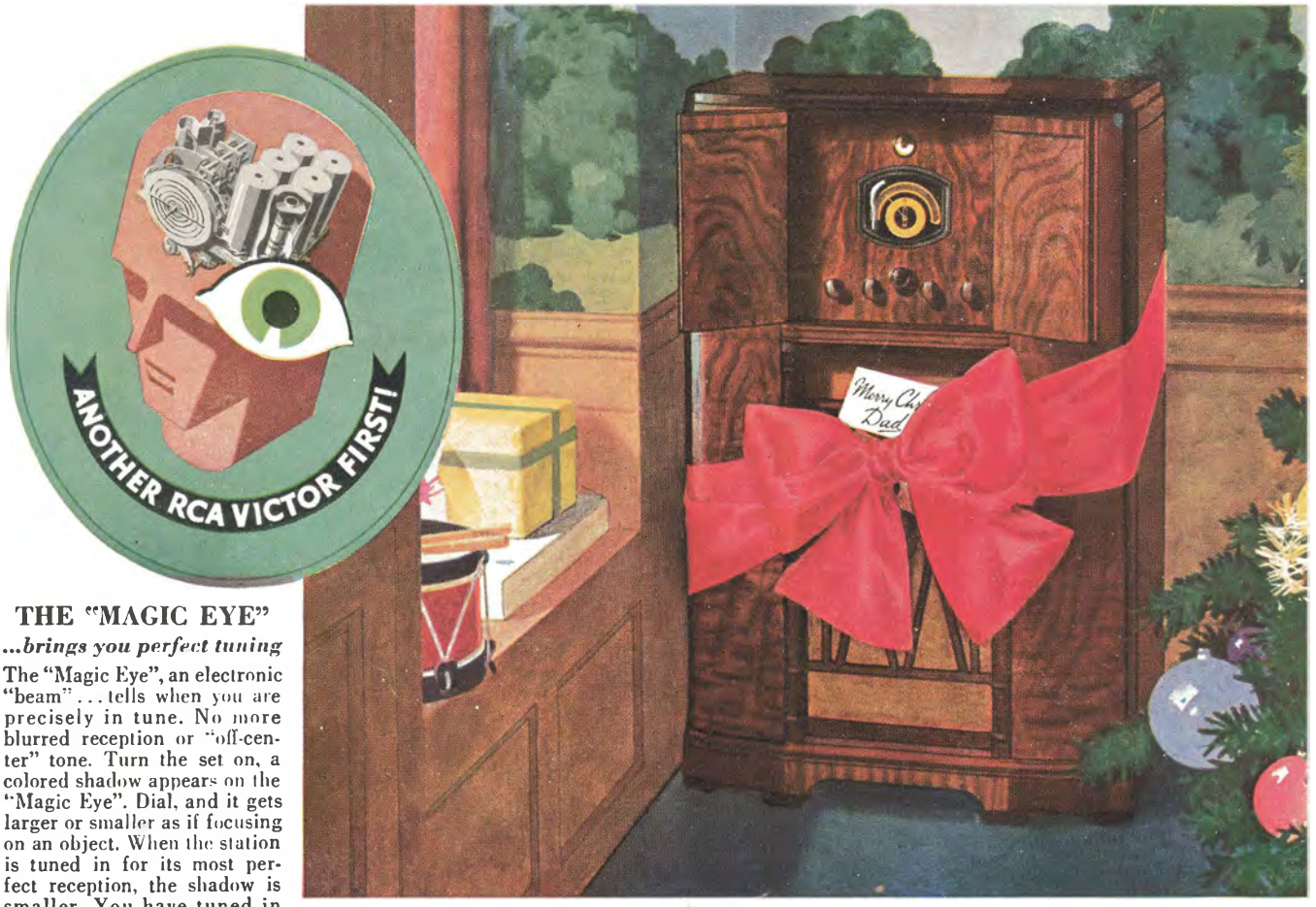
Beginning **THE MIRACLE MAKER** *by* **H.G.WELLS**

A VIVID STORY IN MOVIE SCRIPT FORM



THE "MAGIC EYE"
...brings you perfect tuning

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

RCA Victor Console Model C 13-2. 13-tube "Magic Brain" radio with "Magic Eye". 5 tuning bands. De luxe fidelity. New "Selector" dial. Automatic volume, high tone control. Superb cabinet. Price **$189.50**

For Christmas...the Radio with the "Magic Brain" and "Magic Eye"!

This year enjoy radio's most thrilling set... a brilliant 1936 RCA Victor radio... gives smoother reception, finer tone and silent tuning... RCA Metal Tubes, too!

THIS gift will keep the magic spirit of Christmas alive! It's a beautiful new 1936 world-wide radio by RCA Victor—combining the improved "Magic Brain" with the sensational new "Magic Eye"!

Table Model T 6-1—6-tube radio. 3 bands. Excellent tone. Oversize speaker. Price $49.95.

Table Model T 8-14—8-tube "Magic Brain" radio. 3 bands. "Colorband" dial. Price $79.95.

The "Magic Brain" means new and more exciting performance. It brings far away lands to your very fireside. Sends you speeding with the police and aviators. Shares with you the conversations of amateurs... and every splendid domestic program! And—reducing interference is the alert "armoured watchman" tube!

With the new "Magic Eye" comes *silent tuning*, easier and more accurate tuning. Now you "see" signals your ears might never hear! The panel above tells you how it works.

In addition, all sets have RCA Metal Tubes... and more tubes than ever... new range dials which expose only the wave band you want... beautiful cabinets which scientifically enhance tonal quality! Have your RCA Victor dealer give a free demonstration today! RCA Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America. Put new life in your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes.

You can buy RCA Victor Radios on C.I.T. Corp. easy payment plan. Listen to the RCA Magic Key Program, every Sunday 2.00 to 3.00 p.m. E.S.T. on WJZ and associated NBC stations.

•

Prices from $19.95 to $600.00 (subject to change without notice). All prices f.o.b. Camden, New Jersey, including home, automobile and farm radios and radio-phonographs. And remember, any set works better when you use RCA Antenna systems.

RCA VICTOR

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records

Strike that COLD at the *source* before it gets serious!

Gargle Listerine

to attack cold germs in mouth and throat

AFTER any long exposure to cold or wet weather, gargle Listerine when you get home. Medical records show that late-season football games, particularly, take their toll in health. Heavy chest colds often follow a day in the open. The prompt use of Listerine as a gargle when you reach home is a precautionary measure which may spare you such a serious complication.

Listerine, by killing millions of disease germs in the mouth and throat, keeps them under control at a time when they should be controlled—*when resistance is low.*

Careful tests made in 1931, '32 and '34 have shown Listerine's amazing power against the common cold and sore throat.

Year in, year out, those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener, caught about half as many colds and sore throats as non-users. Moreover, when Listerine users did contract colds, they were extremely mild, while non-users reported more severe developments.

At the first symptom of a cold or sore throat, gargle full strength Listerine. If no improvement is shown, repeat the gargle in two hours. While an ordinary sore throat may yield quickly, a cold calls for more frequent gargling.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office and use it systematically. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

for Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.

10¢

DECEMBER 1935 • THE MAGAZINE OF TODAY AND TOMORROW • VOL. CXX NO. 6

The AMERICAN Magazine

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

Serials

Short Stories

Interesting People

Cover: *Natural-color photograph directed by* RAY PROHASKA
BARKER DEVIN, *photographer*
Hat by Knox

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

Guest Editorial

Articles

Specialties

Published Monthly by The Crowell Publishing Company, *Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A.*
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Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Be sure to give both the old and the new addresses.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Toronto, Canada.

WHAT ELSE CAN YOU GIVE A MAN

that he'll use every day and carry over his heart for life!

A Gift that Every Woman Too Would Joyfully Welcome, for This Revolutionary Pen Holds 102% More Ink—Shows When to Refill—Hence Ends Running Dry

Everyone wants this miracle pen that holds 102% more ink—shows the ink Level, hence shows when to refill.

An utterly new Style-Creation—Laminated Pearl and transparent "Jet"—ring upon ring—as smooth, luminous and shimmering as velvet.

People can't do their best work with old-style pens that hold little ink and run dry without warning!

This Christmas PARKER GIVES OUTRIGHT

THIS SMART PLASKON UTILITY CASE

(for cigarettes, jewelry, or boudoir trifles) with the purchase of this Laminated Pearl Pen and Pencil Set

This PRE-CHRISTMAS SPECIAL—this fashionable innovation—is a reward for being an early-bird shopper.

So go promptly to your favorite department store, pen shop, stationer's, jeweler's, or druggist's. Purchase one of the lovely Parker Vacumatic Laminated Pearl Pen and Pencil Sets, and your dealer will mount it in this permanent Plaskon Utility Case—an utterly new gift idea—for which he will charge you absolutely nothing.

On receiving this gorgeous gift, your friend or loved one will merely transfer the Pen and Pencil to pocket, handbag, or desk, and put to use the smart Plaskon Case as a cigarette box, jewel case, or depository for bobby-pins, hairpins, etc. Made of Jet or African Brown Plaskon, with Ivory Lid—it's permanently strong, thoroughly durable, and extremely artistic and attractive.

So don't forget to ask for the famous "Parker" by name instead of for just "a fountain pen." For "Parker" is the name that your dear ones will look for on any gift Pen or Set—the name that will make them *stand up and cheer* on Christmas morn.

And remember that the Parker is the only GENUINE Vacumatic Pen—contains NO RUBBER INK SAC—NO LEVER FILLER—NO SQUIRT-GUN PISTON PUMP—nothing to render it useless later. That's why it's GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT.

Stop at the nearest pen counter and you'll see why the marvelous new Parker Vacumatic leads all Christmas lists. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Index of Products Advertised

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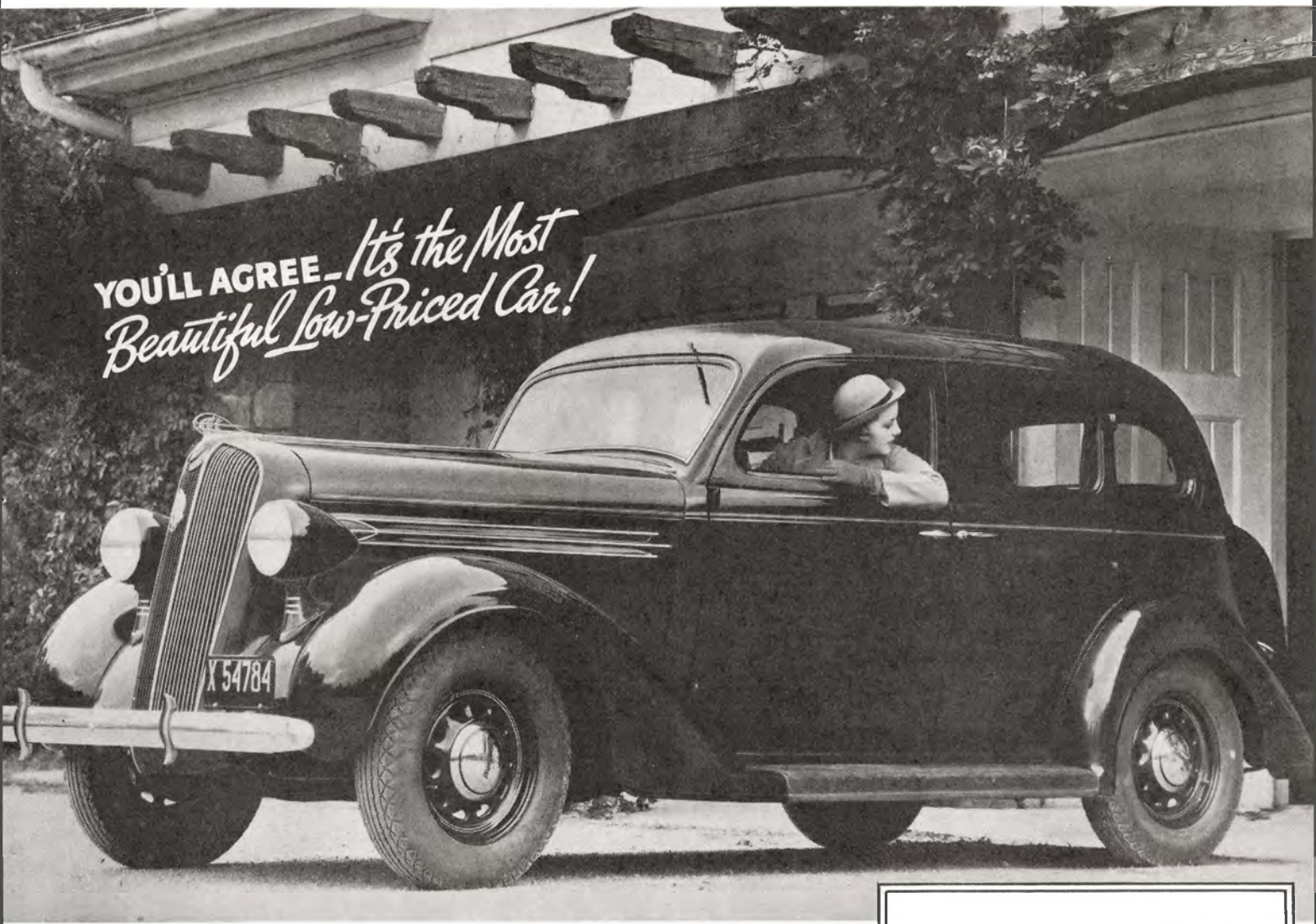
It's the New '36 Plymouth _Now on Display!



40 Big Improvements—Greatest Plymouth ever built!

PEOPLE EXPECTED IT. Now it's here... the greatest Plymouth we've ever built.

It has a 100% more rigid frame... body newly reinforced at five main points.

It is again America's most economical full-size car... evidence indicates 18 to 23 miles or more per gallon of gas!

The 1936 Safety-Steel body is not only stronger... but also has new insulation against noise. Plymouth's 100% hydraulic brakes stop you safely.

New design steering ends the final trace of road-shock at the wheel.

Added to the luxury of Plymouth's Floating Ride are 11 new comfort features... inches more leg room... 2 inches more elbow and shoulder room.

This new 1936 Plymouth is on display at your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer. See how big and beautiful it is... drive it. (Ask about the official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.)

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4 THINGS PEOPLE WANT:

1. **ECONOMY**—All evidence indicates 18 to 23 miles per gallon of gas.
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3. **RELIABILITY**—Of all low-priced cars, Plymouth has most long-life features.
4. **COMFORT**—Plymouth's Floating Ride plus 11 new comfort improvements.

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THAT'S Chrysler FOR 1936

For 1936, Chrysler presents four great new motor cars . . . with a spirit, a charm, a luxury that nobody can resist . . . at prices more and more people can pay.

A new Chrysler Six. It costs just a little more than the lowest-priced cars. But it gives you more beauty, more style, more room, more comfort. Greater power, greater safety, more thrilling performance, a finer ride.

There's the new De Luxe Eight. Powerful . . . extremely fast. A custom-type of car in the thousand dollar range. A great big car with extra luxurious body-types on 121 and 133-inch wheelbases.

Then, at only a slightly higher price, the 1936 Airflow Chryslers . . . the world's highest luxury in motor car travel. An interesting new hood design. Luxurious new interiors. All the famous features which make Airflow safety and comfort unique in the fine-car class.

Chrysler's Automatic Overdrive is standard on the Airflow Imperial. The thrill and economy of this great advancement is also available on all the 1936 Chryslers at slight extra cost. All 1936 Chryslers have silky Floating Power . . . hydraulic brakes. Big body-form trunks on sedans . . . strong, rigid safety-steel bodies.

For 1936—as never before—Chrysler puts the accent on luxury. Luxury at the lowest prices that have ever commanded such satisfying motoring.

☆ 1936 CHRYSLER SIX . . . 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase. Six body types.

☆ 1936 DE LUXE EIGHT . . . 105 and 110 horsepower, 121 and 133-inch wheelbase. Seven body types.

☆ 1936 AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 115 horsepower, 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger sedan and six-passenger coupe.

☆ 1936 AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower, 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger sedan and six-passenger coupe.

Wouldn't you like a catalog?

We will gladly send you our 1936 literature on request. Address Chrysler Corporation, Chrysler Sales Division, 12214 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

★ ★ ★

—with this twelve-fold Gift!

SO MANY Christmas gifts are forgotten when the novelty wears off. But here's a gift that will bring just as much happiness and entertainment to your friends a year from now as it will *this* Christmas: a subscription to The American Magazine.

Coming new and refreshing every month, it brings to your friends, as no other gift could, that cheery, warm-hearted old Christmas greeting: "Good luck and best wishes for Christmas—and all through the New Year, too!"

And it's a generous gift, despite its small cost. Each friend to whom you send a subscription will receive twelve complete novels (six running as serials and six complete in single issues), over a hundred vivid, fascinating short stories, and more than two hundred helpful, up-to-the-minute articles, all lavishly and beautifully illustrated.

Special Christmas Prices

A single one-year subscription costs $2.50. But if you order two or more subscriptions, each one costs you only $2.00. And you can include your own subscription at this special price if you wish.

But send your order today, before you forget. The mails get clogged around Christmas time, and the order might be delayed in reaching us. If you send it now, we will see that announcements are mailed to your friends in time to reach them just at the height of the Christmas season.

To Announce Your Gift

Your gift of an American subscription will be announced to each friend by a beautiful Christmas card, carrying your name as donor. Painted by the distinguished artist James Preston, in eight brilliant colors, the card portrays Christmas 1775 at historic Bruton Church, Virginia—the church of Washington, Jefferson, John Marshall and Patrick Henry.

You can almost hear the old church bell ring out its carol as the worshippers in their colorful Colonial costumes pause in little knots to exchange those same Christmas greetings that you now send your friends.

Christmas shopping in these days is not so pleasant as it was then. But you avoid the crowds when your Christmas gift is an American Magazine subscription. It's just a matter of filling in and mailing the coupon with your remittance.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY—BEFORE THE CHRISTMAS RUSH

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio 921

Please enter one-year subscriptions to The American Magazine in the names below, and send Christmas cards to announce them as my gifts. Enclosed find $.....in full payment* ($2.50 for one, $4.00 for two, $2.00 each additional one).

NAME..... NAME.....

ADDRESS..... ADDRESS.....

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Announce as gifts from (your name).....

*If you prefer to remit later, check (√) in this box. To send more than two subscriptions, pin your list to this coupon. ☐ Address.....

.....

This painting by G. H. Boughton "The Pilgrims Going to Church" is reproduced through the courtesy of the New York Public Library.

1621 · · · 1935

WITHIN a year after the landing of the Mayflower in 1620, Governor William Bradford proclaimed the first Thanksgiving Day. The Pilgrims had built homes . . . stored their first harvest—survived the ever-present dangers of the wilderness. Even on their way to church, the Pilgrim Fathers had to be alert to protect their wives and children.

In modern times, family protection usually means life insurance . . . to provide an income for living expenses and the children's education when their father is no longer here to help. For fathers who want increased income protection while their children are growing up, as well as permanent protection for their wives, New York Life offers its new Family Income Policy. It gives you added protection when you may need it most, with an option for a guaranteed life income for your retirement. Premiums for this popular new contract are not much higher than for Ordinary Life. Ask a New York Life representative to tell you about it . . . or write for our Family Income booklet.

To our Policy-holders and the Public:

Men risk their capital in business ventures that are necessarily of a speculative nature, but they want their life insurance to be secure against such financial uncertainty. In investing the assets of this company we have adhered to the principle that safety should always be the first consideration; nothing else is so important. Life insurance involves the future security and happiness of too many homes and families, wives and children, for us to pursue any financial course other than that which experience has shown to be the safest and most conservative.

Thomas A. Buckner

President

SAFETY IS ALWAYS THE FIRST CONSIDERATION . . . NOTHING ELSE IS SO IMPORTANT

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A MUTUAL COMPANY

New York Life Emblem Since 1859

FOUNDED IN 1845

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"Forever Yours"...

SAYS THIS BRIDE WITH THE CAMAY COMPLEXION

When I say "forever yours" to Camay, I really mean just that. No beauty aid has done as much for my skin. Camay is my one and only—I'll use it always.

Sincerely,

Marian Thomson

(Mrs. J. Barry-Thomson)

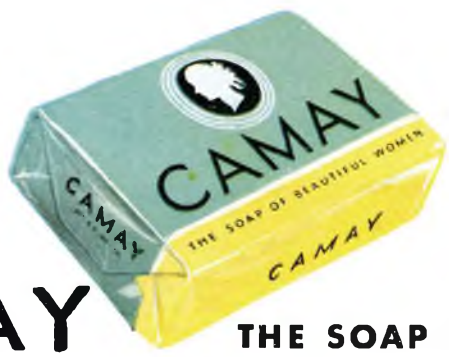
Kansas City, Mo.
November, 1935

"IT flatters me—but I like it"... was the far-too-modest comment of Marian Thomson upon this picture. Because no picture—painted, printed or moving—could do justice to that lovely face crowned with hair of the precise red-gold shade that is heaven's rarest gift to a few, very lucky, women. She has a lovely skin . . . clear, white and luminous. And believe it or not—*not a single freckle!*

What this Camay bride says about complexion care is typical of her group, and her generation. She is devoted to Camay . . . has used it for years and years . . . and credits it with some remarkable, and very pleasing improvements in her complexion.

Camay can take the best of care of *your* skin, too, because Camay is really as mild as May—but surprisingly thorough. From the minute you smooth on that luxurious lather, you can feel its industrious little bubbles reach way down to cleanse your skin, as it's probably never been cleansed before. Camay leaves you feeling fresh, immaculate and with a romantic perfume lingering on your skin.

Camay is delightful to use. A pleasant rite to practice. And more than either of these—it helps your skin to find new clarity, a new fresh texture. And, of course, one of Camay's *best* points is its low price.



CAMAY **THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**

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Enclosed is $_____ for which please enter Christmas Gift Subscriptions to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for one year.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
$2.50 A YEAR

Special Christmas Prices { **2 SUBSCRIPTIONS $4** / **3 SUBSCRIPTIONS $6**

Canada: 50c per year extra for Canadian duty. Foreign rates on application.

The American Magazine

DECEMBER 1935

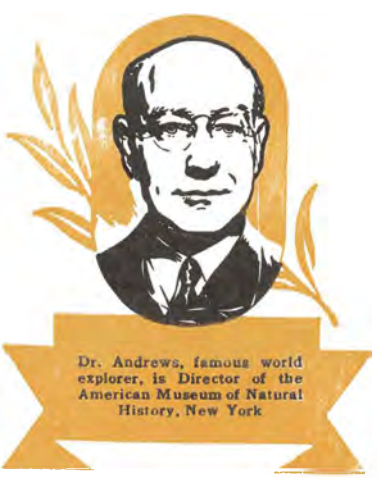
Adventure

NOT long ago, exploring in the Gobi Desert, we discovered the tomb of forty great shovel-tusked mastodons. They had died there 2,000,000 years ago. As my men excavated their bones, I withdrew to a near-by hill and saw an age-old tragedy re-enacted. It was as plain to me as if it had been written on stone.

A quiet estuary ran inland from a great lake. Lush vegetation lined the shores. Floating plants and green tubers sent their roots downward through the shallow waters into a deep well of mud. A huge mastodon, his monstrous shovel jaw dredging up masses of trailing grasses, worked his way slowly along the shore. The succulent tubers, just beyond the water's edge, enticed him farther and farther into the treacherous mud. Suddenly, amidst his greedy feeding, he found that he could not lift his ponderous legs. He struggled madly, only to sink deeper and deeper into the mire of death. I heard his frenzied trumpeting echoing from the high shores. At last they ended in exhausted gurgles as the colossal beast sank below the surface.

Another came, and still others; each one to die as he had died. Down in the black mud tons of flesh macerated and dropped away from the great skeletons, leaving the bones to separate, one by one. We know that as centuries passed into thousands of centuries the great lake disappeared. Countless tons of sediment were deposited on its dry floor. The mastodons' unmarked grave was buried deeply, hopelessly lost, until we adventured there.

Watching the excavating of those great fossil bones was one of the greatest adventures of my life —an adventure of the imagination made possible through knowledge.



Dr. Andrews, famous world explorer, is Director of the American Museum of Natural History, New York

Imagination and knowledge I think are the prerequisites of adventure.

I know of fifty clerical workers on the top floor of a skyscraper who make the routine toil of every humdrum day a high adventure, simply by imagining, in a good-humored way, that they are the crew of the Graf Zeppelin. It all began at nine o'clock one morning, when the office boy said, "Cast off! We're sailing without the skipper." The boss was late. Fifty imaginations went to work on the notion, and the whole force learned the terminology of dirigible navigation to make the drama more real.

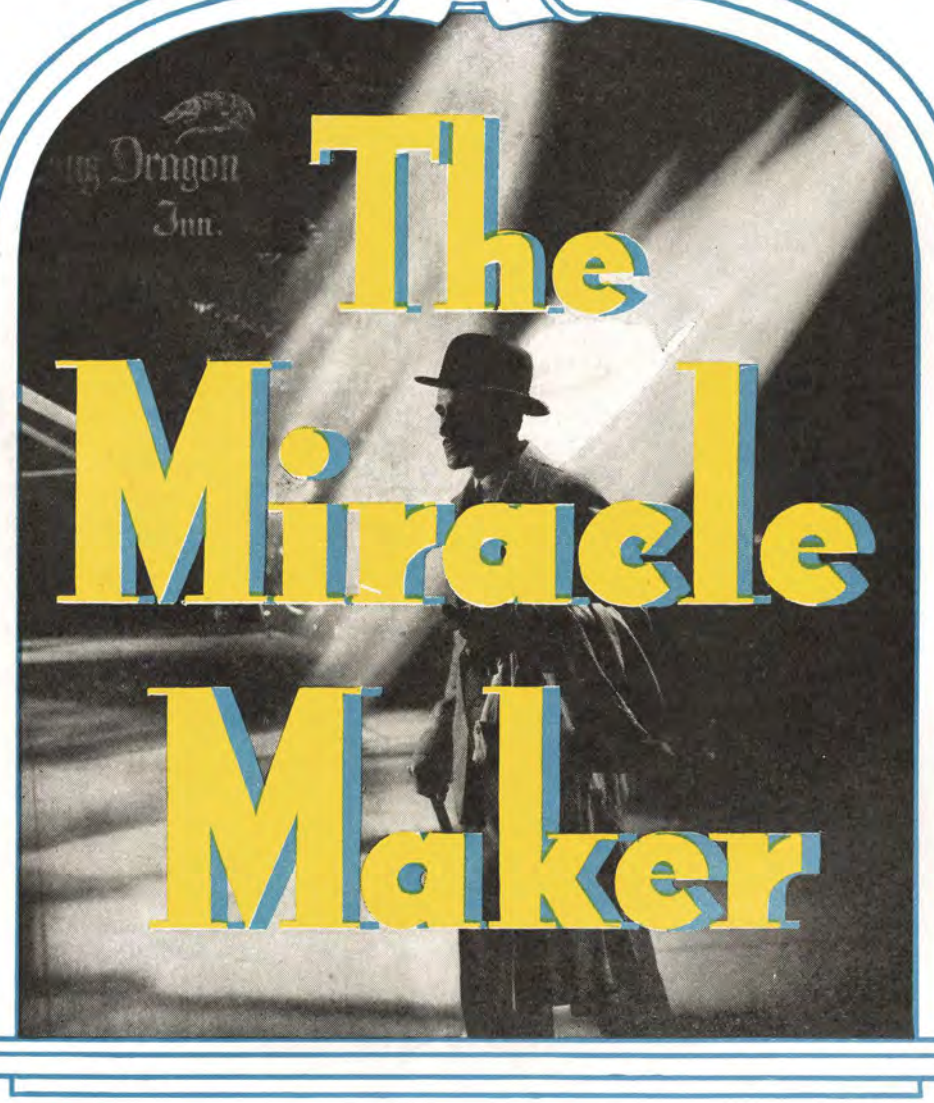
I know of a man who put a jar of distilled water in his back yard and began to make observations upon it every morning and every evening. Gradually it became clouded with plant and animal life, blown in upon the winds. He bought a microscope and books on botany and biology. His life expanded in that jar of water. Every morning brought a new adventure.

YOUTH, hungry for adventure, is crying today, like Alexander, because there are no more worlds to conquer. Virtually the whole earth has been explored, and civilization creeps into the jungle, mountain, and desert. But today, here at home in America, young men and women have a greater opportunity for adventure than they have had in the history of the world. The psychologist is adventuring in the unexplored mind of man—the dark continent of science. The chemist adventures in new substances, out of which longer and healthier life will spring. The physicist has seen just a first glimmer of the mysterious, colossal world of atoms and electrons. New worlds have been discovered for conquest. Let the young adventurer open his eyes, learn, and go forth, wonder in his heart, the sword of curiosity in his hand. Prepare for adventure!

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Guest Editorial Writer

BEGINNING... A master craftsman's original motion picture script. A great story presented in a novel fashion. As you read you can see the screen, hear the dialogue, and watch the action



The Miracle Maker

BY H. G. WELLS

"Here, be beautiful," commanded the Miracle Maker. "Be like Cleopatra in the play—" She stood before him, transfigured

THE starry sky is seen as it might be seen on a clear, frosty night in the temperate zone. At first *the arrangement of stars is unfamiliar*. There are strange nebulae and two very bright constellations of seven and eleven stars, respectively. The stars stream at first slowly across the screen while the Riders ride. Then the familiar constellations appear, but somewhat flattened, distorted, and foreshortened.

Across the stars two Riders become more and more distinct. They are beautiful naked male figures on horses. The stars shine brightly through them at first, and then they become more opaque and definite, so as to blot out the stars behind them. They give the effect of being bronze rather than flesh and blood. Their voices are heard, but it is not clear at first which speaks. The First Rider is called here the Observer. The Second Rider is called the Indifference. A third great elemental is named the Player or the Giver of Power.

THE OBSERVER: "Our brother, the Giver of Power, is yonder, playing with his planet." Points.

THE INDIFFERENCE: "That queer, small planet with the live things upon it?"

He looks under his hand to shade his eyes from a bright star cluster close above them.

THE OBSERVER: "Let us see what he is doing."

THE great shapes of the two Riders pass forward across the screen, their horses sink out of sight, so that the Observer and the Indifference become the semitransparent, half-length bodies of mounted men to the left and right of the central figure. They come to rest in semiprofile to the audience, looking at the central figure. This is a third great shadowy shape, also of heroic form and beauty. He sits brooding over something between his feet in an attitude recalling Rodin's Thinker. Between his feet, at first infinitely small, is the solar system. It becomes larger, and, as it does, the two Riders pass by extension out of the screen, so as to become mere voices. But the Player is still there, shadowy but now almost opaque and filling the screen, so that only the solar system and a few near stars can be seen between and through his feet.

THE INDIFFERENCE: "Cannot you leave those nasty little animals alone?"

THE PLAYER shakes his head: "These men?"

THE OBSERVER: "They are such silly little creatures. Swarming and crawling. Why has the Master permitted them?"

THE PLAYER: "They are pitifully small and weak. But—I like them."

THE OBSERVER: "Nonsense. They are nasty. They are mean and cruel and stupid. They are vain and greedy. They crawl over one another and kill and devour one another."

THE PLAYER: "They are just weak."

THE INDIFFERENCE: "Happily."

THE PLAYER: "If they were not weak they might not be so pitiful. But their lives are so short and their efforts so feeble. . . ."

THE OBSERVER: "If they had Power they would be no better."

THE PLAYER: "I am going to try that —I am going to give them all the Power I can."

THE OBSERVER: "Don't. What will happen if these greedy, silly, human scabs who can only breed and scramble, spread out among our stars?"

THE PLAYER: "You will see."

THE OBSERVER: "Are you going to give all of them limitless Power?"

THE PLAYER: "There is a limit to the Power I can give. So the Master has decreed. There is a bit of gritty stuff at the heart of every individual no Power can touch. The Soul—the Individuality —that ultimate mystery only the Master can control. Their Wills—such as they are—are Free. But all else—every position, every circumstance—is mine."

THE solar system slowly expands, so that the Player also passes beyond the scope of the screen and becomes merely a voice. The three voices come from above and right and left. The solar system now occupies the main part of the screen against a background of stars.

THE OBSERVER: "Now we shall see what their Souls amount to!"

THE PLAYER: "The Will of Man—released!"

THE OBSERVER: "Worms rampant."

THE INDIFFERENCE: "They will defile the stars."

THE OBSERVER: "Don't give Power to all of them. That would be an explosion. Try one or two first. Try just one."

THE INDIFFERENCE: "Yes. Try one. Someone commonplace. A fair sample. Let him be able to do—anything. Give him the power to work miracles—without limit."

THE PLAYER, musingly: "Why not? Then perhaps we might see what there is in the human heart."

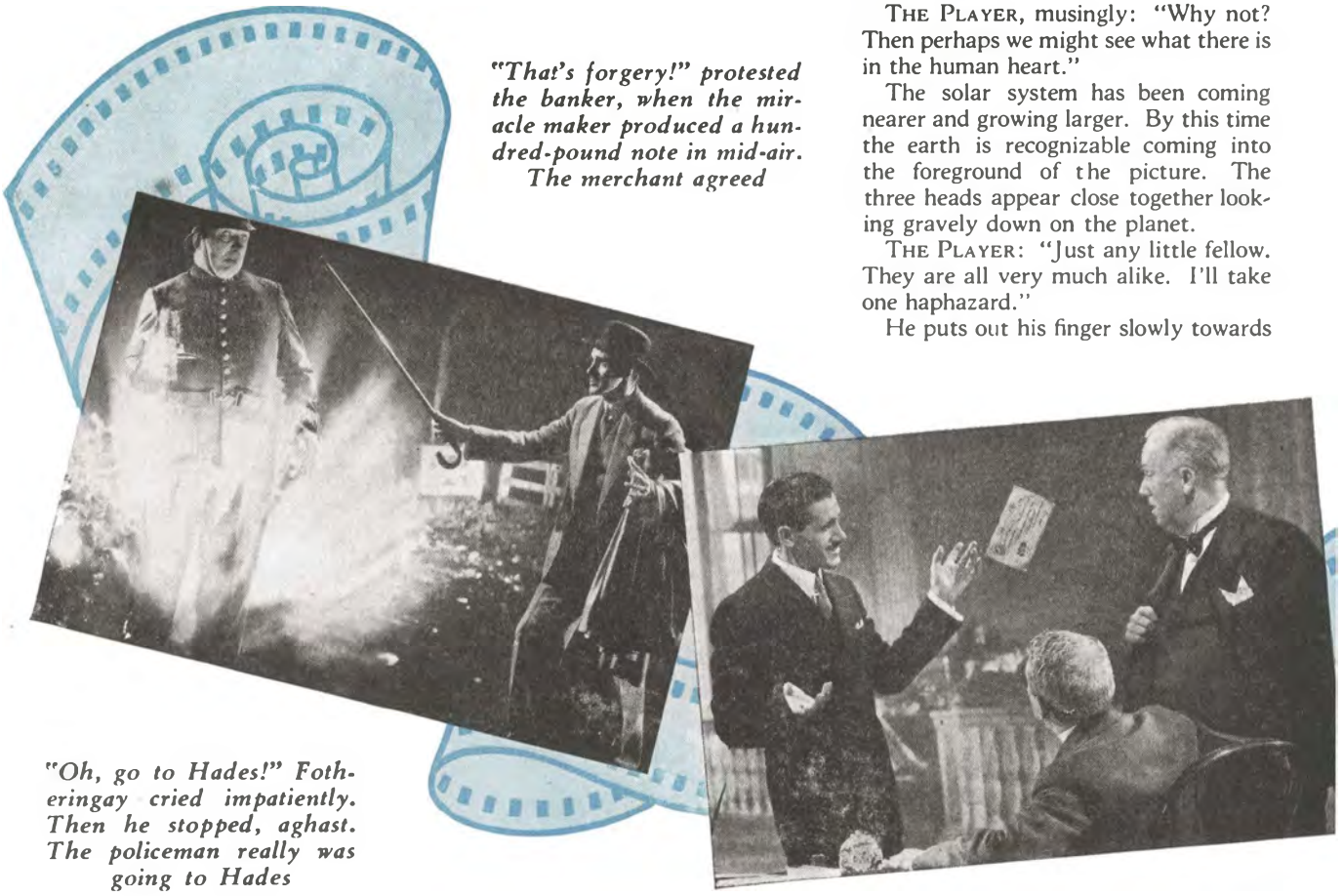
The solar system has been coming nearer and growing larger. By this time the earth is recognizable coming into the foreground of the picture. The three heads appear close together looking gravely down on the planet.

THE PLAYER: "Just any little fellow. They are all very much alike. I'll take one haphazard."

He puts out his finger slowly towards the earth. . . . The earth grows larger against the starry heavens.

The hand with its projecting finger, overwhelmingly large, approaches the little earth.

DISSOLVE. . . .



"That's forgery!" protested the banker, when the miracle maker produced a hundred-pound note in mid-air. The merchant agreed

"Oh, go to Hades!" Fotheringay cried impatiently. Then he stopped, aghast. The policeman really was going to Hades

A CHURCH clock strikes nine. Under a starry sky Dewhinton, a little English country town, is seen, dimly lit with a few gas lamps, lighted

windows, road signs, etc. The camera trucks up to, into, and through this, and comes to a stop outside a public house. The street is deserted except for Mr. George McWhirter Fotheringay, who approaches the inn in a leisurely manner. He is a commonplace, pale-faced young man, assistant in the general store. Radio is heard faintly from within the inn, and stops abruptly. In the stillness a beam of blackness in the shape of a finger tip descends upon the bowler hat of Mr. Fotheringay. It is held for a moment, a beam of blackness with a pulsating flicker in its darkness, as though obscure currents of power were flowing down it. Then it fades out. Mr. Fotheringay is not apparently affected by this nor aware of it in any way. He pauses before the door, adjusts his hat and stick, and enters. As he opens the door there is a warm swell of argumentative voices.

The Long Dragon Inn, Dewhinton, is the sort of inn to be found near the center of any English small town. The scene is the bar parlor. The chief light is a large paraffin lamp hanging by a hook from the ceiling.

Mr. Fotheringay has established himself in a leaning attitude against the bar. Facing him is a sturdy individual, Mr. Toddy Beamish, a builder in a small way. Behind the bar, wiping out a glass, is the rather portly barmaid, Miss Maybridge. Mr. Cox, the landlord, is in shirt sleeves and rather in the background. A cyclist sits at a table to the left, nearly under the lamp, listening with an air of profound inattention to the discussion. An old man with a dog, by a table to the right, is wagging his head slowly from side to side with a certain air of disapproval. . . . Shots fairly close up to the speakers.

TODDY BEAMISH: "Well, Mr. Fotheringay, *you* may not believe in miracles, but I do. Not to believe in miracles, I say, strikes at the very roots of religion."

Old man assents.

MISS MAYBRIDGE: "Of course, Mr. Beamish, there's miracles—*and* miracles."

FOTHERINGAY: "Exactly, Miss Maybridge. Now, let's get clear what a miracle is. Some people would argue the sun rising every day is a miracle."

TODDY BEAMISH: "Some of us do."

FOTHERINGAY: "Not what I call a miracle. A miracle *I* say is something *contrariwise* to the usual course of nature done by power of will—something what couldn't happen or come about without being specially willed."

TODDY BEAMISH: "So *you* say."

FOTHERINGAY: "Well, you got to 'ave a definition." Appeals to cyclist: "What do *you* say, sir?"

Cyclist starts, clears his throat, and expresses assent.

Fotheringay appeals to Landlord Cox.

COX: "I'm not *in* this."

FOTHERINGAY, pursuing his argument: "For instance. Here would be a miracle. The lamp here in the natural course of nature couldn't burn like that upsy-down, could it, Mr. Beamish?"

TODDY BEAMISH: "No. It couldn't."

FOTHERINGAY: "Very well. Then here comes someone, as it might be me, along here, and he stands as it might be here, and he says to this lamp, as I might do, collecting all my will—and I'm doing it, mind you—I'm playing fair: 'Turn upsy-down, I tell you, without breaking and go on burning steady and' —Oo-er!"

Fotheringay's bed was strewn with rabbits and flowers he had materialized, and he was eating some miraculous grapes rather suspiciously. The next day he cured his sweetheart's sprained arm with a word, and he tidied up his dry-goods department by commanding, "Apple-pie order!" The rolls of goods leaped into place

"Turn over and keep on burning," Mr. Fotheringay said to the lamp. He was more terrified than anyone when it did. A blooming miracle, that's what it was!

NATURAL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL HESSE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

The lamp obeys.

Close-up of Mr. Fotheringay's amazement. He keeps his hand held out. Mouth open.

Scene of general consternation. The cyclist, who is nearly under the lamp, realizes danger, ducks, and darts away. Miss Maybridge, polishing a glass in happy unconsciousness, turns, sees the amazing thing, and screams. Mr. Cox, open-mouthed, says: "'Ere! Whad the 'ell?" The old man's dog gets up and barks. The old man's apprehension of the situation comes slowly.

Close-up of Mr. Fotheringay in a profuse perspiration. "It's not possible," he gasps. "I can't keep it up—it's *got* to drop."

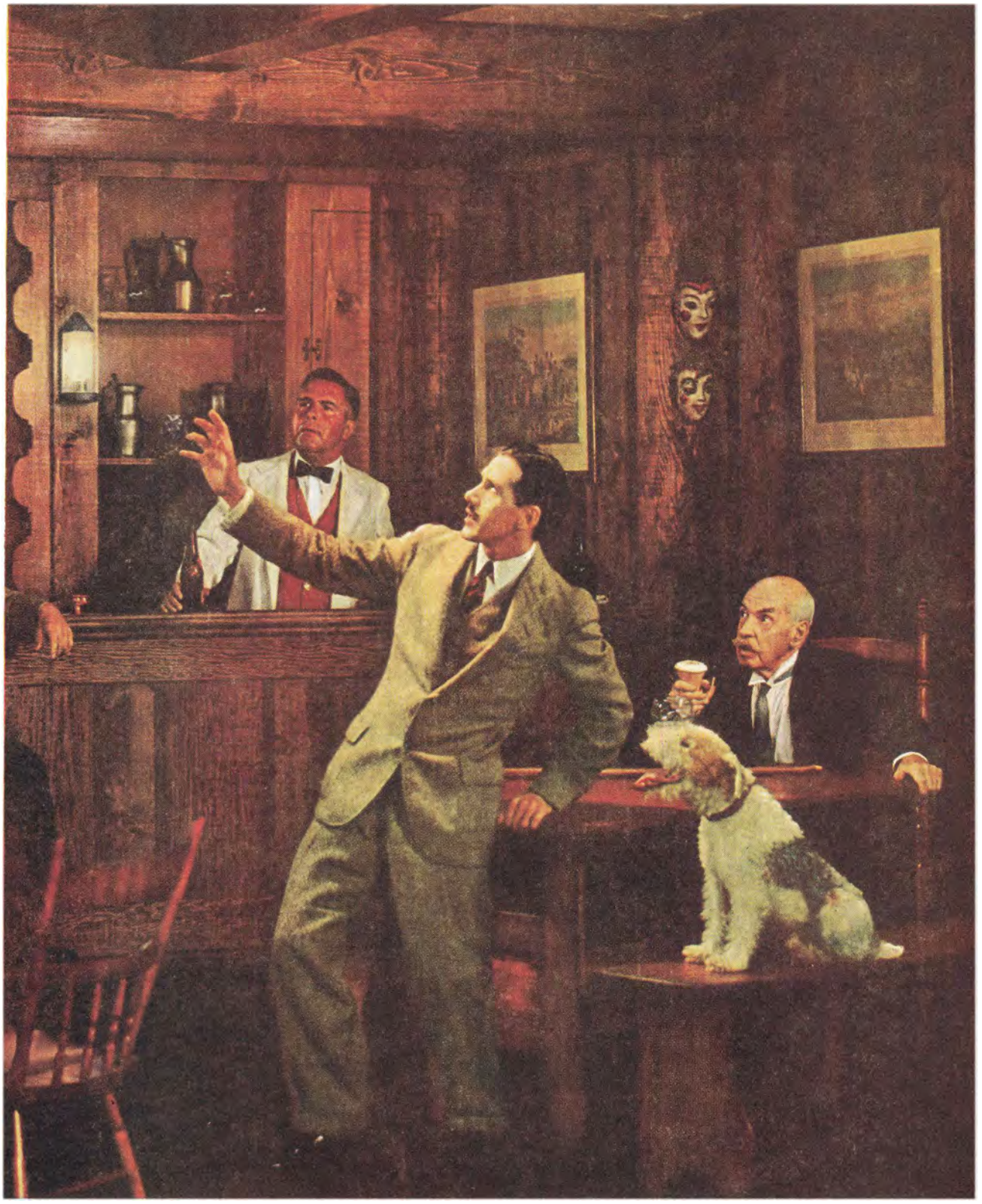
The lamp falls, and smashes chimney and shade. But there is no fire. The container of the lamp is a metal one and the paraffin is not spilled. The bar is in darkness until Cox brings another lamp from an inner room.

Cox, with dangerous calm: "And now, Mr. Fotheringay, will you be so good as to explain this silly trick—before I chuck you out?"

The Cyclist, much agitated: "Silliest thing I've ever seen done."

Toddy Beamish: "What ever made you do it?"

Cox: "Outside is the place for you—



outside the Long Dragon for good and all."

MISS MAYBRIDGE: "'E's got to pay for two bitters, Mr. Cox."

COX: "And he's going to pay for a lamp shade and chimney."

THE OLD MAN, suddenly breaking into a shout: "'E did it with wires! I knowed a girl once who did things like that. A bad girl she was! Wires he did it with."

FOTHERINGAY, recovering the power of speech: "Look here, Mr. Cox, I don't know what happened to that confounded lamp—any more than anyone. I didn't touch it. I *swear* I didn't touch it."

Close-up of incredulous faces as Fotheringay sees them.

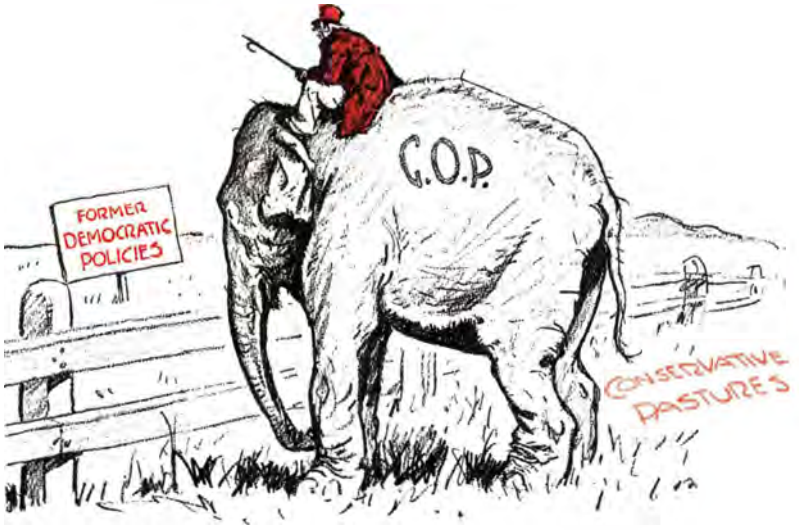
COX, particularly implacable: "Look you here, Mr. Conjurer, don't let's have any more pother. You get out of my house before I push you out." . . .

Scene shifts to Mr. Fotheringay's bedroom in his lodging. A small, cheap, lodginghouse room lit by a candle. Mr. Fotheringay has taken off coat and waistcoat and is removing his collar and tie. "No need for Mr. Cox to get violent."

He inspects the state of the buttonhole of his collar and puts collar and tie very carefully (*Continued on page 139*)

Which way will the

"The Republicans are prepared to adopt the Democratic states' rights principle, to unite all anti-New Deal citizens. . . ." What the New Deal has done to party politics



By Frank R. Kent

THERE seem to be good grounds today for believing that in next year's presidential election the strength of party ties will be more nearly dissolved than anyone in politics would have dreamed possible three years ago. For more than half a century, elections in America have been decided by approximately 10 per cent of the voters, who, unbound by ties, swing between the two parties. Now the time seems about to arrive when the 10 per cent free voters will lose their balance-of-power position. In brief, an unprecedented lot of the remaining 90 per cent of the voters—the party-bound voters—are going to shed their shackles and really exercise a choice in a national election, instead of merely offsetting another great group of party-bound voters who call themselves by another name.

In distant days when great issues divided the parties and each represented a widely separated school of political thought, loyalty to the party was only logical and intelligent. But when these things cease utterly to be true, then all reason for unvarying party regularity disappears except among two classes of persons—the professional politicians who play the game for power or profit, and those who are dependent upon the party organizations for their living. There is a third class in which—particularly in state elections—blind allegiance to the party is at least understandable. This class is composed of citizens of the deep South, where Democratic dominance is believed by many to be essential to the preservation of peaceful relations between the races.

Aside from these three groups, however, I submit that party regularity ceases to be intelligent when there is no longer any real difference between the two parties. And such is the case today. The two parties are so ludicrously alike that it has become increasingly difficult for a man to give a sound reason why he is a Democrat or a Republican. It is my belief that the developments since March, 1933, have done so much to end the power of party labels that even the most hidebound partisan must realize the facts. The whole business of party regularity is going out the window.

WHAT has happened is, in my judgment, politically sensational and deeply significant. For purposes of clarity it can be divided into three categories:

First, the effect Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal have had upon the Democratic Party;

Second, the effect they have had upon the Republican Party, which is almost as great;

Third, the effect they have had upon the country, which is the most interesting of all.

I am talking now of political effects, not budgetary, business, agricultural, financial, or moral effects. It is not here proposed to defend or indict the New Deal philosophy, but instead to present as clearly and fairly as possible the strange political picture now in process of development.

Taking up these above-mentioned "effects" in order, I think it is obvious that the Roosevelt administration's policies are at complete variance with the historic and basic doctrines of the Democratic Party. The Roosevelt policies, in fact, are extremely abhorrent to those old-fashioned Democrats whose Democracy has been most undiluted. No better illustration of their feeling can be given than by quoting Senator Glass's furious reply when someone spoke of the New Dealers as Democrats:

"Democrats! Democrats!" indignantly said the Virginia senator. "Why, Thomas Jefferson wouldn't speak to these people except to denounce them."

It is difficult today to name any out-

Elephant jump?

standing Democratic leader of the pre-New Deal period who is in sympathy with the Roosevelt policies. Besides Senator Glass, there are Alfred E. Smith, John W. Davis, Albert C. Ritchie, William R. Pattangall of Maine, Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland, William H. Murray (Alfalfa Bill) of Oklahoma, Newton D. Baker, Ex-Senator James A. Reed of Missouri, Bainbridge Colby, and others. Except in the most perfunctory manner, none of them have been consulted by the President. Most of them have been completely ignored. Yet, until two years ago, they were the most conspicuous and respected leaders of the party. Two of them have been its candidate for president. That these men do not regard the Roosevelt administration as Democratic has been made abundantly clear. And not many will deny that there is just cause for their attitude.

Certainly the administration is not Democratic in the traditional sense. For example, the Democratic Party for half a century has opposed the centralization of power in the federal government and the intrusion of government into private business. Yet expansion of governmental power and extension of its authority over business are the very essence of the New Deal program. For a hundred years the Democratic Party has stood strongly for states' rights. Yet under the New Deal the rights of the states have virtually disappeared and, through distribution of billions for relief, bonuses, and public works, the federal power has become irresistible.

Actually, Mr. Roosevelt has adopted neither Democratic nor Republican policies. Rather, he has taken over the policies of that small group of Progressive Republicans, typified by Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska and Senator Robert M. LaFollette of Wisconsin. This Progressive group also includes Philip F. LaFollette, governor of Wisconsin, and Nye of South Dakota, Pinchot of Pennsylvania, and Brookhart of Iowa. Off and on, Senator Borah is a Progressive, too, though his regularity in presidential elections is unvarying.

These Progressives have served a useful purpose in American politics. They have had a splendid nuisance value, and have prodded both the old parties into better behavior and forced the adoption of various pieces of legislative reform, some of which have been good. But, until Mr. Roosevelt came in, no one clothed with authority and responsibility took their legislative proposals and panaceas seriously. He (*Continued on page 118*)

"It has become increasingly difficult for a man to give a sound reason why he is a Democrat or a Republican"

Safety-Pin Pilot

By Blaine and Jean Dupont Miller

A LUNAR rainbow flung its radiance over Tantalus and plunged into the ocean somewhere back of Diamond Head. With foaming crests, the great combers of Waikiki thundered ashore. Beyond the beach, the riding lights of the Fleet outlined each ship against the night sky as if strange citadels had risen out of the sea. Yet all this beauty was lost on Jeff as he strode along to the hotel. More formally known as Lieutenant Jefferson B. Carson, United States Navy, he was too consumed with rage at that moment to respond to the softening influences of nature.

He went up past the banyan tree to the terrace and the dancing. It was evident that the festivities were well under way. Three hours before, and miles at sea, sitting in the cockpit of his P2M, he had ruefully anticipated that he would be just about this late. Tonight of all nights to have been sent to the aid of an amateur mariner who hadn't the brains to take enough gasoline with him!

The Fleet was sailing in the morning for maneuvers and there was an undercurrent of excitement in the air. Starched mess jackets bent tenderly over flower-hued gowns, and Jeff inspected them all moodily. Where was his girl? Where was Virginia, whom he had loved for longer than he could remember and whom he had just stood up for the fourth consecutive time?

There was no use kidding himself. Inevitably he was looking for Hap Lockhart, too. His loss would be Hap's gain. He remembered, somewhat bitterly,

how Hap had met Virginia, in the first place. She had come down to a house party at Norfolk on Jeff's invitation. Two hours after she arrived he had been ordered to fly some spare parts to the U.S.S. Montana's outfit at Guantanamo. He had turned Virginia over to Hap. To a cocky, fighting-plane pilot! What a mistake *that* had been!

He searched again, and vainly, among the whirling dancers. Then his unhappy gaze fell upon a large golden safety pin painted on a red triangular background. It was set amongst the signal flags and the insignia of other aviation squadrons, with which the committee had decorated the terrace. Yah! An open golden safety pin, symbolic of eternal vigilance in behalf of the distressed. Jeff regarded his squadron insignia malignantly. While he ran around mopping up idiots stranded in the ocean, he'd lost his girl.

He looked again, and this time his anxiously searching eyes were rewarded. There was Virginia, looking like a blond angel; and bending over her golden head was Hap. Intent on cutting in, Jeff started barging through the crowd. But the jinx that had begun when the captain routed him out at five o'clock to fly down to Lahaina Roads still held. As he crossed the terrace, the music stopped. He found himself trailing Virginia and Hap to the beach. It was

Jeff decided on a bold stroke. "Thanks for taking care of my girl," he said to the man. But he knew she was very angry

The great stars of the distress signal glowed larger and burst into a glorious spray

Hap who saw him first.

"Well, look who's here!" he drawled.

Virginia didn't say anything, but Jeff could tell by her eyes that he was not in favor at the moment.

"I'm sorry, Virginia. The Old Man sent me out on fifteen minutes' notice. Did you get my message?"

"Yes, I did," she said coolly. "I put it away with your other last-minute messages. I have quite a collection now."

"Have a heart, Jinny! Orders are orders!"

Virginia looked as if she had heard that one before, and Hap chose this inauspicious moment for jesting.

"Didn't you know, Virginia," he asked airily, with an exasperating grin, "that a sea scout has to do his one good deed each day?"

To Jeff, this was the final straw.

"You big, giddy, barnstorming baboon! You wouldn't be so cocky about flying landplanes over water if you didn't have a utility squadron coming on behind to pick up the pieces."

"You've had darn' few pieces to pick up from my outfit!"

THEY were glaring at each other across a strip of moon-white beach, and Jeff wanted nothing so much in the world as to give Hap a poke in the jaw.

Virginia announced with determination, "I'm going back to the terrace and see if I can get an introduction to someone in submarines."

They subsided.

Jeff decided on a bold stroke in his own behalf: "Thanks for taking care of Virginia for me, Lockhart."

"The pleasure was all mine—in fact, it will be mine for the rest of the evening."

They turned to the lady for her verdict.

"Yes," she agreed; "I don't believe in split dates. They're hard on the nerves."

Jeff was about to bow out, coldly and stiffly, when she added, in less glacial tones, "You may have the next dance, if you'd like."

They didn't dance, however. They walked down the beach, and Jeff explained all over again just why he hadn't called for her at seven.

"It's getting pretty monotonous, Jeff. First Norfolk. Then Panama. You remember, you begged me to arrange a two weeks' stopover between ships and visit the Palmers. I did. And you were sent to Belize on hurricane emergency duty."

Jeff could admit no error in this record of ill-luck which had attended his courting.

"I persuaded the family to drive to California instead of going to Europe, and when we arrived in Coronado you had been ordered to Alaskan survey duty."

They walked on in silence. The night was made for love, and here were they, quarreling!

The same thought must have occurred to Virginia, for she looked at him, her eyes soft and friendly. "Oh, Jeff, this is such a miserable way for us to be. Couldn't you change your squadron?"

He'd expected that would come up sooner or later.

"I will, some day. But right now, with all that's going on out here—the transpacific air surveys and all—it's the place to be."

Her voice was cool again: "I see. Well, of course, if the Safety-Pin Squadron means more to you—"

She flushed and broke off. He knew what she had meant to say—"if the squadron means more to you than I do!"

SO HE stopped and faced her, and told her just what she did mean to him. He told her how he had felt about her ever since she was a little girl with pigtails and he had confided in her a Midwestern youngster's dreams of going off to sea. His words tumbled over each other and were by no means winged with poetry, but she seemed to get the idea.

When he had finished, he caught the glint of tears on her lashes and realized that somewhere he had lost out.

"I'd have to be sure, Jeff. I wouldn't want to be a halfway wife."

"Could you have been sure—before Norfolk?"

"Yes."

He took her hand, his eyes on the white triangle of her face. "What are we going to do, honey?"

"I'm going to do a lot of thinking, Jeff, these next few days while you and Hap are gone."

He wanted to say that, after all, it was feeling that counted and you didn't have to think about that. But he let it pass.

"You and I haven't seen much of each other since we have grown up. Maybe what we have is just a hang-over from school days."

"Not with me, it isn't," averred Jeff.

"I have to *know*. I can't go on writing to you both and being written to by both of you. That's why I came out to the Islands—to make up my mind."

He took her in his arms for just long enough to realize how terrible it would be if he lost her.

Her voice came muffled from somewhere around his shoulder: "Have dinner with me Friday at the Moana, and I'll tell you then. Don't fail me, will you?"

"I won't." Stanchly he promised, reckless of the golden safety pin which was the real arbiter of his destiny. . . .

JEFF had no time during that week for dreaming of Virginia. On maneuvers you never thought of anything but keeping your crate in the sky. Scouting flights. Quick dashes to take fuel or spare parts to some patrolling plane forced down. Attacks. The sense of some mighty machine geared high and running full. No, Jeff Carson as a young man in love faded out. There was just the pilot of a P2M, a little cog that mustn't gum the works of the mighty machine.

Friday noon found the Safety-Pin Squadron rolling in the great Pacific swells off Kauai. At four bells the word had come from the flagship, "Cease present exercise. Well done!"

Now, like arrows released from some gigantic bow, the fighters, the bombers, the scouts, were headed for their carriers. The P2M's stayed behind to mop up. They didn't mind. That's what it meant to be in a utility outfit.

Presently, even they were taking to the air. All except Jeff. It was his turn to gather up the buoys to which the planes had been moored. Now Virginia was coming back to first place in his mind and heart. He felt, impatiently, that this final job would never be done.

"Pay day, and a week end on the beach!" he encouraged his crew.

They had the buoys ashore and stored

in record time, but, even so, it was over an hour before Jeff opened his throttle and got his craft on the step. He could still make Pearl Harbor by six, be dressed by six-thirty, and make the Moana Hotel with five minutes to spare. He pulled back his flippers to the accompaniment of song:

"Show me the way to go home—"

He put the big boat on her course and throttled down to cruising revs.

"Two hours, Jinny, and you won't know you ever met a fighting-plane pilot socially!" promised young Mr. Carson loudly and argely.

The P2M handled beautifully, for she was light. All the spares which were generally carried had been used up during the past strenuous week, and there was nothing to do but keep her headed for home.

AN HOUR out, just as Jeff had calculated the drift and corrected his course, his arm was nudged.

Before he looked at the message, something cold as doom hit him in the pit of the stomach.

Transpacific flight test plane, en route Midway Island to Oahu forced down Latitude 22°-20′ Longitude 162°-10′ request assistance immediately in view of approaching low-pressure area in vic nity.

It was from the commandant at Pearl Harbor to the skipper of the VJ Squadron.

What now? No use asking whom that one tapped on the shoulder. No one but Jefferson B. Carson and his P2M. The rest of the squadron were in sight of Pearl Harbor by now. He was nearest to the stranded craft by a hundred and fifty miles. He could just make it before night fell upon the water.

He was pondering these facts when Sparks gave him the second message. It was from the skipper, repeating the commandant's message and adding:

—Weather reports indicate severe tropical disturbance will sweep area indicated first message. Use own judgment whether or not to proceed to assist. Seagoing tug will be dispatched to scene at once.

Good old skipper! He wasn't going to order anybody into a blow he couldn't get into himself. Jeff folded the message and put it in his pocket. That was his out! Those survey planes were strongly built. The Moana for him at seven sharp. He opened up his throttles a bit more and again struck up, "Show me the way to go home—" but presently he stopped singing.

The sky, which had been clear and deeply blue, began to show a layer of high cirrus. A low-pressure area coming on. Jeff began to think of times he'd dropped down from a safe altitude to planes stranded in a rough sea. Al Coffin fifteen miles off Guantanamo, with his old crate going to pieces under him. Those civilian chaps off Magdalena Bay.

It was funny how men all looked the same when you picked them up. Sheepish as the devil, except their eyes, and, when you saw them, you knew they'd been scared. Frozen stiff. Well, there was nothing to be ashamed of, being scared when you were down, with foul weather coming up.

That brought him around to the survey plane. Probably six or eight men aboard her. Good eggs, too, these boys that were pioneering the run from Canton to San Francisco. Some day, soon, passengers would sit in luxurious safety, frett ng because maybe they wouldn't get to Shanghai in time for dinner.

Survey work was like utility squadron work. Everyone forgot about it in admiring the final fireworks. But, who cared? A good job and a good crowd to do it with was enough for any man. That's why he'd always been so proud of the Safety-Pin Squadron. It never fell down on a job. . . . *Then, why are you heading for home, with a plane sitting in the water, and your drift indicator telling you the wind is coming up?*

He sighed sharply, swung his plane in a circle, and took up a new course to the northwestward. That was the answer.

Hastily, he wrote out a dispatch and gave it to Sparks. It told the squadron skipper in particular, and the world in general:

Am proceeding to assistance of transpacific flying boat.

There was no longer any doubt about trouble coming in the weather line. The wind had definitely picked up, and on the western horizon could be seen a low line of fat cumulo-nimbus.

By the time he had to dodge around the first heavy rain squall, ground speed had been reduced by strong head winds. The crew was no longer in a gay, homegoing mood. Jeff could feel them in back of him, strained and watchful. Despite the engine's roar, he caught McIlvay's deep sigh of satisfaction as he shouted in his ear:

"Sparks has 'em, sir. It's faint, but he's got 'em."

Jeff nodded. On the water, the stranded plane would have to use a low-powered set. But it was enough. He corrected his course as indicated by his direction finder.

DUSK was in the turbulent sky and the white caps stretched as far as eye could see when they finally picked up the tiny spot on the water. Jeff swung around, settling on the top of a swell, and coasted down a long hill of water, coming to a stop close alongside the great Albatros. Before the splash had subsided, McIlvay was between the wings semaphoring.

The situation, as wigwagged to him, was not rosy. The Albatros had thrown two push rods, and what they needed was two more push rods to get them to Hawaii.

Jeff groaned. All his spares had been used up. He did some quick, simple arithmetic. Eight men in the survey plane, five in the P2M. The Navy plane couldn't possibly get off the water with thirteen aboard, even if there had been room to stow them.

"Mac," he shouted, "ask the Albatros how many extra men they could carry and get off in this sea."

"Aye, aye, sir!" And he began to swing his arms.

"Four, Mr. Carson," he finally opined.

"All right. Take two push rods out of the starboard engine as fast as the Lord will let you."

The sailors were watching him, quiet, intent.

"Robonic, break out the

(*Continued on page 117*)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The plane lunged dangerously in the swells

Suppose you lived in a flat-broke town. . . . Suppose, when hope had gone, you woke up one day to find a modern new city floating in on the tide. That's what is happening in Eastport, Maine. All because of one man's dream of wresting power from the moon and the sea

Dexter P. Cooper, the man who "put it over"

DRAWING BY SHAPI

Santa Claus comes to Way down East

THE state of Maine has grown a lot of Christmas trees, but it never grew one like that which is sprouting nowadays at Eastport, the little community which is the heart of Way Down East and the easternmost city of the United States.

The last time such a Christmas tree grew it was called the Great Pyramid of Giza, and it gave employment to 30,000 Egyptians in

order that King Cheops might have the most imposing mausoleum in history. This one is called the Passamaquoddy Bay Tidal Power Development, and it is going to give employment to some 8,000 of Maine's unemployed in order that the tides of the Bay of Fundy may be harnessed and 200,000 horsepower generated for the pursuit of industry and the advancement of civilization.

QUODDY, as the brevity-loving Way-Down-Easters call it, is one of the most daring and ingenious engineering schemes of modern times. It proposes to utilize the rise and fall of the tides, which are caused by the moon, for the creation of hydroelectric power, and thus put the yellow satellite, which has never been credited with anything but the advancement of romance, to doing such mundane but useful tasks as sawing wood, cooking meals, sewing dresses, canning sardines, lighting highways, washing clothes, and turning the wheels of any number of factories.

The moon, after thousands of years of freebooting among young and trembling hearts, is going to get a taste of married life.

So amazing was such an idea to my sleepy mind that forthwith, upon learning of it, I went to Eastport, there to propound a question to all who would listen, and to discover what it is all about.

"Mister," the barber said to me wearily, "if you was to've seen this town a year ago you wouldn't know it was the same you're seein' today. And if you come back in a year you won't know it's the same one you see now. Things is happening."

"Me," said the bootblack, "I'm fixin' myself a sign. It says, 'Shoes Shined by an Expert. Special attention to Ladies' White Shoes.' Say, maybe you can tell me. Do all them army officers that's comin' here wear them leather puttees that has to be shined?"

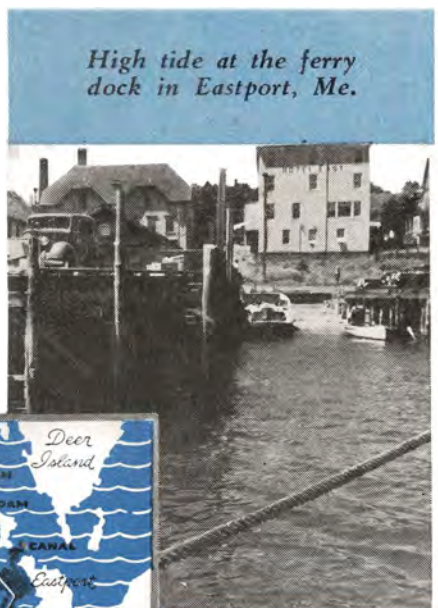
"Things," said the chief of police, "are poppin'. They got me run so ragged I had to hire another man to take over the nights. Why, I used to come down to m'office and wait for the telephone t'ring. Now I'm on the street all day and never get a rest."

"This," said the mayor of Eastport, "is the greatest thing that ever happened to Eastport, and possibly to the state of Maine. Its possibilities for the future are practically endless."

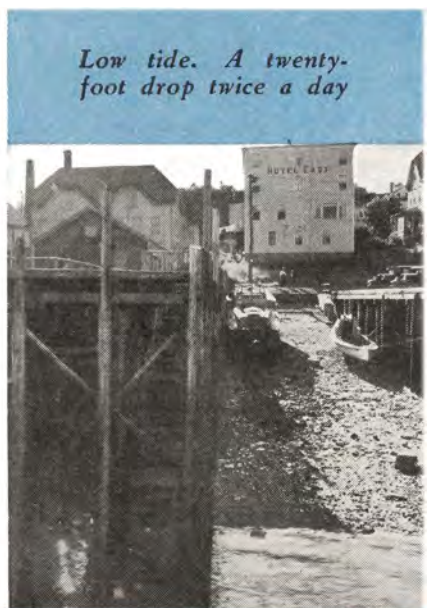
"Mister," said the man with the nautical cap who was standing on a rotted wharf looking toward Campobello Island, "Santa Claus sure has come to Way Down East."

AND that, in brief, is what Quoddy—the United States Government's $36,000,000 attempt to harness the tides for the first time in history—means to the tall, spare, hard-bitten sons of the sea and soil who live Way Down East in Maine, where flint-hearted squires wrested tiny white homesteads from penniless widows during the late nineteenth-century period of American literature, and where once the Acadians lived and died, before the exodus and before Longfellow stirred himself to hymn their tragedy in *Evangeline*.

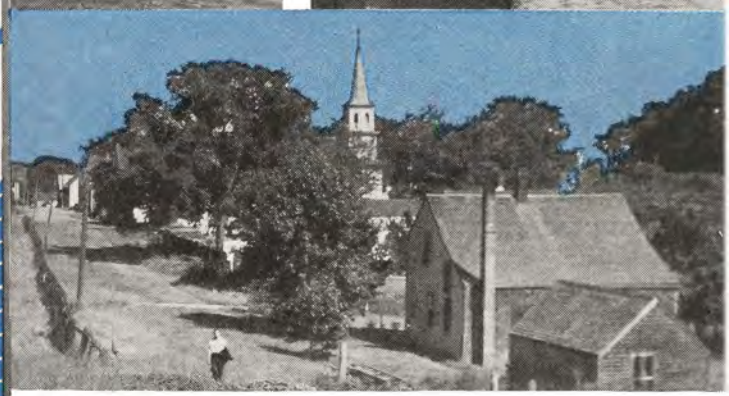
It means employment for the unemployed of Eastport, Lubec, Machias, and all of (*Continued on page 158*)



High tide at the ferry dock in Eastport, Me.

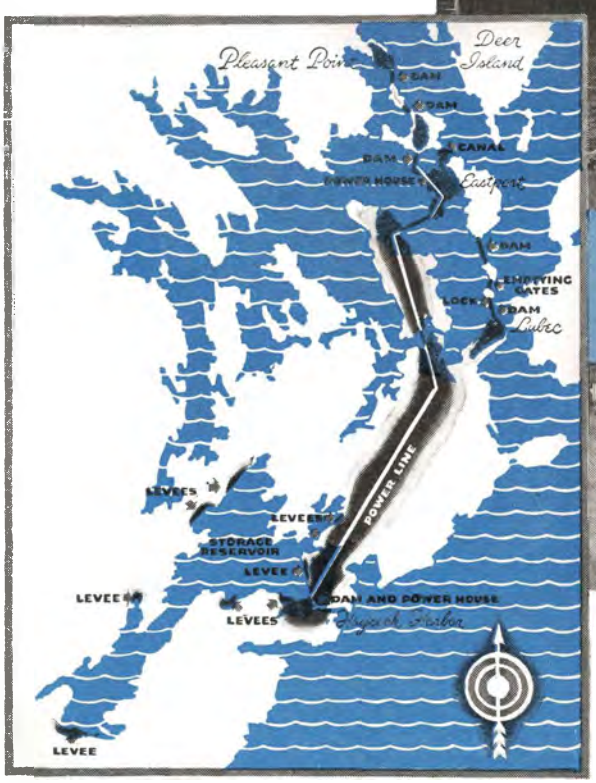


Low tide. A twenty-foot drop twice a day



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES P. CUSHING

The sleeping village of Eastport wakes up to find a $36,000,000 power project transforming it into a modern city



Where dams and levees will harness the tides of the Bay of Fundy

By Thomas Sugrue

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

It didn't seem much of a gift, but the whole spirit of their first Christmas was wrapped up in . . .

BETH KENT leaned over the counter and regarded with serious eyes the chased silver platter Mr. White had placed for her. It was beautiful. It had to be, for it was for Philip's mother, who was an artist and who would, of course, have exquisite taste. The design was simple, the name of the maker famous. It was expensive, more than Philip had told Beth he wanted to pay. Well, she would show it to him and let him decide.

Her heart beat was a steady, pulsing song of happiness. Under the glove on her left hand she could see the outline of her beautiful diamond. Dear Philip, so steady and good and grave, and hers now, and forever. They would be married in the spring and she would go to Hilltown to live.

Beth was happy and excited, and a little nervous, too, over the prospect looming immediately before her. For she had not yet met Philip's parents. She was to spend Christmas with them. They were going down tomorrow afternoon for Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Beth could see in her mind the very tall, black letters of the cordial invitation that had come from Molly Wayne, Philip's famous mother.

"This platter," she explained to the salesman at Ammerman's, "is for Mrs. Wayne." She was astonished at herself for being so confiding. But then she had known Mr. White a good many years. "I'm not giving it to her," Beth said, "but Mr. Wayne is crowded with work. He is here on business for the Hilltown Bank, work which has to be finished by New Year's, and he asked me to look for something for his mother. He'll have only an hour or two for shopping. I want to select something really lovely, because Mrs. Wayne is an artist and will know what is good."

"Yes, indeed," murmured Mr. White. There was a sudden crinkle of mirth at his eyes. "I think she will find this beyond reproach," he assured Beth, and added, "I've known Molly Wayne all my life. Haven't seen her for several years."

He suddenly laughed outright. Beth

A tall red candle

stared at him, confused and a little offended at his amusement.

"Excuse me for laughing," Mr. White said. "But I always laugh when I think of Molly Wayne. There's no one quite like her. I went down to see her a few years ago, to see if she would do some miniatures from photographs for us, and what do you think she was doing?"

Beth felt something unsuitable in the conversation, but she said, a little slowly, "I can't imagine," and Mr. White shook his head.

"She was painting the house," he said. He chuckled. "There she was in overalls, up on a ladder, painting the house and having a perfectly lovely time of it. She said she was having trouble with her work—it wasn't going to suit her."

MR. WHITE grew businesslike again. He put the beautiful platter back into the case behind him.

"I'll lay this away for you, Miss Kent," he said, "until Mr. Wayne can see it. And when you see Mrs. Wayne again, please give her my kindest regards. I have a great admiration for her. You probably know her husband is an artist of considerable repute, too. I believe he is a printer or compositor, works on the farm paper published in Hilltown. But he makes an avocation of etching. We used to handle his dry points in our art department, but now they all go straight to a famous shop in New York."

"Thank you, Mr. White." Beth drew on her gloves, "I'll bring Mr. Wayne to see the platter."

She turned away into the Christmas crowd. Capitol City, she decided, a little color in her cheeks, could not be much better than Hilltown as far as being small-town went. Everyone knew all about everything. The picture of Philip's mother up on a ladder in overalls, painting the house, was a bit too much for Beth. It was confusing. She felt now definitely timid about meeting Molly Wayne. But as soon as she saw Philip waiting at the appointed place to meet her, her confidence returned.

Philip was a big young man, with gentle, quiet ways, and he gave one a feeling of confidence on sight. He had a great deal of what is known as character and he was a tremendous worker. Beth had known him only a little while as time is counted, but she felt she knew him to his very soul. Philip was so—regular. He was so good, she thought gently, and her face became illumed when he caught her eye and came quickly toward her, hat in hand, and took her hand in his and held it with an honest squeeze.

"Am I late?" he asked at once. "I

couldn't get away; some unexpected work—"

"Not a minute," Beth assured him. "Philip, I think I've found something for your mother."

Philip laughed, and said, "I'm sorry you bothered to look. Here's a note from Molly. She wants a tall red candle for Christmas."

"A tall red candle?" said Beth. She spread the crumpled note in her hand. The tall, black letters raced across the page:

. . . and so I found this lovely muslin glass candle holder we brought from Italy—the one we thought lost all these years—and I want a tall red candle for it. I want something bigger than the conventional dinner candles on sale here. You know what would look well in the muslin holder, Philip. And that's all I want for Christmas. Tell Beth we promise to love her.

MOLLY.

PS. I almost forgot—we're at the farm. I'm painting the pump—you know that frozen look. We'll all have Christmas here.—M.

"And where," Philip asked Beth cheerfully, "am I going to find a tall red candle?"

"Is she—serious?" asked Beth.

"Oh, yes, indeed," Philip assured her. He took her arm and they made their way toward the elevators of Ammerman's department store. "It's too late to have one made. I don't suppose there's anything here bigger than the candles they have at the store at home. I imagine Molly will want something really unusual. I know that muslin glass thing. It was made when people used big, fat tapers. It's perfectly beautiful. Been lost for years. Molly never knows where anything is," he explained, in a casual kind of voice.

THEY could find nothing that satisfied Philip in the department where candles were sold.

"Let's see about the candle first, Beth. Do you mind?"

"Of course not, Philip. But we'll have to stop and tell Mr. White—I had a silver platter laid aside for your mother. It is really beautiful, Philip."

"Oh, Molly wouldn't care anything about a silver platter, Beth," Philip said gravely. "It was mighty sweet of you—all that bother—but we'll try the candle first. I do hate to disappoint her."

Beth took this in good part. She felt less and less competent to select a gift for Philip's mother. They went out into the windy street, where snow was flying straight across their vision. They turned north, and suddenly Philip stopped and gave a shout.

"There it is!" he cried.

Beth looked. There, in the window before them, it was indeed. They faced a window display for the book department, the small corner window. There was an open fireplace with a waving red electric light playing almost convincingly over artificial logs, and, before the fire, models of children were sitting and lying on the floor, reading. Beside the mantel was a very tall red candle in a brass candlestick. It was at least three feet tall and it was slender and beautiful, and it looked as though it had a good cotton wick which had never been lighted. Philip gazed at it.

"It's perfect," he said, "but it's going to take quite a bit of doing to get it."

"I don't see how we can get it before Christmas," Beth said gently, "because they won't want to take it out of the window."

"I'll just have to have it, Beth. It would please Molly beyond words. I wonder who could get it for us."

Beth thought of Mr. White. "He says he's an old friend of your mother's, and I know he admires her," she suggested. "Perhaps he could do it. I think he's quite important in the store—been here years and years."

"Of course," said Philip. "Let's ask him!"

THEY waited until Mr. White was free. He brought the platter when he came to serve them, but Philip told him what they wanted instead. Mr. White had a nice way of being charmed with whatever a customer wanted.

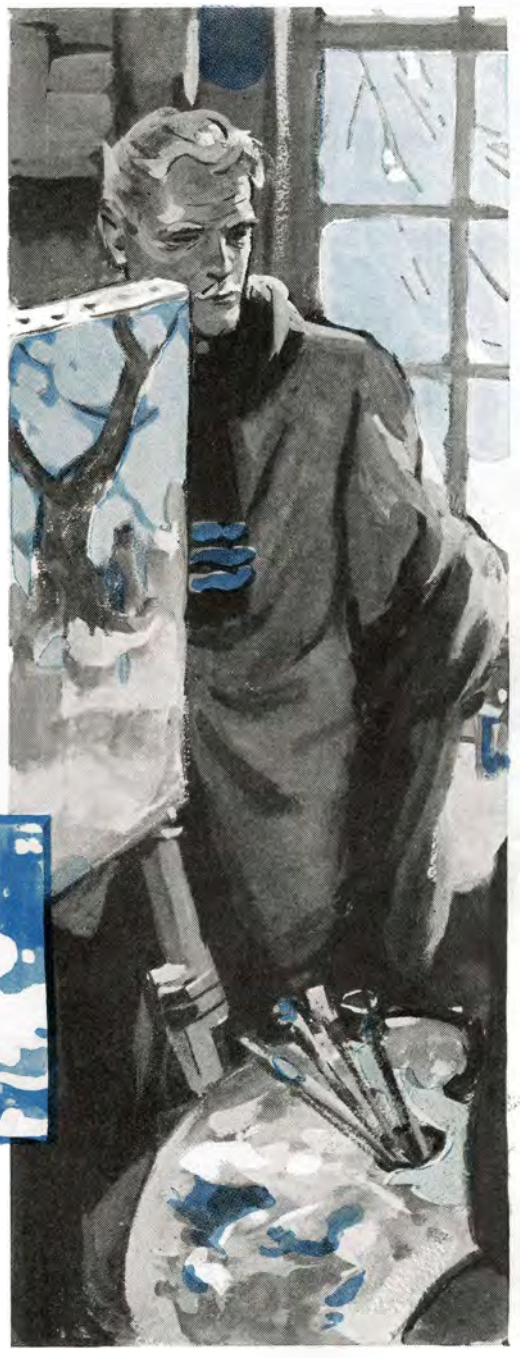
"I think I can manage it for you," he assured Philip. "I'll find out. I know your mother would like it. It's a question of when. And you'll have to pay whatever it cost. You can't get it until we close the store tomorrow night at eleven. The window shades will be drawn Christmas Day. The day after Christmas, the displays for the after-Christmas sales go into the windows. If you can come in tomorrow morning I can tell you exactly what I can do for you."

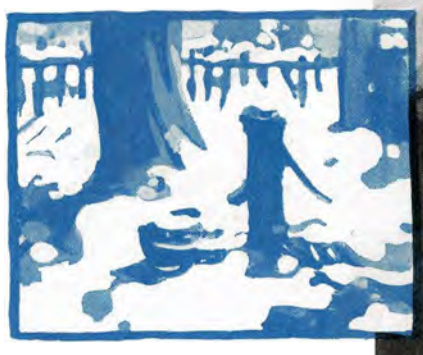
"That's fine," Philip told him. "I certainly do appreciate it."

At last they were in a booth at Pierce's, tea and cinnamon toast before them, holding hands across the table. Philip smiled at Beth.

"Darling!" he said. Then he frowned.

"Molly would go to the farm, just at the time of your visit," he said. "Of course, it doesn't occur to her that you might not like the farm. She's painting the pump—and she loves the farm. Oh, well, you might as well know the worst, first as last." He smiled at her.





Beth passed over this last remark, with a little wonder. She was not given to rushing at things.

"I didn't know your family had a country place," she said.

Philip laughed ruefully.

"It isn't a country place, Beth," he

told her. "It's a farm—an old, shabby Indiana hillside farm, with an old, shabby house on it. Molly and Charlie, my father, once thought they'd go into the poultry business, and they bought the farm. They both love it—but I don't share their affection for it. We have a perfectly decent, comfortable house in town. I didn't know—but you won't mind too much, will you, darling?"

"Of course I won't, Philip. I'll be with you," Beth said quietly. "But we'll have to change our plans for tomorrow night if you are going to take that candle home." She was thinking of her own mother. She had been brought up to consider other people. Her parents were going upstate to spend Christmas with Beth's maternal grandmother. "Will you want to drive down to the—to the farm, after eleven? We won't get there until one o'clock."

"I'll call my cousin Joyce Wayne tonight, and see if she can put us up," Philip said. "I'm sure she can, and the gang—the people you'll know when we're married—will all be together somewhere. I don't believe I want you to stay at the farm. The place is heated with stoves, and in the winter the bedrooms are like ice. But we can stay with Joyce and go out to the farm for Christmas dinner."

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

The meeting had promised to be a hard one. Even so, Beth was unprepared for the emotion that swept her into the other woman's arms

SUDDENLY Beth realized that something which had been rising in her heart for two hours had shown its face. She knew at once and completely that she didn't like Molly Wayne. The temerity of this thought astonished her. Who was she, to judge Molly Wayne? But Beth couldn't help it. The thought was there. It wasn't on her own account. She didn't care whether she stayed with Joyce or Molly. But Philip was disappointed, she could see. This was an important occasion for Philip. She felt that Molly was letting her son down, and doing it very cheerfully. Besides, Beth admitted in her honest heart that she was a little jealous of Philip's efforts to please his mother's caprices, as symbolized by this candle she wanted. And Beth felt a little timid, felt increasingly that she, herself, was insignificant beside Molly.

"You'll be crazy about Molly," Philip broke in on her thoughts. "Everyone is." He laughed suddenly, as people seemed to do when they thought of Molly. "When the folks got that candle holder—of all the things that had happened to me that was the darn'dest. Here I was, graduating from the university—*cum laude*, since it's my privilege to brag to you—and everyone else in the class had relatives swarming all over the place—but none for me. Because Molly and Charlie were in Rome and missed the boat home."

Philip chuckled, remembering, and Beth felt a little icy flame in her heart. When he graduated—with honors—why wasn't Molly already on her way to him? Why had she waited for the last possible boat? No, it was going to be a very difficult Christmas. Beth didn't know Molly, but she knew this much—that she could never like her. And she began to think that she wouldn't like Hilltown, either, and a queer loneliness and presentiment of disaster made a dim cloud over her happiness.

"We can have dinner and go to a show tomorrow night while we're waiting," Philip suggested, but Beth said, "No. You come out to my house. I'll cook for you."

Philip's face shone so at this suggestion that Beth felt a little happier. She must not let her feeling about Molly come between Philip and herself. . . .

THE dinner Beth prepared for her betrothed was delicious. It was an inspired dinner and Beth was a good cook.

Philip, holding his coffee cup for Beth to fill a third time, said to her, "Beth, you just can't know what this means to me—this lovely, orderly, peaceful house, the table set (*Continued on page 146*)

Scattergood

By Clarence Budington Kelland

"MANDY," said Scattergood, flopping an envelope in his wife's general direction, "it looks like you got to buy you one of them there lipsticks."

"Shet up and wash fur supper," said Mandy.

"And, more'n likely we'll be seein' you paradin' around in one of them there dresses that commences at the floor and ends just no'th of the stummick."

"What's gittin' into ye, ye old coot?" Mandy asked. "Lost what senses ye ever had?"

"We been took up," said Scattergood. "We been took up social by society. Yes'm. I'm a-lookin' forrud to seein' our pictures in the Bostin papers: Mr. and Mrs. Scattergood Baines up and entertains at a hoss-shoe pitchin' party in their palatial summer residence adjoinin' the environs and suburbs of Coldriver."

"I've kind of looked ahead," said Mandy, "to you losin' your mind. Anyhow, it'll be a kind of a change."

"See this here envelope? Know what 'tis? Huh?"

"Proba'ly," said Mandy ironically, "I'll find out along about the time the news is stale."

"It's an invitation," said Scattergood.

"To what?"

"To a week end," said Scattergood. Out on the Handle amongst the swell summer folks. A week end," he explained, "is a kind of a party that starts in of a Friday or Sattidy, and goes on continuous without pausin' or haltin' till Monday mornin'."

"In the fust place," said Mandy, "I calc'late you're lyin'. In the second place, what 'ud them folks invite us fur? And in the third place, I wouldn't go if they did."

"It's the Carboys. And we're asked to come the end of this here actual and i-dentical week. Guess they're havin' others, too. Dunno's I jest exactly penetrate into the underlyin' idea behind it, neither."

"We hain't a-goin'," said Mandy.

"Mebbe not," said Scattergood, "but we kin reason it over—can't we?—and kind of seek to peer into the darkness of it. Off and on I've had occasion to kind of take notice that nobody does nothin' onusual and startlin' without havin' a purpose."

"Most likely they want to git ye to git their taxes lowered," said Mandy.

"That hain't important enough, seems as though," said Scattergood. "Fur a favor like that Carboy'd figger orderin' an icebox or a couple kitchen stoves to the hardware store 'ud about be the ticket. You kin gen'ally read how big a favor a feller's goin' to ask ye by the nature of what it is he does fur you before he gits down to askin'. As soon as a body does suthin' for me gratuitous I start figgerin' what it's a-goin' to cost me."

"We hain't a-goin'," Mandy said.

"The other guests," said Scattergood, "is a-goin' to be the Chessmans 'n' them Pullingers 'n' Miss Cate 'n' Pete Gowan. Been talk about the Pullinger woman."

"Her 'n' Peter Gowan was seen—"

Scattergood didn't exactly penetrate into the underlyin' idea behind the Smart Set taking him up so suddenly—not until the savage and cold-blooded murder gave him a clue

"'Tain't good society to go gossipin' about your feller week-end guests," said Scattergood. "Not unless ye kin remember suthin' p'tic'larly disgraceful. Huh. . . . Now, what in tunket does Carboy want you 'n' me lurkin' around his premises fur?"

"You won't never know," Mandy said, "because we hain't a-goin' to lurk."

"My curiosity's gittin' a mite the best of me," Scattergood said. "Um. . . . It could be suthin' to do with utility legislation up to the Capitol. It could be."

Scattergood washed up for supper and sat down at the table. Mandy bustled in from the kitchen and plumped down into the chair opposite.

"We've gotten to see a sight of life since we was married," Scattergood observed. "Um. . . . I call to mind the day I walked nto taown. Yes'm. I recall the very feelin' of the dust oozin' through my bare toes. Wa-al, we hain't done bad fur folks abidin' in this here part of the country. We got us a good hardware store."

Mandy sniffed. Scattergood's pretense that his hardware store was his sole and only important business annoyed her. It annoyed her that he regarded everything else as secondary to it—his railroad, his reaches of timber, his bank—his many and diverse interests. To h m these were but avocations, and the fact that he was, to all intents and purposes, the political ruler of his state was a sort of hobby indulged in for pleasure.

"It's a kind of a dare," Scattergood said.

"What is?"

"The way this here Carboy figgers he's got some kind of a scheme to outsmart me. It's like settin' a trap in the woods 'n' leavin' your tobacco pipe alongside so as the animal 'll be sure to smell it."

"Hain't it possible he wants ye to smell it?" asked Mandy.

"Sometimes," said Scattergood, "it

Coldriver's First Family had seen a lot of life since they were married, but this going on a week-end house party was something new

breaks into society

almost seems to me like mebbe you're smarter 'n you be other times. H'm. Pullingers 'n' Chessmans. Them couples could be in suthin', but where'n tunket do them two young folks come in?"

"They could," said Mandy, "be jest decorations to make it look pertier."

"I knowed you couldn't resist goin'," said Scattergood.

"I can't abide fancy cookin'," said Mandy. "And I been tellin' ye fur years you ought to git ye one of them full-dress suits if you're set on gallivantin'."

Scattergood grunted. "Pigs is constructed to give pork and wear curly tails. A hog 'ud look kind of foolish if it come out of the pen some mornin' wearin' wool like a sheep. Huh. . . . Next you'll be urgin' me to git a set of these here pyjammies to sleep in."

The result of these discussions was that at the end of the week Scattergood and Mandy drove out to the Handle, some five dusty miles, in a ramshackle car borrowed for the event. It took them through beautiful mountain country to the estate of the Carboys on a ridge overlooking a stretch of forest and hill. It was a huge, rambling house from whose face a broad lawn sloped down to the cliff and the lake, a gentleman's country home designed for leisure.

The car drew up before the main entrance, and Scattergood and Mandy mounted the steps. Mr. Carboy appeared in the door and advanced with extended hand.

"Mighty fine of you to come up here, Mr. Baines. Mrs. Carboy has been look-

ing forward to meeting Mrs. Baines. Hope the drive was not uncomfortable."

"I feel," said Mandy, "as if I'd et a pound of grit." She smiled comfortably at Mrs. Carboy, who had come out to stand by her husband's side and welcome the arrivals. With the self-possession of the perfect hostess she concealed the fact that Mandy's jet bonnet had taken her between wind and water.

"You'll be wanting to bathe and change," she said. "I'll have you shown to your rooms. Then if you'll come down I think the other guests will have appeared."

"I dunno what I'd change to," Scattergood said amiably, "but I wouldn't mind gittin' my shoes off fur a couple of minutes."

MANDY puffed as she climbed the stairs, and when the bedroom door closed behind them she sank into a chair and snapped at her husband. "I wisht to goodness we hadn't come," she said. "I got a feelin' the's suthin' wrong in this house. I kin kind of smell it. A cold chill run up and down my spine."

"Shucks," said her husband.

"Suthin's a-goin' to happen," she insisted.

"Suthin' allus does happen," he said. "That's what makes life wuth observin'."

He sat down in a large chair and removed his shoes and his socks. He leaned back, closed his eyes, and almost instantly was snoring placidly. After a time Mandy shook him.

"It's goin' on half past six," she said. "We'll be late fur supper."

Docilely he put on his footgear and looked approvingly at her. She was wearing her black silk and to his way of thinking she presented a pretty dazzling appearance.

"Mandy," he said, "I dunno's you'd take a prize fur beauty, but you're kind of satisfyin' to the eye. The's some substance to ye."

Presently they ambled down the stairs and, hearing voices and laughter, found their hosts and the other guests on the veranda, where cocktails were being served. They were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Chessman, a tall, thin, saturnine man and a blond, vivacious young woman; to Mr. Pullinger, chubby and inane; to Miss Cate, dark and piquant and very lovely indeed; and to Mr. Gowan, who was a large young man with nice eyes and an extraordinarily homely but likable face. These elegant personages had been warned, and received the Baineses courteously if curiously.

"Cocktail, Mrs. Baines?" asked her host.

"Hain't never tetched licker yit," said Mandy uncompromisingly.

"Now, take me," said Scattergood. "When I was young I couldn't afford it, and when I got so as I could afford it—I couldn't afford it."

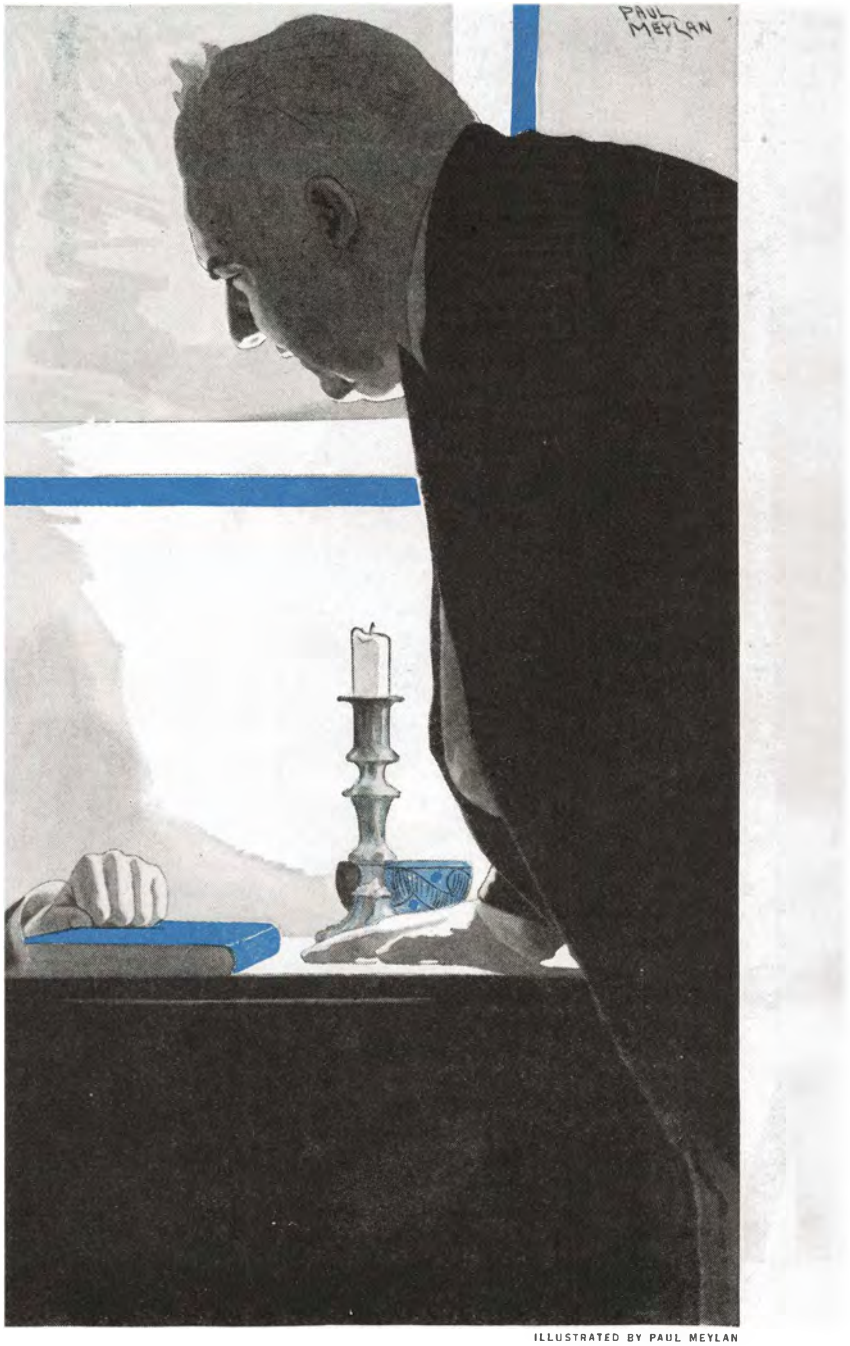
It was a curious thing, but this fat old man in wrinkled, ill-fitting clothes dominated the group from that instant—dominated that group, all in evening dress, the women lovely in gowns from correct shops. With one sentence, dryly spoken, he had ceased to be a figure of fun, had impressed himself upon them, had even charmed them. He had no manners, but he had a dignity and a personality which did quite as well. Every individual there felt drawn toward him, and what restraint there had been evaporated before his keen, shining old eyes and his understanding grin. Even his hostess heaved a sigh of relief.

"WHERE'S your wife, Pullinger?" asked Carboy.

"She chased me out. I was the first one down," said Mr. Pullinger. "She's always chasing me out." He said this rather sulkily.

"I'll send a maid up to see if she needs anything," said Mrs. Carboy.

The clatter of light talk continued until it was stilled suddenly by the voice of



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MEYLAN

The boy sat slumped down in the chair while his sweetheart pleaded with Scattergood. "You don't think he did it? You know he isn't a murderer!"

a hysterical maid calling, "Mr. Carboy, Mr. Carboy!"

She appeared in the door, ashen, terrified, grasping the doorjamb for support.

Everyone was on his feet. Carboy gripped the maid's shoulder. "What is it, Edna? What's the matter?"

"Mrs Pullinger—she—she's dead!" cried the girl shrilly.

THERE was an instant of awful silence; then, with a common motion, they all moved toward the stairs, jostling each other, on the verge of hysteria.

"I knew it," said Mandy.

At the door of Mrs. Pullinger's room they halted—it was Scattergood's voice that halted them.

"I wouldn't go a-tramplin' in if I was everybody," he said. "S'posin' jest Mr. Pullinger and Mr. Carboy goes."

"And you," said Carboy.

"I'll kind of stand in the door," said Scattergood.

Mr. Carboy turned the knob and entered with Pullinger. Mrs. Pullinger sat before the dressing table, bending forward, with her face among the cosmetics. After one swift glance Scattergood closed the door behind him.

"Don't tetch her," he said sternly. "Don't tetch nothin'. Come back here, both of ye."

For Mrs. Pullinger had not died from natural causes, nor could there be any suspicion that she had taken her own life. Protruding from her back, just beneath the left shoulder blade, was an object which had no place near a lady's dressing table. There was very little blood.

"Murder!" whispered Mr. Carboy.

"Seems as though," said Scattergood.

Mr. Pullinger took a tottering step forward and then slumped to the rug.

"What will we do?" Carboy asked helplessly.

"Haul Pullinger out, lock up the door, and telephone the authorities," said Scattergood.

"But who—who could have done it?"

"That," said Scattergood dryly, "is what I call a pertinent question." He bent over Pullinger. "Take his feet," he said, and, as they lifted the man, Scattergood kicked the door open. "Where do you want us to lay him?"

"Across the hall," said Carboy.

THEY bore him through the silent, apprehensive people in the hall and laid him on the bed in the opposite room. Scattergood came back and stood in the door.

"Somebuddy," he said, "up and killed Mrs. Pullinger. Jammed a knife into her. We're a-sendin' fur the sheriff. Whilst we're a-waitin' I calc'late we better git together in one room and stay put."

"I'm going home," said Mrs. Chessman tremulously.

"It's a sight easier to stay than to git fetched back," said Scattergood mildly. "'Tain't nice. But murderin' hain't nice, either."

"The sheriff will be here in ten minutes," said Mr. Carboy, coming back from the telephone.

"Sheriff Fox is gen'ally prompt," said Scattergood.

"But who—*who*—could have done it?" asked Miss Cate.

"Calc'late we better jest possess our souls in patience till the sheriff gits here," Scattergood said.

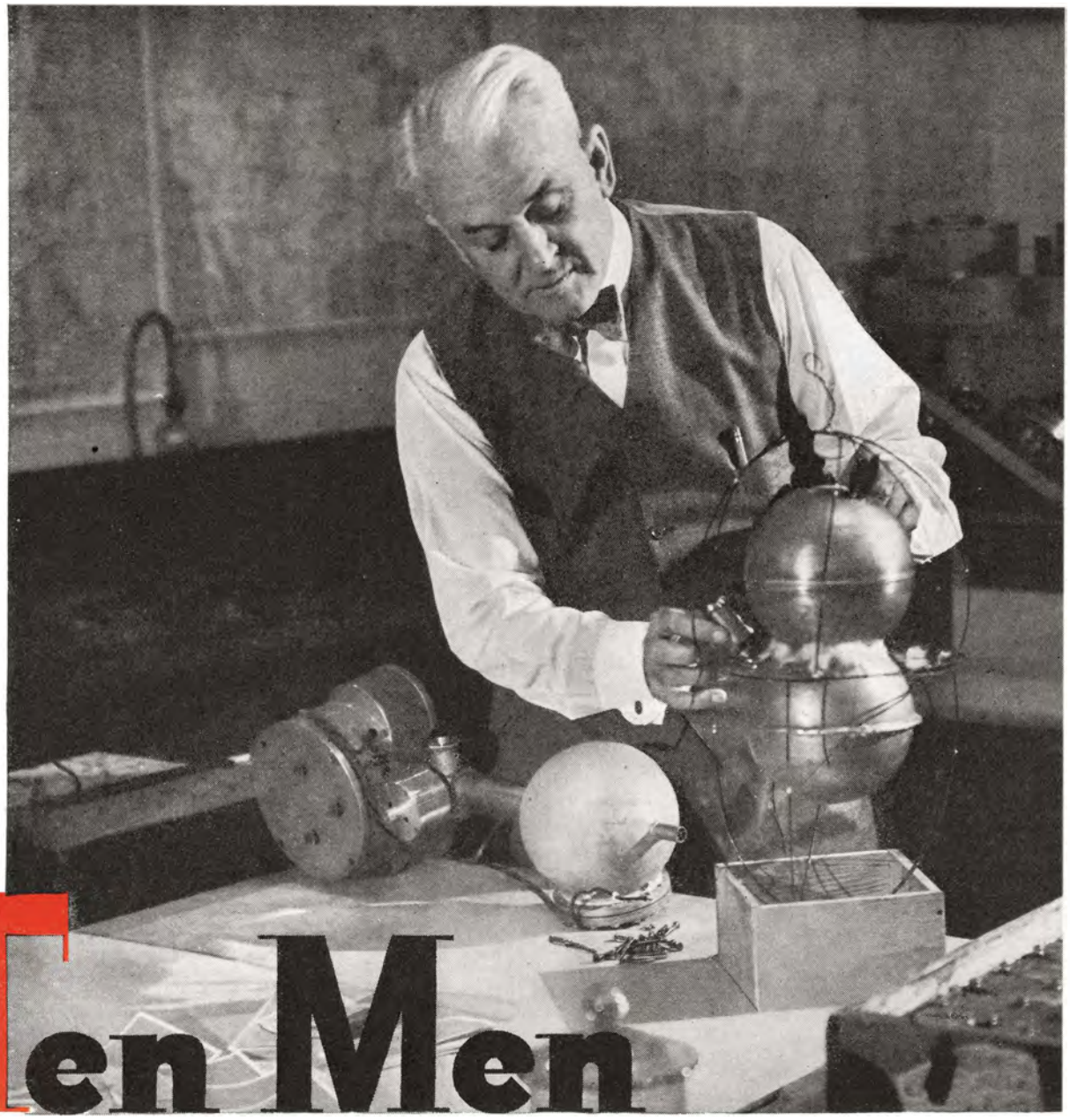
The room was heavy with an unpleasant silence until a car honked before the door, and Sheriff Fox, accompanied by a deputy, was shown in. He was a big, rangy man with a kindly face. His deputy was a pudgy, broad-shouldered individual with big blue eyes that wore a perpetually startled expression.

"How be ye, Mr. Carboy?" said the sheriff. "Kind of an awful thing, hain't it?" His brown eyes alighted on the old hardware merchant. "If 'tain't Scattergood Baines!" He heaved a sigh. "Was you here when it happened?"

"We was," said Mandy bitterly.

"Let's you 'n' me step out in the hall and talk," said the sheriff.

Scattergood followed him out of the room, and Fox (*Continued on page 93*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY WILL CONNELL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Ten Men in One

AN AMERICAN WORD PORTRAIT

TRAVELING the country over during the last year, I ran into an extraordinary number of discouraged and discontented youngsters.

I talked with bachelors of arts working as soda jerkers; high-school boys laboring with picks and shovels; graduate engineers employed as garage helpers or at small mechanical jobs. I also met scores of young men and women just sitting aimlessly, seeing no future, they told me; no incentive to try to do anything.

And then, in Pasadena, Calif., I met and talked with a man who, by giving his own personal answer to the problem facing these young people, has won world recognition and esteem for his deeds. He is Dr. Robert A. Millikan.

Millikan worked his way through college, specializing in mathematics and Greek. Chance picked him up and set him down as a physicist. As a physicist he won the Nobel Prize, and became the leading American scientist—the first to isolate and measure the electron. His discoveries have contributed largely to the true tone of your radio, the clarity of transcontinental telephone calls, and the realism of voices in talking pictures.

His answer is this:

If chance thrusts you into work apart from your inclination or training you need not necessarily be a misfit. It really doesn't matter a whole lot what line of work you happen to fall into so long as you follow through to the limit, with the individual abilities God gave you.

That, of course, is easy to say. It doesn't carry depth and conviction until

Dr. Robert A. Millikan, world-famous physicist, with electroscope for measuring cosmic rays from outer space

MILLIKAN—Supersalesman of Science

By John Janney

"Why," I asked a newspaperman who has frequently interviewed Millikan, "don't they write about the man himself?"

"That's a hard one," he said. "He's eminent, he's famous, he's a benefactor of the human race. He's smart, able, a tremendously hard worker. He's a swell guy. But . . . I don't know. He lacks color, eccentricity. He doesn't play the trap drums. He doesn't stop to tie his shoe at a fireplug and then get undressed in the street, as absent-minded professors are supposed to do. He doesn't wind up the cat and put the clock out at night. He doesn't go away by himself on a desert island, or live on raw vegetables, or make detective novels his hobby, or confide that he's secretly working on a death-ray which will annihilate our enemies in the next war.

"Millikan is just—well, just the average man. Except that he does about ten times as much work, ten times as well. You might call him the superaverage man."

And this, of course, left me with about ten times as much curiosity as before.

Nor was this curiosity easily satisfied when I went to Pasadena, where Dr. Millikan lives, works, and serves as chairman of the Executive Council of the California Institute of Technology.

It seems I had come at a bad time. The weather was hot, and Dr. Millikan was very busy with preparations for an extensive trip. First, he was going to Texas to send up a flock of stratosphere balloons. To each balloon would be attached a delicate electroscope to measure the power of cosmic rays some 50,000 or 100,000 feet in the air. When the balloons burst, the instruments would descend safely with their little parachutes, to be found by cowboys jogging across remote Texas plains.

From Texas Dr. Millikan was proceeding to Washington, D. C., there to confer with U. S. Weather Department officials about new methods of weather prediction, based on "air mass analysis," which will make flying safer and put a crimp in the ancient jokes about the weather man.

Next, he was going to Pike's Peak to check on "cloud chamber" experiments wherein the cosmic rays, from outer space, speeding earthwards, are variously deflected and photographed.

No color here, I thought. . . . None, except the eternal drama of science's patient detective work in trailing down and identifying the ultimate energy and substance of our life on this planet. None, unless we recall that Millikan at fifty-five had enough fame for any man; that he is now sixty-seven; and that at a time when most men are retired he was setting out on an arduous journey which would involve tiresome train journeys, long calculations and negotiations, and the continuous strain which any famous man must feel of upholding his reputation in practical results.

In spite of this heavy schedule ahead, Dr. Millikan was kind enough to invite me to his residence.

I TALKED with him first in his office, a roomy corner of the executive building at Cal Tech. He is a small, sturdy man, with white hair rather closely cropped. His clear blue eyes and sunburned complexion make him look a good ten years younger than his pictures. At first sight he looks more the business man than the scientist. His manner as he greets you is easy, pleasant, and casual. But occasionally, as he talks, you get a different impression.

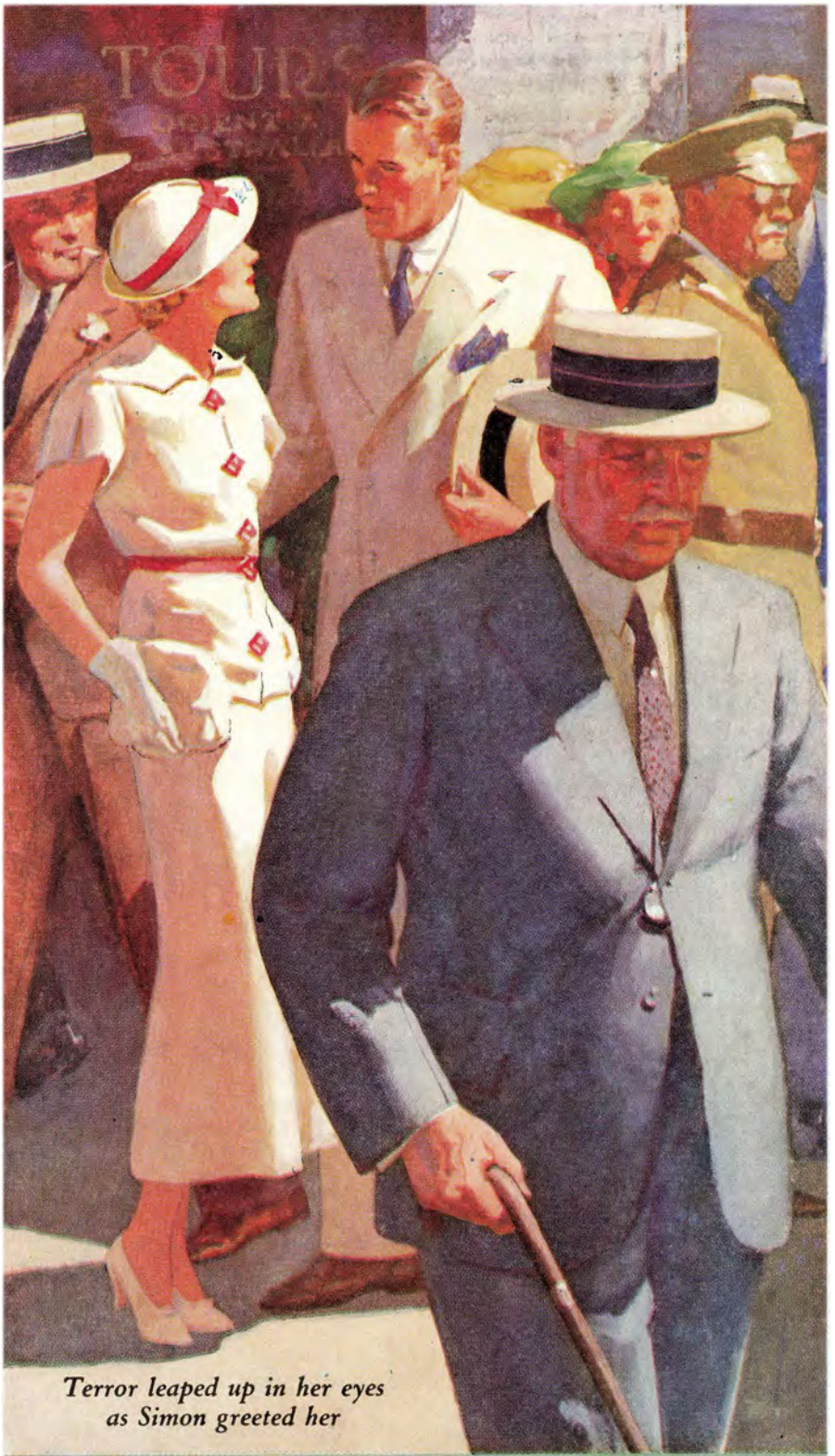
When his interest in a subject rises, he rises too, and roams about. He stands by the window, staring out, one hand thrust deep in a side pocket, the other gesturing with small, strong, steady, and delicate fingers. He rocks gently back on his heels with a balance suggesting precision. He smokes a proffered cigarette down to the ultimate spark before the heat reminds him that he is smoking it. Then a question or a new train of thought will bring him back to his more business-like self.

These impressions were clear enough, but when I tried to remember what he had told me about himself and his work, I realized with

(*Continued on page 112*)

you come to know something of Millikan himself—of the warmth and breadth of his personality, and of his methods of work, which unquestionably would have made him distinguished in any one of a dozen businesses or professions. Yet, strangely enough, very little has been written about this side of the man.

BOOKS in a dozen languages describe his achievements in physics. Scores of essays and sermons have debated his view that there is no real conflict between science and religion. Newspaper files bulge with clippings attempting to puzzle out his discoveries about cosmic rays. Yet almost nothing has been said about his life, or how he works, or what kind of person he is.



Terror leaped up in her eyes as Simon greeted her

The Saint is back in America! In this, the first of a series of short stories, he arranges a mysterious rendezvous

By Leslie Charteris

Date

"THE rebel of yesterday is the hero of tomorrow. Simon Templar, known as 'the Saint,' whose arrest was the ambition of every policeman in the city two years ago on account of nis extralegal activities against the gangs of the bootleg era, comes back to New York on a pleasure trip with the tacit consent of the police department.

"The converse is also true.

"Lucky Joe Luckner, last surviving great name of the racketeers of the same period, once the friend of judges and the privileged pet of politicians, stands his trial for income-tax evasions, with a long term on Alcatraz Island in prospect.

"We see no need for Simon Templar to go back to his old games. The crooks are being taken care of as they should be, by the men who are employed to do so, with the whole force of an aroused public opinion behind them."

Thus somewhat optimistically spoke an editorial writer of the *New York Daily Star* on a certain morning in the beginning of the spring.

Simon Templar kept the clipping. He had a weakness for collecting miscellaneous items of publicity with which the press punctuated his career from time to time. He had been publicly called a great many names in his life, and they all interested him. To those who found themselves sadder or poorer or even deader by reason of his interference in their nefarious activities, he was a menace and a scourge; to those whose duty it was to discourage his blithe propensity for taking the law into his own hands, he was a perpetually disturbing crook; to a few people he was a hero; to himself he was only an adventurer, finding the best romance he could in a dull, mechanical age. Sometimes his adventures left him poorer, more often they left him richer; but

in the Dark

always they were exciting. Which was all that the Saint asked of life.

He showed the clipping to Inspector John Fernack down on Centre Street a few days after his arrival, and the detective rubbed his square, pugnacious chin.

"There's somethin' in it," he said.

Simon detected the faintly hesitant inflection in the other's voice, and raised his eyebrows gently.

"Why only something?"

"You've seen the papers?"

THE Saint shrugged. "Well, he hasn't been acquitted."

"No, he hasn't been acquitted." The detective's tone was blunt and sardonic. "Lucky Joe's luck didn't hold that far. But the next jury that takes the case can't help rememberin' that the first jury disagreed, and that means it'll be twice as hard to make 'em find him guilty. I don't say we won't get him eventually—the Feds might have got him this time if one of the witnesses hadn't been taken for a ride and a couple of others hadn't disappeared. But look what they're tryin' to get him for. Income tax."

"It's been used before."

"Income tax!" Fernack took the words in his teeth and worried them like a dog. The smoldering heat of his indignation came up into his eyes. "What d'ya think that means? All it means is that everybody else who ought to of put Luckner away has fallen down. All it means is that so many crooked politicians an' crook lawyers an' crook police chiefs have been playing ball with him so long that now there ain't any other charge left to bring against him. All it means is that for fifteen years this guy Luckner has been a racketeer an' a murderer, and now the only rap they can stick on him is that he never paid any income tax!"

Simon swung a long leg over the arm of his chair and gazed at the detective through the drifting smoke of his cigarette, with a glimpse of idle mockery twinkling deep down in his blue eyes.

"One gathers that Lucky Joe wouldn't be so lucky if you got him alone in a back alley on a dark night," he remarked.

"Say, listen." Fernack's huge hands rested on the top of his desk, solid as battering rams, looking as if they could have crashed clean through the fragile timber if he had thumped it to emphasize his point. "If they put Luckner in the chair six days runnin' an' fried him six times he wouldn't get more than the law's been owin' him for the last ten years. That guy's a rat an' a killer—a natural-born louse from the day he was weaned—"

He stopped abruptly, as though he had only just realized the trend of his argument. Perhaps the quietly speculative smile on the Saint's lips, the rakish lines of the dark fighting face, brought back too many memories to let him continue with an easy conscience. For there had been days, before that tacit amnesty to which the editorial writer of the *New York Daily Star* had referred, when the Saint had taken the law into his own hands to such effect that fully half a dozen once famous names could be found carved on tombstones in certain cemeteries to mark the tempestuousness of his passing.

"I DON'T mean what you're thinkin','' Fernack said heavily. "Luckner is goin' to be taken care of. Even if he only gets a term on Alcatraz it'll be somethin'. I know you did a few things for us a coupla years back that we couldn't do ourselves on account of the way all the politicians were holding on to us. But that's all changed now. Luckner isn't goin' to the chair now because the politicians of a coupla years back let him loose; but anybody who tries to pull any of that stuff now isn't goin' to find it so easy to get away with. That goes for you, too. Go back to your old line, and you and me will be fightin' again. With this difference—that you won't have the excuse that you had the last time."

The Saint grinned lazily.

"Okay," he murmured, "I'll remember it."

His tone was so innocent and docile that Fernack glared at him for a moment suspiciously; but the Saint laughed at him, and took him out to lunch and talked to him so

engagingly about the most harmless topics that that momentary flash of uneasiness had faded from the detective's mind by the time they parted. Which was exactly what the Saint meant it to do.

As a matter of fact, the luck of Lucky Joe Luckner might well have slipped away into the background of the Saint's memory and remained there permanently. He had really come back to America for a holiday, with no thoughts of crime in his head. For a few days at least, the bright lights of Broadway would provide all the excitement he needed, and after that he would move on somewhere else.

HE HAD thought no more about it a couple of days later when he saw a face that he remembered coming out of a travel agency on Fifth Avenue. The girl was so intent on hurrying through the crowd that she might not have noticed him, but he caught her arm as she went by and turned her round.

"Hello, Cora," he drawled.

She looked at him with a queer mixture of fear and defiance that surprised him. The look had vanished a moment after she recognized him, but it remained in his memory. He kept his hand on her arm.

"Why—hello, Saint!"

He smiled.

"Hush," he said. "Not so loud I may be an honest citizen to all intents and purposes, but I haven't got used to it. Come and have a drink and tell me the story of your life."

"I'm sorry—" Did he imagine it, or was she a trifle breathless? "Not just now. Can't we have lunch or something tomorrow? I—I've got an appointment."

"With Marty?"

He was sure now. There was a perceptible hesitation before she answered, exactly as if she had paused to consider whether she should tell him the truth or invent a story.

"Yes. Please—I'm in a hurry."

"So am I." The Saint's voice was innocently persuasive. "Can I give you a lift? I'd like to see Marty again."

"I'm afraid he's ill—"

This was a lie. The Saint knew it, but the genial persuasion of his smile didn't alter. A taxi stood conveniently empty by the curb. He opened the door; and he still held her arm.

"Where to?" he asked as they settled down.

She leaned her head back and closed her eyes. After a moment she gave him an address. They rode on for a while in silence, and he studied her thoughtfully without seeming to stare. She had always been pretty in a fair-haired and rather fluffy way, but now for the first time he was aware of a background of character which he hadn't noticed particularly when he had known her before.

He cast his mind back over the time when they had first met. She was going around with Marty O'Connor then, and apparently they were still going around. After they had driven a few blocks, he reached forward and closed the glass partition to shut them off from the driver.

"Well, dear heart," he said to her, "do you tell me about it or do I drag it out of you? Is Marty in trouble again?"

She nodded hesitantly.

The Saint drew at his cigarette without any visible indications of surprise. When one is a minor racketeer, strong-arm man, and reputed gunman like Marty O'Connor one is likely to be in trouble pretty frequently. "Who started it?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Marty did something for me once. If he's in trouble I'd like to do something for him. On the level, Cora."

"You're not tied up with the cops any more?"

"I never was. I just did some of their work for them once, but they never thanked me. And if I'd ever had anything to take out on Marty I'd have done it years ago."

SHE looked at him for some seconds before she answered, and then her answer was made only indirectly. She leaned forward and opened the partition again for long enough to change the address Simon had given the driver to another two blocks north of it.

"You know the game," said the Saint appreciatively, and for the first time she looked him full in the eyes.

"I have to," she said. "The G-men have been combing the town for Marty for the last three months."

"What did he do? Did he take up kidnapping, or is he another of these income-tax defaulters?"

She looked at him queerly for a moment, and when she laughed there was a sharp note of strain in the sound.

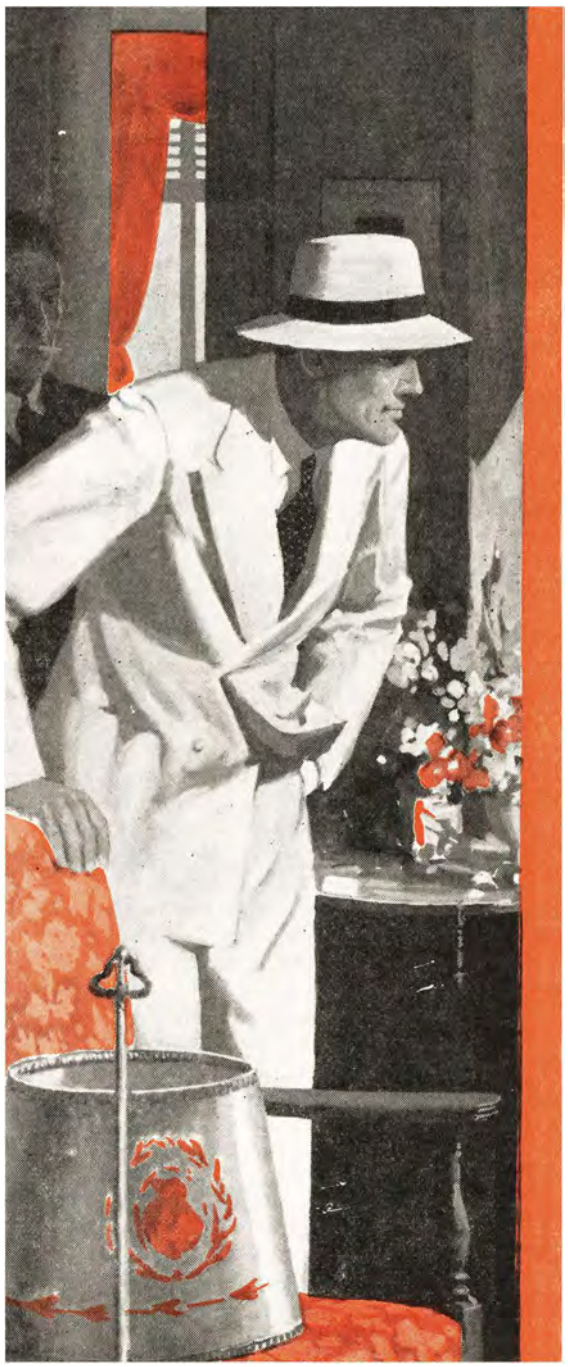
"The trouble is he knows too much about income tax. He'd be the star witness against Luckner if they could get his evidence."

"And he doesn't want to give it?"

"He doesn't want to die," said the girl brutally.

Simon was wise enough not to press her for any more details during the drive. In due course of time he would know all that he wanted to know, and he was pre-

"I'll tell you where Marty is for one hundred grand," said the Saint



pared to wait. He would see Marty himself.

The cab stopped opposite a dingy brick house between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. A half-dozen grimy gutter-snipes were playing raucous baseball in the street. The windows in the front of the house were clouded with the accumulated dirt of ages. Inside the front door, the floor of the dark hall was covered with a strip of threadbare linoleum; and Simon felt the slithery gloss of thick dust under his fingertips when he put his hand on the banister as they climbed the stairs to the second floor. His nose wrinkled in response to a faint, pervasive odor of ancient cooking. And a slight frown creased itself into his forehead. To find Marty O'Connor in a place like this, even as a hide-out, was a puzzle in itself—Marty, who had always been such a swell dresser, with a highly developed taste for spring mattresses and Turkey carpets and flashy decoration.

The girl opened the door, and they went into the living-room. The furniture there was in keeping with the building—cheap, shoddy, and shabby—but Simon noticed that, unlike the rest of the place, it appeared to be clean. Cora pulled off her hat.

"Hello, Marty!" she called. "I brought a friend to see you."

Marty O'Connor appeared in the doorway of the bedroom. He was in his shirt sleeves, his shirt open at the neck, and he kept one hand in his pocket. He stared at the Saint blankly; and then his homely face broke into a slow gold-and-ivory grin.

"Well, for . . . Where the deuce did you come from?"

The Saint chuckled. Marty took his right hand out of his pocket for the first time, and Simon grasped it.

"I wouldn't have believed you could get any uglier, Marty, but you made it."

THE gunman hauled him towards a chair and sat him down. He looked a little less plump than he had been when the Saint saw him last, and his unshaven cheeks were hollow. But the reckless twinkle in his faded eyes was the same.

"I sure am glad to see you here again, Saint. It's a long time since we had a drink together." O'Connor dusted the table with his handkerchief and sat on it. He turned around. "Cora! See if you got any of that gin left we had the other night. . . . Say!" He looked at the Saint again, beaming with simple pleasure. "Where you been all this time?"

"Here and there," said the Saint vaguely. "I've covered a good deal of ground. Have you been looking after yourself?"

"Not so badly."

The girl came back into the room, bearing a garishly labeled bottle and three cheap glasses.

"It's okay, Marty," she said. "I told him."

The gunman scratched his head. For a moment his heavy face sank back into its mask of dour suspicion. And then he grinned rather ruefully, like an unrepentant urchin.

"Well, ya know how it is, Saint," he said apologetically.

Simon shook his head.

"That's just what I don't quite know."

MARTY tipped liquor into the three glasses and passed one of them over. He sat down again.

"Well . . ." He picked a half-smoked cigarette out of the ash tray and relighted it. "All the good business folded after repeal. Sure, you could always give somebody a bit of protection, but you couldn't get the same dough. Besides, Luckner couldn't keep the connections he used to have. Some of the mob took up kidnapping, but that ain't my idea of a man's job. It got too dangerous, at that. I just about decided the best thing was to go on the legit if I could find a job anywhere, and then this Luckner case blew up. Didya read about it in the papers?"

"I've heard of it."

"I useta work with Luckner once—you know when. I never liked him, but it was just business. You know, we nearly had a fight lotsa times when he was tryin' to make Cora go out with him."

"He never did any harm," said the girl lightly.

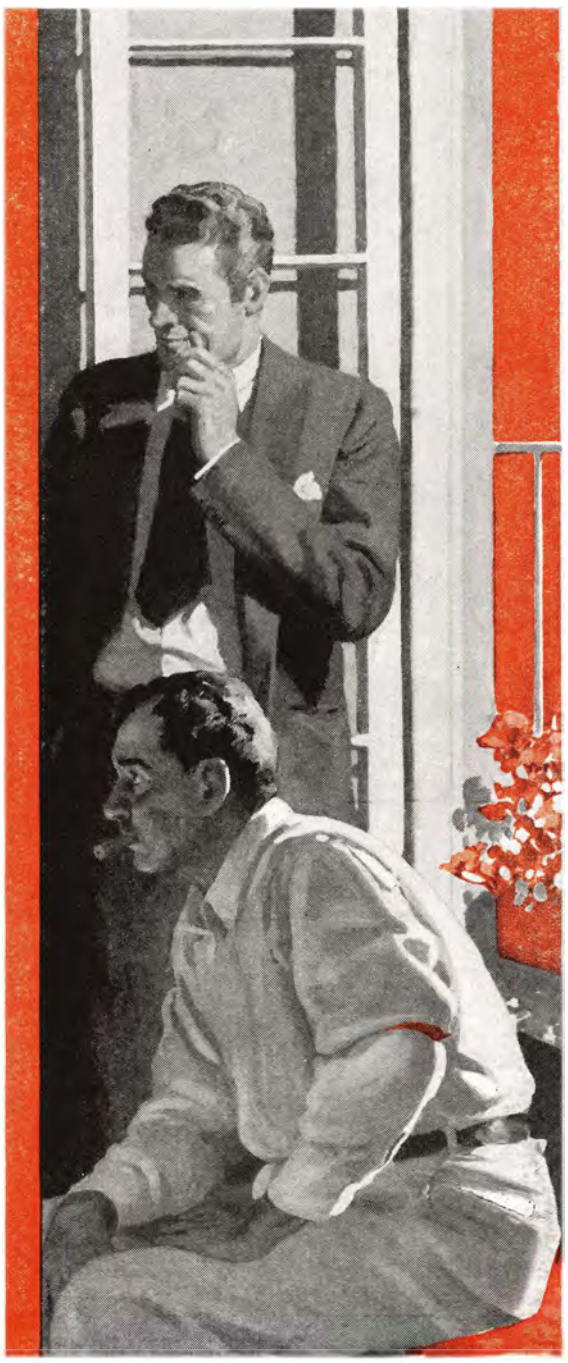
"And that wasn't for want of tryin'," growled O'Connor. "Why, I never see a guy make such a play for a girl like he done for Cora. Why, he once told her he'd have me taken for a ride and marry her himself if she'd say the word." Marty laughed in his throat, but the sound was without humor. "Still, I wouldn't stop him findin' his own way outa this income-tax rap if he can do it. I heard the G-men wanted me for a witness—I useta keep his accounts once—so I pulled out and went underground. I know things that wouldn't 've let him get away with a hung jury last time. But what's that worth?"

"It might have been worth a fresh start to you, Marty," said the Saint speculatively.

The other grinned slowly.

"Yeah, a (*Continued on page 76*)

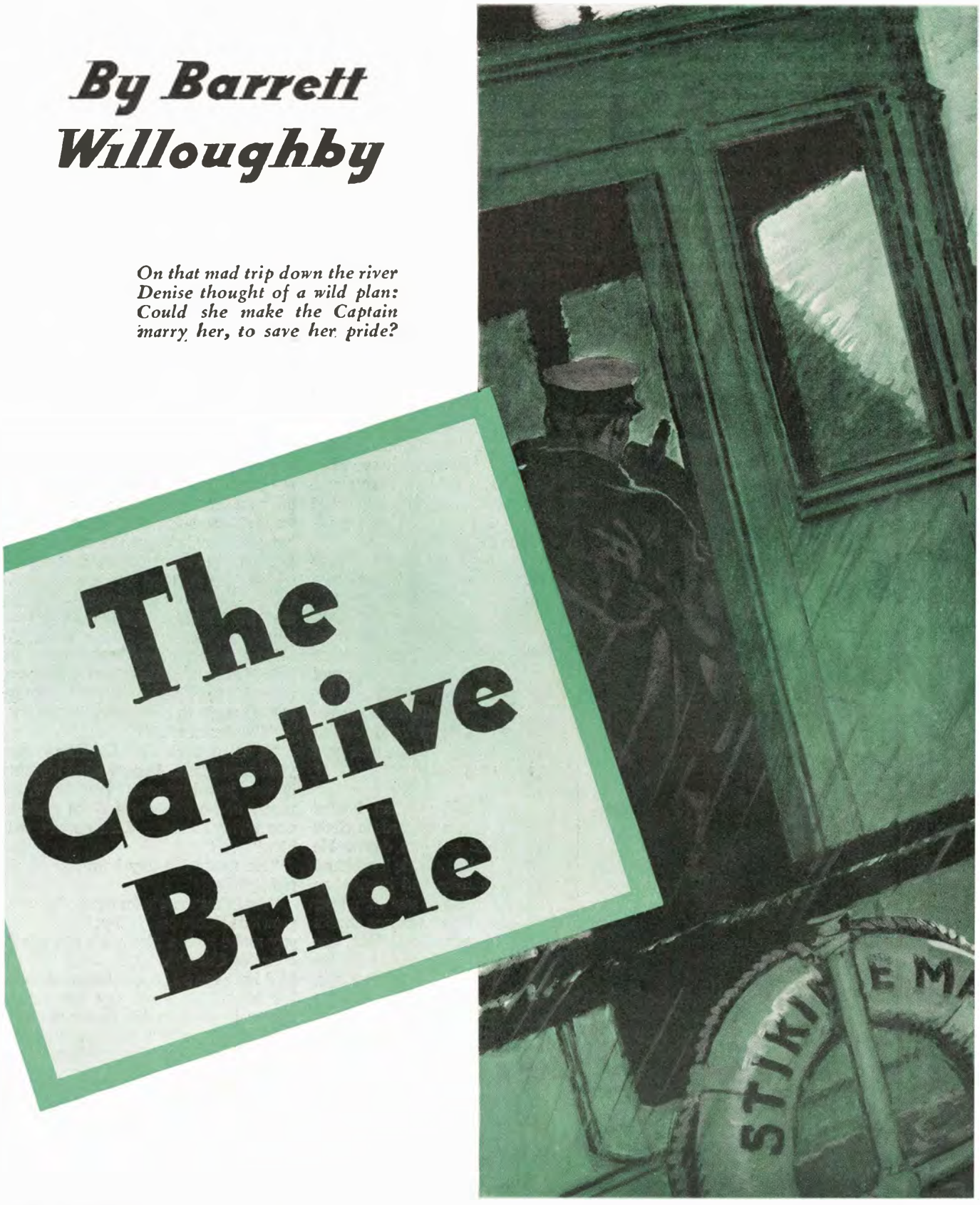
The racketeer nodded. It was worth that to him to have Marty rubbed out



ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

By Barrett Willoughby

On that mad trip down the river Denise thought of a wild plan: Could she make the Captain marry her, to save her pride?



The Captive Bride

What has happened so far:

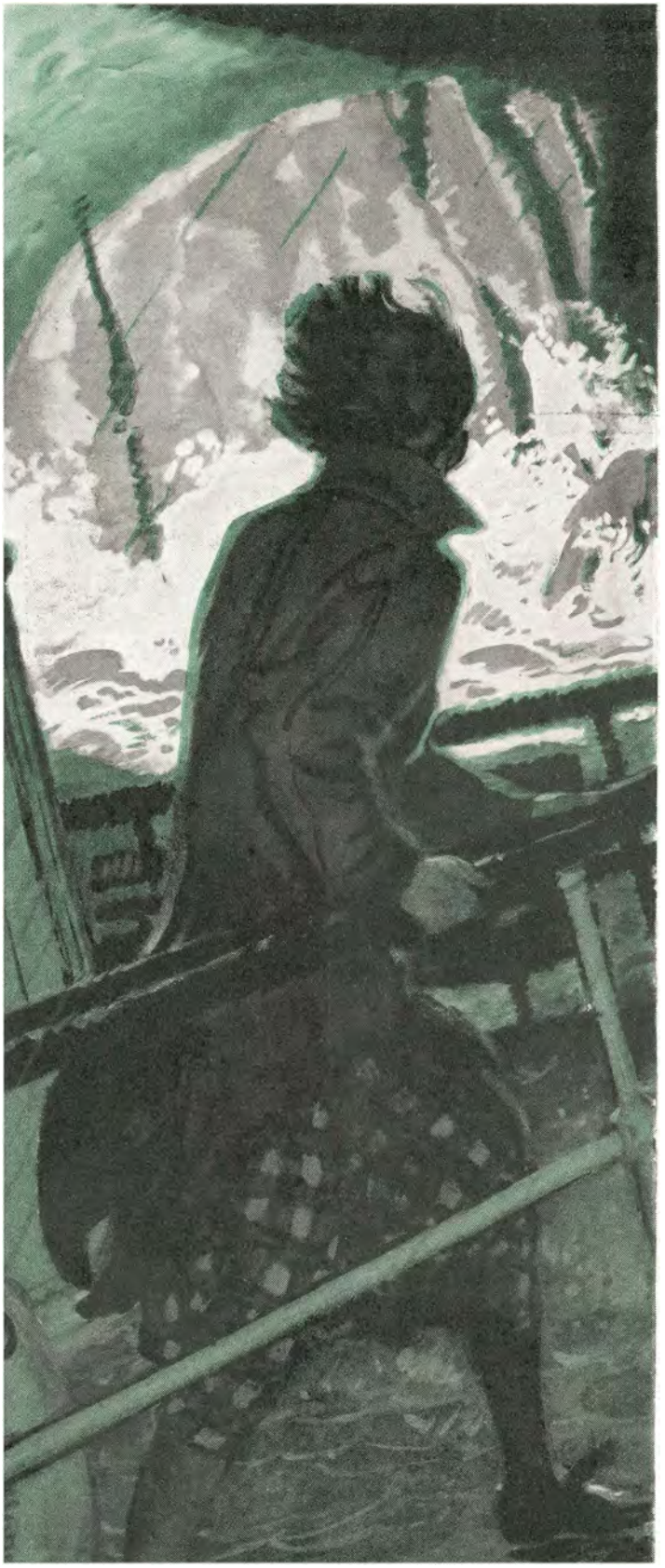
"WHAT are you doing on my river?" Revelry Bourne, captain of the Stikine Maid, demanded.

Jack Page laughed. "The Kama River's played out and I'm going to buck you on the Stikine."

Denny Keith knew that whichever man bought her Stikine estate would control the river. She had come North because her father's will provided that she spend a season at River House. Then she could sell and go to marry Murray Hart.

On the way up the river, the passengers went ashore to dance under the trees. Rio Carew, pretty divorcee, danced past Denny. And Denny remembered how friendly Rio had been on the boat with Derek Haskell, the handsome half-breed guide, and how, later, she had publicly snubbed him.

When Denny danced with Jack Page, he bent down and kissed her, and she broke away from him angrily. When Revelry Bourne danced with her out to the riverbank, she began to understand why her father, Larry Keith, wouldn't give up his free river life even for Sylvia, his wife, who had



divorced him and taken Denny to California. Overcome by the beauty of the night, Denny kissed Bourne. "No girl dares do that here unless she expects to grant a man all privileges," he said. "There is no halfway in the North."

Stung by what she took to be an insult, she determined to sell her property to Page. And she went in search of him to tell him so. She came upon him unexpectedly when he was making love to Willow Haskell, a little Indian girl.

The story goes on:

AFTER the first moment of shamed shock, Denny turned from the open door and fled, her tennis shoes making no sound on the deck. She never knew how she crossed the gangplank and made her way out to the road. Blind instinct was propelling her. The deserted warehouse offered solitude. She stumbled into the dim interior and, finding a pile of folded tarpaulins, sank down on them, her face buried in her arms, her heart flayed by humiliation, wounded vanity, and an intolerable sense of defilement.

She had known there were white man who consorted with squaws, but it had never occurred to her that one of her own station in life could be capable of such a thing. She tried to bar from her mind the repellent scene in Page's cabin, but it flashed ruthlessly before her—Jack Page, the man who had kissed her, now passionately clasping an unwashed little savage in his arms. No wonder Bourne had said, "There are some methods, some weapons I refuse to use."

Presently she found a sense of quiet strength pervading her, and with it Revelry Bourne came again into her mind. The man was, undoubtedly, a self-sufficient egotist, yet he had to his credit a certain disciplined power and a cold honesty which had made it impossible for him to play up to her for his own gain.

She would have to sell to Bourne. Tonight she would send for him and get the transaction finished.

The relief she felt at this decision was broken into by sounds in the compound—the thud of hoofs and a shouted command. The voice was Derek's; yet Rio Carew's outfit was not due to return for three weeks. In sudden alarm she came to her feet and went to the open door.

THE sun had gone down, and in the gathering twilight Derek and his helpers were preparing to unload the packtrain halted in front of the warehouse. Lashed on the nearest horse was a rolled-up bearskin, the grizzled head grinning across the drooping withers of the weary animal. On the back of another were two pelts of the mountain goat. A third horse bore a moose head with a fair spread of antlers.

Then she noticed that Rio's own mount stood at the head of the line, with its saddle empty.

"Derek! What has happened to Mrs. Carew?" she called anxiously.

The guide, pulling off his sombrero, came toward her. "Nothing unpleasant, Miss Keith. We found plenty of game and Mrs. Carew hunted—er—I might say intensively. So intensively, in fact, that she decided a couple of days ago that she had had enough and ordered a return to Tarnigan. She got off at River House as we came past."

Denny felt relieved, but Derek's manner puzzled her. He had been gravely respectful throughout his report, yet there was an odd look in the eyes he raised so quickly to hers, and a sardonic quirk to his mouth. Being aware of Rio's keen interest in the young man, she was a little uneasy.

Meanwhile, Rio, the returned huntress, in a very dirty, snag-torn riding costume, was seated in the warm kitchen awaiting the substantial tea she had demanded of Honey-Jo the moment she slid off her horse at the front gate. At the table opposite her sat the Commander, looking especially spick-and-span.

She drained her cup and turned bitter, dark eyes on the Commander. "Peaceful solitudes! Y-e-a-s! I've read about 'em in romances of the forest, where the handsome guide watches tenderly over the beautiful city sportswoman and, between shots, sits holding her hand and crooning love songs. But, take it from me, on one of these Stikine hunts there's about as much solitude and privacy as you'd find on a five-

o'clock subway train in New York City."

"You don't say!" The Commander's face was locked in a gravity which his eyes belied. "Didn't you have the snug little tent? The—er—couch of new-pulled hemlock?"

"Couch of new-pulled hemlock!" she scoffed. "The minute I fell asleep at night, I'd be awakened by that fool, efficient Derek, shaking my tent pole and shouting, 'Breakfast, Mrs. Carew. Hurry, please. It's four o'clock already and we must get going before the sun's too high!' And before it was daylight he'd have me out shinning up the side of a mountain after a goat. And did he show any consideration for my sex? He'd keep hounding me onward and upward until he got the poor goat cornered some place. Then he'd shove the rifle into my hands and tell me to shoot. So I'd blaze away—you ought to see the black-and-blue marks on my shoulder—and on the crack of the gun I'd hear him say, 'A splendid shot, Mrs. Carew!' But Derek—well, I meant just nothing to him." . . .

TWO days later Rio was sitting on a bench in the pergola. Derek Haskell, coming up the flagged path from the compound, caught a glimpse of her colorful figure above him, checked an involuntary stare of admiration, and then swerved suddenly to a bypath.

But Rio saw him and called cheerily, "Hey! Hey! How's the faithful guide?"

He turned toward her, lifting his sombrero. "Very well, Mrs. Carew. I'm glad to see you've recovered from your hard trip."

"Good heavens!" Rio burst out impatiently. "Be yourself, Derek! Why do you persist in being so distant? I've tried to show you you're—well, you're a friend."

"I'm half Indian, Mrs. Carew."

The two stared at each other in sudden mutual hostility. "If you ask me," she retorted, "you're half devil."

"That's the English half." He re-

The handsome blond man stood before the fireplace, welcoming the guests to the Hunt Dinner. He irritated Denise—maddened her. Yet she thrilled to his tall good looks

garded her with cool insolence. "The irony of a half-breed's situation is that both the English and the Indian blood in him unite in despising the white who accepts him on terms of—shall we say social intimacy? A paradox which women cannot understand."

Rio came indignantly to her feet. "Why, you—you—" she spluttered.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Carew. I must run along." . . .

AFTER dinner, when Denny went upstairs, she found Rio at an open window staring out over the moonlit valley. Denny, touched by something lonely and dejected in her attitude, stopped at her side and leaned on the sill with her.

"Last fall when I was up here with Carew," Rio told her, "Derek Haskell was our guide. He used to talk to me about wild flowers and tell me funny little things about animals and birds—you know. I didn't think I liked the woods much, but after I got that money from Carew and was free to do as I pleased I kept thinking of Derek, and of this place, and so I came back—"

As she broke off, Denny, feeling her companion's body grow tense, looked out and saw a horseman riding down the road. He drew rein within sight of the dormer window in which she and Rio were leaning and, with a low, clear call in Thaltan, twisted in his saddle and beckoned to someone higher up the road. In answer an Indian girl rode down and stopped her horse beside his.

When the man turned his head and deliberately scrutinized the moonlit gables of River House, Denny recognized Derek Haskell. Then he placed his hand familiarly on the pommel of the native girl's saddle, and the pair made a picturesque, intimate vignette as they looked out over the valley.

And presently, when the two had ridden on down toward the Indian quarter, Rio began to laugh.

"No, I'm not crazy," she explained, in answer to Denny's surprised look. "But if I know anything about men, Mr. Haskell would never have staged that little scene for my benefit if he'd been as indifferent to me as he pretends."

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

OCTOBER. The hunting season was over. Denny realized it with an odd regret as she closed her wardrobe trunk and stood looking around her small suite. At last she had fulfilled the proviso of her father's will, Revelry Bourne was the master of River House, and she was free to go home and marry Murray. Yet her mind was not going forward to her wedding day. Instead, she was remembering the night she had sent for Bourne to talk over the transfer of her property.

When the business details were over he began to talk of her father. His talk made Larry Keith something other than the impractical, semi-cultured barbarian Sylvia had always pictured. "When I was a little fellow it was my ambition to grow up just like him. But I've fallen far short of the mark," said Bourne, laughing a little. "He was an idealist, and the finest man I knew."

Instinctively Denny's eyes lifted to Sylvia's portrait over the mantel. Bourne, following the direction of her gaze, confirmed her thought. "Yes, she was Larry's ideal. But he had an additional pedestal, and it was you he placed on it, Denise." After a moment's silence he added, "Every lonely man has an ideal woman, you know."

"Have you an—?" She checked herself, suddenly realizing the very personal nature of her question.

But he answered her unfinished thought: "Certainly, I have my ideal woman." He smiled at her with eyes grown darkly, brilliantly blue.

"Have you met her, Captain?" she asked, succumbing to her curiosity.

"Once (*Continued on page 125*)

GEMS can talk

EVER since I entered Columbia University as a student fifty years ago, my life has seemed more exciting to me than that of any man I know. It has been devoted entirely to minerals and gems, particularly to gems—such as diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, opals, pearls, topaz, jade, and amber. For the last seventeen years, as Curator of Minerals and Gems at the American Museum of Natural History in New York, I have been in charge of the J. Pierpont Morgan Collection, which is the finest and most complete collection of gems in the world.

Searching memory and notebooks for material for these random recollections, I find the most interesting things about gems are not the stones themselves, but their effect upon the people who own them or covet them, or who merely admire them. Throughout the ages, precious stones have inspired greedy persons to cheat and steal and kill. Particular gems, like the Hope diamond, are said to be the dwelling places of evil spirits who wreak spooky curses upon all who come near. Others are thought to bring good luck. Generally the ownership of beautiful gems brings happiness and a certain spiritual uplift. My belief is that no gems are lucky or unlucky, but that they have the power to bare the souls and expose the characters and temperaments of all who wear or look upon them.

I have heard that many employers like to play golf with candidates for important positions, because in a golf game a man cannot conceal his true nature. Nor can he in the presence of precious stones.

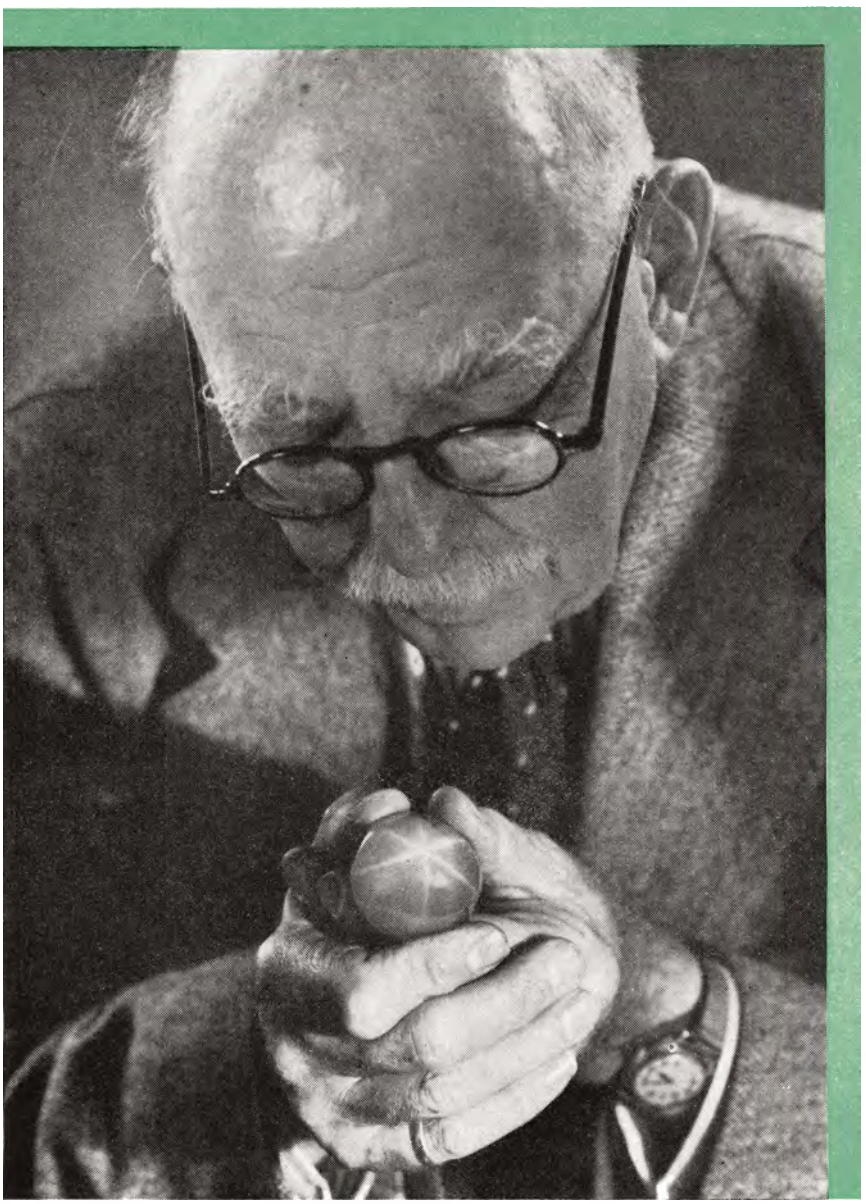
Let me guide you through the Morgan collection. Without the aid of astrologers or palmists I'll tell you what sort of man or woman you are. Look around you the next time you attend a party and note the jewels worn by the women. By those jewels you can divide the modest, artistic, and well-bred women, the good wives, from the others. I trust, for the sake of the party, no men will be present whose jewels will be of note. Such men are likely to be loud and opinionated bores. . . .

A YOUNG man and young woman visited our collection. They were to be married. The young man, who came from a wealthy family, told me he intended to design an ensemble as a wedding present for his bride. He wanted to become familiar with various stones before going to a jeweler to make his selections.

We came to our choicest exhibit—the Star of India, the radiant 563-carat star sapphire, the largest in the world.

Behind precious stones are thrilling tales of adventure and romance—but even more exciting are the strange stories jewels tell me about people who wear them

By Herbert P. Whitlock



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Dr. Whitlock, Curator of Minerals and Gems at the American Museum of Natural History, studying the Star of India, largest star sapphire in the world. . . . It told him a powerful story of love, money, divorce

The young man said in a hushed and reverent tone, "How beautiful!"

The young woman turned to me and demanded, "How much is it worth?"

When they had gone I said to my assistant, "That girl is marrying him for his money. They have nothing in common and the marriage will not last a year." It lasted only six months, and the newspapers said, when she went to Reno, that she had been given a settlement of half a million dollars. . . .

MANY persons come with jewels for appraisal. I make no effort to set values on them, but I do tell these persons whether the stones are genuine and give an opinion as to their quality.

A pretty girl entered my office one day, dropped a ring into my hand, and asked, "Is that a genuine diamond?"

I examined it through my loupe—that black, one-eyed magnifying glass you have seen jewelers use—and saw it was a fine white zircon, worth perhaps $50.

"It's my engagement ring," she said. "My sweetheart said it was a diamond."

"It is a beautiful stone," I said.

"Then it *is* a diamond?" And her face lighted up.

I was in a difficult position. If I told her the gem was not a diamond, I probably would break up the match. If I said it was a diamond, I would be false to my profession. I wonder what you would have done.

I reasoned with myself: "Her sweetheart is evidently a show-off, or he knows she is a girl who is to be won only by ostentatious gifts. At any rate, they lack the proper frankness and trust in each other. They're not really in love."

I said aloud, "No, it is not a diamond."

"Thank you," she said, and her eyes flashed in anger. "That settles it!"

I hope they are happily married—not to each other. . . .

A LITTLE fat, perspiring man came in on a hot day last summer. his face beaming as though he had found a great treasure. He carefully unwrapped a bundle of ore, spread the pieces before me, stood back proudly, and asked, "How much is that worth a ton?"

I smiled, picking up one of the specimens. "That's iron pyrites, fool's gold. It's not worth anything."

He turned pale. "That can't be true," he cried. "It's *gold!* Real gold!"

"Fool's gold," I repeated.

"Great heavens!" he cried. "A week ago in Denver I married eleven acres of that!" . . .

When Maria Christina, former Infanta of Spain (her father, Alfonso XIII, had been removed from the throne to make way for a republic), was in New York a few years ago she came to see our collection. She was interested particularly in our famous deep-rose rhodonite Easter egg. When there were a czar and a Church in Russia, this egg was carved. It was the (*Continued on page 100*)

Grandma

Just a little old lady, but she was right there with the best of them . . . whether it was a fight or a budding romance

By David Garth

RIPLEY AUSTIN was down at the ship to see his grandmother off. It seemed to him that he was always seeing Grandmother Austin off. Her total unconcern for her years included the energetic proclivity of traveling any time, anywhere, at the drop of a hat. In fact, it sometimes appeared that she used her aristocratic old brownstone house off lower Fifth Avenue as a place to light while she caught her breath and figured out what to do next. All of which was accepted philosophically, perforce, by the young man who was her only grandson and closest of kin.

Rip had to admit that she did not look seventy as she stood on the boat deck and waited eagerly for whistles to blow, and things. Her hair was pure white, but her youthful blue eyes in her fresh, finely featured face were dark-lashed, and lively, almost luminous, with enthusiasm.

"Now, don't do anything crazy, Gramma," he admonished her. "Try to remember you're all I have in the world."

"Don't worry about me," Grandmother Austin said in her low, refined voice. "South America is nothing to some of the places I've been."

Her sedate, middle-aged maid who accompanied her always looked as though she echoed that sentiment. She and her employer had ridden camels at Beirut and been to Iceland.

South America? Well, that was a long way off, but on the whole he could think of a lot worse places she might have gone. Anyhow, there was nothing he could have done about it. His grandmother

was a Lulu

had her own money, which was plenty; her own inclinations, which were positive; and her health, which was perfect.

So he stood on the dock later, a tall, blond young man with the same lively eyes as Grandmother Austin's, and waved vigorously to her at the rail. Grandmother Austin smiled serenely down on him and fluttered a tiny handkerchief. . . .

Life stopped in the office of a hard-working young architect three weeks later at, to be exact, a quarter past eleven in the morning. For it was then that a cablegram was delivered, and Rip Austin read it with a sudden cold chill running up and down the good old spine:

COME HOTEL ALQUILAR MANAOS IMMEDIATELY URGENT HELL MAY POP. GRAMMA.

He stared at the crackling missive astounded. Was he dreaming or was "Gramma" actually appealing to him for aid? Hell may—*Manáos!*

Where in thunder was Manáos? He snapped out of a state of suspended animation to call a travel agency on the phone. Manáos, he was informed, was one thousand miles up the Amazon River from Pará.

"Good grief!" Rip said faintly, and swept a hand across his forehead.

The Amazon! Visions of jungles, crocodiles, head hunters, pythons, tom-toms, poison darts leaped through his mind. He visioned Grandmother Austin tied to a stake somewhere.

"The Amazon!" he muttered, and

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PARKER

cold sweat was upon his brow. "The Amazon—!"

He went into action on the spot. He practically *snatched* a leave of absence from his firm. Life and death, that's what this was. Gramma was in trouble —Grandmother Austin, brisk, beautiful little Gramma.

He threw some clothes together, cashed a check that left his bank balance reeling on the ropes, and caught a plane for Miami that same day. . . .

Probably nobody would deny that three days from Miami to the mouth of the Amazon was very satisfactory traveling time, but Rip, from the moment he had hopped into the plane for Rio at Miami, had stewed impatiently. Those three days seemed like three years—three days that carried him into another world, swift flight over tropical islands and southern seas to the beginning of that vast, mysterious region of jungle, yellow water, and mud huts—the Amazon River basin.

His first glimpse of Pará from the air was none too reassuring. Jungle spread out on all sides from the banks of the discolored Amazon, and the city looked as though it were completely isolated. How in heaven's name had Grandmother Austin ever popped into a place like that? Flown up from Rio probably.

AFTER he landed it didn't seem so bad—a city of parks and squares heavily shaded with royal palms waving in every direction, and streets with trolley cars and automobiles and shops. He did not have a chance to investigate further because the Manáos plane was waiting, and he climbed in for the last lap of his dash, mightily grateful for the connections.

At any other time he might have enjoyed that flight up the Amazon, over snail-like steamers and dense jungle, the roar of the plane's motor lending a touch of the twentieth century as, with sun gleaming on polished wings, they flew over the flat, impenetrable, ages-old country below.

And the descents upon the river at Santarém and Obidos deepened the feeling of this amazing world of jungle and swamp and mud huts along a South American river barely a week's flight from New York. Rip battled valiantly against the mental picture of Gramma in places like these. The blazing heat of the day gave way to the unbroken silence and coolness of the nights, and he strode restlessly up wide streets deep in grass before tight-closed houses and hoped feverishly that Gramma was still safe, well. He had cabled her that he was on his way, but it seemed to take so long.

THE afternoon after leaving Obidos he was set down in the exotic city of Manáos, with the same impression of the omnipresent jungle intensified by many patches of trees and wilderness right in the town itself. Civilization was represented in the form of paved streets and movie theaters and electric tramcars, but, even at that, Rip thought it was a crazy place for a man to find his grandmother.

The Alquilar Hotel appeared somnolent as he entered. Nothing seemed to be popping at all. But, as he strode quickly through the stone-paved lobby fringed with limp-looking palms toward the desk, he heard his name called eagerly, and whirled to see Amanda, Gramma's maid, hastening toward him.

"Mr. Rip!" she exclaimed joyfully.

"You made a hero out of yourself just in time," Grandmother Austin said. "The rest is up to you"

"You've really come! I'm so glad."

"Yes, sure," he said tersely, taking her arm. "Where's my grandmother? What's up?"

Amanda led him to one side. They sat down on a rattan divan.

"I couldn't do a thing with her, Mr. Rip," she quivered. "She would go."

"Go?" He looked at her, amazed. "Isn't she here?"

"She went with the beautiful Miss Jones and those two men," Amanda said nervously.

He grasped her wrist.

"For the love of heaven, Amanda," he said, agonized, "what are you talking about?"

Amanda took a note from her bosom with fingers that trembled slightly and handed it to him.

Rip tore it open.

The writing was in his grandmother's clear, firm hand:

Ripley, my dear:

I have run across something that smells odious. And I simply cannot lose touch with it.

I have gone out to a place called La Castraz with Miss Jones. That is a rubber plantation on some river above here. Follow me quickly. And, Ripley, my dear, use your head. GRAMMA

PS. Wait until you see Miss Carlotta Jones. English father and Spanish mother and educated in Paris. I know a knockout when I see one. GRAMMA

Rip's nervous system was healthy and he had never been regarded as a young man who went up in the air at a nudge, or anything like that, but this came close to cutting him loose from his moorings. Bad enough that his grandmother should be in a part of the country like this, but to find that she had gone off with a Miss Jones and two men caused the words of her note to dance crazily before his eyes and something to thump in his throat.

"MISS JONES and those two men were on the Pará plane," Amanda was saying. "Madam found out something. I don't know what, Mr. Rip. But she became acquainted with Miss Jones, and as soon as we got here she sent a cable to you, told me to wait until you came, and then went off with—with Miss Jones."

Rip was steady again. He jammed the note in his pocket and stood up.

"You shouldn't have let her go, Amanda."

"She gave orders, Mr. Rip," Amanda said. She was almost tearful.

He looked at her a moment, then nodded and patted her gently on the shoulder. He knew how insistent his grandmother could be when she became enthusiastic about something.

"It's all right. Not your fault. Wait here, Amanda."

He went over to the desk. The clerk was interrogated. La Castraz? The

Rip kept his eyes closed. He didn't want to come to. This gorgeous creature was a menace to normal breathing anyway

clerk couldn't place it. Possibly one of those plantations that had been deserted after the collapse of the big rubber boom. There were many such.

"Deserted?" said Rip. He drew a breath. He began to smell something odious, too.

The clerk advised him to try the Anglo-Brasiliero Rubber Company office. Rip ran into luck there. He met a cheery young Englishman who managed to locate the deserted plantation of La Castraz for him. It was on the Amazon, ninety miles south from Manáos.

"How do I get there?" Rip asked steadily.

River steamers on an irregular schedule went up the Amazon. They'd let him off there.

"When's the next one?"

"Gosh, old chap, that's a riddle. Tomorrow, next day, day after. They sail when they please."

"I have to get there right away," said Rip. "Right away—if I have to swim!"

The Englishman whistled softly.

"You *are* in a hurry. I'll tell you—I can get you a launch. Pedro Saentz-Durilla has one. Not much, but it moves. He'll take you there. Anything else you might like?"

Rip contemplated him thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said suddenly. "If you could put me in the way of securing a revolver, I'd be," he nodded grimly, "ever so much obliged."

Not that he cared about the possibilities of shooting off guns. But Gramma was in the middle of a picture that very definitely grew worse by the minute. . . .

The Pará plane to Manáos was a five-passenger amphibian. Grandmother Austin and Amanda had been the first to take their places. Gramma smiled with anticipation. She had heard a lot about this trip to Manáos. Of course it was just as well Ripley knew nothing of this. She smiled again and settled herself comfortably.

The plane was filled by the arrival of a girl accompanied by two men. Grandmother Austin looked at the girl with great interest. She thought she had never seen such a beautiful girl. Slim, boyish figure, a dark-haired girl with skin as creamy as a gardenia and lovely Spanish eyes, soft and brown and velvety. And the clear-cut line of straight, short nose and pomegranate mouth had the Anglo-Saxon stamp to go along with the eloquent Latin of her eyes. Grandmother Austin reflected that she must remember to tell Ripley about her. One glance of those velvety brown eyes and his previously impervious backbone would be as an icicle in the Pará sun, Gramma decided. The girl sat down across from Grandmother Austin and drummed restlessly on the arm support with white-gloved fingers.

One of the (*Continued on page 130*)

The great Southwest turns out its spiciest cooks for our roving dinner guests

Hot Stuff!

By Beverly Smith

IT SEEMS a strange life that Grace and I are leading—roaming over this vast land in search of the best food and cooking. But it's nothing new. The Greeks had a sentence for it. Archestratus was a friend of Pericles' son, in that golden age of Athens over 2,000 years ago. And of him was written:

"That great man traveled by land and sea to discover where what was most delicate for the table was produced."

We travel by small car, with six months' baggage crammed in the rumble, instead of by caravan, litter, and galley (a litter would have helped after some of the meals). We haven't crossed any seas yet, but we've already ranged from the chowder pots of Maine to the orange groves of California, from the lumberjack cookhouses on the Canadian border to Mexican 'dobe houses fragrant with cominos, chili, and oregano spices.

The latest course on our national menu has taken us through California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and Oklahoma. And this is being written after a feast of barbecued goat in the blackjack hills of the Osage country in Oklahoma.

We have eaten things we never ate before, and old favorites fixed up in new ways. Crisp sand dabs and abalone steaks; oysters cooked in a Hang Town fry, and avocado baked with crab meat; figs fresh from the tree; baked zucchini squash and fresh black-eyed peas with ham; Jeff Davis pie (in a house young Jefferson Davis used to frequent when he was a lieutenant of U. S. Dragoons); a chicken pie fit for Friar Tuck; an angel cake that won a lawsuit; and a piñon nut dessert called "sopa."

But, after all, most of this great and sovereign territory used to belong to Old Mexico. Monterey and the Alamo were battles long ago, but the Mexican and Spanish influence survives in the kitchens and hungers of the gringo. Especially in the chili. It runs like a refrain, ardent and pervasive, from the Golden Gate to San Antone.

WE STRUCK it first as, driving southward through California, we drew near San Francisco. We stopped, tired and hungry, at a little roadside stand—the kind which, in other parts of the country, has hamburgers and frankfurters. Here there was a steaming caldron of *chile con carne*. Hot stuff! Not the best, perhaps. But a promise of what was to come.

All along our way we found it, in a dozen flavors and guises. Chili with tamales, enchiladas, beans, rice, takos, tortillas; in tamale pies and with Spanish rice; with macaroni and spaghetti and onions and cheese.

So esoteric were some of its forms, that often recipes would run like this: "First get some blue corn meal ground by the Indians over at the pueblo, and some chili powder fixed by the old Mexican who lives fifteen miles north of here by the arroyo."

But first I want to tell about some *chile con carne* we ate in Ada, Okla. It's

as good as any we ever tasted—and we've sampled many varieties.

Mrs. J. V. Chapman, of Cross Plains, Texas, told us about her son Jim in Oklahoma who was famous for his chili, and who would fix some for us if we warned him of our coming.

In due time we descended on Jim at lunchtime. We found him to be a young man, with a beautiful wife and two fine boys. His business is hardware, but his art is chili, and this day, I'm afraid, he had been neglecting his business for his art. He had risen early, he said, to be sure that everything would be just right.

It was. Hot, but not hot enough to make you weep, unless for joy. Rich, without being greasy. The meat tender, the beans mealy. The color, a dark, glowing red. The aroma, like incense on Aztec altars!

Two of the ingredients of the meal were those great digestants, hilarity and song. After lunch Chapman took the piano. We swapped songs, and the ten-year-old son of the family brought down the house with his Slewfoot Sue, chief engineer in the shirt-tail fact'ry: "Her form was all she had. Had a face like a soft-shell crab!"

Chili is always a matter of individual taste. But when you do hit it right you'll understand why the late Will Rogers preferred a bowl of chili to the fanciest products of the chefs, and why men of such varied talents as Vice President John Garner, Clark Gable, Andy (of Amos 'n' Andy), and Dizzy Dean rank chili at the top of the necessary luxuries. And don't forget that there are some excellent canned chili products on the market, and that they're constantly improving in variety and quality.

But the fragrance of chili has drawn us ahead of our story. Let's get back to the Golden Gate.

San Francisco, we found, is a grand town to eat in. But it's primarily a restaurant town, and the cuisine of the restaurants is international. You can dine under any flag: French, Russian, Italian, German, or Chinese. Our own favorite stroll was down to Fisherman's Wharf. Here, standing at the counter, we ate shrimp, oysters, and crabs fresh off the boats. And the tender little sand dabs (cousin to the Norfolk spot) fried in butter. And steaks cut from that huge Pacific mollusk, the abalone, pounded until tender, and broiled over charcoal.

It was in one of the little water-front restaurants that we first tasted the Hang Town fry.

Placerville, east of San Francisco, used to be called Hang Town in the old gold-rush days, because it had a large oak tree handy for stringing up the less popular citizens. The legend is that one Forty-Niner scheduled for the oak won a reprieve and regained public esteem by concocting a Hang Town fry over the very bonfire which had been lighted to celebrate his demise. A golden-brown oyster-and-egg dish, it is an eloquent and convincing argument against capital punishment.

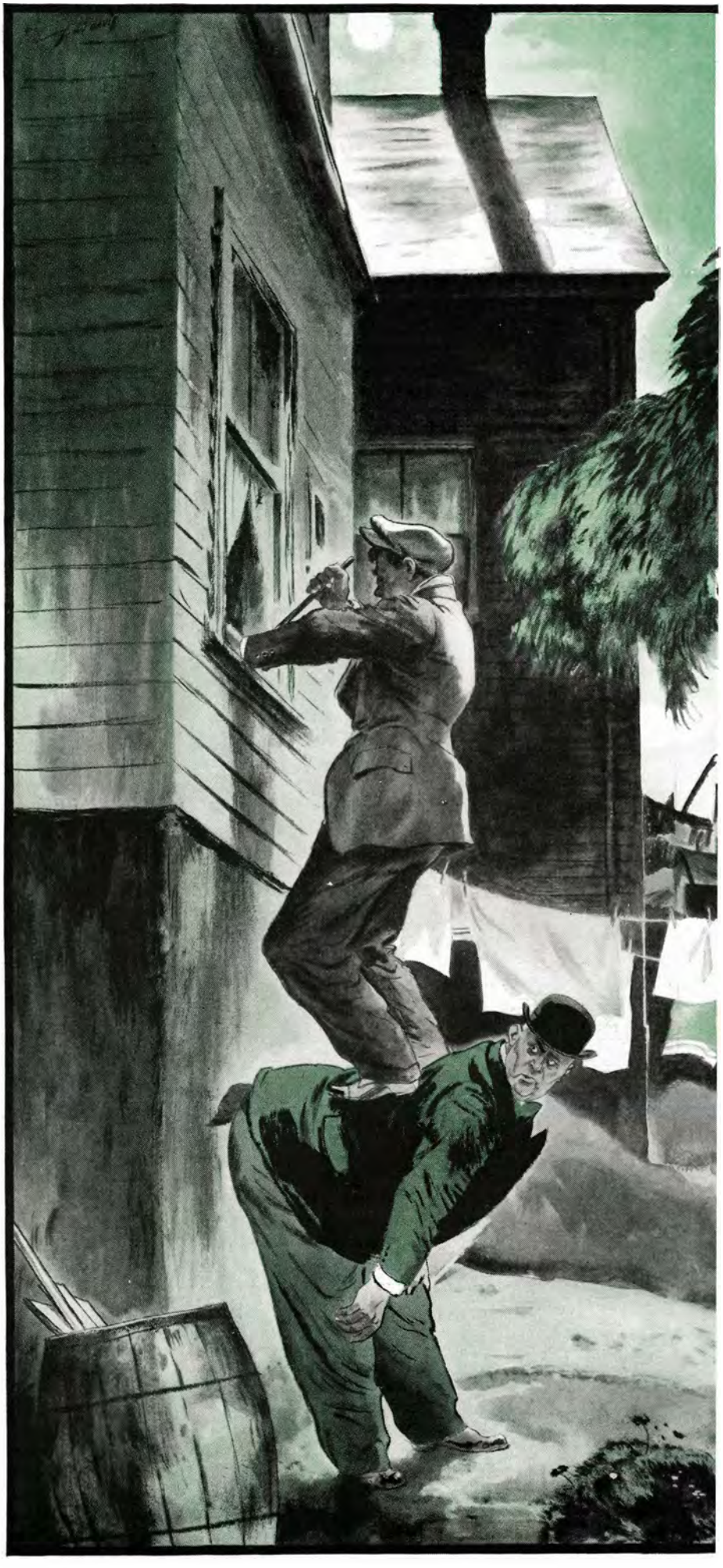
We can't leave San Francisco without mentioning Mrs. Mary L. Hyde's baked zucchini squash, a delicacy which her friends beg her to prepare when she invites them to dinner. The slender summer squash which ripen either dark or light green are really only the foundation for an unusually good vegetable soufflé.

Southern (*Continued on page 162*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LOVE STUDIO

Touring the country in search of typical American dishes, Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Smith sample barbecued goat in the Osage hills of Oklahoma

By Edward Hope



What has happened so far:

IT SEEMED to Richard Seton Radway that life was becoming more unpleasant every day. He had two charming daughters, Virginia and Olive, but both were in love with the wrong men. Ginnie was all set to elope with Dmitri Kieff, an artist who had a small job on the *Ledger*, a paper owned by Radway. Dmitri claimed to be a Russian nobleman, but most people doubted it, especially his boss, Bull Forrester, the famous cartoonist. Olive, the other daughter, loved James Sparks, the paper's business manager.

With the exception of Kieff, they were all at the sanitarium of Dr. Hartley Grant Stryker, well-known psychoanalyst and author. Bull Forrester had gone off on a terrific binge, and Radway was forced to send him to the sanitarium for a cure. Then he decided to go along himself—it was a good place to keep an unwavering eye on his daughters. But even in this peaceful mansion, Radway was in hot water. Dr. Stryker's sister, Mrs. Allington, was a widow with a passion to remarry, and her eye was fixed on him. Radway, long a widower, and enjoying it, sent in desperation for his syndicate manager, David Partridge, to come to the rescue. Dave was delighted at the summons, for he had promised Ginnie, with whom he was hopelessly in love, to help her elope with the scheming Russian, and, at the present moment, had Dmitri waiting for them at his apartment. But while Dave was talking to Dmitri over the telephone, he was overheard by Mary Mayne, the blond siren of the office, whom he had promised to marry to avoid a breach-of-promise suit. Mary, of course, thought he was talking to a woman.

Dave's plans for Ginnie's elopement were made. He was to create a disturbance that would enable her to get out of the house and into the rumble of his car. Bull Forrester was also expecting to be rescued by two bartenders.

As the curtain rises on the concluding installment we find Mary Mayne and Dmitri Kieff staring at each other in front of Partridge's apartment door . . . .

Marry the Girl

Red always believed in getting in on the ground floor—even when he had to stand on someone else's back to do it

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

DMITRI KIEFF was no less surprised than Mary Mayne when he found her outside Partridge's apartment door. But he was quicker to gain composure. A smile slowly dawned on his face, revealing his white, even teeth. He threw the door wide. He bowed, beautifully, from the waist.

"But I am enchanted!" he crooned. "It has been most sad, alone here."

"Well, I'll be darned!" Mary Mayne said.

"Oh, no. I cannot think of it." He stepped back. "Please come in."

She walked into the tiny foyer, still staring at Dmitri from under a puzzled brow. "I don't get this."

He closed the door. "I shall take you the coat. Then we have a drink. . . . There. I hang it. So."

"But what are you doing here?" She flicked her blond hair into place.

"And you, too—what are you doing here?" he smiled. "We have a drink and explain us to the other."

"I can stand a snifter," she said. . . .

Dave put *The New England Garden Book* back on the bed table. He looked at his watch. He listened.

It was two hours since he had helped Dr. Stryker turn out the lights and followed him upstairs. It was more than an hour since he had heard a sound, beyond an occasional grunt from Felton, the amateur watchman. He had not overlooked anything: The telephone wires were cut; the ladder was under Ginnie's window; the roadster, its rumble seat gaping open, was in the drive, not twenty-five feet from the bottom of the ladder.

Sparks's determination to spend the night was a little disturbing, but Dave didn't see how it would interfere. Sparks was sleeping on the sofa in the library downstairs, and that was at the end of the house, well away from Ginnie's room and the drive. No. Sparks would be all right.

THE pink-shaded lamp beside the bed still burned. Dave got up and went to the electric bracket over the dressing table. He unscrewed the bulb, put a penny into the socket, screwed the bulb back in. He nodded at it approvingly.

He went to his open suitcase and took out a piece of rope and six lead weights. The pantry window, under his own, must be—let's see—seven feet or so. He measured off an appropriate length of rope. He sat down at the dressing table and tied on the weights.

He went to the door and listened. . . .

Radway realized that he was in Central Park. It was night. A thick silence clotted around him, so that he heard the steady *thump-thump* of the tom-toms in the distance. In the murk he could see a huge tree beside the path. He reached out and touched it.

It was cold and soft, like the damp

rubber of an ice bag. That seemed queer. If only it were a solid tree . . . because there, in the night behind him . . .

A man ran up the path. Radway saw him come close and pause. His face glowed phosphorescent, and his eyes were terrified. He was a policeman, enormously tall and broad. His face looked like the moon.

He took Radway by the shoulders in a grip that hurt.

"Quick!" he screamed. "Quick, *quick!*" He turned and fled into the dark, and his voice came back, diminishing in the distance: "Quick, *quick*, quick, *quick*, quick, *quick*. . . ."

So Radway had been right. It was loose again. Got out of the zoo, somehow. He remembered: It had broken its cage and eaten a keeper. Quick, *quick* . . .

But the asphalt had melted. His shoes were stuck. He pulled first at one leg, then at the other. They gave a little, but stayed gummily fixed.

Ah! They were his bedroom slippers. He remembered coming in pajamas because of Stryker's message. Well, slippers were easy. He slid his feet out of them, put them on the cold earth. Horribly cold . . .

He could call the policeman back The policeman could save him from it. But no sound came when he tried to scream. He opened his mouth wider and tried. No sound at all. He must run, run . . .

Or go into the dark house here and hide. Yes. In the dark house, no matter what might be waiting, lurking in there . . .

Richard Seton Radway, his eyes closed, his hands out, groping, crossed the floor of Mrs. Allington's best guest-room to the door. His fingers found the key. . . .

JOE MULCAHY and Red O'Leary were not easy about the tall fellow they had watched maneuvering around the house. The ladder he had brought up seemed especially disconcerting. It was not reasonable. You don't sneak up with a ladder, place it against a window, and then do no more about it. The tall man had placed the ladder, looked critically at it, then skulked off in the bushes. In a minute he had come back, and they had watched him go into the house by the front door.

It wasn't right. They had discussed it at length, hiding there in the trees. Joe's car was hidden down the drive. And they had reached no conclusion, except that the whole performance was screwy. And that the ladder would do them no good, for they knew from Forrester that the windows of his room were barred. . . .

Finally, the time seemed to have come. There was still a light in the window where the ladder stood, but there was no moving shadow, no sign of life. They decided to start operations.

The plan was simple. Jimmy a window in the back of the house, the kitchen, by choice. Get in on the ground floor. Make a noise. Then wait for the farmer watchman to come down to investigate. Blackjack him from ambush—and the rest was so much velvet. . . .

They ran noiselessly across the lawn to a big window in the ell at the back of the house.

"High up," Red whispered hoarsely. "Lemme git on yer back, and I'll jimmy 'er."

"Okay."

Professional acrobats could not have done the feat with more precision or less noise. Two barely audible grunts from Joe were the only indications that this was not a regular diversion of theirs.

Red applied the jimmy. Joe stood firmly. . . .

And something clipped Red over the back of his cloth cap. A solid, conclusive blow. Just one . . .

RED dropped the jimmy and slid off Joe's back to the ground. The small crowbar tapped Joe lightly behind the ear and ended its fall noiselessly on the grass. Joe and Red sat side by side speechless watching the house swing gently back and forth like a pendulum.

A crash, sudden and deafening, shattered the stillness. The window they had been about to pry open clattered and tinkled into noisy splinters.

Joe and Red sat still and blinked at it. . . .

Dave smiled at the gratifying uproar of broken glass his blind assault on the pantry window had produced. He hauled the instrument of destruction up out of the black void, crammed rope and weights into a corner, and went to the door to listen to the reactions of the guardian of the hall. Again his ears brought him evidence of success: Felton was muttering and bumping into things in the dark.

Felton, to tell the truth, had just nodded into a doze when David Partridge, with the aid of the penny in the light socket, had short-circuited the electric system, extinguishing every light in the house. The sudden inundation of blackness did not disturb Felton. But the crash of breaking glass, a few seconds later, did.

He jumped awake, and found himself sitting in darkness as solid as a jelly, in a place he could not immediately identify. He slid his feet warily forward, feeling the carpet, and got uncertainly from his chair.

Below, in the library, the reactions of James Honeywell Sparks were similar. The breaking of the window woke him in a breathless instant. He did not know at first where he was or how he came to be sleeping on a sofa, in his underclothes. He sat, his muscles tense, and rubbed his forehead until he remembered. Then, sure only that something violent had happened, he untangled himself from the blanket and made his way, fumbling on shoeless feet, to the light button by the door.

He pushed it in vain. More worried, he groped back to the sofa, bore away from that to the chair where he had left his clothes, and got his trousers.

There was another crash nearer at hand. Not far beyond the closed library door. More glass breaking, and a thud or two. Then silence once more. Sparks rushed the retrousering operation.

FELTON, in the living-room, backed away from the table he had crashed into, and wondered what had broken with such a world-shaking clatter. He tried to remember the room, to determine just where he was in it. He half turned to the left and advanced, his great arms spread before him, his fingers groping. He must find the kitchen. There would be matches.

A sinister sound came from directly behind him. The creak of a board. Felton whirled. The rug under him skidded. He plunged, righted himself convulsively, and came down heavily on one hand and the opposite knee. He scrambled up again, facing the direction whence (to the best of his twisted recollection) the sound had proceeded. He clenched his huge fists.

Ten feet away, James Honeywell Sparks realized that he was alone with the prowler. He wished he had put his shoes on. He braced himself. . . .

It must have (*Continued on page 80*)

America's Interesting People

Pinch-Hitter

PHOTOGRAPH BY YALE PHOTOGRAPHERS

WHEN the modern furnace supplanted the old-fashioned fireplace, the door was closed against old Saint Nick. But Roy Ehmann, of Dormont, Pa., district manager for a furnace manufacturer, is making amends. He has become Santa Claus, himself. After a hard day with furnaces, he retires to a workshop in the basement of his home and has a jolly time making toys for youngsters otherwise forgotten at Christmas. Clubs and factories give him the raw materials. Cheese boxes, under his talented touch, become doll cradles. One factory sent him 8,000 wheels; a steel mill sent him 4,000 axles. Ehmann turned out 2,000 toy carts. While Ehmann hammers and saws, Mrs. Ehmann sews hundreds of dolls' dresses. Dormont's Girl Scouts help her collect the cloth for them. On Christmas Day, 10,000 kids in Pittsburgh, Pa., and suburbs get Santa Claus Ehmann's toys without benefit of fireplace. The Pittsburgh Toy Mission distributes them. And Ehmann goes on distributing furnaces with a clear conscience.

Birdman

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE VAESAR FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

CAPTAIN RUSSELL MEREDITH, U. S. Army aviator, is a birdman in every sense of the word. He's America's leading exponent of an ancient, half-forgotten sport now coming back. The sport is falconry—hunting game birds with killer hawks. Captain Meredith recommends it as a thrilling, game-conserving substitute for shotguns and rifles. A self-taught expert, he's been at the sport 25 of his 43 years. Catches and trains his hawks along the Hudson River and in Canada. Prefers hawks to guns, for two reasons: The quarry has a better chance for its life; no game is crippled or wounded. Meredith has nine veterans of the chase at his Boonton, N. J., home. This fall he shipped them to Alberta, Canada, where, plummeting down at 200 miles an hour, they instantly killed partridges and prairie chickens. The Captain's fond of squash tennis. Takes amateur movies. There's only one fly in a falconer's ointment—farmers, fearing for their chickens, shoot hawks—whether they're trained or untrained.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO AARONS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

WHAT becomes of child prodigies? One answer is Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger, society girl and story writer, a wonder-child grown up. She's 24 now, and her writings, published and unpublished, would fill a large-sized bookcase. Been at it since pigtail days. Startled her parents by publishing precocious poetry at 8. They changed her school. She changed to prose. Later whizzed through Barnard College (New York). Put her hair up, came out as a Manhattan debutante. Clicked as a professional writer when she started lifting plots for stories out of her society friends' lives. Now has a corner on "deb" stories; versatile, though, as shown by her latest, *The Ferry Over*, in this issue. She's married, with a Manhasset, Long Island, estate to look after. Her realtor-husband doesn't approve of women writers. Just for revenge she makes him the hero of her yarns. Spends most of her literary earnings buying 18th century antique furniture and dogs. Hopes she'll have many descendants to keep the dogs company.

Thistledown

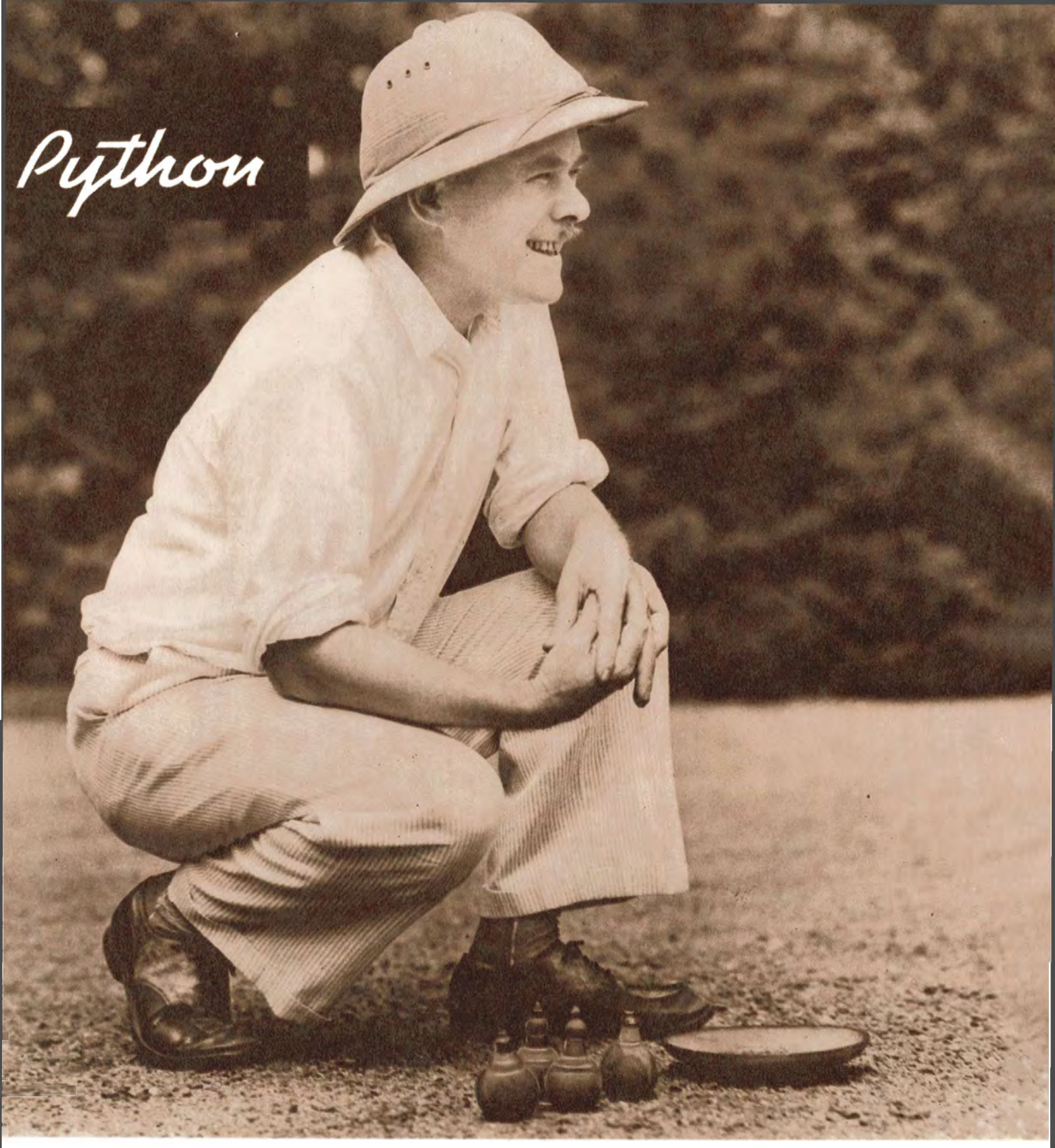
PHOTOGRAPH BY RUDY ARNOLD

FOURTEEN thousand feet isn't high enough for Alice Gibson, one of the most daring of America's 16 women parachute jumpers. As this is written she plans to be the first to drop from the stratosphere, 30,000 feet up. Expects to leap in an oxygen suit of her own design. Will breathe through artificial "lungs"—tanks containing 15 minutes' supply of oxygen and carried on each thigh beneath oiled-silk overalls. Besides her chute she will have a life preserver (in case she lands in the ocean). Under her left arm, an automatic height recorder. Under her right, a magazine to read as she floats down from 25° below zero to normal temperature. The drop will take about 30 minutes. Born San Francisco, 1909. Grew up in Sweden. There started jumping at 15—just for fun. Graduated from nursing school. Practiced 2 years. Too dull. Sailed for New York, where she still lives. Modeled in a dress shop—again too dull. Got a pilot's license and went back to jumping. Married? "I should say not!"

Holographer

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY DRUCKER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HE'S the Western hemisphere's foremost Big Name hunter. Carries magnifying glass and checkbook instead of a gun. A genuine Napoleon holograph (handwritten letter) gives him as much "buck fever" as a lion gives an amateur African explorer. In 16 years of autograph hunting he claims he's never bought a fraud. (Here he's studying a genuine George Washington letter.) Has bought and sold $7,000,000 worth of signatures. Good customers: Cardinal Mundelein, Owen D. Young. Stalked down the original manuscripts of Poe's *Raven* and Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*. In examining thousands of letters he's found that Martha Washington used no punctuation; Thomas Jefferson no capitals. Gets clues to hidden documents from his library of 3,000 biographies. Lives at Pelham Manor, N. Y. During his boyhood fished for "whoppers" in the Erie Canal, collected stamps. Today fishes for tarpon, collects "moldy souvenirs of the departed great." His own signature reads—Thomas F. Madigan.

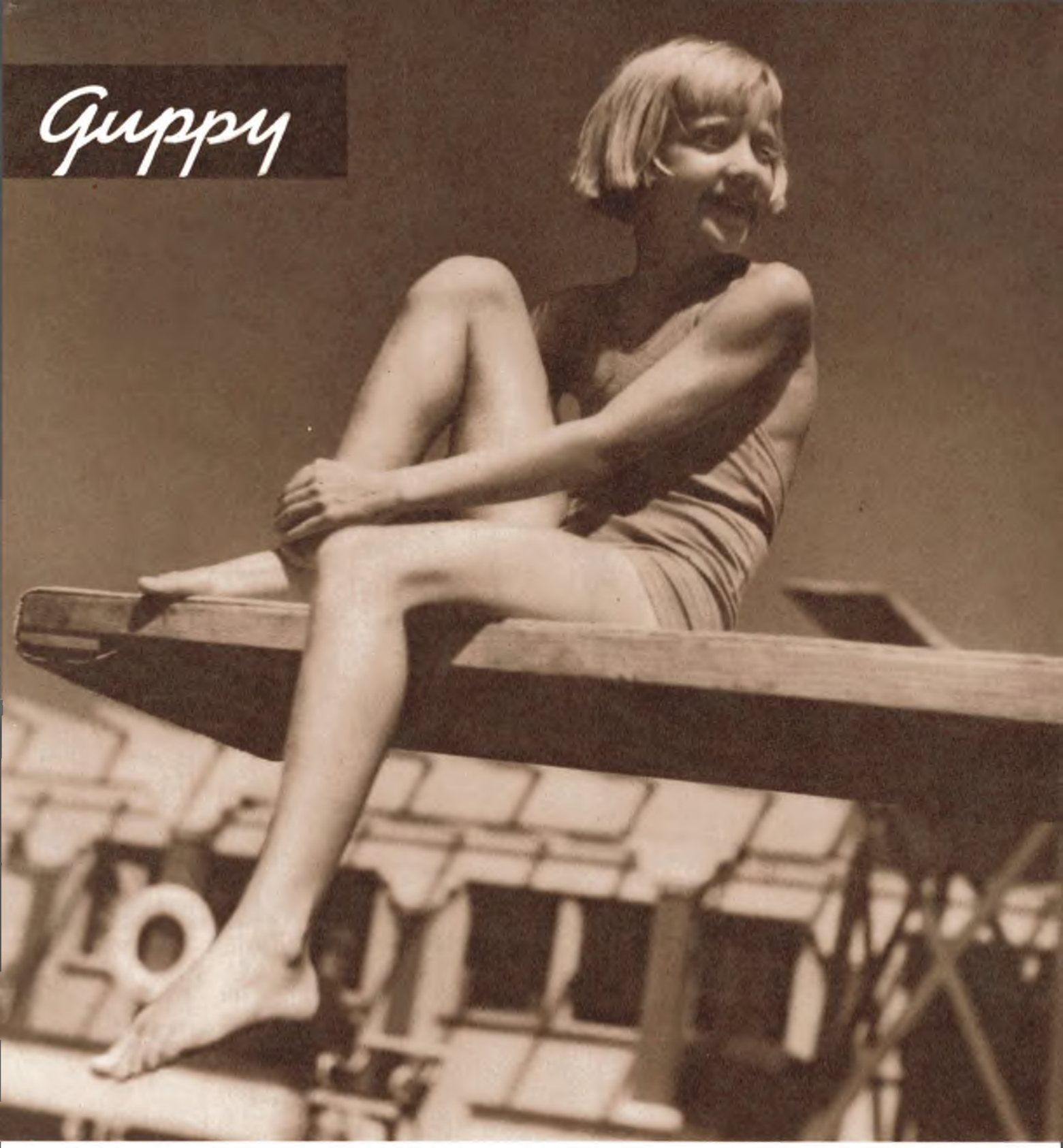


PHOTOGRAPH BY BERT CLARK THAYER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

SUB-EMPEROR over 4,000,000 black "Snake Men" of Central Africa is this wealthy American clubman and Harvard grad—Frederic Grosvenor Carnochan. In U. S. he's known as an authority on primitive races; in the Empire of Snakes (the Wanyamwesi tribe near Lake Victoria) he's known as Young Python, the Powerful. Ten years ago he went to Africa to study native customs; made friends with native chiefs by giving them charms—bird feathers, elephant hairs. They initiated him into ancient rites of their secret societies. Now he's second in command. But Young Python will never be emperor-in-chief—it's a hereditary job; and, besides, he's there only to gather facts. Last summer he returned home to West Nyack, N. Y., to pay his taxes. Wrote a book. Added a few stamps to his rare collection of 40,000. Gone again now, he'll spend Christmas in Africa. Has promised scientists that when he comes home for good he'll return with Black African secrets no white man has ever known.

PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HER forebears left her a time-honored whale boat works in New Bedford, Mass. But whales had packed up and gone. So Ruth Beetle, schoolteacher, put her wits together. "Why not," she thought, "make small pleasure craft?" And she did. Designed a new kind of sailboat of the catboat type. Fast, sturdy, easily handled, she sold them as safe craft for children. Now practically every New England harbor has a fleet of them, and thousands sail the U. S. coasts and inland waters. Also receives orders from Shanghai and the Riviera. Has just put out a trim kayak which she sells to Eskimos. But she isn't just a designer. Long before 1923, when her father left her the business, she could swing a mean hammer, calk boats expertly. Frequently steps into the plant to help out. She's a direct descendant of John Alden, who came over on the Mayflower. Unmarried, she mothers the neighbors' children. Tells them stories. Keeps a full cooky jar. A woman who has done a man's job—and done it better.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BANCKER-BIRKETT FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

IN training for the 1936 Olympics is the youngest young lady ever to win a senior American championship in sports. She's Mary Hoerger, 11, of Miami Beach, Fla. —1935 low-board diving queen. Got into the water at 2 months of age. Swam 40 feet daily before her first birthday. She's lived in a pool ever since. At 7, she knew all the dives in the book, won the Atlantic Seaboard senior diving championship. Came first in the women's nationals this year against the country's best grownups, including Mrs. Dorothy Poynton Hill (1934 champ). Winning point was Mary's perfectly executed 2½ forward somersault. Her competitors thought only men could do it. And so a 74-pound water baby walked away with a crown snatched from opponents 2 and 3 times her age. Likes to wear Brother Bobby's trousers. Yet she knits and sews. Ambitious to be a farmer. Mother Hoerger promised anything within reason if she won the nationals. Her choice: Weeding Aunt Jo's garden at Montauk Point, Long Island.

What fixes the size of your pay check?

By Neil Carothers

ONE public man after another—President Roosevelt, Hugh Johnson, William Green, the Reverend Charles Coughlin, Norman Thomas—has said directly or implied definitely that employers set wages. Any employer will tell you that in certain lines the unions set wages, or the government. Are these men wrong? In the main they are hopelessly wrong. Primarily, wages come out of production. Under certain abnormal conditions men can change the natural rate of wages based on this production, but not much. Consider the fact that the Russians have no employers, no capitalists, no profit makers, and that the average Russian worker's wage for a week's work would not buy a pair of American shoes.

Wages are the most complex problem in the world. No man has ever understood all about wages. We have 40,000,000 workers in 3,000,000 enterprises, and the wages of these millions are set by a tangle of climatic, physical, chemical, biological, sexual, and moral forces. The best we can get from this tangle is a few definite and established truths.

Before we go into details we can set down some of these truths: One, as pointed out above, is that wages are not set by men, although the actions of men may influence them in some degree. . . . Another is that wage changes tend to come slowly, by evolution. There are no short cuts to higher wages for a people. . . . A third is that wages are rising slowly all over the world. They have risen slowly since the dawn of history.

To understand even the simplest facts about wages you must forget money wages and consider only real wages. You may receive your wages in cash or a pay check. But your wages are really what you can buy with your pay check. Money is only an instrument that lets you choose the form in which you will take your wages. During the German inflation period a German workman's wages might be increased millions of marks every day, while his real wages were steadily going down. Many of the worst mistakes in the policies of labor, of employers, and of government come from their failure to keep in mind this difference between cash wages and real wages.

THE total income of a nation, which includes all wages, comes from just three sources: land, labor, and equipment, working together. The equipment includes all sorts of consumers' goods, such as homes, libraries, and autos, accumulated in the past. But its chief form is capital equipment: mines, factories, buildings, railroads, raw materials, and all kinds of machinery. The income of the nation is merely the product of these three—land, labor, and capital (or equipment)—jointly used to produce goods and services.

The United States is a lucky country. With its vast areas of rich land, its enormous capital equipment, and its efficient labor, it has the finest combination of these three in the world. Consequently it has a tremendous national income—the largest, calculated by any standard, in the history of the world. Reduce the quantity of our labor, our land, or our capital, and the total national income is reduced. . . . Think over this simple truth a bit, and you may begin to wonder about the AAA and the NRA and plans to tax capital out of existence.

Neil Carothers, Professor of Economics and Director of the College of Business Administration at Lehigh University, is one of America's leading economists

This flow of national income splits into three great streams: One goes to the owners of land, as rent. . . . Another goes to the owners and managers of capital, as interest and profits. . . . The rest goes to workers, as wages.

Wages are, then, first a question of the total production of the country and second a question of the share in this total that goes to the workers. Left to themselves, in a free, unregulated economy, the shares going to each of the three groups are determined automatically. All of us are inclined to feel that the banker sets the interest rate he charges, the landlord the rent we pay, the employer the wages we get. They do not. All these rates are set automatically by economic forces. . . .

Let's dispose first of the shares of total income going to the owners of land and capital. Rent is simply a payment for the use of land. It is determined mathematically. The rent of a farm is the value of the wheat it will grow above the cost of growing it. This has been the basis of payment for land since before the Pyramids. You can tell what rent a tobacco store on Broadway will have to pay by counting the people passing the store in an hour. The greater the pressure of population on the land, the higher the rent, whether it is Belgium or New York. The single-taxers think all this rent comes out of wages and ought to be confiscated. But that is another story. So long as we permit private ownership of land this rent has to be paid, and it is fixed by economic laws not controllable by man. The farmers who complain so much about the profits of capital get hundreds of millions of dollars in unearned rent every year.

Profits and interest go to the owners and managers of capital. They are paid for the risk of loss and the job of management. The interest rate and the profit rate are very changeable things, but there must be enough return to capital to encourage saving and investment. In Russia, where they have abolished the private taking of interest and profits, the government has to force the accumulation of capital. They have not abolished capitalism at all, and today the Russian people are paying more for capital than any other civilized nation. All the capital destroyed in the revolutionary period is being paid for now in the misery of the people. Destroying capital and discouraging

(*Continued on page 137*)

The Ferry

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL
BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

Poor old Tom . . . trying to force a promise from Prue

By Sarah-Elizabeth Rodger

THE PEOPLE headed for the Eastern Shore of Maryland and points south are divided into two groups: those who still drive by way of Philadelphia, and those who have experimented a bit and have found that the Ferry saves time in the long run and gives you a breather to break the trip. It is good to drive on the boat, cut off the motor, get out of the car, then go and stand by the rail watching the far shore come nearer and nearer, feeling

Over

that would mean the end of everything she held dear

Every girl dreams of a knight in shining armor. Sometimes she meets one . . .

the moist wind blowing on your face and hair. . . .

Thomas Storm was the manager of the Ferry, its business of ticket-selling, and its schedules, and he and old Captain Jim pulled together for years to make the sturdy old boat which crossed the wide Delaware every twenty minutes or so give the most efficient service in the state. Tom Storm must have known, even when his daughter Prue was ten, that the journeys back and forth on the Ferry held the same fascination for the child that they did for him. She liked running down the lane of cars, looking for animal and infant passengers; she liked running up on deck in wind and rain, laughing at the elements as she stood by Captain Jim's side, creeping inside the small waiting-room when she was sleepy.

AT ANY rate, the Ferry was Prue's only reality; she grew up on it and she studied from it. Later on, she created in her mind a dream of some day going to the World from which the cars and the people came to take the Ferry—or the World to which they went when they got off on the other side. Prue was small for her age—and wise for her age. When she was ten, she wore her hair, which was long and sorrel-colored, drawn back from her face with a round comb. Sometimes the ladies in cars smiled in her direction and said to their companions, "Look at that quaint little creature—isn't she cunning?" When she was twenty, she braided her hair and wound the braid around her small head—from a dim memory and pictures of her mother when she was Prue's age. Then older people said, "What a lovely girl. She's really refreshing. No make-up, no lipstick, and that braid . . ." But Prue never knew that she was either quaint or lovely. If she saw the difference between herself and the girls at the high school, she thought only that they talked too loud, painted their faces too brightly, and were somehow too strident and tangible to fit into the worlds Prue was constructing, piece by piece in her mind . . . the worlds where

in the Boy she had watched since she was ten walked and danced and sailed and swam outside her vision.

Prudence Storm had a kitten given to her by Captain Jim, and she loved it dearly When the kitten was two months old she told it they would celebrate its birthday by taking it for a ride on the Ferry. She took it, clutched gently against her ten-year-old breast, admonishing it softly to be sure to look at the view across the water. The Ferry was crowded that trip, and when the kitten, not enjoying either the line of cars or the sight of the water from the moving boat, jumped out of Prue's arms in one sudden leap and disappeared, it was a terrifying thing. The Ferry was rapidly getting to the opposite shore and, once it did, the cars would turn on their motors and drive off one by one. No one would be able to hear the mewing of such a small kitten and no one would be able to see it as it crossed in front.

Prue dashed frantically up and down the lane, calling, "Muff, Muff —kitty, kitty!— Oh, please come out!" The kitten stayed whereever it was, and slowly, inexorably, the Ferry reached the shore. Prue's eyes filled with tears; she twisted the corner of her clean pinafore into a torn rag. "Kitty, kitty," she sobbed. Each car was concentrating on making a speedy getaway out of the Ferry; scarcely anyone noticed the wild grief of the quaint little person with the round comb.

THERE was an old touring car in the front filled with big boys and their hunting equipment. She ran to the boys.

"Don't start," she implored them. "Don't run over my kitten. I can't find him."

Some of the boys smiled with amusement; one winked at another. "Isn't she a funny little crybaby?" But out of the group, which looked enormous to Prue but was really only a crowd of five schoolmates of Dick Ballantine, of "Linden," emerged a tall, tanned boy with dark hair and a polite, serious face.

"I'll help you," he said, and he did not smile at all but appeared to realize the deadly seriousness of the situation. The Ferry had slid into port and the chain across the front was removed. The cars in back honked their horns furiously at the delay, but the touring car at the head of the line did not move. Dick Ballantine was looking for a lost kitten. Three minutes passed, and profanity was heard from a truck three cars down, before Muff was found licking his paws under a battered sedan.

"Here, little girl," said Dick Ballantine, and handed Prue her kitten. Before she could speak he had tipped his tweed cap to her and hopped lightly to the wheel of the touring car and was off. "No cracks, fellows," she heard him say as he left; "no cracks, understand."

NOT knowing his name for some years, Prue called him the Boy. She watched for the Boy at the seasons when he was likely to come—in the summer for the sailing and in the late fall for the shooting. Sometimes, standing by the rail looking at the water, he would notice her and smile and ask about her elusive kitten.

"He's a cat," said Prue sadly, but her heart beat faster because the Boy had spoken.

"What's your name, little girl?" the Boy once asked.

"Prue." It did not occur to her to ask his. She was nearly fifteen before she heard it. It was the June day he drove on the Ferry in a gleaming new roadster. When the Ferry came to the opposite shore and he left it, his car flashing around a curve and out of sight, she stood on the top deck by Captain Jim and her father for a long time without speaking. Then, in a small voice, she asked them:

"Who is that boy who crosses over for the summer, and now and then in the fall? He has a new car this time."

Captain Jim knew. He knew everything, standing like an omnipresent deity on his bridge.

"That's young Dick Ballantine, of 'Linden'—the biggest place on the Eastern Shore of Maryland."

"Oh."

Now the knight had a castle. Prue sometimes said, "Linden—Linden," over and over for the feel of it on her tongue. And now she called the Boy "Richard" to herself, because it suited him so well.

Tom Storm was ill most of the winter Prue was eighteen. It was double pneumonia from exposure, and he knew he would not live till spring.

"I don't care, Mamie," he said to his sister, who kept house for them, "except for Prue."

"I'll look after Prue," said Mamie soberly. "You've got no call to worry about her."

"Then you think she's the same as other girls?" asked Tom eagerly in his thin, difficult voice. "You believe she'll marry and settle down, and have kids and all? Or else perhaps go to the normal school at Dover and learn to teach school?"

"Of course, Tom," said Mamie soothingly. "Prue's a good child; she's at the daydreaming age, but that don't last long."

Three weeks before he died, he spoke with difficulty to Prue herself:

"Don't be hanging around the Ferry, child. When I'm gone, they won't let you ride back and forth. Captain Jim'll be retiring in six more months and—and you'll have (*Continued on page 154*)

Prue hesitated. She sensed that these minutes in Richard's arms would be something to remember in all the dim years to come . . .

Our second-best advertisement

OF course, Campbell's advertising is not new to you. For many years it has appeared in magazines and newspapers—as well as on billboards, over the radio, and in stores everywhere. This advertising has told women about the deliciousness of Campbell's Soups, and why it is unnecessary to go to all the bother of making soup at home.

But the *best* advertisement of all for Campbell's Soups is *what people say about them in conversation* — what one woman tells another of the fine home flavor, the time saving, the ease, the economy, the 21 kinds, and how thoroughly the family enjoys them.

What people say has always been Campbell's best advertisement, because there can be nothing more influential than the enthusiastic comment of friend to friend—the praise that is voluntary, and beyond price.

Because so delicious, and so easy to prepare, Campbell's Soups have made friends everywhere. May we make the friendly suggestion that tomorrow you serve and enjoy the world's most popular soup—Campbell's Tomato Soup. Or Campbell's Vegetable Soup, hearty and delicious with its fifteen different vegetables in rich beef broth. Or Campbell's Cream of Mushroom, a sumptuous soup that gives a "party" touch to home meals.

CAMPBELL'S ON THE AIR!
Fridays
Dick Powell's "Hollywood Hotel"
—all-star revue—9-10 P. M. (E. S. T.) Columbia Network —coast-to-coast.
Wednesdays
George Burns & Gracie Allen
—new program—8:30 P. M. E. S. T.—7:30 C. S. T.—9:30 M. T.—8:30 P. S. T. Columbia Network — coast-to-coast.

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Consommé	Ox Tail
Bean	Julienne	Pea
Beef	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Celery	Mushroom (Cream of)	Tomato
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo	Noodle with chicken	Vegetable-Beef
Clam Chowder		

Campbell's Soups

FAMOUS AVIATORS TELL WHY CAMELS ARE MILDER

Lieutenant Commander Frank Hawks, U.S.N.R. (*left*), holder of 214 speed records and the Harmon Trophy, says: "I've been flying for 19 years and smoking Camels almost as long. Making speed records tests the pilot as well as his plane. As the athletes say, Camels are so mild they don't get the wind. And they never upset my nerves. Camel must use choicer tobaccos."

"Camels don't get your Wind" Athletes say

"I must take every precaution against jangled nerves," says Mrs. Theodore W. Kenyon, sportswoman pilot (*right*), "so I smoke Camels. They are the mildest cigarette I know. I can smoke Camels steadily and they never upset my nerves."

"They Never Get on Your Nerves"

"I smoke Camels all I want," says Colonel Roscoe Turner (*right*), who set the transcontinental speed records both ways. "I enjoy Camels more. And because of their mildness they never tire my taste. A speed flyer uses up energy just as his motor uses 'gas.' After smoking a Camel, I get a 'refill' in energy—a new feeling of vim and well-being."

"Get a Lift with a Camel"

"I appreciate the mellow flavor of Camels," says Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith, the transpacific flyer (*right*). "They refresh me when fatigued, and Camels are so mild that I can smoke any number without throwing my nerves off key."

"They Never Tire Your Taste"

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

By Webb Waldron

Cashing in on Ideas

All over the country people are making their own jobs—literally lifting themselves by their bootstraps

EVERYWHERE men and women are pulling themselves by their bootstraps out of difficulties and worries—with ideas! Usually they are simple and obvious—merely a way of filling some need in the community.

For instance, LeRoy Goff, Jr., letter man on the Princeton lacrosse team, was graduated and became an insurance man. He sold enough insurance to be able to keep 25 dogs at his place outside of Philadelphia. He not only kept them, but did it well.

He made a study of dogs' ways, experimented with meat and vegetables and such. So successful was he in keeping his dogs in condition that neighbors began asking him to check up on the diet of their animals.

Then—Goff's insurance business was taking a nose dive—the thought popped up: Why not take up canine catering in a serious way? He got up a dog menu, table d'hôte and à la carte, had it smartly printed, and mailed it around.

The beginning was in the garage, with his wife's knives and the baby's weighing scales as tools, and twenty pounds of fresh meat and some shredded cabbage and lettuce and zwieback as materials. Orders came in in response to the menu, and Goff filled them according to each dog's particular needs.

A friend of Goff's, a young fellow named Frazer Brooks, came in as a partner, brought a little cash along, and the business grew out of the garage into a rented building and out of the family car into a glittering new black-and-cream delivery truck with the name "CANINE CATERING COMPANY" on the side and a picture of a happy Scottie carrying his packaged dinner in his mouth.

Now Goff has 25 people on a pay roll of $600 a week, four trucks delivering fresh meals to 4,000 dogs in the suburbs of Philadelphia, whose owners range from a railway president to the proprietor of a colored beauty parlor. His business is, he figures, worth nearly $100,000. Goff has also started a Canine Country Club, where he entertains the dogs of vacationing clients.

Last year, as news of Goff's enterprise spread, he got calls for canine catering from other cities. So now the Canine Catering Company is looking after dogs in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, New York, Boston, and other towns.

Tom Skillman, Jr., and Phil Foote, also of Philadelphia, were friends at prep school. Tom went to Cornell, Phil to Princeton. Tom graduated in 1931; Phil in 1932.

Those were tough years to get out of college, with little or no chance of a job; although Phil had had the promise of one, but the depression canceled it.

One day Phil's sister, who had a small baby, said, "Why don't you two start something useful?"

"Such as?" said Phil.

"Washing babies' diapers," said sister.

Phil laughed.

"No, really, I mean it," said his sister. "Laundries won't take them. Why shouldn't somebody start it as a business? You'll have a million grateful mothers."

THEN, while Tom and Phil were thinking the scheme over, they heard that a man in Chicago named Albert Lau, an ex-bond salesman, had started the same idea about three months before. They hopped a train to Chicago, got some tips from Lau, came back, rented a small shop in Narberth, Pa., bought some laundry machinery, went after business.

For the first few months, Tom and Phil were the whole works—solicitors, washers, ironers, delivery boys. From bridge party to bridge party the word spread, and Tom and Phil began and got more and more phone calls from eager mothers. A spick-and-span black-and-white delivery truck, with the name "DY-DEE WASH" on the side, helped a lot, too.

Today Tom (*Continued on page 148*)

DRAWING BY CHARLES SEEBY

-so I bought a Farm

By T. H. Alexander

IN THE lush years before 1929 farming was, to my urban mind, just a bad habit possessed by some millions of misguided individuals. It was, so I thought, an occupation calling for only four things—an alarm clock, a lantern, a pair of overalls, and a mortgage. How I got my come-uppance is the burden of this song—I bought a farm.

I did not buy a farm, of course, just on the spur of the moment. I *began* to buy a farm after the stock market crash of 1929, and I finally bought one in 1932. I inspected hundreds of farms and, looking back, I might have been warned by the persistence with which I was pursued by farmers who were willing to dispose of their cherished old homesteads.

After the advent of the depression, I began to look on farming with a highly favorable eye. At least, I was fond of arguing, a man could raise his own food. I liked to dwell on the ease with which the country squire could merely go to the smokehouse for a side of bacon instead of paying 40 cents per pound for it at the grocery store, and the facility with which the farm housewife could send to the cellar for canned goods. To this, certain retired farmers who lived in my city replied that every hog jowl which I mixed with turnip greens would cost me 50 per cent more than it did in the city grocery store. . . .

Perhaps I'd better identify myself here as a writer for a syndicate of Southern newspapers. In the fat years, my affairs flourished; after the crash, they began to suffer from pernicious anemia. I was only mildly surprised one morning to find that certain measures at law had been taken against me which located my office practically out in the middle of the street. My income had been cut 90 per cent, but when time had softened the blow I was awfully happy for the 10 per cent which was left.

I would, I thought, take that remaining 10 per cent to a farm. There, I would wrest subsistence from the soil and wax rich on fat and frequent magazine checks.

Besides, wasn't it only the day before, when we were motoring, that Baby Sister, aged five, had pointed at an animal grazing in a pasture and exclaimed, "Oh, look! There's a calf!"

The creature had turned to look at us. Indubitably he was a fat pig of the Hampshire breed and no more a calf than he was a Hottentot. My wife and I agreed right then that every parent owes it to his children to give them a country raising.

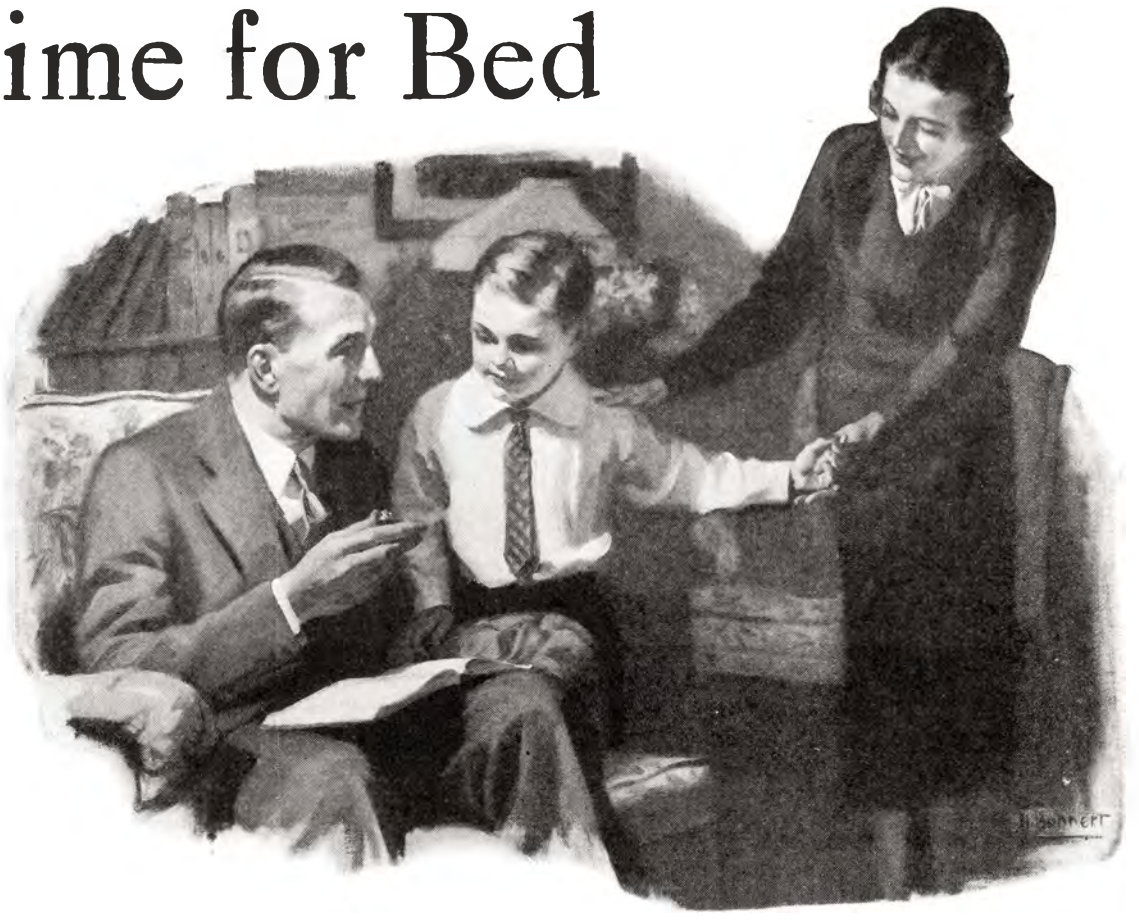
And if that incident was not enough to start a private back-to-the-farm movement, something took place the following week that cinched it. Our youngest son, known to the readers of my vagrant scribblings as "The Littlest Little Boy," fell sick. It was some time before we realized he had infantile paralysis.

For months he lay ill, completely paralyzed from the hips down. In his fever he babbled of a farm, with a pony of his own, a swimming hole, and his own little pigs to feed. . . . This is not the story of his illness but of the farm we bought finally in a desperate effort to get him well again.

WE HAD been inspecting farms all day, my wife and I, when suddenly, just at sunset, we came upon *the* house. It sat back a third of a mile from the highway, its roof caved in, its windows gone, but what a house! Its brick walls were as thick as a fort's and its classic colonial lines were as lovely as a little temple. It fairly begged for someone to recognize its gentility, clean it up, live in it, and love it.

I am afraid that instead of buying a farm we bought on the appearance of the house. It stood near the center of 128 acres of rolling blue-grass land. Luckily

Time for Bed



CHILDREN must have the proper amount of sleep in order to grow, to fight off disease, to become alert mentally and strong physically. Foremost child experts prescribe the definite amounts of sleep which children should have at various ages (shown in the chart). A child should be in the right frame of mind when he goes to bed. If he has been unduly excited, it is difficult for him to relax.

Adults, too, should have the proper amount of sleep. Each day they burn up tissue which rest helps to restore at night. During hours of physical and mental activity the body accumulates fatigue poisons which are thrown off in sleep.

Pain, worry, bad digestion are sleep-thieves. Prolonged loss of sleep makes one irritable and below par, mentally and physically. The tendency to insomnia may often be successfully combated in various ways—sometimes by taking a walk before going to bed—reading a non-exciting book—drinking a cup of hot milk, but above all, by learning to relax. Let go of every muscle, ease every tension, drop your problems until tomorrow and let yourself sink into the bed instead of holding yourself rigidly on top of it. Even though you do not actually go to sleep, such repose will bring a good measure of health repair. But when loss of sleep is persistent, a physician should be consulted.

Sleep sweeps away the mental cobwebs from tired brains, recharges wearied muscles, rebuilds worn tissue and gives the heart its nearest approach to rest. Send for a copy of our free booklet entitled "Sleep." Address Booklet Department 1235-A.

SLEEP REQUIRED BY THE AVERAGE CHILD

One of the most valuable things you can do for your child is to insist that he gets enough sleep. Make sure that he receives his full amount of Nature's great builder and restorer—sleep.

Age	*Hours of sleep needed*
At birth	20 to 22 hours*
At 6 months	16 to 18 hours*
At 1 year	14 to 16 hours*
2 to 5 years	13 to 15 hours*
6 to 7 "	12 hours
8 to 10 "	11 hours
11 to 12 "	10 to 11 hours
13 to 15 "	10 to 12 hours

*Including daytime sleep

(Compiled from U.S. Children's Bureau Folder 11, "*Why Sleep?*")

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

It takes all Kinds

By ALBERT BENJAMIN

P. J. BELLINGHAM, of Templeton, Iowa, supplies several Eastern frog-raising concerns with flies. For a fly-catcher he uses a cone-shaped wire screen with a small opening at one end that leads into a dish of beer. The flies buzz in, sample the beer, and Bellingham gathers them up while they're drowsy.

DALY—nobody knows his first name—a 50-year-old Negro of Evanston, Ill., became such a regular inmate of the city jail that the officials, who have found a job for him now, charge him for room and board, and let him sleep and eat all the time at the jail.

MAX BERMAN, New York, dye mixer, who has always wanted to be an opera singer, spends all of his extra time and money coaching three young girls who he believes will become famous concert stars.

FRANK FERRIS, of Olympia, Wash., has spent 14 years building an inlaid table. In the top alone are 5,793 pieces of different woods.

W. J. HOPPLE, who lives near Humansville, Mo., has trained 15 mallard ducks to pick the worms from his tobacco plants.

IN 1873, Albert Tozier pulled the bell rope for the first time at the Hillsboro, Ore., Methodist Church, announcing the watch meeting and the New Year. Each year since then he has repeated the performance, although some years he has had to travel thousands of miles to keep his record unbroken. He now lives in Champoeg, Ore.

WILLIAM MASTERSON, Elmer Congdon, and Louis Capasso roller-skate eight hours a day, five days a week, 50 weeks a year, as testers for a roller-skate manufacturing firm in New Haven, Conn.

EARL PEDIGO, of Dalhart, Texas, has built an accurate shotgun from parts of an old automobile.

ERNEST ADAMS is mayor, newspaper editor, justice of the peace, special deputy sheriff, livestock inspector and broker, deputy game warden, notary public, insurance agent, tombstone dealer, community auctioneer, and bill collector of Glendo, Wyo., a town of 275 population.

LORENZE BARTH, Canton, Ohio, earns his living by posing in department store windows, taking the place of wax figures.

MORE than 19,000 people yearly visit the farm home of F. L. and Joseph Bily, Ridgeway, Iowa, brothers. They are wood carvers of clocks. Once they refused a $16,000 check for a single clock.

MILES M. MORRIS, Dallas, Texas, tavern proprietor, has a glass table-top underlaid with $27,280 worth of torn American currency. It ranges from $1 to $1,000 in denominations and includes many gold certificates.

TOM SHALLENBERGER, 85, Knoxville, Iowa, pursuing his hobby of visiting the sick and leaving home-grown flowers in the summer and fruit in the winter, has called upon 15,000 ill persons in the last 25 years.

H. G. CHERRY, Director of Hairdressing of the Missouri State Board of Health, was for many years employed to curry, polish, and curl hair on prize-winning cattle that were entered in the American Royal Livestock Show in Kansas City, Mo.

DR. F. W. HALL, of Summerville, Ga., has a rock garden built of stones collected from every state in the Union and from historical points throughout the world.

FRED SMITH, 60-year-old fisherman of Greenville, Maine, catches fish by trolling with the line between his teeth, claiming that his teeth are more sensitive to a "strike" than his hands.

ABDUL HASSAN, of Niles, Ohio, has 16 different shades of wallpaper in his 10-by-12-foot home.

RAISING 700 turkeys had proved to be a losing venture for Victor Van Meter, Gypsum, Kans., farmer. Hearing that other farmers were having trouble with grasshoppers overrunning their crops, he hired out his gobblers at $2.50 a day to gobble grasshoppers. As a result his feed bill was reduced to nothing and he had a clear profit.

Do you know an unusual fact that will fit into this column? We will pay $1 for each acceptable item accompanied by corroborative proof. Address IT TAKES ALL KINDS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries will be returned.

for us, the soil has proved to be Hagerstown loam and as rich as cream.

Our first problem was to clean the place up. Its former tenants had evidently lived out of tin cans, for we hauled away 22 truckloads of cans and other trash. The porches were rotting, and inside the plastering had fallen. Also, some time before we first saw the old place, federal prohibition raiders had captured a huge still operating in the cellar and had dumped out more than 1,000 gallons of mash. So that the mellow ghost of John Barleycorn hung over the scene for months.

I shall have to admit that we went at improving this dilapidated country estate in a manner typical of city folks. In a word, we spent all our money on improving the house and had none left with which to stock the farm. The old joke about the shiftless man, who said he was going home to dinner "to see what the neighbors had brought in," held good with us. For, on our first night on the farm, we observed what appeared to be an itinerant circus coming toward the gate. There must have been fifty automobiles and farm wagons loaded with cows, sheep, hogs, colts, chickens, ducks, geese, rabbits seed, and feed. It was the welcome of the hospitable litt'e town of Franklin, Tennessee, to its new neighbors! Never was there such a housewarming. They brought their own food, too, and their own waiters, and presently more than one hundred of us sat down to a surprise picnic dinner of barbecued meats.

WHEN they left, the suddenly populated farm resembled nothing so much as Noah's Ark, for never had we heard such a crowing, grunting, squealing, quacking, and squeaking as came from that collection of farm animals. When a big goose solemnly laid an egg on the new hearthstone in the living-room, we knew we had become farmers.

Early in 1933 the livestock caused the most excit ng night of my life. I am not unaccustomed to excitement, either. As a newspaper reporter, I have seen floods and fires, bitter Southern political fights, and gangster killings.

But none of these things come within a league of being as exciting as the events of that crisp night late in February of 1933 when Mother Nature showered us with newly born varmints. I suppose we should have made sure, when we bred the farm animals, that their breeding dates were so spaced that their progeny would not be born simultaneously. But, truth to tell, nobody warned me about it, and information about the breeding of farm animals is sort of tabooed among some farm folk. For example, every time I send for the bull, the hired man is certain to tether him at the barn and come to the house, whispering, "The male is here." At such times, purposely misunderstanding, I say, "So the mail is here at last, is it? Perhaps nothing but a catalogue and the Congressional Record, but let's have it." The hired man explains, still in a whisper, what he has tied at the barn. And I, to correct his timidity, always roar, "Oh, you got the bull, hey? Well, fetch him along."

Neighbors shook their heads when the news of those wholesale "blessed events" which I am about to describe began to be narrated around. It was taken, I sadly fear, as a sort of judgment on me because

"... I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!"

Sung to Hundreds in 1879... enjoyed by Millions thru Radio today

TODAY, "Pinafore" is even more popular than in the late Seventies when it first won acclaim. Radio performances of "Pinafore", "The Mikado" and other Savoy Operas are heard by millions! And there is a real thrill when the new 1936 Philco 116X brings them direct from London. Properly installed with a Philco All-wave Aerial, a Philco tunes-in foreign stations with surprising regularity.

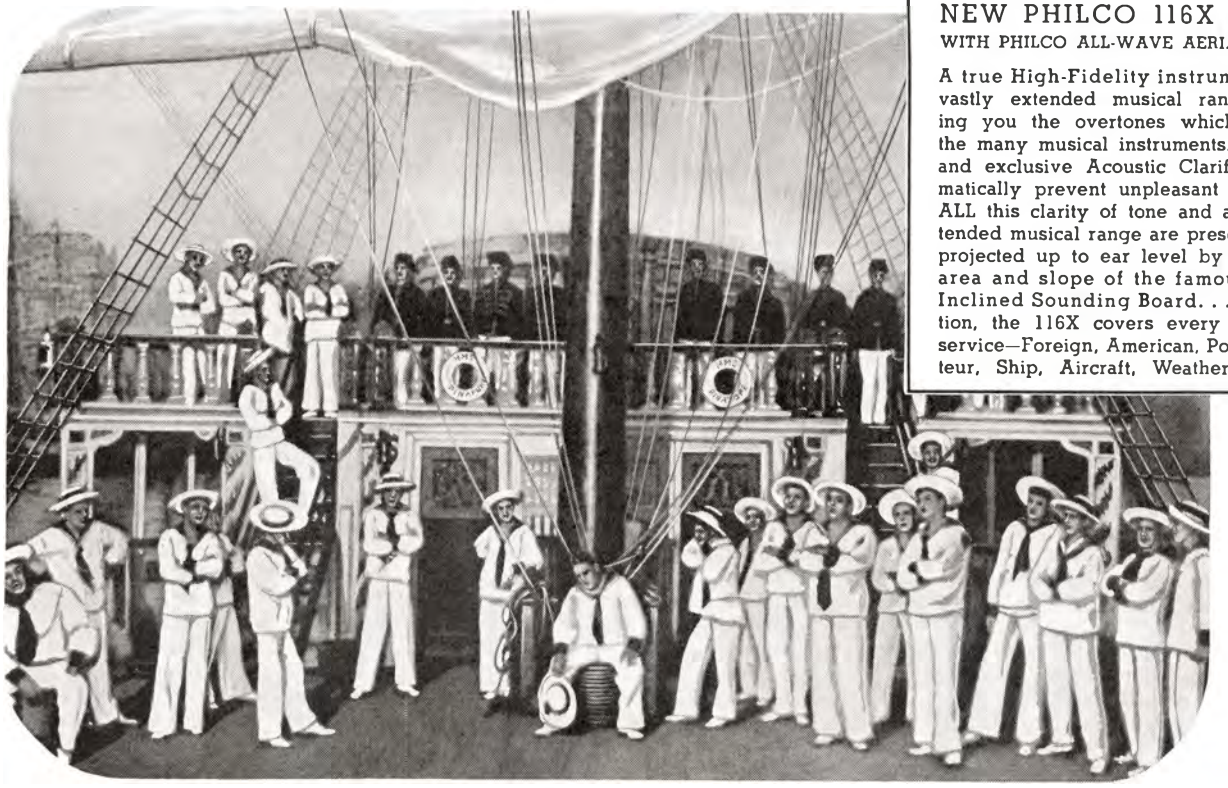
When you listen to a favorite musical program from an American station, the very real difference between Philco 116X and any radio you have ever heard before again becomes apparent. The reason? Philco High-Fidelity reception is reproducing the overtones which make voices glow with warmth and life . . . the overtones which distinguish the many and varied musical instruments, one from another.

See your classified telephone directory for your nearest Philco dealer. He will gladly demonstrate the Philco 116X and tell you about the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

NEW PHILCO 116X . $175

WITH PHILCO ALL-WAVE AERIAL . $180

A true High-Fidelity instrument with vastly extended musical range bringing you the overtones which identify the many musical instruments. . . NEW and exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers automatically prevent unpleasant boom. . . ALL this clarity of tone and all the extended musical range are preserved and projected up to ear level by the large area and slope of the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board. . . IN addition, the 116X covers every broadcast service—Foreign, American, Police, Amateur, Ship, Aircraft, Weather Stations.



Scene from an all-star American revival of "Pinafore". In 1879 this Gilbert and Sullivan operetta was an outstanding success on both sides of the Atlantic. One estimate is that 100 troupes were playing it at the same time. But the total attendance at all these productions on any one night would be only a fraction of the radio audience of today.

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A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

Forty-three Models $20 *to* $600

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER DENVER AND WEST

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SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE

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of my levity about the mystic matter of sex. Certainly, I should never have come through that experience without dying of pure astonishment but for the able services of a real Southern colored gentleman by the name of Ham.

THE night began when we were aroused by the yipping of Bullet, our Boston bulldog. She had given birth to three tiny mites in her box behind the kitchen stove. Boston bulls are valuable and I did not want to lose any of them, so I woke Ham up and got him to rebuild the fires. The puppies amused us so much that it was one o'clock before we became aware of an unusual noise from the cow barn.

Lantern in hand, we investigated. We found that old Bossy had given birth to a calf and that a young Jersey heifer had followed her example. Our souls filled with this wonder of coincidence, we were about to leave, when Ham spied a movement in the straw. "If here ain't another calf!" he sputtered. It was indeed another calf, in good health and spirits. Old Bossy had given birth to twins.

As we neared the hog shed on our return to the house, Ham confided, "'Speck we'se got some little pigs by now. 'At biggest old sow wuz making' her bed las' night. 'At's a sho' sign." The coincidence seemed to amuse him, and he filled the still night air with carefree African laughter. Suddenly he stopped, transfixed by a muted chorus from the hog house. It was, unmistakably, the thin treble of newborn pigs.

Silently Ham took the lantern and went inside. He was gone a long minute, when there proceeded from the pig house the sound of heartfelt ejaculations of wonder and surprise. In a moment, Ham staggered out. "They's twenty-two little pigs," he said, "and more being borned ever' minute." Four brood sows that night contributed forty-four pigs to the world.

Back in the house, I obeyed a hunch, sending out farm hands to the sheep fields and the barns. Once in a blue moon the hunch player hits the jack pot. We did it that night. The vital statistics stood at dawn:

Baby calves, 3; baby mule colts, 2; baby pigs, 44; baby puppies, 3; baby sheep, 16; Later in the day we discovered 6 new baby kittens in the corn crib.

Honestly, I was almost afraid to go into the house when I got back from the field. I made a round of the beds in the nursery and carefully counted the children. How was I to know whether the stork had been there in my absence? The lady of the manor house interrupted me. Her hands were full of eggshells and she had come from the poultry house. "That's the best hatch I ever had," she announced gaily. "I got 452 baby chicks out of 500 eggs."

I realized then that it was broad daylight and I was as hungry as a wolf. I remembered with pleasure that I had caught and cooped up, the week before, one of the finest, fattest possums ever seen. The night before I had requisitioned possum and sweet potatoes for breakfast. Just at that moment the faithful Ham came into the house. His manner was that of a baffled, beaten man.

"De possum, de possum," he stammered.

"Yes, and did you kill the possum last night for breakfast?"

"Naw, suh," he confessed; "I forgot. And you ain't gwine eat 'at possum for no breakfast."

"Why?" I asked.

"'Cause 'at old possum," responded Ham, "has done gone and borned herse'f three little possums!"

When this well-nigh incredible tale was bruited about the community it promptly divided the populace into two camps, one maintaining it must be fiction, while the other held it was truth. For my own satisfaction I had a movie photographer come to the farm and make a moving picture of that collection of animals. The film reposes on my desk, ready to confound any doubter.

We had many other interesting experiences. Going to agricultural college in the School of Experience is often expensive for new farmers and no doubt many of them have suffered heavy losses. For example, I have found that sowing alfalfa just before a drought is as hazardous as speculating in Wall Street—and almost as expensive when you figure the cost of liming and preparing the soil and buying high-priced seed.

But not all the experiments of city-bred rustics are unfortunate. And knowledge comes—if slowly. We have learned not only how to truck-garden but how to pack and prepare our truck for market. Baby Sister, who a few years ago didn't know a pig from a calf, is now, at eight years of age, an expert on mules and horses. Every child on the place knows how to ride a pony, milk a cow, or butcher a hog. My wife has become an expert at canning and at rearing turkeys, chickens, cows. The grocery store which used to absorb a prodigious portion of the family dollar now sells us only coffee, sugar, and salt. We live within our own domain, every man a king. . . .

I THINK one sure result of the depression will be that country folks and city folks will understand each other better. Those who went back to the farm early were driven by necessity, but nowadays many of the new farmers are moneyed city folks.

The city man is beginning to find that his country neighbor is no hick with hayseed in his hair, and the country man finds that the city man is no slicker. They exchange their views with mutual benefit and amusement. A Chicago business man who commutes each week end to his farm in the Midsouth, has been impressed by the wit of country folks. Not long ago one of his Negro retainers entrusted him with a small sum of money. With it he was to buy a quart of gin, and bring it back. He fulfilled his mission, but, not seeing the old man at the station, he gave the bottle to one of the Negro's nephews to deliver.

When he met the old man, the Chicago farmer explained that he had given the gin to the nephew. The old Negro was crestfallen.

"No wonder I ain't got de gin, Colonel," he said mournfully. "You might jes' as well try to send lettuce by a rabbit!"

I'm afraid to cast up our accounts to see if we have made any money on the farm, because I have the old-time agrarian idea that, after all, the farm isn't a place to make money but a place to live. Farm budget books are, to my way of thinking, just things to make farmers unhappy and dissatisfied. And you never can tell about money-making until all the returns are in and the official count made. A few months ago we began to see strangers walking over the place. Once we discovered a newly dug hole in the pasture. It was all very mysterious, until we found that a large fertilizer company was prospecting for phosphate rock. They found what they wanted on our place, and they took an option which, if exercised, will give us $64,000 for the mineral rights alone. And we can keep the farm.

If that deal is consummated I'm going to set myself up as practically the only American farmer who has made a fortune during the depression. Of course, my reasoning is a little like that of the country editor who explained upon retiring from business, "I retire with a fortune of $100,100, due to a long life of hard work and thrift and the fact that an uncle recently died and left me $100,000."

UNDOUBTEDLY, we have profited on the farm, though the profits are mainly in intangibles. The Littlest Little Boy can now walk at least 50 per cent normally, thanks to country life. Who can measure that in dollars and cents? To the younger members of my family has been opened a new and fascinating world. They have learned much from that sometimes kindly, sometimes destructive old dame known as Mother Nature.

The Littlest Little Boy has learned that he cannot rob the nests of screech owls with impunity, for the owls take a terrifying vengeance—they gather at the spot of despoilment and, ever and anon, they hurl themselves through the air like bullets, knocking off the caps and scratching the heads of boy marauders. Once he put a baby owl in a cage inside the house, and all night long the indignant elders held a caucus on the tin roof of the front porch, stomping up and down until sleep was impossible. The children have learned about the curious guinea fowl, which, when reared by a mother hen instead of a guinea hen, will follow that hen all her life, perching in the hen house with her when she lays an egg and even solemnly clustering around her for weeks while she sets. They know all about the idiosyncrasies of the turkey, the most foolish bird in the world. They know when to plant wheat and corn.

To my way of thinking, every American child is entitled to the joy of being reared in the country. If I had my way, I'd see that every boy and girl had a Shetland pony and a collie dog, and, yes, an orphan lamb to rear on a bottle. I can wish my children no finer heritage than the old, rugged, pioneer spirit which yet persists in rural America and which can really thrill at the words:

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills. . . ."

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

These are the signs of a run-down physical condition

NOT ACTUALLY SICK—just an "all-in" feeling that *hangs on*. All of us have it at times.

To struggle against it doesn't do the least bit of good.

You're facing a definite physical condition which your doctor will tell you is usually due to "underfed" blood.

It's your blood that feeds your body. So, when your blood itself is "underfed," nerves and muscles suffer. The blood is not taking up sufficient nourishment from your food. You feel run-down, lacking in energy, "out of sorts."

Get at the cause of run-down condition

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps put more food into the blood stream. It does this by stimulating the digestive organs. The blood then carries more food to the nerves and muscles. Your energy comes surging back again—you no longer feel tired, nervous and irritable.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast a day—one before each meal. In just a few days, you'll notice that the food you eat is going more into energy . . . an indication of what Fleischmann's Yeast can do for you when eaten regularly.

Keep on eating it. In two or three weeks, you'll feel in tiptop form. The regular use of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast can ward off recurrences of that run-down condition that has been making you nervous and tired and "all on edge."

"HARD SELLING all day long takes a lot of perseverance and the man with quick energy has the edge on other fellows.

"I was worried when I felt myself slipping—became run-down, and had to drive myself.

"Until I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast. I started taking it. What a change Fleischmann's Yeast made in me! I felt *sunk*—now I wake in the morning rarin' to go."

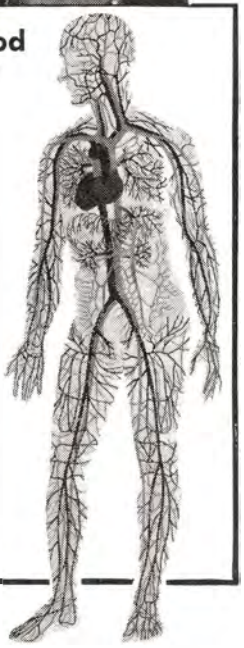
A. Mitchell, New Orleans, La.

It's your blood that "FEEDS" your body

ONE of the most important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you feel "overtired" at the least little extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is failing to carry enough food to your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood take up more nourishment from your food.



— *corrects* Run-down condition by feeding and purifying the blood

Date in the Dark

(*Continued from page 39*)

fresh start under a slab of marble. I know Lucky, and I know his gang has orders what to do about any guy that turns up as a witness against him. So Cora and me, we come here, where we figger nobody will ever look for us. It ain't been easy, with no dough comin' in—but we're still alive."

THE Saint's blue eyes traveled slowly over the apartment; took in the dingy carpet worn down almost to its backing, the wobble of the rickety table on which Marty had perched.

"I suppose it would be difficult," he said.

"We had our bit of luck," Marty said. "I got a job the other day. Just wonderin' what we were gonna do next. I remembered a pal of mine who went to Canada two, three years back and got himself a garage. He ain't got so much money, either, but he wrote back he could give me a job startin' at twenny bucks a week if I could find my way up there. Cora went out an' bought our tickets today. I guess that's when you must of met her. So if I can get clear without bein' stopped we oughta get along all right."

Simon didn't laugh, although for a moment the idea of Marty O'Connor washing cars for twenty dollars a week was humorous enough. But he looked round the apartment again and his gaze came to rest on the face of the girl Cora with a certain understanding. He knew now what subconscious intuition had made him revise his casual opinion of her, even in those brief minutes in the taxi.

"It's a pity you can't take some dough with you and buy a share in this garage business," he said thoughtfully. . . .

Lucky Joe Luckner, recuperating in his hotel suite in Westchester from the ordeal of his trial, was still satisfied with his consistent good luck in spite of the two quiet and inconspicuous men who sat around in the hotel lobby all day. He had no intention of jumping his bail. The drastic entry of the Department of Justice into the war with crime had made the role of a fugitive from justice even less attractive than it had been before. Luckner had never been a fugitive. Quite confidently, he was waiting for an acquittal in his next trial, which would leave him a free man.

"Betcha they can't box me in twenty years," he declared boastfully to his personal bodyguard.

The saturnine Mr. Toscelli agreed encouragingly, which was one of his lighter duties; and Lucky Joe rewarded him with a slap on the back and a cigar.

Luckner was a short, thickset man, with small, close-set eyes and a big, coarse laugh. His extravagances were of a type that ran to loud check suits, yellow spats, strangely hued hats, and large diamonds; and he imagined that these outward evidences of good taste and prosperity were part of the secret of his hypnotic power over women. This hypnotic power was another of his more whimsical fantasies, but his associates had found it healthier to accept it with tactful solemnity. But apart from this one playful weakness he was as sentimental as a scorpion; and the Saint estimated the probabilities with some care before he approached Lucky Joe in person.

He drove out to Westchester on a pleasant, sunny day and sauntered up the steps of the hotel under the critical eyes of a dozen disapproving residents who were sunning themselves on the terrace. Perhaps they had some good reason to fear that a man with that loose and rather buccaneering stride and that rather reckless cut of face was only another manifestation of the underworld invasion which had disturbed the peace of their rural retreat, and in a way they were right; but the Saint didn't care. With his hands in his pockets and his spotless white panama tilted jauntily over one eye, he wandered on into the lounge and identified two blue-chinned individuals who lifted flat, fishlike eyes from their newspapers at his advent as being more deserving of the reception committee's disapproving stares than himself. There were also two large men with heavy shoulders and big feet sitting in another corner of the lounge, who inspected him with a similar air of inquiry; but neither party knew him, and he went up the stairs unquestioned.

THE door of Luckner's suite opened at his knock, to exhibit another blue chin and flat, fishlike stare. It stayed open just far enough for that; and the stare absorbed him with the expressionlessness of a dead cod.

"Hullo, body," murmured the Saint easily. "When did they dig you up?"

The stare darkened, without taking on any more expression.

"Whaddaya want?" the man asked flatly.

"I want to see Lucky Joe."

"He ain't here."

"Tell him it's about Marty O'Connor," said the Saint gently. "And tell him he doesn't know how lucky he is."

The man looked at him for a moment longer and then closed the door. Simon waited patiently. The door opened again.

"Come in."

Simon went in. The man who had let him in stayed behind him, with his back to the door. Another man of similarly taciturn habits and lack of facial expression sat on the arm of a chair by the window, with one hand in his coat pocket, thoughtfully picking his teeth with the other. Luckner sat on the settee, in his shirt sleeves, with his feet on a low table.

Simon came to a halt in front of him and touched two fingers to the brim of his hat in a lazy and ironical salute. He smiled, with a faint twinkle in his blue eyes; and Luckner glowered at him uncertainly.

"Well—what is it?"

"I just dropped in," Simon said, "because I heard you'd be interested in any news about Marty O'Connor."

Luckner took his feet off the table, and got up slowly until he faced the Saint. He was six inches shorter than Simon, but he thrust his lumpy red face up as close as he could under the Saint's nose.

"Where is he?"

"It's just possible," said the Saint, in his slow, soft voice, "that you've got some mistaken ideas about what I am and what I've come here for. If you had an idea, for instance, that I'd tell you anything until I was ready to tell it—well, we'd better go back to the beginning and start again."

Luckner glared at him silently for a second; and then he said in a very level tone, "Who the devil are you?"

"I am the Saint."

THE man on the arm of the chair took the toothpick out of his mouth. The man by the door sucked in his breath with a sharp hiss like a squirt of escaping steam. Only Luckner made no active expression of emotion, but his face went a shade lighter.

Simon allowed the announcement to sink into the brains of his audience at its own good leisure. He looked at Luckner calmly, with those very clear and faintly bantering blue eyes.

"I am the Saint," he said. "I know where to find Marty O'Connor. How much is he worth to you?"

Luckner's knees bent until he reached the level of the settee. He put the cigar back in his mouth.

"Sit down," he said. "Let's talk this over."

The Saint shook his head.

"Why spend the time, Joe? You ought to know how much Marty's worth. I hear he used to keep your accounts once, and he could make a great squeal if they got him on the stand." Simon studied his fingernails. "I owe Marty something, but I can't give it to him myself—that's one of the disadvantages of the wave of virtue which seems to have come over this great country. But I don't see why you shouldn't give him what he deserves." The Saint's eyes lifted again suddenly to Luckner's face with a cold and laconic directness. "I don't care what you do about Marty so long as I get what I think he's worth."

"And what is that?"

"That is just one hundred grand."

Luckner stiffened as if a spear had been rammed up his backbone.

"How much?"

"One hundred thousand dollars," said the Saint calmly. "And cheap at the price. You will pay it in twenty-dollar bills, and I shall want it by ten o'clock tonight."

The dilated incredulity of Luckner's eyes remained set for a moment; and then they narrowed back to their normal size and remained fixed on the Saint's face like glittering beads. The Saint didn't have the air of a man who was prepared to devote any time to bargaining, and Luckner knew it. It didn't even occur to him to question the fundamental fact of whether Simon Templar was really in a position to carry out his share of the transaction. The Saint's name and the reputation which Luckner still remembered were a sufficient guarantee of that.

"Suppose we kept you here without any

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hundred grand and just saw what we could do about persuading you to tell us where Marty is?"

The Saint smiled rather wearily.

"Of course, I'd never have thought of that. It wouldn't have occurred to me to have somebody waiting outside here who'd start back for New York if I didn't come out of this room safe and sound in"—he looked at his watch—"just under another three minutes. And I wouldn't have thought of telling this guy that if he had to beat it back to the city without me he was to get Marty and take him straight along to the D. A.'s office. . . . You're taking an awful lot for granted, Joe; but if you think you can make me talk in two and a half minutes go ahead and try."

Luckner chewed his cigar deliberately across from one side of his mouth to the other. He was in a corner, and he was capable of facing the fact. He could see one other solution, but he said nothing about that.

"Where do we make the trade?"

"You can send a couple of guys with the money down the Bronx River Parkway tonight. I'll be waiting in a car one mile south of a sign on the right which says City of Yonkers. If the dough is okay I'll tell them where to find Marty, and they can have him in five minutes. What they do when they see him is none of my business." The Saint's blue eyes rested on Luckner again with the same quiet and deadly implication. "Is that all quite clear?"

Luckner's head jerked briefly downwards.

"The dough will be okay," he said, and the Saint smiled again.

"They didn't know how lucky you were going to be when they gave you your nickname, Joe," he said.

FOR some time after the Saint had gone, Luckner sat in the same stolid pose, with his hands on his spread knees, chewing his cigar and staring impassively in front of him. The man with the toothpick continued his endless foraging. The man who had guarded the door lighted a cigarette and gazed vacantly out of the window.

The situation was perfectly clear, and Luckner had enough cold-blooded detachment to review it with his eyes open. After a while he spoke.

"You better go, Luigi," he said. "You and Carlatta. Take a coupla machine guns, and don't waste any time."

Toscelli nodded phlegmatically and garaged his toothpick in his vest pocket.

"Do we take the dough?"

"You're right you take the dough. You heard what he said? You give him the dough an' he tells you where to find Marty. I'll write some checks and you can go to New York this afternoon and collect it. An' don't kid yourselves. If there are any tricks, that boy has thought of them all. You know how he took off Morrie Ualino an' Dutch Kuhlmann?"

"It's a lot of dough, Lucky," said Mr. Toscelli gloomily.

Joe Luckner's jaw hardened.

"A stretch on Alcatraz is a lot of years," he said stolidly. "Never mind the dough. Just see that Marty keeps his mouth shut. Maybe we can do something about the dough afterwards."

Even then he kept his belief in his lucky star, although the benefit it had conferred on him was somewhat ambiguous. A more captious man might have quibbled that a price ticket of $100,000 was an expensive present, but to Luckner it represented fair value. Nor did he feel any compunction about the use to which he proposed to put the gift.

IN THIS respect, at least, Toscelli was able to agree with him without placing any strain on his principles. The chief load on his mind was the responsibility of the cargo of twenty-dollar bills which he had collected from various places during the afternoon; and he felt a certain amount of relief when he arrived at the rendezvous and found a closed car parked by the roadside and waiting for him exactly as the Saint had promised. Even so, he kept one hand on his gun while the Saint received the heavy packages of currency through the window.

"A very nice haul," he murmured. "You must be sorry to see it go, Luigi. . . . By the way, you can let go your gun—I've got you covered from here, and you're a much better target than I am."

Toscelli wavered, peering at him somberly out of the gloom. It was true that it grieved him to see so much hard cash taken out of his hands; but he remembered Luckner's warning, and he had heard of the Saint's reputation himself.

"Where do we go?" he growled.

The shiny barrel of the Saint's automatic, resting on the edge of the window, moved in an arc towards the north.

"Straight on up the Parkway for exactly three miles. Park your wagon there and wait for results. He'll be traveling south, looking for a car parked exactly where you're going to be—but he won't expect you to be in it. You won't make any mistake, because I've marked his car; the near-side headlight has a cross of adhesive tape on the lens and I hope it will give you pious ideas. On your way, brother." . . .

Simon drove slowly south. In about half a mile he pulled in to the side of the road again and stopped there. He flicked his headlights two or three times before he finally switched them out, and he was completing the task of distributing a measured half of Toscelli's hundred-thousand-dollar payment over his various pockets when a subdued voice hailed him cautiously from the shadows at the roadside.

THE Saint grinned and opened the door. "Hullo, there, Marty." He settled his pockets, buttoned his coat, and slipped out. "Are you ready to travel?"

"If there's nothing to stop me."

"There isn't." Simon punched him gently in the stomach, and their hands met. "The car is yours, and you'll find about fifty thousand bucks lying about in it. The earth is yours between here and the Canadian border; but if I were you I'd strike east from here and go up through White Plains. And any time I'm in Canada I'll drop by your garage for some gas. Maybe it'll go towards evening up what you did for me one time." He gripped Marty's shoulder for a moment, and then turned to the other slighter figure which stood beside them. "Take care of him, Cora—and yourself, too."

A match flared in the Saint's hands for an instant; but his eyes were intent on the cigarette he was lighting.

"You called Lucky Joe as I told you to?" he asked. "Told him you were through with Marty and couldn't wait another day to take up the new love?"

"Yes. Half an hour ago."

"I bet he fell for it."

"He said he'd be there. He promised to paste a cross of adhesive tape on his right-hand headlight, so I'd know the car! I don't know why you've done all this for us, Saint, and I don't know how you did it—but why did you want me to do that?"

The Saint smiled invisibly in the dark.

"Because I made an appointment for him and I wanted to be sure he'd keep it. Some friends of his will be there to meet him. I have to work in these devious ways these days, because Inspector Fernack warned me to keep out of trouble. Don't lose any sleep over it, kid. Be good."

He kissed her, and held the door while they got into the car. . . . From somewhere far to the north the faint rattle of machine guns came down the wind.

★

Further adventures of the Saint in America as chronicled by Leslie Charteris will appear in an early issue

Let's Riddle Around!

By Martin Nadle

44 LETTERS are needed to spell the names of the ten things pictured in the circle. The names can be spelled, however, with 32 letters by making the letter at the end of one word begin the succeeding word. The trick of this economy in letters lies in the order in which you write the names around the border, one letter in each space. One name has been inserted to start you off. . . . Another clue: If the letter circle is completed correctly, the letters inserted in the shaded spaces will, when rearranged, spell the answer to the following riddle:

It vexed the poor old carpenter,
He really seemed to mind it,
And yet he carried it about
Because he couldn't find it.

(Solution on page 88)

How To Make Yourself A Leader of Tomorrow

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NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss _____

ADDRESS _____

Marry the Girl

(*Continued from page 54*)

been a little earlier that Radway, walking in his nightmare, came from his room into the hall. He must have emerged at about the time Felton found the top of the stairs and started down.

Radway made his way unmolested to a door on the corridor. He found the key and turned it. With the sleepwalker's appearance of a well-ordered plan, he opened the door and stepped into the room.

Bull Forrester had been dozing lightly in his clothes, in the hope that Joe Mulcahy was going to respond to his plea for help. He heard his door open. He slid off the bed and stood, facing the sound.

"Joe!" he whispered.

There was no answer.

"Joe!" he whispered again. He could hear the intruder advancing. With a chill of fright, Forrester found a book of paper matches in his pocket. He struck one, held the flame up, and almost instantly flicked it out.

He had seen enough to know that the intruder was Radway, that Radway was in his pajamas, and that Radway must be walking in his sleep.

FORRESTER slipped softly away from the bed toward the wall. Radway had unlocked the door. If Forrester could get by him without waking him, he would be free.

Forrester slid along the edge of the bed.

It was the wrong move. Radway's hand caught his arm. Forrester held his breath. Mustn't startle a sleepwalker. Let him wake of his own accord.

But the publisher didn't wake. He held Forrester's arm gently but firmly, as if they were taking a friendly stroll together. The suggestion of strolling was strong. Forrester tried a couple of tentative steps. Radway came along peaceably.

So that was the way.

Walking slowly, evenly, concentrating on what he remembered of the placing of the furniture, Forrester led the way to the door. It stood wide open.

Now, if the farmer fellow didn't catch them . . . But the keeper must be asleep. Funny that there was no light. Well, if the man hadn't caught Radway, there was no reason to expect him to intervene now.

They came into the hall. Forrester would have to dispose of his companion somehow. He turned to the right, felt his way along the wall with a cautious hand. He came to a door. He groped until he caught the handle. He turned it.

The door opened without a squeak.

Maneuvering smoothly, he turned Radway through a slow arc that brought him opposite the open doorway. Advancing the arm the publisher held, Forrester started him into the room. Gently he withdrew his arm.

It worked. Radway went on alone into the room.

Forrester closed the door.

The stairs were the other way. Feeling forward with his feet, he crossed the corridor. He dared not light another match. The watchman might be only drowsing.

He found the stairs. He clutched the banister and started down very softly.

Below him there was a crash, a thump, a sound of breaking glass.

Forrester stopped—balanced, listening.

JOE MULCAHY and Red O'Leary rested a moment or two under the pantry window that had been smashed by no earthly hand. They panted in unison and clung to the grass. Their eyes accustomed to the dark, they stared at the jagged hole in the window and waited for further signs of supernatural opposition.

Nothing happened.

Life came to them both at once. As if at a signal, they sprang to their feet at the same moment. They gripped each other for a breathless instant. Then, with an unspoken mutual decision, they turned and ran, plunging and slipping on the damp grass.

Rounding the corner of the house, they saw the ladder, still leaning up toward the second-story window. The window was dark now. The whole house was dark. They slowed their mad pace.

A crash, duller but somehow more horrible than the one that had burst right in their faces, came from the pitch-black interior. Joe Mulcahy did a gazelle-like leap straight into the air. Red O'Leary emitted a sound that was halfway between a snort for breath and a moan. They threw themselves forward.

They came to a skidding halt.

They were surrounded. Somebody was in the drive they were making for. They heard a shuffling, a scramble. Behind them, the house door opened.

Joe Mulcahy was at the foot of the ladder. Red O'Leary was a short pace behind him. Another noise from the drive robbed them of the ragged shreds of wisdom they had retained.

Joe swung himself to the ladder, his heavy body suddenly stirred to a simian agility. Scrambling and slipping, he mounted, two rungs at a time. Red sprang after him and climbed as if the devil were clutching at the seat of his trousers.

They stood close together in the room at the ladder's top, panting. They were alone in darkness deeper than that of outdoors. . . .

David Partridge, grinning at the sounds of Felton blundering into things downstairs, decided on a sortie. See if all was going well. By this time, Ginnie ought to be out, safely closed into the rumble seat of his roadster. He'd just check up.

He opened the door and stood listening. He smiled still more broadly at another crash from the living-room. Guiding himself along the passage with a hand on the wall, he made his way from the ell into the main corridor. Ginnie's room was at the far end diagonally across. He left the steadying wall, sliding his feet before him. He was still grinning. He had been right in saying it might be fun. . . .

He collided heavily with somebody. Somebody gripped him in a rib-smashing hug. Dave grunted, wriggled, brought a fist up in an arc to land it on the back of his assailant's neck. He was borne backward. He found his adversary's ear and tore at it earnestly. "Hey!" he gasped, as the hug tightened. "Lay off! It's me! Partridge!"

The embrace crushed his breath out. He brought his left fist up in a short jab to a heavy jaw.

The unknown hugger relaxed a little, gave a small sound of distress. Dave swung his right and landed a glancing blow.

Another enemy caught his shoulders from behind. Dave swung an elbow, and was rewarded with a grunt. A flying fist clipped his left ear. He flung himself free and backed off, swinging a wide blow. It fetched up on something that might have been a nose.

His left forearm guarding his face, he swung again and hit nothing. A hard, fast-traveling fist caught him on the chest. . . .

Bulwer Lytton Forrester, clinging to his fixed purpose of freeing himself, no matter what sort of riot had broken out in the dark house, reached the bottom of the curved staircase. Gifted with a good sense of direction, he made his way to the front door.

An uproar burst forth behind him, horribly close.

He sprang over the doorsill as if propelled by a spring. In two leaps he reached the drive. The tumult in his rear increased. He was pursued.

In the faintly light sweep of the drive, he perceived a black bulk. A car. He sprinted for it, overran it, smacked his knee against a back bumper. He climbed on it and clawed madly at the smooth surface of the thing. His fingers closed on a handle.

A rumble seat.

He turned the handle and tore the hinged back open. He scrambled up from the bumper to the slippery surface of the back of the car. He tugged himself over the streamlined slope to the aperture. He threw himself in, pulling the top shut after him.

Something soft on the floor beside him in the rumble stirred as he settled down.

As he advanced toward her, Mrs. Allington became coy. She whispered, "Oh, Mr. Radway — Richard—you shouldn't have . . . !"

"Good cah . . . !" Forrester exploded.

"If you could manage to take your knee out of the small of my back," a girl's voice murmured. . . .

Ellen Stryker Allington, like Abou ben Adhem and the League of Nations, awoke from sweet dreams of peace. She felt that there had been a sound close at hand. Her heart was thumping. She pulled the covers close to her trembling chin and turned her head slowly toward the door.

Richard Seton Radway, in pajamas, stood at the foot of her bed.

Mrs. Allington drew her chin up coyly, rose to a half-sitting position. She whispered, "Oh, oh, Mr. Radway—Richard—you shouldn't have . . . !"

He advanced along the side of the bed purposefully. He took the end of the sheet

in his slow-moving hand. Mrs. Allington cowered away.

"*Rich*-ard!" she aspirated.

She caught Radway's wrist in her trembling fingers and gripped it.

"*Richard!* Really . . . !"

He woke.

He blinked at her. His mouth fell open.

"*Ai-ee-ee!*" he screamed.

"*Sh-h-h-h!* Do you want to wake the house?"

"Ur-r-r-r-r," he groaned.

"Really, Richard, you're—you're awful! . . . The idea of coming into my room like this!" She patted the back of his hand.

"Ow-oo-oo!" he howled, like a wolf to the moon. . . .

DR. STRYKER was a sound sleeper. It took the battle royal between Partridge and his invisible and uncounted assailants to wake him. The doctor pushed the button of the lamp beside his bed, but no light rewarded him. He snorted, felt the foot of his bed for his dressing gown. He located his slippers.

He stepped into the hall, thinking sleepily of Forrester. He stepped from the narrow hall of the ell into the broad main corridor.

A heavy weight, traveling at high speed, rammed him in the stomach, forcing his wind out. He staggered back, gasping. . . .

The man had Jim Sparks by the wrists. Wrenching their bodies violently back and forth, they whirled against a chair and sent it flying. The fellow's bulk was too much. He couldn't hold out long.

"Help!" he called. "Stryker!"

He felt the grip on his wrists relax.

"Hey, what's this?" his adversary said in a nasal, deep, New-England voice. "Ain't you the burgulars?"

Sparks, released, stood back and breathed. "I'm Mr. Sparks. I thought *you* were a burglar."

"No. No, sir. I'm Felton."

Sparks gave a groaning sigh that failed to express a considerable fraction of his emotions.

"I was going to the kitchen. For matches," Felton explained. "Something's wrong with the lights."

The cessation of their hostilities permitted them to note a crash from above.

"Hah!" Sparks gasped. "They're up there. The ladies . . ."

"I'll come with you," Felton said.

"No; you see if you can fix the lights. That'll be the most help."

"But the burgulars . . ."

"I'll see about the burglars. You fix the lights."

Sparks went up the stairs, stumbling in the dark.

There was a scuffle of impressive proportions in the bedroom hall. Sparks did not hesitate. He advanced straight for the center of operations.

Somebody, running, clumped into him, knocked him back a step, caromed off, and ran on. Somebody else whooshed past. A door slammed.

The battle still raged. Sparks marched toward it, his fists swinging. He struck a hard object; the back of a head. A blow landed fair on his chin. He staggered, clutched at a wall, steadied himself.

Olive! What had happened to her, with this gang roaming the house?

He slipped along the wall, fumbled his way to the hall on the ell. Olive's was the first door on the right. Partridge had told him about the rooms. He reached the door he sought, turned the handle, stepped in.

Olive brought a brass candlestick down accurately on the back of his head.

The floor swooped up. Sparks plunged forward. His face pressed into the rug. . . .

The lights came on with a suddenness that seemed to jar the house.

David Partridge, his mouth dropping open, slowly uncoiled his fingers from Dr. Hartley Grant Stryker's throat. Dr. Stryker, returning the courtesy, took his fingers out of Dave's left eye and ear.

Stryker managed speech first: "May I ask, Partridge, what is the meaning of this?"

Dave continued panting.

"I heard a noise," he gulped at last, "and came into the hall. Five or six men grabbed me. I fought 'em. I know they weren't you because one of 'em had on a cap." He paused to rub his painfully throbbing jaw.

Stryker glowered at him. "*I* heard a noise and came into the hall," he said. "*I* was set upon . . ."

"Oh, there were thugs here, all right, Doctor. I slammed one on the nose. Definitely a nose. That wasn't you."

Felton came clumping up the stairs. . . .

OLIVE saw the prostrate body of Jim Sparks stretched across her rug. She made a small hurt sound and threw herself upon it.

"Jim . . . *Jim* . . ."

His head moved. "Wow!" he said.

"Jim—darling—sweetheart—"

He raised himself on one elbow.

She flung her arms about his neck and held him. Her cheek was wet against his.

"Dearest, I might have killed you."

He patted her shoulder. "You didn't, though," he said thickly, through his mashed mouth. "I take a lot of killing."

"Can you get up, dear?"

"Try," he said.

He got up shakily.

She stood against him. Her cheek was close to his.

"Dear . . ." she whispered.

He held her firmly. "Darling! Don't ever, ever hate me again. No matter what kind of a fool I am. Because—"

"Oh, *Jim* . . ."

"Because I'll always do what you want. I'll take back anything you don't like. I apologize, Livvie. Humbly . . ."

"They's a winda broke in the pantry," Felton announced from the head of the stairs. "And they's a ladder out here up to the corner room."

"What?" Stryker said. "That's Miss Radway's— Here! We'll have to look."

He threw open Ginnie's door. The curtain over the open window bellied out in the draft.

"Great heavens!" Stryker gasped. "She's gone! We'll have to see to the others. It might be a kidnapping."

He knocked on the next door. A sharp, businesslike series of raps.

"Ellen!" he called.

No answer. He thumped.

"*Ellen!*"

He threw open the door.

MRS. ALLINGTON sat up in bed, the covers pulled up to her neck. Her face wavered with an uncertain smile.

Richard Seton Radway cowered at the foot of the bed, his hands crossed on his breast, his pajamas trembling so that tiny wrinkles came and went.

"*Ellen!*" the doctor said for the third time, and the thunder of his voice made even Dave contract.

"It—it's m-most un-fortunate," Radway stuttered.

"*Unfortunate*, Mr. Radway! Hah!" Stryker strode into the room. Felton's voice twanged in from the hall: "That Mr. Forrester's gone, too."

"What?" Stryker expressed the dismay of all of them. "Forrester, too?"

"Hide ner hair of him," Felton said.

Stryker spoke severely to Radway: "Your younger daughter is also missing."

Radway gaped. "Missing? What do you mean?"

"She's gone."

Radway, looking ineffectual in his bare feet, tottered toward the door. Dr. Stryker, his arms folded, looked scornfully down at the publisher as he passed. Dave dropped back, clearing the way.

Radway spoke to him: "And Olive? Has anyone looked to see if she's safe?"

"No, sir. I don't—"

"Come."

Radway banged on Olive's door. It did not open.

"Olive!"

"Yes. Yes, Father. A sec."

She wore a negligee. She was trembling. Her eyes were very bright.

"Thank God, *you're* all right," her father said. "Did anyone come in here?"

"N-no. Oh, no. I heard the row but—"

"We must search the room."

"Oh, no, Father. I'm quite sure . . ."

"Help me, Partridge. Look everywhere." Radway peered under the bed.

Dave opened the closet door.

Jim Sparks, in trousers, socks, and athletic underwear, cowered back among the dresses that hung in a row. He raised both hands, palms outward, showed his gritted teeth in a madly pleading gesture.

"Nothing, Mr. Radway." Dave closed the door.

(*Continued on page 84*)

NEXT MONTH

★

MIKE VAN DYKE, president of the Two-Bit chain stores, stood up to indicate that the interview with Miss Beals was over. The girl's eyes flashed. "Sit down," she said, "and don't act like a stuffed shirt!" Mike sat down. "This is going to be good," he thought. It was. Such a lecture that he remembered it all his life—remembered the girl, too.

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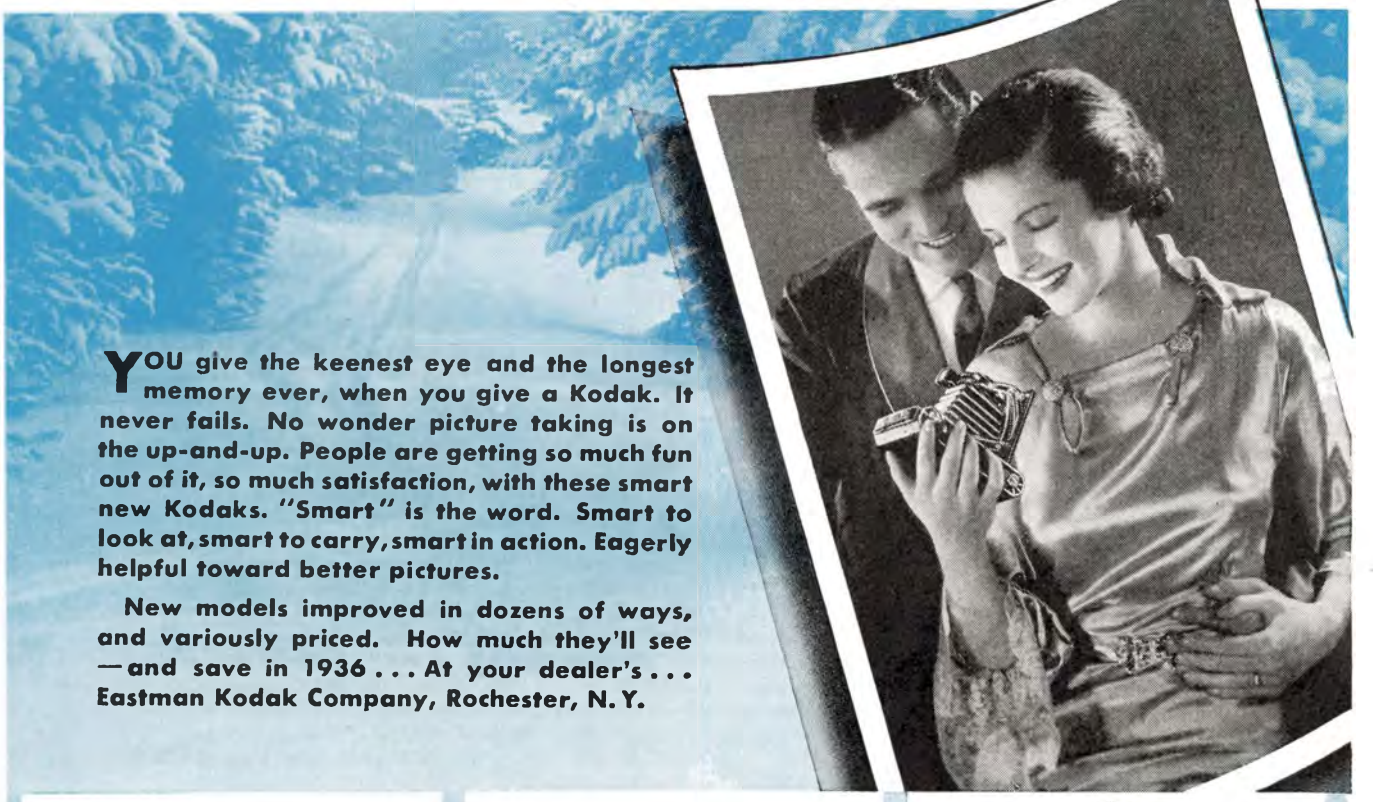

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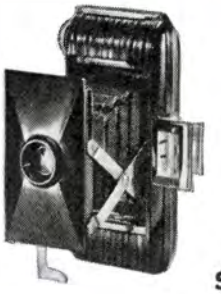

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"Virginia has disappeared," he said.

"Oh, *Father!*"

"We'll do all we can," he said grimly. "Come, Partridge."

There was a crash from the closet. Coat hangers clattered to the floor.

"What's that?" Radway leaped to the closet door and threw it open.

"Sparks!" he cried.

Sparks came out of the closet.

"What?" Dave said—incredulously, he hoped. "He must have been hiding behind the dresses."

"Mr. Sparks," Radway bellowed, "I—I cannot find words—I cannot express—"

"Olive and I are engaged," Sparks said.

"Engaged? Hah! After this, sir . . . I suppose . . ."

Somebody knocked sharply.

Memory flowed into Richard Seton Radway and wilted him. He looked around apprehensively.

"Y-yes . . ." he said, his voice breaking.

Dr. Stryker stood in the doorway, his eyes flashing infernal fire.

"My sister," he said to Radway in the cold voice of an inquisitor pronouncing a sentence to torture, "is hysterical. She is calling for you. You had better go to her, under the circumstances."

Radway extended his hands in a half-gesture for mercy. "Bub . . ." he said.

"The least you can do, I think," Stryker snarled.

Dave tried to lend a hand:

"Has someone telephoned for the police?"

Stryker turned in the doorway.

"The telephone wires have been cut," he said. . . .

BUTTONING his vest, Dave dashed hastily from his room and made for the stairs. Rounding the corner, he had to halt himself violently to avoid a head-on collision with Mrs. Allington, who had just emerged from her room.

"You're going for the police, Mr. Partridge?"

"Yes. Right away."

She exhaled with a little meaning sigh. "Oh, it's all so *dreadful!*"

He looked conspiratorially up and down the hall. He bent toward her.

"Mrs. Allington . . ." he whispered.

Her mouth moved uncertainly. "Wuh-what is it, Mr. Partridge?"

"When Mr. Radway came into your room . . ." He paused. "He didn't—ah—you didn't notice that he—ah—reached for your throat at all?"

"My throat?" She passed a trembling hand over it. "My *throat?* No . . . why, what do you mean?"

"Good," he said. "Because— Oh, well, let it go."

She looked up at him, the whites showing all around the irises of her eyes. She whispered urgently, "What do you *mean*, Mr. Partridge? You must *tell* me."

Again he looked up and down the hall. "Well, it's hard to tell you. You see, with the influence Mr. Radway has, it's been hushed up, but . . . We—we're never able to forget the possibility of a recurrence . . ." He started on. "I must go."

She held him. "No. I've got to *know*. It's only fair to me."

"You've noticed the way he has of spreading his fingers?"

"Yes. Well, no . . ."

"Don't ever let him get them on your throat."

"Mr. Partridge . . . do you mean he's . . . ?"

"We don't know. It's only that what a man has done once—and tried another time—he might do again. . . . I've really got to get off."

Her generous bosom was heaving itself up and down. Her lips were opening and closing soundlessly.

"Well," he said. "Thank you so much for putting me up. Good-by, Mrs. Allington."

From the head of the staircase he looked back and saw her pass the trembling fingers of both hands over her soft, white throat. . . .

Dave picked out a lonely place beyond Wheaton, and drew the roadster up under a clump of trees. He slid out to the road. He turned the handle of the rumble seat and heaved it open.

"Still alive?" he said cheerfully.

"Barely," grunted a man's voice.

In the gray light which suggested that a new day would be along presently, he saw a battered felt hat rear itself.

"What the . . . ?"

"B. L. Forrester," said the hat. "Thanking you kindly." It bent forward. "All right. Come on up and have a whiff of God's green air."

"Oo-oo-oo!" Ginnie moaned. "I'm tied in a double bowknot. I feel like the last anchovy at the bottom of the bottle."

Her hat appeared beside Forrester's. Dave stared at the dim silhouettes. His passengers expressed their feelings in grunts and moans.

"How the . . . ?" said Dave.

"If you want to know how it was possible for two of us to crowd into that space," Forrester said, "I can tell you briefly: It wasn't."

"But how did you . . . ?"

"I needed a place to hide. I saw your car. The rumble seat occurred to me. I had no idea it was reserved. I've been apologizing at regular intervals."

"He has more knees," Ginnie said, "than an octopus."

DAVE ran his fingers through his hair. "I think I'll dump him out here and let that state trooper pick him up."

"And," Forrester asked, "have me tell our mutual employer who abducted his charming daughter?"

"All right," Dave said, "but you've put me in a nice position."

"I shouldn't talk about positions to either of us, if I were you," Ginnie said. "I've been riding the last few miles with my left foot in my mouth."

"Well, you may as well come up in front with me, both of you."

Painfully, they got their stiff bodies out of the back seat and took their places beside him. Ginnie sat in the middle.

They drove on.

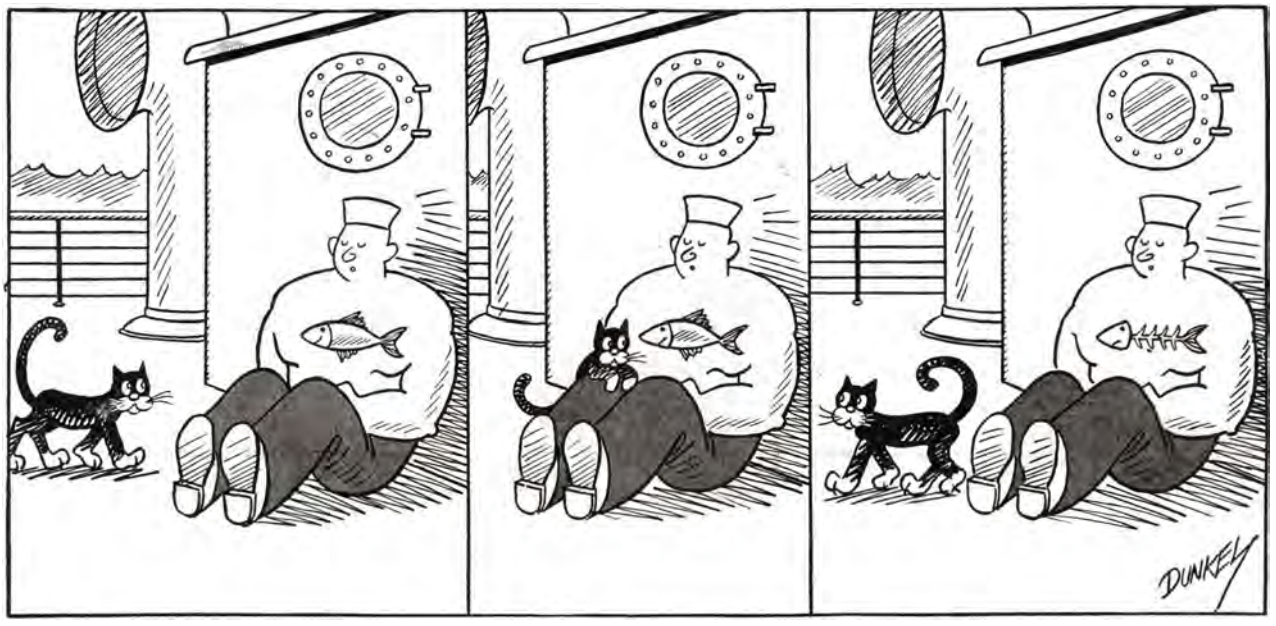
"The next time I elope," Ginnie said, "I'll do it on foot."

"Gosh!" Forrester exploded. "Is this an elopement I've got myself into?"

"One of the fanciest," Ginnie told him.

"Permit me to offer an extra thousand apologies."

Somewhere south of Wheaton on the main highway, Dave said, "I only hope Dmitri has carried out his end of the arrangement." (*Continued on page 87*)



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"Oh, he'll be there," Ginnie murmured.

"Dmitri?" Forrester repeated. "Do you refer to the Grandduke O'Keefe, the toast of all the Russias?"

"Lay off him, Bull," said Dave.

"Oh, the Grandduke and I are just like that. He shares his booze with me."

"What?" Dave said. "Was he the one who . . . ?"

"None other. He's a smart lad."

Ginnie, between them, seemed to shrink a little.

"How do you mean, a smart lad?" asked Dave.

"Quick thinker. As bright a son as a policeman ever had, in any language."

"Hah?"

"He found out that it was necessary to keep me from telling certain biographical details I'd learned about him. So what did he do? Did he assault and batter me? He did not. He just proposed a toast to his bankroll-to-be, and I bottomed it up. The serpent tempted me and I did drink. . . . I hadn't the heart not to wish the poor girl some sort of decent break, considering her lousy luck in husbands."

Dave leaned across Ginnie. "Bull, I think I'd better tell you right away—"

"No," Ginnie said quietly.

"And he silenced me very effectively," Forrester said. "But for a turn of the cards tonight, I'd have been out of his way for weeks."

"What makes you say the bride is getting a bad break?" Ginnie inquired chattily.

"Oh. . . . S'pose it depends on what she has in mind. If she thinks she's buying a controlling interest in a genuine, pre-war Russian aristocrat, it'll be pretty tough to wake up and find out what she's got."

"Which is?" Ginnie prompted him.

"The son of a secret policeman, one of the chief torturers on the czar's justly famous staff. About the equivalent of the cop in charge of the rubber-hose-beating division of the third-degree branch at police headquarters."

"You're just shooting off your face," Dave snarled.

"Oh, no. I investigated. Got it from half a dozen different Russians, straight from Paris, where everybody knows about it. His father and mother and three elder brothers were killed in the first revolution—justifiably, I take it—and our Mr. O'Keefe was left. He was a little boy. There was a Prince Trakitieff, who was skipping for Paris, pretty well heeled. He saw this little boy and took him along."

"Well," Dave argued, "he never said—"

"HE NEVER said a lot of things," Forrester went on. Ginnie's hand on Dave's arm restrained him. "He never said where he got the money to come to America. Shall I tell you? . . . He'd been living on the Trakitieffs for eighteen years. They'd brought him up and given him everything. But he was bored. He wanted to go to New York, and they didn't want him to. So one day the Prince left ten thousand francs in cash lying on his desk and our Mr. O'Keefe pinched it."

"But"—Dave argued against his belief—"wasn't it as good as his? I mean . . ."

"Once he had it in his pants pocket, it was as good as his, and he didn't hang around to talk it over. He hopped a boat that same day. It was about as much his as this car is mine."

Ginnie still clutched Dave's arm. He struggled for something to say.

Forrester continued conversationally: "I knew he was a phony. They say he used to paint nice little water colors of quaint village scenes. Trakitieff sent him to an art school. But this blob technique of his is a new development for the American trade. He's working it up nicely. Blobs for blobs' sake. I shouldn't be surprised to see him make quite a stir with it, if nobody catches him. Smart young man, as I was saying."

"And what about his marriage?" Ginnie said, in a strange, hard voice. Her fingers tightened their grip.

"Strictly business," Forrester said. "I have that from O'Keefe himself. The girl's got pots of cash. He'd like to live in the style to which he was accustomed. So he marries her and settles up. I mean, he owed me a hundred dollars, for instance. I'm to be paid as soon as he gets his hands on the family check book." Forrester waved a hand. "Oh, yes, a nice lad."

"I don't believe it's just a money marriage," Dave insisted. "He's got a job."

"I'll tell you," Forrester said. "I made some crack about a man who marries for money earning every cent of it, and he laughed at me. He said that might be true of Americans, but the Russians know better. Says they have learned to take marriage as it should be took. Lightly. I suppose he knows."

NOBODY said anything for a while. Forrester plunged on again: "I'd like to meet that girl in time. The poor little exchequer-to-be. I feel positively patriotic about letting a countrywoman of mine get into the clutches of a—a—well, there are ladies present, aren't there?"

Ginnie, her voice still brittle, said, "If you're really sure of your facts . . ."

"Oh, I am, Miss Radway. I may be one thing and another, but I wouldn't spread this kind of stuff without knowing it. I talked it over with a whole mess of O'Keefe's compatriots, people who knew him, and knew that Prince and Princess. They agree he's a rat."

"Bull," Dave said, "I wonder if you'd be very uncomfortable in the rumble. It's terribly crowded here . . ."

"Of course not," Forrester said cheerfully. "It might be lonely without Miss Radway, but I can manage."

They stopped and made the transfer.

They drove on in silence, while the sky grew light. Dave watched the road. He could see Ginnie out of the tail of his eye. She was folded up in the far corner of the seat. She did not move.

It wasn't until they were near the outoutskirts of the city that she spoke:

"Thank you, anyway."

"Oh, *Ginnie* . . ."

His voice was funnier than hers at its worst. . . .

Forrester was sleeping, slumped forward in the rumble seat, when Dave slid the roadster along the curb in front of his apartment house. He turned off the motor and looked unwillingly at Ginnie.

"Ah . . . Ginnie . . ."

She turned her head and showed him a face that was quite expressionless.

"I'd better go up and—and get rid of him, don't you think?"

"Yes. I think so." Cool and even.

"I won't be a minute," he said, getting out.

(*Continued on page 88*)

He let himself in with his key. He went into his bedroom. The bed was smooth, undisturbed. He went back into the living-room.

On the table before the sofa, a whisky bottle, uncorked, towered between two empty highball glasses. Two ash trays were piled high with cigarette stubs.

Dave stared. He went to the table and looked at the cigarette stubs. Half of them were rouge-stained.

Dave murmured a word.

He straightened up and looked the room over again. There was something on the table in the foyer. An envelope. He had passed it without noticing.

THERE were two envelopes. One bore the uneasily familiar scrawl of Mary Mayne. That business to face . . . He ripped the flap open. He read:

David:
I'll mail my copy in from wherever we are. When we come back, I'll give you the whole Itsy Bitsy correspondence, and I hope you'll hand it on to posterity. Don't ever tell me your luck isn't good. MARY

It yielded no more sense on the second and third reading. He tried the other note:

M. Patrige:
I have tolled you I am not content of the arrangement to illop with Virginia altho the objection by her Father. It wood maybe be too teasing from evry site. I regret you do not think the same with me. By good chance Miss Maine comes also to see you this night. We find betwin us a grand sympathie. It is soon but it is the LOVE. We part now immediatelie for the South, where it already does full spring.
D. KIEFF

David heaved a big sigh. . . .

As with most young women, Ginnie's morale improved with her make-up. She emerged, after five minutes in the bedroom, a little graver than usual, but apparently quite calm and ready to face the day.

Forrester sprang from the sofa. "Well!" he welcomed her. "I must be a sentimentalist. A bride-toaster. I admit I'd love to pledge your health and happiness."

Dave, his insides contracted into a hard knot as they did when he looked down from great heights, clenched his hands over his vacant abdomen.

Ginnie bowed and managed a smile for Forrester.

"Now, you two," the cartoonist said, "are showing some judgment. Nice girl, nice lad."

"Buh . . ." Dave bubbled.

Ginnie bowed again. "Thank you, Mr. Forrester."

"Speaking of a toast"—Forrester reached into his hip pocket and brought out an unopened pint bottle—"I want to show you something. Both of you will enjoy it." He unscrewed the cap of the bottle.

"Oh, please, Bull! You don't want to land in another—"

Forrester held up a palm. "Glass, please?"

Dave got one out of the cabinet. "But, Bull, listen. It'll be such a mess if you—"

"Ladies and gentlemen," Forrester announced, "we commence by pouring a few ounces of this deleterious liquid into the quite ordinary glass the management has provided. Watch me closely. There." He held the glass before him, chest-high. "Then, using ordinary blandishments, we proffer it to the Old Soak."

Forrester bowed slightly. "Have one on me, Mr. Forrester," he said

"No thanks," he answered himself. "I'm not drinking."

"Ah, but one little drink . . ."

"I appreciate your kindness, sir, but I am off the stuff."

Ginnie drifted to Dave's side and took his arm, listening to the monologue.

"But, my dear Forrester," the cartoonist went on urgently, "smell it! It's the best."

He sniffed long and with evident admiration. He answered, "Yes, sir. I agree. Kentucky produces no finer. But I'm not drinking."

With the sweeping gestures of a conjurer, he took up the bottle and, his hand steady as a boy's, poured back the contents of the glass. He capped the flask again and held it out to Dave. "For your private collection," he said.

"But, Bull . . . In the first place, where'd you get it?"

"Oh, I took a couple of pints along. The first day of the cure would have been unbearable without it. But I wasted quite a lot of the other bottle, practicing this trick. The usual climax is to pour it down the drain."

DAVE gripped the cartoonist's hand. Ginnie came up. "You've been deserving a kiss for some time," she said. She kissed his cheek.

He patted her shoulder. "Tell you what I could drink," he said, "and that's about a gallon of coffee."

"So could I," Dave agreed. "And my Filipino won't be here for an hour or more."

"Have you got coffee and water and a coffeepot or a percolator?" Ginnie said.

"Oh, yes. Only . . ."

"Get on, sir. And is there flour? I make some of the elegantest muffins."

"Muffins!" breathed Forrester, sinking on the sofa. . . .

The percolator bubbled. Dave puttered around. Ginnie found her ingredients and stirred a yellow mixture in a bowl.

"You know," she said, her voice coming in jerks from the effort of stirring, "it's funny, but my principal emotion is relief."

DAVE was at a disadvantage, unable to see her face. He ventured no reply. She went on:

"I'd never have guessed it would be. I thought I wanted nothing in the world but to marry Dmitri. I'd have sworn my heart would have been broken. . . . But I feel ten years younger."

Still mistrustful, Dave opened a cupboard and brought down three coffee cups. He said nothing.

"I'm sure I can't explain it, Dave. I worshiped him. He's the most beautiful human being I've ever seen. He has charm and perfect manners and . . ."

She stopped beating the batter, to wipe the handle of the spoon on Kolo's apron, which just fitted her. She recommenced the stirring and the conversation simultaneously:

"The one definite thing was that I—it's funny, unless you believe in intuition, and I've never caught myself with any— Well, I didn't like his kissing me. Or touching me at all. It gave me the shivers. I used to wonder about it and think it was queer. . . . There," she said, putting the last of the batter into the pan.

She spoke into the oven of the gas stove, slipping in the muffins-to-be: "I noticed it wasn't at all the same with kissing you. I *like* kissing you—"

A coffee cup crashed on the floor.

"Oo-oop!" he said automatically, stepping toward her and crunching the fragments of the china underfoot.

She closed the oven door and straightened up, turning. She found herself looking up into his face.

"You like kissing me?" he said, garbling it.

"Yes." She was academic about it. "You make me feel worth while and safe and—understood."

"Oh. I do, do I?"

"Yes. You—look out! Batter on my hands."

"Batter late than never."

"Oo-oo! Puns! Look *out*."

She had done the kissing before. This time he kissed her.

"Still the same feeling?" he asked.

"Um-um." (Affirmative.)

"Try again."

"No. You're in love."

"Of course I'm in love."

"Well . . . Oh, silly!"

He kissed her.

"What's Father going to say?"

He kissed her.

"Hm-m?" she insisted.

He released her. "I have a notion."

"So have I."

"I mean a scheme."

"Oh."

"Shall I try it?"

"Of course."

"Do you love me?"

"Of course."

"Do I love you?"

ANSWER *to puzzle on page 78*

Beginning at top, the words in the circle are:

FROG, GAR (fish), ROOK, KAPI, PIN, NIPPERS, SPADE, EFT, TROWEL, LEAF.

The answer to the riddle is "SPLINTER," the letters of which appear in the shaded spaces.

"Of course."

"Kiss."

"Of c—"

Scraping batter off his coat, she sang softly. He held her shoulders and looked down at the lights in her brown hair. Blood was pounding under his collarbones.

"Sing before breakfast," he said, "cry before dinner."

"You go and telephone before I burn my muffins."

"Yes, ma'am." . . .

"I've found them both," he said into the telephone. . . . "Yes. They were together. In a car on their way to town."

Forrester, seated beside him on the sofa, gave him a shove. He shook his head urgently, took up the conversation again: "I've got 'em here at my apartment. Mm-m? . . . Oh, he's cured. Absolutely. For good, I think. Not touching a drop. . . . Very, Mr. Radway. . . . Yes. Something in psychoanalysis, all right, ye-us . . ."

He returned Forrester's slap.

"Well, the elopement's more serious, Mr. Radway. You see, I've got no authority and . . . Well, by the time I got the police they'd be off and married. I don't see how I could prevent . . . "

He heard the swing door from the kitchen. Ginnie approached on tiptoe.

"There's only one thing that seems possible, Mr. Radway," he said. "The only sure way would be for me to elope with her myself . . . What? . . . Yes. That's what I said. Myself. But, of course, knowing how you feel about newspapermen . . . "

He yielded to Ginnie's urgent gestures and allowed her to sit on his knees.

"Oh?" he said. "Oh, really? Well, I thought it would be just as bad for me to . . . That's very kind of you, Mr. Radway, to say that. Well, if you think I shoo—"

He writhed, while Ginnie kissed his mouth.

"Excuse me," he said, when she permitted him to. "Hiccups. . . . Well, right away . . . Yes. I can arrange it. . . . I know. It must sound funny. It's rather complicated to try to explain. . . . Yes. I'll let you know as soon as . . ." He wriggled. Ginnie was rubbing her face against his forehead.

"Yes. I'll phone you later. All right, Mister . . . "

He held his hand over the mouthpiece. "I'll attend to you, my girl," he threatened.

"What did you say, Mr. Radway? The connection . . . What? . . . Oh, Mrs. Allington? Really? That's fine. I thought she would. . . . Why, I—I gave her a piece of my mind, sir. . . . Yes. . . . Oh, no; I don't think she'll bother you any more. . . . Good-by, Mr. Radway."

HE PUT the telephone down with a slam. He caught Ginnie in both his arms.

"Now, young lady! You'll get . . . "

He stopped short.

Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Oh, Dave!" she sobbed.

He kissed her.

"Cry before dinner," he murmured.

"With joy, Dave!"

He held her.

Forrester grunted up out of the sofa.

"There *was* some talk," he said, "about muffins and coffee. Of course, *I'm* an old materialist . . ."

(*The End*)

Thad Comes Home

To a mother he had never seen and a sweetheart he had never known

By Constance Cameron

A FAINT, lingering flutter of fastidiousness impelled Thad Jamison to sop his grimy handkerchief into the icy water of the mountain stream in a halfhearted attempt to wash it. The water still clung to his hot, thin lips, where he had pulled indifferently at the hurrying brook. Something in the dulled, dark place in his brain had told him he was thirsty, and he had drunk. And he had washed his handkerchief and flipped it against a boulder. Not that either mattered. Nothing mattered.

The old shrapnel wound ached when he rose again and turned to gaze wearily up the steep, stony road that was the way to Clearfield. That is, he guessed it was the way to Clearfield. That's what they had told him in Frederick after the stranger in the green car had dropped him there.

Thad stretched the bad leg, and lifted his head to breathe deeply of the warm sweetness of a Maryland spring. Cool greens of the hills were shot through with the gleam of white dogwood and purple buttonwood. Once he would have tried to fashion a poem about it. Now he only gazed at it with the numb conviction that it must be beautiful. "So what?" his weary soul asked him. "Beautiful! So what?"

A girl braked a little rattling car that had chugged up the hill laboriously. "May I take you somewhere?"

He pulled his eyes slowly away from the colored slope and rubbed the damp handkerchief across his thin forehead.

"Why—yes—you might. That is, do you know a Mrs. Greene in Clearfield?"

There was surprise in the deep blue of her eyes. "Of course. She lives almost across the road from me. Slip in." She banged open the little door, and Thad rested dully on the knobby seat and leaned against the cracked leather of its back.

"Is she at home?"

The girl's low laugh was quick and bubbling, like the stream he had just drunk from. "She's always at home." The car bounced forward and they chugged and steamed up the steep grade.

"She doesn't expect me," Thad volunteered flatly. He wriggled a tired foot in the cracked, dusty shoe. "But I promised Jim—"

"Jim?" The girl cast a startled, sidewise glance at him. "Jim Greene?"

Thad nodded slowly. "We were buddies—in France. I told him if I ever got anywhere near his mother's house I'd stop and see her."

"Jim!" whispered the girl, staring straight ahead. There was silence until she stopped the car at the hilltop and let it steam. She turned to the man. "You must be Thad."

THAD'S tired eyes turned to lay a puzzled scrutiny on the oval face with its halo of curling brown hair, the deep-set eyes, the slim throat. Yes, they were as Jim had described the girl so long ago. It was queer that he should find her so like a girl now. His swift calculations told him that she must be at least thirty-four, perhaps a few years older, since he and Jim had both been the same age, and he was forty now. Jim couldn't have known, of course, that she could retain that virginal freshness across the long years. Then he remembered that he had made no reply.

"You are Carol?"

She nodded quickly. And it didn't seem strange to him, that, out of all the people living in this vicinity, he had met Carol as a matter of course. It seemed

no more unusual here than it had seemed predestined in New York that he should miss, by three minutes, the one man who might have given him a job—the man who had just sailed for London.

"Jim wrote about you often," Carol continued. "But—"

"But he didn't say I was a tramp." Thad looked down at his soiled cuffs, the rumpled pants, the cracked shoes. "Well, I wasn't then. I was the son of a rich man who used to stake him to good wine and a suite at the best hotel when we were on leave."

"You've lost—a good deal?"

"Everything. I didn't mind it so much at first. In fact, I rather liked the idea of proving I could at last win my laurels—"

Thad played both golf and bridge well and didn't hesitate to say he'd try when she asked, "Did you ever plow?"

"No matter how?" She flashed him the quick smile of comradeship that is born when people discover that they have loved the same thought.

His eyes were amazed. "You like Byron?"

"Love him. But that isn't the point I was trying to make. Have you tried to win your laurels—no matter how?"

THE man's face hardened. "Yes. I've tried to get any kind of work, but I've never been trained to do anything, and the world seems to be filled with experts. I'm inexperienced. They even threw that at me when I applied for a job washing dishes. There's nothing I can do." A swift, bitter smile tightened the thin lips. "But that's nothing to you. Sorry for sobbing over you."

The girl's eyes were kind. "Don't be. Talk it out. Sometimes it helps. Why are you inexperienced?"

Thad crossed his legs and rubbed the aching knee. "My father's one ambition was to bring me up to enjoy all the things he'd missed. I had an education in France, Italy. I had music, culture, luxury. But knowing the right wines, excelling at bridge and golf, knowing how much to tip a steward—those things don't help much when you're hungry."

"No." It was soft—gentle.

"I had a couple of dollars left finally, enough to get to Baltimore. I remembered I'd promised Jim—" He shrugged. "Altruistic, final gesture—buying my way into heaven maybe. Jim! If he had only come home instead of me."

The girl's voice was sure and gentle. "He never really went away," she said. "While he was in France he was still here—truly."

Thad nodded. How well he knew that.

She went on: "I went to college while he was in the war, preparing

myself to teach, so that if he were unable to support us when it was over—" She stopped for a moment. "But he didn't come back maimed—crippled. He stayed with me—whole and lovely."

Something stirred in the dimness of Thad's heart. A woman who could wait—and lose—yet go on with that look of high faith and serenity in her eyes! He recalled other eyes, eyes of amber which had laughed at him as the lips had said, "I'll keep the emerald for a souvenir. But you couldn't support us, Thad. You couldn't even support yourself." But this girl next to him—she had waited for a cripple to return, waited bravely, still loving him. This was the kind of woman, he reflected, who always belonged to the other man. Again the quick pain at his heart, and he shuffled about, irritated. He was done with emotion. Yet this one fluttered tremulously within him.

THEY had come onto a jagged macadam road, and Thad watched the black ribbon of it run under the car silently, until they stopped with a jerk before a mailbox which said "J. P. Onderdonk" on its silvery side.

"You don't mind if I stop here a minute?"

Thad shook his head and watched a gnome of a man come toward them, his hair standing up straight and stiff like the bristles on a new brush. Two frowzy children edged to the mailbox and smiled up at Carol. Behind them their unpainted home stood in drab contrast to the bright-red barn.

"How is Minna?"

The wiry little man spat accurately at the post. "She don't feel so good yet."

"Dr. Fabian was up this way today. Did you have him stop?"

The man pushed his leathery little face over the door of the car. "Doctor? No! You want he should put her to the hospital to die on me? Folks only go by hospitals to die."

Carol slammed savagely into gear. "You ought to be horsewhipped," she told him over her shoulder.

"Yah? Well, Minna have six already here and she don't die."

The small car shot ahead. "Die!" The word cracked against the windshield. "Sometimes I think Dr. Fabian ought to go away and let them all die. He has such a fight to make them live. That's how I happened to be in Frederick today; taking flowers to a child, we finally got into his three-room hospital at the point of a squirrel rifle."

Thad looked at her determined lips and knew then that her gentleness was not born of passiveness, but of a measured strength.

They drifted down the long grade, and finally Carol pointed ahead. "There's my little house. On the left. See? And the white one to your right is Mother Greene's. I'm sorry I can't stop in." Carol slowed down to let Thad alight. "But I've a lot of papers to correct. It's been nice—talking to you." She extended a forthright hand.

"It has been—nice," replied Thad gravely. "And thanks for the lift."

He watched the little car down the road until it slowed into the yard beside the stone cottage.

When he turned wearily toward the white house a woman stood on the narrow porch, hands busy untying her apron. She was so like Jim. About as tall, hair slicked back from a high, square forehead, under which brooded eyes that could sight a gun or watch an amputation with equal composure. The woman stuffed her apron onto a piece of furniture just inside the door and advanced to meet him.

"Stranger," she said evenly, "was you lookin' for somebody?"

Thad's hand went to his head before he remembered that someone had stolen his hat while he slept in the station at Baltimore.

"Mrs. Greene," he began slowly, "I'm Thad Jamison. I told Jim—"

The woman stepped toward him. "Jim? My Jim?"

Thad's eyes fell to the ginghamed breast opposite him and lingered on the white buttons that rose and fell under quick breaths.

"Yes. I told Jim I'd come to see you if I ever got near enough."

Lean hands ran over his thin shoulders. "Thad. Thad. Yes, he wrote about you." The hands crept down his arms as though to make sure he were really alive and there. Then suddenly: "Come into the house, boy, and I'll get you some elderberry wine. You look right tuckered."

So, like Jim, she whisked away memories and did the thing at hand.

IT WAS dim in the long room that ran the full width of the house, dim until he got used to it. Mother Greene put a thick little glass of wine into his hand. She drew a chair close, until their knees all but touched, and sat, pleating her skirt as she asked about her son.

Thad told her many things, and the one thing as gently as possible. "There was no pain," he said. "He talked about you and Carol and the mountain laurel in the hills here. There was no pain."

The woman rose slowly and walked to the west windows, where the afternoon sun wheeled over the hills beyond the valley.

"You wouldn't'a' known," she said, her back to him. "He wasn't raised up to whine. I can't abide a whimperin' young un." She turned back, and her lips jerked just once. Head erect, she strode toward the kitchen. "Come on out here with me," she ordered. "I smell my gingerbread. Must be ready."

"Set," said Mother Greene, lifting steaming brown (*Continued on page 134*)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Thad's tired eyes lay with puzzled scrutiny on the girl's oval face. She was just as Jim had described her so long ago

Scattergood breaks into society

(*Continued from page 33*)

turned with a worried look in his eyes. "I hain't exactly what ye could pernounce an expert on murders. Willin' to take a hand?"

"Dunno's I kin avoid it," said Scattergood.

"I'd take it in the right spirit," said Fox, "if you was to do the talkin' and askin'. I'll deputize ye."

They returned to the library, and Scattergood addressed the company.

"I hain't a guest no more," he said. "I'm a deppity. Sheriff here's asked me to kind of conduct the services. Let's start in by establishin' two, three facts."

"Such as?" asked Mr. Carboy.

"Who was where, when," said Scattergood. "That's the fust set." He turned to the sheriff. "Coroner a-comin'?"

"To be sure."

"Wa-al, we kin start out with the time this here was discovered. When the hired gal let out that yawp it was ten minutes past seven. When was the last time Mrs. Pullinger was seen before that, and by who?" He glanced at Mr. Pullinger, who had been revived.

"It was just six-thirty when I left the room," said that gentleman. "My wife had bathed and was dressing."

"WHEN did ye git down onto the front stoop?" asked Scattergood.

"Mr. Pullinger was first of the guests to come down," said Carboy. "It was only a moment after six-thirty."

"Um. . . . Anybody have a room next to the Pullingers?"

"I," said young Mr. Gowan.

"See anythin'? Hear anythin'?"

"No."

"What time you leave your room?"

"I arrived on the porch just before you did, Mr. Baines."

"Where's Mr. and Mrs. Chessman sleepin'?"

"Next to Mr. Gowan," said Carboy.

"Anythin' to offer?" asked Scattergood.

"Nothing. We dressed and were ready to come down at—say, six-forty-five."

"Together every minnit?"

"Yes."

"Um. . . . How about Miss Cate?"

"I came down just after Mr. and Mrs. Chessman."

"How about you 'n' your wife, Carboy?"

"I was dressed shortly after six, and

came down to do some telephoning. Mrs. Carboy was dressing."

"I was down just before six-thirty," said the hostess.

"Wa-al, wa-al. From them stories hain't nobuddy got an alibi but the Chessmans, and mebbe Carboy. Anybuddy see ye telephonin'? Anybuddy see ye from six till the fust guest come down?"

"I haven't the least idea "

"Pullinger, got any notion?"

"None, Mr. Baines."

"How many hired gals and sich?" asked Scattergood.

"A butler, cook, laundress, Mrs. Carboy's maid, two housemaids, chauffeur, superintendent, and three men outside."

"Nobuddy kin say ye hain't got copious help," said Scattergood. "Um. . . . Sheriff, you see none of the help don't go gallivantin' off before they're wanted. Sounds like the coroner comin', Doc Crafts?"

"Yeah."

"Then we'll kind of go up and see what kin be diskivered in Mrs. Pullinger's room."

They joined the coroner and went to the room where Mrs. Pullinger met her death.

"Don't trample around before we git a look," said Scattergood.

"Prob'ly her husband done it," said Sheriff Fox.

"He could of," Scattergood agreed.

"Now, let's see. Pullinger could of, and then went downstairs like nothin' happened. Or somebuddy could 'a' come in the door—somebuddy she knowed real well, and stood behind and talked. Or"—he walked to the window—"somebuddy could 'a' crep' along the roof of this here stoop from one of the other rooms. Huh. . . . Know anythin' about stabbin', Sheriff?"

"Not a smidgin."

"Huh. Wa-al, the's two ways of doin' a stabbin'. A feller that jest grabs a knife and lets her go most gen'ally takes it by the haft with the blade on the side of his little finger and hits down like you'd hit with a hammer. The one that's used to it takes hold like a knife was a sword."

"Yeah?"

"THIS here feller was used to knives," said Scattergood. "Mrs. Pullinger was sittin' upright. Whoever done it stood behind and swung from low down. He never raised his arm, and that's why she didn't see what he was a-doin' in the lookin' glass."

"Right," said Dr. Crafts.

"Mebbe we kin identify the knife," suggested the sheriff.

"Mebbe. See anythin', Doc?"

"Nothing."

"Um. . . . Mebbe we better move her."

They placed Mrs. Pullinger on the bed, and there, where her skirts had spread over the carpet, Scattergood saw something small and glittering. He picked it up.

"What's this here gadget?" he asked.

"Fraternity emblem," said the coroner. "Epsilon Tau Epsilon. Rubies and sapphires. Looks as if it came off a watch or a cigarette case."

"Guess we're finished here," said the old hardware merchant. "Better see what we can contrive to git out of the hired help."

THE servants were assembled, and Scattergood spoke to them without preamble.

"I've allus found out," he said, "that the hired gals know more about the fambly 'n what the fambly does itself. Any rumors creepin' around why somebuddy might want to g't rid of Mrs. Pul inger?"

"Have you a Reservation?" — *Jay Irving*

"She makes an awful fool out of her husband," said a maid tartly.

"Last summer it was that young Mr. Gowan," contributed the cook, "but this year he's traipsin' after Miss Cate."

"Rich folks, be they? Eh?"

"If they are," said the pert maid, "they hang on to it. Stingiest tips of any guests come to this house."

"Um. . . . Mrs. Pullinger goes rovin' around and they're close, eh?"

"What money they have belongs to her," said the chauffeur, "and the story was going around she lost a lot. A chauffeur sees a lot drivin' around the country."

"Sich as?" asked Scattergood.

"Who's sittin' in cars in lonesome spots with who," said the man.

"And she was a-sittin' with young Gowan?"

"Last summer—him among others. . . . There's times their servants have to wait for their pay."

"Dew tell. And when they git money to pay up where's it come from?"

"Their chauffeur says none of them can guess."

"Now, folks, about this here murder. Anybuddy know anythin' about it?"

"I was down by the lake, Mr. Baines," said the superintendent of the estate. "This was around half past six. I saw a man step out of a window on the second floor and sort of dodge along the roof of the piazza and go into another window."

"My goodness," said Scattergood. "Recognize him? Eh?"

"Mr. Gowan," said the superintendent.

"And what winder did he go into?"

"It was the next window."

"Pullingers' room was next to hisn," Scattergood said. He turned to Fox. "Sheriff, you see if ye kin git any more tidin's from these folks. Calc'late I'll go 'n' have words with Mr. Gowan."

Scattergood made his way to the front hall, where he encountered Miss Cate.

"Mr. Baines," she said. "Mr. Baines!"

"Yes'm."

"He didn't do it. I know he didn't!"

"That clears up a p'int," said Scattergood. "Who didn't?"

"Peter didn't—Mr. Gowan."

"What makes ye think I figger he did? Huh? What's your fust name?"

"Linda."

"Wa-al, Lindy. How d'ye know he never?"

"I—I love him," she said.

"Dunno's I ever heard better logic. Engaged to marry this here young feller?"

"Yes."

"Um. . . . Calc'late you 'n' me better go 'n' have it out with your young man."

Scattergood rapped on Gowan's door, and the young man opened it. His face was gray, but his eyes were steady.

"How be ye? ' Scattergood asked.

"Reasonably well, Mr. Baines. Linda, what are you doing here?"

"We're huntin' in couples," said Scattergood. "She lets on you didn't do it. Did ye?"

"No."

"B'long to one of these here college fraternities?"

"I do."

"What's its name?"

"Epsilon Tau Epsilon."

"I figgered it would be. Um. . . . I'll betcha ye got a good reason for amblin' along roofs an' gittin' into winders."

"So I was seen," said young Mr. Gowan.

"SEEN? Seen! What does he mean, Mr. Baines?" Linda Cate wrung her hands.

"Jest about the right minute he took it into his head to scramble along the roof of the front stoop and crawl through the winder into Mrs. Pullinger's room. How d'ye calc'late to make folks figger it was jest an innocent caper?"

"I guess I'd better say nothing."

"Sich a course is best sometimes, young feller, but I dunno's it's best now. Huh. . . . It wouldn't turn out you was an experienced feller in the handlin' of knives?"

"Father has a ranch in Mexico. I've gone there ever since I was a small boy. Everybody knows I can do tricks with knives."

"To be sure. Kind of expected it. And now, if it turns out ye had a grudge ag'in' Mrs. Pullinger, things would be most startlin'ly jim-dandy fur you."

Gowan looked at Linda with distress in his eyes. "Maybe you'd better go," he said.

"Don't," she said sharply, "be a dumb cluck. If you think I don't know that woman made a play for you last summer then you must believe I lead a pretty sheltered life."

"I made a complete fool of myself," he said.

"Naturally," she responded briskly.

"What kind of a fool did you make of yourself?" Scattergood asked, and then he nodded his head and answered himself: "Took your pen in hand, hey?"

"Yes."

"So she was a-goin' to pass your letters on to Lindy here?"

"Yes."

"If ye didn't up and render financial assistance?"

"Yes."

"And ye couldn't raise it?"

"No."

"And so ye contrived to git into her room as soon's her husband went out. Your story bein' that you calc'lated to plead with her. And you're a-goin' to say she turned out to be reasonable and give ye a breathin' spell."

"She gave me until Monday night."

"And then you come away peaceable, 'thout layin' a finger onto her?"

"I did," said Gowan.

"DIDN'T I tell you he was dumb?" demanded Linda. "If he'd had a trace of brains he'd have told me the whole mess, and I'd have gone and scratched Mrs. Pullinger's eyes out, and everything would have been nice and friendly. Mr. Baines, if I don't marry this amoeba and look after him, he's coming to a bad end."

"He's a-standin' with one foot over the end right here 'n' now," said Scattergood.

"Do you think he did it?"

"I figger that he's almighty apt to git himself hung fur it. How come ye to drop this in there? And where was she when ye done it?" Scattergood exhibited the fraternity emblem.

"But I didn't drop that in there, Mr. Baines. That could be the emblem that was on my cigarette case. It must have come loose, but I don't know just when. All I know is I missed it a week ago."

"Was she dressed and settin' in front of her lookin' glass?"

"Yes."

"Skirts billowin' around the chair, touchin' the floor?"

"I think so, Mr. Baines."

"Well, this here was hid by her skirt. It was close to where her feet was. If somebuddy dropped it accidental, however did it git way under her skirts like that?"

"But I lost it. I don't know how it could have gotten in that room."

"That there story," said Scattergood, "is so incredible it might almost be true."

Linda stood watching his face. She caught her breath convulsively.

"What will they do?" she asked. "Arrest him?"

"Calc'late mebbe," said Scattergood.

"He didn't do it."

"Only one thing's any good in front of a jury, and that's evidence. Young feller, if it turns out you hain't guilty, it's a-goin' to be perty self-evident you been a ree-markable example of a dum fool."

"What are you going to do?" asked Linda.

"Snoop," said Scattergood. "G'-by."

Downstairs he found Carboy alone in the library. "Wa-al," he said, "hain't no reason the livin' should starve. Kin the cook rescue any hunks of the dinner? If she kin, we better git folks together 'n' eat."

Mr. Pullinger was the only one of the group who did not appear at the table. Scattergood scrutinized the faces as food was brought in. They were all serious, strained. Nothing was to be learned from them. Mrs. Carboy was the first to speak:

"Is there anything you can tell us, Mr. Baines?"

"Hain't nothin' happened. Don't seem 's if she was robbed. Looks to me like one of them mysteries."

"The sheriff thinks someone came in from outside?" asked Mr. Chessman.

"Either that or one of you folks at this here table."

"It's nonsense to suppose anyone at this table would have harmed Lily Pullinger," said Mrs. Carboy.

"Seems as though," Scattergood agreed.

"It wouldn't be difficult for someone to climb the piazza and enter the window," said Mr. Carboy.

"But Lily would have seen him and given the alarm," objected Mr. Chessman.

"Calc'late you're right," agreed Scattergood in a discouraged tone.

"Unless it was someone she knew and expected," said Chessman.

"Yeah," said Scattergood, "but seems to me she'd 'a' let out a holler when she seen the knife. Even if she wa'n't lookin' at the feller, she'd see him in her lookin' glass."

"That's what puzzles me," said Carboy.

"IT'S got me floppin' around helpless," admitted Scattergood. "When his hand come up with the knife, she'd of seen it sure's shootin'." He illustrated the knife-stroke by lifting his dinner implement above his head and striking downward.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Mandy. "Sich talk at the table's enough to make a body's vittles curdle in her stummick." She snorted. "You 'n' the sheriff is goin' at this all left-handed, seems to me."

"How'd you make a fist to do it, Mandy?"

"Fust off," said Mandy, "I'd find out what dreadful thing this here woman done to drive a man to murder her. The's eight of us at this table. Don't stand to reason the hull eight of us wanted her dead."

"You seem certain one of us is guilty," said Mr. Chessman.

"Stands to reason," said Mandy sharply.

"But it *couldn't* be one of us. We've all known one another so long." Mrs. Carboy twisted her long, slender hands together.

"I calc'late we got to face facts," Scattergood said. "It must 'a' been one of us here, or else Mr. Pullinger, upstairs."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Carboy.

"One of the things in this here life it's hard to git used to," said Scattergood, "is that folks ye know kin be jest like folks ye read about in the paper."

Mrs. Chessman seemed on the verge of breaking down. "We—we all know there was gossip about Lily. I—oh, it looks as if her husband must have heard it and—"

"The' was two people in that room after Mr. Pullinger left it," said Scattergood.

"Two!"

"A couple, Carboy. Yeah. She was alive when her husband come down. She was alive when one of them others left the room, but she wa'n't alive to speak of when the last feller went away."

"Who were they?" demanded Carboy.

"THAT'S a-puzzlin' me some," Scattergood said.

"Two! What were two men doing in Lily Pullinger's room?" Carboy was frowning and obviously disquieted.

"They was tryin'," said Scattergood, "to git off'm the hook. Thrashin' around like a couple of trout whilst she dabbed at 'em with a landin' net."

"Just what do you mean?"

"This here Pullinger woman," said Scattergood, "wa'n't what ye might call high-minded. Didn't none of you folks wonder how them Pullingers held up their end?"

"Yes." Carboy half rose from his chair. "Are you hinting at blackmail, Mr. Baines?"

"I can't believe it! Not Lily!" exclaimed Mrs. Carboy.

"The's eight of us at this table," Scattergood said. "To two of us—and mebbe more—it don't come as no astoundin' s'prise."

"This is not guesswork, Mr. Baines?" asked Carboy.

"Never met with no stouter a fact," said Scattergood. "Um. . . . Way it looks to me, Pullinger's the gist of the argyment. Yeah. Seems as though. Now, f'r instance, if the's letters or documents or sich, Pullinger's apt to know where they be. Mebbe he wa'n't wholly in his wife's confidence, but I warrant he knows a lot. Knows enough to be able to say who them two persons was. All we got to do is to prove which went in to see Mrs. Pullinger fust. Seems to me this here murderer didn't go fur enough."

"Meaning what?"

"Sh'ud 'a' got rid of Pullinger, too. Then he'd 'a' been apt to go scot-free."

"You haven't questioned him?"

"Didn't seem jest the right time fur it," said Scattergood. "Um. . . . What room did ye move him into?"

"Across the hall," said Mr. Carboy.

"I kind of figger he'll rare back about talkin' and dig in his hoofs," Scattergood said. "If I was him, I calc'late I would. Kind of assures him a good livin', don't it? All he's got to do is state he don't know nothin' whatever, 'n' then bear down on this party."

"Ah."

"Mebbe I better go talk to him," Scattergood said. He got to his feet.

The seven remaining sat staring at one another, but they did not have to remain in acute discomfort long, for Scattergood returned almost instantly.

"Pore feller," he said. "I opened up his door 'n' there he lay fast asleep. Jest couldn't bear to stir him up."

"But—"

"He won't git away," Scattergood said. "Mebbe it'll do me and all a sight of good to sleep on it fur the night. Um. . . . Gittin' my bedtime, anyhow. Mandy, you look tuckered."

"I be."

"G'night," said Scattergood.

"There'll be little sleep for any of us," said Carboy grimly.

"G'night, anyhow," Scattergood said.

When he got to his door he opened it for Mandy. "Snore fur two," he said. "Lock yourself in and snore vehement."

"Shet up," Mandy said testily.

"I calc'late jest your usual, normal percedure 'll be aplenty," Scattergood said, and walked softly down the hall.

He entered a room across the passageway, removed his shoes for comfort, wiggled his toes ecstatically, and turned off the light. He moved a comfortable chair against the wall, so that when the door opened it would conceal him from any intruder. Then he sat in silence.

THE house became still. Night sounds without became audible. Dogs barked, a loon laughed on the lake, the eerie ululation of an owl came dolefully through the open window. Scattergood did not know the hour; he did not care. It might have been midnight—it might have been later—when the knob of the door turned stealthily. There was a pause; then the door opened slowly, softly. Scattergood did not stir. A dark figure passed between the old man and the dim window, and Scattergood, reaching out with his bare foot, kicked the door shut with a slam.

"Kind of figgered you'd come," he said. "Yeah. Ye had to, seems as though. Wa'n't no other way out of the mess, was the'?" He raised his voice. "Shine a light on him, Sheriff, 'fore he up and does a depredation."

A brilliant beam darted through the window and disclosed the intruder, standing over the empty bed with a weapon in his hand—not a knife, now, but a hammer.

"Moved Pullinger out whilst we was havin' dinner," Scattergood said. "Pore feller—he never knowed anythin', anyhow. To be sure. He's safe acrost in my room, with Mandy a-standin' guard. What a feller needs is a wife he kin trust, even after it gits dark. Never crossed my mind Mandy'd be what the papers call compromised."

Scattergood turned on the light. Carboy dropped the hammer. The sheriff and a deputy came through the window. Carboy did not speak.

"Knowed it must 'a' been you almost from the start-off," said Scattergood. "If it had of been sudden and unpremeditated-like, I mebbe wouldn't 'a' guessed. But this here was planned careful. Guests 'n' all. Placin' of guests. Sich plannin' couldn't be done by nobuddy but the feller that

owned the house." He paused, then went on:

"How'd I know it was planned careful? Wa-al, fust off was that there college fraternity dingus. 'Twa'n't dropped. It was shoved careful and d'liberate under the Pullinger woman's skirts. Yeah. The only guess was it was put there to kind of cast suspicion onto somebuddy. And that somebuddy must be here to cast suspicion onto. Git the idee? From then on careful plannin' was the order of the day. Um. . . . Fust off I figgered mebbe this here murder was throwed in extry. It was plain Mandy and me was invited here fur a purpose, but when this killin' come along I guessed mebbe it had upset the plans."

"What plans?" asked the sheriff.

"The' wa'n't no other plans. Murder was the business before the meetin'."

"But why did Carboy want you here?"

"Wa-al," said Scattergood, "he wanted somebuddy local and kind of what you might call influential. To be sure. To jine in bein' suspected. And to git scared and sort of muddle the authorities. Yeah. He got the idee I was quite a feller, what with politics 'n' all, and that you wouldn't dast git too nosy with me, one of the candidates. Might 'a' been a smart idee. But I calc'late his main idee in it was to have me diskiver a couple clues 'n' b'lieve 'em, 'n' be a highly regarded local witness ag'in' young Gowan. I was to do the convictin'."

"It didn't work," said the sheriff.

"On account," said Scattergood, "of askin' me for a visit without rhyme or reason. He wouldn't 'a' done that without a purpose. And, when I come to look into things, I seen the' wa'n't no other purpose besides this here murder. . . . Um. . . . G'night, Carboy. G'night, Sheriff. Calc-'late Mandy an' me'll drive home."

HE OPENED the door and stepped out into the hall. First he rapped at young Gowan's door and then at Linda Cate's. They stepped out into the hall.

"Jest wanted to relieve your minds some," he said. "Sheriff's got the miscreant. Seems as though Carboy was in the same boat as you. But he must've got desp'rate and tried the wrong way to git out. 'Course he never figgered anyone would guess he'd gone to her room after you did."

"Oh, Mr. Baines. We—we want to thank you," said Linda.

"You—I—" Gowan stumbled and was unable to finish what he had hoped to say.

Scattergood grinned. "You're startin' right," he said. "Kind of a valuable lesson. Fur married folks. Don't jump to conclusions even when all the evidence is ag'in'. Trouble with marriage is 't husbands 'n' wives seems t' be kind of eager to ketch each other at suthin'. Be more birds a-singin' 'n' flowers a-bloomin' if they kind of went out of their way not to ketch each other at suthin'."

He turned away down the hall. Before he entered his own door he turned and looked at them gravely.

"If," he said, "ye ever got to make a choice betwixt bein' exposed to suspicion or smallpox—pick smallpox. . . . G'night."

★

Another SCATTERGOOD story by Clarence Budington Kelland will appear in an early issue.

Don't you believe it!

Dr. Thomen is a practicing physician in New York and a lecturer in the College of Medicine, New York University

IN MY daily practice I am constantly running into the most fantastic beliefs, often put forward by the patient with a great air of being "in the know" on important scientific matters. For a supposedly civilized people we certainly hang on to a good many odd superstitions and delusions. Here are a few fallacies that I have found firmly rooted in the minds of some of my most intelligent and enlightened patients:

A drowning person comes up three times.

All too often a drowning person sinks at once and never reappears. On the other hand, he may come up one, two, three, or any number of times, depending on the violence of his struggles and the amount of water he inhales.

To scratch or otherwise injure yourself with a rusty nail is sure to cause lockjaw.

Lockjaw, or tetanus, can be caused only by the presence of tetanus germs, which may be present on a rusty nail or a clean one or anything else. Rust cannot, of itself, make a wound more dangerous.

Startling or frightening a patient will cure him of hiccoughs.

Among the many remedies for hiccoughs, scaring the patient is the most useless. The best method I have found is to place an ordinary paper bag over the nose and mouth of the patient. As he breathes in and out in the bag, the oxygen is used up, and carbon dioxide gas accumulates. This gas stimulates the respiratory nerve center and effects the cure.

Singeing the hair will make it grow faster and be healthier.

The popular notion is that singeing closes the ends of the hair, thereby preventing the escape of nutritive juices. This is the veriest nonsense, as nothing oozes from the ends of hairs. Singeing merely makes the hair-ends more brittle and harder to manage.

Light should come over the left shoulder for reading.

This is taught in schools all over the country. Yet experiment shows that it doesn't matter where the light comes from, provided there are no shadows on the page and the rays from the light do not enter the eye. The best reading light is an indirect one, where the source of light is hidden and the light is thrown on the ceiling, from which it is reflected.

It is harmful to have flowers in the bedroom at night.

The curious part of this belief is that it is firmly held in, of all places, hospitals! Nurses solemnly carry out all plants before putting their patients to bed for the night—they even remove the cut flowers. It's true that growing plants consume oxygen at night, but in such minute

DRAWING BY CHARLES SEEBY

By August A. Thomen M.D.

amounts that one small lighted candle would consume far more than a whole roomful of plants.

Keeping your overshoes on in the house makes your feet perspire and may cause sore eyes.

Overshoes do not cause any increase in the perspiration; they merely prevent it from evaporating as rapidly. There is absolutely no foundation for the belief that overshoes can cause sore eyes.

A person's hair or beard can grow after death.

I have read many mystery stories based on this false premise. Any seeming lengthening of the hairs is caused by the contracting of the skin towards their roots, and can be only very slight. It is, in any case, not a "growth."

Your heart is on the left side of your body, and it is therefore more healthful to sleep on your right side.

If the body were to be sliced exactly in half, only a fraction more than half of the heart would be found on the left side. The heart is almost in the center of the chest cavity. It doesn't make the slightest difference which side you sleep on.

The eyesight of savages is keener than that of civilized people.

Sir Francis Galton, who experimented widely with savage races, states that he has never found anything to substantiate this view. To the casual stranger in a savage country, the savage seems to have keener eyesight, simply because, knowing his country, he knows the appearance

and habits of the people and animals he is looking at. He can therefore draw conclusions as to what they are doing with an accuracy that seems miraculous. In the same way, sailors are credited with keen eyesight because they can see a coast when a landsman cannot. The sailor knows what a coast ought to look like, and therefore knows what to look for. In a short time, a landsman becomes quite as quick as a sailor, and in some test experiments he was found to be distinctly superior.

The hair can turn gray in a single night through fear or shock.

It is a natural process for the hair to become gray with age, and this process may be hastened by ill health or nervous ailments. The nutrition of the scalp can be influenced by adverse bodily and mental states so that the graying of the hair may be quite rapid. But it cannot occur overnight.

You can cure nosebleed by pressing the lip or placing ice at the back of the neck.

Ninety per cent of all nosebleeds cure themselves, and when these home remedies are applied they get the credit for the cure that would have been effected as well without the remedy. In the case of the other ten per cent, the only thing to do is to call a doctor. No home remedies will be of use.

It's dangerous to go in swimming when you're warm.

I often hear people at bathing beaches and swimming pools advised to cool off before entering the water. But it is quite safe to go in bathing when you're warm, and it can produce only an exhilarating reaction in a healthy person.

The human eye has the power to overawe animals.

That this is absolutely untrue is abundantly attested by those whom animals have attacked and by the attendants at zoological gardens and circuses. The only way man can gain ascendency over animals, aside from the use of force, is by studying their habits and learning to understand their feelings and behavior.

The retina of a murdered person's eye records the image of the murderer.

It seems almost a pity to shake a belief which has been found so useful by writers of sensational fiction. But numbers of experiments have been made along these lines with absolutely negative results. The eye, great as are its powers, cannot achieve this feat.

You should put off wearing glasses as long as possible because you get so used to them you cannot see well without them.

If you find that you need glasses it is the merest folly to defer wearing them. It is not a question of whether the wearer will "get used" to them, but of whether he needs them to improve his vision or to keep it from further impairment.

The normal blood pressure for any individual is 100 plus his age.

There is no such thing as a fixed normal blood pressure for any age. It is the patient's general health status which determines whether his blood pressure is normal for him, and there are many variations. It is true in general, however, that the blood pressure tends to become higher with age.

GEMS can talk

(*Continued from page 45*)

custom for wealthy nobles to give eggs of this sort to their friends at Easter time, in the same spirit that we present Christmas cards. This one is decorated with a Russian rayed cross and the Russian words, "Christ Is Risen."

I am always deeply stirred by this gem. It recalls the history of Russia at a gay and abandoned period when the Russian aristocracy and the Russian Church were unknowingly on the brink of extinction. "Christ Is Risen" the characters on this egg read, and they were carved in the Russian town of Ekaterinburg. A few years later the czar, the czarina, and their five children were brutally slain in a cellar. And that cellar was in Ekaterinburg.

The infanta saw nothing sinister in this relic. I expected her to shudder, but she said, "I have a collection of Easter eggs. None so fine as that. I wish I had that one."

In Spain those who were escorting her might have presented the egg to her, grateful for the privilege of adding it to her collection. Instead, we merely thanked her for her appreciation.

"It is beautiful. I wish I had it," she repeated.

Feeling that we were something less than true gentlemen, we led her to the next exhibit. . . .

New Yorkers were startled a few years ago to read that a ruby worth $100,000 had been found under the flooring on a famous prison ship, presumably hidden there a hundred years ago by a convict. A jeweler had pronounced it genuine.

I was amused, for I happened to know the dealer who sold the ruby, and he had told me about it. It was a fine synthetic gem and he had charged $50 for it. The man who bought it was the press agent for the ship. He had thought up a good way to fool the newspapers—and at least one jeweler—and to get publicity for his company. The gem was exhibited under guard on the ship, and as far as I know the hoax was never exposed. . . .

It is unfortunate that the opal should be considered an unlucky stone except for persons born in October. But this works to the advantage of all who have no fear of opals, for it has kept their cost down. A fine opal, artistically set, is exquisite beauty at a bargain price. For $500 a woman can buy an enchanting ensemble—and one just as becoming as $5,000 worth of diamonds, rubies, or emeralds.

There is no doubt, however, that some persons are strangely affected by opals—even those who are not at all superstitious.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan could not bear to look at an opal.

The Morgan Collection at the American Museum of Natural History was gathered in two parts by the late Dr. George Frederick Kunz. The first part, American gems, took eight years to collect. The second section was said to be a collection of specimens of every variety of every gem in the world.

When the Museum officials began to catalogue the gems they found this "complete" collection contained but few opals. They learned then that Mr. Morgan—the great, powerful, fearless financier, known to be not at all superstitious—had one weakness. He regarded opals as some persons regard snakes.

Since he often visited the collection, the Museum made no effort to add opals. We now have a fine collection. I can't say that the possession of opals has affected the luck of the Museum in any way. . . .

As the opal is beauty at its lowest price, so are pearls, I believe, beauty at the greatest cost. A fine, perfectly matched necklace of true Oriental pearls is a lovely, delicate thing. Its value may be from $50,000 to $500,000.

The pearl, of course, is not a gem stone, but the accidental product of the oyster. Some tiny irritant gets into its flesh, and the oyster, perhaps to stop the itching, surrounds it with layers of smooth shell material. Thus, because the oyster is unable to scratch his back, millions of dollars' worth of precious gems are produced to decorate ladies' throats.

The Japanese are producing small cultured pearls by introducing artificial irritants. Except under the microscope or X ray they cannot be told from true pearls. I see no reason why women who love pearls should not wear these less expensive ones.

THE pearl is easily injured. It dissolves, however, only in rather strong acid, so the story that Cleopatra, entertaining Antony, dissolved a costly pearl eardrop in vinegar and drank a toast with the solution is mere fable. Had she drunk an acid strong enough to dissolve the pearl, the lovely queen, instead of fascinating her lover, would have found herself quite seasick. Antony probably would have said he guessed he'd better go on home, and the history of Rome would have been different.

There is no doubt that the wearing of pearls preserves their beauty. They are inclined to dry out, and from the skin they receive the necessary moisture. For this reason pearls worn in a necklace do not deteriorate as rapidly as those in settings that insulate them from the skin.

Pearls were once believed to be unlucky. They were thought to be teardrops, but that superstition seems to have been forgotten. . . .

I believe every woman should have at

least one beautiful gem. Its value is unimportant. It may be a semiprecious stone that cost only $10, but if she selects it with care—learns something about its composition, source, and cutting, and loves it for its color, radiance, and character—it will give her a constant spiritual stimulus. It will give her vastly more pleasure than masses of precious stones worn by women who merely want to show off.

Jewels should be bought and worn because they are beautiful, not to excite envy in the hearts of other women. The exhibitionists do not know that in overdecorating themselves they are like a theater bearing an immense electric sign that tells what kind of show is inside. They are the sort who value a dog for its pedigree rather than because it is intelligent and loving.

The most beautiful thing in the world is a fine gem. The earth—toiling, grunting, quaking, erupting—after millions of years has produced stones which, when exalted by designers and cutters, are breathtaking in their splendor. The ancients said that precious stones lived and breathed and had souls. I am not sure they were wrong, for at times, when I have held a magnificent gem in my hands, I have felt myself to be in the presence of a spiritual Something that we mortals cannot understand.

The general impression is that beauty is to be found only in the rare and therefore expensive gems—the diamond, emerald, sapphire, and ruby. Many persons feel they must have costly gems or none at all, that wearing a semiprecious stone is a sign that the head of the household isn't making much money. With those persons I have no patience.

I BELIEVE there are thousands of women of moderate means who could wear beautiful and inexpensive gems, to their spiritual and physical advantage.

My favorite is white jade. Jade is a man's stone, as well as a woman's, for it can be carved into various shapes to decorate his desk or his living-room.

Carat for carat, I believe there is more beauty in chrysoberyl—especially in the alexandrite and the chrysoberyl cat's-eye—than in any other gem. Alexandrites are leaf green in daylight and raspberry red in artificial light. Perfect stones can be bought for about $100 a carat.

There are three charming stones that are "sleepers." The public knows little about them and few jewelers carry them in stock. They are the tourmaline, the zircon, and the peridot. Fine specimens of all three can be bought for from $8 to $15 a carat.

The tourmaline is found in almost every tint. It is rich in coloring and ideal for brooches, pendants, and earrings. It is a little too soft to be used in rings. Fine tourmalines are mined in San Diego County, California, and in less abundance in Maine and Connecticut. Others come from Russia, Ceylon, and Brazil.

The zircon is sometimes called by jewelers "jargon," "hyacinth," or "jacinth." The best zircons are found in Ceylon. In its pure white form it is often difficult to distinguish a zircon from a diamond. In golden yellow and leaf green it is gorgeous.

Peridots are found on the Isle of St. John, off the west coast of the Red Sea. In color they run from dark green to bottle green. Sometimes they are called "evening emeralds."

Any woman who will forget about dia-

monds and will choose stones best suited to her coloring and settings that enhance the gems, can acquire lovely ensembles of peridot, zircon, tourmaline—and perhaps alexandrite—at less cost.

The largest rough diamond ever found was the Cullinan. It weighed 3,025 carats and was cut into one diamond weighing 516 carats, one weighing 309 carats, and several smaller stones. Before it was cut the Transvaal Government paid £150,000 for it and presented it to King Edward VII as a birthday gift in 1907.

The Koh-i-noor, 106 carats, and valued at £100,000, was given to Queen Victoria by the East India Company in 1850, and has been handed down to Queen Mary.

The people of England at times wondered discreetly whether these treasures belonged to England or were the personal property of the King and Queen. When King George ascended the throne he announced that the name of the Cullinan should be changed to The Star of Africa, because no jewel belonging to the people of the British Empire should be named after an individual. That settled the question of the Cullinan's ownership.

But Queen Mary has every reason to consider the Koh-i-noor her personal property. . . .

ON JANUARY 16, 1934, in a hut in Pretoria, South Africa, an old farmer named Jacobus Jonker sat, breathing heavily, from dark until daylight with his wife and seven children. He and his oldest boys held revolvers cocked and pointed toward doors and windows. His wife lay trembling in bed with a stocking tied around her neck. In that stocking was a 726-carat rough diamond which a workman had found on Jonker's property that day. The next day Jonker was rich, for he sold the stone to the Diamond Corporation. It was bought for a price said to be $700,000, by Harry Winston, an American dealer, brought to New York, and exhibited at the American Museum of Natural History.

The Jonker diamond (pronounced Yonker) may be cut into the largest in the world—perhaps 550 carats. I believe it would produce more beauty if it were cut into two or three stones.

The Cullinan was studied by experts for three years before it was cut. The Jonker probably will not be cut for many months.

Fine diamonds in the rough are first cleaved—split along planes somewhat as the iceman splits ice—to take off the superfluous and flawed parts. A line of cleavage is carefully selected and a tiny furrow is cut along it. Then, with a hard steel chisel and a hammer, it is cleaved in one sharp blow. (Diamond cutters say "cleaved," not "cleft.")

This is the moment of moments. A mistake may split the diamond the wrong way, cost a hundred thousand dollars, and damage forever a magnificent stone.

Joseph Asscher, who cleaved the Cullinan, had a weak heart. So great was his fear he might miss the line and drop dead in horror at his mistake, that he had a doctor and two nurses in attendance, ready to try to revive him.

Down came the hammer! The diamond split! It was a perfect job.

Asscher sank into a chair with a gasp of relief, was treated by the doctor, and spent the next three months in a hospital suffering from a nervous breakdown!

Smaller diamonds and some large ones are sawed on a wheel instead of being cleaved. A year ago a New York cutter was sawing a $100,000 diamond, when a piece of it split off, the saw whirled the diamond out of the brass cup in which he held it, and the diamond vanished!

Four persons were in the cutting-room, including the dealer who owned the diamond. Instantly he locked the doors, and the four started an inch-by-inch search of the room. Five hours later the diamond was found under some rubbish. . . .

I AM often asked for a simple method by which the average person can tell the value of a gem. There is no such method. You may look through a loupe at a gem until you go blind, but unless, after long study, you know just what to look for, you are wasting your time. To judge some gems it is necessary to weigh them in water in order to determine their specific gravity. With others, the refraction must be studied.

"But wait, I haven't told you half of it yet—"

Fred Neher

The best diamonds have a bluish shade, the least valuable are yellow. About the only test the amateur can make is to compare the shade of one diamond with another. Many diamonds, alone, appear to be pure white. Their yellow tinge is betrayed only when they are placed alongside a real white stone. There are several different shades of white.

The yellow diamond might be flawless, while the pure white one might contain an imperfection, and this, of course, would affect their comparative value.

In buying gems the average person must rely upon the integrity of the dealer. Even many jewelers are unable to tell accurately the value of a stone. They often judge it entirely by the price they paid.

Why, then, place so much emphasis upon the value of gems? Synthetic rubies and sapphires are undetectable except by an expert. Why not wear them? If your purpose is to fool your friends, such gems only add to your inferiority complex. But if you have the proper attitude, and if you use some artistic discrimination in selecting stones and settings and are quite willing to state that the jewels are synthetic, they will give you real pleasure.

In no way do I disparage the rich man or woman who loves precious stones and who pays high prices for them. But by no means are gems like yachts, to be enjoyed only by the wealthy. . . .

The best-known diamond in the United States is the nearly square, steely blue Hope, once owned by Louis XIV of France and now the property of Mrs. Edward McLean, of Washington. It weighs 44 carats, and was bought by Mr. McLean for about $300,000 from a diamond merchant who had paid only about $80,000 for it. The merchant had purchased it from a man named Habib Bey, who took a tremendous loss, having paid about $400,000 for it. The stories about the bad luck of this diamond have made it famous. It surely was an unlucky purchase for Habib Bey.

The orange Tiffany, weighing 125 carats, ranks close to the Hope in fame in America.

Owners of great jewels seldom wear them in public, and as a rule keep their possession a secret from all but close friends.

There doubtless are a dozen or more precious stones in the United States as valuable as the Hope diamond. When prosperity was at its peak a New York jeweler is said to have sold a 127-carat blue diamond for $300,000, and a necklace of 59 pearls for $600,000. The names of the purchasers were kept secret. . . .

THE ruby, carat for carat, was once the most expensive stone. Now the emerald leads, with the ruby second, and the diamond third. I believe the fact that emeralds cannot be produced synthetically has had little to do with their comparative increase in value. The ruby has lost some popularity merely because red is not universally a becoming and fashionable color in women's dress. The production of synthetic stones has not affected the value of real ones. Diamonds are the most popular of all precious stones because they can be worn becomingly with any costume.

As an investment, diamonds have been overrated. In the Victorian era many rich men put a great deal of money into large diamonds, but the loss has been tremendous because the fashions in cutting have changed. Twenty years from now the diamond bought today may be out of style.

The value of diamonds is inclined to follow the stock market. When times are bad people begin to sell their jewels for anything they can get, and prices drop. The rest of the world is hard up, too, and nobody is anxious to pay much for your stones. In the meantime, you haven't been getting any interest on your money. It doesn't work. . . .

For a fine, large diamond, $2,000 to $2,500 a carat is a good price. Diamonds of 1, 2, and 3 carats bring from $500 to $1,000 a carat. The American Museum of Natural History has a perfect diamond of 11 carats which is kept under shatterproof glass an inch thick in an elaborate steel case that turns into a burglarproof safe at night. This is by no means our most valuable exhibit, but it is the one robbers would probably covet most. Unless they were experts they wouldn't know how to select the most costly gems.

No attempt has ever been made to rob us. I think our collection is perfectly safe,

for we have taken elaborate precautions.

I think the visitor who got the greatest thrill out of our collection was a beautiful motion picture actress. A movie company came to photograph her wearing some of our finest jewels.

Gem after gem failed to impress her. She sniffed at our 87-carat carved emerald, and when she was shown our extraordinary little nude dancer, carved in blue chalcedony by Georges Tonnelier (it was one of J. Pierpont Morgan's favorite objects of art), she remarked that the dancer ought to take off a few pounds around the hips.

Finally the director posed her in an amber necklace which dated back to 300 B. C.

"Looks old and dirty," she said.

By this time I was quite out of patience and I blurted what seemed an obvious falsehood, "That's the necklace Adam gave Eve for a wedding present!"

Her blue eyes popped out. "Oh!" she cried. "Eve wore this?"

"Positively," said the director, joining in the deception.

She dropped into a chair, overwhelmed. "I can't stand it," she said. "To think that I'm wearing Eve's necklace!"

It was ten minutes before she got control of herself. We never disillusioned her. She probably boasts often that she wore the necklace Adam gave to Eve, and perhaps adds, "And more becomingly."

I was sorry we couldn't show her the whale that swallowed Jonah. . . .

THERE is an impression that almost any of us is likely some time to find a fortune in jewels tucked away and forgotten in an old bureau drawer by our grandmothers. Many such discoveries have been brought to me, especially since the depression. The rise in the price of gold also started people searching the house for old jewels, but never have they been of great value.

Our grandmothers were like their granddaughters—if they had valuable jewels they wore them. The stuff they discarded was junk.

In an effort to appear well off, parents are sometimes, unknowingly, quite cruel to their children, concealing from them the true value of the family jewels.

A little old lady tapped hesitatingly on my office door one day, came in, and put on my desk a tin box. She opened it and displayed a double handful of rings, necklaces, brooches, and earrings.

"My mother," she said nervously, "always told me these jewels were worth a fortune. My income has been swept away and I am forced to sell them. I took them to a buyer and"—her eyes flashed—"he offered me only $750!"

I examined the collection carefully. There were a few topazes and garnets, a dozen tiny diamonds, synthetic rubies and sapphires, synthetic pearls, and many stones that were only glass. The settings were of value only for their gold content.

With regret I told her the truth.

She turned pale; then stiffened like a soldier, quick to defend the family honor.

"I—" She bit her lip. "I—I must have misunderstood my mother. She was a wonderful woman, Dr. Whitlock. You mustn't think she wasn't."

And as she went out, with her chin up to face the world and poverty, she closed the door quietly behind her. The jewels were imitation, but *she* was made of real stuff!

+ + + + +

Unknown Hunky

By R. G. Kirk

SO THEY made bricks, and burned them thoroughly, and they builded a tower, and at the top thereof they lighted an eternal flame . . . only, during the depression the cockeyed flame went out.

But they raised a first-chop tower, just the same, and high upon it set the mark, $\frac{N}{H}$, so that any, traveling in the land around about Ironville, Pa., could see the mark, and so think upon Nathanael Haugherty—who was one merciless old tonnage hound.

But here is something very odd. You ask any Ironville bohunk what "N.H." stands for, and he won't say "Nathanael Haugherty."

He will say, "Nepoznati Hrvat"—which means, "The Unknown Croatian."

Nathanael Haugherty has passed to his rewards, if any—and no doubt he had some coming. For it is often said that if there had never been any N.H., there never would have been any Susquehanna Steel. They used to say, in the old days, that Nathanael Haugherty *was* Susquehanna Steel. And maybe this was so, for he had been a part of every process of that plant.

He had loaded ore with a scoop, and had trundled it over cast-iron plated ways, and shoved it onto platforms of the old brick-walled hoisting towers, when he was a high-school kid. It was thus big young Nate Haugherty spent his high-school summers.

Then he went to college, picking Valley Tech, you may be sure—the toughest engineering school in Pennsylvania. And every summer found him, through so-called vacation, sweating with the Yankos, learning steel-making from the scoop shovel up.

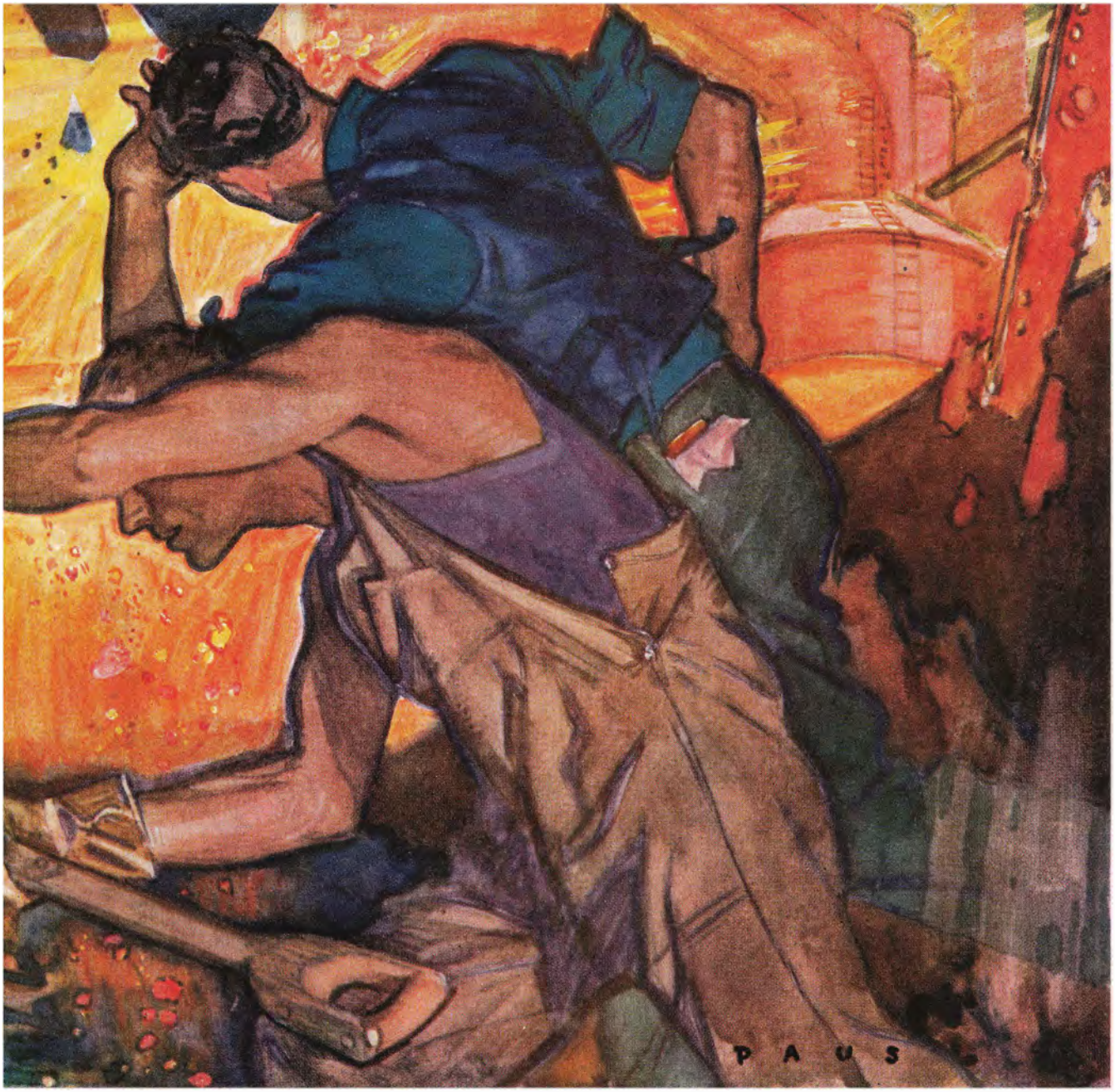
Then, presently, he was graduated; and he grabbed his precious sheepskin and headed for the grime and flame of Susquehanna Steel, where for a period they set him juggling bloom-butts. A bloom-butt is a chunk of scrap steel, weighing one hundred pounds, or two hundred pounds, or more, even. Big young Nate Haugherty and other worthies rolled these butts off a scrap pan onto their thighs, then waddled with them to the scrapping chute, and kicked them down the fiery converters' throats. There were giants in those days.

Nate Haugherty was one. He grew, not *with* that mighty plant, but ahead of it. The plant at Ironville grew up behind its general manager, Nathanael Haugherty. And so, when finally N. H. stepped up before the terrible time clock and, full of years and labors, punched fearlessly his last time card, he had, I do not doubt, rewards aplenty coming to him.

At any rate, in memory of him they built a tower at Susquehanna Steel and, with appropriate ceremonies and a fair amount of blah, touched off at the top of it an eternal flame. It was a most appropriate memorial to N.H.—this tower. It was imposing—and it also worked. It was a draft stack for the open hearth.

Now, all the open-hearth stacks you ever saw, except this one, are built of brick-lined boiler plate. They go in rows, these tall, black-painted chimneys, a hundred feet or more in height, one to a furnace. Impressive they are, but there is nothing particularly esthetic in their make-up. They are built for draft, not art. They have to pull, and pull like all the flues of Tophet, dragging great gales of fuel gas and air through long and complicated ways, until they meet above the mighty hearths, to join in terrifying flame that purifies the steel.

But when, with war upon the world,



FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY HERBERT PAUS

Men of Susquehanna Steel were giants and heroes . . . they had to be when Furnace No. 3, with a savage roar, exploded like Vesuvius

they rushed to swift completion a long, new line of furnaces to furnish steel, they made a memorial of the stack which served the middle furnace. They made it out of brick instead of boiler plate. Tan brick of tapestry design they used, and set in black bricks near the chimney's top, $^{N}_{H}$, so that he who rode might read, and think upon Nathanael Haugherty and his works. And through a pipe, set in the masonry as it rose, open-hearth fuel gas went to the tall stack's top, there to be set off with an electric arc, in honor of Nathanael Haugherty.

A faint, small cloudiness might sometimes plume the other twenty stacks; but above $^{N}_{H}$ a long flame flickered day and night.

And during the depression the cock-eyed flame went out. The hearths were cold at Susquehanna Steel. The open-hearth gas producers weren't making enough gas to keep a cigar lighter burning, let alone an eternal flame.

But just inside the watchman's gate, at the main entrance to the plant, there is another memorial. It is a bed of violets. What's more, they bloomed through the depression years—years which were very hard upon eternal flames.

Old Grga Vukovitch looked after them —old Grga Vukovitch, who held his job through the jobless years. Old Grga was a pensioner. He had lost an arm to Susquehanna Steel, and the settlement with Grga gave him a permanent job as watchman for the remainder of his days.

During those bleak years very few passed through Grga's gate. He had a lot of time to tend the flower bed before his little shanty; and so his violets bloomed and bloomed again, while the flame that topped the tall stack, marked $^{N}_{H}$, died down, not being able, quite, to make it to eternity unquenched.

In the whole world there is, I believe, no memorial so beautiful, so touching, as the little bed of violets. They bloom in honor of that other Ironville N.H., whom even the bohunks know only as "Nepoznati Hrvat," the Unknown Croatian. They are Croatian violets, which will not grow—you can ask any good Hrvat—except in soil that has for cen-

turies been wetted with Croatian sweat and blood.

The unknown Hrvat was unknown because no one had ever seen him in the town nor in the plant at Ironville until the day on which he met his death. His brass check said 633. But, on the day before the unknown Hrvat died, 633 was Niko Maranoff, a Bulgarian. Of course, they tried to locate Niko, to find out from him who this hunky was to whom he had sold his brass check and his job. But Niko had departed on the lam for parts unknown, with two detectives on his tail. Niko, it seemed, had figured in a small but murderous altercation out Cambria Steel way, and the detectives had traced him. The hunky underground telegraph—a marvel of communication—had let him get away. It had even given him time to sell his brass check and his job in the noodle factory, as was often done in a rough-and-ready day before the advent of the Employment Department.

IT WAS to be expected that Niko's job would be sold to some out-of-town bohunk; for jobs at the noodle factory were not easy jobs to sell. Too many knew the reputation of that fiery abode of misery.

The noodle factory was, with proper dignity, the nodulizing plant. A nodule is a little knot—a lump. At the period of this history a certain iron ore, rich, but fine—like loamy soil—was raising particular Hades in blast furnaces. It filled up all the voids between the chunks of coke and limestone in the charge, choking the blast, and causing the charge to bind and arch—to hang, as furnacemen expressed it. Instead of making gradual and orderly descent through the furnace stacks, the charge would slip at intervals, hundreds of tons of it dropping all at once. And then the furnaces would kick like eighty million army mules, flinging the heavy explosion doors open as though these massive safety valves had been made of pasteboard, and raining down coke and ore and chunks of limestone alike upon the unjust and the just.

So Susquehanna Steel put up, experimentally, the noodle factory—I beg your pardon, nodulizing plant—a long, rotating, inclined kiln of boiler plate, firebrick lined, heated inside to redness by a flame of oil. The object of the noodle factory was to make big ones out of little ones. Fine ore, charged at the upper end of the long, hot kiln, would, with a proper temperature and rotating speed, roll itself into lumps as it slowly progressed through the fiery revolving tunnel—into nodules big as walnuts, big as apples, maybe.

Maybe. So far it hadn't worked out too well. But that might be improved; and, if it could be, much grief would be ended—not only grief from choked-off blast and slipping furnace charges. It had been soon discovered that the heat of nodulizing roasted much of the sulphur from the ore, and a low-sulphur pig iron is a bringer of great joy to one and all in steel.

But since the noodle factory was experimental—a money burner, not a money maker—it was the steel plant goat. Nobody loved it. It got service after every other fellow had been served. And, being the first thing of its kind, it was not only experimental in its purpose, but also in its design. And so it was continually falling apart. It took, therefore, a very young man and a very strong one to serve the noodle factory faithfully and with vision. And so big young Nate Haugherty was unanimously elected. . . .

One early morning, after young Nate had been engaged in manufacturing noodles for a month or so, he was stepping it off with gusto toward his job. As he came down the steep streets of Ironville toward the plant, he looked, as was his custom, toward the elevator which lifted ore from the ore bin to the top of the nodulizing kiln. With such a scrutiny he could always tell, five minutes from his job, if things were going well. This morning they were not. Instead of each and every bucket of the elevator chain dropping a load into the charging hopper, only three buckets out of fifteen did it, each indifferently full.

Young Mr. Haugherty hastened. He passed the little shanty of Mr. Grga Vukovitch with smoke issuing from his shoe-tops.

If Mr. Haugherty knew his noodle plant causes and effects, then the whang-blasted, blank-forsaken ore bin was empty again. And thither Mr. Haugherty hot-footed—to find that he was right to fourteen decimal places. Down on the bare concrete floor of the ore bin a bohunk plodded back and forth, digging the last few hundred pounds of ore out of a far corner, and casting it, a shovelful at a time, into the elevator boot.

BIG young Nate Haugherty stood at the edge of the ore bin and bellowed like the bulls of Bashan.

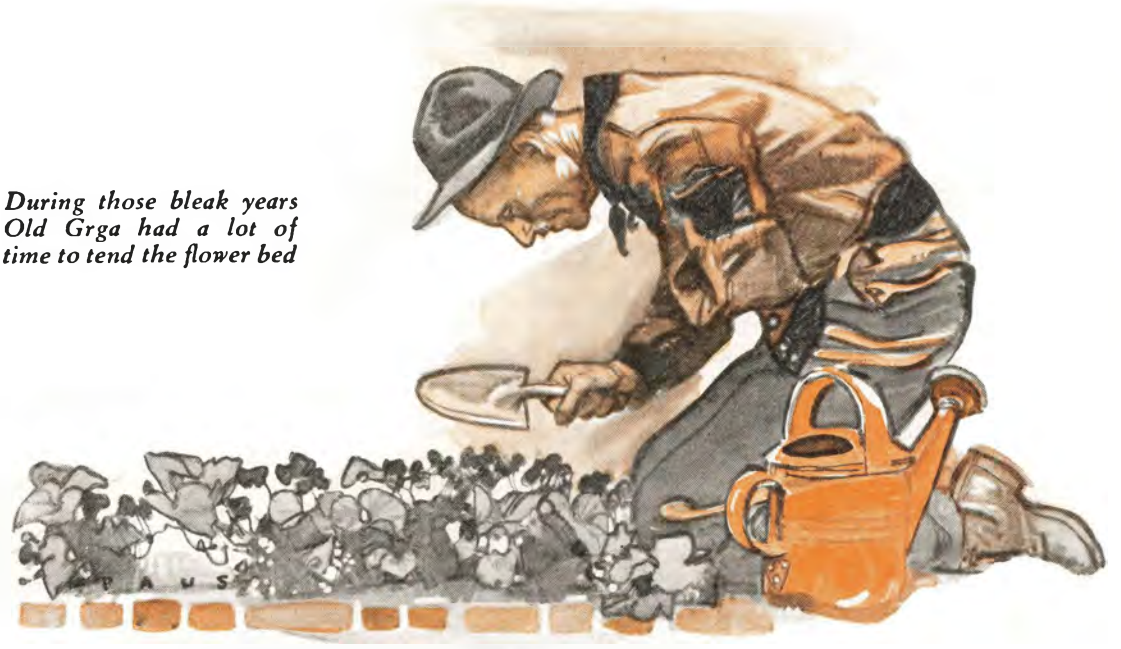
The bohunk on the ore bin floor looked above, in fear and trembling, to see what manner of beast it was.

But Mr. Haugherty wasn't bellowing at him.

"Ho, Stanko!"

The draft stack of the noodle factory swayed as in a mighty wind, and from some hidden lair about the place appeared one Stanko Melosovitch, six and one-quarter feet of Montenegrin brave night foreman at the noodle works.

"Stanko," demanded that tall Slav's superior, "what in the name of all that's blue-bellied and discouraging is the matter with the crack-skull railroad now? Why don't they set some ore up on this



During those bleak years Old Grga had a lot of time to tend the flower bed

bin? Why didn't you call me? I told you—"

"She's broke," ventured Mr. Melosovitch.

"Who's broke?"

"Every somet'ing broke. Shifter broke. Car all broke. Rail broke. Track broke. Got big smashop down for main line crossing. Block 'em off all railroad two hour, mebbe t'ree. No can give it ore for noodle plant not'ing. Me, every fifteen minute, I call op dot yardmaster, 'Hey, Carl, wassmatter no gimme ore for noodle plant?' Every fifteen minute, yardmaster tell me, 'Shut up, you!' So I go see dot wreck. Jus' now clean op one track. Pretty soon come ore dis place. Maybe coupla minute ketch'm."

"What's that car standing there above the ore bin now?" inquired the young chief noodler. "Flue-dust?"

"Sure, flue-dust. You tell'm no domp not'ing flue-dust when you no be on job."

And this was so. Such were the orders that Nathanael Haugherty himself had issued. Flue-dust was much more difficult to nodulize than ore. It took a different temperature in the kiln, a different rotating speed.

"Hereafter, Stanko," young N.H. instructed, "if you run out of ore at night, call me at the house."

MR. HAUGHERTY started for the telephone. Suddenly he recalled the last time he had used the telephone when the transportation department had let the noodle factory bin go empty. So he paused. His language, on that occasion, had, upon reaching twelve thousand volts, jumped the insulators, and burned down four telephone poles.

Now, a yardmaster with a main-line wreck on his hands employs an English of no mean potentiality himself. With such language flowing two ways on a wire at once there was no telling what catastrophe might come about. So young Nate Haugherty eschewed the telephone and started on a personal pilgrimage to the yardmaster's office. Wreck or no wreck, young Mr. Haugherty was going to get some ore.

But even as he wheeled toward the enterprise of bearding the yardmaster in his den, there came a welcome sound of car wheels hammering the frog down at the noodle plant spur switch. And at this cheerful clacking the temperature of Mr. Haugherty dropped to normal—which was 380 degrees in that season of his youth and vigor.

So he changed his course, and this time started to climb down the steel rounds which were set across a corner of the concrete ore bin walls.

"Stanko," he gave instructions, his head above the wall, "run down the track and tell the shifting crew to hook onto this car of flue-dust and pull it off the bin, and set ore in its place. I'm going down to see if that new bearing in the elevator boot is running cool. Don't mind us down here. Dump the ore soon as you have it placed. It'll only come knee-high over by the wall. We'll climb up out of it."

Haugherty reached the bin floor. He looked with some surprise at the hunky plodding there.

"And," inquired young Mr. Haugherty, "who may you be?"

The hunky dived (*Continued on page 122*)

Where building is always booming

ONE spring afternoon fifteen years ago a party of men, with a cage containing three pairs of beavers, drove into the woods of the Palisades Interstate Park, on the Hudson River. Their purpose was to establish a beaver colony in the New York State preserve, in the hope of saving the clever fur-coated engineers from extinction.

At the bank of the creek the cage was opened, and the frightened animals, after a pause, scurried into the water, splashed their black, paddle-shaped tails, and disappeared.

"It won't take them long to change the landscape," said one of the party. "In a few months you'll see a good-sized dam along here somewhere, and one

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

The two at the dam worked the grass and branches into place with their front paws

By William H. Carr

Can beavers really make a tree fall in any direction they wish? . . . The astonishing truth about these cunning engineers is told here by one of the experts of the American Museum of Natural History

or two lodges. They're fast workers, beavers!"

Fast workers, indeed! Before the summer was over, a substantial, curved wall of peeled saplings, mud, and stones had appeared across a bend in the little creek, and the stream above had become a pond with a clan house in the middle.

But their industry did not stop there. I watched these beavers from the very first, and today, after fifteen years, I would need seven-league boots to keep track of them; for the original three pairs of beavers have multiplied, under protection, to more than a thousand. They have spread over a territory of a hundred and sixty square miles, have built perhaps a hundred or more dams, and have inundated many acres of forest land. They were on the Jersey side at first. They even invaded the industrial city of Paterson and, before residents were aware of what was happening, dammed a brook and flooded the banks on the city's outskirts. One particularly migratory couple was reported to have been found a hundred miles away in the Catskill Mountains. Others crossed the Hudson River.

For industry, few men can compare with the beaver. In Alaska there is a dam nine hundred feet long, built by the four-footed engineers ages ago. In the Yellowstone Park is another almost as large, and one in Wisconsin measures four hundred feet. In British Columbia a few years ago, according to press dispatches, a beaver dam broke, flooded a valley, and derailed a train. Several persons were killed. But it was not the fault of the beavers. The colony had been driven away or killed off. With none left to watch the rising waters and repair breaks, the wall had weakened.

It has always fascinated me to watch these adroit construction workers. Not long ago a friend and I spent a night at a beaver pond. During the afternoon we had dug a hole in the dam. When evening came we sat in a canoe, watching. Anything that lowered the level of the pond, we knew, was of serious concern to the colony. We wanted to see what they would do about it.

After a while a ripple appeared on the still water near the lodge. Then a large brown head came into view, moving swiftly across the pond. He was a strapping big fellow, nearly two and a half feet long and weighing at least fifty pounds. Arriving at the dam, he looked thoughtfully at the break, then wallowed into the hole we had dug. For nearly an hour he labored, bringing branches, stones, grass, and mud, and pushing and packing them into the breach. In time his mate joined him, and when their work was done it was almost impossible to tell where the break had been.

It is a common belief that beavers use their flat tails as trowels in their construction of dams and lodges. But I have watched many beavers at work and have never seen this. The two at the dam worked the grass and branches into place with their front paws and packed down the mud with the sides of their heads and with the forefeet.

The beaver uses his tail as a prop when he stands on his hind legs, and as a rudder oar in swimming. And when he wants to warn his companions of danger, he slaps the water with it.

After the dam had been repaired the two beavers we were watching went ashore to feed. We beached our canoe and, from the opposite bank, saw each

one gnawing away at a sapling. They stood on their hind legs, their tails pressed against the ground for support.

Beavers' teeth are long and curved, covered on the front with a hard, orange enamel. They grow constantly. If a beaver is fed on soft food the teeth will become so long that he cannot shut his mouth, and may die as a result.

Beavers are strict vegetarians. They eat only the bark of trees and water plants. As a rule, in order to get a good meal, they must cut a tree down. The two on the bank were doing just that. Each had picked out a sapling and was gnawing a deep incision. The wood was torn out gradually until the wedge-shaped cleft pierced the center of the tree, and it fell.

I have heard it said that beavers can make a tree fall in any direction they wish. If this is true, the beavers that have been crushed under trees they had felled must have committed suicide.

Another legend is that, if the tree is large, a group of beavers will work on it, each gnawing his section. But they do not operate that way. Each beaver fells his own tree. They prefer tender saplings, but I have seen trees eighteen inches in diameter cut down by them.

There is no government in a beaver colony, no Big Chief Beaver. Each beaver follows his own judgment as to what to do and when to do it. If there is a break in the dam, he proceeds to repair it. If another beaver discovers it, he, too, goes to work. But no matter if a dozen fall to, each works independently.

WITH the two saplings felled, our two beavers quickly denuded them of bark, gnawed the trunks into manageable sections, and dragged them into the pond. The beaver is the neatest of woodsmen. He leaves his forest clean of debris.

As the two started on fresh saplings my companion arose. He stepped on a dead branch, slipped, and fell. One beaver plunged into the water, brought its tail down with a loud slap, and disappeared. The other old fellow looked up, listened for a while, and calmly resumed eating.

In a minute the diver reappeared, circled several times, and then slapped with his tail again. This time his companion heeded the signal and scurried to safety.

This warning signal is one device that makes life comparatively safe for the beaver. The slap of the broad, heavy tail can be heard a quarter mile away.

Another assurance of safety is the beaver's cleverness in building under-water entrances to his lodge, which is erected well out from the shore of the pond. I have known of otters occasionally getting into a beaver lodge while the mother was absent and stealing a kitten, but wolves, dogs, and foxes are halted at the water's edge.

Beavers are clumsy animals ashore, and seldom wander far from the stream. If they must go inland to attack a fresh stand of trees, they dig a canal to the spot. Some of these canals in Yellowstone Park are three feet across and three feet deep and extend many yards into the forest.

Not long ago I came upon a beaver some distance from its pond. He ran for safety. But he was so clumsy that I could have caught him easily had I wished. His legs were far too short for speed, and he seemed to have difficulty in seeing his way. Just before he reached the water, he ran full tilt into a stump and fell over, stunned. But as he got up he saw the pond before him, and he was off like a speedboat.

IN BUILDING his lodge the beaver again shows his skill as a construction engineer. The dwelling goes up while the dam is being built. As the water rises, a circular pile of sticks, from four to eight feet in diameter, appears in the pond. The top of the pile is always just above the surface. When the water has reached a depth of three or four feet the beaver couple pile on sticks, mud, and stones (some of the stones weigh as much as twelve pounds), forming a rounded top which is well above water. In the meantime, they have been working on the under-water entrances. These are tunnels extending from the pond bottom to the above-water section of the pile. They are literally chewed out. When at this work, the animals stay under the water from one to two minutes at a time. But I have known them to stay under as long as eight minutes.

In the dry part of the lodge they excavate their living quarters, a large chamber with a hard, flat, tree-shredded floor and a domed ceiling. Here, snug and warm, mother and children spend the winter. The pond may freeze over, but they are secure. Since the pond does not freeze at

It's the Law!

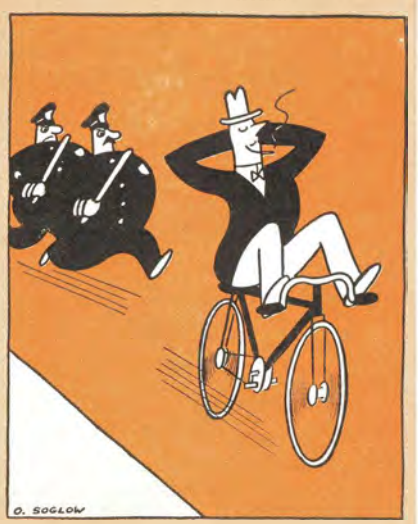
By Dick Hyman

ILLUSTRATED BY O. SOGLOW

In Denver, Colo., it is illegal to do acrobatics on the sidewalks in such a way as to frighten horses

To catch a whale in the state's inland waters is contrary to an old law still in effect in Oklahoma

An old Virginia law, still on the books, forbids a bathtub inside the house. Tubs must be kept in the yard



It is unlawful, in Cleveland, Ohio, to remove one's hands from the handle bars while riding a bicycle

Do you know any curious laws or local ordinances still in existence in your community? If so, send them to "It's the Law," The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. We will pay $5 each for those accepted.

the bottom, the entrance is always open, and under the ice, near by, is stored the winter food supply of saplings, their butt ends set deep in the mud.

At mealtime the beavers can venture forth beneath the surface, gather saplings, and return to their chamber, there to dine on their favorite food. You can picture them, sitting on their mud-and-stick platforms, chewing away, while blizzards howl through the forest.

A beaver feeding on a tree branch always reminds me of a piccolo player. With both forepaws he turns the stick around and around, gradually peeling all the bark from one end to the other. When the stick is bare he floats it out of the house beneath the ice.

It takes a pair of beavers about six months to make a home, although I have seen a pair, worried because of the approach of frost, make a dwelling in thirty days! The average lodge is six to eight feet across and six feet or more from the bottom of the pond. I have found some more than twenty feet across and twelve feet high. The tunnels are about eighteen inches wide. Stories of Indians, and white men, too, hiding in these lodges are plausible. I entered a deserted lodge through its tunnel and found the interior almost large enough for me to sit in it upright.

BEAVERS do not live in large colonies. Frequently one finds only a solitary pair in a pond, and rarely more than three pairs. They marry early in life and stay married.

Baby beavers look like brown, furry kittens. There are from four to eight in a litter, and they appear in April or early May. As soon as they are born, father beaver seeks pastures new for a while, leaving the mother to do all the housework. He often takes up bachelor quarters in an abandoned lodge while his children are learning the ways of life.

All beavers that live alone, of course, are not dispossessed fathers. Some of them are old fellows that, for reasons unknown, have decided to live the life of hermits. They are found, every now and then, living alone in an abandoned lodge or a bank hole. Their lives are empty and drear.

On occasions I have watched a mother beaver with her family abroad on the pond. The little furry balls float around her like animated corks. At first the kittens have difficulty in learning to dive. But, once under water, they navigate skillfully.

The children stay with their mother for at least a year. Then they set out on their own, wandering down the stream to find mates in other colonies, build new ponds and lodges, and raise their young.

It is this wandering quality, this aversion to a crowd, that causes beavers to spread so rapidly over large territories. Their dams have flooded thousands of acres of farm lands in America. At the same time they have created an almost equal area of made land. The beaver meadows of Canada, Maine, Connecticut, and the West are all silt deposits from ancient beaver dams.

As a rule, the beaver is a calm and docile animal. One evening as I was standing on a rock in a pond, an old fellow climbed up beside me and coolly sniffed my foot. When I moved, he looked up, inspected me for a moment, and then slipped leisurely

into the water. I would like to add that they make pleasant household pets, but the experience of one of my friends warns against it.

He had purchased a pair of beavers and installed them in a pen in his back yard. They seemed such friendly animals that he decided one day to take them into the house. It was cold outside, and the stove in the kitchen was warm and friendly. Setting them down before it, he went away. After a while he returned. The beavers were no longer in the kitchen. He walked into the dining-room. The table had a crazy slant. A chair had been moved away from the wall, was teetering strangely.

One of the beavers had gnawed a leg off the table and the other was performing the same operation on the chair!

NOT many years ago beavers were almost extinct in America. They had been trapped by the white men for three hundred years and by the Indians since long before that. When the country finally decided to save them it was difficult to find enough to stock the preserves. Since then, however, they have multiplied so rapidly that in some sections they are becoming a problem. In addition, a number of beaver farms have appeared, where the animals are bred for their fur.

This fur consists of two kinds of hair: the guard hair and the contour hair. The first is an inch and a half long and has to be plucked, singed, or clipped off before the pelt is ready for commercial use. The fur is at its thickest in the heart of the winter. Oddly, it was the introduction of silk velours in Europe that saved the beaver from extinction long before the days of animal conservation and game laws. During the seventeenth century an average of almost a million beaver skins a year were shipped to Europe, mostly to be made into beaver hats. Every gentleman of that day had to have a beaver hat. The hats were actually made of beaver hairs until it was found that velours, which was much cheaper, wore and looked quite as well.

While the demand for furs was at its height the beaver was so important in this country that wars were fought over him. Many of the early wars between the French and the Indians were known as beaver wars. And in Canada for many years beaver skins were a form of currency. A hat was worth one and a half beaver skins, and a rifle sold for ten or twelve.

Not long ago came reports that beavers had flooded a number of state highways in New York. They had constructed dams too near the roads, and the water had halted traffic. The beavers of several colonies were caught and were moved away. But one man had what he thought was a much better remedy. He broke the dam and set a scarecrow in the break—a scarecrow made of two poles, an old pair of pants, a coat, and a battered hat. The beavers, he reasoned, would imagine it was a man and run away.

A week later he returned, to find the scarecrow gone and the pond at its old level. The beavers had cut down the poles and used them to repair the break!

The beaver has a disturbing habit of flooding farm lands as well as roads. I know of one colony that used a stone wall for a dam. The wall divided two farms. On one side was a pasture, on the other a potato patch. The owner of the pasture awoke one morning to find that a full-fledged pond covered his pasture. Indignant, he applied to state authorities for permission to kill the invaders. After several weeks' delay, during which the water rose steadily, it was granted. Rifle under his arm, he went forth, only to discover that the enemy had moved, overnight, into his neighbor's potato field. Not one beaver could he find on his property.

Soon another pond drowned the potato field. The farmer whose crop had been ruined took matters into his own hands. Breaking the dam one night, he lay in wait and shot the beavers as they appeared. But the authorities heard about it and collected a $50 penalty!

Farmers are not the only persons who pay beaver fines. Witness the recent plight of a motorcycle policeman. After a day of chasing speeders, he put his ticket book into his cap and started for home. It was late, and the night was dark. As he rolled along he suddenly saw a pair of eyes gleaming in the light from the motorcycle's headlamps. His duties included the shooting of stray cats and dogs, and so he promptly unlimbered his revolver and fired. The eyes disappeared, and he rode away, satisfied that one more cat had fallen before his expert aim.

Alas! Next day a beaver was found dead beside the road. Meanwhile, the officer had proudly related his exploit at police headquarters. The local game warden heard the story. He explained to the officer that his victim had not been a cat, and fined him.

IN THE early days of trapping, many beaver myths came out of America. One explorer from Canada brought the story of a "beaver council" he had seen. The animals, he said, had sat in judgment on offending members of the colony. For the first offense, the culprit received a whack from the tail of the largest beaver. Misbehaving again, he received several whacks. And for further disobedience his tail was cut off and he was banished forever from the colony.

This same observer told of having seen a group of beavers driving stakes into the ground. One beaver, he said, held the stake upright while another climbed a tree and hammered it with his tail. This despite the fact that beavers never drive stakes and cannot climb trees!

In Indian religions the beaver has always been a prominent figure. They believed a great white beaver dwelling in the far North was the father of all mankind. The earth rested on a post, and the beaver had chewed it half through. Some day his patience with man would become exhausted and he would finish the job. The origin of fire was also credited by some tribes to the beaver. He stole it from the pine trees and, swimming with the live coals up the Columbia River, threw embers to the other dwellers of the forest.

Legends, these; and pretty ones. But why make up stories like those brought back by the Canadian explorer when the truth about the beaver's accomplishments can be quite as astonishing?

Ten Men in One

(*Continued from page 35*)

some bewilderment that he had not told me a single thing. He had asked me about magazine work. He speculated upon the relative effect upon public opinion of magazines, newspapers, the movies, the radio. He asked about entertainment value, service value, advertising value, and wondered about the surprisingly small percentage of the American people who read books.

He had quietly extracted from me most of what I know about the magazine business. I began to see why it is hard to get personal facts about Dr. Millikan. Incidentally, I had felt the force of his knowledge-absorptive powers. He is surrounded by a magnetic field into which any fact-bearing creature ventures at his peril.

Fortunately, I was to see him on other occasions, and in the meantime, talking with members of his family, his colleagues, and his friends, I was able to pick up a good deal of miscellaneous information.

Consider for a moment the work which Millikan sets for himself, apart from the research upon which his fame rests.

As executive head of the California Institute of Technology, he has to keep a general eye on the welfare and progress of 550 undergraduate and 200 graduate students. This means a warm, personal interest which gives every student the feeling that he can go to Dr. Millikan at any time for sympathetic advice. He has to preserve loyalty, harmony, and co-ordination among 280 faculty and research men. He has to raise money and precariously balance a $750,000 annual budget.

He must be on the hunt continually to bag distinguished scientists for his faculty. He must resist with tact and tenacity the well-meaning pressure to swerve Cal Tech from its emphasis on quality rather than quantity, which means saying no to those who suggest: "Let's let in more students—we'll make this the Biggest technical school in the world."

And besides all this the thousand and one administrative decisions which must, finally, be made by the head man.

And, oh, yes, he teaches a term in Atomic Physics every year.

As one of the world's leading physicists, he must correspond with physicists in other countries, travel to international conferences in distant lands, and entertain other physicists, such as Mr. Einstein, Sir James Jeans, and Professor Piccard, when they drop in to see him. Then, of course, he must travel about from Mexico to Hudson Bay seeking favorable conditions for his cosmic ray tests, and write a book every couple of years to keep the record straight. Yet, with all this punishing schedule, he finds time for his devoted family and seems to lead an unhurried sort of life.

He usually gets in a game of golf on Mondays. He played a fast game of tennis until a couple of years ago. When his second son, Glenn Allen Millikan, began to beat him on the courts, he decided the time had come for golf. He plays bridge occasionally, but doesn't like the game.

He and Mrs. Millikan take an active interest in church work. They also lead a fairly busy social life. Every student at Cal Tech is entertained occasionally at the Millikan buffet suppers. Dr. and Mrs. Millikan also go out a good deal in the evening. Ladies seated for the first time beside Dr. Millikan at the dinner table are usually somewhat petrified by his intellectual eminence, but very soon, it is observed, he has them chatting away at a great rate.

His conversational range, apparently, includes everybody. He talks with people on trains and in filling stations. Taxi-drivers in Pasadena know him, and speak of him with affectionate pride. "A nice man, too, *you* bet," affirmed the white-haired barber at one of the hotels. The people of Pasadena talk of him as though he were a distinguished member of the family.

FRIENDS who are with him in the evening or at the theater often say, "Well, he's won his fame. I don't guess he has time to do much work any more."

But about the time these folk are crawling into bed, a small, dapper figure in evening clothes appears at the darkened Norman Bridges Laboratory, unlocks the door, and goes into its cavernous depths. And there he will stay into the small hours of the morning. If you tiptoed in you would see him, a white-haired, formally attired figure, adjusting some infinitely sensitive bit of apparatus, taking notes in a small hand, balancing back occasionally on his heels in thought. A wonderful time for work, when all is so dark and quiet.

These late laboratory sessions are held chiefly when an experiment is in a critical stage. Other nights he works at home.

"There's hardly an evening, when we come home, that he doesn't go into his study for a few hours' work," Mrs. Millikan told me. She showed me his desk. He does not sit down as he works. It is a standing desk, especially made for him.

The walls of his study are lined with the pictures of eminent scientists. Just over his desk there are two of his friend Einstein, whose daring speculations have given Millikan many a lead for investigation, while Millikan's research has checked and elaborated many of Einstein's theories. So now, as he works along tirelessly in the early-morning hours, the bright-eyed, mis-

chievous-tragic features of Einstein look down with him at the results.

This tireless quality of Millikan's is due partly to his powers of relaxation.

His assistant, Dr. Henry Victor Neher, was telling me about a cosmic ray experiment which they conducted at March Field, Riverside, Calif.

Army planes were carrying electroscopes to heights ranging up to 29,000 feet, during a 72-hour continuous test. Every hour or so, day and night, a plane would come down. Millikan and Neher would check the instruments while the plane was being serviced for another hop.

Betweentimes Dr. Millikan would lie down on a cot and, quite heedless of racket, take a nap. At the end, when the others were near the breaking point, he seemed as fresh as when the ordeal started.

During one stage of his experiments, when he was checking on cosmic rays all around the clock, he kept an electroscope in the basement of his home. Half a dozen times every night he would be awakened by his alarm clock, go down and check the electroscope, and then go back to sleep. Didn't seem to bother him at all.

His work requires that he do a lot of traveling. The day of his departure is a feverish occasion, for everybody except Dr. Millikan. There is always last-minute work to be done. Dr. Millikan has dictating to do. Professors, assistants, and administrative heads crowd about.

Train time approaches. Miss Howard, Dr. Millikan's efficient secretary, fears that he will miss the train. Research men, consulting their accurate watches, agree. Still the conferences and dictation continue.

Finally Dr. Millikan, entirely calm, moves out to the car. Colleagues go with him, still asking questions. They reach the station. Dr. Millikan strolls in, catches the train by an eyelash. Usually a couple of assistants get on with him and ride down the line a few stations for final instructions.

On the train, perhaps for a four-day trip, Dr. Millikan does not bother about a compartment. An upper berth suits him as well as a lower. During the day, he works along steadily. Sometimes he goes into the observation car, talks for a while with the other passengers. Then he may take out pencil and pad and, amid the surrounding chatter, be as much alone as in his midnight laboratory.

APART from his inherent ability, Millikan's greatest strength, it seems to me, lies in his habits of work, apparently so easy and effortless, yet withal so steady, devouring, and persistent. Looking back on his early days, you can get some idea of how those habits were formed.

Millikan's ancestors were New Englanders, teachers and preachers, farmers and seafaring men. His grandparents moved west into Ohio, his parents went on to Illinois. He was born in Morrison, Ill., in 1868, and seven years later his father, a Congregational minister, took the family on to Maquoketa, Iowa.

Papa Millikan believed in education and work, and plenty of both. By the time he was knee-high to a rooster, young Robert Andrews Millikan was raising chickens and selling them. When he got big enough he obtained the job of taking full care of a neighbor's horse and two cows, and mowing the lawn besides. As if this were not enough to occupy him, he and his brothers rigged up a small gymnasium and became pretty good young acrobats.

This turned out to be a help, too. When Robert took his physical examinations upon entering Oberlin College, he astonished the examiner by chinning the bar thirty times. He was put into gymnasium work, became an instructor, and was able to make the money to put himself through college. Incidentally, he organized some courses for training athletic instructors. Some of our leading athletic instructors were graduated from these courses which he began.

During the summers he reinforced his budget by traveling in the Western states, selling books in the old Home Library series. . . . He is a skillful salesman; if you doubt it, read his address to the millionaires of the Iron and Steel Institute on the practical value of scientific research in the universities. . . . Besides this he was Phi Beta rank in his studies, ran the 100- and 220-yard dashes, was class president, class orator, and editor of the college annual. He still regrets that he couldn't quite squeeze in the time to play baseball.

All of which does not prove much. Except this: that from the time he started to raise chickens as a kid, Millikan was never a person who had much time on his hands. He *had* to learn the trick of picking up his book whenever there was a breathing spell in his other occupations, and carrying on with the lesson to be done.

WHEN he had been in college two years Destiny tapped him on the shoulder. He had been specializing in mathematics and Greek. There was a gap in the science faculty, and the professors, confident of Millikan's general ability, asked him to teach a class in elementary physics.

Now, all that the future Nobel Prize winner knew about physics had been gleaned from an inglorious local Galileo who made money on the side by finding water for farmers by means of a forked stick. But Millikan was a fast learner, and he needed the money. So he bought some physics books, boned up, and took the job. He had a running start on his pupils, and they never caught up; haven't caught up to this day, as a matter of fact.

I asked him whether he had ever regretted the fate that had turned his career to physics and research.

"No, I haven't," he said. "Of course, the original choice was largely a matter of chance. But it suited me. I liked it. Otherwise I would have gotten out of it. Nevertheless, I think I might have been as content, or nearly so, in one of the other professions, or in business. I have always believed that, within limits, a man is independent of his job. In the arts, of course, special gifts are required. But in most of the widely varied fields of work in the world, somewhat similar abilities are required, and similar rewards are obtained. These rewards are of two kinds: First, the feeling of mastery which comes with solving difficult problems; and, second, the belief that your work is of significance.

"Anyone who has worked over a problem for days and weeks, and at last has found its solution, knows the sense of joy and mastery this can give.

"But that is not enough. For enduring satisfaction there must also be a conviction that your work is somehow important and valuable to the world, however modestly."

Here, recalling the many discouraged

and "misfit" youngsters I had encountered in my travels, I put in a question: "How could those who do the dirty work, the humble jobs of this world, enjoy this feeling of importance in their jobs?"

"Almost any job," said Dr. Millikan, "if you do it well and look at it with some imagination, can be given significance. For instance, look at the men who operate the filling stations. *They have put a certain spirit into their jobs. As a result, they have done more to teach the American people courtesy and good manners than all the professors in all the colleges.*"

To one who had recently been driving some tens of thousands of miles about this country, that seemed a fine answer. And a typical answer, because it shows the warm, human quality of Millikan's thinking.

I asked him what he thought of the opportunities for young men in science today as compared with the days of his own youth.

"Just as good," he said, "and probably better, for a youngster of the necessary ability and energy. During the past period of building up this country, the greatest prizes went naturally to the builders—enterprisers, industrial magnates, financiers. As we settle down to a more stable civilization, the value and importance of the scientist will be increasingly recognized."

WHEN the young Millikan graduated from Oberlin he had done so well with his elementary teaching in physics that he was given a job as instructor in physics at $600 a year. Two years later he was awarded a fellowship at Columbia University, where he came under the influence of Michael Pupin. Pupin encouraged and helped him to go abroad for study at Berlin and Goettingen.

During a summer abroad (1896) Millikan made a 3,500-mile bicycle tour of Germany, Italy, and France. Toward the end of his trip he found himself in Paris, with very little time left to get back to his studies in Berlin. He proceeded to ride the 700 miles from Paris to Berlin in seven days. If you remember what the bicycles of the nineties were like and the condition of the roads, you can appreciate what an astonishing feat of endurance that was.

Dr. Millikan, I suspect, is secretly as proud of that achievement as he is of a sheaf of laudatory articles in the scientific journals. And very properly. Without that exceptional physical endurance he might never have been able to work the hours which produced the results that the scientific journals delight to honor.

During one of his summer vacations while at Columbia, Millikan had gone to Chicago to learn something of the work of Dr. A. A. Michelson, collaborator in the famous Michelson-Morley experiments in light. Then, while he was at Goettingen, he unexpectedly received a cable from Michelson, offering him a job as assistant at $800 a year.

Although Millikan had an offer of a position at twice as much, he jumped at the chance to work with Michelson. There followed twenty-five years of teaching and research at the University of Chicago. In 1921 he was attracted to the bold new scientific school at Pasadena, where he has been ever since.

It was at Chicago that he began work on the "oil-drop" experiment which first brought him fame. At that time properties of the electron had been pretty shrewdly guessed at by science, but nobody had been able to pin it down and measure it.

Since the electron is far too small ever to be seen by the human eye with the most powerful microscope, Millikan decided to hang electrons onto something he could see, and note how they affected its movement.

With infinite patience and ingenuity, he managed to balance a droplet of oil between two electrically charged brass plates so that he could control its movement at will. The oil droplet was only about one thirteen-thousandth of an inch in diameter, but, by throwing a powerful light upon it and observing it through a short-focus telescope, he was able to watch it closely.

From time to time, he noted, the droplet would move, go faster, stop, or reverse its direction. But these changes were always of exactly the same amount, or even multiples of that amount. He found that these changes were caused by one or more electrons attaching or detaching themselves to or from the droplet.

Simple, wasn't it? It took him only about six years of constant and exhausting work to perfect the experiment and determine that the electric charge on the electron equals 4.774×10^{-10} electro-static units.

That's a very small amount of electricity. As Dr. Millikan says: If all the inhabitants of Chicago were to begin to count electrons, each at the rate of two a second, and if none of them ever stopped to eat, sleep, or die, and they counted for 20,000 years, they would count as many electrons as course through the ordinary 16-candlepower electric-light filament every *second*.

If the electron is so infinitely small, why is it so extremely important? Because it is the most fundamental of physical and chemical constants. When you can measure that, you can use it to measure practically everything else. And, for a sample of its practical value, it enabled men to understand the electron streams on which are based the radio tube and the almost magical photoelectric cell. Our grandchildren will be making inventions to which the electron measurement has contributed.

SINCE making those experiments Dr. Millikan has half a dozen other achievements to his credit. Such as: "The photoelectric determination of the fundamental radiation constant, Planck's h." "The study of Brownian movements in gases." "The extension of the ultraviolet spectrum." "Discovery of the laws governing the extraction of electrons from metals by fields alone." And, in the last few years, the study of the cosmic rays.

I'm not going to try to tell you what all this means. I don't know. If I did know I couldn't explain, because the language of physics is the higher mathematics, which it takes a bright person several years to learn. But this I can assure you: Millikan's work is like a paid-up annuity to the credit of the human race, from which all of us and our children will draw dividends.

Because of the overshadowing fame of his research work, few people realize Millikan's ability as a teacher. Throughout his own career, he has never given up his work of teaching classes of young men. It is a part of his deliberate policy.

"Teaching," he said, "keeps you in touch with fundamentals and realities. Without it, the research man loses his per-

spective, becomes narrow, goes off into blind alleys. Teaching, the constant questioning of fresh young minds, keeps your feet on the ground."

Millikan's teaching is not a mere distant recital of facts. He maintains a real friendliness with his students. They bring their problems to him for solution, even to the extent of asking counsel in matters of the heart. (I don't think I would go to him in such a case—he's a little lacking in irresponsibility and nonsense for my taste.)

He exerts an enormously stimulating influence on his colleagues and assistants. He gives them full credit, and never stands in their light. Many outstanding men in American research owe much to his influence.

Henry M. Robinson, banker and former member of the Dawes Commission, told me: "Millikan would still be a great man if he had never done a bit of research in his life." Another remark of Mr. Robinson's which I remember is, "Millikan is the *willingest cuss* I ever saw in my life."

WITH the passing years, Dr. Millikan has not modified at all his belief that there is no conflict between science and religion. New discoveries in science are to him but further indications of the wonders of God's creation. He quotes with approval Einstein's statement:

"It is enough for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity, to reflect upon the marvelous structure of the universe which we can dimly perceive, and to try humbly to comprehend even an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in nature."

"I, myself, need," Millikan adds, "no better definition of God than that."

His is a broad and liberal faith, based upon the Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount, and the question: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

He has nothing in common with the Fundamentalists of religion, and considers that those who believe that science denies the existence of God are merely Fundamentalists of another stripe. Dogmatists both, he says, having "assertiveness without knowledge."

What pleased me most was a little analogy he gave me between losing faith in Santa Claus and losing faith in God.

"When we are four years old," he said, "Santa Claus, with his whiskers and his pack and his fifty-inch waistband, is the most real being in the world. When we are seven we measure up the chimney and find it far too small for the fifty-inch waistband, and Santa Claus becomes a myth.

"When we are twelve or fifteen, if we have younger brothers and sisters, Santa begins to come back. When we are thirty, and are hanging the stockings of our own little ones, Santa Claus—the spirit of Christmas—is more real than he ever was, and the eight-inch chimney and fifty-inch waistband no longer matter."

In religion, as he sees it, the mature thinker finds that science does not disturb the inner spirit of his religious faith.

Dr. Millikan is a man of essentially sanguine and optimistic temperament. He believes that the world is improving and mankind progressing. One of his favorite quotations is a bit of doggerel:

My grandad notes the world's worn cogs
And says we're going to the dogs.
His grandad in his house of logs
Thought things were going to the dogs.
His dad, among the Flemish bogs,
Swore things were going to the dogs.
The cave man in his queer skin togs
Knew things were going to the dogs.
Yet this is what I'd like to state:
Those dogs have had an awful wait!

He believes that his three stalwart sons will have a richer, fuller, and more stimulating life than his own generation enjoyed—if. But it is a large if.

"If," he told me, "we don't ruin it all by some social idiocy."

He is much disturbed by political developments of the last few years. He has watched the rise of dictatorships in Europe, and fears that this country, if powers continue to be centralized, may drift into communism or national socialism.

He has expressed this fear in some of his recent speeches. This has led to some rather bitter attacks from the left. It has been suggested that a scientist should stick to his laboratory, and one writer even hinted that Dr. Millikan's views might be influenced by capitalist gold.

Now, that is rather silly, whether you agree with Dr. Millikan or not. If he were particularly interested in capitalist gold, he could have carted off trunks of it in the past by turning his research talents to direct industrial uses. Furthermore, if you go back to his writings you will see that he held similar views long before our present woes came upon us. The greatest service of science, he has repeatedly said, is to set man free; to liberate him from his supine reliance upon incantation, gods, and magic; to throw him upon his own responsibility and initiative, and show him that he must work out his own salvation.

What Millikan fears, from communism, Fascism, or any sort of dictatorship, is that man will lose this feeling of initiative and responsibility; that he will curl up on the lap of the state and slip back toward the disintegration of the Middle Ages.

Whether his fears are justified I don't know; but it is certainly an honest, reasonable, and consistent position to take.

DR. AND MRS. MILLIKAN have a beautiful and comfortable home in Pasadena. Mrs. Millikan has an energy and breadth of interest comparable to her husband's, and it is partly due to her skillful management that Dr. Millikan's immense schedule of work glides so smoothly.

They are fortunate in having three sons of outstanding ability. The eldest, Clark Blanchard, graduated with honors from Yale, is now associate professor of aeronautics at Cal Tech. The next, Glenn Allen, won a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he is studying biology. The youngest, Max Franklin, graduating this year at Yale, where he studied physics, is going to Cambridge to study economics.

The fact that Max has switched from physics to economics may be a straw in the wind. The social sciences, during the last fifty years, have stood almost still. We are paying the penalty in our present troubles. If the ability of young men like Max, pouring into the social sciences, can bring them up as the physical sciences have risen during his father's day, what a world this will be to live in!

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Safety-Pin Pilot

(*Continued from page 23*)

rubber lifeboat and stand by to pull over to the Albatros."

As Mac crawled back with the push rods, his glance met Jeff's. Jeff was reassured by it. The old boy knew what was up. As he taxied, by means of one good engine, to the windward of the other plane, he called him over.

"Mac, take the troops over to the Albatros."

McIlvay's face became suffused with a deep pink.

"Why, Mr. Carson," he complained, his voice injured. "I'm staying with you."

He turned his broad back abruptly upon Jeff to shout to Robonic, "Here! Take these push rods over to that flying hotel."

The plan of action was signaled across the turbulent waters. Jeff followed the course of the rubber boat. As it swung high, it brought to view the sober, concerned faces of the crew. Then they had bumped against the survey plane and were aboard. It seemed no time at all before her propellers were thrashing the water and she made a lumbering take-off. As she circled in grateful acknowledgment, he and Mac waved their arms, prolonging the action immoderately, knowing that after she had disappeared there would be a heavy silence for a long time.

MAC was the first to break it. "She couldn't have made it, sir, with a half-pound more of anything."

Jeff smiled at him.

Rigging a sea anchor out of buckets and canvas helped to slow the drift of the plane. The storm had worked well up to them now and rain beat against the stranded craft. Their engines were soaked, but it made no difference. They couldn't have taken off on one, anyway. From time to time, as rain and spray filled the hull they would bail her out. Beyond that, there was nothing but the long hours of waiting. Their fate was out of their own hands. The survey plane would give their position at the time she left them, but, outside of that, it was all up to a small tug wallowing toward them through an angry ocean.

They threw dice for the first watch, and Jeff got it. Mac settled himself for a damp repose. Jeff took his place at the rudder bar.

For diversion, he experimented with the radio set, finally achieving a weak reception. That helped the hours pass for a while until, quite without warning, a thin voice came through the air: "This is the dining-room of the Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach—"

Distant as music in a dream he heard *The Song of the Islands*. He snapped it off quickly. He didn't want much of *that*.

Around eleven the pounding of the waves had increased to a fury of attack. He woke McIlvay up.

"I'm afraid that lower wing may carry away. If it does, she'll turn turtle on us."

"That's right, sir."

"Guess we'll have to give up all idea of saving her. Let's cut the fabric from the lower wings."

Blinking the sleep from his eyes, McIlvay nodded. Reaching for a line, he drew it around his waist. Jeff secured the rudder. Then, with their life lines lashed to struts, knives in their belts, they made their way, each toward a separate wing tip.

Before he reached his goal, Jeff was soaked to the bone. Clinging with desperate strength, he would go down into the trough of some big swell with incredible speed and violence. There would be a comparatively calm period during which he would gain a few inches. Then, with horrid force, the wing would be propelled upward. Up, up, through the darkness.

To break this demoniac rhythm, now and then she would catch a green one broadside. And, engulfed in a nightmare, Jeff would still be conscious enough to feel the pain of terror in every limb. Would the next wave wrench away all the material world left to him?

AT THE wing's end he paused to be quite thoroughly sick at his stomach. That over, he coiled his legs around a strut, digging his heels into the fabric, and started to slash, moving backwards as the drenched wing covering fell away. It was easily an hour later that he reached the hull. Mac climbed back a little later, his face white and strained.

"We can check that off the list, now," Jeff encouraged.

They sat and waited. Jeff didn't feel as encouraged as he sounded. He was waiting for something else. Something that had been on the books to happen for quite a while. About three o'clock it came. A big wave hit them on the port wing. The impact sent vibrations of panic through the metal of the hull. As it subsided, the battered hulk went sharply over to port.

"There it is!" Jeff groaned. "The port wing tip float's carried away."

He lashed the life line around himself again. "I'll hold her down a spell," he called out, as he quickly hoisted himself up on the edge of the cockpit. . . .

By the first faint light in the east, the seas were still running high, but the swells were longer, less turbulent. There were breaks in the scudding cloud mass through which Jeff could see the color of dawn. Lashed across the wreckage of the lower wing tip, it had come to Carson several times during the last couple of hours that maybe they *weren't* going to get away with this.

Right now, he was past any such sharp thoughts. He was engaged in trying to keep his cramped muscles from giving up the job. If he moved they responded with terrifying slowness. He had just achieved a victory in getting one leg half across a spar when an upward bob of the plane revealed the inflamed horizon and against it a speck which might be the Kingfisher.

He tried to raise himself, to shout to Mac, but exposure and fatigue had reduced his voice to a croak. Mac was wont to look

over the cockpit at short intervals, he knew, but even a short interval might be too long. The boat could easily miss them unless Mac signaled.

It would have been easier to just stay still on the wing and let Fate decide. But he fumbled through to a solution. Gathering his tortured muscles, he rolled once, twice, to the center of the wing. The corresponding lurch of the plane brought Mac's face over the edge of the fuselage. Jeff, lying on his back, raised a hand to the horizon. After that, he didn't remember much of anything except the great red stars from the signal pistol glowing larger and larger in the sky, to burst into a glorious spray, until they dazzled his eyes, and he closed them. . . .

THERE was considerable hubbub at the dock when the Kingfisher warped in late Monday afternoon. But the sunshine, the blare of the welcoming band, the brash colors of the leis with which they were adorned, all seemed strangely muted. Jeff supposed that the bright reality of this world was too much for him all at once.

Then it was over, finally, and he was sitting on the edge of his bed, facing the fact that Virginia hadn't been at the dock. Even though Friday had washed him all up with her, still she might have been down on the dock just to show an old friend she was glad he was back at all.

That, he supposed was that. Maybe he'd put in for Alaskan survey duty again. "Sour grapes" duty. You couldn't take a wife there, even if you had one.

To a knock on the door he answered absently, and was almost dumfounded when Hap Lockhart walked in.

"Glad to see you," said Hap. Guardedly Jeff took the proffered hand. "Nice piece of work you did out there."

"Utility duty with trimmings."

"Yeah, but *what* trimmings!"

Hap's voice was honestly admiring. Then casually, so casually that even Jeff's suspicious ear couldn't catch the effort it took, "Hadn't you better hurry? You'll be late."

"Late? For what?"

"For dinner with Virginia. At the Moana, I believe."

"But that was Fri—" Then he caught the look on Hap's face. "Do you mean it?"

"Sure, you old son of a gun! Come on; snap out of it! I'll put the buttons in your mess jacket." . . .

There was a moon showering silver down and an orchestra playing heartbreaking tunes, but it might have been in Europe for all that they heard and saw.

The girl of Jeff's heart was saying, her lovely face as ardent as any man could wish, "When you were out there fighting that storm and nobody knew whether you'd get through or not, I realized what a fool I'd been."

Jeff captured her hand across the table.

"As if I could sit on a beach and think whether I loved anybody or not. It's the way I felt when you were out in that plane that made me realize—"

"Realize what, honey?"

"That it is you I love."

The setting had its disadvantages. He couldn't take her in his arms, but life stretched ahead, rosy, glorious.

"There isn't any particular point in waiting, is there?"

"No."

"I'll get leave and we'll go to Hilo. We're in luck. That's the place in all the world to have a honeymoon."

They were drinking their coffee when Jeff looked up and saw McIlvay heading their way. His face resembled nothing so much as a troubled harvest moon. Jeff literally froze with horrid anticipation.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, but I thought—uh—I thought you ought to know—"

"Know what?"

"We've got dispatch orders, sir."

"Where to?"

"Washington, sir."

"When?"

"Commercial transportation. We're leaving on the Malolo in the morning."

AFTER McIlvay had gone, Jeff ventured to steal a glance at Virginia. She was sipping her coffee demurely.

"You—uh—heard that?"

"Yes."

"It's a darn' shame. I'm sick about it."

"Don't worry, dear."

He stared at her.

She gave him a reassuring smile. "I decided that as long as I was going to marry a Safety-Pin Pilot, I'd just keep a bag packed."

Which way will the Elephant jump?

(*Continued from page 19*)

did. Practically every feature of the Roosevelt program has been urged by Progressive Republican senators in years gone by. Certainly, this is true of the public works program, the relief appropriations, the AAA, unemployment insurance, the devaluation of the dollar, abandonment of the gold standard, silver purchase and manipulation, the Muscle Shoals development, and the destruction of public utility holding companies. In addition, it is perfectly true that Mr. Roosevelt's real political soul mates in the Senate are not the regular Democratic leaders but those senators who, like Norris and LaFollette, have cast aside the party labels and refused to affiliate with either of the old parties.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that old-fashioned, conservative Democrats should have been alienated. There remains of the Democratic Party nothing to which they can cling.

So much for the effect of the New Deal upon the Democratic Party. Now for the effect upon the Republicans:

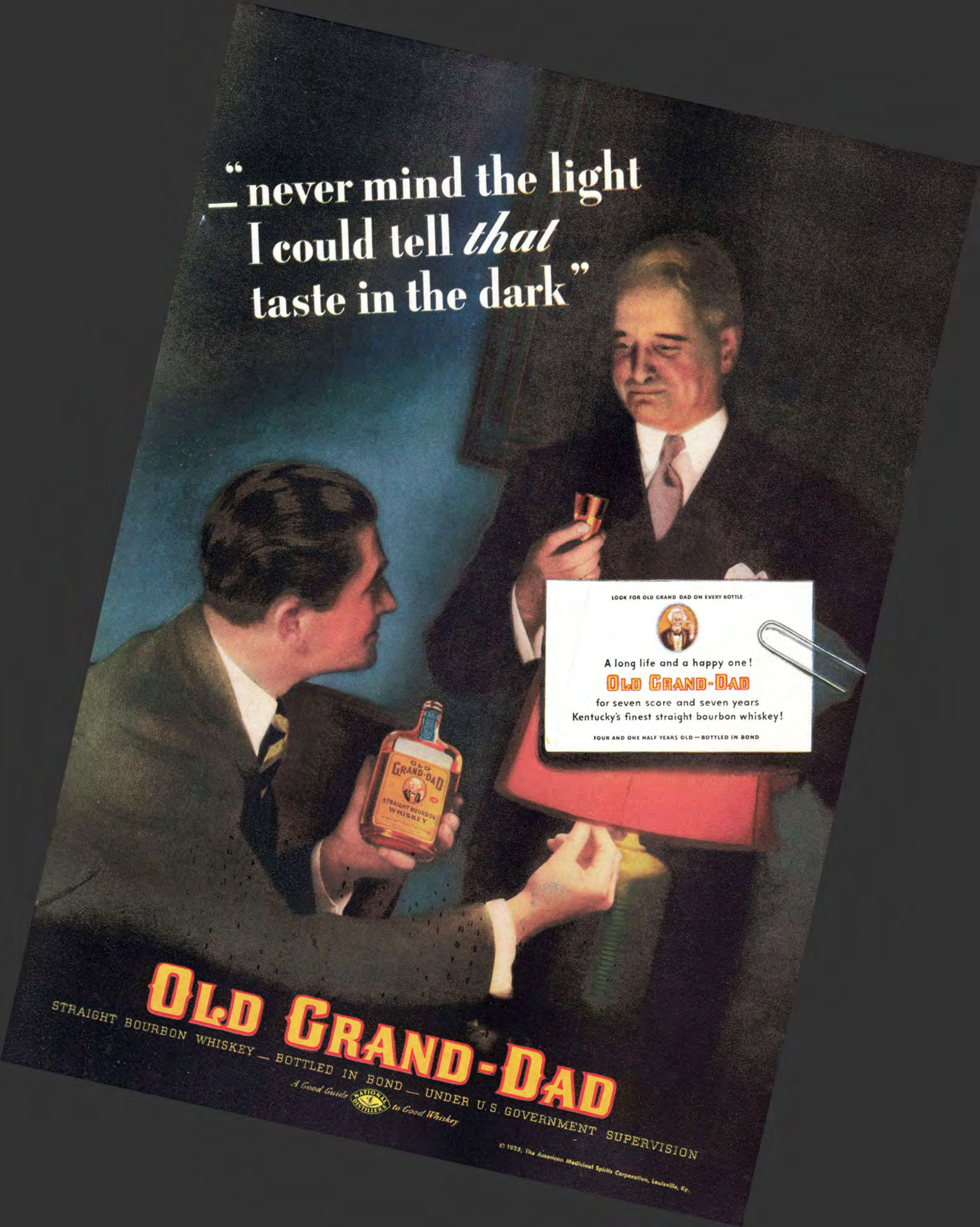
That party finds itself in a curious and somewhat ridiculous position. Its traditional high-tariff policy is in the discard. Its hunt for a historic party principle upon which it can base its appeal is futile. The Progressive wing, with which it has always had trouble, has now gone over to the Roosevelt, or, as some prefer to call it, the Socialist Democratic Party. The net result is that, with no affirmative program and no outstanding leader, the Republican Party has been reduced by the New Deal to espousing the castoff Democratic policy of states' rights and molding itself along lines calculated to attract conservative Democrats who regard the New Deal as radical, unsound, and un-Democratic.

The plain fact is that the New Deal has swept away all the old political mileposts and divided the country between those who are pro- and those who are anti-New Deal. On the anti-New Deal side, consider such distinguished men as Mr. Ogden L. Mills, Republican, and Senator Carter Glass, Democrat. It would baffle anyone to find a vital point upon which they diverge. On the pro-New Deal side, it would be equally hard to detect the difference between a Republican like Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California and a Democrat such as Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana.

It seems clear, therefore, that the Republican Party must offer itself primarily as the refuge of those who disbelieve in and distrust the whole New Deal philosophy. To achieve victory, Republicans are prepared to adopt the Democratic states' rights principle and the Democratic platform of 1932. Upon that, it is argued, the anti-New Deal citizens of both parties should be able to unite. In other words, Republicanism as heretofore understood is about to disappear. The label is literally the only thing left. . . .

IN DEALING with the third point—the effect of the New Deal upon the country—let me repeat that I mean the political, not the economic, effect. Briefly, the effect has been to divide the voters more cleanly than ever before into the two great natural classes of political thought—conservative and liberal. Owing to the New Deal, there promises to be in the next fight more of a real issue between the two parties than for several generations. Beyond question, the Republicans will be the conservative party, and the Democrats, headed by Mr. Roosevelt, will be the liberal, or, if you prefer, the radical or progressive, party.

As to the result, who can tell? Under normal circumstances, when not frightened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by an emergency or inflamed by prejudice, the great bulk of the voters are conservative. It could hardly be otherwise in a country where, out of 120,000,000 people, there are 65,000,000 individual life insurance policy holders, 45,000,000 savings bank depositors, and 15,000,000 homeowners. Such a country is bound to be conservative at heart.

But in the next election the New Deal has certain practical political assets of very great weight, indeed. One of these is the vastly increased number of people it has put on the federal pay roll. The other is the political potency of the $5,000,000,000 the administration has to spend in the form of relief and public works. The question is whether these, added to the Roosevelt popularity and the appeal of his radical policies, can overcome the normal conservative majority, which is deeply stirred by the conflict of the New Deal with the Constitution. No one, I think, can do more than guess about this at present. The thing, however, which does seem clear, and which this article is designed to stress, is that a broad issue has arisen which makes purely partisan voting in the next election more than usually absurd.

AS FOR coalition, the question of such a party in the next campaign has been very much to the front recently. Many people cannot understand why the Republicans and the conservative Democrats, who think alike about the New Deal, should not coalesce. Various ways have been suggested:

One is that, after the conservative Democrats have nominated a ticket and adopted a platform, the Republicans make them both their own. Another is the nomination by the Republicans of an anti-New Deal Democrat, such as Senator Byrd of Virginia or Lewis W. Douglas, and the adoption of the 1932 repudiated Democratic platform. Another is that—the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt being more vital than a party victory—the Republicans drop their name and reorganize under a new label, such as the Constitutional Party, under which banner Democrats could rally.

None of these methods will be adopted, because none is practical. The fact is that unless some totally unexpected turn of the wheel occurs, there will be no coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats —for a number of very sound reasons:

One reason is that there is no man and no group of men within the Republican Party with whom a conservative Democratic group desiring to coalesce could do business. There is no one on the Republican side who could "deliver the goods" if a bargain were made. This is equally true of the conservative Democrats. There is no way by which the necessary agreements could be achieved before the convention, because there is no one who can, with authority, make a trade.

A second reason is the insuperable practical political obstacles presented by the local candidates. These by law, in the several states, are compelled to run as Democrats or Republicans. If the coalition on a presidential candidate occurred, would the Democrats support the Republican local candidates, or the Republicans the Democrats? How far down the line would or could they go? What, under such a coalition, becomes of the precinct and ward organizations? Any practical politician will appreciate these difficulties.

A third reason why there will be no coalition is that neither Mr. Douglas nor Senator Byrd is susceptible to the suggestion of becoming the Republican candidate. Each is anti-New Deal, but party loyalty and the fear of resentment upon the part of voters deter both from going the limit.

THERE is still another reason: The Republicans have lost their desire for coalition. After the great New Deal victory in November, 1934, they were so dispirited that there was an inclination to make any sacrifice in order to form an effective opposition. At that time it seemed there was no chance in 1936 for the election of a Republican president. But things have changed. Even Mr. Roosevelt's warmest friends concede there is some doubt about his re-election—that it will be a fight.

The Republicans now believe that the tide has turned and that there is better than an even chance of winning, regardless of who the nominee may be. If their convention were held today, the Republican candidate would probably be one of three men: Colonel Frank Knox of Chicago, Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas, or Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan. There has been considerable newspaper talk about Senator Borah of Idaho. The Borah boom, however, is more sentimental than practical. There is no real expectation among politicians that he will be nominated. He, himself, I should say, has no illusions about the fact and no real desire for the nomination. Able, eloquent, and honest as he is, it is extremely unlikely that the Republicans, faced with the necessity of being the conservative party, will nominate an inflationist who voted for the bonus and is of the free-silver school. Sentimentally he is in the picture, but practically not—any more than is Mr. Hoover. Ordinarily, the latter would be the logical nominee, but it is conceded that his selection would revive the prejudices of the 1932 campaign and play directly into the New Deal hands.

ACTUALLY, the question of the Republican nominee this time is not vitally important. So long as he is a man of character and capacity, he need not be brilliant or outstanding. If the tide has turned against Mr. Roosevelt, the Republicans can win with anyone. If it has not turned, then they will lose, no matter whom they name. In this country presidential candidates are not elected—they are beaten. The people vote against someone, not for.

In any event, there will be no coalition as to the ticket. The coalition, in the event of a Republican victory, will come *after* the election, not before. It will come because the Republican president, should there be one next time, will be compelled to form a coalition government. There isn't any way out of it. It may even be that the Republican candidate, before election, will assure the country that, if elected, he not only will apportion half of his Cabinet to conservative Democrats, but will make no clean sweep of Democrats in the minor federal jobs. A coalition government, should he win, will be not only in the personal and political interests of the Republican president but of the country as well. Failure to form one would doom the administration to ignominious failure.

The reason is simple. Even if the Republican president should be elected by a great majority, the Senate, now more than two-thirds Democratic, will remain controlled by the Democrats for at least four more years. Everybody agrees about that. This means that unless he has a working understanding with Democratic senators, insuring co-operation, the Republican president could not enact any sort of program nor get so much as a third-class postmaster confirmed. The only way he could get Senate co-operation would be through a coalition administration in which he is generous enough to the Democrats to put public sentiment behind him and force co-operation upon the majority. This would mean, I think, the filling of at least half the Cabinet with Democrats and treating the minor positions with a complete disregard of partisan requirements.

The reason why I think the Republican candidate will have to deal with this situation in his campaign, if not in his platform, is that if he does not, the New Dealers naturally will drive home the point of futility. "What," they will say, "is the sense of electing a Republican who can't do anything?" This, it seems to me, will pretty well force the Republican standard bearer to meet the issue. If he wins, he will have to make good, and a coalition government would be certain. Four years of that sort of administration, and a real Conservative Party might emerge. Four years of that, and the old party labels at last might become wholly impotent and party politics be once more conducted under a sound and sensible formula—the two parties representing real schools of political thought rather than nothing at all.

I NOMINATE FOR PRESIDENT

★

WHO is your choice for the next President of the United States? The 1936 presidential campaign is already steaming up. As it gathers speed and excitement, politicians and political dopesters will be doing a lot of public picking, but here's a chance for you, as a private citizen, to tell the world whom you want to be elected next November, and why. For the best letter answering the question and giving specific reasons why you favor your candidate, we will pay $25; second best, $15; third, $10.

Keep your letter as short as possible. Address Nomination, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No letters will be considered after December 15, 1935. None will be returned.

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Unknown Hunky

(*Continued from page 107*)

into his overalls and came up with a round brass check.

"Noomer six hoonert t'irty-t'ree," said the man. "Maranoff Niko."

Nate Haugherty grinned.

"You may be noomer six hoonert t'irty-t'ree," said Nate, "but if you are Nick Maranoff I am Ivan the Terrible. . . . So Nick took a runout powder and sold his check to you? How much did you pay him for it?"

"Ten dollar, mist'r," said noomer six hoonert t'irty t'ree.

"Well," advised his boss, "see to it that you make that ore scoop sing 'My Country 'Tis of Thee ' or you'll be writing off that ten spot as a total loss. Come over here. I want to show you something."

HE TOOK 633 to the hole in the bin floor that opened to the elevator boot.

"Look," explained the boss. "This ore is heavy. No go easy. Must push'm down this hole so elevator ke<ch'm. All right. You push. Bend shovel handle. Make every bucket ketch big load. When I see empty buckets—no dump ore up top in hopper, that's when you lose your ten-dollar investment in this job. That's when you ketch fire Understand, 633?"

"Plenty, mist'r," he declared. "Mus' full op every bockets, me. No do dot, I ketch fire, go op track talk myself, no got no more payday."

"Okay," said young Nate Haugherty. "Now, what's your name?"

Mr. 633 parted his lips to speak. But he stayed "633, Maranoff, Niko," on the time books and the pay-roll sheets of Susquehanna Steel. Before 633 could give Nate Haugherty a Croatian name to take the place of that Bulgarian one, steel got 633.

For just then No. 3 let go. No. 3 kicked like eighty million army mules. Fine ore, unnodulized, had made an arch in No. 3 blast furnace, hanging the charge. Below the arch the charge had melted down. For a long time the arch had held. Then, suddenly, the whole stackful had dropped—hundreds of tons of ore and flux and fuel. It dropped upon the molten bath of pig iron gathered in the hearth; and, with a jolt that shook the earth, No. 3 tore her shirt. A blast of suddenly generated gas blew the heavy explosion doors wide open. High on her side these safety lids swung up, releasing dangerous pressure, and banged down again with a terrific slap, to hang there clattering furiously as, with less explosive violence, the gases continued to rush out. With a prolonged and savage roar, No. 3 snorted forth red dust and fumes that rose in a column a thousand feet in height; and all about her hot coke showered down, and fine ore rained, and chunks of limestone rattled like infernal hail.

Down in their hole Nate Haugherty and 633 were safe enough, it seemed. Above them were track girders, and on these girders stood the car of flue-dust. It should have offered them protection. Instead, it brought them death. Death to the unknown Croat, and danger of a very dreadful end to young Nate Haugherty. For a piece of limestone which had been blasted through one of No. 3's explosion doors, hit earth close to the car of flue-dust, and, bounding, struck, by one chance in a million, the latch that kept the drop doors closed.

If the car had been loaded with blast furnace ore there would have been no tragedy. But flue-dust is another thing. Flue-dust is very fine. So fine that it is carried out of the blast furnace stacks and over into the gas flues. So comes its name. But gas from the blast furnaces is never wasted. It is high in fuel. It is led to the great blowing engines, and there it furnishes the power for the blast. But before the giant engines dare explode it in their polished cylinders, this gas must be clean. It is screened. It is even washed. But first of all it is led to a huge chamber called the dust-catcher—a vast, round-bellied, empty receptacle. In it the gas whirls slowly, dropping a great part of the dirt it carries. From the dust-catcher this is drawn off into cars, a product rich in iron, but very difficult of disposal—a problem which, so it was hoped, the nodulizing plant would solve.

And so a car of it had come to stand upon the girders above the nodulizing plant ore bin. There it had stood, waiting until old No. 3 let go a kick, loaded with death. And then, because someone had failed to properly set a drop-door latch, a chunk of limestone, bounding, knocked it back, loosing a dreadful red cascade. For flue-dust holds infernal heat a long, long while. They quench it as they load it, enough to save car paint. But, deep inside, the load remains for hours at a dull-red heat.

So, suddenly, young Nate Haugherty and 633 found themselves cut off from the little ladder of steel rounds which would have let them climb out of the ore bin. Before them fell a red cascade—a dust-fall that ran free as water from the car above them. It hemmed them back against the wall. It crawled toward them, sliding upon itself. Dull red it was, so dull as to be almost black; but the heat of it smote the two men in their faces, so that they knew, without a doubt, what horror was in store.

Pitilessly it came. It did not heap up, as ore heaps, but flattened out, and spread, almost as water spreads.

THE great bull voice of young Nate Haugherty called for help; but the elevator clattered on its sprockets, and the long kiln, turning, turning, gnarred its gears, and the oil flame in it roared, and the shifting engine, puffing upgrade toward the ore bin, helped to keep that desperate voice unheard. And so the powdered death slid forward, soft, silent, stealthy, merciless, like some great cat's paw sliding out toward cornered prey—until it touched the shoe soles of those two.

Then frantic terror seized 633. He saw no way but one to get out of that ghastly trap. He took it. Before Nate Haugherty

could seize him he was gone. Across that dusty flood he splashed. Straight through the dull-red falling curtain. So he reached the ladder. So he climbed it.

Nate Haugherty knew that 633 had chosen death. It seemed sure death, also, to stay. But one chance remained. His shouting might be heard before it was too late. And then a piece of rope let down, a piece of wire, a piece of chain.

Chain! Standing there waiting, with his shoe soles curling underneath his burning feet, Nate Haugherty remembered—chain! Almost directly over him, in his mind's eye, he could see a bright new elevator chain, coiled in orderly fashion. Clearly Nate Haugherty could vision it, right there above him, ready for his rescue, were only someone there to lower it to him.

"Stanko! Stanko! Stanko!"

The elevator chain, its buckets empty, made much more noise than when it lifted ore. If only it would stop its useless clatter, then his voice . . .

Beside the very ear of Haugherty came a heavenly clattering of chain! He reached high as he wheeled. He grasped it, grasped that chain let down from heaven, and swiftly pulled his knees up to his chain. Heat billowed up beneath him as a dull-red avalanche surged against the wall. It would have covered him to the knees.

His heart filled with a mighty thanks to God, and to broad-backed Stanko Melosovitch. Both had heard his cry.

He climbed. He reached the wall top, clambered out.

But it wasn't Stanko. God had heard him—but not Stanko Melosovitch.

At the top of the wall, braced with the last shreds of his strength against the pull of big Nate Haugherty's jerking weight, was 633.

The face of 633 was a bitter thing to see. Agony wrote itself across the features of 633. His clothes—what clothes there were upon him—smoldered. A reek was in the air that all old steel men know, with shuddering. His hat . . . his shoes . . .

As big Nate Haugherty drew himself to safety, the strength from God drained out of 633. Nate Haugherty caught him as he crumpled down. . . .

THEY never got the name of 633. At Ironville, Pa., steel has taken many a man. But it never took as brave a one as 633, whom even his brother Croats know only as Nepoznati Hrvat—the Unknown Croatian. Once through that inferno of spreading, falling flue-dust, once up the ladder and out of that death pit, he had not stopped to tear away the clothes that seared the brave life out of him. His thoughts, in torment, had been thoughts of someone other than himself, of one whom he had left back there, with red death crawling to submerge him. And, with red death upon himself, he had run about the ore bin top until he came above the place where big Nate Haugherty stood.

The Unknown Hrvat never spoke again. Once he collapsed, there at the ore pit's edge, consciousness never came to him again. . . .

N.H., says the tall stack, which, long years later, Susquehanna Steel erected in memoriam.

N.H.—Nathanael Haugherty. The bohunks say Nepoznati Hrvat, the Unknown Croat. But the bohunks are wrong. That N.H. does not stand for Nepoznati Hrvat. There is a much more beautiful memorial in Ironville for the Unknown Croat.

If no one knew this man, if he had no identification on him—how, then, was it known that he was a Croat? It was known by this: Tied to a bit of twine about his neck, resting upon his breast, was found a little bag of dirt. It was a bit of the beloved earth that had through many a century of honest toil sustained the dead man's fathers. It was Croatia in that little bag. Only one people, by this simple custom, show so deep a love of fatherland.

Big young Nate Haugherty took, with reverence, the little sack from the dead man's chest, and gave it to old Grga Vukovitch, the watchman at the main gate. He was the Croat whom Haugherty knew best, the oldest Croat, the one most likely to know how to honor a brave brother.

And Grga placed, with reverence, that little bit of dirt in the flower bed which he kept smiling before his smoke-grimed shanty. He marked the spot and kept a small space clear about it.

A LEGEND has grown up about the bed of gorgeous violets that has grown at the main entrance to Susquehanna Steel. It says that in that little bed there is no earth of Pennsylvania . . . that through the years all earth of Pennsylvania has been lifted out, a spoonful at a time, and then replaced, a spoonful at a time, by precious little sacks of soil that came, by thousands and by thousands, to Grga Vukovitch from every portion of America. The lovely legend says that there, before the watchman's shanty, Croatia blooms.

At any rate, when you go into Susquehanna Steel, there, just inside the main gate, nodding bright faces at you, is a sort of violet that you have not known. Dainty as lilies of the valley, but not so chaste, so virginal, so cold. Warm, friendly little things. They are Croatian violets, which are not blue. They are sky-colored, but their color is the dawn.

If you should stop and ask old Grga Vukovitch the name of them, he would tell you, "Liubitsa."

And you would recognize in that, if you had only ever so little Slavic, the root of "ljubav," which means "love." The "itsa" is a much-used affix in Croatian, an affectionate diminutive.

"Ljubica" is the Croatian spelling. And each can make his own translation of it. But when the girl you're in love with looks so sweet, and when the presence of her is so fragrant that your heart just sings, that's when you call her "Ljubica," if you are a Croat.

No flower ever carried such a perfect name. No flower is more beloved. One Hrvat legend says that the ljubica pines and dies away from home, that, indeed, it will not even spring up to the sun at all unless its seed had fallen and lain ripening in good Croatian earth. And yet in Ironville, Pa., a bed of them luxuriantly thrives.

Beyond the gate where Grga stands his watch, the tall memorial stack in honor of N.H. commands your eye—N.H., which might stand for Nepoznati Hrvat, but does not. But at your feet Croatian violets offer their perfume. There, in America, happily they grow, nodding small, friendly faces, colored like the dawn, in the sulphurous winds of Susquehanna Steel.

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How long do you SLEEP?

DRAWING BY GRAVES

By W. E. FARBSTEIN

THE traditional eight-hours' sleep requirement for adults, like all averages, is notably wrong in some cases. When the world's leading men were questionnaired on their sleep habits not long ago, their "ideal" dreamland requirements varied from five to twelve hours! Furthermore, recent research at the University of Chicago shows that eight hours of sleep is really too much for the average person—although the researchers advise everybody to get this amount anyhow, not for health reasons but because "sleep is a pleasure."

A series of observations in Germany demonstrates that the *quality* of sleep is all-important. It was shown that a deep sleep of six hours is more refreshing than a shallow sleep of eight. Also, that one can train oneself to get enough sleep in four hours. Another German scientist proved that nothing—neither rest nor additional nourishment—can substitute for sleep; that a sufficient amount of it is absolutely necessary.

Poor Sleepers

Jack McCarthy, the aged baker who died recently in Ireland, habitually baked all night and hunted all day. His definition of sleep was, "It's only a habit." He had reduced his sleep time to five or six hours a week by a gradual cutting-down process over a period of many years.

The Patriarch of the Coptic Church, resident in Alexandria, Egypt, does not get much rest. If he falls asleep, he is awakened, as a part of the sect's ritual, by his attendants every fifteen minutes.

Sleep Inducers

The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, of London, reports great success in overcoming insomnia by reading a Latin grammar.

Prof. John B. Morgan, of Chicago, has invented a machine which puts one to sleep by producing a monotonous, low, humming sound.

A European physician recently invented a complicated diagram to hang on a wall. Insomnia is cured by staring fixedly at its involved lines.

Sleep Postures

Left-handed people have a greater tendency to sleep on their left sides—but right-handed people have no dominant preference, according to recent studies.

Investigators have been unable to find any good reason why Pullman passengers should sleep with their heads in the direction of the train's motion.

The Urubu Indian tribes of Brazil have the quaintest sleeping custom in the world. The oldest members of the tribe sleep on the ground, the middle-aged lie on top of them, and the young on top of the middle-aged, forming a human pyramid.

Dreams

Recent electrical measurements reveal that most dreams last from two to three minutes.

Only three dreams out of ten are pleasant ones, according to research at Southwestern University.

Dr. Louise Pond, of the University of Nebraska, reports there is a tendency towards pompous language in one's speech in dreams.

Animals' Sleep

Apes and monkeys in the zoo require as much sleep as men.

Elephants sleep in shifts of two or three hours at a time.

A London zoologist reports that some fish sleep on their sides. All sleep with their eyes open.

An Australian bird called the frogmouth sleeps so soundly that it can be lifted from its perch in the daytime without being awakened.

Hummingbirds sleep more than other birds.

The Captive Bride

(*Continued from page 43*)

I thought I had. But she was what we in this place call a 'down-below' woman. She didn't care for my river or the life of a riverman's wife. So I let her go back to her own country."

Denny said, "I suppose you let her go—for the sake of the river?"

"Not exactly. I just felt that even if I could have persuaded her to marry me, I never should have had her completely. And it was better to let her go back than to have only half her heart." . . .

BELOWSTAIRS River House was seething with preparations for the dinner which was the crowning festivity of the Stikine hunting season. Harp was in the kitchen standing beside a yellow porcelain wash boiler of ten-gallon capacity, and surrounded by the component parts of his punch—an imposing array of cans, bowls of fruit juice, and bottles. In his hand was a smooth paddle of spruce, and in his eye the visionary gleam of the artist who contemplates the materials for a masterpiece.

Rio, cool and languid, came in from the living-room.

"Turned laundress, Harp?" She cocked an inquiring eyebrow at the boiler.

"Lady!" he intoned. "You see me about to build The Punch. The beverage that has made the name of Harper I. MacFarlane hallowed beside hundreds of far-flung campfires and in dozens of palatial clubs where wistful sportsmen breathe its name with reverence."

"I must get your formula, Harp," said Rio, turning away. "It would be just the drink for a lady to serve her boy friend when she wants a new diamond bracelet."

As she disappeared, Harp looked at the housekeeper. "You know, Honey-Jo, I'm getting so I like that gal. She's so darned honest about her gold-digging."

"I know. Even Derek's beginning to thaw out," replied Honey-Jo, slapping frosting on a fruitcake. "He took her riding yesterday." She darted a glance at Harp. "I suppose you'll be next."

"Not this little man! I don't stack up high enough for her game. But I sure would like to watch her sit in and deal to some four-flusher like Jack Page. You say Page was sore when he found out Miss Denise had sold to the skipper?"

Honey-Jo chuckled. "Sore and plumb flabbergasted. He didn't waste no more time hanging round Tarnigan. The very next morning he high-tails it downriver on the Taku Wind."

The Hunt Dinner followed the traditions established by the first master of River House. Candles furnished the softly bright light in the living-room, where the hunters were already assembled. They wore fringed and embroidered shirts of fine white caribou—their last gesture of sartorial freedom before returning to the prosaic habiliments of civilization.

Denny, taken off guard by her first glimpse of Revelry Bourne standing before the fireplace, was conscious of a faint thrill. He was a tall *courier du bois* in a fringed buckskin suit. With Tongass beside him, he made a picture that epitomized all the romance of the old fur-trading days.

"A fitting master for River House," Denny conceded as he came forward smiling to greet her and Rio.

During the ensuing quarter of an hour Denny watched the red-headed woman with amusement. Rio was in her element among men; gay, laughing, flattering, with a sort of broad, good-humored camaraderie that warmed them all. She was wise, too. When the hunters learned that they were to sit down to a stag dinner they protested gallantly. Denny would have been deceived by their show of earnestness, but Rio leaned close and said under her breath, "They're putting it on too thick to be convincing, girl. Let's beat it. They can have more fun alone."

The housekeeper had a peephole in the kitchen door so that she might keep an eye on her serving boys. She billowed over to it and looked through. "They're all sitting at the table now. Only the doctor's chair is empty, poor lamb! I wonder where he is tonight? . . . The skipper's at the head ladling out the punch just as your father used to do, Miss Denise. And—why, he's filling his own glass!" Astonishment rang in her voice. "He's breaking his own rule about not drinking during steamboat season! . . . Now they're all standing for a toast."

Then Bourne's quiet voice came distinctly:

"To the founder of this board, whose chair no other man can ever adequately fill. Gentlemen—Larry Keith!"

Honey-Jo at the peephole reported: "The skipper's keeping them going just the way your father used to, Miss Denise. And a rare host was Larry Keith. But the skipper—well, he didn't get that nickname 'Revelry' for nothing when he was going to the university."

DENNY and Rio finished their dinner just as the clock chimed nine. In the living-room the banquet was still going on, the merriment mounting with each course.

Honey-Jo, who had been keeping Dr. Van Cleve's portion warm in the oven, now took the food out. "Poor lamb, he can't possibly get in tonight," she said regretfully. "It's too dark in the Back Country where the road runs along the edge of a dozen canyons. It's only an emergency that could keep a body traveling so late."

"Then he'll miss the boat in the morning," said Denny. "Rio, have you really decided to stay in Tarnigan for the winter?"

Rio nodded. "Detained by unfinished business," she explained flippantly. "I'll probably be sorry just as soon as the last boat leaves. On the other hand, if I go

now, all my life I'll be thinking I missed something."

Denny decided to go upstairs and read the letters which had come in on the Maid a few hours before. To avoid passing through the living-room she went into the cardroom, and paused there a moment to listen to the uproarious merrymaking of the hunters. The voices of the Commander, Harp, and Revelry were lifted in a spirited rendition of *The Old Gray Mare Came a-Tearin' Out the Wilderness.* The others were ripping out a raucous accompaniment on birch-bark moose-calls.

Out of doors, high on the hill-crest road, a horse neighed. A hoarse voice rasped on the crisp night air, hazing weary pack animals down toward River House. Those inside the log lodge heard nothing but the merrymaking of the diners.

Then heavy steps pounded on the flagged terrace; the outer living-room door was flung open; and the revelers, hushed on mid-note, turned startled eyes toward Dr. Pool Van Cleve, who stalked into the light.

A moment's shocked stillness followed the doctor's entrance, as every eye took in his dark face, gaunt with suffering, the tattered right sleeve of his hunting jacket hanging empty and stiff with blood, his bent forearm in an improvised splint, strapped across his body.

"Don't bother, boys. It was nothing but an argument with a grizzly. Jumped me when I had only a grouse gun. I nailed him, but he raked my arm a little." The doctor's pale lips twisted into a pained smile. "Go on with your dinner. After I've washed up a bit I'll join you."

To the sportsmen, whose perceptions were slightly muddled by the punch, his words gave no hint that his injury might be serious. But Denny heard with a prickle of alarm; and as Van Cleve started across the living-room toward the hall, she stepped back, intending to meet him on the stairway and offer assistance.

SHE was passing from the cardroom into the hall when she saw that Bourne had joined the doctor. Neither man was aware of her presence.

Bourne asked, "Pretty bad, Van?"

The doctor looked down at his bandaged forearm and nodded. "I think—I'm afraid—" His next words were so low that Denny heard only the last of the sentence —"injured. But I may have a chance if I can reach a doctor within twelve hours. Otherwise—" He finished with a shake of the head. "I've already sent my guide to the radio office to order a plane from Ketchikan."

"A plane . . . twelve hours," Bourne repeated thoughtfully. He swung aside to look at the aneroid barometer and studied it a moment, frowning and drawing in his lower lip.

As Van Cleve mounted the steps, Bourne stepped to the door of the living-room and beckoned. A moment later Harp, his face sobered to a hawklike alertness, stood beside him.

"Harp, the doctor's got to get to a hospital tonight. He's sent for a plane—but look at the barometer—28:46." Bourne tapped the glass of the instrument. "And still going down."

The foreman nodded gravely.

"That means an equinoctial gale blowing on the coast," Bourne continued in low, quick tones. "It will keep all planes on the ground for at least forty-eight hours." He paused, considering. Then, as if he had made a decision, said, "Go down to the Maid, Harp. Sound the emergency whistle to round up the crew."

"But, Skipper!" Harp said tensely, clutching Bourne's arm. "You're not thinking of trying to run the river tonight —in the dark—without even a moon?"

"We're wasting time, Harp." Bourne stopped him with an authoritative gesture. "I'm going to shoot some wires to the airports along the coast. It's barely possible a plane can come through. But in the meantime get going, old-timer."

Denny stood still, only vaguely aware of the laughter and song in the next room. Revelry Bourne, she thought, was ready to risk his life and his property at the need of a comparative stranger. She was coming close to the hearts of men tonight, and she felt an awed admiration for what she was finding there.

LATER, when Denny was in the kitchen watching Van Cleve as he sat at the table trying to eat with his left hand, the back door suddenly opened and Bourne came in from the radio station. After one look at the river captain's face, the doctor dropped his dark head on the upturned palm of his uninjured hand.

"I know," he said in a muffled tone. "No plane available."

"That's not the trouble, Van. There's a gale roaring along the coast—we don't feel it here because the coast range protects us—and no plane, either in Ketchikan or Juneau, can take off until it's over. Dodson, of Ketchikan, tried it when he got my message. He smashed a wing. Looks as if we'd have to go down to Wrangell on the Maid tonight, old man."

"No, Bourne. I can't let you take such chances for me."

"I've been taking chances on the river ever since I was old enough to handle a steering wheel, Van. I'll take you down tonight. Will you go?"

"Rev," Van Cleve answered hoarsely, "I believe you can make it. I'll go."

The two men went into the living-room to announce their departure.

"What's this? What's this?" demanded the colonel. "Not leaving tonight, are you, Captain? I understood—"

"Sorry, gentlemen. Van Cleve's got to reach a doctor tonight. I want you all to make yourselves at home here for a few days. I'll either be back myself to get you, or—I'll have another boat come up."

The colonel came forward protesting. "But, I say, Captain! We want to go now! We'll take our hats and the jolly old boiler, and continue the party on the boat. What?"

Bourne smiled, but his eyes remained grave. "Have some sense, boys. Van is obliged to take this chance, but you—"

"Chance!" the colonel seized on the word joyously. "Splendid! Sporting way to end our holiday!"

Bourne's further protests were lost in the chanting of the capering hunters. In the end he threw up both hands. "All right, you darned fools. Come along. But it's at your own risk. It's nearly eleven. I cast off in half an hour."

Denny stood alone in the living-room. Tonight, she thought, every soul aboard the Maid would live intensely on that wild journey to the coast. Once away from this

land, she would never know another night like this. Never another river.

She turned to run back into the house just as the captain came out onto the terrace, dressed in his ordinary clothes.

"Whoa, there!" he said, laughing. "At least, whoa long enough for me to tell you good-by."

"It isn't necessary, Captain!" she answered gaily. "I'm going with you."

"Nothing doing, young lady! You don't set foot on the Maid tonight. This is strictly an emergency trip and—well, it's just out of bounds for little girls!"

"But not for this particular little girl," she insisted. "I've got to go. There's something about this night—about the river— Oh, please—"

He put his hands on her shoulders, holding her at arm's length and considering her.

"So," he said at last, "you do have something of Larry Keith's spirit in you, after all." He laughed. "Little dark child, it's a lucky night when you and I run the Stikine—together." . . .

THE captain crossed the gangplank and ran up the companionway to the upper deck. He encountered Shan in the shadow of the pilothouse, fumbling with the drawstring of his beaded tobacco pouch. The old Indian pointed dramatically to the dark river rushing by, vaguely marked by surface whorls that dimpled fleetingly in the starlight. "No-o-o good! B-a-d!" And he tossed in a pinch of tobacco.

Bourne put an arm across the pilot's shoulders. "Oh, no, Shan. See!" He pointed toward the northern sky alive with pulsing lights. "Happy spirits dance tonight. Good luck, old-timer. We'll be in Wrangell before you know it."

Shan muttered something unintelligible.

"You hop up topside now and handle the searchlight," Bourne went on. "Watch sharp. Keep it trained on the rocks and points as we come to them. I'll switch it on and off from the pilothouse as I need it."

Though Shan unleashed a groan, he scrambled, agile as a boy, to the roof of the wheelhouse. Bourne stepped inside to the wheel and patted Tongass, already sitting erect on his seat; then jingled "Stand by" to the engine-room. A moment later he was calling, "All clear aft? . . . Cast off the bowline! Take in your spring!"

In the play of the searchlight, wooded points leaped out of blackness and flicked back into blackness again. Rocks sprang from the snarling water, flashed in brief phosphorescence and were gone. The swift, continuous changes of light and shadow had the effect of tremendous speed; the Maid seemed to be flinging behind her one menace after another. And gradually the watching Denny began to experience a highness of heart that had in it elation, anticipation, and a heady exhilaration. Then she remembered Van Cleve and, impelled by sudden sympathy, she descended to the dark saloon deck and made her way aft to his stateroom.

"Good evening, Doctor. May I come in?" He raised a face tense with suffering. "I just wanted to see if I could do anything for you—for your arm."

He answered gruffly, "Nothing, thanks. I'm afraid no one can do anything for that arm—ever. I won't lose it, of course, but the ulnar nerve's torn."

"Is that so—so serious?"

"Short of a miracle I'll never be able to hold an instrument again. It means—partial paralysis. My operating hand crippled—gone—"

Denny, her heart soft with pity, sat down beside him.

"Perhaps if you talked about it, Doctor, it might help," she suggested hesitantly.

He was silent so long she thought he had not heard. Then he began in a low, lifeless voice, "Perhaps it might. I don't see yet just how it happened. I'd read that a grizzly never attacks. Yet when I came on him unexpectedly at that turn in the trail, he rushed me, and I scarcely had time to raise my gun when he reared. I shot for the brain through his open mouth. He started to fall forward and I threw up my arm to protect my face. His claw ripped my forearm as he crashed down."

"And then—" prompted Denny.

"Well, I did what I could for myself. It didn't hurt—but there was a queer numbness. I kept telling myself it came from the tightness of the bandage—and loosened it. But—" He shook his head. "I knew—ulnar paralysis. My only chance was to reach a doctor within twenty-four hours."

"You still have a chance?"

He shrugged. "The nerve, properly cared for in the beginning, has been known to regenerate in a few cases."

"But when you get back to the States, with the best professional care, you'll—"

"I'm not going to the States now. The Wrangell doctor's a classmate of mine. One of the best men I know. After he sutures the nerve I'll have to wait on nature. So I'm going back to Tarnigan to wait. By spring I'll know. If I'm permanently crippled—I'll stay there." . . . His head dropped forward on his chest.

Laughter and gaiety on deck; hopelessness and despair below. Denny could only reach out and place a warm, compassionate palm over the doctor's hand. Then, realizing that he must want to be alone, she stood up.

"Doctor," she said sincerely, "I feel, somehow, that everything will turn out all right for you in the end. Perhaps you can get a little sleep if I go away."

She said good night and stepped out to the unlighted deck.

WHEN she reached the companionway she heard Bourne's voice from the pilothouse, above, in a single, curt command. There was a guttural response from Shan, crouched on top. The questioning finger of the searchlight swung sharply, and she stiffened, her eyes held in a sudden fascination of fright.

The Maid seemed to be standing still in the dark, while rushing toward her came the black, prowlike height of the first of the Three Sisters. Why didn't Bourne swing aside? Had he lost control of the wheel? She tore her gaze from the monstrous thing and looked up, to seek reassurance from the dim figure of Shan crouched above her on the top of the wheelhouse.

With one hand the old Indian was frantically hurling tobacco into the darkness. His intensity confirmed her fears. With a moan she closed her eyes and braced herself for the crash.

Seconds passed, and nothing happened. Doubting the evidence of her senses, she lifted her lids, to see the dark, granite flank of the Sister whirling past so close she could almost have touched it with

outstretched hand. The searchlight, probing ahead, swerved, and picked up the pyramid forms of the other two Sisters, stark against the night, with the leaping white of rapids serpentining between them.

One flashed past. Then the other. The hunters burst into a triumphant song. Shan's nearer voice rose in a wailing chant to his river gods. Denny's spirit joined with the old Indian in his pagan ritual of thankfulness for their deliverance.

In her cabin she remembered her still unread mail, which she had tucked into her coat pocket before leaving River House. She shifted the handful of envelopes, searching for those addressed in Murray's slanting script.

Very carefully she ran through them again.

Nothing from Murray.

SHE felt a sinking sense of unreality. Then alarm took possession of her. He must be ill—hurt. In dread expectancy, she ripped open her mother's letter. As she unfolded it, a clipping dropped out.

Her gaze moved down the scented pages of the letter, crowded with disconnected phrases made less intelligible by many underscorings, incoherent sentences, hysterical recriminations against "that woman" . . . "that devilish country" . . . "the newspapers." . . . What in the world was Sylvia trying to tell her?

Then her heart began a quick, premonitory thumping. She stooped, picked up the clipping, and spread it open under the light. A double-column headline blurred before her; cleared; and leaped out:

HEIRESS JILTED WHEN CLUBMAN WEDS WRITER

Plans for what promised to be the most elaborate wedding of the season here were rudely disrupted last night when a Reno justice of the peace was called from his bed to perform the marriage ceremony that united Murray Hart, prominent San Francisco socialite, and Madonna Baggs, writer of modernistic fiction and member of the local Bohemian colony.

Murray Hart and Madonna Baggs . . . gin wedding . . . her own name. Details of the elaborate preparations Sylvia had been making for the marriage of her daughter and Murray Hart. The story of Denny's life blazoned more or less facetiously upon the page.

As the fact forced itself through the fog of her disbelief, she saw herself arriving in San Francisco to face the sly laughter of acquaintances and, worse, the pity of her friends. . . . Pity! She would give them no chance for pity. She would return to River House—

She suddenly remembered that River House was hers no longer. She could not go back there. She must find another refuge.

"O-o-oh!" she moaned. Then, overcome by a feeling of suffocation, she stumbled toward the closed door, her mother's letter crumpled in her hand.

As she fumbled with the knob the clipping in her other hand slipped unheeded to the floor and settled there, outspread, just within the threshold.

She stood in the open doorway, her unseeing eyes fixed on the night flying by. . . . And then, with the quickness of a thunderclap, everything changed. Chilled air slapped her face. Swash of waters, blasts of exhausts, the hunters' chorus, reverberated between Stygian walls that shot up on either side, blotting out the valley, the stars.

She caught her breath. "We've plunged into the Big Canyon!" And, galvanized into half-fearful alertness, she stepped out on deck.

Ahead, the blade of the searchlight slashed through the dark, revealing glimpses of the bow twisting, lunging, sending up geysers of spray that rainbowed fleetingly against granite walls rushing backward. On every hand rapids leaped into the light; whirlpools funneled downward; white water vaulted over rocks.

Then, like a needle to a magnet, her gaze went to the pilothouse, where Revelry Bourne, the only really sane thing in this wild night, stood guiding the Maid. At the sight of his dim figure a feeling that transcended admiration pierced her. Action there—but not unthinking action. Recklessness—for he was taking desperate chances—but not heedlessness. Moment by moment he was gambling all their lives and the life of his ship on the quickness of his eye and hand. And he was utilizing the very force that threatened him to carry him on toward his objective.

Even in her chaotic emotional state this thought persisted: He had learned to fight, to compel his river; had learned to twist its strength to serve his need. Might not she, caught in the swirling stream of humiliation, fight through to a victory—any sort of victory, she thought desperately, so long as it would save her pride?

From somewhere came the answer: Fight fire with fire—marriage with marriage. . . .

ONCE out of the canyon, the dangers evidently were fewer, for Shan now took the wheel, and a few minutes later Revelry Bourne stepped out on deck. Perceiving Denny, he came toward her, his buoyant carriage proclaiming his pride in the feat he had just accomplished.

"Did you see this old baby do her stuff coming through the canyon? Only four more hours to Wrangell now. I must go down and tell Van the good news. He—Why, what's the matter, Denny?" His eyes moved from her telltale face to the letter crushed in her hand. "No bad news, I hope?"

"Oh, no, Captain!" In her effort to speak lightly she failed to notice his keen glance darting to the outspread clipping that lay on the floor of the brightly lighted cabin. "I'm just recovering my breath—after the rush through the canyon."

She reached backward inside the door and snapped off the light so that darkness might mask her face. For she knew suddenly, desperately, that she was going to ask Revelry Bourne to marry her. Harp had said, "The skipper will take a chance on anything during steamboat season."

She strove for a manner that would cloak her inward agitation.

"It was marvelous—the way you brought the Maid through, Captain." Her voice sounded unnaturally shrill. "You must feel like shouting your triumph to the skies."

He stepped very close to her. His eyes were glowing in the dim light. "I do feel a little like shouting. But it was luck, Denise. I'm so lucky tonight—well, I feel as if I could gamble with St. Peter; give him all four aces and then take a chance

on making a straight flush in the draw!" His voice was laughing and low and magnetic.

"Captain . . . tonight, while you're so lucky, would you take another chance—a greater one?"

"Absolutely!" he answered lightly. "What's the hazard?"

When she tried to tell him, her heart leaped into her throat. Spectral cottonwoods reeled out of blackness into blackness. Black clouds overhead rolled and swirled and drowned themselves in the rushing river. She felt as if she, too, were drowning. A swimmer, sinking, grasping at anything to save herself.

She got the words out at last: "Would you—marry me? Without questions? Without reasons? If I were to ask you?"

"Denny. Think a moment. Do you realize what you are doing?"

"Yes. The Commander is aboard. And I'm ready."

"All right. Wait here. I'll go fetch him."

BUT, as he started away, Denny, swept by the realization of what she planned to do with him, reached out and tugged at his arm. He paused, waiting for her to speak. The hunters' wild singing rode the darkness. A gust of wind flattened a raindrop against her face. "I'm—I'm ready, Captain. But first I must tell you why—tell you my reason for—"

"Never mind, little dark child." His warm hand patted her fingers clutching his arm. His head, with its blowing fair hair, stood out against the storm clouds behind him. His smile was reassuring. "You don't have to tell me anything. I'm willing to take any sort of a chance—with you." . . .

Like a girl in a dream Denny stood beside Revelry Bourne in the dark wheelhouse of the Maid. The Commander, facing them, was repeating the marriage ritual, which she heard only vaguely. She kept repeating to herself, "I'm getting married. This is my wedding." But she couldn't believe it.

She saw Shan's profile, ruby-lighted in the glow of the binnacle, his eyes fixed on the channel ahead. Saw Tongass sitting wolflike on his seat. Heard Revelry Bourne's firm voice amidst a sudden torrent of rain that rattled like shot against the windows. Heard herself answering, "I do."

The Commander was speaking again, but another roaring gust drowned his voice. There was an odd, tight feeling of vacuum inside the pilothouse. The riverboat reeled, listed to the vicious, slashing thrust of wind and rain; then plunged on into the full fury of the equinoctial storm.

Yet, through all the chaos, a tiny, detached portion of her brain was thinking of the cable she would send to Sylvia the moment she reached Wrangell.

Sylvia, with her flair for dramatics, would know how to manage. . . .

Denny paced the floor of her room in the Hotel Wrangell, a room filled with blossoms from Northern gardens—gladioli, cinnamon pinks, and other hardy flowers. They had been coming in all the afternoon from Revelry Bourne's friends, with notes wishing her happiness. Since her arrival early in the morning she had been alone, with nothing to do but think and gaze resentfully at the flowers, and listen to the roaring of the gale assaulting the windows.

The Maid, as Bourne had predicted, had docked at daybreak. Van Cleve was immediately whisked way in the town's lone taxi to the hospital on the hill. When a second closed car materialized, Bourne had appeared at her stateroom door, draped an oilskin over her head, and rushed her through the downpour to its dry interior. He piled her bags on the front seat by the driver, took his place beside her, and the car rattled away to the hotel near the dock.

In the deserted lobby the proprietor received them with a hearty: "Congratulations, Captain! Glad to have you with us, Mrs. Bourne!"

She could not remember how she had responded to Bourne's solicitous arrangements for her comfort when they reached her room. She recalled only her keen relief when he left her and the alacrity with which she had handed the proprietor the radiogram to Sylvia, which she had written out before leaving the Maid. The message was so gay, so spiced with exuberant adjectives and superlatives of happiness, that she marveled at her own ability to dissimulate so in her hour of despair. She was appalled at the thing she had done to Revelry Bourne. To salve her injured pride, to save her face before her circle of friends in San Francisco, she had taken advantage of his exaltation in a high moment and tricked him into an unfair marriage.

If she were to retain her self-respect she must tell Bourne the facts immediately, without seeking to excuse or defend herself. He might forgive her; might even be generous enough, chivalrous enough, to accompany her South and act his part for the sake of her father, who had been his friend.

SHE had begun to wait impatiently for his return to the room so that she might get the ordeal over. But hour after hour had gone by, bringing no word from him and no sight of him.

"Where is he?" she thought. "Why doesn't he come?"

At the peak of her mental anguish a rap sounded on her door. She jerked herself to a standstill, feeling as if her knees had turned to water. "He's come," she thought distractedly. Then she crossed to the door, and swung it open.

He was standing there, smiling at her.

"Oh, Captain! I *am* glad to see you! I've been wondering—" She faltered, confused for an instant by his eyes, which were on hers with that intent "white water" look she knew.

Then he smiled again.

"Well," he said cheerfully, bringing his hands together, "'home is the sailor, home from the sea!' How does it seem, my dear, to be the wife of a hardy, Northern mariner?"

Wife! The word leaped out at Denny and beat in her ears in time to the *swish, swish, swish* of the rain driven against the darkening window. . . . Wife, wife, wife. . . . Like the overfalls of the Stikine curling around its boulders. She stared at him, suddenly aware of an electric tension in the air. All the blood in her body seemed to drain away, leaving her numb and suspended in a vacuum.

For Revelry Bourne, with his strangely lighted eyes on hers, was coming toward her, his hands half extended.

(*To be continued*)

Grandma was a Lulu

(*Continued from page 49*)

men, a "white" Brazilian, seemed fidgety. He looked at his wrist watch three times in quick succession. The other man—Grandmother Austin looked at him casually at first, and then had an odd sensation that she had seen him somewhere before. His face was square-shaped and tight-lipped, his snapbrim was pulled down over his forehead, and his eyes were the palest blue Grandmother Austin had ever seen.

That funny feeling persisted in the back of her mind, like an isolated tickling, as she looked at him. Of course, it was silly to think she knew anybody thousands of miles away from home, on a plane at the mouth of the Amazon But just the same—

"Oh, why don't we start?" the girl said suddenly, impulsively.

She flushed immediately at her outburst, and her wide, dark eyes swept swiftly to Grandmother Austin's. Grandmother Austin smiled at her companionably.

The very beautiful young woman smiled hesitantly in return. . . .

Carlotta Jones was ashamed of that outburst. She still felt the quick flush that had burned her cheeks.

"Nerves," she reflected sourly.

Well, she knew how fast the fever worked. And her father wasn't as young as he used to be. Poor Dad—once the greatest power in the South American rubber industry, worth millions during the boom. Her tall English father who still had the energy and drive that had made him a tycoon. Stricken with fever at La Castraz on one of his tours of inspection of his properties And if one of his staff hadn't come down the river to send her word in Rio she might not have known about it at all.

That man, that pale Palmerdo, had thought she ought to know. He had come to meet her at Pará with this silent, square-faced man, the American, who was thinking of leasing La Castraz. She had never seen either of them before, but they had done the right thing in notifying her. Fever worked fast, and her father had not been giving himself any rest lately. These nasty inspection tours of his through the brush—

The propellers were turning. Six o'clock in the morning and off to Manáos. She looked at the little white-haired lady. She smiled again . . .

The American with the pale blue eyes and easy muscular slouch looked out the window and shifted his left arm a little. The revolver in its holster under that arm jammed him a little in this narrow seat. He thought, "What a country!" He was sick to death of it, but he realized it wasn't safe for him to return to the States just yet. He'd got out barely in time as it was.

This fellow, Palmerdo—the American's thin lip seemed to curl slightly—big imagination, but no guts. Hadn't the guts to run the job himself. Well, he'd engineer it for him. Nothing hard about it. Palmerdo was jittery—the girl was too beautiful and her father had too much influence. Palmerdo needed money too much or he'd have quit cold a half-dozen times. No, nothing hard about this job. The American grunted. Everything had clicked like clockwork so far. His quick, pale blue eyes came up suddenly as with a sixth sense. That little old dame was looking at him sort of hard. The American didn't like that so much. He didn't like to be looked at—sort of hard.

The plane was rising, circling over Pará. It was infernally hot in this cabin and the leather holster under his arm was uncomfortable. But he wouldn't have been without it. That was what spelled the difference between him and a guy like Palmerdo.

That little old dame was looking at him again. . .

RIPLEY AUSTIN arrived before the rubber plantation of La Castraz in a launch that had averaged four miles an hour. For one solid day and night he had sat in the stern of the asthmatic craft and he was stiff as a board, to say nothing of burned magenta by the sun and plagued enormously by a species of black fly that was too small to locate and slap, but bit like a dragon. And the cursed engine had given up with a groan a mile down the river and he had helped to row the rest of the way. All things considered, Mr. Austin, who a week or so before had been occupied with the designing of a Spanish-type summer home for the J. Harrington Mortimers, was fully prepared to do some biting, himself.

La Castraz looked none too promising.

"We've got the richest Englishman in Brazil by the tail and you shake at your shadow"

A wharf jutted out into a narrow channel, and about one hundred and fifty yards back was the planter's house, a low, one-storied building with a roof of weathered red tiles and a wide veranda. Near by there was a colony of sheds consisting of frameworks of stripped poles with sagging roofs of rotting palm leaves.

His stolid native navigator remained in the launch to tinker devotedly with the prostrate engine, and Rip, without further ado, climbed stiffly out on the wharf and strode toward the house. The place seemed deserted. Little beads of cold perspiration stood out at the roots of his sunburnt hair as he approached. But as he arrived at the veranda, to his great relief he heard voices from inside. There was no door, merely a makeshift hanging of mosquito netting. He went up the steps softly, his hand in his pocket grasping the cold steel butt of the revolver. Use his head, Gramma had advised. Yeah, how? This kind of stuff was new to Ripley Austin.

Gramma! He heard her voice plainly.

"I have lived in New York for fifty-one years," she was saying chattily, "and—will you believe it?—I've been to Brooklyn only twice. Once was when I had to take a boat there and the other was when the Brooklyn Bridge was opened." Somebody laughed—a lovely low, musical laugh.

"Can't you talk about anything but New York, Grandma?" It was a man's voice, impatient, strained.

There was a sudden silence, then the sound of a chair being pushed back.

"You out there!—Reach!—*Quick!*"

RIP reached—quick. The netting was swept aside, and he found a man staring at him with eyes as cold as ice from behind the muzzle of a revolver. He had got the drop with the speed of a striking snake and there had been a note in his tone that seemed a split second ahead of a bullet. Rip felt a very unpleasant sensation in the region of the stomach as those cold blue eyes rested on him unwinking. Use his head, Gramma had advised. Well, this was certainly the time. He wouldn't be much good to Gramma with a slug through him.

"Say," he protested. His voice sounded strange, high-pitched. He cleared his throat and tried again. "What's the idea?"

"Who are you, buddy? Spill it." The voice was flat.

"Tuthill, of the Museum of Natural History," said Rip, feeling as though existence hung by a thread

"Yeah? What are you doing here?"

"I've been cruising up and down the river looking for a"—Rip took a breath—"an orchid." There was a dangerous short silence. "The Orchid *Coriolanus orthopedes*," he added helpfully, and hoped this gimlet-eyed specimen with the deadly draw was no authority on orchids.

There was another pause, in which he was probed thoroughly and the revolver remained pointed in the direction of his midriff. It was a most uncomfortable moment. Rip felt there was an excellent possibility that the Orchid *Coriolanus orthopedes* might be resting on his chest in the near future.

"Come on in," the man said suddenly. "Keep your hands up."

Rip walked in ahead of him. Three people were sitting at a table, their meal forgotten, as they regarded him in amazement. One of them was a Brazilian-looking man

in shirt sleeves, another was Grandmother Austin, suddenly pale as a ghost, and the third was a dark-haired girl, with eyes like deep brown velvet. Rip Austin looked at her—and it was then that something fell on his head. There was a quick, sharp pain, his knees seemed to disappear—and an instant later so did everything else in a singing blackness.

The first reaction of a return to life was the sensation of something heavenly cool passing over his brow.

"He's very nice-looking," said a low, musical voice.

"Well, he's not beautiful," said a familiar, refined voice. "But he has a marvelous disposition. He was voted the best-natured man in his class at college. He can swear beautifully at times, though."

AGAIN that cool feeling swept over his forehead. Rip managed to get his eyes open. Considering the effort expended on such a simple matter, they remained open most amazingly. That girl was bending over him, and Rip picked up where he had left off and looked at her, beginning to feel a resurgence of vigor, strength, and the desire to do mighty things. The beauty of that dark-haired girl was more than striking—it was, literally and absolutely, breath-taking, a quality of loveliness like the quality of a gorgeous voice. The beautiful Miss Jones, without a doubt. And that meant Gramma must be somewhere near.

"Gramma!" he exclaimed, and tried to sit up.

The girl smiled, and supported him with a slim, strong arm.

Grandmother Austin was sitting on a stool beside him, looking brisk and chipper as ever.

"Hello, Ripley, my dear," she said deeply, and put her arms around him. "That swine hit you from behind before I had a chance to open my mouth. Oh, my dear—"

"Never mind about me. Are you," he asked anxiously, "all right?"

"Yes," she said. "But I would dearly love a change of diet. Also a change of scene. Did you bring your fist along with you?"

"Gramma," he said, dazed, "what goes on around here, anyhow?"

Grandmother Austin sat back again. "At present we're locked up in the storeroom. But, generally speaking," she said calmly, "we're kidnapped. At least, Carlotta is. You and I merely joined the party. I want you to meet Carlotta Jones, Ripley."

Rip regarded Carlotta Jones again. He was twenty-eight, he had been around, he had seen many lovely and sophisticated young women, but it was only after a mad dash by plane from New York, a leaky launch ride, and a wallop on the head that he found a girl who made him feel as though he couldn't catch his breath and would be unable indefinitely to do so.

Carlotta Jones suddenly took her arm away.

"That's right," approved Gramma. "He has to take care of *us* now. Ripley, we are two helpless women. Did you say you had brought your fist with you?"

"Yes, Gramma," said Rip. "Both of them."

"Good," said Gramma. "Everything will be all right now, Carlotta. Ripley is very capable."

There was the sound of a bolt being shot back, and the muscular man with the pale blue eyes came into the room. He stood there looking at Rip, thumbs hooked in his belt, the butt of his revolver showing plainly in the holster under his left arm.

"You walked into something, buddy," he commented. "Just like the old lady did. By now you know what the spot is. I give you the same tip I gave them—behave, take it careful for a couple of days more, and nobody will be hurt. Any day now old W. F. C. Jones will kick in, and we'll see that he's notified where you all are." His eyes rested on Rip unemotionally. "I've got your Spig tied up and the launch has a couple of nice big holes in it, so get that off your mind. You've poked your nose in on this. Now like it."

He went out and bolted the door behind him. Palmerdo took him by the sleeve:

"That new one—that man who came. I do not like it. There might be a leak somewhere—"

"Oh, shut up. You Spigs," the American said with a rip of fury, "make me sick. We've got the richest Englishman in Brazil by the tail and you shake at your shadow. Baretez has probably contacted W. F. C. by now, and in another couple of days Nilster, up in Manáos, will get the okay flash and be down the river for us. As for that museum guy—well, if there was a leak, half of South America would be down around our ears instead of him. Go to sleep somewheres, Palmerdo; you'd be more use to me."

He wiped his steaming brow with his sleeve. This job was a tougher one than he thought. That girl—the American drew a long breath. If it hadn't been for the old dame! He didn't know how to handle old dames, and she'd stuck to W. F. C. Jones's gorgeous daughter like glue. . . .

RIP spent a very uncomfortable night in a hammock. His wrist and ankles had been tied by the Brazilian under the guard of his gun-toting chief. Gramma and Carlotta had retired to the annex of the house that had served as a storeroom. The men didn't care whether Gramma was locked up at night or not, but she preferred to string along with the girl. Her grandson sat in the hammock sleeplessly. A hot rescuer he was!—slugged cold, his gun taken away from him, the launch incapacitated—he writhed at these horrendous thoughts did Mr. Tuthill of the Museum of Natural History. Looking for an orchid!—well, he'd certainly found one. He had heard of completely beautiful women, but this slim daughter of an English father and a Spanish mother had breathed life into a vision. He had fallen hopelessly, irretrievably, immediately, and he knew it, and the fact that this was certainly the wrong time to do a thing like that added no enticements to sleep.

The day dawned hot and sultry. They were released to wander freely about the house or sit on the veranda. Hours slipped away to mid-afternoon. Palmerdo went to sleep in those torpid afternoon hours, the hard-jawed captor sat out on the veranda, Gramma took catnaps in a chair.

Carlotta Jones looked at her wistfully.

"I feel wretched about this," she said in a low, earnest tone. "I never should have let her accompany me, but I'd come to like her so much and at Obidos I'd told her about my father—" She swept a slim hand

across her forehead. "She didn't want me to come here with just those men. And I—well, I didn't have a doubt but that Dad was really here with his staff, and I was in such a hurry. I suppose," she finished lamely, "you'll think me a horrible specimen, but your grandmother was such a wonderfully stimulating companion that really I was grateful for her company. Oh, I'm so *sorry*—"

Horrible specimen? Rip looked at her and wondered if there shouldn't be a law against lashes such as hers that were so long they lowered into twin pools of shadows on the ivory of her cheeks. She was a

A hot rescuer he was!—

menace to normal breathing. He smiled at her.

"You couldn't know anything was wrong," he said stanchly. "Gramma herself said she was playing a hunch. She has an uncanny memory for faces and places and she was sure she'd seen that man before somewhere. She's still sure."

"Decoyed up here as though I was a simple idiot." The girl drew a long, tense breath. "They knew La Castraz was a name I'd recognize. But I should have known better. My father hasn't bothered with this place for years."

SHE turned that bone-melting battery of her eyes upon Rip.

"Strange," she went on, her voice low, so that the man outside on the veranda would not hear, "how I've been counting on you right along." She gave a little confused laugh. "Your grandmother said she had sent you word and you'd be here on the jump. Just leave everything to her tall Yankee grandson. I think it's wonderful—I mean, the way you barged right down. It's so—so loyal and courageous, somehow—"

Rip swallowed perceptibly. A great many men must have felt as he did then—sort of helpless and apparent and devoted. She must be accustomed to it, resigned perhaps, even rebellious—her extraordinary beauty must get in her own way sometimes—but Rip couldn't help it. He couldn't even put up a struggle. She must know it—she couldn't mistake it.

"Well," he said, "I've never intentionally disappointed Gramma in my life and I don't intend to begin now. And as for disappointing you," he said deeply, "that is another thing that comes under the heading of Things I Will Never Do."

HE PUT everything he had into that, giving that sentiment every ounce and inch of his six-foot frame, every tingle of a hitherto impervious backbone.

Grandmother Austin raised one eyelid and dropped it again.

"Now he's beginning to get somewhere," she reflected. "But not fast enough."

She had married John Austin when she was seventeen. She had married him because he was lusty and blond and eager and he was going west to build railroads and develop mining properties. He'd had a smile and a fist, and both were at her service. Gramma had known that when she married him. And women never changed. Carlotta's beauty was not a quality to be given away; it had to be earned along with herself—that boyishly slim daughter of old W. F. C. Jones. At least, those were Gramma's sentiments.

"Times Square!" she said very clearly. Her eyes were closed.

Rip turned quickly.

"Gramma's talking in her sleep," he exclaimed, with a comprehensive glance.

"Times Square," said Grandmother Austin again. "And Broadway. Tall buildings and taxis and lights and people. They're in New York. New York!" she repeated.

The man on the veranda came into the room. His forehead was glistening with sweat and his mouth set in a strange, thin line as he listened to the old lady in the chair drone in her sleep about New York and Times Square and taxis and people and lights. New York. An old lady asleep in her chair talking about New York in this sweltering deserted spot thousands of miles away

"Wake that old dame up!" he snapped, his voice cracking with strain. "Wake her up—the babbling, meddlesome old dame—"

Rip felt something blow wide open inside him.

"You can't talk about her that way," he snapped back. "And," he said, taking a tremendous forward step in his direction, "don't you muff it, you polecat."

That revolver appeared with the eerie swiftness that was a part of this man with the chilling eyes and mouth.

"Don't move any further, buddy—!" Flat voice, curving finger. The strain in that room a hundred and fifty yards from the yellow Amazon crackled with intensity.

Grandmother Austin hadn't missed a thing. She decided to open her eyes all the way. She did, uttering a little cry.

"Don't shoot!" she begged, alarmed.

There wasn't a sign of movement about the gunman. He held his revolver on Rip, fixing him with an unwinking stare. Grandmother Austin walked swiftly toward him.

"Gramma!" Rip's voice was sharp. "Stand away. Don't go near him."

She went right up to him, however.

"Please!" she said soothingly. "We're all under a strain. Put it away—*please!*"

He looked right over her head, his eyes on Rip. Grandmother Austin put one small hand against his holster shoulder and with the other she gently urged his hand holding the gun toward the holster.

"We've avoided trouble so far," she beseeched, as the tall, blond young man gritted his teeth in anguish. Why, Gramma was practically mothering that polecat. "Let's not have any now," she went on in her quiet, refined voice. "In another day you'll be on your way to Paris or any other place you want. Please—"

Almost mechanically he slid the revolver back in the holster and, still very gently, Grandmother Austin coaxed his hand down to his side, that death-dealing hand clear and away. But her other hand was at the holster and for the first time since this nightmare had begun there was a hand other than his on the butt of that balance of power, the blue steel revolver. Grandmother Austin made the most of her opportunity.

She yanked it out and flipped it over her shoulder with the same gesture. It came out as though greased for action like that.

"Even up, Ripley!" she cried.

THE next instant she had been hurled roughly to one side by the sweep of an arm, and the kidnapper dove for the gun. Rip dove, too. With something pounding in his temples he headed the gunman off with a football tackle that would have inspired huzzas in any stadium. In just two seconds Grandmother Austin had precipitated a tangle that would swing for the best or worst—one way or another—depending upon the tall Yankee grandson she had summoned to meet Miss Carlotta Jones.

He was slugged in the back of the neck by a vicious fist that sent the blood pounding up in his throat and made his mouth taste like sulphur. He was savagely kicked loose from his grasp, but he was on his feet in time to meet something lunging and muscular that came into him fast. Two factors saved Rip. One was a long suppressed desire to do something constructive about this situation, and the other was an ability to shift on his feet and not lead with his chin. He didn't have time to swing, but he did snap out a good left arm that slowed up a rush about to beat him back through the wall.

Grandmother Austin picked up the revolver. And just in time. Palmerdo, the Brazilian, had been creeping up on it.

"You," said Grandmother Austin breathlessly, "get back." She waved a hand at him.

Something went off with an ear-splitting detonation. A bullet plowed into the wall. Palmerdo leaped back so quickly he nearly fell over. *Sapristi!* The old lady would as soon shoot at him as look at him!

"Good heavens!" gasped Grandmother Austin, aghast. She looked at the thing and felt as though she were riding a tiger. Everything about that revolver seemed greased.

Rip ran into some heavy weather when a fierce fist ripped a gash above one eye. He reeled backwards, dazed, half blinded.

"He's almost through, Ripley!" cried Grandmother Austin, trembling with excitement. "Hit him one for me! Hit him one for Carlotta! *Hit him,* Rip!"

RIP came out of his stagger and there was no fooling about the way he climbed back into his man. Scrape of feet, pant of struggle, and the sharp, fleshy cracks of fists landing. Carlotta Jones bent forward tensely, rapt, as that little old lady's tall Yankee grandson who had barged down here into the jungle at her word stayed in there swinging, lusty and blond and enthusiastic.

They both missed pulverizing swings at the same time, but Rip recovered his balance first, and if there ever was a perfect setup for an effective boxing punch known as the "one-two" it was the kidnapper of Carlotta Jones. Ripley Austin was well acquainted with the operation of the "one-two." He snapped the other back on his heels with a left hand riveted from the elbow, then hunched capable-looking shoulders, took a quick step, and followed through with a sunburnt right fist swung for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the satisfaction of Gramma, and the eternal glory of Carlotta Jones. It did something terrible to his knuckles, but what it did to an American gunman thousands of miles from Broadway was worse—or better—depending on the general opinion in regard to clean knockouts.

Grandmother Austin hadn't been so happy in a long time. She could scarcely speak. Rip took the revolver from her hand and she just stood there and looked at him, eyes shining.

"Was that all right, Gramma?" he said a little thickly, because of the contour of a lip having been radically rearranged.

"Oh, very good!" she approved. "Excellent, Ripley, my dear—"

She stopped suddenly and listened. Rip heard it too—a low drone—he'd thought that was in his head, but it wasn't. They all heard it. Palmerdo, crouching against the wall, heard it. There was a second drone, too—airplanes! Airplanes over La Castraz! Half of South America down around their ears, it seemed. A leak? There certainly had been a leak!

The noise of the motors was louder now, rapidly increasing.

"Run outside, Carlotta," Grandmother Austin said excitedly, "and wave your arms or something!"

The girl nodded, but she lingered to reach out with a slim, cool hand and push Rip's hair back from his gory brow.

"An Orchid *Coriolanus orthopedes* to you," she said enthusiastically.

Then she departed swiftly outside, and Rip managed to recover his attention in time to remember to keep the room covered.

"That's her father, probably," said Grandmother Austin composedly. "You made a hero out of yourself just in time, Ripley."

"Her father?" Rip stared at her. With one good eye he stared at her.

His grandmother nodded.

"I rather thought he'd be along any time now," she said. "You see, Ripley, I didn't like the looks of this at all. Not at all. And so Amanda had directions if I wasn't back in three days to notify the British Consulate in Manáos to locate Mr. Jones wherever he was and tell him his daughter had been taken out to a place called La Castraz. If he really was here, there was no harm done. If he wasn't, he might be interested to know it. That seemed sensible. When you get to be sev—er—mature," she pronounced positively, "you have to think of those things."

She regarded the slightly stirring form of the man who had looked familiar in the Manáos plane.

"I still don't remember his name exactly," she said regretfully. "'Gunner' something. Anderson, I think. But I've seen that face in the newspapers. He's a—what-is-it?—a Public Enemy."

"Now, wait a minute, Gramma," Rip pleaded. He had been through a lot recently, bitten by black flies and punched in the nose, and fallen in love and what not, and he had to take one thing at a time. "You mean to say you knew Carlotta's father was being notified? Why," asked the amazed Mr. Austin, "didn't you tell us?"

The little old lady with the snowy-white hair looked at him with eyes that were lively, almost luminous, with enthusiasm.

"Carlotta's father clinched this," she said. "But in her eyes you'll always be the real rescuer. You did the fighting, Ripley. You risked your neck and were hurt, and you won a battle. That gives you a good start with a girl like Carlotta, Ripley. You can say things to her now that she has heard a million times before, but they will mean something real to her. From now on," she informed him, "the rest is up to you."

"Gramma," said Rip, grinning, "you're an ace, a trump, a positive lulu. I salute you in awe and pride. And if there should be a Big Moment I will dedicate it to you."

"My dear," said Grandmother Austin, "your happiness has always been dear to me. Keep your eye on that polecat."

SHE went to the door and looked toward the wharf. The extraordinarily beautiful girl her grandson loved was standing on the wharf and waving to a man in a big express seaplane settling down on the yellow river. Propellers gleaming in the sun, it sidled toward the wharf before the isolated plantation of La Castraz, and a tall man was the first ashore. He enveloped the girl in his arms. Old W. F. C. Jones. The other plane was coming down, too, and there probably was a police speedboat on the way from Manáos.

Yes, Ripley had made a hero of himself just in time. . . .

The terrace of W. F. C. Jones's château-like home in Copacabana looked out over the palm-lined Avenida Atlantica and that wide, white, beautiful beach with the ocean rolling in long, level swells to break upon

the silver sand. Terraces and towers, and French doors opening to palms and green lawns—Grandmother Austin sat on the terrace under a Rio moon with her host and wondered how just a week by plane from Manáos could change a world so completely.

"Ripley will be a famous architect some day," she said to Carlotta's father. "And he has a marvelous disposition."

The tall, tanned Englishman smiled.

"He is top-hole with me, Mrs. Austin, if that is what you wanted to know."

"I did," said Gramma. "And if three evenings in Rio like this haven't made him top-hole with your daughter I don't know what better co-operation he can expect." She wrinkled her brow slightly. "Pardon me a moment, please."

He rose and bowed as she left to walk down the terrace to the edge of the veranda. If it had been any other than a girl of Carlotta's beauty she wouldn't be a bit disturbed about Rip. But he seemed paralyzed. Under the circumstances she decided to see how her grandson was getting along. And so she stopped near a giant royal palm. They were leaning on the veranda balustrade.

"If I could ever be like your grandmother," Carlotta was saying, her mouth curving in a lovely smile, "I feel I'd stay young all my life and every evening would be like this one."

RIP could barge into an American gunman without turning a hair, but here he needed moral support. Carlotta was radiantly lovely in a chiffon evening gown, and the breeze rustled across the palm court from the serene moonlit ocean to flirt with tendrils of dark hair at her temples. The camellias at her shoulder combined with the whole ineffable fragrance of the Rio night to make him feel as though the earth were shaking gently. He had to go over the top now or burst.

"If you'll do only one thing," he said earnestly, "I'll try to do the rest to make you feel young always—like Gramma—and lovely always, and—and—if you'll do only one thing—"

That, to Gramma's critical ear, didn't make much sense. He sounded nervous. Stay in there, Ripley!

Carlotta turned her eyes upon him.

"And what," she inquired, interested, "is that one thing?"

"Well," said Rip, "to—to start it off by taking Gramma's name. I mean—Mrs. Austin—"

"That," smiled Carlotta, "is certainly an inducement. Marry a man because I want to be like his grandmother."

"Yeah," said Rip valiantly. "But besides that all I can say is that I love you, and you've heard that said before and better—"

"But," she said, quickly, breathlessly, "never by anyone I loved, myself—oh, Rip, darling, you can fight like twin panthers, but for ages, it seems, I've been waiting for you to say that—trying to make you say it—"

Grandmother Austin smiled. She felt very young just then. She felt like Paris in the spring and Easter morning on Fifth Avenue, and—seventeen.

Thad Comes Home

(*Continued from page 92*)

cakes from the oven. "Jim bought me this cookstove," she added. "First one I ever had." The woman wrung out two clean cloths and wrapped them around the pans. "I cooked over a fireplace till just before Jim left." She wiped her hands on her apron and beckoned him to a west window. "See that bare streak comin' up our mountain? There's where they're cuttin' away to bring the electric through. We'll have lights by late fall, and I aim to have me one of them little plates a body can make coffee on by just turning a button."

WHEN Thad turned away from the window she had lighted a candle and was holding it out to him. "Here, boy, go fetch up the rest of that cut ham that's hangin' over the butter tub down-cellar. You have to stoop where the steps turn."

Thad took the candle, but hesitated. "I'll be glad to get the ham for you," he said slowly, "but I can't stay, you know. I just dropped in to see you for a minute."

"Minute!" Mother Greene squinted at the sun. "We've been yarnin' for nearly two hours. Was you aimin' to get somewheres by nightfall?"

"No," he replied. His eyes seemed pulled up by her grave scrutiny. Then she nodded. "I reckon you can have a bite with me before you go along. Here." She handed him a knife and a cracked saucer. "Bring up a slice of butter, too, while you're down there."

Dazedly, Thad felt his way down-cellar, into the black coolness pierced here and there by the waving flame of the candle.

Two whole hams and part of another hung in a neat row over the butter tub. He set the candle down and bent over the golden butter in its salt water. He cut a slice and put it on the saucer.

The mingled sourness of sauerkraut and the musty smell of old apples floated into his nostrils, and he swayed dizzily.

Carefully balancing his load, he crept back up the dark, short stairs.

"You work near here?"

"No," Thad answered dully; "I don't work anywhere."

Mother Greene was busy with a long, keen knife whose blade had grown curved and thin with sharpening. "Why?" she asked finally.

Thad went again to the window. "I couldn't get work," he said, not turning.

"Not in the big cities," she told him. "But there's work hereabouts."

Thad shrugged.

"What'd you like to do?"

He turned and watched the thin knife slip cleanly through the white fat of the ham, and he gripped the window ledge to keep the room from whirling.

"I'd like to write," he said faintly. "I've seen beauty. I'd like to put it into words—but I can't."

"Mebbe doin' something with your hands would sort of get the words movin'," she said. Finally she said abruptly, "Smoke, if you've a mind to, boy. Jim always smoked and littered up the house some, but now—" She ran a hard hand across her mouth. "Now, it stays so clean."

The woman cut with a clean, swift stroke to the bone of the ham, and motioned with her head. "Jim's pipes are in there on the mantel. And Timmy, one of my neighbors, left his tobacco here the other day. But, say, before you git to smokin', slip up and fetch a few eggs." She pointed with the knife to the little lean-to on the uphill side of the house. "And don't mind the looks of the henhouse. It wants whitewashin' again."

Thad brought the eggs, got Jim's pipe, and smoked in the little kitchen. It was warm from the wood fire, and Thad was only saved from being a little sick when a spring breeze swept through every little while, like a clean hand brushing away the tantalizing smell of sizzling ham.

"Goin' to some of your kin?"

He stirred in his chair wearily. "I haven't any."

"No more have I." Mother Greene flipped the ham over and wiped her forehead with her apron. "Then just where was you goin'?"

"West."

"West?" repeated the woman. "Wasn't that what you boys said durin' the War?"

Thad nodded.

"You aimin' to kill yourself?"

"I couldn't be annoyed," Thad replied at last. "One just loses the will to live, and then it doesn't take long."

SHE waited a full minute, her eyes darting across his face. "You'll have the will to live when I git some of these here fresh eggs and a slice of ham into you."

And later they ate together at the little white table and felt the sharpness of a night breeze cool their faces.

Mother Greene was quiet as she poured steaming water from the teakettle over yellow, homemade soap in the big dishpan. "The towels are hangin' on that string behind the stove," she said. "You can dry."

With a final wring of the dishcloth, the woman emptied the suds down the rusty sink. "See that spigot? Timmy put that in. He's goin' to lay a pipe from the spring up yonder when he gits a mite of time. Runnin' water! I won't have to tote it any more. . . . Let's go out onto the porch."

"I'd better be going." But the woman didn't answer. She went out to the narrow porch and sank with a sigh into a low rocker, while Thad leaned against the rail.

"That's what I been thinkin' over," she

began. "I've only got two bedrooms, Jim's and mine, and nobody's slept in his since he went away. But I'd like to keep you here a few days and fatten you up some. I'm certain that's what Jim would want I should do. You stay."

Thad eased into a sitting position on the rail. "I'd like to stay tonight," he said simply. "Thank you."

An orange square of light appeared suddenly in the little stone cottage down the road, and they both turned toward it.

"That's Carol's light," the woman explained. "Carol and Jim—but like as not he told you."

"Yes." Thad stood up, facing her. "He told me. It was Carol who drove me here from Frederick today."

"Carol brought you here?" A wrinkled hand fell gently on his shoulder and she leaned toward him. "Seems more like mebbe it was Jim who brought you to me, boy."

THE first bedroom at the head of the boxed-in stairs overlooked the road and sweep of valley. Mother Greene's was on the uphill side of the house.

She came to Thad when he'd gone to bed. "I always tucked Jim in," she said. She tucked the covers down firmly at the foot. "Git a good sleep, boy."

"Thanks, Mrs. Greene, I will."

"Call me 'Mother,'" she said. "Everyone does—'specially since Jim ain't here. Seems like when a mother loses a child her love stops bein' lumped all on one person and spreads itse'f over onto every other woman's child."

Thad wet his lips. "Good night, Mother," he said gently.

When her door had closed he stretched gratefully between the roughly ironed sheets that somehow still held the sweetness of sun and wind. The matting on the floor smelled like dried clover.

He opened heavy eyes suddenly and lifted himself on one elbow. He heard a thin, excited voice, then Mother Greene's reply from her window:

"All right, Jan. Hold your horses! I'm comin' fast as I can." Then she was at Thad's side. "It's a pity to rout you out, boy, but we're needed at a bornin'."

"This is Thad," Mother Greene explained briefly as they entered the full kitchen of Onderdonk's sagging house. It was hot, with a roaring fire in the cookstove, and swarming with little Onderdonks. Clad in ragged overcoats, they dug sleepy fists into patient, unwondering eyes and straggled into the chill parlor.

Mr. Onderdonk fluttered about, expertly doing nothing except get underfoot.

"I'm Timmy McCarthy," a red-haired six-footer with freckles told Thad, swinging a pail of steaming water expertly off the stove and heading toward the bedroom. "Back in a minute."

It had been so long since Thad had been a part of anything that he hardly recognized the small urge to say something to the distraught little Onderdonk. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and Carol swung in from the darkness.

"Why didn't Mother Greene call me?" she demanded.

"She didn't want to disturb you. You have to teach tomorrow."

"Nonsense!" Carol went swiftly to the bedroom door. "I can teach anyway." The door opened, and the swirling breath of steam, the soft babble of women's voices, and a muffled groan flashed into the kitchen before Carol closed the door softly.

Timmy came out. "Come on, Mister Thad. I could stand a smoke."

Thad followed him out into the cool darkness and took the cigarette he offered.

Timmy turned back and opened the door a bit. "When you get ready to faint," he called in to Onderdonk, "just holler."

"The old fool always faints every time his wife has a kid," he told Thad. "He killed one wife having babies, and this one is about done. He's too tight to have a doctor—'chinchey,' they call it down here."

"You haven't been here long?" Thad asked.

Timmy exhaled a huge cloud of smoke. "Little over a year. I was a taxi-driver in New York, but we were starving, almost. So Lucina—that's the wife—" Timmy laughed, a full-stomached laugh, and Thad smiled in the darkness. "Imagine me married to a wop. She's in there. She's a swell kid. We've got a boy named Mario. Mario McCarthy. Can you tie that?"

"It's not a bad name," said Thad.

"Well, anyway, Lucina said, 'Timmy, we got almost two hundred dollars. Let's take the cab and go where you don't have so many other cabs to fight against—some place small.' So we bundled most of our stuff into the car and started. Mario was just about ready to get himself born, so we stopped at a farmhouse down the road to ask directions to a town and a doctor, and we ended up by buying a tool house and an acre of ground across from the farmhouse for fifty dollars. I've built on an extra room, and the kid gets fresh milk and eggs for my hauling stuff to market twice a week for Hoover—the old bird we bought from."

"It's a good solution for you. You can earn a little money with your car."

"Sure. And I make some on repair jobs, and I'm p'anning on opening a filling station next year when the new road comes over the mountain. That'll mean a lot of work for the men around here—"

"Won't they bring their own gangs?" Thad asked.

"No. Just the bosses. They hire the rest where they're working. Oh, there's lots of jobs in a little place like this if you really want to work. There'll be extra men hired for the harvesting, and we need a new store in Clearfield."

There was a thud from inside, and Timmy rose. "The darned old fool's fainted," he said shortly.

IN THE stifling kitchen Onderdonk lay on the floor. Mother Greene came out and glared down at him in a wrath too great for words.

Then Lucina, looking like a tragic Madonna, paused in the doorway. "The bambino—he is dead."

Timmy stroked her dark hair. "There," he said softly. "There. They have others."

Carol came briskly into the kitchen, had Onderdonk taken to the porch, forced coffee on Lucina, and sent them home, all but Thad.

"Is there something I can do?" With Carol's coming, Thad relinquished his role of spectator.

She turned sober, kindly eyes on him. "Yes. Fill this pail and put the water on

to heat. Soon you may scrub up in there."

The little house was quiet when Mother Greene saw them off. "Go now and git some sleep," she said. "You slip up tomorrow and fetch along two clean aprons and a clean dress for me. Oh, and fetch along a bottle of elderberry wine. It'll strengthen her, poor lamb."

So, in the chill of morning, Carol and Thad bumped along in the shaking car.

THAD got out wearily, aching for the feel of clean sheets against his body again. But, somehow, he didn't go to bed. Taking one of Jim's pipes, he sat quietly on the front porch and watched a thin finger of yellow light push night off the mountaintops. Barns and houses rounded into shape, and it was quiet—and clean.

Clean! The job he'd just finished—that wasn't clean. One read of someone having a baby, and it was just black type or the necessity of sending a gift with the chauffeur. He hadn't known the steam and blood and the scream of anguish strangled behind set teeth. That was what your mother went through so you could have life. Suddenly, it seemed ungrateful to want to give it up.

Thad went into the kitchen to make coffee and fry two eggs and cut new, firm bread.

Soberly, he cleaned the things away, and set the coffee grounds and eggshells out neatly in an old pan beside the woodshed. The chicken coop stood gray and gaunt in the thin morning light. Mother Greene was going to whitewash it today—but she couldn't now. She had been good to him. . . . Thad straightened up and hunted about the woodshed for the whitewash.

At noon he rummaged for gingerbread and milk, and at four o'clock he scrubbed vigorously at the sink. He could go now. No, he couldn't go yet. He had to take fresh clothing up to Mother Greene—and some wine—and, he wondered, rinsing his arms, if the Onderdonks kept any chickens. Maybe he'd better take some fresh eggs up to the sick woman. . . . He lifted the wet, sweaty sleeve away from his upper arm in a sober distaste.

It was all but sacrilegious, he decided, when he stood in Jim's bedroom, reluctant hand on the knob of the walnut drawer. But he couldn't wear the damp shirt he had just washed downstairs.

His eyes rested on the faded shirts in the drawer. There was something reassuring about that pile of worn shirts in the drawer. How could a man really die when his own clothing waited fresh and clean for him after sixteen years? A spirit would have a place to come, knowing the same home was there, the eternal mountains, and Carol and Mother Greene. Rooted things—waiting. A feeling of solidity swept slowly through Thad as he shoved his arms gently into two blue sleeves.

Mother Greene's smile did something to his heart, there in Onderdonk's hot kitchen. Then her eyes traveled down his figure, and he remembered and came to her in swift apology.

"I got my shirt dirty, Mother Greene. I borrowed one of Jim's. You don't mind —much—do you?"

She laid a heavy but kindly hand on his arm. "Mind?" The dark eyes turned away. "No. There's something so kind of lonesome about somebody's clothes—empty. How you been makin' out, boy?"

"All right." He smiled. "But—" He sobered. "But my shirt will be dry when I get back, and I guess I'd better be getting along. I don't want to impose."

Mother Greene's eyes held his for a minute, then her mouth twitched. "All right, if you say so, boy. But I'd something I sort of hoped you'd do for me."

"Anything I can do to repay your kindness—I'd be more than glad—"

A small light of triumph shot through the old eyes. "Well, then, there's pipe in the woodshed down home and I reckoned you might be handy about laying it so's I could have runnin' water. It may be a long spell before Timmy'll get around to do it."

Thad hesitated, then swallowed. "I've no idea how to go about it, but maybe Timmy'd tell me. I'll be glad to try."

But even with Timmy's detailed advice the next two days were days of trial and error, and a final tragedy when, with the pipe all hooked up, Thad couldn't get the

water over a slight rise in the ground.

On the afternoon of the second day, he flopped achingly to the ground, surveyed the dry pipe, and swore healthily.

Carol's rippling laugh startled him but, at the baffled, hurt eyes he raised to her, she sank beside him, all contrition. "Having trouble with the new job?"

"Inexperienced, as usual," he told her grimly. "I'm an accomplished gentleman, nothing more."

She laid a hand over his. "You're not entirely inexperienced. You did a grand job on the chicken coop. What's wrong now?"

Thad pointed up to the high spot between the spring and the house. "Can't get the water over that hump."

"It's simple," Carol said. "You go up there, undo the joint, and suck. Suck like everything. When the water starts coming, put it together. I'll be in the kitchen."

Thad pulled up his aching legs silently and plodded toward the rise of ground. The pipe was cold and harsh on his raw hands. He swore and struggled, and finally it yielded. Emptying his lungs, he sucked, and ice-cold water flooded his mouth. Knees on the ground, which was rapidly becoming a cold, wet bog, he wrestled with the joint and got it together.

A HIGH, exultant cry from the house, and his legs carried him toward the kitchen in long strides.

"Water!" Carol's slim arms waved wildly from the door as he rushed through the woodshed. "Water! Look!"

At the door they stood side by side and watched water streaming from the faucet to the sink. Something old and primitive stirred in Thad's heart. He grabbed Carol and danced about the kitchen. The bad leg twinged, but he didn't care. And suddenly, over the exultation, swept the sweet knowledge that this girl was warm and good to touch. They stopped and looked into each other's eyes, flushing. Thad moved first.

Carol smoothed her brown hair. "I'll slip home now," she said a little breathlessly. "I've a mess of rhubarb cooking. Bring Mother over at suppertime. She'll be home soon now. Mrs. Hoover will stay there tonight."

A slight flurry of clean, faded cotton, a slight odor as clean as pines and spring mornings, and she was gone.

Without stopping to wash, Thad went to the horsehair davenport in the long living-room and flopped down. His muscles ached and his body was heavy with a sweet weariness.

He heard it from afar off: "Wake up, boy. You're dead tuckered, poor lamb, but you have to eat, and Carol's got hot victuals all set for us. Come now!"

She shook him gently, and his eyes opened against her kindly, dark ones.

He sat up slowly and rubbed his head. "It was a good sleep," he said, smiling.

THE nights were still cool in the mountains, and they sat before Carol's fireplace, where a hickory log spat and crackled, and popcorn burst into white flowers in the long popper Carol held. Mother Greene stared into the flames.

"Can you plow, boy?' she asked finally.

Thad looked up. "I never tried."

Carol flashed him a comradely smile. "It's hard work, but you can learn."

Mother Greene straightened up briskly. "Sure, he can learn. I'll teach him tomorrow. Stella working?"

"No. You may have her." Thad looked from one to the other. "Stella's my old mare," explained Carol. "She's plowed the Greene patch for years."

"And I want you should plow it deep," added Mother Greene. "And the strawberry patch needs thinning, too," she added.

There was a long silence; then Thad spoke: "But I can't go on staying around here, Mother. I have no right—"

"No right?" Her eyes snapped in the firelight. "You're earnin' your keep, aren't you? What with whitewashin' the henhouse and puttin' in the water—"

Thad's throat hurt. He was earning his keep! Something inside of him felt awed and humble—and grateful. For the first time in his life, he was earning his keep.

"If I can really be of help to you," he began shyly—his eyes met Carol's across the flickering light—"I'd like to stay."

Mother Greene took his hand in her hard one. "Like to. Why, boy, you most got to. It seems—" She stared into the fire. "It seems sort of like Jim's home again—don't it, honey?" She turned to Carol.

Across Mother Greene's faded lap, two pairs of eyes clung for a suspended moment. Then Carol answered gravely, "Jim has never been away, Mother. No. It doesn't seem as if he'd come back from anywhere but—" She raised eyes that shone with a brave promise to meet the questioning gray ones opposite her. "It seems as if—Thad had come home."

Thad's lips twitched with the fiery sweetness that shot through him. "Thanks," he said at last. "Thanks. It's nice to—be home."

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What fixes the size of your pay check?

(*Continued from page 63*)

investment are about the dumbest things any nation can do.

Thus we find that rent and interest and profits are shares that are pretty well fixed by the economic setup of the country. They vary greatly among peoples. The greater the pressure of population on the land, the higher the rent. The greater the amount of capital saved and invested, the greater the share of capital but the lower the rate of return. In China and India the amount of capital is very small and interest rates reach such levels as 25 and 30 per cent. In England, where the people have been accumulating capital for centuries, the return is as low as 3 per cent. The income of a whole nation, from which wages come, depends on the constant accumulation of new capital and replacement of old. The solution of the problem of unjust wages and unfair profits is to make capital so plentiful that everybody gets a share in it, including the workers. In any event, land and capital take their shares out of the total income. All that is left goes to the workers and makes the general average wage-rate.

EVERY people on earth illustrates these simple truths. China has great areas of rich land, but they have very scanty capital and a swarming mass of packed humanity. Total production is fairly large, but it is divided among these uncounted millions, and the average Chinese gets 20 cents a day and lives like an animal. Imagine a cholera plague sweeping off half the population of China. The wages of Chinese workers would quickly double. This is exactly what happened in England 500 years ago. The Black Death did more to increase English wages than all the reformers in history.

Open the gates of the United States to unrestricted immigration and in twenty-five years the average wage would be about $2 a day. England is a rich country, with efficient labor, but its great production is divided among so many people that a high-grade English mechanic gets less than a truck driver's assistant in America. Ireland has a fertile country with considerable capital, but the population so presses on resources that rents are extremely high and wages low. For a century the chief export of Ireland has been Irishmen. . . .

So much for the general wage level. It has not told us anything about group-wages, and wages in separate occupations, and individual wages. Why does a bank clerk get $100 a month and the maid in the kitchen only $50?

Imagine our whole working population to be represented by a pyramid, marked off into layers by parallel lines. At the top is a very small group of highly paid executives and professional men. It is undoubtedly true that some men in this group are overpaid. That is not the question here. The point is that only men with certain training, talents, and opportunities get into this group.

Below this tiny and actually unimportant group there is a layer, made up of lesser executives, skilled mental workers, and well-trained professional men. Here again this group is made up of men and women of very special talents and training.

The next layer includes a much larger number, but it is still limited. It is made up of the millions of skilled mechanics, clerical workers, those in the better grades of personal service, and employees in trade, transportation, and amusements. These also are somewhat limited in numbers by certain requirements or conditions. . . . And finally, at the base of the pyramid, are the many millions of untrained and unspecialized workers of all kinds: casual laborers, unskilled manual workers, domestic servants, and farm laborers.

IN THESE separate layers of different kinds of workers you find the explanation of differences in wages. Society will pay just so much for the building of houses, the printing of newspapers, the making of autos, the teaching of arithmetic, or the digging of ditches. The number of men qualified to do the given type of labor is also pretty well fixed. The wage level of the workers in each layer of that pyramid is simply a balance of the amounts society will pay against the number of workers available.

There are a thousand colleges in the country, but more than a thousand men able to run a college. There is only one Babe Ruth, and his salary has been about three times that of the highest-paid college president. If there were a million Babe Ruths the wage of any one of them would be about $75 a month. Millions of men can dig ditches, and the wage is $3 or $4 a day. There are not so many men who can stand on a swinging girder and catch red-hot rivets in buckets, so structural steel workers are worth $12 a day. Not many men have the very special talents of a public accountant, so society has to pay them $25 a day and more.

It is not easy for us to see how these forces set wages. For example, a country school board in Ohio may think that it sets the wages it pays the young woman teacher. It does not. The wage has long since been set by the number of girls smart enough to teach school, able to get a college degree, and anxious to teach. If the school board "chisels" on the wages, it will likely get a poor teacher and have to pay more next year.

There are thousands of special factors that play a part in wages. The danger, the hardship, the social standing, the possibilities of large rewards are factors that affect the numbers available. Puddlers

in steel mills face very hard jobs. They get higher wages than university instructors. Ministers of the gospel are moved by a desire to serve mankind rather than to make money. Their average salary is probably less than that of the average bartender.

Thus we find that wages are set by forces pretty much beyond the control of the worker or the boss. The pitiful wages of some women and child workers are things that we cannot afford to have in this country, but they are at their wretched levels because that is all the workers are worth in the market. If they could earn better wages they would get them. Most employers—not all, unhappily—have brains enough to realize that it is not possible to beat down wages below the natural economic level. In fact, many of the largest employers in the country regularly pay wages well above the market rate so as to attract the best workers and keep up their morale.

THERE is, obviously, a certain amount of exploitation of the ignorant, unorganized, and unskilled workers. But as a rule starvation wages are paid only by enterprises that would go out of business at higher wage scales. All through the depression many employers paid miserable wages, and kept going until they reached bankruptcy, solely to keep their employees off relief. Minimum wage laws for inefficient workers do not raise their wages. They stop their work entirely and the workers go on relief. Minimum wage laws that raise the level of wages above earning capacity reduce employment, reduce production, increase living costs, and lower wages for all other workers.

In final analysis, goods produced by one group of workers are paid for with the goods produced by other groups, and wage rates are adjusted to the value of the product of each group. The widespread notion that raising wages is in itself a benefit to the country is sadly wrong. The idea that we can solve all our problems by merely passing laws fixing wages is sheer economic idiocy. The efforts of certain labor groups to obtain unnaturally high wages are attempts to injure all other labor, just as the payment of excessive salaries is injurious to all consumers.

The two worst forms of this exploitation of labor by labor are through governmental setting of wages and through labor union monopoly. When a labor organization gets such control that it can keep out qualified workers and force employers to accept their terms, they get a whip hand over wages. Carried to any serious extent, their control may work tragic harm to the whole nation. The unnatural wage rates in railroading, anthracite mining, and the building trades have almost killed all three industries. They have pretty well bankrupted our railroads and given the business to the trucks and busses. They have just about driven anthracite coal users to other fuels. In construction they have all but stopped the building of homes and are driving the country to prefabricated houses, paint-spraying machines, and crowded living. And in all these lines labor has almost destroyed itself today. The number of workers in these three industries is deplorably low.

This is not theory, but common sense. A major cost in building a house is labor. Assume that each worker gets $1.50 per hour. As a result, the cost of the house is such, we will say, that it must rent for $50 a month. The number of people able to pay that rent is very limited. Reduce this monopoly wage 33 1/3 per cent. Say that this makes possible a rental of $40 per month. The number of people who can afford these houses will then be doubled. The living of the whole nation will be improved, and the building workers will find themselves employed five days a week instead of two. It is not the capitalist who pays the abnormal wages of the building trades. It is the poor devil raising a family in a two-room tenement.

In recent years we have had some sad illustrations of attempts to readjust wage scales artificially. A depression is merely a collapse of prices and a falling off in consumption. Profits disappear and interest and rents go to rock bottom. Recovery comes when the whole economic system adjusts itself to the new level of prices and interest. Wages must be adjusted to this level. If the salary and wage scale of 1929 had been kept up rigidly during the depression years our entire economic system would have collapsed. Such a scale would have eaten up all capital and forced all enterprises into bankruptcy. And yet at the beginning President Hoover begged all industry to keep that impossible wage level. Most employers had to cut, and did so. But a few industries, especially the utilities, were very slow to readjust their wage and salary scales, and their policy injured consumers and prolonged the depression.

BUT the present administration went farther. It established the NRA, and its policy of blindly raising wages and reducing hours increased unemployment, raised costs, reduced production, and retarded recovery. If, early in 1930, all industry had reduced higher-level wage scales and all salary scales, and had cut prices to the very bone, the depression would have been over years ago. Not only that, but real wages would be higher today than ever before in our history.

With the unskilled and least efficient workers wholly without organization or political influence, and with the highly skilled workers well organized and constantly bringing pressure on government, the situation is not a happy one. Many impartial authorities, judging from past history, believe that the complete unionization of all labor in America would result in complete control of wages by labor and a wage-scale that would destroy capital, reduce production, and put a large part of the population on a permanent dole. Undoubtedly there would be much strife and loss for a time. But it is the judgment of this writer that universal unionization would greatly improve conditions in the long run. With complete organization, labor, government, and business would all have to learn the truth about wages and adopt sane policies. With all labor organized, its leaders would not tolerate monopoly by any one group of workers.

Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. There is no avoiding this primal law. But in our day there is for the first time in history some prospect of easing the burden of toil, some hope of a good wage for every worker. This prospect of a rising wage level is our one hope of making this a better world to live in. The one way to achieve it is through increased invention, increased saving, and increased production.

"Yes, ma'am, you got the right number, but I ain't 'sweet sugar dumpling'"

George H. Mabie

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The Miracle Maker

(*Continued from page 17*)

over the small, square, shabby-looking glass. He sinks into profound thought.

"*I* didn't want the confounded lamp to upset."

He begins to have inklings of how things are. His lips repeat arguments noiselessly.

"Miracles. . . . It was just when I said, 'Here, you be turned upsy-down.'"

He starts, with a sudden thought. He stares a prolonged stare at the candle beside him. He lifts a hand, half pointing to the candle, and drops it irresolutely. At last he says, "'Ere. You be lifted up about a foot."

The burning candle is lifted up.

FOTHERINGAY: "Now—now—now—don't lose your head, George McWhirter Fotheringay; don't lose your head. It isn't going to drop if you don't let it down." Watches it almost appealingly. "Now, keep burning steady, don't drop any nasty grease about, and now over you go, upsy-down." The burning candle obeys.

Fotheringay is beginning to realize his mastery. Almost casually he says, "As you were—on the table."

Candle behaves as directed.

FOTHERINGAY sits down, amazed. "Gaw! It's a miracle! It's really a blooming miracle! Why! One might make any amount of money on the music 'alls with a trick like this."

He meditates: "I suppose I could do it to almost anything. The table? Here!"

He gesticulates, and speaks inaudibly. The table is raised up.

Fotheringay considers the things on it. "Too risky to turn it over. . . . Go down again." It does so with a bump. "Now—the bed?"

He regards the bed doubtfully. "Biggish." Then he addresses himself to the bed. It is raised.

FOTHERINGAY: "Don't bump on the floor, mind. Down you go—*quietly*."

Fotheringay meditates: "Raising things—by will power."

He goes to the looking glass, sticks out his chin, and glares. "Will power. 'Ipnotism, and all that. Now, I wonder . . ."

He raised himself a foot or so—is rather frightened, and comes down again.

He fiddles with the extinguisher of the candlestick. "Here, get big. Be one of those cones what conjurers have. See?"

The extinguisher grows to a cone.

FOTHERINGAY: "Now, let's get something." He puts it down on the table and

turns up his sleeves conjurer fashion. "Hey, presto!"

Nothing happens. He speaks louder: "Hey, presto! Let there be a kitten under this." He lifts the cone with a gesture. He addresses an imaginary audience: "You see, ladies and gentlemen! A healthy young kitten!"

The kitten looks round and jumps off the table.

FOTHERINGAY: "Here, pussy! Pussy!"

He pursues the kitten, which darts under the bed. "Can't let her go there. If it makes a mess there'll be the devil to pay with Ma Wilkins!" He bends down, calling, "Pussy! Pussy!" and presently scrambles under the bed. His feet are seen kicking about. "Come here, I say!" Kitten is heard spitting. "Drat it! You little *beast!*"

He emerges ruefully and kneels, examining his bleeding hand, which is scratched. "Rotten little pincushion!" Is struck by an idea. Goes on all fours. Points. "Here, you. Be changed into a pincushion. Ah—*got* you!" He draws out a cat-shaped pincushion from under the bed. He regards it curiously and then puts it back under the cone. "Presto, vanish!"

FOTHERINGAY, to the cone: "Now you be an extinguisher again, and we won't say any more about *that*. No."

FOTHERINGAY meditates, sucking his scratches. "Got to be careful."

A fresh idea. "Here, you scratches, be cured!"

FOTHERINGAY: "Lor! I could go on doing miracles all night, I suppose."

Clock strikes eleven.

FOTHERINGAY: "Bedtime, George McWhirter—bedtime."

He sits down on his bed and begins to unlace a shoe.

A LATER shot of the bedroom, with Mr. Fotheringay in bed. The candle has burnt down to the candlestick. The bed is littered with two or three small rabbits, bunches of flowers, a walking stick, a number of watches, two china cats. He is eating a bunch of (miraculous) grapes rather suspiciously.

The village clock strikes two.

"Cripes! It's two o'clock in the morning and I shall be late for shop. What shall I do with all this litter? Here, all I've got here by magic, *vanish!*" (They vanish.) "Gollys! I've burnt my candle to a stump. Old Mother Wilkins won't half talk in the morning." He blows at the guttering, flaring candle. It will not go out until at last he says, "Oh, *go* out!"

Instant darkness except for the dim window. The bed creaks. . . .

Alarm clock ringing. Church clock strikes seven.

Fotheringay waking up. Stretches. Starts up into a sitting position.

"It was a dream."

Makes the charateristic gesture for a miracle. Lips move.

A small rabbit appears on the counterpane, and is vanished again.

"Gollys! It's true."

Makes a resolution: "I won't do any more of it—not for a day. *No*, Mr. George McWhirter Fotheringay, it's going to make no end of trouble for you if you don't watch it." . . .

FOTHERINGAY at breakfast.

His breakfast egg is bad. Smells it, and looks resentful. He changes it into another. Has two more. Perplexity. "She'll want to know how the shells came 'ere. *I* know! Here, you two shells, be changed into house flies and be off with you. . . . Not a bad way, that."

"No label; he knows the address!"

Bill Holman

Church clock strikes eight. Mr. Fotheringay rouses himself to depart—still very thoughtful. . . .

Exterior of the premises of Grigsby & Blott, General Drapers. Bill Stoker is seen in the large window, dressing it. He is a conspicuously good-looking young man rather on the florid side, much handsomer than Fotheringay. Ada Price, the costume young lady, stands in the doorway between the window space and the shop floor and is conversing with him. She is tall and dark and wears the long figure-displaying dress of the Costume Department. Stoker bends down as if to say something intimate to her. Fotheringay appears in street outside. A start of jealousy. They become aware of him. Ada Price assumes an expression of blameless dignity. Fotheringay enters shop.

The Haberdashery Department. Miss Maggie Hooper, a blonde of rich sentimental possibilities, with large, dreamy blue eyes, is wearing her arm in a sling. Her very much freckled junior, Effie Brickman, asks, "How's the arm, Miss Hooper?"

"Not so painful so long as I keep it in the sling and don't use it. Oh, I'm so hungry today—I wish it was lunch."

EFFIE: "I haven't the heart for lunch."

MISS HOOPER: "Feeling ill?"

EFFIE: "Feeling freckled—freckled all over. I've got two more. And *he's* nasty about it. Who's *this* sneaking round from the Manchester Department?"

MISS HOOPER: "Good mind to give him the cold shoulder."

EFFIE: "Only you can't. *I* know."

MISS HOOPER: "Oh, I could. But I don't want to."

EFFIE: "Two's company and three's none. I'm off."

As she disappears Mr. Fotheringay comes along behind the counter. It is against the rules for him to desert his department but this is the slack time of the day.

MISS HOOPER: "You don't often come to the Haberdashery nowadays, Mr. Fotheringay. New attraction in the Costumes, I presume."

FOTHERINGAY, fatuous smirk: "I keep my heart in this department, Miss Hooper."

"Reely?"

"Reely. D'you know, I've been wanting to talk to you all day. All the morning."

"Reely?"

"Serious. Maggie . . . something—something queer's happened to me."

"Not won a lottery ticket?"

Fotheringay shakes his head.

"Something queer? Not fallen in love?"

"That happened long ago—as well you know, Miss Hooper."

Archness on both sides.

"They say you had more than was good for you at the Long Dragon last night and upset a lamp. It can't be *that?*"

"Well, it *is* about that. In a way. You see, it's odd. It's like this: If I say let a thing happen, *it happens.*"

"Oh, go—*on.*"

"No, truth, Maggie; I'll prove it."

Creates a bunch of violets and hands it to her.

"Of course, that's a trick, Mr. Fotheringay. But they're lovely violets. You didn't get this bunch for sixpence. It's a good trick. But if only one *could* work miracles. Just think of what you could do."

"F'rinstance?"

"Heal the sick."

"I never thought of that. Leastways—I *did* heal some scratches."

"HERE'S my sprained arm. What wouldn't I give just to lift things and put them away—and not think of it."

He touches her arm. "Be all right. . . ."

The arm is tried. Incredulity at first. "Mr. Fotheringay, you've got the gift of healing!"

Miss Hooper twists her arm about. There is no doubt about the miracle.

"Now, there's Effie there—heartbroken

about her freckles. Her fellow hates freckles, and she keeps on getting fresh ones. Well—"

"I'll try."

Miss Hooper calls Effie, who appears. "D'you know Mr. Fotheringay has a charm for freckles? He has. Do, do it, Mr. Fotheringay."

FOTHERINGAY: "Let all the freckles go." Hastily adds: "And your complexion be perfect."

Change.

MISS HOOPER: "Oh! Where is a mirror?"

Mirror.

EFFIE: "It's marvelous. How he did it, I *don't* know."

FOTHERINGAY: "And *I* don't know."

Bell rings. "There's the second course for dinner." . . .

SCENE: The dining-room of Messrs. Grigsby & Blott. The midday dinner in progress. Passing of plates down a long table, etc. Fotheringay is in a central position, next to him is Miss Maggie Hooper, and next beyond Miss Ada Price. Bill Stoker sits with his back to audience. And sideways is Effie of the dazzling complexion. A junior apprentice and others. At the head of the table sits the Housekeeper.

FOTHERINGAY: "How it came to me I don't know. I just say to a thing, you be so and so or you do so and so, and it seems to happen."

BILL STOKER: "When you broke the lamp in the Long Dragon? We've heard of that."

HOUSEKEEPER: "Well, don't you go breaking anything here, Mr. Fotheringay. This is a drapery establishment—not a Home of Magic."

MISS HOOPER: "But he cured my sprain! And look at *her*."

Admiration of Effie, who turns her head graciously.

HOUSEKEEPER: "All the same, Major Grigsby is always fussing about breakages, as it is. What he'd say if we began to throw lamps about, I *don't* know."

FOTHERINGAY: "Of course, if I was sure I was always going to have the gift I'd go on the halls—straight away."

BILL STOKER: "I'd do better than that."

FOTHERINGAY: "How?"

BILL STOKER: "You tell rabbits to come and complexions to come and all that. What's to prevent you saying, 'Here, let's have a thousand pounds in my pocket?' Or, for the matter of that, 'Let's have twenty thousand in the bank.' And a motorcar, say—and a big house."

HOUSEKEEPER: "But is it honest to do things like that?"

FOTHERINGAY: "Maybe there's a limit. Of course it would be pleasant-like to have that money in the bank."

MISS HOOPER: "But don't forget your gift of healing."

BILL STOKER: "He could start miraculous hospitals all over the place. Just go and clean up everybody once a week. And how about a miraculous tip or so for the Derby? If *I* had it, I'd launch out. I wouldn't go on honoring Grigsby & Blott with my services much longer."

HOUSEKEEPER: "Fair play, Mr. Stoker. You'd have to give your month's notice."

ADA, with ambition and a wild surmise in her eyes—she is seeing Fotheringay in a

new light: "The things you might do! You could give presents right and left. Why! You might go to court and see the King!"

FOTHERINGAY: "I didn't mean to let all this out so soon. I tell you I'm a bit afraid of it."

MISS HOOPER, with a slight flavor of antagonism to Ada: "You listen to me, Mr. Fotheringay. Don't you do anything *rash*. You oughtn't to turn your gifts to selfish ends."

BILL STOKER: "O-o-o-oh! Here's Uplift."

MISS HOOPER: "Yes, I mean it, Mr. Stoker. This gift of miracles and healing is something very serious. You ought to have advice about it, Mr. Fotheringay."

FOTHERINGAY, scratching his cheek: "I suppose I ought. I didn't think of that."

MISS HOOPER: "There's Mr. Maydig, the new Baptist minister."

HOUSEKEEPER: "No, Mr. Fotheringay ought to go to the vicar."

BILL STOKER: "And a nice mess they'll make of it for you, either of them. Righteous old buffers without any imagination—leastways, the vicar is. And Maydig's just a spouter. You take my advice, Fotheringay, don't give your gift away."

ADA: "There isn't a woman in the world who wouldn't love to have a man work miracles for her."

Fotheringay glances at her.

MISS HOOPER: "You take advice, Mr. Fotheringay."

HOUSEKEEPER: "Will you collect the plates, Jane? There's rhubarb and custard or bread-and-butter pudding. Miracles or no miracles, we've got to get on; we can't sit here and keep the shop waiting."

DISSOLVE. . . .

SCENE: The Manchester Department in Messrs. Grigsby & Blott's at the end of a busy day. Nothing has been tidied up. There is a stack of goods at one end of the counter in a very disorganized state, and there is unrolled material upon the counter in great confusion.

Enter to him Major Grigsby, boss of Grigsby & Blott. Fotheringay starts to attention.

GRIGSBY: "Come, come, Mr. Fotheringay. What's the matter with you today? Here we are five minutes from closing time, and look at it—look at it. You've got half an hour of tidying before you."

FOTHERINGAY: "Sorry, sir. I've had a little worry today. But I won't be long."

He speaks almost inaudibly: "Apple-pie order."

In an instant rolls roll up, goods fold themselves, stacks of goods straighten up, and everything leaps to its place.

Grigsby stands agape. He and Fotheringay confront each other, Fotheringay with his hands on the counter.

FOTHERINGAY, to ease the pause: "I said it wouldn't take long, sir."

GRIGSBY: "No. It *hasn't* taken long. I couldn't follow you. Queer—but—very, very queer. You're quite sure, Mr. Fotheringay, that this sort of thing doesn't damage the goods?"

FOTHERINGAY: "Does 'em good, sir."

Grigsby walks slowly across the scene still very dazed. He turns and looks at Fotheringay, who affects to be staring out of the department. Grigsby looks away and then turns again. Mutual scrutiny of two perplexed men. Exit Grigsby with his eyes on Fotheringay. *DISSOLVE* on Fotheringay scratching his cheek. . . .

EVENING. The street. The Long Dragon in the distance. Passers-by. Fotheringay is taking the air after the day's work. He carries a walking stick. He walks toward the Long Dragon twirling his stick. Becomes irresolute. Stops and stands still, swings round on one leg, and goes off in another direction.

Late evening. Bright moonlight. Fotheringay is discovered sitting on a stile. His expression is exalted; his eyes very wide open.

FOTHERINGAY: "I can do anything. All the saints and the science that ever was—it's nothing to what I can do. Who's afraid, I tell you? Who's afraid?"

He whacks the stile with his stick, and breaks it. "Gaw! I broke my stick and it cost seven-and-six at Christmas."

FOTHERINGAY addresses his stick pityingly: "Ah, *did* they? But wait a bit, old fellow, wait a bit. How about Master's gift of healing? Here, be not a stick but a tree, a rose tree, a great, big rose tree, right there on the footpath, all covered with lovely roses—and get your breath. . . . Hullo, who's that coming along the road? Old Bobby Winch. This won't do. Go back, I tell you!"

The rose tree recedes violently and violently hits Winch, one of the local police force, who is just looking round a bit. For a time Winch is seen in a sort of Laocoön conflict with a much too floriferous and thorny and abundant crimson-rambler rose.

FOTHERINGAY: "Gollys! Come off it! Let that rose tree vanish."

The rose tree vanishes.

Winch advances upon Fotheringay, who slides down off his stile and confronts him. Winch's helmet is disarranged. His face is abundantly scratched and his expression formidable.

WINCH: "Hullo, mister. What's this throwing about of brambles, eh?"

FOTHERINGAY: "I wasn't throwing any brambles. Fact is—well, what I was doing was just a bit of a miracle, like."

WINCH: "Oo-hoo! It's you, Mr. Miracle Worker. It's you, is it? Well, this time you've done one trick too many."

FOTHERINGAY: "I didn't mean that bush to hurt you, Mr. Winch."

WINCH: "Well, you did. You've assaulted the police in the execution of their duty. From all I hear you've been making yourself a public nuisance for some time. *Now* you've done it."

FOTHERINGAY: "Well—but. It's easy explained."

WINCH: "I'm glad of that, because you'll have a fair chance to explain it to the superintendent."

FOTHERINGAY: "I won't come."

WINCH: "You will."

FOTHERINGAY: "Oh, go to Hades! . . . Why, I—"

Fotheringay stops, aghast. The policeman has vanished. "Here! Gollys! He's gone." Fotheringay's face is more like a pale moon than ever. Whispers: "He's . . . gone . . . to . . . Hades!"

FOTHERINGAY: "If I bring him back he'll tell everyone." . . .

DISSOLVE to a desolate place under a lurid light among rocks. Thin wisps of vapor rise from the soil. A strange half-animal vegetation maintains a precarious

hold on the rocks. Two phantoms in togas pass across the scene, conversing profoundly. Constable Winch appears abruptly, legs wide apart, and amazed.

"Where *am* I?" Pushes helmet back and scratches his head. "He's got me into some sort of pitfall. There's no end to his tricks. It's—warm here. Hullo!" Something flaps across overhead, but only its shadow is seen on the rocks.

Winch is evidently becoming frightened but he bears up bravely. He takes out his notebook. "I'd better make a note of some of this." Produces stump of a pencil. "The young constable should always make a careful note. Now, what was the exact time?" Consults wrist watch. "Why, the paper's going brown. Hot on the boots, too. Phew!" . . .

Scene flashes back to Fotheringay, standing in the empty moonlit road.

FOTHERINGAY: "Hades? That can't be a nice place. I can't send a chap to Hades like that. Wonder where my little old stick is. Oh—let my stick come back here now—no, not broken. And now what am I to do about Winch? He can't come back. I can't have him staying—there. . . . *I* know! San Francisco! That's half round the world—nearly. Let Mr. Winch, wherever he is, go immediately to San Francisco. And—" . . .

Instantaneous flash to a busy street in San Francisco.

All this scene is to be bright and clear and rather small. It is to have something of the effect of a scene watched through field glasses at some distance. No voices. (N. B.—Since it is 12:30 A. M. in Essex, it is 4:30 P. M. in San Francisco.)

Just at the climax of a traffic stop Mr. Winch, notebook and pencil in hand and helmet rather askew, appears abruptly. Traffic is released. Disorganization of traffic by an unexpected obstacle. Marvelous escapes of Mr. Winch. His own movements are precipitate, ill-advised, but singularly fortunate. Pursued by two San Francisco cops and an irritated crowd, he reaches the sidewalk. There he makes a valiant attempt to run for it, knocks over a Chinese laundryman, upsets an apple basket, gets a little way up a ladder, is caught by a cop, and is lost sight of in a great and growing crowd of spectators. . . .

Return to Mr. Fotheringay walking slowly homeward.

"I got to have advice. Extraordinary power it is. If I remember to send him back every two or three days, like, that ought to be all right. But it isn't only Winch. No. And there's all these other ideas I keep on having, all these different ideas . . . they frighten me.

"Yet I might do them. Try them, anyhow.

"That about Ada."

A smiling expression shows the onset of an agreeable reverie.

"Take the shine out of Mr. Billy Stoker."

DISSOLVE. . . .

THE same moonlit night. A lane between overhanging high hedges, beneath which everything is very dim, emerges upon a clearer space as it debouches on the road. Two dark forms are seen bending together as they come down the lane discreetly. As they emerge into the moonlight they are seen to be Ada and Bill Stoker. (*Continued on page 144*)

ADA: "Well now, Bill, you can't say I don't love you any more."

BILL: "You're a darling, Ada. A perfect darling. *My* darling."

ADA: "*Your* darling really?"

BILL: "Really." He takes her in his arms and kisses her.

ADA, with a deep sigh: "It's lovely. It's heaven. Being like this. And to think you was jealous, Bill, of that poor little Fotheringay!"

BILL: "Him and his miracles!"

ADA: "It must be awful late, Bill."

BILL: "Gollys! Past the half-hour. Time we was indoors. Door will be locked. Have to ring."

ADA: "We can't go back together, Bill Everyone would talk."

BILL: "Yes." He considers the situation. "You go back to the front door, and I'll go round to the back and shin up the waterpipe to the men's dormitory. I've done it before. The window's never fastened."

ADA: "Give us a last kiss, Bill."

The picture *DISSOLVES* while they are still kissing. . . .

THE next scene shows Major Grigsby in his inner sanctum in the establishment of Grigsby & Blott. The major is a self-important, shortish man of the military shopwalker type. His sanctum is separated by a glass partition from the counting-house, beyond which is a glimpse of the general shop. Papers and patterns and one lady's hat on a stand adorn the large desk at which the major is sitting. The major is thinking out what he has to say to Fotheringay. He rehearses phrases in dumb show. Finally touches a bell on his desk. Small boy apprentice appears. "Send Fotheringay to me. . . . No—no. Ask Mr. Fotheringay to come to see me."

Fotheringay appears, or at least his forehead and nose appear above the frosted part of the glass pane of the door of the sanctum. He surveys the major and the major surveys him. He opens the door slowly and says with a politeness that is not in the least abject, "You wished to see me, sir?"

Grigsby, in true shopwalker fashion, places the second office chair for him. Then, recalling their respective stations, walks around his desk. He takes his seat at the desk. "Sit down, Mr. Fotheringay; I want to talk with you."

Fotheringay takes the other chair.

GRIGSBY: "Well, yes. I want a talk with you. Fact is, Mr. Fotheringay, I couldn't help being struck by the way you tidied up your department last night. Could you—ah—could you tell me in any way how you managed it?"

Fotheringay is vaguely on his guard, he hardly knows against what. "I suppose it's what one might call a miracle."

GRIGSBY: "Isn't that rather an old-fashioned word—miracle?"

FOTHERINGAY: "Well, suppose one said it was something—something contrariwise to the course of nature done by an act of will."

GRIGSBY: "Ah, *will*. Now, there is something I can understand. A man doesn't build up a big and vital business like this in seven short years, without knowing something of Will Power. . . . But, frankly, Mr. Fotheringay, you haven't struck me as the kind of young man who went in for that sort of thing."

FOTHERINGAY: "I haven't. It's just come to me."

GRIGSBY: "You never studied Dominance—never exercised your will against other wills?"

FOTHERINGAY: "Even now I don't seem able to do much with that. It's miracles—well, just old-fashioned miracles I do—like magic, bit of healing and that style of stuff, making things and animals appear and disappear; moving things and people about, like from here to there."

GRIGSBY: "Well, coming down to solid fact, Mr. Fotheringay, I want to make you a business proposition. Now. I take it that even if you can't absolutely *make* 'em want to come in and buy, you can offer inducements, considerable inducements. Efficiency. Service. F'rinstance, you could straighten up our shops, open them in the morning, deliver our parcels to the addresses given—all by miracle, eh? Grigsby, Blott & Fotheringay, the Miracle Drapers. No outside miracles. Do you get me, Mr. Fotheringay?"

FOTHERINGAY: "Yes, but—"

GRIGSBY: "I've figured it out. We could guarantee you, sir, an income of £3,000 in the first year—three thousand pounds! There isn't a competitor we couldn't down. We could extend over the west coast, over England. There's no limit with an advantage like that. Call me a dreamer, Mr. Fotheringay. I tell you every great business organizer is a dreamer. But I can see Grigsby, Blott & Fotheringay now, from this chair, spreading all around the world."

FOTHERINGAY: "All around the world, eh?"

GRIGSBY: "Yes. You must bring imagination to bear on this. If you let this gift of yours just splash about you'll waste it. But limited strictly to the expansion of Grigsby, Blott & Fotheringay, this can be an immense thing!"

FOTHERINGAY: "All this is very attractive."

GRIGSBY: "Attractive! It's the logic of the situation. I see us springing up in a night to be giants in the distributing world—big business—big money—big men. Monopolists. We cannot miss it. I tell you what, Mr. Fotheringay—I'd like to have the reactions of Mr. Bampfylde to this—Mr. Bampfylde, of the bank over the way." . . .

DISSOLVE into a trio. Fotheringay, Major Grigsby, and Mr. Bampfylde are discovered in a little parlor of the Dewhinton branch of the London & Essex Bank.

Mr. Bampfylde is a small, lean, dry, very "efficient" man, wearing a pince-nez. Grigsby is flushed and disheveled with his own eloquence in propounding his new and wonderful scheme. Fotheringay seems to have done some thinking while the other two have been talking. By degrees the deference of conscious inferiority is evaporating from his manner. A certain native shrewdness and simplicity are becoming more apparent.

BAMPFYLDE: "It's a most extraordinary proposition, Major Grigsby. If you had told me two hours ago that I should be confronted with a project for a world net of miraculous chain stores I should have scouted the idea—scouted the idea."

GRIGSBY: "It took me a painful night

to grasp all this. And get it in order."

BAMPFYLDE: "I shall have trouble with headquarters, but I think I can handle that. Mr. Fotheringay, I think you may count on having the London & Essex Bank behind you."

FOTHERINGAY: "Ye-es. I don't know much about finance and business management myself. But now—what you propose is that I should be sort of exclusive?"

GRIGSBY: "Confine your gift entirely to Grigsby, Blott & Fotheringay. That's *essential*."

FOTHERINGAY: "It's just there I don't *see* it."

Bampfylde nods endorsement.

Both wait his further utterance.

FOTHERINGAY: "Now, there's the gift of healing—and that sort of thing. I don't want to make a business of that."

GRIGSBY, brilliant idea: "We could have free clinics in all our stores. Healing, Tuesdays and Fridays—and special bargain lines. Free. Absolutely without charge."

FOTHERINGAY: "Ye-es. We *might* do that. But what I don't see is—why don't we give away all the stuff free?"

GRIGSBY: "You can't do that. You positively can't do that."

FOTHERINGAY, yielding: "I suppose you can't. No. And then, why do we have to borrow money for it and—what did you call it—issue debentures?"

BAMPFYLDE: "You must have the thing put on a sound financial basis."

FOTHERINGAY: "But if we want money, why not make money right away?"

BAMPFYLDE: "It can't be done." (Pause. Growing alarmed.) "Without quite disastrous results."

FOTHERINGAY: "But look here." (Holds out his hand and his lips move. A hundred-pound note appears.)

BAMPFYLDE: "No. No! You can't do that. That's illegal. That's forgery."

FOTHERINGAY: "Look at it. All right, isn't it?"

BAMPFYLDE, fingering the note: "Oh, this won't do." (Gets up in his agitation.) "This will *NOT* do. You mustn't make money when you want it. Puts the whole banking system out of gear. People must *want* money."

GRIGSBY: "And they've got to *want* commodities."

FOTHERINGAY: "But if I can give them all they want!"

GRIGSBY and BAMPFYLDE together: "What would they *DO?*"

FOTHERINGAY, scratching his cheek: "Couldn't they have some fun—like?"

BAMPFYLDE: "Mr. Fotheringay, I have studied these questions—very profound questions—before you were born. Human society, I repeat, is based on *want*. Life is based on *want*. Wild-eyed visionaries—I name no names—may dream of a world without need. Cloud-cuckoo-land. It can't be done."

Fotheringay's face remains skeptical.

GRIGSBY: "You take my word for it, Mr. Fotheringay, you can't go *heaping* things on people. Universal bankruptcy. Lassitude. Degeneration. Now, if only you will follow us—trust us. . . . We have worked out this scheme for—keeping your gift—your very dangerous gift, if I may say so—within bounds. Incidentally, *you* will become a multimillionaire. Not a doubt of it. And people will get what they want—within measure."

BAMPFYLDE: "A general, encouraging, gradual rise in prosperity."

FOTHERINGAY: "I got to think it all over." . . .

A SHOP vista in the establishment of Grigsby & Blott. At the far end the front door and street outside. Closer up. Bill Stoker is floorwalking in the absence of Major Grigsby. He adjusts a display of umbrellas. Another assistant stands at the counter.

ASSISTANT: "Where's Fotheringay today?"

STOKER: "Haven't seen him all the morning. Governor sent for him."

ASSISTANT: "He's got the sack, perhaps."

STOKER: "Likely enough."

ASSISTANT: "All this foolery with miracles!"

STOKER: "Only get him into trouble. *He* can't do anything with it. He's got no imagination. Now, if only *I* could snatch it from him." (Twirls an umbrella and kisses his hands.)

Fotheringay appears from street in doorway down vista and advances up shop.

He has a new air of responsibility about him. He looks up as he approaches Bill Stoker, regards him absent-mindedly, and then nods.

STOKER: "Hullo, Fotheringay, what's up? Where you been all the morning?"

ASSISTANT: "He's got the sack."

Fotheringay shakes his head slowly, smiling slightly. "Not it. I've been considering a business proposition. What do you think of Grigsby, Blott & Fotheringay, Miraculous Stores?"

ASSISTANT: "Oh! Get *out!*"

STOKER: "Gee! Miraculous Stores, eh?"

ASSISTANT: "Put us all out of work."

FOTHERINGAY: "Didn't think of that."

STOKER: "You haven't signed on?"

FOTHERINGAY: "No. I sort of feel I ought to think it over."

STOKER: "Who's in it?"

FOTHERINGAY: "Oh, Grigsby—and the bank."

STOKER: "Why make it for *them?* If you want money, make it for yourself. Why fatten up old Grigsby and Bampfylde?"

FOTHERINGAY: "You can't do it that way. You can't make money for yourself."

STOKER: "Why not?"

FOTHERINGAY: "Oh, Mr. Bampfylde has explained. Universal bankruptcy. Break up the social system."

STOKER: "Break up old Grigsby & Blott, you mean."

FOTHERINGAY: "He didn't think it ought to be done."

STOKER: "He'd do it fast enough if he knew how to do it himself. Gaw! If *I* had your gift—"

FOTHERINGAY: "Well?"

STOKER: "I'd run the world."

Fotheringay looks at him.

STOKER: "What price Bill Stoker's New Deal? I'd make a world of it! I wouldn't put my gift into blinkers and harness it to Grigsby & Blott. No fear!"

Fotheringay's face taking it in. It is a new but assimilable idea. . . .

The Costume Department of Grigsby & Blott. Dress stands with costumes. Mirrors. It is slack time and no customers are present. Miss Ada Price, with

her lipstick, is discovered at a mirror.

Fotheringay enters and stands regarding her.

ADA, with affected sangfroid: "Hullo, George."

FOTHERINGAY: "Making yourself prettier than ever, eh?"

ADA: "Wish I needn't do it, George. But it has to be done. Why don't you give me a complexion like you gave to Effie?"

FOTHERINGAY, holding it for a bit: "Oh! Bless you!"

Inaudible instructions and gesture.

Ada becomes much more beautiful.

ADA, still at the mirror: "Now, that's nice, George. Such a becoming wave in the hair, too. Oh, I like little *ME*. I suppose it won't run to a diamond tiara or anything of the sort?"

FOTHERINGAY: "Look in the glass."

ADA starts: "Oh, *lovely!* Why, it might be *real*. It's wonderful!"

FOTHERINGAY: "It *is* real."

ADA: "Oh, yes! Could you do a pearl necklace, George, to go with it? How you do it I don't know. It's madness!"

Ada is so absorbed with the pearls in the mirror that she almost forgets Fotheringay.

FOTHERINGAY: "And, while we're at it, why wear that old black dress? Here, let her be dressed in splendid robes, like Cleopatra in the play."

Transfiguration of Ada Price.

Fotheringay is overwhelmed at the result of his own miracle. Ada stands splendid and triumphant. She doesn't look at Fotheringay. She is exalted by her own effect.

FOTHERINGAY: "Ada, you're wonderful. Oh, Ada, I'd do anything if I could get you to sort of love me. If I could get you—so's you wanted to kiss me"

ADA: "Oh, George! Miracles or no miracles, you mustn't talk to me like that."

FOTHERINGAY: "Why shouldn't I? Don't you care for me? Not a little bit?"

ADA: "Not in that way. No . . ." (She deliberately drops the "George") "Mr. Fotheringay."

FOTHERINGAY: "Why not?"

ADA: "I don't know. I just don't."

FOTHERINGAY: "Anyone else, Ada? Eh? *I* know."

ADA: "That's not your business, Mr. Fotheringay. Anyhow, I don't care for you in that way. It isn't your fault or my fault or anybody's fault. If there is anyone or no one it wouldn't make any difference about us. I couldn't love you."

FOTHERINGAY: "No?"

ADA: "No. And that's that."

FOTHERINGAY: "Here, wait a bit, Ada. Hold on! Are you so sure you're never going to love me? How about a miracle? How about making you?"

ADA: "You couldn't do that, Mr. Fotheringay." (Frightened, she recoils.) "You *wouldn't* do that, Mr. Fotheringay."

FOTHERINGAY: "No? Now, let me see, my lady. Let's see what we can do? *Won't* I do it! Here now—you be in love with me. You be hopelessly in love with me now. Forget all about Bill Stoker and be in love with *me*. *Now*."

(*To be continued*)

A tall red candle

(*Continued from page 29*)

just so, and everything so quiet and good. And such a meal! I didn't know I was getting a wife and a real chef into the bargain. Molly and Charlie are grand people, but at home there's an etcher's press in the kitchen and an unfinished canvas on the music rack of the piano and paint tubes in the bathroom. Don't misunderstand me—Molly can keep house and cook to equal anyone. But when she does she doesn't do anything else. She keeps house, as Charlie says, as though she were killing snakes—with passion and intensity. It's usually a kind of relief when she goes back to her own work. All this seems like something I've dreamed of since I was a little boy—like the fulfillment of a wish that has ached so long I forgot it was there. I'm a throwback in the Wayne family. I'm just a plodder. I'm just another guy that works in another bank. But I'll never let you down, Beth, and any time you want my right leg or my right arm, or the heart in my breast—just say so!"

Beth kissed him. Her heart was too full for speech. She felt there was much behind his words—something he would never put more plainly. She felt intuitively that there had been a succession of worries, disappointments, in his life—and she began to feel, too, a queer thing, a fighting, maternal instinct, a need to take care of him, to look after him, to love him as he had never been loved—with good food and cleanliness and devotion. . . .

Joyce Wayne was a long-legged, yellow-haired girl with a wide, bright smile and violet eyes. She was as pretty as a picture hung in a gallery, and she greeted Philip at one o'clock on Christmas morning with loud whoops of joy and a great hug and kiss.

"Hey, watch out, you big palooka—you'll break the candle!"

"Oh, yes—the candle for Molly. And this is Beth!" Joyce took Beth's hand and looked at her frankly in a way no one could resent. She turned to Philip.

"She's perfect!" Joyce cried. "She's just exactly your own girl. Where did you find her, you dumb bunny? I thought you couldn't find your way around alone."

Philip was grinning from ear to ear. Beth had a swift impression of a big, warm house, lit from cellar to attic, of the smell of excellent coffee, and a swarm of young

people. She clung to Joyce and met them all. The "gang," it seemed, had gathered to greet Philip and his girl.

There were hot coffee and thick, good sandwiches and slabs of chocolate cake. A Christmas tree stood in one corner of the room; a fire roared on the hearth.

"We'll be sliding on Dairy Hill," Joyce said, sitting down by Beth. She looked up and grinned. "Philip's like my own brother," she added. "He's lived with us a lot while his crazy parents skylarked around the world." Joyce looked across at Philip, gave her head a sharp shake. "Philip has written to me about you. I know him. He's never been in love like this before."

"Thanks, Joyce," said Beth simply. She too looked across at Philip. He was laughing—dear Philip!

"What's all this?" demanded a tall young man named Ollie. "All this tripe they put in the papers about parents handicapping their children—about mother complexes. Around this town a guy is lucky if he can find a clean shirt after he's ten years old. I ask my dad what to do, and he says, 'Use your head—use your head. That's what you've got it for.'"

Everyone laughed.

Amy, a little girl, turned to Beth. "The trouble around here," she exp ained, "is that all our parents are contract fiends. I was brought up under a card table."

"But you can't say Molly wastes her time playing cards," said Joyce. "She's working her head off. She's having a regular working jag."

"I'm glad," Philip said. "She's happy that way."

"She's bought an enormous turkey for tomorrow," said Hank, another tall young man. "And all the trimmings. She's going to put your eyes out with the dinner she's having for you."

"Molly can cook," Philip agreed.

"Yes," complained Ollie. "But the trouble with Molly is, she's like my mother. She doesn't do it often enough."

Everyone laughed again. Beth, always sensitive, felt some undercurrent. They were detracting their own parents—they were trying to make it all right with Philip—to make him, and Beth too, feel that everything was all right. She suspected they were sorry for Philip.

BETH shared Joyce's room. She wakened, Christmas morning, to find the world white with snow. She was horrified to discover that it was eleven o'clock and Joyce already up and gone. She rose at once. Downstairs she found Philip.

"We're not going to the farm until two o'clock," he told her. "I took the candle out this morning and saw the folks. Mother's painting."

Beth kissed him. He seemed very happy. Perhaps she had just imagined some deep need in him. She had breakfast in a bright, small breakfast-room, and Philip and Joyce drank coffee with her. It seemed only a minute until it was time to go to the farm. Philip had his own car.

"It's the last Christmas we'll have like this," Philip said, as they rode along. "Next year we'll have our own Christmas. Before we leave in the morning I'll show you the house I hope to get. I've money enough to buy it if you like it. Don't you like the gang, Beth?"

"Yes, I do, Philip. And I love Joyce."

"Joyce is grand," he said; "they all are. And they think you're tops, too. And now for Molly and Charlie."

The farmhouse was set sill-deep in the new snow. A plume of smoke from the kitchen fire drifted in the cold air.

"I'll carry you," Philip said, for there was no sign of a path.

He went up the slight rise, Beth in his arms, and around the house. The sound of a shovel came to them. A man saw them, shouted, and came forward. He was a little, wiry man. Beth thought from his dress that he was the hired man until she saw his eyes—as blue as Joyce's.

"Philip!"

Philip put Beth down on the newly scraped walk and shook hands with his father.

"And this is Beth, Charlie."

Charlie Wayne kissed Beth. His face was cold.

"I've been outdoors all day," he explained. "It's too beautiful to stay in the house. Better come in the kitchen. There's a fire there. And Molly's in there too, working."

THEY went into the shelter of the porch, into the kitchen, and Beth braced herself. It was a wide, light room warm with the fire popping in the range. Sun streamed in the window, and at an easel placed so that she could see out of the kitchen window, to the pump, stood a tall, vigorous-looking woman with wild locks of black hair. The woman turned. She put down her palette. She came forward.

Beth looked up into small, clear, brown eyes—into a face beautiful with work and unself-consciousness—into a light. A band loosened around Beth's heart. Molly stooped and kissed Beth. She took Beth's hand in hers. She said, in a deep, careless but vibrant voice, "So this is Philip's girl."

Beth loved her. Then and there—completely—and the unexpected reaction was too much for her. Beth, who had always been so self-controlled, began to weep.

"Oh," she cried, "oh, you're so nice—and I didn't like you! I knew I didn't like you. I felt that I hated you. Because you came to the farm for our first Christmas, and because you didn't go to Philip's graduation—and because we couldn't get here Christmas Eve on account of the candle—and because I felt that Philip never had a chance—and you're grand; you're lovely—Oh, Molly, forgive me for all the things I thought."

Philip stood staring at Beth. But Molly laughed. She held Beth close in her warm arms. She gave a deep chuckle—just like Philip's chuckle.

"It's all true," she said. "Every word of it is true. And how much you must love Philip to know it! It's the way I want him loved—jealously, protectively. Philip's always had the little end—but now he's to have everything. I can see that. You're a darling child."

Philip didn't know what it was all about, but he was deeply stirred and content to see Molly and Beth in each other's arms. But after a minute he said:

"Where's dinner? When do we eat?"

Molly looked at him, stricken.

"Oh, Philip," she said, her face suddenly crinkled with chagrin. "Oh, darling—I forgot. Oh, I got the biggest turkey in town—but I forgot to cook it. I've been

painting like a madwoman all day long. The turkey's on the back porch—I bet it's frozen stiff."

And then Beth laughed. She laid her hat aside with a businesslike gesture. What difference did it make to Molly Wayne whether she ate turkey on the twenty-fifth or on the twenty-sixth?

"I'll cook it," Beth said. "I know how. You go on and paint, Molly. We'll have coffee and sandwiches now and we'll have the turkey when it's done."

THEY ate the turkey at eight o'clock. Beth had never had a happier Christmas Day. In the middle of the table stood the tall red candle, and it cast a beautiful light all around the room. It was Christmas—it was love, it was beauty. It was, Beth knew, far, far prettier than a silver platter.

And Charlie and Molly sat hand in hand and looked at the candle like two children with their first Christmas tree. Philip and Beth left them so, scarcely aware of their departure. In the car Philip tucked Beth up carefully. The night was very cold.

"I might have known," Philip said, kissing her, "I might have known it would be all right—that you and Molly would understand each other. But I was nervous—I'll admit it. You're so very different. Molly's gift-ridden. She's under compulsion. Charlie worships her, but he can take her down when it's needed, never fear. You were grand, Beth. How can you go on being nicer all the time?"

Beth was deeply content. For she saw with the clear eyes of love that Philip was as he was because he had always had to be the sensible one, the steady one. He had never had any choice about it. What a grand job Molly had made of her son, with the frozen pump to be painted on Christmas Day and missing the boat in Rome, and the old farm, and the tall red candle.

Cashing in on Ideas

(*Continued from page 69*)

and Phil have $8,000 invested in equipment, a force of nine people, and are washing and delivering 6,000 diapers a day.

And yet it was a simple idea. It only needed the germ, the initial impulse.

This is true, also, of Marion Ziegler's idea.

Mrs. Ziegler lives near Philadelphia. Kept at home one day by a sick child, she thought how nice it would be if somebody would bring around a dozen or so of the new novels so she could have her pick. Thus the thought: Why not start a book-to-door service herself?

Mrs. Ziegler interested a young friend of hers, George Adams, Jr., and they went around the neighborhood ringing doorbells. Getting some encouragement, Mrs. Ziegler invested $100 in new books, loaded them into the family car, set forth. The rental rates were 25 cents a week for books costing $2 and more; two for 25 cents for books costing less than $2.

"At the end of six months," Mrs. Ziegler told me, "we had several hundred subscribers, but I was ready to quit. A woman would rent a book a week for two or three weeks, and then we would chase over to her place regularly with a bunch of new books, but she wouldn't want any. 'Come back next week,' she'd say. We were working terrifically hard and not breaking even. I was ready to quit."

I find that this happens with many new ideas. At first they go with a rush. Then comes a period of stalemate.

But Mrs. Ziegler stuck to it. She learned to discard the customer who took a book only now and then, to cultivate those who rented books regularly, and above all to size up people's reading habits.

Today, she has 5,000 customers and eight cars delivering books.

"I wish somebody would start that service in my town," a friend of mine said, "I wonder why they don't. There are all sorts of jobs lying around in this town for somebody to catch hold of."

"What, for instance?" I asked.

"If," she said, "somebody would let it be known that he was ready to look after the cats, dogs, and canaries when people go off for week ends, I am sure he could build up a steady income. And why doesn't somebody announce that he's ready to open up country houses in the spring, air them out, start the plumbing, put on screens, plant the garden, before people come out from the city? Still another thing," she said: "why not make a business of bringing wild flowers in from the woods, propagating them, and selling them? I would pay well to get them."

So there, in this one Connecticut town, are three jobs waiting, and in many hundreds of other towns too, I'll wager.

I KNOW an architect in New York who, out of a job, turned explorer. Lindon Perrine takes dude expeditions into the wilderness. The wilderness is New York itself, and Perrine conducts paid parties of New Yorkers—mostly women—at night through the mysterious unknown regions of the metropolis, night markets, printing plants, powerhouses, queer foreign eating places, showing the natives things they never knew existed in their own town.

I know a man in Bogota, N. J., named Edward M. Ellis, who started as a salesman in the cement business and then, largely by accident, invented an original occupation that has kept him busy all through the depression: making miniature models of all sorts of things. For instance, a women's magazine wanted to show how an ugly old Victorian room could be redecorated, so Ellis made for the editor a perfect replica of the room in miniature, which was photographed and published. This saved the cost of setting up and

furnishing an actual room. Models in miniature have certain advantages for advertisers, too, in getting photos of their products. So Ellis is often called in.

I know a young man in Montana named Roland Nixon, who all through the depression has made a good living selling photographs of locomotives. Nixon started photographing as a hobby. He loved locomotives. Got to swapping photos of them with railway engineers. Presently he began to receive letters asking if he had a picture of this engine or that. Now Nixon travels widely filling his orders. A St. Louis druggist wants pictures of Santa Fe engines. A life insurance president wants St. Paul engines, all he can get. And Nixon is making money out of something he loves to do.

I know a woman in Colorado who, in order to keep her hair out of her eyes on the long, windy drive from the ranch to town, contrived a hair-curler out of a willow stick. The curler worked so well that she got it patented, and then Mrs. E. E. Baldwin and her husband moved to Denver, and set up a manufacturing plant. The curler led on to other inventions, and now the Baldwins are head of a big organization with agencies in many cities.

I know a man in Cazenovia, N. Y., Edward B. Fox, Yale '07, who helped pull his family through the depression by designing and sawing out astonishingly realistic animals—horses on the gallop, elephants charging, ducks on the wing, dogs pointing. People buy them.

I KNOW of one college most of whose recent graduates have jobs—thanks in large part to the personality of one extraordinary man. David E. Ross, president of the Board of Trustees of Purdue University, an inventor himself as well as a shrewd business man, has for years made a standing offer to patent any worth-while idea brought to him by a student of the university, at Lafayette, Ind.

One day a freshman came in with a scheme for washing the ink out of old newspapers and selling the pulp to paper companies. Ross got the idea patented for him, helped him sell it. By the time the student graduated, he was drawing $5,000 a year in royalties.

A group of students, under Ross's stimulus and the leadership of a chap named Dick Harrison, from North Dakota, hit on a method of making synthetic stone from ground shale and quarry waste. Now Harrison and his friends are putting up some experimental houses built of the new stone, a remarkably cheap building material.

Most of the 600 youngsters who graduated from Purdue in June, 1935, have jobs, Ross told me recently.

UP IN the hills of Westchester County, New York, I found tucked away with his voluminous family in a nook of the woods, a jolly, self-taught mechanic named Rupert Merkl. For years Merkl served as a Jack-of-all-trades to his neighborhood—auto repairer, electrician, radio fixer.

In hard times, his boy, Jimmy, trapped skunks, raccoons, and muskrats, and sold the skins. But the traps were cruel to the animals; sometimes they tore the skins so badly they were no good. Merkl contrived a new kind of trap—a long, narrow box, made of stout wire screen, open at both ends, with grass and leaves on the floor. The bait was either hung from the roof or fixed on the floor. When the animal touched the bait, he set off a trigger, and the ends dropped and locked. The animal was caged, alive, unhurt. Merkl got the trap patented.

People roundabout asked him to make some traps for them, and he did.

Today Merkl's trap has been endorsed by the American Humane Society, has been bought by many state conservation departments to trap predatory animals, by many fish hatcheries to trap the turtles that prey on trout. Merkl is making a thousand traps a year in his little shop.

"My neighbor over there"—Merkl jerked his thumb across the valley—"old John D. Rockefeller, he's bought eleven of my traps, to catch rats and blacksnakes."

Explorers can use larger traps of the same design to catch all kinds of animals alive for zoos.

Up in the White Mountains, near Franconia, N. H., I found a hotel man with an idea. The owner, Robert Peckett, faced the problem of all northern resort hotels, a summer business and a year-round overhead. So he and his daughter Katherine took a financial plunge by building a magnificent ski-run and importing from Europe two expert ski teachers—Sig Buchmayer, of Austria, "the Nijinski of the snow," and Duke Dmitri of Leuchtenberg. With your hotel accommodations you get free skiing lessons. The result is that the Pecketts have kept their hotel full *each winter* right through the depression. Their idea has given their hotel and the country around it a paying winter job.

Sometimes it is chance, or what looks like chance, that brings out the winning idea. Take Voris Linthacum, for instance. An Oregon girl, Voris seemed headed for a big-town advertising career in Chicago. Then tragedy beat her down. An appendicitis operation brought as its aftermath an illness that put her on crutches. Disheartened, she went back to the Oregon ranch. One day, as she hobbled around wiping off the family bus with an old piece

GOT A SCHEME?

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MANY people over the country are pulling themselves out of difficulties and finding success and security by developing new and original ways of making money. Perhaps you have done this yourself, or know of some friend or neighbor who has hit on some ingenious idea for making a living. For the best letter telling us about it, we will pay $25; second best, $15; third, $10. State your facts as concisely as possible. Address SCHEMES, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No letters considered after December 15, 1935. None will be returned.

of chamois, the softness and pliableness of the leather made her wonder: "Why couldn't clothes be made out of chamois?"

"I started in," she said, "with three skins, a chain harness punch, and a $10 bill." Before she had thrown away her crutches, she had made and sold several garments so original that orders began to come in. When Voris completely got back her health, she took three helpers and a slender stock of cash, and lit out for Hollywood. Today she is making—out of chamois and other soft skins—wraps and dresses and jackets for motion picture stars, toreador trousers for South American dandies, fur-trimmed parkas for Arctic explorers.

Chance brought the idea and the girl together, but the idea answered a desire, a need, something, in the girl herself. That's why it became a winner. Time and time again I find this is true. Certainly it's true of Henry Franz and his pool, and Uncle Jimmy Washburne and his candy, and John Cox and his "World Letters."

As I was driving across a naked, sun-parched Oklahoma prairie, I saw ahead of me something surprising. A grove of trees, in the grove a great concrete pool shelving off to a sandy beach on one side, slides and springboards, a happy crowd diving and splashing. A pavilion, cool cottages among the trees. In that hot, treeless, waterless land, it was amazing.

The owner, Henry Franz, was a farmer boy who went to Tulsa and got a job in a grocery. He pushed ahead, became owner of a grocery store, himself. Then indoor life began to irk him. He wanted to get out into the air again, but not on a farm. Against all advice, he sold his grocery and bought a parcel of land on the highroad south of Tulsa, where he knew there was water, and he planted trees, built a pool. He had an idea—that the people of the parched prairie would pay a quarter for a dip. And do the prairie folks come? They swarm to Franz's place from forty miles around. Weekdays he often takes in $50, Sundays $75 to $100, and it is, he told me, almost all profit, because he pumps his water with engines fired by natural gas, which costs only $7.50 a month.

"Say," said Franz, "the biggest fun about this is not the money, but seeing hot people cool off!"

Harry Franz and his idea seem to me to be part of the spirit that made America.

SO IS John Cox. John, an Indiana schoolteacher in his young twenties, enlisted and went to war. He was a Quaker, and war was against his faith, but he went through with it, as a duty, and came home and got a job as salesman for a furniture company in Franklin, Ind. But as John worked he was fishing for an idea. Two things directed the course of his thoughts: One, his war experience; the other, his memory of his schoolteaching days.

"When I went to Indianapolis," he mused, "I taught in a school for incorrigibles. And I found out that not a quarter of the boys really belonged there. If they had had anything to really interest them in their school work, they never would have been branded incorrigible.

"I was looking for an idea that would do two things—stimulate interest in school work and promote world peace."

Some ambition, wasn't it?

"Suddenly," he said, "I got it! Letters written from foreign countries to American school kids, telling them all the things history books and geography books don't tell. Especially about young people in other lands. Showing how much they are like us. Stirring kids up in their school work, promoting friendliness among nations."

Cox realized that the only right way to get his letters written was to send an American reporter, a good one, on a trip each year through foreign lands, writing back a weekly letter. He would sell subscriptions to this letter to parents and schools. The writer would have to take an assistant along to mimeograph the letters and mail them back, so that each subscriber would get an individual letter from a different foreign city each week.

THE adventures of John Cox in putting his idea across were epic. His backers went back on him or went broke. He laid out a schedule of prices, based on the probable expenses of a writer and his assistant, and then the United States went off the gold standard, cutting almost in half the buying power of American money abroad. Cox had only a few hundred subscribers and barely enough cash to pay the reporter's way the first leg of the journey. But he sent him, hoping for the best.

"Then," Cox told me, "I put our case squarely up to my bank in East Aurora, N. Y., where we had established our offices. The bank officers looked into our plan and offered us their fullest co-operation—and at that time the banking situation was at its worst. This was the turning point."

Now Cox has his "World Letters" in their third year. He has several thousand subscribers. Teachers and children seem to be crazy about the letters.

"The one new idea in international education that has risen in a generation!" Professor John W. Oliver, head of the Department of History, University of Pittsburgh, said to me the other day.

And it's another illustration of the fact that the ideas out of which one gets the deepest satisfaction are those that answer some need, some desire, in oneself.

Uncle Jimmy Washburne and his candy illustrate that, too, even more vividly.

Six years ago Uncle Jimmy Washburne was head of a chain of candy stores in New York, with an income of $50,000 a year. He and his wife never saved anything, didn't think they needed to. Then the candy chain went broke. Uncle Jimmy went down—but not out. He kept thinking candy, candy, because candy was his life and he knew nothing else. After many lean months he worked out a new kind of candy, made of ground spinach, carrots, corn, asparagus, mixed with sugar.

A white-haired man of eighty, he haunted the sidewalks of the Times Square district, with a placard on his chest, hawking his new candy at 30 cents a box. At night he returned to his sick wife in their tiny apartment uptown, telling her he was "selling wholesale to old customers." Finally he attracted so much attention to the new candy that a wealthy sweets manufacturer sent for the sidewalk merchant, made him an offer, and organized a million-dollar company to manufacture the new product.

"The new factory," Uncle Jimmy told me happily, "is putting hundreds of people to work. Maybe I'll be able to help some other down-and-outers now."

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What shall we play?

SINCE the letters describing games have been arriving, in response to our contest announcement in the August issue, the staff has found it almost impossible to do any work at all. Even the judges were caught playing, one day. They offered the transparent excuse that they couldn't pick the three best games without *trying* them first. Frivolous or not, here are their selections:

$25—awarded to Jimmie Gibbs, Tulsa, Okla., for the following letter:

"PERSONALITIES" is an amusing game. Supply each person with two sheets of paper and a pencil. On the first sheet rule off two columns. In one the player writes his dislikes (ten of them) and in the other his likes (also ten). Allow about ten minutes for deep thought and the necessary pencil work. Each player must sign his name at the bottom of his paper. Then these first sheets are collected, shuffled, and read aloud, one by one, by some neutral person—who does not, however, reveal the names.

On the second sheet given each player he writes the name of the person who he thinks has written each paper, as it is read. The one correctly guessing the most names wins, of course.

Prize or no prize, there'll be a lot of good-natured argument. And few things start off a friendship as quickly as the discovery of mutual likes or dislikes.

$10—awarded to Mrs. D. Leroy Miller, Washington, D. C., for her description of "Zeppelin:"

"ZEPPELIN" is a splendid get-acquainted game and, although it requires considerable action, is not strenuous.

Guests are told that they are going to take a trip on a Zeppelin and can carry with them only five pounds of baggage—each one gathering, of course, what he estimates to be an exact five pounds. Everything movable on the first floor of the house may be used, *provided* a real use for the articles, during the journey, can be proved.

A "ship's officer," appointed beforehand by the hostess, gives the starting signal. At the end of the five minutes, he goes from one person to another, challenging the use of each article. Anything that cannot be justified is excluded. On the second round, the officer weighs each person's baggage. The winner is the person whose collection comes nearest to weighing exactly five pounds.

If you can imagine the scramble for articles, the absurdity of the collections, with the practical (?) uses given for each, and the surprises when they are weighed, you will realize how amusing and hilarious "Zeppelin" is from the very start.

$5—awarded to Mrs. Clifford Hodder, Short Hills, N. J., for this letter:

HAVE you ever played at putting marbles in the pan?

The guests, two or more, sit cross-legged on the floor, facing each other. (It is really funnier if only two compete at a time, so that the rest can cheer or jeer.) Place on the floor before each contestant a bowl containing a dozen marbles. Then give them each a teaspoon and a pie tin. The player must place the pie tin on top of his head and try with the teaspoon to transfer the marbles from the bowl to the pan. The marbles roll; the pie tins wabble; the teaspoons wave; and the victims go into a remarkable series of contortions.

Each time the pan falls from a player's head he must start all over again. A prize can be awarded to the one whose pan is filled first.

Honorable Mention—awarded to Mrs. G.N. Knight, Jamestown, N. Dak., for the letter which follows:

A MIRTH-PROVOKING game, which originally came from Africa, has become the life of many of our parties.

Each guest is given the same number of chips or "coins" (say ten). Then the host, or one chosen by him, explains that the coins have been given the guests so that they can buy their own entertainment. They may choose their entertainment at their own prices. To him who has been waiting for a lucky break the opportunity has come to gain an audition or make his debut.

"Friends," the chairman continues, "what shall we have for the first number? We are open now for bids."

Some guest will be ready with a request—such as, "Did you ever hear Tom yodel? Well, I have, and it's worth five coins to hear him again."

Tom says he "needs the money" and consents. Whereupon the bidder lays his five coins on the table. When Tom finishes, the chairman, amid cheers, allows him to take them.

Then follow other bids for stunts, solos, jokes, stories, confessions, and so on. The nature of the entertainment will depend on the taste and versatility of the guests. Often the game turns to burlesque—as, for instance, when someone bids for Dr. G. to tell Prof. K. a bedtime story, and Prof. K. raises the bid in order to persuade Dr. G. to keep still. Bids may be raised or pooled.

Even the bashful guest will try to participate, for in buying himself off he forfeits "coins" with which he might command the services of other performers.

. . . Tired of Penny-Pinching?

The Beehive Our Club Emblem

"I was tired of penny-pinching when I wrote to you two months ago.

"It is not an easy task to make both ends meet when prices have gone up and our salary remains the same. What a time my husband and I had trying to keep out of debt, until I joined your Club.

"I did not, as you know, make a fortune right off. But my first money, $15.60, earned in less than eight days, certainly looked like one to us. In four weeks I earned $36.50—a neat sum to fill in the chinks and bring pleasure to us."

A Secret We Are Glad To Share With You

WE WANT to tell you how you can make extra dollars in your spare moments. That member, who writes so convincingly, is but one of thousands of American Magazine readers who declare our way for making money is sure and pleasant.

An Iowa member says: "My earnings amounted to $31.30 and helped to buy coal, groceries and also a new white dress for myself—I needed it for Lodge work."

If only out of curiosity, why don't you send for our free booklet? It will surely help you get started making money, too. Just address a letter or card to me today.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
The American Magazine
Department N
250 Park Avenue New York City

The House Detective

FROM his casebook of long experience, Mr. Whitman—the Sherlock Holmes of the American household and author of *First Aid for the Ailing House*—solves knotty riddles of home maintenance and repair. If you have a problem you would like to have answered, address him in care of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Mr. Whitman, however, cannot undertake to answer legal or financial questions.

Reports on some of his recent cases follow:

Question: I want to repaint the woodwork in a bedroom. How can I remove the varnish so that it will take a flat covering coat? To sandpaper it would be an endless task. —Mrs. H. L., Frostburg, Md.

Answer: You can paint over varnish, but should first take off the glossiness, which can be done by wiping with turpentine. Of course, if the varnish is cracked or chipped, those places should be sandpapered.

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Concrete can be tinted by mixing dry, powdered color with the dry cement; but it should be of a kind that is not affected by the lime in the cement. Lime-proof colors, made for the purpose, can be had from dealers in masons' materials, and from some paint stores. The quantity of color used should be not more than 10 per cent of the quantity of cement.

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Question: We intend to build a small house soon and would like to have your opinion regarding the new model homes they are showing. They are built without basements, are fireproof, and have attached garages. How does one get to the plumbing and wiring if there is no basement? Won't the house be cold? And is the expense greater if oil is used for fuel? —A. R., Detroit, Mich.

Answer: It is becoming very common to build houses without basements. The plumbing and wiring are brought in on the first floor, and are as easily reached as they would be in a basement house. Also, the ground floor is insulated and made dampproof. The heating plant is located on the ground floor, and as houses of this type are coldproof, oil and even gas can be used with economy.

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Worn linoleum and floor oilcloth can be painted with any good floor paint or enamel. But, first, every trace of wax and grease should be removed. Do this by liberal wiping with turpentine. But be careful in using turpentine in this way, for the vapors are inflammable. Have plenty of ventilation and be sure no open flames are near.

• • •

Question: The plaster ceilings of my upstairs rooms are cracked. I have had them repaired, but the cracking always returns. How can it be stopped?—Miss G. L., Grafton, W. Va.

Answer: Ceiling cracks usually occur because the beams above are too light or are not properly braced. The plaster will crack as they sway and spring with vibration from the street, with the shaking of the house in storms, and as people walk over them. When the beams are exposed, as they may be in an attic, they can be braced by running a 2-by-4 across them for the length of the space and screwing it to each beam. The 2-by-4 should not be secured with nails, for nailing might jar the plaster loose. The beams can be further stiffened by running three or more strips of wood from the 2-by-4 to the overhead rafters.

• • •

Knocking in a steam radiator usually occurs because the water that forms in it cannot flow back to the boiler freely. In many cases the noise can be stopped by raising the radiator. Place a block of wood 1/4-inch thick under each foot. If the noise continues, place two under each foot. If three blocks do not stop the noise, the cause should be sought elsewhere.

• • •

Question: I always thought paint was a good finish for plaster walls, but the paint on my walls is peeling. What would be a good way to do them over?—M. B. H., Hot Springs, Ark.

Answer: The fault is not with the paint. Either it was laid improperly or

Recent notes from the casebook of the home owners' Sherlock Holmes

By Roger B. Whitman

else the plaster is damp. Properly put on, paint is a first-rate finish for plaster. In repainting your walls, begin by scraping off all the loose paint. Any that is firm can be left, but the edges should be sandpapered smooth. Then wash the walls with a weak solution of washing soda or ammonia in water, but do not let it get on the floor or on near-by painted woodwork. Follow this by a thorough rinsing with clear water; otherwise the finish will be streaky.

• • •

A crack between flooring and baseboard, which catches dust and admits drafts, can be covered with quarter-round molding. But the molding should be nailed neither to the flooring nor the baseboard. The nails should be long enough to pass through the crack into the woodwork behind. However much the wood may swell or shrink, the crack will then remain closed.

• • •

DEAR MISS B.: It is not an easy matter to advise you on the purchase of a mechanical refrigerator, for all the leading makes work well and give much the same result. Why not inquire among your friends for their opinions of the makes they are using—and particularly about the service they are getting from their respective dealers? It is a great advantage to have a competent service man on call in time of need. Another point is the stability of the manufacturer—the likelihood that he will remain in business. There are many fly-by-night makers selling their products at low prices. Should they go out of business, it would be impossible for a buyer to get service or spare parts in case of a breakdown. High quality is always well worth paying for.

The Ferry Over

(*Continued from page 66*)

no call to be riding across any more."

"No, Father," said Prue unsteadily. "Father, don't die, don't leave me—"

Tom patted her hand.

"Mamie'll look after you till you get a good man of your own. This house is yours, and a little money—all I could save. God bless you, Prue." . . .

When he was gone, the house seemed large and strange, but Prue stayed in it. She talked quietly and sewed with Aunt Mamie, listening obediently to the plans for normal school next fall.

"Either that, Prue—or you could listen to Stephen Moult. . . . He's a steady lad and he'll be the next Ferry captain after Captain Jim; you'll see. I chose the single life myself, Prue, and I don't know as it was so wise, now I'm old."

Prue automatically put an arm about Aunt Mamie's shoulders, and thought of Stephen Moult. He was a large young man who had been several classes ahead of her at school—a plodding, serious young man with ears inclined to pinkness and a square, blond face. Their only mutual interest had been the Ferry.

"I'll be captain of that boat some day. Look here, Prue—you and me . . . we get along, and we could live in your brick house, right along with your Aunt Mamie. I—I'm awfully fond of you, Prue."

That was the nearest Steve had ever come to making love. Prue knew in her heart it was what her father would have wanted, and perhaps some day . . .

"Oh, but not now, not yet!" said the secret room in her mind. . . .

THERE was the first time after her father's death when Prue ventured near the Ferry. Captain Jim had retired and gone to live with his sister in Dover. Steve had attained the height of his ambition and replaced him as captain. Prue made the excuse to herself that she ought to call on Steve on the bridge and congratulate him.

She was on the third step of the stairway when the car drove in . . . it was the first new car Richard had had since the gleaming roadster that June when he graduated from college. It was a massive phaeton, with the top down, and Prue, with a sick feeling within, saw the tops of two dark heads. There was Richard's rough, tousled hair, blowing in the wind—and, beside it, there was the smooth, burnished head of a girl. The girl had taken off her tight little turban to rearrange the curls at the back of her neck. She leaned laughingly nearer to Richard so that she could see in his windshield mirror.

"Darling, really!"

Richard turned in his seat and looked down at her. Prue saw that look, and her wrists grew very cold and her eyes burned back of the eyeballs. She ran quickly to the bridge to see Steve, stumbling a little as she went.

"You must have known—you did know all along," she accused herself coldly, while she smiled at Steve, "that some day he would love a girl and marry her and take her to 'Linden.'"

As surely as if he had told her so himself, Prue knew that Dick Ballantine was in love with the dark-haired girl. She was not surprised to read about their marriage six months later. The only new thing it told her was the name of the girl and the fact that they had sailed abroad for their wedding trip.

She could have a wedding trip, too. Say the word, and Steve would take her to Atlantic City, and they would live in the Storm house—and all her life she could go back and forth on the Ferry, free, and speculate on the other side. . . .

"ARE you going to normal school?" Aunt Mamie asked at last, because, if she was, her clothes must be gotten ready.

"No, Aunt Mamie," she said slowly, "I'm not going to normal school, because I'm marrying Stephen Moult."

Aunt Mamie was happy and Steve was happy, and they were to be engaged a year while Prue filled her hope chest and steeled her nerve. For the first few months, Prue stayed away from the Ferry—because she still associated it with her last sight of Richard and his wife, and she wanted the picture to dim in her mind—so that she could skip it and go back in memory to the younger Richard.

Presently, though she had not forgotten and would never forget the girl who was Richard's wife, she was drawn to the green water of the bay by the old magnet, and fell into her habit of going back and forth, back and forth across the Delaware.

"Look here, Prue," Steve began uncomfortably one day, "I think you'd better stay off the Ferry. People talk—and, well, they think it's queer for a grown girl, engaged and all, to go riding back and forth all the time."

"What?" The words sounded unreal to Prue.

"Now, don't be sore, honey. But it isn't right for a lady to stick around a boat. It was all right when you were a kid, but now—"

Prue stared at him wildly.

"What are you talking about? I like the Ferry; I like to ride in it. It's in my blood. I have to."

"Now, that's foolishness," said Steve firmly. "Of course, you can't. You'll be married soon now, and then you'll have—things to do. Housekeeping." He flushed. "Kids, maybe . . . I can't have you making folks laugh at you when you're a married woman."

Angry tears stained Prue's cheeks; she looked at Steve with something close to hatred staring from her eyes.

"Then I won't be a married woman," she said. "I'll ride on this Ferry all I want, till my dying day if I like. You

can't stop me, because I'll pay my way."

She handed Steve the little chip diamond set in gold that he had given her.

"Prue!"

But Steve was never able to make her change her mind, and Aunt Mamie was never able to make her stop her foolish, defiant rides across the Delaware.

"What would your father say, Prue?" she pleaded.

"My father would understand."

"Then aren't you going to normal school, Prue, and be a teacher?" asked Aunt Mamie gently. "You can't go on like this."

"I'm waiting," said Prue.

"For what?" asked her aunt.

"I don't know."

Aunt Mamie wondered if there were something wrong with Prue. Some strange mental sickness. But Prue went cheerfully about her days of bed-making and dusting, and seemed to prefer to ride on the Ferry in the evenings after supper. Aunt Mamie had a vague hope that some moonlight night Steve would find her there and they would be reconciled. There was a rumor around town that Steve wasn't taking it well, that he was drinking a bit. Surely Prue would relent rather than spoil Steve's life. . . .

PRUE liked the wind on an October night. Tonight, she ate her supper of fish cakes and corn bread as quickly as she could and rose from the table.

"Don't go out tonight, Prue!" coaxed Aunt Mamie. "Let's you and me have a nice game of Canfield."

Prue's eyes were bright.

"It's glorious out. Come with me."

Aunt Mamie shivered.

"It isn't really cold, just windy," said Prue. She slipped into an old dress, and then went out into the night. She went bareheaded, her bright braids wound around her head and the little tendrils whipping her cheeks from beneath it.

"I'll be back soon, Aunt Mamie."

She walked down the street and handed her change to the boy who sold the tickets.

She walked lightly over the planked joining and onto the boat, loving the feel of the gentle swaying beneath her. At night the sound of the whistle was strange and lonely; in the daytime exciting.

The Ferry crossed once and back again, twice, three times. Prue did not leave, but she gave the boy more money for her tickets.

"What am I waiting for?" she asked herself sharply. "There's no moon and no stars, just dark water and movement."

The night's ride seemed as thin and futile as the whole twenty years of her life, lived sparsely and in a narrow space.

The Ferry jarred to a stop on the home side. Prue did not even turn around. By the sound, she knew that only two cars were driving in, a passenger car and a truck. The Ferry was not popular at ten o'clock on a foggy night.

She drew a long breath, and then, according to the rules of the private little game she played with herself, she closed her eyes, turned around sharply, and opened them. Some day, she pretended, she would open her eyes suddenly like that, and Dick Ballantine would be there—conjured up by her own magic like the genie of the lamp. Some day . . .

The man had cut off his ignition and left his car. He stood, head turned morosely toward the water, a few feet from Prue. His square young shoulders were slumped over.

Prue was caught up in a mesh of dark enchantment. She did not move or speak. She looked at his turned back like an angel of love and pity. Her soft palm was the first to move; it opened involuntarily as if to give, or to hold and cherish.

She walked a few steps toward Richard.

"Hello," she said diffidently.

His smile was kind and strained.

"Oh, the little girl with the cat. Hello."

"Prue," she told him gently.

"Yes. The funny, sweet little name. Prue," he repeated. "I remember."

"I'm not little now, and my cat has been dead for years," she reminded him.

He inspected her gravely.

"Quite adult, yes. But still small."

"Five feet two," she said coolly.

Suddenly she wanted to talk to him, really talk, here by this rail, looking out from glimmering light into darkness.

It was a time and a place for realities, and he looked tired and sad.

"I'm sorry you aren't happy," she said tentatively.

He laughed harshly.

"Who told you I'm not happy?"

"I know."

"You're a little witch," he said, looking briefly at her bright, blown hair and her lucent, hazel eyes.

Prue's voice trembled.

"Tell me," she whispered.

Dick drew a deep breath.

"Why not? You see before you a wreck, a complete wreck."

"That isn't true," said Prue stanchly.

"Oh, but it is The day I rescued your impulsive cat, little one, I was quite a lad. Full of principles, ideals, and illusions . . ." He stopped short.

"Please go on."

He drew a breath.

"Well, for one thing, I'm an orphan . . ."

"So am I," said Prue comfortingly.

He laughed sharply. "I don't mean a real orphan. I mean, my parents have ducked out, gone to Europe to live the simple life on the sad remains. . . . You've heard of the depression?"

"Oh, yes," said Prue seriously.

"WELL, the crash came first. We weathered that, but the depression was too long. I've failed. Father told me I would, but I didn't believe it."

"But money isn't that important," Prue told him, bewildered.

"What it buys is important," said the man bitterly, "and one's marriage is important."

"Yes—" she breathed.

"That's gone too. Milicent cleared out at the first warning. Milicent is a—cautious person. Doesn't take chances."

Prue laid her hands fleetingly on his.

"She might come back," she suggested.

"No. I don't want her to come back."

"What are you going to do now?" Prue wanted to get his mind away from the dark, smooth-haired girl whose face she remembered and hated.

"The only thing there is for me to do. Park at 'Linden,' and thank God it has running water and a furnace. Do you know what that means? They say families rise and fall. This one falls . . . after three generations of successful, prosperous

Ballantines, wintering in New York, summering in Newport, we go back to 'Linden,' where we started. In short, we fall."

"Do you hate the thought of a little work?" hazarded Prue, trying to put a wholesome scorn in her voice.

"Work? There isn't any work to compare with the last few months, the nerve-racking uncertainty—no sleep—bills—phone calls. . . . The work doesn't matter. The failures do." He clenched a brown fist in emphasis. "I've never succeeded at anything I've tried to do. I'm a rotten son; I must have been a bum husband; I've failed in business. What does that add up to? Zero."

He could not see the tears rising to Prue's eyes.

"If I weren't a coward—or if I were even more of a coward—I could call it a day and keel over this rail," he said coolly.

Her breath caught on it. "Richard . . ."

"It isn't as if it would matter to anyone," he added.

Prue stood very tall. That she was a little girl in a small Delaware town didn't matter; that this man was a beloved, familiar stranger was not important. It mattered only that she had a gift to give him—a precious frankincense that he must accept in his friendless hour.

"It would matter to me," she said softly.

She felt his amazement, his eyes turned staring at her face.

"It will seem strange and unreal to you," she said in a low, clear voice, "when I tell you that I've cared for you all my life—that since I was a little girl, you've meant something so fine to me—so straight and clean and splendid—that I never wanted second-best, I wouldn't compromise—I didn't even try to forget. Don't speak yet, please. Let me say it all. . . . I've watched you since I was ten. I've seen you driving on the Ferry—first in your touring car, then in your roadster, then in the phaeton—sometimes alone, sometimes with other people. And sometimes you saw me and spoke, and sometimes you didn't. But I was here, watching for you. I saw you with Millicent before you were married; I looked down at the tops of your heads and hated her. I prayed for her to make you happy . . ."

"PRUE—little Prue."

"I'm not little any more. I'm twenty and I still love you. I tried to be engaged and marry and forget, but I found I didn't want to. I like to ride back and forth on this Ferry, waiting for you to cross over—then in the long weeks afterward, wait for you to cross back." Her voice thinned to a thread, wavering . . .

"Dearest child—" he whispered.

She lifted her head bravely.

"And now, will you please never speak of it again? It was something I had to tell you at this moment. You had a right to know that there is somebody you can't fail, someone who—who wants to live up to you—"

"I'M NOT good enough—" he said humbly.

"To me you were all the knights of the Round Table. You still are. It's a habit now." Suddenly, childishly, she laughed. "Oh, I'm glad I told. It's something to remember all my life. Because I'm really a shy person—and not talkative."

Released from tension, he smiled back at her—a little unsteadily.

"We're on the other side."

"I'm not getting off," he said.

"Neither am I."

He drew his car over to the fourth lane, out of the way of any cars that might be crossing back. The Ferry waited for the prescribed number of minutes but no one came. Prue saw no one but the distant figure of Steve, with the mate, going on shore till time to leave again. She remembered vaguely that there was a beer place there, and that Steve was drinking too much—and there was enough fog for him to need his wits about him. Then the thought faded and she turned back to Richard.

"Let's have a lovely time—and you tell me all the things I've always wanted to know," she said gaily.

"Such as what, pretty Prue?" With an effort he entered into her mood.

"I want to know about the land you come from when you cross on the Ferry—but most of all the land you go to—about 'Linden.'"

"Well," he said judiciously, "New York is very big and very noisy, and you get very little sleep. 'Linden' is a collection of rolling acres along the bay in Talbot County, and there you sleep all the time—except when you sail."

She questioned him skillfully, building up the bright-colored word picture in her mind against the sterile day when she must take it out and relive this hour in memory.

She said, "Then it was once a grant from the king." Then she said, "Tell me about the furniture in the rooms. Tell me where the windows look."

It was half past ten when they reached Prue's shore, but Richard said, "Let's cross once more. I like this. . . . Do you know that poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay about going back and forth on a ferry?"

"No," said Prue, enchanted. "Tell me."

He said the lines tenderly:

"We were very gay, we were very merry,
We went back and forth all night on the ferry.
It was bare and bright, and smelled like a stable—
But we looked into a fire, we leaned across a table,
We lay on the hilltop underneath the moon;
And the whistles kept blowing and the dawn came soon."

"He's all right in traffic, but he can't park!"

LaRiar

"Oh," said Prue, "to be able to say what you feel—here"—she touched her heart lightly—"in just those words!"

The second crossing was less steady than the first. Richard held Prue by the arm as they stood by the rail. Prue reflected that the bay was rougher and the fog thicker, but that Steve did not appear to be doing a very good job.

She and Richard talked in low, continuous voices, interrupted now and then by a foghorn or the sharpness of a whistle.

"On clear nights about this time," she said, "you can see the excursion boats to Baltimore. But we'll only be able to see the lights."

Richard explored the clear-cut curves of her face and neck with his eyes.

"You have an Early American look," he said slowly; "a look of pride and sweetness and courage . . ."

A CHILL wind blew in against Prue's throat and she shivered involuntarily.

"I'll get you my trench coat. It's in the back of the car."

"No," she said. "Look, Richard, here are the lights of the Chesapeake—the Baltimore boat." She laced her fingers through his, scarcely knowing she did so. "The boat must be very near, the lights are so bright through the fog—"

"Look at me, Prue."

She turned serene eyes to his.

Richard's face was no longer defeated, and he held his shoulders squarely.

"This is one of the strangest experiences in all my life," he told her, "and very beautiful . . ."

"Thank you, Richard," she said gently.

He leaned to her, folded both arms about the slightness of her body, bent his cheeks for a moment against her braid of hair.

"Will you let me kiss you?" he asked unsteadily.

Prue hesitated. She sensed that these

minutes in Richard's arms would be something to remember in all the dim years—she sensed, too, that she would always carry the scars on her heart. . . . Then she lifted her lips.

They stood there, silhouetted in the sudden brilliance of light in the instant before the terrible impact of Ferry against Baltimore night boat resounded crashingly in their ears. Mouth to mouth, they held to each frantically in their separate need—Richard drank peace and happiness from Prue's soul as a thirsty man drinks at a spring; Prue gathered from Richard enough warmth and sustenance for all the years to follow. . . . Then, breathlessly, inevitably, they were hurled apart, atoms in a sound so grim and terrible that the screams and cries soaring above it seemed like a faint reverberation.

Richard groped for Prue. There was no light now.

"I'm all right. We've run into the Baltimore boat, head on. Steve's drunk and there was the fog. . . . Richard, light your car headlights."

THE headlights and the chromium searchlight at the side flickered on the bulk immediately before them.

"She's poorly built—and she's gouged in the side. Sinking in a half-hour—or less," reported Richard. "Ferry seems much sturdier—"

"People will die," said Prue tonelessly.

"Not if we could get them aboard the Ferry."

The Ferry was already pulling back, clear of the Chesapeake.

"There are three lifeboats on deck," Prue remembered. "Steve won't be any help, but the mate can take one, you can take one, and I—"

"There'll be lifeboats on the Chesapeake, won't there?"

"Yes—but it's dark and there'll be people lost—"

There were people lost. In the confusion of the next half-hour, with the cries and the commands and the shouting, Prue worked with the two men. At last she waved gaily to Richard and tugged at her heavy oars. Their smiles at each other were bright with secret understanding; now and again as they maneuvered their two lifeboats to and fro across the bay and helped to haul human beings aboard them like great fish, they laughed aloud with victory. The Chesapeake was sinking, and men and women in terror and bewilderment jumped from her faltering decks. The Chesapeake was sinking, and it was the best hour of their lives—for Dick Ballantine, who had headed for Linden on that windy October night with despair in his heart; for Prue, whose life had flared up like a Roman candle and would gutter out as suddenly in some familiar field.

Richard and the young mate rowed to opposite sides of the ship. Prue shifted to wherever she heard a cry or sensed the bobbing of a head in the dark water. It was rough and her lifeboat swayed. She had no thought of the nearness of death. If she were to die that night she would die with this singing ecstasy in her veins.

"Hi, Richard," she called out through the fog for assurance.

"Hi!" he would shout back. "How many have you got?"

"Six."

It was like a wild, fiercely competitive game.

"I've got eight."

The hours passed. The dripping passengers who were safe on the Ferry cheered the lifeboats on—the three from the Ferry and the six from the Chesapeake. In the end, as the first streak of dawn broke through the fog and dissipated it into thin air, there were only three passengers lost.

Prue broke down a little. "Three dead," she whimpered; "three who couldn't be saved."

"There might have been a hundred," said Richard.

The Ferry began to run under the mate's direction . . . with the help of a sober, red-eyed Steve. It made the heavy-laden trip to the other side, two Coast Guard cutters standing by.

"I must phone Aunt Mamie."

Richard waited outside the booth. Once he stuck his head in.

"Tell her you don't know just when you'll be back."

"I—I don't know just when I'll be back," repeated Prue docilely.

Richard put her in the front of his car and wrapped his trench coat over her shoulders like a military cape.

"You ought to wear little gray capes," he told her, "at least *one* with a hood. They wear them in the evening sometimes."

"I'll wear one," she promised him.

The car slithered over miles of highway.

"Where are we going?" she asked tremulously, and before he answered she knew.

"To 'Linden,' for breakfast."

It was a strange, moving dream, to sit in the high-ceilinged dining-room on a yellow-brocaded, lyre-backed chair, looking across at Richard with questioning eyes.

"It was rough," he was saying, "and we could have capsized, I suppose, with a little bad luck. You were wonderful with those oars, Prue."

"So funny," she mused, wondering at the hidden powers drawn out from people in great crises; "I never rowed a boat before."

RICHARD'S eyes stared, and his face was white.

"Prue—"

He came to her side of the table, and took the chair and Prue herself in his arms.

"Pride and sweetness and courage," he murmured against her throat. "And the best hour of our lives—until now. If the boats *had* turned over, if we had died last night. Oh, but we couldn't have died. If the worst came to the worst, we could have swum for it, we could even have made the opposite shore if there weren't another boat around."

Prue knew without speech that this room, this vast buff brick house on the Choptank was to be her home forever; she knew with a mystic certainty that all her life had been a passionate patience, a marking of time till Richard came with his need of her. Now she turned softly in his arms and answered him out of a vast, dreamy contentment . . .

"I can't swim, Richard," she said.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Santa Claus comes to Way down East!

(*Continued from page 25*)

Washington County; and perhaps for the unemployed of all Maine. It means trade, business, real estate deals, a building boom, tourists, new railroads, new roads, ships in the harbor, shoes for the children, and talking pictures every night.

It means that the 20-foot rise and fall of the tides along the rugged shores of Eastport and Lubec will be utilized to generate 200,000 hydroelectric horse power. It means cheap electric power for the surrounding countryside. It means an opportunity for industry to return to the seacoast, use for an outlet a natural landlocked harbor situated a day's sailing nearer Europe than New York, and get unlimited power at a low rate.

It means the greatest distillation of moonshine the world has ever known. And there are those who see in the project just that—moonshine. Certain it is that no one of the hundreds of people to whom I talked could tell me just where the industries are coming from which are to use the tremendous energy to be generated. But that's a bridge to be crossed, they say, when it's reached. Just now the Way-Down-Easter is concerned more with the unusual activity which surrounds him.

Small wonder, then, that the little girl hurrying along the street said to her big sister, "Maybe Mae West will come to Eastport, eh?"

WHY Quoddy came to Eastport and why Eastport and all of Way Down East are so grateful is a simple story once you have examined the seacoast in the vicinity and observed the geographical position of the spot with regard to the rest of Maine and the Atlantic seaboard.

The Bay of Fundy, between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, is 145 miles long and 45 miles wide at its mouth, narrowing as it goes inland. It is divided into four subdivisions, Chignecto Bay, Shepody Bay, Cumberland Basin, and Passamaquoddy Bay. Passamaquoddy Bay runs along Eastport and Lubec, and contains Campobello and Deer islands, the property of Canada. The St. Croix River, which is part of the boundary line between New Brunswick and Maine, empties into it just above Eastport, and the boundary line extends down the middle of the bay, giving Eastport, which is on Moose Island, to the United States, and keeping Campobello and Deer islands on the Dominion side.

The mouth of the Bay of Fundy is also at Eastport, so that the tide, caught between Nova Scotia and the mainland, pours up the inlets, rivers, and smaller bays, averaging a rise and fall of at least 20 feet twice a day. Docks and wharves are all built with half a dozen landings, so that, whatever the height of the water, a boat can be boarded or loaded. It is not a good idea to tie a boat to a dock: If you tie it up at high tide it will be dangling in the air when you get back; if you tie it up at low tide it will be under twenty feet of water when you return.

Such high tides are also to be found in Hudson Bay, Cook Inlet in Alaska, the Strait of Magellan, the northwest coast of Alaska, the northern coast of France, and the western coast of England. Englishmen and Frenchmen have puzzled for years over the possibility of harnessing their tides. Obviously the tides of Hudson Bay, Cook Inlet, and the Strait of Magellan are of no use for the purpose, being too far from civilization. Those of the Bay of Fundy are not ideally close to manufacturing centers, but they offer the best spot for a harnessing experiment, and the Maine coast at Eastport has virtues which make up for almost any disadvantage.

IN BAYS and estuaries behind the coast are 37 square miles of water, which with the aid of a few dams can be entirely cut off from the sea. When the dams are completed the water of the rising tide will rush in through sluices to the basin behind, turning the wheels of turbines as it does so. With the lowering of the tide the water in the basin will be allowed to run out, turning the wheels as it does so.

To take care of the peak load, and to provide power when water isn't roaring through the sluices, a reservoir to contain 13 square miles of water is being built below Lubec, at what is now called Haycock's Harbor.

On the surface the plan is simple, and no doubt many an ingenious Yankee has dreamed of it in the time since the settling of Eastport, toward the close of the Revolutionary War.

During the War of 1812 the British captured Eastport, and for several years after hostilities ceased there were arguments as to whether it belonged to England or to the United States. While the argument was in progress business men in the town were being taxed by both governments, and in high disgust they all packed up and crossed the bay to the mainland, where they founded a town of their own without any taxes. They called the new settlement Lubec, after the free city in Germany of that name. Later Eastport was to regret, quite heartily, this desertion.

Meanwhile, the tides, having been solved by the erection of high docks with landings at six different points, caused no worry. Everything went along fine for a century. Fishing was good, and the sardine canning factories worked steadily five months of every year, from April to October. Farmers dragged a living from the soil, and everybody went to church on Sunday and everybody voted the straight Republican ticket.

It wasn't until after the World War that change began to pour its acid on the city and the countryside. First the children of the families drifted off and didn't return. To their amazed parents they briefly explained that there was nothing for them at home and that the world was calling.

Then mechanization set to work on Way Down East. Portland, Maine, decided to do some sardine canning, and it happened that freight rates gave their industry an advantage over that in Eastport. Since both had to sell at the same price, Portland whittled away at Eastport business and its profits.

So the depression started in Eastport half a dozen years before it hit the rest of the country. When the actual depression of 1929 came along it was like kicking a man already down.

FROM a small city of some 6,000 people Eastport fell to a sprawling, deserted village of 2,800—and of this number all but 1,000 were dependent on relief. There were 445 men on the relief rolls, each representing a family of four, on the average. You could stand on Water Street, which is the only real street in town, and throw stones all day without hitting anybody.

The tough, hawk-nosed Yankees did not think of complaining. It never occurred to them that the world owed them a living. There were no cries for more relief money, no riots. Those who could get away did so. Those who could not get away tightened their belts, squinted their eyes to hide the hopelessness that had seeped into them like water into a stone.

Then from Washington last spring came the announcement that the federal government had decided to build a power plant on Passamaquoddy Bay, and for the purpose had appropriated $10,000,000 and promised $26,000,000 more. The Corps of Engineers of the Army would build the plant, and only men on relief rolls would be hired to work until the unemployment pool was drained. It would take, the announcement concluded, about three years to complete the job.

When the announcement reached Eastport, a certain farmer too proud to go on relief, who was as close to starvation as a man can get without actually dying, turned to his wife and said, "Cripes, that fool Cooper feller's put it over! Darnedest man I ever heard of."

That is just what Dexter P. Cooper is—the darnedest man you ever heard of.

There wouldn't have been any Quoddy project without Cooper. The tides would never have been harnessed, Santa Claus would have dropped his $36,000,000 some place else, and a little girl would not have dared to hope that Mae West might come to her in the flesh.

Cooper is an engineer from an engineering family. He quit high school at seventeen and left his home town of Rushford, Minn., to take a job on a power project at Ellenville, N. Y. His first position was laboring at a forge in a blacksmith's shop, and he worked up from that. At twenty he was in Jamaica, British West Indies, as junior assistant to a group of engineers on a hydroelectric job. When that was finished he wandered off to Brazil and rose to technician and master engineer on an engineering job at Sao Paulo. That job finished, he went to the Royal Technical School at Karlsruhe, Germany, and was graduated.

Thus armed he returned to New York, and when his brother, Colonel Hugh Cooper, went to Iowa to build the Keokuk Dam, Dexter, not yet thirty, went along as engineer in charge of construction. He

took the $25,000,000 job in his stride, and when it was completed went to Chile. During the World War he served on the Council of National Defense. He was at Muscle Shoals with his brother as first assistant.

Meanwhile, he had married a girl named Gertrude Sturgis, and the Sturgis family had a home on Campobello Island, not far from the red house of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Lying on the Sturgis dock during the summer days, Cooper fell to watching the tide rise and fall. The enormous power that went into such a phenomenon intrigued him, and he began to plot a means of trapping it.

IT WAS blasphemous, in a way, to think of harnessing the lovely moon, but Cooper was like a man in love. In his daydreams he saw white dams shining in the sun, and in his dreams at night they glistened in the moonlight.

Then, with the Muscle Shoals job done, he returned in the spring of 1924 to Campobello, and in the same year presented a report on his idea to experts of the Federal Power Commission, who admitted the feasibility of the project.

Cooper visualized a system of dams constructed by private capital. Balked in his quest of money, he presented the plan to the Public Works Administration in 1933, with a request for a loan.

The application was rejected, not because anyone doubted that the tides could be harnessed—but because no one could see a market for the power generated. So the project rested, ready for doom, until suddenly in March of 1935 it was adopted as a federal project and turned over to the Army engineers.

Cooper had no time to celebrate the ten-year victory. Since apparently there was still no ready market for the power to be generated, he was given the job of bringing industries to Way Down East. He leaped to the new task, and is still at it.

Among the laborers at Keokuk, when Dexter was helping Brother Hugh, was a young college student from Burlington, Iowa. He was Philip B. Fleming, and one day he came to the Cooper brothers with a problem. He wanted to be an engineer, but he had received an appointment to West Point. What was he to do? "Go to West Point," the brothers said promptly, "and become an Army engineer." Fleming followed their advice, and when the Quoddy project was approved, Major Fleming, who soon thereafter became a lieutenant colonel, was made chief engineer, and came sailing into Eastport harbor on the Army's yacht, Sea King.

Way Down East was all excited about Quoddy. As soon as Colonel Fleming and his aides arrived, the local people shot up real estate and food prices and settled down for years of plenty. But Colonel Fleming changed all that in jig time. When the owner of the property on which he planned to build a model village for workers on the project demanded exorbitant prices, the colonel announced that he had changed the site. Then he laconically announced that unless food prices returned to normal he would set up his own commissary and buy not so much as a barrel of flour from any local merchant. Yankee shrewdness recognized an adversary worthy of its steel and gave in. Colonel Fleming resumed his amiable smile then, turned the first shovelful of earth at the July 4th exercises, and Quoddy was under way.

Thereupon Way Down East became puzzled and a little frightened. What was going to happen to their quiet, routine way of living with this Christmas tree growing in their midst? Already Water Street was clogged with black, official limousines, and on a sunny day the flash of leather puttees was blinding. You couldn't tell what was going to happen any more, since this fellow Roosevelt had been elected.

Frank Roosevelt was a nice fellow, of course. He'd been coming up to Campobello since he was two years old, and way back in 1920 he had said in a speech, "Some day we are going to harness these tides." That was all right, and now that he was President it was nice of him to do it. It was even permissible for Maine to go Democratic. But to see beer sold right out in the open in the state where prohibition grew up and to have women, the wives of engineers and others at work on the project, wearing pants and painting their fingernails . . . well, weren't they inviting some visitation of heavenly wrath?

"I saw," said a farmer of West Lubec, "two girls coming across my field when I was a-hayin'. Honest, I thought I would die. They was both wearin' short pants like men's underwear and they was painted red all over their fingernails. 'Twas a wonder my bull didn't go after them, and I tell you, mister, it made me sick. . . . They was nice ladies, too . . ."

He looked at me quizzically. "I suppose you city folks is used to it. But it sure don't set right with me."

I ASKED Mayor Roscoe C. Emery to tell me about his plans for the coming of the expected prosperity. Mayor Emery is also editor, manager, and owner of the *Eastport Sentinel*, the city's newspaper, a real estate agent, and an insurance agent.

"Well, it was bound to come," he said, "and when it did we had to be ready for it. I have been mayor of Eastport more times than any other man, but I will never be mayor again. Neither will anyone else. In September we voted a new charter, with a city manager and a representative from each of our four wards. That meant an end to politics. The plan will begin operating on January 1, 1936.

"Meanwhile I have composed a planning board, to govern the growth of the city. We have changed the parking arrangements on Water Street. Instead of parking parallel on both sides, we have it on one side at a forty-five-degree angle, with an hour limit. We have doubled the police force—from one to two. Say, we'll have 25,000 people here before we're through."

He paused to ignite his cigar and then said, suddenly, "You're familiar with the aphorism of Ralph Waldo Emerson: 'Hitch your wagon to a star.' Well, as a matter of fact, Emerson made that remark while he was visiting at Lubec after observing the tides. What he meant was, chain industry to the laws of the universe and let the heavens do your work. And that is just what we are going to do."

I left him and stopped by a dreamy-eyed farmer who was standing on the curb staring at the stream of traffic.

"Wonder what they'll do with all this power when they get it." I offered as an overture.

"Mister," he said, "sometimes I wonder"

—he looked at the sun, then down at the street—"and then sometimes I just don't think about it."

I waited patiently for more, but he had said all he intended to say. I went down to the old wharf of the sardine factory that had been turned into the offices of the engineers and climbed aboard the Sea King. Colonel Fleming was in his cabin looking at maps.

"WHAT'S going to happen when this is finished?" I asked.

"Almost anything," he said. "My job is to build the thing. Cooper's taking care of the market, and he's wandering around the country now selling the idea. He thinks it will be an ideal place for aluminum and stainless steel manufacture. Then there is the furniture business, with plenty of wood in Maine. There is certainly something to the idea of taking industry away from the bigger cities, back to the less congested areas and the seacoast. Here there is one of the few natural harbors on the Atlantic coast. It is deep, landlocked, and open all year round. It is closer to Europe than other points on the coast."

Dreaminess touched him for a moment then, and he said, "I don't want to make suggestions but it seems to me it would be an ideal place for a free port, like Danzig. When the project is finished we can keep water at a standard level and the docks won't have to have but one landing point."

I wandered up to the old sardine factory and found Captain Royal B. Lord, operations officer. Forthwith he led me down the back stairs and into a motorcar, and we went to the scene of Quoddy Village

"Out here, now," he explained as we emerged to a welter of construction operations on a lovely knoll above Cobscook Bay, "we are putting up Quoddy Village. It is temporary, of course, and will cost only a million dollars, but all these buildings will be in colonial style, and the streets will have old Indian and Maine names. We want to keep it in harmony with the landscape. Costs a little more, but it's worth it. It's going to be the prize of all model villages.

"This will be the schoolhouse, and that the guesthouse. Those big ones are apartment buildings, and that other big one is the administration building. Here is a central heating plant. The workers will live in barracks, but they will be colonial buildings and not at all like ordinary barracks."

"Beautiful buildings," I said. "Who designed them?"

"I did," he answered. "Now, if you'll come back at three this afternoon I'll take you around the bay and show you the water points where dams will be erected."

We parted, and I went in search of a cleaning and pressing plant. There was one on the second floor of a building on Water Street, and I toiled up the dark stairs.

"Can't have this pressed before tomorrow night," the small, lean presser said. "Business is terrific."

As I started out a muffled roar came up the stairs, and men began to stream past me to an office beyond the pressing establishment.

"They're paying off!" the men were shouting, and one of them, turning to exclaim joyously, bowled me over. He helped me up and offered profuse apologies.

"I didn't mean to knock you down, mister," he said, "but I was so anxious to get that money. It's my first real job in four years!"

"What do you think of it?" I asked a waitress wearing somebody's fraternity pin.

"It won't work," she said calmly, "but I don't care. It'll be fun for three years. Business is wonderful. They have eight new restaurants here and every one of them is packed at mealtimes. Will you be staying a while?"

I CLIMBED into the Sea King with Captain Lord and dropped into the smaller boat used for observations.

"Did you know," he said, "that the Corps of Engineers of the Army has more tonnage in its fleet than the whole Navy?"

Colonel Fleming waved as we swung into the bay and headed toward the end of Eastport and Moose Island.

"One dam goes from there, at Estes Head, to there, on Treat Island," Captain Lord explained. "It is a mile long, the water is 107 feet deep, and the tidal current is swift. Now, here, between Treat Island and Dudley Island, are the locks. Then we swing another dam to Lubec."

We headed north then, skirting Campobello Island and passing by the homes of the Roosevelts and that of Cooper.

"Up there, to the left, go two more dams," Captain Lord said, "and below them a canal. That cuts it all off, and this water we are in will have nothing more to do with the water behind Moose Island, in Cobscook Bay, except as we allow it to run in at high tide.

"It won't always be the same, of course. At the first and third quarters of the moon the tide rises to its highest and sinks to its lowest. We call that flood, or spring, tide. At the second and fourth quarters it neither rises to its highest nor sinks to its lowest. That is neap tide. The reservoir at Haycock's Harbor will help us out at neap tide, or whenever we need more power."

THE next day I went over to Lubec, and there stopped a man with my "What about it?" question. He drew me aside and spoke rapidly:

"This is a town of 3,000. We've had less trouble than Eastport because we have the sardine canning. But it's seasonal, and when it's in season it depends on the weather. You know—no sardines caught in the weirs, then none to can, and so no work. Well, the other day the last unemployed man in town went to work. Our bill for relief here will drop from $9,000 last year to about $1,500 next year. Just a few aged and indigent at the town house that we have to look after.

"See what I mean? Now there is no excuse for a man not to work. His morale will keep up. He won't get in the habit of loafing. What will come after? I don't know, but I hope a lot of good things. Anyhow, we are safe for three years."

Out in West Lubec I talked to Jim Jackson. Mr. Jackson was a troubled man, being in charge of the drilling operations to determine what sort of rock lies along the edges of the proposed reservoir.

"What a job to start," he lamented. "How can I tend to my work when I'm always pestered by job hunters? This country is going nuts. I'm from New Jersey. Do you think I'll freeze here this winter?"

"I don't know," I said, looking down the hill on the rolling miles that would be covered with water—13 square miles of it. "But they say it isn't bad here. Never gets less than five below, and the snow isn't too heavy. Just a few feet!"

He shuddered.

Back at Farmer Daniel McFaul's, where Mr. Jackson was boarding, we sat down to New England's sacred Saturday night meal—baked beans.

"Know what?" Farmer McFaul said. "Feller came here today to see Mr. Jackson about a job. He walked all the way from Texas to get it."

Mr. Jackson moaned. "Don't they know we can only take those on relief rolls until there aren't any more?"

When the cows were milked and the dishes done we rode to Lubec and stood in knots along Main Street, talking while the women shopped. Pretty soon Bernard Moses Pike, a native of Lubec, engineer, and member of Cooper's staff, came along. I asked him my "What's going to happen?" question.

"Why shouldn't industry come here?" he countered. "Think of labor, for one thing. Here there are only New Englanders, and they are good workers and individualists. There is the harbor, and there will be cheap power.

"But other things are going to happen, too. Did you see the site of the reservoir?

One of the homes in the $1,000,000 model village which houses the builders of the Quoddy power project

There will be no hotels or camps on it, of course, when it's finished. Eight thousand acres of water; three miles across it. What a place for a bird sanctuary! We're working on that.

"What will happen when thirty-seven square miles of water, with a perimeter of 140 miles, is warmed toward the air temperature? It will be unaffected by the Arctic Current when it's cut off. Kinds of fish that are now scarce in it will multiply. Others, if introduced, will flourish. Along its banks flowers of more southern climates will grow. It will be good for swimming. What would be more natural than a summer resort?"

"You," I said to Farmer McFaul, "will be rich."

"Mister," he said fervently, "I hope so."

NEXT morning early I went back to Eastport, and stood on the porch of the hotel waiting for a bus to take me over the bridge and to Ellsworth, where I could get a train. The sun was shining over the red-brick savings-bank building and along the streets. The tide was low, and the docks swung up like hulks tossed on the beach. Men with the red buttons of the Quoddy project passed on their way to work. Two state troopers lounged in front of a restaurant. Chief Morrison, passing me, nodded toward them.

"The state sent me them," he said gloomily.

The gray-haired old porter beside me breathed heavily, as if sighing.

"I guess when I come back I won't know the place," I said to him.

He breathed heavily again, as if with a deep hurt, and said, "I guess not."

And I understood that for him there was nothing great or wonderful in Quoddy, for he was too old to reap what it was sowing. For him it was, instead, a tragedy. He would miss the quiet and the peace.

Yet perhaps, I suddenly realized, he was sighing for another reason. Suppose when the dams were finished and 200,000 horsepower generated, there was no market? Suppose Dexter P. Cooper failed in his quest for factories? The Christmas tree would still be there, and Way Down East would have had three years of prosperity during its construction. But, if industry didn't come, the $36,000,000 present would lie around doing nobody any good. The moon wouldn't have to work, after all, and it would have cost the citizens of the United States a lot of money to prove that the tides could be harnessed. But it would be like a horse that had nothing to pull, and the old man would sit in the hotel and just look at the dams, and sigh as she was sighing now.

But suppose Cooper did succeed? I thought of all the girls in pants, with red fingernails, who would come, and of the factories and streetcars and busses. Perhaps I was looking for the last time at Way Down East. The hard-hearted squire who colored the fiction my mother read was already gone; now the rolling farms and white houses and lean farmers in overalls and white-faced mares and tall-steepled churches might go also.

Anyhow, the old man beside me was sighing. He was too old to care about Santa Claus. But the little girl who dreamed of seeing Mae West was not.

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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The American Magazine, published monthly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1935. State of New York, County of New York—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. E. Winger who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of The American Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, Sumner Blossom, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Edgar Wheeler, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Treasurer, A. E. Winger, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y. Stockholders Owning 1% or More of Stock: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Employees' Savings and Profit Sharing Fund of The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Hannum Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Frederick W. Jaeger, Jr., Newark, N. J.; Anne Payne Maxwell, New York, N. Y.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, Newark, N. J.; W. Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.) A. E. Winger, Treasurer. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1935. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30, 1937.)

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I Feel Cheated!

"TIME goes by and nothing ever happens to me. Other girls and young women have good times because they have money to spend. They have new clothes. I haven't had anything new for two seasons and I feel cheated by life. Can you help me?"

I couldn't help smiling when I read that letter from one of our readers several months ago, for the Pin Money Club has helped many thousands of women and girls. Yes, she joined us and now tells of her adventures in money-making:

"Following your suggestion I earned $3.50 in a single afternoon. And my membership gift, the silk hose, was so welcome! In the short while I've belonged to the Club I have earned nearly $40 and am having good times."

So if you are tired of doing without—find out today what our Club, the American's money-making department, can do for you. Send for our free booklet—it will help you get started earning extra dollars, too.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
The American Magazine
Department O
250 Park Avenue New York City

Hot Stuff!

(*Continued from page 51*)

California is a believer in bigness, and long before we reached Los Angeles we had heard rumors of the Biggest Meal on Earth. We hurried, but we were a week too late for it—the annual picnic and barbecue of the sheriff of Los Angeles County, which feeds 60,000 people and gives the proceeds to the relief fund.

We did the next best thing, and talked to the cook (or architect) of this Gargantuan collation. He is the husky Charlie Ellison, Lieutenant of Police, who "learned about meat and barbecues from an old German butcher back in Springfield, Missouri." We asked him for his recipe.

"Well," he said, "I take 24,000 pounds of best corn-fed Kansas City steer meat, 24 hundred-pound sacks of Mexican red beans, 70 pounds of garlic, 450 pounds of salt, 3,000 pounds of onions, 50 pounds of ground chili powder . . ."

But I'm afraid to go farther. It might capsize this article, which, after all, is written for families, not armies. Suffice it to say that all the 60,000 were stuffed and happy, and that the first to be served, this year, was none other than Mae West.

NATURE has smiled on southern California, and blessed her bounteously with fruits and vegetables and foods of the sea. But most of her cooks, I'm sorry to opine, haven't kept up with nature. Maybe the famed climate lures the ladies from their kitchens. Maybe the cooks are spoiled by such plenty. Maybe the thousands of hamburger and "steak-chicken dinner" emporiums have discouraged them.

Hollywood pays a lot of attention to and a lot of money for its cooking. Many of the movie stars have imported chefs. But the curse of lateness hangs over Hollywood dinners. By the time the last stragglers come in the appetites of the others have been blunted by the endless succession of hors d'oeuvres, canapés, and cocktails, and the carefully prepared dinner has had the life warmed out of it in the kitchen.

Edgar Allen Woolf, veteran red-headed writer and gourmet on the M-G-M lot, solves this procrastination problem neatly. He is a bachelor, and a fine cook. We went one evening to dinner with him—a little dinner for about forty. It was a buffet meal, and the guests filled their large pottery plates at a long table. There was a

rich and rare mingling of fragrance from dishes that had been craftily seasoned. We hadn't had a long series of elaborate canapés with cocktails. Mr. Woolf had served only bowls of caviar and bits of Bismarck herring in a sour-cream sauce before we approached the real business of eating.

The hot dishes had the strength and substance that come only from complicated blending, long cooking. There were spareribs that had been roasted in a sauce of ketchup and vinegar, after they had been salted and peppered and browned crisp under a flame. There was sauerkraut that had been steamed with lemon juice, with a mingled sauce of onions, apple, and sausage. There were baked beans, and chicken Tetrazzini, and sliced sweet and sour tongue, and crab meat baked in avocados, and curried shrimps.

And for contrast there were dishes of fresh corn cooked with butter and bits of green pepper, and bowls of mixed green and vegetable and fresh fruit salad.

The plates were enormous. Mr. Woolf has learned that his guests want to try everything he has provided. And when we could eat no more we ate ice cream and fluffy coconut cake and drank coffee.

WE LEFT the southern California coast one beautifully cool morning, and headed down through San Bernardino toward Arizona. By the time we reached Beaumont it had begun to warm up fast. We had been told it would be hot in the Great American Desert, but we didn't know what heat meant—then. It was over 100 degrees when we reached Palm Springs, and at Indio it was 118 in the shade and still going up. As we crossed the Great Desert, the heat gauge on the car rose out of sight, and the whole earth glared and trembled.

We were thankful for the slopes of the Arizona plateau carrying us up to the coolness of Prescott.

Next morning, early, we began our usual process of ferreting around for good cooks—asking hotelmen, newspapermen, housewives, sportsmen, traveling men, where the best cooking in Arizona was to be found. We had good luck. The consensus was:

"Mrs. Gordon Clark, Judge Clark's wife, makes the best cowpuncher beans, not only in Arizona, but in the *world!* Why, when anybody kills a deer, for miles around, they have to get Mrs. Clark to cook the cowpuncher beans to go with it."

We had no deer, it wasn't even the season, but we sought out Mrs. Clark. A gray-haired, handsome, hospitable woman, she invited us to sample her specialty the next day—cowpuncher beans can't be cooked up on the spur of the moment. She was born and raised in Arizona, and learned her bean recipe from the cowpunchers when she was a girl on a ranch. In later years, living in California and New York, traveling widely and entertaining a great deal, she has refined her art to its present perfection.

She always makes enough beans for twelve people.

"You have to stay home all day to fix the fool things," she says, "and if you have too many they can always be sent around in pots to the neighbors."

Besides, the oftener the beans are reheated, the better they become.

That dish, tender and rich, was the heart and soul of the best one-course meal we have ever tucked away. Green chilis stuffed with cheese were a companion piece.

We helped ourselves to salad and drank strong coffee, as we ate in greedy and reverent silence. . . .

We spent a day at the Grand Canyon. Much has been written of its beauties, to which we will only add: Don't miss the raspberry ice cream at the Bright Angel Lodge.

The Southwest, we always thought, was a dry place. Not when we were there. In New Mexico there were cloudbursts, floods, and washouts. We slithered through the slippery 'dobe mud, crept around detours, and kept an anxious eye on the clouds, which might open at any moment and send a wall of water down an arroyo at express-train speed. One night, with the water a blank sheet in front of the headlights, we just stopped and waited for morning. All of which was hard on the nerves, but a wonderful appetizer.

In Santa Fe we met that charming lady and natural-born cook, Mrs. Marguerite Pendaries Baca. She is the widow of Jose Baca, who was Lieutenant Governor of New Mexico, and she herself served as Secretary of State of New Mexico from 1930 to 1934. With all her wide interests she has managed to keep house, raise a fine family of five children, and become famous for her cooking. She is a tiny woman, fragile, gray-haired, with striking, large brown eyes. She not only likes to cook, but talks about it lovingly and well.

Two of her favorite dishes which we had the happiness of tasting were her Spanish rice (far finer than we had ever tasted before) and her sopa.

Mrs. Baca's rice has all the fine flavors of tomatoes and green chilis, onions, stuffed olives, and cheese, combined.

We had to have a light meal before the delicately rich sopa to appreciate it. It is built around the New Mexican piñon nut, now marketed everywhere.

A ceremonial, eventful dish this, like plum pudding. . . .

FROM Santa Fe we went over one day to the Santo Domingo Indian Pueblo to meet Hugo Bryan, of Albuquerque, vice president of the Don Luis Sheep Company, Indian trader, and devotee of Southwestern vittles.

While Bryan carried on his long and formalistic bargaining for turquoise jewelry and pottery, we had a fine talk with him. He told us of the cooking in the lonely sheep camps. With just thirteen ingredients the camp cook can turn out varied meals throughout the year. These are flour, baking powder, salt, potatoes, onions, lard, coffee, sugar, salt pork, dried fruit, beans, rice, and ground chili. Plus, of course, the meat of sheep and goats.

"How about vitamins?" we ventured.

"If you eat *all* of the animal, and not just the choice cuts, you can forget about vitamins. They're all there," he said.

He told about the dried meat—jerky—which old cowmen, marooned in cities, carry about in their pockets to nibble covertly. He discoursed of the charms of goat meat, while we listened skeptically, not knowing of the treat which awaited us in Oklahoma. . . .

We left Sante Fe one afternoon, with a cloudburst riding the rear bumper, headed down into Texas and on to San

Antonio. It is a lovely old town, rich in its history of the Alamo, and a mecca for chili lovers. You can find it here in all its American varieties and in the pure Mexican form, which, strangely enough, is less hot and fiery than the American type.

On Saturday night we walked down to the Haymarket Plaza, where all the Mexican market people, their work done for the week, make festival. Little booths are everywhere, with Mexicans cooking and gaily dishing out the tamales, enchiladas, and takos.

INQUIRING of friends for the best cook in San Antone, we were directed to Dolly Richardson, a colored woman who has cooked for some of the most exacting families. With some persuasion, we arranged for Dolly to cook us a meal.

It was a bang-up repast, enlivened by the sprightly conversation of Dolly and her sister Katy. Katy is an armadillo fan: "Mistuh Smith, if you could jes' teach folks how to eat dese a'madillos dat runs around evvywhere, it would be a blessing. Jes take de a'madillo's shell off'm him, and he's like a sweet lil' hawg, with meat as white as you is. An' den you roast him like a lil' suckin' pig, an' put a piece of apple in his mouf'. Dat's sump'n!"

We didn't have armadillo for dinner, but we had fine fried chicken, gravy, mashed potatoes, fresh corn, and tomatoes stuffed with peas. The dessert, which was new to us, was a delicate rice custard with a sauce made from strawberry preserves.

As we left after this repast Katy called after us into the night:

"Don't fergit to write 'bout dat a'madillo, suh. It'll be de brightest star in yo' crown." . . .

Texas, as outlanders often forget, has a seacoast. At Galveston, on the Gulf, we found sea food to compare with Norfolk and San Francisco. Especially fine are the hard-shell crabs, plunged fresh from the water into the boiling pot. We cracked them on boards with little hammers and ate them with our fingers. Also, at "John's Place" we had the best crab gumbo we have yet been privileged to eat—prepared at the hands of the proprietor, John Lozica, a Dalmatian, who brings some of the secrets of his native Adriatic to his sea foods.

From Galveston we made a special pilgrimage to see Mrs. J. E. Angly in the town of Palestine. For years we had admired from afar her date loaf. Every Christmas she sends some to her son, Edward Angly, the writer, in New York, and from him we had often begged a grudging slice. It is an internationally noted date loaf. Mr. Angly was born in France, so during the World War Mrs. Angly sent a box of it to General Joffre, and received a letter of warm appreciation from that military gourmet. Now at last we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Angly and tasting the date loaf at the source.

In Dallas, about a year ago, the young and pretty Mrs. Velma Stone rented a spacious old residence and began to serve meals. She was a widow, with one son, and she decided to turn to account her rare cooking art. It was a success from the first, and good eaters from all over town swarmed to her lavish table. Then someone, perhaps a rival, complained to the district attorney that Mrs. Stone was operating a restaurant business in violation of the residential zoning laws.

Her customers sprang to her defense. One of them, Frank Holaday, a lawyer, defended her case. Mrs. Stone's cooking, he eloquently pleaded, was not a business. It was an art, and dozens of her customers appeared on the witness stand to testify to it. But the clinching piece of evidence was one of Mrs. Stone's angel cakes, which was brought into court, sliced, and passed around to the jury. Smacking their lips, they brought in a verdict for her, with a cheer.

So she pursues her art to the pleasure of all, and we, of course, went out to sample it. She sets the kind of table that Grandma had when you were a child. Two meats, fourteen vegetables, five kinds of preserves, puddings, cakes, and pies—all of them good, all of them passed around again and again, all of them prepared by Mrs. Stone herself, with the help of her sister and a colored maid.

WE HEARD from afar of two famed cooks in Cleburne, Texas—Mrs. Pid Hart and Mrs. J. Lambert Lain. When we announced our arrival they obligingly combined forces, and each prepared us a specialty that would have been a meal in itself. Around a table with Mrs. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Lain, and the two delightful little Lain girls, we were fed like heroes returning from war.

"What an easy life you have," one of the little girls said, "doing nothing but eat fine food like this."

Her astute understanding couldn't shame us into becoming polite nibblers. Not before Mrs. Lain's chicken pie and the hot-tamale pie of Mrs. Pid Hart. Maybe we did pass our plates more times than the two children, but we're bigger.

Mrs. Hart's pie is not the orthodox way of eating hot tamales, perhaps, but the way we'll have them from now on.

Mrs. Lain's chicken pie is usually two days in the making. The annual Lain family reunions go on year after year because Mrs. Lain contributes chicken pies, and she refuses to bake them in any but granite pans $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, 14 inches in diameter.

This chicken pie was so much better than any chicken pie we have ever eaten that a pan exactly the size of Mrs. Lain's is going to live in our kitchen when we have a kitchen again. . . .

CHARLIE PORTER, of Oklahoma City, invited us to dinner, and didn't tell his sister and brother-in-law, who live in the apartment with him, that we were coming. He fixed up Spanish beef, and rice cooked the way a Chinese cook had taught him. With this we had beets that Charlie had pickled in juice from a jar of spiced peaches.

We had a fine meal, and much good talk with Charlie and with Lenna and Bud Pugh. Lenna, coming home at half past five to find that strangers were practically on the doorstep, was aghast. Grace sympathized with her, but Charlie and I agreed that women always make too much fuss over entertaining. Grace said we could never gather material for these articles unless kind women had gone to an immense amount of trouble to cook for us and instruct us.

Finally Charlie and I admitted that we loved to be fussed over and have pains taken for our pleasure, but that when a man cooks a meal he doesn't want to have a lot of worry about the things only women notice.

We called the argument a draw, and settled down to speaking to each other by our first names. . . .

In Oklahoma City we had a good talk with Mrs. Edna Adams, who writes about cooking under the name of Aunt Susan. She has just returned from interviewing the King of England's chef at Buckingham Palace. . . .

Our trip was drawing toward its close. Reluctantly we realized that hundreds of alluring invitations would have to be passed up. Then came a letter from Miss Bess Howard, in Fort Gibson, Okla., which was so friendly, so tempting in its catalogue of viands, so provocative in its mention of Jeff Davis pie, that we turned from our route and headed thither.

The sun was setting over the hills as we arrived. Miss Howard was standing at the gate to welcome us, and the moment we saw her we knew we had made no mistake. Here was a lady of the old school who loves good food but loves even better to feed it to appreciative people. In her beautiful old house, which was built in 1818, we sat down to a feast of chicken with dumplings, potato balls, cauliflower with a highly seasoned cream sauce, corn bread, hot biscuits, cottage cheese, pepper relish, wild plum jelly, peach-and-orange marmalade, strawberry preserves, buttermilk, pickled beets, apple preserves.

But best of all was the Jeff Davis pie, and this old house, surely, was the place

TRY THEM!

Mr. Smith will be glad to send you, on request, the recipes for any of the following dishes mentioned in his article. Address him in care of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

★

Mr. Chapman's *chile con carne.*

Hang Town oyster fry.

Mrs. Hyde's baked zucchini squash.

Mr. Woolf's sweet and sour tongue, and his baked crab meat in avocados.

Mrs. Clark's cowpuncher beans and her green chilis stuffed with cheese.

Mrs. Baca's Spanish rice and her sopa dessert.

Dolly Richardson's rice custard.

Mrs. Angly's date loaf.

Mrs. Stone's "lawsuit" angel cake.

Mrs. Hart's tamale pie.

Mrs. Lain's chicken pie.

Miss Howard's Jeff Davis pie.

to eat it. For Jeff Davis, later to lead the Confederacy, was often in this very room when he was a young lieutenant of U. S. Dragoons. Perhaps General Zach Taylor's daughter, with whom he was soon to elope, pleased his taste with a pie made like this one—spicy and smooth, and beautiful to see, with its white meringue.

From Fort Gibson we came up to write this article and visit with our friend, John Joseph Mathews, in his little stone house here in the Osage hills ten miles from Pawhuska. Mathews is an Osage and a member of the governing council of the Osage Tribe, an Oxford graduate, and the author of *Wah-Kon-Tah*, that story of Indian life which is already an American classic.

He lives by himself and does all his own cooking, either over a two-burner gasoline stove or before the open fire. We thought we would forget about our own palates while we were here, but he fed us nobly, tempting us from our typewriters with sizzling fried eggs fresh from the hen-house, with fried steak (permeated with sweet butter deftly placed in an incision just before the steak was turned), and with feasts of quail, stewed in a Dutch oven over the roaring fire.

FINALLY, as a fitting climax to our Southwestern gustatory experience, he connived with two old-school cattlemen of the neighborhood, Shell Copenhaver and Oakley Miles, to surprise us with a goat barbecue. Shell supplied the goat, a plump and tender seven-month-old. Oakley (who, by the way, is a first cousin of Herbert Hoover's) presided over the barbecueing.

The process was fairly simple. A roaring hickory fire was built in the stone barbecue pit early in the morning. When it had died down to the hot embers, the meat, cut in good-sized chunks, was placed on the fence wire stretched above the coals. The meat was turned frequently and daubed each time with a sauce made of salt, pepper, vinegar, and melted butter. It takes four or five hours of cooking and tender care.

Hungrily we waited for Oakley Miles to give the word, and then we all swooped down, slicing the meat hot from the fire, eating it with our fingers. It was smoking hot, juicy, crisp, and brownly tender, permeated with the spicy sauce and the subtle fragrance of the hickory smoke. With it went piping-hot black coffee ("strong enough to float a wagon," Oakley said), rolls, homemade pickles, and tomatoes.

Why goat meat is so neglected I don't know. When it is young and fat and properly cooked it is luscious, with a delicate flavor of its own. As Oakley Miles said:

"Folks used to eat it back in Bible days. And look at them—they lived to be 900 years old."

Grace and I wish we could live that long. It would take more time than that to enjoy and repay all the boundless hospitality of the great Southwest.

★

On through the Middle West Mr. and Mrs. Smith continue their "gastronomical tour" of the country. If they have not touched your section, you may expect them there sooner or later. So, if your neighborhood has any exceptional cooks, send their names at once to Mr. Beverly Smith, in care of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. *Another of his articles will appear in an early issue.*

Along the way

On this page members of the editorial staff endeavor to take you backstage, telling of their adventures along the way in assembling THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Humdrum

Roy Chapman Andrews, the famous explorer and zoologist, told me this story not long ago while we were discussing his editorial, *Adventure*, in this issue:

"One day I took a well-known contractor to see the Great Wall of China. I had seen it fifty times, but always with a new excitement. When we reached the summit and looked back, every nerve in my body was tingling. The wall lay like a mighty gray serpent, writhing up to the peaks of the mountains, down into the valleys, on and on into the blue beyond. But I saw more than the wall. I saw the hosts of dying slaves building it; I heard their groans. And up through history I saw the wild Mongol hordes surging about the stones on which we stood. . . .

"My friend looked at it for a few minutes, while I waited, keen for his comment. Then he said, 'Gee, I'd like to have had the contract to build that wall. How about a bite of lunch?'

"That man couldn't have had an adventure on a bet."—H. K.

Peachy

Dozens of readers have come into our offices to express their interest in Beverly Smith's articles on typical American food (see page 50), and to offer recipes for their favorite dishes. Some have even sent us samples of their culinary art. Just now I'm looking forward to tasting the product of a kindly old gentleman who came in to tell me of the fun he had sneaking into his kitchen to make clam chowder from Beverly Smith's recipe. Before he left he promised (with a gleam in his eyes) to prepare a dessert guaranteed to be more delectable than anything Beverly has tasted in his gastronomical tour around the country: A peach-custard pie! No one, not even a housewife like me, he said, could turn out one just like it—crisply brown, juicy, creamy, sweetly sour, and sourly sweet.

I'm here to say that this will be one American dish Beverly Smith will never sample. You see . . . the pie has been promised to me!—M. H.

Hidden Star

When we were making the photograph illustrating the article in this issue, *Gems Can Talk*, by Dr. Herbert P. Whitlock, I had the thrill of holding in my hands the world's largest sapphire, the 563-carat Star of India—the same gem that Dr. Whitlock is shown holding in the photograph on page 45.

The thing that surprised me most, when I first picked up the stone, was its resemblance to a worthless chunk of glass. It has never been cut. But when George P. Higgins, the photographer, flashed on his powerful lights for the shot, the stone flashed back. In the heart of it a beautiful blue-white star flamed up, and the chunk of glass became one of the most glorious jewels I have ever seen. The star is formed naturally in the crystal and gives the stone its name.

The photograph was taken in the office of Dr. Whitlock in the American Museum of Natural History, where he is the curator of minerals and gems.

While Dr. Whitlock held the sapphire, his assistant, Joseph Quinn, stood in the doorway with a pistol on his hip, and outside, in the aisles between other cases of precious gems, other guards paced, all of them armed. The gem room of the museum contains fortunes in stones, all in specially locked cases covered with thick plate glass. Somewhere, overhead, a concealed guard, a "hidden eye," watches over them day and night.—J. Q.

Help!

Roger Whitman the House Detective, who solves mysterious household problems each month, drifted in the other day all hot and bothered.

"Please tell me," he said, "how far I should go in providing detective service to readers." This is how far he had gone:

DRAWING BY JOHN ATHERTON

Early one morning recently (2:30 A.M., to be exact) he was awakened by the jangling of the telephone bell.

"Is this Mr. Whitman, the House Detective?" a feminine voice inquired.

"Yes," yawned Mr. Whitman.

"I want to find out what's the matter with our oil burner. It's making an awful noise, and we can't sleep."

Mr. Whitman suggested several possible causes of the trouble.

"But I don't know what to do," pleaded the voice. "Please hurry right over."

A lady in distress. The obliging House Detective hadn't the heart to refuse. Sleepily he pulled on his clothes, drove to the scene of trouble, fixed it, and at last, at 5 A.M., climbed back into bed.

"Now, that kind of service is all right with me—once," said troubled Mr. Whitman. "But what if all THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE readers begin telephoning?"

The best solution we could offer him was a "silent number."—J. W.

Model

Paul Hesse, the dark and handsome gentleman who is responsible for the striking natural-color photographs for *The Miracle Maker*, was in the other day. He told me an amusing story about the alert little wire-haired terrier you see in the inn scene on pages 16 and 17 of this issue.

At first Hesse had a hard time getting the dog, an untrained one, to pose, but after numerous attempts he finally succeeded in seating him properly on the bench. After the take, Hesse—who, incidentally, confessed that he got a great kick out of shooting these pictures—rushed off to develop the prints. Over an hour later somebody missed the dog. Returning to the dark, deserted studio, Hesse found him still posed on the bench. He perked up his head as if to say, "Well, when do we start shooting?"—P. E. R.

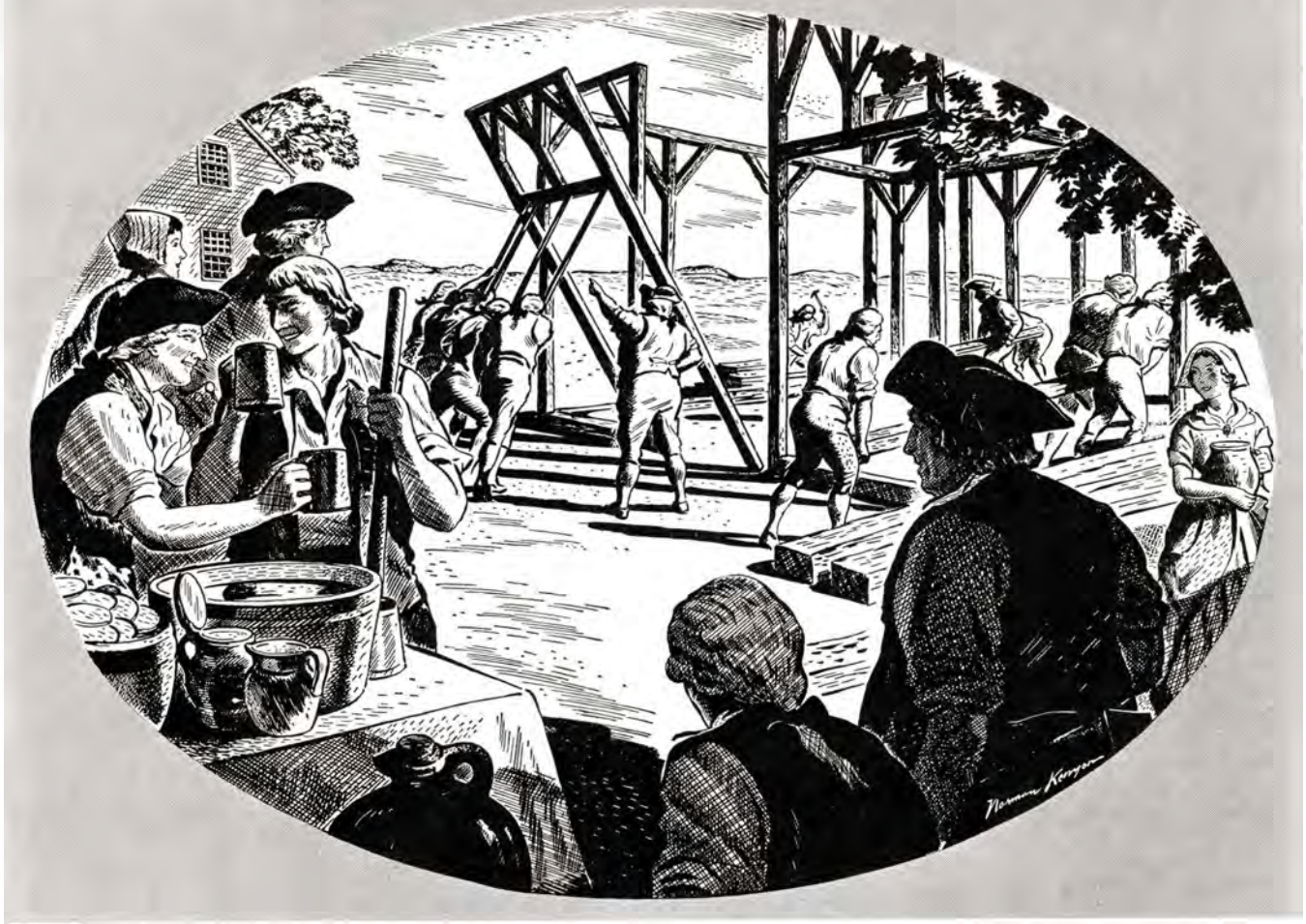
Teamwork

Blaine and Jean Dupont Miller, whose story, *Safety-Pin Pilot*, appears in this issue, are newcomers to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Blaine is Lieut. Harold Blaine Miller, U.S.N. Jean Dupont is his wife. Lieutenant Miller has been an aviation instructor at Pensacola, has seen eighteen months' service on the U.S.S. West Virginia, and served an equal period on airplane carriers.

He was attached to the U.S.S. Akron at the time of her crash, and had charge of the heavier-than-air unit on the U.S.S. Macon when she went down. He had just reported aboard, hooking on after a scouting flight an hour before she broke up off Point Sur. As a consequence he experienced some of the thrills of being "down at sea" which are mentioned in *Safety-Pin Pilot*.—A. B.

BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR

It's the Best American Tradition



THERE was a time, not so long ago, when being a good neighbor was a real factor in getting America going—and keeping us on our way.

In that day a man and his sons might cut and hew the timbers for a new dwelling and frame them stoutly on the ground. But before the walls could be raised, before the roof could go on, these builders needed and received the help of their neighbors. It was given generously in the old Colonial "house raising."

The same necessity for being a good neighbor, for helping the other fellow whenever he needed help, was recognized in all departments of early American life. Days of labor and the use of teams were exchanged as conditions of the crops demanded. And in time of sickness, fire, drought, attack, each man was in truth his brother's keeper.

In spite of the specialization of modern times, the speed and the scope of business and social life, there is, more than ever, the need for the good old American virtue of being a neighbor. No longer are you called upon to help the other fellow frame and raise his house, or to fight shoulder to shoulder with him against a common foe. But it is your responsibility to support, as you are able, institutions that minister to his welfare and the welfare of his family as definitely as a pioneer ever helped his neighbors. Hospitals, clinics, day nurseries need and deserve your help. . . . So do homes for the aged, the blind, the incurable. . . . So do the agencies that build the youth of your community.

It's still necessary to be a good neighbor. And it's still possible. Support your Community Chest. Answer local welfare appeals. You will be the best possible neighbor in your own neighborhood!

Grover Whalen

Chairman,
National Citizens' Committee

All facilities for this advertisement furnished the committee without cost

MOBILIZATION FOR HUMAN NEEDS—1935

What the Readers Say

Clothes

Elizabeth Hawes' designs for comfortable men's clothes in the article "Tailor Beware" (Sept.) have brought forth a flood of letters, pro and con. Late reports show that the pros are piling up a large majority in favor of colorful costumes, but the cons are more violent. Here's a pro dispatch from the tropics:

Waialua, Oahu, T. H.—That article has me all of a dither. Here in the territory our weather leans to the hot side. Choking myself into a collar and making calls in the city, wearing what is laughingly called "cool linen," leaves me exhausted and grouchy at the end of my day. So you can perceive how grateful I'd be to someone who could design something to wear in these tropic isles which would not be first cousin to a fur overcoat. Please inform Miss Hawes of my plight, and on my next trip to New York I will call personally and give you the swellest grass skirt I can find.—J. L.

Palaces

Gibbon, Nebr.—Sometimes when I pick up a magazine I wonder if there are any people left in this country who don't live in palatial homes manned by plenty of servants. It seems to me authors tend to leave out the very large group of people who are among the best we have—well-educated, well-read, church-going people in moderate circumstances who try to maintain a good home and educate their children. Doesn't anything that would make a good story ever happen to such people?—Mrs. M. V.

Plenty. And you'll find many authors writing human stories about human beings who aren't so rich. But isn't it interesting to read about palaces, too?

Prison?

Yonkers, N. Y.—I must question Mr. Whitman's article, *The House Detective*, for October. His idea of having everything in a kitchen placed in cabinets with solid wood doors would mean an unnecessary amount of opening doors in order to locate things. One could not expect a maid, or even oneself, to remember, sight unseen, where each and every item of kitchen use was placed. Again, dark, enclosed shelves and drawers collect dirt and harbor water bugs. A kitchen would be a dreary-looking place with solid wood-enclosed cabinets instead of open shelves or glass-enclosed cabinets, showing the colors and shapes of utensils, dishes, and containers; for these furnish the kitchen in the same way that books furnish the living-room. I should feel, in Mr. Whitman's kitchen, as if I were in a prison.—Miss A. B.

Danger!

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Governor Hoffman's recent articles on speeding were very thought-provoking. My driving experiences have shown me that there should be more frequent and striking reminders of dangers. A device for such a reminder is already on hand in every car. I refer to the speedometer face card—the one thing which all drivers, fast or slow, look at. My suggestion would be to alter the face card in this fashion:

Have the white lettering taper off into pink and then red, as the speed at which the car is being driven becomes higher and more dangerous.

Have proper braking power notations on the face card—such as the distance required to bring that particular car to a full stop at the various speeds as indicated on the speedometer.

Have danger notations on the face card—such as skull and crossbones, with the reminder, "Death is permanent," and a crutch, with the reminder, "But permanent disability may be worse."

Such a change would involve no particular expense.—Dr. H. T.

An interesting suggestion. What do you think?

Why Don't They?

Chicago, Ill.—Coming home last night it seemed to me that the train was going slowly. In an automobile you can always look at the dashboard and see about the speed. Why don't they put speedometers in all railway cars for the convenience of the traveling public?—N. McC. C.

Sounds like a good idea. There are a lot of things that could be done and aren't. Perhaps you have some thoughts. Send them along. We'll pay $1.00 for every one accepted for publication. None will be returned.

Bonfire

Carlsbad, N. Mex.—In the June issue, 1934, there appeared a short piece on the readers' page written by me. At that time I would have told you I was going to set the world on fire with my writings. But I wrote article after article that did not suit your needs. (May I say here that you were very nice in your constructive criticism.) Now I'm sending back all my articles and stories that you rejected. Please pile them in the center of the room and burn them. And as my hopes go up in their spirals of smoke, may the editors join hands and dance around the floating ashes. When the last spark has died away may they give a loud "whoop" and consider the incident closed.—W. S.

Pipe Dreams

Denver, Colo.—All my life I have dreamed of just ditching my job, duties, worries, and friends, and starting off to see the world in a sailboat. Of course, I know I can't do it, myself, but is it wrong to have pipe dreams like this?—J. D.

Of course it isn't wrong to have pipe dreams. We all have them. What's yours? Write and tell us about it—not more than a hundred words. We will pay $1.00 for each one accepted. No letters will be returned.

Husbands

The old maid who raised the question, "What Good Is a Husband?" (Oct.) started a deluge of letters from readers and a general hurrying to the defense of husbands. Here's a sample:

Los Angeles, Calif.—I think America is extremely fortunate in that the majority of women do not feel as the writer of that article feels.

She asks, "Just what does a husband get you, anyway?" This "gimme" business is a curse that will ruin everything it contacts. Let her think rather of what she has to give.

All this babbling about freedom and independence seems as the tinkling of little tin bells. Who wants freedom from making birthday cakes, cooking dinners for a beloved family, trimming Christmas trees? What is weakening this country are ideas such as this woman expresses—that freedom from the duties of a normal life is dearer to the heart of real honest-to-goodness women than a husband, home and children.

She says, "Sometimes I have felt a little like a slacker . . . maybe I ought to be down there in that scrimmage." She can look upon such a sacred thing as marriage and call it a scrimmage! You would think she was talking about a basement bargain sale!—Mrs. C. B.

Cannibals

Jupiter, Fla.—In the sketch of Dr. Margaret Mead (America's *Interesting People*, Sept.) you intimate that the native inhabitants of American Samoa were at one time cannibals. I lived on various islands of this group for two years and found no records or stories of cannibalism.—C. S.

The sketch of Dr. Mead stated that she had lived among cannibals. Samoa was mentioned simply as one part of the South Sea Islands she had visited. New Guinea was another. In all these islands cannibalism is officially dead. But authorities agree that in New Guinea, Melanesia (especially Fiji), and the Polynesian Islands, which she has also visited, it is still practiced under cover.

Missing Ad Page

There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies and Luckies' exclusive process is your throat protection against irritation - against cough.