The American Magazine

25¢

July

Are YOU Afraid of the Unexpected?

8 PAINTERS IN EVERY 10

USE DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

(According to an impartial, country-wide survey)

Let us repeat that . . . 8 painters in every 10 use Dutch Boy White-Lead. It *means* something to the man who is interested in a paint job.

It means that painters generally do not want to use a "cheap" paint . . . because it can't stand up, can't produce an economical paint job.

Consider the question on a common-sense basis of facts and figures. If "cheap" paint applied to a job costs $250 and happens to last two years, the yearly paint cost is $125. If a Dutch Boy paint job costs $270 and lasts four years (most painters say it is good for five or six), the yearly paint cost is only $67.50 . . . a saving for four years of $230 . . . a saving of $125 for every year *beyond* four.

Besides, Dutch Boy White-Lead has the advantage of wearing down smoothly by gradual chalking, leaving a perfect surface for repainting. It does not crack or scale and will not add to your cost at next repaint time by demanding expensive burning and scraping.

No wonder "8 painters in every 10 use Dutch Boy."

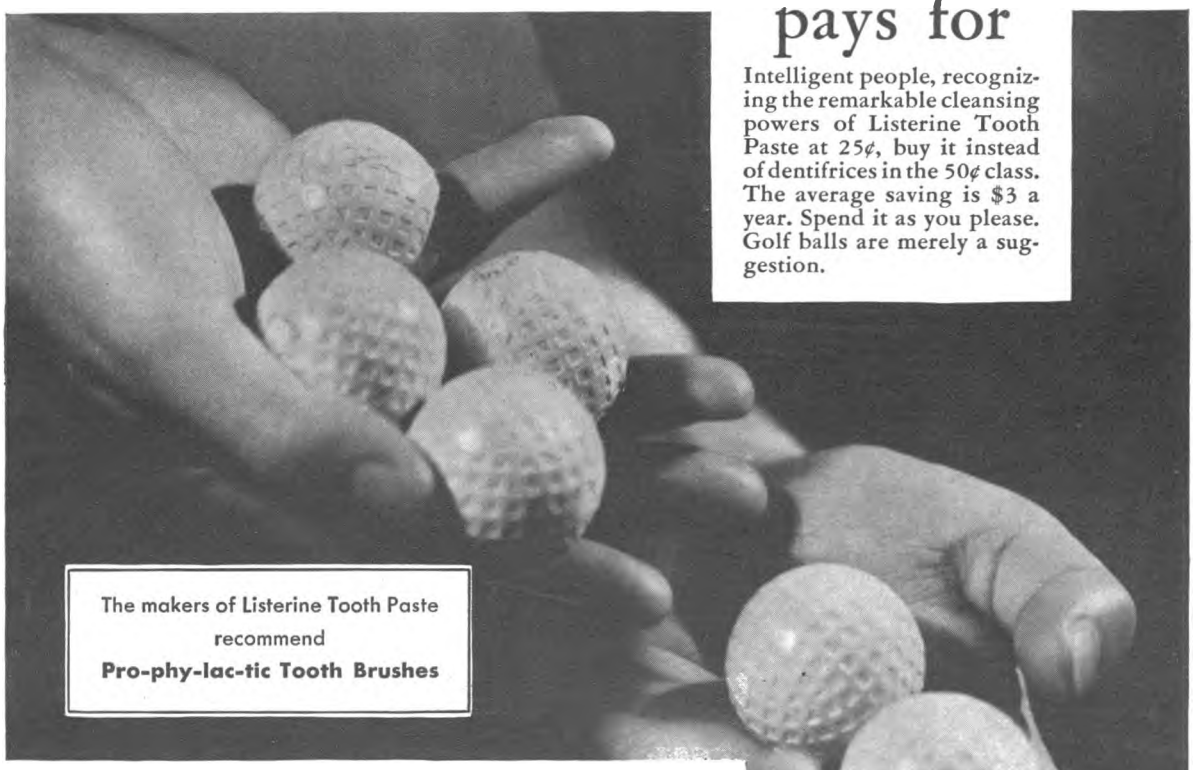
Write for free booklet — "The House We Live In" — which gives helpful suggestions on the decoration and protection of the home. Address the branch office nearest you.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway—Buffalo, 116 Oak Street—Chicago, 900 West 18th Street—Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Avenue—Cleveland, 820 W. Superior Avenue—St. Louis, 722 Chestnut Street—San Francisco, 2240 24th Street—Boston, National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany Street—Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue—Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Building.

. . . AND NO ONE KNOWS PAINT LIKE A PAINTER

Tee off with golf balls your tooth paste pays for



Intelligent people, recognizing the remarkable cleansing powers of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, buy it instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The average saving is $3 a year. Spend it as you please. Golf balls are merely a suggestion.

See teeth whiten!

Feel your mouth grow healthier!

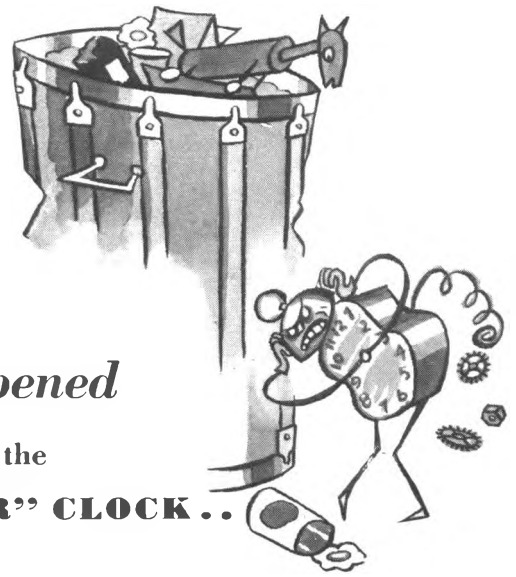
EVEN those whose teeth are hard to whiten comment on how swiftly and gently Listerine Tooth Paste makes teeth gleam. This action is due to a new type of polishing agent.

Regular users assert that this dentifrice definitely improves mouth hygiene. With regular brushing the gums grow firmer. The entire mouth seems fresher, exhilarated, and healthy.

Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price—and judge by results alone. After such tests, more than a million people have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste. We can think of no greater tribute.

Incidentally, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you about $3 per year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



What happened to the "GUESSER" CLOCK . .

. . . A BED-SIDE STORY

Once there stood beside the bed a battered old "guesser" clock that woke its master at the wrong time, cheated him of half his breakfast, and sent him to his work late. . . . Then one fine day its master brought home a handsome Big Ben. Jealous and ashamed, the "guesser" slunk away to hide in the rubbish barrel . . . but its master only thought "good riddance", and lived happily ever after to the honest timekeeping of Big Ben.

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Westclox . . . ALARMS POCKET BEN WATCHES · AUTO CLOCKS

Sumner Blossom
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Hugh Leamy
Managing Editor
Henry B. Quinan
Art Director

July ★ The American Magazine ★ 1931

Vol. CXII — *Something for Every Member of the Family* — No. 1

NEXT MONTH

"MOUNT yore hawse, lad," commands Pecos Smith grimly. "I'll hold off these varmints till we're well on our way!"

Terrill Lambeth, violet-eyed, self-reliant daughter of Texas, is off in a swirl of dust, with Pecos riding hard alongside. In sombrero and breeches, with her wind-tanned face, she *does* look like a young, handsome boy, and as a boy she teams up with Pecos and sweeps with him from one breathless adventure to another.

What's the mystery behind her mad masquerade? Through fights with the Comanches, over flooded streams in encounters with the murderous Don Felipe—Terrill and Pecos ride and fight as pardners. But when she falls in love with the lanky, two-gun Texan . . .

This flashing, roaring, tender novel begins next month in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Of course, it's by that master teller of Western stories, *Zane Grey*, and it's called *West of the Pecos.*

—THE EDITOR.

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FICTION

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Published Monthly by The Crowell Publishing Company, *Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A.*

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250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

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Subscribers are notified that change of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

Index of Products Advertised

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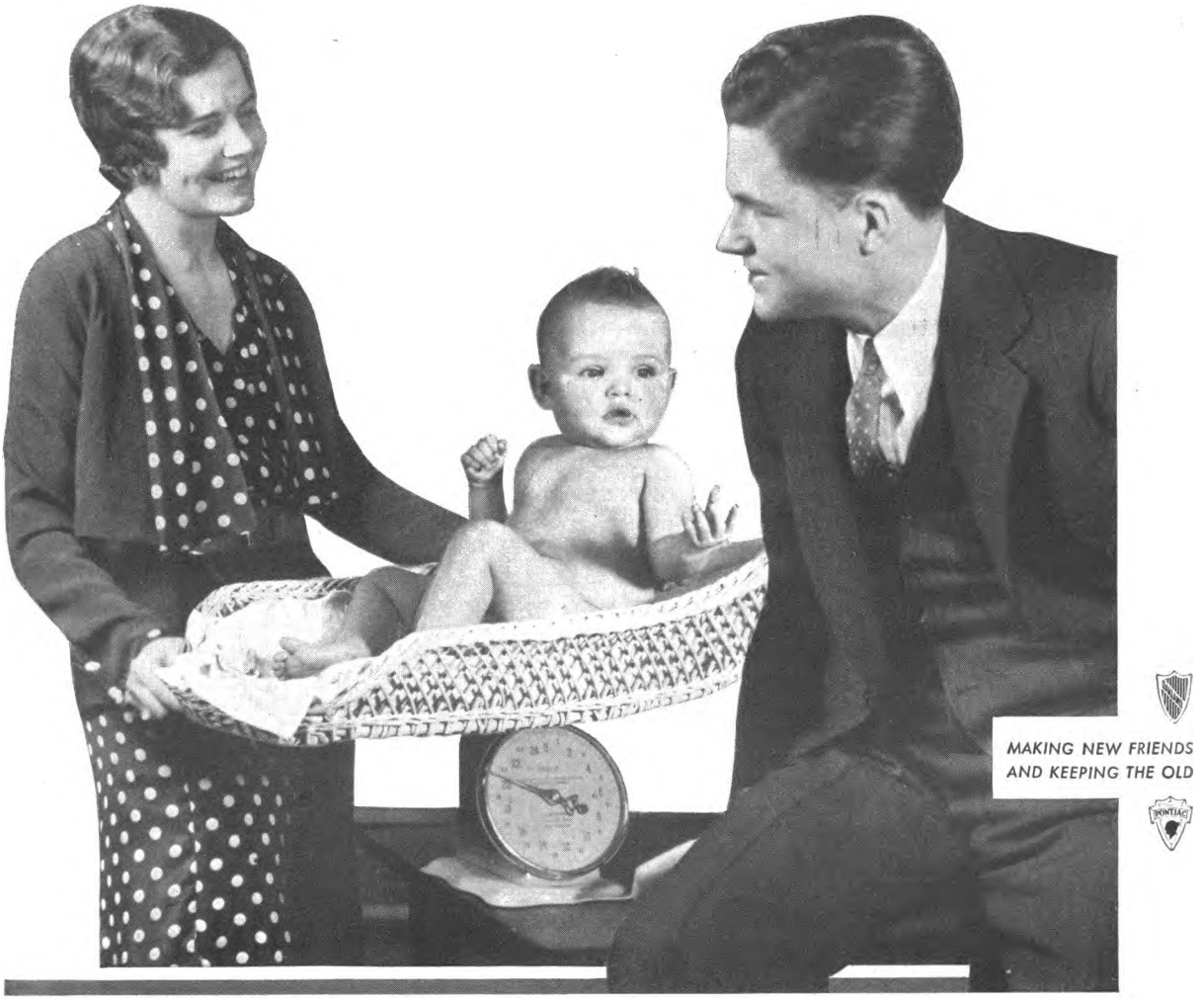

LITTLE VARIATIONS MEAN SO MUCH

Of course, the smallest variation in baby's weight is extremely important to mother—and to the whole family, for all that. But did you know that little variations in dimensions are just as important to us in building fine motor cars?

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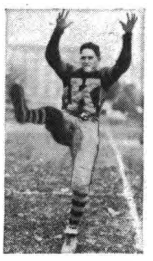

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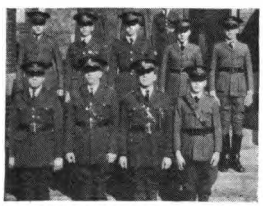

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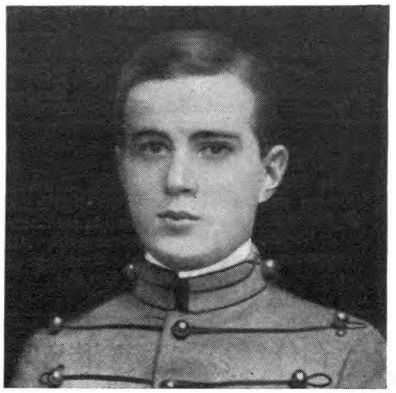

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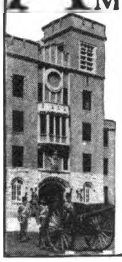

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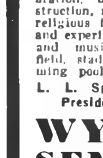

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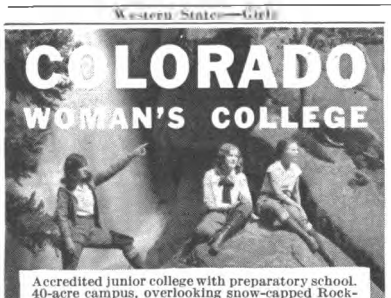

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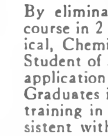

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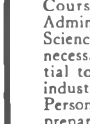

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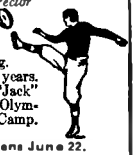

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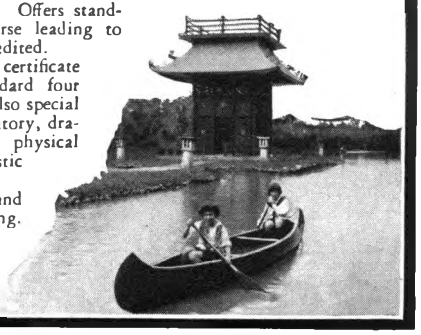

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Ford, Chevrolet, Whippet	4.75-19	6.65	6.65	12.90
Erskine, Plymouth	4.75-20	6.75	6.75	13.10
Chandler, DeSoto, Dodge, Durant, Graham-Paige, Pontiac, Roosevelt, Willys-Knight	5.00-19	6.98	6.98	13.60
Essex, Nash	5.00-20	7.10	7.10	13.80
Marquette, Oldsmobile	5.25-18	7.90	7.90	15.30
Buick	5.25-21	8.57	8.57	16.70
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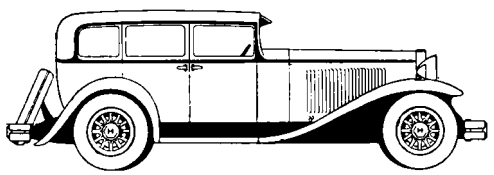

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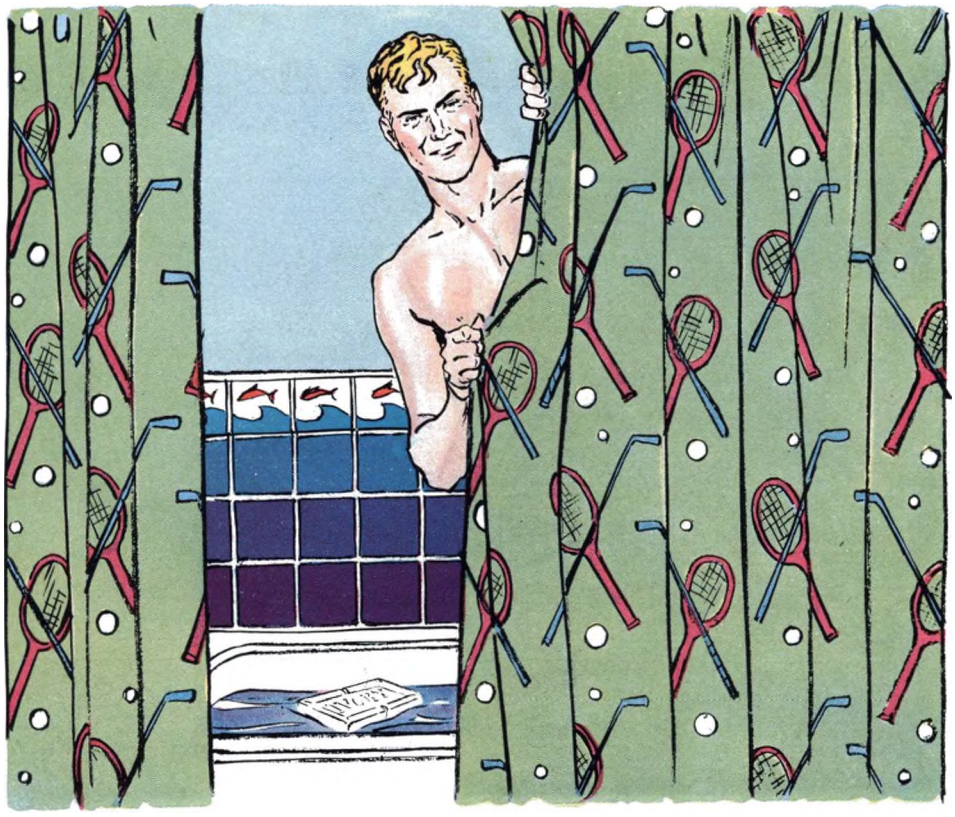

Pardon us, Mr. Jones!

Go right on splashing, Mr. Jones. Don't mind us.

We dropped in to congratulate you on finding a cure for the hot weather grumps. Don't apologize for them. They descend upon us all when summer is running in high gear. Perspiring employers bark at their secretaries . . . husbands blame wives for the humidity . . . kind fathers treat loving children with moist and clammy ferocity!

As for you, Mr. Jones, we'd never dream that you had ever sworn at the cat. You look as cool as a sprig of mint, if you don't mind the personal remark!

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We must be getting along, Mr. Jones. You haven't a thing on us. For over fifty years we've been prescribing Ivory baths, and we enjoy taking our own medicine! PROCTER & GAMBLE

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July 1931

The American Magazine

LOADING his gun with high-caliber question marks, James R. Leavell, bank president, fires away at the whole range of borrowed and hackneyed rules for getting ahead.

"I can't tell anybody how to run his life. You're the one. Think it out for yourself."

If Columbus had waited for someone to tell him how to find the New World . . . If the Wright brothers had sat down on the sand at Kitty Hawk looking for someone to tell them how to fly . . . If Edison had set up a lamp bulb at Menlo Park and waited for someone to tell him how to light it . . .

"Think it out for yourself." The sure way to keep out of the rut.

James Reader Leavell

"One man's meat is . . .

. . . another man's poison"

YOUR BEST BET IS YOURSELF

By NEIL M. CLARK

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN E. SHERIDAN

FIRST or last, I have talked to hundreds of business men. In high places. Have written stories about scores of them. Have listened while they pounded tables and expounded theories about individual achievement. And I've never tired of hearing men tell how they climbed the slippery ladder to the top. Too often, however, the comments of these men on how others are to do it have been so conflicting that they have left me puzzled. But Jim Leavell—

He met me with dancing eyes.

"Sit down!" he said. "Now, what was it you wrote in your letter? . . . Oh, yes, I remember. I'm to tell the most important things for a young man to do today in order to make the most of himself."

He grinned. No one could help liking that grin.

"Why, Clark," he went on, "*I* can't tell anybody how to run his life. *I don't know.*" And he proceeded to fling down this extraordinary challenge: "Bring on any 'success recipe' you like, any one at all, and I'll prove that just the opposite is the way to do it—prove it by cases!"

"Then, do you mean," said I, "that one man's meat—?"

"Is another man's poison? Well, more or less."

"And all this 'success stuff'—?"

"Doesn't mean a thing. Unless—"

"Unless *what?*"

"Well, I think a fellow can do something to run his own life. *Something.* Luck comes in, of course. Perhaps it plays the main part. I don't know. But, let's say that some rule works for me. When I observe it, I get along. Suppose I look wise and tell everybody to follow that rule. Then I am foolish. It hap-

pens that I am the product of a certain combination of natural traits, antecedents, home life, schooling, business training, jobs, friends.

"In particular, it has been my good fortune to work under a man from whom I have learned more than I now realize. I'm still learning. And he still wants to help me. Not everybody can have that association. So I must remember that my combination of circumstances is different from the combination in some other fellow's case. What worked for me did so only because it happened to click in *my* picture. I don't say generalizations are entirely useless. But let's stop swallowing them whole. If the shoe fits, put it on. Otherwise—"

Frank loathed work, but he was a good manager. He let others labor, and told them what to do!

ALL through the years, no one but Jim Leavell ever put it to me just like that. No, no one but James Reader Leavell, president of the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company in Chicago, one of the largest banks in the world in point of deposits, with resources of more than a billion dollars.

Iron-gray hair accentuates the youthfulness of his face. He is a bit over six feet, and gives the impression of physical strength and perfect health. You feel he is your friend the moment you shake his hand. Inevitably, by some mysterious charm, he makes a powerful impression. An old friend said:

"He is the finest *human being* I ever knew."

And a present associate whom I asked about him said:

"There is no subject I would rather be able to do justice to."

The steps in Leavell's career have been amazingly swift. He is only forty-seven. He was born on a farm in Missouri in 1884. During school vacations he worked in a bank which his father owned in Fulton. After attending the Westminster College at Fulton and the Randolph-Macon College for men at Ashland, Virginia, he became a clerk in the Mechanics American National Bank of St. Louis, advancing to assistant cashier. From this position he went to the First National of St. Louis as vice president.

In 1920 he went to Chicago as vice president of the Continental and Commercial National Bank; and when, after mergers, that institution became the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company, he was made executive vice president of its affiliated investment organization—later, assistant to the chairman of the board—and, in 1930, president.

Surely, if anyone has a right to say, "This is how to get along," Jim Leavell might say it. But he says, instead, "I can't. I can only tell what happened to me and some of my friends and acquaintances along the way. If there happens to be a grain of help in some of these experiences for some particular fellow to apply to his own case, I'll be glad. But I have no general rules."

He smiled reminiscently.

"When I started," he said, "I had no grand ambitions to go on. I needed a job. I didn't care whether I was a banker or a blacksmith, so long as there wasn't too much hard work. A place in a bank was offered me. And there I stayed.

"Two of my friends in that first job make a study in contradictions. George and Frank. *Hard work* is one of the tried-and-true recipes, isn't it? Well, what about George and Frank?

"George was a demon for long hours and hard assignments. He loved a tough job. There was no holding him. I used to attend creditors' meetings with him. He would work day and night, day after day, in an effort to straighten out every detail to our advantage.

"'George,' I used to say, 'for heaven s sake, let's go home!'

"'Wait,' he'd beg, 'just let me—'

"He wouldn't quit. Work was too much fun!

"In due course, George was called to New York to be an officer of one of the biggest banks. Later he was sent out as president of an important bank in the South.

"THAT seems to prove, doesn't it," said Mr. Leavell, smiling, "that the way to climb is to do three men's work? All right, but what about Frank? He and I roomed together in St. Louis. He wouldn't pick up his clothes.

"'Frank,' I used to say, 'you're the laziest white man alive!'

"If several of us were going to the theater, he would sit and make the plans, and tell us what to do. 'Jim, you can get the tickets, can't you?' And 'We'll need a cab. Joe, suppose you order it.' Frank never moved an unnecessary muscle, except for something he considered *very* important. He was clever. A good manager. He let others labor, and told them what to do! And he was so persuasive and good-na-

tured that we did it. Work, pure, unadulterated work, he loathed.

"Well, did Frank land in the bread line? Not Frank! He was called to another big New York bank; he's next to the top man now, and one of the best executives in banking. He loves hard work today just as much as he did when we roomed together. And does about as much of it!

"What do these cases prove? I don't know. Do you see any general rule in them, that applies to everybody? A street sweeper can work conscientiously fifteen hours a day. Does that make him a mayor? Is achievement a matter of hard work? And what *is* hard work? Is it the same for both you and me?

Fred busted in on the president to get acquainted. Perfectly natural for Fred. Not "nervy"

"AND here's something else," he said, turning swiftly to another subject—"is the thing called 'getting ahead' a matter of 'standing in well' with somebody? I started at ten dollars a week, which certainly sounds like the orthodox beginning of a 'success story.' Spent five dollars on room and board, and you'd be surprised how much fun I had on the balance! In the course of years, I went through various jobs and finally landed here. Why? I'll tell you. I know perfectly well that I am president of this bank because a group of responsible officials and directors want me to be. Almost anyone could be president if that same group made up their minds they wanted him to be; they would make things go for him, never fear. I also know that if they did *not* want me for president, they could make my job so hot that this chair would sizzle. I'd be glad to get out.

"But what about the mottoes—about 'pull'? Does this prove them? Or disprove them? We've been told, haven't we, that true merit will always win over favoritism? Will it—given a special set of circumstances? And what *is* favoritism? Did you ever know a man to be given a favored job because he was somebody's son or nephew? I have. Did you ever see these sons and nephews hang on and make good? I have. Have you ever seen them fail, but be carried along by some underling, who got none of the credit and little of the cash? I've seen that too. What does it prove?

"There are 'office pets' and politicians. What part does their scheming play? Does it ever get them anywhere? Do you like to flatter or make a fuss over somebody, without meaning it? Neither do I. Do you like to have people do that to you? Of course not! Yet I know of a man who used to run and get his boss's hat and overcoat, and scurry after a glass of water if the boss coughed. He flattered the boss to his face; laid it on thick. And that man eventually got to be president of the company. Why? Do you suppose maybe *that particular boss* happened to like flattery and having his coat held—and some other qualities this man possessed?

"There was a man, he was president of a big company—and he took delight in bullying subordinates. If he could browbeat a clerk or department head and send him off trembling, he would turn to his secretary and say:

"'I scared daylight out of *him!*'

"Who do you suppose became vice president of that company? A young Irishman who barked at the boss as loud as the boss barked at him. A son of Erin who wouldn't scare worth a cent. The old man loved him for it.

"A man who came to Chicago as president of one of the big railroads remarked:

"'I owe this job to my friends.'

"And he meant it. He made friends everywhere. They spoke well of him, recommended him. Would they have recommended him if he had lacked ability? Suppose another man, just as able, had few friends—which would have got the job?

"WHAT about it, then? Should we make it one of our main jobs to curry favor? Whom is it most important to cultivate: the boss, or those on your own level, or those beneath?—insiders, or outsiders? What's the proper attitude toward the boss?"

The questions poured out of Mr. Leavell like a torrent. And when I asked him to answer some of them, all that he said was:

"I can't. I don't know. I might answer for myself. But not for *you*. Not for Bill, and Joe. You might get your wife or friends to help you. But you're the man. You know *your* setup."

And so he turned to another big problem: Is the successful man a particular breed of human being? Does he have a certain pattern of personality, temperament, physique?

"Let's take cases," Mr. Leavell went on. "Henry is this sort of fellow: If

Henry pulls a brilliant plan out of the blue. But he has no sense of orderliness or system

you want something done, but don't know how to go about it, you naturally go to him and tell him your story. You have spent three hours scribbling on sheets of paper and tossing them into the wastebasket. Henry sits and listens, and after three minutes he says:

"'Did it occur to you to—?'

"He pulls a brilliant plan out of the blue. You thump yourself and say:

"'Why didn't *I* think of that?'

"Brilliant, quick, flashing, incisive—that's the kind of mind Henry has. But he has no organization sense. No orderliness and system.

"John is a different type. Brilliant in a different way. Ideas seldom flash from him as from Henry. He is an orderly, systematic bulldog. You and another chap get into a ruckus, and each wants to do something different. You take *that* problem to John. He listens quietly to both of you. Ticks off on his fingers the arguments for each: one, two, three, four. When he's through, he tells you which is better—if by then you need telling. He is a judge, absolutely impartial.

"John takes a job of work from the beginning, reaches out here, there, everywhere, draws in every necessary detail, drives through step by step, and never quits till the referee says:

"'*Done!*'

"He is as orderly as Henry is disorderly.

"Then there's Fred. He is not an 'idea mine.' Nor a judge. But I say to him:

"'Fred, Neil Clark thinks this is a terrible bank.'

"'He shouldn't!' Fred will say soberly.

"Next time you come in, Fred will get hold of you. He will chat a while, and when you leave, he'll stroll down the lobby with you, maybe with his arm around your shoulder. And you'll go out thinking:

"'That's the grandest bank in town!'

"How does Fred do it? I don't know. Perhaps he doesn't know, himself. He is a wonderful salesman. But he never tells you so. Probably he doesn't admit it to himself. He is utterly sincere. He wants you to see things as he does. You know he'll feel badly if you don't. And somehow you want to.

"It never occurs to Fred to insult a shabby suit or be afraid of anyone. He said to me:

"'I had a nice talk the other day with Mr. B., the president of the D. Railroad.'

"I said, 'I didn't know you knew him.'

"'I didn't,' said Fred; 'but I was in New York. I knew we had that account with them, not a very big one—'

"So he busted in on the pres dent to get acquainted. Perfectly natural, from Fred's point of view. Not 'nervy.' And my guess is that Mr. B. was glad to see *him!*

"There," said Mr. Leavell, "you have three men as different as can be. I don't know which is most successful. They hold positions of equal rank. High rank. What traits *does* it take for success?

"MAY I mention another case? I have a job to be done. I know that Billy is a careful boy. I stop at his desk and say:

"'Billy, can you go to M.nneapolis tonight?'

"'Minneapolis?'

"'Yes. It's about four now. You'd have to catch that six-o'clock train.'

"'Tonight! What is it you want done? Would there be time to get everything ready?'

"I see my error.

"'Never mind,' I say; 'I've just thought of something. You won't have to go, after all, Billy.'

"He is relieved. I move on down the aisle to another desk.

"'Jack,' I say, 'can *you* go to Minneapolis tonight?'

"Jack's feet are on his desk, and he is staring at the ceiling.

"'Minneapolis?' he says, the feet coming down briskly. 'Sure I can. What do you want me to do up there?'

"*Snap!* Just like that.

"The years pass, and Billy is still pushing a pen somewhere, but Jack is a vice president. How come? A hard-working, conscientious, careful guy, who is never idle, seems to be stuck in a rut, while a long-legged boy with a habit of parking his feet on desks, rises to the top of the heap? Is it a question of absolute values—or of particular circumstances? *I* happen to like the 'Jack' type better than the 'Billy' type. Jack is so constructed that he doesn't feel the need of figuring every angle before he acts. Somebody says:

"'Let's go and cut off Clark's ears!'

"'All right,' says Jack, 'come on!'

"No hesitation. Ready to go. Action. Jumps in without

much 'cautious' delay; and usually finds the job not too hard for him. Makes mistakes, but has a high batting average of successes, because he tries so many things. Comes back ready for more trouble. That all makes a hit with me. But—would Jack please everyone? I am willing to dally with the idea that careful thought may hold more men back than actual carelessness. But would others prefer Billy for that very streak of caution? And are there situations where Billy would undoubtedly be the better man?

"SELF-RELIANCE is another trait. A man in any position above routine comes to me and says:

"'What shall I do?'

"I reply, 'How do I know? You're grown up. You wear long pants. Go and find out for yourself!'

"None of us here asks, 'What's the rule on that?' The rule is what a self-reliant and intelligent man decides should be done.

"But would that find favor everywhere? In some places, do they want things done by precedent and formula, and seldom otherwise? Should a fellow sulk or defy those in authority if that is *their* way? Yes? Or no?

"Again, there's the question of the specialist and the all-round man. An outsider comes to our bank and says:

"'Who is your grain man?'

"We have none. Most banks in our position have. We say:

"'What do you want to know? Several men here have a good working knowledge of the grain trade.'

"I do not like prima donnas in business. They say, 'I'm the whole thing on *this* job. Hands off!'—and they religiously keep hands off everybody else's job. I like men who think, 'That's *the bank's* business. I must see that it is taken care of.'

"But—would others agree? Might an enterprising lad elsewhere be reprimanded for doing just what we highly approve? Should a person aim to know everything about one subject? Or a good deal about many subjects? Or should he adopt some middle course? Does the answer depend at all on where he is, who he is, what he is doing?

"Another trait is honesty. We all agree it is necessary. But is it a main factor in advancement? Is it more of a factor in some jobs than others? Is there a larger measure of scrupulous honesty among those who succeed in a conspicuous way than among those who do not?

"What, in short," queried Mr. Leavell, "is the answer to this riddle of personality and character traits? Could Billy have done as well as Jack in Minneapolis, or better, if he had snapped up the chance? Would the man who stays down, necessarily stay down if he found himself with the same traits in an entirely different situation? The man who climbs, would he *always* climb, no matter how circumstanced? Can desirable traits be cultivated? Is it worth while trying?"

Again Mr. Leavell gave me no answers. Just questions. But *what* questions!

And then he swung into a different problem: Is success a matter of adhesive fingers? Of grabbing possessions and holding on for dear life? Material things: dollars, jobs, desks, honors?

"Two men," he recalled, "lost a lot of money in the stock market crash. One was worth five million dollars. After the dust cleared, he came in here almost hysterical, because he had *only two* million left! He hasn't done much since, except hold tight for fear he'll lose the rest.

"The other chap had a hundred thousand, and lost it all. He grinned and went to work to win it back. He is headed toward doing so; more too. He said to me lately:

"'Whatever I get now will be more than I've had!'

"One holds tight to two million; the other keeps hope and nerve. One is paralyzed by fear; the other snaps his fingers and goes his busy way. There is no great difference in ages. Is one of them more 'successful'? Which one? Why? Which would you prefer to be?

"I know a young man who made money, but never saved. He had an opportunity to buy into a fast-growing business and become one of the head men. He needed ten thousand dollars.

Ideas seldom flash from John. He is an orderly, systematic bulldog; a judge, absolutely impartial

On his record, nobody would lend it to him. He had to pass up the opportunity. Another like it has never come his way. What does that prove? About grabbing and keeping? If anything?

"My friend George, the hard worker I told you about, was promoted and promoted till he was a very influential banker in New York, the money center of this country, if not of the world. One day he said to me:

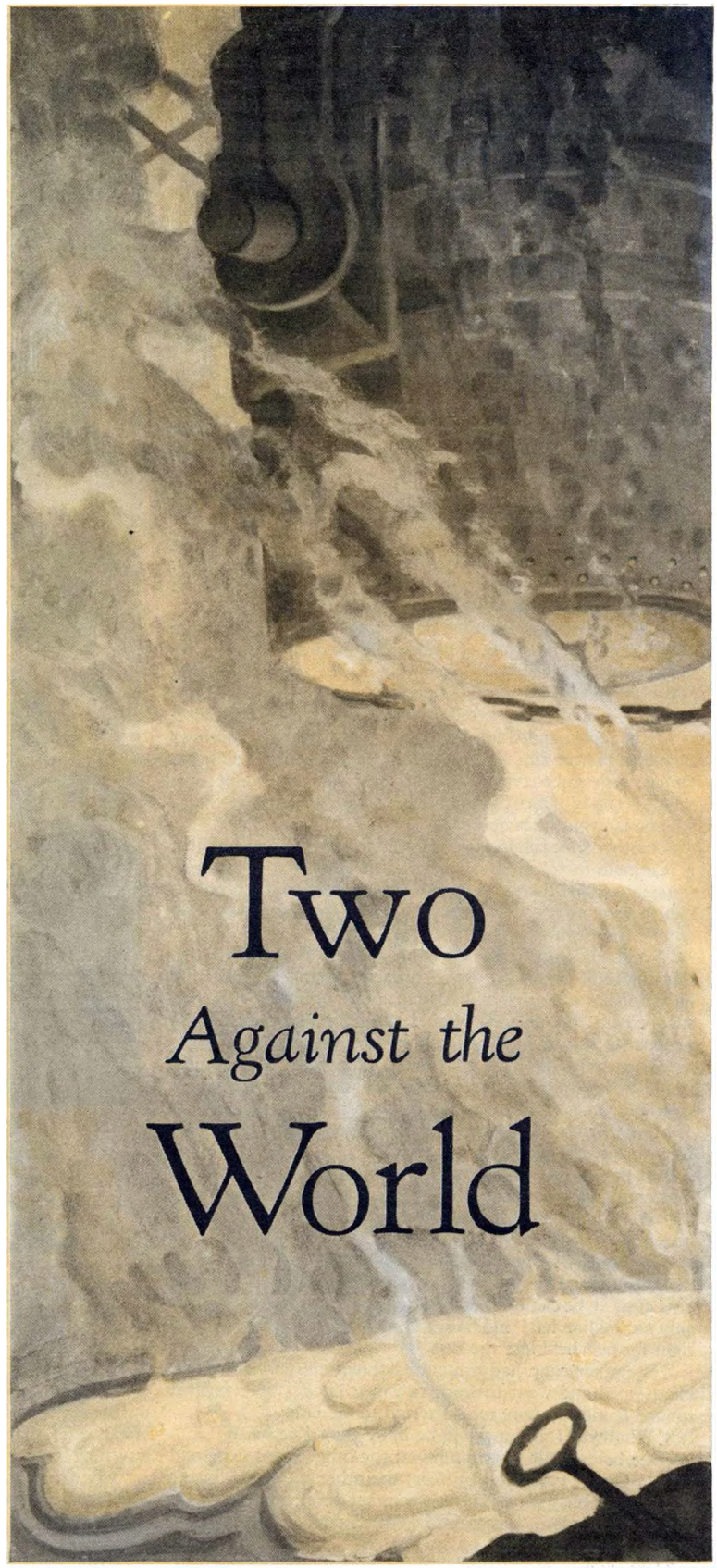
"'Jim, what do you think of my going to the —— Bank, in ——?' A smaller bank in a smaller city.

"'As what?' I asked. (*Continued on page 118*)

A Story

By EDMUND M. LITTELL

Two Against the World



HE DIDN'T look like a steel man. He didn't look like much of anything, in fact. His clothes hung on him in rags. His face, beneath the dirt that grimed it, looked soft and pudgy; so did his hands and all the rest of him. But there he stood with that hangdog look of his. He had walked up the ramp that led to the quarter-mile elevated charging-floor and wormed his way through the crowd of men that had gathered around big Jock Campbell as though he had a right to be there.

"They tell me you're needing men," he said.

Big Jock Campbell was busy. As open-hearth superintendent of Hoosier Steel, he had a thousand things to do. Business had been rotten for the past year, so bad that eight of the twelve furnaces in the great building had been cold. Now, all of a sudden, orders were coming in again. That was always the way in the steel business—a feast or a famine, with the changes from one to the other taking place almost overnight. "Give us some tonnage, rush," was the situation Jock faced now; and that meant many things. He needed men first, of course. But he didn't need men like this one; the briefest of glances told him so.

"Sure, I'm wanting men," he said, his heavy voice coming up out of his barrel of a chest like the rumble of distant thunder. "But I ain't wanting any like you."

That was all he had time to say. He turned to the others. Most of them were old-timers, laid off many weeks before. Now they were back again, and Jock knew exactly what he wanted them to do.

"You, Bill Fox," he said. "Got your old crew?"

"Chick's here—"

"All right. Take Number Six. I want a fire going by noon. Sam, take Number Five again It's been rebuilt, and—"

With one quick, sure motion he swung Bill out and dropped him, face

down, in the V made by the junction of the tipping-cable and the ladle

Hemmed in by a white-hot hell of boiling steel, a strong man and a weak one come to grips with death

"But I need work," came from beside him. "I got to have it."

The bum again. Jock whirled about. He scowled down into dark eyes that were inches below his own—and was reminded of a dog which, kicked and mauled until its spirit is almost broken, still crawls to the feet of a likely-looking man.

"I ain't had work for so long that—"

JOCK was sorry for him. A shame, he thought, that any man should sink so low. But sympathy doesn't get out tonnage. When it comes to the hiring of men—steel men—a superintendent has to wall off his heart and use nothing but his head.

"This is a steel mill," he rumbled. "You wouldn't last an hour. We ain't got a job for you, so you're wasting your time. Here," and his hand went into his pocket and came out with a bill; "take this and get yourself cleaned up. You'll never get a job anywhere looking like that."

He didn't wait for the man to take the money. Still holding it out, he turned back to his men.

"And you, Tom," he began—when he heard a soft thump beside him. The bum had collapsed.

Hunger, the doctor reported when they had rushed him to the plant hospital. The man hadn't eaten for days. Tough, thought Jock. The past hard times had probably put many a man into such a shape. But he couldn't take the time to worry about him. The man, he knew, would have plenty of care. That was what the plant hospital was for. And when he got out he would find a five-dollar bill in his pocket; Jock had put it there before one of the men carried him to the ambulance. With that he would be able to get along until he found a job. The important thing was, get the tonnage moving out.

Twenty-four hours later, Jock had forgotten the man. He was still infer-

nally busy. It isn't easy, after months of almost complete idleness, to get a plant going again. At the time, the ladle-lining gang, which worked at the rear end of the building, needed a little jacking up and he was dashing back along the boulevard width of the pouring floor to give it to them. But, halfway back, he stopped. Over there on his right, back-dropped by the two-story furnace which marked the middle of the long row and framed by the two steep flights of steel stairs which led up to a balcony, was a man he didn't know. A stranger in the cinder-pit below the tapping-spout of Number Six furnace.

He was working. Or, rather, he was making the gestures of work. The cinder-pit was full. The furnace had been tapped about an hour before, its hundred tons of steel-soup sizzling down the spout to plunge into the ladle set there to catch it, and the slag that scummed it following. The steel had stayed in the ladle, to be swung away to the other side of the floor and emptied into waiting ingot molds. The slag, overflowing the ladle and dropping down into the cinder-pit beneath, had stayed behind. This was what the man was supposed to be cleaning out.

He was supposed to do it quickly, for if he failed to break up the slag and get it out before it grew cold, it would freeze into a solid chunk as large as the floor of a room and become almost immovable, even with the help of the massive bridge crane that spanned the floor high overhead and swung the ladle away. But he wasn't working swiftly. He acted as though he had all the time in the world. A stranger, soldiering. In no time at all Jock was over there beside him.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

The man looked up. That soft, pudgy face, those large brown eyes—where had Jock seen them before? "Harley Jackson," he said—and Jock remembered.

"Oh! You're the man that asked me for a job yesterday, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir. I—"

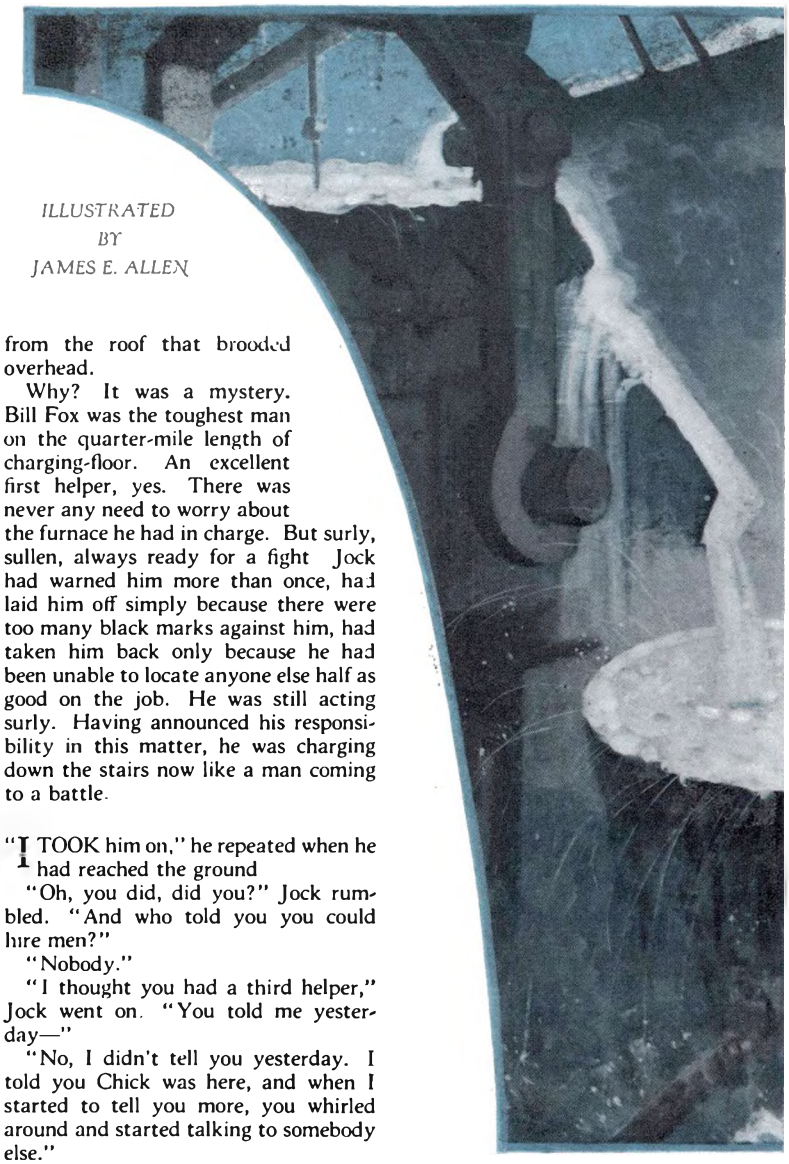
"Why ain't you in the hospital?"

"They let me out last night. They said I was—"

"Who brought you here?" Jock demanded then. "Who told you you could—?"

"I did," came from above Jock's head, and he looked up.

IT WAS Bill Fox. He was standing on the steel balcony that sloped inward toward the tapping-spout from the head of the stairs on either side, his ugly, battered face looking down over the guard rail—and Jock remembered something else. Bill Fox was the one who had carried this man to the ambulance. Cursing loudly, Bill had shoved the other men aside and hoisted the bum to his shoulder. He had stalked away toward where the ambulance would appear at the foot of the ramp, his heavy voice growling so loud that it echoed down



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. ALLEN

from the roof that brooded overhead.

Why? It was a mystery. Bill Fox was the toughest man on the quarter-mile length of charging-floor. An excellent first helper, yes. There was never any need to worry about the furnace he had in charge. But surly, sullen, always ready for a fight Jock had warned him more than once, had laid him off simply because there were too many black marks against him, had taken him back only because he had been unable to locate anyone else half as good on the job. He was still acting surly. Having announced his responsibility in this matter, he was charging down the stairs now like a man coming to a battle.

"I TOOK him on," he repeated when he had reached the ground

"Oh, you did, did you?" Jock rumbled. "And who told you you could hire men?"

"Nobody."

"I thought you had a third helper," Jock went on. "You told me yesterday—"

"No, I didn't tell you yesterday. I told you Chick was here, and when I started to tell you more, you whirled around and started talking to somebody else."

Yes, that was what had happened; Jock remembered it. But now was no time to agree with Bill Fox. "So you sneaked this man in here this morning," he began, when Bill cut in again.

"No, I didn't sneak him in," he said. "I ain't in the habit of sneaking. I signed him up at the timekeeper's gate. I ain't had time to tell you about him because I've been busy tapping a heat and making bottom, but now I'll tell you. I hired a man. His name is Harley Jackson. He's going to third-help for me. And if the cinder ain't cleaned out in time, it's going to be my fault, not yours."

"Hm-m!" Jock rumbled to himself. Strong language, that. Not the sort of talk an employee generally addresses to his boss. Backed up by a defiant glare from small black eyes, too. What was behind it? Bill Fox wasn't the sort of man who went around mothering bums. But he was doing it; and unless Jock was badly mistaken he proposed to keep it up. All right, let him! Up to a certain point, he was willing to let his men have their way; it made for better production.

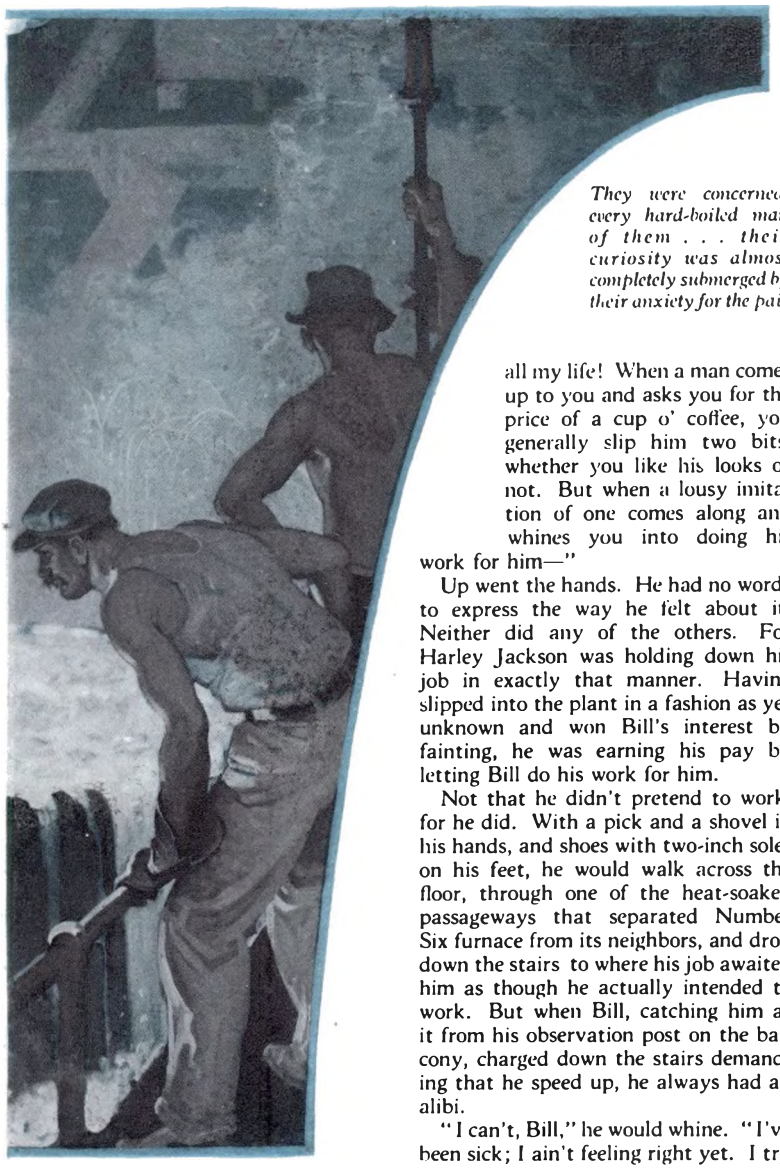
"You know what'll happen if the cinder ain't cleaned out, don't you?" he said.

"I certainly do," said Bill.

"All right. Harley Jackson is your third helper," Jock said then. "And you're his boss. As first helper, you're responsible for whatever happens on this furnace."

And then, without so much as a glance at the pudgy-faced man who had been standing silently by, he strode away toward where a ladle-lining gang needed some talking to.

He took a thought along with him. He took two thoughts, in fact. One of them was that, whatever the motive behind this strange attitude of Bill's, it might result in his losing his evil humor, thereby converting him into a steel



They were concerned, every hard-boiled man of them . . . their curiosity was almost completely submerged by their anxiety for the pair

maker second to none. The other thought concerned Harley Jackson. Jock didn't believe in him at all. But as long as there was any chance that Bill Fox might turn into one of the steel men Jock was always looking for, he could stay on.

There didn't seem to be much hope, however. This was the conclusion Jock reached during the next few days. Harley Jackson stuck, yes. Each morning at eight he appeared in front of Number Six, to stay until quitting time. But the manner of his sticking was one that didn't belong in steel; not only Jock but every man who worked beneath the ten-acre roof was saying so before a week had passed.

"A bum, that's all he is!" Such was the outspoken comment of Chick Williams, the lean-faced, hollow-eyed man who, as Bill Fox's second helper, was in a position to see everything that went on. "The rottenest bum I ever saw in all my life! When a man comes up to you and asks you for the price of a cup o' coffee, you generally slip him two bits, whether you like his looks or not. But when a lousy imitation of one comes along and whines you into doing his work for him—"

Up went the hands. He had no words to express the way he felt about it. Neither did any of the others. For Harley Jackson was holding down his job in exactly that manner. Having slipped into the plant in a fashion as yet unknown and won Bill's interest by fainting, he was earning his pay by letting Bill do his work for him.

Not that he didn't pretend to work, for he did. With a pick and a shovel in his hands, and shoes with two-inch soles on his feet, he would walk across the floor, through one of the heat-soaked passageways that separated Number Six furnace from its neighbors, and drop down the stairs to where his job awaited him as though he actually intended to work. But when Bill, catching him at it from his observation post on the balcony, charged down the stairs demanding that he speed up, he always had an alibi.

"I can't, Bill," he would whine. "I've been sick; I ain't feeling right yet. I try but I can't."

Whereupon Bill, growling something unintelligible, would grab a pick and slog away at the hot stuff like a man possessed. Then, the cinder being cleaned out, the two of them would come back up the stairs together, Harley to drop down onto the high-backed wooden bench that stood across the way from the eighty-foot front of the furnace as though he were all in, Bill to take up the other duties that awaited him.

IT WAS unfair; everyone said so. Chick Williams even went so far as to say so to Bill. He had never had much use for Bill Fox. As a boss, Bill was all right, but as a companion to loaf with during the rest periods between jobs he was no good at all. Too sullen, too surly. There was a limit, though, to what a man could see going on right under his nose without bursting into speech, and Chick reached it at last.

"Say, what's the big idea?" he demanded of Bill. "If you want to earn two pay checks, it's O.K. by me, but what the Sam Hill do you want to give one of 'em to that buzzard for?"

They were standing on the balcony, where Bill was arranging the ladle additions—one of the chores Harley was supposed to do. It was nearly noon, and Bill hadn't had a chance to sit down since he came to work. It showed on him, too. His eyes were sunken and bloodshot. But they could still glare. Chick got one.

"The big idea is this," he said: "What I do is my business, not yours."

"Sure. I know it. But—"

"And the sooner you get that into your head, the better off you'll be," Bill went on. "When I want advice from you, I'll ask for it."

THAT was enough for Chick. "O.K.," he said, and lifted his bony shoulders in a shrug. "But when you wake up dead some morning, don't tell me I didn't warn you."

But it wasn't O.K. with him. He demonstrated the fact later in the day. It happened to be one of those days when the cinder-pit was befouled twice during the eight-hour turn. Normally it occurs only once during a shift—a circumstance for which all third helpers are exceedingly grateful. But once in a while, the steel-making cycle being the variable thing that it is, it befalls that one of the three shifts has to tap two heats. Such was the case this day; and Bill, already worn down by doing the work of two men, had to help Harley again.

Chick saw him start. Sitting on the wooden bench, he had watched Bill cross the floor and disappear through the passageway on the right of the furnace. Immediately he had jumped up and slipped through the one on the left. He arrived on the balcony just in time to see Bill go to work down below.

Chick was tired. He and Bill and the crew of Number Five had just finished making bottom—the toughest job in steel. They had been circling between dolomite pile and open furnace doors for almost an hour, repairing the damage done by the heat of steel which had just been tapped. The job itself is a simple one. All it calls for is a good eye and a shovel. With your eye you spot a hole in the lining of the bottom—a pockmark which the boiling steel has eaten there; with your shovel you heave a load of the white, chalklike pebbles into it.

But the conditions surrounding the job are anything but soft. The furnace is white hot, more than two thousand degrees of heat having soaked it for hours. In order to hit the holes, some of which are a good thirty feet away on the other side of the great oval pan, you have to walk directly up into that heat. You have to watch your step, too. Close in front of the furnace lie the narrow-gauge tracks, and just outside them is one of (*Continued on page 94*)

Call 'Em Fast *and* Walk Away Tough!

That's the system of "Brick" Owens, famous big-league umpire who has spent thirty years on the spot in baseball, dodging brickbats

By WILLIAM E. BRANDT

THORNE PHOTO

The crowd at a ball game can howl its head off, but "Brick" Owens, veteran American League umpire, keeps on smiling

AN IRATE feminine guest sailed up to the hotel desk with fire in her eyes. The clerk was chatting with "Brick" Owens, veteran American League umpire. She addressed the clerk furiously. The umpire retreated a step or two, then watched and listened.

Whenever the woman paused for breath the clerk attempted conciliatory words. But, each time, she shouted him down, finally flouncing off with the threat, "I'm going to report you to the manager, too."

"Gosh," said "Brick" Owens to the clerk, "I'd hate to have your job."

"*My* job?" gasped the clerk, blinking. "Why, that happens to me only about once a year. And it's only one person at a time. *Your* job has you on the spot every afternoon, with thousands of squawkers in the stands and bleachers giving it to you in both ears. And *you* wouldn't want *my* job. Wow!"

What that clerk didn't understand was the attitude toward crowds that every umpire must have if he means to go far and live long in his profession.

"The crowd at a ball game can tell me anything it feels like," was the way Owens put it when I asked him how he felt under fire. "It can howl its blooming head off. I don't bother even to try to make out the words. It's just a crowd letting off steam. But I doubt if I could stand having any individual member of that crowd pop off in my face without taking some action. That's different.

"The only time a crowd's roars bother me is when I'm sitting in the grandstand. I rarely go to a game as a spectator, for that reason. It stirs me up when somebody sitting across the aisle calls the umpire a 'mug.' When it's myself that's the target, I don't seem to mind it."

"Brick" Owens has been umpiring in the American League for fifteen years and in some baseball league or other ever since 1900. Originally designated Clarence Bernard Owens, he won his nickname in a rough-and-tumble skirmish in which two half-bricks figured. Young Owens showed such gallantry in action that afterward the other boys put the two pieces together and gave him "Brick" as a one-word life sentence.

He began umpiring at the age of fifteen on the sand lots of Chicago's South Side. Then he went "on the road," officiating in minor leagues along the Canadian border of Minnesota and

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN E. SHERIDAN

Safe! The real test for an umpire comes when the spikes fly and the tagging is close

down the Missouri Valley, where life was cheap, especially an umpire's life. He advanced to the American Association, just a step below the major leagues, and nine years later, in 1916, was promoted to the American League. Since then, his place has been in the sun of the big leagues. In 1918, 1922, 1925, and 1928 he was one of the two umpires chosen to represent his league in the World Series.

It's a long journey from the turbulent South Side lots to the World Series, with the President of the United States sitting in the grandstand's front row. "Brick" covered the whole route. And if you think thirty years of umpiring leaves a man embittered and cynical, you need only one glance at him to change your mind.

Off duty, Owens radiates cheerfulness. There's a jauntiness about him, a way he has of squaring his shoulders and tossing back his head for a reverberating gust of mirth that makes it plain his spirit has never been mortally wounded or beaten by anything a crowd ever told him.

So merry a mien, of course, might be a scornful challenge to the world to try and get his goat, a comic mask hiding soul-pain. But when I hinted at something like that, "Brick" snorted. Then he proceeded to prove to me just why he regards the world with a kindly eye and why an umpire's life can be a most happy one.

But let him tell it. Mr. Owens has the floor:

In the first place, find me a job with better hours! Mine are from about three in the afternoon until a little after five, unless there's a double-header, in which case I go to work about one-thirty P. M. Sometimes the game goes into extra innings, but it can't last long after sundown. I don't get paid for overtime, but my salary goes on just the same when it rains, and my vacation lasts all winter.

SECONDLY, I'm part of a great organization, professional baseball, doing work I enjoy. As a boy I thought it would be wonderful if I could make my living in baseball. My dream was to become a big-league player, of course But on Fourth of July, 1900, in the course of some old-fashioned Independence Day whoopee, I accidentally shot myself in the hand with a revolver.

Now, that was a tragedy, for that afternoon the Peorias, the team I played ball with, were to blossom forth as a first-class uniformed team. We'd been saving up all winter for the suits. The Peorias took their name from Peoria Avenue, in the Englewood section of Chicago's South Side. I was just fifteen years old and I had never had the thrill of wearing a baseball uniform. And I have never worn one yet.

As I sat there on the bench that afternoon, with my hand in a sling, I was ready to burst into tears. In the fifth inning a squabble broke out with the umpire. He finally took a run-out, by unanimous consent, including his own. They drafted me from the bench. I "umped" the rest of the game and got away with it.

My hand refused to heal promptly, so I got the habit of umpiring amateur games around the South Side, salary fifty cents per. Then I held out for a buck, and got it. Next fall I was called on to umpire a big game for the championship of the "Prairie," the western district of the South Side. It was between the St. Mels and the White Rocks, a tough outfit. They had tried to settle the title on two successive Sundays, but each time the game broke up in a free-for-all fight before the finish, with the umpire at the head of the receiving line for punches.

So the third Sunday they picked me, the "South Side (*Continued on page 152*)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

BOOTH TARKINGTON

weaves a rich and varied tapestry in this enchanting tale of young love at a seaside resort

HIGH

"WE FIX to ride high, and high we go' ride. We go' show 'em High Summer!"

The speaker was 'Fluvia Wheat, colored cook to the Brendle family. The time was late spring; the place, the Brendle kitchen. 'Fluvia's audience was composed solely of Ambrose Trainband, the Brendles' gardener, who was a native of the seaside village where they spent their summers.

Mr. Trainband was plainly puzzled, both by 'Fluvia's language and her enthusiasm.

"High?" he said inquiringly. "High Summer?"

"High Summer, yes, 'deedy," responded Mrs. Wheat. "You never hear that ice cream talk, Mis' Trembam—all about high noon and high tea? That's high talk for the high rollers, and this is go' be High Summer 'mongst the Brendles!"

And High Summer it did indeed prove to be!

In previous summers, the supremacy of the Endertons as the First Family of the little summer resort had never been questioned, but this season it was apparent from the beginning that things were to be different. In the first place, Mrs. Brendle had returned the proud owner of the longest and finest string of pearls. In the second place, her new Detroiter rivaled the Endertons' imported Clisson-Boyard as the most impressive car in the colony.

Of course, the Endertons still headed the list of ice cream families, but, as 'Fluvia Wheat had tried to make clear to Mr. Trainband, the Brendles were now prepared to display a rivalry, though by no means a presumptuous one. And for a very good reason. The Brendles desired with all their hearts, though they wouldn't have admitted it for worlds, that young Norris Enderton should smile upon their Kitty.

Fortunately for the happiness of all concerned, Mrs. Enderton, by divers subtle but unmistakable signs, soon made it plain that she was in sympathy with this laudable Brendle ambition. As for young Norrie Enderton, he had long ago demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the fair daughter of the house of Brendle made a pleasing audience for the endless anecdotes he delighted to recite to the eager young people who composed his "crowd." Norrie invariably prefaced these stories by the simple but revealing question, "Anybody told you what I did last night?" or "You heard what I said to old So-and-So?"

There was only one flaw in Kitty's happiness, and for that a young man named Joe Nutter was responsible. Joe did not belong to what Mrs. Wheat would call an ice cream family, but he had the presumption to fall in love with pretty Kitty Brendle. In the hurt to his fierce young pride when Kitty rebuffed him at her mother's garden party, he bitterly demanded:

"Are you going to spend the whole summer just being one of the anglers for Norrie Enderton? Do you suppose any of you would look at him if he didn't happen to be Norris Enderton and was just one of the clerks down in the village Gift Shop?"

Kitty was furious with Joe for reading her so well. They parted with Joe's haughty promise to keep out of her way the rest of the summer.

All that afternoon, Kitty's laugh was readiest and her praise the loudest when young Norrie Enderton was holding forth. But that night when her mother slipped into her room to say good night, she found Kitty sitting on the edge of the bed in an attitude of stoop-shouldered dejection.

"Nothing's the matter, is there, Kitty?"

Kitty looked up slowly. Then, to Mrs. Brendle's dismay, she suddenly began to weep. "Mother," she said brokenly, "do you think I'm just an angler?"

Now go on with the story. . . .

MRS. BRENDLE remained in her daughter's room for an emotional scene, which, like most emotional scenes, was of unnecessary duration because it consisted principally of repetitions. Throughout, she played the consolatory and tactfully advising part, guiding with adroit little pressures the daughter's perplexed soul, and emerging finally from the agitated chamber wearing an expression but partially satisfied of success. Immediately after the closing of the door, however, this dubious expression altered to become one in which there was nothing except indignation, as she glanced down the broad stairway leading

Kitty continued to frown as her gaze remained upon Mimi's pajamas. Her pained thought was that she could herself no longer evade this ludicrous mode

Summer

to the floor below and saw what was halfway in the progress of ascent. This was the slight but exquisite figure of her son.

Dressed with his customary knowingness, he wore a costume the visible items of which were a fine little black dinner jacket, small white trousers still unspotted and still admirably creased, even at this late hour, two little dancing shoes of patent leather, a stiff white shirt and collar, and a neckpiece tied to form the perfect semblance of a black butterfly. After a long evening's recreation, Melroy had entered the house noiselessly and was in the act of mounting the stairs with the greatest possible consideration for his family, when thus undesirably confronted by the apparition of his mother.

"Well, well," he said diplomatically, as in courteous surprise. "Not in bed yet, Mother? Hope nobody's sick or somep'n'."

"Melroy Brendle, do you know what time it is?"

"Time, Mother?" he said incuriously, in a mild tone. "What's goin' on up here, anyhow?"

"Melroy Brendle, do you know that it's after two o'clock?"

HE REACHED the top of the stairway and paused before her. "What's goin' on in Kitty's room? What's she cryin' about, Mother?"

"Be quiet!" Mrs. Brendle commanded in a sharp whisper. "Do you want to wake your father? I asked you if you knew the clock had struck—"

"Oh, very well," Melroy said meekly. "I don't want to wake Father up. I didn't ask for this conversation. I only—"

"Go to your room. Instantly!" Mrs. Brendle bade him in a fierce whisper. "Instantly!"

"Why, certainly." Melroy gave her an aggrieved look, and then, with a proud bearing, turned down the corridor and entered his own room. Mrs. Brendle followed, closed the door, and spoke with increased severity and volume.

"Melroy Brendle, do you think at your age you're going to be permitted to remain out until after two o'clock at night whenever you—?"

"LISTEN, Mother," the intelligent boy interrupted. "What was goin' on in Kitty's room? Were you and her havin' a quarrel or somep'n'?"

"'You and her'!" Mrs. Brendle repeated sharply. "'You and her'!"

"Yes'm." Melroy accepted the suggested amendment. "She and you, I mean. Were she and you havin' a quarrel or somep'n', Mother?"

"Certainly not! I don't exactly quarrel with my children!"

"No'm," he said thoughtfully. "I s'pose you mean not exactly. Were Kitty and you havin' pretty near a quar—?"

"Certainly not!"

"Well, then—" he began, but his mother interrupted.

"Melroy! Give an account of yourself at once! Your father and I both presumed that you were in bed hours and hours—"

"Yes'm," he said hurriedly. "Mother, I abs'lutely know I heard her cryin' and carryin' on, and you needn't pretend not to be aware what it was about, because you were in there with her because I saw you come out. What was she—?"

"That's not your affair and not what we're talking about. I wish to know instantly where you've been until this time of night and with whom you—"

"Yes'm," he said. "What time'd Kitty get home, Mother?"

"That hasn't anything to do with what time you—"

"Hasn't it?" Melroy interposed, in the tone of one who asks another to review with judicial calm a too hastily pronounced opinion. "I should think that if she came home cryin' and everything, so much so that she and you had to have scenes like that, you'd be willin' to admit it had somep'n' to do with somep'n'. Not that I mean I got a whole lot o' sympathy for her cryin', because I don't see anything in the world she's got any rightful cause to cry about, myself.

"I consider she's only too much spoiled, and if she has any complaint to make of you, or Father, either, why, for one, I wouldn't listen to her, myself, because if there's any justification around here for complaint against you or Father, why, it's me that's got the right to make one, fifty thousand times more than she has. While she gets abs'lutely the treatment of a

princess and pampered with a car that cost my father a cool check for the sum of four thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars, and *I* get the treatment *I* do—"

"Melroy!" Mrs. Brendle undoubtedly felt the impulse to stamp her foot. "How many more times do you expect me to ask you where you've been until this hour of the—"

"LISTEN, Mother!" he said, with a sudden passionate urgency, and took a step nearer her. "Listen! I've been waitin' a good while to have this out with you and Father frankly and openly, so it might as well be here and now. How much longer is this unequal treatment to go on?"

"'Unequal treatment'? What on earth are you talking about?"

"The unequal treatment of your two children! Here's one of 'em makin' scenes and cryin' around the house away late in the night when everybody ought to be in bed, and yet she's got a car that cost my father a cool check for four thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars that she doesn't know how to drive or even so much as to change a spark plug of any more than a helpless codfish would! Yet that's the treatment one of your children receives, while if the other one could get hold of any car at all, even by the most underhand means, it'd only be some miserable old mess off a junk pile that wouldn't budge a square inch even if you hired an elephant to push it!

"What I want to know is just how much longer I've got to bear it, with every other boy in this place—and even that half-wit of a Willie Peck, just because his legs all of a sudden got so long and wobbly year before last—and abs'lutely everybody else anywheres near my age ownin' their own car; so that I've got to have the mortification of everybody thinkin' I'm practic'ly some kind of an outcast because my parents, that are *supposed* to have at least a *little* kindness toward their own children, treat me abs'lutely like one and don't care how much I got to suffer from not—"

"Melroy! Stop!" Mrs. Brendle cried, though undeniably her maternal sympathies had begun to be aroused by the pathetic intensity of his pleading. "Stop!"

"How can I?" Melroy asked hoarsely. "How can I stop when it's the only thing on earth I want and yet my own parents won't let me have it! I don't care for *anything* but a car, Mother! You and Father provide me with food, but I'd go without it—I'd go utterly without food, or clothes, either —I wouldn't care what you took away from me if you'd only show a little heart and—"

"Melroy, please! You know very well that even if we were willing, your father and I are not able to let you have a car, because you're under age and the law says—"

Mrs. Brendle pointed down the beach to where a bright-colored figure ran and splashed alone at the water's edge. "I'm afraid Kitty's being coquettish this morning," she exclaimed

But Melroy disposed of this argument before it was further set forth. "The law! Yes, the law's somep'n' perfectly terrable when it applies to your son, but when it only applies to my own parents' comfort, like cocktails and—"

"That's entirely different, Melroy, and it's time you went to bed and stopped talking."

"I tell you I can't! If I can't stop thinkin' about it, how can I stop talkin' about it? For goodness' sake, listen, Mother!"

HERE Melroy, to produce an effect of greater eloquence, incautiously threw wide his arms in a gesture of appeal, and a book that had been concealed under his tightly buttoned little dinner jacket dropped to the floor. Mrs. Brendle stooped quickly, picked it up, and uttered an exclamation.

"Good gracious! Melroy, what on earth are you doing with this novel? Where did you get it?"

"Why, it's yours, isn't it?" he asked reproachfully. "I just happened to see it on the livin'-room table when I came in and thought maybe I'd read a little in it if I couldn't get to sleep because I couldn't stop thinkin' about not havin' any car. I only—"

"Never mind. When you desire to read such books, you come to me first and—"

"Why, is it any harm?" he asked, apparently surprised. "I heard you say, yourself, practic'ly everybody was talkin' about it, and I heard you tellin' Father a (*Continued on page 124*)

No man could look upon Toinette without dreaming forever after of the magic in her eyes and the gay laughter upon her lips . . .

Play Girl

By
MARGARET BELL HOUSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

IT WAS the day the leading lady fell into the bayou.

All Bon Désir loved the leading lady. They loved her because she had come to Louisiana to play Evangeline, to put Evangeline into a talking picture—to *be* Evangeline. Every stick and stone along the Bayou Teche breathes of Evangeline and of the lover she came from Acadie to find.

Much of Bon Désir—its dark-haired boys and girls, its kindly old folk—was in the picture for "atmosphere." The day the leading lady fell from her pirogue into the bayou most of the atmosphere jumped in after her.

That was how it came about that a certain small part of the atmosphere came near being drowned, or perhaps eaten by the alligator, as the cameraman afterward observed. (Though the alligator was tame and kindly, and, at that time, sound asleep.) This certain small member of the leading lady's train was little Toinette Robin, lately married to Basile Robin, who worked in 'Sieur Clopard's hardware store.

It was the cameraman himself, braving the alligator, who pulled her out and laid her at the feet of Tyler Keets, the director. Keets had just returned from the hotel, where the wet and sympathetic train had borne the leading lady.

Toinette was all right in a minute or two

"I'm all ri'," she assured the cameraman and the director, crinkling her eyes at them in a wet smile.

Toinette's eyes were dark, with long, up-slanting lids. She had a nice little nose—with the water running down it now off her black eyebrows—and a dimple, too, close to her round child mouth, which went up at the corners also. But no one in Bon Désir thought of her as pretty Her eyelids were like a Chinese girl's, and she was too wild. Wild and rompish and with a mane of black, untidy hair. Oh, now that she was married to Basile, she was doing very well by her hair, but Bon Désir could remember how Toinette used to ride bareback on the staid family horse, gallumphing like something in a nightmare, her black mane flying, while she laughed at you under her Chinese eyelids and called out "*Adjieu! Adjieu!*" which is *Hello!* in Cajun as much as it is *Good-by.*

Toinette was very demure now, smiling her wet smile at the director and the cameraman.

"I'm all ri'," she repeated, stamping her stout little Cajun shoes to get the water out of them and thinking she'd better get home before Basile did. "I'm fine. You go see 'bout Evangeline."

And she hurried home, a slim, rounded shape, her black hair dripping around her waist.

"DID you hear it?" demanded Tyler Keets of the cameraman. "That voice—"

"I heard and saw, too," said the cameraman. "She's in that scene in the church. She photographs like grandma's pet cat." Which was the highest praise he could bestow on anyone.

"I'm going to give her Nina Campbell's four lines," said Keets. Nina Campbell had been overcome by the heat.

However, he forgot all about Toinette when Nina Campbell made her appearance that afternoon. Only, Nina couldn't stand it and went back. Keets was feeling a bit seedy himself. Good, they'd be leaving soon, he thought, and remembered the little Robin. There she was—the long eyelids, the mouth with its up-quirking corners, the white peasant cap of the play, the long black braids.

Yes, she said, she could say the lines—

"Oh, yes-s! Only, you pay me mo'."

Keets laughed. They learned fast, these Cajuns. But Toinette had known for some time how to extract every dime that opportunity held. She had known ever since she and Basile had been paying for the castle they owned—that white and green cottage on the edge of Bon Désir. Toinette, who had never been known by her mother to do more in the kitchen than lick the batter-leavings from the cake pan, now cooked for Basile and kept his house in a way that Bon Désir would not believe till it had seen. Bon Désir had felt a little sorry for patient, steady-going Basile when Toinette had stopped playing long enough to marry him. "She is only a playmate, Basile," his own people said to him. "You will be sorry. She is nothing but a play girl. Take care! *Une petite camarade de jeu, Basile. Gare!*"

But Basile was not sorry. Basile was as satisfied as a little fish in an aquarium. The aquarium had formerly held only 'Sieur Clopard's hardware store, a very good store, indeed. Now it had expanded to contain Toinette. Toinette and the castle. Shining things. Basile was satisfied.

"She still plays," said Basile's people. Yes, Basile had answered, but she got things done. Not as his mother had done them, perhaps (they had even said that!) but better. For Toinette *sang* around the house. Every evening as he came down the lane he could hear Toinette singing in a voice as fresh as a carillon:

"Je suis né au mois de Mars!
La tête me tourne!"

And Basile would sing out in answer that he also was born in the month of March and that his head, too, went round and round. ("A very good song for Toinette to sing," said Basile's people.) Whereupon Toinette would come flying out on the porch and down the lane to meet him.

TOINETTE came home at the end of the week bearing a life-size check, bearing Tyler Keets' card.

"Thanks," Keets had said. "You weren't bad, you know. If ever you want to go into the pictures, look me up." His card bore a New York address.

"That's easy," Basile said in the soft

Basile carried Toinette's bags to the station . . . and very soon after that he began to look for her in all the pictures that came to town

Cajun French of Bon Desir. "He knows you'll never get that far."

As destinations, New York, Hongkong, and the planet of Saturn were as one to Basile. He was working among the rose vines, training them to climb a trellis over the front door. He tossed Tyler Keets' card onto the step.

Toinette spoke in Cajun, too.

"If he was joking, why didn't he say it to Melisse? She was with me."

Melisse Jonquière was Toinette's best friend. Melisse was regarded as beautiful by Bon Desir, and beautiful she really was, like a white camellia; though later, when Bon Desir saw the picture, they said she was not beautiful in *that*. They said it did not do her justice.

TOINETTE picked up Tyler Keets' card and thrust it into the neck of her blouse. She took the watering can and went over to the bed of flowers by the fence—that red and blue fire of poppies, larkspurs, cornflowers, phlox, and iris that beckoned every passing glance.

Melisse had walked part of the way home with Toinette. Melisse, like Toinette, had believed that Tyler Keets meant what he said. "But there's Basile," Melisse reminded her. "He'll never let you."

Yes, there was Basile. But Basile was preventing her in such a funny way—pretending Mr. Keets didn't mean what he said.

"How far is New Yawk?" she asked Basile that night.

Basile got the atlas they had studied at school and together they traced it—miles and miles and miles.

"You still thinking about what that man said?" Basile asked.

Thinking? Toinette's thoughts were little flames, leaping, shining, burning.

"Basile, we would be rich in a little while. We could pay for the house."

Basile closed the atlas.

"You would forget the house, once you are a grand—"

"You talk like that! I never forget the house. Always I am thinking of the house—and you."

"But if you are away up there— Besides, it is cold in that place. Sometimes they have snow all over the sidewalk. A traveling man told me."

THEY were sitting on the front porch now, behind the rose vines. A little moon was going to bed in the bayou. The birds were going to bed in the chinaberry trees. They could hear the frogs chanting on the bayou bank.

"I know," said Toinette, snuggled against Basile in the circle of his arm. "But when it is cold they go to California. Besides, when I get rich you

will come and be with me. We will both live there."

Basile sat up with a suddenness that made Toinette sit up too. "I told you you would forget the house!" he said. "Besides, I would not live in that place. I would not live anywhere but on the Bayou Teche. I would not even go there."

He settled back in his chair, drew Toinette back with his arm to settle too. His voice was lower when he said, "I have my own job to think of. We both know that 'Sieur Clopard will make me head clerk when René Blessé moves to St. Martinsville. I can take care of you. So say no more."

TOINETTE said no more. Except to Melisse. Melisse, who lived on a plantation, came to town when *Evangeline* was shown in Bon Désir. She stayed all night with Toinette. Toinette, Basile, and Melisse went to the picture together. No, the picture did not do justice to Melisse. But Toinette— It was funny about Toinette. She was all right. When she smiled you wanted to smile, too.

Toinette felt queer, seeing herself in the picture. She and Melisse conferred in whispers on the couch in the parlor where Melisse was to sleep. Before she went to bed Toinette said she wasn't going to say any more to Basile about it.

Basile was not well for a few days after that, though he went to work as usual. One evening at the end of the week, when he and Toinette were sitting behind the vines, he said to her, holding her small, brown hand in both of his, "Funny how you always take an interest in me, yes, Toinette?"

"Funny, Basile?"

"Yes. Funny how you learn to cook for me and sweep and clean. Funny how you think I will be head clerk and watch for René Blessé to go. I take an interest in you, too. It is not going to be so selfish an interest after this. For one thing, I believe Tyler Keets meant what he said to you. I believe it since I saw the picture. You have a right to go to New Yawk, Toinette. Me, I will not stand in your way."

"Basile!"

"It may be you will be a great actress like the lady who played Evangeline. They make so much money in one year that you and I could not carry it. It may be you will forget—not only the house, but me. . . . Wait. Let me finish. Even so, it is right for you to go. Only, if you can—if you can remember, please do. Please remember how happy we have been together—till this came."

"Till this came!" cried Toinette. "We are happy still!"

"I don't mean this alone, Toinette. René Blessé is gone, and Jean Fagot is head clerk. Jean Fagot, who was below me, is put over me in René's place. I am a failure, Toinette. Why should you not go and make your own place?"

TOINETTE was leaning over him, her arms about him.

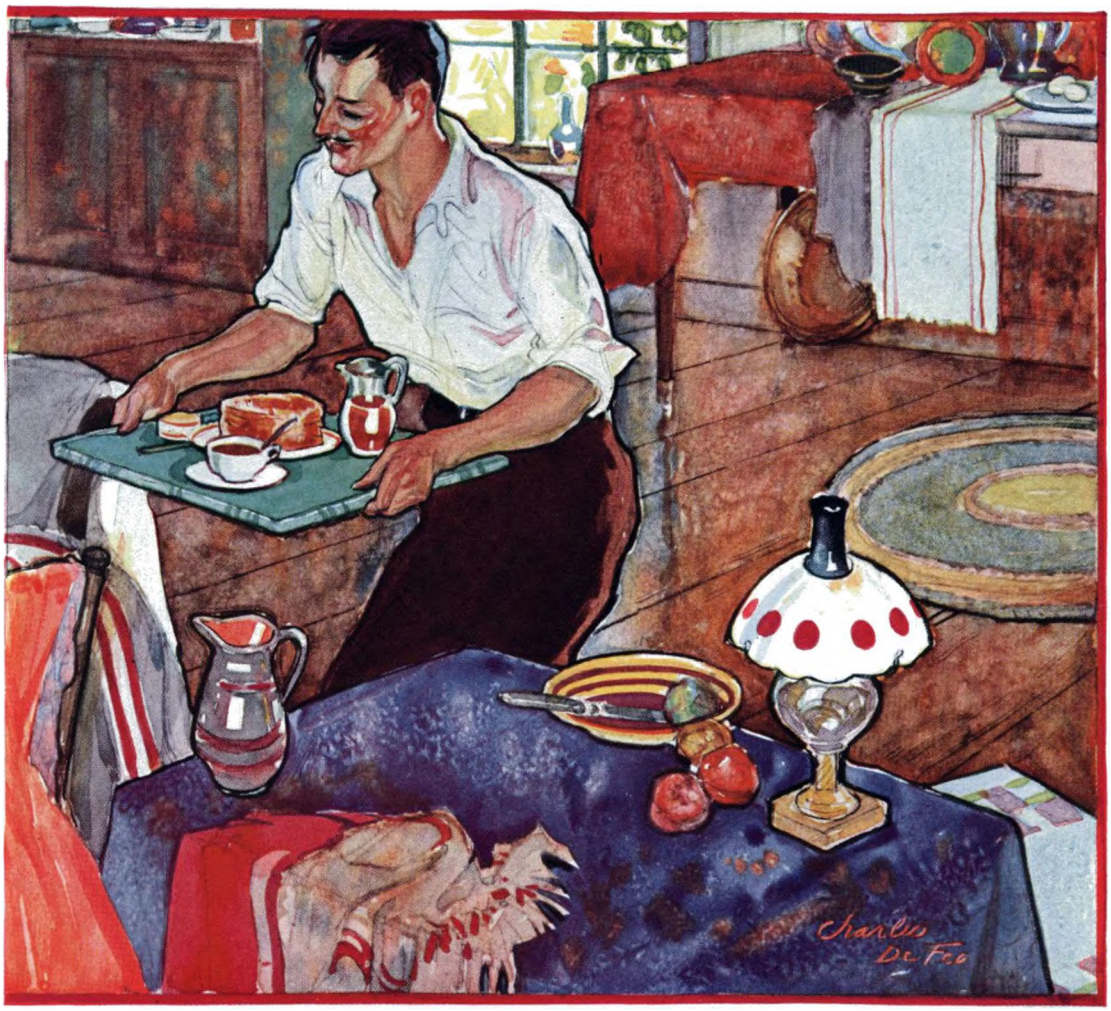
"You are no failure, Basile, my heart. There is some mistake. Why do you not talk to 'Sieur Clopard?"

"'Sieur Clopard is at home. He is not well and will see no one."

"Do not care. Do not care." The brown hands pressed his face against her breast. "You say you will not come to me. I will come to you—often."

"Yes, Toinette—I will come. I did not mean that. I will come to see you."

"We will come to see each other," said Toinette. "They ride in airplanes,



Basile had made coffee. He brought it to her, eggs and pancakes and the dark cane sirup that she loved

those people." She made her eyes big in the dark. "Think of that, Basile! We will ride back and forth in an airplane."

HE LAUGHED at that, patting her hand. She burrowed against him. "Basile, come now. I have my big check from Mr. Keets. Come with me now."

"No, Toinette. How can I leave? Jean Fagot, though he is head clerk, may do some crazy thing while 'Sieur Clopard is ill. Besides, you must have clothes. The clothes your mother gave you to be married with are most gone. We have put all our money into the house."

"I don't need clothes," Toinette assured him. "In the pictures they always dress like somebody else—the way the leading lady dressed like Evangeline."

"She did not dress like Evangeline when she rode away on the train," replied the astute Basile.

Toinette remembered. Remembered the leading lady waving from the train platform to all Bon Dësir, gathered to watch her go. Remembered the dark-blue dress with its red vest, the blue hat with the red feather. . . . Perhaps Momselle Dearie could copy that dress, that hat. Momselle Dearie was clever. . . .

The night before she was to leave, Toinette sat on the porch behind the vines with Basile the way they always sat. The moon was bigger now, and slower about going to bed. Toinette's small, brown hand was between Basile's big ones.

"When I get to New Yawk, I will go straight to Mr. Keets," said Toinette.

"But the hotel-for-just-ladies first," reminded Basile. "The one the traveling man told me about. And remember, if there should be any trouble about money—if Mr. Keets should fail to pay you, or something, you let me know, and I will send money to you. I can sell the house any time."

"Sell the house, Basile!"

"But yes. There is something that frightens me, Toinette. Fred Pictou told me only yesterday about a girl in New Orl'ns who went to New Yawk to find work, and she could not find it. Now she is on the streets. A nice girl. He knew her himself."

Toinette laughed. "My poor Basile! But she had no work when she went there. And there has never been any trouble about Mr. Keets' checks. We all got our checks right away."

"Toinette, my heart, do not go! It is right that you should, but I am afraid. From all I can hear, the world is full of wolves ready to eat you. From all I can hear, no one remembers after they go away. It is right—but I can't let you. Do not go, Toinette!"

But Basile did not say this out loud. He knew that if he did Toinette would stay. And he didn't want her to stay when she wanted to go. What he said was: "Anyhow, promise you will let me know if you need money."

Toinette promised.

BASILE carried Toinette's bags to the station next morning—big, funny Cajun bags made out of canvas.

All Bon Dësir was gathered at the station again, waving to her. All Bon Dësir would have told you that Toinette looked very grand.

"Poor Basile!" (*Continued on page 148*)

"Tonic for the Soul"

Pettiness, meanness, and vanity that rob life of its joy are washed away in the luminous tides of the moon's glory. Something of the mysterious power of moonlight to enrich the human heart is portrayed in this painting, "Guarding the Herd," by Frank Tenney Johnson

There's Magic in the Moonlight

Have you felt the mysterious spell of its beams?

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. TENNEY JOHNSON

I REMEMBER coming home one April twilight along the alluring yet forbidding margin of a fragrant wild thicket. After the lilac afterglow, dusk had swiftly fallen. There were three Negro men with me—all apparently ordinary in their emotional powers, which should have been at low ebb after the long, sultry day we four had spent estimating timber in the wilderness of a half-submerged swamp.

Our footfalls sounded lonely as we padded quietly along, one behind the other. Fading light suffused the solitary wildwoods. I had a sense of being in another world. Suddenly I was aware that my comrades had paused behind me and were ejaculating softly among themselves. Turning, I saw them standing in a little group, each with hands clasped reverently, and as they gazed toward the flower-tinted west, I heard each one say over and over, "God bless the new moon!"

My humble friends had seen more than I; and with the spontaneous spiritual clairvoyance of true mystics they had responded. High above us hung the frail new moon. The Negroes, at sight of it, instinctively turned to bless God and to worship.

Ever since that evening I have, with a deepened respect, noticed plantation Negroes performing this joyous mystic rite. Even little children, in the midst of their last entrancing twilight frolic, will, upon seeing the silver sickle gleaming in the heavens, pause in their play to look upward and, with hands clasped, to say, "God bless the new moon!" A moment later, their charming vespers done, they will again be breathlessly chasing one another, as children will at dusk.

For more than thirty years I have never seen a new moon without praying the prayer that I first heard when my lowly comrades worshiped that evening at the edge of the forest.

Moonlight has worked its magic upon countless human spirits. Let me tell you about the experience of a girl we shall call Jessie Mayrant. Of all the good women it has been my privilege to know, Jessie Mayrant was the most beautiful, as she was the one who had suffered most. I never see the moon on a calm, silver-pageanted night without recalling how it once affected this childhood playmate of mine. It was after she had lost her only child and her husband, who had been her faithful lover.

"I DID not believe," she told me one evening as we sat on her porch together watching the risen moon, "that I could go on with life. My heart seemed as dead as my husband and my child. At night I used to walk far out on the little bridge that Jim built for me over the salt tide.

"One dark evening I went out on the bridge, expecting, hoping, never to return. The tide was high. The fragrance from the misty fields brought back memories that I could hardly bear for their sweetness. I was all alone; not only physically, but in spirit. I had gone to the very end of the bridge, where the water is very deep. I looked back toward home; then out, it seemed to me, toward Eternity, where my loved ones were. . . . I was ready.

"But at that moment a gleam in the dark water caught my eyes. It was moonlight coming through tall red cedars on the water's edge. On the other side of the marsh I could see the moonbeams tingeing the tops of the great pines that stand in the cemetery. The dark world was being lightened. With all that glory streaming down, I couldn't go through with what I had planned. Instead, I knelt on the bridge and prayed; and Jim and my baby seemed near me then in the moonlight, and peace came to me."

One night on an ocean beach, moonlight had its own strange way with me. For some days I had been hunting without success on a wild sea island. My Negro guide was more concerned over my bad luck than I was. On that last afternoon, when we had failed to come upon the great stag we had been following through the waste land of the solitary island, Richard said to me:

"One moonlight evenin' I done see this great buck on the sand dunes by the Dead Pine. It will be moonlight tonight."

At twilight, I went alone across the dusky island, passing through 'misty-topped reeds and through the deep, tropical forest, whence I emerged suddenly on the dunes. The infinite majesty of the ocean was accentuated by the abruptness of my approach. Rolling grandly before me was the Atlantic.

My rifle was in my hand, and in my heart reigned the sole purpose to kill the hart royal of the island.

The moon was up. I could see far up and down the beach, but no deer was in view. Taking my stand, I awaited the coming of my victim and my prize.

The moon was now clearing the cloud-bank; with solitary grandeur it shone, a stupendous topaz resting like a jewel on the ring of the fabulous cloud mountains. The entire waste of tawny ocean before me, and the lonely dunes, and the dark forest behind me, came suddenly under the divine spell.

INTO my heart came peace, and the joyous awareness of God in the beauty He had created. Surely without such a consciousness life is an inevitable defeat. With the beauty there was music: a dim melody from the great yellow pines behind me and from the shore.

Only the rolling anthem of the beach.

Yet amid all this music and loveliness, with my heart glad, something was heavy in my hand. It was my rifle. Southward I looked from my post by the Dead Pine. Stately on one of the ghostly dunes stood the great stag, come out of the darksome island jungles to enjoy the white peace of the virginal evening. Who can safely deny that these wild brothers of ours love beauty and find life all the sweeter for that love? The splendid (*Continued on page 123*)

Millions *for* Tribute

What happened to the great ambition of a budding Napoleon of finance

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

ILLUSTRATED BY RICO TOMASO

THE two men had become silent, motionless, as though they were posed in a tableau of American Business. The huge head and broad shoulders of Alan T. Cogswell were silhouetted against the window—the successful Captain of Industry portrayed before a background of lower Manhattan, with skyscrapers straining upward toward the traffic of the air, firmly rooted amid the traffic of the land, looking outward, through myriad windows, upon the ever-triumphal traffic of the seas.

"I can't understand you, Bill," repeated Alan T. Cogswell.

In the chair before the massive walnut desk, Bill Fenwick stirred slightly and grinned. He was the least bit embarrassed by what he had just done.

"I tell you I'm lazy, sir. I just don't want to work any more."

"Lazy!" The older man's fist crashed down upon his desk. "Crazy, you mean!" There were perhaps half a dozen men in America who would have refused the offer he had just made Bill Fenwick. A partnership with Alan T. Cogswell! "There's not a man in the country with the future you have before you! Three years out of college and—" He paused, incapable of going on.

"But only a lazy man would have done it, sir," said Bill mildly. "Since I didn't inherit any income to loaf on, I had to earn it. If I'd been less lazy, I suppose I shouldn't have earned it so quickly. Laziness is a force like anything else. And now, thanks to it, at twenty-seven I can look forward to some fifty years of life unsmirched by a moment's honest labor. My tastes are simple, sir."

"Poppycock!" said Cogswell flatly. His eyes, beneath fierce brows, looked at the young man belligerently. It should have meant nothing to him that Bill Fenwick was giving up a career which promised to overshadow anything he had seen in forty years of finance. There was no personal loss to him, nor, for all his reputation to the contrary, would Alan Cogswell have cared had there been. He regarded money much as a big-game hunter contemplates his bag. "Someone must have dropped you on your head when you were a baby!" he growled.

Bill's grin broadened. He was a good-looking young man, with a mop of curly hair and a deceptive air of docility. "My idea of heaven," he said, "is to go up to Torrington, get a bunch of dogs and horses, and live out the rest of my life. There's nothing else."

"Travel?" interrupted the older man.

"I have enough for that. I like knocking about on tramp steamers, and my legs are excellent."

COGSWELL'S eyes narrowed. "What about women? Marriage?"

Bill laughed lightly. "Women are swell in their place, sir, but I've yet to be convinced that their place is in my home."

"Children?" snapped Cogswell. He was like a doctor, seeking out some sensitive spot.

"I'm a delightful uncle," said Bill Fenwick modestly.

The spring sky beyond the window was darkening with the approach of a spring rainstorm, and Bill watched it wistfully. The country needed rain. . . .

Cogswell sighed. "There's not a man in a generation born with your mixture of executive ability and financial genius, my boy! It'll be a big relief to the Street when they hear

Bill started. Good lord, the girl was mad as a March hare! Or delirious! Her cheeks were flaming, glistening with the rain

that you're getting out."

The rain commenced to fall, swift and fierce with the surging exuberance of things in springtime. Bill Fenwick rose.

"I left the top down on the roadster, sir—ought to know better in April. Come up for the week-end soon and fish." He held out his hand and Cogswell gripped it emotionally.

BILL FENWICK whistled, as he dropped some twenty stories in the black-and-gold elevator and emerged into the darkened canyon of the street. He was through forever, free! The rain was drenching his small car and he worked swiftly. Vaguely he noticed a girl, standing on the opposite corner, in the rain. He shrugged, wiped off the wet leather of the seat, dried the windshield, and started the motor. Then he glanced over his shoulder, across the flooded street.

She was standing in the same place, a slender girl in a dark suit and a close-fitting hat. Bill's eyes narrowed. The girl was kicking forward one small foot in the funny gesture of an impatient child; then, she kicked the other, and, incredibly, she appeared to be singing to herself, swinging first one leg and then the other, in time to her own music.

With a frown for his own curiosity, Bill snapped the engine switch and stepped out into the torrent. Could she be drunk?

As he drew nearer, he saw that she was an exceedingly pretty girl, with delicate features that made him abandon that unchivalrous thought.

"I beg your pardon," he addressed her. "Could I be of any assistance?" He felt rather a fool. It was fantastic, like something out of a nightmare—himself, standing so formally polite in a driving rain before a pretty young woman who was swinging her feet back and forth over a wet gutter like a child of six.

Her blue eyes looked calmly into his face. "I don't know you," she said, in the quiet voice of a well-bred little girl. "My Nana told me never to talk to people I don't know."

BILL started. Good lord, the girl was mad as a March hare! Or delirious! Her cheeks were flaming, glistening with the rain.

"Your Nana wouldn't mind me," he took charge confidently. "What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for my Nana. She told me to wait right here."

"But she wouldn't want you to wait in the rain!" A delightful uncle, he had told Cogswell, and it was a delightful uncle that he was being now. "My goodness, you'll get chills and fever! Let me feel!" He winced at the burning heat of her forehead, where the reddish-brown hair clung in wet ringlets beneath the small hat. "See that car over there?" he asked her. "We'll go sit in it until your Nana comes."

She shook her head stubbornly.

"What's your name?" asked Bill.

"Dolly Martin. I live at seven Elm Street."

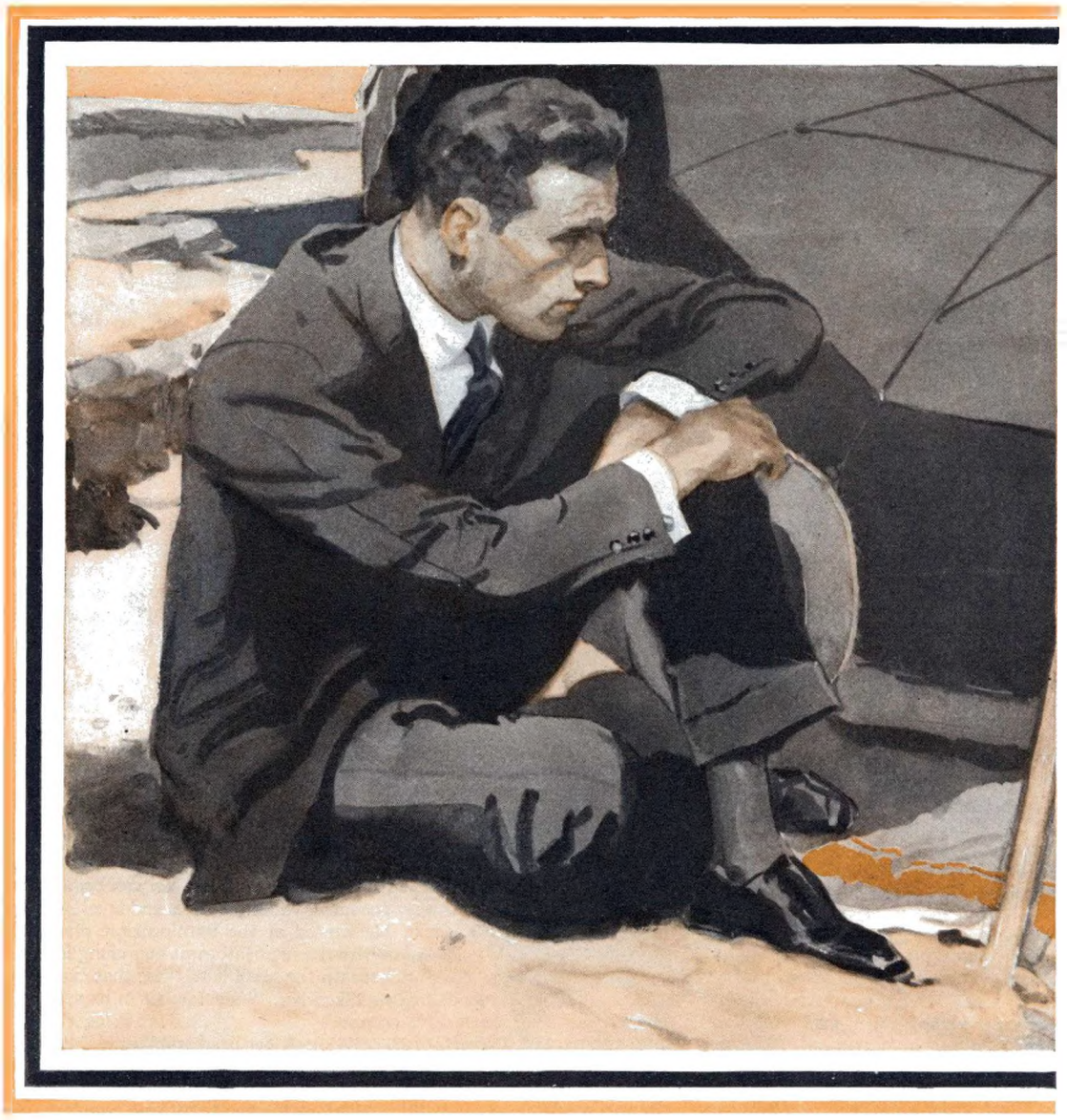
Bill took her hand. "I'm going to take you home, Dolly," he said firmly.

She was suddenly listless; when he tucked the rug about her, she leaned back and stared vaguely before her, with eyes luminous with fever and scarlet lips parted. There was something tremendously appealing about her helplessness and faith, and Bill Fenwick found himself wishing that he could drive her straight home with him to Torrington. She was so very pretty! He had forgotten what he so recently told Alan T. Cogswell, that no woman's place was in *his* home.

AT THE hospital to which he took her, she went quietly with the nurse, a puzzled but docile child, and in the doctor's office Bill searched her hand bag. Powder and lipstick seemed oddly adult things for her to have. A letter, addressed to Miss Dorothy Martin, in East Seventeenth Street, and in a small leather case, business cards. *Dorothy Martin—Women's Investments—Curtis National Bank.* That child!

He reached for the telephone. He would talk with Blakeman, the vice president, direct.

"Bill Fenwick speaking. Listen, Blakeman, I've just brought a girl to the Park Hospital. I think she's an employee of yours. Name's Dorothy Martin. She—" He stared at the telephone.



"Be right over!" the vice president had shouted before he dropped the receiver.

"Hmm," said Bill to himself.

Harvey Blakeman was agitated. "She's been overworking," he told Bill and the doctor. "Darn clever girl, Miss Martin. In charge of our women investors. Supports a kid brother and sister. I've been trying to get her to take a vacation—"

The vice president's interest, reflected Bill, seemed stronger than that of pure business, and while Bill's own should rightly have been less even than that, he found that he resented Blakeman. Never had liked the bird, anyway. . . .

The doctor interrupted them: "She'll be all right after she's had some sleep. Nervous breakdown. Not uncommon, that return to childhood. Form of escape. Overwork and worry. She'll have to rest for a couple of months—"

Bill telephoned to the farm that he wouldn't be out that night. He couldn't very well go, now. After dinner he returned to the hospital. The doctor was busy and the nurse assumed that he was an old friend.

"You can see her for a few minutes. She's been awake about half an hour."

HE WAS oddly excited as he tiptoed into her room.

From the white bed, Dorothy Martin's blue eyes regarded him; deeply blue they were, in the small, pale oval of her face above the blank white of her hospital nightgown—an intelligent, sensitive face, with a curved mouth that was somehow skeptical.

"You're the man who brought me here?" she asked. "You were very kind." She held out a slender hand. She was quite composed, apparently, but her fingers shook against his palm.

"You're feeling better?" he asked awkwardly.

"Oh, I'm all right now!" She was like an elder sister to the child with whom he had talked that afternoon.

"Of course you'll be all right," said Bill. "Two or three months of rest—"

Her swift smile interrupted him. "I expect to rest," she answered lightly, "in heaven—though I'm not counting on it!"

Bill scowled. The nurse came in with his flowers, and Dorothy Martin's eyes lighted, first with pleasure, then amusement, as she thanked him. Bill couldn't know that she was figuring how many pairs of wool socks she could have bought young Tony with the price of that perishable fragrance, but he didn't like her smile.

"Look here," he said, "if there's anything I can do—see your family, or—"

Until Bill saw Dolly Martin sitting on the beach beneath an enormous sun umbrella the thought of falling in love with her had not occurred to him

Her face clouded. "I think my housekeeper can carry on for a few days. If you'd care to look in on them—they're nice kids—"

The nurse was lifting her eyebrows significantly and Bill nodded.

"I'd like to," he said. "Please call on me for anything."

He didn't know why he wanted so much to do something for her, but the thought of going up to the farm, now, never entered his head.

In the morning he called at Dorothy Martin's apartment—graciously proportioned rooms in an old house on Stuyvesant Square. Immigrant children swarmed all over the park and their voices drifted in shrilly. There was exquisite taste, in furniture and ornament, but it was scarcely the place to rest from a nervous breakdown.

The children, Tony, thirteen, and Kay, fifteen, accepted him easily and bombarded him with questions. They didn't see why the doctor wouldn't let them see Dolly, but Bill, regarding their rather terrifying vigor, did.

"Want to go to a matinée with me?" he asked them. "We'll have lunch—oh, at the Casino. And then—"

He really was an excellent uncle.

THE doctor wanted to see him, the nurse said that evening. The doctor looked severe.

"She's got to rest!" he shouted at Bill. "She says she can't. I tell you she can't *not* rest! She's completely exhausted, and just because the little fool has one of those iron wills, she thinks she can make her physical condition submit to it. She'll collapse, I tell you!" His bright eyes snapped at Bill as though that young man were in some way to blame.

People, reflected Bill Fenwick, seemed to take a great interest in Dorothy Martin very easily. "Can you do anything with her?"

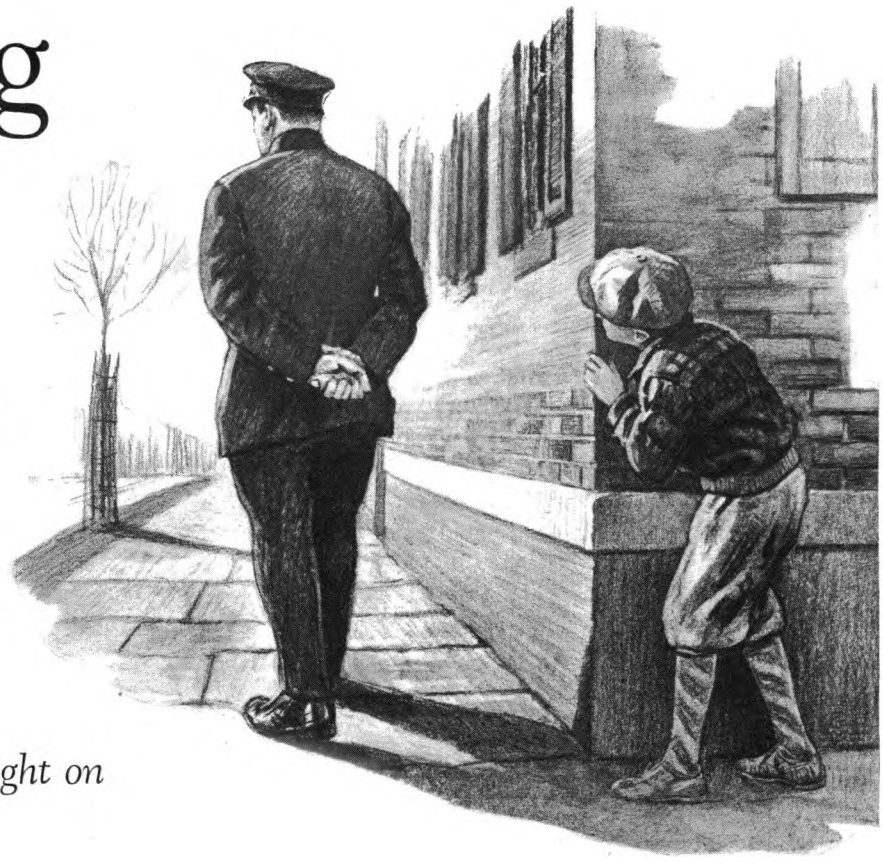
Bill blinked. "I can try," he murmured.

In Miss Martin's room, he tried first to look at her sternly. "See here, young woman," he said, "you have to obey doctor's orders. Unless you want to be back here in a month, a whole lot sicker than you are now, you've got to rest!"

Miss Martin smiled indulgently. "I might cruise the south seas on my yacht," she murmured, and then suddenly the bright light dimmed and she sighed. "Oh, don't be silly," she pleaded. "I'm really frightfully (*Continued on page 120*)

Facing 55 Years

A youthful convict's own revealing story throws startling light on



Where It All Begins

AT LUNCH one day I sat beside a famous criminologist. He talked of crime, of its causes and cures.

"Everybody knows," he told me, "that the criminal of today is a child compared with the criminal of a generation ago. Boy bandits. Boy gangsters. Boy burglars. Always boys. But why? That's the problem. Some say it's the search for new thrills that leads them into it. Others blame early environment, faulty social conditions. But I don't think any of us have yet hit the nail on the head. If we had, our reforms would show better results than they do."

Not long afterwards the mail brought to my desk the surprising document published on these pages. Joe Russell at twenty-four is facing fifty-five years in the Ohio State Penitentiary, not because he craved thrills nor because of improper home influences. He is there because of a pathetically misdirected desire to show off. His story might be that of any young animal. And more—changed ever so little, it might be the story of any normal boy. It seems to me to do what my criminologist said had never been done. It hits the nail on the head.

An overwhelming desire to show off, to be considered a good fellow, to loom important in the eyes of comrades, is a normal quality of youth. The same urge that made this boy a "one-man crime wave" has made football stars, aviators, and motion picture stars of others. Joe Russell wanted to attract attention. And he went at it in the wrong way.

Warden P. E. Thomas, of the Ohio Penitentiary, read his article and then used a single phrase: "Second-growth ash."

"When I was a young man," he elaborated, "we used second-growth ash for wagon wheels because it was so tough. Lads such as Russell and most of the other young criminals of today are second-growth ash, second generation. Their parents are honest, hard-working people who came to this country from Europe, found jobs, built homes for their families. Their children become ashamed of the old folks for their uncertain English, their foreign ways. The home loses its hold on them, and the neighborhood gangster or hoodlum, with his glib bragging, his flashy American clothes, preys on the youthful desire to show off."

Today, if you can accept his article at its face value, this boy is done with crime, done with it forever. After the receipt of his manuscript, we sent a member of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE staff to the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, to talk with Russell, with a view to determining whether he was sincere in his desire for reformation. It was the opinion of this investigator, supported by Warden Thomas and members of the prison staff, that the young man is honest. But he still wants to show off, to stand out, to make himself important in the eyes of his associates. He threw himself into the work of the prison band, eventually becoming a soloist. Why? That he might stand apart from his fellows. He is trying to learn to write, probably because in the prison community which gave O. Henry to the world, a writer traditionally is a personage. Exactly the same motive that made Russell "the terror of Cleveland shopkeepers" may make him a skilled writer or musician. Is it not possible that my criminologist friend might find something valuable in a study of this youthful desire to attract attention? Certainly *I*, as the father of a young boy possessed of an adolescent desire to "show off," found some hints about guidance in it.

—THE EDITOR.

"I always wanted to splurge, to make a big impression on the other kids of the neighborhood"

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR C. ANDERSON

By JOSEPH RUSSELL

WHEN the judge pronounced my sentence, adding sternly, "You have no one to blame but yourself," he spoke the truth.

I liked sporty cars, liked flashy clothes, liked to be known as a "swell fellow" who would give the shirt off his back for the asking. And I was proud of the fact that I never turned down a dare.

"Bet you can't swipe *that* car, Joe."

"Can't I? Watch me."

It started when I was thirteen. It ended—that phase of my career, at least—when I was twenty-one. The real end may not come until I'm past seventy. For I have fifty-five years to serve, fifty-five years to serve the state of Ohio behind these walls. A rather drastic penalty, isn't it, for a few years of wrong thinking? But it's not as bad as it sounds. I'm learning things here in prison that I did not have the sense to learn outside. I'm making something of myself finally, in spite of my bad start.

Often, sitting here in my cell, waiting, waiting for the years to pass, I've wondered why I never stopped to think while I had the chance. There were many opportunities. Why didn't I ever take one of them? Why? But the answer isn't hard, after all. I just didn't know how. I was too anxious to make an impression on the other fellows.

Don't think my parents didn't try to save me. Believe me, they tried hard from the very start. But it didn't do any good. I ignored them until it was too late, until my father had died of a broken heart and the doors of the penitentiary were locked behind me. I thought I was too smart to listen to my parents. I thought I knew my stuff.

Joseph Russell

No one else in our family has ever been a criminal. So it wasn't heritage that made me a convict. My four brothers and two sisters are all honest, conscientious citizens. My father worked hard all his life. He was a mason contractor who came to Cleveland, Ohio, from Italy as a young man. He had far greater handicaps than I have ever had, and he overcame them. He made a comfortable living for his family, gave us everything we could reasonably want.

The trouble was that I didn't know how to be reasonable. I always wanted to splurge, to make a big impression on the other kids in the neighborhood.

THAT first time I got into trouble was typical of all my scrapes. Several other fellows in our crowd had bicycles, so I had to have one, too. Father would have bought it for me, I'm sure, if I'd given him a chance. But it would have taken time, and the bicycle he would have picked out would not have had all the elaborate trimmings I desired. It would have been a good bicycle, but a plain one. So when I saw the kind I wanted I casually stole it.

The police caught me. I was only thirteen but I already had an unpleasant record—up for truancy several times, accused of petty thefts at school and in the neighborhood—so I was sent away to industrial school. There I met boys older, more worldly-wise, than myself.

"You stole a bicycle?" They laughed at me. "You're just a piker, kid. Me, I lifted a car."

When I came out, the family hoped I'd been taught a lesson. To make doubly sure, Father and Mother both gave me a long talking-to. But it didn't do any good. Just as their previous attempts to keep me out of bad company hadn't done me any good. I didn't think they knew very much. Their broken English, their Old-World ways compared unfavorably, in (*Continued on page 102*)

How to Annoy the BOSS

Exasperating little habits hold a lot of us back

By JAMES LAYFIELD

DO YOU attempt wise-cracking in the presence of your boss and then wait for him to laugh? Are you one of those strange creatures who have to be introduced to folks five or six times before you are able to recognize them—or willing to? Do you affect a professional Southern accent? Are you a know-it-all? A giggler? Do you hold your fork backwards when cutting into a piece of beefsteak? Have you the furtive manners of a heavy stage villain? Do you wear vivid red neckties? Would your friends say that you're a fine fellow, but just a little too happy-go-lucky? Does an inferiority complex keep you from asserting your true character? Does a superiority complex brand you as being bumptious and conceited?

These are a few of the qualities in mortal man which the bosses of a million or so workers tabbed as little habits with big consequences. The question I put to them was: "What are some of the minor characteristics which keep employees from moving ahead in the world?" The surprising phase of the answers I received was the fact that bosses are so sensitive toward idiosyncrasies which one might think are too trivial to have any bearing on success or failure. In other words, you would be astonished to learn exactly how much your boss knows about you—how violently he may be swayed for or against you by the repeated exhibition of some trait of which you may not even be aware.

"We have a man in a fairly responsible position who has an unfortunate way of looking at you as though he doubted every word you said," one boss told me. "It's what we call that fishy expression. Every time I speak to him I get the impression he thinks I'm a liar. What can I do about it? It's entirely too delicate a matter for me to make any open reference to it. Yet sometimes I am almost goaded to frenzy by it. If my conscience permitted I suppose I'd fire him and thus preserve my peace of mind, but that would be unfair. My only recourse is to keep him out of my sight as much as possible. And that, you must admit, is not helpful to him."

I discussed the subject with employers of many different kinds of labor, from white-collar workers to men in jumpers, from college men and women just embarking on their careers to under executives who had presumably reached the highest pegs they would ever attain. At the offices of a great railroad system they steered me to the chief operations superintendent, whose hobby it is to study the strange and mysterious influence which the trivial side of our daily grind has on our careers.

"LET me tell you about Gleason, the chief train dispatcher at our terminal," he said. "Gleason quit college to come to us as a raw recruit. He was ambitious. He hit the line hard from the moment he started with us. His college training, as far as it had gone, had been strictly of an academic nature. But it was the technical side which appealed to him—and up to that moment he knew as much about it as the average high-school girl does. Now take a peek at what happened."

We did. Gleason became a keen student of electrical equipment. His job was only clerical then, but in his spare time he put on overalls and crawled under the cars to see how things were built and operated.

"Say," he said to his superior after four months of hard application, "can't you put me in line for train dispatching? I've got a pretty good hang of how the wheels go 'round."

Sure, they could—and did. Gleason moved on to assistant train dispatcher and eventually landed as chief. And in a much shorter time than most of his predecessors had done.

"From the standpoint of a man having a thoroughgoing

Employers complain to Mr. Layfield about the man with the flaming necktie, the typewriter prima donna, the fellow who keeps his hat on, the girl with the giggles, and the dramatic draftsman

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LUDEKENS

knowledge of his work I couldn't have asked for a finer craftsman than Gleason," the superintendent continued. "He knew everything there was to know about his job. He had a snappy up-and-doing manner, a lively sparkle to his eye, and a ready way of answering questions that would delight the most exacting boss. But there was just one flaw. Gleason didn't have a good working appreciation of his fellow men. He knew so much more than they did that he just couldn't understand why they ever slipped on the job. Gleason had become a machine—the human factor was missing

"Now and then something would go wrong, and a conductor or engineman or somebody else would be called on the carpet. Gleason's way of handling these cases was to look his offending subordinate in the eye and fire questions at him with machine-gun speed. They were good questions and always to the point. Men recognized that, and if it hadn't been for a trifling circumstance Gleason might have gone on with his rugged methods without disturbing his own ambition to move ahead."

"You're coming now," I interrupted, "to the trifling eccentricity which assumed important dimensions in Gleason's case?"

"Yes. Gleason had an awful habit of screwing up the right side of his mouth and looking at his subordinates as though he would enjoy nothing more than biting 'em on the ear. It was offensive. It said to the person he addressed, 'Why don't you get some brains in that noddle of yours? Why don't you try to be as good as I am?'

"BECAUSE Gleason was a square shooter and knew his business, men would stand a lot from him, but they wouldn't stand for that screwed-up mouth. When they complained to me I realized that Gleason's habit might ruin an otherwise promising career. You simply cannot get the best out of men by giving them the impression you think they are a bunch of half-wits.

"I called him to my office. 'Listen, boy,' I told him, 'when you smile your whole countenance lights up. That smile is worth a lot of money to you if you'll treat it right. Give it a little exercise now and then. When you have something with a sting to it to say to folks, say it with a smile. You'll be surprised how human beings can take punishment—and like it—if it's administered with a smile.'

"Well, Gleason, sensible chap that he is, swapped one screwed-up, scowling face for one smiling countenance and got rid of—did you call it a pebble?—yes, of a pebble that was assuming Gibraltarian proportions. Two local chairmen of the unions came to me later just to let me know how well he's liked by the men under him. Gleason's assistant superintendent now—and going up."

In the office of a large industrial organization employing thousands of workers I came across the enlightening experience of a man who molded his own behavior largely by precepts of great men. He is one of the lesser executives, a studious sort of chap, competent and likable. Most of his spare moments he spends in reading the biographies of men who have made history. But he is so carried away by the achievements of his heroes that he tries to make their logic and methods fit into the everyday routine of his own organization.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, Napoleon, and Washington are his special idols of earlier history; Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Calvin Coolidge, of modern times. One day at a conference of executives the keen competition of a rival corporation was discussed. Each of the conferees was given an opportunity to have his say. When it came this man's turn he went majestically into quotations from his biographical pets, citing how each might have acted if confronted with a similar problem. The analogy provoked no enthusiasm.

After the meeting the chairman of the board called the senior vice president to his office.

"I was interested," he said, "in what the historically minded gentleman had to say. His name is—er—"

"Andrews."

"Ah, yes, Andrews. I wonder if you would mind conveying a message to Mr. Andrews from me. Tell him that when we are trying to find ways and means to combat competition, it might be helpful for him to stick closely to the notable example set by one of the distinguished gentlemen he mentioned."

"You mean—"

"Quite right. I mean Mr. Coolidge, the great paragon of silence."

Andrews, I learned, is a marked man in his company, weighted down by a habit which ordinarily we might regard as having all the makings of self-improvement. I was told he would have to give some Herculean exhibition of business acumen to offset the belief that he is theoretical and didactic. The interpretation, as I get it, is that even such a commendable habit as reading worth-while biographies can be turned into an irritating and hurtful hobby if overdone.

AN ANNOYING trait of character which obtrudes itself on you constantly will drive even the placid soul to desperation. What about the person who lays a lengthy memorandum on your desk and then stands at your elbow explaining every word it contains? If he had intended giving you the message verbally, why did he write it?

What about the fellow who will not let you finish a sentence, so eager is he to let you know that he foresees what you are going to say?

What about the one whose manner indicates that he is not thinking about what you are saying, but is getting ready to tell you something better as soon as you have finished?

I found many such habits forming a barrier to individual advancement. Pica-yunish, some might say, to let such things damn a man or woman possessed of real efficiency. Should the presence of an unimportant personal defect more than counterbalance the heavy advantages of natural ability? I put the question to an officer of another world-famous corporation—the vice president in charge of personnel.

"You can't get away from the fact that no matter how machinelike a man may be in this era of standardization he is still human," this official replied. "I hate to think that because Miss Johnson, my competent secretary, refers to her father as 'Pawr' and her mother as 'Mawr' I am going to rear up on my hind legs and fire her some day, but I'm afraid I will. It's the constant repetition of it that gets under my skin. The fault is all mine. I should never have let her pronunciation bother me the first time. Then it would never have bothered me at all."

The story of Bronson sheds light on the tremendous harm we can do ourselves through inability to correct an obnoxious trait. Bronson is a minor official in one of the leading insurance companies. A hard worker, energetic and ambitious, his one failing is that he seems to think that failure to criticize is a confession that one is incapable of offering a constructive thought. No matter how perfect anything may be, he will promptly pick flaws in it if his opinion is sought.

Jefferson, his immediate superior, finds there is nothing more provoking than to hear Bronson giving vent to opinions inspired by the assumption that he should say something. One day he called Bronson to his office and showed him the crude outline of a new form of insurance policy.

"Look it over and let me know what you think of it," he said.

Bronson studied the outline, knitted his brow, and swept into a long discourse on how the plan would never work out from an actuarial point of view.

"By the way, whose idea is it?" he asked finally, pausing for breath.

"Oh, yes, I forgot to mention that," Jefferson replied. "The chief actuary sent it to me with a memorandum that his department had worked it out after three months of research and study."

But even that jolt failed to cure Bronson. He still uses his favorite method to advertise his brains and succeeds only in ballyhooing his stupidity. It is a pretty well established axiom of the business world, I take it, that real brains advertise themselves.

SIDE by side with the ubiquitous flaw-picker stands the professional disagreer. I came across one employer who, as much as he detests being yessed, prefers it to having men around him who disagree just because disagreeing has become a fixed custom with them. A few years ago there was a man in his employ who would take the reverse side of any question, though oftentimes transparently barking up the wrong tree. If you remarked to him that it was a nice day, he would dispute it; if you said good times lay ahead, he would endeavor to demonstrate that the world was going to the dogs. He spent most of his time disagreeing, and the thing he finally disagreed most about was being fired by the boss.

"There are one hundred and thirty thousand employees in our company," an official told me, "and that means we run the whole gamut of idiosyncrasies. Williams doesn't move ahead because he has a single-track mind to mar his diligence and faithfulness. All his ideas are trimmed strictly according to pattern and you cannot change them. Bradbury has his boss's goat scampering all over the office because of his infernal habit of continually interrupting anyone who talks with him. Seymour brushes imaginary specks off your clothes and has been so solicitous about the appearance of his immediate chief that he has that gentleman consulting the code books to see if there is any law against exterminating speck-brushers.

"Would you believe that there are some birds who think the best asset an office worker can have is a spiffy suit of clothes? They haven't learned that tailor-made men are a fallacy in business life—there is no such animal. Naturally, everybody likes to see men well dressed, but if you can show me that clothes will embellish this man's natural talents or cover up that man's deficiencies, I'll issue a general order requiring all our male employees to wear the loudest check suits they can buy.

"YOU could never guess how many George Arlisses and Ruth Chattertons there are in a business of this kind. On your way out notice the young lady sitting at the desk in the southeasterly corner of the office—the one with the mass of wavy brown hair. The stage will never know what it lost when circumstances compelled that young lady to find a job with this company as a stenographer. But she makes the best of a bad break by exhibiting her dramatic skill to the folks here in the office. Everything she does has a theatrical touch. When I pause sometimes to watch her banging the keys of her typewriter I am sure she is declaiming the lines to herself with all the fervor that a Bernhardt might have put into them. I dare say that she could make such a phrase as 'Yours of the twenty-fifth received and contents noted' ring with tragic intensity if she tried.

"And there is Brumbaugh, of the drafting department. Brumbaugh, a splendid draftsman, walks into my office and lays down a set of plans he has made. He stands off and peers at it with one eye squinted and the other shaded with a hand to provide the imaginary necessary lighting effect. He spreads it out first here and then there, circles around it, like a bird on the wing, flecks an invisible something from the upper left-hand corner, and goes through all sorts of facial convolutions to show the ecstatic state of mind his work of art has brought about. I always feel that I have cheated Brumbaugh out of something for not having bought a ticket for the performance. Some day, I suppose, he'll disappear from here and, the next thing we'll know, his name will be emblazoned in electric lights over a Broadway theater. Oh, well, life hereabouts wouldn't be half so merry without our actors."

Eccentricities of manner which are annoying to one boss may have no effect on another. That it is well for you to study the whims of the person through whom you hope to forge to the front is indicated by this story which came out of the conversations I had with men who are responsible, collectively, for the em-

ployment of more than a million persons:

"I had the foreman of one of our shops on the carpet for some minor breach or other," one of these men told me. "When he entered this office he sat down without removing his hat. Of course, any man who has brains enough to be a shop foreman should have realized that he was committing an act of discourtesy. But I happened to know that he had been in the United States only a few years, having come from Czechoslovakia, and I wasn't sure that he knew he was overlooking an American amenity."

My corporation friend paused for a hearty laugh. "Say, this is rich," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"Why, I got as mad as a wet hen at him. Look here and you'll see the reason." He rubbed the top of his bald head. "No hair there, you see. Well, when I was a kid my father used to tell me that people got bald because they kept their hats on indoors. Now, whenever I see a fellow wearing his hat indoors it reminds me that I'm as bald as a billiard ball, and that makes me mad. So the foreman got a much rougher deal from me than he would have if he had had the sense to avoid conveying that reminder to me. Yes, yes, I'll admit it wasn't exactly fair and all that, but what are you going to do about it?"

WHO hasn't met the person who gets all hot and bothered about a half-baked idea? Certainly the officials who form the contact between the administrative and working branches of corporations meet plenty of that ilk. Smith, the new man, thinks he sees something which for years has been escaping the attention of everybody, and he rushes to his boss with it. If he had stopped to reason it out he might have seen the imperfections, but in the first flush of jubilance at his own cleverness he thinks only of getting his idea to the chief at the highest speed. People seem to think that ideas wear out unless they are handed to the employer red hot.

The half-baked-idea man is such a source of annoyance that his misguided enthusiasm often actually militates against his advancement; yet there are some employers who make it a point to discourage nobody who generates thoughts. Such a man is the president of the Southern subsidiary of one of our immense national industrial corporations. Jackson, the Florida superintendent, was one of the coterie who appeared regularly at his office to offer suggestions which could be punched full of holes on careful analysis. But Jackson was an imaginative man, and the president never thought of letting this habit stand in his superintendent's way.

One day Jackson sent off a hot wire to headquarters that he was on his way to lay a "humdinger" of an idea before the president. When, later, in person, he explained his startling discovery to his patient superior, the president saw at once that it wouldn't hold water. But he did not tell the superintendent that.

"Very, very interesting, Mr. Jackson," was his sage comment. "I certainly want to talk to you further about this. Now, the next time you're in this neighborhood, be sure to come in and we'll thresh out the details."

When Jackson had gone on his way the chief called his assistant and explained what had happened.

"Jackson will be back in a week or so, depend on it," he continued. "Now, when he comes in, you meet him and explain to him diplomatically that he's on the wrong scent. But be careful not to offend him."

Jackson was back on schedule. After his enlightening talk with the assistant he was ushered into the president's office. Toward the close of the conversation his chief said:

"By the way, Jackson, when you were here last time you had a very interesting suggestion. Have you thought anything further about it?"

"Yes, I have," he acknowledged promptly, "but since that time I've concluded that the idea wasn't as good as I thought."

"Don't let that discourage you. It's always a good sign when a man is thinking about the interests of the company he works for. Keep at it—perhaps you won't encounter the same trouble with the next idea that comes to you."

The technic observed by this astute organization head is obvious. Two years later the persistent Jackson, responding to this subtle encouragement, delivered an idea which did stand the acid test. Today he is one of the principal officers of the Southern subsidiary. And the tactics of his chief, since revealed to him, have become his own.

PRIMA DONNAS, lone wolves, blusterers, rattlebrains, grouches, and bad mixers occupy front rank among workers who permit traits of character to block their road to success. An official of a company which employs sixty thousand persons said to me:

"It is not the sinister fellow or the blusterer who annoys me so much as the rattlebrain. There is a man in our employ who has risen to a fairly responsible position through sheer ability, and yet he's one of the deepest-dyed rattlebrains I have to deal with. When he comes into the office to tell me anything, no matter how simple it may be, he is always in the greatest ferment of excitement. He talks so fast that he stutters and becomes incoherent. He won't let me interrupt him to ask a question. He explains and explains endlessly.

"What is the effect? Why, it's simply this—that I can't help feeling he underrates my ability to understand the subject he is trying (*Continued on page 154*)

"Buy a *DOG*, Lady?"

Miss Caverton did not really want a dog —but she got one just the same

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

MISS CAVERTON was sitting on her porch enjoying the April sun when the small boy who was leading the dog hesitated at her front gate. The boy looked at Miss Caverton, decided she was not a snappish woman, and opened the gate.

"Come on, Tag," he said to the dog, but the dog did not need the command. He pushed through the gateway ahead of the boy, pulling at the thin rope so that the boy had to hold back. At the foot of the steps the dog stood and looked up at Miss Caverton, wagging his tail, and Miss Caverton put her book in her lap and leaned forward and looked down at the dog and the boy.

"Well, boy?" she asked.

"Do you want to buy a dog?" the boy asked in answer.

"I? Buy a dog?" exclaimed Miss Caverton, raising her eyebrows. "Oh, no! I don't want to buy a dog."

"He's a good dog," the boy said. "He ain't a old dog; he's a young dog—he'll last a long time. He'll eat anything—gobbidge or anything. If you don't want to feed him you don't have to—he'll go and eat gobbidge. He can push lids off gobbidge cans with his nose. Would you—do you think you would take him if he didn't cost you nothin'?"

"You mean you are offering me the dog for nothing, boy?" Miss Caverton asked. "Is that what you mean?"

"I'd ruther sell him," the boy said, "but if you don't want to buy him you can have him for nothin'. Only you'd got to say you'd keep him. His name's Tag and you don't have to feed him if you don't want to; he'll eat gobbidge. He'll go and get his own gobbidge."

"Is he your dog?" Miss Caverton asked, ignoring the garbage suggestion.

"Yes'm," the boy said. "He's my dog; I got him when he was a pup; his name's Tag. He's got a long tail on him

"I'd ruther sell him," the boy said, "but if you don't want to buy him you can have him for nothin'"

like a tagger. Well, if you don't want a dog—"

"One minute, boy," Miss Caverton said, as the boy turned away. The dog had climbed the steps and was sniffing Miss Caverton's shoes, that being as far as he could stretch the taut rope. He was not an extra clean dog but he seemed a friendly one. "Tell me—why do you want to sell your dog?"

"The's dog-catchers around," the boy said, "and he ain't got no license, and we ain't got no money. It costs a dollar for a license and we ain't got no dollar. If he ain't got a license, the dog-catchers will get him, and they kill them. They put them in a box and kill them. I don't want him to be killed."

"WHERE do you live?" Miss Caverton asked.

The boy looked toward the street and down the street as if getting his direction right, and then pointed toward Miss Caverton herself.

"Over there," he said. "Down by the creek over there. It ain't a street; it's by the creek. By the dump."

"Oh!" said Miss Caverton. "I think I know. What is your name, boy?"

"Kassack," the boy said, or what seemed like "Kassack" to Miss Caverton; "Eddie Kassack."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"Yes'm; I got four," Eddie said. The dog had now pulled Eddie an inch or two nearer the bottom step and was sniffing Miss Caverton's silk stockings with keen interest and wagging his tail in a way that showed he found them pleasing, and Miss Caverton put down her hand to ward his nose away. "Come 'ere, you!" the boy said, jerking the rope and pulling the dog backward. Miss Caverton got out of her chair.

"I won't buy your dog, Edward," she said, "but I think we can fix it all right about those dog-catchers. Will you wait here a minute?"

She went into the house and took a dollar bill from her purse, and when she came out she had this in her hand.

"Here, Eddie," she said; "here is a dollar to get a license for your dog. Do you know how to get a license?"

"Yes'm, I guess so," the boy said, and after a moment of embarrassed silence: "Thank you!" Then he pulled at the rope and said, "Come on, Tag!" and the dog, after a backward glance at Miss Caverton, followed him. Miss Caverton saw that after he had closed the gate, which he did most carefully, the boy gave a couple of hippety-hops of happiness. A little smile of pleasure or amusement twitched the corners of Miss Caverton's mouth.

THE next morning Miss Caverton was doing her few breakfast dishes, and she was now wearing a neat wash dress and had a dust cap on her head, when someone rapped on the front door. There was an electric bell push on the doorpost but her caller did not use this. The tapping on the door was weak, and at first Miss Caverton was not sure anyone was rapping, but the sound was repeated, and Miss Caverton went to the door. When she opened the door, the same boy and the same dog were standing there, and as if recognizing an old friend, the dog wagged his tail. The boy held fast to the dog's rope.

"Oh! It is you!" Miss Caverton exclaimed.

"Yes'm," the boy said. "I guessed I'd come back and ask you if you didn't want to buy a dog."

"But. I told you—" Miss Caverton began rather severely, because she did not like to be interrupted while doing her housework, and certainly did not want to buy a dog. But there was an appeal in the boy's eyes, and she said, "Wouldn't your father, or your mother, let you keep the dog?"

"Yes'm," said Eddie Kassack, "they don't care. But the's dog-catchers around, and Tag ain't got no license, and—"

"But, see here," said Miss Caverton; "I gave you a dollar to get your dog a license."

"Yes'm," the boy said, "but he took it away from me."

"Who did?" demanded Miss Caverton.

"Pa did," Eddie said.

"He did? Your father took that dollar away from you? Why, I never heard of— Why, I gave you that dollar to get a license! That's the most outrageous thing I ever heard of! I certainly won't put up with— What did he take the dollar for?"

"To get something to eat," Eddie said.

MISS CAVERTON'S indignation stopped short, as if it had received a slap in the face.

"The kids was hungry," Eddie said, as if that explained it. "They was bawling. So he took it."

"Well!" said Miss Caverton. "I must say! Do you mean to tell me there was nothing in your house to eat? Is that what you are saying, boy? Didn't you have anything to eat?"

"No, ma'am, I didn't," the boy said. "I did when Pa went and got it."

"I mean, didn't any of you have anything to eat? Wasn't there any money to buy anything with?"

"No, ma'am," Eddie said.

"Well!" Miss Caverton exclaimed again, and then she said, "Well, I'll see to that!" because there were organizations to prevent that sort of thing, as she well knew, having given money to them; but the boy could not read her thoughts and might not have been interested in them if he could have read them.

"Do you want to buy a dog?" he asked, that being what he was interested in. "He's a good kind of dog. He don't holler. He don't bite nobody. He'll get a stick for you when you throw it—but you got to let him smell of it first, because if you don't, he don't get the same stick. He's a—a useful kind of a dog."

"No, Eddie—Eddie is your name, isn't it?—I don't believe I want to buy a dog," Miss Caverton said. "Let me see, your name is—your last name?"

"Kassack," Eddie said.

"And your father's name?"

"John. He's John Kassack."

"How do you spell it?"

"I don't know. Well, if you think you really don't want to buy a dog—"

"No; wait a minute," Miss Caverton said.

SHE left the boy and the dog standing at the door while she went to find a pencil and paper, and on the paper she wrote: "John Kassack, 5 children, creek, by dump." Then she called to Eddie, "Is where you live this side or the other side of that gas thing—that big holder, or whatever it is?" and Eddie said, "It's this side," and when she asked what the house was like, Eddie hesitated and said, "It's boards and it's got tin nailed onto it. The' used to be a horse in it once."

"Dear me!" said Miss Caverton, because she thought she remembered a shack in the creek bottom, a mere shed with a tar-paper roof and with its sides protected against the weather by old tin cans, flattened out and nailed in place. It had never meant anything to her; some Pole or Italian or something of the sort probably lived there, but there is always someone living in such shacks. She put the paper on the newel post and balanced the pencil on it. She looked at Eddie thoughtfully.

"I'll buy your dog," she said suddenly. "On conditions, boy. Do you know how to bathe a dog?"

"Ma'am?" asked Eddie.

"Do you know how to wash a dog—give it a bath?"

"No, ma'am," Eddie said.

"You use water," Miss Caverton said. "And soap. You put water and soap all over the dog, and wash that off with more water. And then I'll give you some clean rags to dry the dog with. It ought to be—does your dog have fleas?"

"Yes'm; some," Eddie admitted.

"It ought to be flea-soap," said Miss Caverton. "Let me see—now, you see that corner up there? You go up to that corner, and turn that way, and go two blocks, and there's a drug store on the corner. I'll give you a quarter and you say to the man in the store, 'I want a cake of flea-soap for a dog.' Can you remember that?"

"Yes'm, a cake of flea-soap for a dog."

"Yes, and come right back, because I want you to give your dog a good bath. I couldn't have such a dirty dog near me. Are you hungry?"

"Yes'm; not so very," Eddie said.

"Well, I'll have something for you to eat when you get back," said Miss Caverton. "You can tie your dog to that post—or, no! You'd better take him with you. And hurry back—that corner, and then two blocks, and it is the store on the corner you come to."

When Eddie had gone on this errand Miss Caverton went to her telephone and spoke to the United Charities.

"We surely will look them up, Miss Caverton," the voice at the other end of the wire said. "No one of that name has ever made application to us, and no one has reported them before. This side—oh! your side!—of the gas tank, in the creek bottom, near the dump, Kassack. We will begin investigations immediately. And thank you for letting us know."

Miss Caverton then set out what she had for Eddie to eat, making a place for him at the table in her neat little dining-room. She placed a chair for him but she put a newspaper on the seat of the chair, for Eddie had not seemed very clean. He returned with the flea-soap and Miss Caverton made him tie the dog at the kitchen door. She made Eddie wash his hands and face.

"Now, I will tell you what I am going to do," she said when Eddie sat at the table. "I am going to buy your dog."

"Yes'm," Eddie said.

"And I suppose your father will make you give him any money I pay for the dog. To buy food no doubt. That's what will happen, is it not?"

"I guess so," Eddie said. "Yes'm, I guess he will."

"Very well," said Miss Caverton. "I gave you a dollar yesterday, and for that dollar you are going to give the dog a good bath, and I am going to pay you five dollars for the dog."

"Gee! Five dollars!" Eddie exclaimed. "I guess he's a good dog, all right! I guess he's a dandy dog or you wouldn't want to pay five dollars for him."

"No," said Miss Caverton, "I don't believe he is a very good kind of dog, but I choose to pay five dollars for him. That is the price I have decided to pay. And now I have some work to do and you can finish eating and then I will explain to you how to bathe the dog."

Going about her bit of kitchen work Miss Caverton was able to glance in at Eddie now and then through the open door, and she saw that he ate like a very hungry boy. He looked like a hungry boy, too, and as if he had often been hungry and never had as much food as a growing boy should have. He stuffed food into his mouth greedily, not seeming to care much what it was, but as he neared repletion he took a bite now and then from the rosy apple Miss Caverton had put by his plate, and he looked here and there in the room, the simple beauty of which must have seemed palatially rich to him.

MISS CAVERTON, when the boy had eaten all he could hold, showed him the outside faucet and stood supervising Tag's first bath.

"Rub him well with that soap," she said. "Rub more on him. More water and then more soap, Eddie. You wouldn't believe a dog with short hair could hold so much dirt!"

"Gee! I never knowed he was so white where he's white!" Eddie exclaimed, as the true color of the dog began to appear. "Stand still, Tag; you got to get clean."

The dog did not mind the bath much.

"Gee! I never knowed he was so white where he's white!" Eddie exclaimed, as the true color of the dog began to appear

He whined a little and he shivered, but when Eddie rubbed him down he knew that this new form of wetness was not to last forever but was only a temporary affliction, and he barked at Miss Caverton twice, and wagged his tail vehemently.

"He's really not a bad-looking dog when he's clean," Miss Caverton admitted. "And now, Eddie, I think you can tie him to the clothes-post in the yard. He'll do very well there for the present. You can put those wet rags in that can. And here is the five dollars; I'll pin it here in your pocket so you will not lose it."

"You got to get a license for him," Eddie reminded her. "The's a tag comes to put on him, like it is a silver tag, and it's got his number on it."

"I'll not forget," said Miss Caverton. "I'll send for it today. And now I think you had better run home, Eddie, and any time you want to come and see your—dog, you may."

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

"Yes'm."

"And, Eddie—"

"Yes'm?"

"IF YOU are ever hungry, Eddie, or there's nothing to eat in your house, you must come and tell me. You'll do that, won't you? You'll be sure to do that?"

"Yes'm, I will," Eddie promised. He had tied the dog to the post now, and the dog looked up at him, the long, curved tail beating from side to side. It was new business to the dog but no doubt all right—it was probably the way things happened in dogs' lives, being led to new places, sopped with water, wiped off, and tied to posts on green lawns. For part of a minute Eddie stood with his body against the dog, his hand on the clean hide.

"Well, I guess I'll go now," he said, and Miss Caverton said, "Wait; I'll give you an apple," and hurried into the house, coming out with two bright red ones; but giving the apples had not been her object—she wanted to leave the boy alone with the dog for that length of time, not knowing what a dog and a boy about to be parted might have to say to each other. But when she came out Eddie was quite a distance from the dog, standing by the corner of the house, and when Miss Caverton gave him the apples he jammed them into the pockets of his much too large trousers and turned and ran. (*Continued on page 86*)

"On Time!"

All aboard. The author seated behind Engineer Bob Butterfield in the cab of the Twentieth Century Limited

Two words that never lose their thrill for Bob Butterfield, the engineer who's never late, but who believes in saving steam for the things that count

By JAMES R. CROWELL

A LITTLE gray man with piercing blue eyes, whose calmness and power make you think of a sturdy old oak, holds the throttle of the massive steel thoroughbred in whose saddle three of us are riding. He is the pilot, the supreme autocrat of this living, breathing domain of forged metal; to his clearness of vision and steadiness of hand has been entrusted the safekeeping of more than a hundred souls. I am there by grace of good fortune, plus a valued scrap of paper from headquarters—an outsider, an interloper, an onlooker. The third of our group is Barney Ward, his fireman, who pulls with him in a perfect synchrony of unflinching nerves and unfaltering judgment.

Bob Butterfield, a mighty mite of humanity, a master of the art of taming speed, is the man holding the reins. It has taken him years of hard training to win his important command as engineman in charge of two of the best-known trains in the world.

They call him the premier pilot of the New York Central, but his fame reaches out to every nook and corner of the railroad world.

I am jubilant that this, my first experience in riding the cab of a locomotive, should be with one who has achieved such distinction. The daylight trip from Harmon (thirty-three miles out of New York) to Albany is behind Bob and me; now, after an hour's stop off in the capital of the state, we are about to retrace the one hundred and ten miles back to the starting point, this time in the cab of the Empire State Express, one of the fastest trains on earth. It is easy for me to foresee that the return dash will bring even a bigger thrill than has the northward flight. For one thing, we shall be thundering along through the night. For another, in the five or six hours I have spent in Bob's company he has become something of a definite person to me; I have learned that he mixes philosophy with mechanical genius.

OUR nose is pointed toward New York. Behind us trail the thirteen cars of the Empire. The conductor, a comfortably rotund man, another veteran in the service, threads his way through the helter-skelter to where we are waiting in the locomotive cab for the starting signal. He is checking with the little gray man to see that all is well—incidentally, he relieves me of the scrap of paper and my railroad ticket.

The conductor peers up at us through the shadows of an early spring evening. "Hey, Bob," he calls, "what you gonna do to us this time? Nineteen minutes late, you know."

"Make it up, if I can. What you think?" answers Bob, with all the dignity of his five feet six, with all the majesty of his one hundred and seventy pounds of energy and sinew.

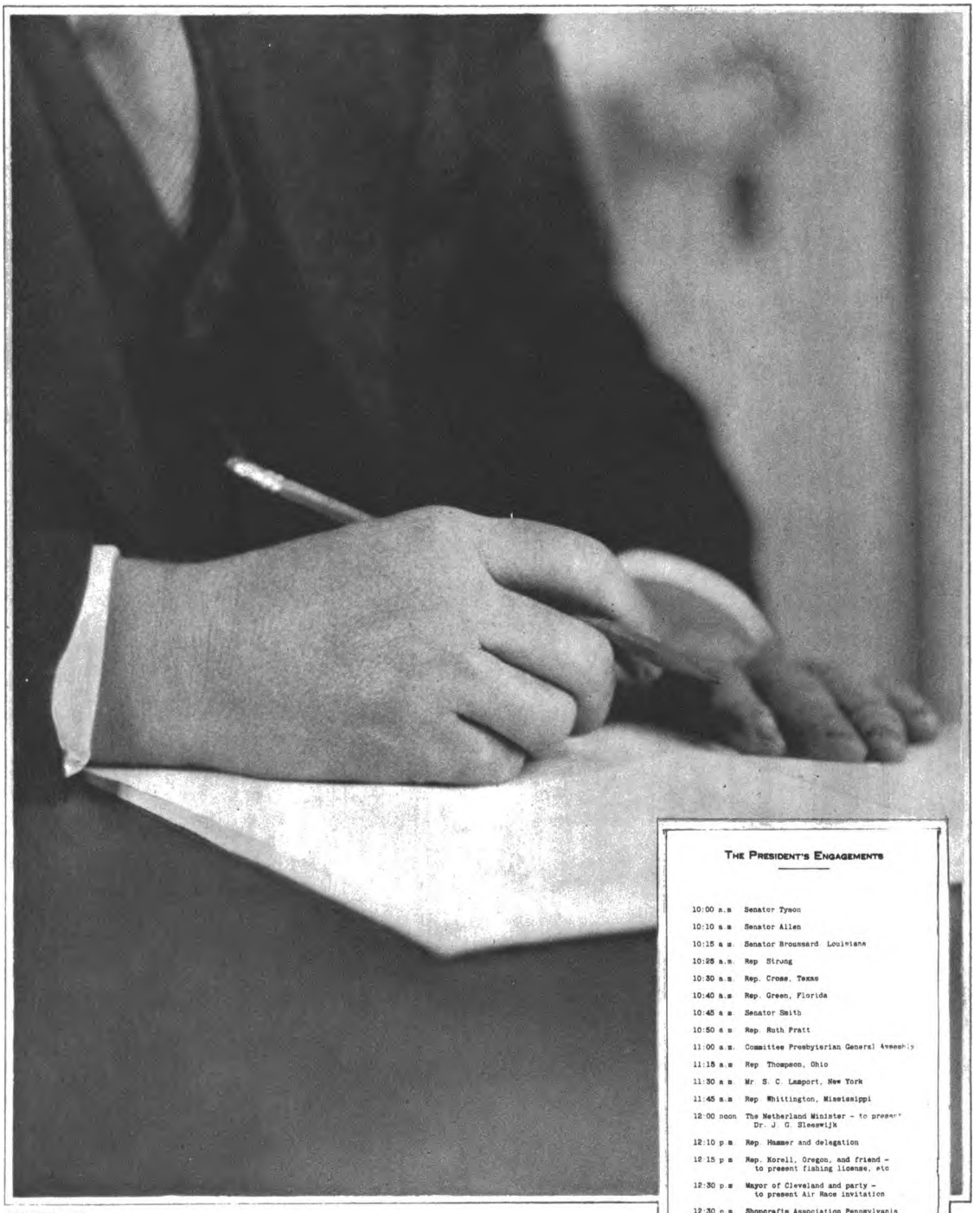
THE conductor winks at me. "Cocky runt, ain't he?" he asks. "This your first ride, brother?"

I tell him of the trip from Harmon to Albany that I completed less than an hour ago in Locomotive No. 5313 of the Twentieth Century Limited.

"Well, if Bob makes up these nineteen minutes down to Harmon, all I can say is that you're going to have a ride," he assures me. He pauses for a final word. "Know who your little friend is, don't you? That's On-Time Bob, the man who's never late." The conductor moves down the platform, chuckling over his razzing of the man who divides responsibility with him for the safe conduct of the (*Continued on page 140*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED J. SMITH

"On-Time" Bob grins his satisfaction at the end of the run. A mite of a man he is, compared with the steaming monster of which he is the master



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

"More than one man's hands can do"

"IT IS when the President first seats himself at his desk that the full impact of the position begins to make itself felt," says Mary Roberts Rinehart. "President Harding once said that there should be an Assistant President to divide the burden. President Wilson complained of the unimportant distractions to a distracting position. And recently President Hoover pointed out that there is barely time in the day for the demands of his office."

Above are the hands of President Hoover, and at the right is the schedule of one of his crowded days--an impressive line-up of appointments.

THE PRESIDENT'S ENGAGEMENTS

10:00 a.m	Senator Tyson
10:10 a.m	Senator Allen
10:15 a.m.	Senator Broussard Louisiana
10:25 a.m.	Rep Strong
10:30 a.m.	Rep. Cross, Texas
10:40 a.m	Rep. Green, Florida
10:45 a.m	Senator Smith
10:50 a.m	Rep. Ruth Pratt
11:00 a.m.	Committee Presbyterian General Assembly
11:15 a.m	Rep Thompson, Ohio
11:30 a.m	Mr S. C. Lamport, New York
11:45 a.m	Rep Whittington, Mississippi
12:00 noon	The Netherland Minister - to present Dr. J. G. Sleeswijk
12:10 p.m	Rep. Hammer and delegation
12:15 p.m	Rep. Korell, Oregon, and friend - to present fishing license, etc
12:30 p.m	Mayor of Cleveland and party - to present Air Race invitation
12:30 p.m	Shopcrafts Association Pennsylvania Railroad - 125 - photo
12:45 p.m	SOUTH GROUNDS Photo with classes of '24 to '28 Bliss Electrical School - 300
2:30 p.m	Hon John Hays Hammond
2:45 p.m	Senator Jones
3:00 p.m	Senator Nye and Senator Frazier
3:30 p.m	Senator Robinson, Indiana
3:30 p.m	Rep Johnson, Oklahoma and Mr Roberts, President Wheat Growers' Association
3:45 p.m	Secretary Good
4:00 p.m	Mr George E. Dois Grand Forks N. D.
4:15 p.m	Rep Moore, Virginia
4:30 p.m	Senator Ransdell, Louisiana
6:00 p.m	Col R B Creager, Texas

What five of our Presidents have told about "The Worst Job in the World"

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ACME PHOTO

When he enters the White House the President no longer belongs to himself, but to the nation. His safety is watched day and night

THE house is large and imposing, and it is white. For some days now it has shown signs of unusual activity. Trunks and personal possessions have been carried out and a rigorous reorganizing has been going on.

Now a small group waits in the hall, and stares outside to where a troop of cavalry is riding slowly past, followed by several automobiles. Outside the gate is a huge milling and cheering crowd. But the small crowd in the hall is quiet.

The cars drive up, a group of distinguished citizens in one, secret service men in another; and in still another a man who has just taken over an office which is the most responsible and arduous of any in the world today. The group inside stiffens, the doors are thrown open, and a new President has entered the White House.

What does he think, this man who steps over that threshold? There must be pride, a sense of achievement; but there must also be a certain humility before the office. And already he *is* the office, rather than the man. He has been obliged to precede his wife into the automobile which has brought him from the Capitol; now he still precedes her over that threshold and into their new home. It is a revolutionary change, symbolic of many that are to follow.

And even the White House itself marks that change. All indication of any previous occupancy has been removed. What remains is government property, his only during his tenure of office. So far as the building is concerned, he might be the first President.

He may have known the great house well; or he may never have been in it before. In either event he must look at it that day with a new interest. But there is little time, at first. He shakes hands with a few people, moves on. The chief usher, waiting for him, has been there for thirty years. He has seen many Presidents come and go again. Sometimes he has seen them lying in state in the great East Room, too. Now he moves quietly to the new Chief Executive and asks him if he cares to go up to the private apartments.

BUT, with that speech, again something has happened, for it is the President he addresses, not the President's wife. Now and hereafter the man has been merged in the President; he outranks his wife, who has no office. When they move together along the hall, he must precede her into the elevator, out of it again. The President, not the man.

Perhaps it is not until he has reached the private apartments upstairs that he begins to comprehend what has happened to him. Not until he is alone. Then there must be a long breath, a moment when the full solemnity of his position dazes him; its isolation; its terrifying remoteness from all that he has been in his life before. And its responsibility.

It is the most responsible position in the world.

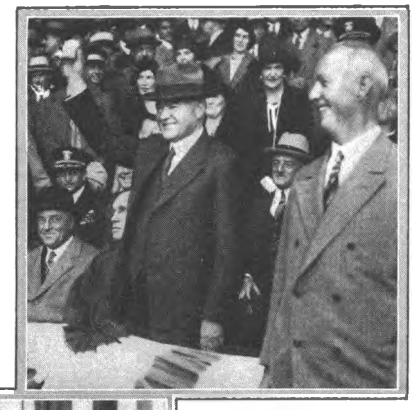
BUT he has little time to think. Downstairs are his guests, people from all over the country, men who have helped to elect him, distinguished citizens to do him honor. There is a luncheon for them, provided by custom by the outgoing President. He goes down, and they do something to cheer him. They are his friends. They will stand behind him. Later he is to find that some of them will not, but that day he does not doubt them. He feels less alone, with them about him.

In the afternoon, however, sitting in the grandstand at the foot of the lawn, watching the pomp of the inaugural parade, the cheering crowds, there must

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

At left: Greeting a delegation of sorority girls in convention at Washington. Plainly, the President has had worse jobs than this

At right: No World Series can get off to a successful start unless the President throws out the ball for the first game

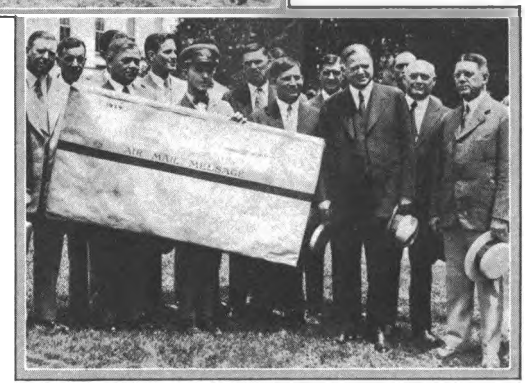


KEYSTONE VIEW CO

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Of course, the farmers have their turn in the busy White House day. At the left is a delegation of potato growers all the way from Maine

The largest air-mail letter ever sent becomes twice as big when presented to the President by citizens of Cleveland (below)



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

again be the sense of the new burden of responsibility, to the people, for the people. The crowds cheering, the bands playing, and the flags flying, and, no matter who the man of the moment, the small inarticulate prayer to do his best, to be a good President.

FROM that time on he cannot look back, but only ahead. There has been nothing to prepare him for this severance with the past. To every President this comes, fresh and startling, the elimination of almost everything that has gone before, the cutting off of the old, the beginning anew of a life unlike any other life. But all of them have recognized it and admitted it, the revolutionary change in attitude even of their intimates, their families.

The President's attitude toward his friends has not changed, but theirs toward him. They are not even certain how to address him. They make quiet inquiries as to this man they once called by his first name.

"How do I speak to him?"

"The usual thing is to say 'Mr. President.'"

He has to grow accustomed to this new aloofness, to realize that he has paid a price for this exalted office which he has attained, to discover that his friends have lost their old frankness, and that even his family has difficulty in dissevering him from his position. Not at once, but in time, the awe and reverence for the office begin to affect them. There is an unconscious shifting of the old values.

Even the First Lady may be at a loss, at the beginning. Sometimes one has been known to ask:

"When I refer to my husband, what shall I call him?"

"It is customary to say 'the President.'"

So her husband becomes "the President," and in time she, too, identifies this man she has married with the office. Again and again men close to our Presidents have noticed the gradual ascendancy of the office over the man in the eyes of his family, the growing deference, and with it the unconscious shifting of relationships, so that the woman, once the vital factor in the family life, now voluntarily resigns her preëminence.

It is, however, on the day when he first walks along the corridor to the Executive Offices and seats himself at his desk that the full impact of the position begins to make itself felt. I have known six Presidents, and with five of them I have been able to discuss the office. All of them have stated that no conception of this impact can be gained outside the office, although each man has met it in his own way. President Harding once said that there should be an Assistant President of some sort, to divide the burden. President Wilson complained of the unimportant distractions to a distracting position. And recently President Hoover pointed out the enormous growth of the agency the President is now called upon to administer—so large and so responsible that there is barely time in the day for its demands.

Only a night or two ago a Justice of the Supreme Court said to me:

"It is a man-killing job, and growing worse."

But the man who walks along the corridor to his office for the first time is facing other things, along with his new duties. He is facing, for example, the fact that he no longer belongs to himself, but to the nation. To that end, from that day on, his safety is watched, day and night; his health is under constant supervision, and even his habits and his food are watched.

HE HAS only one privilege. That is to leave any gathering, in the White House or without, before the others may depart.

It is told of a new Cabinet officer, dining *en famille* at the White House, that he rose finally and said that he had a hard day before him, and thought he'd better be getting on! And I myself once did almost exactly that.

We were in the upstairs sitting-room, Doctor Rinehart and myself, and it was growing late. Finally I asked:

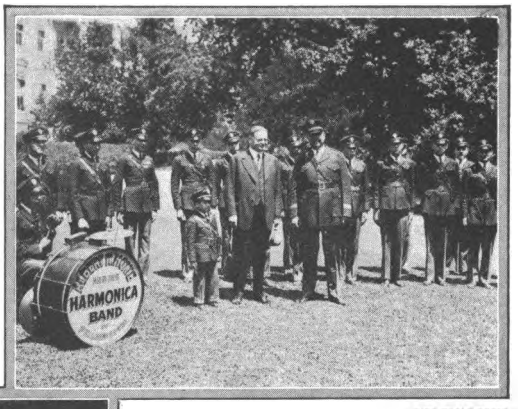
"How are we supposed to know when to go home?"

The President smiled.

"That is my one and only privilege," he said. "I go first."

Presidents must have music, too. At left: The United States Marine Band, conducted by John Philip Sousa, plays the latest Sousa march

And there has to be time out for a bit of mouth-organ harmony supplied by the Philadelphia Harmonica Band and mascot (right)



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

At right: When champion spellers of the country go to Washington for their annual spelling bee, the President must congratulate them

Below: The President takes keen interest in the national champions in model airplane building, as they show him their creations

©HARRIS & EWING

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

And soon he took what had certainly looked like a hint, rose, shook hands, gave the First Lady his arm, and went out. I still blush when I remember that.

To keep the President fit, the doctors prescribe exercise. That exercise, however, is now merely a national duty. It ceases to be play, or even relaxation. The President exercises his body because his body belongs to the country, and during the last three administrations the burdens of the office have so grown that the only available time for exercise is in the early morning.

Whether he has slept well, or has been called from his bed at midnight to issue some statement for the morning papers, if a President is to exercise at all he must rise early. President Hoover, for example, rises at six-thirty, to meet his "medicine ball cabinet" at seven. By doing so he achieves thirty minutes of physical work-out. At seven-thirty that is over, and he has an hour and a quarter to bathe, shave, dress, breakfast, read the morning papers, and prepare for the day; a day which lasts from eight-forty-five to six o'clock or later.

In other words, the mere physical problem of a position which has grown beyond recognition since the days of Roosevelt and Taft is a difficult one. President Coolidge was apparently able to keep fit without exercise or relaxation, but he had special qualities which enabled him to do so. And the time has long gone when the office allowed time for relaxation of any sort—when Roosevelt tramped and rode, and by some miracle of energy wrote his many books; when even Lincoln had time to play with his children.

TO a nervously constituted man this constant espionage over his safety and his health can become a persistent irritation. Indeed, one or two of our recent Presidents have frankly defied it, and one of them died in office as a result. Most of them, however, yield to it as a part of their duty to the position.

Naturally, the new President does not face the full impact of the position at the beginning. His day is more or less arbitrarily arranged for him, by long custom; the mail first, sifted and eliminated, but still containing an astonishing number of letters from people who expect and demand a letter from the President himself. Following the mail, at ten o'clock, the beginning of ten-minute appointments and possibly a Cabinet meeting. In the afternoon, officers of the government, congressmen and senators.

MEANWHILE, the new President is attempting to form his organization, those men who are to assist him in fulfilling his party pledges, made before his election. And here at once, and throughout his administration, he faces a difficulty which is increasing with the years.

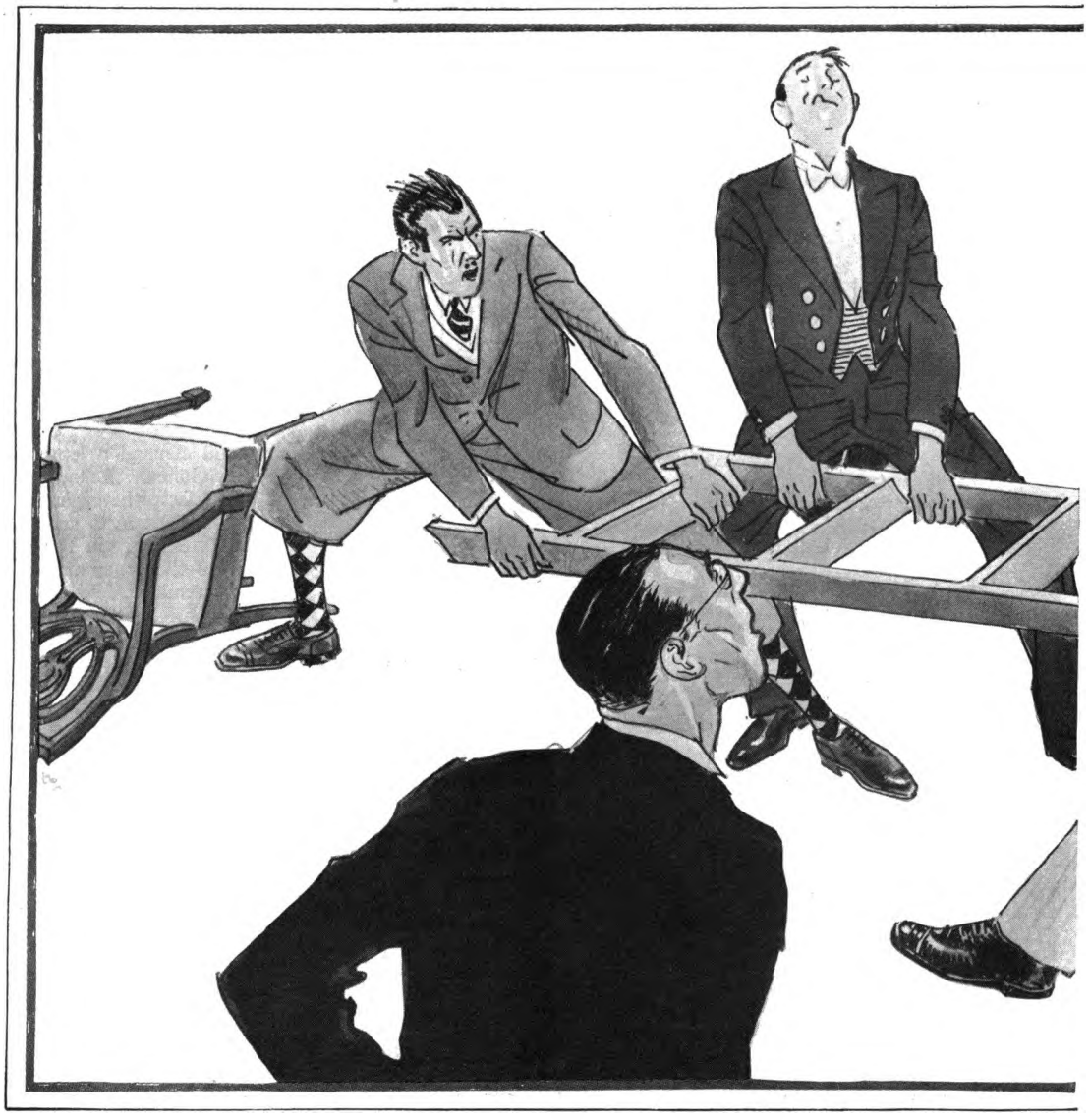
He needs help. He is only one man, with a colossal job to administer. For the Presidency has changed in the last sixteen years, as the country has grown in size and importance. Thus, in Roosevelt's time, less than a third of a million officers and clerks sufficed to carry on the work of the Federal Government. Today the new President finds himself at the head of an agency employing a million persons. The annual cost of government has risen in the same time from one billion to four billion and a half dollars annually.

Yet, to carry on this vast business, the President has no greater number of personal assistants and advisers than before. The Cabinet has not been enlarged.

The choice of these advisers, then, becomes of primary importance. From the moment of his election, steadily increasing pressure has been brought to bear on him for these appointments. Every part of the country desires representation; every individual who has worked to elect him wants recognition, generally in the shape of public office. Groups and delegations file in, present their case, file out again.

And while this is going on, the President is besieged for minor offices which are not in his gift; even for jobs on the police force in remote cities!

To make these selections and at the same time arouse the minimum of antagonism is a severe strain. A President is directly responsible for the actions of the (*Continued on page 110*)



If I Were You

Syd has to choose between a hair tonic and an earldom

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

SYD regarded her incuriously. His mind was still occupied with his wrongs.

"'Ullo," he said. "You back?"

Ma Price endorsed the conjecture lugubriously.

Polly, who had been merely a listener, reëntered the conversation.

"Sir Herbert and Lady Lydia went to look for you, Mrs. Price."

Ma Price nodded. Her demeanor was that of a woman with much on her mind, and heavy stuff, at that.

"I seen 'em. I just bin talking to 'em."

Syd exploded shrilly. The blood of a long line of fighting ancestors seemed to be coming out in him.

"Oh, you 'ave, 'ave you?" he said truculently. "Well, I'd like to talk to 'em myself." His voice rose, and Ma Price, wincing, pressed a protesting hand to her forehead. "I'll give 'em a bit of my mind."

"Don't shout, dearie," pleaded Ma Price plaintively. "I've got such a neadache. Polly, my dear, I'm dyin' for a cup of tea."

"I'll go upstairs and make you some."

"In short," said Tony, "Polly, put

Sir Herbert leaped like a young lamb in springtime and, descending, found himself with one leg between the rungs. "Stop it!" he bellowed. "Can't you see you're pulling me apart?"

the kettle on." He went with her to the Ladies' Department door. "I'll come and help. We'll toast muffins together—Tony and Polly!"

"Tony and Polly!"

She slid her hand into his, and they went out. Syd turned sourly to resume his investigations.

"What," he inquired in an acid tone, "did bloomin' Lydia and blasted 'Erbert want to see you about?"

Thus shockingly did he allude to an honored baronet and the daughter of a hundred earls. But he was deeply moved.

A RATHER hunted look had come into Ma Price's eyes. She seemed uncomfortable and embarrassed.

"Just arguin' with me, dearie. Tellin' me not to give me evidence."

Syd had suspected as much, but this did not prevent his rising to new and yet more impressive heights of righteous wrath.

"That was all, was it? Merely tamperin' with me star witness on the eve of the trial? Coo! They're a nice lot. As 'igh-principled a brace of snakes in the grass as you'd want to meet in a month of Sundays! I'm not sure I couldn't 'ave them sent to the jug for that."

"Sir Rerbert seems to feel the 'ole thing very deep, dear."

"'E'll feel it deeper by the time I've got through with 'im."

"'E don't seem to think you're quite suited for your exalted position."

"Ho! And why not?" Syd pierced her with a cross-examining counsel's gimlet eye. "Look 'ere," he demanded, "what's your mental picture of an earl?"

Ma Price was bewildered.

"I dunno," she said helplessly.

"You imagine 'e's an 'ell of a josser, don't you?—goin' to concerts with one hand and ridin' mustangs with the other. Well, you're wrong; see? Seventy per cent of 'em never attended a concert in their lives. And eighty-five . . . I mean, one or two . . . can't ride."

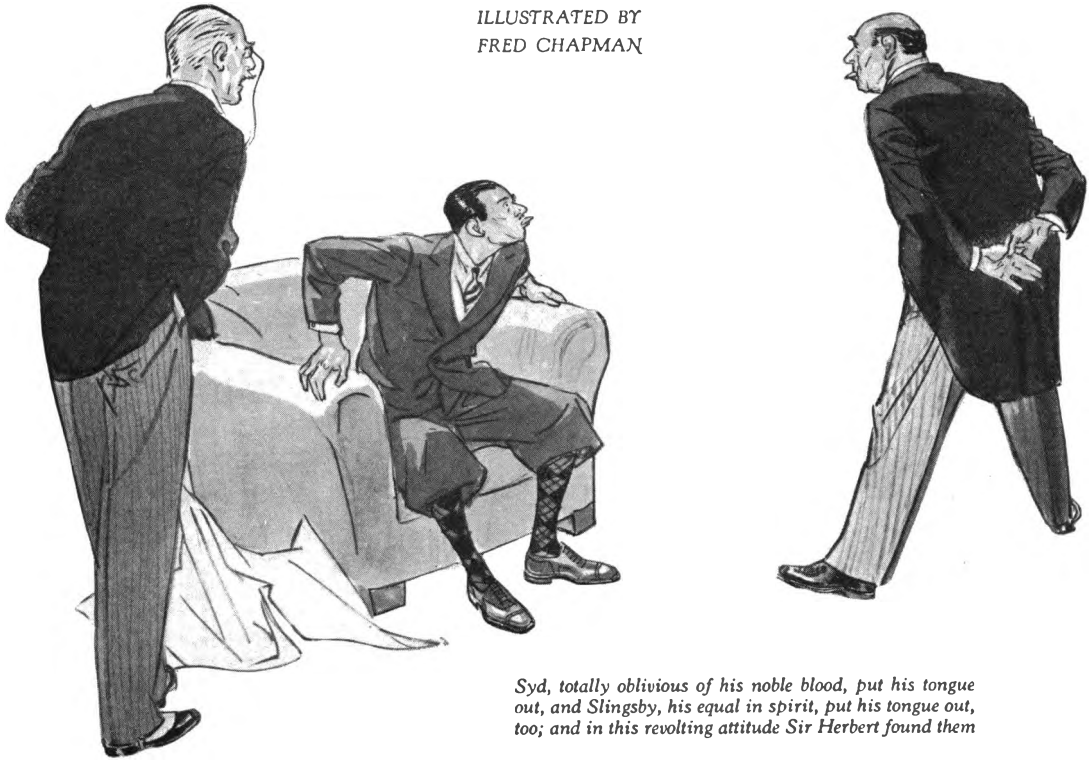
"WELL, you know, I suppose," said Ma Price doubtfully.

"Certainly I know. I've been studyin' the question. And all this joss they've been puttin' over on me is so much applesauce."

Ma Price was groping on the shelf below the shaving mirror.

. "Oh, dear!" she moaned. "Me 'ead's fairly splittin'. Where's that spray of eau de Cologne you used to keep 'ere?"

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED CHAPMAN



Syd, totally oblivious of his noble blood, put his tongue out, and Slingsby, his equal in spirit, put his tongue out, too; and in this revolting attitude Sir Herbert found them

"I tell you, I'll make as good an earl as any of 'em."

Ma Price suspended her quest to gaze at him mournfully.

"But will you be 'appy, dearie?"

"Of course I'll be 'appy."

Ma Price sighed.

"You used to be 'appy once. In this very shop. 'Ow long ago it seems now, and it's only two weeks . . . I can't find that spray."

"Look on the top shelf."

"Remember the teas we used to 'ave? What a boy you were for the sausage and mashed!" She sighed again. "If you're goin' to be an earl, I won't be able to cook you no more sausage and mashed."

THIS plainly shook Syd. For an instant, he definitely weakened. Then he was firm again.

"Life," he said Napoleonically, "ain't all sausage and mashed. There's me destiny to be considered."

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!"

"It's no use cryin' over spilt milk. What is to be will be."

"You used to be so 'appy once, workin' in this shop."

She sniveled wretchedly, and Syd, who had seen the street door open, uttered a warning "Oy!" Violet Waddington had returned from her shopping, and had come, cold and haughty, to interview Tony on the subject of his recent decision. Outwardly cool and unmoved, she was boiling inwardly with an indignation almost as righteous as Syd's.

"Oh!" she said, looking from one to the other. "I wanted to see . . . well, 'Mr. Price,' I suppose I ought to say."

Syd thought her choice of names very proper. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"Price upstairs," he said crisply. "Getting tea with Polly Brown."

Violet's lips tightened.

"How very domestic!" She uttered a sound which was half an exclamation and half a titter. "Well, it would be cruel to interrupt him at such a moment, wouldn't it? Perhaps you will tell him I came back and suggest that he write to me. He will understand."

"Oh, 'ere it is, at last," said Ma Price suddenly. She had found the missing spray.

"It's just about a little matter we were discussing when I left," explained Violet. "I want to know what he has decided."

"I'll go and tell 'im you're 'ere."

"Thank you so much."

"Pleasure mine," said Syd courteously. "Toodle-oo . . . I mean, see you later."

He withdrew. And Ma Price, who was busy with the spray, felt that something in the nature of an apology was in order.

"You'll excuse me doin' this, miss, won't you?" she said, ceasing for a moment to press the trigger. "I've got a neadache."

"I should think everybody has, this afternoon," said Violet. "I hope I didn't interrupt a private conversation?"

"Oh, no, miss. We was just talkin'. Syd's set on bein' an earl, and I was tryin' to make him see it wouldn't do."

Violet stared. These, she felt, were deep waters.

"But that's very odd, isn't it?"

"Odd, miss?"

"Well, considering you're the principal witness to prove that he *is* an earl . . ."

The hunted look had come into Ma Price's face again. She quivered miserably.

"Oh, miss!" she moaned. "I wonder whether I done right."

"If you ask me," said Violet, "*No!* He'll be miserable."

"That's exactly what I thought, miss. Seein' him in 'ere, all upset and un'appy, with his bruises and all. . . . So when Sir Rerbert come to me outside the chapel, I done what I done."

Violet could make nothing of this.

"I don't think I quite understand. What did you do?"

Ma Price looked apprehensively at the door. She sank her voice to a whisper.

"Oh, miss," she quavered, "I 'adn't the 'eart to tell Syd just now, but I signed a paper Sir Rerbert wrote out for me, ebsolutely denyin' that there was any truth in my story!"

SUDDEN elation stuns as effectively as sudden disaster. For an appreciable number of seconds after hearing these words, Violet Waddington stood silent, incapable of speech. Then she gulped, and found utterance.

"What!"

"Yes, miss." Ma Price looked hopefully at her. What she was needing at

the moment was a little moral support. "I hope I did right?"

"I think you did quite right," Violet said slowly.

She clicked her teeth on the words which she had intended to add. Tony had come in.

"Your tea's ready, Nannie." He saw Violet and nodded curtly.

"Go and get your tea, Mrs. Price," said Violet. "I'm sure you need it."

Ma Price agreed.

"You never spoke a truer word, dearie. I could drink a jugful."

TONY followed her to the door and closed it after her. Then he came back to Violet. He was a little puzzled. Violet's eye, encountered upon his entry, had surprised him. It was not the eye of the furious and thwarted woman he supposed her to be. It had had a light, a warmth.

Presuming that the solution of this mystery was that she had returned with the intention of arguing with him and endeavoring to change his purpose with blandishments and soft words, he stiffened defensively.

He wasted no time. He came to the point at once.

"Well, Vi . . . I've told him," he said, and braced himself for the storm.

It did not come. She was looking at him with an odd smile.

"The whole truth?"

"The whole truth."

The smile became a tender benediction. So might a lady of old have smiled on her knight who had proved himself "parfait" and "gentil."

"That was fine of you, Tony."

"What!"

Violet drew closer and pressed her two hands against his arms. She looked up at him. Behind him, she had seen Polly come through the door, and she spoke rapidly:

"Poor stupid Tony! Did you really think I meant it when I said I'd throw you over if you told him? I only did it to test you, dear. I wanted to see if you were square and decent enough to do the right thing in spite of everything."

He stared at her dumbly.

"I think you deserve a kiss, Tony," said Violet.

She drew his face down and kissed him.

"Now I must go," she said briskly. "I've a million things to do. Come and see me tonight when you shut up shop!"

She turned and went out, and Tony stared after her. A little gray tinge had come into his face.

Polly spoke.

"Tony."

He whipped round. She was standing in the doorway. There was a cup in her hand.

"I brought your tea, Tony," said Polly in a small voice. "It was getting cold."

Tony choked.

"I'm not a cad, Polly," he said slowly.

"I know you're not, Tony."

"Do you mind if I sit down? I'm feeling rather giddy."

He sank into a chair, and put his hands over his face. Then he looked up.

"You saw that?"

"Yes."

"You heard what she said?"

"Yes."

His frozen calm gave way to a sudden wild frenzy. He beat on the arm of the chair with his fist.

"What the devil am I to do?"

"You'll have to marry her."

"She said if I gave the game away to Syd . . . told him what the family were up to . . . making a fool of him to try to freeze him out . . . she was through with me. Now she says she never meant it. It was just some damned test . . . I can't back out now."

"No."

"If she's as fine and straight as that . . ."

"Yes."

The frenzy seized him again.

"But, Polly! . . . Oh, my lord! . . ."

"It's bad luck."

"Bad luck!" He laughed hysterically. "Losing you! Bad luck!"

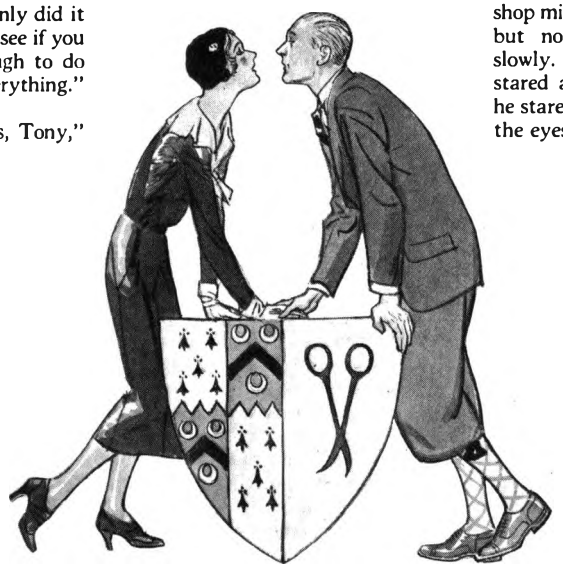
"It's the only way . . . We'd better say good-by."

"But, Polly . . ."

"I forgot me spray," said Ma Price behind them.

SHE tottered into the shop and made for the shelf. Like Polly, she was carrying a cup of tea—a fact which brought an outraged Syd charging in in her wake.

"'Ere, what's the idea?" he demanded.



"I came back after me spray, dearie."

"You silly old geezer, you walked off with my cup of tea!"

This was news to Ma Price. She looked at the cup, puzzled.

"Did I?"

Syd was agitated.

"I 'ope to Gawd," he said devoutly, "you aren't goin' to go off your onion and suffer loss of memory, with the trial coming up in a month's time! That would fairly put the kibosh on it."

Ma Price made an odd, bleating sound.

"Syd . . . there's something I'll 'ave to tell you."

"And there's somethin' you'll 'ave to tell the Committee of the 'Ouse of Lords—remember that."

THROUGH the shop door, breaking in on this tense moment, came a group of three: Lady Lydia, followed by Sir Herbert Bassinger and Violet. Syd glared formidably.

"Ho!" he cried. "The Artful Dodgers—male and female! Sir 'Erbert and Lady Lydia Serpent-Bassinger!"

If Sir Herbert had been of the other sex, one would have said that he bridled. He puffed his chest out, and turned a light purple.

"None of that, please!"

Syd laughed hideously.

"None of that, eh? When I know all about your nice little plot? Don't make me laugh, I've got a split lip. You think you're going to freeze me out of me lawful in'eritance, do you? A fat chance! I'll see it through in spite of you all."

"You won't," said Lady Lydia.

Syd turned to meet this new attack.

"Ho! And why not?"

"Because," said Sir Herbert, "I have here a paper, signed by Mrs. Price and duly witnessed, in which she absolutely denies that there was any truth in her story."

A high-explosive shell falling in the shop might have disconcerted Syd more, but not much more. His jaw fell slowly. He stared at Sir Herbert. He stared at Lady Lydia. Then, turning, he stared at Ma Price, and his eyes were the eyes of Cæsar gazing upon Brutus.

"What!"

Ma Price sniffed uneasily.

"That was what I wanted to tell you, dearie!" she said.

Tony had come forward.

"May I see that?"

"Yes," said Sir Herbert. "And keep it safe."

He handed him the paper, and Tony, walking to the shaving chair, sat on its arm, reading with a frown.

Ma Price was speaking again.

"I'm sure I 'ope I done right. The lady 'ere said I did."

(*Continued on page 142*)

Friends Around the House

By LEONARD FALKNER

DECORATION BY DAVID HENDRICKSON

WE WERE standing on the terrace of an old English home at Sea Cliff, Long Island—a clinker brick cottage surrounded by wide lawns, elm trees and firs, deep patches of shrubbery. The little, broad-shouldered man in tweed knickers at my side was J. J. Levison, a nationally known landscape forester.

He looked into the foliage of the trees around us, seemed to smile a greeting.

"The best friends a man can have. Everybody ought to plant something—a tree, a bush, or a flower. It adds to the richness of life. Watching it grow brings an interest in nature, in the sun and the rain. I have seen a poor man tending a shrub he had planted in his dooryard, and getting more pleasure out of it than if he had owned a show place; and I have seen a rich man more concerned over a little, diseased two-dollar bush he had set out with his own hands than he was over all the rest of his estate.

"These trees"—with a wave of his hand—"have been my friends for five years. They will be my friends for the rest of my life; and after that my children's and my grandchildren's."

Five years to create this home which looked as if it had been there for fifty! It seemed an impossible achievement, even though it had been done by an expert. But I knew it was true. For I knew that this site, with its thick shrubbery and flowers, its big trees, had been merely a ragged patch of ground five years before, a dried-up pond filled with swamp grass and weeds. And I knew the story of J. J. Levison, the immigrant boy who had wanted a beautiful home more than anything else in the world, and in the process had become a forester.

"To have done all this," I said, "you must know many secrets of home planting. Tell me some of them."

"The best way to tell you," he answered, "is to show you. My home is my working model. Let's take a walk around."

WE CAME to the front of the house, where a big elm spread its shade over the lawn, where hemlock and sweet gum, masses of birch and dogwood, stood.

"What is your impression?" he asked.

I stared for a moment.

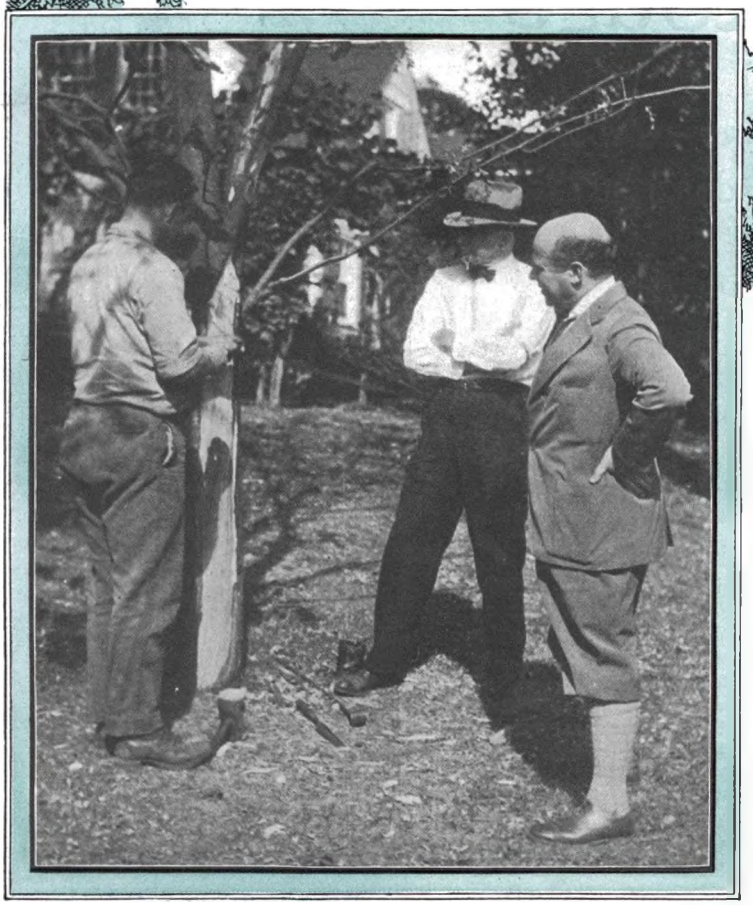
"That it has all been here for years. That it has grown up, developed naturally."

He nodded, smiled.

"That is just the impression which the well-arranged home should give. The secret of art, someone once said, is to hide the artist. It is even more important in ornamental planting. Many of those trees came out of a forest, and so did the dogwood and many of the wild flowers you see. Yet they look as if they have been here all their lives. The more natural a home looks, the more charming it is.

"Trees arranged too symmetrically give a studied effect that is hard on the eyes. They make a place look like a blueprint instead of a water color. Each tree should have its purpose, but that purpose should not be a rigid balance That dogwood beside the house, for example. Notice how it is bent to follow the line of the roof, and how it softens that line I found it in the woods and planted it there, because that was where it belonged. The same is true of that big

An expert landscape forester offers useful suggestions for planting and caring for trees and shrubs to beautify your home



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS

Cementing a rotted trunk. J. J. Levison, at the right, superintends a major surgical operation on an ailing tree

elm. It provided shade just where a patch of shade was needed. And that vine climbing up the wall in the corner. How bare and hard the wall would look without it!"

"But how," I asked, "did you manage to transplant these big trees? Isn't it difficult to move them safely?"

"Not," he answered, "if you know the trees. Trees are like persons, and you have to make friends of them before you can understand them. All have their peculiarities, their little personal traits. They grow best where the climate and the soil suit them best. Know what they like to eat, and feed it to them; know how they like to live. That is the secret.

"In planting trees around your house," he went on, "select those that grow naturally in the vicinity. Don't go in for a lot of exotic varieties. They are too hard to keep, and they often look out of place. The elm grows naturally in most sections of the country. It is one of the best of the lawn trees, having a wide-spreading, umbrella-like crown. That one on the lawn came from another part of the estate, where it had stood for fifty years. We merely dug a deep trench, about twelve feet in diameter, around its base, lifted it out, and moved it; and it has been as happy in its new home as it was in its old."

"DO YOU often move trees as large as this?" I asked.

"For some of my clients I have moved many bigger ones," he answered. "The purpose of the wide trench is to have a large ball of earth around the roots. The small roots that extend beyond the ball are not cut, but are 'combed out,' as we say. That is, they are freed from the ground and laid back on the ball of earth with great care, so as not to damage them.

"Then, if the tree is not too big, it is laid over on a specially constructed truck and moved by horse power or tractor to its new position. Once in place, the transplanted tree must be sustained against wind pressure with stout stays for at least two growing seasons.

"SOMETIMES trees of this kind are transplanted because their grace and picturesqueness are needed in a particular place for a landscape effect; also, I have known trees of great size to be moved long distances mainly for reasons of sentiment. I have in mind a banker here on Long Island who owns an estate of several hundred acres. His wife grew up in a town in southern New England. On the lawn of her girlhood home stood a large, spreading green beech. As a child she played under it, and she loved it.

"Ten years ago, this tree, which had attained a height of forty-five feet and a diameter of forty-two inches, was taken up, placed aboard a scow, and brought to Long Island. It was then hauled three miles overland; and now, to the delight of this banker and his wife, it stands magnificently on the lawn of their Long Island home. The cost of moving it was more than five thousand dollars, but I have heard the owner and his wife say that they would not part with the big tree for any consideration.

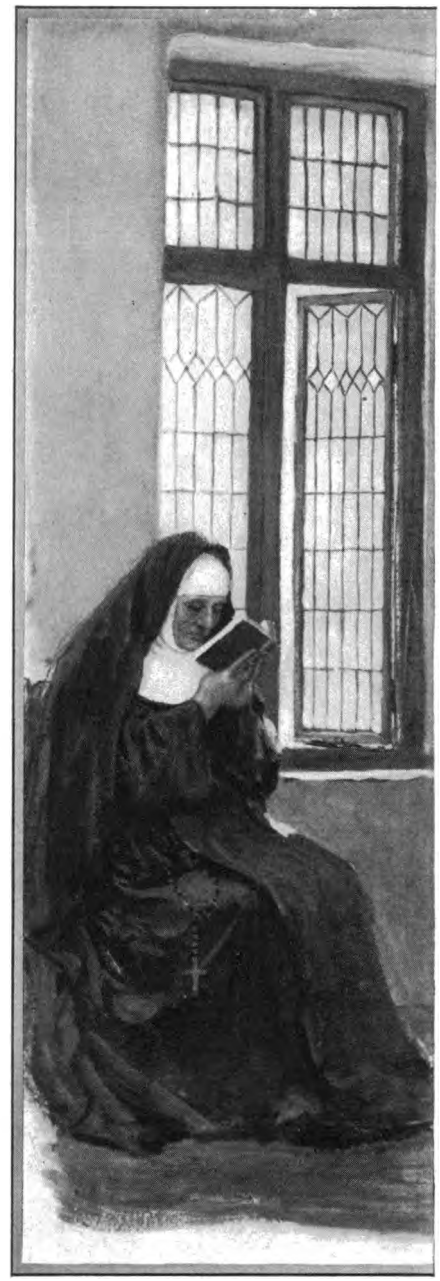
"Several years ago, another man I know heard that a tall weeping beech, thirty-six inches in diameter, was to be cut down to make way for an apartment house in Flushing, Long Island. For a comparatively small sum he bought the tree and moved it on a truck to his place at Great Neck, six miles away. It was transported through the streets of several towns. The moving was done at night so as (*Continued on page 90*)

War Paint and Rouge

Captain Cardress calls upon a lovely lady and meets Death face to face

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN PRICE



"A DIRTY business, my lords and gentlemen!"

So thought Captain John Cardress when he contemplated his mission as spy in Louisbourg, the greatest French citadel in Canada. Hither he had come, accepted by the French as a Scot who hated the King of England and so would join other distinguished Scots in helping to fight against English domination in America.

The captain, American-born and master of many languages, had set out from New York, weeks before, accompanied by a French prisoner-servant, Sandi, whom he had taken to be a boy. But at Fort Edward he discovered that Sandi had deceived him; she was no boy, but a beautiful French girl, and quite evidently cultured. The captain forthwith fell in love with her. Then, one day, as the French were executing a surprise attack against Fort Edward, Sandi escaped, leaving a letter for Captain Cardress. "Now I go to fulfill my mission," she wrote; "and I pray that God, and this news, may reconcile you to think less angrily of one who never yet has had husband or lover, but who, in happier times, might have seen both of these in you, John Cardress."

In a rage at her the captain lived for days, but calmed himself, perforce, when the time came for him to begin his perilous journey into French territory, there to act as a spy and so help England and her American colonies to win the great French and Indian War. In his secret work he was aided by Santu, an Indian girl, daughter of one of his former warrior guides. En route to Louisbourg, he saw Sandi as she traveled northward with Montcalm's army. Now she was disguised as a peasant girl.

"Do you suppose that only men can hear the call of honor?" This question was her only explanation to Cardress of her strange and dangerous conduct.

In Louisbourg, he encountered her again—this time at a fashionable ball, where the astonished captain was presented to his own beloved Sandi, now in her true identity as the Duchesse de Boïens.

Hiding the fact that they had met before, they later left the other dancers and walked far out on the lonely battlements of the city. There she explained that she had come to America to escape La Pompadour, mistress of the King of France, who was seeking to lock her in the Bastille; and also to warn her kinsman, Charles Follis, of his peril from the British king and so, perchance, save him from the gallows in the event of his capture. (This same Charles Follis, together with the Chevalier Johnstone, was the quarry for whom Cardress had been sent into the French fortress-city!) Sandi, knowing why Cardress was in Louisbourg, demanded that he leave at once, but he refused. "I love you better than life," he explained, "but not better than honor. I will not betray my country nor my orders." Her love for him was too deep to permit her to expose him, so they agreed, for the time, to remain simply lovers.

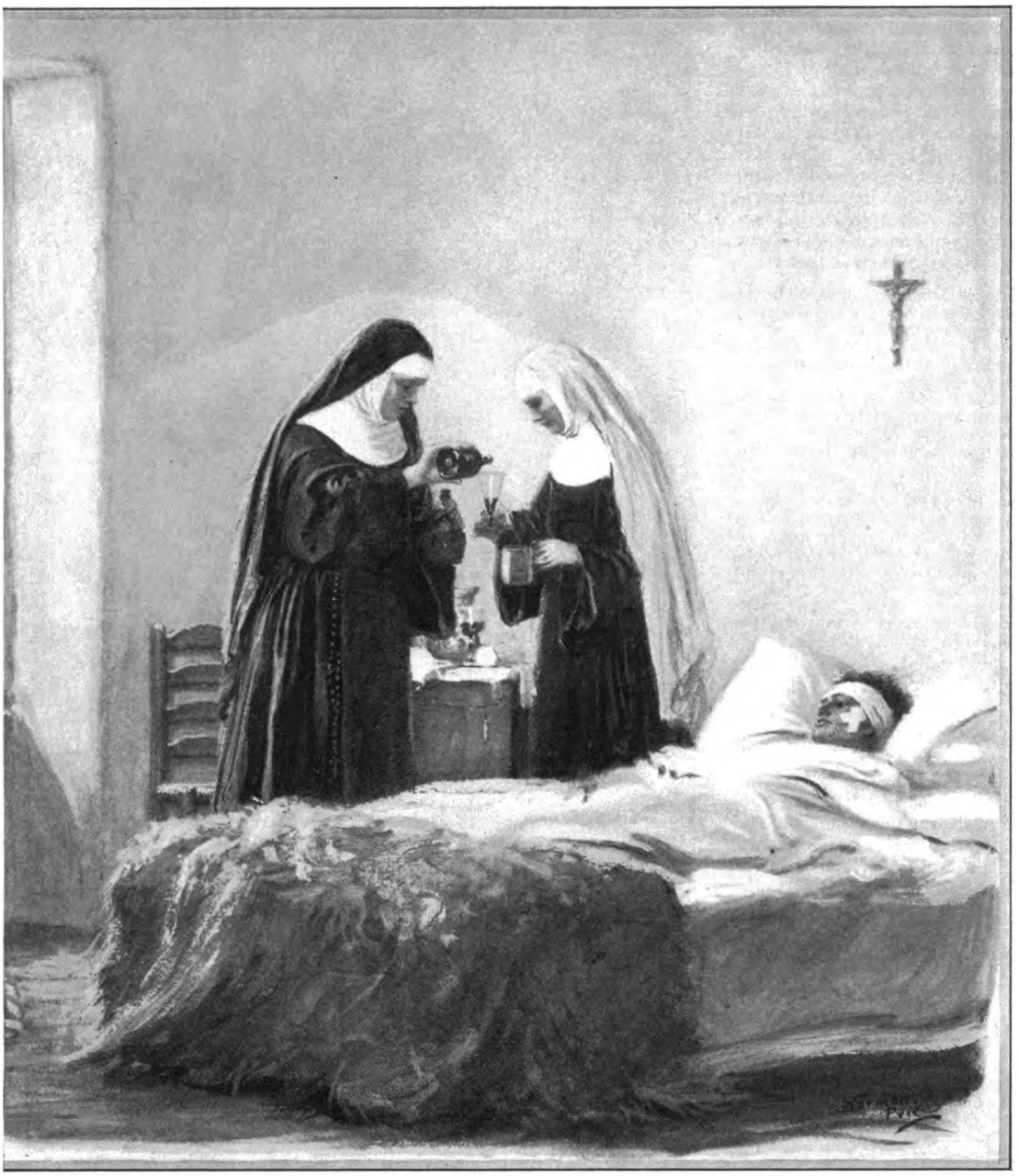
"I advise you," she said, "to lay siege to my heart and carry it by storm before the English lay siege to this city and so end forever all tenderness that ever was between you and me."

Now go on with the story. . . .

IN NOVEMBER the snow flew and, all around, the northern world was shrouded in crystal-beaded cerements of white. Shoreward, gray waters raced, dashing and clashing over brittle skins of ice, and burst into a million cutting crystals amidst the shadowy, sagging foliage of black pines.

Seaward, icy vapors writhed, brooded, or drenched the pale and sickly sun till he languished and died in a smothering deluge of flowing fog. And, through it, spectral shapes of icebergs sailed out of gray and empty space into pallid depths, to vanish in a hushed and silvery dusk.

The winter in the fortress-city of Louisbourg was a gay one; and that it was gay, cheerful, and confident was



When I became conscious again, I could see two nuns measuring and pouring liquids from flasks into cup and tumblers

due to the Governor, the Chevalier de Drucour, and his high-minded wife. Brave, honest, devoted—Drucour saw himself tricked and cheated by Bigot in Canada, abandoned and betrayed at home by a courtesan into whose scented hands had slipped the fate of France. Jane Fish, called the Marquise de Pompadour, was far more worried by the sardonic laughter of Frederick the Great than by the plight of New France, now trembling upon its foundations from Montreal to Louisbourg before the mighty menace of England.

Well, none of this did the gay folk of Louisbourg know, but I knew that the British Lion would never let go his claw-grip on North America; and I knew that the Gallic Cock would go down to death fighting till the end of all.

I had several pretty notes from the Governor's wife, signed Courserac de Drucour, asking me to various entertainments at the Palace—dances, dinners, and, above all, cards—for everybody was forever playing cards in Louisbourg that winter, and that was one of the evils which ruined many—that and the great number of duels fought between officers of different regiments. It bored me who did not play cards, for I found gaming tables in every parlor and drawing-room.

Meanwhile, my sinister activities remained perfectly unsuspected, and I sent out a weekly report in cipher, which a Souriquois runner, procured for me by Santu, carried to the British at Halifax.

I paid a few Spanish dollars for services that all the millions of the British Crown could not hire me to perform; and how those Souriquois ever succeeded, I cannot understand, when even a sea gull could scarce live in those freezing hurricanes out of Labrador or face the polar ice grinding and groaning from the Gut of Canso to the Grand Banks.

But, somehow, my reports got through to Halifax and to New York, and thence to London and to Pitt—information as to the number of men and guns, physical condition of the fortifications, best landing places for attacking forces, and so on. The garrison consisted of about four thousand men, and there were two hundred and twenty-one cannon and eighteen mortars accounted for in my reports. Also I sent such facts and suggestions as these:

It is suggested that our ships shall fire at the barracks near the Queen's Bastion, which are very combustible.

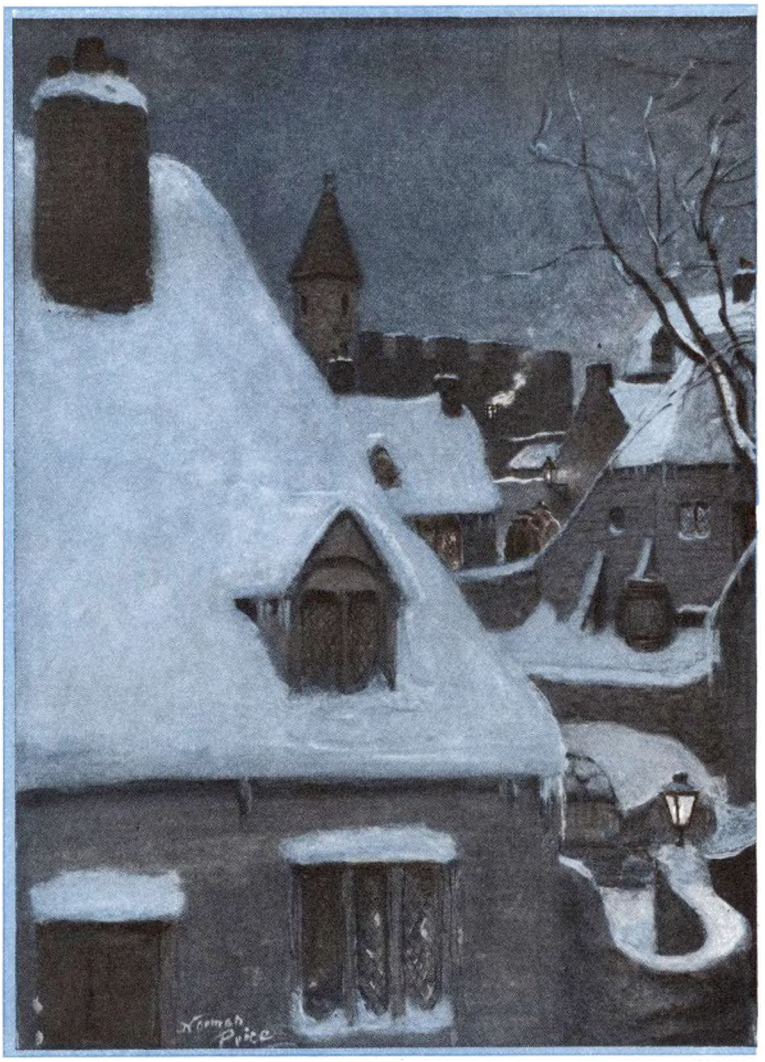
A raging surf, thick fog, and a gale are to be expected on this coast at any moment, summer or winter.

There is no possible doubt that Louisbourg is the strongest fortress in North America. Frost is the great destroyer. Walls and gates near the King's and Dauphin's Bastions have cracked and scaled off. Great blocks of stone have fallen into the moat. Fire at such places. The city walls are a mile and a half in length. The strongest buildings in it, and those which may be armed and defended, are the Chapel, Government House, Convent, Hospital, and the King's Storehouses.

Few warships are here, but many are expected to defend Gabarus Bay and the waters of Île Royale.

I HEAR you say: "Sir, it was a dirty business you did in Louisbourg in 1758." You are right, madam, it was dirty. But always in all wars there is dirty business to do, which *somebody* must perform. I am sorry I was chosen to do it. Most of all I hated to compromise and betray those Camerons and M'Donalds and those other Scots who had supported Bonnie Prince Charlie and were nearly annihilated at Culloden.

Hither these had come to escape hanging in Scotland and England—Cameron men, M'Donalds—the terrible claymore men who had rushed upon the English with frightful and Gaelic yells and whose comrades had fallen in countless numbers under British musketry.



A little servant maid gently thrust into my gloved hand a small, three-cornered bit of paper

Charles Follis, now major in the Foreign Legion, and the Chevalier Johnstone I had to cheat and deceive. My military oath made it my duty to watch these two fine gentlemen so closely that, if the city were besieged and taken, they could not escape British vengeance and a nasty death at Tyburn.

But Sandi had put a stop to anything of that sort. There was no slightest chance she would suffer a Follis to hang, even if it meant the death of the man she loved. And I shuddered slightly as I recollected what once she had said about self-destruction in the event of being obliged to denounce me. I did not for one instant doubt this young woman capable of doing both.

AND all this time I was wildly enamored of the little Duchesse de Boïens, and was becoming more desperately in love with her every day.

Not that I saw her every day. Oh, lord, no! I saw her at dances, at dinners, at various frolics where ladies and gentlemen of quality and consequence gathered. I even sat through enervating evenings with a polite smirk on my features, watching her play cards, merely for the sake of being in the same room with her.

But, except for these occasions and when driving or walking,

I expected to slip and break my neck on the icy balcony —and would rather have done so than miss the chance of seeing this charming girl

I never saw the little duchess any more—never alone except for a few moments at some ball; once at a masquerade, where I had her to myself for nearly an hour. But there was no more opportunity for the liberty which we had enjoyed, no chance for conversation unobserved, and none at all for endearments or disputes, or embraces or quarrels—no, all that was ended very definitely.

FOR Madame la Duchesse—with a couple of healthy young peasant girls as retainers and a few assorted and loutish habitants to cook, wait on table, and attend her Grace as footman or coachman—was in residence where the Governor and his lady also dwelt in official pomp and circumstance. That is to say, in a new stone wing of Government House extending along the rue de la Flotte, or Fleet Street.

Well, being violently in love, the conditions and restrictions were repugnant to me; for, as the young duchess so sensibly observed, if I showed the least pretensions of paying serious court to this young lady, the Scots in Louisbourg would carve me with their dirks, claymores, and skean dhus; and the French nobility and colonial gentry, as she remarked, were very likely to cut me into slithereens with their nasty little court swords

A perfectly maddening prospect to a man extravagantly in love.

Now, I don't know how the rumor reached Île Royale that Jane Fish, the Pompadour, learning of the Duchesse de Boïens' flight from Paris, had not only attempted to have her intercepted and fetched back for discipline, but was now dispatching an officer of the Crown to hunt her up wherever she might be in New France and, by virtue of a *lettre de cachet*, fetch her back summarily to reflect upon her enormities in the Bastille. One never can trace the origin of such rumors.

I WAS walking along the Street of the Little Birds—in fact, I was thinking of Sandi with the raging and amorous impatience of any lover—when, passing me, a little servant maid in starched white *bonnet-à-cornet* and fluted collarette, gently thrust into my gloved hand a small, three-cornered bit of paper.

Back in my lodgings and burning with curiosity, I read the billet from Sandi:

My poor Lover—

Here is a pretty pickle in which I am like to swim, and out of which brine I hope you'll fish me before, in fact, I fall into it all! Which sounds Irish but is Scottish-French!

Alas, darling, troubles come thick and fast upon me. Traveling in disguise and very sure that my friend, Jane Fish, meant to stop me and send me as her guest to that fat, four-towered castle of hers in Paris if she could catch me, nevertheless I reached New York—you know *how!*—and, ultimately, Louisbourg, dressed like a camp wench.

God alone knows how Pompadour has learned of my presence here, but she has, and she means to display all her cruelty and power in seizing me here and sending me aboard a king's ship to France.

I can neither deny the symmetry of Jane Fish's arm, nor its length nor its terrible power, for she can, if she chooses, thrust this same arm across an ocean and make me prisoner here in this freezing fortress of the northern sea.

This news was fetched into Louisbourg by some partisans and officers of the Indian Department, who came in with the Micmac and Abenaqui scouts and Acadians last week. They heard it from the captain of one of Monsieur de Drucour's scout sloops off Halifax, who got it from our spies down from Quebec—that Pompadour has a *lettre de cachet* of the King to take me wherever encountered, and fetch me to France aboard one of our ships.

Now, my poor adored one, I have just learned that this *lettre de cachet* is on its way here *now!* Some wretched officer of the King is coming with Le Loutre's Indians—Boishebert's Abenaquis and Mission Savages, and the Souriquois.

Darling, I know you have bought some of our Souriquois. Be generous, then, and use them to stop this terrible gendarme sent by Pompadour. For if he comes into Louisbourg nobody can help me any longer, and I must go aboard the first king's ship that sails.

My friend John, you have me at your mercy. I can be of no aid to Charles Follis if this gendarme comes tramping into the presence of our Governor with a sackful of warrants!

Will you interpret your orders generously and stop this marplot out of Paris, and give me a chance to fight you fairly for the honor and safety of my kinsman? Or, will you choose to take a pedant's view—the narrow interpretation of a martinet—and leave me to look after myself, my honor, and my cousin? —SANDI

This reply I sent back to her by her little maid who loitered at my threshold:

Anything that has to do with police or gendarmes or with hangmen is utterly disgusting to me. And as for Jane Fish's gendarme, I have taken a dislike to him and shall see to it that neither he nor his documents annoy anybody in Louisbourg.

For heaven's sake, is there *no* way I can see you alone even for a moment?

To which I had this reply:

My iron balcony sags dangerously. Masons have a ladder there to repair the stones forced out by frost.

Does that convey any idea to you, my friend?

LEARNING first of all that a scout was going out, I, in order to avert all suspicion, went straight to Gautier, the *coureur-de-bois*, and volunteered to accompany him to Halifax if he and his Indians really could get that far. He laughed and said he was going only to scout out toward that port and Canso and Lunenburg, with some Souriquois trackers who were looking for English Indians to scalp for the bounty.

So, on snowshoes, I and three Souriquois went out with Gautier and his own Indians. And on the second day left them; and, being joined by Santu, proceeded until we ran across the northern party we had heard about, and its escort, moving slowly overland from Quebec to Île Royale. I had with me three young rapscallions—all full-blooded Souriquois—whom Santu had bought for me, soul and body, and who were wholly in my service. With me, in her caribou cape, came Santu herself.

When we caught a glimpse of the men composing the escort, who were nothing more than a dozen honest farmers picked up in Acadia by this emissary of Pompadour, we all laughed very heartily as we unslung our rifles.

I fixed my eyes on the widening aperture, which presently disclosed Santu in her pointed capuchin

They exchanged a long-range shot or two with me and my Souriquois, then ran for their lives, leaving the nearly exhausted gentleman from Versailles all alone on the snowy plain, and so petrified with terror that he had no power to run after them. Besides, he was very fat, and never before had been on snowshoes or seen an Indian.

I kept my pointed fur hood well down over my face as I came up to him; and I demanded his name and business in a disguised growl that seemed to frighten him terribly. All he could babble and repeat, while that little imp, Santu, and her Souriquois beaux were turning his clothing inside out to search him, was to stammer incessantly like a parrot, "*De par le Roi! Pour l'amour de Dieu, Messieurs les Peaux Rouges, ne m'enleve pas mes pauvres cheveux—*"

"Stop your silly noise," said I, taking the papers, warrants, documents with seals, and the royal harlot's *lettre de cachet* from the poor, trembling creature. "Nobody is going to scalp you if you conduct yourself like a gentleman. What is your name, if you please?"

In his terror he forgot his own name and quality for a while, but finally remembered them in a flood of tears.

I read the documents he carried, gave back all except the *lettre de cachet* and a few other papers bearing upon Sandi's case.

I said in the Souriquois dialect to Santu, "Get this cowardly fellow to the coast; signal the first English fisherman out of Canso, and send this gentleman and his papers a prisoner to the English commander at Halifax."

"Will they cut his throat there?" inquired the girl smilingly.

"No, they'll treat him well."

"Won't they take his scalp at all?" she demanded in dismay.

"No, you little devil of a savage. Come, then; take him to the coast under guard of your young friends here, and when you return I shall have your Spanish milled dollars all ready for you."

"*Tok!*" said the girl with a shrug. "I do it for you and not for your Spanish dollars, my pretty witch-captain!"

SHE came up to me like a young bear in her furs, pulled our hoods together, kissed me under their covers, then, laughing, stooped and made a snowball and hurled it at me, crying:

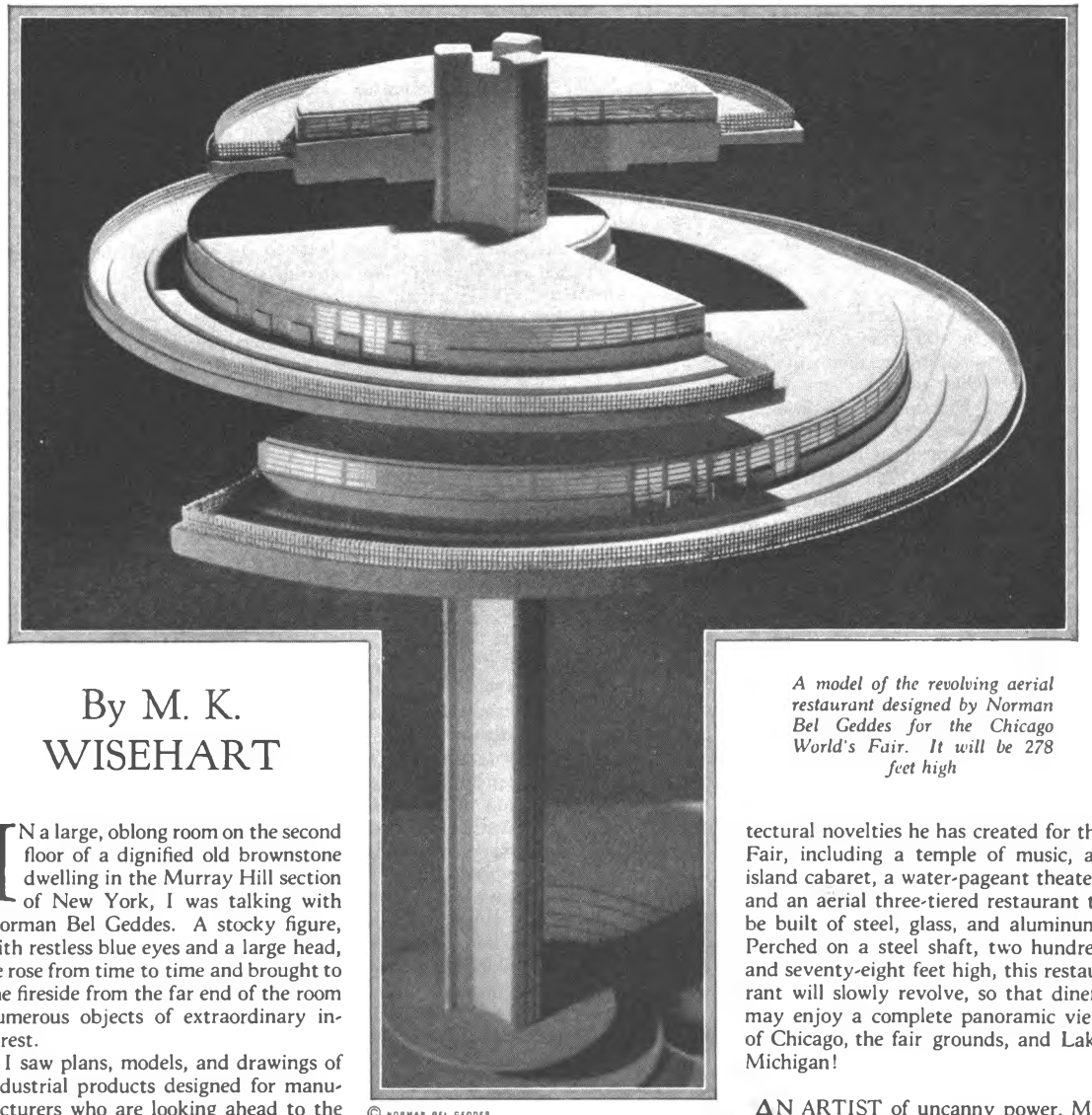
"*Vlan! Attrape, donc!*"

In another instant the three Souriquois, Santu, and I were indulging in a lively snowball battle, while the gendarme, his eyes fairly starting out of his apoplectic face, gazed wildly, incredulously, upon what, no doubt, he considered to be the behavior of five lunatics

"*Allons, donc!*" cried Santu to him. "We, also, are good fellows, *Monsieur le Gendarme Rouge!* All the agreeable people don't (*Continued on page 132*)

Are YOU Afraid of the Unexpected?

A famous American designer sees a big future for daring ideas



© NORMAN BEL GEDDES

A model of the revolving aerial restaurant designed by Norman Bel Geddes for the Chicago World's Fair. It will be 278 feet high

By M. K. WISEHART

IN a large, oblong room on the second floor of a dignified old brownstone dwelling in the Murray Hill section of New York, I was talking with Norman Bel Geddes. A stocky figure, with restless blue eyes and a large head, he rose from time to time and brought to the fireside from the far end of the room numerous objects of extraordinary interest.

I saw plans, models, and drawings of industrial products designed for manufacturers who are looking ahead to the needs and tastes of tomorrow! Motorcars, beds, weighing scales, and stoves, radios, factories, and office interiors! Innumerable things of a practical nature, all beautifully imagined; and others conceived in that spirit of far-flung recklessness and prophetic genius which characterized the fantastic work of Jules Verne.

A magician in everything that has to do with lighting and architectural effects, Mr. Geddes has been retained by the Architectural Commission of the 1933 Chicago World's Fair to "dramatize the grounds" and to supervise the exterior lighting of all the buildings of that immense project.

He showed me models of eight architectural novelties he has created for the Fair, including a temple of music, an island cabaret, a water-pageant theater, and an aerial three-tiered restaurant to be built of steel, glass, and aluminum. Perched on a steel shaft, two hundred and seventy-eight feet high, this restaurant will slowly revolve, so that diners may enjoy a complete panoramic view of Chicago, the fair grounds, and Lake Michigan!

AN ARTIST of uncanny power, Mr. Geddes has been acclaimed as one of the most original minds that have ever worked in the American theater. He has designed ninety-eight theatrical and operatic productions, several hundred settings, countless forms of decorations, furniture, costumes, and lighting—dramas such as *The Truth About Blayds*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Lysistrata*, and some of the most magnificent spec-

tacles of our time, including Reinhardt's *Miracle*.

Many radical theatrical innovations devised by him are now used generally in the United States and have been adopted by Europe.

But nowadays, by profession, Mr. Geddes is an industrial and architectural designer. Aptly, he has been called an *imaginative specialist*. At the age of thirty-eight, he is known as America's most daring originator of new ideas. His ideas are so prolific that he employs a staff of twenty-five assistants, including many technical experts, to help execute them!

For two hours he held me spellbound. Sitting on opposite sides of a blazing wood fire, we peered over the rim of the future. We talked of changes that are coming into the design and appearance of everything from motorcars to back yards, from beds to churches—of that new beauty which is coming into the old, familiar objects that surround us every day!

I INTERRUPTED. "From the theater to industrial designing strikes me as an extraordinary change of vocation," I said. "How do you explain it?"

"It came about in a peculiar way," he answered. "One summer evening four years ago, I happened to be walking down Fifth Avenue looking into the shop windows. It changed my life!

"In the windows I saw attractive merchandise displayed in a most unattractive way. The displays struck me as *cold*, lacking in charm and persuasiveness. 'Why don't they treat shop windows as a stage, the merchandise as the players, and prospective customers as the audience?' I asked myself.

"I discussed the idea with a department store magnate. 'What do you want to do about it?' he asked. I told him that I wanted to try an experiment, to see whether a dramatic window presentation, with an underlying inspiring idea, could stir the pulse of beholders. He told me to go ahead."

For Fifth Avenue shoppers this experiment was unveiled just before Christmas. In the great window of a fashion emporium were just three pieces of merchandise. A metal bust, strange and graceful, wearing an Agnès turban and a scarf of vermilion and chartreuse green! These occupied the center of the stage. A hand bag in colors to match lay on a circular glass platform which supported the bust. The background was composed of large triangular shapes so arranged as to center attention on the "actors." Hidden spotlights threw the grotesque shadows of the bust against this background. Simple, daring, novel, and *unexpected!*

Shoppers besieged the window. Observers from the other side of the Avenue crossed over, and were amazed to discover that the center of attraction was simply a department store window! The crowd swelled to such proportions that police reserves had to be called out to clear the way!

"For two years I designed window displays for this store," continued Mr. Geddes. "It was my first plunge in applying true design principles to the common objects of every day. It fascinated me. I sensed the fact that in America a tremendous change is now under way. I realized that what is going on in the commercial and industrial world is more interesting than anything that is going on in the theater.

"This thing I'm speaking of you might call the great American ferment. It is an esthetic revolution that will affect us all by changing the appearance of everything around us. Looking ahead, foreseeing these changes that are bound to come, I felt, as an artist, that I wanted to have a hand in it. It was because of this conviction that I gave up the theater as a profession and became an industrial designer."

That plunge was characteristic of Norman Bel Geddes. He is a man given to spontaneous and overwhelming convictions. A profound believer in hunches, he put it in this way:

"Some things in life you know without knowing how you know them. They are decided, not by you, but for you. You may not be able to tell why you do a certain thing. But you know it is something you can do if you want to, and if you are not afraid of the unexpected!

"Every important step I have ever taken has come about in this way—as the result of some spontaneous inner conviction that came to me, I do not know how. From first to last, hunches have always been my good angels!"

NORMAN BEL GEDDES is a tremendously original human being with the peculiarities, the flairs, intuitions, inspirations, and demonic fury for work that are characteristic of *genius*.

He was born of American-born parents in Adrian, Michigan. At nine, he had a passion for the theater, and built his first theater in a neighbor's barn. His family was then living in Saginaw. In that barn, with the boys of the neighborhood, he produced many shows. The part *he* liked best was the designing of the scenery. He painted it on wrapping paper.

He had a pencil that itched to sketch, and, in consequence, a troubled school career! In high school, he made four excellent cartoons—of three teachers and the principal! As a result, he was demoted from the sophomore to the freshman class. There he did cartoons in chalk on the blackboard. He was reduced to the eighth grade. Encouraged by his rapid progress backward, he quit school altogether.

In the summer of 1909, to help his mother financially, he worked as luggage runner and bell-boy on a Great Lakes passenger steamship operating between the cities of Cleveland and Buffalo.

"One day," said Mr. Geddes, "I carried from the dock to his stateroom the luggage of an elderly, gray-haired man. He was the famous magician, Hermann the Great. I don't know what it was that made us friends on the instant. Most of that trip I spent in his stateroom. He showed me how to pull a rabbit from the tail of a dress coat and a dozen other tricks."

Presently, as "Zedsky, the Boy Magician," with his brother as assistant, he made his bow to small-town audiences in Ohio, on the old Gus Sun Vaudeville Circuit.

"AFTER a couple of months," he went on, "I tired of being Zedsky and decided I would be 'Bob Blake, Eccentric Comedian!' I wrote my own act, and thought it was funny. It was, but not in the way I anticipated.

"When the show opened in Byesville, Ohio, the musicians began by playing my finishing song as my opening number. In the middle of the act I found myself starting over at the beginning, and at the finale the orchestra played my entrance tune. It was hail, farewell, and requiem all in one!

"As a comedian I was a frost—a flop. I went to the manager of the theater and told him he needn't pay me. He kicked me out the back door. And so ended my vaudeville career!"

Presently he attended art schools in Cleveland and Chicago. A celebrated Scandinavian artist, Henrik Lund, a visitor in Chicago, told him that art schools would ruin a good pupil's talents. Lund let him set up an easel in his studio. They worked from the same subjects.

Two years of portrait work! He did noted figures in the theatrical world—Caruso, Schumann-Heink, Galli-Curci, and many others.

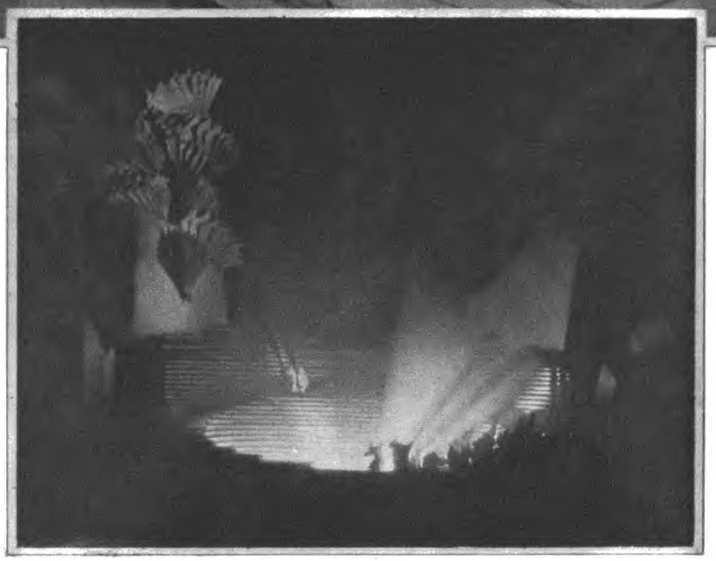
"But I had a hunch," he observed, dryly, "that the day was coming when I might want to eat regularly. In Chicago, with one of the largest advertising illustration firms, I got a job at three dollars a week, numbering the plates for that year's catalog of a big mail order house. After six weeks, I thought I was worth more. When I couldn't get a raise, I quit, and went to Detroit."

In Detroit, at fifteen a week, he got a job as illustrator with another advertising agency. Important assignments came his way. For the advertisements of a well-known make of motorcar, he designed a new kind of block lettering that is still associated with the name of that car.

Within three years, at a salary of four hundred dollars a week, he was invited to become manager of the Detroit branch of the same Chicago agency that had declined to raise his pay from three dollars!

"I never knew just why I felt that Detroit should be the field for my future

A master of uncertainties. At thirty-eight, Norman Bel Geddes is one of America's most daring originators



© NORMAN BEL GEDDES

Left: A remarkable theater designed by Mr. Geddes for Dante's "Divine Comedy." Scenes are painted with changing lights

efforts," said Mr. Geddes. "I went there from Chicago because I had a definite feeling that it was the place to go. The result surprised me, and confirmed my faith in hunches!"

His love for the theater asserted itself. "Jessie Bonstelle's stock company was playing in Detroit," he said. "She gave me a chance to study the theater from the inside. I used to go up on the gridiron, the iron framework a hundred feet above the stage from which the scenery is hung. There, lying on my stomach, on the dusty, greasy iron girders, I would watch the show from directly above it. In this way, night after night, I learned how things were expected to work, and why they didn't."

He began writing a play. He called it *Thunderbird*. Months went by, and his employer learned how he was spending his spare time. "My chief gave me an ultimatum," he said. "For the sake of my future, as he put it, he felt obliged to ask that I give up my play or the job!

"Things stared me in the face. I had recently been married. It was a choice between certainties and uncertainties. I felt that my real future was with the play—with the uncertainties! In all fairness, I had to give up my job. It was hazardous, foolhardy. But I quit and finished my play!"

With the manuscript and his own designs for the staging, he went to New York to interview theatrical managers.

"I had high hopes," he went on. "The reception I got was chilly. Two of the leading theatrical managers, David Belasco and Stuart Walker, read my play and looked at my designs. Both told me I had no talent for the theater. 'Go back to Detroit,' they said, 'and get a job!'

"Then, in my disappointment, something happened. I don't try to account for it. I began saying to myself, 'Don't go back to Detroit! Stick! See it through! They must be wrong!'"

Three months later, a producer paid him a thousand dollars for a year's option on *Thunderbird*, and engaged him to go to Los Angeles to work on the production! *Thunderbird* was never produced. But the Los Angeles producer, recognizing the novelty and power of the stage settings for this play, employed him to design six productions, including Zoe Aiken's first play, *Papa*, and Schnitzler's *Anatol*.

A month later, (*Continued on page 85*

By the time Junior is twelve years old, Kenneth Collins expects to walk out of his office with a cool million or two. This former preacher and school-teacher is just thirty-three years old, and Kenneth, Jr., has cut his second birthday cake—and from the looks of things has done a good job of eating it

How *to become a* Millionaire

One way is not to take yourself, your work, or your boss too seriously, says Kenneth Collins. But you've got to have something on the ball besides a laugh

By
JEROME BEATTY

KENNETH COLLINS is going to own at least a million dollars at the end of the next ten years, positively.
Two million, maybe.

Not so long ago he was a preacher in the Episcopal Church in Colfax, Washington. After that he was an instructor in English in the University of Idaho.

Collins is thirty-three years old. At the age of forty-three he will be a millionaire. There's no "maybe" about it. No "if" nor "perhaps." He won't inherit it, nor win it in the Calcutta Sweepstakes, nor amass this fortune by playing the market.

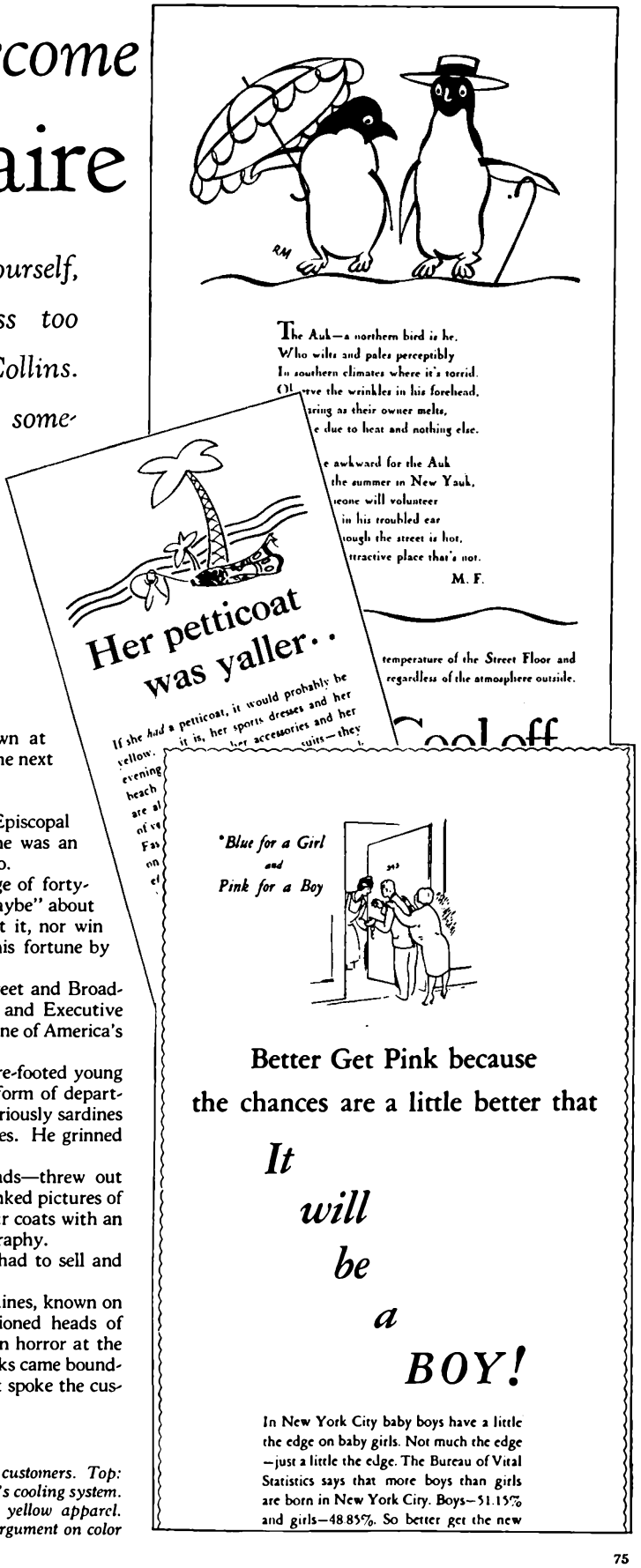
He'll earn it at a desk at Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, in New York, as Director of Publicity and Executive Vice President of R. H. Macy and Company, one of America's leading department stores.

Macy's is going to make this clear-eyed, sure-footed young man a millionaire because he created a new form of department-store advertising. He refused to take seriously sardines and silk stockings and hooks-and-eyes and hoes. He grinned as he offered perfumes and panties.

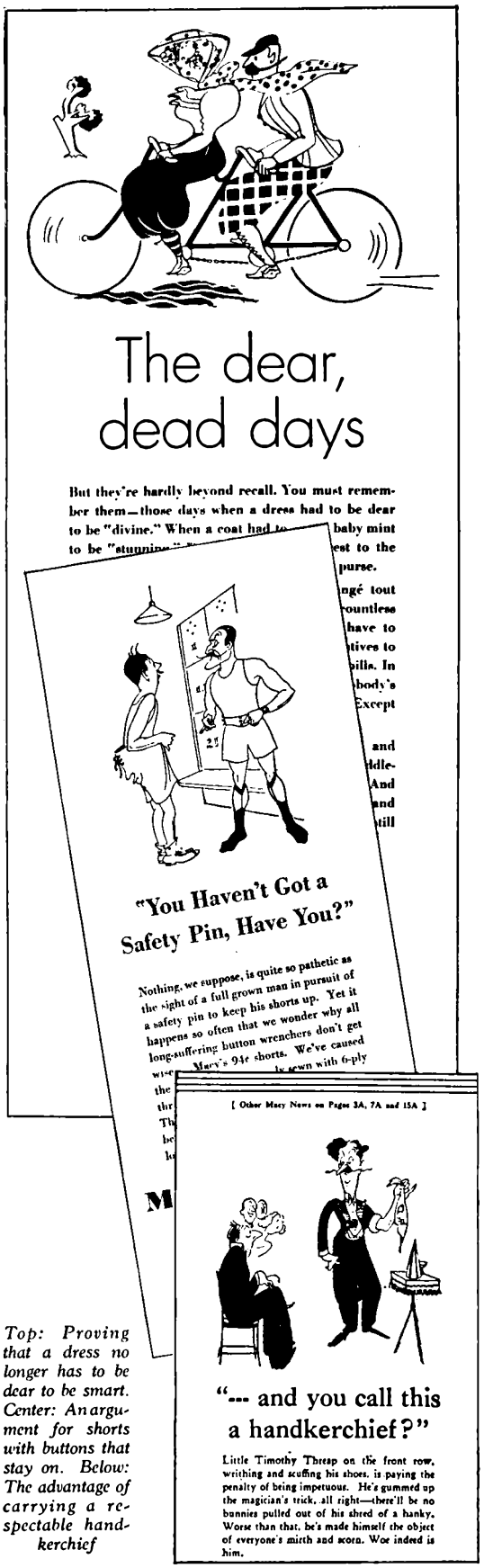
He cleaned up the old department-store ads—threw out superlatives, eliminated dreary description, junked pictures of dismal ladies who wore two-thousand-dollar fur coats with an air of complete boredom, dusted off the typography.

He kidded, good-humoredly, the wares he had to sell and the people to whom he hoped to sell them.

He slipped into his advertising copy bright lines, known on Broadway as "nifties." And while old-fashioned heads of departments in the store dropped their jaws in horror at the sacrilege and predicted instant bankruptcy, folks came bounding to buy goods from a department store that spoke the customer's language.



Ads that have made smiles and customers. Top: Telling the world about the store's cooling system. Center: An offering of modish yellow apparel. Below: Mr. Collins starts an argument on color



Top: Proving that a dress no longer has to be dear to be smart. Center: An argument for shorts with buttons that stay on. Below: The advantage of carrying a respectable handkerchief

All Kenneth Collins did was to use common sense. And he had the backbone to fight—always pleasantly, but nevertheless firmly—for his ideas. It's not always easy to carry through successfully a movement for Common Sense. But if you can do that, it's as good a way as any to make a million dollars.

History records that a sense of humor is a terrific handicap for a man who would reach high places. Many a competent lawyer has been rated as ineligible for senatorial honors because he was known to turn a neat and comical phrase. Stockholders of the New York Central Railroad were prone to shiver regarding the safety of their investments every time Chauncey M. Depew told a joke at a banquet.

But Kenneth Collins went in for flippant comment regarding the very house that harbored him and paid him a daily wage—and as he bounded from gag to gag, that house grinned back and liked it. Maybe the officers and heads of departments didn't always understand the humor in the advertising, but they did understand the steadily increasing daily sales totals. Which state of mind was entirely sufficient for Collins' purposes.

THE events leading up to the million dollars are as follows: A few months ago, Collins—dissatisfied with his salary of forty thousand dollars a year—decided to quit Macy's and become a partner in an advertising agency. Jesse Straus, one of the three brothers who control Macy's, sent for him.

"Why?" Straus asked.

"Because," said Collins, "I want to retire a millionaire in ten years, and, with a fair break in the luck, this partnership may do it."

"A million dollars"—"Mr. Jesse," as they call him, stated an axiom—"is a lot of money." He began figuring on a pad.

"Um-m," said Collins. "Don't I know it!" He had done some figuring himself.

"Stay with us," said Mr. Jesse, checking his figures, "and you won't need to worry about a break in the luck. I'll make you a millionaire in ten years."

He outlined his plan. Collins stayed.

In the five years before that morning when he entered Jesse Straus' office, Collins' salary had jumped from forty-five hundred dollars a year to forty thousand dollars a year. Now, in five minutes, it leaped to what will amount to more than one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year. It may turn out to be more than two hundred thousand dollars a year. That is quite a record for the standing broad salary jump.

This is the way it works out: According to a reliable source, Macy's gave him 5,000 shares of stock, now selling, depression notwithstanding, around $85 a share. It pays a dividend of three dollars a share, plus five per cent in stock. That is, at the end of the first year he will receive $15,000 in dividends and 250 additional shares of stock. At the end of ten years, even if conditions are no better, he will find himself with $150,000 in dividends, plus compound interest, and 8,143 shares of stock.

If, at that time, the United States is enjoying moderate prosperity and Macy's stock is selling at, say 110, Kenneth Collins can dispose of his 8,143 shares of the stock for $895,730. This, added to his dividends and compound interest, more than makes a million.

Should things be booming, and the stock be at its 1929 peak of 255, he will get $2,076,465 for the stock that Jesse Straus gave him for thinking up jokes about lawn mowers and golf socks! Laugh *that* off!

In the meantime, through the next ten years, while this former preacher and school-teacher from the Far West is waiting for his million or two, he will receive a yearly salary that starts at a round sixty thousand dollars.

When 1941 arrives, Kenneth Collins will put on his hat and coat and walk right out of his office and start making speeches.

His life's ambition has been to retire a millionaire, not because he wants to live luxuriously, nor to travel, nor to winter with his yacht at Palm Beach, nor to summer at Newport. He wants enough money so he can quit work and make speeches. Political speeches.

Always he has been possessed with this strange desire to jump up and say something. When he was a star debater in college, when he preached, when he taught, he loved to make speeches—sane speeches, hard-hitting speeches, without the accompaniment of flags or bands or flowery references to the glory of Abraham Lincoln or Thomas Jefferson.

As a youth he was fired with an ambition to save sinners. This was followed by a deep interest in government, and there, he believes, he may some day do a job.

"Only a rich man," Collins told me, "can be entirely independent in politics. And if you're not absolutely independent you can't do much good nor have much fun.

"A man of moderate income, when elected to office, instinctively thinks of his wife and children before he menaces his job by truthful outbursts about obvious iniquities. He dare not throw a wrench into the machine that put him there. He gets into a groove and he considers first his own political and economic welfare. Only if he has any time left for thinking does he begin to give a thought to his constituents."

Collins abhors a groove.

"You mean," I asked, "that when you retire you're going to run for office?"

"Absolutely."

"What office?" I inquired.

"Any office," he said. "As a starter, any office that's vacant."

IN THE meantime Kenneth Collins sits in an unimpressive-looking little room on the seventeenth floor of Macy's and O. K.'s such advertisements as this:

Nights are shorter—
Nighties longer.

Not that the changing lengths of nights and nighties have any connection!

The fact that the new nighties are extending quaintly to the floor (if not actually trailing along it) is interesting enough in itself. The gowns sketched are positively bewitching, and most modestly priced.

If you can't resist the adorable décolleté, the cap sleeves, the contrasting pastel shades, come and get it for the small sum of . . . $6.97.

And he sells a lot of nighties.

Note this one, written by Margaret Fishback, of his staff, which ran three columns wide and thirteen inches deep, with a picture of a lady auk with a parasol and a gentleman auk with straw hat and cane:

The Auk—a northern bird is he,
Who wilts and pales perceptibly
In southern climates where it's torrid.
Observe the wrinkles in his forehead,
Appearing as their owner melts;
They're due to heat and nothing else.

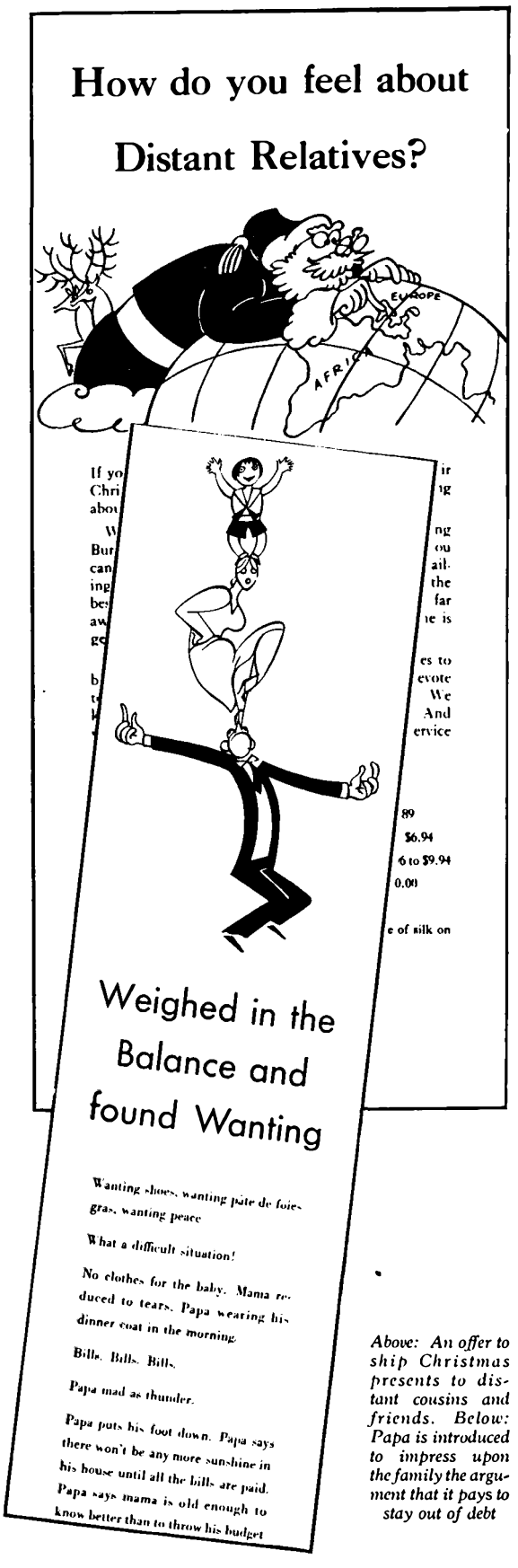
It will be awkward for the Auk
To spend the summer in New Yauk,
Unless someone will volunteer
To whisper in his troubled ear
That even though the street is hot,
There's one attractive place that's not.

The auks and the poem took up two thirds of the space The remainder mentioned that the store had a cooling system which kept the street floor and the basement at a temperature of seventy-five degrees, making it a paradise for auks—and also, incidentally, for citizens of New *Yauk*.

The old-timers around the store still have a fit when they note that Collins is buying valuable space in the newspapers to print poems about auks.

But they don't protest very loud, for they realize that for some unfathomable reason all this monkey business helps to sell goods.

Imagine, nevertheless, the dismay of the head of the kitchenware department when he saw that a brand-new modern gadget in which he took great pride—a dingus for cuttin' dainty designs around the edge of half a grapefruit—was heralded to the public thus: (*Continued on page 130*)

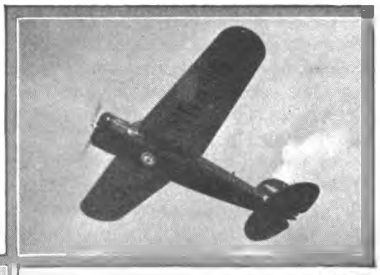


Above: An offer to ship Christmas presents to distant cousins and friends. Below: Papa is introduced to impress upon the family the argument that it pays to stay out of debt

Daughter of the SKIES

An intimate and revealing picture of Ruth Nichols, the college girl who became a flying ace

By BRUCE GOULD



ACME PHOTO

KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC.

Ruth Nichols with Colonel Clarence D. Chamberlin, transatlantic pilot, who calls her "the finest woman flyer." Above: The start of her climb for an altitude record

A VIVACIOUS, brown-haired society girl quits college and secretly spends all her spare money to learn to fly. She dons overalls and joins the mechanics overhauling greasy machines. Mastering the air, she goes out after records. In a spectacular one-stop dash from Los Angeles to New York, she surpasses Colonel Lindbergh's transcontinental flying record by more than an hour. In her scarlet and cream monoplane she soars five miles up into the blue for a new women's altitude record, then roars over a measured course at two hundred and ten miles an hour to establish a new speed mark.

FINALLY she dares a solo flight to Europe over the storm-whipped north Atlantic, which only a Lindbergh has conquered single-handed.

A foolhardy tomboy showing off? A feminine dare-devil in trousers, trying to outsmart men at their own game?

Not when you come to know Ruth Nichols intimately. This dauntless American girl who flies her own plane, drives her own car, rides to hounds, carves out her own career, is essentially a womanly woman—a true daughter of Eve who took up flying, not because she thought it was a man's job, but because she thought it was just as much a woman's job as well.

She dresses in the latest fashion, whether that is wearing the hat off the hair line, skiing in trousers, or enveloping herself in filmy, fluffy skirts which skim the floor as she dances. As any woman will, she scours obscure shops in Paris and Bombay for bargains in feminine trinkets when she travels. She loves to be helped through Fifth Avenue traffic by a strong masculine arm. No doubt she expects to meet the right man some of these days—she is only thirty—and when she does, she probably hopes that he will, on the proper occasions, talk baby-talk to her by the yard.

For this girl who has plowed through ice-laden air at triple express-train speed, who has landed in deserts in a heat of one hundred and fifteen degrees, who has crawled unscathed from wrecks which left her plane worthless even for junk, is as thoroughly feminine and willing to allow man his lord-of-creation rôle as her mother, a demure Quakeress who married a Rough Rider.

Indeed, Ruth Nichols' parental background may explain in part the somewhat contradictory personality of this girl who picked out aviation's hardest-boiled pilot, Harry Rogers, to teach her flying, and who paid for her lessons out of her own pocket rather than run the risk of having parental hands raised in horror. For she is as much a part of her inheritance as were Gallant Fox and Man-o'-War, those thoroughbreds of the race course whose forbears live again in them every time the barrier is sprung.

IT IS to be feared that Erickson Norman Nichols, Ruth's father, won the hand of her gentle mother, Edith Haines, by a trick. Founder of the Richmond County Hunt Club on Staten Island, and for long master of the hounds, he used to ride one horse and drive two ahead of him in tandem. All three were black, and they were named Kate, Duplicate, and Complicate. Complicate he rode, and it lived up to its name.

One afternoon, in the midst of a whirlwind courtship, the Quaker girl was sitting in front of the clubhouse wondering, perhaps hopefully, what new and astounding thing her sweetheart would think of doing. Wondering, too, it may

"By the time you read this—"

SOON after Lindbergh, Chamberlin, and Byrd flew the Atlantic I felt certain that a woman would some day pilot her own plane on a solo flight across the ocean, and I said as much in a published statement. As I write, my plans for a transatlantic flight have just been made public. By the time this is printed, if all goes well, I shall have taken off on that flight, and if careful preparation, decent weather, and flying experience pan out, I shall have landed in Europe. If the flight is successful, it will not only prove my original statement but also, I trust, inspire further confidence in the safety of aviation. Should I fail, the proof has only been delayed.

—RUTH NICHOLS

be, whether she ought not to accept so dashing and handsome a fellow, instead of keeping him dangling after the fashion of a generation ago. And in that moment the speculative Miss Haines saw her suitor himself cantering blithely toward her, the three black mares in single file cleanly spurning the grass beneath their frolicsome heels. In another instant an incredible thing happened:

With a flourish, the handsome fellow swerved the three horses toward her chair, brought them to a quick stop with a command, and in another second Kate, the foremost, was kneeling at the girl's feet, while her master, proudly erect on Complicate, was smiling questioningly.

It was irresistible. Without more ado, she said, "Yes."

In this mingled atmosphere of hard-riding, traditional English gallantry and kindly, Quakerish rule of love, Ruth Nichols was born February 23, 1901, in one of New York's high-stooped, brownstone houses in the East Seventies off Fifth Avenue. Sunday afternoons were gay affairs with many guests and much conviviality. Ruth still remembers with what regret she permitted a French governess to tear her, a prim little miss in sedate hat and black gaiters, away for her customary afternoon walk in Central Park. For even then she was a social being, who much preferred the elaborate courtesy and compliments of her father's grown-up friends to trotting along by the side of her relatively uninteresting companion.

In her teens the family moved to Rye, New York, on Long Island Sound. There she grew up with her younger brother, Erickson Snowden Nichols, and the younger twins, "Billy" and "Betty." Of course she was taught to ride, so that even today she is a fair polo player. She learned as well the other accomplishments which fit a girl for coming out and marriage within a year or two. Little did the unwitting parents realize how greatly those conventional plans were to be upset by this child who, all unsuspected by them, had a mind of her own.

OBEDIENTLY enough, she went through finishing school at Dobbs Ferry, New York, but midway in her course, to the consternation of her teachers and parents alike, she declared her intention of going on to college. Her father, who had never considered sending his sons, much less his daughters, to college, refused to believe his ears. Her mother, who had planned the girl's education in terms of painting, light fancy work, French, and dancing lessons—the genteel accomplishments of her own generation—couldn't understand why her strange offspring wished to interest herself in chemistry, biology, and astronomy. With somewhat better logic, her teachers also demurred. It must be confessed that they thought the ambitious Miss Nichols wasn't a particularly bright pupil. And, as if to verify these horrid suspicions, when she took the entrance examinations for Wellesley College she flunked every one of them.

Defeat has never defeated Ruth Nichols. That may be why she has been generally considered America's leading girl flyer. Against all opposition she dug in all the harder for another year, and this time made the grade. And it was when she was nineteen, waiting to enter Wellesley, that she made her first airplane flight. The famous Eddie Stinson was the pilot. The place was Atlantic City. The result was a change in the whole future course of her life. She realized that here was something wonderfully thrilling and worth doing. Moreover, anyone who has watched the masterful Eddie Stinson fly with the lazy ease of a sea gull becomes convinced that anybody can handle a stick.

TWO years of Wellesley intervened, however, before she realized her secret ambition to learn flying. After two years, her family again rebelled at the mania of their daughter for a higher education. They didn't want her to become a school-teacher or a blue-stocking. Playing tennis, polo, or rowing on the crew was healthy exercise. That was fine, but to their mind no good ever came of a girl's studying sociology, anthropology, and the like. To please her family she gave up college, permanently they thought. She kept her own counsel.

Then luck stepped in to shape the career of Ruth Nichols. Harry Rogers, a veteran seaplane flyer who had survived a dangerous barnstorming existence, established a flying school at Miami, Florida, where Miss Nichols happened to be visiting in 1922. He had another aviation base at Rye, where she lived, and a third at Lake George, where she spent summer vacations. It seemed obvious to Miss Nichols that the gods meant her to take up flying. As she didn't think it would be equally obvious to her mother, she didn't mention the subject.

While her comparatively slim resources held out, she paid Rogers sixty dollars an hour for flying lessons. In return she received cuffs and harsh words whenever she committed an error, and, lastly, instruction from an expert who admired her pluck. When she was broke, Rogers reduced his charge to the bare cost of the gasoline and oil consumed. In addition, he let her go along when he was making a hop anywhere. In exchange, she helped pull motors apart, repair wings, and rig the ship. Here her mother's instruction in fancy sewing came in handy. She turned it to account in sewing up the wing fabric before painting with the smelly "dope" which makes it waterproof.

The family could not understand why she preferred to come home greased up to the eyes rather than comport herself like a girl of gentle upbringing. But it was because of this practical experience that she became America's first licensed woman aviation mechanic when she qualified for her transport pilot's license in 1926.

The husky Rogers' rough-and-ready method of impressing mistakes on his youthful pupil was brutal but effective. One of his general instructions was "to rock the boat on the take-off." The maneuver is designed to bring the boat up on the "step," where it skims along on a cushion of air. Rogers seldom theorized, however; he merely told Miss Nichols what to do.

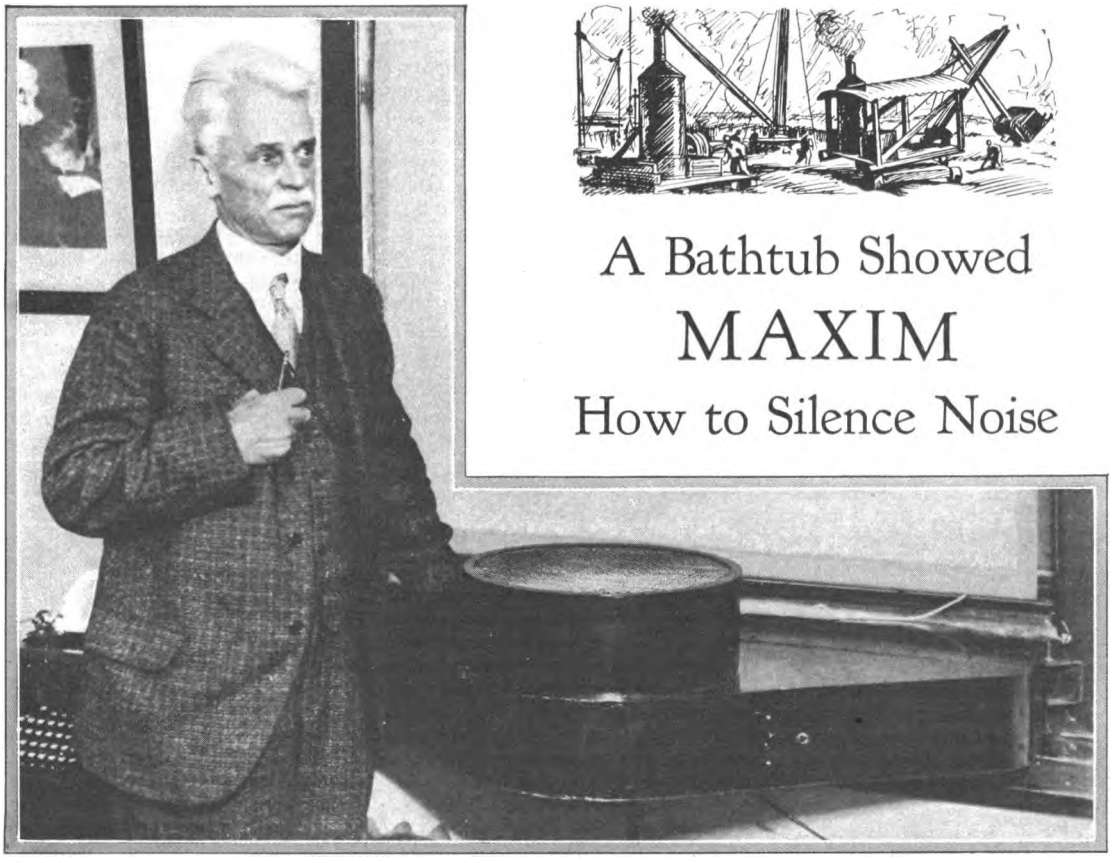
On one occasion he suddenly turned over the plane to her while it was speeding along on its step, and motioned for her to take it off. Literally following his instructions, she started to shove the controls forward to rock the boat. She heard a volley of curses, felt the controls snatched from her hand, and was nearly felled by a mighty clout on the head as Rogers raged. Did she want to kill them both? Was she a complete moron? Anyone who has ever learned to fly from a hard-boiled instructor knows all the soul-shriveling epithets Rogers yelled at her. She may have forgotten what he said, but she has never forgotten that and other cracks on her head, by which Rogers almost literally engraved his lessons on her mind.

Years later she had her poetic revenge on Rogers. On a day at Lake George when stormy weather prevented flying, she suggested, with apparent innocence, a brisk horseback ride. Rogers assented, though he hardly knew which end of a horse was south. Anything a girl could do he could do.

"I rode as hard as I could," she told me, grinning happily at the memory, "with Harry bouncing along after me. He fell off twice, and some of the time he seemed to be riding backwards. For two days he couldn't sit down. I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much. I still call him 'Cowboy' when I want to make him squirm."

BEFORE she could actually solo Miss Nichols returned to Wellesley, much to everyone's surprise but her own. But one week-end, instead of going to a dance, she secretly returned home from Boston to make her first flight alone. Without accident she took the plane into the air, made excellent landings, and returned in triumph for a long-awaited word of praise from her instructor. Instead, she was thoroughly bawled out for taxiing the plane too fast after landing, thus heating up the motor. Rogers has yet actually to praise her for anything, but she hopes eventually to make him come through with an open, ungrudging statement.

A five months' steamship cruise around the world followed her graduation from Wellesley in 1924. At Le Bourget field, in (*Continued on page 88*)



A Bathtub Showed MAXIM How to Silence Noise

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Hiram P. Maxim and his latest invention—a window silencer which admits fresh air but bars street noises

AUTOMOBILES honked their horns in the busy street below. Trucks rumbled by. Trolley cars rattled, sounded their gongs. Newsboys shouted. A policeman blew sharply on his whistle. But in the office five stories above, though the window was open, we heard only our own voices. The traffic was as silent as an old-fashioned motion picture.

In this noiseless room in Hartford, Connecticut, I was talking about noise with Hiram P. Maxim, inventor of the Maxim Silencer for firearms, for giant Diesel engines and motorboats and factory exhausts, the man who has thought more and who knows more about noise than anyone else, who has spent his life conquering it—this problem which troubles most of our cities.

The device in the window was his latest silencing invention. A long, narrow, brown metal box fitted snugly between the pane and the sill, it did for the room what the first Maxim Silencer had done for the rifle. A constant current of fresh air circulated about us, but the roar of traffic remained outside.

"It is one answer to the noise problem," Mr. Maxim told me. "But it should not be the final answer. That din out there, which is costing us more every year than fire, is of our own making. If we all tried, we could reduce it tremendously."

"How did you happen to devise this silencer?" I asked.

"I didn't devise it," he answered. "It developed. The story starts far back even before the Maxim Silencer for rifles was invented. It is really the story of the Maxim family, since without the work of my father and uncle I would not have thought of it.

"One afternoon years before I was born my grandfather came upon his two sons, Hiram and Hudson, playing with a shotgun in the back yard. They were loading it with double and triple charges, seeing which could stand the hardest kick.

"Grandfather watched them for a while, then made a suggestion.

"'Instead of you boys seeing how hard that gun can kick you, why don't you try to figure out a way to use that recoil?'

"'Use it?' Hiram, my father, asked.

"'Sure. There ought to be a way to make it discharge the shell and slip another into the chamber. Think about it, son.'

"My father thought about it for many years, and then one day he announced the invention of a machine that would fire six hundred bullets a minute, an automatic gun in which the recoil was used, just as his father had suggested, to throw out the dead shell and drop another into the chamber. It was the first machine gun.

"At the time, black powder was the only kind known. Its drawback was that it made a great amount of smoke and contained so much solid matter that it clogged a gun barrel after a few hundred rounds were fired. So Hudson invented smokeless powder.

"It seemed when I came of age that the machines of war were about perfect. Father had invented a gun that could mow down an entire army. Uncle's powder made these guns quite invisible to the enemy. But I soon discovered that one grave fault still remained. That was the noise of the explosions. So I decided I would invent an instrument to eliminate that.

"I thought about it for many years but seemed to get nowhere. The trouble was that I had to have a contrivance that would prevent the noisy gases from coming out of a gun barrel but not impede the bullet. As one of my friends

explained the problem at the time:

"'You're trying to cut a hole in the sidewalk into which coal will go but not pedestrians' feet.'

"Then, quite unexpectedly one morning, the solution came to me. I had just finished my bath, was standing on the cold floor thinking of my problem, when I happened to glance down into the tub. In stepping out I had stirred up the water, given it a rotating motion. Now it was whirling around the drain, whirling fast. And in the center was an air hole, extending from the surface into the pipe.

"The whirling motion, I saw, prevented the water from entering the drain until it had slowed down. Watching it, I did a bit of transposition. I saw the air hole as the barrel of a rifle and the water as the hot, noisy gases created by the discharge of the cartridge. The rest was easy. I made a tube that would fit the muzzle of a gun and inside it placed a series of spirals in such a way that they would catch the gases and whirl them around the opening left for the bullet. Thus they were slowed down, silenced before they reached the air.

"Later I applied my invention to peacetime uses. The rifle barrel was in a sense a pipe. So, I reasoned, why not make the silencer quiet other noises that come out of pipes?

"One of the first noises of this kind which caught my interest was the exhaust of a motorboat. I fitted one of them with a silencer, and immediately a great part of the sputter of the engine was gone. Then the Diesel engine came along, a violent noise-maker. And I made a silencer to fit it. Likewise the air compressor.

"The biggest silencer I ever made weighs twenty-six thousand pounds and is seven feet in (*Continued on page 138*)

She Makes Actors of Locomotives

Dramatizing the story of railroading—Adele Gutman Nathan, stage manager for industry, rides with Indians on an ancient locomotive

"GREAT corporations have no liking for the show business, but sooner or later they all find themselves in it. That is when they need you!" So said the president of one of our major American railroads to Adele Gutman Nathan. To the fact that great business interests often find it worth while to put on a show and invite the public, Mrs. Nathan owes her exceptional career.

She operates under the title of "dramatic counsel," and so far seems to have the field pretty much to herself. When a business or industrial concern wishes, for some particular purpose, to dramatize its history or functions, Mrs. Nathan is called in.

A railroad has an anniversary and asks her to arrange a pageant. A department store demands a fashion show in the form of a play, with real actors from Broadway, and she is engaged as the director. Large telephone and radio corporations plan a museum exhibit to illustrate the progress of communications, and Mrs. Nathan is called upon to set the stage and arrange the figures. Whatever the problem, she first selects the facts of greatest human appeal and weaves them into a story or scenario. After that, she engages the required scenic artists or actors, checks up on the historical accuracy of costumes and properties, and supervises every last detail down to blacking in the wrinkles on a player's face.

Only four years were necessary for Mrs. Nathan to make her place behind the scenes of modern industry; but the training which enabled her to succeed was a longer process. When she majored in American history at Goucher College, she did not know that the research methods learned there would one day be applied to restoring the old McCormick homestead, in Virginia, for the one hundredth anniversary of the invention of the harvesting machine. When she founded the Vagabond Theater in Baltimore, and later directed players in Washington and New York, it never occurred to her that she would some day employ the technique gained in the theater to making actors out of three-hundred-ton locomotives.

Only a happy accident, says Mrs Nathan, brought her into her present line of work. It was the fact that she was born in Baltimore, Maryland. When the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad decided to put on a great centennial pageant, they preferred to give the job of directing it to a native son—or daughter. Mrs. Nathan, having already won the good will of the directors by an entertainment which she staged at one of their dinners, was asked to take charge of the pageant.

In six weeks she was expected to plan and organize one of the largest industrial festivals ever held in America. The cast included thirty-one locomotives, sixty-five animals, seven hundred railroad employees. The story covered every epoch of American history —"particularly" said Mrs. Nathan, "the great whisker era. We had to verify the cut of four hundred pairs of whiskers of various periods, not to mention finally gluing them into place."

Of the million and a half persons who traveled to Halethorpe, Maryland, in

1927 to witness that living epic of the coming of steam, not more than a dozen knew about the tense, dark-eyed woman in sweater-blouse sports dress and sneakers who sat in a railroad switch tower and signaled, "On with the play!" For three weeks the visiting crowds poured in, to sit under the striped awning of the grandstands, while real Indians on really flea-bitten ponies, colonial coaches, horse cars, antique and modern locomotives, filed across the half-mile pageant field.

So successful was this event that other jobs of commercial showmanship were offered to Mrs. Nathan. She accepted a post as dramatic counsel to a large department store in Newark, New Jersey. For several years she has assisted the advertising director of that store in staging fashion shows which are quite different from the usual monotonous parade of dressed-up figures in that they tell a story. One was a business women's show, illustrating the correct costumes to be worn when applying for a job, when taking dictation, when acting in an executive capacity, and so on. Another depicted a day in the life of a debutante, from her morning breakfast in bed to her evening at the theater or in the ballroom. For Mrs. Nathan's idea of showmanship is that clothes should be displayed in the situations and settings in which they are intended to be worn.

"I am lucky to have stumbled into a field of such endless possibilities," Mrs. Nathan told me.

One day she goes to Chicago to discuss plans for the proposed industrial exhibits for the World's Fair in 1933. Another day she goes to West Virginia, to consult with the members of an apple growers' association about a festival they are planning. Again, she spends three months traveling over the country for a great harvester company, helping to prepare a moving picture on the growth of agriculture. Her permanent headquarters are in New York.

"My experiences have shown me what a wealth of dramatic material is hidden beneath the cold facts of modern industry," she said. "The Great American Drama lies in the sweep of material forces, vast and inescapable as the sweep of destiny in the old Greek dramas."

ROSE LEE

He Cut a Job for Himself with a Pair of Shears

PHOTO BY D JAY CULVER

Collecting pictures was Rob Roth's hobby. Now it's his business. "And I wouldn't give it up for anything," he says

"HELLO! . . . Roth?"

"Yes?"

"I want a picture of a dormouse. I've been trying to get you for hours. Where've you been?"

"At the ball game—and some game it was! Let me tell you about it. In the seventh, Pittsburgh—"

"I don't want to hear about Pittsburgh. I've got to get that picture; the sketch is due tomorrow. I thought I knew what a dormouse looked like, but when I sat down to draw the thing I couldn't remember whether it had whiskers or a plumed tail. Have you got one?"

"A dormouse? Let me think. I guess so.—If I haven't, there's no such thing."

Rob Roth has been answering telephone calls like that from artists for eighteen years. Sometimes they want the rear of an elephant, or a South Sea Island scene, or the interior of the gaming room at Monte Carlo, or a can of tomatoes—there's no telling what they might want, or at what time of day or night, either. But, whatever it is, they know that Roth has a picture of it and that they can buy it.

If his business has an official title, it must be the one he has given it, for as far as I know there is no other just like it. His letterhead says, "Artists' Clipping Service." Actually, he supplies artists and writers with pictures on any subject, enabling illustrators who have never been farther west than Buffalo to draw inspiring scenes of Pacific Coast sunsets, and stimulating commercial artists who have never seen cotton in bolls to sketch advertisements showing widespread "fields of snowy white."

The oversized cubbyhole that is his workshop and home on the top floor of an old brownstone house on Lexington Avenue in New York is known to hundreds of artists. The names of the men and women who have rooted through the orderly rows of files that line the walls from top to bottom would make up an impressive "Who's Who" in the artistic world. Everybody knows the genial little man whose eyes blink with excitement as he shows you about the "gallery."

"You see," he says, with a sweep of his arm around the walls, "this is my library. Here I have more than a quarter of a million pictures that I have cut from magazines, newspapers, advertisements, old books, everything. In here"—he pulls down a file marked "Animals"—"we have lions, tigers, giraffes, gnus, guinea pigs, crocodiles, all kinds of animals. When an artist, we'll say, wants to draw a newt for a cross-word puzzle book, he comes to my shop to buy a picture of one. Now, here are pictures of more than three hundred cows. Where could you find a better collection of cows?"

Out of his little shop he leads the way into the living-room. Row upon row of files, all neatly arranged in alphabetical order: Hands, Hardware, Headings, Heraldry, Historical, Horses, Humorous, and so on, and so on, and so on. Even out into the hall the rows continue. (*Continued on page 139*)

Brighten the cold meals with bracing hot soup!

Your digestion needs the tonic invigoration of hot soup among all the cold foods you eat at this time of year. And cold foods taste so much better after hot soup has given new zest to the appetite. Campbell's Tomato Soup has just the racy, sparkling flavor that coaxes the drooping appetite, revives and refreshes you.

All through the summer you welcome this vivid, gay soup, its enticing goodness and its splendid convenience. Luscious, full-ripe tomatoes made into a rich puree and blended with golden creamery butter. How you enjoy it!

Your choice . . . Every soup you ever want, at its delicious best!

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consomme	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato	

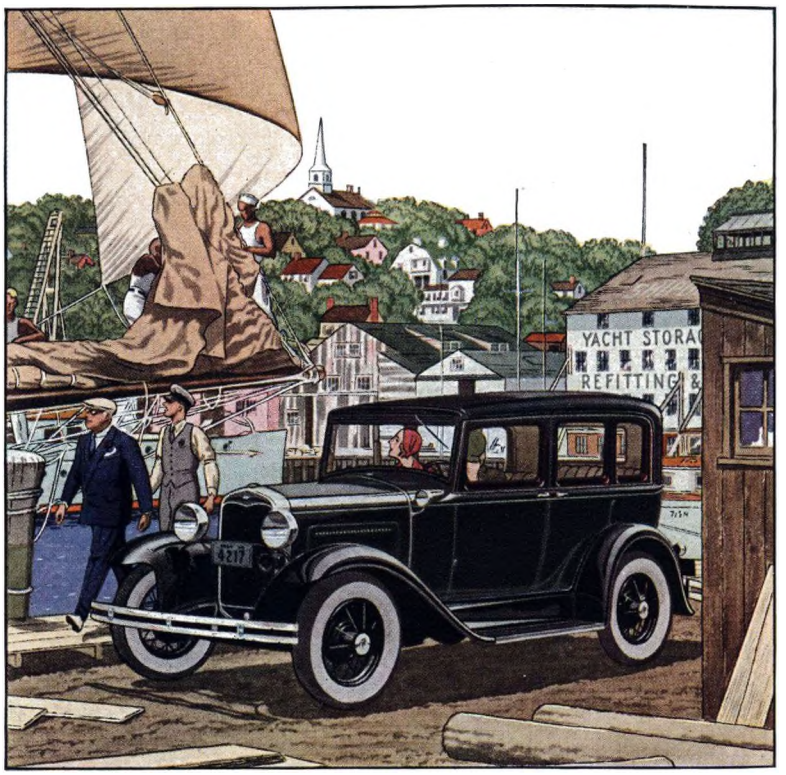
11c a can

(reduced from 12c)

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE *Beauty of the Ford is an Enduring Beauty*

Good appearance of the Ford over a long period increases your pride of ownership and is a factor in re-sale value



WHEN you buy the Ford you buy enduring beauty.

As you drive it from the showrooms for the first time you will have a feeling of pride in the glistening sheen of its body finish and the bright silvery luster of its exposed metal parts. With reasonable care you can maintain that good appearance for a long period.

Months of constant service will put many thousands of miles on the speedometer, yet you will not think of it as an old car, nor will your friends. And when the time comes to trade it in, you will find that the lasting beauty of its finish is a factor in re-sale value.

There are definite reasons why time and weather are kind to the Ford car. First is the body finish, with its primer coat, two surfacer coats, two double coats of pyroxylin lacquer, finish solvent coat, polishing and buffing. Through long experience, the Ford Motor Company has found the way to make a body finish that will stand up under varying weather conditions in every part of the world—through the heat of summer and the cold of winter.

Another important reason for the enduring beauty of the Ford is the use of Rustless Steel for the radiator shell, head lamps, hub caps, cowl finish strip, gasoline tank cap, radiator cap, door handles and rear lamp.

This remarkable metal will not rust, corrode or tarnish under the severest weather conditions. It never needs polishing. All it requires is wiping with a damp cloth as you wipe the windshield. Its gleaming luster is never lost. There is no plate to scale or chip off because it is the same bright metal all the way through. And it is exceptionally difficult to dent.

A *Beautiful New Ford Body*

From all over the country come enthusiastic comments about the new Ford Town Sedan introduced but a few weeks ago. Motorists everywhere have been quick to note and appreciate the richness of its appointments and new features of comfort and convenience.

The body of the new Ford Town Sedan is longer and wider. Seats are newly designed, more luxurious and restful. Front or rear — wherever you ride — you travel in real comfort in this beautiful, roomy car.

See it — ride in it — and you will know that it is an outstanding example of high quality at low cost. Choice of upholstery and colors.

Before Rustless Steel was adopted by the Ford Motor Company it was put through many severe tests. In one test, samples were subjected to a salt spray equivalent to forty years' service. There was not the slightest suggestion of tarnish, rust or corrosion. Seventy-six acids, alkalis, etc., also failed to dim its brilliance.

In a further effort to prevent rust, the Ford Motor Company is now treating the wheels, fenders, running boards, running board shields and front splash pans with Bonderite. If the enamel is scratched sufficiently to expose the raw steel, this new treatment helps to stop rust from spreading and causing the enamel to peel.

The careful finish of the Ford, the Rustless Steel, and the Bonderizing process add a considerable amount to the cost of manufacturing, yet the cost of the car remains low. These outstanding features, like so many others, are made possible by the Ford low-profit policy. Every purchaser shares the benefits of large production and the efficiency of Ford methods. The first cost of the Ford is low and you can purchase on economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.

Are You Afraid of the Unexpected?

(*Continued from page 73*)

a large film company started training two promising young men as directors on the same salary in the same week. One was Geddes; the other was Rex Ingram. Ingram stayed and became famous in the work. At the end of six weeks, Geddes discovered that he did not like pictures.

"When I quit," said Mr. Geddes, "it was because I had a hunch that it was not my calling. I learned a lesson right there. I believe if an individual is profoundly unhappy in one kind of work, there is some other kind of job for which he can develop an attachment. He ought to try to find out what it is."

Then, for a long spell, no more jobs! Hard times! His savings were gone. A wife and a year-old baby girl! In cash, just five dollars and ninety cents!

ON A summer afternoon in 1918, he was sitting on a Los Angeles park bench. Stranded, he felt down, but not *out*. He wondered—what next? But he was not afraid of the unexpected!

A man who had been sitting on the bench beside him rose to leave and dropped a magazine he had been reading.

"A magic wind fingered the magazine pages, blowing them to and fro," said Mr. Geddes. "Suddenly, I found myself staring at this headline in large black type: 'Millionaires Should Help Young Artists!'

"I picked up the magazine and read the article through. It was an interview with a famous New York banker-philanthropist who advocated that men of means should help young people of talent in their quest for artists' careers. Almost immediately, I began scribbling a telegram.

"It was a long telegram that I wrote. I told the banker about myself, and asked for the loan of enough money to get myself and family to New York for a two-weeks stay while I hunted for a job in the theater. After I had paid for the telegram, I had four cents left. Within twenty-four hours, I had the answer. The manager of the telegraph office handed me a check for four hundred dollars!

"Two weeks later," continued Mr. Geddes, "I arrived in New York with my wife and baby girl and a kind of portable studio consisting of a large wooden soap box. It was full of my water-color drawings, sketches for all kinds of novel theatrical projects. On a Saturday morning, just before noon, with this immense soap box, I presented myself at the office of the banker. It had never occurred to me to try to make an appointment!

"I went into his office pushing my heavy soap box on the floor ahead of me. The banker seemed somewhat surprised at sight of it. At once, he said he could give me only a moment and would not be able to look at my drawings, as he should have left for the country an hour before.

"I was desperate. 'Who, then, will look at my drawings?' I cried. 'I have felt that you were the only friend I had!'

"He must have perceived my distress. I shall never forget his kindness.

"'I'll tell you what you do,' he said sympathetically. 'Bring your drawings to my house in the country tomorrow morning. Then we'll go over them carefully.'"

Long affiliated with the Metropolitan Opera Company, this banker-philanthropist, Mr. Otto Kahn, is a celebrated figure in the world of art and letters. He was impressed by the imaginativeness, novelty, and daring in the drawings.

"Within a week, owing to his intervention," said Mr. Geddes, "Mr. Gatti-Casazza, director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, commissioned me to design the scenery for an American opera, *Shanewis*. This was followed by other commissions. During the next two years, I designed the staging for two other operas and for a dozen theatrical productions."

"And what do you make of it all?" I asked him. "As a lesson in the wisdom of life, what does it seem to mean?"

"Try your luck!" he answered. "Don't be in too much of a hurry. Experiment! Follow the lead that your special abilities indicate. If you have a genuine hunch, a real inner conviction that is trying to force itself on you, listen! You may hear something unexpected that is worth while!"

The hunch which led to the meeting with Mr. Kahn was the beginning of that notable career in the theater which I have already indicated. To his lasting reputation, his ingenuity has leaped from a gigantic spectacle like *The Miracle* to *Will Shakespeare, Lazarus Laughed, Spread Eagle*, and *The Five O'Clock Girl;* from the hilarious *Fifty Million Frenchmen* to the classic *Julius Cæsar;* from the quaintness of *The School for Scandal* to the lavishness of Ziegfeld's *Follies*.

He was the first ever to employ focus lamps only for the general illumination of a stage.

The Geddes production of *Jeanne d'Arc* in Paris was a miracle of inventiveness and skill in lighting, which completely deluded the spectators. Using but one stage set, he performed what he calls "painting with light" in full view of the audience. No one suspected that, merely by changing the lighting effects, diverse settings were produced on one and the same background!

Arabesque was produced in that way in the United States. *Hamlet*, by Norman Bel Geddes in collaboration with Will Shakespeare, will be done in the same way this winter. To the eye, the scenes appear entirely different. The changes are accomplished solely by the lighting.

MR. GEDDES' brownstone house on Murray Hill is today a hive of industry run by businesslike methods. Buzzers summon secretaries, telephones ring, wood and metal workers' machines hum, clerks run up and down stairs with papers and specifications, typewriters clack incessantly. A staff of experts works from nine to six, five days a week, on the many projects which continually issue from his studio.

One of Mr. Geddes' hobbies is printing. He began by printing handbills for his shows when he was a boy. He has a printing shop in his house, and has always had one wherever he sets up a studio.

Another of his hobbies is geography. He believes everybody should know a lot about it. Hence, he has devised a unique and complicated system of filing, not according to the alphabet, but according to geographical watersheds!

His diversions are as tremendous as his orgies of creative endeavor. In the cellar of the brownstone house is an electrical horse-racing game. There his friends gather to amuse themselves with make-believe handicap, sweepstakes, and classic matches. Wealthy owners of racing stables, men whose names are famous in America's sports columns, participate.

He is the inventor of a war game. It is played on a large table built up as a relief map complete to scale, with mountains, valleys, oceans, rivers, cities, railroads, motor roads, coal mines, every practical resource and facility of modern nations, reproduced in minute proportions. Here miniature armies are maneuvered in combat, and Lilliputian navies clash. War college experts, diplomats, retired army generals, and admirals join Mr. Geddes in the game.

"YOU spoke of coming changes," I said to Mr. Geddes. "Looking ahead, what do you see?"

"I foresee a time when we shall not be afraid of the unexpected. We think too much in grooves, not enough along original lines. We are too much inclined to think because things have long been done a certain way, that *that* is the best way."

He spoke of the changes which the demand for speed will bring in the design and appearance of motorcars, steamships, ocean liners, railway trains, and airplanes. Further streamlining to reduce wind resistance, he said, will make our vehicles more efficient and more beautiful. He predicted that our houses, borrowing from the design of skyscrapers, will have flat roofs and every roof will have a garden. Even small houses, he said, will have set-backs to provide more light and air for lower floors. Ugly back yards will be abolished. Utensils and appliances in common use will be more beautiful because of greater simplicity and efficiency.

As for aviation, Mr. Geddes himself is designing an enormous airplane with a wing-spread of six hundred feet, with sleeping accommodations for eight hundred passengers, and with a cruising radius of forty-five hundred miles.

"But is such a liner practical?" I asked.

"Yes!" he answered. "In years to come—very soon, perhaps. And why not? Leonardo da Vinci designed an airship centuries before one was ever built. I, too, am enjoying the privilege of indulging my imagination. To keep up with oncoming events you have to think in large terms these days; and you have to think *ahead!* It's a matter both of courage and of vision."

"And what *is* vision?" I asked.

"A man of vision is one who can free his mind of present-day limitations. He looks beyond the horizon. In what others see as the unexpected today, *he* sees the accepted truth of tomorrow."

"Buy a Dog, Lady?"

(*Continued from page 53*)

The dog, standing alert, barked twice, calling him back, but when Eddie did not come in answer to the summons, the dog nosed the grass and walked thrice in circles and lay down placidly with his nose on his paws. The nose was pointed toward the corner of the house around which Eddie had disappeared.

AT NOON Miss Caverton fed the dog, not knowing that dogs do not need luncheon, and she was surprised to see how clean the dog looked, now that he was quite dry. He looked up at her expectantly.

"Why, you nice dog!" Miss Caverton said, surprised to find that she liked the dog. "You are a nice dog. You're a nice, clean dog."

"I see that you have got a dog," said a voice from the next yard. "I always wondered why you didn't get a dog, living alone like that. That looks like a good watchdog."

"Does he?" asked Miss Caverton, looking at the dog again. "I don't know anything about dogs. I bought this one from a boy."

"I saw him giving it a bath," said Mrs. Spencer. "I said then that you were probably buying a dog; I didn't think you'd have a boy giving a dog a bath unless you were buying the dog. Well, having a dog will be a great comfort to you—you'll feel so much safer at night."

That night Miss Caverton tried keeping the dog in the house, shutting him in the kitchen, and she found it worked very well. He did not "holler," justifying Eddie's statement, and he was a good dog. He had slept on the bare floor, but next night Miss Caverton got a piece of carpet and folded it to dog size and put it in a convenient place as a bed for the dog. She left the door between the kitchen and the dining-room open and she did sleep more soundly for knowing there was a dog in the house.

The next day Miss Caverton had Elias Truman stretch a wire from one of the clothes-posts to her maple tree and string a ring on it, so that the dog could run back and forth if he wished, thus getting some exercise. The dog seemed to enjoy this and did run back and forth.

"It is certainly a comfort to know I have a dog in the house," Miss Caverton thought as she got into bed that night, and with a good conscience and a sense of safety she fell asleep.

She was awakened by something that was inexplicable until she was wider awake. It was still the dead of night, but the sound she heard was a gentle creaking accompanied by a noise like fingernails tapping on hard wood. Her first sensation was of stricken fright, but almost instantly she told herself that the noise was caused by the dog coming up the stairs. The creaking was the creaking of the stairs and the clicking was caused by the dog's toenails on the steps.

Miss Caverton raised herself on one elbow and looked toward her open door, but instantly she dropped back again. In the hall, opposite her bed, was a window, and she had seen the dark figure of a man, a black silhouette against the window at the head of the stairs. A man was coming up the stairs.

What Miss Caverton would have done if the room had remained dark cannot be known, but the man, having reached the head of the stairs, snapped a flashlight and the ray fell on Miss Caverton's face. Instantly she was out of bed and had slammed her door, locking it and bolting it. She heard the burglar go hastily down the stairs, and a moment later Miss Caverton's window was open and she was screaming, "Police! Help! Burglars! Help! Help! Help!" She saw a man scramble out of a window immediately below and dodge toward the back fence, but he was lost in the shadows quickly. Someone in the Spencers' shouted, "What is it?" from an open window, and Miss Caverton cried, "A burglar!" and Mr. Spencer called back, "I'll be right over."

He came with a large cane with a knobbed head and a good-sized hammer, having no other weapons, and Miss Caverton threw on a robe and went down to open the door. The dog met her in the hall, wagging his tail.

"He's gone now: I saw him going," Miss Caverton said. "I think the thing to do is to call the police, isn't it? I'm sorry I had to disturb you, but I was frightened."

"I should think you would be," said Mr. Spencer. "It looks as if he'd got something," he added, turning on the dining-room lights. "Everything pulled open. Well, you'd think—well, I don't know, a pup don't have much sense; you can't expect a pup to be much of a watchdog. You throw a pup a piece of meat and he's anybody's friend."

Mrs. Spencer arrived then, timidly, and the police were telephoned for and came and made the usual check-up of the broken window, there not being much else they could do until Miss Caverton had counted her silver. It was daylight by the time Miss Caverton got into bed again, Mr. Spencer having nailed up the broken window, and this time Miss Caverton took the dog into her own room and locked and bolted him in with herself. Any company was better than being alone after such a fright. The dog curled up on the rug and slept. Miss Caverton lay awake.

SHORTLY after nine o'clock that morning the police came again—two plain-clothes detectives this time—and they poked and peered and made notes and a list of what Miss Caverton found missing, and at the top of the list was "1 white metal cof-pot, antique, with legs, eng'd L.M.C. 1818," thus describing Miss Caverton's most precious possession, her great-grandmother's silver coffeepot.

"These here burglaries," one of the detectives said, pulling the ear of the useful dog in friendly wise, "we ain't got much chance to get nothing back or catch nobody till they start to pawn what they got. Well, good morning, ma'am."

Miss Caverton returned to her little kitchen. What she hated most was the loss of her great-grandmother's coffeepot and the inevitable influx of curious neighbors that would begin when their morning housework was done. She hurried her work a little, but she remembered to take the dog out and snap his chain to the run-wire. She went up to put on a fresh house dress, and she had pulled it over her head when she heard the tapping again on the front door. She knew it was Eddie.

The boy stood at the door and he had a gunny sack, clasped into a neck midway by his hand. The sack was so heavy that he let it rest on the porch floor.

"Here," the boy said, pushing the sack at Miss Caverton, and as it moved on the floor it gave forth a clank of hollow metal and a clink of forks and spoons.

"But, Eddie," cried Miss Caverton, reaching for the sack, "where did you get this?" And then she said, "Come inside," and she drew the boy and the sack into the hall and closed the door. "Where did you get this, Eddie?" she demanded.

"I knowed where he put things—in the dump," Eddie said. "He wasn't to home last night, so I knowed there'd be some more, so I looked. I don't want him to take your things, so I fetched them to you."

MISS CAVERTON threw open the sack and plunged her hand in and drew out her great-grandmother Lydia's coffeepot.

"I knowed it was yours," Eddie said; "I seen it there." He nodded his head at the sideboard.

"But, Eddie, what will he do to you?" asked Miss Caverton in a panic.

"He'll lam hell out of me, I guess," Eddie said. "I don't care. Let him lam."

"He'll not lam anything out of you!" declared Miss Caverton. "Eddie, you brought these back because I bought your dog? Is that why?"

"Yes'm," the boy said uneasily.

"Did you tell your father you had sold the dog to me?" she asked.

"No'm," the boy said. "He didn't know. I didn't tell him."

"Edward," said Miss Caverton rather severely, "I want you to make your mind easy on one point here and now—nobody is going to lam you while I'm alive and able to prevent it, your father or anyone else. There'll be no more of that! We'll attend to that presently, Edward. I want you to wait here; will you?"

"Yes'm," said Eddie, "I'll wait," and he asked, "Can I go out and see Tag?"

"Yes," said Miss Caverton, and she led Eddie through the house and let him out at the kitchen door. Thereafter she stood quite a while at the kitchen window. The boy lay on the grass beside the useful dog, stroking the dog's neck, and Miss Caverton's forehead was creased in intense thought, but one thing seemed sure —*she had acquired a boy as well as a dog.*

"Eddie!" she called. "Come in! I want you to take a bath."

"Yes'm," said Eddie obediently, and the useful dog followed him to the end of the wire and stood looking after him, wagging his ridiculously long tail.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

It's a Point of Pride to win men by sheer merit!

We ask you to accept a free supply of the world's largest selling shaving cream to try.

GENTLEMEN: This is not the first advertisement you've ever read. You know that most ads say, "Our product's best."

We say: "More men use Palmolive Shaving Cream than any other kind. Of every 100 who try it 86 remain our steady customers." These are established facts.

So instead of "selling" you let us send a free supply. You try it for 10 days at our expense and be the judge.

Most men like this way of doing business—to make a test before they spend their money. Send the coupon.

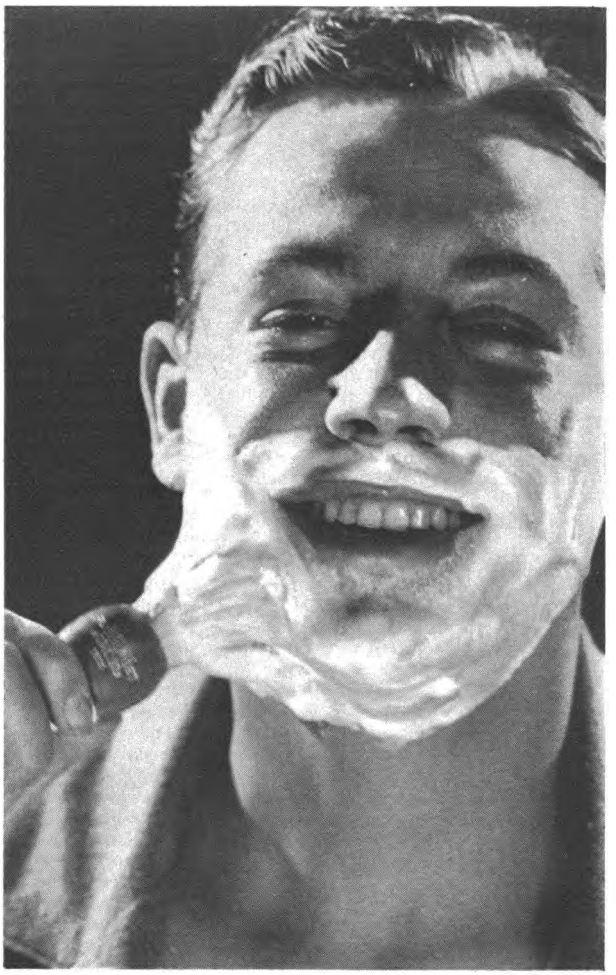
The olive oil principle

The public is responsible for Palmolive Shaving Cream. Up to that time, men told us, other creams had failed. So we asked 1,000 men to write down their chief complaints. Then we went to work.

It took months to perfect our present product. Based on the olive oil principle it introduces five exclusive features:

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

We base our case on showing you a product you'll like better than the rest. If we do we've won another life-long customer. Won't you fill in your name and mail the coupon? We'll appreciate it if you do.



NEW! Palmolive Shave Lotion.
Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to to 9:30 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1161, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

(Please print your name and address)

Daughter of the Skies

(Continued from page 79)

Paris, she was the first woman to fly a French bombing plane. In Honolulu she took over the controls of another bomber. And in Vienna she had her first crack-up.

These efforts to keep her flying hand in were interspersed with various bits of excitement, the first occurring when she figured in a near riot among the natives in Cairo. One half of the shopping quarter lined up against the other, with knives drawn on both sides and much screaming about the beard of the prophet. It all centered about a fake amber necklace which had been palmed off on her as real, the transaction incensing the head dragoman of Shepheard's Hotel, who felt his professional honor had been impugned by the unscrupulous merchant. Again, in Shanghai, a rickshaw boy attempted to kidnap her during the confusion of the revolutionary days.

And, in India, she was captured by Bombay dock pirates and for a spirited half hour didn't know exactly how serious the episode would prove to be. Too long dallying with bargains in old ivory and antique bangles brought her out to the Bombay bund long after the tender had left for her steamer lying about six miles out in the harbor. The liner was making ready to weigh anchor. As she paced back and forth, wondering what to do, another frantic passenger, dragging her two children, rushed belatedly up to the dock. Miss Nichols had no money, having spent her last cent on a necklace which had attracted her feminine eye, but the other passenger had a little change left. They decided to hire one of the dozen small sailboats lying by the wharf to take them to the steamer.

"AS SOON as our wishes were made known," she told me, "a terrific fight broke out as to who would carry us. We had no choice. Finally, the most villainous sailor of all knocked everyone else down and motioned us into his boat. Fearing that we should miss our ship we obeyed.

"As soon as he got out into the bay, the boat stopped, and the half dozen dirty-looking sailors who manned the oars when there was no wind, calmly began to eat rice. I spoke to the villainous-looking captain and waved towards our ship. He just tore the necklace off my throat and said we must give him all the money we had."

For a moment Miss Nichols was too stunned to think. Then she thought of jumping overboard and swimming ashore. But one look at the white, scared face of the mother with her two children restrained her from leaving them. Instead, she decided to keep "face."

Simulating a great rage, she ordered the captain to row them to the ship at once. If he didn't hurry up he would be thrown into jail.

The bluff worked. Cowed, fearful of the dire punishments she predicted, he ordered his men to the oars. They reached the ship just as the anchors were rattling up the side, clambered up a Jacob's ladder, and waved farewell to the villainous captain, who was now loudly demanding a fare and a tip.

After her world trip, Miss Nichols attempted to settle down as assistant manager of the women's department in a New York bank. She even considered the movies, having been prominent in dramatics at Wellesley and being intrigued by the idea of performing her own stunts of riding, swimming, and flying. She did appear once or twice as an extra, before the era of the talkies, but finally decided not to pursue a film career. Business seemed less fascinating to her adventurous soul than flying, and in 1928 she definitely allied herself with aviation by making the first nonstop flight between New York and Miami in eleven hours and fifty-nine minutes. Much to her surprise, newspapers headlined her feat.

"It seems that what I took for an ordinary trip was regarded as something wonderful," she said at the time. She also expressed a belief that within a short time planes would be flying between New York and Miami on a regular passenger schedule. Three years later her prophecy was fulfilled.

During 1929, between March 19th and September 22d, she made a twelve-thousand-mile tour around the United States for the purpose of helping to establish aviation country clubs, the first of which was located at Hicksville, Long Island. On this tour she flew alone, without any forced landings.

Interrupting that tour to enter the first Women's Air Derby—Santa Monica, California, to Cleveland, Ohio—she ran into a series of accidents which gave her enough experience to last a lifetime. Hurriedly borrowing a speedier plane, in order to compete with the fast ships of Amelia Earhart and Louise Thaden, Miss Nichols started for the west coast. Her new plane, the first of its model, was full of "bugs."

The "bugs" appeared right over the Arizona desert, miles from any railroad. Flying eight thousand feet high, she suddenly saw her oil pressure gauge drop to zero. A main feeder line had broken. She had to land at once.

A glance down. Nothing but mountains. Keeping her motor going to stretch out her glide, she spiraled earthward, saw a little valley and what looked like a tiny clear space. The overheated motor suddenly "froze." But she still had enough altitude to reach the clearing. With infinite care she set the plane down in the sagebrush. It rolled across the sand and stopped—upright.

SHE had landed in a poisonous desert, swarming with scorpions and rattlesnakes, with the sun raising a temperature of one hundred and fifteen degrees. As far as her eyes could see there was nothing but sand and sagebrush.

On the way down, however, she had seen in the distance what looked like a cabin. Having fixed its location in her mind, she knew in approximately what direction to walk, after landing. Covering up the wrecked motor, but unable to stake the plane down for lack of an ax, she threw a twenty-five-pound pack of provisions over her shoulder and set out to mush across the hot sands. It was about three in the afternoon.

An hour's painful, blistering walk brought her to the cabin. It was empty. Then she remembered seeing from the air a road not far from the cabin. In her search for it she came upon another cabin, where she suddenly saw a face peering mysteriously from one of the windows. She stopped, but there was no other place to go. And so, feeling the automatic in her hip pocket, she advanced.

It, too, was empty. The face she had seen was caused by her imagination and the play of light on the window pane.

Again turning toward the road, she walked on under the blazing sun for half an hour. Suddenly she saw a dog. And she loved that dog more than any dog she had ever seen. It meant human beings.

In another five minutes she came upon a third cabin. In the door stood an enormous Negro mammy.

The nearest telephone was seventy miles away, she learned; the nearest telegraph, fifty; and the nearest town, twenty-five. This was the only inhabited cabin in the valley, because the only water hole was near it. She was welcome to stay for dinner, which would be boiled onions.

Even boiled onions sounded good at that moment, but before they arrived she fell asleep. She was awakened by a terrific snorting, banging noise. Jumping up and running outside, she saw the oldest-looking automobile in captivity lurching along the road, headed for town. Four Negroes were its passengers. She thankfully squeezed in between two large ones on the front seat.

"Town" consisted of three pale, white houses and a sad-looking railroad station. After organizing a party to return to her landing place and stake down her plane, she caught the late night train for Los Angeles.

IN LOS ANGELES, her bland proposal that a tri-motored plane fly into the desert with a new engine for her plane was branded as sheer madness. Much simpler to dismantle her small plane and cart it to the railroad, she was told. Her reply was that she must enter the Women's Air Derby, and had only three days' leeway.

After three hours of furious argument she won her point. Still insisting that the expedition was crazy, but preferring to risk their necks rather than argue any longer, a pilot and three mechanics agreed to accompany her back to her ship, take out the old motor, and put in a new one. The next morning, before dawn, the tri-motored plane, outfitted like a flying repair shop, took off for a spot in the desert.

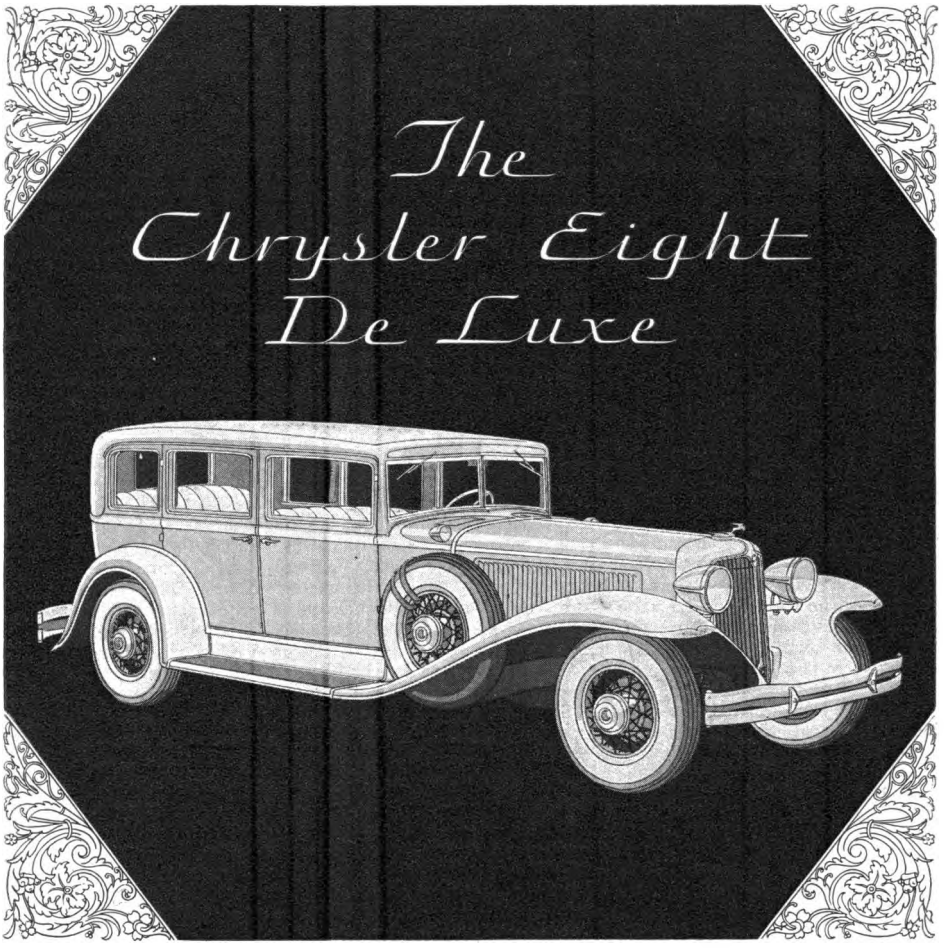
It was not until the pilot was two hours out that he remembered to ask her how good the airport was on which she had landed.

"Airport!" she exclaimed. "I'm not taking you to an airport. I landed in the desert."

The pilot swung right around toward Los Angeles.

"This plane is worth eighty thousand dollars," he said. "If you think I'm going to land it in the desert for any fool woman—"

Again her argument prevailed. Groaning, cursing himself for an idiot, prophesying that he would smash up the ship



For those who enjoy luxurious travel

BEFORE now you may have looked at moderately priced motor cars you thought were admirably smart, but—*look at this Chrysler Eight De Luxe.*

Before now you have ridden in moderately priced cars which seemed to be very rich and very comfortable, but we ask you—*ride in this one.*

Before now you have driven moderately priced cars you may have considered to be highly capable in performance, but again we ask you—*drive this one.*

This 95-horsepower, 80-miles-an-hour de luxe edition of the Chrysler Eight, now available in five body types, is patterned after the magnificent Chrysler Imperial Eight. It has that smart double windshield with chrome-plated frames; that lengthy sweep of line; that extremely graceful effect resulting from a low center of gravity; that visible staunchness that denotes a car of fine quality—that *aristocratic* look.

Inwardly, the Chrysler Eight De Luxe is sumptuously spaced, upholstered, trimmed and fixtured. Bedford cord upholstery of extremely rich weave and quality. Floor carpetings of high-pile luxuriousness. Soft seat backs and cushions with the deep, embracing comfort yielded by Marshall-type springs—the very finest. There are interior sun visors. Interior panels, instrument board and window mouldings are of dark walnut finish.

It is a car of de luxe *power*, de luxe *speed*, de luxe *pick-up* and de luxe *smoothness*, as well as a car of de luxe style and appointments.

A vital factor of its de luxe performance is the Chrysler Multi-Range 4-speed transmission with Dual High gears. Two high gears instead of one. A high gear for city driving and another for the open road. Both gears are of a patented internal-mesh design, which means that you can shift from either high to the other in an instant, at any speed, without clashing.

Drive this Chrysler and "Learn the Difference." Learn new things about pick-up. Learn new things about speed. Learn the difference in ease of handling—due to pivotal steering and internal self-equalizing hydraulic brakes.

See this car and see for yourself that Chrysler value, like Chrysler performance and Chrysler style, is on the plus side in Chrysler's favor.

DE LUXE COUPE	$1525	DE LUXE CONVERTIBLE COUPE	$1585
DE LUXE ROADSTER	1545	DE LUXE PHAETON	1970
DE LUXE SEDAN	1565	ALL PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY	

and lose his job, even if they weren't all killed, the pilot swung back again toward the desert.

She informed him that she had walked over the whole territory and could show him where to land on firm sand. When the pilot started to spiral down into the valley, he looked pleadingly at her as though hoping she would change her mind at the last minute, but she only pointed out where he was to land, within a mile of where her plane was staked down.

It took an hour of careful taxiing to get the lumbering transport plane over that mile of sagebrush.

AFTER a day and a half of heroic work in the broiling heat, during which one mechanic nearly suffered sunstroke, the new engine was installed in Miss Nichols' little plane. She took off, climbed higher, the larger ship followed, and in a few hours the two planes had landed in Los Angeles, just in time for the Air Derby.

Because her engine was new, she had to nurse it during the early laps of the air race. Even so, she managed to creep up to third place by the time the Derby reached Columbus, Ohio, where the transcontinental airport was being completed. Just before the last lap to Cleveland, she took up the plane for a test flight. Because of the rough, plowed condition of the field it was necessary to land on the runways. A strong cross-wind made this difficult with a ship which "floated" in landing as long as hers did. As she was landing, she noticed the plane was crabbing off the runway. The next instant a tractor, which shouldn't have been there at all, loomed up in front. There was a terrific smash. Three times the plane rolled over. She heard a voice say, "Are you hurt, sister?"

She wasn't hurt, but she was mad. And her plane wasn't worth picking up.

The next year, on Easter Sunday, Colonel Lindbergh leaped into headlines again by flying with his wife from the west coast to the east coast, with a stop at Wichita, Kansas, in fourteen hours and forty-five minutes. As preparation for more important flights, Miss Nichols decided to make the transcontinental one-stop hop herself. Before she was ready, Captain Frank Hawks, in a five-stop flight, traversed the country in eleven hours and forty-six minutes. But she surpassed Lindbergh's time on December 30, 1930, by making the hop in thirteen hours and twenty-two minutes in the worst season of the year.

She told me that she will never forget that grueling performance. Though she didn't reveal the fact at the time, two of her three compasses went out of commission on the first leg of the flight. Her sole remaining guide across mountain and desert was a simple magnetic compass which she knew was approximately twenty degrees off, because of vibration of the motor. Snowstorms forced her to climb twenty thousand feet over the highest Rockies, and for hours on the second leg she drove through nearly blinding rainstorms. Nevertheless, she hit every point on the map squarely on the nose.

When, on March 7th, this year, she set a new women's altitude record of 28,743 feet, in the same monoplane powered by a supercharged motor of six hundred horsepower, and, on April 13th, set a women's speed record of 210.55 miles an hour at Detroit, she encountered some criticism. Her reply was:

"Speed records stimulate interest in flying by showing how easily a plane can be handled by a woman even at extreme speed. I do wish people wouldn't say I'm reckless. The reckless one doesn't survive long in the air. Flying has no more room for reckless persons than any other profession."

MISS NICHOLS doesn't make a fetish of competing with men for their records. Lieutenant Apollo Soucek, of the United States Navy, has set a world's altitude record of 43,166 feet, while Squadron Leader Orlebar, of the British Schneider Cup team, set a world's speed record of 357 miles an hour. Without attempting to rival them, Miss Nichols still believes she can fly higher and faster than the records she set.

This one-hundred-and-thirty-five-pound girl who stands five feet five in her bare feet, and a little higher in dancing slippers, knows that men excel in lots of things, but that flying isn't necessarily one of them. Colonel Clarence D. Chamberlin, himself certainly one of the world's premier airmen, a transatlantic flyer, says that Ruth Nichols is the finest woman flyer in this country. Because of that belief he helped her prepare for her ocean flight. She piloted him one night from New York to Chicago over the treacherous Allegheny "hell stretch" in one of Chamberlin's own monoplanes. After watching her fly the course for fifteen minutes, he crawled back into the cabin and went to sleep, unafraid. The girl at the controls *was a pilot.*

Friends Around the House

(*Continued from page 65*)

not to interfere with traffic. Telephone wires and, in some places, telephone poles had to be taken down temporarily to permit the tree to pass.

"On one of the estates where I am retained as consultant, a formally planted terrace close to the house is surrounded by nineteen glorious elms, from fifty to sixty feet in height. Fourteen years ago they were brought from considerable distances, some from twenty-five miles away. All are perfect specimens today.

"Almost invariably we have success in transplanting pin oaks, beeches, lindens, maples, elms, sweet gum trees, white and red pines, and hemlocks. That is because their taproots are comparatively short. Trees which have long taproots, such as the white oaks, hickories, tulips, and black gums, can rarely be transplanted successfully, because if the tree is shaken sufficiently to loosen the dirt around the taproot, it will not live. In general, we do not undertake to transplant big forest trees. They require a ground cover of rich humus and will not live when moved to an open lawn."

"When is the best time to transplant very large trees?" I asked.

"Spring and winter, as a rule," he answered. "In winter the trees are dormant, asleep. Moreover, the ground is frozen and does not fall off the roots as it does in summer. Young trees, however, should be transplanted in the spring, if possible. This applies particularly to birches, poplars, willows, and other of the more tender varieties. Young evergreens can be planted safely in August or September, as well as in the spring, and some of the hardier deciduous trees, such as maples, elms, and pin oaks, in October. But spring is the safest time for all of them."

WHEN asked about pruning, he said: "The principle of pruning shade trees is just the opposite of that of fruit trees. Fruit trees are pruned to let in the sun so that the fruit will grow and ripen. Shade trees, however, are pruned to keep the sun out. The crown should be kept as thick as possible, so that the moisture does not dry out of the leaves too rapidly. Shade trees can be pruned any time, preferably in autumn before the leaves commence to fall. Fruit trees should be pruned in February. The worst time for either shade or fruit trees is the spring, for then the sap is flowing so rapidly that they may bleed. But dead branches may and should be removed at any time. Always start to prune a tree from the top and finish at the bottom, and do not cut away too much.

"Next to choosing hardy, native varieties of trees for your lawn," he continued, "the important thing is to choose those which are particularly fitted for the ground. The sycamore, for example, is not particular about soil and does not need very much moisture, so it will usually thrive on city streets as well as lawns. So will some of the evergreens, like white and red pines. These live in dry, sandy soils. Other hardy trees to plant or transplant are the Norway maple, small leaf linden, beech, and sweet gum. The elm, however, needs a deep, rich soil, and the ash, cypress, weeping willow, pin oak, and red maple require a deep, moist location. The white oak needs a well-drained, deep soil and will not grow in very cold, damp places. But the red oak is not so fastidious. An example of how that rule is applied—"

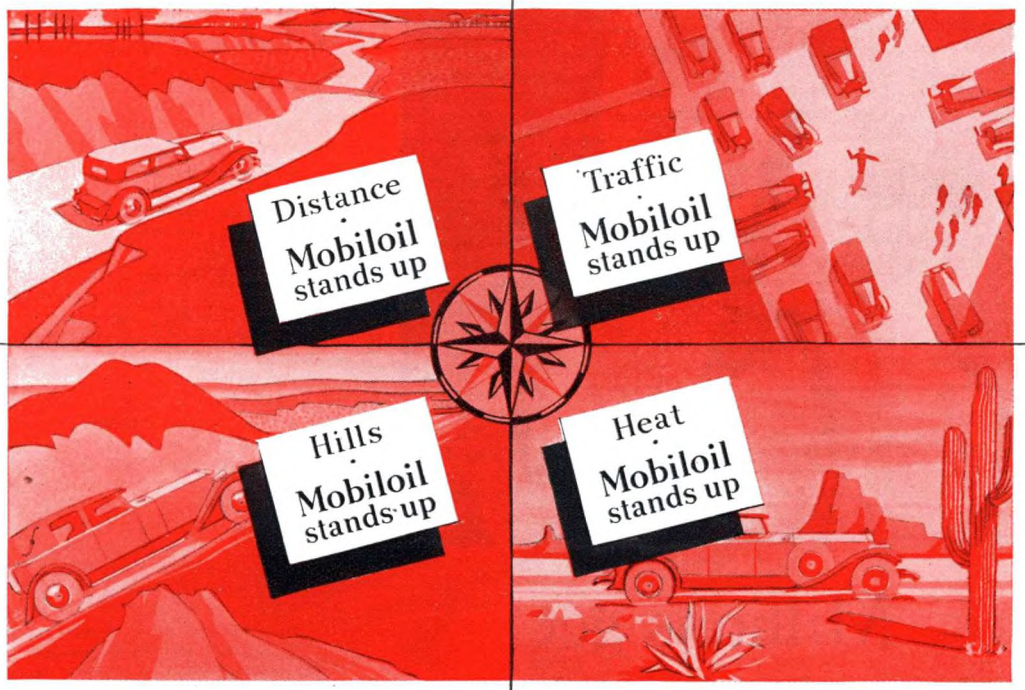
We had come around the side of the house and were standing at the edge of a thickly foliaged ravine.

"That hollow is moist and deep-soiled, so I planted it with sweet gums and red maples, with rhododendrons, laurel, and azaleas for the mass effects underneath. Here on the ridge where the ground is well drained I planted scarlet and red oaks and birches. It is just as nature would have done it, and therefore nature takes good care of it.

When we had completed our tour of the grounds, Mr. Levison paused, looked around him.

"There are approximately three acres about the house, all landscaped," he remarked. "How many men do you think are required to take care of it?"

Drive North . . drive East . .



drive West . . drive South

Take the country as it comes! Crawl through city traffic — you'll find Mobiloil **stands up.** It does not gum. It does not form hard carbon.

Speed for miles over concrete highways. Mobiloil grins at speed. Whatever the pace you set, Mobiloil will **stand up.**

Drive under a blazing Southern sun. Push your engine to the limit. Mobiloil will **stand up.** Its rich body defies heat, and protects your engine from wear.

Miles, mountains, mud, heat, sand, traffic — Mobiloil can take any driving you can give your car. And take it **standing up.**

Its amazing ability to **stand up** has made Mobiloil the most popular oil in the world today.

Every day—over 200 motorists are buying Mobiloil every minute.

You can easily prove the reason for such overwhelming popularity — in your own engine. Drive in where you see the familiar Mobiloil sign today, and ask for Mobiloil by name.

Mobiloil is always easy to get —no matter where you live.

More filling stations now carry Mobiloil than carry any other oil.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, from WEAF and 31 associated N. B. C. stations.

Mobiloil stands up

because it is Made . . not Found

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

"Six or seven," I said.

He shook his head, smiled.

"It takes one man a half day each week to cut the lawn, and that's all there is to do. The reason is that everything is planted so that nature will take care of it. That is the reason for those masses of shrubbery. Nature works in masses for a purpose. It grows its dogwood, laurel, and huckleberry in deep patches so that the plants will take care of each other, keep the ground moist, and prevent weeds from taking away their nourishment.

"Then, too, trees and shrubs, like people, need each other to live happily. Not long ago a woman called upon me to examine the trees on her Long Island estate. They were infested with insects, were rapidly becoming diseased.

"I soon found out the reason. She had built an English house on a heavily wooded plot of ground and had had it cleared off, leaving only a few stately old trees where before there had been many. The ground underneath, once deep with humus and dark with shade, had been made into a lawn. The trees, deprived of their rich nourishment, of the moisture that before had been conserved by the shadows, had commenced immediately to lose their strength and had become a prey to disease.

"I promptly cut down the hopelessly infected trees, clipped the others to make their foliage more dense, worked fresh humus into the ground around them, and supplied them plentifully with water. Thus, by restoring some of the forest conditions which they had lost, I managed to save most of the trees.

"You cannot thin out a forest suddenly and expect the remaining trees to stay healthy. The trees and shrubbery must remain close enough together to keep the moisture in the ground.

"To this extent the present tendency of small home owners to plant a group of evergreens in front of the house and let it go at that is commendable. The trouble is that it is not very decorative. A better plan is to use a few of them as background, about the house, along the sides of the lot, and then build around them masses of shrubbery—dogwood, laurel, and hardy wild flowers that are native to your territory. Now and then a fruit tree lends a pleasant effect to the scheme—an apple, a crabapple, cherry, or peach. For an additional touch of color, a fig tree or magnolia. And break the monotony of a wall with a bit of vine."

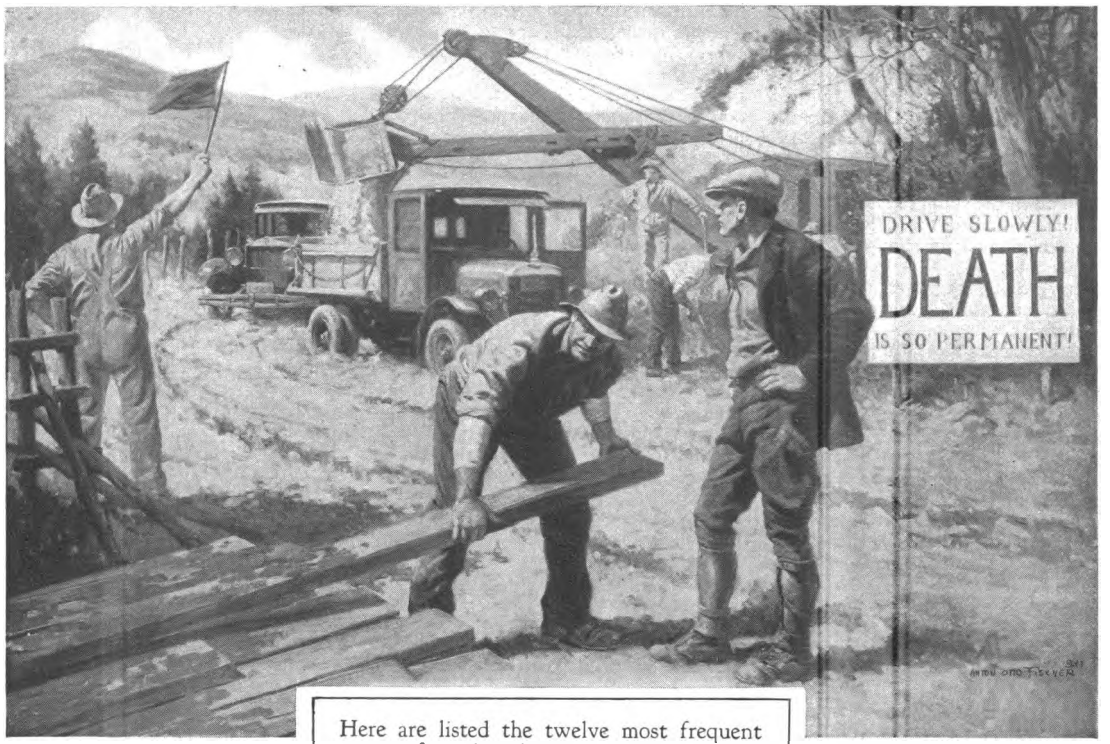
"WHAT shrubs and trees," I asked, "go best around a colonial house, or an old English, or a Spanish?"

"That is rather difficult to answer," he replied, "because it depends largely on the locality. But, generally speaking, for a colonial setting the old-fashioned shrubs and trees are best—apple trees, quince, dogwood, native lilacs, forsythia, white fringe, and such. For an English house, which is more formal, the evergreens and stately old trees. For a Spanish—well, cedars and the tropical trees that grow where Spanish houses are usually found.

"But, best of all, when you buy a lot, insist that the real estate firm and the builder leave the trees standing. Transplanting is usually expensive, and few trees, if they are beautiful, ever look out of place on the lawn."

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Caution or Accident?



The grim warning "Drive Slowly, Death is so Permanent!" has been heeded by thousands of drivers over dangerous roads.

Here are listed the twelve most frequent means of accidental injuries in the order of their fatality:

1. Automobiles
2. Falls
3. Drownings
4. Burns
5. Railroads
6. Poisonous Gases
7. Firearms
8. Machines
9. Mines and Quarries
10. Fires
11. Poisons
12. Suffocations

In this country accidents are now the largest single cause of the Crippling, Dependency and Destitution which call for relief.

ACCIDENTS took 100,000 lives, caused approximately 10,000,000 more or less serious injuries and cost more than $1,000,000,000 last year in the United States.

Among those killed by accident were 18,000 children under fifteen years of age.

No one knows how many accidental injuries and deaths are due to uncontrollable circumstances. Nevertheless, how many of the accidents which happened to members of your family or your friends — accidents which you know all about — could have been avoided?

Last year there were about 46,000 fatal accidents in homes and in industry. Elsewhere there were about 54,000 accidental deaths. Among the latter group 32,500 — motorists and pedestrians — were killed by automobiles.

But while the tide of accidents is steadily rising, there are some bright spots in the dark record.

Better traffic regulations in a large number of cities are reducing the percentage of street accidents and the toll of killed and maimed children.

Police officers and school teachers are training children to be careful.

Safety appliances and methods installed by the foremost industries are saving many lives.

But systematic accident prevention in homes has hardly begun.

Falls in homes caused 8,000 deaths last year; burns, scalds and explosions 5,400; asphyxiations 3,600; and fatal poisonings 2,000. Much remains to be done to check home accidents caused by recklessness and thoughtlessness.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company urges you to send for its free booklets on accident prevention. Ask for Booklets 731-A.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Two Against the World

(*Continued from page 27*)

the rails on which the charging-machine runs. It would never do to trip. You have to watch your step through blue glasses, for otherwise you would be blinded by the incandescent light from the furnace. And when you have to do this for almost an hour, stripped to the waist and sweating rivers, with dust from the dolomite gritty on the shovel handle— Yes, Chick was tired. But Bill was more so. And Chick, seeing him take up a pick to begin another man's job for the second time that day, dropped down the stairs to his side.

"Gimme that pick!" he demanded.

Bill straightened up slowly. "What's that?" he said.

"Gimme that pick, I said," and Chick stepped down onto the hot cinder, thin-soled shoes and all.

"What's the big idea?" Bill demanded.

"The idea is, I want that pick. Come on, hand it over. I'm sick o' sitting around up there while you try to run a furnace all by yourself."

A slow smile spread itself across Bill's face. It wasn't a pleasant one to look at. "Oh, I see," he said. "You've got a sneaking idea you're going to horn in on this."

"I'm not trying to horn in on anything," Chick snapped. "I don't give a rap what you're up to. All I know is, you're going to kill yourself if you keep this up, and I won't have it. Now, gimme that pick and get out o' here."

FOLLOWED a long moment during which Bill said nothing. He stood there, his fatigue-clouded eyes bent upon his assistant in a puzzled, questioning look. Then he produced another sort of smile. It was the nearest to a friendly expression that Chick had ever seen on his battered face.

"All right, Chick, I guess I will," he said. "I am a little tired, and my brother, here –"

His brother, it seemed, wasn't well; Bill said so in a voice which, once started, went on and on and on. He hadn't ever been well. It was a sickness of the backbone rather than anything else, and Bill, after years of taking care of him, had finally told him he was through. That had been a year before, when Harley had written that he was in a jam and needed money badly. Bill had sent it, but had told him it was the last, and after that had refused to answer his letters. Then Harley had come to him.

"He couldn't find me because I'd moved," Bill said in a dull, dead voice. "I'd moved because I knew he'd come after me. He hunted me for a week, then he found me here. I saw him coming up the ramp, but I didn't let on I knew him. I'd told him I was through, and I was. Then he flopped."

Silence. Bill looked down at the sleek brown stuff on which they stood, his eyes seeing nothing. Chick, embarrassed by the tide of confidence for which he hadn't asked, fidgeted on his feet. Harley stood at one side, his face expressionless. Then Bill swallowed and went on.

"What could I do?" he said. "He was my brother. . . . I picked him up and carried him to the ambulance; then I took him home. He got what he came after all right; he got me started taking care of him again.

"This time, though, there's a difference," he went on, his voice taking on a hard, metallic quality and his eyes glaring at Harley. "This time you're going to do some taking care of yourself, or else you'll never be Harley Fox again. And if you don't start coming across and swinging it pretty soon, you and I are done for keeps."

That was all he said. As quickly as the fire had blazed in his eyes, it died. He turned his back on Harley. "Much obliged, Chick," he said, his voice dull once more. "I'll do as much for you some time." Then he handed over his pick, climbed out of the cinder-pit, and mounted the steep stairs like an old, old man.

"And that confounded, blubber-faced imitation of a half man stood there with a silly grin on his face—and let me do his job for him!" Chick said to Jock a few hours later.

It was quitting time when he said this. He and Jock were standing at the head of the ramp, down which Bill and Harley had gone a few minutes before. Jock, having heard of Chick's action, had arranged to be standing there when Chick went by, homeward bound. "They tell me you've been doing a little third helping," was the way he opened the subject. Chick had replied with, "Sure, I have. Did you think I was going to stand around and let a good man kill himself?" Then he had told Jock the rest of it.

"And now he's catching merry Hades for it," he added with satisfaction. "Look; if Bill ain't giving him Hail Columbia I miss my guess."

Yes, Bill was giving him Hail Columbia; it was apparent in his gestures as they walked across the yard. But Jock was only half seeing them. He was lifting a hand to rasp it across the white bristles on his chin and giving vent to another thoughtful "Hm-m!"

A brother. Strange that such a possibility hadn't occurred to him before. A brother—and Chick. From the one, whined alibis; from the other, an almost pugnacious helpfulness. And Bill still sullen, ungracious. It was a situation such as Jock had never encountered in all his years of handling men.

"WELL, you never can tell, can you?" Jock said, and looked away down the long, littered floor that was sacred to workers only. "Sometimes it's one thing, sometimes it's another. But we'll have to call it off just the same. Tomorrow I'll give him his time."

"Why?" Chick demanded quickly. "What do you want to do that for? We haven't slowed up any, have we? Ain't we getting the tonnage out?"

"Yes, you are—so far. But that can't last forever. We don't hire three men for each furnace just because we want to spend money, you know. We hire 'em because it takes three men to work it right."

"Sure. I know it. But this is different." Chick was very much in earnest. "Maybe that guy ain't worth a tinker's dam, maybe he is; I don't know and I don't care. But he's Bill's brother, and if Bill wants him to stick around, I say let him."

"Well!" Jock looked at Chick with eyes that twinkled. "Sort of sticking up for Bill, are you?"

"Me?" There was a look of surprise on Chick's face. Then, taking thought, he grinned. "Yes, maybe I am," he admitted.

At that, Jock chuckled. "All right," he said. "We'll let it ride along a little while longer. But, mind you," he added in his big boss voice, "the minute your furnace shows any sign of slipping—"

No, sir, you never could tell. Even the hardest of men was likely to have a soft spot somewhere inside him—a spot which, once exposed, inspired similar revelations on the part of the others. As for the soft ones, maybe there were circumstances that would make them turn hard; there certainly ought to be in this case. If rubbing up against steel and the men in steel didn't uncover a hard spot in Harley Jackson, nothing else would.

In the meantime, get out the tonnage.

THIS was the state of things when double-turn time came around.

It must have been tough on Bill and Chick, swinging three jobs between them. It must have been a regular nightmare, in fact. They didn't have the rest spells they should have had. They were on their feet when they should have been loafing. But never a peep came out of them. They seldom spoke, even to each other. They just plugged doggedly along. And when double-turn time came around, they looked as though they had been working day and night for a week.

"They'll never make it," was one of the remarks Jock heard from the men, who were now all openly watching the pair. "They'll be all in before eight o'clock; you mark my words."

"Hounds for punishment, them two boys," was another. "I never saw anything like it in all my life. If they want to kill themselves, why don't they go jump in the lake? It's a whole lot easier."

They were concerned, every hard-boiled man of them. They were curious, yes. They were bound to be, for none of them knew the truth of the situation. Bill, having talked once, had clamped his jaw tight shut again, and Chick, who up to then had been willing to talk to anyone, responded to tentative inquiries with a curt "What business is it of yours?" and went back to work. But their curiosity was almost completely submerged by their anxiety for the pair; Jock saw it in every remark that was made.

His answers were noncommittal. "Oh, I guess they'll get by," he said. "It takes more than a little extra work to put that pair on the rocks." But his thinking was not. Fatigue, he knew, led to carelessness, and carelessness on an open-hearth floor was dangerous. So he stayed close to Number Six—and saw, as the evening wore on, a demonstration of such spirit as had never before been shown beneath his ten-acre roof. It took the form of casual visits from one man after another.

"Goin' over to the rest'rant, Bill. Want a bottle o' milk or something?"

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"Oh, Bill! Look here a minute. I got a bunch o' recarburizer all made up and I ain't got any use for it. I'll dump it around on the balcony for you, hey?"

"Say, you guys, we've been sittin' around till we're stiff as boards. Let us take a crack at bottom-makin', will you?"

"Get out o' the way, Bill. I'll set that trough up for you. Get over on the bench and flop a while. You got one comin'."

They were being helpful. The men who had never had anything but harsh words from Bill were maneuvering to ease his load. And Bill, whose face had never worn anything but a scowl, looked at each of them with wonder in his eyes—and turned them down as they came.

"Why, much obliged," he said. "Much obliged, old man." There was no harshness in his voice. He spoke as though he were a little confused.

He saw something else, too: he saw Harley "Jackson" doing a lot of thinking. Harley was standing close by when the various offers were made; Bill was responsible for that. "Tired out, eh?" he had snarled earlier in the evening; and in his worn-down condition he hadn't tried to keep his voice low as he usually did; his words were heard two furnaces away. "Well, that's too bad! But you don't get any flops, not any more. You're staying on your feet along with Chick and me. Come on, grab that shovel. If you're still too weak to work, you can stand around and act like a worker, anyhow."

And Harley had complied. Now he was thinking. It showed in the way he looked after each man as he departed.

He was impressed; Jock could see it. Harley Jackson knew that these men were offering assistance out of the kindness of their hearts—and that he was the reason help was needed. That grin was not a silly one; it was an expression of embarrassment. He was looking at his brother, now. He was sizing him up in a way that he had never done before—and in the next moment was dropping his shovel and showing the stuff that had been hidden far inside him.

AN ACCIDENT was responsible, an accident of the sort that Jock had been fearing and that even his watchfulness had failed to forestall. As Jock thought it over afterward, it was easily explained. Bill, setting up the trough that conducted the hot metal into the furnace, had either been distracted by the offer of help or was so numbed by fatigue that he grew careless.

The trough was being swung into position by the crane. Its nose had been thrust into the furnace through the middle one of the three doors, the other end was swinging free. When the offer of help came, Bill was dragging into position the heavy steel rack which was the support for the back end, and after his slow-voiced "Much obliged" he turned back to finish the job. He set the rack in position. He signaled the craneman, who sat in his little pilot house above the outer edge of the floor. The trough was lowered. It settled down onto the rack and rested there securely—or seemed to. Then that crane rolled away and the hot-metal crane came along.

Slowly, ponderously, the great steel bucket of a ladle floated into the sun-strong light that streamed out of the open furnace door. It held fifty tons of molten

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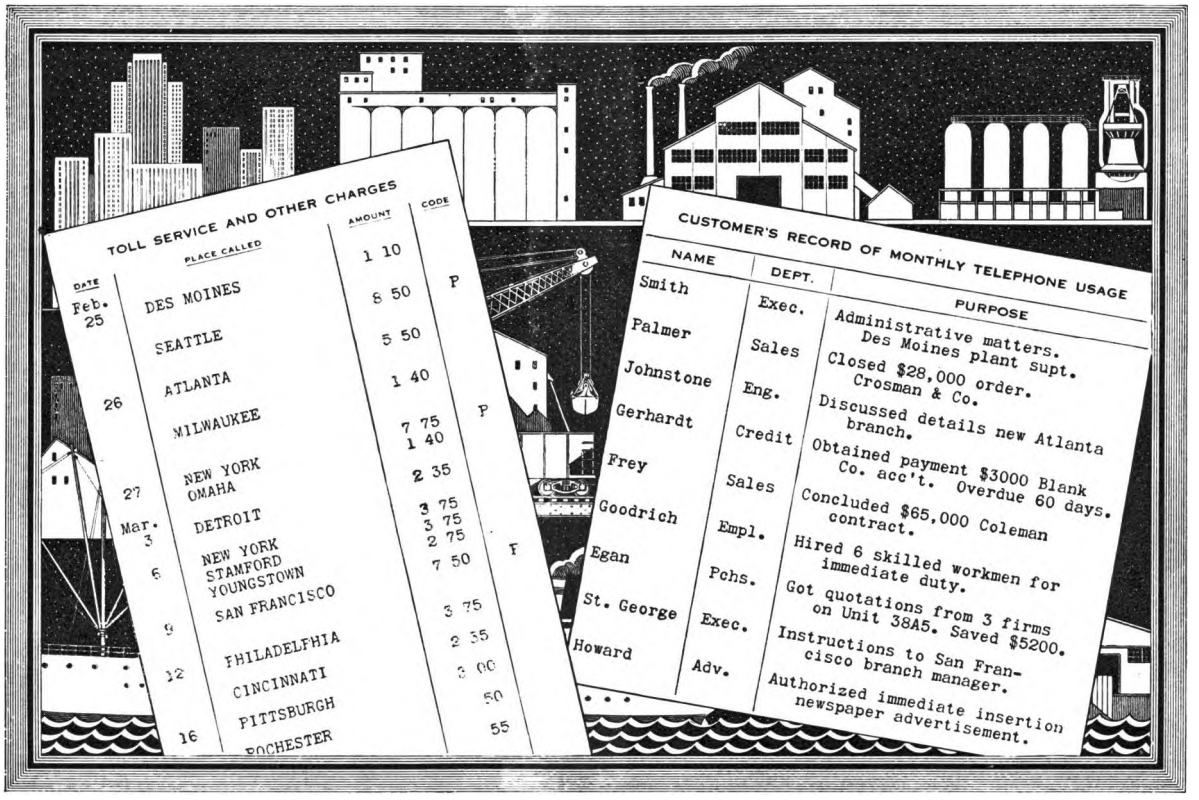

The telephone brings marked economy in the transaction of inter-city business. Saves valuable time for executives. Speeds production and deliveries. Straightens out misunderstandings. Simplifies operations.

A leading flour mill company uses Long Distance in all phases of its business. Executives at the home office direct branches and mills in various parts of the country chiefly by daily telephone calls. They maintain personal contact regularly with out-of-town customers by telephone. Speaking of the firm's Long Distance bill, an official says: "We think it is one of the best investments we make." A textile company was in the market for goods of a certain kind. Prices quoted were not satisfactory. The purchasing agent telephoned three different cities. With the information gained, he saved his firm $6000 on one order.

A large Ohio specialty company, through its sales manager, closed a $45,000 deal during a three-minute telephone call to Kansas City. Cost of the call, $3.

Inter-city calls cost little, yield big. Typical station-to-station day rates: New York to Boston, $1. Pittsburgh to Indianapolis, $1.50. Seattle to Omaha, $5. Evening and night rates, still lower. Get things done by telephone . . . *Quick* . . . *Inexpensive* . . . *Resultful.*

pig iron, and the massive girders that swung the load were rosy in the light that lifted up from it. It stopped behind the trough. It sank down into position. From above, between the girders, a cable dropped down like a snake from a tree. There was a hook on the end of it, and Bill stepped forward to engage the hook in a ring at the base of the ladle.

That done, he stepped to one side and waved his hand. The cable tightened. The ladle tipped forward slowly. A trickle of metal rose up over the lip of the spout, dropped, and struck the back end of the trough with a sputtering shower of sparks—a test to see if the ladle was correctly spotted. It was. Even though the hot-metal craneman was unable to see the trough because the ladle was in the way, he seldom missed. Bill raised his hand in a signal: "O.K."—and the ladle tipped more. The trickle became a solid, spitting stream of molten fire.

It was then that the carelessness showed up. The heavy steel rack had been improperly set. The weight of the falling metal struck the trough. It trembled. The rack slipped, there was a hollow thump—and in the space of a heartbeat a river of fire was pouring backward, down, and sweeping across the floor directly toward Bill's feet.

INSTANTLY all was confusion. A dozen voices yelled "Look-KOUT!" A dozen men started toward the spot. Jock, the crews of Five and Seven, some from Four and Eight—all went racing toward where Bill looked death in the face. The ladle had stopped tipping. The craneman, seeing the backward rush of metal, had halted the lift of the cable. But plenty of the molten death had swept out on the floor; Bill was trapped as definitely as though the entire fifty tons had escaped.

He had leaped away from the tide in the automatic reaction of any man in peril, and yelled as he did so. He had leaped to the top of a crumbling pile of dolomite. But that was as far as he got. Hands before his face, his clothes beginning to smoke, he stood there—and slowly, like a melting candle, sank down into a heap.

It was death.

No man could long survive the awful heat that bathed him. Even though he didn't roll down into the pool that reached up for him with flickering tongues of flame, he couldn't inhale its hellish breath very long and live. Had he been fully rested and strong, he might have stayed on his feet long enough to save himself. The craneman, quick to see his peril, had swung the ladle over close to him; he could have grabbed the tipping-cable and been lifted away to safety. But he wasn't strong enough. His long siege of extra labor had worn him down. And now he couldn't be reached. The surrounding pool of liquid fire was much too wide to jump across.

It was then that Harley acted. While other men, yelling loudly, milled around fruitlessly, Harley did the only thing possible under the circumstances.

He had seen it all. Standing perhaps ten feet back of Bill with that thoughtful, sizing-up look in his eyes, he had seen the tide of fire sweep backward. He had yelled as Bill jumped back, had leaped toward him, only to be stopped by the flood. He had watched Bill melt down into a sense

Young Mrs. Jenkins enjoyed the weekly bridge parties in her small suburban town. She looked forward to them. Such a nice lot of girls. So merry. So bright. She was fortunate to be "in" with them. Naturally, when they began meeting without her, she felt deeply hurt. She was certain she hadn't said anything that turned them against her. Over and over again, she sought some explanation. Poor Mrs. Jenkins . . . She didn't realize that she had halitosis (unpleasant breath). And, of course, even her best friends would not tell her.

Listerine *promptly* overcomes odors other mouth washes fail to mask in 4 days

It is curious how some women, extremely fastidious about other things, blithely assume their breath to be beyond reproach. What a mistake! Almost anyone is likely to have halitosis (unpleasant breath) at one time or another. Because every day, even in normal mouths, conditions capable of causing it may arise or are already present.

Ninety-five percent of halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles, which the tooth brush has failed to remove from the mouth. By minor infections. By excesses of eating and drinking.

The one way to be sure that your breath is sweet, wholesome, and therefore inoffensive, is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine immediately halts fermentation. (Milk to which Listerine has been added keeps fresh 12 days.) Listerine checks infection—kills germs in the fastest time science has been able to measure accurately. Listerine, having thus struck at the cause of odors, overcomes the odors themselves.

After one of the most exhaustive series of tests to determine the deodorizing power of Listerine and certain other antiseptic mouth washes, a noted chemical engineer said:

"Listerine's deodorizing power is simply amazing. In experiment after experiment, it has shown ability to instantly overcome odors that ordinary mouth washes fail to mask in 4 days, and in some cases 9 days. Clearly, Listerine's power in this direction is more immediate and lasting than that of other antiseptics."

Keep Listerine on your dressing table, or in the bathroom cabinet. Always carry it with you when you travel. It is your precaution against infection. Remember that the medical profession looks upon it as the ideal antiseptic because it is non-poisonous, soothing and healing to tissue, and it is really delightful to taste. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

less heap, then had disappeared, running. He didn't stay away long. Almost instantly he was back. He carried a rabbling bar—one of the ten-foot lengths of steel with which Bill stirred up the cooking bath from time-to time. Its point, lumpy with a clot of frozen steel and slag, he was aiming at the pool, the loop of its handle was back behind his shoulder. And from the way he gripped it, Jock knew what he intended to do.

He was going to vault the pool. Regardless of risk, indifferent to the fact that the metal floor was smooth and the lump on the end of the rabbling bar was smoother, he was going to pole-vault across to where his brother lay. And even as he charged, even as Jock let out a bellow of warning and encouragement combined, Jock knew that from then on Harley was going to be a steel man. Up to this moment he had been the helped; from now on he was going to be a helper. It showed in his face.

On he came, his eyes ablaze, his lips a grim, straight line. He charged up onto a slippery, sparkling pile of ferromanganese. He seemed to fly across the insecure footing of the crystalline, fist-sized rocks. Down went the lumpy point, sending up a shower of sparks as it struck the pool, up went Harley. He seemed to hang suspended over the flaming lake for minutes, then he went down.

He struck the pile of dolomite almost on top of Bill. He dropped the bar, stooped down to his brother, and hoisted him into the air. There was nothing of weakness in him now. Harley was a giant. Though his brother weighed pounds more than he did, he rose up like a feather. With one quick, sure motion, indifferent to the smoke that began to puff out from his own clothes, he swung Bill out and dropped him, face down, in the V made by the junction of the tipping-cable and the ladle. That done, he jumped and grabbed the cable.

IT WAS only a matter of moments before the two were sailed across the flaming lake to where many hands awaited them. And then, with a ring of open-mouthed faces gathered close around them and the smell of ammonia strong in the motionless air, one brother opened his bloodshot eyes, looked around slowly, saw the smoking clothes of the other—and scowled.

"Did you do that?" he said.

"Sure, I did," said Harley.

"All by yourself?" said Bill.

"No. I couldn't," said Harley. "You can't ever do anything by yourself, not around here. Everybody's a helper, you and everyone else. That made me out a piker. I figured that out tonight. So, when you flopped, I figured I had a chance to do a little myself."

That was when Bill grinned. It spread across his face like the glow from a ladle of hot metal. He flung a glance at Chick. He flashed his eyes at Jock. Then he looked at his brother again.

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!" he said.

"Are you?" Harley said quickly.

"Sure, I am," said Bill.

"Then I must be one, too," Harley said, with a grin.

"Yeah?" Bill sat upright. "Yeah?" He got to his feet. "Why, so you are," he added. "If I'm a son of a gun, you are, too. You've got to be. We're brothers'"

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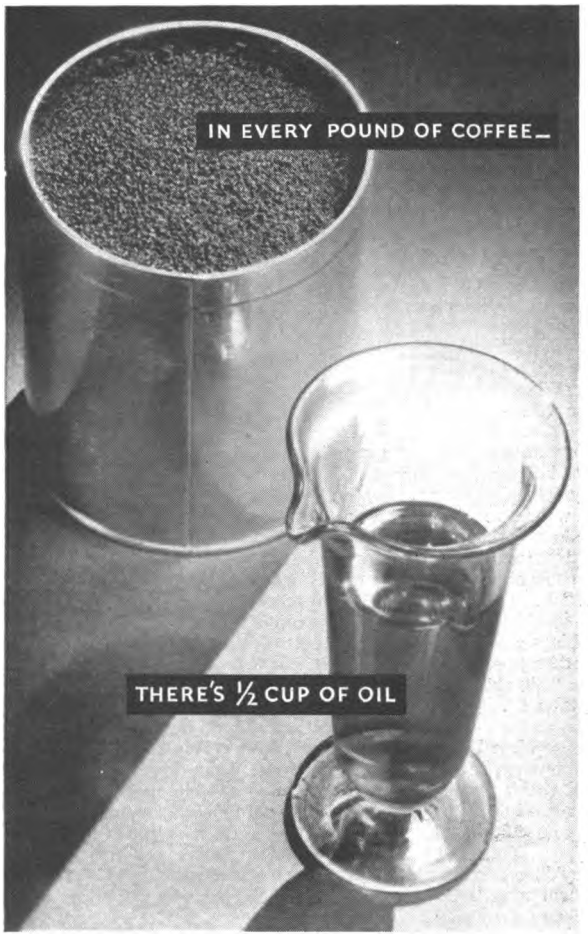


In this delicate oil, when fresh, are the matchless flavor, the marvelous aroma, that make coffee the delightful, reviving drink we love.

Fresh—it Aids digestion

THIS STARTLING FACT has now been established: *Fresh* coffee acts as a beneficial tonic to the digestive organs and nerves of all normal persons. Fresh, it *aids* digestion!

The reputation of coffee has suffered because it is so often stale when purchased. Stale coffee is bad, for this reason . . .

In each pound of coffee there is approximately half a cup of oil. This oil, like cream or butter, is perishable. Fresh, it is a health-promoting food. Fresh, it carries the marvelous flavor and aroma which you crave in coffee. Stale, it is rancid and toxic. Stale, it frequently causes indigestion, nervousness, headache, sleeplessness.

After it is roasted, the development of rancidity in coffee is a matter not of months, but days. And this rancidity develops regardless of the type of container used. For this reason Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is *dated*.

From the roasters it is rushed to grocers by the nation-wide Fleischmann delivery system that brings you fresh yeast.

You will never find a can of dated Chase & Sanborn's Coffee that has been in your grocer's store more than ten days.

Buy Chase & Sanborn's Coffee today and enjoy its matchless flavor — flavor famous among lovers of good coffee for 65 years!

* FRESH COFFEE is coffee in which the delicate oil is still sweet and wholesome. In *stale* coffee the oil has turned rancid.

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee

DATED

Guaranteed fresh... Every can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is plainly marked with the date your grocer receives it. No can is ever allowed to stay in his store more than ten days. Its matchless flavor is never marred by staleness.

Facing Fifty-five Years

(*Continued from page 45*)

my eyes, with the swagger and glamour of the older fellows who hung out at the neighborhood pool rooms. I was anxious to get back with the gang, to renew old friendships, learn what had happened while I'd been away, and incidentally to tell them all the details of my adventure.

It had been an adventure, you see. I'd done time, just like some of the older fellows we knew from the distance and admired as "big shots." I was, I thought, something of a "big shot" myself now. I could tell them things.

"Gonna swipe any more bicycles, Joe?"

"Bicycles? Do I look like a piker? Next time I do a job, kid, it's gonna be worth while."

I strutted, talked out of the corner of my mouth.

FATHER had been too poor to get an education. But he was determined that his children should not have the same handicap. Other boys in our neighborhood on the East Side of Cleveland left school to go to work. I continued into high school.

You'd think by this time I would have been old enough at least to realize I was going a dangerous way. If I'd only stopped for a moment to think! High school offered many new opportunities to make something of myself. But "big shots," "hot cars," "hot shows" were still the only thoughts I had in my head. I wanted to show the gang that I was real stuff.

A crowd of us organized a football team. We decided we needed sporty sweaters.

The next day three of us broke into a house near the school, after having rung the doorbell to make sure there was nobody at home, and got our sweaters.

The gang was immensely pleased, and we were proud.

But a few days later the police were on our trail. Our brand-new sweaters were taken away from us, and my two companions and I were sent to the reformatory.

For eighteen long months I lived in this prison for children. I was close to eighteen now, almost grown up. My folks had wept over me. The juvenile court judge had given me a long, kindly lecture.

The first week at the reformatory I was a model prisoner. I studied as I'd never studied before. I actually became interested in grammar, English literature, mathematics. I took up bookkeeping. But then I started to make friends among the other prisoners. Many of them were older than myself, and their stories of big jobs they had "pulled," of daring holdups, police chases, and escapes had a glamour that I couldn't resist. I listened to them fascinated and wished that I, too, could tell of exploits like theirs.

From then on my eyes were still on my books during classes but my thoughts weren't. Why couldn't I have been smart, like those older fellows?

I was a piker compared with them, I thought. Just a piker. Way out of their class. It hurt my pride, and all thoughts of reform disappeared. I gritted my teeth. I'd show them yet, I told myself. Just wait till I got out.

My studies languished more and more. I dropped bookkeeping, took up stenography because it looked easier. Then I dropped stenography. Instead of studying evenings, a group of us played cards.

One of the other inmates told me how he obtained spending money without the knowledge of the authorities. From then on I was always well supplied with funds. I wrote letters to friends on the outside asking for loans, and bribed one of the inmate post-office boys to mail them for me. Then, on visiting day, one of these friends would come to see me with a bill folded into a tight little package and attached to a length of black thread. When the attendant wasn't watching, he would slip me the money and I'd quickly swallow it, hooking the end of the thread around a tooth.

Then, after the guard had searched me and I was back in my cell, my cellmate would flash (look with a hand mirror) up and down the tier to make sure that no one was watching, and I'd "cough up" the package. Proudly I'd show him the bills.

"Not bad, eh, Jack?"

"Some boy!"

Being able to buy things gave a fellow standing among the other prisoners. It convinced some of the "big shots" that I wasn't such a piker, after all.

FINALLY the day came when I was to leave. The superintendent, a gray-haired, kindly old man, shook my hand.

"Don't come back, son."

I nodded.

"I won't."

And I meant it. They'd never catch me again. I'd out-smart them hereafter.

As I passed the kitchen on my way to the door, a prisoner tossed two letters to me.

"Hey, Joe!" he whispered. "Mail these, will you?"

I hid them quickly in my shirt, passed on. It never occurred to me that I was breaking the rules, that I was running the risk of having my parole revoked. No. Nothing like that. Again only the desire to show I was a real guy. And, *smack!* Just as I reached the door a hand fell heavily on my shoulder. The "Lone Wolf," an eagle-eyed guard, had spied the letters. I was caught!

The door didn't open for me that day. Instead, I was marched back to the coal pile and handed a shovel. Real hard work, that. The hardest I had had.

Strange, isn't it, that such things never made the right kind of an impression on me?

Home again, I was sent to high school for a new start. My father increased my weekly allowance for lunches and spending money to fifteen dollars on my promise that I'd stay out of trouble. It was easy for me to make that promise. After all the lies I'd already told, one more didn't mean much.

But I soon found that the fifteen dollars wasn't nearly enough for my wants. I was growing up, and so was the crowd I traveled with. Fifteen dollars didn't last long if you picked up a jane in the park and tried to show her a good time, or if your luck went against you in a crap game. I started asking Dad for more, but he refused. So I went to Mother. Dear soul! She gave it to me, dug down into her household allowance for her son who she still believed could do no wrong.

What a young fool I was!

All the opportunity in the world was there for me, free for the asking. Libraries, Y.M.C.A.'s, clubs, night school where I might have prepared for a career in science, art, or business management. Instead of taking advantage of them, I spent my evenings in speak-easies, at the corner drug store, at the roller-skating rink in the park.

IT WAS at this skating rink that my downfall became complete. An older gang also hung out there, a gang of bootleggers, hijackers, and hoodlums dominated by an imposing figure known as Black Jack. They seemed so well liked, so important, and they wore such conspicuous clothes that I longed to be one of them.

I had done a bit of work with the band at high school, playing the trombone. Now a group of us at the rink organized a jazz orchestra. We didn't make any money out of it, but it brought us invitations to lively parties which the older crowd attended. So we felt well repaid.

"Look here, Black Jack," I said to the leader one night. "How's chances to get a job with you? I can drive pretty."

"Listen, Punk." He spoke from the corner of his hard mouth, emphasizing the words with a side motion of his long arm. "Grow up before you try to talk business with a real man."

"Grow up!" That hurt my pride. I'd show this wise guy!

For some time, to supplement our pin money, several of us had been breaking into houses, robbing them while the tenants were away.

Then, one day, while ransacking a bedroom, I came upon a revolver. It gave me new ideas. The next afternoon I staged my first stick-up. I did it late in the afternoon, because I was still going to high school. For a disguise I wore a large pair of smoked glasses which I found at home.

That first holdup didn't pay me very well—it was in a small store and I got only fifteen or twenty dollars out of the cash register. But the newspapers printed several paragraphs about it, and I managed to let Black Jack know that I was the fellow they were writing about. He seemed a bit more friendly after that.

During the following weeks I held up several more stores, always wearing my smoked glasses for the job and casually going back to school the next day.

News was dull in Cleveland just then, and one of the newspapers made a front-page story of my third or fourth robbery by naming me the "smoked-glasses kid" and calling me a daring bandit.

It pleased me immensely. Boy, I was getting there!

"Take a look at that, Black Jack. Still think I'm just a kid?"

Black Jack read the story and smiled.

"You're getting there, buddy. I'll have to look around and see what I can find for you."

Italy's great beauty experts teach olive and palm oil method

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

And the world over—more than 20,000 leaders in beauty culture advise their lovely patrons to use no soap but Palmolive

PEZZA, *of Naples*
He prescribes Palmolive Soap to Neapolitan beauties who wish to "keep that schoolgirl complexion."

CECILE ANDRE, *of Palermo: "Palmolive is the one soap I can rely on to cleanse the skin and at the same time keep it supple."*

Pezza, of Naples, says: ***"No woman deserves a lovely skin if she fails to observe the most important daily beauty rule: wash the face with Palmolive Soap every morning and every night."***

Armando Pezza

The glamourous olive-tinted Italian beauty keeps her skin fresh and exquisitely fine by regular use of Palmolive Soap.

World travelers are frequently directed to the salon of Pezza in Naples.

FROM busy, metropolitan Milan to sleepy, sun-drenched Naples, Italian women are discovering how to keep that schoolgirl complexion, just as are their sisters in 15 other countries. They act on the advice of experts.

Eugenio, of Milan; Pezza, of Naples; Andre, of Palermo; Salvino, of Venice! These are some of the well-known leaders of Italian beauty culture.

Specialists to royal houses, with stars of the famous La Scala Opera and other notables among their patrons.

All receive same advice

And wherever complexion problems arise, all the lovely clients of Italy's great beauty experts are told, first of all, this one fundamental rule: "The skin needs, before and above everything else, deep, thorough cleansing."

That cleansing, so vital to beauty, is best accomplished with Palmolive Soap and warm water. A rich lather should be made, which is massaged into the skin, then rinsed away with warm water, followed by cold.

Italy's experts are part of a vast international group (including more than 20,000, think of that!) every one of whom advises Palmolive. They think it ideal for the bath, too. Which is a very practical suggestion, since Palmolive never costs more than 10 cents the cake.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

Retail Price
10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

But Black Jack never finished looking around. A few days later somebody took my gang hero for a ride—a ride from which he never came back.

Again I might have paused and saved myself. Here was a graphic example, set plumb in my path, of the tragedy that always crouches like a great, black shadow over every life of crime. But I wouldn't be warned.

For a long time I had wanted a car. I dreamed about it at night, in the daytime at school, evenings at the skating rink or the pool room. It would bring, I thought, all the popularity and friends I could desire. It was to be a roadster, low-hung, sporty, with headlights that you could see a mile away.

A school party was to be given. If I could only get the car in time, so I could show the girls what a really important fellow I was!

ON THE day before the party Father sent me on an errand to the other end of the city. Perhaps it was chance that led me into an alley on which a double garage fronted. But it wasn't chance that made me look into that garage, where I saw a roadster that fairly took my breath away. When I left, the roadster left with me.

Everybody's eyes, including those of the police, were opened when I "strutted" my new treasure. How that automobile could step! It could even run away from a police car, as I discovered a few days later when one tried to catch me. It was a close and exciting race while it lasted, and when I finally got away I was so unnerved that I deserted the car in a side street and walked away half dizzy. It was some time before I could pull myself together sufficiently to start for home.

I caught a trolley car at the corner and left it two blocks from the house to walk the rest of the way. I was still a bit shaky, but it was nothing compared to how I felt a few minutes later, when I turned a corner and our porch came into view.

A policeman sat there, waiting for me!

I ran away.

A favorite hangout for criminals in Cleveland was the Haymarket District, an old neighborhood near the center of town. There I went, and there I stayed for the three wildest weeks of my life. All restraint was gone now. I looked upon myself proudly as a fugitive from justice, a real "hard guy." And I played the part.

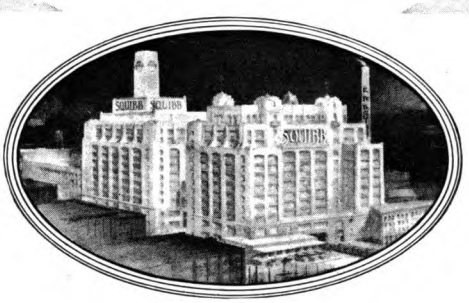
The newspapers needed news, and like a fool I gave it to them. When, in search of a front-page story, they had labeled me the "smoked-glasses kid," I'd been happy. When, now, they began to call me the "one-man crime wave," I felt as important as a man who's just won a golf tournament.

To "step" with this gang I needed automobiles and plenty of money. There were girls to be taken for joy rides. There was liquor to be bought, and a good time.

"Wanna go for a little ride, girls? O. K. See you here in an hour."

Then away across town to pick out a parked car, slide into the seat, and give it the works. Occasionally, after a few hours' riding, I'd desert the car in some side street and take a trolley back to the hangout. Other times I saved it to be used for a get-away after the evening's holdup.

It was a mad and furious three weeks, but it had to end. A pal, caught by the police, told on us. Three of us had an ap-



THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT AND THE DRESSING TABLE

The modern woman employs many sensible aids to youthfulness. She deftly pats a cleansing cream into her skin at night. She regularly shampoos her hair. She finishes her bath with a swish of soft powder. She enhances each day's smile by careful mouth hygiene. . . . Wise ways to charm. And how important, indeed, that cream and powder, dentifrice and lotion—products you use so often—be of the highest purity!

PERHAPS you have never thought of E. R. Squibb & Sons as making cosmetic preparations. For only naturally, you look on the House of Squibb as an institution primarily devoted to the preparation of medicinal products and the service of the medical profession.

That is, of course, true. Yet today, E. R. Squibb & Sons also prepare many products that are required for the dressing table—products that are indispensable to personal hygiene and the well-groomed appearance.

These Squibb Cosmetic Products are prepared under exactly the same strict standards of purity as Squibb Pharmaceutical and Biological Products.

Only the finest ingredients, tested and re-tested many times for purity, are compounded into Squibb Toiletries. No possibly harmful substance is ever present. Every formula is the result of the highest technical skill.

Ask your druggist for these pure products under the Squibb label. They contain, in truth, The Priceless Ingredient, the honor and integrity of the maker.

The several Squibb Toilet Powders, such as SQUIBB TALCUM POWDER, SQUIBB BATH POWDER and SQUIBB NURSERY POWDER, are worthy of special mention. To prepare a superior powder, the finest quality talc must be obtained.

Pure Italian talc is used exclusively for these Squibb powders because no other section of the world produces so excellent a talc. Squibb Toilet Powders are as soft as down, soothing, acid-absorbing and strictly non-irritating. They never contain chalk, metallic substances or any other impurities. The odors used in preparing the various scented Squibb powders are of the highest purity and most delicate fragrance.

Among other Squibb Products widely purchased for the dressing table and bathroom are the following:

SQUIBB DENTAL LOTION
SQUIBB OLIVE OIL
SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM
SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM
SQUIBB DUSTING POWDER
SQUIBB TOILET LANOLIN
SQUIBB COLD CREAM

★ E·R·SQUIBB & SONS ★

MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

★

pointment to meet the next afternoon. I got there first and found myself surrounded by a dozen detectives. They searched me, found the two guns which I had been carrying for the other members of the gang, and slipped a handcuff over my wrist. Then they pushed me into the back seat of their car and drove to a boarding-house where they hoped to round up my companions.

The car stopped in front of the house. All the detectives but one got out. While the others, revolvers in hand, rushed into the house, he remained beside me, holding the chain of the handcuff.

Unfortunately for the detective who sat beside me, they hadn't searched me very thoroughly. They had found the two guns belonging to my companions. But they hadn't found the little flat automatic that was my own pet weapon. It still reposed, empty, against my hip, inside my shirt. (We always carried our guns empty, with the bullets in another pocket, because we thought that way we were within the law. Dumb, wasn't it?)

Cautiously I slipped my free hand under my belt. My fingers closed around the gun. I waited a moment, to make sure that the man beside me wasn't suspicious, and jerked it out.

I jammed it against his stomach.

"Let go that chain!"

Wide-eyed, he stared at me. Then his gaze fastened on the gun. I got away.

That night, with a chisel and hammer, I broke the handcuff off my wrist. I persuaded a friend to drive me out of the city, and for a while I hid in the hills of Pennsylvania, thinking that the police would soon forget about me. But they trailed me, and I just managed to escape before they surrounded the house where I had been staying. Knowing of no other place to go, I doubled back to Cleveland and hid in a rooming-house. By now I was frightened. Terribly frightened. I didn't dare leave the room, and the days and nights seemed endless.

Believe me, it was a relief finally when the police, tipped off in a telephone call, came and arrested me.

IN JAIL, with my skin still intact, I remember, my spirits slowly revived. The newspapers were full of my story. They pictured me as one of the most dangerous characters that had ever roamed the streets, a two-gun man, a super-bandit. I began to swagger among the other prisoners.

Again my father came to my aid. He hired three lawyers to defend me.

"The best thing you can do, kid," they told me, "is plead guilty."

That was what I did. I admitted two robberies and a burglary, and the lawyers asked the court to be lenient.

But the judge was not to be swayed by sentiment. He looked up my record and sentenced me to a maximum of twenty-five years and a minimum of twenty-four years, eleven months, and twenty-nine days on each of the robbery charges, and from four years, eleven months, and twenty-nine days to five years for the burglary. The sentences, he said, were to run consecutively. So, any way you figure it, it's very close to fifty-five years.

Father, his eyes red from weeping, said good-by to me, and I was led off to prison. I was never to see him alive again.

Leadership Created By Popular Preference

THERE are three things to make you positive in your preference for the new and improved Champion spark plugs: The engineering brains of the world choose Champions. The motorists of the world give Champions overwhelming preference. The new and improved Champions meet all needs of every engine. The superiority of Champions is traditional and one without a penalty—not even the penalty of price. Install a set in your car now; with them every engine becomes a better performing engine.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

Change spark plugs every 10,000 miles for better engine performance

CHAMPION

NEW AND IMPROVED

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

Russell Owen, the New York Times reporter who accompanied the Byrd Expedition to the South Pole, has covered many of the most outstanding events in the world in the last few years. He is also the winner of the coveted Pulitzer Prize for the best reporting job of the year.

"It's Not the Heat It's the Humidity"

says Russell Owen

Those of you who fear hot weather will be interested to learn that experienced travelers in the tropics protect themselves and their equipment against heat and moisture with a familiar product which you too can get for a few cents at the corner drug store.

◆ ◆ ◆

"Through the green defiles of tropical forests or over pampas scorched by sun, explorers have penetrated toward the heart of South America. But despite all the centuries which have elapsed since the Spaniards first sought there the golden cities of El Dorado, or men have searched for the headwaters of the Amazon and Orinoco, there are great areas which have never been reached by white men.

The barrier of tangled undergrowth has successfully hidden many of the mysteries of a land where ancient civilizations flourished before the days of Columbus.

"These forests are filled with rivers and streams, the ground is sodden with moisture. Not only does the body suffer in the miasmic air, but the equipment which explorers carry with them also suffers. Instruments rust, leather cracks and rots, guns become useless unless cared for properly. That is why so many men who go into the interior of South America carry with them "Vaseline" Jelly with which to protect their materials as well as their skins. One of these men is Herbert Spencer Dickey, who has traveled through South America for more than twenty years, and who has penetrated deeply into unknown country.

"He always carries with him quantities of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly, and with it he coats his instruments, the metal parts of his camera, his guns, whatever might be spoiled by the all-pervading dampness—he even uses it on his boots. *In open country under the hot tropical sun he uses it to protect his skin.* He would not be without 'Vaseline' Jelly; and finds it one of the most valuable articles in his equipment."

Russell Owen

The first six months of my long sentence I was still the boy bandit, the drug-store cowboy. Then a letter came that gave me the one hard, devastating blow of my life.

Father was dead—and I had killed him. His heart had broken under the strain, the worry that I had caused him. I suddenly realized what he had meant to me, what I had meant to him. He was the best father any boy could have had. He had done everything he could for me. And I had worried him into his grave.

FOR the first time in my life, reading that letter and rereading it, I saw the heartbreak, the sordidness that my life of crime had brought. I stopped to think, as I should have stopped to think years before. If I only had! But it was too late now. Too late!

I asked if I could go to the funeral. They refused. I was a dangerous criminal, they said. They couldn't take a chance.

That phrase: dangerous criminal. A week ago it still would have had a thrill for me. Now, suddenly, it made me ashamed, humble. I wasn't a dangerous criminal. I wasn't even a criminal. "Specs" Russell, the smoked-glasses kid, had been a criminal. But "Specs" Russell was dead. He had been killed by a letter. This Joe Russell, crying in his cell, was another person. He was a heartbroken, lonesome kid.

For days I mourned. I was done with crime, I knew; done with it forever. Hereafter— But what was I to do hereafter? The long years stretching ahead.

But out of my brooding a new purpose was growing, a purpose higher than I had ever known before, a purpose that has grown stronger every day since. I had wasted twenty-one years of my life, but I'd make up for it from now on. I had played a bit in the prison band. I had tried my hand occasionally at writing. But always in a half-hearted way. Now I threw myself into these efforts with all my heart. While the other prisoners played cards in their cells, tapped out gossip to each other on the bars, I practiced and studied.

Forty months have passed since then. And what have been my accomplishments? I have become secretary to the prison bandmaster. From the worst trombonist in the prison band I have risen to soloist. I have learned to play the violin, the valve trombone (besides the slide trombone), the cornet, the saxophone, the cymbals, and the bass drum. I have had articles in six magazines and two newspapers, humor in twenty-six publications, poetry in seven. And I will soon have finished a book on how to play the trombone.

The blusterer and the braggart, I now realize, fools nobody but himself. The desire for gang popularity, for sporty cars and questionable pleasures leads only to disaster. There is a far better kind of popularity, a popularity based on excellence in the job you're doing, and that's the kind I want now.

Pleasure, enjoyment, abiding peace are in the mind. Playing the very best I know how, doing my best in everything I attempt, helping to make others cheerful—these are the things that have finally brought me real gladness. Here behind these bars I am going to make a name for myself—an honest name.

As I dug my own hell, I am building my own heaven.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

She thought:

"I hate saying 'no' again, but 'B.O.' spoils you as a dancing partner."

Yet, to be polite,

She said:

"Too bad I didn't know about the dance sooner. I'm dated up for that night."

Girls always had 'another date' —*until he ended 'B.O.'*

(*Body Odor*)

HE KNEW he wasn't popular with girls. But he never suspected why until one day a clerk in a store suggested Lifebuoy to him.

That simple change in toilet soaps changed his whole life! For it ended the fault that had made girls unwilling to go out with him. "B.O.", the polite name for a condition people dislike even to mention—*body odor* . . . No more turn-downs now. Girls accept his invitations gladly. He knows the easy way to keep perspiration odorless.

Hot weather no excuse

Even if the thermometer is up in the nineties —even if we are perspiring more freely—there's no need to let "B.O." offend. Just take the simple precaution adopted by so many particular men and women. Wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Then you're *safe.*

Like millions of other Lifebuoy fans, you'll enjoy this delightful toilet soap more and more every day. *Everything* about it. Its bountiful, creamy lather—even in hardest water. Its pleasant, hygienic scent that vanishes as you rinse. The wonderfully fresh, *clean* feeling it leaves. No more "B. O." worries now! Lifebuoy's gentle antiseptic lather *purifies* pores—removes every trace of odor.

What a complexion soap!

Women add a special word of praise for Lifebuoy as a *complexion* soap. Its bland, deep-cleansing lather gently frees clogged pores of beauty-stifling impurities—freshens dull skins till they glow with healthy radiant loveliness. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

It's New!

Lifebuoy Shaving Cream

New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. *At your druggist's*

Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor—

"The Worst Job in the World"

(Continued from page 59)

men under him, for their honesty and good faith. In a talk I had with President Hoover some time ago, he said:

"One thing haunts me day and night: the necessity of probity in Federal Government. Wherever else it has been lost, the national government must retain it at all costs."

He went on to elaborate that. In business the lack of probity may mean only the destruction of one man's integrity, or the loss of money to others involved. But in the government something more vital is involved: the faith of the people, the integrity of the nation. A scandal in the government does a direct moral damage to the country.

In selecting his men, the President first makes an ideal list. Usually it represents a crosscut section of the country.

With this ideal list he then goes to work—but what happens? Fully a third of these men refuse to serve, and the percentage is constantly growing higher. Some refuse to leave professions or businesses for the often thankless and always ill-paid public service. The majority, however, while appreciating the honor, refuse the humiliation of the now usual senatorial inquisition.

That the resultant group is as superior as it is speaks better for the American people than for this method of weakening the quality of the men who support a Chief Executive. But with his group of assistants, now purged by fire, he is at least ready to face his colossal task.

HE IS still alone, however, at his big desk. He may ring a bell, and a number of people are at his call. But in the last analysis he is still alone. When he can spare a moment for his friends they come in awkwardly or stiffly. He cannot bridge this gulf which is the President's desk.

And the others, who come in at ten-minute intervals all the morning, see him as a giver of gifts, a granter of favors, a court of last appeal.

One President after another has spoken of the nervous strain of this constant hammering all day of one personality after another; the door opening, the individual or group coming in, each with its demand or its question. For weeks they have been getting ready for that ten minutes, thought over what they have to say. Now they expect an answer, and at once.

And whatever the demand may be, while the "Yes" concludes the matter, the "No" merely opens it. Thereafter it continues open, with every effort and pressure brought to bear to change it. Everybody, from the office boy to the congressman, may be eventually brought in.

The same thing is true of the afternoons in that office.

And this goes on until six o'clock, six-thirty. Then, out of sheer pity for the office itself, the President goes to his study in the White House proper. Not to rest, however; he has merely exchanged one office for another. His day officially ends when, at seven-thirty, he dresses for his eight-o'clock dinner—officially only, for he has stated social duties for many evenings: receptions, dinners, and musicales which are a part of the tradition of the office. At other times there is always work to be done, and when at last he retires to bed, it is not unusual to have on a table beside him the editorial comment of the evening newspapers and still more of the documentary burden of the day which requires reading and thought.

But he must rise again at six-thirty, or thereabouts, for the exercise which is to carry him through. He needs his health. He has the accumulated laws of a hundred and fifty years to confront him, an enormous organism of administration, and a two-party—or what is now practically a three-party—Congress with which to struggle, so that he and his officers are constantly being placed on the defensive. In this situation he must not only attend to the duties of his office, but must do a majority of the maneuvering in order that necessary legislation may be passed and that his election promises may be fulfilled.

It is in this last and necessary activity that he lays himself open to attack by his political enemies.

THE necessity of fighting for what he believes to be the best interest of the nation as a whole is no new thing to a President. But what is new is that there is no longer the time to fight.

Actually, no President during or since the war has had time to fight. Conflict not only lessens his efficiency but depletes his vitality, and he needs every ounce of both to carry on. He has not even time for emotions. The result is that any attempt to maneuver a President into a fighting position is to lessen his efficiency, to play deliberately on his vitality and his health, and perhaps to destroy him.

It has been done, and done twice, within my own memory.

Until the second term of President Wilson most of our Presidents had been immune to personal attack. True, Abraham Lincoln was an exception, and the rancor of the Civil War carried over into Johnson's tenure of office, and even for a time followed President Grant. Then a reaction came. The Presidency stood for something which should not be destroyed. It was, like the flag, the symbol of government. The office was to be respected and held aloof from disparagement.

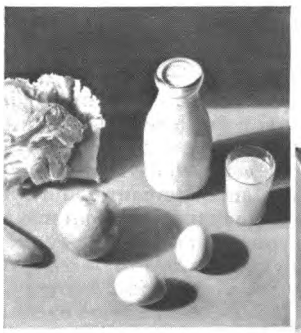
With President Wilson this immunity of the office ceased. A Congress which forbids personal attack on or by any of its members, discovered that it could attack the President with impunity, and did. It has continued to do so ever since, and with perfect safety. For a President does not retaliate in kind. Congress is as safe as a bad boy throwing stones from behind a fence.

Nor do the people inquire as to the motive behind this stone-throwing. A fight is news, and only that, to the majority. But it is a curious development, this toleration by the people of personal attack on the man they have elected to serve them, and who does serve them, at a cost which is only too often broken health and is frequently death. A strange weakness, a flaw in our national character, which prides itself on fair play.

"Use Pepsodent twice a day" —the great American habit

It is helping millions to possess strong, healthy teeth by removing dingy film . . . Eat right. See your dentist.

Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth



1. **Include these in your daily diet:**
One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

2. **Use Pepsodent twice a day**

YOU know as well as we do there are several good tooth pastes on the market. You know they will clean teeth satisfactorily and safely.

Then why should anyone insist on having Pepsodent? Why should dentists by the thousands *urge* and *recommend* it to their patients?

Because medical people and hundreds of thousands of others believe the best is not too dear when healthy teeth are in the balance.

Pepsodent—a supreme achievement

The scientific purpose of Pepsodent is to remove film from teeth. Removing film requires special properties in a tooth paste. Film is a gluelike coating. It clings stubbornly, absorbs stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive. Ordinary ways fail to remove this film as effectively as Pepsodent. Scientific tests have

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

been made that prove this beyond all question.

Film contains germs. It holds them against the tooth surface—teeth decay. Removing film is *imperative*. Eating the right foods and seeing your dentist every six months completes the only sound rule known for safeguarding teeth.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE

3. **See your dentist at least twice a year**

AMOS 'N' ANDY brought

Pepsoc

network.

g tooth paste

For a President cannot resign, cannot let go. He must serve his full four years, and a second term of four years if possible. The accomplishments of his first term are the material with which his party must go to the polls at the next election. His personal desire for retirement must be subordinated to that.

He can neither resign, defend himself, nor make an outcry. A prominent officer of our government said not long ago that we had developed the habit of shutting our Presidents into the White House and then shooting through the windows! And certainly there have been times when the political cabal against them has amounted to a conspiracy. In furtherance of such conspiracy, their private lives as well as their public good faith have repeatedly been attacked. And while the attack is news, the facts which refute it are not news and seldom reach the people.

THE result has been a curious one. Along with an increasing belief that the Federal Government can do anything, and should do almost everything, comes the new and dangerous use of a President as a whipping boy by his political enemies. Time after time a deliberate attempt has been made to ruin him, so that his party may be destroyed with him.

This is highly dangerous. Respect for the Presidential office is a part of the respect for all government.

No President goes into office to destroy the country. Practical politics, personal ambition, and idealism alike dictate that he shall give the nation the best that is in him. He may appeal to the popular imagination or he may not. Probably not, for there is no time in the office today for showmanship. Without strong support in Congress he has responsibility rather than power, and he governs largely by public support.

But public support may depend on his showmanship, for which there is no longer any time. In this vicious circle, then, does a President find himself.

But one thing he will have carried into office with him, and that is an abiding faith in the American people.

He trusts them. He thinks he knows the American character, vigorous and sturdily independent. But within a few months he may reasonably wonder if he has ever known it.

For the war has apparently done a strange thing to us. At that time, emotional and altruistic, we forgot self-interest in patriotism, and we gave the Federal Government enormous power. Such power was necessary, for it was directed toward the national safety. But also we passed over to it a number of our burdens, and because of self-interest we are unwilling to take them back again. Thus we still find Congress intent on programs based on this same self-interest; on measures to relieve purely local stress, or involving financial relief for some particular group of voters, leaving other groups to get along as best they can. "Let Washington do it," has become a political rallying cry for practically everything. And in nine times out of ten "Washington" means the President.

A President, however, cannot be dominated by the self-interest which lies behind this attitude. He must watch the well-being of all the people, not the few.

IT ISN'T news NOW

....it's becoming a habit!

Because of this patent oil-tube you can make your own prescription for your own hair.

Packer's Scalptone . . the new "individual" tonic and dressing for your kind of hair

It *was* news, too—a hair tonic which could actually be modified to suit just your kind of hair and scalp! And its instant popularity isn't surprising; for Packer's Scalptone is such a practical, sensible way to give your scalp the individual treatment which means hair health.

Scalptone—made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap—is a dermatologist's formula (a dermatologist, you know, is a *physician* who specializes in the treatment of the skin and scalp and hair). Scalptone will keep your scalp young, vigorous. And it's the *scalp* you must treat to keep your hair healthy. Massage it well into your scalp every day; its tonic beneficial ingredients will stimulate and tone up those thousands of tiny cells in the scalp muscles.

Your own prescription for your own hair: In the neck of every bottle of Scalptone is a little tube of pure vegetable oil, recommended for dry scalps. If your hair is dry (even so dry that you need a dressing to keep it in place), you simply add as much oil to the Scalptone as your particular scalp needs—there are simple, clear directions to guide you. If your scalp is oily, you massage with Scalptone just as it comes in the bottle; for Scalptone *without* the oil is an astringent tonic.

Prevents dandruff — keeps hair well-groomed: Used regularly, Scalptone's antiseptic properties will *prevent dandruff*—which so often means loss of hair. Scalptone is the modern, sound, scientific way to a healthy scalp and vigorous hair.

Men will like to use Scalptone as a dressing, too—it keeps the hair well groomed and benefits the scalp at the same time.

If your druggist hasn't Scalptone as yet, mail us $1.00 and we'll send you a full-size bottle.

PACKER'S Scalptone

Made by the makers of Packer's Tar Soap

Hair-health depends on scalp-health

Home Treatments for Hair Health

dandruff:

Dandruff is a germ disease—treat it seriously. As soon as you see evidence of it, start with four daily shampoos with Packer's Tar Soap—for years a standard treatment for dandruff. After these four shampoos, shampoo every three or four days, then once a week.

Along with Tar Soap Shampoos, use Scalptone—the new Packer tonic and dressing which you can modify to suit just your hair. If your hair is dry, read the easy directions which come with the Scalptone bottle. Then you can make up a simple prescription to help you correct over-dryness. If your hair is oily, you will use Scalptone in an astringent form. You'll find Scalptone a great help for your dandruff. Its antiseptic qualities are very discouraging to dandruff germs.

dry hair:

Shampoo every two weeks *regularly* with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This olive oil shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It contains soothing softening glycerine and leaves your hair easier to manage. Each day apply Scalptone with good vigorous massage. Scalptone is the new Packer tonic, the first tonic we've ever heard of that you can modify to suit just *your* hair. Scalptone, modified according to the very simple directions on the bottle, will supply the natural oil your hair lacks.

oily hair:

Just as often as your hair gets oily, even if it's only a few days since your last shampoo, shampoo again with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is made especially for oily hair; it is mildly astringent. Every day, massage with Scalptone, the wonderful new Packer tonic which each user can modify to suit just his or her hair. If your hair is very oily, Scalptone can be an astringent tonic (see explanation above). It will help restore the oil glands to normal.

SEND FOR SAMPLES

10¢ for 1; 25¢ for all 3

For 10¢ in coin we'll be glad to send you a sample of either of the two PACKER Liquid Shampoos or the Tar Soap. For 25¢ we will send you samples of all three. Address The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 6-G, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

If you want a full-size bottle of Scalptone, enclose $1.00 with your note.

Naturally, such watching is unpopular, but it is essential. Special privilege has no place in government.

The man at the big desk can buy a cheap and brief popularity by acceding to raids on the Treasury; or he can attempt to preserve the American character, which is more vital than property, can refuse to allow it to be sapped by the innumerable proposals made to him, and take his medicine in the shape of sharp resentment.

Some years ago I talked in Belgium with King Albert.

"Your President," he said, "is more powerful than any king, any czar."

Two years afterwards he was to see that President lose majority public support, and with that his power and later his life.

IT IS this ability to secure the support of public opinion which fairly determines the success or failure of a man in the Presidency. It is a fickle thing. The idol of today may be shattered tomorrow.

Showmanship, however, requires time as well as special ability. So rapidly has the work of our Presidents expanded that an honest man, working sincerely for the country, cannot afford the time even to present his case to the public. Few men have the dramatic instinct of a Roosevelt.

This man at his desk, then, whoever he may be, finds himself largely at the mercy of a press which may have its own partisan reasons for being antagonistic. Once more, he may not defend himself, and also he is frequently to find that the solid accomplishment of his administration is lost in a welter of more or less frivolous matter which happens to be news.

The realization that a dog fight in Congress is news, while a sound piece of accomplishment brings no recognition whatever, is a startling thing at first. But every President since 1919 has found himself at the head of a great criminal-investigation department, and has had to learn that Prohibition and all pertaining to it is news—good or bad, and generally bad.

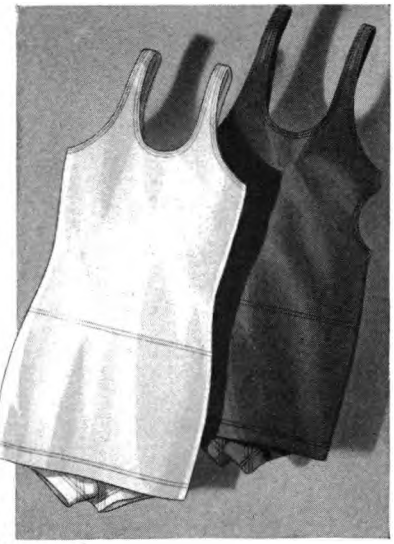
This new activity which has been added to the burdens of the Presidency is one of the most astonishing in our history. Certainly the founders of the nation had never envisaged such a situation. In the Constitution there is but one crime, and that is treason; and until comparatively recent times there were only two or three criminal laws on the Federal statute books.

But a President must now deal with crime. We have perhaps eighteen thousand prisoners in our government penitentiaries. They are there for selling narcotics, for stealing automobiles, for bootlegging liquor. To his other work the new President now adds the question of law enforcement. If he is an honest man—and we have had no dishonest Presidents—he sees in the Federal Government a veritable lighthouse of law enforcement, and must act accordingly.

But although the duty is his, his hands are fairly tied. The Federal courts are comparatively honest, and such criminals as they sentence are usually sent to jail. Local courts, however, are not always, or even often, reliable in many communities. So we find the Federal Government in the position of being obliged, in the case of the Chicago gangster, to resort to the nonpayment of his income tax as an absurd device for penalizing him for his crimes!

No Costly Pomp!

...BUT A THRILL IN EVERY PRICE TAG IN THIS NEW KIND OF STORE



Suits of Zephyr Yarns are "the thing" this summer. That's why we're featuring these two Zephyr models. The woman's suit (left) and the man's speed model (right) are $5.00 values as other stores figure things. We sell them for $3.45.

Here's a woman's Tan Elk Oxford of the pattern, last and heel height most in vogue this year. You'll find it a real comfort — whether for sports or for summer wear. Goodyear Welt, with a Krinkle rubber sole and heel. And (hold your breath) it sells for $3.00.

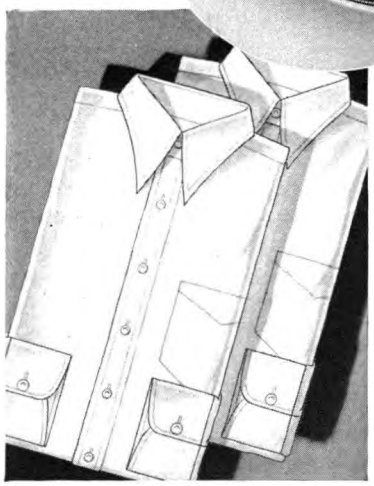
SWANK salons and floorwalkers with gardenias are no longer symbols of quality to value-wise women. These are but the remnants of a passing day.

Modern women have discovered a wiser way to shop—in the new type Sears' stores. Extravagant grandeur and useless services have no place in these stores. Instead, we offer you merchandise of superlative quality at unbelievably low prices. We stake everything on value.

We take no end of trouble to insure the highest standards of value. Every single item is studied by our stylists and laboratory testers. It is taken apart and examined inside and out. Often it is re-designed; frequently new specifications are written for it.

We buy merchandise in tremendous quantities—hence at the lowest possible price. Then we sell it through our own stores and mail order branches—hence at the lowest possible cost. Thus two large economies are combined to give you a new thrill in values.

Last year more than 12,000,000 people preferred *savings* to *ceremony* and spent $400,000,000 with us. (That, of course, makes us the World's Largest Store.)



Wives who shop for husbands long ago "discovered" our shirts. The PILGRIM shirts shown are of fine pre-shrunk broadcloth, excellent for sports or everyday wear. $1.39—a variety of plain colors. (They're like those costing $1.95 elsewhere.)

There are more than 350 of these Sears, Roebuck stores. To serve your needs accurately they are divided into three kinds—

For the metropolitan districts, complete department stores, with everything for men, women and children as well as for the home.

For other cities and towns there are stores that specialize in things that help in keeping homes bright and well run, things that equip the man for his trade, things that add enjoyment to everyone's hours of leisure.

For motorists there are stores that specialize in tires, auto accessories and tools.

And back of our stores there is the Sears, Roebuck catalog with its 48,000 items. If you prefer the convenience of buying by mail, address the nearest mail order plant — at Chicago, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Boston, Atlanta, Memphis, Dallas, Los Angeles or Seattle. No matter where you are — Sears, Roebuck can serve you.

Shop at SEARS' *and save!*

SEARS, ROEBUCK and CO.

Thus, a President today finds that the police power, properly the duty of the local state and municipality, has become a responsibility of the Federal Government's, and of his own.

Our Presidents have sworn to uphold the Constitution, and Prohibition is written into the Constitution. The Presidents are responsible for the men chosen to uphold an unpopular law, and at the cost of public approval they are obliged to enforce it. They may believe in it or they may not. Woodrow Wilson vetoed it, for example. But they have no option in the matter. The fact remains that to an office already too heavy for any one man to carry on, have been given the duties of nation-wide criminal investigation.

And not only is Prohibition a great administrative problem. It provides ready-made the best material in our history since slavery for the enemies of any President. It becomes political capital of the first order, a weapon not of his own forging, but now to be turned against him.

No other law ever passed has so roused the fighting instinct in American citizens, both for and against it. And with steadily increasing force the pressure of it is directed toward our Presidents.

ACTUALLY, no previous experience prepares any President for the impact of the office as it is today. He may have been in the Cabinet, but nevertheless he can have no conception of what is in store for him.

Hitherto he has been a natural and perhaps a spontaneous man. Now that is ended. A President can be neither natural nor spontaneous without danger of misinterpretation, for the spotlight never leaves him. He lives in a glare of publicity.

Along with this enforced caution comes a willful distortion by his enemies of much that he says and most of what he does. Until this time he has at least been accustomed to having his acts taken in good faith. It is this tribute to his character which in large measure has made him President, the belief of a majority of the people in his honesty of purpose.

Now he must face the fact that this sturdy integrity of purpose will be impeached by his political enemies. At the best, he will be accused of playing politics; at the worst, the very good faith which elected him will be undermined.

And in reply to all of this he will say precisely nothing.

This is not the story of one President, but the story of every President of the last twenty-odd years. The office, under the most favorable conditions, is a burden few men have the temperament and physique to stand without breaking. At its worst it is a man-killing position, stultifying to pride as well as to effort, and increasingly difficult to administer. Perhaps it needs reorganizing; as things are it will be difficult as time goes on to secure men physically and mentally able to carry it. Certainly it needs whole-hearted public support, and there should surely be a restoration of the dignity of the office and its immunity from attack.

Something of faith in government is lost when any demagogue may vent his political spleen on the head of a great nation.

+ + + + +

Your Best Bet is Yourself

(Continued from page 23)

"'As president.'

"What line of reasoning and advice did I take with George? Did I say:

"'You're sitting pretty where you are, aren't you? You belong to two good country clubs. You're in the big town. You've got a lot of friends there, and your home. And if you did take this other place, who knows but you might fail?'

"No, I said nothing of the kind, and if such considerations occurred to George, they did not weigh heavily against the fact that he saw a wicked job down there and ached to get his teeth in.

"THE time came in my own career when I was faced with a big decision. I was asked to come to Chicago. I was happy in St. Louis. I sought the advice of a friend. Did he warn me to entrench myself in gains already made? Hold tight to what I had? Not he.

"But—is the break-away course *always* best? For everybody, under all circumstances? What of the man who loves railroading and is offered twice as much in a different line of work? Can you or I say, 'He mustn't take it!'—or 'He must'? How may he decide?

"The tendency of some people to grab and hold tight can show itself in odd ways. A man who was exceedingly fond of money, also always insisted on having his desk in a favored spot. He was ambitious and restless, and passionately longed for a presidency. He never quite got it. Yet he got high office and much money. And his desk was always in a place of honor. Was he a success? A failure?

"I know other men who, if they have no desk, will gladly stand against a post, and get business by the bucketful.

"Raising the point: Is it always best to insist, 'That's mine, and, by golly! I'm I'm going to have it'?

"In my own mind, when a man insists on having a desk or office 'consistent with his dignity,' I think:

"'Let him have it. Why not!—if he is too weak or shy to stand up and hold his own in the crowd!'

"He goes down a notch for insisting on what I consider a minor point. But would everyone feel the same? Are there some things one should insist on grabbing and holding, and others not?"

Here the interviewer slipped in a question: "What about holding a job for a lifetime—or shifting about?"

"Well, let's see," replied Mr. Leavell. "I can name a man who worked thirty years for one railroad, and is its president today, and another head of a great corporation who worked in a dozen industries before going to his present position.

"On the other hand, I can name a man who has worked for the same railroad forty-five years—and is still a petty clerk. Is success, then, a mere question of sticking or of shifting around? Is the answer sometimes 'Yes' and sometimes 'No'?

"And ambition!" Mr. Leavell went on. "There is the subject of more ten-dollar definitions than any other word in the dictionary! Every young fellow is told to be ambitious. Well, what is ambition, and what part does it play? A railroad president declares he was never ambitious but once. He was working as a stenographer. He had learned telegraphy, and loved it. They kept him pounding a typewriter for three years. For those three years, he says, he was the most ambitious chap in the world: ambitious to be a telegrapher!

"I was never ambitious. I suppose I wanted to move along; but I never had my eyes set on any particular job or place. I'll confess I don't know what part planning ought to play.

"I know of a man who set out for Chicago with sixty-five dollars in his pocket. On leaving home, he said to an uncle:

"'I'm going to build the largest business in the world—'

"He named the line. And he has done it.

"John, the 'judge' I told you about, was the son of a small-town doctor. He came to Chicago to study medicine at one of the universities here, and supported himself by covering police courts for a newspaper. Later, he gave over the idea of practicing medicine and wanted a job. He called at a bank where a new department was being developed, and was hired. That's as near as he came to planning his career at the outset.

"Would most of us be better off or any happier in the end if we sat down at age ten, twenty-one, or when you will, took a long gaze into the future, and said, 'I will do *this!*'—and never faltered? Do most of us suffer from too little planning? Too much?"

QUESTIONS! It is oddly refreshing to the interviewer that Jim Leavell asks such questions—*and does not answer them.*

"I don't know the answers," he insists. "Not as they affect you, or you, or you. But *you* know the answers, if the problems touch you. Or you can find answers. How? By using your head. *By thinking!*"

And what is thinking?

To *that* question, Leavell does give an answer.

"Thinking," he says, "starts with asking questions. And then trying to answer them yourself. Thought grows out of a particular problem.

"'What is the nature of this beast? Have I seen it before? Or anything like it? What *don't* I know about it—and what *do* I know? Where can I find out the rest?"

Is there, then, anything anyone can say about this great subject that will apply to everybody, everywhere, all the time? Or must each of us ask his own questions and find his answers as best he can? Mr. Leavell's answer is:

"You're the one. Think it out yourself."

One man in his bank says:

"If Jim Leavell ever asks a question about my department and my work that I have not already asked myself, I shall be heartily ashamed of myself."

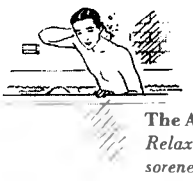
"More power to him!" says Leavell.

"And, by the way, Clark," he added, "just what *is* success?"

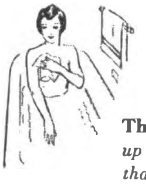
✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

To avoid "midsummer wilt" *depend on these three baths*

No. 1
The Freshener. *Too tired to enjoy your evenings?—try this freshening bath.*



No. 2
The After-exercise Bath. *Relaxes muscles, prevents soreness, relieves fatigue.*



No. 3
The Energizer. *A wake-up bath for tired mornings that follow hot nights.*

WILTING heat of midsummer! When your clothes cling and pull and won't fit right. When every muscle in your body feels tired and your brain refuses to work!

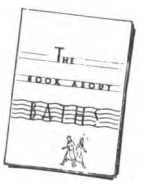
Don't let this summer "wilt" you. *The Book About Baths* tells how to make your summers more comfortable—your playdays much more pleasant, your work-days far more successful.

The *after-work* or *freshening bath*, for instance, can make your evenings much more enjoyable. Fill the tub with moderately warm water (yes, even in summer). Soak for five or ten minutes until completely relaxed. Then finish off with a quick cold splash. Put on clean clothes. *See page 16 of our booklet.*

If you are already familiar with this use of the bath you know how much good such a simple thing can do!

A most unusual booklet!

The Book About Baths. *How to make baths help you . . . what kind to take . . and when and how to take them. Free, see coupon below.*



The morning *wake-up bath* or *energizer* gives new energy even after the hottest night. No more tired, sluggish, "fit-for-nothing" mornings. Unless you honestly enjoy a cold bath, the *wake-up bath* should begin as a mildly warm one—using cold water only for the final splash. And, of course, you agree that real cleanliness is doubly important in summertime—not only from the standpoint of good breeding but because soap-cleanliness in itself is refreshing.

The *after-exercise bath* should be *hot*—hot water relaxes muscles, prevents soreness. Keep muscles that might become stiff fully submerged.

These "summer specials" are just three of many suggestions contained in *The Book About Baths*. Anyone who has not read this interesting booklet will be surprised to learn how much the right baths can help.

Send for this booklet. It's free.

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Please send me free of all cost "The Book About Baths."

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CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

Millions for Tribute

(*Continued from page 43*)

strong." Her hand, on the bedcover, trembled in blatant contradiction.

"You're not!" said Bill flatly.

She raised her eyebrows. "Just what do you know about my strength, Mr. Fenwick?'

"Look here," he began again. "Is there any reason why you shouldn't take a vacation?"

"Of course there is!" she retorted. "You didn't think I was unreasonable, did you? I've already had one this year—and I don't happen to care to accept any favors from Mr. Blakeman."

"Oh," said Bill. So that was it! Harvey Blakeman's extra-business interest in her didn't please Miss Martin! He was fiercely glad for that.

He was silent through the interruption of the nurse with milk for her patient, and he sat and stared at her while she drank it. Above her peach-colored negligee, her skin was like ivory; her eyes were darker and more deeply set than when he had first seen her in the rain.

The nurse went out, and he spoke his thought: "I *wish* you'd let me help you!"

She looked at him curiously. "You're an odd young man," she remarked. "Just exactly why should you be elected to help me, Mr. Fenwick?"

He stared out the window. Life was all wrong! Why couldn't people help one another? There'd be no peace for him at Torrington if he knew that this girl was worrying and struggling here in New York.

BILL FENWICK grinned broadly. "But just exactly why shouldn't I help you?" he retorted buoyantly, and the absurdity of the idea which had come to him made his eyes shine with inner laughter. "Look here, Miss Martin, you're an intelligent girl." He surveyed her sternly. "You have two children dependent on you and you can't afford to be ill. Now, here I am, one of those fortunate, or unfortunate, men who inherited millions!"

"Millions?" asked Dolly Martin politely.

"Oh, eight or ten," said Bill carelessly. His candid eyes never wavered. "Anyway, I have more money than I know what to do with. Give it to museums or hospitals, I suppose. Haven't any family." He shrugged. "Now, can you tell me any reason why I shouldn't have the satisfaction of helping you and those nice kids over a rough time?"

Miss Martin looked at him evenly.

"But I'm not a hospital or a museum," she objected.

"Do you realize," he persisted, "that I often lose enough money on one horse race to take care of you and the kids for six months?"

"How sad!" murmured Dolly Martin.

Bill wriggled. He wanted terribly to help her, but he did wish she didn't have to be so darned sarcastic! "You're not silly enough to worry about my—er—motives, are you?" he demanded.

"No, Mr. Fenwick, I'm not that silly."

"It isn't as if I'd ever miss the money!" he said. "And if you don't rest, as the doctor says, you'll just be a lot sicker, and *then* what'll happen to you all?"

She closed her eyes and Bill Fenwick felt like a brute. But he did not relent.

Her eyes remained closed, the lids translucent, faintly lavender against the pallor of her face. "Ten millions!" she said, and her voice faltered and faded as though she were exhausted at the mere thought.

"Shall I speak to Blakeman?" persisted Bill.

Dolly Martin sighed. "How long does the doctor say I should rest?" she asked, trying desperately to lift her heavy lids from the blue eyes. Her cheek was against the pillow and, as Bill looked at her, she fell asleep.

He continued to sit there, looking at the curve of her pale cheeks and the sweep of dark lashes against them. He might have sat so until she waked had not the nurse come in, with her pantomimic eyebrows and pursed lips.

Well—he was a millionaire now! How pleased old Cogswell would be, when he reported back! His roadster was parked at the curb and he looked at it regretfully before he stepped in. It had been a good bus, in its day, and he had an affection for it. But its day was over. A good bus—but no car for a millionaire!

Delight mingled with incomprehension upon the features of Alan T. Cogswell.

"You see, sir, I've found something else I want to do with the money that I have," Bill was explaining.

"I see," said Cogswell gravely, but his eyes glittered and speculations ran riot beneath his shaggy gray hair. "Well, whatever your reason, I don't need to tell you that I'm glad, my boy!"

Bill smiled. "Thanks, sir. A fellow needs a little surplus money, after all—for this and for that."

He shook himself. "Well—to work, to work!" he said. "There's a lot to do!"

And, beneath Cogswell's amused eyes, he proceeded to do a lot. The previous evening he had made a list. Its first two items were simple, if expensive: One Isolte roadster. One Oakmont town-car.

He purchased them swiftly, with the air of one who has many more important things on his mind, as, indeed, he had. He wired to the hotel in Maine which he had chosen for Dolly and the children, and reserved rooms. It took him a trifle longer to select the one perfect trained nurse, but he found her. The matter of a chauffeur was simple. When he reappeared at the hospital, he was poorer, since the previous day, by some twenty thousand dollars.

"I'M GOING to send you up in one of the cars," he told Miss Martin carelessly. "Brett, the chauffeur, will take care of your trunks and all that. Good egg, Brett. The doctor says you can start tomorrow. You might's well keep Brett and the bus up there, in case you want to drive around."

Dolly Martin stared at him. "Mr. Fenwick, do you honestly think I'm going to accept all this?"

"All what?" Bill's expression was bland. "Oh, don't be silly! You can't disappoint Kay and Tony, now. I stopped in to see them today—they're all worked up about it. I promised Tony a boat."

The girl on the bed sighed. "But—"

"I'm trotting off this afternoon," said Bill. "Dashing down to Nassau for a few days. But Brett'll take care of you." He smiled ingenuously.

Dolly Martin shook her head. "But don't you—"

"Shut up," said Bill. He knew what she was thinking. But, after all, eccentric and philanthropic millionaires, be they old or young, are apart from the daily rules of life. "Well—good-by," he said, and departed hastily.

There *was* a lot to do! He shrugged, as he moved carelessly through the admiring boys on the sidewalk and slouched behind the wheel of the Isolte. After all, all that he had to do, really, was make a million dollars. He didn't actually need ten.

Alan T. Cogswell watched him delightedly, and at times breathlessly, during the next few weeks. Flashing genius and plodder combined, he seemed infallible. Complacent men of business who had planned long summer vacations commenced to look harassed—"All hot and bothered!" Old Cogswell chuckled unsympathetically—and sent their families off without them. They couldn't be too far away, with this young fool playing fast and loose with the market.

IT WAS July when a letter postmarked Maine reminded Bill of the reason for all his activity. He had been so busy he had scarcely thought of Dolly Martin.

It was from Kay. "We're having a heavenly time," she wrote. "Why don't you ever come up to see us? Dolly'd like it, I know, though she won't ask you herself—"

It is a fact that until Bill saw Dolly Martin sitting on the beach beneath an enormous sun-umbrella the thought of falling in love with her had not occurred to him. It is also a fact that on the very instant of his seeing her so, it not only occurred to him, but it happened.

"Hello," he said, and then looked off diffidently at the sea because she was so unbearably pretty in her bathing suit.

"Hello," she answered, and just as her skin was browned and warmed by the sun, so her voice was warmed and deepened by it.

"I've been meaning to run up before." he said, "but I've been busy. This house party and that. Hither and yon. Yachts and airplanes. You know."

"I'm afraid I don't know," said Dolly Martin very sweetly.

He wanted a little to slap her, but much more to kiss her.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am," she said. "I—"

"Doctor Wells sent absolute instructions that you were to stay another month," Bill interrupted quickly.

"That's ridiculous. I'm quite well now."

Bill got up to meet Kay and Tony. . . .

HE MIGHT have gotten through with it if she hadn't chosen to wear that particular dress that evening. When a girl is slender and brown she ought to know better than to wear a frock of soft white chiffon.

"I've written Mr. Blakeman that I'll be back next week," she told him. They were sitting together on the hotel veranda.

"Oh, but you can't!" cried Bill.

She smiled, and it seemed to Bill that she had the most distant, most impersonal smile he had ever seen in his life. They sat in silence. Bill wanted to know a thousand things about her—where she'd been born, where she'd grown up, what she wanted from life. He knew nothing of her at all. Only the incontrovertible fact that he loved her!

"Do you do any work at all, ever?" she asked abruptly.

Bill jumped. "Work?" he said. "Work is a curse!"

She laughed. Moonlight was on her face; her eyes shone very deep and bright. She rose and stood, white and shining and delicate, in the moonlight. No one was on the veranda; there was only the sound of the ocean lapping the beach below and a sweet smell of pines. "Oh—please!" she cried out, as Bill caught her in his arms and kissed her.

He didn't let her go, but stood, bending over her, looking deep into her startled eyes. "Don't go," he said. "Don't ever go. Marry me."

"Please, Mr. Fenwick—"

"Dolly!" said Bill. "Little Dolly Martin who lives at seven Elm Street! Don't you see I've known you since you were a little girl?"

She stood, quiet and remote in his embrace. "Please let me go."

"I *won't* let you go!" cried Bill recklessly. "I tell you I'm in love with you! Gosh—couldn't you—possibly?"

"Not possibly," said Miss Dolly Martin, calmly and flatly.

He stared at her. Then embarrassment and shame swept over him Lord, he shouldn't have done this! It was a cad's trick! Why couldn't he have waited?

He stepped back. "I'm sorry," he said soberly. "But—you'll let me see you in New York?"

She looked at him levelly. "Mr. Fenwick, I'm infinitely grateful to you for what you've done, but there's no use in pretending. I couldn't marry you—ever."

"Oh," said Bill.

He sat miserably in the moonlight after she had gone in. Toward morning he got his car and turned back to New York. That was that. A week later, he received a note from Stuyvesant Square, thanking him for all that he had done. The Adventure of the Delirious Girl in the Rain was ended.

BILL remained in New York. The farm and the life he had planned for himself there had somehow lost their reality. It was like a boyhood dream, like wanting to be a policeman or a fire chief.

He had so many irons in the fire that he couldn't simply walk off and leave them, anyway. It wasn't fair to quit. In August, Alan T. Cogswell repeated his April offer.

"Come in with me, Bill. I'm getting old and there's no one to carry on. Cogswell and Fenwick." He was pathetic in his pleading—Alan T. Cogswell pathetic!

Bill shook his head. "I don't want to, sir. I—" He hesitated. He had no shining alternative, now. . . .

The older man leaned across his desk. "Boy, what's the matter with you? What's it all about? Don't you want to tell me?"

"No," said Bill, and then looked in surprise at Cogswell's grimace of hurt. He smiled, wryly. "Oh, well," he said. "It's nothing, sir." He looked up. "And it's everything," he admitted honestly. And then he was telling Alan T. about Dolly Martin.

The financier listened intently, and as he listened relief and amusement welled up in him. But his expression did not flicker.

"You see, sir, I got off on the wrong foot at the start," said Bill.

Cogswell looked at him thoughtfully.

"Millions for tribute—and not one cent for defense!" he murmured.

The leading maxim in Alan T.'s life had always been not to meddle. For sixty-five years he had lived true to it, and now, in his sixty-sixth year, he about-faced like a soldier.

The vice president of the Curtis National Bank was ordering his lunch when Cogswell entered the Bankers' Club. He looked up and rose. "Will you sit down with me, sir?"

Old Cogswell was in a jovial mood, talkative and brisk. There was idle gossip of this and of that. . . .

"You know I'm worried about young Fenwick," said Alan T. "Some woman's got hold of him and is running him ragged. Thinks he's a millionaire. He's making money all right, but he can't make it fast enough."

IT TOOK precisely twenty-seven hours. Alan T. was off playing golf, with the peace of God in his soul, when Bill's secretary brought in Dorothy Martin's card. Bill went into the reception-room quivering with excitement and escorted her mutely into his own office.

Her cheeks were very p nk and she was wearing a yellow dress. She sat down and looked at him silently.

"I've just found out about you, Bill Fenwick!" she said, at last. She was smiling, and it was a warmer, more intimate smile than any she had ever directed toward him.

Bill stared.

"You're a good liar, my dear," she said

She was watching him intently. "Of course you shouldn't have done it," she went on softly. "But you did. I don't know how ever to repay you. Of course—I could work it out, if you like."

"W-work it out?" Bill echoed.

"Yes." Her voice was almost a whisper. "Housework and cooking, you know. Your not being a millionaire makes a lot of difference."

Bill swallowed and then decided not to tell her the swollen proportions of his bank account. He couldn't think of anything to say.

"Oh—Bill!" said Dolly Martin. "You're a—a terribly dear person!"

Still he couldn't speak. His breath choked him. Dolly got up and came around the desk to his side.

"Don't you—don't you think you'd better—do something?" she asked.

He pushed back his chair and seized her in his arms. He kissed her, and she kissed him firmly in return. He closed his eyes dizzily—and there, on his closed lids, appeared the picture of the farm at Torrington, with trees and gardens and dogs and horses. And it was real—oh, ever so real again!—because Dolly Martin was standing in the doorway, smiling at him.

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There's Magic in the Moonlight

(*Continued from page 39*)

buck was within easy range of my rifle. But I did not even put it to my shoulder. The moonlight had done something to me.

Later, I tried to explain to my good Negro what had come over me. To my surprise, he understood perfectly.

"We always say"—meaning his mystic-hearted race—"that angels walk in the moonlight!" he said.

The poetry of that saying has haunted me happily all these years: "Angels walk in the moonlight!"

While moonlight has about it a serene solemnity, I cannot recall without a smile what an old friend of mine told me of its effect upon himself. One of our village Rip Van Winkles, he was merry of heart, ready of tongue, intermittent of work, incessantly poor; but quite self-possessed save in his own home.

The honeysuckle and the May moonshine had allured me down the lazy lane that sags its easy way past Sam's door. I was a little startled to come upon him sitting on the old rail fence, which was heavily festooned with blossomed woodbine. The fragrant old roadway was all twilight and tranquillity and sumptuous early moonlight.

"Why, Sam," I said, "I didn't know you were sentimental. What are you doing out here?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he said half apologetically. "I came out here to cool off my soul."

Glancing toward his house, I saw the shadow of a very martial feminine figure stride commandingly across the drawn curtain. Too much of a gentleman to make any direct references to his domestic infelicity, Sam probably saw that my glance took in the situation.

"Honeysuckle," he explained, "is a friendly, sweet flower, and moonlight seems to be sympathizing with me. I often come out alone in the moonlight, and it seems to cool off my soul."

The poet who is said to die young in every one of us had lingered in Sam, who could rest his spirit in the lustral light from another world than ours.

THERE are those who tell us that the moon was thrown out of the abysmal womb of the Pacific. For my part, I know not and care not whence she came—save that her illustrious throne in the sky and the divinely mild quality of her light must have been ordered by Him who in solitary sagacity reared the firmament. As one's faith in God deepens, fewer are the things which it is possible to believe occur by merest chance. Our Heavenly Father understands our needs and provides for them. He knows that we need moonlight in life to save our souls from the deserts of the literal. Without the moon, our sphere would be too obvious and practical. We ought to look at the world more by moonlight, and at people, and at life.

Moonlight is a tonic for the soul. The pettiness, the meanness, the vanity—these are washed away if we bathe in the luminous tides of the moon's glory.

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High Summer

(*Continued from page 33*)

good deal all about what was in it and—"

"Melroy! You're not supposed to listen to everything older people say to each other."

"I don't! I just heard you tellin' him you were only readin' it to see if it had the things in it people said it did, so I was only goin' to look it over, myself, like that; but I don't care, and you can take it away."

He made a gesture of renunciation, a movement that cost him even less than his mother suspected; for already, upon recent private occasions, he had read two thirds of the book.

"That book's neither here nor there, Mother. You know as well as I do what that question is and why we're discussin' it."

"I'm not!" she said sharply. "I'm not discussing your having a car, and I don't intend to. Your father's told you plainly that you can't have one and—"

"My father!" Melroy cried, with the utmost scorn for this evasion of hers. "My father! As if he had anything in the world to do with it!"

"What! Why, he's the very one who—"

Melroy interrupted her hotly. "He? As if you couldn't make him do anything you said! I'd have a car tomorrow if you told him I had to, and you know it!" Tears suddenly sprang upon his eyelashes and, to the mother's inner weakening, he grasped one of her hands in both of his, clutching her fingers in a passion of pleading. "Mother! You don't understand what this means to me! Mother, I got to have a car—I got to—I *got* to!"

MRS. BRENDLE returned to her own room, carrying the forbidden book under her arm and looking seriously disturbed. Thoughtfully, she prepared herself for slumber, but, at the last moment before putting out the light, evidently found her perturbation too great to remain unshared. She withdrew her hand from the lamp, resumed the gayly colored silk robe she had just discarded, passed through the bathroom intervening between her husband's bedchamber and her own, opened his door, and for a moment stood listening.

Mr. Brendle's breathing was rhythmic, sonorously so. Deliberately to disturb a husband and father thus restfully employed would be, she felt, a wrong she was incapable of doing him; but already the light through the opened door fell upon his face, and she perceived that his mouth, unlike that door, was beginning to close. She coughed nervously and said in an apologetic tone, with a sigh of regret, "Oh, I expect you're asleep, Walter."

He mumbled, shifted his position doggedly, and was silent.

"That's right," she said softly. "Go to sleep, dear. Don't wake up. I just thought—but it can wait until tomorrow. Go to sleep."

"What?" he asked thickly. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Just go to sleep. It can wait until tomorrow. Go to sleep."

She closed the door gently, returned to her own room, reclined upon a chaise longue, and, two minutes later, looked up with an air of reproachful surprise as Mr. Brendle, blinking and rubbing his hands through his tousled, graying hair, appeared upon the threshold, his feet in slippers and a varicolored dressing gown over his pajamas.

"What's wrong?" he asked heavily.

"Nothing!" she protested. "Nothing at all. What in the world did you get up for?"

"What for? Why, because you—"

"No, no!" she said. "I *told* you to keep on sleeping. Please do go back to bed, Walter—please! I only thought if you *were* awake—I was a little upset about something; but it's not of such pressing importance that you need to insist on talking about it tonight. Do please go back to bed."

"WHAT isn't?" he said again, then closed his eyes and rubbed the back of his neck. "What isn't of pressing importance?"

"Nothing!" Mrs. Brendle said impatiently, then added as if casually, "Kitty's got herself into a state of mind over Norris Enderton."

"What for?" her husband asked dully.

"Oh, dear me!" Mrs. Brendle looked at him irritably. "How do you expect me to make you understand anything while you're only one third awake! Do go back to bed! Kitty says she thinks she's making a spectacle of herself trying to ensnare Norris Enderton, and she even says she isn't sure she wants him if she *does* ensnare him."

"That so? What did you do?"

"I?" Mrs. Brendle cried, apparently astonished by the question. "Nothing. What could I do? I told her, of course, that Norris seemed to *us* the very nicest and most attractive boy we'd ever known."

"You mean Kitty seems to be in love with him or something?" her husband inquired sleepily.

"Of course she is!"

"Is she really?" Mr. Brendle stopped rubbing the back of his neck, and his eyes opened in a look of temporarily increasing wakefulness. "Did she say so?"

"She didn't need to. When a girl begins to get tragic about seeming to 'angle' and set snares for a young man, what do you suppose is the matter with her?"

"And you say she's all upset over it?"

"*Not* over being in love with him!" Mrs. Brendle exclaimed. "*Do* go back to bed, Walter! What she's upset over is the fact that she's got the idea she seems to be doing all the pursuing—the 'angling' she calls it. Of course, I told her what nonsense that is; naturally, with his good looks and distinction, and the Enderton background, he is the most pursued young man in the place. With everything going in such a desirable way, as it seems to lately—I do certainly hope she isn't going to be foolish and let things be broken off now."

"Broken off?" Mr. Brendle asked. "Why, they aren't engaged, are they?"

"No; but it's a simply perfect boy-and-girl friendship, and it seems to me they're just about at the crucial point and that if she doesn't let these qualms upset her there'd be practically the same thing as an engagement by the end of the season. It'd really be a terrible pity if there isn't, and of

course it's exactly what she wants, herself—quite as much as *we* do."

"We?" her husband inquired, yawning feebly. "We?"

For the moment Mrs. Brendle paid no attention to him; her eyes wandered and she said absently, "I couldn't get out of her what had got her all at once into such a morbid feeling about being an 'angler.' I do wonder if *that* was it."

"If what was what?"

"Something this afternoon," she said musingly. "For a while last summer Kitty seemed a little attracted by that young Joe Nutter. I didn't think much about it at the time, though, of course, I never did feel that the Nutters were particularly desirable—not that there's anything against them of course—"

"Well, this afternoon I saw Kitty and Joe Nutter having what looked like a dramatic sort of talk in the garden. I do hope that wasn't it. Of course, there's absolutely no comparison between those two boys. To begin with, Norris Enderton is an Enderton and—"

"Oh, I don't know," Mr. Brendle interrupted drowsily. "I expect the Endertons are all right for cold-faced Easterners. I don't know that I feel all the excitement over 'em you seem to think is called for."

"Excitement!" his wife said indignantly. "Nothing of the kind. Absurd! I only meant that if Norris and Kitty—"

"Oh, yes; it'd be all right, though I don't see that there's any need for her to be competing in a race with the other girls on his account, exactly. It rather looks to me as if the Brendles could hold up their own; we're not doing so badly these days. As long as three of the largest-selling cars in the country are using Leatherine on the tops, cushions, and—"

"OH, DO go to bed!" Mrs. Brendle cried impatiently. "You don't seem to have the slightest understanding of the situation or care to help—"

"Help? Help what?"

"Well, you could *say* something some time, couldn't you? I mean you could say something appreciative of Norris before Kitty, couldn't you?"

"Oh, I presume so, if you want me to." Mr. Brendle closed his eyes and again began to rub the back of his neck. "If you seem to think she needs that sort of encouragement—"

"Well, I do," his wife admitted. "There are times when every young girl in such a situation needs help to know her own mind, and her own family ought to give it to her—of course, a little delicately. Naturally, I'll do all I can. But you must help, Walter. You don't seem to realize the burden you always put upon me."

"Burden? No, I hadn't looked at it in that way. It seemed to me I was providing rather—"

"I'm not talking about Leatherine! I'm not talking about money. I mean the burden of family direction and discipline. You seem to feel I've always got to undertake all of that. Positively, you've got to do something about Melroy!"

"Melroy! What's he been up to?"

"Walter, you've simply got to do your part in disciplining him; I can't do it all—I haven't the nervous strength for it. When a boy of his age feels that he can stay out at night, whenever he wants to, until after two o'clock—"

"What? When'd he—"

"This very night!" Mrs. Brendle said dramatically and with strong reproach. "Think of it! A boy not yet fourteen staying out until after two and his father not knowing it—not even knowing where the child *was* until that hour!"

"Well, where was he?"

"Where?" Mrs. Brendle repeated, somewhat taken aback as she realized that she herself did not possess this information. "Where was he? It does seem about time you were asking him such questions and taking a share in his discipline! Walter, I simply appeal to you: Aren't you going to do anything at all about Melroy?"

"Why, yes, I'll do what I can," he said. "The trouble is that there doesn't seem to be any special *way* you *can* discipline a boy of that age in these present times. When he was eight or nine years old I remember we used to discipline him by taking his skates away or making him give up his sled or his toy patrol wagon for a day or two; but there's nothing of the kind would affect him now."

"Isn't there?" she said thoughtfully. "I'm not so sure. I believe you've got an idea there, Walter. I think maybe you've hit upon the very thing."

"How's that?"

"I mean your idea of giving him something that would be a punishment for him if we took it away from him for a day or two now and then." She looked upon her husband approvingly and her musing tone became an enthusiastic one. "Yes, sir! Walter, I believe you've hit it."

"Have I?" Mr. Brendle seemed to be puzzled. "I don't see just what—"

"Yes, sir!" she repeated, nodding brightly. "I think you've got it! It's the one thing in the world he wants—the poor child's absolutely eating his heart out because all the other boys have them, and if he had one he'd certainly be as good as gold whenever we threatened to take it away from him if he didn't—"

"Take what away from him?" Mr. Brendle asked, staring.

"Why, what you've just been talking about!" she cried. "An automobile! I believe you're right. We could give him one, and it would have a perfect disciplinary effect to tell him we'd take it away from him whenever he'd misbehave in any way."

MR. BRENDLE'S stare became incredulous. "An automobile? Why, we couldn't do that even if we were willing to! There's the law—"

"Oh, well, I really don't care so much about that, Walter. It isn't so terribly important, and hardly any of the parents of boys his age here pay much attention to it."

"Don't you remember that a deputy sheriff came here to warn me—?"

"Oh, that funny old fellow!" Mrs. Brendle laughed easily. "He'd probably never think of it again, and, even if he did, what would it matter if you had to pay two or three little fines?"

"See here! Are you actually proposing to give that child a car?"

"I?" she asked, and her laughter ceased. "Why, it's your idea, isn't it? At least, I thought you meant—"

"I certainly didn't!"

"But you said—"

"No, I didn't say anything of the—"

"Wait a moment, Walter," Mrs. Brendle interposed with great earnestness. "What does it matter which of us thought of it first? The only important thing is the question whether you do go ahead and buy Melroy a car or not. Whatever you decide on that point, let me just say one thing before you make up your mind. I won't say a word to influence you one way or another—I couldn't take that responsibility—but I do know something about modern psychology. What I wanted to say is that I've actually been getting alarmed lately over the effect this repression may have upon Melroy."

"Repression? What do you mean, repression?"

"I mean the repression of his not having a car when virtually all of his friends are allowed to have them. You don't know the child as I do, Walter, and you haven't read as much as I have about how dangerously these repressions get shifted into other forms and how terribly they come out on people later in life." She shook her head gloomily. "Melroy lets himself out to me more than he does to you, Walter. Honestly, it's begun to frighten me!"

"You mean," he said slowly, "you mean you want me to give him a car?"

"No, indeed! I only mean I wish you'd read as much as I have about childhood repressions and what they do, especially to the adolescent."

MRS. BRENDLE shook her head ominously, and Mr. Brendle, in spite of himself, began to be seriously impressed.

He was merely a reader of newspapers and trade journals; but he respected his wife's broader learning. He had no suspicion that in wishing to give Melroy an automobile she was herself becoming matter of psychologic study and was acting principally as a mechanism driven by the maternal instinct to indulge offspring. But all the time she herself appeared to herself, as she did to her unconscious husband, to be spending sleepless and wearying hours of the night living up to her unselfish duty.

He made his acknowledgment. "Of course, I know you're wiser about the children than I am," he said. "Of course, I'll do whatever you say. If you think Melroy ought to have—"

But here she interrupted him. Smiling, she rose from the chaise longue, came to him, and kissed his drowsy forehead. "No. You go back and sleep on that idea, Walter. I don't want you to do it impulsively; but when you wake up tomorrow, if you still think you're right about it, we could telephone down to an automobile agent in Boston and let Melroy know what's going to happen. One thing I'm absolutely sure you're wise about is what you said about the great help it's going to be in disciplining him!"

Melroy's new car was an immediate, sparkling success. The second day after its arrival he was arrested on the charge of being under age, also on the charge of driving without a license, also on the charge of illegal haste, also on the charge of resisting an officer of the law. And when, on the morning following the outrage to his person, he had returned home after making his appearance at the county seat, where his mother had paid fines and costs, his father looked up sternly from a newspaper

and threatened to take the car away from him if such a thing ever happened again. Melroy was instantly amenable.

Mr. Brendle was somewhat touched; the boy was so meek and his expressions were so dutiful that the plan seemed to bear excellent promise. Melroy drove away from this interview maintaining a gentle and troubled countenance and a speed of six miles an hour, neither of which did he alter until he had passed out of the driveway gates on his way to the beach.

His arrival at the edge of this joyous area, however, was another matter and happened to be observed by Mr. and Mrs. George Enderton. These two were in the act of descending from the celebrated Clisson-Boyard at the entrance to the Beach Club, when Master Brendle made a rather startling halt just behind them. Mrs. Enderton grasped her husband nervously by the arm, then laughed. "Do look at that darling little Brendle boy!"

Mr. Enderton, a handsome, coldly pale, fattish man, whose careful dress hinted but conservatively the gayety of the season, turned to stare at Melroy through a pair of unenthusiastic nose glasses. "'Darling'?" he said. "Where's any darling boy? Could you possibly mean that Brendle child yonder who's trying to pull a girl a foot taller than himself out of that brand-new roadster?"

Mrs. Enderton's appreciation of what she saw was undiminished; she had the useful habit of not hearing what her husband said, unless she felt that listening to him might serve some good purpose. "It's that dear little Mimi Fuller. She's grown too fast." Mrs. Enderton sighed pleasantly. "It's always touching to me to see dear young things so light-hearted."

APPEARANCES had not misled her; Melroy was in very truth light-hearted. After an early-season period of lowered self-respect due to his lack of a movable automobile, he again felt himself a man among men, and even a great deal better than that. Not only did none of his approximate contemporaries possess a car comparable to his own, but today he was able to set before Miss Mimi Fuller and his world a statement of fines and costs in the total sum of one hundred and seven dollars and sixty cents. Melroy's heart danced within him.

Leaping to the ground at the entrance to the Beach Club enclosure, he betrayed his sentiment for Miss Fuller by seizing both of her ankles and dragging her, feet first, from her seat. Surprised, she could offer little resistance, but broke the force of her fall by clinging to the side of the car until he was content to lower her. She screeched, rose to dust her skirt, and Melroy aided her with a resounding slap upon the back; whereupon, still screeching and with little care for grace, she kicked him heartily. Then this pair of happy, affectionate young things, hand in hand, ran round a corner of the bathhouse building and disappeared from the sight of the two middle-aged observers.

"So care-free!" Mrs. Enderton murmured, looking after them. "Adorable, gay little creatures!"

But Mr. Enderton was looking critically at the vehicle just abandoned behind the Clisson-Boyard. "Strikes me most parents are insane nowadays," he said. "Do you know the cost of this machine those Bren-

dles have bought for their little boy? Think of giving a child like that—"

"'Those Brendles'!" his wife quoted chidingly. "You'd better get out of the habit of calling them 'those Brendles,' George."

"Why?" he asked coldly. "Why had I better get out of that habit?"

"Well—they're very charming people. Very charming!"

"Certainly don't care what they spend!" he grumbled. "Noticed the pearls she was wearing last night at the Pelhams' dinner. Never did like to see people so ostentatious in a summer place."

"Now, now!" Mrs. Enderton laughed and tucked her arm cosily within his.

"Oh, I'm not objecting to the Brendles especially," he explained. "It only seems to me that you've got into the way of touting them up a good deal lately—saying how 'charming' they are pretty often, and all that—and I don't see any great point to it."

"Don't you?" Mrs. Enderton's expression became pensive. "Didn't I hear Francis Pelham telling you at lunch the other day that Mr. Brendle is generally considered one of the most rising business figures in the Middle West, and you said you had no doubt of it?"

"Oh, possibly. With general prosperity and automobiles selling as they do, Ohio Leatherine is well up. All I mean to say is that the Brendles didn't begin coming to this place until years after we did, for instance. Seems to me they've given seven or eight big dinners and I don't know how many other kinds of parties already this year; they've done more of that probably than even we have, ourselves. I admit I feel they'd show better taste if they'd leave it to more established families, so to speak, to do the principal entertaining and general leading, as it were."

"Now, now!" she said again, and pointed to a group of young people who were racing into the surf. "Look! Isn't that charming?"

"I dare say. . . . Who are those three girls splashing water at Norris?"

MRS. ENDERTON leveled a hand in a white glove over her eyes to look more closely at the glistening figures active in sprays of green water and sunshine. "It's the three who are usually most brazenly in pursuit of him; but you'll notice Kitty Brendle isn't one of 'em."

"No?"

"I think she isn't," Mrs. Enderton said, "because she's very wisely taken on a new manner with him lately. She's cleverer than the others, and she's seen that it's piquant to withdraw at times from the general pursuit. Naturally, that doesn't mean she's the less serious about him, but only the more so. Not that they're all anything but serious about him if they had the chance!"

"Well, naturally," Mr. Enderton said. "I should think so!"

Mrs. Enderton laughed placatively. "They're hardly to blame for that, though, George, and really I think it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to notice Kitty Brendle a little particularly. Really, she's a charming girl; in fact, she's much the most desirable girl in the place."

"So?" he grumbled; but seemed at least to consider an assent with reservations. "Oh, I've noticed her at times; I've noticed her. Well enough in looks and manners—quite a bright-eyed little thing—and I don't mean to say that the Brendles aren't quite as desirable as the majority of other families here, perhaps even more so. It does strike me, though, that Norris is rather young for anything definite."

"Oh, of course," she agreed quickly. "I didn't mean anything definite *this* year. I only meant that if matters went on developing, as they seem to be doing now, that in time—say, perhaps, by next summer—"

"Possibly, possibly." Thus he signified that he would not be obdurate, and in this manner Kitty was accepted between them as an almost probable daughter-in-law, though with herself and her family on probation, at least until the following season.

OF COURSE, without seeming to say what she was actually promising, Mrs. Enderton had already conveyed to Mrs. Brendle the information that Mr. Enderton would be brought comfortably in as a signatory to the virtual family treaty, the terms of which had for some time been tacitly arranged by the two ladies. That she was the happier and more eager of the two, Mrs. Brendle had perhaps imperfectly concealed; this morning she made no concealment at all of the radiant affection with which she regarded the principal signers of the compact.

Over the hard sand she came rushing to the pair. "You dear things!" she cried tenderly, and both of them responded with affability to the caressive greeting. "Only at breakfast this morning," she went on, "Walter and I were saying that the season is passing—already almost half gone; think of it!—and that we weren't seeing anything like as much of you as we want to! With our children spending practically *all* their time together, it does seem as if *we*—"

"It does indeed!" Mrs. Enderton agreed warmly. "George and I have said precisely the same thing over and over again. Where's that dear little Kitty of yours this morning? I don't see her."

"Kitty?" Mrs. Brendle laughed and, with her parasol, pointed down the beach to where a bright-colored figure, little with distance, ran and splashed alone at the water's edge. "I'm afraid she's being coquettish this morning!"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Enderton laughed with a graciously assenting comprehension of her meaning, and Mrs. Enderton said in a benevolent whisper, "So much wiser! Really so much wiser, my dear!"

The subject of her commendation, however, did not herself feel that she was wiser than the more ardent huntresses of young Norris, nor in any manner wise at all. In fact, as Kitty splashed along in the foamy bubblings of receding surf, "Good heavens!" she said, almost aloud. "You'd think I'd know *something* by *this* time!" By the word "*something*" she meant a hint at least of her own desires and her own nature, which all the length of her nineteen years had treacherously failed to bring her. For of late she had made a discovery—that she was unacquainted with herself; and the hour of this revelation, which she took to be an unprecedented human experience, had been, she knew, the very hour of Joseph Nutter's departure in manly pathos from her mother's garden party.

Like a moody, absent-minded pony, she stood in the foam and pawed its opalescence with one small foot. "Darn that Joe Nutter!" she said. Undoubtedly, she held him responsible, and wished more that she had never seen him than that she should never see him again; for, about ever seeing him again, her complete indifference was clear to her. "Darned interloper!" she said bitterly, ran out into the green surf, and, emerging all aglitter to the sand again, returned slowly toward the livelier end of the beach.

Kitty's own sight, as she walked, was refreshed by the approach of two potential bathers who had detached themselves for a stroll in her direction, though obviously their motive was not to seek her out. They were her brother Melroy, or Bull, and his favorite companion and taller contemporary, the young Miss Fuller. Melroy was decorously covered, down to his bare feet, in a beach robe of well-chosen peach color. Upon Kitty's charming forehead a slight frown appeared, caused by Mimi's costume, which consisted of a small, backless yellow jersey, green slippers, and a pair of shapeless pajamas, colored to suggest a house painter's cleansing hour after a busy day. The facial expressions of Melroy and, especially, of his tall friend were those of persons so consciously in high fashion that it was as if they felt the eyes of emulous hundreds upon them, even when no one at all was looking at them.

Melroy had, too, the additional pleasure of possessing for the time being Miss Mimi Fuller's society to himself alone, something he had been unable to achieve this summer until today. Naturally, he realized that he owed her complaisance to the fact that he was now the boy owning the best car in their set; but this realization incited within him no cynicism nor any suspicion of irony. On the contrary, it added to his happiness, for already his mind's eye saw the fast and sparkling vehicle as an undetachable, beautiful part of himself, an encouraging view, for thus we see ourselves increased in distinguished beauty by every new possession.

AS MELROY and his companion drew nearer his sister, a shadow marred his brow; then a blush of strong embarrassment appeared upon his cheek. It was Kitty's costume that displeased him, if anything so substanceless may be said to displease anybody. Not her lack of womanly modesty perturbed him—Melroy had been born too far along in the twentieth century ever to have heard about that—it was her carelessness of the mode. What smirches one member of a family smirches all, and momentarily Bull Brendle felt himself betrayed by Kitty's utter lack of pajamas; he wished that she were not his sister, and he entered a protest to clear himself with Mimi.

"Wish she'd learn a little about how to dress," he murmured.

Melroy avoided his sister's eye; the two children passed her with distance enough between herself and them to warrant his neglect of a greeting gracefully waved by her slender, tanned arm, and Kitty went on, returning her thoughts to their already customary inward puzzlement. "What am I going back to the crowd for now?" she thought. "I don't even know whether I want to or not, and yet here I am—going!"

(To be continued)

How to Become a Millionaire

(*Continued from page 77*)

Why anybody should want to scallop the edge of a grapefruit, we can't imagine. But we sell lots of these fruit decorators. . . $1.39

The head of the kitchenware department calmed down only when he found that he had to put on more clerks to handle the people who wanted to decorate grapefruit.

And in the same advertisement a bull market for $8.94 noodle cutters was produced by these deathless lines:

Our noodle cutter, though happy in its work, makes a lovely plaything for those soulless folk who have no use for noodles.

IT WOULD be unfair to Kenneth Collins to picture him as a sort of advertising buffoon. He is a stable, sound, courageous business man with a vast knowledge of budgets and space-buying and merchandising and price lines, and above all an amazing instinct, augmented by wide research, for knowing what the public wants.

His energy is that of a healthy boy of fifteen. He is only thirty-three, remember, still a youngster, and is as wild about his job as a cheer leader about a winning football team. His hair is a bit thin on top. He speaks quickly and decisively, but not explosively. That is, not usually. There are times, they say, when something goes wrong and the cry goes through the office, "Take to your cyclone cellars, girls! The boss is on a rampage!"

Perhaps some day he will get himself an imposing office—one with mahogany furniture and tapestries and deep rugs and paneled walls—but at present he works in a room that looks as if it had formerly been used for storing mops. A concrete floor, a small, worn desk for himself, a smaller, more worn desk for his secretary, a table piled with papers, and a wall hung with proofs of advertisements. It's just like the offices of all his assistants, only a little larger—as if this one, in the past, had been used for storing the mops, while the other offices had been used for whisk brooms. His office door is always open, and, as you sit and talk with him, people are continually coming in on the run and saying, out of breath, "Pardon me. I don't want to interrupt, but—" And he always pardons them.

Nearly all of Kenneth Collins' assistants are women.

"Since women do eighty-five per cent of the buying in this store," he explained, "I believe that most of the copy should be written by women. And every woman who writes advertising should be a bit temperamental. She should have boundless enthusiasm for a can of corn or a one-handed flour sifter, far beyond what the facts justify.

"It's easy to temper overenthusiasm. I want a copywriter to turn handsprings of ecstasy over a six-piece Queen Anne living-room suite that sells for a hundred and seventy-nine dollars. If she bubbles over too much, we can edit her copy. But you can't build up the copy that comes from a writer who looks with entire calm upon a Paquin suit priced thirty-two dollars and seventy-four cents. I'm perfectly willing to hold back a horse that's always trying to run away. I won't try to get mileage out of a nag with no spirit."

So Kenneth Collins sits calmly—most of the time—in his office with the door open, and outside are thirty-five or forty somewhat temperamental women. They all receive important salaries—one of his copywriters, according to gossip, is paid twenty thousand dollars a year—and they all think their boss is a grand man.

He believes in paying high salaries. He fights to get his employees liberal vacations. When one is ill, he takes a crowd from the office and goes to the hospital for a good visit. Many of them are married, and when a baby is born Collins sends presents and assurances that the mother's job is waiting for her when she wants to return.

"I like to employ women with families," Collins told me. "The more children they have, the better copy they can write about infants' wear."

Around the store, sometimes there is comment regarding "Mr. Collins' prima donnas."

"You bet I have prima donnas," he said. "What would the Metropolitan Opera be without prima donnas?"

"But," I queried, admiring the man's courage, "*thirty-five* prima donnas?"

"Easier to handle than men," he said. "One kind word a day, that's all they need. Give them one kind word a day and they're all right."

Collins gives them more than one kind word. He believes in letting the world know that he believes he has the best staff of copywriters that was ever gathered under one roof, even if they are a little goofy at times. There's Margaret Fishback, who wrote about the auk, whose verse in the advertising is often signed "M. F."; Bernice Fitzgibbon, who originated Macy's slogan, "It's Smart to be Thrifty"; Helen Law who, as Mrs. Martha Manning, broadcasts over the radio every morning; Katherine Lowe, the home furnishings expert; and dozens of others.

These four write most of the copy, with Collins' approval and inspiration. Less than ten per cent of their copy is humorous but all of it is genial and informal.

"There's a definite line to be drawn in advertising," Collins pointed out. "We can be outrageously funny about something people don't have to buy—like a pineapple crimper or a baby's rattle—but when it comes to a suit of clothes or a dining-room table, our customer wants to be taken seriously. Not seriously in a dull, ponderous way, you understand, but we can't crack any jokes about a dozen eggs the way we can, and did, about a little contraption to wear on your dinner coat to keep your carnation from wilting."

COLLINS was born in St. Paul, and at the age of two years was taken by his parents to Spokane, Washington. His father was general agent of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway.

Nothing much out of the way happened to him until, at the age of fifteen, he made a boat trip to San Francisco. On board he

met Miss Martha Moe, of Tacoma, Washington. Ten years later they were married.

"She heard me debate in college," Collins told me, "she listened to me preach, she was in one of my classes when I taught at the University of Idaho, and, even so, she married me. And she still listens to me." Truly, an ideal wife.

They have one son, Kenneth, Jr., two years old. In the winter they live in a penthouse atop an apartment within walking distance of Collins' office. In the summer they move to a no-longer-abandoned farm in Connecticut.

When he entered the University of Washington, Collins had rather definite ideas regarding his career. He was going to be a preacher. He started as a lay reader in a church in Portage, Washington. Being a good lay reader, he graduated to a post as preacher in the Episcopal Church in Colfax, Washington, preaching twice each Sunday for one hundred dollars a month. This sum helped considerably in getting him through college—paying for the boxes of candy he would take when he called upon Miss Martha Moe at the Kappa Kappa Gamma house and paying Collins' dues in Phi Gamma Delta.

COLLINS completed the course in the University of Washington in a total of two and one-half years, receiving an A. B. degree and election to Phi Beta Kappa, the collegiate award for exceptionally high scholarship. He did it by taking no summer vacation, plugging on through summer school. He had twenty-four classroom hours a week, was an instructor in public speaking and freshman English, captain of the debating team, and preached twice each Sunday.

In the middle of his college course, which required two and one-half years' actual time, he was in the Aviation Corps for two years. He enlisted as a private and was sent to Kelly Field, in Texas. There, eager to go aloft, he took an examination and was promptly rejected. The result of his examination showed that Kenneth Collins was a moron.

Hoping that there might have been a mistake, he tried again. This time he was O. K. When the war ended he was a second lieutenant and instructor in aerial gunnery at the flying field at Hicks, Texas.

After two years as an instructor in English at the University of Idaho, Collins was awarded an Austin scholarship in Harvard University and he married Martha Moe and went to Cambridge, Massachusetts. In two years he came out with a Master of Arts degree, a general idea that he might be able to make a living at teaching, and thirteen dollars.

Nobody wanted a teacher at that particular moment—at least, nobody to whose classroom a railroad ticket for two could be bought for thirteen dollars. So, after hearing that a department store needed an advertising man, he decided to be an advertising man—thus following early in his business career a principle that has brought him success, namely, "Give the people what they want."

He got the job, at fifty dollars a week, then went down to a newspaper office, found a man who knew something about advertising, and asked him questions for six hours. When Collins went to work the next morning, he was an advertising man.

He was getting ninety dollars a week, five years ago, when he went to New York and was employed by Macy's on the strength of his knowledge of English. He read proofs and put in the "whoms" and the "weres" at the right places and changed "We want to quickly sell" to "We want to sell quickly."

For a year he was one of those fellows who are just around the shop. Nobody was sure as to exactly what his duties were, but Collins was sure they weren't important enough, so he quit and joined an advertising agency in Cleveland, Ohio.

Unknown to Collins, Jesse Straus had been watching him, and when Macy's advertising manager and assistant advertising manager both leaped to better jobs, Mr. Jesse said, "I think if we could get that fellow Collins to come back, he'd do for the job."

So Collins came back. And did.

They made him advertising manager, and three weeks later he gave an exhibition in the advertising department. All the important officials were on hand. Everywhere they turned they saw deadly parallels—an advertisement in the old style and, alongside, an advertisement, selling the same goods, in the Collins style.

"Go ahead," said Mr. Jesse. "Let's try it." And Collins was under way.

Collins has women to write copy, but for art and typography he goes to men. Fred Farrar became his typographer and to Robert Martin he gave the job of chasing out of the advertisements the ladies who seemed to be suffering from a stomachache as they wore a Lanvin gown and the boys who wore corduroy knickers and a lumberjack as if they'd be spanked and sent to bed if they ever got a speck of dust on their new clothes.

"When you draw a boy's overcoat," Collins ordered, "put it on a boy who is having a swell time, turning somersaults or jumping in a snowpile. When you illustrate a girl wearing a tennis dress, for goodness' sake, have her playing tennis, and winning!"

AT FIRST there was considerable opposition around the store.

"You will always find people," Collins said, "who believe that the way to advertise is to run a picture of the founder, with his whiskers and his four scintillating sons, with copy that means nothing more nor less than 'We're still in business.' That's as silly as though a newspaper came out every day with a picture of Horace Greeley on the front page and nothing else except a line stating, 'Murders are still being committed.'

"Advertising must present interesting facts—the facts a customer wants to know—and in a pleasant manner. Take, for instance, a chair. The thing a customer wants to know is how it feels when you sit down in it. Advertising writers bore him with facts about color and construction and the number of nails in it, when all the time he's greatly concerned as to whether it's going to be comfortable through a long evening."

Collins found out about selling chairs by spending several hours in the furniture department. He noticed that one of the first things a customer does after looking at a chair is to sit down in it. Such simple research as this, into every department, is what helps to give his copy the human appeal.

His activities go beyond the mere heralding of what the store has to sell. He helps to gather merchandise that is well worth advertising.

Right now he is fathering a serious investigation, which has been taken up by Columbia, Yale, Fordham, and New York Universities, to find out what kind of toys children like.

When the survey is completed, toys will be made to fit the specifications, and everybody will be happy—unless the kids change their minds in the meantime.

COLLINS has found out that ninety-inch bed sheets are too short. People want one-hundred-and-nine-inch sheets, so they won't pull out at the foot. When the ribbon business seemed to be slipping, he organized a drive to revive hair-ribbons for little girls.

He was quick to see the possibilities of color in the kitchen and was a pioneer merchandiser of colored pots and pans. He initiated the movement to standardize colors, so that the manufacturer who made blue warming pans would take care that his shade matched that of the fellow who turned out blue teakettles.

At present he is helping despondent manufacturers of boys' clothing who have seen the trend go from suits to corduroys and windbreakers. "The trouble is," Collins told them, "that the styles of your suits are all wrong. Design clothing that will make a boy look like a he-man, not like a sissy." They did. And Collins is selling them.

Collins is a thorough independent, in politics and out.

Invited, a couple of years ago, to address a convention in Cleveland of men associated with a special form of advertising, he startled his hosts by telling them that, as far as his business was concerned, their method was a waste of money. It was like making a wet speech at a dry convention.

They had invited him to go to Cleveland and to tell them what he thought—and he told them.

When he ended his speech there was absolute silence. He bowed and went back to New York.

But later he received word through the underground that many who had heard him thought he was right. Because Collins had not been content to say only that he thought their way was impotent in his scheme of things. He told them why. And how to apply the remedy. And the wise ones, instead of becoming enraged, set about to follow his advice.

Kenneth Collins is not a humorist. Himself, he is not even a manufacturer of smart phrases. In his speeches there are no anecdotes about Scotchmen. Never does he come to a place where he says, "That reminds me of the story about an Irishman who—"

He talks facts, with no embellishments. He never has said that advertising won the war nor that the department store is a Great Service to Mankind nor that the salesgirl should consecrate her life to her customers. He just tells 'em what he wants 'em to know and tells 'em quick, in language that they can understand.

All he knows is Common Sense.

And that—so rare is Common Sense—will make him a millionaire at the age of forty-three.

War Paint and Rouge

(*Continued from page 70*)

live in France, you know! Come! Cheer up! A little good will, now! Come, make a snowball and throw it at me!"

He had no heart for it. The girl, in all the beauty of her disordered hair, fluttering with furs and brilliant thrums, danced about in the snow, her mittens on her hips, out of sheer joy of health and youth.

We were warm enough in our brush hut by a huge fire, and I don't know why our prisoner shivered so, for I told him plainly he would come to no harm from us, and that the English had more food than we had in Louisbourg and would treat him kindly. His name was Gobineau.

"For whom was that *lettre de cachet?*" I demanded.

He gave me a timid yet cunning look and shrugged his fat shoulders.

"The Duchesse de Boiens is not in Louisbourg, you know," said I, looking him in his sly gray eyes.

He said he was sure of that. We both knew the other was lying.

"Well," said I, "that being agreed upon, what is your budget of news out of France, Monsieur Gobineau?"

Fright made him truthful and very voluble.

He said that a French fleet would sail very soon to aid in the defense of Louisbourg. It seemed to give him satisfaction to tell us this. Naturally, he took me and my Souriquois for English partisans, and was even more right than he dreamed of being.

He said, further, that Pitt was furious over the failure of Lord Loudon to take Louisbourg—that our Flying Dutchman of a Scotchman, Holbourne, had lost several ships by wind and tide and devil's weather; that Pitt was already gathering a great fleet under an admiral named Boscawen, to attack Louisbourg in the coming spring, and a great English army under a brand-new major general who had been a colonel until within a few weeks—one Jeffrey Amherst.

He mentioned particulars; he boldly stated numbers, items, details, dates.

EARLY next morning, I bade adieu to Monsieur Gobineau, gave Santu her instructions, cautioned my three Souriquois, White Bird, Laughs-at-Night, and Three Legs; and, taking what provisions I needed, slung my rifle and set out alone toward Louisbourg and in the general direction of some stunted evergreens where I knew deer yarded in winter.

Fourteen thousand troops—and mostly regulars! The thought excited me. Now, God willing, a fight to a finish was close at hand; and French for all time or English forever!

America must abide by the result!

Three days later I sauntered into Louis-

bourg, carrying my rifle and as much venison as I could lug—which sufficiently explained my extra-mural activities to the gate guard.

I saw the Duchesse de Boïens that same evening. She wore cloth of silver and vermilion, and was playing cards at a grand party given by Madame Laforest. She looked up with a cool smile to receive my compliments when I came to wait upon her. It was then that I began to realize the absolute courage of this young girl.

My eyes told her that all was well. I told her so with my lips, also, when I found a moment to speak without being overheard.

"I have their warrant," said I. "It's meant for you, without doubt, and Jane Fish had it executed."

"Bring it," said she smilingly, "when you come to kiss my hand and receive my grateful thanks."

"What is that you say?" said I, bewildered. "Where am I to come to you?"

"The ladder still stands up against the house, where they are fixing my balcony, darling," said she with a seraphic smile—a smile to win straight into Paradise without absolution. . . .

THERE was no moonlight; heavy clouds obscured the night sky; an icy fog rolled in from the sea and smeared every wall, tower, ledge, and grim facade with glare ice. Vaguely, palely red in the ghostly smother, the battle lanterns burned on every bastion; torches flickered in their sockets by city gates, barracks, and along the fortress walls; a few lanterns glimmered high on stone walls fouled with rust.

The rungs of the ladder which led to Sandi's balcony were covered with ice, and I expected to slip and break my neck—and would rather have done so than miss the chance of seeing this young girl—my violent passion for her making me almost ill at times. On the iron balcony, which now had been firmly triced up, I slid about, groping for something to hold while I ventured to knock upon the dark panes of glass. However, the casement had already begun to open.

There was no light in the chamber except a lovely, rosy glow from logs burning in the big fireplace of stone.

The young duchess still wore her beautiful cloth-of-silver gown with its sprays of pale green leaves and vermilion buds. She took my hand and led me to the fireplace, where was a chaise longue buried in white fox furs. Here we were seated presently and in silence, while she, by the firelight, studied the ominous *lettre de cachet* which I had brought to her.

"Oh, fie," said she in her lovely, guarded voice, "how ugly is all this affair! Would you credit it, monsieur, that because I refused to figure as *demoiselle d'atour* to anybody named Pompadour, and because I laughed at what the King of Prussia said about her and at the verses he wrote, this common woman, who has France by the throat, should threaten me with her cursed Bastille—even reach out and attempt to clutch me here—claw me out of the New World back into the Old!"

"Monarchs," said I, "seem often quite as mean as their mistresses. Look at dumpy German George and his spite which sends me here to keep his hangman busy at Tyburn! Is there anything meaner than a man who can't forgive bravery in his enemy?"

"Oh, lord," said she, "this is a sorry world and topsy-turvy, where a Jane Fish bullies a de Boïens and a vulgar Hanover German would hang the heirs to Annandale and Whinnloch!"

She looked up at me in the firelight, held out the *lettre de cachet*. I took it, and the other papers, and laid them on the coals, where they burned black, then a pulsating scarlet, and then fell to pieces in gray-white flakes.

"That ends that business," said I.

"For the present."

I nodded: "And that's the point I mean to discuss with you, madame—"

"*Oui, monsieur!*"

"Very well, madame—"

"*Madame* be hanged," said she; "you don't seem to be in love with me any more!"

"You know better—"

"Oh. Then why am I not Sandi any more?"

"Sandi—"

"Yes, my Captain Jean—John—Jock—"

"Will you be serious a moment?"

"Heaven knows. . . . Why did you flirt with Madame du Portail at the dance tonight?"

I ignored the accusation. "I suppose," said I, "that you never could learn to love me enough to send the world to the devil and marry me."

"Great heavens!" said she. "What do you mean, then? People don't marry for *love!*"

"They ought to—"

"But they never do, darling. Love has nothing to do with marriage."

"That is seldom true in our American colonies, madame."

"What! You tell me that people in America—in New York, in Virginia, in Maryland, in Massachusetts Bay, fling prudence, economy, thrift, rank, race, aside and marry just because they love?" She began to laugh.

"I tell you that, Madame la Duchesse," said I stiffly, "and it is almost universally true."

SHE stared. "Are there then among you no questions of rank, of breeding, of position, of precedence?"

"Plenty, madame. We lack titles, but otherwise seem quite as virulent as any among English or Continental aristocracy. Nevertheless, we do usually marry for love."

"I can't marry you, darling, but you are lord and master of my very tender heart—and that is a risky affair for a girl, but—"

She turned where she was seated beside me, placed her hands on my shoulder, and laid her cheek upon her hands.

"What do you mean to do?" said I, kissing her—"marry some rickety old peer or some poxed young prince?"

"Lord!" said she. "I hope the King will select a healthy one, at least."

"Probably," said I, "there aren't any in France—"

"Oh, yes, there are," she retorted, laughing—"and gallant, witty, and handsome, too! . . . It seems strange," she added, "that I could not find it in me to be pleased by one of these, but must go blundering into the arms of my first sweetheart as soon as ever I laid eyes on you—"

She looked up in that blind way of hers, sustaining my ardent gaze, enduring, then welcoming, my lips, and drawing me toward her with impulsive arms.

"Jock Cardress," says she, "would ye steal the heart out o' my breast?"

"I shan't let you go, Sandi!"

"You mean you won't let go my heart, darling. No, you couldn't even drive it away from you. But, whichever way this war will be turning—and whichever way this coming battle goes, God help us—you and I must say good-by and part."

"I'll not say it!"

"WHAT! You mean to follow me to France?"

"I do not. I only wish," said I, "that you were now somewhere where I could get my hands firmly on you."

"W-what do you mean? V-violence, d-darling?"

"Yes, if I had you in New York, or New England. You'd never get back to your duchy! You'd go to the Mohawk with me and take up a great tract of wild land to develop it, alongside the tracts of Sir William Johnson, Sir Peter Warren, and the Duchess of Gordon. I'd not care what your lascivious king had to say about it, or what my own vulgar monarch might say; I'd marry you and we'd love in spite of marriage, and I tell you, madame, the children born of such a union would more nearly resemble angels than human beings! Now, you don't like that, do you, Madame la Duchesse de Boïens!"

"That is an impossible thing you propose," said she, weeping and swabbing her eyes with a laced handkerchief. "Am I to lose my Duchy of Boiens merely to marry you, when I can love you just as well without losing it?"

"No," said I angrily, "you may keep your duchy and all your petty wood-lots and back-country settlements, instead of having a hundred thousand acres on the Mohawk. Also, you may marry your rickety, leering peer of France as soon as you choose and become reconciled to your foolish king and his female friend, Jane Fish—"

"Great heavens," she wailed, "he treats me with cruel sarcasms, who love him to distraction—"

"Will you stop your noise," said I, "or do you want your servants to discover me here so that I shall have to fight Major Follis?"

"Oh, horrors," she whimpered, "if you kill him, then I am utterly done for!—"

"What is he to you more than a kinsman?" I demanded. "After all, I begin to believe that you came out here to warn him because you were, and are, in love with him!"

"I came," she retorted furiously, "because your miserable King of England wished to hang a gallant Scottish gentleman who, one day, please God, will be Lord Whinnloch. . . . And who," she added defiantly, "has been chosen by the King of France—*to be my husband!*"

Well, there it was—suddenly—and all of a fury!—the cat out of the bag! A wildcat, too. And now I understood at last why this young girl had come out of France, risking everything, to warn Charles Follis, her kinsman, that the King of England meant to hang the man whom the King of France had selected to marry the Duchesse de Boïens, and so to join the Whinnloch estates to Boïens and erect out of both a French dukedom linking one of the most important Scottish peerages and estates to the peerage of France forever!

"So that is why you came," I repeated in a cold rage.

"Yes, sir; that is why. My king desires this marriage. Pompadour wishes to mate me to the half-witted Duc de Somport-Canfranc. It was she who bargained with Pitt and a vindictive German king to have my kinsman hanged! That is the real reason she desires to shut me up in her cursed Bastille—so she can get at Charles Follis and force me into Somport's arms!"

Her dark eyes were blazing, and so were her cheeks. She sprang to her feet in the firelight.

"If you won't love me, Jock Cardress," said she, "then amen, and suit yourself! But there's one thing you'll never make me do, and that is add a hangman's knot to the Whinnloch coat of arms! And so I say to you in all kindness—stay here, and welcome, while you do no harm! But if the English come and the city falls, *then* I shall speak.

"And, by heaven, sir," she flamed, "if I loved you so that I died of the passion, I'd see you dead at my feet before I'd foul my family's name to save you!"

We stood in silence for a while, confronting each other in the wavering firelight. Then I bowed to her with perfect politeness, turned and opened the icy casement, closed it noiselessly, flung one leg over the iron rail of the balcony, searching for the ladder. The toe of my boot touched something which I supposed was the icy rung of the ladder, and I set the other foot beside it and let go the balcony. . . . It was not the ladder; it was an icicle which splintered under me, and I fell heavily down, down into darkness. . . .

I WAS still confused in my battered brain when, one day, I awoke conscious and heard military music. I opened my eyes and saw a glazed window brilliant with sunshine and, through it, a bit of pale blue sky full of little white clouds sailing eastward, and sea gulls soaring. The military music soon wearied me and I fell asleep.

The next time I became conscious I heard the bells of Louisbourg ringing. It was a gray day outside, no wind, and it seemed to be quite warm, I thought, because the window was partly open and on the ledge was a thin bar of melting snow.

I was all bandaged, and my body itched and was hot, but not feverish. Turning my gaze sideways I could see two nuns measuring and pouring liquids from flasks into cup and tumblers.

From the streets came the familiar sound of movements, clatter, and clang of traffic, the voices and bustle and coming and going of humble folk upon their simple occasions; cries of fishermen and rattle of spars and cordage from the basin. That arrested my attention and gave me a definite idea: the ice and snow must have gone; the water seemed to be open. *Where had I been since last winter?*

Not that day, nor the next, but nearly a week later, I learned that it was April. A nun, Sister Rose Aline, told me after the doctor had examined me, taken off some plasters and splints and bandages, and the sisters had washed me.

"Yes, indeed, my captain," said Sister Rose Aline cheerily, "you have been coasting along the shore of Death for many, many days and weeks. Do you have any recollection of how you came to be in so terrible a plight?"

I had used what brain remained; I could remember being on that iron balcony outside Sandi's window. But that was the last I could recollect. However, it made me cautious.

"It is believed," said the nun, busy with her bandages and lint, "that in the darkness and freezing fog, you walked under a ladder which fell on you."

"That," said I, with an attempt to smile, "is what one deserves who walks under ladders! I suppose," I added with weak humor, "I didn't break my neck?"

"No; you fractured only your left arm, left leg, three ribs, and shoulder blade," said the nun smilingly, "which gave you a pleurisy, a flux, a concussion, a shock, strangulation of both lungs, and a cut on your head which we sewed up with thirteen stitches."

SHE made me swallow a dose of black stuff, very bitter, which nearly turned my stomach inside out like a purse, and made me angry.

"Hang it! How long is this to go on, Sister?" I gasped.

"What a temper!" said the pretty nun. "Next week," said she, "they mean to send you to your own lodgings."

"What month is it?" I asked fearfully.

"April, of course."

"Are the ice and snow quite gone, then?"

"Mercy, no! You don't know Île Royale! Many of the lakes are still frozen. There's snow in the woods and on all northern slopes; and will be into late May."

I ventured this much more: "Is all well with Louisbourg, Sister?"

"Yes," said she tranquilly, "so far"—she crossed herself—"all gratitude to our Lady of Louisbourg!"

"No enemy ships?"

"None, sir. But some of ours have arrived."

"What news do they fetch us?"

"Oh, a plenty o' that, my poor captain. To hear the talk in the shops and streets one would believe that the entire army and navy of wicked old England are on the way to blot Louisbourg from the face of the earth!"

I dared not question her further concerning this. Nor could I risk a question at all regarding Sandi. The Duchesse de Boiens was not supposed to be anything to me, nor I to her. That I had been discovered all smashed to pieces under her windows, with a ladder lying across me, evidently had not aroused the slightest concern or suspicion regarding this lovely young duchess herself, nor seemed to have connected my plight with her at all.

When it became known in town that I was convalescent, a number of friends and acquaintances did me the honor to call on me, or send polite messages with some little trifle—usually in the nature of food or something to read.

Dupont de Gourville came with kind inquiries and an orange—worth its weight in gold in the ice-bound city! Even the careworn Governor and Madame de Drucour came to the hospital for a pleasant word, and to leave a bottle of very old Burgundy for me.

But neither Charles Follis nor the Chevalier Johnstone came, nor sent any message.

Nor did the Duchesse de Boïens.

I could understand why Sandi did not come. But it concerned and alarmed me that neither Major Follis nor the Chevalier had taken any notice of my condition.

DURING an interval of calm blue weather—rare always at Île Royale, and particularly during early spring—I was carried to my own lodgings.

One morning, soon afterward, I was standing in my chamber, leaning upon my crutches, when, chancing to glance around, I noticed that my chamber door was opening very slowly and silently.

Curious to see who was doing it, I fixed my eyes upon the widening aperture, which presently disclosed Santu in her pointed capuchin and all fluttering in a shower of fringes and twice belted like every Souriquois girl. Resting on my crutches, I ventured to hold out both hands to her a little way, and she gave me a joyous look, came noiselessly on tiptoe, and coiled about me very tenderly.

"What news?" I whispered, motioning her to close the door.

When she came back I had found a chair, and she curled up cross-legged at my feet; and long-pent-up words flowed from her in a torrent unrestrained.

It seemed that when she heard of my accident she had instantly destroyed every slightest evidence which could possibly have involved me or her or my three runners. As the days passed and I seemed to grow no better, she had sent word of this to Halifax by White Bird, explaining the situation and saying that the hospital nuns did not believe I could get well.

"But," said she, "a few days later, when I came to the hospital, a nun told me that you lay drenched in sweat and that your fever at last had broken!"

"Santu," said I, "do you believe that there is any suspicion among any of the people in Louisbourg concerning what I am about in the city?"

She did not think so.

"Was there any news of an English fleet and army?"

The whole town was talking about it, but that was all she knew. . . .

While I was too ill even to get about on crutches, the first of the French warships had arrived. Also a battalion of the Foreign Legion, under Lieutenant Colonel d'Anthonay, arrived aboard the ships. This officer ranked Charles Follis, senior major, and therefore was now in command of the foreign corps. Which I knew would enrage the Scots.

The coming of the great French ships made the city secure as far as provisions were concerned. But I did not believe their admiral was very clever or enterprising.

Always I was getting stronger, and soon began to feel pretty well, being able to use crutches very easily to get about indoors, but on account of the cold and ice dared not attempt to go down into the freezing streets or mount the slippery ramparts, though Santu offered to aid me.

Nor did I yet know why Charles Follis continued to ignore me, but was aware that there must have been some grave reason, and feared that my being discovered under Sandi's windows might have aroused his suspicions.

As for Sandi, not a sign from her.

On the 8th of May we had a terrific snowstorm lasting thirty-six hours and making Louisbourg look like midwinter again. The floating ice, it seemed, had so troubled Sir Charles Hardy's ships that none of them came near enough to Louisbourg to be seen.

Every day, however, the Souriquois and Rangers and Acadians brought news of more British ships arriving at Halifax, warships and transports. It was a huge fleet—one hundred and eighty sail carrying fourteen thousand seamen and thirteen thousand soldiers, all standing for Île Royale under a light wind, their miles and miles of snowy-clouded sails turning rose and gold in the rays of the setting sun.

To hear it, a little rejoiced my heart, which was very sore, and sickening for the wayward jade I loved.

On the first day of June, I ventured to go outdoors on my crutches, feeling strong and well, and desiring to accustom my legs to exercise as soon as might be.

Well, the city of Louisbourg was fearfully nervous and expectant now. All day the stony streets echoed with drum and fife and bugle, and the clank of artillery.

I had seen the garrisons of Port Toulouse and Port Dauphin march in on the 7th of May; and, after that, Acadian irregulars and Indians came in nearly every day. The larger French ships lay on a bowline between the Royal Battery and the Bastion de la Grave, and were mounting their guns.

And I nearly perished with the desire to laugh when, under the noses of the French ships and the rampart cannon, a saucy English frigate came into Gabarus Bay, sent out her boats, and took soundings, lying the night at anchor two gunshots out of the range off Pointe Blanche.

Why no French ship attacked her, I don't know to this day. But I tell you, it thrilled me—this defiance that Old England flung at New France so flippantly—and though I am a Scot by origin and an American Colonial by birth, I felt a pride that warms me still every time I think of it.

ON FRIDAY, June 2d, about four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was sitting on the ramparts with Santu, the artillery men in the Citadel fired three alarm shots.

For a few moments every sound in the city ceased, and the silence of death itself reigned over all. Then such an uproar arose as I never before had heard—shouting, yells, screams, clatter of carriages and carts, drums and fifes beating to arms in every barracks, gallop of horses, clatter and rush of light artillery; and the enormous waves of sound from streets and squares and battlements packed with excited people all crowding to some point of vantage.

For the English fleet was in sight at last, sailing slowly into Gabarus Bay under a light wind, and coming to an anchor southwest of Coromandière Cove—and off a lee shore, if I could believe my eyes—the great battleships of England in two lines.

Very soon the French batteries at White Point began to fire, covering themselves with smoke, and we could see the line of English frigates dragging shoreward under a stiffening wind that already was blow-

ing half a gale. But soon it died out; fog came and hid the English ships.

Making my way to my lodgings by instinct more than by sight, I saw, in the fog, awful demon faces where painted Abenaquis and Micmacs, hideously bedaubed and stinking of rancid oil, were creeping out across the marais after scalps.

Every day I took my crutches and went up onto the ramparts—usually with Santu—but could see nothing for the fog. Heaven only knows why the French did not take advantage and why the English fleet did not suffer the greatest naval disaster in the maritime history of England!

On Sunday, June 4th, at dawn, there was little wind and a thick haze. We could hear and sometimes see the British frigates Kennington and Halifax, firing. The batteries ashore were answering, and two of our English frigates, in trouble, were towed into deep water by our ships' boats.

The sight of the English fleet was, of course, no surprise to Louisbourg, which, long before, had had news of it; and now this entire matter concerning North America and which people, English or French, should rule it for all time, was coming to a head.

I SAW Santu on Sunday, but she said that no canoe could live in the gale that was blowing and that White Bird could carry no message to the English ship.

With a terrific racket of fifes and drums, the Foreign Legion, under Colonel d'Anthonay, marched past under my very windows, headed for the trenches at White Cape; Artois marched for Coromandière; Bourgogne for Flat Cape. It was quite evident to me that Amherst meant to attack all these places where his frigates could slip in very close to cover the landing with a terrific fire.

I could scarcely eat or sleep for my excitement. All day and all night we could hear the thudding of the French guns five miles to the southwest of Louisbourg, where the coast artillery and eight-inch mortars were firing on the English troopships and frigates.

On Thursday, the 8th of June, the surf was less heavy. Before dawn, in my dark bed I heard our frigates firing on the French shore batteries. As day broke, from the crowded ramparts of the city I saw some four hundred boats pulling between the British ships and headed shoreward.

It had come at last! A deep groan went up from the city walls loaded with humanity. Thousands of frightened eyes were fastened on those boats, all rowing straight for Coromandière, where husbands, sons, sweethearts of these poor women were intrenched.

There came a terrible flash, a sheet of fire, a deep thunder, the reverberations continuing like the detonations of a tumbling surf, shaking the bedded rocks of the great fortress.

Another flare and fiery glare from the French batteries at White Cape.

Then we saw those boats full of English and Provincial soldiers and Highlanders drive into the surf; saw the redcoats leap overboard and wade shoreward, led by their officers.

In my mind and heart I knew that it was the beginning of the end of France in North America.

(*To be continued*)

A Bathtub Showed Maxim How to Silence Noise

(*Continued from page 81*)

diameter and four times as tall as a man. It stands on the roof of a factory building in Tucson, Arizona, and virtually silences a Diesel engine that before could be heard fourteen miles away.

"While engaged in this work of silencing all the noises that come out of a pipe I became interested in room noises. Wall treatment, I knew, reduced them. Soft hangings and rugs and upholstered furniture helped. But there was still far too much noise coming into city homes for the good health of the occupants. The fact was that no matter what you did to the walls, so long as the window had to be open for ventilation, the din from outside could be heard in the room.

"THEN one day I was visiting a friend in his New York apartment. It was on Park Avenue, one of the most fashionable residential streets in the country.

"'It's too bad,' he said, 'that you've never made a silencer to do the same thing to a room that it does to the Diesel engine. Here is one of the most centrally located and charming avenues in the city. But the everlasting roar of the traffic down there is almost intolerable at times.'

"'My silencer,' I told him sadly, 'has so far reduced only the noises that come out of a pipe. That's the hitch. I—"

"'Well,' he interrupted, 'what's a window but a pipe?'

"Whereupon I hurried home and went to work. This"—pointing to the brown metal box in the window—"is the result."

He pressed a button on the side of the box. A ventilating fan inside stopped, started again.

"On summer days the air out there sometimes gets uncomfortably warm," Mr. Maxim said. "So I reverse the fan. Now, instead of drawing air in from the street, it is driving it out. The air comes in the door ventilator instead, from the corridors, which are always cool."

The window silencer, Mr. Maxim believes, is his most important invention. For it offers quiet to those who need it most—the men and women whose nerves have been torn by the din of the city streets.

"I hope soon to have it in every hospital in the country," he told me.

"When every one of us realizes the damage that noise is causing, when we all learn to say, 'Less noise,' there will be less noise.

"Already important work has been done. In New York a noise abatement commission has been studying the problem for more than a year. Steamship lines and tugboat companies have agreed to reduce the din in the harbor. Subway engineers, large trucking companies, and a trolley line have cooperated to reduce noises of transportation.

"It may not be so long before every city in the country joins the movement. Then cities will become as quiet as the country, and we'll all be healthier and happier and more prosperous." LEONARD FALKNER

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

He Cut a Job for Himself with a Pair of Shears

(*Continued from page 82*)

"I started collecting pictures when I was a little boy," Roth says. "This one, the circus poster, is the first one I ever had. My father did it; he was a circus poster artist. After a while I got so many that I had to keep them in books. Of course, this wasn't my regular business at first. I was really a letterer by profession."

Rob Roth came to New York thirty-three years ago from Cincinnati, where he had been living with his mother, and his brothers and sisters. One night before his mother left for New York with a younger child to visit his father, the twenty-year-old boy announced that he was going with her to see Fifth Avenue and Coney Island.

"Well, sir," he told me, "I hadn't been here more than an hour before my father found me a job—just the thing I didn't want to happen. My father showed my mother and little brother all over the city—took them to Coney Island, too—and there I was cooped up, working over a lettering board. And do you know? When Sunday came around, I had to work overtime—consequently I didn't really get to see New York for two weeks after I got here! But I've been making up for it ever since."

HE'S always afraid that his work is going to interfere with his pleasure, but it never does. If the urge to take a stroll through the lower East Side strikes him, he just leaves a note behind inviting his customers to make themselves at home until his return.

"I've met lots of successful artists and business men," he went on. "They say to me, 'Roth, I don't know how you do it. I'm too busy to take five minutes from my work, and you take off two or three days if you feel like it.' Well, they could do it, too, if they only looked at life in a different way. But, no; they're always hunting an extra dollar or two; and they die, most of them, without doing the things they've been wanting to do all their lives.

"Collecting pictures was really only a hobby with me in the beginning, but then my friends suggested that I might make a business out of it, and I did. I wouldn't give it up for anything. There aren't many people who can make a living out of a hobby.

"When summer comes, I pack up a little bag and start out. I don't know where I'm going. I just stroll along until someone picks me up. I go wherever they go. There's not a spot of country in the world that hasn't some beauty in it, and I haven't begun to see all I want to see."

Fun out of life! No one gets more of it than Rob Roth.

The brownstone house where Roth lives and works is historically famous. There Chester A. Arthur lived when he took the oath of office to become President of the United States, and there he later died.

JOHN CUSHMAN FISTERE

+ + + + +

"On Time!"

(*Continued from page 54*)

Empire, better known in their circles as No. 50.

They have told me at headquarters in New York that "Bounding Bob," the very youngest old man you could hope to meet, is a whizzbang in the art of coming through. And now, even while we are awaiting the starting signal, he demonstrates to me that this reputation for clicking on schedule has been justly earned. A trifling circumstance provides the medium. Here it is:

AT THE extreme southerly end of the Albany station the southbound tracks begin a rather sharp curve to the east which takes them across the bridge spanning the Hudson River. Our huge locomotive, No. 5229, has been brought to a standstill in such a position that it impinges slightly on the curvature. And getting smoothly into motion under those conditions is no easy task. We have more than a million and a half pounds of engine and cars to get going.

Bob works methodically but swiftly . . . the starting signal will come any instant now. He pulls a lever to let sand trickle down on the rails. He primes the booster engine, that auxiliary device which greatly increases the starting power of his locomotive. From somewhere in the rear comes the signal to go . . . we are off on our one-hundred-and-ten-mile dash down the eastern bank of the Hudson to Harmon, where the steam locomotive will give way to an electric for the remaining thirty-three miles to Grand Central Station.

Bob's hands are grasping the throttle, an overhead crossbar which works on a ratchet with stationary pawl to keep it from turning backward. It requires a hard pull to draw it toward him. In standing position, he does it ever so delicately. Life rushes through the steel giant. There is a quiver to its huge frame; the six driving wheels begin churning slowly. We pulsate, we snort, we move—without friction.

Fine, I say to myself. Bob did it—got away from a standing start on that curve without committing the railroad sin he abhors, "slipping the drivers." You know what that term means; you have seen the wheels of a locomotive whir furiously around when the engineer was trying to get under way.

But Bob has not finished the job yet. While I am expecting him to pull the throttle down harder to shoot more power into our awakening monster, he startles me by doing the reverse. Back goes the lever a few notches; stayed is the flow of life-blood. But only for a moment. He tugs forward again, eases back, tugs forward—and while I watch the operation we gather speed steadily and soon are skimming along at thirty miles.

There is the gayest of smiles now on the little gray man's countenance. "Didn't slip her, did I?" he shouts in my ear. I wag my head negatively; pantomime language is easier than articulate in all this din. "They'd had the laugh on me if I'd slipped her," Bob adds.

Nineteen minutes late! We hit her up. Forty . . . fifty . . . sixty . . . sixty-five.

A semaphore of red lights, topped by green, the safety color, bears down on us and is gone. Towers come rushing pell-mell at us and are gone. Curves loom ahead and in a twinkling are behind us.

Bob is speaking.

"Slips don't go in this game," he is telling me. "When I was a young hand at engineering I used to practice getting under way without slipping the drivers." He pauses, presses a lever, and the lungs of No. 5229 screech out four shrill blasts into the night—the crossing signal. Automobiles and pedestrians, look out; you haven't a chance with us!

Bob continues: "I guess the same principle applies to every worth-while thing in life. . . . Listen, how's this?—He who slips gets slapped." He laughs. I sear the words into my memory.

The drone of the heavy driving wheels pounding over the rails sets up a chant. "Time, time, keep on time—time, time, keep on time," they sing. I recall a story about how this same Bob Butterfield gave one of his greatest exhibitions of the time habit when he was twenty-seven years younger than he is now.

Railroading is in his blood, a heritage from his father, Francis. Back in the musty period of 1856 Francis was firing on the old Hudson River Railroad, lineal ancestor of the road Bob now works for. Ma Butterfield, a good woman, used to say, speaking of boys, "Teach 'em right in their tender years, and they'll run straight and true always." Francis used to say, "Get 'em on a tender early, and they'll learn not only to run straight and true, but on time." So they composed the two points of view, Ma and Pa did, by letting Bob take a job as an oiler in a New York roundhouse when he was sixteen. The exact date was October 8, 1883.

YOU can't be a good railroader without having a proper appreciation of the value of being punctual. Bob got the hang of that so well that he lived by rule of a vest-pocket turnip which ticked off the seconds with amazing precision. And then, after a lapse of twenty-one years, came the day when they turned over to him a mail train which was heading for New York from Albany exactly one hour and ten minutes late. He had become a full-fledged engineman meanwhile, and there was a little injunction which went with the delivery of the six-car train into his hands: "See if you can't make up some of the lost time."

It is one hundred and forty-three miles from Albany to the Grand Central Station, an uninterrupted run in those days, without the present switch from steam to electric locomotive at Harmon. On-Time Bob went at his task with a feeling of personal injury that anything could be as late as the fast mail was that day. With a clear right of way, he opened the throttle wide and kept it there. Between Croton and Ossining he hit it up at one hundred and five miles an hour, a record which still stands as one of the fastest runs in regular railroading. When Bob pulled into the

Grand Central the dispatcher's clock showed he had made up all but seven minutes of the time—one hundred and forty-three miles in one hundred and forty-two minutes.

As this little yarn about Bob's split-second habits bounces back to memory, I begin wondering whether a man who's never late doesn't, after all, cut himself off from a lot of joy by being so machinelike in his actions. And I recall a chat we had on this point back in the railroad men's lunchroom across from the Albany station.

"Here's the whole story," he said to me then. "A railroad man simply has to be on time when there's anything to do. Imagine what an awful jumble the whole system of transportation would get into if we didn't stick to schedules!"

"But," I protested, "what a fearful bore it must be, always holding a stop watch on yourself."

"I don't. I didn't say I did. The only time I'm on time is *when there's anything to do.* Otherwise I make it a point to dilly-dally, delay, linger, and wait. That's where I get a big kick out of life—the contrast between what I *can* do in my leisure moments and what I *have* to do in my busy ones."

Could Aristotle or Socrates have written a pithier essay on the futility of this human habit of burning up energy on things which don't count? It becomes plain to me that Bob Butterfield's whole platform of existence is to utilize power only where it will bring results and to conserve it where it would be wasted. . . .

HE GAVE me insight again into those qualities which have made him a safe and sure man for operating trains valued at about a million dollars each, and operating them to suit discriminating passengers.

"I suppose most persons would think that a man who runs a ninety-two-thousand-dollar locomotive at a fast clip would naturally become a speed maniac," he said. "Not me. I have too high a respect for speed and all it can do for us to maltreat it. I prefer going slow when there is no necessity for going fast. That's much surer, for one thing; much safer, for another. Too many of us have the idea that every time we move from one spot to another we ought to go dashing along at an Empire State Express pace. What for? Why take the chance? Why go through life trying to imitate a railroad? The thing we forget is that we're not geared for this high speed as railroads are. They make an exhaustive study of the dangers of speed; they are equipped with all sorts of safety devices; they understand how to handle a dangerous commodity. What does the average individual know about such things? Mighty little, if you ask me.

"The highest speed I ever make in my automobile is thirty miles. Plenty fast enough for me. When I hit a high rate in a locomotive, I'm easy in mind, because there's a whole force of alert and intelligent men and a whole complement of scientific devices cooperating with me to make fast travel safe. But you don't find protection like that along the open highways. No sir-ee—it's just the reverse; trouble lies in wait for you along the roadside and pounces on you at the first false move. I'd rather make one hundred and ten miles on a well-manned railroad than exceed thirty in an automobile."

In staccato language he gives me some points about his job. Going at sixty or sixty-five miles an hour, he can stop his train in an emergency in from twelve hundred to fourteen hundred feet. Though a great deal of the four thousand horsepower generated by these new Hudson type engines is used in combating wind pressure, a speed of sixty-five and more is readily attained against a fifty-mile gale. He has never hit an automobile, but an automobile once hit his train; one man slightly hurt. When meeting other trains he dims his bright lights, in accordance with railroad courtesy. He flicks his lights to friends in watch towers as he roars past them in the night. Locomotives and cars are so well balanced nowadays and tracks are so carefully laid that it isn't necessary to reduce speed on curves, except especially sharp ones. A tape running through the speedometer keeps accurate permanent record of the speed for each mile of every trip.

Operating the modern engines is much easier physically than handling the older types, practically everything being done automatically, even stoking. If he should ever go past a danger signal, the automatic train control would send the brakes on and he would have to wait until the train stopped before he could reset a valve to start it going again. By using an instrument called the forestaller he could prevent the brakes from being clamped on in such instances, but a whistle directly in front of him would immediately begin screeching to warn him he was in dangerous territory.

Bob has never been in a serious accident. His working schedule requires him to make four round trips to Albany a week, northward on the Century, southward on the Empire. Animals rarely get in the way of trains. Birds are more careless. They stick where they strike. When he hits a pheasant out of season he has to turn it over to the game warden.

I haven't realized how rapidly time has slipped until I see Bob handling those air-brake levers again and he says we're coming into Harmon. We have made up practically all those nineteen minutes. A corking run. I watch the final demonstration of how he brings his train to a standstill so easily that a passenger sitting in a dining car will not experience the annoyance of having his coffee or soup splash over the table.

"HOW'D you like it?" Bob asks. I assure him it was great and we shake each other's black paws. I scramble out of the overalls which Bob has lent me for the run, let myself down the iron rungs, and hurry back to the Pullmans.

"You're the gemman what's been ridin' de engine?" says the porter genially, as I come along. It is no mystery to me how he has been able to make the identification so readily—my soot-blackened face is the clue.

A seasoned old traveler is standing beside the porter. "Zat so?" he asks. "Riding the cab, eh? Well, listen, wasn't Bob Butterfield on the job?"

I tell him he's guessed right.

"Thought so," he is saying as I make for the washroom. "I know how he stops a train."

If I Were You

(*Continued from page 63*)

Tony started violently.

"What lady?"

"This lady, dearie," said Ma Price, indicating Violet, into whose eyes an expression of sudden discomfort had crept. "I told her just before you came in."

Tony clenched his hands. The paper crackled in his grip.

"Just before I came in! . . . Oh?"

HE UNDERSTOOD now. For a long instant, he stared at Violet. Then, with a short laugh, he turned and began fumbling on the shelf behind him.

Sir Herbert was rubbing it in.

"Perhaps even you," he said, addressing the crushed man before him, "are capable of understanding that your whole case now falls to the ground—"

He broke off abruptly. The piercing scream which had proceeded from his wife would have silenced a far more able orator.

Then, seeing, he, too, uttered a shattering cry.

"Tony!" he roared.

Tony was sitting on the edge of the shaving basin. In his left hand was the all-important document, in his right a lighted taper. And, as they looked, the paper crackled and crumbled in the flame.

"Tony!"

It was Violet who spoke this time, and he looked at her steadily with a half-smile on his face. The paper fluttered in ashes to the ground. . . .

Fourteen days had passed since the stirring scene in Price's Hygienic Toilet Salon in Mott Street, Knightsbridge, and on none of those days had Syd failed to congratulate himself on the sensational outcome of that family gathering.

He was reading in the drawing-room at Langley End one morning when the sound of a footstep outside the windows broke in on his pleasant musings. Lowering his paper and looking over its edge, he perceived Tony.

"Oh, it's you, is it, young Price?" he said.

Tony touched his forehead respectfully.

"'Morning, M'lord."

"And what brings *you* 'ere?"

"Sir Herbert summoned me to a conference," Tony explained. "I drove down with Polly in the two-seater."

"Polly all right?"

"As right as any girl can expect to be who's marrying me in a week or so."

"She's a nice girl—Polly," Syd observed meditatively. "'Andy at manicurin', too. She'll be a help to you in the shop."

"You draw a pretty picture of the Barber's Married Life," said Tony. "I like it. Unfortunately, immediately after the ceremony, we are going off somewhere to make our fortune."

Syd gaped.

"Eh? But 'ow about the shop?"

"I'm selling the shop."

"What!" Syd's voice expressed incredulous horror.

"Yes. I have an offer from a man named Pupin."

"My Gawd!" Syd's consternation deepened. "You're not selling Price's?"

Syd's sallow face had turned a dusky pink. His eyes glowed angrily. His voice shook.

"The idea of selling Price's to a foreigner—or to anybody, for that matter. Where's your family pride? Why, Price's has been Price's for six generations."

Tony shrugged his shoulders.

"Still," he pointed out, "this is a mercenary age, and I need the money."

"Oh, well," said Syd moodily, "it's your affair, after all, not mine."

"Exactly. Well, you'll excuse me, won't you? I must go and look after Polly."

He disappeared into the sunlit garden, and Syd returned to his paper. A sigh proceeded from him and he lifted his eyes —to perceive the massive form of Slingsby brooding over him.

"Well," he demanded, flushing a little, "what do *you* want, Pussyfoot?"

The butler's demeanor was aloof and frosty.

"I came to see if this room was unoccupied. Mr. Wetherby, our family solicitor, arrived not long since."

"For the conference, eh?" Syd laughed unpleasantly, then dismissed the subject with well-bred calm. "And, by the way, Slingsby, kindly remember to call me 'M'lord.' I've 'ad to speak to you about this before."

"I'll call you 'M'lord' when the court so orders—and not till then."

Syd chuckled.

"You won't 'ave to wait long . . . And when the courts '*ave* declared me Lord Droitwich, do you know the very first thing I'll do?"

"Yes," exploded the overwrought butler. "You'll listen to me giving you my notice."

"Yah!" was Syd's reply. And, totally oblivious of his noble blood, he put his tongue out. Slingsby, his equal in spirit, put his tongue out, too. And it was in this revolting attitude that Sir Herbert Bassinger, walking briskly into the room, found them.

"Good lord!" cried Sir Herbert, and paused, appalled at the spectacle.

The two tongues shot in again.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Herbert," Slingsby said.

Sir Herbert waved aside the apology.

"Don't mention it!" he said. "I have no doubt the provocation was extreme." He turned to Syd and spoke commandingly, "Now, young man."

SYD looked at him with loathing. "Well," he said, "what's on *your* mind, Serpent?"

"I want this room. Mr. Wetherby, my lawyer, is coming here."

"The good old conference, eh? Well, we Droitwiches can do the civil thing. I'll go. But you're just wasting your time and money, you know."

"Slingsby," demanded Sir Herbert, with an eye on the door that had just closed on Syd's haughty back, "has Mrs. Price arrived?"

"Yes, Sir Herbert. Roberts brought her down in the car half an hour ago. She's in my pantry."

"That young man doesn't know she's here?"

"No, Sir Herbert."

"He mustn't," said the baronet emphatically. "Lord Droitwich come yet?"

"Yes, Sir Herbert. I saw his lordship walking in the garden with Miss Brown."

"Miss Brown?" Sir Herbert's eyebrows rose. "The manicure girl?"

Voices outside warned him of the approach of his wife and the family solicitor.

"Ah, come in, Wetherby," said Sir Herbert. "You'll like this better than the library. More sunshine."

Mr. Wetherby inspected the sunshine in a rather suspicious manner, as if warning it to be up to no tricks with him.

"Well, sit down, Wetherby," said Sir Herbert. "I've sent for Lord Droitwich. Ah, here he is. My dear fellow," said Sir Herbert affectionately, hurrying to the window to greet the incoming Tony.

"Hullo, Aunt Lydia. How do you do, Mr. Wetherby? I hope I'm not late," said Tony. "I was showing Polly Brown the gardens. Where's Freddie?" he asked.

"Still in London. Staying with his friend, Tubby Bridgnorth. I telephoned to him to come, but he babbled something about important business. Now, then, Wetherby, what the devil are we to do?"

MR. WETHERBY put the tips of his fingers together.

"Allow me just to run over my facts," he said. "This old woman signed a paper specifically denying that there was any truth in her story?"

"Yes," said Tony, "but I burned the bally document."

Mr. Wetherby turned the searchlight of his spectacles on him.

"May I inquire, Lord Droitwich, *why* you burned that paper?"

"Mr. Wetherby," said Tony, "you may. And I will answer like a little man. If I hadn't, I should have had to marry Violet Waddington. As it is, I'm going to marry Polly Brown."

"Tony!" thundered Sir Herbert.

"You're crazy!" groaned Lady Lydia.

"Nonsense," said Tony genially. "You like her. You know you do."

"It's out of the question . . . a manicure girl," Sir Herbert was beginning, when Tony interrupted him.

"Now, listen, you two dear old things," said Tony. "I expected a little consternation, but don't overdo it. This marriage is going through."

"But suppose the courts decide that you are an earl."

"In that case," said Tony, "the family will be one countess to the good."

"Didn't I say he was crazy?" cried Lady Lydia.

Tony maintained an unruffled composure. "Now, come, darling," he urged, "you know you aren't really as upset as all that. Pure swank, that's what it is. Stop behaving like an aunt, and let's see that merry smile of yours once more."

"I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Very well," said Tony calmly," if the family is not prepared to accept Polly, I walk straight out, leaving the field to Syd. Would you rather have Polly as a countess or Syd as an earl? I'll leave you to think it over," he said, walking to the window.

A stunned silence followed his departure.

"He means it," said Sir Herbert.

"Yes," said Lady Lydia.

"To me," said Mr. Wetherby briskly, "it is obvious that we must induce her to sign another paper."

"Exactly," agreed Sir Herbert. "I feel sure you can handle her, Wetherby. She's quite an ignorant old woman. If you are curt . . . and rather sinister . . . and—well, you know—legal . . ."

Mr. Wetherby nodded understandingly.

He rose and was making for the desk, when he perceived that their little company had been increased. An immaculate figure had sauntered through the door.

"Freddie!" cried Sir Herbert. "What made you decide to come, after all?"

"The most startling and momentous happening. Where's Tony?"

Lady Lydia indicated the garden.

"Out there, somewhere. With," she added a little tonelessly, "his fiancée."

"Eh?" Freddie stared. "But didn't I understand that Violet had handed him his hat and returned him to the store?"

"Yes. This is a new one. Miss Polly Brown."

Freddie's enthusiasm was unstinted.

"You don't mean to tell me Tony's teamed up with that delightful, ripping little girl? Excellent work! And I've a bit of news for him that'll send him singing about the house."

Sir Herbert, during these remarks, had been engaged in pressing the bell. He now came back, interested.

"What news?" he asked.

His nephew regarded him stonily.

"Never mind," he said. "It is for Tony's ears alone."

And, wagging a reproving finger, the Hon. Freddie dashed out of the French window.

The door opened, and Slingsby appeared.

"Mrs. Price," said Sir Herbert.

"I brought her when I heard the bell, Sir Herbert."

"Bring her in. And stay yourself. We shall need a witness."

Mr. Wetherby had risen, a paper in his hand.

"Excellent," said Sir Herbert, reading.

The door opened again. Slingsby, who had left the room for an instant, returned, shepherding before him the black-satined figure of Ma Price.

MA PRICE was intensely sober and very apprehensive. Her manner was a composite of gloom and wariness.

"Ah, come in, Mrs. Price," said Sir Herbert.

"Yes, Sir Rerbert."

"Take a seat," said Lady Lydia, with a look of loathing.

"Thank you, Lady Lidgier."

"This," said Sir Herbert, "is Mr. Wetherby, the family solicitor."

Ma Price, who had seated herself on the extreme edge of a chair with infinite caution, half rose and bobbed nervously.

"Now, Wetherby," said Sir Herbert.

At these words, Mr. Wetherby uttered a single dry, sharp, short, sinister cough. Its rasping note caused the star witness to quiver from stem to stern like a jelly. "Mrs. Price!" said the lawyer. "You appear apprehensive."

"Mr. Wetherby," interpreted Sir Herbert, "means that you seem nervous. You have nothing to fear, provided . . . eh, Wetherby?"

"Quite," assented the lawyer. "Provided you tell the truth."

"So 'elp me Gawd," muttered Ma Price

automatically, raising a trembling hand.

Sir Herbert shot a glance at the lawyer.

"And—er—signs a document to that effect?" he said.

"Quite," said Mr. Wetherby.

"Quite," said Sir Herbert.

"Quite," said Mr. Wetherby again, clinching the thing.

A PAUSE followed this exchange of remarks. The two men and Lady Lydia looked at one another significantly. As for Ma Price, she had edged into her chair like a tortoise into its shell.

The lawyer peered over his spectacles.

"It has been brought to my attention," he said in a cold, menacing voice, "that you are responsible for an astounding story, tending to cast doubt upon the present Lord Droitwich's right to hold his title and estates. You assert that, being placed in charge of Lord Droitwich in his infancy, you substituted for him your own baby, and that the real Lord Droitwich is the young man who until now has been called Syd Price?"

"Yes, sir."

"I put it to you, Mrs. Price," observed Mr. Wetherby severely, "that this story of yours is simply and solely—from start to finish—a figment of the imagination."

"What's a figment?" asked Ma Price guardedly.

Mr. Wetherby uttered another of his coughs. "I should like to ask you a few questions," he said. "Were you a great reader—shall we say, sixteen years ago?"

"I liked me *Family Herald*."

"Ah! And did you often go to the theater in those days?"

"If there was a good melodrama, I did."

"Quite! Now, attend to me, Mrs. Price. May I remind you that this changing of one baby for another of greater rank has been the basis of a hundred *Family Herald* novelettes, and that it is a stock situation of melodrama?"

"What are you getting at?"

"I will tell you what I am 'getting at.' I suggest to you that your story is nothing but a fairy-tale arising from too much *Family Herald*, too much melodrama."

"Precisely!" said Sir Herbert.

"Exactly!" said Lady Lydia.

"We now come," proceeded Mr. Wetherby, "to another point. Two weeks ago, you signed a document denying that there was any truth in your story. I have prepared another similar document. Will you kindly step this way, Mrs. Price?"

Ma Price rose warily, and approached the desk.

"Here is a pen, Mrs. Price. Sign there, if you please."

Ma Price had been looking gloomily out into the garden. At these words, she withdrew her attention from the lawns and shrubberies. Their eyes met. Hers wobbled away.

"Well, if you say so. But I . . ."

She stopped. Her voice trailed away. "Coo!" she cried, and threw the pen down with a clatter. "I'm not going to sign!"

Ma Price was pointing dramatically toward the window.

"I just seen a magpie!" she said.

At this moment, Syd chose to enter the room. He surveyed the gathering coldly.

"My Gawd! Call this a conference? More like the parrot 'ouse at the zoo." Then his gaze fell on Mrs. Price, and he stood bewildered. "Ma! You 'ere!"

Ma Price was in an emotional mood. "Oh, Syd," she cried, "another moment, and I'd have signed the paper."

"Paper?" A blinding light shone upon Syd. "Jiminy Christmas!" he exclaimed, stunned. "*More* tampering!" He turned on Sir Herbert filled with righteous wrath. Then he turned to the door.

"Fetch in that ladder!" he commanded.

And Charles, the footman, entered, carrying with some difficulty a short ladder.

"What the devil are you up to now?" demanded Sir Herbert.

Syd pointed at the portrait of Long-Sword.

"Sub-poena-ing His Nibs," he explained. "Crikey! That portrait ain't *safe* 'ere."

He took the other end of the ladder and moved towards the mantelpiece. Footman Charles moved with him in docile fashion.

UP TILL now, Slingsby had been a silent onlooker, but this was too much.

"Is it your wish, Sir Herbert," inquired Slingsby, panting a little with emotion, "that the portrait be removed?"

"Certainly not!" cried Lady Lydia.

"I'm going to show that picture in court. It'll help my case and I mean to 'ave it," said Syd firmly.

"Don't be so 'asty, Syd."

"Cheese it, Ma. . . . Here, give that to me," he exclaimed with sudden fury. For Slingsby had pushed him away and made him loosen his grip on the ladder. He made a dive to recover it, and Slingsby and Charles, the latter now definitely beaming, lifted it over his head.

Syd uttered a cry.

"Now you've made me walk under a ladder!"

Sir Herbert laughed unpleasantly, and the sound seemed to remove from the claimant the last vestiges of self-control. Berserk, he clutched forcefully at the butler's coat-tails, and the Battle of the Ladder began.

Slingsby turned swiftly, causing the ladder to revolve in Sir Herbert's direction. Syd shifted his hold from the butler's coat to the ladder itself. Sir Herbert, as it swung menacingly at his waistcoat, pushed it away. Slingsby and Charles gave a quick hoist and then pulled downwards. This placed Sir Herbert in jeopardy once more. To avoid being hit on the shins, he leaped like a young lamb in springtime and, descending, found himself with one leg between the rungs. In this position, he hopped madly.

"Stop it!" bellowed Sir Herbert. "Can't you see you're pulling me apart?"

The butler heard the voice of authority, and was not deaf to its pleadings. With a mighty effort he jerked the ladder down. It swung sharply outwards and Syd, being in its path, dropped like corn before the sickle.

The ladder fell. Sir Herbert fell into a chair, clutching his foot.

"Thunder and blazes!" cried Sir Herbert in agony. "My gouty toe, too!" He glared at Syd. Then he turned to Slingsby. Doom was in his face.

"Slingsby, will you see this young man off the premises as quickly as possible?"

A beatific smile came into the butler's face.

"Beg pardon, *could* I hear that again, Sir Herbert?"

"See," said Lady Lydia, "that he is packed up and shown the way to the park gates."

"Yes, m'lady. Thank *you*, m'lady."

Licking his lips, the butler examined the toe of his right shoe for a moment, then he advanced upon Syd.

Syd backed towards the window.

"Now then!" he urged. "No violence!"

Ma Price threw herself in the path of vengeance.

"Theodore! Don't you dare to touch him!"

"I've warned you," said Syd nervously, continuing his retreat. Then, as the butler's advance became too menacing to be endured, he made a sudden bolt for the window and, doing so, collided heavily with Tony, who, followed by Freddie and Polly, was at that moment coming in.

Tony caught Syd neatly and bounced him back into the room.

"Football season's begun early this year, hasn't it?" he said, puzzled. "What's it all about?"

Sir Herbert answered the question.

"Only Lord Droitwich proving his gentle birth by brawling with the butler."

"I don't suppose I'm the first Droitwich to make a mistake," grunted Syd.

"No," agreed Sir Herbert. "If you *are* a Droitwich, your father made a big one." And then, turning to Tony, he demanded, "Do you, or do you not *want* to win the case?"

"Well, honestly," said Tony, "after hearing Freddie's news, I admit I'm wavering. You see," he explained, "if I win, I shall be Lord Droitwich. If I don't—meet Price, the well-to-do millionaire!"

"What on earth," demanded Lady Lydia, "are you talking about?"

"Tell them, Freddie."

The Hon. Freddie stepped forward with his customary grace.

"LADIES, gentlemen, and . . ." said Freddie, turning to Syd, "*you!* My story is brief, but a sizzler. To put it in a nutshell, then, Price's Derma Vitalis has proved a winner."

"'Ere!" Syd started. "What's all this about Price's Derma Vitalis?"

"Only that it's got a fortune in it, laddie," said Freddie. "Tubby Bridgnorth's American papa-in-law-to-be bought half a dozen bottles, like the old sportsman he is, and on his egglike cupola there has appeared in about two weeks something that looks like a young doormat."

"Coo!"

"Hence and wherefore, a company has been formed with a view to its international exploitation."

Syd uttered another awed "Coo!"

"If this is all true," he said reverently, "the name of Price will go down in 'istory."

"And now," proceeded Freddie, "they sent me down here to ask Tony to name a figure."

There was a weighty silence.

"I'll ask him twenty thousand—blessed if I don't," said Syd.

Freddie eyed him, surprised.

"You?" he said. "What the dickens have you to do with it? You're a mere earl."

Syd stiffened.

"Ho! Think you can rob me of me birthright, do you?" Syd darted out from his refuge and seized Ma Price by the

wrist. "Come on over 'ere, Ma," he cried, "and sign this paper, quick!"

"But, Syd . . ."

"Yes, *Syd!* Syd it is and Syd it's going to be. Syd Price, sole proprietor of the famous Derma Vitalis—that's me." He glared at the family group. "You think I want to be a measly earl," he demanded, "now this 'as 'appened? A fat chance!" He stood over Ma Price while she signed, then indicated the paper. "'Ere," he said, "'ave this witnessed and shove it in the family vaults. You wanted Ma to sign it and now she's done it." He moved to the window. "Come on, Ma."

"I'm sure I 'ope I've done right," said Ma Price.

He pushed Ma Price out, then turned for a last thrust.

"If any of you wish to communicate with me in the future, ring up the Ritz!"

Freddie caught his eye.

"Don't forget that I scoop in ten per cent commission, old thing."

Some of the elation left Syd's face. He regarded Freddie broodingly.

"Gawd!" he said in a wistful voice. "I'd like to 'ave the chance of shavin' you again some day!"

He turned, and was gone. . . .

TONY reached for Polly's hand.

"Well, that's that!" he said.

"Tony!" Sir Herbert's voice almost croaked with emotion. "I congratulate you!"

"You well may . . . Oh," said Tony, "you mean about getting the title? I thought you meant because I'm going to marry Polly."

There was a moment of discomfort. Then Lady Lydia rose to the occasion. She came to Polly and kissed her.

"My dear," she said, "I'm sure Tony is very much to be congratulated."

Tony, left alone with Polly, kissed her.

"And so at long last," he said, "peace and happiness come to Anthony, fifth Earl of Droitwich. . . ."

Polly had drawn away, and was staring at him miserably.

"Tony, I can't!"

"Can't what?"

"Marry you."

Tony smiled confidently.

"You wait till I get you to St. George's, Hanover Square," he said. "You'll see how quick you can marry me!"

"But this place. It's so big!"

"You'll get used to it."

"But I couldn't be a countess."

"Don't be so dashed superior about countesses," said Tony. "They're just as good as you are."

"But I'm scared!"

"Now, listen," said Tony. "When you accepted me, I was a barber. By industry and enterprise I have worked my way up to being an earl. You can't chuck me now. It would be a blow at all ambition!"

"But, Tony . . . Can't you see? . . . Don't you understand? . . . I'm not fitted . . . I should be . . ."

"Ah, *come* on!" said Tony briefly.

He put an end to her ramblings by picking her up and carrying her to the door. Here he paused for a moment in order to set her on her feet and kiss her.

"Tony and Polly!" he said. "The old firm!"

"Hurrah for the firm!" said Polly.

(The End)

Play Girl

(*Continued from page 37*)

thought Bon Désir. But what did he expect, marrying such a wild girl as Toinette?

As for Basile, he did not go home for three nights after Toinette left. He slept at the store on a cot without a mattress. When he did go back there was the big atlas where Toinette had left it that time they had traced the miles to New York. There were her slippers beneath the bed. There was her pink-dotted dress where she had hung it just before she left, and when he came to go to bed, there was the nightgown she had worn tucked beneath her pillow. Something told Basile that Toinette would never come to pick them up again.

Two things happened that week. Melisse's uncle Gabriele died and 'Sieur Clopard, owner of the hardware store, grew very ill. Madame Clopard sent for Basile to help nurse her husband. It was not for Jean Fagot, head clerk, that she sent, but for Basile. What with attending to many things for Melisse, all alone at the plantation, what with nursing 'Sieur Clopard by night and working in the store by day, Basile was mercifully relieved of too much thinking, of going home too much.

There had been a telegram from Toinette, telling of her safe arrival. After ten days there followed a letter. Basile came to know the letter by heart.

New York was extraordinary, wrote Toinette. New York was like a big Mardi Gras. You had to be very careful how you crossed the streets. There were so many taxicabs. And red and green lights. And such big policemen, so handsome and kind. She was working very hard and was happy. When you were a success New York knelt down at your feet and put your name in front of the theater in letters of fire.

A strange letter. An odd, elusive letter. It left Basile with a groping jealousy of New York policemen. There was a postscript, all in Cajun:

"I'm leaving the hotel-for-ladies. I'll be at the address at the bottom of this page. It's in Greenwich Village."

FRED PICTOU stopped in his big moving van at the store that week and went in to buy a harness. "Heard from Toinette?" he asked.

Yes. Toinette was leaving New York, going to a village. Basile said he felt safer about her there, what with taxicabs and policemen—

'Sieur Clopard died that week, and after the funeral Madame Clopard sent for Basile. 'Sieur Clopard, Madame said, had known for some time that this must come. He had desired that when it came Basile should become manager of the store. 'Sieur Clopard had regarded Basile's diligence, Madame said, had valued his faithfulness. Here Madame wept quietly. She added, "I think you will be satisfied with the advance in salary."

Basile delayed to extend what comfort he could to Madame. Basile offered her his stammering assurances, and when he could he went to telegraph Toinette. Might there not be a chance that now Toinette would come back home?

But Toinette did not answer the telegram. Toinette, indeed, had not written

to Basile since she had said she was moving. Basile had sent daily letters, writing them in snatches at the store and as he watched by 'Sieur Clopard's bed. It was nine days since he had heard from Toinette. He telegraphed to Tyler Keets and wrote again to Toinette, careful that he had her address intact—street and number, Greenwich Village, New York.

Jim Roberts, in the telegraph office, told him that his telegram to Toinette had been undelivered because she was not there. He told Basile this in English and, when Basile seemed not to understand, had little Arthur Lupin, who took out the telegrams, say it over in Cajun. After a time, with Arthur's help, Jim understood what Basile said. Toinette was lost.

"Wire the police," said Jim. "Greenwich Village is part of New York," he explained to Basile. "Wire the New York police. Give them both addresses Toinette stopped at. Tell them when she got there, what she looked like—"

The pencil shook as Basile tried to describe Toinette. Jim Roberts wrote the telegram for him.

THREE days later Fred Pictou came back from moving Melisse Jonquière to New Orleans. He went into the store to see Basile. He said:

"Toinette went to New Yawk to see that man Keets, didn't she? Well, Keets is in New Orl'ns. I saw him there myself. He's not in New Yawk at all."

Basile saw flame. He had not known it before, but to him it had been as if Toinette was jumping into an abyss with Keets at the bottom to catch her. Keets, who had bidden her jump, was not even there.

"Big as life," Fred was saying. "Walking down Canal Street."

Basile pushed Fred out of the way. He strode down the street to Gene Rozier's real estate office. It was raining, but Basile didn't know that.

"Sell my house," he said to Gene. "Sell it quick for whatever you get."

He strode on to Madame Clopard's and told her that he was paying himself a month's salary in advance; that he was going to New York. He might be gone a long time. He was sorry. He would not leave 'Sieur Clopard's wife and hardware store except that Toinette was lost. He must find Toinette.

"For the money, Basile, yes," agreed Madame. "But for Toinette—New Yawk is big, they say. It is like looking for a canary in all the swamps. Wait. Perhaps she will come back herself."

But Basile did not wait. He could hardly wait till morning to take the train Toinette had taken a month before. He rolled his things into a bundle, pacing the house while the rain beat on the panes. Afterwards he paced the porch, behind the vines.

"Lie down a bit," Basile said to himself. "You will not be fit to go in the morning. You will not be fit to hunt for Toinette."

He lay down on the couch in the parlor, turning the lamp down a little. The lamp chimney was smoky now, without Toinette to clean it, the oil nearly gone. It flickered and burned low. Basile did not like to lie in the dark. He always seemed to see Toinette. Toinette laughing. Toinette sweeping the floor. Toinette flying down the

lane to meet him. When it was dark and still, too, he could hear her singing—

"*Je suis nē . . .*"

In spite of himself, he closed his eyes; then opened them, broad awake. The rain seemed to have stopped, but the wind was beating the trellis against the door. There! It had pushed it open. The wind blew out the lamp.

Basile rose from the couch and went to close the door. Something hindered him. Something in the dark stood between him and the door. Basile felt of it. It seemed to lean against the wall, and it was soft and wet. . . . A feather! . . . It had a hat with a feather! . . .

"Toinette!" he cried. "Toinette, it's you!"

IT WAS not a dream. He could feel her breathing. She leaned against him as she had leaned against the wall. He lifted her in his arms, carried her to the couch, laid her there. Her shoes . . . she was wet to the skin. . . . The wind was blowing on her.

He did not stop to light the lamp, but he shut the door. He knelt at her feet, taking off her shoes.

"Toinette! Toinette, darling, speak to me!"

He had them off now, the things she wore for shoes. He was taking off her hat, her dress. He felt of her face. Her eyes were closed. Was she dead? Had she fainted?

He lit the lamp, knelt beside her. Her head was sagged in the mop of her wet hair. She was asleep.

Basile wrapped her in a sheet, drying her body. He got the nightgown, still beneath her pillow, put it on her, carried her to the bed, drew the covers softly around her, spread the dark, wet hair over her pillow. She did not wake. Even when he crept in beside her, folding her in his arms, she slept on.

It was bright morning when Toinette opened her eyes. Basile was standing beside her. He picked her up and carried her to the sitting-room couch. He had made coffee, and he brought it in to her, eggs and pancakes and the dark cane sirup that she loved.

"Oh, Basile! . . ." a strangling sob, her arms about his neck. "Basile, I'm so hungry!" And as she ate: "You were right, Basile. It's a long way to New Yawk. Miles and miles. I know, for I walked them back—most of them."

"I knew by your shoes," said Basile.

"All holes," she admitted. "And muddy. But I had good weather most of the way. When I found Mr. Keets wasn't there—"

"Toinette, you should have told me!"

"They said he would be back any day. It was all right. I had work at the studios. I showed them Mr. Keets' card with what he had written on it, and they gave me work—not much, not a part like I had in *Evangeline*—just a place in the crowd. They told me to wait till Mr. Keets came. Mr. Keets was gone to get the cast for his new picture, *Charlotte Corday*. They didn't care whether I waited or not. I could have stood it if Mr. Keets had been there. . . . Can you forgive me, Basile?"

"Toinette, my heart, you should have written."

"How could I write when I was walking home?"

"You should not have walked home," scolded Basile. It was so nice to sit here beside her in the flesh and scold her.

"Oh, Basile," she whispered, "if you knew how I cried, even going up there on the train, even crossing the streets."

"Never mind," said Basile, thoroughly contrite, wrapping her in his arms, for she was crying now.

"And the pulling, Basile. All the time I felt the pulling. I will tell you the truth. I was no good in the picture. I ruined the mob. My face puckered on the front row. I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep for the pull. But the pull was a good thing, for after I started home it helped. I could not have walked through all the rocky places and the swamps if it had not been for the pull."

"How far did you walk?" whispered Basile.

"I gave all my money," Toinette resumed, "to the ticket man. It took me as far as Chattanooga. When I began to walk, people along the road would stop and let me ride. I rode on wagons of hay, and in trucks and automobiles. They would give me food, too, and I begged at farmhouses. When you are hungry and feel such a pulling toward home, you don't mind begging. I was a failure in the picture, Basile, but I was good as a tramp. I slept in barns and in fields . . . Don't look so awful, Basile. Nothing happened, except once a horse stepped on me. It was in a barn and I hadn't known he was there. I stole him before morning."

"Toinette!"

"Not for long. I found his bridle and rode him through the next town. We came to a woman burning trash in the road and he wouldn't go by. Besides, I had a feeling he was getting homesick. I slapped him on the haunch and told him to go home. Afterwards I was sorry, for the sun got hotter and hotter, and there wasn't a farmhouse anywhere. A lady who had driven me in Alabama told me never to ride with any men, and after that I didn't. But that day—that day I let the horse go I rode with some boys down the river in a boat to Baton Rouge. And then it began to feel like home. I walked from Lanoraie last night."

"Toinette, Toinette, my little robin—"

"You do forgive me, Basile? You do forgive me for coming back? For spending all that money going there, and then coming back? Truly, I would have stayed if Mr. Keets had been there. I would have made back that money—and more—"

"I AM manager of the store now, Toinette."

She drew back from his arms, her eyes big.

"Manager of the store! You did talk to 'Sieur Clopard, then?"

She did not know about 'Sieur Clopard.

Someone began knocking at the front door.

"Go, Basile! I will get dressed. Manager of the store! Think of that!"

Basile went through the parlor and opened the front door on Tyler Keets. Keets was a paunchy little man with a face like a thoughtful terrier's, and a bark like a terrier's, too. He was not barking this morning. It was too hot. He was fan-

ning himself with his hat when Basile opened the door.

"Good morning," said Keets. "Toinette here?"

Basile knew that Keets had come to apologize for not being in New York when Toinette reached there. He said to Keets, "Toinette is my wife. You can talk to me."

"All right," said Keets, and looked around at the chairs on the porch. Basile indicated that he sit down. After Keets had begun to talk Basile turned and shut the front door.

Keets was putting on a new picture, *Charlotte Corday*. He had been in New Orleans looking for types. He had found nothing so good as Toinette. He could offer Toinette a part in the picture that might lead to bigger things. Would Toinette consider such a move?

BASILE saw fire. He said in a low, unsteady voice, "How can we depen' on what you say? Toinette go to New Yawk an' you are not there."

"She's in New York?" Keets said in some surprise. "But that's fine. I'll see her as soon as I get there." He rose. "Well, good morning," he said.

Basile opened the front door. Through the door came a sound of singing. Toinette was singing as she stirred about the kitchen.

"Je suis né au mois de Mars!
La tête me tourne!"

Keets turned on the step. He looked at Basile in questioning surprise. Basile replied to Keets' last word. "Good-by," he said.

He stepped inside and shut the door. Standing before it, he heard Keets laugh shortly, a little laugh like a bark, heard him go down the step. The gate clicked.

"It would have been different," he thought. "I have stood in her way, after all." He looked at the closed door before which he stood. Like a symbol, it was. Thought of Keets walking now toward the hotel. He went into the parlor. "It would have been different." No matter. She would never know.

Toinette came into the parlor, dropping her song. Toinette in the pink-dotted dress.

"Who was it, Basile?"

"It was Tyler Keets," said Basile. "He came to take you to New York. To give you a good part. It would be different—if you went with him." And as she stared: "He is only a little way down the lane."

"You sent him away?" she whispered. Then, crying out: "Oh, what a husband! Now I know you love me! Now I know you forgive me for coming home!"

Her arms were about his neck, and Basile, his eyes closed, a staggering sense through his body, as if he were rising from a blow, held her close.

"Now I know you forgive me for coming back. You are manager now. We can pay for the house faster. I do not want the house paid for all at once—do you, Basile? I like it like it is—something to pay for—slow—a long time. You know what I mean, Basile?"

Close. He thought he had never held her so close in his life.

"I know what we both mean, Toinette."

+ + + + +

Call 'Em Fast and Walk Away Tough!

(*Continued from page 29*)

boy umpire." I stepped right into a hot spot, I tell you. A 14-inning 1-to-0 victory for the White Rocks. Well, I lasted the whole fourteen innings and nobody laid a hand on me. After the game the St. Mels manager gave me a ten-dollar bill. Extra money.

Well, I still wanted to be a big-league player, but that ten-buck note made me ponder. I figured that I must have some special talent along umpiring lines if I was good enough to make a defeated team feel like giving me ten bucks after a game.

If I had been fired out of an umpiring job early in my career I might have looked around for some other line of work. But I always seemed to advance. When I reached the American Association, I got raise after raise in salary, until by 1911 I was drawing the highest salary ever before paid to a minor-league umpire.

When Ban Johnson, the American League president, secured me for his league after the 1915 season I felt that I was getting near the top of my profession. I'm going to stick as long as my eyes last.

UMPIRING is not easy. It demands eternal watchfulness. It is different from officiating in football and the other major sports, because the baseball umpire must rule "Yes" or "No" on every move the players make. The closer the plays the more important his decisions become. In football, the decisions are mainly interpretations of rules. In baseball, ninety-nine out of a hundred decisions are questions of judgment, the umpire's judgment of time and space.

On every pitched ball at which the batter does not swing, the plate umpire must decide whether or not the ball has crossed home plate between the shoulders and knees of the batter. If he decides "Yes," it's a strike. If he says "No," it's a ball.

That kind of decision can become vitally important when the game is at a crucial stage, with perhaps the winning run on third base and two strikes on the batter. The imaginary strike area hung above the plate changes with each batter, too. It's always seventeen inches wide, the width of the home plate. But vertically it is never the same. Even when two batters are of equal height, their stances at the home plate will be different. One will crouch slightly as he swings. The other will stand squarely upright.

So the umpire must shift the imaginary upper and lower limits of the strike area for every batter in determining whether to call a ball or a strike. And he has to make his decision immediately.

It takes good eyes. "Dolly" Stark, of the National League, in his first years as an umpire, devoted hours to training his eyes. He would stand behind the catcher in batting practice, calling the balls and strikes. He had three men checking up on him, the pitcher, the batter, and the catcher. Each would tell him, without bias, whether they agreed with him. In practice they tell you without asking but in a game you don't let them tell you.

Don't ask an umpire whether he ever "missed" one. That's touchy. My friend and fellow umpire in the American League, Bill Guthrie, is credited with the out-and-out assertion, "There are no close ones. They're either this or that."

I've heard of umpires who say they never missed a balls-and-strikes decision, but I never met one personally. Hank O'Day, dean of the National League staff, flared up one day when Jimmie Wilson, the St. Louis Cardinals' catcher, protested on a pitch which O'Day called a ball and which Wilson thought was a strike.

Wilson illustrated his disgust by tramping around behind the plate with the ball in his hand, saying nothing but snorting violently. O'Day watched him for a moment, then said:

"Go out and walk around the bases, why don't you? I guess you're the fellow who never made a mistake."

The most important point about calling balls and strikes is to keep your eye on the ball. That goes for umpiring on the bases, too. Behind the plate you have to be ready for a curve, for you usually can't tell, any more than the batter can, just what the pitcher is going to throw. You have the advantage of the batter in that you don't have to do anything about it until the ball is in the catcher's glove. An umpire can be fooled by a curve, but if he follows the ball with his eye he finds out about it in plenty of time to make his decision. If the batter is fooled, he doesn't get wise in time to do anything but squawk.

You get to know the deliveries of all the regular pitchers, of course, after studying their curves several times each season. You get to know just about how far each man's curve will break. From observing their tricks and their systems in certain situations you can get an inkling in some cases of what kind of curve is coming before the pitch begins to swerve from its straight path.

But I find that it is best not to anticipate, because at least fifty per cent of the art of successful pitching is deceiving the batter. When you start guessing, you're inviting trouble.

FOUL tips are the bane of a plate umpire's working day. The top of his head and his insteps are the danger spots. He can't pad his feet because part of his job is to sprint down to third base to cover a play once in a while. The best he can do is wear shoes with reinforced tops. Every season at least one umpire in the major leagues gets a broken bone in his instep from a foul tip which shoots downward off the bat.

Bumps on top of the head are much less frequent but a thousand times more dangerous. An umpire sometimes bends his head too far forward, and a foul tip slaps him above the mask. One of them knocked out Ernie Quigley, of the National League, a few years ago, and almost fractured his skull. That never happened to me, but several times, when one of these speed boys, like Lefty Grove, was pitching, a foul tip striking me on the mask dazed me for a second or two, just from the shock transmitted to my head through the mask.

Nowadays in major-league games there are always two or three umpires. It feels like a vacation to work on the bases, especially at third base. One day last summer in Detroit they had an overflow crowd, parked behind ropes around the outfield, with mounted policemen riding herd.

I was umpiring at third base. It was one of those pitchers' battles. The batters very seldom got even as far as first base, and in the first seven innings not one man on either team traveled as far as third. I was on a quiet sector. I just stood there on a dime, inning after inning. When the crowd stood up for its breather in the seventh, I kind of stretched myself, and took a few steps to limber up my cramped muscles.

"Nice work, 'Brick,'" yelled a fan from the pavilion near by. "Good thing you moved before one of them cops tied his horse to you."

Base decisions are comparatively easy, except when two or three base runners are in motion and the defensive team makes an unexpected play. That's why you've got to watch the ball. The trick is to learn to move around so that you are always in the best position to see the play. But if you anticipate too confidently, losing track of the ball when you start shifting, you may find yourself set for a play at first base while they are tagging out somebody at second. Embarrassing, what?

I think it was Tim Hurst who said that the secret of successful base-umpiring was simple: "Just call 'em fast and walk away tough." Most umpires on base-line duty nowadays give good imitations of Tim's nineteenth-century technic.

GOOD ears as well as good eyes are necessary for calling decisions at first base on infield grounders. The ear system at first base works this way: You stand in such a position that you have a view of the base which will not be obstructed by any movement the first baseman can make. Then you watch the bag and listen for the sound of the ball striking the first baseman's mitt. If the sound comes before you see the batter's foot step on the bag, it's an "out." If you see the foot ahead of the sound, it's the other way.

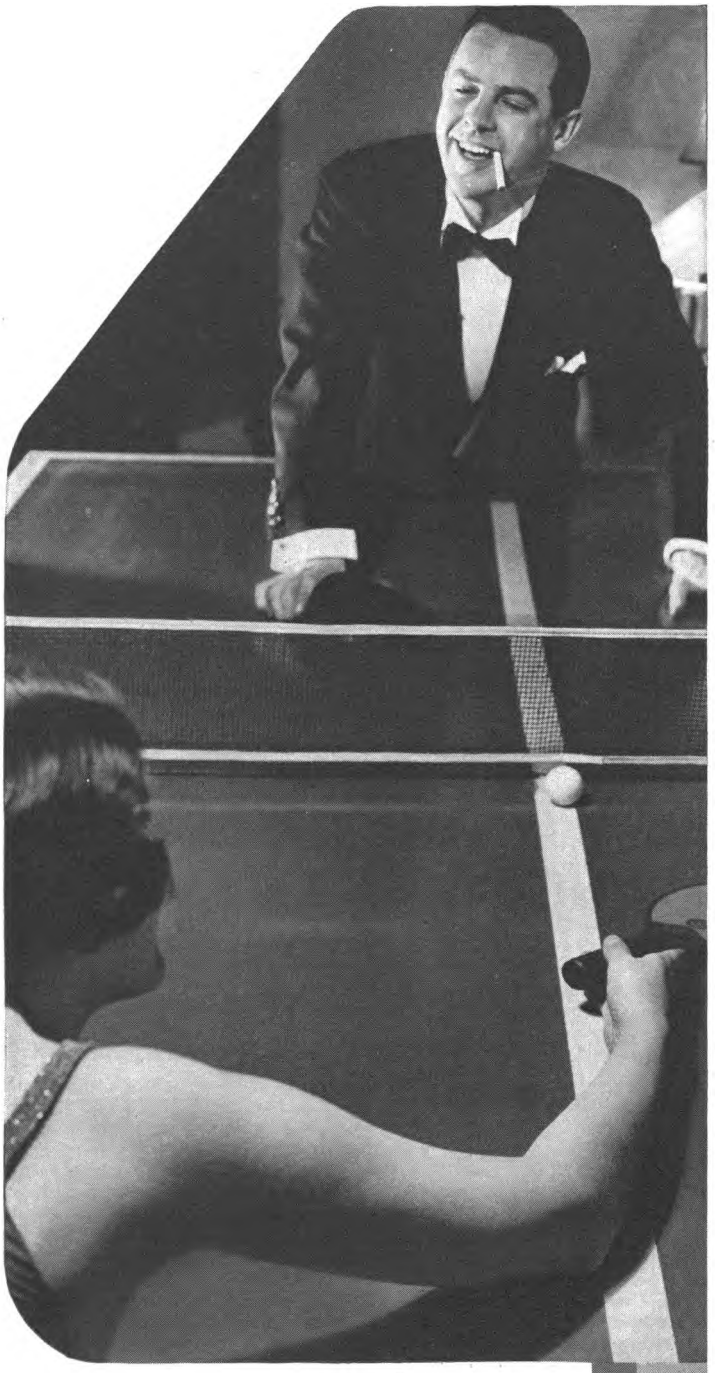
The hardest play to follow with your eye is when an infielder tags a sliding base runner on a close play.

There was a National League shortstop who once confided to a team-mate, Sherwood Magee, that he hadn't tagged a base runner for two years.

"I just pass at them," he said. "I'm not going to get my hands all cut up with those spikes."

It happened that some years later Magee became a National League umpire. The shortstop was still shortstopping. One day he made his "pass" at an opponent who was trying to steal second. Magee, umpiring at second that day, said, "Safe!" The shortstop howled.

"Sorry," said Magee, "but you have to get into those spikes when I'm here. Show me the blood and I'll believe you."



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Yes, we know. That seems to be everybody's Spud story! In one way or another, they all say Spuds keep them mouth-happy! Try Spud's cooler smoke for this *cleaner taste*, ladies and gentlemen! Then you'll know why Spuds are being hailed everywhere, by new thousands of smokers daily, as the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment!

* One of those interviewed in our recent survey amongst America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers.

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There are times when the crowd rears up and howls for umpire blood.

I'll tell you once when they got their blood up. It was one of those queer decisions in which the point at issue concerned the rule requiring base runners to touch every base. If a runner going from first to third steps over, around, or inside second base without touching the bag, he must be called out if some defensive player tags him with the ball, even while he is standing squarely on third base, puffing for breath after his hard run.

IT WAS opening day of the baseball season in Wichita, Kansas, 1905. I had had trouble with the Wichita team when it opened its season away from home in Oklahoma City. All around the league they were saying that the Wichita fans had resolved to slay me if I ever came there to umpire. So our league president promptly nominated me for umpire on Wichita's home opening day.

And what a day! To make sure I got the proper reception most of the stores and factories declared a half holiday. The ball park was jammed.

But they stayed off the field until the ninth. Topeka was the visiting team, and Topeka was ahead, 3 to 0, when Wichita came to bat in the ninth. The first Wichita batter struck out. The second reached first base on a base on balls. The third rolled an easy grounder toward the second baseman, who, in trying to start a double play, fumbled the ball. That made two on bases.

The overflow crowd was yelling in a frenzy. Then up to bat came "Pearl" Murray, Wichita slugger, and one of my best friends in the whole blasted league. Well, "Pearl" knocked the ball to right field for a base hit. The right fielder fumbled the ball. It rolled past him to the fence. Two runs scored. Murray got as far as third base before the right fielder could throw it back to the infield.

But Mr. Murray, in dusting around to third, had failed to touch second base. And when a Topeka player tagged him with the ball while he was standing on third base, I had to call him out. That was the hardest decision I ever had to make. There was "Pearl" Murray, standing on third base, ready to score the tying run, and I had to walk out onto the diamond and announce my ruling. For an instant the crowd seemed paralyzed. Then there was a terrific screech and they came at me out of the stands from all directions.

A hole in the ground or a pair of wings might have saved me. All cut up, mentally and physically, I got back to the hotel.

The president of our league, D. M. Shively, came up to my room.

He said, "Go get a shave. You need it and it will make you feel better."

I finally went down to the barber shop. When I got stretched out in the chair, all lathered up, the barber, a big galoot, began stropping his razor.

"Was you to the game?" he demanded.

"I just got to town," I said.

"Well, you should of ben there," he said, and then he told me exactly what he thought of Umpire Owens.

"I wish that blankety-blank would come in here right now and get in my chair for a shave," he wound up, nearly slashing the strop apart as he hammered it with his razor. "I'd take this sword and slice his head right off."

What did I say? I said, "Once over. Light!"

That was my wildest day, but in those good old days it was nothing strange for an umpire to take a beating from a crowd or to leave town over back fences.

A dozen fights a summer—actual physical fights—were about the average for a good umpire. In almost every tight game they'd give you at least one bottle shower.

Nowadays the players are more likely to take sides with the umpire against the crowd. I remember in Washington one day they were giving it to me. One fan, a woman, was standing up in the front row of the upper grandstand and wailing at me in a high-pitched voice. The players were getting a big kick out of listening to her, but what stopped her was when "Mule" Haas, of the visiting team, looked up and, in a very polite tone, inquired:

"Pardon me, madam, but what would you charge to haunt a house?"

When modern big-league players use the crowd in disputes with umpires it's more apt to be like Jimmie Dykes did one day last summer in a talking contest with my good friend, Bill McGowan, one of our best young American League umpires. McGowan and Dykes were kids together in their early baseball days, so naturally they argue quite freely whenever they are both in the same game.

This day they'd been at it all afternoon. Jimmie, who was playing third base for Philadelphia, tagged an opposing player sliding to third in the eighth inning. McGowan, umpiring the play, declared the base runner out, which, of course, coincided with Dykes' idea of the correct ruling, so there was no argument.

But it happened that just at that minute a fan fainted in the grandstand and was being carried out by half a dozen other fans. There was quite a stir and a buzz all over the stands. Dykes turned and addressed the crowd, but he really wasn't talking to them.

"Keep your seats, folks," he said. "What else can you expect when McGowan calls one right?"

IN THE old days I guess the fans did not know as many words as they do now. At any rate, they were much addicted to tossing messages to us in bottles. They'd throw anything, in fact, from bricks to tomatoes.

Eggs were the worst. They seemed to be able to aim eggs more accurately than bottles or the other stuff.

Nowadays in the big leagues it's almost unheard of for a crowd to rush out on the field to do physical violence to an umpire. Nowadays crowds are more sportsmanlike. It seems to me that every year they have been getting fairer in their rooting and less inclined to blame the umpire.

How to Annoy the Boss

(*Continued from page 49*)

to elucidate. If he said to me in so many words, 'What's the matter with you, you poor duffer? Can't you grasp what I'm driving at?' it would simply be verbal confirmation of what I believe his attitude to be. The only way I can subdue him is to roar, 'Hold on, man, just what did happen?' But meanwhile he has wasted ten minutes or so of my time, to say nothing of what he has done in the way of ruffling my nerves."

"It is surprising," an employer said to me, "how few of us appreciate when the exact psychological moment to do a thing has arrived. An employee who has a grievance becomes so obsessed with his own troubles that he doesn't realize he is seriously hampering his chances of having them remedied when he selects an inappropriate occasion to carry them to the boss. A subordinate with a complaint broke in on me the other day when I was up to my neck in important tasks. If he had tried to put me in an unfavorable frame of mind to listen to him he couldn't have selected a better way. He not only failed to get what he wanted, but he got a good dressing down.

"Show me a young man who understands the art of timing the introduction of the personal element and I'll show you one who is never going to get his boss's goat."

From a tabulation of facts gathered from various sources, I find that the two habits which seem to have been most effective in holding employees in a rut are ones with which we are all familiar. There is, first, the person who makes a practice of going over his boss's head in the presentation of an idea or the filing of a grievance. What disaster that habit has brought to men who believed themselves ambitious!

And there is the chap who boastfully recounts to a skeptical group of fellow workers the things he had to say to the boss. You've heard him a hundred times—"So I sez, 'Well, I'm sorry if you don't like it, but that's the way it is;' and all he does is walk away." He's casehardened, this fellow—a tough old-timer in the game of strewing your own path with pebbles that turn into boulders.

Has it ever occurred to you that some seemingly inconsequential habit might be so irritating to your boss that you are actually being held down by it? A little self-scrutiny may enlighten you on that point. Check over your own characteristics against the objectionable ones enumerated here. If you should find one of yours on the list, it will pay to get rid of it, even though you have no reason to believe your boss is annoyed by it.

Bear in mind, too, that your own little eccentricity of manner may not be among those listed. Introspection is never harmful. In this case it may bring to light a side of your character of which you have never been aware.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

Is "Pink Tooth Brush" *really serious?*

A Conversation between you and your Dentist!

YOU: Is *"pink tooth brush" really serious?*

DENTIST: It can be. But its seriousness largely depends on how long you have had it.

YOU: *I've had it quite a long time—for years, I suppose. I remember I was rather worried when I first noticed that my gums were tender and bled easily. Why should I have "pink tooth brush"? I take such* awfully *good care of my teeth!*

DENTIST: Anybody may have "pink tooth brush"! Modern diet, you see. Soft foods. The gums need exercise to keep them healthy, just as one's muscles need work. Without exercise—work, if you please—your gums grow logy and dull. They get soft—a bit flabby—and in time they begin to bleed.

YOU: *And after* that?

DENTIST: Well, "pink tooth brush" makes it easy for any one of an entire group of gum troubles to get a start. Vincent's disease, for instance, gingivitis. Sometimes, even pyorrhea, though that *particular* one is rather rare.

YOU: *I haven't any of those terrible things, have I?*

DENTIST: You'd probably know it if you did! But there's another reason to stop "pink tooth brush" quickly! An unhealthy condition of the gums is likely to spoil the natural polish of your teeth. Neglect it and the roots of some may even become infected. And that may threaten some of your sound teeth.

YOU: *No, thanks. I'll get rid of the "pink tooth brush" instead of my teeth! What's this about massaging Ipana Tooth Paste into the gums, to stop "pink tooth brush"?*

DENTIST: Ipana has ziratol in it. Ziratol is what we dentists use for toning and stimulating the gums back to health. You see, Ipana plus massage speeds up circulation and firms the gum walls. Try it. Just clean your teeth with Ipana. Then massage some more Ipana lightly into your gums. Once or twice a day. In a month or so your gums should be considerably harder and healthier than they are right at this minute.

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Our First Reader

It is about time we had a little art comment on this page, and so I rise to remark that this month's front cover strikes me as being all right. It is good-looking and colorful; it tells an attractive story, and it is a gracious respite from the pretty girl. You know the girl I mean—with furs and packages in December, in bathing suit in August, framing her sweet face with an open umbrella in April, sticking a rose in her hair in May and a ring on her finger in June. Eternal, unaging, ubiquitous, no magazine could operate without her; but it is nice to know that her faithful service is rewarded with a vacation at least one month a year.

There are times when a mild and gentle skepticism stirs my ancient spirit. Are we average readers quite as much absorbed in worship of pretty girls, I wonder, as editors and pretty girls seem to think we are? Foreign visitors to America say that the young ladies rule us. We spoil them in our stories and songs, telling them that they are of all. things most desirable, that romance is a wonderful racket, and that the highest duty of the male is to praise them and maintain them in glory. Are these foreigners right?

If so, there is apparently nothing to be done about it. The American girls are everywhere—one of them right in this one number of the magazine: Ruth Nichols planning her brave flight alone across the Atlantic. And next month Aileen Riggin telling us how to swim. I honor them. I bare my graying hairs as they march proudly by. But I am secretly grateful that they did not elect to be my daughters, nor yet my sisters nor my cousins nor my aunts. I confess to a certain uneasiness in the presence of these young Dianas. Am I alone in this feeling, or is there, perhaps, in the hidden depths of us conquered males, some slight rumble of revolt?

That we are the softer sex seems pretty definitely established. Our oldest, deepest instinct is to lay our heads on women's shoulders and sob out our sorrows. Even Presidents of the United States are not superior to this universal weakness, as Mary Roberts Rinehart's article makes clear. My observation of presidents is that too frequently they make the mistake which Jim Leavell warns against. Instead of going ahead simply and *being themselves*, they try to figure out what they think the voters would like them to *seem* to be.

That Leavell story is one of the best that has ever appeared. No one of us can succeed by trying to appropriate another man's personality or technic or routine. I think I was fortunate enough to discover that truth for myself very early in the game. By three o'clock in the afternoon of my first business day I had all the feelings of the tired business man; by the end of the first week I was thoroughly discouraged. I had been hired to write editorials and articles for a magazine, but my days were so interrupted that I could not seem to get any writing done. One night I was at my desk trying hard to catch up when the boss walked in and caught me.

"Why are you working at night?" he demanded.

"Because I can't seem to get any work done in the daytime."

"Why don't you work at home?"

"Do you mean that I am allowed to work at home?"

"What difference does it make where you work," he answered, "as long as you get your work done?"

So I began to do a large part of my work at home and have followed that program ever since. It seems to be all right for me; at least, I have managed to eke out a living. But suppose everybody should try it. The result would be chaos.

Leavell says he was never ambitious. "I suppose I wanted to move along, but I never had my eyes set on any particular job or place." My friend, Gerard Swope, president of the General Electric Company, told me that he advised his boys, "Don't fix your eyes on any particular place. Just do the day's work, and the future will take care of itself." But one day he was talking to his youngest, and put the matter in a little different way. "What sort of job do you think you would like in business?" he asked the lad. "Would you like my job, for instance?"

"Oh, no," the youngster exclaimed, "I wouldn't want your job. Your job has no future."

Leavell ends with a question—"Just what *is* success?" I have my favorite definition. What is yours? Send it along.

More people must be reading this page, for I get more mail every month. Scores of readers wish to enlist in my crusade against Progress. I had no idea so many people were angry at the way the scientists are messing up and speeding up the world. Listen, for instance, to Dr. J. A. Van Brakle, of Portland, Oregon:

"After four years in England, I have just returned to my home in America, and my first glimpse of THE AMERICAN has come to rest on your comment concerning the 'future wonders of science' and how they leave you cold.

"In England, they freely admit that we are the most efficient nation in the world when it comes to the making, spending, and losing of money. In fact, they further admit that we know everything about money, with one exception. We have solved the problem of how to convert time into money, but we can't reverse the process and turn money into time that we may enjoy and spend pleasantly. . . ."

In our wars with the scientists, however, we shall spare Hiram Maxim, who is seeking to abolish noise. There is no excuse for the din and clamor of the modern city. It batters ceaselessly against the walls of our brains and unquestionably shortens our lives.

Said the little Play Girl, "I do not want the house paid for all at once—do you, Basile? I like it like this—something to pay for—slow—a long time." That's a sweet and sound bit of philosophy. Who among us old-timers does not get a warm feeling around the heart as he looks back to the first years of his marriage? To the furniture that was picked up a piece at a time, each piece looked at and loved for months before it could be bought, to the first little car; to the day when the last payment was made on the house and the mortgage was burned up? Those were the days when we enjoyed our pleasures three times—once in anticipation, once in acquisition, and finally in actual possession.

What business ought to be is the soft, sweet song which Phyllis Duganne sings in *Millions for Tribute*. How I love those stories—and I mean it—in which clean-cut young men are always being offered partnerships and meeting beautiful girls and then stepping into the market for a couple of weeks and cleaning up a million! As a picture of modern business Miss Duganne's story is unlike anything that has occurred in my prosaic experience, but as an entertaining half-hour I'm for it. It's all wrong, but, just the same, it's all right.

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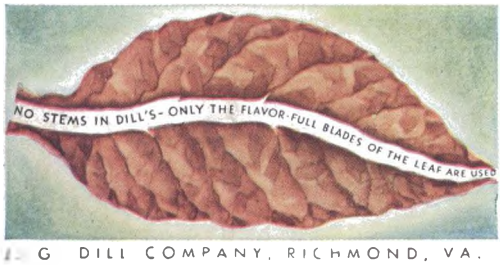

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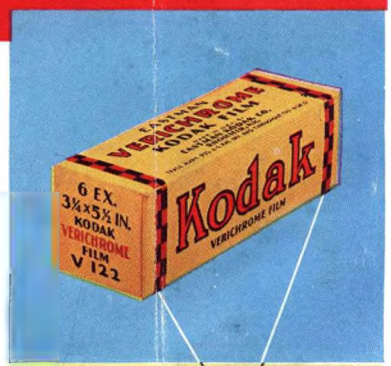

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