took a short course, and it has helped tremendously. Believe me, it is a doorway to a new world for the hard of hearing.

HOW long does it take to learn lip-reading? One year to a lifetime. It's an art—not merely a course of study. Children pick it up quickly. The average adult requires about two years.

Another boon to the deafened is the electric hearing aid. Years ago hard-of-hearing folks carried horns, tubes, cones, even fans held between the teeth, to magnify sound. Since the invention of the telephone, electricity has brought sharper, better amplification.

Sixty per cent of all deafened persons can do what I did—readjust themselves to the handicap and carry on the respective occupations for which they were trained. Forty per cent must begin over again in some other line of work.

Here are some jobs that deafened persons do *better* than those with normal ears, because they are trained to concentrate:

Research
Proofreading
Typing
Bookkeeping and auditing
Tabulating and statistical work

Employers have found that deafened persons put more quiet concentration, study, and thoughtful effort into their work than do employees with first-rate ears.

On the other hand, there are jobs where the deafened find the going rough. No young girl with impaired hearing should try to become a stenographer. Selling over a counter, or any job that requires contact with the public, would better be avoided.

If there is any tragedy in deafness, it is not so much in the readjustment of adults to their handicap as in the neglect of children's ears.

Last winter a boy of eleven was brought to our clinic by his mother. With her was a social worker who specializes in "problem children." The mother and the welfare worker agreed that this youngster was a bad actor. He was disobedient; he refused to pay attention to the teacher in his classroom; he was contrary.

The first thing he did in my office was to walk over to a lung-testing machine and start blowing lustily in the tube. I stepped behind him and said, "Good fun, isn't it?" No answer. Both mother and welfare worker nodded grimly, as much as to say: "You see? What can you do with such a boy?"

Watching him closely, I spoke again: "Blow the top off it!"

Still no reply. The boy ignored me.

I said more loudly, "Now come over to the scales, son, and let's see how much you weigh."

Smiling, he turned and trotted over to the scales. From that point on, whenever I spoke loudly, clearly, he obeyed instantly. Whenever I dropped my voice, he paid no attention.

"That's your answer," I told the mother; "defective hearing."

Further tests showed he was seriously deafened. Now, after being separated from a pair of infected tonsils, the boy is catching up in his school work and has a fair chance to become normal.

More than 3,000,000 school children today are struggling for an education with impaired hearing. Teachers and parents consider them dumb because they can't keep up with their fellows. The cause may be removable: if neglected, the trouble may reach the middle ear—then look out.

At least half of adult deafness could be avoided if we used universally the present systematic method of testing children's ears, locating the trouble early enough for treatment, and following the treatments which the doctors know are required.

We deafened folks have our sports and amusements. Mine are the same as anybody's—golf, tennis, dancing, swimming (wearing a helmet to protect my ears and *not* trying to dive). Deafened people can dance and keep good time, too. We get the rhythm from the floor and from the vibrations of the drum and bass fiddle.

We miss the silent movies. Talkies are all but meaningless to those of us who are too deafened to catch the dialogue. Others find that the raucous tones are unpleasant. Radio entertainment is satisfying because we can tune the loud speaker to our own hearing range; or, if too deafened for that, we can listen through headphones connected with the receiver. The legitimate theater, unless it is wired, is out of the question for most of us—with this exception: Pantomime, in the hands of skilled actors, can convey the story.

I LIKE solitary amusements—reading, tinkering. From a shop in my cellar has emerged, wagon by wagon, car by car, tent by tent, "The World's Smallest, the Greatest Little Show on Earth." It is the most complete model in existence of a great circus organization, and not so long ago was exhibited under the auspices of the Messrs. Ringling. Another solitary hobby—tinkering with old clocks. Thirty or forty of these old-timers owe their present state of repair and activity to hours I've spent in the cellar. But my wife doesn't let me linger there too long. She knows the danger of leaving deafened people "in solitary"—although by now there's no danger of my turning hermit. Still, she insists on a lively mixture of bowling, dancing, and bridge.

So, with her help, I've turned the corner. Worries that used to keep me tossing restlessly at night are all gone. I'm no longer afraid of strangers, dinner parties, or railway journeys. In fact, between ourselves, I'm enjoying my deafness.



How You Stand in the "Be Your Age" Test

AFTER you have determined your averagescore for your answers in the test on page 51, the following table will show how you compare with other people in "grown-upness." Opposite the number which is nearest your score in the left-hand column of figures you will find your maturity rating in percentage among a hundred people.

The score of the average normal person is 53. If your score is 34 or less, you rate with the most childish, a group which includes five people in a hundred. If you score 71 or better you rate with the highest group—also five people in a hundred. It means you are a very mature person with few childish habits. If you score 44 or less, you are less mature than three-fourths of the people. And if you score 61 or better you are more mature than three-fourths of the people.

SCORE	PER CENT	SCORE	PER CENT
34	5	55	55
38	10	57	60
41	15	59	65
43	20	60	70
44	25	61	75
46	30	63	80
48	35	65	85
50	40	68	90
51	45	71	95
53	50		



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You'll like
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Yeast Eaters! Send for free sample of this pure yeast in new concentrated form—Easy to take—Always fresh—Does not cause gas

Youthful Publishers of a Flourishing Newspaper

(Continued from page 70)

& Lilian ate out of the same plate, one on each side, one with the fork, the other with the spoon. This was done till it was Gillam's and Wood's turn, who wanted more etiquette so one took the plate & the other ate out of the frying pan. One man left a jackknife with Semple so he would not have to flip hot cakes with an ax as Gillam did that day. They had fine food: beans cooked with ham in Sourdough style, ie, milligan, and flapjacks, or hot-cakes.

STOCK MARKET. Alaska-Juneau 13 1/2. Kennecott 12 3/4. Nabesna 50

The *Chitina Weekly Herald* is clearly headed toward a successful career. But Adrian is very modest about what has so far been accomplished. He's been very lucky, he says, to get such efficient and talented help.

The advertising manager has rounded up twenty-five or thirty merchants, the special correspondents (aged fourteen and thirteen) have nosed up plenty of news in Kennecott and McCarthy, and Adrian gets some good stuff from the children of the Indian Native School near by. He also has two little sisters who can fold papers and sponge stamps if he gets in a jam. Mostly he doesn't need them, though—just sometimes.

LESLIE DAWSON

HERE'S a yeast that makes yeast eating a pleasure! Yeast in convenient tablet form! Yeast that always stays fresh!

You will really enjoy taking Yeast Foam Tablets. They have a delicious, nut-like flavor everybody likes. They are pasteurized, hence *cannot cause gas or fermentation*. Anyone, young or old, can take them safely.

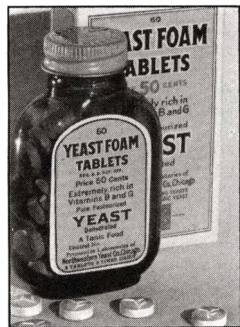
Yeast Foam Tablets contain no drugs. They are nothing but pure yeast—that's why they are so effective. This is the yeast that is used in vitamin research conducted by certain laboratories of the U. S. Government and many leading American universities.

You buy this yeast in a ten-day supply. Yeast Foam Tablets keep fresh for months. Keep the handy bottle in your desk. Take it with you when traveling. Then you will never fail to take your yeast regularly.

Thousands of men and women are taking Yeast Foam Tablets to correct the conditions that cause indigestion, constipation, hateful skin eruptions, headaches, nervousness, loss of energy and vitality. Get a bottle today. It costs only 50c, contains sixty tablets—enough for ten days. If you prefer to try them first, send the coupon for a free sample. Get acquainted now with this convenient, good-to-eat yeast!

Best remedy for indigestion: "Have suffered from indigestion for the longest time—and have tried different remedies, but your Yeast Foam Tablets have proven to be the best!" LOUISVILLE, KY.

ON THE AIR *Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Daylight Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.*



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Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

We Never Thought of That

(Continued from page 63)

representing my prospect held up the deal until they were assured no such contingency could arise. The local attorney arranged that the title be pronounced clear by a court order. And your humble servant paid \$150 to have this done.

When you buy suburban property in a residential development you are usually given a guaranteed title as a matter of course. The companies that promote such developments have the title to their entire tract searched before they buy it for subdivision. A development company that offers you property without having taken this precaution to protect itself and its customers is not to be trusted.

IN DEALING with individual sellers of houses, or land, or both, let vigilance be your watchword. If the seller already possesses a guaranteed title to the property, it will be a simple matter to have it transferred to you. Otherwise, have your own search made—and be sure that it is carried back far enough to satisfy a title guarantee concern.

Special caution is necessary in buying country property, for the reason that the old-time farmers were lax about making records of their transactions. Often they did not bother to have deeds and mortgages recorded, while half the time they neglected to tell even their wives what they had done with this or that piece of acreage.

The old-timers were inclined also to be casual in describing boundaries and areas. They referred to a piece of land as containing so many acres "more or less." In New England they designated highways, brooks, stone fences, and even certain trees, or patches of rock, as boundary markers. When land was cheap, an error of an acre or so made little difference. But today, especially in localities where the town is encroaching on the country, with a resulting rise in realty values, a discrepancy of a few feet may make a big difference in the desirability of a piece of ground.

Though it adds to the initial purchase price, in my opinion it is worth while to have a formal survey made by a competent civil engineer before buying real estate described in terms of acreage "more or less."

According to our own deed, our property is bounded, on one side, by what is termed a highway. This is a hilly, winding lane that was once a wood road. At one point, to avoid a sharp grade, it curves around a wooded knoll which we thought of, for years, as belonging to us. It would have been a charming spot for a rock garden; in fact, more than once my wife showed me where she proposed to embed a variety of plants with unpronounceable names. Before she set to work, however, along came the road commissioner, heading a gang of huskies, and calmly began to remove a segment of our knoll with a steam shovel, in order to widen the road.

"Sure," he replied, when we remonstrated, "your land is bounded by the highway all right, but the highway goes up to that old stone fence on top of this knoll. See? Everything this side of that fence is town property."

As it happened, we lost only a projected rock garden. But some friends of ours were threatened with serious loss in an analogous case. Theirs is one of two houses on another road in our town of Westport, Conn. Both are set back about fifty feet from the road. Both are fronted by fine old trees, which give them shade and seclusion.

Last summer Westport was visited by a hurricane. Hundreds of trees were uprooted and other hundreds were damaged. Those in front of the aforementioned houses were injured, though not beyond the aid of tree surgeons. But before the two home owners had time to put tree men to work, the city fathers appeared on the scene, bringing men with axes, saws, and trucks.

"Those trees," said the city fathers, "are a menace and we're going to cut them down."

"You are not!" cried the embattled home owners. "They're our trees and we're going to have 'em fixed."

"Oh, no," retorted the authorities; "they're not your trees at all. They belong to the town. They're on town property. What's that? Yeah, I know. Your land is bounded by the highway. And you think the edge of your lawns is the edge of the highway. But it isn't. The official width of this highway is sixty feet. It's never been that wide because it's never needed to be. See that old stone fence along there a piece? Well, that marks the highway line."

Fortunately, our friends and their neighbors were able to cajole the selectmen into sparing the trees, on condition that they would have them attended to. But the knowledge that the town has the power to lop large strips off their front lawns, thereby bringing their houses closer to the road and depriving them of seclusion, has taken some of the joy out of life.

Moral: Find out all about the boundaries of a piece of land before you buy it.

HOME-OWNERSHIP problems know no state lines. Lunching recently with a San Franciscan, whom I had visited some time before, I asked him casually whether he was still living in the same house. Scowling darkly, he replied that he was not. Ruthless questioning elicited his story.

Having inherited a few thousand dollars and wanting to own a home, this man and his wife began looking for a house. At length they found one which, though it did not meet all their requirements as to size, came close to being what they wanted. It had a lovely view of the water and seemed to be a bargain. The owner had built it as a speculation, but because of the slump was anxious to sell it, even at a sacrifice. So the Browns—I promised to keep their real name secret—figured they could add to the house to fit their needs, bought it for cash, and felt they had got it cheaply.

Their awakening came when they called in an architect to discuss alterations. His inspection revealed the house to be jerry-built. The footings—foundation walls—

were of a poor mixture of concrete and already gave evidence of weakness. The floor joists were too light and too few. In short, nothing was right.

"If a man doesn't know anything about construction," said the architect, "he ought never to buy a house without first having it appraised by an expert. It would be crazy to spend money on adding to this place, because the original part can't possibly last. Better get rid of it and begin over again."

The Browns moved into their bargain—they had to live somewhere—but have not yet been able to get rid of it.

Any bank or mortgage institution can put you in touch with an appraiser. Incidentally, one way to find out the value of a house is to ascertain how much you can borrow on it. The small appraisal fee, somewhere between fifteen and fifty dollars, may save you many thousands.

IT SOUNDS very nice to say that you live in a highly restricted development. Before buying property in one, however, it is prudent to inquire just what the restrictions are. Another friend of mine, who bought a house in one of the newer sections of Lynchburg, Va., did not bother to make such inquiry. After a while he decided his garage was too small and engaged a contractor to build him another in a rear corner of his plot. Then he discovered that he couldn't do it. The restrictions forbade the erection of garages on the back line of lots or within ten feet of the side lines.

Many people who own land buy ready-made home plans, or ready-cut houses. Except from the viewpoint of architects, there is nothing against this practice, for nowadays excellent plans and ready-cut houses are to be had from a variety of sources. But there is one problem involved that generally receives too little advance consideration. That is the placing of the building so that it will not look as if it had been dropped on its site.

I know a couple living near Covington, Ky., who had a ready-planned house built by a local contractor, and who were perfectly aghast at its appearance by the time the roof was on. Instead of nestling close to the ground, as they had expected, it perched up like a No. 5 hat on a No. 8 head. For fifty or seventy-five dollars they could have had a surveyor make a contour map, which would have shown them in advance the exact levels of their land. With that information to guide them, they could have placed their house appropriately. As it was, they were obliged to spend several hundred dollars for extra planting and grading, in an effort to tie the house to its site.

Many home seekers won't even look at property that boasts no brook. When they find a farm with a rivulet running across it, they are likely to go in off the deep end.

"We've found the most marvelous place," exulted some friends of ours. "There's a gorgeous little stream on it. Jim's going to dam it up, so we can have a Japanese water garden and a swimming pool."

A few months later I ran into Jim and inquired how he was getting along with the swimming pool. Whereupon it developed that the only damming he'd been able to do had been verbal and spelled with an "n," because the water company controls the stream and had the sole right to obstruct its course. Not all the brooks are owned by water companies. In many cases, however, one may not dam them without trespassing on the water rights of adjoining land owners.

One of the things we shall not do again is to buy property without first ascertaining that we can legally insist on going to and from it. Not long ago we took over from a member of my family a portion of an island off the coast. The nearest and most convenient landing place on the mainland is quarter of a mile away, by boat. To reach the public highway there we have to traverse private property. Our deed states that we own a right of way over this property and are entitled to "pass and repass" freely. The owner claims that our deed is wrong and that we really have no right of way. For the time being we have effected a compromise. But sooner or later there will have to be a permanent legal settlement of the case and I suspect it will cost me money. Being a creature of impulse, I buy in haste and repent at leisure.

ANOTHER thing we shall not do again is to undertake a remodeling job without consulting an architect. When it was first built, the servants' cottage on our place contained a bathroom just large enough for a shower. We figured out that by enlarging the bathroom ell slightly there would be room in it for a tub. We called in a local carpenter, explained exactly what we wanted done, and engaged him to do it. He followed instructions to the nail, but when the job was finished he said naively, "You know, if I'd torn off that whole ell and built a new one with new material, it would have been quicker and cheaper than making it over the way you told me to."

"Why," we demanded aggrievedly, "didn't you say so before?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he replied; "when folks know just what they want, it don't pay to give 'em an argument."

We have not dropped into quite all the pitfalls of home ownership. There are still a few lying in wait for us. Being more wary than we used to be, perhaps we may escape them. We shall never, for instance, employ a contractor without making sure he is not likely to go broke before completing his contract. We shall never, as some do, engage an architect to design a house but not to supervise its construction. We shall never sign a contract to build or remodel unless every detail of design is embodied in the plans and every ounce of material is described by trade name or grade in the specifications. We shall never make changes and additions after the work has begun; for this is an invitation to a contractor to add hundreds of dollars to his bills. We shall never fool ourselves into believing it won't cost thirty per cent more to build or remodel than we originally hoped. In buying property we shall never again take anything for granted. These are a few of the mistakes we will not make.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

POLISH THE WINDOWS of your mind—



look ahead
—study!

THE BUSINESS

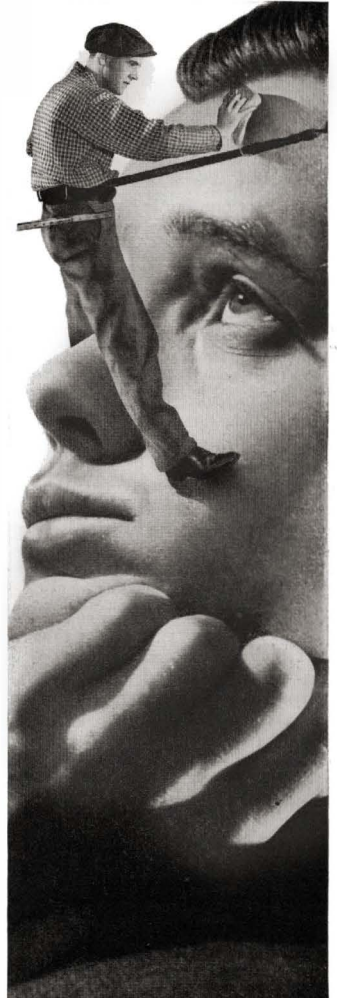
LEADERS OF TODAY ARE THE I. C. S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY

BORN in Belgium, Hubert Bromback has known hard work from earliest youth. He has been forced to fight life each step of the way. And today, at 59, he is mastering his second International Correspondence Schools Course because he concluded mechanical engineering would broaden his efficiency in his present position. He is superintendent of gas houses and all heating and distribution of steel, manufactured by the Bessemer process, for the Wisconsin Steel Works, a subsidiary of International Harvester Company, in Chicago. Seventeen years ago he started with this firm as a laborer—mostly washing windows!

In 1903, while preparing himself for the conquest of success in the land of his adoption, he studied his first I. C. S. Course. It was Chemistry and Chemical Technology. He still uses his original text-books for reference. "They help me constantly," he says.

This is Mr. Bromback's advice to ambitious men: "If you will polish the windows of your mind and look ahead you can see where I. C. S. Schools can help you in building a future!"

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FORGETTING

It's a Blessing We Too Often Forget

By
BRUCE
BARTON

A CERTAIN rich man has his office at the top of a high building in New York. I shall not mention his name, but every reader knows of him.

As I sat one day in his paneled room, curiosity took hold of me. What does a very important man think about when he is alone? I wondered. This man, for instance, who only a quarter of a century ago was a day laborer, struggling to support a wife and growing family. Does his career ever seem to him unreal? Does he have to stick a mental pin in himself to realize that it is he, the day laborer, who now sits on the top of New York? With what thoughts does he lie down to sleep? Does he summon up the records of his possessions? Does he think of the offices he has held, the big operations he has directed? Is he perplexed and worried?

One can gather quite a bit of information by the simple habit of asking questions. So I asked him, "What do you think about when you lie down to sleep?"

His answer was interesting. He said his mind is more full of worries these days than it has ever been in his life. They plague him in the darkness. But he has a magic formula for putting them to flight. As soon as his head hits the pillow he begins to summon up scenes from his boyhood.

"**I** THINK about the little house in the country where I grew up," he said, "and about my mother. I think about the swimming hole. I think about the first time I ever took a girl for a buggy ride. I think about how good my mother's cooking used to smell when I came in at the back door at suppertime. And it seems as if those happy memories were like policemen, chasing all the day's trouble and unpleasantness out of my mind. Pretty soon I fall asleep."

When General Grant was dying in New York he suffered from insomnia. The sedatives soon lost their power. One evening the doctor sat by the bedside and began to talk.

Said he, "General, do you recall the little house where you lived as a boy? Do you remember the old apple trees in the yard and the little brook that ran between them? Can you hear the winds in the apple trees? Can you hear the murmur of the brook?"

So he spoke, that wise physician. And there came a change in the man who had been the leader of armies, who twice had

sat in the White House, the man who now was fevered and sleepless. All the deep lines began to soften. The hot fires cooled. His face became gentle; his eyes took on a far-away look. About his lips hovered the smile of a little child. The voice of the doctor was lowered until it was only a murmur—the murmur of wind in the apple trees, the murmur of cool waters in a country brook. The tired eyes closed. The general slept.

BY a curious sequence of associated ideas these two stories came to my mind as I was reading Doctor Rowell's article on deafness in this magazine. I formed a mental picture of Doctor Rowell, whom I have never seen. I am sure his face must have that appealing expression of serenity characteristic of so many deafened people. They are shut away from so much of the jar and jangle of life; Nature has built a wall around them, behind whose secure defense they are sheltered. There are times, I thought, when one can almost envy them.

And then I thought of the wonderful provision of Nature by which your mind and mine are sheltered. I mean the mechanism which automatically tends to force out of our memories the distasteful, leaving only the happy records, which can be summoned back at will.

IF IT were not for this censorship life would be unbearable. "Suppose," says Odell Shepard, "there should suddenly be dumped into a man's conscious mind a small part of what he had forgotten. There would be a swift flapping of wings out of all his past; ten million faces would surge up from darkness into a dreadful glare; a vast murmur of voices would gather out of silence and swell and grow until it had built Pandemonium under the dome of his skull. In that sea of faces he would not find the few that had been dear to him. Voices he had loved would be drowned in vapid clatter. The few good books he had read would be smothered under ten thousand bad. Worst of all, he would search in vain among the trivialities, the broken purposes, and the weak surrenders of his

own past for that ideal self of which his weak memory had allowed him complacently to dream."

Like every other good gift, forgetting has its penalties. Nature's censorship, which seeks to bury the unhappy memories, sometimes buries those that ought, for our own good, to be kept alive. We quickly forget adversity because it is unpleasant, and the result of our forgetting is that booms and bull markets follow fast upon the heels of depression, only to be just as inevitably succeeded by new depressions. We forget the horrors of war. In one generation the blood and sorrow are gone, the battlefields are green with grass, the war is forgotten. It was for this reason I urged, in a recent number of this magazine, that War should be constantly advertised. Thousands of people have written to express their approval of that suggestion.

EVEN so, the dangers of forgetting are outweighed by its joys. Women have told me it is almost impossible for them to recall vividly the pains of childbirth. Mother Nature draws a soft sponge of forgetfulness over the slate and wipes it clean; the coming of the second baby is as joyously anticipated as the arrival of the first. I know, and you know, with what merciful fingers the wounds left by the death of our friends are healed. For more than three months I was at the bedside of one whom I greatly loved. After he passed it seemed to me I should never be the same. A dozen times a day I was stabbed by the memories of that sickroom. But after a year, and without conscious effort of any kind, there came a change. I did not think of him any less, but somehow the sickroom was gone. Only the happy memories remain.

I AM grateful to Doctor Rowell's article, which started me to ruminating again along these lines. These are days when most of us have plenty of troubles. But for most of us there still is love and health and hope and refreshing sleep. And this *other* blessing, this dual action of the mind by which our best experiences—our honeymoons, our little moments of success, the care-free pleasures of our boyhood—hang high on the walls of our memory in golden frames, while the distasteful and unpleasant experiences are thrust below. In counting up our assets let us be thankful for this one which we too often forget—the blessedness of forgetting.



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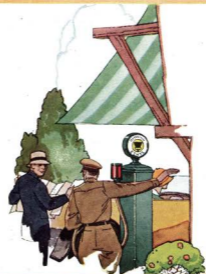


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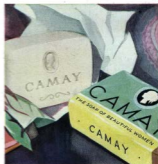
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