In this issue COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL *by* PHILIP WYLIE

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"That's not your only offense, mister"

—and then the copper told him . . . told him what his best friends had never had the heart to tell him. It simply stunned Hartley . . . now he understood why people deliberately dodged him . . . why business acquaintances always sat as far as possible away from him and cut his calls to a minimum. Then and there he resolved that never again would he be guilty of an offensive breath.

* * *

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And since the subject is so delicate, even your best friends won't tell you.

Due to conditions frequently existing even in normal mouths, everyone is bound to have an offensive breath at some time or other. Fermentation of tiny bits of food is one of its principal causes.

Fortunately this condition yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. For Listerine, possessing marked antiseptic and deodorant qualities, halts food fermentation in the mouth, overcomes disagreeable odors, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh, and clean.

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For **HALITOSIS** *use* **LISTERINE**

JULY 1936 · THE MAGAZINE OF TODAY AND TOMORROW · VOL. CXXII NO. 1

The AMERICAN Magazine

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

38 Stories and Features

MYSTERY NOVEL

STORIES

SPECIAL ARTICLES

FACT AND FANCY

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

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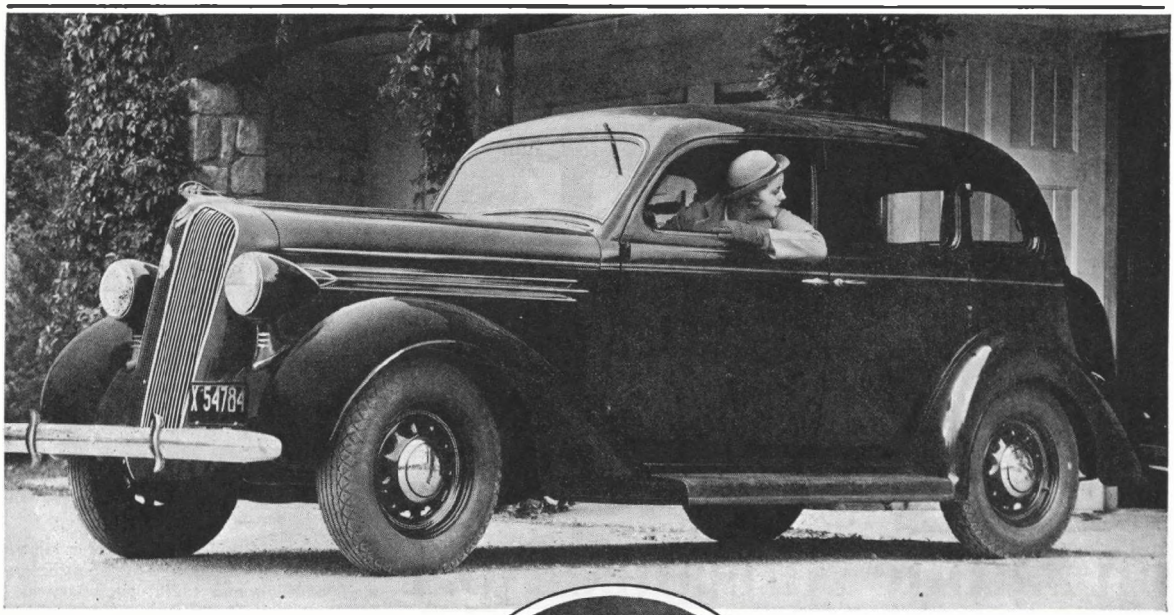

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(*Left*) LUXURIOUS FLOATING RIDE with correct weight distribution... and the restful comfort of soft, chair-height seats.

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• TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE AND ALL-STAR CAST, TUESDAY NIGHTS, N. B. C. RED NETWORK

Melvin Purvis, former G-Man, employing the instrument used to determine the gun from which a bullet was fired.

Getting the Drop on Public Nuisance No. 1

By Melvin Purvis

Former G-Man and Nemesis of Gangdom

WHEN the rataplan of gunfire hushed, Public Enemy Number 1 lay sprawled on the street. This gangster's swift justice at the hands of law and order marked the beginning of the end for one of the most vicious gangs in the history of crime. And in this spectacular man hunt, as in most others, scientific skill and close attention to detail played leading parts.

These are the similarities between the manufacture of Gillette Blades and crime detection, although I didn't know this until my recent inspection trip through the Gillette factory. Previously I had taken razor blades for granted. I couldn't imagine the scientific skill, expert craftsmanship and tremendous care that is lavished on the Gillette Blade.

I saw things on my visit to the factory that are almost unbelievable. Yes, I saw wonders that a non-scientific mind simply cannot grasp. The automatic control mechanism on the electric hardening furnaces positively awed me. In these furnaces the world's finest steel is treated with more heat or less heat as required for utmost uniformity with the correct standard. This system alone was evolved at a cost of many thousands of dollars and years of research and labor.

Familiar as I am with the microscope I was greatly impressed with Gillette's constant use of this scientific instrument to assure perfection in the finished product. I marvelled at a photo-electric device developed by Gillette which measures the sharpness of the blade edges, and guides the skilled technicians who keep the huge grinding machines in tune. These machines weigh four tons each and can be adjusted to a fineness of 1/10,000 of an inch.

Most impressive of all is the precision of every operation. A trip through the factory is a revelation to one who appreciates accuracy and meticulous attention to detail. More than that, a man leaves the Gillette plant with a feeling of gratitude to these experts who have the drop on Public Nuisance No. 1 — these Gillette scientists who have made the removal of unsightly bristles so much easier and more comfortable for every man.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
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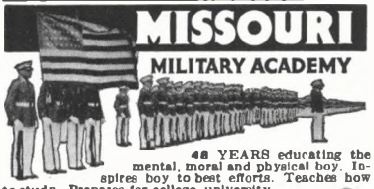

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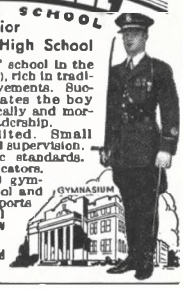

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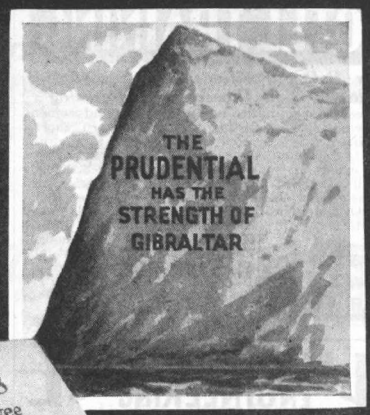

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And now, under the new easy payment plan, you can give it Dutch Boy protection for a few dollars a month!

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Look at the left-hand photo, an actual section from a house whose owner just a short time ago thought he was saving money.

See how the "cheap" paint has gone to pieces . . . cracked and scaled . . . after a few months. Now it must be burned and scraped off. And that calls for an extra coat in repainting. That's why you find "cheap" paint so costly.

Dutch Boy, on the other hand, does not crack and scale. It *resists* the weather . . . wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint.

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(Mrs. Kenneth H. Craig)

February 11, 1936

When you say that Evelyn Craig is "lovely," you tell only part of the story. When you see the tiny lights deep in her eyes, the warmth of that swift, humorous smile . . . you'll know that she's more than lovely, that here is a woman "wise and wonderful, blithe and gay." And her skin? Satin-smooth, clear and youthful! "And that," says Mrs. Craig, "is due to Camay."

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Camay's secret of perfect skin care is really no secret at all. It's simply that Camay is *milder*. Camay has been tested against the leading beauty soaps—in laboratories and on women's skin. Time after time, in these tests, the result was the same —Camay was the mildest of them all—definitely, provably *milder*.

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Camay is called Calay in Canada.

CAMAY *The Soap of Beautiful Women*

THE
AMERICAN MAGAZINE
JULY 1936

Opportunity

THE variations in human beings make this an interesting and colorful world. Most people, whatever their origin, heritage, or habitat, can *earn* a living if they are obliged to. Some maintain a seemingly effortless existence by turning up ideas for others to execute. Some live by their wits or personality without getting eyestrain or a tired back from close application. They are the brilliant minds. Like meteors, they flash over what is for most a humdrum routine of daily chores.

Few of us are brilliant, save on extremely rare occasions. We do not get the answers easily. We plod along the hard road while brighter folks whiz by in fast cars. Yet, somehow, we dull fellows usually reach the place we start for, while many smarter ones turn off into a blind street or upset on a curve. That success is not reserved for the brilliant is a comforting thought for the student who was never called up to stage a demonstration for the visiting chairman of the school board. There have been many attempts—successful and unsuccessful—to define the elusive thing called genius. But I like best its definition as "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

THE successful men it has been my privilege to know were hard workers, sometimes slow of thought and speech. They did not always spark when the switch was turned on. But, one and all, they rounded up the particular job on which they were employed. They not only finished the work in hand but checked back on it. More than likely, they discovered other jobs that had to be done to supplement the original assignment. A sure road to eventual unemployment is to leave a job unfinished each night to insure its being there the next morning.

It is tragic when a young man or woman accepts the current doctrine of defeat. There are opportunities on every side today just as there always have been and always will be. The difference is that in a depression they do not run after the candidate, nor are the openings as attractive as they used to be in boom times. Yet they still beckon to the ambitious, for whom frontiers will never close.

TOO many people are Micawbers. They are waiting for something to turn up, and while waiting they go to a neighborhood movie or a baseball park. A man who seeks work he can perform and insists on doing it is not long idle. The job he takes may be one beneath his abilities. It may be manual labor for one trained to work with his head. But if he tackles it with enthusiasm and stays with it until he is satisfied that it has been done as well as anyone can do it, there is always someone waiting to hand that man another task. The superficial performer, glossing over his lack of thoroughness to be out of the door when quitting time arrives, may get along in a time of great business activity simply because there is no competition for his place. He joins the unemployed when an order goes out to reduce the force of which he is a dispensable unit.

Positions are hard to find. Someone else has to create a position, but you, yourself, can make a job.

W. C. TEAGLE, *Guest Editorial Writer*

Mr. Teagle,
President of the
Standard Oil Company
(N. J.)

All quiet on the Pacific—until the boat docked at Tahiti with Kay

BRIGHT LIGHTS Girl

FULL COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY A. PARKER

By James McConnaughey

Kay was looking for excitement, and I saw she was going to get it. The dance-hall crowd was getting wilder by the minute

THE important, peremptory squawking of horns as all the cars from the local garages began to converge on the pier gave Papeete an air of bustle and activity that even the most casual of tourists must have recognized as essentially false. Things ordinarily just didn't move at such a pace in the South Seas, for one thing, and, for another, almost everybody on the streets was obviously heading for one point: the wharf.

"I love boat-day," Helen said suddenly. "It has such a nice, cosmopolitan flavor."

"If you can ignore the garlic and copra," I said.

"Vulgarian." Busy powdering her nose, she gave the boat only a glance, and said, "You're late, Steve. I'll bet the girl will be disappointed."

I stopped the car outside the cement barriers and got out. "You don't know Kay," I said. "We grew up with each other and can therefore be insultingly casual whenever we darn' well feel like it. See you at twelve?"

"Yes," she said. "'By."

The Maunganui had been tied up for about twenty minutes and, since baggage was still coming down the gangway, trunks being lifted from the hold and swung over the side, I didn't bother to glance into the customs shed but went directly on board.

KAY wasn't on deck. I was about to inquire for her, when I happened to look into the dining-room, on the off chance that she might be there. She was, eating breakfast with a lad with crisp, curly black hair and a face that was vaguely reminiscent of somebody else's.

"Steve!" she cried, waving across six tables at me. Under a pert hat, the oval of her face and her yellow hair seemed to catch some of the sparkle of her eyes. She looked awfully cute without looking in the least overdressed, which was more than could be said for most of her shipmates. I grinned at her, suddenly feeling glad she had come.

There was a certain elfin vitality about Kay that was hard to resist. The idiot had sent me a wireless from the boat saying, "I'm feeling much better now." No signature, nothing but that. From which I was supposed to gather that (*a*) it was from Kay Stewart, she knowing that I knew nobody else silly enough to send a cable like that; (*b*) that the first two or three days out had made her, as usual, a little seasick; (c) that she was on her way to Tahiti; and (*d*) that she expected the usual big-brother attention when she arrived.

"I'm so glad to see you!" she said. Then, turning to the dark-haired

youth: "Steve, this is Harper Todd. He says there's no decent place to get breakfast at this hour, so we decided to eat before we got off. Won't you have some coffee with us? And why didn't you meet the boat? I strained my eyes for ten minutes."

"Did you see a little grease spot way down the road? That was the driver and I trying to repair the 1925 car the garage sent out."

It was true that the carburetor had clogged and we did have to stop and fix it. But what really made me late was Helen. As usual, she was not ready when I stopped for her. So when Kay said something about how most girls would resent being called a carburetor, I felt rather silly—the way you do when you're caught in a harmless but unnecessary lie.

"I was looking out of that porthole when you drove up a minute ago," she said.

"That had nothing to do with the situation. How was the trip?"

"Fine. Really quite smooth after the first few days. But I'm glad I'm here. And now tell me about yourself."

THE steward brought me some coffee, and Kay went on, with a sort of unnatural brightness, to find out how I was, what I had been doing, and so on. It wasn't at all like her. I knew very well she didn't care what I'd been doing or how I'd been, so I made the usual vague answers and tried to figure it out, glancing, every once in a while, at the dark-haired lad.

"How long are you going to be here?" I asked her finally.

"A couple of months, I think."

"Fine. Maybe we can go back together."

"Have you been here long?" Todd asked me.

"I came down on the June boat."

He turned to Kay. "Everybody in Tahiti measures time by boats," he explained. "It makes it quite convenient, since there's only one boat a month and nobody has a very good idea what the date is. But what are you doing in Tahiti?" he asked me.

"Fishing, mostly," I said.

"How's the eye?" Kay asked.

"Very well." I explained to Todd about the accident and that I wasn't supposed to be using my eyes for reading or any close work. "That's really why I'm down here," I added, in case he was bothered by curiosity.

"Oh, yes," he murmured. Suddenly I realized why his face seemed familiar, and at the same time I wondered why I hadn't registered sooner. I had seen his picture on the jacket of a very bad book he had written on Tahiti, and of course I had heard of him on the island. I had heard a good deal about him; why, I hadn't been able to figure out. He wasn't famous enough to attract attention and he wasn't unusual enough to warrant any undue amount of gossip. I looked at him more carefully. He seemed pleasant enough, but I didn't particularly like the monopolistic attitude he had adopted toward Kay. Having catalogued me, he wasted no time in getting back to the business I apparently had interrupted.

"I MUST take you to the Peninsula," he was saying to her. "There's a Chinaman's place near Tautira that serves wonderful food—roast suckling pig, taro, fei, poi, breadfruit, and the most delicious raw fish on the island."

"It sounds fascinating," Kay said, really sounding fascinated.

"Then you must spend some time in Moorea. That's lovely—really more lovely than Tahiti." He turned to me negligently. "Have you been around much since you've been here?"

"A little," I said.

"Of course, there's not much interest in the usual itinerary. You've got to live here and get to know the people before you can really understand the people."

"So I've read."

He looked at his watch unruffled. "Well, shall we be off? I have a few things to tend to in my stateroom and—won't you have lunch with me?" he asked Kay. "And you, Mr.—?"

"Sorry I've got an engagement."

Looking at me, Kay said hesitantly, "I'd love to "

"Fine. Twelve-thirty be all right? I'll meet you at the Yacht Club. That's right at the corner, you know."

"I'll find it," Kay said.

He shook hands and left.

By the time I got her baggage collected in the customs shed I knew there was something definitely worrying Kay. She spoke French fluently, but she was so distrait trying to explain to the inspectors what she had and what she didn't have that I had to retranslate everything she said. When we got outside and could relax for a moment in the car I approached laterally:

"Now tell me what you're doing in Tahiti and when you decided to come."

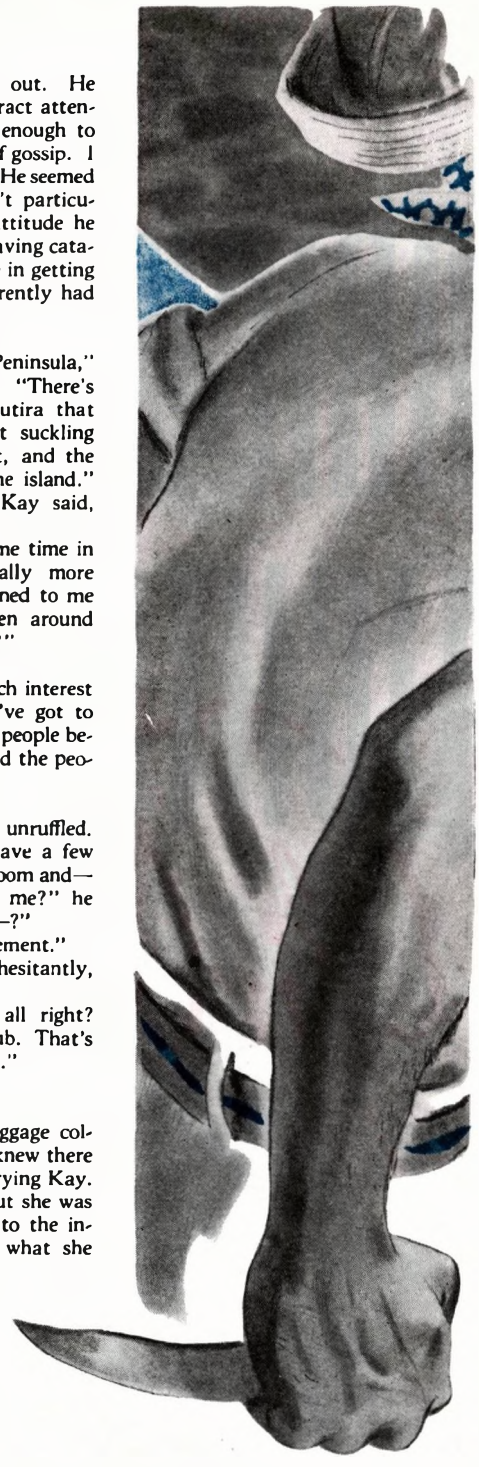
"I decided to come very suddenly, and I may do a book. Everyone seems to do a book."

"You can't do a book."

"Why can't I?" she demanded.

"You're of the wrong sex. You can't fill three fourths of it with an account of how delightful your native *wahine* is. That's Todd's field."

She laughed. "He's really not so bad. You were awfully rude to him."



"Sorry. I didn't mean to be."

"Why don't you like him?"

"I haven't a thing against him."

"Aside from that, why don't you like him?"

"I do. I think he's charming. How's George?"

She hesitated. "George is fine. Not too broken up about it."

The loop of the tackle caught her arm — jerked her into the shark-infested water

"About what?"

"About me telling him I couldn't marry him."

I stared at her. "Are you kidding me?"

"No."

"But what happened?" I asked stupidly.

"Nothing at all," she said calmly. "I'd had a sneaking suspicion all along that I wasn't in love with him, and then came the great, honest moment when I admitted it to myself."

"So you came to Tahiti to forget it all," I said, and suddenly the dark-haired boy began to make sense.

"There's really nothing to forget," she pointed out. "And it is about time I produced another book."

"Not a book on Tahiti, Kay," I protested. "Africa and India were fine, but you can't do Tahiti in two months. Too many other bright young things have tried that, and produced nothing but a bucket of romantic swash. There aren't any tom-toms here, you see, no untouchables, and so they have to make up things. . . . I suppose you want to go directly to your hotel, don't you?"

"Sort of directly. Have you got time to drive around the town a little on your way? It's a funny-looking place."

Along the sea wall several schooners and cutters were tied up, swaying gently in the slow swell. Directly opposite were the larger store and one or two hotels. Nothing but a few scattered trees and a strip of turf relieved the dust-brown drabness of the street. From a car you couldn't see the green mountains that rose sharply a few hundred yards behind the stores, nor the clouds that wrapped their peaks in soft mist.

"I've heard that Papeete is a wild place on boat-day. Will you take me out to see some of the night life tonight?"

I STARTED to say, "You're having lunch with him; maybe he'll ask you then," but I didn't because it might have sounded childish. The only thing I resented was that she apparently felt the need to disguise from me the obvious fact that I was a fifth wheel, or, more accurately, an encumbering third—something that had to be put up with for old times' sake. Aside from that, I wasn't very anxious to show her around, anyway. There was a warship in the harbor, which meant that in addition to the usual crowd there would be a lot of sailors in various stages of drunkenness with native girls in the same condition. There would be nothing particularly scandalous in the resultant proceedings, but neither would there be anything particularly entertaining.

"I suppose you've got to do it once," I said. "But don't expect too much. There's only one place in town open after eleven, and that won't be wicked. Just noisy, dirty, and essentially unesthetic."

"Fine. I (*Continued on page 146*)

Mr. Hinsdell with a group of young actors in his "star incubator" in Hollywood

WHAT IT takes

TO GET INTO THE MOVIES

THE editor of a college paper recently brought me a photograph of a girl who was so beautiful she made your heart stop beating.

"I wondered," he said, "whether she wouldn't do in pictures. She was voted the most beautiful girl in college."

"I can well believe it," I replied. "But was she also voted the most *popular* girl in college? And the best student?"

"Well, er, no. She's—well, sort of high-hat. And her grades have never been so hot. But what's that got to do with it?"

He held the photograph at arm's length. "Isn't she ter-*rific?*"

"She is," I agreed. "I wouldn't make a decision without talking with her, but as a guess I'd say she also is asparagus."

"Asparagus?"

"The kind of girl who should be sold in bunches. I think she'd be grand in a chorus—that's about all," I told him.

I don't think I made him understand. I suggested that he bring me the photograph of the most *popular* girl, but he said she was going to be married and wouldn't be interested, and that anyway she wasn't what you would call beautiful.

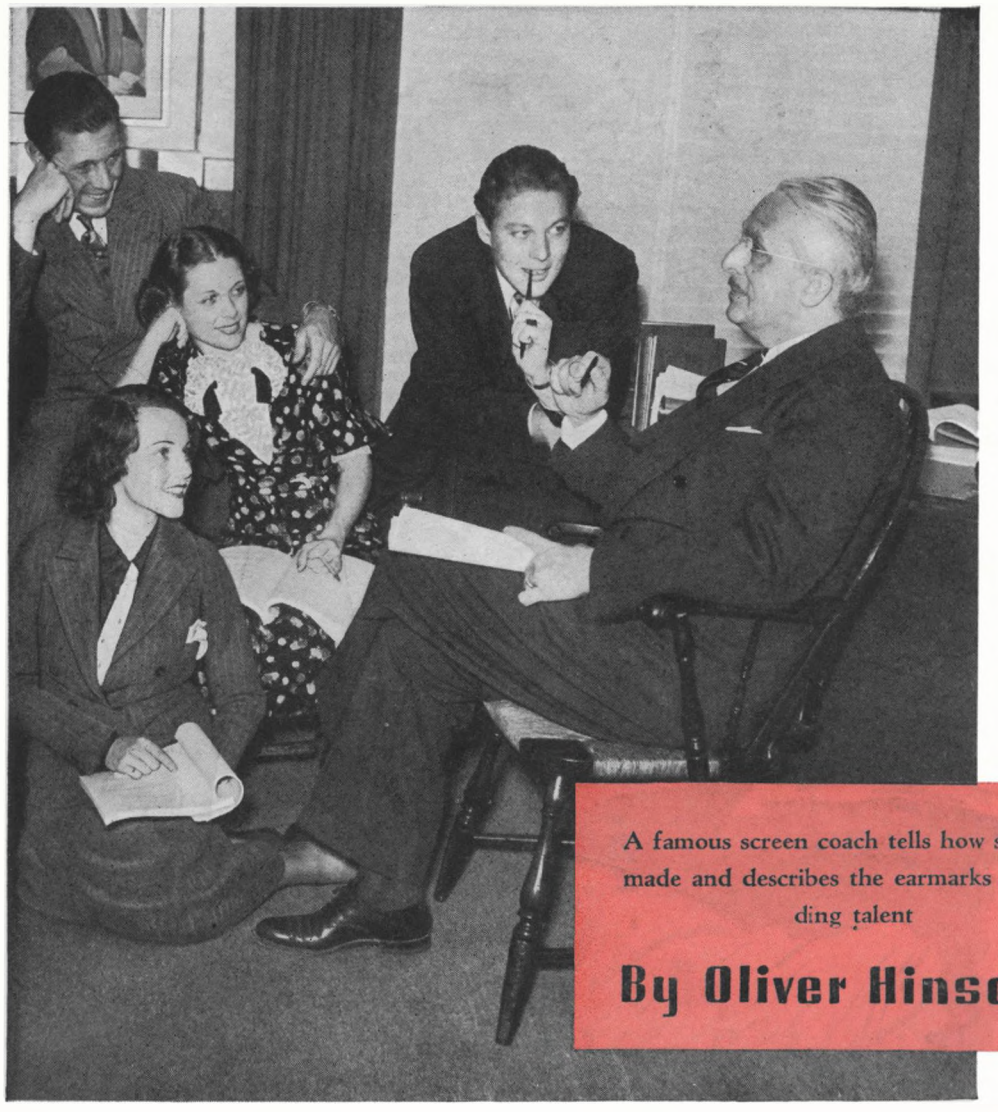
I asked, "Was Marie Dressler beautiful?" and he gave me a queer look and took the picture and went away.

I wish I could destroy forever the myth that the stage and motion pictures are searching the world for beautiful women and handsome men. But I've almost given up trying. Winners of beauty contests continue to arrive in Hollywood, hopeful and eager, exhilarated by that deadly drug administered by well-meaning but mistaken friends: "You're so beautiful, you'd be a knockout in pictures."

These gods and goddesses usually end up, at best, as extras or in choruses.

Motion picture producers employ dozens of scouts who search stages from New York to Los Angeles, from Provincetown to Pasadena, for talented young men and women. These scouts test every amateur and professional who seems to show the slightest aptitude;

TURN TO PAGE 132
FOR A SCREEN TEST
YOU CAN TAKE IN
YOUR OWN HOME



A famous screen coach tells how stars are made and describes the earmarks of budding talent

By Oliver Hinsdell

thousands of these tests are sent to Hollywood, hundreds of the young men and young women are brought on for further examination, scores are put into stock companies for training. Half a dozen may survive.

Were comeliness the main requisite we could junk this system. I could telephone the Central Casting Bureau in Hollywood any day and have them send over a collection of such amazingly good-looking people they'd take your breath away. But they wouldn't be the material out of which great actors are made.

There are stars, of course, who, physically, are dazzling, but that is a minor influence in lifting them to the top. A youngster, to succeed, must be attractive, but beauty can usually be sprayed on by photographers, make-up men, hairdressers, dentists, masseurs, and costumers.

It's what's underneath that counts.

For seventeen years—as director of the Department of Play Production at Northwestern University, then as director of "Little Theaters" in New Orleans and Dallas, and, finally, conductor of a "star incubator" for one of Hollywood's large production companies—I have been testing, rejecting, choosing, and training young actors. I also coach experienced actors, for, no matter how successful they become, they seldom reach a point where they think improvement is impossible.

INCLUDING those I have judged from photographs and written records, I have tested for pictures probably 100,000 young men and women. Some I rejected at a glance. Some were given months of training before they were turned down. Seventeen out of the 100,000 had what it takes. They were Robert Taylor, Robert Young, Jean Parker, Irene Hervey, Mary Carlisle, Cecilia Parker, William Tannen, Edward Norris, Shirley Ross, Virginia Bruce, Martha Sleeper, Karen Morley, William Henry, Gertrude Michael, Ray Milan, Michael Whalen, and Ann Dvorak.

Some of these names are strange to you. Some may never go far. When I was brought to Hollywood my boss told me, "If you get us, in five years, one promising actor, I'll be satisfied." He didn't mean one *star* in five years. Just one *actor* who, after long training, *might* amount to something.

Please get this. All this effort is exerted to find people who, through long training in the hands of many experts, may *develop* into popular actors. Those today-an-amateur-tomorrow-a-star things just don't happen.

Undoubtedly (*Continued on page 131*)

At the word "murder" Irene had fainted, and Peleg lifted her from the grass. It was the first time he had ever touched a girl

What has happened so far:

PELEG BODKIN was a pale young man who had spent his life in libraries looking up facts for people who wanted them. One day, in answer to vague stirrings in his thin breast, he set out to discover whether love and romance weren't something more than words in a book.

He got off the train at the first station beginning with the initial of his first name, a dead little town named Peckham Falls, whose factories, closed during depression, had never reopened. On the platform stood Fire Marshal Katz.

"Out of every 100 commercial enterprises suffering fire," Peleg informed the surprised man, "but 57 per cent continue in business."

The marshal, fascinated by the stream of facts that gushed from Peleg's lips, took him in tow, persuading him to buy an insurance business from the former owner's widow. As they left the station, Peleg bumped into a beautiful girl.

"Clumsy!" she exclaimed. The marshal identified her as Irene Lee, niece of Morton P. Ross, the town's rich man. "She's snippy!" he added. But Peleg thought he would like to marry a girl who resembled Miss Lee.

Oleander Tidd was quite different. She had done the work for the former owner of the insurance business while he fished. She was small, slim, and fiery. Peleg resented her sharp tongue. But, while she wasn't romantic, she did know the business. When Mr. Ross wanted his business associate bonded, she demanded that he let their firm write half of the Ross insurance policies in return for the favor. Ross introduced Peleg to his brother Barnaby, Miss Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Andriev, his personal astrologists, and Dennis Mahone, his business associate, who was to be bonded.

As they left the Ross house Peleg had

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Face the FACTS

an argument with Mahone, who slapped him and knocked him down. No one had every hit him before. "He humiliated me," Peleg told Oleander, "and in front of Miss Lee!" "Why didn't you take a crack at him?" the pugnacious Oleander demanded. Peleg pointed out that Mahone was bigger—and would have knocked him down again. But the insult rankled. "I'll show Miss Lee!" he said. "Knowledge is power—and I know a lots of facts. I shall use my knowledge to tear Peckham Falls up by its roots and lay it at her feet!"

The story goes on:

PELEG BODKIN came into the office. It was half past eleven. He hung up his hat and seated himself behind his desk, and Oleander Tidd watched him expectantly. It was apparent that he was concentrating, so much so that he forgot entirely such minor amenities as saying good morning.

"The name," she said tartly, "is Tidd. I work here."

"Yes. Yes," responded Peleg. "So you do. It is obvious. Why state a fact well known to me?"

"I was just leading up."

"To what?"

"To something pretty radical and dramatic."

"Be so good as to come to the point."

"Good morning," she said.

He peered at her briefly, and then his face cleared. "Good morning," he replied. "I have never formed the habit of saying good morning, for the reason that there has been no one to say good morning to."

"We might change that," she observed.

"Hereafter I shall say good morning," he promised.

"But not at eleven, I hope. Or are you thinking of being an absentee owner?"

"I have," he said, "been making a survey."

"Of what?"

"Peckham Falls. Um. . . . As I may have observed, knowledge is power."

"Cite an instance," said Oleander sharply.

"This is a small business, but it contains the germs of a big business. There are insurance offices in the city which require a number of floors in a building, which employ hundreds of clerks, and whose profits are enormous. Small as we are, we contain all the elements found in them."

"Except clients."

"I'm considering the silkworm," he said.

"Lady or gentleman?"

"Female," said Peleg firmly. "One silkworm will lay 500 eggs, and the resulting silkworms will produce 250 miles of thread."

"Sit right here," said Oleander, "and I'll go out and hire fifty or sixty clerks, and more office space."

He paid no attention to the flippancy. "If, then," he said, "an insignificant

worm contains within herself the power to produce such results, what shall we say of an organization consisting of two human beings with intelligence—and a world addicted to fires?"

"Go ahead, Brother Bones. What shall we say?"

"That," he rejoined, "it has great promise and infinite possibilities of growth."

"Did you ever try to eat an infinite possibility?"

"I am about to do so," he said firmly. "To that end I have scrutinized the town of Peckham Falls this morning."

"And now the money will pour in?"

"We shall make it pour in," he said. "The population of this town is 2,496. There are, in the village proper, 442 residences, with an average insurable value of, say, $1,962.11. There are 21 commercial structures, including the hotel. There are 3 manufacturing plants, now in desuetude."

"Did you count doghouses and hencoops?"

He ignored her. "If," he continued, "we wrote all the insurance on these buildings and their contents, our annual profits would not be negligible, but they would not be imposing. Our basic rate is 50 cents per $100 of insurance for three years."

"You're mastering the business."

"The total insurable value of domestic structures is $4,897,327.56. The total premiums would be $24,486.64. Of which we would retain 20 per centum, or, annually, $1632.44. Not, you observe, a sum to create envy in the so-called proletariat."

"You're forgetting beds and Morris chairs and pots and pans."

"I forget nothing. It is not my custom to forget. I may have my defects, Miss Tidd, but forgetfulness is not among them. I never forget."

"I knew an elephant once," said Miss Tidd.

"Good morning," Peleg said. "I have a project to put before you"

"IN PRESENT circumstances we cannot hope for a gross income in excess of, say, $6,500. From which must be subtracted costs of doing business, your salary, rent, supplies, et cetera. The net balance would not make me an imposing financial figure."

"Do you want to be?"

"I have resolved to be."

"This is so sudden," said Miss Tidd. "Why?"

"Because," said Peleg, "imposing financial figures do not get knocked down."

"It goes back to that, eh?"

"It does," said Peleg. "I was knocked down. I resented it. I mean never to be knocked down again."

"Then," she said, "you'd better start right in and go in for muscles instead of for money."

"I mean to do so," he said. "I have purchased a pair of dumbbells. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* But, I observe, the world holds money in awe in a greater degree than brawn."

"Or brains," said Oleander. "So what's the plan?"

"I mean," he said, "to increase the quantity of insurable property in Peckham Falls."

"How?"

"By inducing individuals to erect more and larger structures."

"To be used for what?"

"Does that matter?" he asked coldly.

"I can barely discern a reason why it might. Mr. Bodkin, did you ever laugh? I mean so your sides ached."

"I recall no such occasion."

"Do you read the funny papers?"

"Emphatically not."

"What would you do if a man in a silk hat slipped on a banana peel?"

Peleg considered. "If I was at hand," he said, "I would step forward and assist him to his feet."

"THAT subject seems to be exhausted," she said. "We will now take up the next. Were you ever in love?"

"Never."

"When you meet a beautiful girl on the street, and the wind is blowing, do you look at her face or her ankles?"

"I doubt," said Peleg, "if I should look at her at all."

"Let us suppose you are riding on a train. You have a drawing-room. There is a knock upon your door. A lovely exotic, foreign woman of, say, twenty-two enters. She throws herself into your arms and tells you she fell madly in love with you in the diner, and that she is yours, all yours, and the world well lost for love. What would you do?"

"I," said Peleg emphatically, "would ring for the porter."

"We seemed to have cleaned up that phase," said Oleander. "We know what you would do if somebody picked a fight. It leaves your life sort of vacant, doesn't it?"

"Indeed not."

"Mister," said Oleander, "you are the most pathetically ignorant man I have ever bounced against. The word was 'pathetic.' I'm almost on the point of washing my hands of you. You are hopeless. You'll never get any place. You'll never do anything. You'll dry up and blow away, and you'll never be missed."

"You find me contemptible," said Peleg with tight lips.

"Not contemptible. Pathetic, I repeat. You will always be pathetic until—"

"Until what?"

"Until," said Oleander, "you stumble onto the basic fact that the three grandly desirable things in life, in the order of their importance to men, are: To laugh until you cry; to love like Billy-be-

darned; to sock somebody on the chin."

"Nonsense!" said Peleg.

"All the rest is garnishing. Everything else is parsley on the plate. Laugh, love, fight! And not a darn' one of them means a thing to you."

Peleg fixed her with his eye. "Do you laugh, Miss Tidd?"

"I'm still alive," she said, as a complete answer.

"Have you loved?"

"I've been mighty willing."

"Have you fought?"

"Every hour since I was eleven."

"Hm. . . . And where have these excellent things gotten you? Point out your successes. Cite your achievements. In what respects are you superior to myself?"

"In just one thing," she said.

"What thing?"

"Zest," she answered.

"Zest?" he asked, puzzled.

"I've got everything to live with. I know what I want. I get up every morning in this punk town, among these punk people, in my punk room, and put on my punk dress. But I look out of the window, even if it's raining, and I say, 'Bring on your life; bring it on in chunks and gobs. I'm waiting for it; I'm eager for it; I'm *crying* for it. That, mister, is what they call zest, and I've got buckets of it."

"I NEVER heard such talk," said Peleg.

"It's time you did."

"In your estimation, then, I have nothing."

"You had nothing until yesterday."

"And what did I get then?"

"A slap," she said.

"What?"

"It was your first dose of actual life. Your first contact with a world that exists outside of statistics."

"I wonder if you are right."

"Why have you made up your mind to get rich?"

"Because," said Peleg, and hesitated. "Because I was slapped," he admitted.

"You ought to kiss Dennis Mahone for doing you a favor. Now, a good kiss ought to jar you up another peg."

"A kiss." He sat and stared at his desk. "Do you suppose Irene Lee ever kissed a man?"

"She's got the equipment, and it doesn't look rusty."

"Do—er—do you imagine she would ever kiss me?"

"What do you offer?" she asked sharply.

"I don't understand."

"My guess is that Irene Lee doesn't kiss for fun. She's got a strictly business look. . . . But get your mind off that."

"Why?"

"Because you're not going to kiss Irene Lee."

"You think she could never be induced?"

"I think she won't be," Oleander said firmly.

"For what reason?"

"Oleander Tidd," she said, with a decided little nod. "Listen, mister. Do you think if I turn to and shingle your roof and give you a modern façade, and put in electricity and turn you into an eligible property, that I'm going to sit on my hands and see a clotheshorse move in. You got me wrong."

"You're (*Continued on page 164*)

"I'm not interested in your project!" Ross roared. "But I've got to talk to someone. Can you keep your mouth shut?"

A young adventurer's amazing experiences on a mysterious island of primitive savages in the Gulf of California

By Robert M. Hyatt

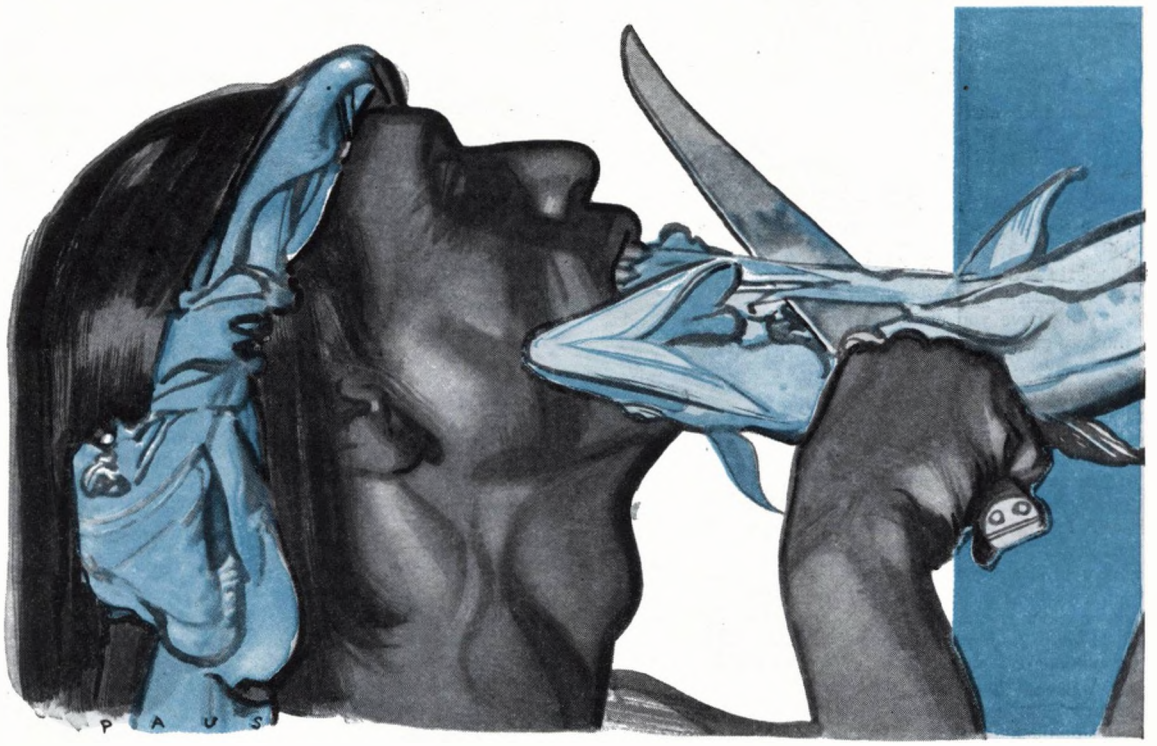
200 MILES TO

IT CAME to me in San Diego one day, after long dreaming and delay, that I must go to Tiburón. For years I had heard of it—a tiny island in the Gulf of California, off the coast of Sonora, Mexico, only 200 miles from our southern border. Here, at my very door, was a stronghold of mystery, more perilous and appealing to the adventurous heart than Borneo and the jungles of Malay. And here was I—young and foot-free.

I had heard reports that somewhere inland on this shimmering, desert island lived the last of a Stone Age people—the Seri Indians—some 150 fierce eaters of raw flesh. The question of their origin, I knew, had given ethnologists more headaches than that of the vanished race of Cambodia. Strange tales of their monstrous savagery had come to me, of their hatred for all aliens, their shocking tribal customs, which included, some said, even cannibalism. Yet nobody seemed to know for sure. I saw that if my long-growing curiosity were to be satisfied, I must go to Tiburón.

I'm not a scientist. I am just a writer with a yen for prying secrets out of people. I had done it with others; I'd do it with the Seri Indians. So, not long ago, I set out for the little town of Santa Cruz, near the Sonora coast.

At Santa Cruz I asked a native policemen where I might find an expert boatman, one who could take me across the treacherous Strait of Infiernillo that separated Tiburón from the mainland. He directed me to his brother, Pablo Satosa, a Yaqui Indian. Pablo proved to be an excellent boatman, else my first taste of Little Hell might have ended tragically in the tawny, shark-infested waters of the Gulf of California.



The Strait of Infiernillo is just that—hell! It's only a few miles across, but infinitely treacherous. By the time our leaky craft reached Tiburón, I felt a deep respect for Pablo and his expert handling of the fragile balsa canoe. We beached the boat out of reach of the surf spilling up on the hot sands of Seriland. And there I was, in the land that Time side-stepped.

I turned to Pablo. "Well," I grinned, "here we are. Now what?"

PABLO threw a longing glance out over the lashing waters of Little Hell, toward Sonora—and home. "Señor," said he in his halting Yaqui-Mex-English, "thees *Indios* bad. Shoot wit' poison arrow. Two-t'ree hour be dark. *Indios* no can see in dark. We wait—look for campfire, no?"

I agreed. There was no hurry. We could make camp and eat supper. I had heard that the Indians were all half blind from the intense, glaring sun which beats down on Seriland.

I stretched out on the sand while Pablo went about constructing a crude brush hut for sleeping quarters. Why, I wondered, had science not learned more about this race which had occupied, since time immemorial, a tiny island so near at hand? The only published scientific reports about them I had been able to find were dated in the late nineties. These reports were very meager.

I gazed inland, where scraggy cacti and giant catclaw fought for existence in the burning, lifeless soil. Sere, bleached desolation! Nor did the coming of night relieve the throbbing heat. After all, 140 degrees—and it is often that hot in Seriland—takes time to cool off.

Our supper of coffee and sandwiches made me swelter. Pablo seemed more at ease with the sun gone. Yet his glance strayed often toward the fringe of brush near by. The Sonora natives all have a deep, unconquerable fear of the Seris.

I said, "Pablo, we'll take only the pistol. If the Seris don't see any guns they won't get the idea we're enemies."

Pablo came out of a reverie. "Señor," he said, "the *Indios* they not 'fraid gun—not 'fraid anyt'ing. They *diablos*. Hide in bush. Leap out on fella—kill like panther—"

"Now look, Pablo, we're going to take their pictures. They won't mind that. Here"—I tapped the extra camera I carried—"it's yours, if you'll stick with me."

THAT got him. Pablo wanted that camera badly. "*Si*," he said, with a note of despair. "*Si, señor.*"

We turned the canoe over our supplies and set off toward the west. The moon had come up out of the sea. I shivered a little as we trudged silently along past smoke-blackened fire remains, past countless gnawed, (*Continued on page 127*)

THE *Stone Age*

Spotted on the map is savage Tiburón Island, just below our southern border. . . . In circle, Chief Chico Romero of the Seri Indians (right) with Roberto Thomson, Mexican superintendent. . . . Above, Seri jungle men, fierce and primitive

A DOG HAS

"I hate that dog!" William cried in a frenzy. "He's a snob—nothing but a snob!"

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

MR. and MRS. WILLIAM THRUSH owned a very sweet little house in Benedict Canyon, Los Angeles. That is, the postal address was Los Angeles, but Benedict Canyon is a Hollywood district

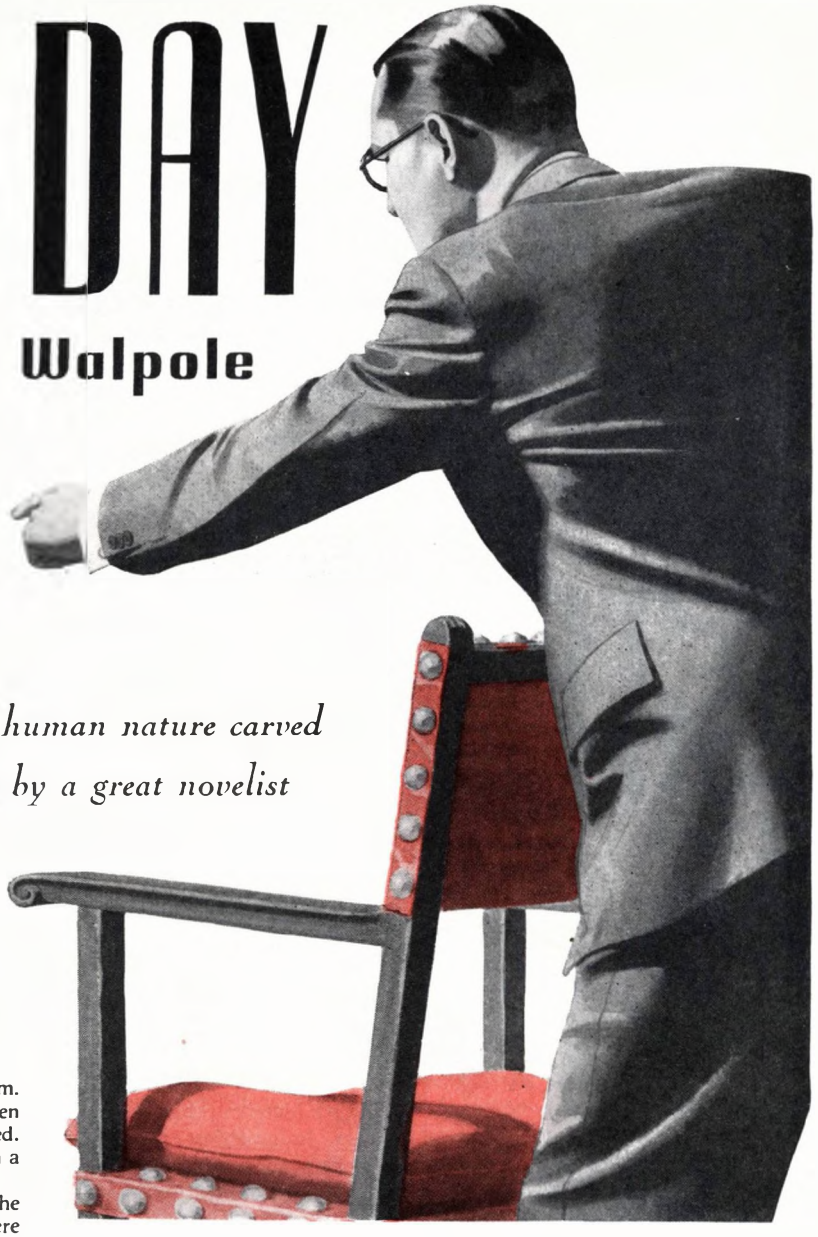
if there ever was one. The Thrushes liked it for that reason, among others, and it gave William Thrush a very real pleasure when he heard the big motor-trucks between seven and eight in the morning thundering down the canyon on their way to location. This was about as near as he ever got to Pictures. He didn't, in fact, wish to get any nearer, because he had a certain pride; not very much, but enough to make him desire to live in a society where he could be valued. Every morning he read the columns of film-making gossip in his daily paper and always remarked to Isabelle, "Gosh! If they don't have a time!" Then they both felt happy, and a little superior, too.

Isabelle Thrush had more pride than William. In fact, she had a great deal, and she spent most of her time feeding it or inducing other people to do so. Would you say they were a happy pair? If you didn't know all about them, certainly yes. If you did know all about them, you would probably be doubtful, as William often was.

THERE was something wrong between Isabelle and himself, although they'd been married ten years and very seldom squabbled about anything. They didn't quarrel, because William refused to. Isabelle had undoubtedly a shrill temper, especially when she didn't get what she wanted. Of course, she couldn't get all the things she wanted, because William, who was a clerk in a leading bank in Los Angeles, had but a moderate salary. It happened, however, that a wealthy aunt of his died some three or four years

His DAY

By Hugh Walpole



A rich slice of human nature carved from real life by a great novelist

before and left him a pretty little sum. He invested this wisely, so that even through the depression it remained. But Isabelle had all of it and then a little more.

He asked himself sometimes in the privacy of the night whether she were greedy. He couldn't be sure, because he often read in magazines about the tyranny of wives and how they eagerly bled their husbands. Well, Isabelle wasn't as bad as that. Gosh! He'd see to it if she tried anything like that on him. And so, he decided comfortably, she was better than most wives.

Isabelle considered herself a really magnificent creature, filled with all the virtues—courage, wisdom, self-sacrifice, love, and endurance. She thought that William was extremely lucky to be married to her. And this thought produced in her a kindly, motherly air when he was around, as though she were saying, "Little man, I'll look after you. Don't be afraid." And then, "How lucky you really are."

The Thrushes had no children. That was Isabelle's wish, because she said it was wicked to bring a child into the world when you weren't going to give it everything of the best. William, once when he was feeling peevish because of his indigestion, remarked to her that his aunt's money would look after the child, all right. But Isabelle was indignant, indeed, and said that there was a cruel strain in his nature which he would have to watch.

HAVING no children, Isabelle thought it would be pleasant to have a dog. Many of her lady friends had them. There were, in fact, far more hospitals for dogs in Beverly and Hollywood than for human beings, and everybody said that dog hospitals were so perfectly run that it was worth having a dog just for that reason alone.

Isabelle wanted a dog, but there were problems to be settled. She understood that unless you had it as a puppy it never became really fond of you. On the other hand, puppies had to be trained,

and one's beautiful rugs and carpets suffered in the process. Then, what kind of dog should she have? There were darling little cockers, the adorable Scotch terriers, the amusing dachshunds, and the great, big, splendid setters and Airedales. Some very lonely women had Pekingese, and then there were French bulldogs. She couldn't make up her mind, and used to ask William which sort he preferred. And William, while he was trying to guess what she wanted him to say, would look at her with that slow, puzzling stare, which Isabelle always interpreted as a tribute of gratified recognition of her brilliance and beauty. In reality, what he was saying was, "What is the matter with Isabelle? She has gone somewhere, and I don't know quite where."

They lived the social life of ladies and gentlemen of moderate means in Hollywood. That is, they went to Previews of celebrated pictures. In the summer they sat in the Bowl and wiped the damp off their fingers as they listened confusedly to symphonies by Brahms and Beethoven. They occasionally, with great daring, went, with a friend or two, to a Burlesque in Los Angeles. They played bridge quite badly, and gave little dinner parties at which the colored maid was never quite satisfactory. On the whole, it was a happy life.

THEN one day William, sitting alone and doing a crossword puzzle in the patio of his little Spanish house, had a visitor. Isabelle was out playing bridge with some friends and he was enjoying the lovely, tranquil sunset, which lay like a golden sheet let down from heaven protectingly over the canyon. In another half-hour the light would be gone, the air would be chill and sharp, and he would go indoors and read his evening newspaper, turn on the heat, and wonder why he wasn't as happy as he ought to be.

Then he saw enter his little garden, through a hole in the hedge, a French bulldog. This dog sniffed around, looked at him from a distance with a very nervous expression, and then slowly advanced towards him, twisting and bending its thick body as though it were made of some elastic substance. William Thrush looked at the dog and disliked it exceedingly.

He'd never had a great passion for dogs, not since, years and years ago, his mother, in a real temper, had shaken him and told him he was as silly as a terrier puppy. This meant a great deal at the time, because they had just such a puppy in their house, a puppy that exasperated his mother by its inept habits and aimless amiability. So he'd grown up disliking dogs. And being himself a short, thickset little man, with large glasses and rather bowed legs, short, thickset dogs were especially unpleasant to him. In any case, this dog seemed to him the ugliest ever, so very ugly, in fact, that he felt a sort of nausea. He said, "Shoo! Go away!"

But the dog was evidently accustomed to being disliked. On looking back over this first meeting, William reflected on the fact that the dog resembled himself, in that, if anyone disliked him, some kind of paralysis seized him and he simply stayed and stayed, although he knew he ought to go away. So did the dog now. It didn't come up to William, but lay at full length on the grass at a short distance and looked at him with bulging, ugly, and, in some unpleasant way, very human eyes.

William went up to it, that he might frighten it out of the garden. But, instead of that, the dog lay over on its back, wriggling its stomach and waving its legs feebly in the air.

"You're horrible!" William said aloud. "I don't like dogs and never have. For heaven's sake, get out of here!" And then he had a horrible sense of speaking to himself, telling himself to get out of the house and garden and go somewhere.

The dog turned over, sat up, gave him a beseeching but intimate look, as though it said, "I know you much better than you think I do. Nothing could destroy our intimacy," and then went quietly out of the garden.

William's wife returned later, vexed because she had lost at bridge. "Such cards, my dear; you would have thought there was a spell on me. I don't know what to do about it. The cards I've been having lately!"

He told her about the dog, but she wasn't in the very least interested, and after her absent-minded "Really? How revolting!" went on with a long story about a shop downtown in Los Angeles where you could get a mink coat—or if it wasn't mink it looked very like it—by paying so small a sum weekly that you really didn't know you were paying it.

"No, you wouldn't," said William, who was most unexpectedly cross, "because I should be paying it."

This upset her very much, indeed. She detested mean people, and suddenly, standing there in the garden which the sun had left, so that it was cold and dead, she realized that William *was* mean and that she had been living with a mean man for years and years, and it was quite wonderful of her to endure it. William, on his part, felt, oddly enough, that she had behaved to him just as *he* had behaved to the dog.

"Darn that dog!" he thought to himself. "I can't get it out of my mind."

NEXT morning, however, Isabelle was in excellent temper again, because Helena Peters rang up on the telephone and informed her that she had the most enchanting cocker puppy; in fact, she had two, a male and a female. Which of them would Isabelle prefer? It seems that the breed was perfect and its price in any kind of market would be $50 apiece, but Helena was giving this dog to Isabelle and it was an act of friendship, because she loved Isabelle so dearly.

"I don't know why she's doing it," Isabelle said to William. "She wants something or other. Helena never gives anything for nothing—but it sounds a perfect puppy. I'll go around for it myself this morning."

William very feebly suggested the disadvantages of having puppies—the wear and tear, the unpleasant odors, the certainty that the dog would have distemper and die, and so on. Isabelle waved all these objections aside. She had cherished them herself until William mentioned them. But, as was so often the case, her brain, so superior to William's, insisted that anything he said must be foolish. So she went around and fetched the puppy.

Standing in the doorway at lunchtime, her face rosy with pleasure, the puppy lying in her arms against her dark dress, its large, amber eyes turned up to hers, its tongue suddenly licking her cheek, its soft, brown body, its long, silken ears, there was a picture so lovely that William, *(Continued on page 156)*

YOUTH takes the wheel

Herbert Hoover's former secretary tells why 10 million new voters may decide the election

By Theodore G. Joslin

YOUTH will give the nation its next President. They propose to justify the role that Disraeli devised for them a century ago—"the trustees of posterity."

With the 1936 campaign now in its beginnings, 10,000,000 new voters who have come of age since the last presidential election are massing toward the center of the stage as principals in the most colorful political drama this republic has witnessed since the conflict over slavery. The situation is unprecedented in our history—because this is the first time that the dominant issue dividing the country—"spending"—is aimed straight at these young people.

Their generation must pay the bill for expenditures, running far into the billions, that have been made since 1929 to combat the depression. They must complete the task that the older generations have been able only to bring to the experimental stage. They must assume the responsibility for it, with prosperity or disaster the ultimate result.

These young voters have been coming of age at the rate of 2,255,000 a year since the great holocaust of 1932, and in November of 1936 they will represent the balance of power. Squirm and twist under the figures as you will, the answer is the same—youth is in the saddle.

In 1932 President Roosevelt received 22,821,857 popular votes. Hoover received 15,761,841, and that figure is rated as an irreducible Republican low. G. O. P. fortunes were at their lowest ebb then, and the Republicans claim, with some justification, that a percentage of the 7,000,000 Roosevelt majority will swing back to the Republican nominee this year. But, even if the whole 7,000,000 swung back, the horde of youth would not be outnumbered, for of the 10,000,000 new voters at least 8,000,000 will register and vote.

For whom? In the past the two parties have experienced little difficulty in absorbing new voters. Party lines were fairly strictly drawn, and youngsters fell naturally on one side or the other. They often accepted the political affiliations of their parents. Not so nowadays. The New Deal has split old party lines. There are Progressive Republicans and reactionary Democrats. And youth, in such a situation, has but one allegiance—to its own future!

The youngsters have the whip hand, with a few million votes to spare, and they do not intend to be regimented. Naturally, both major parties are making drives on youth. But the youngsters are not waiting for someone to court their favor. They are already organizing in every city and town in the country, holding weekly meetings and forming national bodies.

MOST of them belong to one or the other of two young parties formed by the major parties. Several million are with the Young Democratic Clubs of America and other millions are being sought by the newly formed Roosevelt First Voters League, sponsored by the Democratic National Committee. The Young Republican Division of the Republican National (*Continued on page 152*)

Fortune's FOOTSTEPS

By Robert H. Rohde

KNOW listen, old-timer; get me right on this. I give Dave four stars as a sports editor. But when you tell me that Dave Cleveland picked Ben Malone—well, I happen to know different. What put Ben over in Detroit was nothing else but Ben's own ballyhoo.

Me, I was sitting across from Dave the night that Ben Malone made his click. The *Herald* didn't need anybody. Every job in town had a grim guy guarding it with a shotgun.

Ben knew all about that. He didn't just send in his name; he sent a card.

"Cuthbert," Dave said to me, "did you ever hear of a goop billing himself as 'Big-Foot Malone, Scrivener at Sports'?" And he told old Clancy, the doorman, "Okay, Mike. Lead Big-Foot in."

From where I sat, there didn't appear to be much of Mr. Malone. All I saw was a little grinning freckle-pot. But Dave Cleveland looked down and kind of gulped. Then he was putting his own foot alongside Malone's, and I rubbered. Standing six three, Dave's got a foot as is a foot. But up against Malone's it was like Cinderella's. I could see Dave was only half listening to the little guy's patter. Ben wanted to write sports for the *Herald*, and the names of burgs where he'd made good sounded as if he was reading out of a Michigan branch-line timetable.

"Fine record, Malone," Dave said. "Fine. And—er—about these feet. You're not—you know—er—not sensitive?"

By then Malone had lamped Hettie Spain across the city-room. "Sensitive? Oh—the feet? Gosh, no! Listen; I've *got* to work *here*."

Dave said, "Oke; you're hired. Come in at noon tomorrow."

"Remember, Cuthbert," he told me after the first run went in, "it's not for Mr. Malone's head we're annexing him. Whatever tripe he produces, I want it to go through complete with by-line: 'By Ben "Big-Foot" Malone'—hey, hey! That ought to draw laughs."

My job then was reading sports copy,

I told her "Shut up!" but it was too late. Ben heard her wisecrack and blushed scarlet

AN AMERICAN STORIETTE Complete ON THESE PAGES

so I'm the lad can tell you that Ben Malone was weeks warming up. Then all of a sudden he was a sizzling platter. Personally, I knew what the answer was. Ben had gone nuts over Hettie. He was writing straight at *her*, rapping out nifties as if they were love sonnets.

HETTIE SPAIN, the little dope, had a historic crush on Bill Durham over on the *Free Press*. She'd been in with Bill and out with him—but she'd always go back. So, when she finally began letting Ben Malone buy dinners for her, I knew Bill was running some other dame again.

That guy, Durham! He couldn't write for sour apples, but he could've gone a long way posing for collar ads. Why a smart lass like Hettie shouldn't just sample him and shove him was more than I would ever see.

Toward spring, though, Hettie was side-stepping Ben again. Wherever they went people had kept butting in and calling him Big-Foot. Then there'd been wisecracking around the office, too,

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT RUNAY

and she somehow just couldn't take it.

She allowed it was certainly fun going out with Ben Malone. "But don't be silly!" she snapped, firing up. "I like Ben and love his comedy. But, good heavens! Those feet in slippers! Never!"

I told her, "Shut up!" but it was too late. Ben had come in, and he heard her. His face went as red as his hair.

Later I said, "I'm sorry, Ben."

"Listen, Cuthbert," he lectured, "let me tell you something about this world we live in. It's passed through a lot of ages—Stone Age, Iron Age, and so on. Well, we're all washed up with the Age of Reason now, and we're in the Dizzy Age, or Age of the Superlative. Plain, old-fashioned goods won't put a man over in a big way any more. There's got to be something about him that ends in 'e-s-t.' Right? The fastest talker on the air and the highest tenor, and the guy that sat on a flagpole the longest. I show Dave Cleveland the biggest feet he ever saw, and I'm hired. I get a break in a big town and a chance to strut my stuff. Where'd the stuff be without the chance? Where'd the chance be without the feet? What d'you say we go out and get plastered?"

AFTER that Doc Gleason quit us to do automobile publicity, leaving his regular trip South with the Tigers for somebody else. Dave gave it to Malone, which is one pick I'll hand him. The stuff that Ben sent back panicked the town.

Once or twice I caught Hettie Spain looking kind of sorrowful when she passed Ben's empty chair.

Ben stayed with the team and made local newspaper history. And then he began dishing out the best feature the old *Herald* ever had—*Footprints in the Sands of Sport*, by Ben (Big-Foot) Malone.

Inside a month he began catching wigwags from the Mackintosh Syndicate. Wires fluttered back and forth. Ben told Dave he was quitting, but had arranged for the *Herald* to have the refusal of the new syndicated *Footprints* at its own price.

A while later I was getting a block of copy paper out of the cabinet behind Hettie Spain's desk, when Ben came and perched alongside her. He didn't look so undersized there, because Hettie stopped growing early, too. I remember those terrific feet of his swinging—and little blond Hettie biting her lip and shaking her head, and I heard Ben say, "Well, you know the new address. If you ever happen to change your mind, just write, wire, or call."

At two the next morning I found him in a booth at Hawley's, ossified. All I got was a mumble: "Slippers, huh? Love me—love my dogs!"

So Ben went and Hettie stayed, and right away Bill Durham wangled himself an advertising job in Chicago.

Hettie wouldn't go out with anybody. Wouldn't talk to anybody. Durham had just buzzed her by phone to say good-by, and he was ten days getting pen in hand; then the best he had for Hettie was half a dozen words on a picture post card: "Smooth village. Wish you were here."

"Anyway, Bill doesn't let us slip out of memory altogether," she said.

Then one day somebody put a package in my hand, an express package. I opened it wrong side up, and a pair of shoes dropped out. Super-shoes, either one of 'em as big as both of mine. They were Ben Malone's shoes—*had* to be. And a note from Ben was with 'em:

"A couple of little souvenirs, Cuthbert, for a swell copyreader and a true-blue friend." Then the truth was out. All the time Ben Malone had been grinning and wisecracking around Detroit his feet had been killing him, because they no more belonged in those colossal brogues than mine did or Hettie Spain's did. They were just plain, normal feet, and the shoes were a pair that a dealer up in Marquette had been using for window dressing when Ben grabbed them off—shoes built special for ballyhoo.

Get it, old kid? Ben had been trying two or three years to crash out of the sticks, and nobody in Detroit would give him a tumble. So, seeing those exhibition kicks on the Main Drag in Marquette, he got a big idea.

There it was in plain typewriting. And the ashes of Ben Malone's pride were right there, too. He didn't want it noised around that he'd put one over on Dave Cleveland, he said. But if I wanted to let in Hettie Spain—okus dokus.

I hit the water-cooler and then hollered for Hettie, and one of our other dames said, "Didn't you hear, Cuthbert? Miss Spain's leaving town this afternoon. I think she's going to Chicago."

HETTIE was halfway through a train gate at the railroad station when I nailed her. She turned kind of pale, and then grim.

"No use," she said. "I can't stand this silence. I'm going to him."

"And making a worse idiot out of yourself than ever," I told her. "Listen."

I had a hand on her arm, and from Hettie's look I thought she was going to bite it.

"*You* listen!" she said fiercely. "I'm going, and all the vulgar jokes in the world won't stop me. Go back and tell them I love the ground Ben Malone walks on. Yes, every bit of it. Let go, Cuthbert. I'm going to New York and Ben as fast as the Limited will take me!"

Myself, I've always been glad I let it go for Ben Malone to break the news about his feet in person. Somehow, I figured that Ben would like it better that way, too. And did he? Well, the new little carrot down in Ben and Hettie's penthouse—that guy's Cuthbert Dill Malone!

Respectable

He collected rare books and old coins, and frequented art museums, but he was the country's most dangerous bank robber

By
J. Edgar Hoover
WITH
COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

CRIME is ever at your very elbow. It may be at the next table in your favorite restaurant. It may be your partner at bridge or at golf. It can be your guest, or even your genial host. Such occurrences happen all too often, as evidenced in hundreds of actual cases which have come to my attention as Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. An excellent example is Edward Wilhiem Bentz.

If the name of Bentz is unfamiliar, that is because he so willed it. This man held only contempt for criminal publicity seekers. He regarded Pretty Boy Floyd as a cheap thug and John Dillinger as an upstart. They were publicized outlaws of the moment; Bentz operated for more than a quarter of a century, as a shrewd and dangerous bank robber.

Bentz seemed a superman even to his own kind. Hardened criminals looked to him for advice. Often they would pay him a consultant's fee for looking over their plans for a holdup and deciding whether it should be carried out. He robbed banks on a national basis—on the Pacific Coast, in the West and Middle West, in New England and the South. For years his annual intake from outlawry seldom ran less than $100,000. He was a leader in one of the greatest robberies of history—that of the Lincoln National Bank and Trust Company, of Lincoln, Nebr., which was held up in 1930 for more than a million dollars in cash, bonds, and commercial paper. It forced the bank's liquidation.

Edward Wilhiem Bentz was almost a legendary figure in the underworld, yet this man of multitudinous crime was known to thousands of honest persons as a gracious, generous, well-educated person of impeccable morals. Even your children may be interested in the fact that, as this is written, Mr. Edward Wilhiem Bentz is being taken to a federal prison for incarceration on a 20-year conviction for armed bank robbery. The connection? Among other things, Mr. Bentz once ran a toy shop.

Of this man's forty-one years, twenty-six were devoted to dangerous criminality committed under the protection of assumed respectability. If you happen to be interested in art or old books or numismatics or amateur photography or the theater or golf, you may have met him.

Edward Wilhiem Bentz owned several thousand volumes of rare books, old editions of *Pilgrim's Progress*, Stevenson, Voltaire, and others which ranged in subject from the works of Washington Irving to Casanova and Anatole France. He visited bookstores from coast to coast. His collection of old coins brought him into correspondence and association as a reputable collector with many numismatic agencies. With a movie camera he roamed the cities in which he robbed banks, taking motion pictures of the parks, playgrounds, and spots of historical interest. As for golf, it was his passion to play every worthwhile course in America.

If you are a traveler you have no doubt stayed at the same hotel with him, for he liked only the best. He frequented winter resorts. Of course, he used aliases, some twenty of them, chosen by combining names from the thousands of books which formed his library, a selection which gave evidence of breeding and background.

BENTZ was the son of peasant immigrants, and one of nine children. His father, a thrifty and hard-working hostler, was killed in Minnesota by a runaway horse, and the mother took her children to Tacoma, Wash. Neither environment nor bad associations can be blamed for Eddie Bentz's criminal career. The father had left enough

Eddie

DRAWING BY FRED FREEMAN FROM PHOTOGRAPH

Eddie Bentz, gentleman. . . . His closest neighbors did not suspect him

money to support this frugal family. Eddie had the usual advantages of the average boy in moderate circumstances. He attended grade and high school.

BUT the boy became a criminal while still in his teens. He committed a series of petty thefts—of cigarettes, bicycles, junk. He was caught and sentenced to a year and a half in the State Training School at Chehalis, Wash. He escaped. From that time until he received his first federal sentence recently, at the age of forty-one, his crimes were so many that even he cannot remember them all. He "believes" he held up between "fifty and a hundred banks." He forgets the number of burglaries.

Fourteen times in twenty-six years was he called to justice. Twice he escaped by breaking jail. Three times he was paroled and in other instances was released at the expiration of a minimum sentence. In various cases, he either forfeited bond or talked his way out of accusations. Of the 34½ years to which he was sentenced at various times by state courts, he served only about 7. Indeed, his present federal sentence of 20 years in jail for armed bank robbery is the first instance of adequate punishment for one of the scores of robberies to which he has confessed. This was not a matter of luck. As Bentz explained to special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation after his recent arrest:

"I'm a big, farmerish-looking sort of fellow, sort of easy-going, like to laugh and talk and be chummy with people, and that doesn't match up with their ideas about criminals. And I always liked nice things—went to good shows, stayed at the good hotels, ate at the best places, and was always quiet and gentlemanly about it. People think crooks look like villains and hide in cellars."

He halted a moment, sitting quietly on his cot in a big, clean room of the Federal Detention Quarters in New York. Before him on a metal table was a yellow writing pad upon which he had listed his possessions and their disposition. Eddie was to be taken the next day to Rutland, Vt., where he would plead guilty to the robbery of the Caledonia National Bank of Danville. The sentence would be a long one, he knew, with other charges awaiting his release. So he had been writing what he called his "will"—disposing of his first editions, his numismatic collection, his motion picture outfit.

HIS self-description was perfect. He is a big, farmerish-looking fellow, with a bluish birthmark on his forehead, crinkly, light reddish hair, a blacksmith's chest, (*Continued on page 150*)

A bullet split Jim's tie. He ducked behind a boulder

The PARADISE CANYON Mystery

By Philip Wylie

IT WAS three-twenty, A.M. Jim heaved his battered suitcases from beneath the day coach seats and walked past sleeping passengers to the vestibule. A solitary red light slid through the blackness, and the train stopped. "Paradise Canyon!" a distant voice shouted.

He descended to the lowest step and jumped. He gazed toward the station. A pale lamp made one window yellow. Somebody else was getting off the train. He looked at the sky, where the Dippers swung in dim tandem around the Polar Star. That was familiar—but not the sky's rim: jagged, lofty perimeter of mountains, from the summits of which snow and ice cast ghostly reflections down upon the desert where he stood.

The desert! Jim took a long inhalation of sharper air than he had ever breathed before and smelled dust and mesquite and cactus blossoms invisible in the enshrouding night. Then, carrying his luggage, he walked toward the lamps of the one car parked beside the station. Its driver followed the other nocturnal arrival, pushing a trunk and several bags in a handcart. The other arrival was a woman.

"Mr. Preston?"

"Right!" Jim called to the driver.

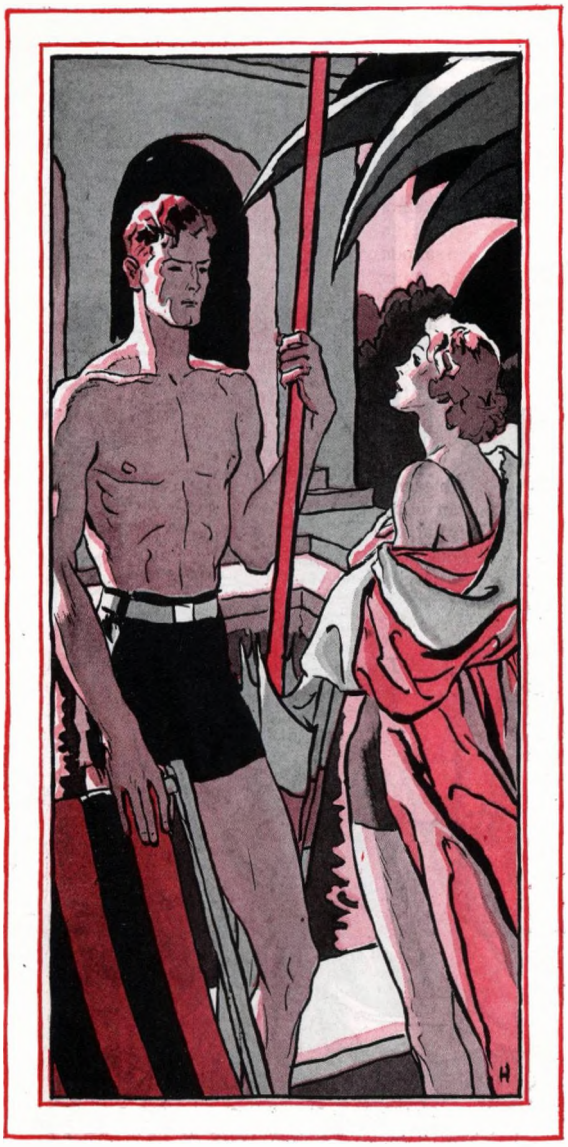
"I'll load your stuff in the trunk on the rear." He turned to the woman. "You don't mind another person? It's Mr. Preston, the new swimming instructor."

"I don't mind a bit. How do you do, Mr. Preston?"

"Thanks." Jim said. To himself, he grinned. They had told him in New York that the Paradise Canyon Hotel was snooty. But having to ask a guest

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION
IN WATER COLOR

Frankie made an effort to control herself. "I talked to him before he was murdered," she said. "He tried to tell me something—"



The widow was making a play for the swimming instructor

When an Olympic champion accepts a job as swimming instructor, he doesn't expect to be shot at on the first day

if she would ride in the same car with the swimming director certainly was snootiness of the foremost rank. Ed finished loading the luggage and handed them a lap robe. He started the car.

For ten lengthy minutes they drove through the darkness, and the girl did not speak. Jim had perceived that she wore a fur coat, had a tilted nose, wasn't tall, used a bittersweet perfume that smelled like the desert, and that her voice was low and melodious. Then his attention wandered from an imaginary reconstruction of the girl at his side to an examination of the novel and fascinating objects which he glimpsed in the beam of the headlights: cacti, palms, poinsettias, adobe walls, dunes.

AT THE end of ten minutes he said, almost unconsciously, "It's grand!"

He could tell that the girl was smiling. "The desert?" she asked. "Never seen it before?"

"No."

"It's fun. My stepfather enjoys it because of the hunting. Mother likes to be where she can see movie stars in the flesh."

"Where's your home?"

"Cleveland." She was silent for a time. Then she said, "You aren't Jimmy Preston, the Olympic champion, by any chance, are you?"

"Yes."

"You sound as if you resented being an Olympic champion," she said.

Jim pondered that. In a way, he did resent it. The whole world was excited about his time for swimming fifty yards and about the way he dived. But nobody had been especially interested in a scrappy, red-headed kid who augmented his mother's pitiful wages by hawking newspapers, who worked his way through school and college, and earned a degree in engineering, with honors.

THE desert road unrolled beneath the wheels of the car. Athletic ability had helped him to travel; it had made his undergraduate days easier. But he had always felt it was unfair that his full twist dive interested more people than the engineering degree he had earned. And, after graduation, though no one had wanted hydroelectric plants designed by him, a great many people desired his services as a coach. He had fought against it for four years, but finally he had accepted the offer of the Paradise Canyon Hotel to be pool tender and coach to its guests. He had wanted from boyhood to be an engineer. Now he was a professional athlete.

He said, "On the contrary. Can you imagine an easier life?"

"It must be swell!" She was trying to be nice, to make him feel that she did not mind the social and cultural gap she assumed he felt to exist between them.

"Just dandy. Following the sun. Miami and the desert in the winter. Northern resorts in summer. Making a living by playing!"

"Elegant!" This, he thought, was to be his due all winter, the patronage of the rich. A good many of them wouldn't even try to flatter his feelings. They'd just order him like a servant: "I want my water wings inflated and ready at ten, Mr. Preston!"

The car turned under an arch, swept through a double row of tall palms, and stopped in front of an immense hotel, where everyone slept and only the elevator shafts, the lobby, and fire exits showed lights.

When their eyes were accustomed to the brightness of the lobby they faced each other in common curiosity. Frankie Bailey laughed. "You've got red hair and blue eyes! I thought you were dark!"

He grinned. "And you've got black hair. I'd have bet you were a blonde."

"Why?"

"Can't say. The perfume?"

Her eyes were surprised, as if swimming coaches should not

know the difference between the proper perfume for blondes and brunettes. Gray eyes, she had, set wide apart.

The night clerk came forward. "Miss Bailey! I'm delighted! Your mother and father are in bungalow fifteen. Same one you had last year."

"I'll sneak in, and go to sleep. I'm dead! Good night, Mr. Preston."

"Oh, Preston," the clerk said. "Your quarters are on the top floor—Room 611. I haven't a boy to help you with your things—"

Jim looked pleasantly at the clerk. "I can manage." He watched Frankie Bailey cross the lobby and go through a rear door into a garden. He stared for a moment at the luxurious furniture in the vast room, at the paintings of the mountains, at the embers in the huge stone fireplace. Then he started toward the elevators.

His room was larger than the clammy manner of the clerk had caused him to expect. It had four windows, and Navaho rugs on the floor, a comfortable bed with wool blankets, three chairs, a desk, prints of desert flowers, and a private bath. He looked at his watch. Half past four. Soon be light. He didn't feel sleepy. The new universe he was to inhabit lay unknown all around him. So he took a shower and shaved. Not knowing the conventional desert costume, he put on again the clothes he wore on the train. Then he went down to the main floor.

The clerk was still at his desk.

"I'm going out for a stroll," Jim said. "Just to look the land over. When can I get some breakfast?"

"At six, here. Any time, downtown." The clerk yawned at him.

JIM walked down the palm avenue in the dark. Beyond it was a street that led to the red radiance of neon signs. He turned toward them and found an all-night restaurant. He had coffee and eggs. Then he continued his walk. Forty or fifty stores, three hotels, a couple of hundred homes, a golf course, a movie theater, a half-dozen tearooms and cafés—and, surrounding them, the desert.

It became lighter. He found a trail that led toward the base of the seemingly overhanging peaks. He followed it.

Soon the world through which he walked became very silent. The trail underfoot was stony. It meandered through a dry, light undergrowth of stuff he didn't know—bushes and plants and leafless trees and cacti that were like barrels and others that were like octopuses, and still others that were like railway semaphores—grotesque, impossible, meaningless in the murky light. Then he began to climb, and realized that he was on the mountainside. Beyond the town the gray desert floor rolled toward invisibility. He climbed up the path through boulders and slabs of rock. Finally he sat down on one of them. He remembered that there were rattlesnakes in the desert, and hopped up to examine his environment, but it was untenanted.

THEN dawn began to break. Lemon light hovered in the east. Behind him the snow fields became blue, then salmon, then gold, and, finally, blazing white. Colors surged across the desert floor—here a greenish carpet, there a pink dune, far away an abyss of cobalt blue. Whole mountains of purple and red shot up in the distance. When the first warm rays of the sun touched him he took off his coat. The cool and moving air before sunrise stood still. Warmth became heat. The colors were bleached out before his gaze. He did not budge until the full and majestic ritual was finished, until the dye was gone from the scenery and only a furnacelike radiance remained. Then he looked at his watch. It was after six.

As he made the movement there was a remote but sharp crack, and his tie flickered. He looked down, alarmed, thinking of snakes. There was a gash in his tie that had cut it almost in half. Someone had shot at him.

He started toward the direction of the sound for a split second, and jumped down behind the boulder on which he had been sitting.

A voice floated unreally to his ears. "Hey!" it said.

"Hey!" Jim yelled back, half in fright and half in anger.

What had happened? Jim peered around his refuge. Far away, along the side of the mountain, he saw the figure of a man scrambling toward him. The man was calling, "Are you hurt?"

"No!" Jim bellowed back, across the gulf between them.

"Wait there!"

Minute by (*Continued on page 108*)

They stood back as he turned his flashlight into the cave

Perhaps no other girl ever chose to spend her wedding day as Mona did

By Harold Titus

Turn

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Even when they were kids and hunted together he knew she was not for him

"WHERE'S the dog?" Mona asked.

"Don't see him," muttered Hardy.

They'd stopped, and Mona, twenty-gauge at ready, tilted her head to listen in the October quiet. It hurt Hardy, seeing her poised so. She was too beautifully dark and slender.

"Don't even hear him!" Her voice, that low, also hurt.

Tom Hardy fought the hurt. He mustn't show it. Yesterday he'd told himself he mustn't *be* hurt, but even since morning he'd been satisfied to say it mustn't be shown. Not on a girl's wedding day must she know that she was hurting him like fury.

Hardy had had long practice in covering up what he felt about Mona MacIver, but today was the test of the self-control he had attained. Even in their first hunts together, when he was twelve and Mona eight, he'd covered what he felt.

It was all right, of course, to play at times with a girl if she lived next door to you and wasn't like other girls and didn't have much fun. It was all right, even, to fish for perch with her off the small dock in front of your own house if she lived under the terrible cloud of Being Better than Other Children. But this hunting thing . . . For a boy who worshiped his father, and whose father's passion was upland shooting; for such a boy, whose whole orientation toward a sport was masculine, the hunting field was no place for a girl.

And yet: "Where you going, Tom?"

She was peering through the cedar hedge which separated her great house from his cottage, her dark eyes very large.

"Hunting"—trying not to be too proud of it.

"Hunting!"—breathlessly. "*Alone?* Oh, I'll go, too!"

She was through the hedge then, all aflutter.

No she wouldn't, he knew he should say. Hunting was a man's business, his sense of fitness urged him to say. But he didn't say it, because of the look in her eyes and the gentleness in his own heart.

"Well, you walk right behind, then"—trying, and failing, to act as a boy should when a girl crowded in on a man's business. "You walk right behind, then, and I'll show you how it goes," he said with vast relief. It was all right to show a girl how something went, and that salved his uneasy feeling that in spite of himself he was glad to have her where she had no business being.

A quarter-mile from home the setter found birds, and the rifle snapped in vain, but Tom couldn't show her how it went beyond that. However, it was enough to brighten Mona's eyes until they made his stomach feel funny, and that discounted his chagrin at not being able to perform spectacularly for her.

It was difficult, later, not to admit that coaching her in handling a gun, as his father coached him, was fun. Hours on end they'd stand on the lawn with his very-first, very-own single-barreled gun, and he'd try to be scornful of her as she swung the unloaded piece at grackles and robins.

"Swing!" he'd say, trying to act dis-

back the Clock

gusted, as a fourteen-year-old should. "Now, pull when your muzzle passes the bird!" he'd say, and Mona would snuggle her cheek against the stock and swing, and snap the trigger on the empty chamber and look at him for praise.

It was too hard to keep from praising her. By the code of his sex and years he should have been only contemptuous, but he couldn't live up to the code. Not with Mona. He'd praise her with Gee's and Jing's, wholly uninfluenced by the fact that she wouldn't have had much fun at all if it hadn't been for him.

You'll have to understand about that. You'll have to understand how the daughter of old Dan MacIver, Michigan logger, common as mud, rich as a man has a right to get or richer, friend to thousands, respected, admired, beloved, couldn't have any fun to speak of. It wasn't Dan's fault, unless you can blame him for liking folks instead of people and not finding out anything worth while about women until his mustache was good and gray.

"Tom," she pleaded, "let's you and me go hunting once more. Tomorrow." He looked at her in amazement. "But tomorrow's— your wedding day!"

His mustache was good and gray before a woman got old Dan. The woman who got him had been a secretary in a New York lumber broker's office with ambitions which were far too large for her opportunities until old Dan came along.

He brought her home to Michigan and let her build an eye-bunging house in the corner of the bay next the Hardy cottage, and never, until Mona was born, realized that his wife wasn'tbuilding a house in which to make a home but a structure with which to make an impression. He never, until Mona was born, realized that she scorned his life-long friends, the folks he loved in his gruff, genuine way.

When Mona was born he woke up to all this. He learned that his wife was contemptuous of folks and an admirer of people, a differentiation of her own. He

learned, next, that Mona was not to be reared and schooled in any such provincial place as the region of her nativity. He learned, finally, that he had been bilked and that his fortune was to be used in developing this shrewd and ruthless young woman he had married into a matron of narrow but specific social importance.

NOW, old Dan was nobody's fool for long. When everything else failed to show her her error, he put his final argument against his aspiring wife's ambitions into a last will and testament, and died a disappointed and chagrined old man when Mona was four. His final argument wasn't enough to stop his widow's ambitions. It was, though, enough to hamper and delay an active attempt at realization until Mona was eighteen, because, to have the funds with which to achieve her end, Mona's mother must reside in the house she had built until Mona was that age.

Dan believed, of course, that the period was too long for a woman to live in a place she despised, among people she scorned, and not weaken. And he believed, also, that his own flesh and blood, exposed to the folks and ways he loved, would develop his own homely tastes and preferences.

But old Dan didn't appreciate the tenacity of woman's purpose. Mona's mother could wait years. She hated it, but she could wait, because the end was the one thing she asked of life. She could remove herself and her daughter from the town and its population as definitely as if miles separated them. She could make herself so obnoxious by a word or a gesture that the isolation she needed for Mona was complete.

Mona was scarcely able to understand the words before it was being said ironically that she was better than other children, and that explained to her, after a manner, why it was she didn't seem to have as many good times as other little girls. The only reason she had any fun at all was because her impressive home was next door to the Hardy cottage, a low, green-and-white cottage with moss on the roof and beneath it such superior people that Mona's mother actually believed them to be in awe of her. She didn't understand that there were gentlefolk of simple dignity who could view the spectacle she made of herself disapprovingly but in serene silence.

That was why Mona was allowed to play with young Tom. Added to his being a Hardy was the boyish decency in his clear blue eyes and freckled face, which would have reassured a much more discerning mother than Mona's. That was why the best fun Mona had in childhood was getting to be a good upland shot along with Tom.

She got to be an amazingly good shot. She was, in her middle teens, as much of a shot as she was a beauty, but we won't talk about that yet. Not while we're talking about these two as kids, I mean, when they worked Tom's father's young setters all summer, and tramped together in grouse covert every hour they could filch from school, and spent endless hours in winter d'you-remembering about the last season and planning for the next.

Tom had an early understanding that this companionship was certainly temporary. "Here's where I'm going when I'm eighteen," Mona would tell him, pointing on a map, when she was just a wisp of a thing. "Those are the people who'll be my friends when I'm eighteen," she'd tell him, before the age of self-consciousness, and show him pictures in periodicals catering to the wealthy and sophisticated.

"Not many more years of this," she'd say, later, when they had ended another good day afield, but without rancor or regret. Just as one, reconciled, mentions the inevitable. The Mona her mother intended her to be had been held before her eyes so constantly that her acceptance of her future self was as natural as breathing.

AT TWENTY, it was sometimes so hard not to think the things twenty was impelled to think of Mona that Tom's gaunt, freckled face was drawn, and he rumpled his rust-colored hair in travail.

But he kept his thoughts in check. He kept them in check through his law-school years, the hardest years of any in which not to dream wild, impossible dreams. Autumnal Friday afternoons he'd point his forty-dollar roadster northward from Ann Arbor and roar the highways to be at Mona's door with Saturday's dawn. They'd tramp throughout the day, concerned with the dogs and the game. They'd have their bacon sandwiches and coffee at noon, and Mona might talk without self-consciousness of those places and people so long anticipated and now approaching realization, and Tom might talk a bit about his modest, unspectacular plans. Sunday the procedure would be repeated, and Tom would leave Mona and rattle through the night back to his Monday classes.

Through childhood and youth, then, Tom was Mona's only companion. Had she been less lovely other town lads might have braved her mother's scorn to be with her. But she was too lovely; so lovely she frightened boys, and that, combined with the lore which had grown up about her mother and, perhaps, by Mona's own reserve in speech and manner—and unconscious defense against ostracism—counted other lads out.

THROUGH childhood and youth and almost to the end of Tom's university career it endured, and then it all went to pot, just as he had forever told himself it would go to pot.

Mona turned eighteen that spring, and within hours her mother had left our town behind, and Tom returned to the office that had been his father's—his father was dead by then—to find the big house shut and sealed, with only a gardener about. Despite the effort he'd made through all those years to prepare to go along without Mona, he had a time of it at first. He hadn't dreamed that after all his preparation he'd miss her until it hurt. Physically. Terribly.

Mona wrote from New York, London, Mediterranean cities; from her school in Switzerland, from the Orient, Vienna; from all the places frequented by the glittery people her mother had years ago selected as her type of associates. She wrote from her college in the East the next autumn and from the new place on Long Island the following summer. In the beginning her letters faintly suggested a loneliness, but that seeped out of them by the second year, and Tom knew that her mother's will was prevailing.

He didn't know, though, how fully it

"You're coming, aren't you?" she asked. "It's the bride's dinner." "It'll make me very happy," he lied valiantly

had prevailed until estate matters brought the MacIvers back to the big house for an August interlude.

The old Mona had been slow of speech and smile, given to easy silences. She'd been retiring, almost shy. The new Mona was quick, brilliant, restless without words or activity. She was assertive, assured. Now and again, however, the old Mona shone through her eyes with a pitiful longing for escape as she talked the patterned patter, the shallow, brilliant, tense patter of the kind that now was hers. But this old Mona could not get out, could not even speak to Tom, so thoroughly had the mother imprisoned it in the daughter of her ambition.

OH, THAT mother was shrewd and tenacious. She'd done her work well, indeed. So well that it was an ordeal for Tom to be with Mona.

"You keep walking out on us!" she complained once in that casual manner of spurious frankness she'd acquired, with the other Mona struggling to get through, silently crying, "Help! Help!"

"You're rather difficult, for a small-town boy," he said, chuckling to cover his own hurt and the hurt it might give that other, imprisoned Mona.

She was silent a moment and it seemed almost, perhaps, that the other Mona was going to break free. But it failed.

"Perhaps that's true," she said, and let it go at that. . . .

So he did not see Mona for another two years; he did not hear from her again, except most casually, until she wrote that she was coming back to be married.

That was queer, he thought; that wasn't in accord with the new Mona. She wrote again, replying to the best letter of well-wishing he could compose. She'd had a battle, she wrote. Her mother had wanted the wedding in the East.

"I finally had my way in this one thing," was how she put it, and he could hear her saying it with perhaps a tinge of bitterness in her tone. . . . Her way, in this one thing. . . .

HE WAS relieved that a case in a down-state court would have him away when they arrived. He'd be home a day or so before the wedding, but he wouldn't be seeing Mona again and again before that final abandonment of the only priceless thing in life.

That is what he'd thought and hadn't admitted through all the years—that Mona's love was the only thing beyond price in his experience. . . .

He drove in at October's dusk. A lashing wind whipped up the bay, and the hard rain picked at the cottage windows as he stretched his legs before the fire to relax.

And then Mona was there. Mona was coming through the door, saying, "Hi!" and holding out both hands, rain on her face, high color in her cheeks, a breathless and breath-taking Mona.

She'd seen his car turn in. She'd been (*Continued on page 102*)

SI

One girl had all the luxuries money could buy—the other worked hard for her existence. They had just one thing in common—they loved the same man

They who HAVE..

By Reita Lambert

What has happened so far:

TERRY HEFTON and Chet Sommers planned to marry. But, with the depression, her father's firm of architects failed, and Mr. and Mrs. Hefton and their other daughter, Gerda, were dependent on Terry. Chet lost his job, with the failure, and had an invalid mother to support.

Terry was social secretary for the rich Mrs. Creigh Towers, whose niece, Si Towers, lived with her. When Si met Chet she was attracted to him, and arranged to introduce him to some friends who needed plans for a house.

Rufus Fowler, a wealthy friend of Si's, fell in love with Terry. When the Heftons needed money, Terry sold him her mother's antique desk, discovering later that it was a fake. She felt under such obligations that she agreed to go to Si's party with him, knowing Chet would be there with Si.

Chet was jealous of Rufus, and as they were leaving the party he struck Rufus, who fell unconscious on the sidewalk. Chet was arrested, but Rufus had him released.

When Si introduced Chet to her friends, they didn't like the modern house he had planned, but liked a house Chet and Terry had planned for themselves. And Si persuaded Chet to sell them those plans. It was such a shock to Terry that she collapsed and had to be taken home for a rest.

The story goes on:

TERRY sat in front of the fire in the living-room at Freedale. Her father had brought his old Morris chair in from the library, let down the back, and drawn out the footrest. Outside, snow fell, restoring beauty to the shabby old house, filling out the naked trees and shrubs with feathery white bloom.

The doctor had prescribed rest, and Mrs. Towers had sent Terry out to Freedale in her big, heated town car. Terry had slept almost continuously for the two days she had been home. But she was awake now, although her eyes were closed. In the kitchen her mother and father were washing the luncheon dishes. They had left the dining-room and pantry doors open, so they could hear her if she called, and Terry could hear them as plainly: the deep rumble of her father's voice, her mother's shriller treble. May Hefton's voice had grown sharper and higher these past few months, her husband's more irritable. She heard him say now, "Well, where *is* a dry towel, then?"

In the old days Terry had never known her parents to quarrel; they were not really quarreling now, of course. But their trials had sharpened their tempers, worn down their forbearance. Terry had noticed it that first day, desperately weary though she had been. Just as she had noticed the unkempt condition of the house, the cracked wallpaper and peeling woodwork and shabby furniture and dust. She had noticed the thick jelly glass in which her sleeping potion had been mixed and her mother's neglected fingernails when she had handed it to her; she had noticed that her father was still wearing a suit which had been made for him three years ago and that the vest was spotted.

Coming from the beautifully ordered Towers house, she had been aware of these things with sickening clarity. But she had not shrunk from them, tried to ignore them as she had done on her recent flying visits She filed them all, with a kind of grim satisfaction, in the back of her mind, as a lawyer files unpleasant data for his final brief.

SHE did not hear the car, for the snow muffled the sound of the engine. But she did hear the bell, heard her mother say, "Why Mr. Fowler! How do you do! Come in—"

Rufus! Terry opened her eyes, drew herself up a little in the chair. She heard her mother say, "I think she's asleep," and Rufus, "Then don't disturb her on any account."

Terry called, "I'm not asleep. Mum. . . . Hello, Rufus!" And turned her head to smile at him.

He followed her mother a little way into the room. The collar of his fur-lined overcoat was turned up about his face. He looked ruddy and well and filled the room with the smell of the snowy outdoors. He carried two boxes, a long one with flower stems protruding from the end and a large, flat one. He took her hand and grinned down at her. "You don't look like a sick woman to me." And he told Mrs. Hefton solemnly, "The girl's playing possum, just trying to work on our sympathies."

Mrs. Hefton, a little flustered, smoothing back her hair, laughed. "The doctor says it's simply fatigue. She'll be all right in a few days."

"I'm all right now," Terry said strongly. "I'm going back to town tomorrow."

Mr. Hefton came in, drawing on his coat. "Well, well, you didn't drive out—on a day like this!"

"I've a passion for driving through the snow," Rufus said, shaking hands. "Your daughter gave me an elegant pretext for indulging it today." He picked up the

TERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

long box and handed it to Mrs. Hefton. "Happened to see some roses on the way and they looked kind of jolly—"

"How lovely! I'll get a vase—"

"You are a thoughtful man," Terry said.

Mrs. Hefton set the vase on a small table; long-stemmed red buds, they were, two dozen at least. But, after the roses had been admired, the talk was desultory and awkward. Mrs. Hefton said that winter had started early this year and Mr. Hefton said that, personally, he preferred a white Christmas. But Mrs. Hefton was wishing she had changed her house dress and Mr. Hefton was thinking of the day when he had been able to offer a snowy-day guest a glass of old port and an English biscuit. Rufus's easy flow of words seemed to be suffering from some unusual drought of self-consciousness, and when Mr. Hefton said, "Perhaps Mr. Fowler would like a cup of hot tea after his drive, Mother, or coffee," Rufus said promptly that he couldn't think of anything he'd like better than a cup of coffee.

MRS. HEFTON went out to get it and she had hardly left the room before she called her husband. "Leave them alone for a while, John."

He said in an angry whisper, "That's precisely what I don't want to do. I don't like that young man!"

"Don't be silly! After his coming all the way out here—and you liked him well enough the other day—"

"As long as he confined his interest to antiques. But I don't like the idea of his coming out here trying to impress Terry with his roses and fur coat—"

"John! John, *dear!*" his wife protested, shocked and reproachful.

He reddened. "That's what it amounts to. He knows we wouldn't have sold that desk if we hadn't needed money! But that's no reason why he should take advantage of—"

"He's not! And it won't do any harm to leave them alone to talk to each other a few minutes. You can trust your own daughter, can't you?" She gave him a pat. "Put the water on, like a good boy. I want to run up and comb my hair."

In the living-room, with his chair drawn close to Terry's, Rufus was saying, "Now, don't try to bandy words with me, my girl. I came out here to talk seriously with you, and I'm going to do it."

"But how inconsistent," she said. "I thought you loathed talking seriously."

"I admit, it comes a little hard."

"And you haven't told me about yourself—your poor head."

He sat up straight in his chair. "You can't sidetrack me, Terry," he said, and leaned to her again. "I came out to tell you that you're behaving like a little idiot!"

"Why, Rufus!"

"To let Si walk off with your young man. I'm disappointed in you, and ashamed of you," he said sternly. "Si's simply infatuated for the moment—you should have sense enough to see that. Just as you should have sense enough to realize that a man's not always accountable when an attractive woman throws herself at him." He took out a handkerchief and mopped his face. "I feel—I can't help feeling that the whole business was partly my fault. I—knowing how you feel, I'd like to see you two reconciled."

TERRY said, after a moment, "But I've no intention of being reconciled to Chet, Rufus."

"You haven't! But you were engaged, weren't you? You're in love with him!"

"Yes," she said. She folded her hands in her lap and looked into the brightly blazing fire. "For two years. But I wouldn't marry him now. The poor can't afford to marry for love."

He let out a strange sound, a laugh, perhaps. "I never heard a woman in love talk like that before."

"But they should. Think of the tragedies they would avoid—not only for themselves, but for their children. If we'd had money—well, you see, Si wouldn't have had to introduce Chet to the right people. And I'd never have gone out with you—and made him jealous—if I hadn't needed money so badly. It wasn't nice of me—but you see what poverty can do to you. You can't be noble and high-minded when you've *got* to have money."

He said, "Terry, for heaven's sake, don't talk like that."

"My father would never forgive me, if he could hear me," she said quietly. "But that's because he still values what he calls his integrity and independence, though he's not independent at all any more. Poor people *can't* be independent. They can only be humble and scared. And, after a while, they grow bitter." She was quiet for a moment, then she said, "You see, I think, if he can, that the sensible thing for Chet to do is to marry Si."

He turned, his elbows propped on the mantel, and looked down at her. He said in a hard voice, "And what are *you* going to do?"

HER hands fluttered in her lap and were still. "I was thinking I would marry you, if you like, Rufus," she said. "You—asked me to, didn't you?"

"No, by heaven, I didn't!" he said. "And I never will! I may be a pretty dim carbon copy of a man, but I'm not quite fool enough to marry a woman who loves someone else!"

She sat up and leaned forward and said urgently, "I'd make you a good wife, Rufus. And you wouldn't have to be ashamed of me. Living at Mrs. Towers's has taught me a lot about running a big house. I want children, and I'm sure I'd make a good mother."

He said hoarsely, "Of all the cold-blooded propositions!" and turned and strode to the window, stood staring out at the snow.

Her voice reached him there, steady and cold: "I can't afford to be sentimental any more."

He went swiftly back to her chair, drew his own close again, sat down, and took her two hands in his. He said grimly, "And I can't afford not to be, Terry. I'm in love with you but I'm not quite mad enough to take you on those terms."

She said, "When a girl refuses a man, I believe it's customary for her to offer to be a sister to him. You might offer—"

"To be a brother to you!" he said, and dropped her hands. "Or a second cousin, once removed. I think that role would suit me even better."

It seemed to Terry that her emotions must have atrophied, and her pride. She should, she knew, be burning with shame,

He drew her to him suddenly, roughly. "I shouldn't have come out with you," he said

but she was only annoyed with him for refusing her, for refusing to see that she would make him a good wife. And it would have been such a perfect solution of her own problem.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "you'd be making a needless sacrifice, my dear, by marrying me for my money. Your friend Chet has got off to a good start. This commission will lead to others—"

"But it will be a long time before he'll be able to marry," she said earnestly. "Even if none of this had happened, we still couldn't afford—you see, he has his mother to look out for and I—I have my family. It wouldn't be fair, even if—"

"Oh, it wouldn't! But you think it would be fair to *me* to marry me in cold blood for my money." He shook his head over her and smiled, a little sadly. "You don't know what you're talking about, Terry. You're desperate, and desperate people aren't quite sane—certainly not sane enough to make an important decision that's going to affect their whole lives."

She leaned forward and said eagerly, "Why, Rufus! You mean you may consider my offer after all!"

He sprang up. "No! Good heavens, no!"

GERDA, coming home from school and seeing the long, low car parked before the house, came clumping in, her face rosy with cold, snow clinging to her coat and dark hair. When she saw Rufus she said gladly, "Oh, hello!" for she had met him the day he had come to buy the escritoire and thought him *per*-fectly lovely. "I thought that was your car outside!"

He said, "Hello, there! How's the girl?"

Her dancing eyes swung to Terry's flushed face, to the roses, to the still unpresented box on the chair. "Oh, I'm fine, thanks; how are you? Did you drive all the way from New York in this weather? But that's a *mar*-velous car. What perfectly (*Continued on page 135*)

Are you superstitious? Before you say *No*, read these surprising facts about signs and omens, discovered in all parts of the world by a famous authority

By Claudia de Lys

Cross your

YOU are superstitious.

By this I do not imply that you take seriously omens, portents, and signs. You probably are not disturbed by Friday the thirteenth, black cats, or dogs howling at midnight. You may even walk under ladders, take the third light from a match, and prefer to have Room 13 on the thirteenth floor.

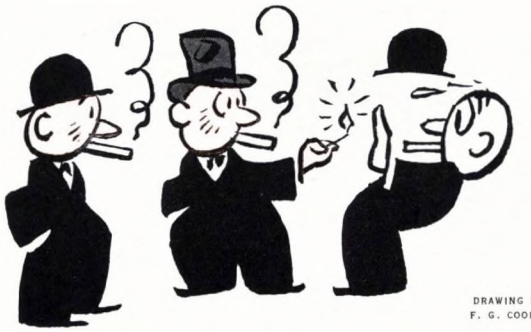
But you cover your mouth with a hand when yawning, don't you? And you kiss under the mistletoe? And perhaps at times you attend inaugurations and the launchings of ships or the laying of cornerstones? And have you ever snapped your fingers? Ever whistled?

Well, all these things are rooted in superstition. Through generations they have become habit, custom, tradition.

It was my misfortune to be born on a Friday just before midnight, with a caul. Science nowadays explains a caul —the "veil over the head,"—as a commonplace phenomenon, a portion of the membrane enclosing the child which clings to the head of the infant at birth. Primitive people, however, took every happening that was out of the ordinary as a divine portent, and through coincidence a caul became an omen of good luck and a charm against drowning. Friday, of course, is doubly meaningful, because primitive tribes reserved it as a day of rest, as Christians do Sunday, and because Christ was crucified on that day. Thirteen was doomed from a variety of sources, one being the Scandinavian legend which placed Loki, who killed the demigod Balder, as the thirteenth in the charmed group of which Balder was one. That I was born close to the witches' hour of midnight completed the circle of magic.

Thus I was considered a child of the gods and a certain guardian against ill luck. I was, in fact, a superstition.

My birthplace was Rouen, in Normandy, France, and I often stayed with my grandparents, who lived at Le Havre, the great seaport. My grandfather was the owner of a fleet of merchant ships, and, like all seamen of France, he would not dare sail from home without a caul on board. These cauls were procured in various ways, usually by purchase from the parents of a child born with one. They were reputed to turn a brownish color when bad weather was approaching, and they did—for I have seen mine



DRAWING BY F. G. COOPER

do it—no doubt on account of atmospheric pressure.

When I was four I visited my grandmother at Le Havre. One day my grandfather bade us good-by and went to his ship to sail away. He returned, however, because he discovered that his caul was missing—probably stolen. He searched for mine in the house, failed to find it, and finally, fearing to lose the tide, took me instead. It was a clear case of kidnapping, but he returned me safe and sound at the end of ten months and was forgiven.

The caul, all this time, was in my mother's safe in Rouen.

When I was eight and a half I was again in Rouen, and was kidnapped by fishermen of Brittany, who were sailing to fish off the coasts of Newfoundland. They thought that "the little rich girl with the caul" would be a good guardian against the dangers of the sea, and so I spent a fairly happy three months in oilskins, treated almost as a goddess, and returned well and healthy.

Then one of my uncles, an anthropologist, took me to India—this time with my parents' permission. In the forbidden land of Tibet I had my hair twisted into 108 braids because it crackled with electricity when I combed it and the natives decided it was full of devils.

BY THE time I got the grease and the 108 braids out of my tresses I was tired of superstition. It seemed to me that my life was made both miserable and hazardous because of the strange beliefs of other people, and I determined to find out why.

That determination has led me around the world three times, into the jungles of Africa and South America, and into the canyons of New York City. I have collected and traced to their origin some 80,000 superstitions, and am still discovering new ones.

I have seen people in Tibet expectorate into their tea before drinking it. I have lived in a village which forever echoed with the tinkle of tiny bells hung high on the treetops to warn of malefi-cent gods and tell strangers they were approaching hallowed ground. Yet these things are no more strange than what I have found in the United States, where there are horseshoes above doors, where the wishbones of chickens are pulled apart, where football teams have mascots, where people are burned in effigy, and loads of hay are wished on.

The savage who makes a mud image of his enemy and puts a spear through it believes he is hurting his enemy by hurting the image of him. Childish, isn't it? Yet we burn people in effigy! Of course, we no longer believe that this injures the person, but we are well aware that it injures his feelings. We perform the act for that very reason.

The same savage might, if he could get hold of the nail parings of his enemy, or a few strands of his hair, practice magic over them, believing the enemy would be injured by this injury to the things which had been in physical contact with him. Well, have you ever seen a child smash another child's toy, as a means of revenge? Do not some people kick other people's dogs for revenge?

It was a distinct shock to me to discover, on my first visit to America some years ago, that the country I had been taught to think of as most free from all outworn creeds and ignorant beliefs was rife with superstition. Among the skyscrapers of New York and in the farmhouses of the Middle West I found as much primitive superstition as exists among the Zulus.

Most American superstitions were brought here by the immigrants who came from all corners of the globe to settle the country. Thus practically every one of the well-known schools of ancient magic is represented.

Out of the World War came the most widely current of the present American superstitions, the three-on-a-match taboo. This belief has had a long and strange history, going back to the time when fire was divine. Then, when a member of the tribe died, all the fires were put out except that of the chief. After the burial the fires were lighted again by brands from the chief's fire, three at a time. Three, being the mystic number that expresses beginning, middle, and end, has always been used in magic and religion.

IN THE early tenth century a Russian, Prince Vladimir, introduced this into the Russian Orthodox Church as a custom, and it became necessary for a priest to light three candles with one taper at each funeral service. It followed naturally, then, that anyone other than a priest who lit three candles with a single taper was performing a sacrilege. This belief was quickly applied to the lighting of lamps, pipes, cigars, and finally cigarettes. In the Crimean War the Russian soldiers passed it on to the English soldiers, and in the World War the American soldiers picked it up from the Tommies.

American (*Continued on page 80*)

FINGERS!

What a pretty young thing did to a prep-school boy who had enough troubles already

Square Leg

CHADWICK was angry. He had just sent home a letter saying that he simply couldn't stand the School any longer, and now he was stroking the red mark on his cheek where Deveraux had hit him. That had happened more than an hour ago, though it seemed as if it had been only a few minutes since they were rolling over and over on the floor. And now, though he was hot with indignation, he couldn't remember what had started them fighting.

He had said something, and Deveraux had set on him and soundly beaten him. And he was a bigger boy than Deveraux and should have won. But he didn't.

He stared out at the School and hated it, and Chapel clock struck the hour as if it were mocking him. It was only an old clock that had been there for a hundred years or so, and the School had been there just as long. It was just a musty, dusty little place; it wasn't half as handsome as some of the six other schools that had seen Chadwick come and go. And now Somerset was going to see him go, too, for his mother would attend to that. She'd send his stepfather up just as soon as she got his letter, and his stepfather would look small and old and worried and take Chadwick home again.

He stared out the study window and knew he'd be glad to go. He'd be glad to get away from Deveraux and all the rest of them; he'd be glad to get away from Fuzzy, who was an old fool and tried to teach Greek. For he didn't like anyone in the School and

It was horrible having this tall girl feel she shouldn't be at the school . . . her coming had changed everything

no one in the School liked him. He looked in the cracked mirror and thought that he was superior to them all, superior even to Shaw and Neil and Stevens, who were seniors and seemed to run the School.

The mirror didn't think so. It showed him his own image in a strong light, and he looked a little too stout for a boy of his age, a little too soft, a little too slack. The mirror was stained and cracked; it had been there for a long time. And it saw that Chadwick had always had everything his own way and that it hadn't been good for him.

CHADWICK sighed, for the mirror was no satisfaction at all, and the soft wind that had been stirring the leaves on the big copper beech tree in the yard blew briskly into the room and sent a letter spinning from Deveraux's desk to the floor. Chadwick stooped and picked it up and hadn't meant to read it, but he could hardly help himself. It was big, bold handwriting, and one paragraph stood out.

"You simply mustn't worry," it said. "It isn't everyone who can win a scholarship and go to Somerset. Even if you can't get back early in June, I can run the business all right. I had the vet for Molly and he says she's still sound. And there's money enough to have the cart fixed. They say it's going to be a good season—"

Chadwick turned the letter over automatically and it was signed, "Love, Jill." He quite carefully didn't read the rest of it and put it back on Deveraux's desk.

Something was stirring in the back of his brain, and he stared intently at the faded snapshot that leaned against two books on the desk. There was a cart in it and a horse, and a girl in white slacks and sweater stood beside the cart. If you looked at the lettering on the cart closely, you could make out, "J. DEVERAUX, ICE CREAM."

Chadwick began to whistle tunelessly and he picked up the slim catalogue of Somerset School and thumbed through it.

There it was nearly at the end of the book: "ELISHA SPRAGUE SCHOLARSHIP. This Scholarship, founded by the late Capt. Elisha Sprague, Somerset '89, is limited to boys living on Cape Ann. It applies only to the junior and senior years and—"

That was all Chadwick wanted to know, and he drummed on the window sill while it all came clear in his mind. Deveraux, who always looked a trifle quaint and old-fashioned; Deveraux, who was the most popular boy and the best student in the junior class, wasn't paying his way through School. He was here on a scholarship, and in the summers he and his sister went selling ice cream from a wagon through the streets.

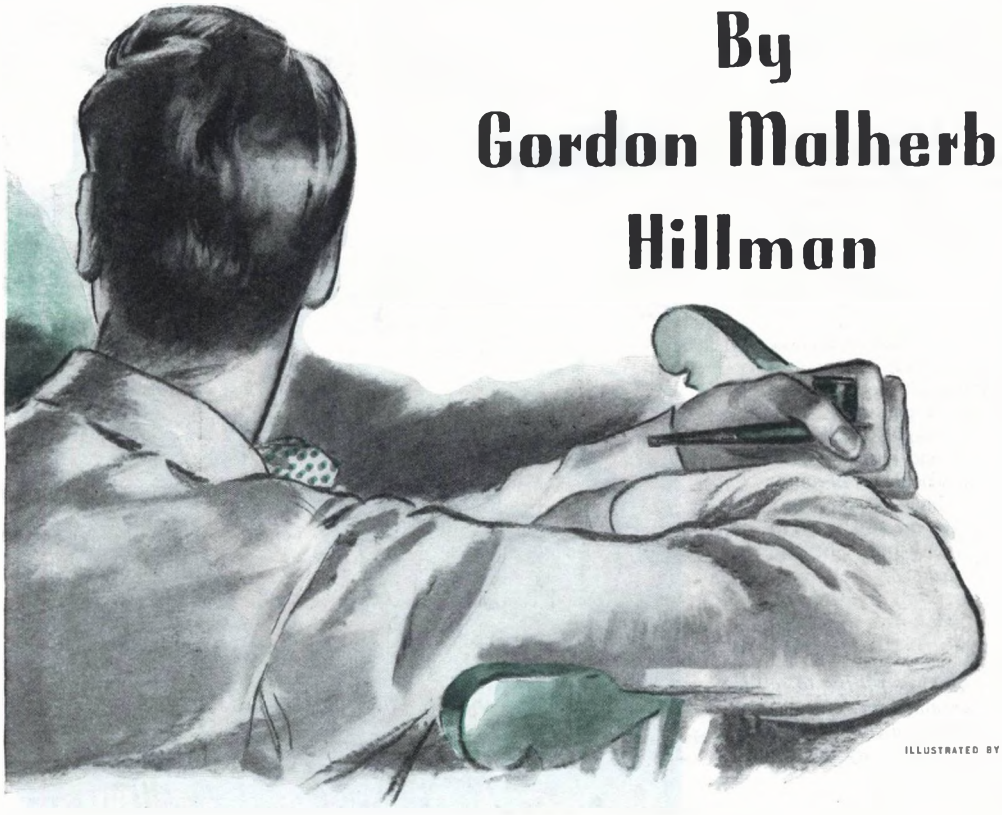
And now he had Deveraux in his own hands. All he'd have to do was tell the School, tell them that Deveraux, for all his airs, didn't amount to anything, after all; that he was at Somerset only through some dim old sea captain's charity and that he and an obviously impossible sister had to peddle ice cream to the back doors of summer cottages. That was all he had to do. And, once he'd done it, Deveraux wouldn't be popular any more, and all the boys would nudge each other and look at him and whisper among themselves. He'd be shunned, as Chadwick was shunned now, and it would serve him right.

HE WENT out into the yard, and the sun lay there in little pools of light and there was a stir of excitement in his head, for he was going to ruin Deveraux for good.

It was late afternoon and all the old brick buildings were mellow in the sun with the ivy crawling on their walls as it had crawled before Chadwick was born. It was so lazy there in the sun that for a single instant he thought that the whole School and the whole world were good. Then he saw a group of boys oddly bunched before Infirmary's door, and Shaw was walking towards him across the grass.

Shaw's round face was dim behind his big glasses, and he was a senior and important and just the one to tell about Deveraux and the scholarship and the ice cream cart. He was sharp and keen and quick, and he'd see in an in-

By Gordon Malherbe Hillman



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT C. GELLERT

stant what a sham Deveraux really was.

Shaw was saying, "It's Deveraux. He fell out of a tree and broke his arm. They just took him in to Infirmary."

Chadwick stared and didn't say anything, and Shaw said, "I thought you'd want to know," quite coldly and walked away as if he hadn't really wanted to speak to Chadwick at all.

Chadwick stood there and told himself that Deveraux had no business being up in a tree and that it served him right if he fell out. He had to tell himself that, for he was thinking that Deveraux was frail and thin.

It was strange to have Deveraux's chair empty beside him at dinner in Hall; it was stranger still when he went back to the room they shared and tried to think about writing a thesis on the Spartans. It was strange how lonely the room seemed, for he'd always fought with Deveraux and always hated him. But now he missed having him there. The room was blank and empty, and he knew now he'd never tell that Deveraux was in School on a scholarship or that he sold ice cream; he'd never tell anyone. He couldn't.

He looked out, and a slim crescent moon was silvering Chapel clock and Chapel tower. He leaned out into the soft night and light rayed from one of Infirmary's windows. And that meant that Deveraux was tossing on a white cot and couldn't sleep.

HE LOOKED back into the room, and it was just as if Deveraux were still there. All his books were in a heap and his coat lay over a chair just where he'd flung it down. It was an old coat and frayed; it told Chadwick that Deveraux had had a hard time all his life. Chadwick hated to think of that; he hated to think of Deveraux, for he knew now that he'd been mean to him all the time.

He sat down and tried to write his thesis, and the words simply wouldn't come. It seemed, in that dark, empty room, as if the minutes stretched out endlessly, and then at last Chapel clock struck ten. And Chadwick had to get away from something in that room, and didn't know that it was himself.

He crept quietly down the stairs, for ten o'clock meant "Lights Out" and that he should have been in bed. He slipped out the door and into the dark. All around him, the School was sleeping, and the old buildings threw thin shadows across the moonlight. He didn't feel superior any more; he felt stunted and small and insignificant, and all the trees blew softly beneath the moon.

He looked up at Infirmary, and the light had gone out at last, and the thought of Deveraux, dim and huddled on a cot, was a stinging ache in his throat.

Everything was a sharp black in the silver fire of the moon, and somewhere behind the trees he heard a strange, choking sound. A small figure was huddled there in the dark, and it was one of the scrubs and he was sobbing.

Chadwick stooped over and peered

She was willing to sell ice cream from a cart . . . anything so that her brother could stay in school

at the boy and said, "What's wrong?"

The scrub was quite small, with black hair and bright black eyes, and he was so plump and apple-cheeked that it seemed strange to see him crying.

He looked up and said, "I'm sorry, sir. I didn't mean to."

His face was unutterably wretched, and Chadwick remembered him now. His name was Otto Heiler, and there was some old, old story about him.

"I can't sleep, sir," he was saying very precisely. "I just had to come out."

CHADWICK knew now. There had been another Otto Heiler in school, and that had been in 1914. He had to hurry off before commencement that year, for he was going home to Austria, and then he was coming back for senior term. . . . He never came back. He had been killed at Cattaro in 1916 A line on the School Memorial said: "LIEUTENANT, IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN NAVY." And now his nephew had come to the School.

Chadwick sat next to the lonely boy. It was strange, he thought, how at home he felt

"Homesick?" said Chadwick very softly.

Young Heiler nodded. "Where we live," he said slowly, "the wind always blows. And you can hear the sea. You can hear it all night."

That would be on the Adriatic, Chadwick thought, and that wasn't even Austria nowadays. It was some dim, faraway land, and young Heiler's prim, precise words were somehow so sharp that he could see it and hear it too. Something stirred in his blood, for his ancestors had all been coast folk. The small boy huddled there was homesick for the salt wind and the shouting sea. It was a sickness you couldn't stop.

Chadwick stooped down and said, "Don't you like the School?"

Young Heiler was standing up now and making himself neat. "Yes, sir," he said in his strange, clipped English. "Very much, sir. My uncle, he was here a long time ago."

They were standing under the big copper beech, and the first Otto Heiler had stood here on a soft fall night like this. He had stood here and laughed and spoken, and now he was only a name on the smooth stone of the Memorial for the Old Boys. He was dead, and his nephew was here in school.

It made Chadwick feel funny to think of it; and someone came swiftly through the dark, and Fuzzy was staring down at them and saying sharply, "What's this, young gentlemen?"

Fuzzy was Francis Pierce Adams, and he was assistant headmaster and supposed to be a famous classical scholar as well. Chadwick had never believed that; he'd thought that Fuzzy was just a stupid old man whose white fluff of whiskers waggled on his chin, who looked a little like a stork, and who would have been a disgrace to any decent school because his clothes were always baggy and his collar undone and his tie never straight. Chadwick wasn't so sure of that now; he wasn't sure of anything.

"You'd better come along with me, I think," Fuzzy was saying in that soft voice of his.

THEY stumbled into Fuzzy's house and into his library, and Chadwick said suddenly, "It's all my fault, sir."

Fuzzy looked at him as if he were surprised, and then looked at young Heiler. "Is it?" he asked.

"No, sir," said young Heiler.

Fuzzy cleared his throat and said, "I suppose you both know that it's quite a serious offense to be out of bounds after hours."

He looked at young Heiler, and young Heiler choked and didn't say anything, and Chadwick was surprised to hear his own voice: "He couldn't sleep, sir. He's homesick." He looked down at the rug and said, "I haven't any excuse for myself, sir."

"H'm," said Fuzzy. "Sit down, gentlemen." He lifted one eyebrow and stared at Chadwick. "Your roommate's in Infirmary, isn't he?" he asked.

Sally came into the room with that swift, boyish walk of hers. She was Fuzzy's daughter and had kept house for him since anyone could remember. Chadwick had always thought she was an awfully homely girl, that her hair was always disordered, that her face was studded with freckles, and that she was all knobs and angles. He'd never liked her at all, but he did now, and he stared at the shelves in Fuzzy's library and remembered that the boys said she never had any decent clothes because her father spent all his money on books.

She was standing here now in her old skirt and sweater, and she was saying, "Deveraux's better. I've just been over. He'll be all right."

She said it to Chadwick as if there was no one else in the room.

And Chadwick was telling her, as if they were old friends, "He couldn't sleep." He ran his hands through his hair and said, "He's had a hard time all his life. I didn't know—"

"Don't worry," said Sally. She put a hand on his shoulder as if she'd been a boy. She turned to young Heiler and said, "You're hungry. I'm going to get you some cake."

IT WAS strange how at home Chadwick felt. All the School was in the room, all the boys who had been there and gone, all the Old Boys, living or dead. And Chadwick knew it was because they were all in Fuzzy's mind; in all the years, he hadn't forgotten one of them. They were all there; they were all radiant and young, because that was the way he remembered them.

It made Chadwick choke; and Sally and young Heiler were sitting on the sofa, and something she'd said had made young Heiler laugh. It seemed as if boys had always laughed and been happy in this dim room.

"Where are you going this summer?" Sally was asking in her husky voice, and young Heiler stopped laughing and said, "Minnesota," and Chadwick knew he was sick and longing for the sea again.

But he had to listen to Fuzzy, and Fuzzy was pulling at his little beard and saying, "You know, Chadwick, Greek history is hardly one of your strong points. That's because you don't see it as it really was. Now, take the Spartans; they were a singularly tough-minded people, who—"

Fuzzy's voice droned on and on, and though Chadwick had always hated the Ancient Greeks, they were somehow all coming alive in the dim room. He could see their ships driving up the dark Aegean, and (*Continued on page 142*)

You're Telling ME!

WILLIAM SEABROOK AND WALTER DURANTY, TWO FAMOUS GLOBE-

Duranty, left—"Once on the Yellow River . . ." *Seabrook, right—"The strangest thing I've seen . . ."*

SEABROOK talks about DURANTY

WALTER DURANTY has been referred to in many languages as the "little man with the limp." He is slight of stature and he does limp, having lost his left foot twelve years ago in a railroad accident in France. But to me he will always be a very big man with a long, sure stride. In the last two decades that stride has carried him into the midst of the world's most dramatic events . . . into battle, bloodshed, famine, political earthquakes.

If you ask a newspaperman to name the world's greatest reporter, he will probably say Walter Duranty. And newspapermen think of him as an American, too, even though he was born in Liverpool, England, and has spent most of his life abroad, in strange lands among strange people. Walter is an Englishman, but he considers himself an American and much prefers New York life to that of London. Really, he is a citizen of the world.

Educated in English public schools and Cambridge University, where he was a classmate of Hugh Walpole, Duranty joined the European service of the *New York Times* in 1913 as "second man" in the Paris office. He was a front-line correspondent throughout the World War, and in 1921, already famous as a reporter, he was assigned to Moscow, Russia, to cover the famine. He has covered Russia since. Even as I write, he is packing to return. It was in Russia that he really hit his stride.

Immersing himself in the life of the Soviet Union, he became one of the world's foremost interpreters of its government and people. In 1932 his correspondence won the Pulitzer prize. In 1933 he accompanied Litvinov to the United States and is given credit, more than any other man, for our recognition of Russia. He has published several books, including *I Write as I Please*, but he likes to talk more than he likes to write . . . and he talks amazingly!

DURANTY talks about SEABROOK

TROTTING REPORTERS, CROSS TRAILS AND SWAP THRILLING YARNS

THERE is an old French proverb that "newspaper work leads to everything on condition that you get out of it." Willie Seabrook got out of it. Maryland-born in 1886, two years after my own advent, he worked for several years as city editor and reporter for Southern newspapers, then went to France as a war correspondent, where he lived for a while, as I always have, with his neck tied to the end of a telegraph wire and his nose glued to a grindstone. That's when Willie got out of it. But he didn't get out of reporting. Good writers never do.

In 1924, tired of routine, Seabrook struck out into the twilit realms of the earth in search of glamor and adventure. He found it first in Arabia, where he lived as a member of a Bedouin tribe, one of the few white men to have had the privilege. He dwelt with the Druses in the Arabian mountains, and for a while with whirling dervishes in Tripoli and the devil worshipers in Kurdistan. Then he went to Haiti to study the mystery and terror of voodooism. Then back to the Ivory Coast of Africa . . . across the Sahara by airplane . . . following romance along weird and dangerous paths, steeping himself in the lore of lost men.

And when Seabrook returned from the dark places of the earth, he set out upon a stranger trek than he had ever known —through the dark continent of the mind. A victim of alcoholism, he entered a sanitarium to be cured. And his report of his life there among the insane is one of the most sane and illuminating documents of recent years. He is cured now —of everything except his brave and boyish thirst for adventure.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUDOLF H. HOFFMANN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

"It was in Russia during the famine . . ."

"The Arabs calmly kicked him to death"

I HADN'T seen Walter Duranty since we loafed and picked roses together in Emma Goldman's garden on the Riviera in 1932. Now he was coming to visit me for a week end in Dutchess County, New York.

I thought it would be just the dogtrick one could play on an old friend and be forgiven, if I photographed and interviewed him, which he had persuaded the ship news reporters not to do when he landed here recently from a liner. "Look here, you fellows," he told them, "you know I'm a reporter on a regular daily newspaper, like yourselves, and dog don't eat dog."

So I submitted the idea to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. He said, "Well, you and Duranty are both reporters. Why don't you interview each other? Make it a dialogue instead of an interview, and see what comes of that."

"Dialogue on what?"

"Anything but international politics and economics. Anything else—soybeans, if you like. But if it's dumb I won't print it."

"Okay," I said. "We're not dumb." And planned it with no compunctions toward Walter. He had survived a railroad wreck in a tunnel—that is, all but one of his legs had survived it—war, famine, pestilence, innumerable blond ladies, the English public schools, air raids, and several Russian revolutions, so I knew he could survive this. It seemed fair, too, if I were going to bite him, to give him a chance to bite me back, so a dialogue-interview between reporters it would be.

I bought an enormous ham to whittle on, set extra plates and glasses for the candid cameraman and the stenographer, who were coming to my home in Rhinebeck, N. Y., and sat down to figure out just where I should bite first. When Duranty arrived, I had it.

"Walter," I said, "we're good reporters. We've been in a lot of strange spots and seen a lot of strange things. So I'm not going to ask you about soybeans or international politics, no matter how much you want to talk about them. I'm just (*Continued on page 105*)

THE STOLEN God

What has happened so far:

THE Emerald Buddha was the king's symbol of power in Siam. When it was stolen, Ned Holden, an American raised in the Orient, offered to recover it. He suspected Griffin, an American collector of Oriental art, and, disguised as a Laotian chieftain, joined his expedition. Virginia, Griffin's daughter, and André Chambon, her fiancé, were in the party.

Griffin and Virginia penetrated Ned's disguise, offering to help him against Chambon. The Buddha was involved in a political or religious plot. Ned discovered the Buddha, and Griffin took a diamond from its forehead. But the Buddha disappeared again. And Koh-Ken, Ned's servant, was murdered by Pu-Bow, a Laotian bearer, for spying on Chambon. Ned went with Pu-Bow to a native ceremony and saw Nokka, Pu-Bow's supposed mother, crowned queen. The story continues:

AT SUNDOWN of another fruitless day, Ned and Daniel Griffin sat with St. Pierre, the French governor, taking stock of their situation.

"If old Nokka's claim is true," Ned said, "then she's Queen of Laos."

"I see no reason for doubting it," St. Pierre answered. "But of course her status would be more queen-mother than actual sultana."

"In any case, her son Pu-Bow—in our outfit as a coolie—is the King of Laos."

"Nominally, yes. Of course, we knew already that The Leopard swayed enormous influence among the Laotians. But it seems strange that our spies

Ned stood ready to shoot—but Chambon missed his footing and fell crashing down the stone stairs

never found out he was in direct line from the throne."

"The secret was closely guarded. Even last night the mandarins took pains to treat him merely as an equal. Perhaps they are afraid that the French might send such a politically dangerous figure into exile."

"A well-grounded fear," St. Pierre murmured, with a smile.

"But if you arrest him now, the plot against the Emerald Buddha will be postponed and we'll lose out," Ned went on.

Griffin reached forward and tapped Ned's knee. "Now maybe you're ready to tell us what *is* the plot against the Emerald Buddha and how Chambon comes in on it. I see you've got a glitter in your eye."

Ned knocked out his pipe. "I'll tell you my theory, such as it is. Chambon was the child of

By Edison Marshall

an unhappy marriage between a noble Corsican woman, interested in Buddhism, and a profligate French nobleman. Chambon grew up, a passionate devotee of his mother's religion, an enthusiastic antiquary and Orientalist, and hating everything French. And then he fell in with a romantic figure who changed the whole current of his life—Pu-Bow, The Leopard, the lost King of Laos."

"But did Pu-Bow ever go to France?" Griffin demanded.

Ned let St. Pierre answer for him: "We believe so. Certainly he disappeared from his mountain stronghold about eight years ago, and did not give us any trouble for three years."

"I think he and his mother went to France to meet some international spies and try to plot revolution," Ned continued, "and that's where they learned to speak such perfect French. From Pu-Bow's lips Chambon probably heard a story that thrilled his poetic soul: how some day an alien would come—'across the sea,' as the old ritual had it—to restore the Emerald Buddha to its rightful place, and bring back the lost glories of the ancient kingdom."

"Good enough guessing so far," Griffin said, after a pause. "And then what?"

"I think somehow those two royal Laotians became convinced that Chambon was the man of the prophecy—and convinced *him*."

"Men will do queer things for religion," Griffin muttered. "Still, it sounds farfetched."

Ned knew it. He made a hopeless gesture. "How else are we going to explain what happened? Anyway, the fantastic plot was formed, and at last means were found to carry it out. You, Griffin—visiting France and collecting Oriental art for a St. Louis museum—supplied the means."

THERE fell a brief silence. "But how could they hope to restore the Emerald Buddha to the Laotian people?" St. Pierre demanded. "They knew my government would send it right back to Siam."

"Probably it was to be kept inside the wooden Buddha, its presence known only to a few priests, until such time as the Laotians could gather strength to throw off French rule. Now we've ruined that plan, and they are seeking another hiding place, perhaps in the Cave of the Million Buddhas."

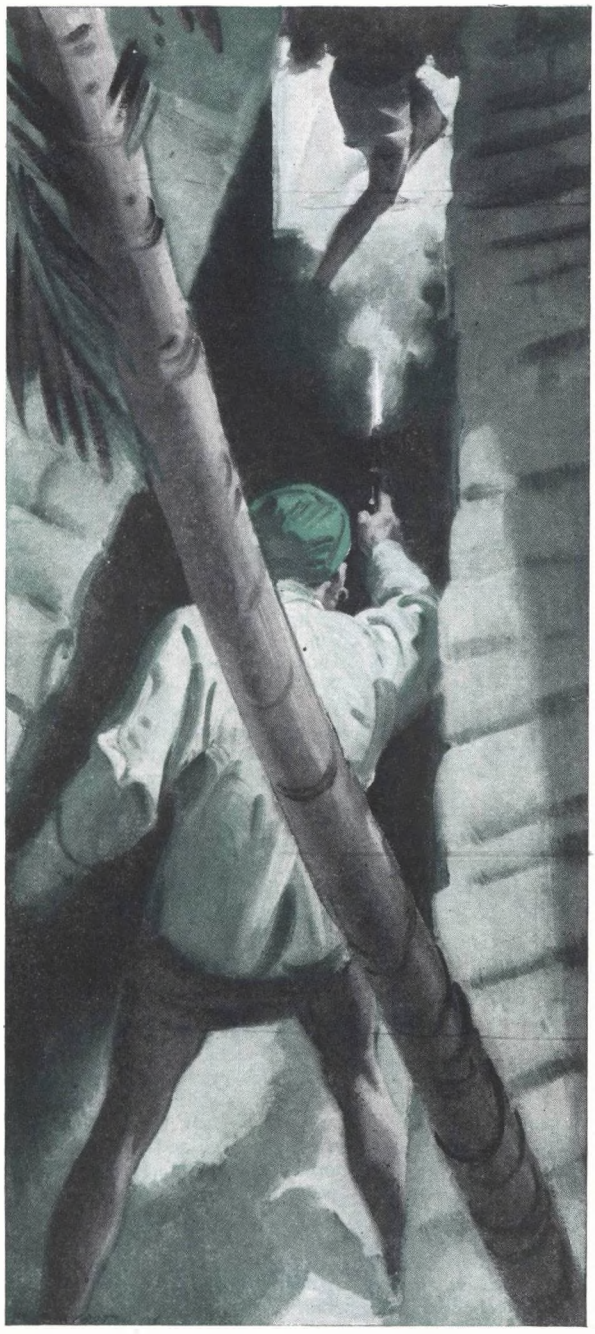
"The very place we would look first," St. Pierre objected.

"I know it. *They* know it. They must have something up their sleeves, perhaps a counterfeit Emerald Buddha to foist off on Siam. We must be prepared for anything."

"And we must be especially careful tonight and tomorrow," his Excellency volunteered. "By a stupid oversight,

my copy of the Pali inscription was open on my desk when Chambon called on me this afternoon, and he may have recognized it."

Ned did not try to deny that this was bad news. The chance to steal a march on Chambon was definitely diminished. Knowing the French had obtained the Pali writings, Chambon might completely change his plans, or else rush them through before the inscription could be translated and its meaning made known.



ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Pu-Bow turned with a snarl when Ned demanded the diamond. Ned's pistol cracked sharply

"Then it's deuces wild from now on, with the limit off," Griffin said. . . .

When Virginia encountered Ned in the hall of the bungalow, and he stopped her with a look of entreaty, she could not pass by unheeding.

"Virginia, haven't you relented—just a little?"

"It was you who wouldn't relent." Her hair showed glints of gold even in the dimness of the passage. "I only begged mercy for a man who's not responsible for his actions. And if—you'd only grant it—"

But Koh-Ken's ghost still walked in Ned's way. "I promised you Chambon would have every chance to prove his innocence."

"I see. It stands just where we left it. There's no use talking any more."

She turned to go, but he towered in front of her. "One thing, at least, stands just where we left it—and won't ever change. I love you."

She recoiled, with a deep-drawn breath. "I can't answer that. You've raised a wall between us." And then, as she felt his hands close on her own, "But I'll make one more request."

He nodded, and stilled her trembling hands.

"Please be careful," she went on at last. "Even Koh-Ken wouldn't want you to lose your life, trying to avenge him. You may think I'm only trying to scare you off to protect André—"

"I don't think that, Virginia."

"I'm only trying—to protect you."

Then she broke from his grasp and sped on down the hall. . . .

VIRGINIA retired to her room soon after dinner. On the excuse of an appointment with a native jade merchant, Chambon left the bungalow and set out into the clouded, hot night. Little Hai-Lai, St. Pierre's police officer, attempted to trail him, but soon returned with word that he had lost him in the alleys of the Chinese quarter. And in the meantime both Pu-Bow and old Nokka had vanished from the servants' room. Plainly they were with Chambon—somewhere.

But Ned was not beaten yet . . . he waited in the dark courtyard with a strange sense of expectancy . . . and he did not wait long or in vain.

"T'Fan?" It was the same guttural voice he had heard in the cavern.

"Yes?" Ned's heart made a great bound.

"We be only the Little People, but we know how to trail wild cattle through elephant grass. Tonight I followed the scent that Hai-Lai lost."

"You mean you know where Chambon is? Can you take me to him?"

"Safely, lord. So you can spy on him and hear his words. Will you follow me?"

It might be a trap. How could Ned tell? Yet his judgment warned him he must take the chance, and his inmost intuition backed it up. Moving through these dark events was an unknown friendly power.

"I will follow, but go slowly, lest I lose you in the darkness."

At once the little feet pattered away. Ned followed their sound—down the alley, along a cross street, through a deserted courtyard, and into what seemed to be the garden of a fine native residence.

"Take my hand," the guide whispered.

Ned groped in the darkness, and something in the clutch of those little monkeylike fingers on his own removed the last of his doubts and fears. At least they were warm, living, and Ned knew he had found a friend.

Impalpable as a black (*Continued on page 158*)

20 years a hostess in the WASHINGTON Social Whirl

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman is one of Washington's most famous hostesses. She has entertained distinguished statesmen, diplomats, princes, and generals. Here, good-humoredly, she talks, behind their backs

By Mrs. J. Borden Harriman

THERE is more than just a frivolous urge in the social life of our capital city. There is a real exchange of thoughts and ideas when people drawn from many groups forgather.

While ambassador to the United States during the Great War, the late Lord Reading told me that he found dining out restful. It diverted him from the tangled problems of statecraft. Many of our statesmen share this view, if one may judge by the number who whirl on the social merry-go-round.

Washington parties are spared monotony by the many types that are brought together. Nowhere, except in London, can the hostess command guests so varied and interesting. They include diplomats, justices, members of Congress, scientists, Army and Navy officers, and journalists.

In a sense, this is the least snobbish of cities. The highest officials go to the houses of any people they like, no matter how simple the settings. I have met vice-presidents more than once in small apartments where a single maid was responsible for all the housework. One popular couple, who give particularly delightful dinners, have no servants. The hostess cooks the dinner, and she and the host take turns removing the empty plates and bringing on the next course. The food, too, is excellent and the conversation sparkling. There are usually six or eight guests, and out of that number two or three will be senators.

Of course, precedence is a serious consideration, but it is governed by rank, not by bank accounts as in New York. Sometimes men heralded as the most democratic prove to be the greatest sticklers for having their proper places. Once, in my house, a Supreme Court justice refused to go into the dining-room until he was assured that his place was on my right. All this hubbub would seem childish were it not for the explanation that the supposed slight would not be to the man personally but to his official position.

Any novelty is much sought after by hostesses. A newly elected senator, a brain-truster, or a budding columnist finds himself a momentary prima donna. The fluctuations of popularity are amusing to watch.

THE advent of Raymond Moley as Assistant Secretary of State brought about an immediate scramble to date him for dinners and luncheons. At that time he was the New Dealer who most often made the front page. The hostesses who secured him felt that they had gained added kudos. This didn't, however, deter some of them from being his loudest detractors, once his power waned.

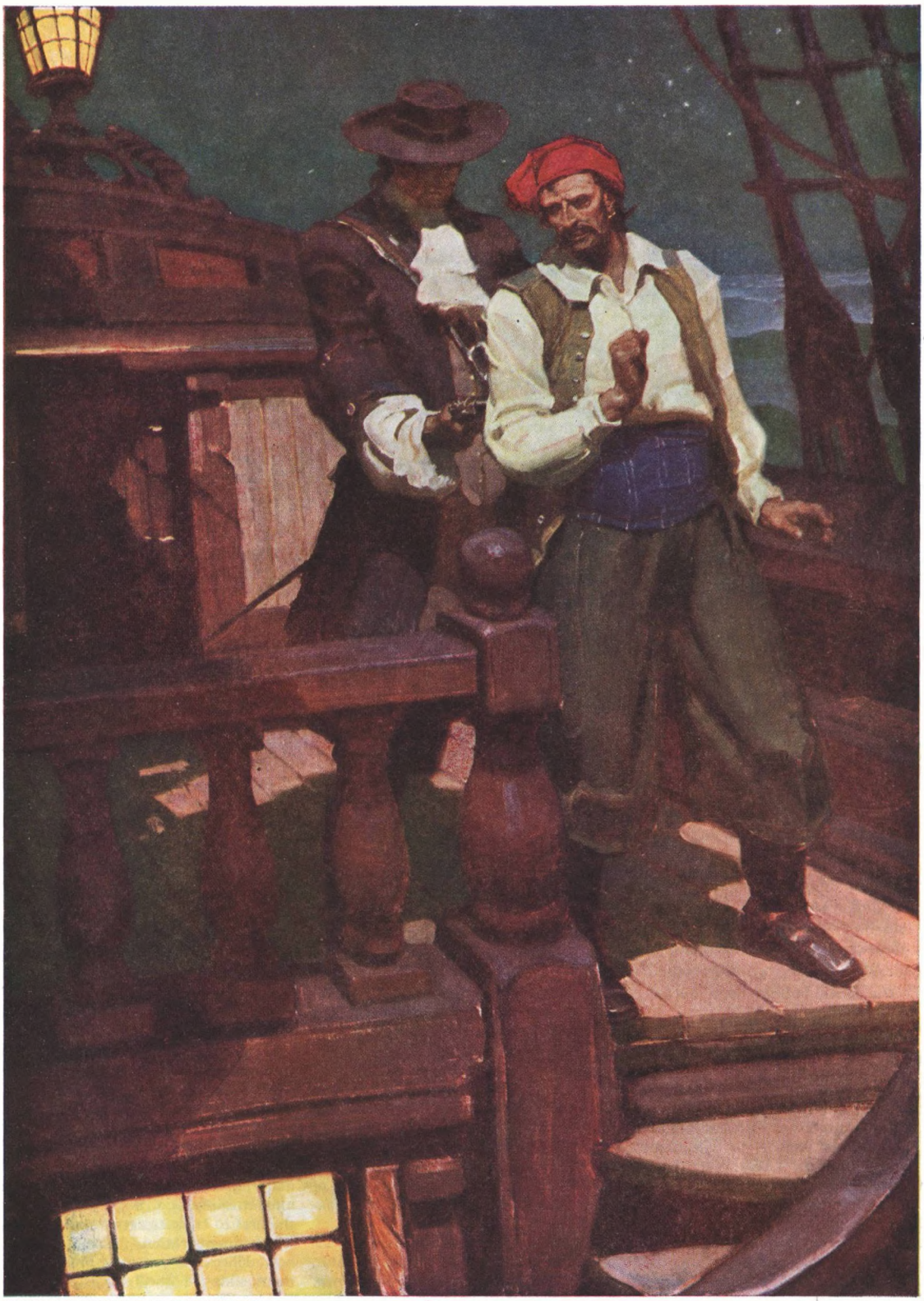
The Disarmament Conference in 1921 was a real field day for hostesses. Visiting celebrities from all countries were as thick as New York policemen, and they made charming and willing guests. Visitors to Washington eagerly recalled real and imaginary previous acquaintances. In many ways it was a repetition of the Prince of Wales's visit in 1919.

At that time Lord Grey of Falloden turned to me at a reception and, with a puzzled expression, asked the identity of the handsome woman who had just accosted him.

"Dear Lord Grey," she gushed, "it's so delightful to see you again. We haven't met since that day in St. James's Palace!"

"Dear lady," Lord Grey replied, "how good of you to remember! It was so long ago. My father took me there when I was eight years old, and I have never been there since."

To old-timers here it is noticeable that every administration, after its honeymoon period, is unpopular with the majority of diners-out. Those who are most enthusiastic to begin with are often the first to criticize extravagantly. But wise administration "fans," knowing how ephemeral are such opinions, let them slide off their backs like snow from a slanting roof. At least, such is my observation (*Continued on page 76*)



FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY MEAD SCHAEFER

Captain Blood pressed a pistol into the mate's back. "So you were going to betray me?" he snarled

By Rafael Sabatini

BLOOD Money

There is a price on the dauntless pirate's head. Who dares try to collect it?

IT WAS a Spanish atrocity upon a party of English pearl fishers in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Maracaibo that inspired in Captain Blood the project of raiding the pearl fisheries of Rio de La Hacha. The enterprise was fraught with more than ordinary danger because the Admiral of the Ocean-Sea, the Marquis of Riconete, cruising with a powerful squadron off the Main, was fiercely vigilant. So rudely had Captain Blood handled him that the admiral dared not return to Spain with the disgrace of it upon him, and his vindictiveness was proclaimed in his far-flung announcement that he would pay the enormous sum of 50,000 pieces of eight for the person of Captain Blood, dead or alive, or for information resulting in his capture.

If, then, the raid upon La Hacha was to succeed, it was of the first importance that it should be carried out smoothly and swiftly. To this end, Captain Blood undertook a preliminary reconnaissance. Molting his normal courtly plumage, discarding gold lace and Mechlin, he dissembled his long person in brown homespun and woolen stockings, plain linen bands, and a hat without adornment. He discarded his black periwig and swathed his cropped head in a kerchief of black silk that was like a skullcap. In this guise, leaving at Tortuga his fleet, consisting now of four powerful ships manned by close upon a thousand buccaneers, he sailed alone for Curaçao in a trading vessel, and there transferred himself to a broad-beamed Dutchman that voyaged regularly between that settlement and Cartagena.

Representing himself as a buyer of hides, and assuming the name of Tormillo and a mixed Dutch and Spanish origin, he landed at Rio de La Hacha on a Monday in June, having arranged that on the following Friday morning the Dutchman, on his way back from Cartagena, should call to take him off again.

HE TOOK lodgings at the Escudo de Leon, ingratiated himself with the merchants of La Hacha by the quantity of hides he agreed to purchase, and by Thursday evening had smoothly accomplished all that he came to do. He was acquainted with the exact armament and condition of the fort, with the extent and quality of the military establishment, the situation and defenses of the royal treasury, where the harvest of pearls was stored; he had even contrived to inspect the fishery where the pearling boats were at work under the protection of a ten-gun guard, and he had ascertained that Riconete, having flung out scouts, made his headquarters with his squadron at Cartagena, a hundred and fifty miles away.

All this he had accomplished without a false move that should make his identity suspected. But, returning to his lodging as dusk was falling that Thursday evening, he received a message which checked his satisfaction. He was informed that a Spanish gentleman, Don Jayme de Villamarga, had been seeking him there and would return again in an hour's time. The stifling heat of the evening was suddenly diminished for him. But he kept his countenance.

"Don Jayme de Villamarga?" he repeated slowly, giving himself time to think. "There was a gentleman of that name once in Santiago of Puerto Rico."

"It is the same, sir," the landlord answered him. "He was governor there, I think—or, at least, alcalde—until a year or two ago."

"And he asked for me?"

"For you, Señor Tormillo."

Captain Blood breathed more freely, whilst the host continued:

"He came back today from the interior with a parcel of green hides which he desires to offer you."

"Don Jayme a trader?"

The fat little vintner spread his hands. "What would you, sir? In the New World such things can happen to a

hidalgo when he is not fortunate."

Captain Blood took off his hat and mopped his brow. Quite apart from the prospect—welcome to a gentleman in adversity—of earning 50,000 pieces of eight, Don Jayme would be eager enough to lay him by the heels. There was one thing only to be done. Impossible to await the return of the Dutch ship in the morning. In some sort of vessel, he must get out of La Hacha at once.

Protesting that he could not put a gentleman born to the trouble of seeking him again, he desired to be informed of where Don Jayme was to be found. But when he stepped out of the inn again it was not to follow the landlord's careful directions. Instead, it was towards the harbor that Captain Blood took his brisk way down a street that was almost deserted at this supper hour.

He was within fifty yards of the water when the peace of eventide was broken by sounds of murderous strife from an alley on his left. Preoccupations on his own account might have kept him from intervening but for an exclamation from one of those busy swordsmen.

"Dog of an Englishman!" was the vituperative cry he heard.

IN FOREIGN lands, to any man who is not dead to feeling, a compatriot is a brother. Blood plunged into the gloom of the alley, his hand on the butt of a pistol inside the breast of his coat. Then it occurred to him that here was noise enough already and, since the last thing he desired was to attract spectators by increasing it, he whipped out his rapier instead.

By the little light that lingered he could make out the group. Three men were assailing a fourth, a tall fellow, who, with his back to a closed door and his left arm swathed in his coat so as to make a buckler, offered a defense that was as desperate as it must ultimately prove futile. That he could stand for a moment against such odds argued an unusual toughness. At a little distance beyond the brawling quartet the slight figure of a woman, cloaked and hooded, leaned in helplessness against the wall.

Blood's descent upon the group was stealthy, swift, and practical. His sword went through the back of the nearest of the three assailants.

"That will adjust the odds," he explained, and cleared his blade in time to engage a gentleman who whirled to face him, spitting blasphemies with Castilian fluency. He broke ground nimbly, enveloped a vicious thrust in a counter-parry, and drove his steel through the blasphemer's sword arm.

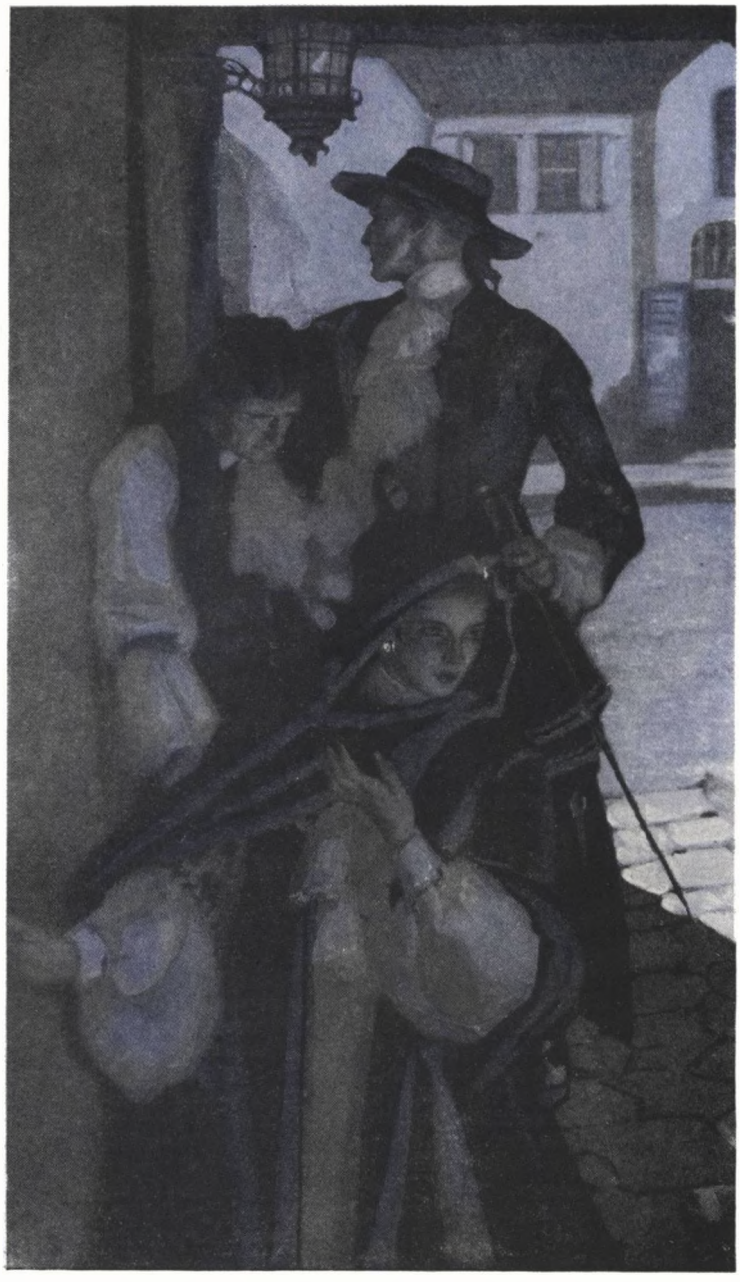
Out of action, the man reeled back, and the only remaining Spaniard, not liking the odds of two to one, gave way before Blood's charge. In a moment, though still shouting threats and curses, he and his wounded fellow were in flight, leaving their fallen companion to lie.

At Blood's side, the man he had rescued almost collapsed against him, breathing in gasps. "Assassins!" he said. "Another minute would have seen the end of me."

The woman darted to him and spoke in fearful urgency, first in Spanish, then in English: "Run, George, run! Quick! To the boat! We are almost there."

This mention of a boat encouraged Blood to hope that in helping a stranger he had helped himself. His hands played briskly over the man, and came away wet from his left shoulder. He made no more ado. He hitched the fellow's right arm round his neck, gripped him about the waist to support him, and bade the girl lead on. Her ready obedience, in spite of obvious panic on the score of her man's hurt, was a proof to Blood of wit and courage. They came out of the alley and across the mole, disregarding the odd wayfarers who paused to stare after

"Quick! To the boat!" cried the woman, as the wounded man slumped against Captain Blood



them, to a spot where a longboat waited.

Two men rose out of it—Indians or half-castes, their bodies naked from waist to shoulder. One of them sprang ashore, then checked, peering through the gloom at the wounded man. "What's the matter with the gentleman?"

"He has been hurt. Help him down carefully. Make haste." She flung fearful glances over her shoulder whilst they obeyed her.

Then Blood, standing in the boat, profered her his hand. "Aboard, ma'am." He was peremptory. "I am coming with you."

"But we sail now, sir, at once. We're in deadly peril and we dare not stay."

"Faith, no more dare I. It is very well. Aboard, ma'am!" And he almost pulled her into the boat, ordering the men to give way.

IF SHE experienced surprise, this was lost in concern for her wounded companion. She went to crouch at his side in the stern sheets, and then, as they sped over the dark water towards a ship's lantern a half-mile away, the deft fingers of the buccaneer, who had once been a surgeon, located the wound, high in the shoulder, and announced it no great matter. To confirm him, the fellow, recovering already from a faintness due to loss of blood, answered the girl's fond crooning with a soft laugh and an allusion in jesting terms to his escape.

From the scraps of talk that followed between them, Blood pieced together the situation. They were an eloping pair, these two, this tough Englishman whose name was George Fairfax and this little hidalga of the great family of Sotomayor, who, fearful of pursuit, continually looked back towards the receding mole. But by the time that agitated lights came dancing at last at the water's edge, the longboat was bumping alongside a two-masted brig and a gruff English voice was hailing them from the deck.

The lady was the first up the accommodation ladder. Then followed Fairfax, with Blood immediately and so close behind him as almost to be carrying him aboard. In the waist Fairfax steadied himself against a bulkhead, and by his sharp orders interrupted the questions of the mate who had received them:

"No time to get the boat aboard, Tim. Take her in tow. And don't stay to take up anchor. Cut the cable. Hoist sail, and let's away! Thank God, the wind serves. There'll be the alcalde and all the alguazils of La Hacha on our heels. So stir your bones, Tim."

A blast of the mate's whistle brought a patter of naked feet across the deck. His orders to the four men who sprang to obey and to the two still in the boat alongside were brisk and savage.

"But this gentleman, George," the lady cried. "You forget him. He does not know where we go."

"It's little I'm caring where you go," said Blood, "so long as it's away from La Hacha."

There was a pause. Then Fairfax laughed softly. "You're running away, too, are you? It seems all of a piece. Come along, then."

The girl preceding them, they made their way down to the cabin, a place of fair proportions, rudely equipped and lighted by a slush lamp swinging above the bare table. A Negro lad emerging from a stateroom on the port side cried out at sight of the blood with which his master's shirt was drenched.

Blood assumed authority. He ordered the Negro to find the ship's medicine chest and to fetch hot water from the galley; then he almost lifted Fairfax in his arms, carried him through the doorway which the steward had left open, and got him to bed just as his senses were beginning to swim again. There, having disposed him in a sitting posture, propped by all the pillows available, Blood cut away his sodden shirt and laid bare his vigorous torso.

WHEN presently the steward returned, the lady followed him, to stand hesitating in the doorway, offering her help. Through the ports that stood open to the purple night she had heard the creak of blocks and the thud of the sails as they took the wind, and it was in immense relief that she felt at last the forward heave of the unleashed brig.

Seen now in the light, she confirmed the impressions Blood had already formed of her. A slight wisp of womanhood, little more than a child not long out of the hands of the nuns, she showed him a winsome, eager face and two vivid eyes intensely black against the waxen pallor in which they were set. Her gold-laced gown of black, with beautiful point of Spain at throat and wrists and some pearls of obvious price, was, like the proud air investing her, that of a person of rank.

Assisted by her and by the Negro, who answered to the name of Alcatrace, Captain Blood worked upon the man for love of whom this little hidalga of the great house of Sotomayor was burning her boats. Carefully he washed the purple lips of the wound, which was still oozing. In the medicine chest he had found at least some arnica, and of this made a liberal application. It produced a fiercely reviving effect.

"By heaven!" cried Fairfax. "Do you burn me, curse (*Continued on page 98*)

Ladies on RELIEF

By Freeman Tilden

THE Florence K. Stapleton Foundation for the Assistance of Unfortunate Women closed its local activities in our town in the month of March, 1922. It had got to the point, at that time, where you couldn't tell who was unfortunate and who had merely fractured the shackles of Victorian prejudice.

This decision, on the part of the Foundation, cost Miss Abbie Shadlin her job. Although Miss Abbie was forewarned, the closing of the local branch stunned her. She had labored among us—or perhaps I should say, among *them*—for eighteen years. When she began her work, it was the fashion to wear imitation cherries on ladies' bonnets. There were three cherries on Miss Abbie's—two bright red ones, and a yellow one with a red blush. In the course of eighteen years one of these cherries was lost or stolen. If I tell you that, in 1935, Miss Abbie was still wearing the other two cherries, you will get a better picture of the dear lady than I could confect.

It was not the loss of the salary that bothered Abbie Shadlin. The salary was little better than a stipend; a stipend is little better than an honorarium; and an honorarium is little better than a campaign button. Still, it was something; and all that Abbie needed, in addition to the dividends on her humble legacy of public utility stocks, was something. No; what bothered Abbie Shadlin was that her lifework had suddenly been erased, and at her age, an age which is delicately called "uncertain," it is no easy thing to discover a new enthusiasm.

As she pondered over it, however, Abbie freely admitted that her activities had dwindled to the vanishing point and the directors of the Foundation were justified in closing the local bureau. In fact, at the time of quitting, there was only one unfortunate woman left on the case list. This was Suzanne Agathe Bilodard. Of course, to speak broadly, there were still unfortunate people in town; but they were not unfortunate in exactly the way comprised in the purpose of the Foundation.

Suzanne had been at once Abbie Shadlin's problem, her affection, and her job. She was a problem because she promised to mend her ways and never did. Every three weeks she wept copiously upon Abbie's angular shoulder and made a solemn promise. But she made the promise in the Canadian patois, which Abbie could not understand—and neither could a Parisian. When Suzanne was excited she spoke fast, and when she spoke fast it was like the Lachine Rapids. But Abbie was unrestrainedly fond of Suzanne. Almost everybody was fond of Suzanne, in one way or another.

Soon after the local branch of the Foundation closed and Abbie had retreated dully into the virginal fastness of her little three-room house, Suzanne called, to find out what had happened to her spiritual adviser.

"What's the matter you don't come to see me no more, Miss Shadlin, eh?"

ABBIE received her guest with a hearty kiss on the cheek. That was Abbie. She would have kissed her if she had been a withered hag instead of the rosy, bounding, buxom, bright-eyed, if illiterate, person she was. "I did mean to come to see you, I really did," replied Abbie. "I have been feeling peaked, what with the damp weather, and the office closing, and such."

"What office closing?" asked Suzanne.

"Yes, I meant to tell you. I don't work for the Foundation any more, Suzanne. The head people have discontinued it."

"La, la! That's a shame, Miss Shadlin. They fire you, eh? Just the same if you worked in the cottons mill. That's the way with the world, Miss Shadlin. What you do now?"

"Why, I really don't know, dear. Of course, I'm not rich, but I'm alone in the world and I don't need much money. I shall be all right."

"*Ouai.* But who come to see me now, to talk nice to me and make me better

girl and t'ings? Who will? Tell me!"

"Bless your heart, Suzanne," said Abbie, deeply moved. "I am your friend always. I want you to come and see me *just* whenever you feel the need of me."

"You bet my life I will, Miss Shadlin. You are the nicest lady I ever know. *Ouai*, that's right. I'm going to give you some money every week, Miss Shadlin. I t'ink you need it."

"No, no, no!" cried Abbie, in terror. "I don't need it, Suzanne. But it is sweet of you, just the same."

Thereupon Abbie Shadlin put her lean arms around Suzanne, and very soon Suzanne was in tears and speaking very fast in sniffly Canadian. Abbie, when she saw her visitor to the door, wept a little too, and felt sure that her words had produced at least a salutary effect upon her ewe lamb.

Perhaps they did. Not long afterward Suzanne left town. She gave it out that she was going back to St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. But she also gave it out that she was going to New Orleans. Perhaps Suzanne was going to St. Hyacinthe by way of the New Orleans races.

AFTER Suzanne left town there was positively nothing for Abbie Shadlin to do. She moped. Sometimes she almost wished that the unfortunate women hadn't all changed or gone away. She had been so happy when she was trying to make them less unfortunate. But as soon as she almost wished this she perceived the iniquity of such thoughts, and uttered a frightened prayer for pardon.

Miss Shadlin received only one missive from Suzanne. That was soon after her former problem left town. It was from San Francisco. So Suzanne had evidently decided to return to St. Hya-

Abbie Shadlin really loved Suzanne . . . for a bad girl she was incredibly nice

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

cinthe, Quebec, by way of the Great Circle. The post card was addressed in a strong, masculine hand. At first, Miss Abbie was distressed to think that Suzanne was so far away from home and friends. But, on reflection, she was comforted by the thought that Suzanne made friends easily and could no doubt get along anywhere. . . .

WITH the decline in dividends from her stocks, Abbie Shadlin found her resources strained. She became panicky, and sought advice. Aging ladies seem never, somehow, to patronize the right sources of financial information, even when such exist. Such advice as Abbie followed, she had received gratis; but recipients of free advice are not beneficiaries; they are donors. So Miss Shadlin discovered.

Two years' taxes were due on Abbie's little cottage. Theoretically, the place should have been sold, like some others, but the town was not hankering to enter the real estate business, so Abbie remained in possession. Finally, though she was an austere eater, even food became scant. She then, with her pride maimed and limp, had recourse to the welfare department. She went there one morning, about ten o'clock, wandered up and down the corridor of the town building, hovered near the door marked "Poor Department," and at last timidly turned the knob and entered. Even before she went in she heard loud voices inside. It was one of Horace Newcomb's busy days.

Mr. Newcomb was a man with a very loud voice and a very red face; and, as Abbie entered, the gentleman's face and voice were extending themselves:

"Now, I tell you you're not going to get another nickel of welfare out of this town, Suzanne! I don't care a hoot if you did establish residence here. I admit you lived here. But you been gallivanting all over the world since then."

"I live here before; I live here now. You got to pay me whalefare," was the cool reply. "Don't make no difference what you t'ink. I know what law is. You yell yourself till you get sick, Mister Newcomb; you got to pay me whalefare."

Abbie Shadlin gasped. The buxom figure standing before Horace Newcomb was that of Suzanne Agathe Bilodard. She had gained in weight; she looked older, surely; but the rosy complexion and indefinable charm were still on her countenance. Abbie stifled a cry of recognition, and listened.

"We'll see about that! You can't come back here and impose on us, Suzanne. Why, *you* don't need welfare. You were seen"—here Horace pointed an accusing finger at Miss Bilodard—"you were seen buying a fur coat—an expensive fur coat—down at Shackleford's yesterday afternoon. Think I don't know? Why, my wife can't afford a new fur coat!"

"Your wife ain't ver' pretty," replied Suzanne judicially. "If it ain't for us nice-looking women, the fur business would be on bum—all the trappers lose his jobs."

"I won't talk with you—get out of here!" yelled Mr. Newcomb.

"I don't whant you talk with me. I whant my whalefare."

Horace was beginning to wheeze, like a clock that has run down. He begged, "Don't you see, Suzanne, you're taking all my time, with all these other people waiting?"

Suzanne looked in the direction of the pointed finger, which happened to be directed straight at Abbie Shadlin. She saw her former benefactress, and her ruddy lips opened wide. Her dark eyes glistened. "Why, Miss Shadlin! La, la! The sight of you is certainly good for eyes! Oh, I think of you so often, Miss Shadlin! You were so nice to me, other time."

SUZANNE darted from her obdurate official, swept across the room, and gathered Abbie into her arms. Then, perceiving distress both in the face and in the threadbare garments of the other woman, Suzanne's eyes became moist. "Miss Shadlin, what *you* doing here? You ain't—?"

Abbie nodded, trying to smile. "Yes, Suzanne, I—I had to. I can't get along without. My money is all gone. I guess I'm no better than anybody else. I held off as long as I could. I didn't know you were back in town, Suzanne."

"Oh, I been back long while. But they say you ain't live here no more."

"I was with a relative in Pennsylvania. She is poor, too, so I couldn't stay. They told me that I ought to come back here—where I could get help. So I came. I still have my house here."

"Miss Shadlin, don't you be worry; (*Continued on page 144*)

IN THE GROOVE

★

By WILLIAM CORBIN

Dramatically spotlighting, in a few paragraphs, that moment in a man's life when he stands at the crossroads

WHILE trying to decide whether to be a surgeon or a professional baseball player, Robert V. Fleming, at the age of seventeen, took a temporary job as messenger for the century-old Riggs National Bank, in Washington, D. C.

As a protégé of Captain Charles R. Reynolds, now surgeon general of the United States Army, the youngster read medical books and haunted the army hospitals, where Captain Reynolds sometimes permitted him to witness surgical operations. On Saturdays the boy played star baseball in the amateur league.

Five years later, at twenty-two, Bob Fleming still worked at The Riggs National Bank. He had risen quite indifferently from the position of messenger to a clerkship in the transit department. His original salary of $25 a month had been no more than doubled. But he didn't mind that so much; he still intended to be a surgeon or a baseball player. The point was, which?

Then along came the girl of his dreams. They were married. He realized that he *had* to make up his mind. Surgeon or ball player?

"But you don't have to be either," said his bride. "You're already what you are. You're a banker."

A banker? Bob Fleming had never thought of it before. After all, why not begin where he was?

That was the turning point. The income tax law had just come into effect. Nobody seemed to understand them. Every night for weeks he studied the new law, and then he asked the officers of his bank to permit him to give advice to customers. The request was granted, and Washington businessmen made a beeline for the Riggs bank.

In 1925, at the age of thirty-five, Robert V. Fleming had made himself an expert in so many fields of banking that the board of directors unanimously elected him president of his bank. And a few months ago he was elected president of the American Bankers' Association.

Robert V. Fleming has the zest of a baseball pitcher and the analytical ability of a diagnostician. Everything he wanted to be he combined in the profession in which he has reached the top.

AN AMERICAN MINIATURE

Salute to Summer

SMART wives know that no matter how tempting cold cuts, salads and other summer dishes may be . . . the grand combination is cold meals "built around" hot soup. There are 21 delightful kinds of Campbell's Soups to vary the summer menus. With the help of these it's easy to have delightful, nourishing meals . . . quickly and without fuss. Another advantage not to be overlooked—being condensed, Campbell's Soups are most reasonable in price.

Campbell's NOODLE WITH CHICKEN SOUP

This delicious soup is made just as you like it—with lots and lots of hearty egg noodles, delicious pieces of chicken meat, and a full-bodied rich chicken broth. Here is a soup that you will want to serve again and again ... to please everyone in the family.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

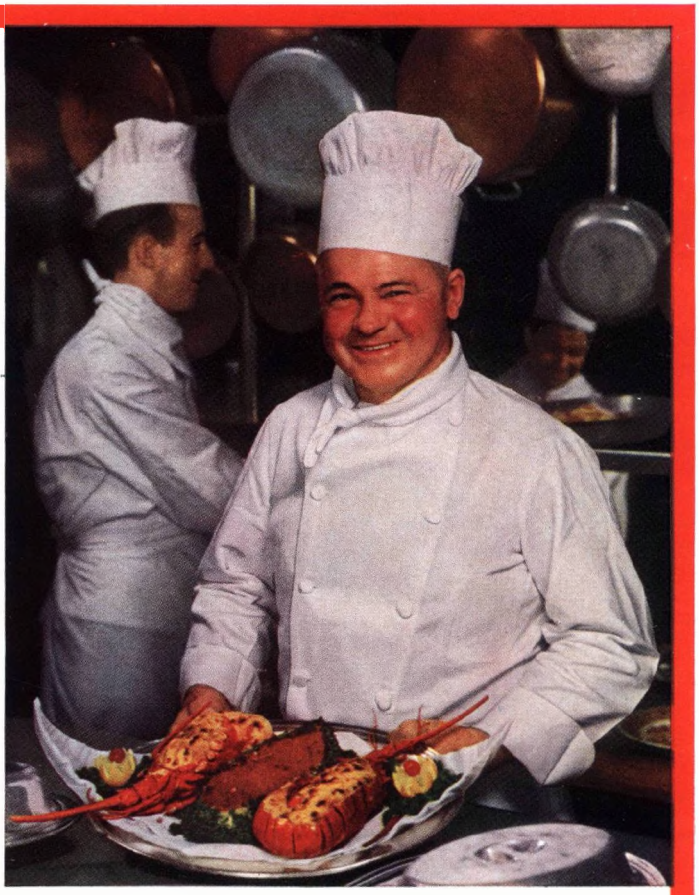
Campbell's VEGETABLE-BEEF SOUP

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup is substantial and sustaining without being heavy, having the nourishment of tempting pieces of tender meat, choice vegetables and a rich beef broth. Many people say Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup is a meal in itself!

I'm the champion
Of the course—
Campbell's gives me
Driving force.

UNDER THE BIG TOP. Watching Miss Dorothy Herbert of Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey, you marvel at her poise. Miss Herbert says: "I'm a devoted Camel smoker. Smoke all I want—eat anything I care for. Camels make food taste better and digest easier. And have a royal flavor!"

STOP PRESS! A day's action is crowded into minutes as the reporter works to beat the deadline. "It's a life of hurry, hurry, hurry," says Peter Dahlen, crack newspaper man, "and a life of irregular hours and meals. That's one good reason why I smoke Camels. It's swell the way they make food taste better and set better."



BEHIND THE SCENES IN THE BROWN DERBY. The *chef* is putting the final touches to a Lobster *Thermidor,* while within the restaurant proper the glittering stars of Hollywood gather to chat...to dine...and to enjoy Camels. Here, the mildness and flavor of their costlier tobaccos have made Camels an outstanding favorite. As Mr. Robert H. Cobb, the man behind The Brown Derby's success and host to the great personalities of Hollywood, remarks: "Camels are the choice of the majority of our patrons."

for Digestion's sake ...Smoke Camels

Smoking Camels stimulates the natural flow of digestive fluids... increases alkalinity

Life sometimes pushes us so hard that we feel too worn-down really to *enjoy* eating. Science explains that hurry and mental strain reduce the flow of the digestive fluids.

Evidence shows that smoking Camels increases the flow of digestive fluids... alkaline digestive fluids... so vital to the *enjoyment* of food and to *good digestion.*

Camel's rich and costly tobaccos are mild beyond words. Enjoy Camels steadily. Camels set you right! And never jangle your nerves or tire your taste.

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

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Better than PERFECT

It takes more than a halo to make people like you

By Archibald Rutledge

ONE day I gave two woodcutters a ride down a mountain road to their humble homes in the valley. Despite the rattling of my car, I could not help overhearing some of their back-seat conversation. I did not know the person of whom they spoke, but I was curiously interested in one remark. "He ain't really nice," one of my passengers drawled; "he's just good."

The difference between being nice and being merely good severs respectable humanity into two groups: one believing in conventional or technical goodness, the other in what we might call tenderheartedness.

A lot of human beings are concerned with their goodness; they would not lie or steal; they go to church regularly; they take part in good causes. But they may at the same time be mean, hard, cowardly, and even treacherous. They have put their trust in conventional goodness, and the result has been sterile. Had they trusted in their kindness, their spirits would have come beautifully into flower.

I remember being ferried across a Southern river one day by a poor colored boatman who, on the way over, told me and my Negro comrade, Prince, that his cabin had burned down the night before.

"I lost everything," he said. He did not complain; he merely stated the fact.

Just before we landed, I saw Prince searching his ragged clothes, from the shaggy ruins of which he finally extracted a worn nickel, the entire extent of his worldly wealth. He handed it to the boatman.

"This will help you start a new house," Prince said simply. But the gift was a royal one; for with it went Prince's heart.

I suppose we have more opportunities to be kind than to be anything else. Kindness can be practiced when nothing else can. It is like a genial ray of radiant warmth and light coming out of the heart. Commonplace goodness may have light, but it has no warmth, no color, no kindling and enthusiastic power. It is far safer to trust kindness than reason, logic, creeds, and all the formal tenets of religion. In fact, less creed and more kindness would make this world a more joyous place.

I suppose that nothing is desired among thoughtful people so much as personal charm; it is natural and right to want other people to love us. Yet there is no lasting charm without kindness of heart. Place wit, intellectual power, money, beauty, genius, and social distinction all in one scale; and put kindness in the other. Your grace of heart will outweigh all the others.

IN EVERY community there are Great Souls. Our spirits instinctively make obeisance to them. They are the elect. We know it. I do not mean that they are saintly in the ordinary sense. Far from it. I know a Great Soul who drinks too much and whose life has been anything but formally regular. But he stops me on the street. He wants to see me. He wants to talk. He loves me. And love begets love. He has a thousand faults, but they do not seem to make him less lovable. Why? And why is he a Great Soul? Simply because he has an invincibly kind heart.

It was my privilege, not long ago, to ride in the cab of a locomotive on one of the fast Florida trains. While the engine was howling for a crossing I saw a man in a field beside the track beating a mule. When I left the cab, fifty miles farther on, the engineer said:

"Did you see what I saw back yonder? There ain't no excuse for meanness, even when you're dealing with a mule."

We might fitly insert that thought into the New Testament: "No excuse for meanness." Yet we daily encounter it, and from our fellow pilgrims on life's journey.

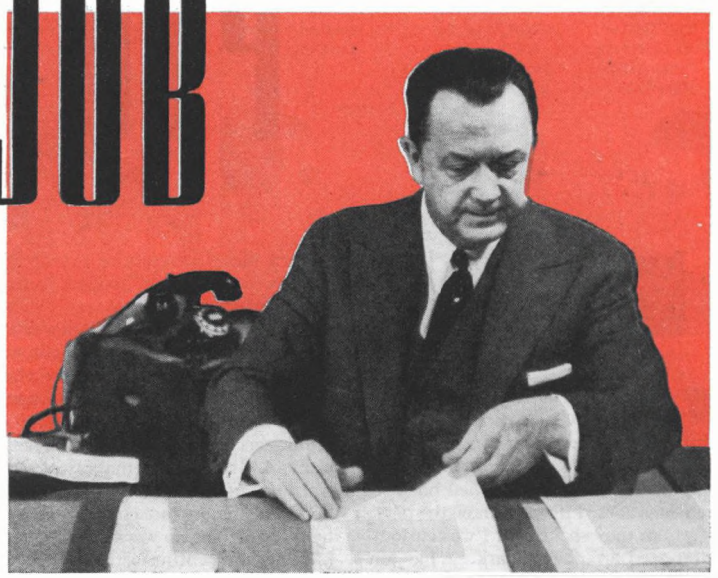
I ONCE talked with an old Confederate soldier. He had lost an arm at Gettysburg. For months he had been in a hospital. He must have had a thousand heroic and tragic memories. I asked him to tell me of his experiences.

"Well," he said, "I remember one thing better than anything else. On one hot June day we were going through a little town named Greencastle, where we weren't very welcome. I was out of line, being very tired and dry, when near the far edge of town a little girl ran out of her yard and gave me a cup of water."

The thunder of battle, Pickett's Charge, the bloody onslaught, the wounds, the fever—all these had almost faded from memory. But he remembered that cup of cold water, a little act of kindness.

Ritual, dogma, superstition—they hamper the soul, which feels a richer, wilder need; and they are poor substitutes for high impulses, bold and native and valid. No religious practice, no moral code will ever help you very much. A gentle word, a look of genial fellowship will outweigh them all. All a man needs of God he can find in his own soul.

Your chances for a HOTEL JOB



PHOTOGRAPH BY RUDOLF H. HOFFMANN

QUESTIONS BY

Henry F. Pringle

ANSWERS BY

Lucius Boomer

Mr. Boomer, the head of the Waldorf-Astoria, talks about opportunities from the ground floor up

OUTSIDE, the twin towers of the largest hotel in the world soared into the misty rain of a New York spring day. Park Avenue was a tangle of traffic.

The public rooms of the hotel were thronged with people. In the building, most of them behind the scenes, worked 2,000 employees. Suave assistant managers greeted guests. Cooks, bellboys, waiters, chambermaids, cashiers, accountants, efficiency experts, housekeepers, and telephone operators, electricians, plumbers, and engineers—these are a few of the many people who keep a hotel running.

The commander-in-chief of this army sat in a relatively small office on the second floor. Lucius Boomer, president of the Waldorf-Astoria Corporation, has been in the hotel business since he was nineteen, and he still had the bearing of a young man when he sat down and talked with me frankly about opportunities in the industry.

★

QUESTION. Does the hotel industry today offer opportunities for young men and women?

Answer. I'll have to answer "Yes and No" to that. It's a tough business. But the hotels need good men and women more than they ever did. A lot of jobs have to be filled, and some of them carry excellent salaries.

Q. But isn't it a fact that the hotel business became greatly overexpanded in 1929 and that relatively few hotels are making money today?

A. That's correct. Too many hotels were built. Some of them were badly planned or were in wrong locations.

Q. Is this an obstacle to getting a job and getting ahead?

A. I'm afraid so. Naturally, when a hotel is losing there are fewer opportunities and the pay is smaller. On the other hand, every hotel has a place, a good one, for the new man with ideas who can improve business.

Q. But it is true that there is a constant shortage of competent hotel workers?

A. Yes, there is a shortage due to immigration restrictions. But please emphasize the word *competent.* We have more than enough run-of-the-mill applicants for jobs.

Q. Does the shortage apply to the higher positions, such as managers and their assistants, as well as to bellboys, cooks, and waiters?

A. It's more serious as far as cooks and waiters are concerned. But the most important men are always the hardest to find.

Q. Just how should a boy or girl go about getting a hotel job?

A. By knowing as much as he can possibly learn about the particular job. The boy who says he can "do anything" is usually worthless. I'd advise anyone to make up his mind *what* job he wants, train for it as best he can, and go after it.

Q. Can you name any one most essential quality or talent?

A. The most essential thing, I think, is a good head for business. A hotel man is bound to fail, (*Continued on page 72*)

"As Joan's temperature is normal, may she get up today, Doctor?"
"No, not yet. We want to avoid any possible later complications."

Prevent Serious After-effects

THE wise mother gets specific instructions from her doctor and observes them carefully. She takes no needless chances. Weakened hearts, kidneys, lungs, defective hearing or eyesight and other physical impairments may result from many diseases. They are frequently more to be dreaded than the original ailment.

Even a case of measles may be followed by serious consequences. Its many possible after-effects are the doctor's chief concern. Attacks of measles may lead to abscesses of the ear or pneumonia. The kidneys may also suffer from overstrain, developing unfortunate complications in later life. Or the eyes may be badly affected.

Do not let your child, when just recovering from scarlet fever, get up and be active until the doctor says it is safe. This is very important, because the heart and kidneys may be affected to some extent by scarlet fever.

Careful nursing may be necessary after the child is apparently well..

Colds and whooping cough, too often lightly regarded, also require careful nursing. Bronchitis, pneumonia and even tuberculosis may follow such seemingly trivial ailments.

Tonsillitis is a distressing ailment which should never be ignored. Repeated attacks of tonsillitis may lead to heart trouble in later years. But as a rule, if the tonsils receive prompt attention, lasting damage is prevented.

Two or three months after your child recovers from illness, take him to the doctor for a health inventory to find out whether or not there are any later developments which require attention.

You are welcome to any one or all of these Metropolitan booklets: "Measles," "Scarlet Fever," "Whooping Cough," "Tonsils and Adenoids." Address Booklet Dept. 736-A.

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It takes ALL KINDS

By Albert Benjamin

DOMINGA CAPATI, 25-year-old Filipino laundress, who has never taken a golf lesson, is the women's open golf champion of the Philippines.

GEORGE McFADDEN, Boston and New York artist, recently satisfied a boyhood desire for circus music by building his own portable calliope.

DR. GATEWOOD, member of the faculty of Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ill., has no given name. His parents decided to let him choose his own "front" name, and he never got around to it.

THREE Mexican girls of Oakland, Calif., Consuelo, Mercedes, and Lolita Mendoza, catch leeches and sell them to people with "black eyes." The leeches draw the dark blood from the "shiners," obviating endless explanations.

MRS. HARRY SMITH, of Walkerton, Ind., has invented and marketed a "kimono jacket" for poorly feathered chicks.

JACK DEMPSEY WASHINGTON TYLER, Oakland, Calif., Negro, trains turtles to clean clogged drain pipes. He fastens a small blade to a turtle and starts him through the drain, using flies to lure the turtle to the other end of the pipe.

CHARLES DOBBIN, of New York, has a full-time job of traveling from city to city cleaning mail chutes in office buildings throughout the country.

THOMAS C. EATON, of Grand Island, Nebr., who chews 150 sticks at a time, claims the world's gum-chewing championship.

ARTHUR ADAMS PRATT, night railroad crossing tender in Framingham Center, Mass., when on duty always wears a nattily cut business suit, spats, a flower in his lapel, and carries a cane.

A MAN whose name is Safety First recently got a ticket for traffic violation in Los Angeles, Calif.

CHARLES E. DAVIS, of Hartford, Conn., collects elephants' tail and whisker hairs.

AILEEN PERRY and Hedwig Koepke, of St. Petersburg, Fla., earn their living posing for photographers and tourists at the bottom of an 80-foot well.

SINCE their wedding breakfast in 1911, Mr. and Mrs. Anton N. Sander, of Victoria, Kans., have always dined together from one plate.

NICHOLAS G. BARBELLA'S job is to test the tasting ability of the 20 food-tasters in the pure-food laboratories of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C.

DEXTER REMICK, 99; Hiram Mason and Otis Johnson, 93; Henry Kelley, 91; Addis Robinson, 90; and Mary Magoon, 94, make up the entire population of Tamworth, N. H.

MARK J. GAST, Los Angeles, Calif., has constructed a violin inlaid with 8,500 pieces of wood gathered from all parts of the world.

DAVID F. BOSTON, 21, of Houston, Texas, a clerk for an oil company, is also an ordained Baptist minister and pastor of a church, attends the University of Houston, is taking a correspondence course at a Bible institute, plays a saxophone in an orchestra, conducts revival meetings, and is the sole support of his mother and brother.

MRS. HANNAH LUTZ, 78, of Fidelity, Ill., has saved 24 pounds of hair combings from her own head to use as a pillow in her casket.

A. A. JOHNSON, 62, of Los Angeles, Calif., an insurance man, claims he can name the birthdays of 20,000 persons.

J. WILL PROCTOR, Rock Hill, S. C., has sung at 3,339 funerals.

FRANCES LANGFORD Margo Greta Garbo Shirley Temple Norma Shearer Baby Jane Sybil Jason Richardi, of Quincy, Mass., has a movie star's name added to her name by her mother every birthday.

IT TAKES ALL KINDS *appears each month in The American Magazine*

(*Continued from page 70*) for instance, unless he knows accounting. Other lacks may make him fail, too, but that one surely will. A hotel is a business concern, organized to make money. If it doesn't, it closes its doors sooner or later.

Q. Would you advise a boy who wants to be a hotel man to start as a bellboy?

A. Not necessarily. A certain amount of that type of experience would be valuable. Personally, I would advise him to get a job, if he can, in the storeroom or the steward's department. He would learn a lot about hotels in that way. Later, perhaps, he could be a bellboy and seek promotion to the post of room clerk or something of that sort.

Q. What work would he do in the storeroom or under the steward?

A. A lot of different kinds. He'd keep records on the supply of food, for instance. He would see that every possible kind was on hand and yet not so much that it might spoil. He would attend to the countless details involved in large purchases of food. He would check the menus to see what dishes were popular. Most of all, he would be trained to prevent waste. Waste is what puts any hotel in the red.

Q. What wages can an intelligent beginner expect?

A. At the present time, about $20 a week.

Q. How many hours a day is he likely to work?

A. At least eight hours. Let me repeat the "at least." He may have to stay on the job until he is finished. It all depends, of course, on the part of the hotel to which he is assigned and the work he does.

Q. Isn't night work inescapable?

A. Well, I'd say it was very probable. A hotel, you know, is in active operation for at least 16 hours in each 24. The rest of the time it is in semiactive operation.

Q. Would you describe, briefly, the various aspects of the hotel business?

A. I'll be as brief as I can. First of all, hotels are domestic establishments which provide food and shelter. They are, too, business concerns, with the usual problems of corporations. Third, they represent large investments. In a sense they are plants, with all the details of maintenance, equipment, and mechanical operation.

Q. And that isn't all?

A. Not so far as big hotels are concerned. Your big hotel is a center for culture and the arts. It has a definite influence on the taste of the community.

Q. Isn't it a center of entertainment, too?

A. That's right. This was formerly incidental or wholly absent. It is now a very important factor in the operation of many hotels. It is a pretty small hotel, these days, which does not have a night club or at least a dance orchestra.

Q. What is meant by the phrases, "front of the house" and "back of the house"?

A. The "front of the house" includes the registration office and the activities emanating directly from it; these are the services with which the guest comes into direct contact. The "back of the house" means the food and beverage business, the steward's department, the stores, the housekeeping branches, and all those things.

Q. In which division will the beginner find advancement most rapid?

A. Well, he won't advance very far

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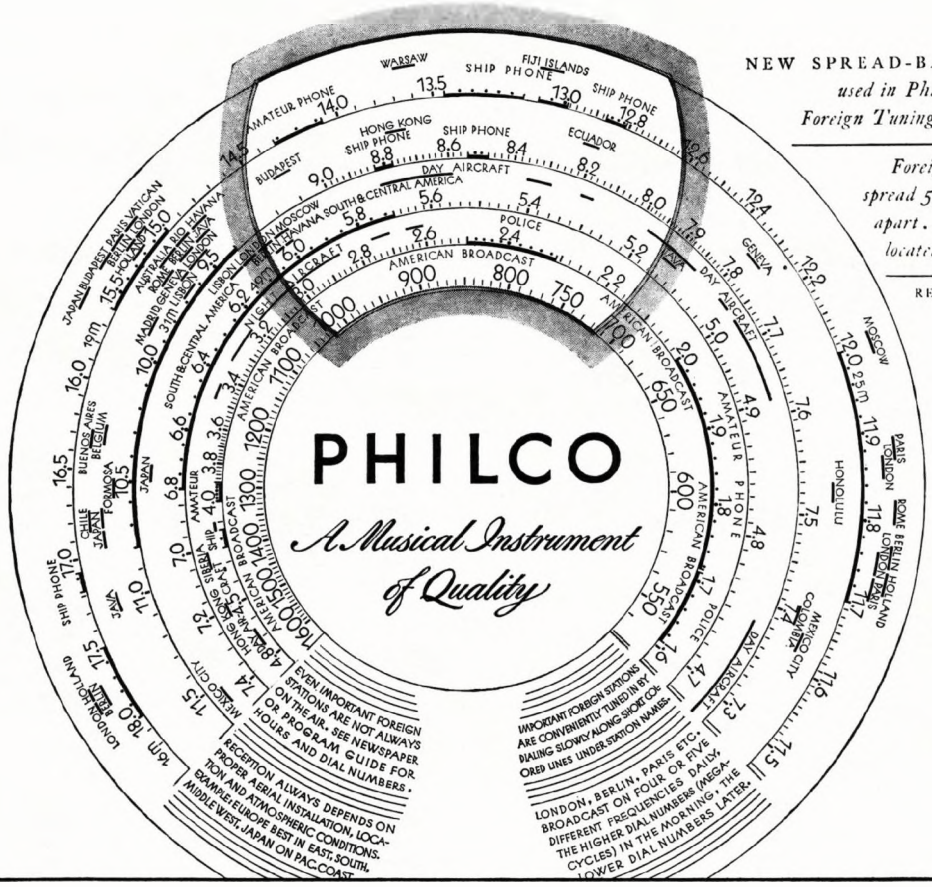


And remember—by automatically tuning the Philco High-Efficiency Aerial ...the built-in Philco *Foreign Tuning System* more than doubles the foreign stations you can get and enjoy.

until he has become familiar with both the front and the back of the house. I started, as it happens, in the executive office of the Florida East Coast Hotel Company. But, as I've already said, I would advise today's beginner to work in the steward's department or the storerooms first.

Q. After all, it's largely a matter of where a job happens to be open?

A. Of course it is. You can't pick and choose very much; not these days, in any event.

Q. Will you enumerate the various subdivisions in these two main departments?

A. They vary in different hotels. At the Waldorf we have a general classification, "Lodging." That is the front office, with its room and information clerks, the cashiers and bookkeepers who take care of patrons' accounts, the managers and their assistants. The "back" has many, many departments. Under "Board," at this hotel, we have an executive chef, a steward, a chief wine steward, a banqueting office, an entertainment office, a clubs manager, a room service manager, and a manager of bars.

Q. Some of these activities really concern both main divisions?

A. That's true. There are executives in charge of telephone service, concessions, publications, laundry, the valets, lobby shops, and business promotion. Then there are the departments which have general charge of all departments in the hotel: the treasurer, accounting office, superintendent of mechanical equipment, and so forth.

Q. In other words, a great variety of jobs is available in any hotel?

A. That's true, and I think it constitutes a safeguard for the worker. Only a very stupid hotel manager will dismiss a man merely because he fails in his first department. If the manager is sure that he has a man of character he will give him a trial somewhere else.

Q. Must the young man who hopes to go far in the hotel business know a lot about cooking?

A. Naturally, he doesn't have to be a cook! I don't think the patrons of the Waldorf would like it very much if I were to replace M. Gabriel Lugot, our chef, with myself and try to cook! But a successful hotel operator must understand restaurant operation in terms of costs and profits. And he must be, too, something of a connoisseur in food.

Q. How can such knowledge of food be acquired?

A. The European method, of course, was the apprentice system. All the great chefs served long periods of training. Young Americans, though, have no taste for this; they want to learn everything in about three months. To answer your specific question: The best way would be to get a job with a restaurant or tearoom.

Q. Would you say that advancement in the hotel industry is more rapid or less than in other businesses?

A. "Other businesses" is a wide range. You might go into moving pictures and be a success in a few months. You couldn't possibly be a success in hotel operation that soon. It's a long road. There isn't any short cut that I know of.

Q. Are higher posts in hotel operation usually filled from the ranks?

A. Not only generally speaking, but almost exclusively. The policy at the Waldorf and in every other hotel I have run has been to promote from the ranks.

Q. Can you name some examples?

A. Oh, I could spend hours doing so. Augustus Nulle, treasurer of the company, began as a stenographer. The famous Oscar Tschirky, who is the official host, was once a bus boy. Our manager, Frank A. Ready, was a bell captain in Springfield, Mass. V. von der Linden, Oscar's first assistant, was also a bus boy. H. F. Woelfle, in charge of our tower apartments, was a boy at the old Waldorf. Miss Nora Foley, our executive housekeeper, was once a parlormaid.

Q. Do you have classes and give training courses?

A. We do. This year, for instance, there are courses in foreign languages. We have classes in compiling financial reports and in accounting. We have other courses in front-office practice and housekeeping. We teach restaurant management. We have lectures on hotel law and many other special hotel topics. Some of our staff members who conduct these classes have given them at the hotel course at Cornell University.

Q. And what is your judgment as to the value of the work being done by such schools as the one at Cornell?

A. I have the very highest regard for that work. The hotel course at Cornell University has been astonishingly successful. During all of the depression there was never a single graduate who didn't go right into a job. The course started only ten years ago, so the average age of the graduates is probably only twenty-five or twenty-six and only the earliest ones have turned thirty. Yet I have seen a long list of graduates holding very important managerial posts.

Q. How many alumni are now at the Waldorf?

A. We have four at present, all of them in good jobs. Eight others have advanced from their positions here to better ones at other hotels.

Q. Is a Cornell graduate, having spent four years in this training, likely to get ahead at least four years faster?

A. Oh, yes. The list of alumni proves that beyond doubt. The course at Cornell is practical. The students must work every summer in some hotel. There are no false notions. A graduate does not, by any means, go to the "front of the house" as soon as he gets a job. The Cornell course lays the groundwork for the production of well-qualified, well-rounded, real executives.

Q. So you would advise the boy who wants to go into hotel work to enter a training school if he can?

A. Assuming he can do it, yes. Remember, though, he must meet the full university requirements. He must be a qualified high-school graduate.

Q. Beyond that, is admission difficult?

A. Indeed it is. At Cornell they intend to maintain their astonishing record of placements after graduation, so applicants are carefully interviewed, and then rigorously excluded if, in addition to lacking academic requirements, they do not seem to be good hotel material. The course isn't so strict as that at West Point, perhaps, but it is surprisingly strict.

Q. Are there any other such schools?

A. Stanford University in California has a business school patterned on the famous Harvard School of Business Administration. It has met with very great success as far as jobs are concerned. The University of Michigan has a hotel course and I am told that it has gone very well.

Q. Do other communities have such institutions as the Hotel Training Course at Miami, Florida?

A. That is given by the city and it's free of charge. I believe that some other cities provide such training. They are, compared to Cornell and Stanford, rather elementary. They are valuable to the hotel industry, though.

Q. Do schools of home economics offer courses of value in hotel work?

A. To an extent, although I would not say that the training is adequate to turn out competent executives, even potential ones. But they give valuable classes in foods and their preparation, in textiles and home management.

Q. Do you think that a general academic college course is of value to a hotel man?

A. As long as it does not make him unwilling to work or a rebel against discipline. Young men with the background of culture and the other advantages of university life are certainly valuable in the hotel industry.

Q. Having been prepared at Cornell or some similar institution, what compensation can the hotel beginner expect?

A. He ought to receive about $100 a month. Sometimes he will get board and lodging in addition, but not necessarily.

Q. How soon, assuming first-rate ability, would such a graduate be likely to earn $3,000 or $4,000 a year?

A. After three to five years. I know one graduate who has been working five or six years and is getting $7,500. The man who is running a big hotel in Atlantic City—I've already referred to him—may be paid $10,000 or $12,000.

Q. Would you advise the beginner to start in a small hotel?

A. I must repeat that he probably won't have much choice. The turnover is greater in large hotels, and thus more opportunities for advancement are provided. On the other hand, responsibility can be achieved quicker in a small place. The important thing, however, is to get a job where you can.

Q. Are opportunities greater in a large summer or winter resort than in the city?

A. Definitely not. The best chances for getting ahead are in hotels which are open all the year.

Q. Can you cite some important special qualities of the perfect hotel employee?

A. I would name personal appearance, strong physique, the ability to work for long and irregular hours, alertness, and loyalty—and the ability to smile.

Q. Doesn't a junior executive in a hotel sacrifice virtually all his home life?

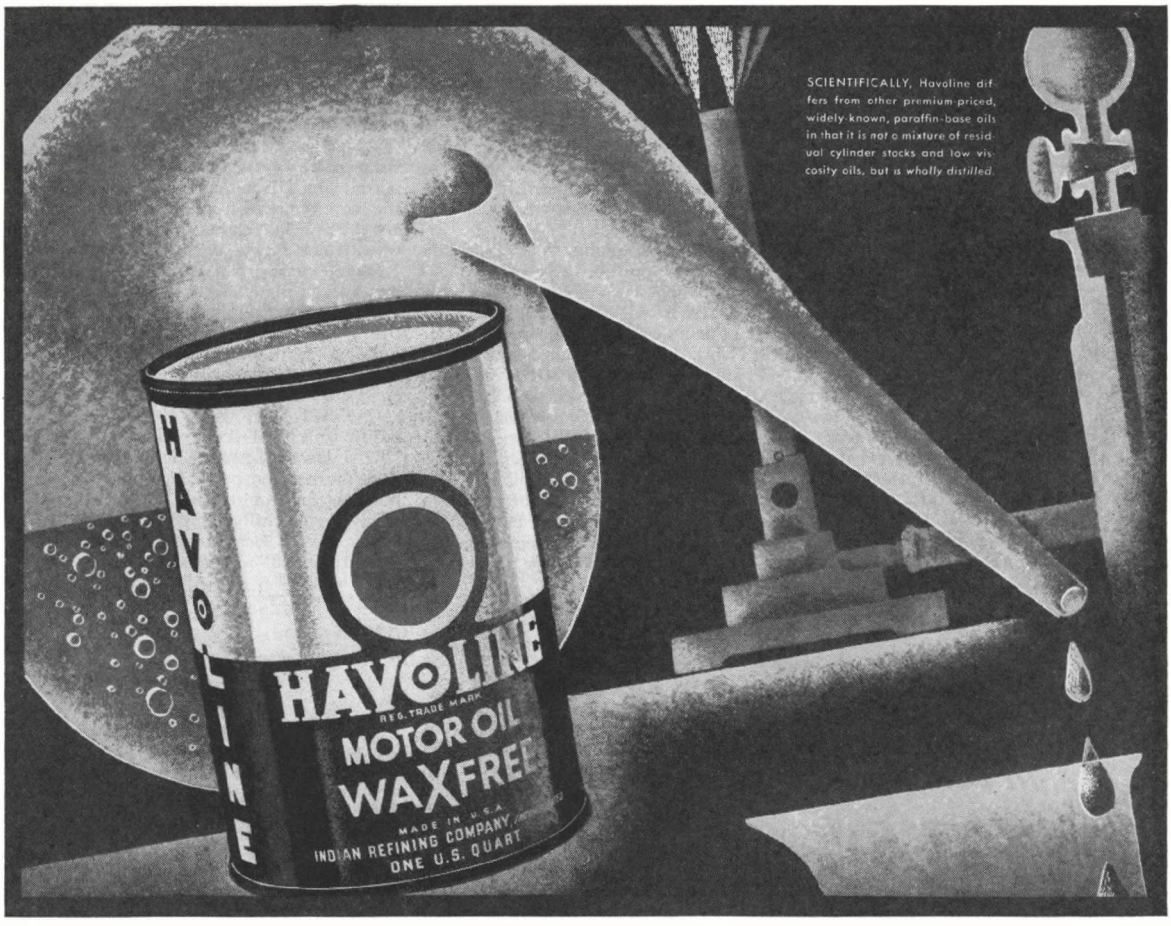
A. I think that's an extreme view. He can get home nearly every night. But it is true, as I've said, that his hours will be long and irregular.

Q. Would it be more valuable to a young employee to understand accounting or to speak several languages?

A. The responsible executive must understand accounting, know how to read statements, and see clearly the relativity of the facts of his business stated in figures. It is a valuable asset to speak French, German, Italian, or Spanish, but not vital

ASK THE MAN WHO PUTS OIL IN *YOUR* CAR

"is it distilled?"



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to success in the hotel business in this country.

Q. Why haven't more women risen to the top in a business so directly concerned with homemaking and cooking?

A. It seems to me that quite a lot of them have obtained important jobs. The reason more haven't done so is the physical strain of hotel work.

Q. Are women better qualified than men to become heads of any departments?

A. Certainly. The housekeeping department, without question; the telephone department, too. Women are better qualified as floor clerks. In my judgment they do cost accounting better. I'm also inclined to think they are superior as accountants in the front office.

Q. How did Miss Foley, whom you have mentioned, rise from being parlor maid to head of the housekeeping department?

A. It sounds bromidic but it was by being first a very excellent maid. She was eager to learn—and did. She was ambitious—and looked for opportunities to advance. She found them, and made good. She has made herself expert in everything that pertains to her work. She has a distinct capacity for leadership.

Q. Why do you think women are better at detailed cost accounting and at handling the routine of minutiae in hotels?

A. Let me cite food cost accounting. This work requires endless dissection of restaurant checks. You or I would go crazy doing that kind of work, but it seems women have an infinite capacity for doing detail, taking pains, being accurate and alert despite monotonous repetition. Then, too, they usually have a very fine sense of loyalty. Mentally, they are quick, alert, and responsive. It would be hopeless to try to get the same results from men in the operation of the intricate telephone system of the modern hotel, for instance.

Q. Are women valuable in restaurants?

A. Indeed they are. They are good cashiers and accountants. They give, as waitresses, the best feasible service in popular-priced restaurants.

Q. Are there any women who hold executive posts at the Waldorf?

A. Yes. Miss Foley, the executive housekeeper, is one of them, and I'm often convinced she is the most important executive we have. Without a competent housekeeper any hotel would be an impossible failure. Our telephone system is in charge of a woman. The front-office bookkeepers and cashiers are under a woman. Our controller is a woman.

Q. Generally speaking, what salaries do women in such positions receive?

A. The range for women in responsible positions is from $150 to $500 a month plus, in many cases, their board and lodging. Now, I suppose that about 50,000 girls will ask me for jobs that I haven't got!

Q. Well, how should an ambitious girl go about getting a job in a hotel?

A. She should acquire some special knowledge. She should be expert in some thing; for instance, bookkeeping or stenography. The employment of women in the restaurant department of hotels is increasing. More and more, opportunities are opening up for women who understand the food problems of cafeterias, tearooms, or as dietitians.

Q. Is there any department in which the chance is better than in others?

A. In the housekeeping side, by all means. The best salaries are paid to women there. It is an outlet for their natural talents. And, I repeat, it is in many ways the most important department in the whole hotel. I have advised many young women to come in as maids. Too few of them realize that to work as a maid to gain first-hand knowledge of housekeeping requirements, need not be in any sense humiliating; it is a first step to success.

Q. Now, in conclusion: Would you say that it is essential for a hotel man to have a sincere liking for people?

A. Maybe it's not essential, but it would be an asset. A good memory is very important, too. But the bigger the hotel is, the more removed from personal contacts are the principal executives. I remember, when I took charge of the Hotel McAlpin, I found that we had 1,000 arrivals each day and as many departures. I quickly abandoned any notion that I could meet them, greet them, and know them. But I didn't try to eliminate the function of hospitality. That's what assistant managers are for.

Q. Finally, can young people get jobs today, with millions out of work?

A. I am very sure they can, provided they are not too particular as to wages, hours, or the requirements of work *to start*. I believe any really competent boy or girl can land a job sooner or later, if willing to "stand the gaff" at the beginning.

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20 years a hostess in the WASHINGTON Social Whirl

(*Continued from page 59*)

after seeing the coming and going of seven presidents.

With a few exceptions, only novices at the game fuse their political animosities with their social amenities. To resent another's political convictions is almost as absurd as to resent another's religious faith. There is no better illustration of this than the deep and affectionate friendship between the late Speaker Longworth and his successor as speaker, the present Vice-President of the United States.

The most delightful houses in which to dine are those where the hostess invites her friends irrespective of party affiliations. No occupant of the White House has ever attained neutrality so charmingly and effectively as Mrs. Coolidge.

My own conviction is that anything comparable to an eighteenth-century European salon does not and never has existed here. The nearest thing to it I know of in Washington's past was the Misses Pattens' Sunday afternoons at home. These parties were and still are an institution. In the early nineties their house was dubbed the Irish Legation. Those were free and easy days when people wishing to see the President just went without appointments and sat until their turn came. One morning, the secretary decided that he would separate the diplomats from the ordinary callers. The Misses Patten refused to be classed with the latter, so President Cleveland said, "Oh, let them come in as the Irish Legation."

In this informal age it is no longer a calamity if at the last moment there is a man short for dinner. What can be done, though, when a President commands twelve guests out of sixteen, an hour before they are expected elsewhere? That occurred during the Harding administration. It was too late for the hostess to invite others, so she and I, with the remaining three, sat down to a ghostly banquet. President and Mrs. Roosevelt, when inviting at the last moment, add: "if you have no other engagement." President and Mrs. Taft, I have heard, were thoughtful in that way, too.

Should Alice Longworth leave Washington, much of its local color would ooze out after her. I imagine there is no other woman in the United States who arouses more curiosity among women. Alice never puts herself out to win anyone's favor. While her husband was speaker, Alice ignored all conventions and broke all precedents. In fact, she has done that most of her life.

WHEN "Nick" Longworth, who was a social genius, died, people waited to see what would happen to Alice as a hostess. Would her house any longer be a center? It was soon apparent that Alice's own vivid personality made it possible for her to carry on. Her keen wit may often cause her to make ill-considered remarks, but she is a gracious and delightful hostess. Partisanship is one of her middle names. Her enthusiasm and tenacity for or against a cause could go far in promoting or killing it. It is said that at her dinner table much of the strategy in the anti-League of Nation's fight was formulated.

While, in other cities, directly dinner is over, a rush is made for the bridge or backgammon tables, here in Washington we dawdle over our coffee and discuss leisurely what the Supreme Court will next do to the New Deal or how the Senate will vote on the neutrality measure. The interest in what goes on at the White House or on "The Hill" never flags.

I find that (*Continued on page 78*)

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Illustration: *International Dual-Drive Six-Wheel Truck, Model C-55-F, maximum carrying capacity 23,000 lbs. International Six-Wheelers, Dual-Drive and Trailing-Axle, range from 11,400 lbs. up. Wheelbase lengths 168 to 244 in., permitting bodies for a wide variety of application.*

CURRENT BOOKS

as they seem to Donald Gordon

THE stars opposite the titles are not necessarily a definite rating of quality, but rather a quick indication of popular interest.

★★★★ Report of the Company

By DUDLEY VAILL TALCOTT

At Tromso, some 200 miles above the Arctic Circle, a wandering artist met a blonde even more disturbing than the scenery of her Norwegian coast. Later she became his wife, and she brought him into a rare family.

Martha's grandpa was one of the ablest sealing skippers in Norway, but the post-war depression hit him hard. It seemed that an Arctic hunting cruise with paying sportsmen was the only solution. Eventually a party was assembled and they sailed for the cruise that makes the book.

There were aboard artists with the camera as well as pencil, and the result is a Report of the Company such as no bejowled president ever read to an annual meeting. This one's recommended.

★★ The Doctor

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Her new novel details the career of a noble young medico whose refusal to compromise with responsibility kept him from the heiress he loved for many years. An absorbing time killer.

★★ My Great, Wide, Beautiful World

By JUANITA HARRISON *(nonfiction)*

Miss Harrison, colored domestic, at the age of thirty-six packed five dresses, references, "two jars of sour cucumber pickles, which is so good go keep from being seasick," and set out to see the world. That was in 1927, and since then she's worked her way through twenty-two different countries in Europe, Africa, and Asia. Her observations constitute better than average amusement, although the book isn't without dull passages.

★★★★ The Islands

By GERALD WARNER BRACE

Not long after a Boston professor built the first summer home at Thurlow's Cove on Penobscot Bay, Edgar Thurlow helplessly saw his father drowned at the nets. With his harassed mother's consent, a kindly spinster undertook to see what an expensive education could do toward avoiding the waste of intelligent young manhood upon limited local opportunities. Winters of prep school, Harvard, and pleasant Boston people alternated with summers at home, where he found deep content in the approval of his uncle.

The diverse pull of obligation and inclination makes up the plot of the best novel of its locale I've read.

★ The Feather Cloak Murders

By D. and H. TEILHET

For those who prefer action mysteries, the Hawaiian adventures of Baron von Kaz, exiled Austrian sleuth, ought to fill an evening.

★ Let the King Beware

By HONORÉ MORROW

The second of her latest group of early American historical novels recounts the efforts of Tristram Amory, young New England Tory at the court of George III, to avert the rebellion of the colonies. There's a beauty flitting about, too.

★★ The Lemon Farm

By MARTIN BOYD

It's hard to imagine a story of less consequence than this little summer's episode in an English seaside village, but if a delicately wrought novel of youthful love would appeal to you, here it is.

★★ The American Language

By HENRY L. MENCKEN *(nonfiction)*

An entirely revised and larger edition of the Baltimore Firecracker's most valuable work. The book is a 750-page study of the language as differentiated from that of the mother country. It's really entertaining reading.

★★★ Flowers for the Judge

By MARGERY ALLINGHAM

Deft revelation of the skeleton in the dusty closet of the ancient London publishing house of Barnabas & Company. We give you this intelligent detective story with a salute for the author.

★★ This Way to the Big Show

By DEXTER FELLOWS and ANDREW FREEMAN *(nonfiction)*

How a home-town boy became the greatest press agent in the show business. The bubbling, likable personality that has wheedled columns of free space for the Greatest Show On Earth exudes all over his anecdotal reminiscences. Gay and gaudy stuff.

★★ The Dark Green Circle

By EDWARD SHANKS

A horror-thriller of the Sax Rohmer type. The mystery of the old Roman remains in England is utilized convincingly. If you enjoy good hokum occasionally, you'd better put it on the list.

CURRENT BOOKS *appears each month in The American Magazine*

(Continued from page 76) people are most fascinating when they are talking "shop." And Washington has what, to me, is the most interesting "shoptalk" in the world—politics, national and international.

Of course, there is a small group who little appreciate the opportunities they have wasted by taking no part in the legislative life and all else that makes this stand out from the average American city. Cards and dancing fill their leisure hours.

Here, too, is fertile soil for climbers. They pursue the newly arrived diplomats who have not yet had time to orient themselves. They make a point of being seen everywhere where invitations are not a necessity. They notify the papers whenever they entertain. Such was a woman whom I shall call Mrs. Jones. Several times a widow, she came to Washington with a comfortable income but no social standing. Her first residence was a hotel adjacent to the Capitol. As her acquaintance grew, she moved nearer and nearer to the social center of the town, shedding as she went those who she thought could no longer further her ambitions. At a public entertainment she met an ex-official, a Mr. X, who had not very successfully hidden his hunt for a permanent meal ticket. They married. Mr. X's former position had brought him in contact with one of the highest dignitaries. The wife was presented to him, and the bombardment began at once: "Name your own date, please, for the dinner we wish to give in your honor, any time in the next six months."

Subsequently, each year for weeks preceding the appointed day, the newspapers informed Washington that Mr. and Mrs. X were to entertain the distinguished Solon. At last, the steady guest of honor died. With no one to replace him, the couple moved on to pastures new.

Of course, a climber with some allure might have won even so flagrant a campaign. People who resent being climbed on are not necessarily snobs. Society is like everything else in life—to receive, one must have something worth while to offer.

THERE is one form of get-together in Washington that came about quite by accident. In a Congressional campaign I determined to help my party by holding weekly suppers where those of the same political persuasion might confer. These miniature town meetings became so popular that after the election I was asked to continue them. This time, when there were no immediate spoils to consider, all my friends were included, irrespective of party prejudices. Militarists and pacifists, grand dukes and radicals, ambassadors and journalists, Southern Democrats and Republican bankers, have since been passing the stew with zest. And, because of the good faith of the newspapermen, everything is off the record. Among the guests there are also many charming wives and unattached women.

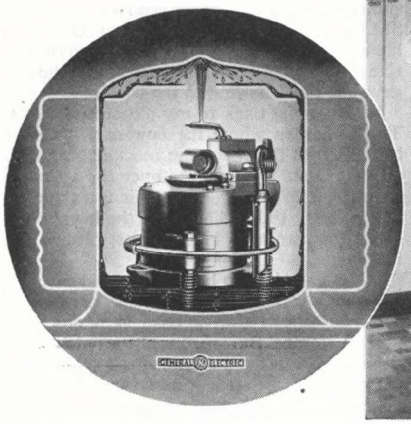
Washington is very rich in attractive embassies and legations. Each is a little corner of its homeland. Unofficial parties have a delightful native flavor. Where, except with the British, would one pass an evening acting charades, an indoor sport dear to all week-enders in English country houses? Ambassador and Lady Lindsay are as keen and resourceful mummers as any of their guests. Lady Lindsay has a rare native wit. The Ambassador has an

FAMOUS G-E THRIFT UNIT

Saves You Money Every Day

56 Years of Manufacturing Experience—9 Years in Actual Use—Prove G-E Thrift Unit First in Economy and Dependability

(Below) Sealed-in-steel G-E Thrift Unit used in General Electric Refrigerators. Carries five years performance protection.



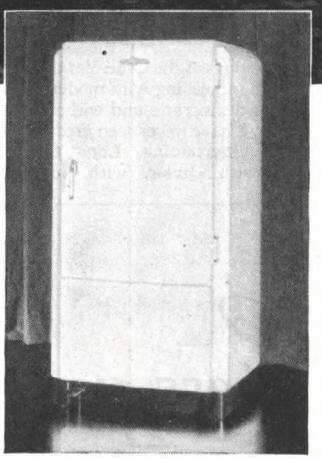
WITH a General Electric you get the thriftiest refrigeration money can buy. This has been proved in nearly 2,000,000 homes.

The famous sealed-in-steel G-E Thrift Unit—that requires no attention, not even oiling—was introduced nearly nine years ago. It revolutionized refrigeration costs. Others are now following G-E's lead and we believe *all* electric refrigerators will eventually be of the "sealed" type. Make sure the one you buy *today* has a sealed mechanism *proved by experience.*

General Electric has made and sold more refrigerators with sealed-in-steel mechanisms than all other manufacturers combined.

No cold-making unit yet invented has a performance record that compares in economy and dependability with the record of the G-E Thrift Unit. Constantly improved — basically unchanged—today it produces double the cold with even less current. This is *the only refrigerator mechanism with forced-feed lubrication and oil cooling*—features that give quieter operation, longer life and lower operating cost.

See the beautiful General Electric all-steel cabinets at your dealer's. There are many models in three distinctive styles: Monitor Top, Flatop and Liftop. All are powered with the money-saving G-E Thrift Unit and prices are as low as $79.50 f. o. b. General Electric Co., Section A7, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.



The General Electric Flatop—acknowledged style leader among refrigerators. There's also a super-economy Liftop model G-E for small homes. All have the famous sealed-in-steel General Electric Thrift Unit.

YOU'LL *ALWAYS* BE GLAD YOU BOUGHT A GENERAL ELECTRIC

FOR BETTER LIVING

GENERAL ELECTRIC

APPLIANCES

RESEARCH KEEPS GENERAL ELECTRIC YEARS AHEAD!

outlook far more liberal than that of many others who have served their apprenticeship in the chancelleries of Europe.

Equally characteristic is the mode of entertaining in the French Embassy. If lucky enough to be included in a small, intimate group, music lovers may enjoy whole afternoons of works of French composers performed by musicians from overseas. Ambassador de Laboulaye is an old friend of President Roosevelt. He was here as secretary in the difficult days of our neutrality and in 1917 when we joined the Allies. My first meeting with him did not foreshadow our pleasant later friendship. I had just arrived in Washington, in 1913, when I was asked to help fill a class in a horse show by entering my saddle horse. My husband had an excellent eye for a horse, and my mount, handsome, Kentucky-bred, had never been beaten. At this show, to my surprise and confusion, he was given the gate. The military-looking man from the French Embassy was the judge. I am sure that I needed that setting down; I had become too cocksure of our stable's prowess. But it was many a day before I could see charming M. de Laboulaye without thinking, "There's the horrid man who overlooked my horse."

Going from the French to the German Embassy, a big, red pile on Massachusetts Avenue, is for atmosphere like taking a train from Paris to Berlin. Where, outside of the Fatherland, can one find Löwenbrau beer comparable with that served at one of the parties of Dr. Luther, the German Ambassador? The Ambassador, with his bald, round head and stocky frame, is unmistakably a German, but he has a fineness of intellect that is not the prerogative of any one country. He tactfully handles a present situation that might be very difficult.

The Soviet Embassy is the same house it was in the days of the Czar. Yet the personalities are in keeping with modern Russia. They are democratic and without glitter. However, I have never seen greater lavishness in entertaining. Long tables are heaped with caviar, with vodka and champagne. The most picturesque recollection I have of their housewarming is that of a congressman with a glass of vodka in one hand and a plate of caviar in the other. He was railing against everything Bolshevik, while he unconsciously lolled against the pedestal from which a bust of Lenin frowned down upon him!

Notwithstanding Il Duce's ultimatum that all good Fascists must marry, the popular Italian Ambassador, Augusto Rosso, remains a bachelor. After a fiesta of music at the Embassy, the other night, some of us, lingering over our supper, were rewarded with a spaghetti course of an excellence that it is possible to find only in an Italian household. Then his Excellency had his pet cocker spaniel brought in and its puppies put through their paces.

THE New Deal swept in strange faces and some unique personalities. Mrs. Wallace, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture, was an instant success. She adapts herself easily to a meeting of farm women or to the White House. She entertains modestly but delightfully in her apartment, which is always fragrant with the offerings of the Department greenhouse.

Beautiful Mrs. Hull, wife of the Secretary of State, was no newcomer, but her friendly graciousness has been a great asset to the Administration. She has all the dignity of a shy child. Her distinguished husband seems more important to her than his career.

Another devoted couple are the Hiram Johnsons. Always where you see the Senator, you don't have to look far to find his wife—the "Boss," as her friends call her. Their house on Capitol Hill is a mecca for their intimates. One goes to their dinners with a thrill of expectancy. There is always something new and exciting in the way of table decorations. Mrs. Johnson has a perfect and original taste. An exotic Chinese influence mingles with the crystal chandeliers and the fine antiques in all the rooms. Back of it all, and best of all, though, is the intensely loyal affection of the Johnsons for those they really care for.

As another campaign gathers impetus, some of the minority party are becoming increasingly active. This includes the Republican National Chairman and Mrs. Fletcher, who have spent many winters here and have many friends. Their home is naturally a clearing house for members of their own party now, but normally they have a very encompassing taste.

Senator Borah has always been a mysterious figure, as elusive socially as he is conspicuous politically. About ten years ago he could be enticed to the dinner tables of a chosen few, but now he appears a complete recluse. Like Vice-President Garner, only the White House can command him.

It can readily be seen that whether we sit as spectators or mix with the hurly-burly of the political game, Washington is never dull.

Capital life vamps people, and they find it hard to tear themselves away. "Lame ducks," the unsuccessful candidates to succeed themselves, often find an excuse to remain permanently rather than return to "Main Street." One conspicuous instance was that of Miss Alice Robertson. She was a congresswoman from Oklahoma, a middle-aged, intensely conservative spinster. When she was defeated she gave out the following to the Press:

"I am going back to my old armchair. To the garden where the flowers will be blooming; to listen for the mockingbird's song at dusk, and to gaze over the wide prairie. . . . The twilight of life is a time for reveries. Public life is not the highest career for a woman. Her happiest place is in a home."

Did Miss Alice go home? She did not. Soon we found her seated, not in her old armchair, but in a swivel chair in an office in the Veterans' Bureau, one of the noisiest departments of our government. . . .

Personally, being fascinated by public affairs, I enjoy living at the center where the wheels go round. Of course, there is much that is disillusioning, much that one would wish otherwise. But always Washington is dynamic and human. History is in the making here.

Cross your FINGERS!

(*Continued from page 49*)

fishermen still throw back the first fish they catch, not because they believe that the fish will tell his friends it is safe to take the bait, which is the reason for the superstition, but "just for luck." which is worse. Americans still attend inaugurations, which were made popular by the Romans. Nothing could be undertaken in old Rome without consulting experts on augury—the art of omens—and since this ceremony usually involved the releasing of a flock of birds, it got to be something of a public festival, which it still is.

Christening ships is another popular custom, though the breaking of a bottle of champagne over the boat's prow is no longer an offering to the sea god to insure safe voyages. The cornerstone of a new building is no longer filled with human beings as a sacrifice to the earth god in lieu of rent for his ground, but few buildings are erected without the ceremony of laying the cornerstone.

It is polite to cover your mouth when yawning, but it also keeps your soul from jumping out or the devil from jumping in. Sneezing, which opens the mouth, must be blessed to take the curse off. It also warns of evil spirits at work inside.

The mouth was used for whistling early in history, and primitive dogs answered the whistle. The primitive man reasoned that evil spirits would also answer the divine sound, especially since dogs were supposed to be divine, and he therefore snapped his fingers to scare them away. People still call dogs by whistling and snapping their fingers.

WOMEN still pierce their ears so that they can wear earrings, but earrings came second and ear-piercing first, as a charm against blindness. The earring was just a means of keeping the hole from closing up. Women have always been watchful of their bodily beauty, and notice any blemish. Thus moles, a departure from the ordinary, took on divine meanings, as did white spots on the fingernails, simply because they looked odd and symbolized the germ of something about to grow on them. Thus

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"I drive 1,500 miles a week on Mobiloil. I never add a drop between changes."

Joe Bova, Jr.
Cleveland, Ohio
GROCERY STORE PROP.

"Your Mobiloil has sure delivered extra mileage in our delivery trucks."

J. A. Crain
Evanston, Ill.
AUTO SALESMAN

"You ought to hear how sweet my Ford runs after 10,000 miles on Mobiloil!"

Ludwig Best
Garden City, L. I.
AERO MECHANIC

"I often drive beyond an oil change. Only Mobiloil will stay in my motor."

Start Saving with Mobiloil!

WE ARE PASSING ON to you voluntary reports from 26 Mobiloil users. We could explain how Mobiloil is made a *better* oil by the famous Clearosol Process ... why it is cleaner, purer, lasts longer, stands up better.

But the real proof is right here... in the *actual savings* reported by people who *watched costs.*

Summer's here... start saving today with Mobiloil! Stop in at the Mobiloil sign or the Sign of the Flying Red Horse.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

G. Whitehurst
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"Long trips, fast driving; Mobiloil stands up swell."

Mrs. G. Zapf
Rochester, N.Y.
HOUSEWIFE

"I watched my mileage. I *know* Mobiloil goes farther."

Don C. Lynn
Montebello, Cal.
TANK LINE OWNER

"In the Imperial Valley, it hits 120° . . . yet Mobiloil keeps my truck engines cool, cutting oil bills 30%!"

F. M. Lansing
Los Angeles, Cal.
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"I can spot the Mobiloil users. The pistons, rings and rods are cleaner."

Joseph Pytko
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GARAGE MANAGER

"After 5 years on Mobiloil, my motor runs like the day I bought it!"

Col. C. P. Dodson
Boston, Mass.
HOTEL MANAGER

"I've checked with hundreds of salesmen, who agree—Mobiloil keeps motors at their top!"

Mrs. J. Hehn, Jr.
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"I've kept track on my old car. I save $4.70 every 1,000 miles with Mobiloil."

Lester A. Jeffery
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"For 8 years I have averaged 1,200 miles to each filling of Mobiloil. No repairs."

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"By actual test on our equipment, Mobiloil cut our oil costs 23%."

Capt. F. Hornke
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"I've used Mobiloil here and in Germany for 20 years. Best I've found."

A. E. Mosier
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"In 40 years of selling and operating machinery of all kinds, I've never found anything Mobiloil's equal."

Territ E. Swart
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"I changed to Mobiloil after just one trial. Sure makes a difference."

W. H. Hanna
Cleveland, Ohio
BOOK STORE PROP.

"Mobiloil gives us full 1,000 miles. A big saving, as I drive 35,000 miles a year."

J. R. Jenkins
Albany, N.Y.
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"Used Mobiloil for 10 years. My cars always run fine—low oil consumption."

T. F. McNaugh
Cleveland, Ohio
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"I sure hand it to Mobiloil. Makes my car smoother—gives it more power."

Grace Droney
Boston, Mass.
BEAUTICIAN

"Mobiloil has cut my oil bill between 30% and 35% . . . kept engine free of carbon."

W. H. Monrian
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PHOTOGRAPHER

"3 years on Mobiloil; engine O.K. No repairs."

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SOCONY-VACUUM — GARGOYLE — Mobiloil

America's Favorite Motor Oil

a mole on the armpit promises wealth and honor, one on the ankle bespeaks modesty in men and courage in women, and one on the right temple signifies friendship with the great. The list is almost endless, following the divisions of the body made centuries ago by people with nothing else to do. Fingernail spots are just good luck, unspecified.

GENERALLY the body is divided into good and bad. The left, or sinister, side belongs to the devil, and the right, or dexter, side goes to the friendly gods. The heart being on the left side, and earthly, caused the division, and the right side became rapidly the side with which to do things—if the gods were to be pleased and helpful. A young child can be trained either way, but most people are right-handed because right-handed people train them, and most left-handed people, especially baseball pitchers, are considered unlucky and are apt to be eccentric. Again, a tingling left ear means that someone is talking about you to your detriment; if your right ear tingles the talk is to your advantage.

Salt, made divine by its contact with the sea and made precious by its scarcity in early times, had to be thrown over the left shoulder so the devil could get it and be appeased. It was a good bribe because of its costliness, and spilling it was bad luck for the same reason, plus the fact of its divinity.

Southern Negroes in the United States often carry cricket nests about with them, because the cricket's chirp, to early man, sounded like his own laughter and meant that something good had happened to the cricket, which would soon be transferred to the listener.

Jewels, which supposedly possessed souls, had the same power of transference. The opal, in the Orient, is symbolic of hope and truth because of its rainbow hue. Because it is fragile and breaks easily, the material West considers it unlucky. Pearls are supposed to die if not warmed by the touch of human flesh, and a woman of my acquaintance goes often to her safe-deposit box to sit with her perfectly matched string of pearls about her neck until the gems have been fed. Other women think it lucky to get into a dress with the wrong side out by accident, because centuries ago savages dressed that way intentionally when they went to funerals, hoping to disguise themselves from the evil spirits who might be searching for them. Thus it followed that to get a dress on inside out by accident was the work of a beneficent spirit which, aware of an evil spirit's plan, was taking this means of foiling the enemy.

Because demons once got into people's hair and worked harm after sundown, women seldom go out at night without some sort of head covering, and brides wear veils. We have umbrellas for this reason, too, their practical value having been observed later. Spirits won't follow you into the house, so it is unnecessary to keep an umbrella up after passing the threshold.

If you leave the house and forget something you had better sit down and count ten after returning for it. Sit down in order to complete a journey, for an interrupted journey is unlucky, and count ten for this involved reason: The feminine number is two, the masculine number three, the total five, and twice the total is ten, making a double and mystical charm.

Don't cross a person on the stairs, because he may put the evil eye on you, but cross your fingers on your heart or make the sign of the cross at any time, because the cross, like finger-snapping, has from time immemorial been abomination to evil spirits. If, upon entering your home, you stumble on the threshold, walk around the block to complete a magic circle. Otherwise, the evil spirit which caused you to stumble will walk right into the house with you and create all sorts of trouble.

If you walk under a ladder you are inviting punishment—first, because a ladder against a building makes a triangle, which, since it is divine, doesn't like to be walked through; second, because people used to be hanged from ladders before gibbets were invented, and to walk underneath one might retard the soul of a hanged man on its journey—provided the journey was downward; third, because in Egypt ladders were the transportation to upper and divine realms. Egyptians wore little ladders around their necks and had a ladder god, Horus the Hawk-headed, who assisted all who wore his symbol.

THE Egyptians also revered the cat, which supposedly got rid of a plague of rats at one time. In ancient Greece the cat was merely a rat-catcher, but in medieval times he rose to prominence as the form the devil took when consorting with witches. Soon it became known that a black tomcat became a devil after seven years, and since then the preference of cats for cemeteries, deserted houses, and late hours hasn't helped their case.

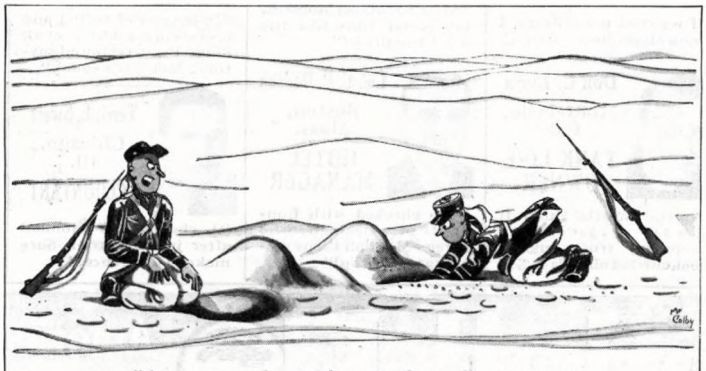
The savage disliked having people look over his shoulder, believing they were bent on evil, ready to attack from behind. Kibitzing is still unpopular, especially if done from the left and sinister side. The savage also disliked sudden and unexplained sounds, so that falling pictures in homes today are regarded as evil omens, as are such amazing things as birds flying in windows. The bird, in addition, is the eternal symbol of the soul, and when he calls on you he is asking some soul in the house to come and join him, which means death.

America has recently had the letter-chain craze, which derives from the time when early man discovered speech and attached magical and divine qualities to words. Hard-boiled gangsters are afraid of being "hexed," which began with a mythical child-devouring demon in Germany. Americans are always getting someone's "goat," too, which is a Biblical superstition deriving from the sacrifice of two goats in payment for sin, the scapegoat, or escape goat, getting away to carry the blame and the other going to the fire. Getting out of bed on the wrong side goes back to the dexter and sinister divisions of the body.

THE wishbone of a chicken, like a horseshoe, resembles the shape of a crescent moon, which has always been a goddess. Be sure that the horseshoe points up, so that the luck will not run out, and be sure that your lucky elephant's trunk is up, for the same reason. The elephant, wise and large, kept his divinity when other animals lost theirs and when the unfortunate cat went over to the side of the devil. Be sure also to give a penny for a present of a sharp instrument, because such things should always be bought—they may cut friendship, and should therefore not be given to friends.

Americans look in their fields constantly for four-leaf clovers, which the Druids popularized Four is the Western number making a square, the earthly section of the body. Three is the Eastern and divine number, making a triangle, the top of the body. The Druids also popularized the mistletoe, under which people kiss, because it grows without root in the ground and does not die in winter. It was with the mistletoe that Loki, the thirteenth god, killed Balder. There are other reasons for the divinity of the mistletoe. It took the great Sir James George Frazer a lifetime of research and twelve volumes to prove that the golden bough which Aeneas carried with him into the lower world was the mistletoe. It would take much more than twelve volumes to trace the history in comp'ete form of the superstitions I have explained briefly in this article. And if that were done there would then be another batch waiting, which had grown up in the meantime.

Superstition carries on, and new forms of it join the ranks every day. Only when the universe is solved once and for all, and man has no need to seek further for divine wisdom and knowledge, will the last snap of the fingers be heard and the last hotel without a thirteenth floor be erected.



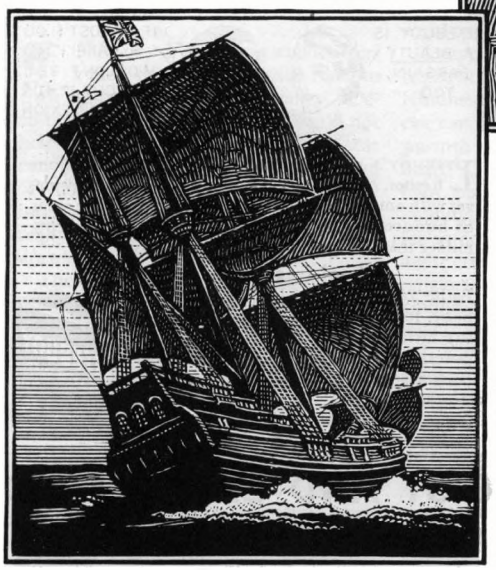
"Are you sure this is where you dropped your gum?"

C. B. Colby

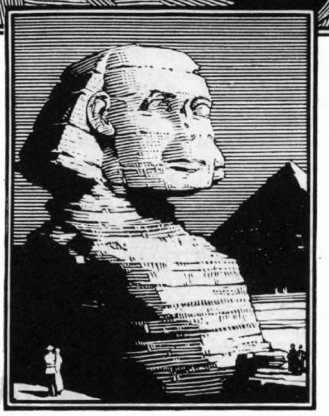
+ + + + +

One thing they all agree on

Ever been in Singapore? . . . Constantinople? . . . Buenos Aires? . . . Well, Budweiser has. No matter where people have gone, they have been unable to find a beer like Budweiser with its matchless character, bouquet and flavor. People who know beer have made Budweiser the biggest-selling bottled beer in history. For your *own* enjoyment, include in your circle of friends the beer that has circled the entire globe!



The Mayflower brought Pilgrims—and beer! And how they complained when it was gone! They sent word back to England for more. (See Young's "Chronicles of the Pilgrims".) You need not worry about not getting your Budweiser because Budweiser *is everywhere*.



How old is beer? As old as civilization. "Zythum", ancient Egyptian word for "beer", is one of the last words in the dictionary . . . but everybody who drinks Budweiser knows that Budweiser is *the* last word in beer.

Only Budweiser

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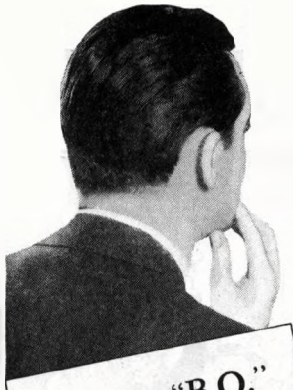
Order a carton for your home — NO DEPOSIT REQUIRED — Be prepared to entertain your guests.

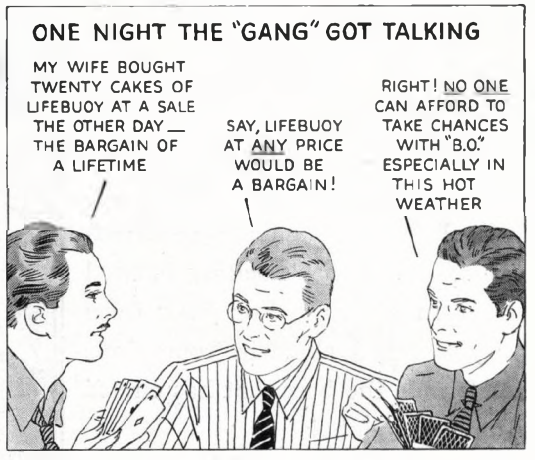
ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS

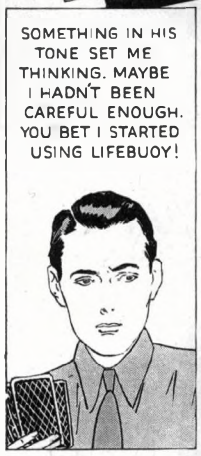
I BEGAN TO FEEL LONESOME AND OLD



The true "B.O." confession of a bachelor *not from choice!*

(one of the thousands of letters that come to the makers of Lifebuoy)

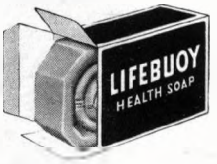




LIFEBUOY'S rich, creamy lather makes complexions fresher, clearer... Because it cleanses more deeply, yet with amazing gentleness. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Feel fresher, be safer!

Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its abundant refreshing lather penetrates the pores, purifies, stops "B.O." *(body odor)*. Its clean scent rinses away.



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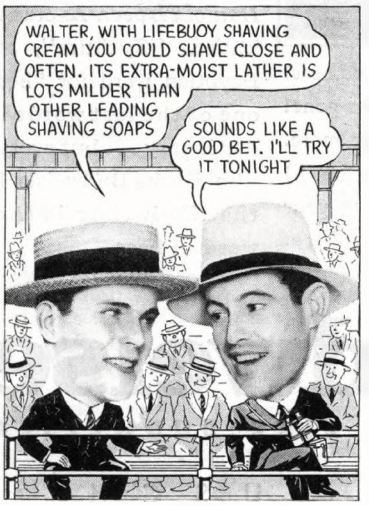
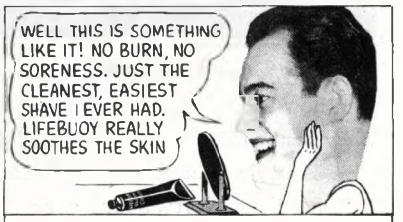
ITS LATHER IS EXTRA-MOIST AND EXTRA-MILD





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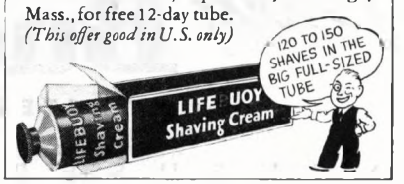
Try this mild, extra-moist lather. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-157, Cambridge, Mass., for free 12-day tube.

(This offer good in U.S. only)



AMERICA'S *Interesting People*

Magicians

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO AARONS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THESE two Americans are conquering the most ferocious Indian tribes of South America with parlor magic. They use mysteries of sleight of hand practiced since boyhood to bring South American head-hunters to their knees in fear. Geographers Cyril von Baumann and André Roosevelt, both of New York, are now mapping territory in Ecuador and Brazil never before seen by white men. Also collecting primitive skulls for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. "Here's the way I do it," Roosevelt explains. "I say to a native chief, 'Gilligilli, here's a chicken'—and then before his astonished eyes I produce a live fowl from nowhere." With more gillis and flourishes he extracts from thin air such objects as cards, coins, lighted cigarettes. Von Baumann performs miracles with chemicals. With mixtures of carbide, sodium, and grass he causes water to boil, explode, and burst into flames. Meanwhile, their native porters spread rumors that they're magicians, and awe-struck savages bow down.

Olympian

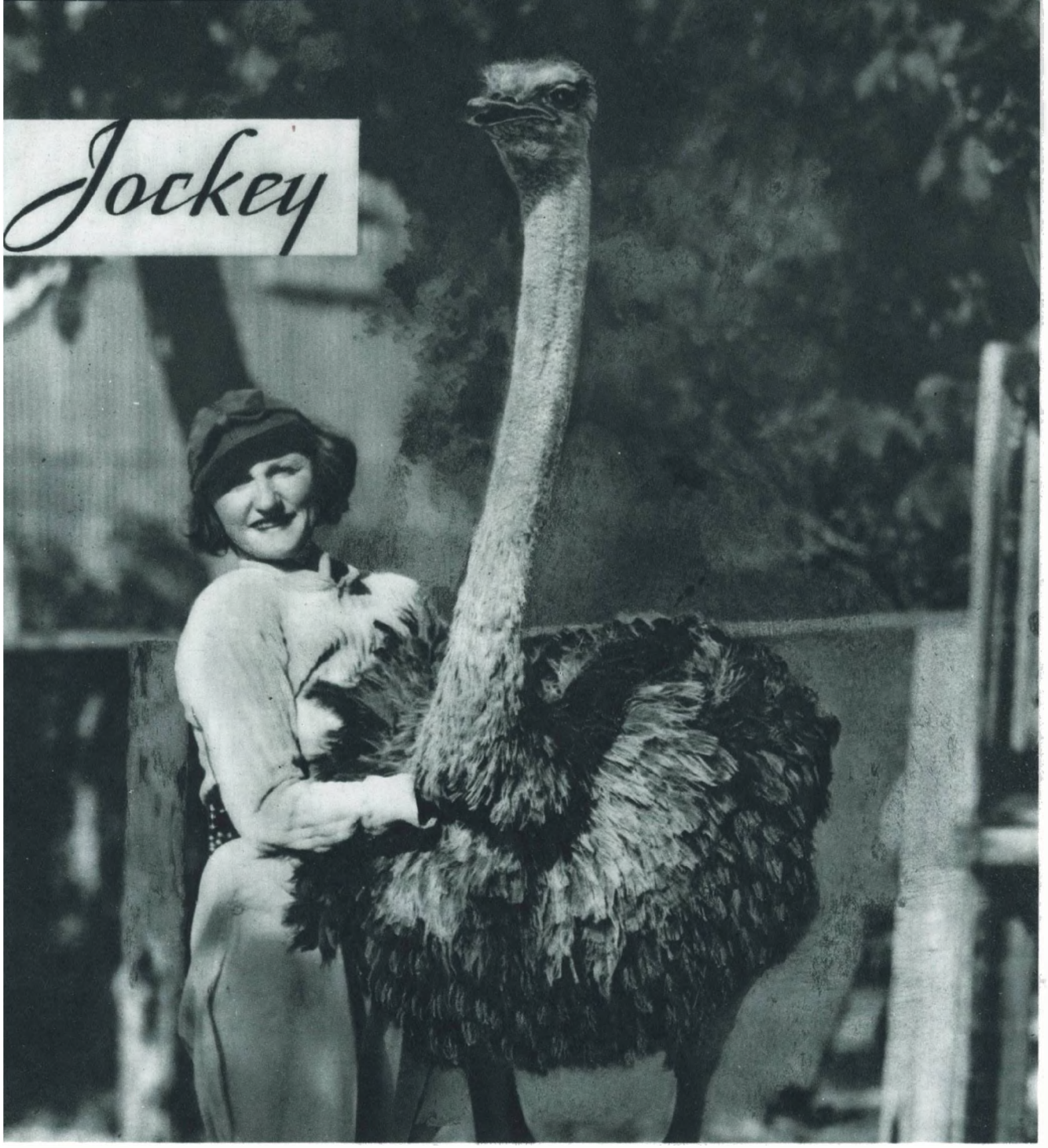
PHOTOGRAPH BY WM. H. RITTASE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

HE could never win an Olympic race, so he became today's foremost teacher of track stars. Lawson Robertson is head coach of America's Olympic track and field teams at the Berlin games this summer. It's his eighth international appearance—three times as an athlete, once as U. S. assistant coach, four times as head coach. His pupils have won fourteen all-time Olympic records. After he stopped running he built a name for himself coaching college teams. For the last twenty years has been producing record-breaking trackmen at the University of Pennsylvania. Penn's football coach drafts him every year as trainer. He's the author of two sports books. Pastimes include golf, deep-sea fishing, swimming. Likes to tell jokes on his race (Scotch). Says, "The slowest race I ever saw occurred when Jimmy Curran, track coach at Mercersburg Academy, and another Scotchman reached for a restaurant check." Robertson jointly holds one world's record, unbeaten since 1905: a three-legged race.

Lobbyist

PHOTOGRAPH BY MC MANUS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

DAISY MILLER is the dog world's greatest detective. Through her broadcast descriptions of missing animals, 250,000 lost and stolen dogs have been recovered. Operates in all states from her New York headquarters—the Animal Protective Union. Dog owners everywhere aid in the search. But frequently takes to the trail herself. Recently traced a dog stolen in Connecticut to a receiving station on Long Island, to New Jersey, and finally to a first-class pet shop in Manhattan. Mrs. Miller can tell all you want to know about any of the world's 250 breeds of dogs. That's why she recovers so many. Gets back 90 per cent of all lost Scotties reported to her. Has returned strayed or lost dogs to such persons as President Roosevelt, Admiral Byrd, and Actress Eva Le Gallienne. Got into dog-detecting on a fluke. Several years ago filled in on a radio program with descriptions of lost dogs. Has kept at it ever since. Now she's organizing dog lovers everywhere to lobby for more humane animal laws.



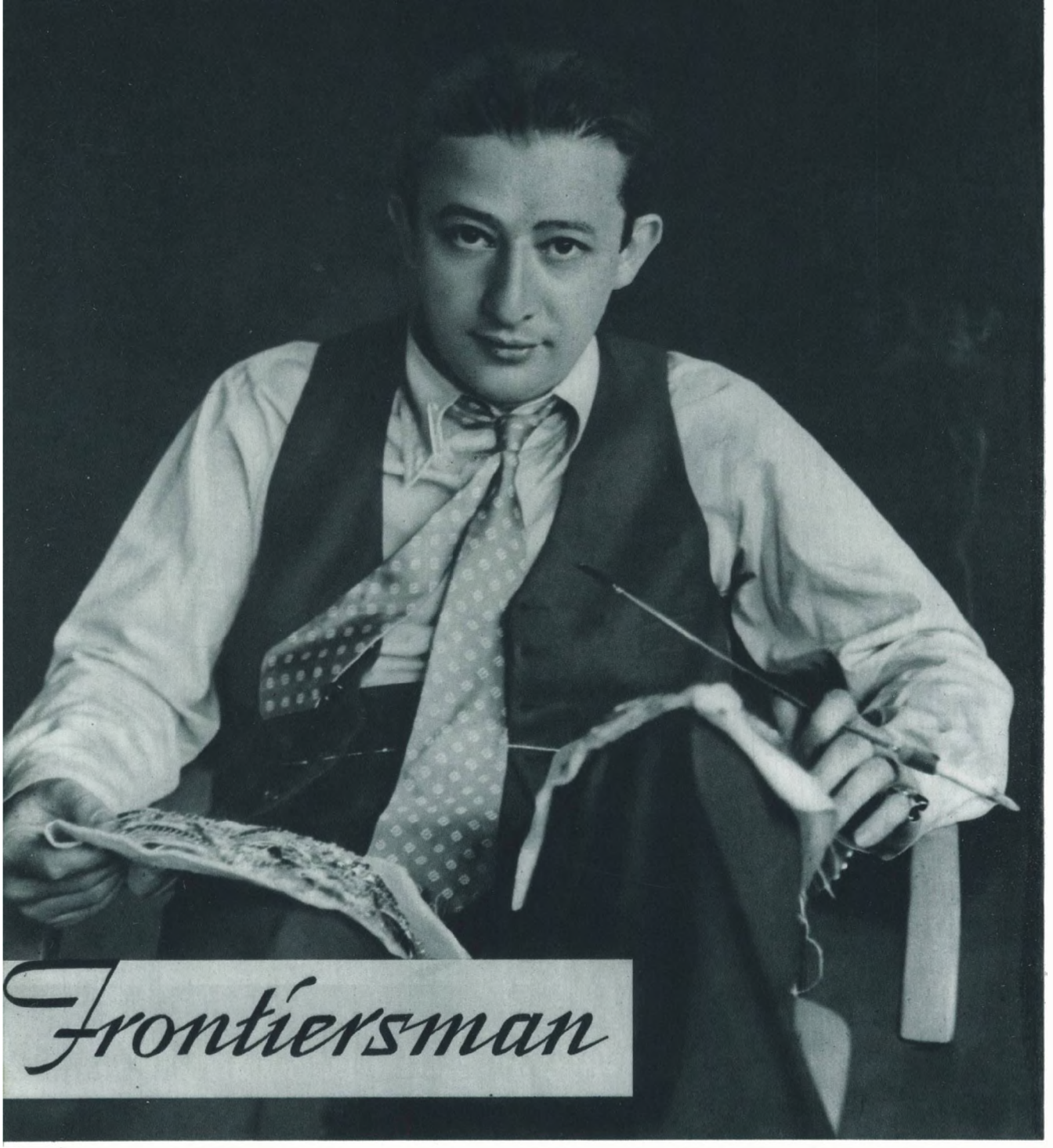
PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY B. DANE FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

BECAUSE Katherine Reid, 29, takes dreams seriously, she's now making a good living in one of America's strangest occupations—ostrich racing. Dreamed one night in 1933 she was streaking around race tracks on 300-pound ostriches. Next day bought three of the birds. Learned to handle and ride them. Then taught her two nieces to race against her. They use no bridles or saddles. Jump on, grab for the wings, and are off. Anything can happen, and usually does. The ostriches frequently pitch their jockeys into fences. Clark Gable, the male of the trio, sometimes holds up a race to swallow spectators' watches and necklaces. The Reid trio made its debut in Miami two seasons ago. Since then they've raced at tracks, carnivals, fairs all over the South. Miss Reid is negotiating to run one of her birds against Cavalcade or Discovery. Katherine Reid is also one of the few women who like to wrestle alligators. Keeps house at Lantana, Fla., for husband, A. N. Drexel, and her plumed stable.

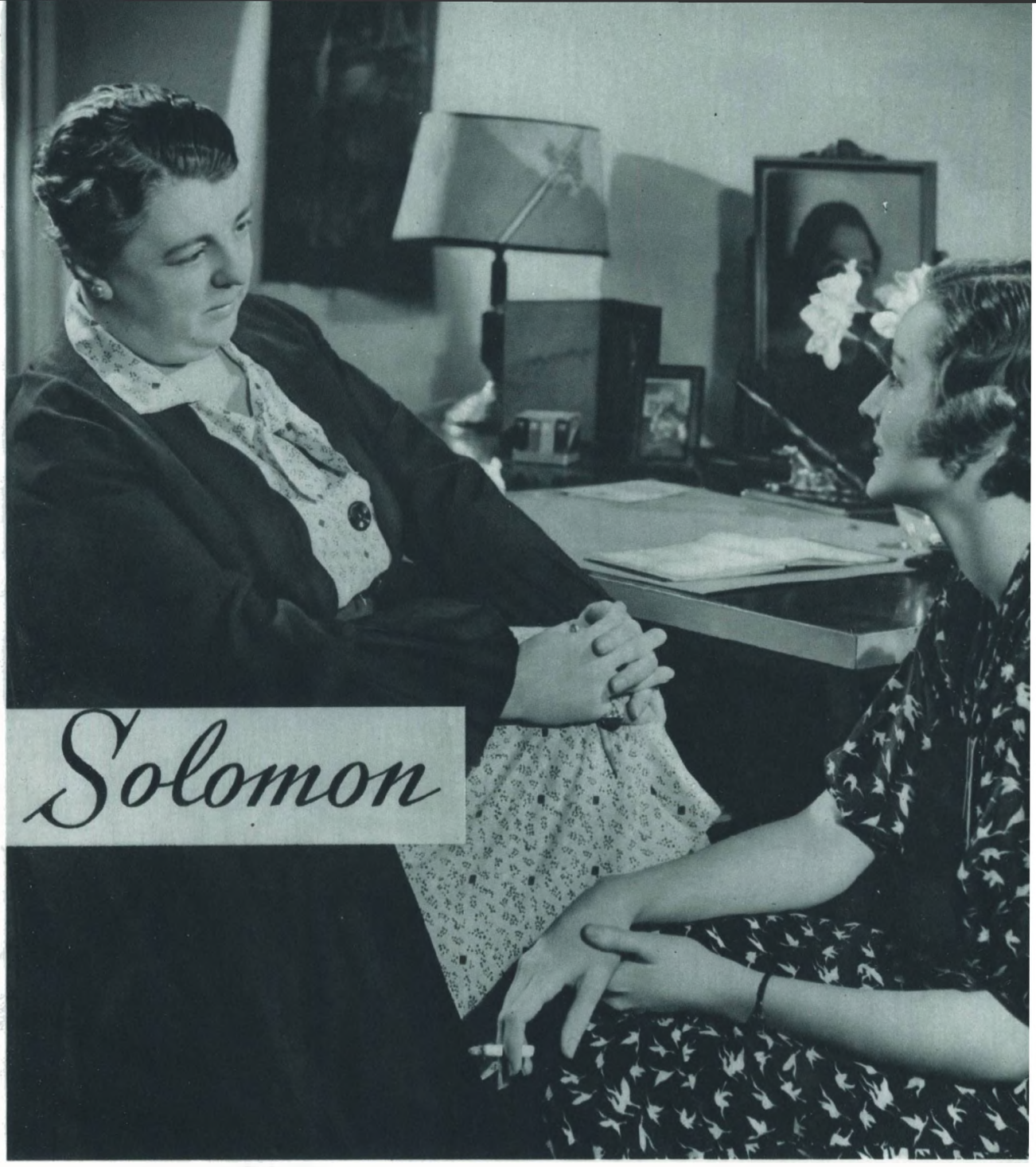
Quirksmith

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

YOUNG Paul Mayer, at the age of 17, looking for work, plainly saw the sign—"Inexperienced Men Not Wanted." He could have worn out shoe leather running around the vicious circle to get a job to get experience. Instead, he got together with 12 of his Flushing, N. Y., pals, who, without a dime in their pockets, organized a miniature business of their own. Decided to hand-make knickknacks, cater to the quirks of individuals. Christened their business the Oddity Shop. Got money to start by selling stock. Elected Mayer president. For five years now they've been manufacturing such things as monogrammed pewter plates, tooled leather belts, silver bracelets for fastidious persons all over the U. S. Mayer's enterprise, paying 20% annual dividends to stockholders, attracted attention of big businessmen. They hired Oddity Shop workers for full-time day jobs. While President Mayer and the gang put out less volume nowadays, they're still at their jig saws and lathes a few nights a week.



WHEN Wild Westerners at Fort Worth, Texas, wanted to put on a great centennial frontier celebration this summer, did they pick a Billy-the-Kid? No; they chose a Billy Rose from New York's Sixth Avenue. This super-cowboy measures only five feet, three inches, but he's mastodon-minded. Last winter in Manhattan he produced a mammoth spectacle, *Jumbo*, consisting of 50 circus acts woven into a drama, with Paul Whiteman and a zoo thrown in for good measure. Jumbo's trumpetings attracted the ears of Fort Worth's businessmen. Forthwith they hired Rose to stage their show. He's whipping into shape a musical rodeo to open July 1. He'll exhibit bronco busters, Broadway blondes, and carloads of elephants and giraffes. Rose made himself a millionaire writing songs, running night clubs, producing plays. Highest ambition: to outshine his wife, Fanny Brice, famous actress. Usually does a business in a warehouse atop a New York skyscraper. His one great fear is cramped places.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR O'REILL FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

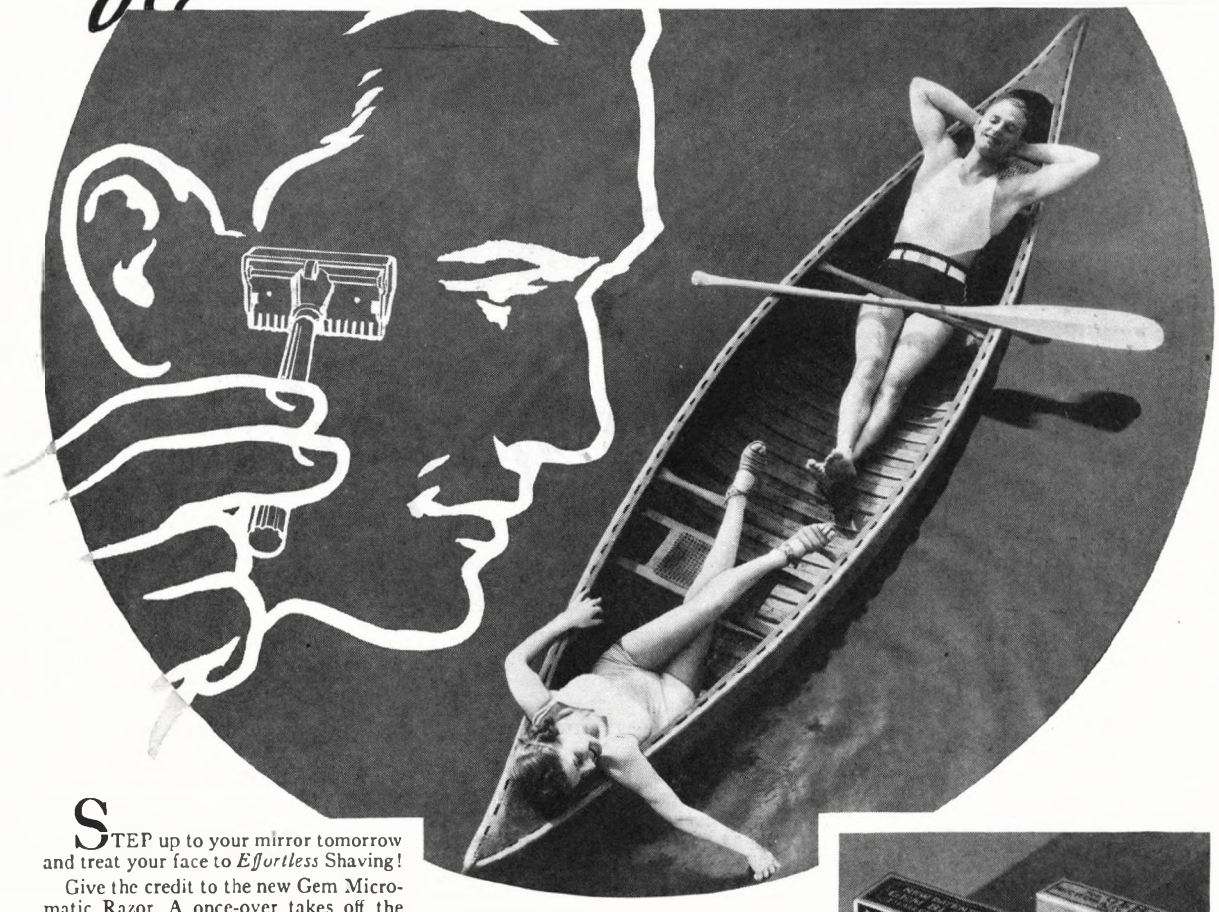
RUTH WHITE COLTON sells common sense over department store counters to troubled people. Her outspoken advice on personal problems—from lovers' quarrels to family budgets—is on sale for 25 to 50 cents an interview. She has waited on 100,000 shoppers in some of the largest stores in the U. S., selling them new personalities like new dresses or suits. Wraps up no hickory switches for problem children. "It's parents who are problems," she says. Sometimes delivers her counsel to customers at home, as shown in the photograph. Discovered her calling by getting along so well with her own family that everybody on the block asked her to solve their domestic problems. Lectured on human relations for three years at the Yale Graduate School. Next, coached Connecticut teachers on how to handle students. Two years ago began selling her judgment in department stores. Home: New York. "All people need," Mrs. Colton explains, "is to talk away their worries. I'm the world's champion listener."

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNY HAYES FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

MRS. ROY LARGENT is America's only woman big-league baseball scout. Travels 60,000 miles a year looking for keen-eyed players for the Chicago White Sox of the American League. Got her introduction to baseball going to high-school games coached by her husband at McKinney, Texas, her home town. Discovered while knitting in the grandstand that she could tell more about a baseball player's ability in ten minutes than most experts could in an hour. President Comiskey heard of her, recently signed her to knit the destinies of his White Sox. Included in the 100 men she's sent to major leagues are First Baseman Zeke Bonura, Shortstop Luke Appling, and Pitcher Johnny Whitehead, all three of the Chicago White Sox. Holds a world's record of 4 games viewed in 24 hours. No "night club boys" get her approval. Usually makes up her mind quickly, but says, "You can't be too hasty. A player may look like a dub one day and a million dollars the next." Writes rhymes as a pastime.

FAREWELL TO SCRAPES!

Effortless SHAVING *is here!*



STEP up to your mirror tomorrow and treat your face to *Effortless* Shaving!

Give the credit to the new Gem Micromatic Razor. A once-over takes off the toughest whiskers *clean*. No tugs, no scrapes, no irritation.

Hold Gem flat against your cheek, and automatically you get the master barber's perfect shaving angle,—his long, gliding stroke. Gem's bevel top actually fits itself to *all* facial contours.

Patented Dual-Alignment locks the blade rigidly at five points—it cannot wobble or scuff. You safely use keener edges than were ever before possible. And Gem provides them.

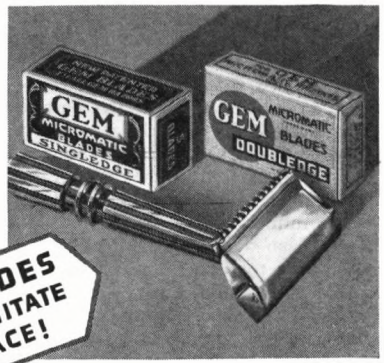
Made of 50% thicker surgical steel, each Gem Blade takes 4840 separate stroppings. Each blade passes a series of inspections. Each blade reaches you shave-perfect.

All one piece, no parts to fumble, Gem opens and closes with a twist of the handle—cleans and loads in a jiffy. *Don't* put up with shaving annoyance another morning!

Your dealer sells the new chrome-plated Gem Razor with 5 blades in exquisite washable marbelite case for $1.00.

SPECIAL TO DOUBTERS:—

Convince yourself with this below-cost offer. Send 25¢ and our coupon for a get-acquainted outfit with a regular $1.00 gold-plated Gem Razor and a single- and double-edged blade. Today!



GEM BLADES NEVER IRRITATE THE FACE!

SPECIAL OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. A35, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edged blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

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GEM MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

DARK HORSES

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

of the Olympics

By John Kieran

THE Olympic Games are admittedly a great show. And ever so often a practically anonymous performer comes from the wings to steal the show from the titled aristocracy of athletics. The staid city fathers of Berlin who are staging the Olympic spectacle this summer should be prepared for probable shocks.

Go back, for instance, to Amsterdam in 1928. The great sprinters of the world were warming up for the Olympic dashes. The United States had a swift group that included Charley Paddock, modestly styled "The World's Fastest Human;" Jackson V. Scholz, a sprint winner at Paris in 1924; Bob McAllister, the "Flying Cop" from the ranks of the New York gendarmerie; Frank Wykoff, the youthful California Comet; Claude Bracey from the Texas plains; Charley Borah from the Coast, and a few more like them. World-beaters, certainly. The only question around the camp was as to which one would beat the others and wear the Olympic laurel wreath on his unblushing brow.

Foreign fast steppers? Yes, there were some of them in rival camps. But the United States coaches and competitors had these fellows spotted, if not actually tagged. They were good men, but they would be beaten by the wearers of the little shield of Stars and Stripes.

A great athlete in Olympic training —at least, if he represents an opulent nation like the United States—is surrounded by the last word in competent coaching, festooned with the latest aids in mechanical equipment, and rationed to the ultimate gulp on the best of speed-producing foods. He gets better care and more attention than the pampered offspring of the idle rich. Our record-smashing set of sprinters came up to the Amsterdam events "in the pink." Or they should have if care, comfort, and equipment could produce that rich tinge in physical condition.

But in that same field at Amsterdam was a wide-eyed, brown-haired high-school boy wearing the maple leaf of Canada. He lived in Vancouver. He had no reputation, no money. He hitch-hiked his way across Canada to take part in the Canadian Olympic trials, and ran fast enough to make the team. After this bit of luck he reached Amsterdam with no further strain on his thumb. At Amsterdam he was among those who gathered admiringly around the famous group of United States sprinters.

Of course, nobody paid attention to him. Not then. Not even when the sprinters were called to the mark. But when the sprints were over the kid from Vancouver was a double winner in Olympic competition and the name "Percy Williams" went singing over the cables that girdle the world. He came from nowhere to glory, in two bewildering rushes, and left the somewhat punctured notables of other nations laboring along in his rear as he won the 100-meter and 200-meter dashes at Amsterdam.

TWO men have won Olympic championships almost on the spur of the moment in events they had never before tried in their athletic lives. Bob Garrett, now a big banker of Baltimore but then the husky track captain of the Princeton team, had never competed in a discus event until he went to the first of the modern Olympic Games at Athens in 1896. In fact, it was at this revival meeting that he first saw and handled a real discus. He had several times thrown a crude imitation, pounds overweight, in misguided practice back in Maryland and New Jersey. But the first time he held a real discus in his hand or competed in a discus competition was when he stepped out at Athens in 1896, defeated the great Pan-Hellenic idol, Paraskevopoulos, and won the Olympic title for the saucer-slinging sport.

In this same stadium ten years later another tyro walked off wearing the Olympic crown of wild olive. It was the square-shouldered, black-haired, solemn-faced George V. Bonhag of the old Irish-American A. C.—the Winged Fist force. George, of the scholarly mien and majestic manner, was a great distance runner. For many years he held American records ranging from 2 miles up to 10 miles. Probably a few of them still remain on the books. It was as a distance star that George went to Athens in 1906. He was looked upon as a probable winner in one long-distance race and a possible winner in two.

But George didn't do it. He trailed in the 1,500-meter event and he was in the ruck in the 5-mile race. Nobody could fathom why. The probable explanation must be something like the answer given by a noted English turfman, when he was asked why his celebrated horse hadn't won the Epsom Derby as expected. "Because," said the owner blandly, "at a critical point in the race he was passed by six or seven other horses."

These defeats left solemn George walking around moodily and giving an imitation of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. He made up his mind to redeem himself if he could. He looked around for some event—any event—that was still open to a man of his inches and determination. The only thing he could find was the 1,500-meter walk. He had never competed in a walking race. Nevertheless, he solemnly entered himself for the event against a select group of walkers of the world who had gathered to compete for the Olympic crown at their favorite game, such as it is.

NOW, it has long been the contention of this observer that walking for speed is contrary to nature, that man is built on different plans, and that the sensible thing to do when in a hurry is change from a walk to a dead run. Any other procedure is a distortion of the plans of Nature, and those miscreants who indulge in walking races for speed richly deserve the punishment they bring upon themselves—which must be pretty terrible, judging from the fiendish faces they make and the horrible contortions they go through in hobbling around the track.

The one redeeming feature of such walking races is that the judges and inspectors throw out most of the competitors for running. Down on all fours, with their noses in the dirt and their eyes fixed on the feet of the alleged pedestrians, the official Paul Prys rise up ever and anon to thumb off some competitor, thus doing a favor to all concerned, including the very bored spectators. As a result of wholesale disqualifications—eminently justified—in this event at Athens, George V. Bonhag, who had never before competed in such an event, won the Olympic walking crown. This in itself is a sufficient commentary on the noble art of walking for speed.

There was once a runner who wasn't picked for the United States team, yet he ran to Olympic victory in borrowed shoes. That was at Antwerp in 1920, where astonishing sights were the order of the day, whatever that day might be. As usual, the camp that flew the Stars and Stripes fairly swarmed with crack sprinters. One among them was Allen Woodring of Syracuse University, who failed by a few inches to

make the team in the final trials on American soil. A vacancy later developed and Woodring was invited to fill it. Which he did to overflowing.

Maybe it was his lateness in joining the team that made Woodring think he had to run fast to catch up with the parade. He was left much to himself. The coaches were busy with the star sprinters, like Paddock and Loren Murchison and Jackson Scholz, who had made the boat in a breeze and were the banner-bearers of Uncle Sam's fast males. Woodring was just a filler-in. If he edged some foreign sprinter out of a third or fourth place he would be doing as well as could be expected.

In the training stunts and the trial heats at Antwerp ambitious Woodring ran so hard and so fast that he came up to the final of the 200-meter event with the bottom out of his last pair of running shoes.

He tried to buy a new pair, but none could be found within reach. It was almost time to go to the starting mark. Woodring scurried around until he located a friend who lent him a pair of spiked shoes. They weren't a good fit, and the spikes in them were twice as long as those he had been wearing. He expected nothing less than to pitch forward on his nose before he had gone very far in the race.

But it had rained the night before and, with the extra-long spikes giving just the added grip needed on the waterlogged track, Woodring won. On such insignificant trifles do great events turn. Thus, the sprinter who couldn't make the team ran to glory in borrowed shoes.

THERE was an earlier double-barreled sensation along those same lines,-except that the surprise party was still wearing his own shoes at the finish. The first time the United States actually picked an official team to go to the Olympic Games was in 1906. Earlier expeditions were impromptu or voluntary and, in one case, practically unconscious. The United States college groups and club athletes who migrated to Paris in 1900 and swept the field, didn't know until it was all over that they had been competing in Olympic Games. The French officials advertised the gathering as the "International Track and Field Championships" and ran them in haphazard fashion as a side show to the Paris Exposition of that year. It was only after the curtain had been rung down that the Athletes were let in on the secret that they had been competing in Olympic Games. A whole group had become Olympic champions without knowing it, which still stands as an odd record.

But there was no such secret in 1906. An American Olympic committee, first of its kind, selected a team, financed it, and shipped it off to Athens. On the ship with the official team was an unofficial adventurer named Paul Pilgrim, a lean-flanked, black-haired, hawk-faced stripling who had done some startling running for the New York Athletic Club. The tag "unofficial" meant that he was paying his own way. With so many tried and true veterans competing for free board and lodging en route, the committee didn't feel justified in wasting any money on an inexperienced youngster like Pilgrim.

MYSTERIES

"HAVE you ever had anything happen to you that seemed inexplicable on natural grounds?" we asked in the March, 1936, issue. Hundreds of readers replied. The judges were awed. Icy hands in the dark . . . mysterious voices . . . shades of the departed. . . . The judges pulled themselves together and decided that the three best stories were told by:

First, $25.00
MRS. M. G. CLELAND
San Francisco, Calif.

•

Second, $15.00
JANE WIGHT REINHARD
Cranford, N. J.

•

Third, $10.00
MRS. E. W. WILSON, JR.
Baie d'Urfe, Quebec, Canada.

•

Here is Mrs. Cleland's story:

I can't explain it, but—

THERE is no doubt in my mind that the Negroes of the Old South possessed a mystic tie-up with the occult.

I recall a summer afternoon in Alabama, where I was a guest in an old home. It was a stately house, with wide halls, tall doorways, and ornate ceilings. A great crystal chandelier hung in the room where we sat.

It was a drowsy, sweet-smelling afternoon, so still that even my small baby sat in a sort of contented hush. It was, therefore, a distinct shock to hear the sound of running feet in the hallway—running feet and labored breathing.

Aunt Sudie, a Negro who had nursed two generations in that house, appeared in the doorway gasping, "Fo' de Lawd, somp'n goin' to happen to dat chile."

Her whole bearing was fraught with wild terror, as she swooped across the room, snatched the baby from its blanket on the floor, and dashed out.

I thought the poor soul had suddenly gone demented, and was about to follow her, when, without warning of any kind, the great chandelier tore loose from the ceiling and, with a tremendous crash, fell directly on the blanket from which the baby had been lifted.

When it was all over and we questioned the Negro she said, "All I know, I'se settin' there rockin', an' all at once somp'n say, 'Git de baby *quick!*' I ain't stoppin' to 'quire no questions; all I does is to git myse'f whar I'se goin' fast as I kin go. Dat's all *I* knows."

Probably only the gaffers and gammers will recall it now, but there were some great quarter-milers and half-milers in those days. The United States had Harry Hillman and Jim Lightbody, triple winners at St. Louis in 1904. Fay Moulton and Charley Bacon, speedy steppers, were other starters for Uncle Sam. Australia had the fast-flying Nigel Barker, England had the celebrated Lieut Wyndham Halswelle, who ranked high both on and off the track. Right up to the starting time at Athens a public auction of Pilgrim's chances against these great men wouldn't have brought a bid of a drachma from the bystanders. But when they ran the 400-meter and 800-meter races it was Paul Pilgrim, the kid who couldn't make the United States team, who was first to the tape in two smashing finishes.

These upsets jar the experts, but the crowd rejoices. It's the romance of the unexpected, the surprising whirl of the Wheel of Fortune. Who could guess the coming of Kolehmainen in the Olympic Games of 1912 at Stockholm—Hannes the Mighty, forerunner of the great Nurmi, and all the tireless Finns? Who looked for the great forward surge of the Japanese through the water in the aquatic sector of the Los Angeles Games of 1932?

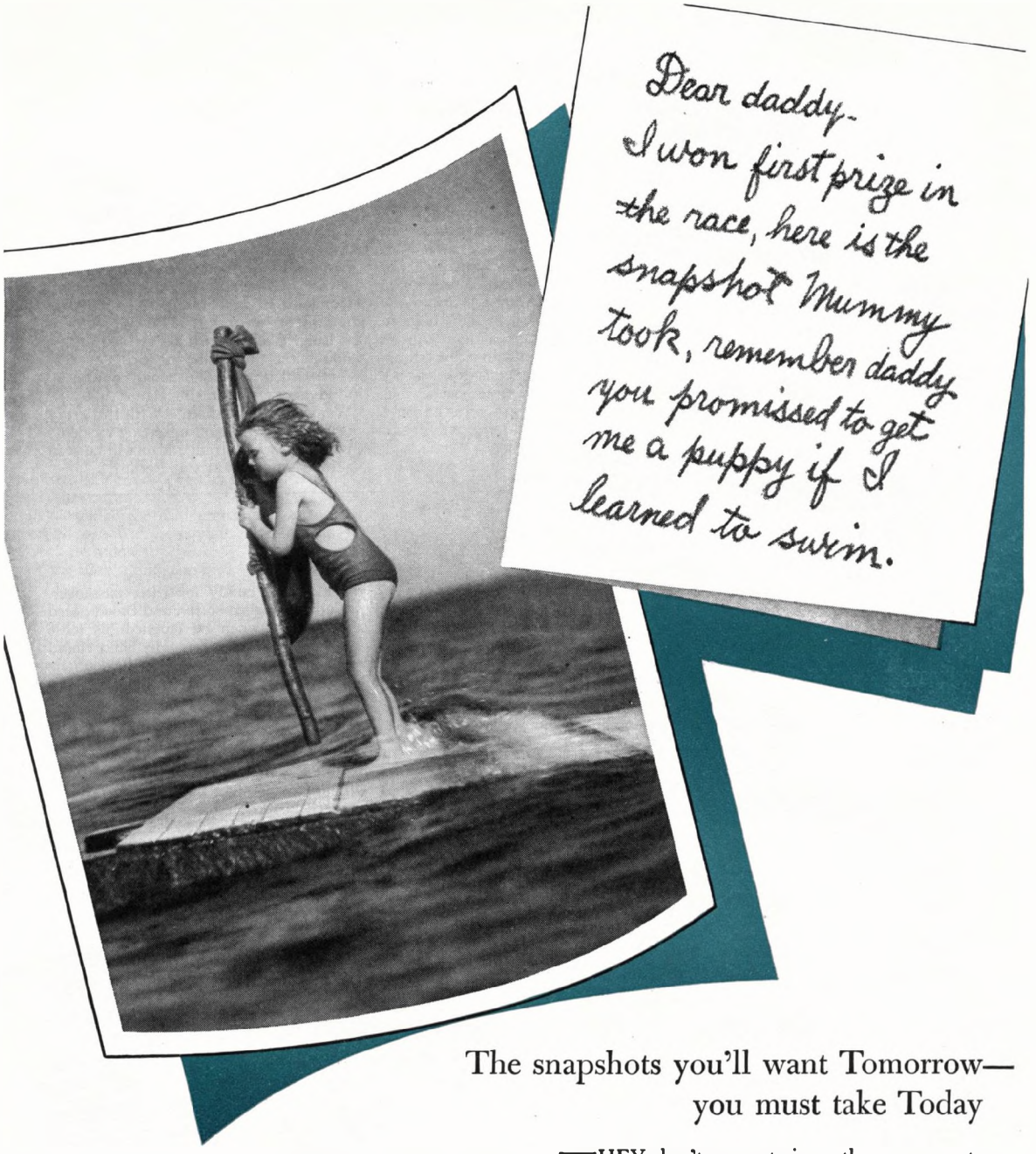
THE United States sends established champions and world record-holders to Olympic track and field festivals. They are well trained, bristling with confidence, perhaps a trifle overstuffed with self-esteem at times, but top men by the stop watch. Everything is set for an orderly and expected triumph in a certain event, and, suddenly, up pops the devil, so to speak.

Once it was in the form of a Scotch-Presbyterian missionary student, the lean, spindle-shanked Eric Liddell, born in China, studying in Glasgow, and running for Great Britain. Horatio Fitch, of Chicago, had splintered the old world's record in the semifinal of the 400-meter event at Paris in 1924. But what good did that do him when the astonishing divinity student galloped past him in the final and set a fresh world's record of his own?

At that same gathering, in the 100-meter final, four of the six starters wore the little shield fashioned of Stars and Stripes. Porritt, of New Zealand, and lanky Harold Abrahams, of England, a Cambridge undergraduate, were the two other starters. While our serious sprinters were being groomed like thoroughbred horses and fed and watered like incubator chicks, Mr. Abrahams of Merrie England was going about on his own. His idea of training left our coaches and competitors falling from one swoon into another. He downed his glass of ale when he was thirsty. He smoked a long black cigar when he felt so inclined. He trained or practiced only when it happened to come to mind or occurred to him that it was the proper thing to do at the moment. Could a man train like that and win an Olympic 100-meter final? He could—and did!

One event alone, the Olympic marathon, produces a surprise party almost every time it is staged.

The first Olympic marathon winner was a religious fanatic. He spent the two nights



The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

THEY don't come twice—those moments we would like so much to keep forever. Children grow up, places change, people forget. Make your snapshots now, and be sure of them for keeps. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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before the start praying on his knees. He fasted the day before the race. He was Spiridon Loues, a little Greek shepherd from the hills, and if he had any previous reputation for running, only the sheep knew about it. The winner at Paris in 1900 was a French baker boy, Michel Teato. Nobody except his immediate family and his bakery customers had heard of him before—or since. The first man over the line in Shepherd's Bush stadium, London area, in 1908 was a candymaker from Capri wearing red tights. That was Pietro Dorando, but he was practically carried over the line by kindhearted British officials, and for this he was ultimately declared null and void as a competitor.

So great was the confusion around the collapsed Italian that few persons saw the real winner cross the finish line under his own steam. It didn't matter. They had never heard of him. They wouldn't have known him. He was Johnny Hayes, of the U. S. A., a pink-cheeked department-store clerk from New York and the youngest and smallest member of Uncle Sam's Olympic team. His victory wasn't confirmed until some five hours later, when all but the warring officials had very sensibly gone home. It was probably the most inconspicuous victory in Olympic annals. In fact, it took five hours of oratory to keep the British officials from overlooking it entirely.

THE marathon winner at Paris in 1924 was Albin Steenroos. Albin being a Finn, it was natural to expect him to be a serious competitor in a long-distance race. But Albin wasn't an ordinary Finn. He was an ex-wrestler who had turned to running some twenty years earlier. Possibly the wrestler was still strong in him, because once, in a race, he took a tight grip on himself, with the result that he threw himself heavily and broke his own leg. As soon as he could walk he became a sewing-machine salesman. And as soon as he could run he was back on the cinder path again. So he was a 40-year-old sewing-machine salesman running on a once-broken leg when he won the marathon at Paris in 1924.

Then there was the astounding El Ouafi at Amsterdam in 1928! He was a skinny, pint-sized, dusky Algerian, wearing a raggedy running suit and a head of hair that would have done credit to a Fiji Island medicine man. He was an auto mechanic in Paris. He had no previous reputation but, as it turned out, much previous experience as a long-distance runner. He had been a dispatch bearer in the French Army during the Riffian campaign against Abd-el-Krim in northern Africa.

And so it goes—one surprise party after another. Kolehmainen coming up at Stockholm. Paavo Nurmi looming over the athletic horizon in 1920. Who looked for Luigi Beccali until he arrived at the 1,500-meter finish line at Los Angeles? What wild imagination could conjure up in advance a fantastic figure like the "Waffle" of Amsterdam? With this array of surprise parties and upsetting incidents in the past, what strange feats will be seen in the Olympic Games at Berlin?

BLOOD Money

(*Continued from page 63*)

you? Watch what you're doing, will you, man?"

"Have patience. It's a healing cautery."

The lady's arm encircled the patient's head, supporting and soothing him. "My poor Jorgito," she murmured.

Blood tore linen into strips, made a pad for the wound, applied a bandage to keep it in position and then a second bandage to hold the left arm immovable against the patient's breast. Then Alcatrace handed him a fresh shirt, which he drew over Fairfax's head, leaving the left sleeve empty.

"You'll sleep in that position," Blood instructed him, "and avoid movement as much as possible. In a week you'll be whole again."

Whilst the man's answer was no more than a grumbling oath, Blood's hands were suddenly gripped by the lady across the narrow bed. "You have been so good, so brave, so noble!" Before he could check her, she had carried his hands to her lips.

When, protesting, he wrenched them away, she smiled up at him wistfully.

"They are the hands that have save' my George's life, that have heal' his wounds. All my life I shall love those hands."

Blood had his doubts about it. He was not finding "Jorgito" prepossessing. The fellow's shallow, sloping, animal brow and wide, loose-lipped mouth inspired no confidence, for all that in its total sum and in a coarse, raffish way the face might be described as handsome. He wore his own hair, reddish brown and luxuriant, reaching to the nape of his neck, and some tendrils of it were matted now by sweat across his brow. In age he could not have passed the middle thirties.

His eyes, rather close-set and pale, shifted under Blood's scrutiny, and he began to mutter belated acknowledgments: "I vow, sir, I am in your debt. If only you had skewered that rat who got away I'd owe you still more."

"No, no, Jorgito. Ah, no!" To soften her remonstrance the little lady stroked his cheek. "If that have happen' my conscience would never be quiet again. If my brother's blood have been shed . . ."

"Od's life! Wasn't he eager enough for mine? Him and his bullies!"

"Dearest," she soothed him, "it was to protect me. Let us thank God—God and this so brave gentleman—that no worse have happen'."

And then Tim, the mate, a big, red man, rolled in to discover how his master fared and to report that the course was set, that the Heron was moving briskly before a steady southerly breeze, and that La Hacha was already five or six miles astern. And he drove out Alcatrace to set a hammock in the cuddy for their passenger.

Fairfax laughed softly, and Blood noted that always when he laughed his loose mouth seemed to sneer. His hand closed over the lady's, which lay on the counterpane. "Ye'll have the jewels safe, sweetheart?" he murmured.

"Heavens! I must have drop' the casket when we were attacked."

"Dropped the casket?" He stared at her, first in stupefaction, then with a blaze kindling in his light eyes. "Dropped the casket!" he repeated, ahd his voice cracked.

The fury of it shocked her. She looked at him timidly, her lip quivering. "You are angry. But you must not be angry, Jorgito. I was distracted, and I let it fall. Then, when you are wounded, how can I think of jewels? You see, Jorgito? They do not matter. Let them go." Her soothing hand was stealing round his neck again. But in a rage he flung it off.

"Don't matter?" he echoed. "You drop thirty thousand ducats in the kennel, and you say it don't matter!"

Blood intervened. Gently he pressed the furious man back upon his pillows. "Will you be quiet, now? Haven't ye spilt enough of your blood this night?"

But Fairfax raged. "Quiet! Rot my bones! Quiet, when this little fool . . ."

She interrupted him there. She had stiffened. Her lips were steady, her eyes more intensely black than ever. "They were my jewels, George—my jewels You'll please to remember. I should not count the loss on a night when I have gained so much. Or have I not, George? Were the jewels such great matter to you?"

THAT challenge brought him to his senses. After a moment's pause he broke into a slow laugh. "I am like that," he explained. "The jewels? Bah! Rot the jewels, though thirty thousand ducats be a loss to make a man forget his manners! Come, Isabelita." He held out a coaxing hand. "Kiss and forgive, sweetheart. I'll soon be buying you all the jewels you could want."

"I want none, George." She was not more than half mollified. But she suffered him to put his arm about her.

Tim shuffled uncomfortably. "I'd best get on deck, Captain." He turned to Blood: "That blackamoor will have slung your hammock."

Blood sighed and stirred. "You may be showing me the way."

Whilst holding the door for him, Tim spoke again: "If this wind holds we should make Port Royal by Sunday night or Monday morning."

Blood paused. "Port Royal? Where will you be going after that?"

The question amused Fairfax. "Faith, that'll depend upon a mort o' things."

Blood's growing dislike of the man sharpened his rejoinder. "I'd thank you to make it depend a little upon my convenience, seeing that I'm here for yours."

"For mine?" Fairfax raised his light brows. "Od rot me! Didn't I understand you was running away, too? Where was ye wishing to be put ashore?"

"From Port Royal it would be no great matter for you to carry me through the Windward Passage, and land me on either the northwest of Hispaniola or Tortuga."

"Tortuga!" There was a quickening of the light, shifty eyes. "Tortuga, eh? So ye've friends among the buccaneers? Well, well. That's your affair, to be sure. Let the Heron make Port Royal first, and then we'll be obliging you."

"I'll be in your debt," said Blood with a hint of sarcasm. "Give you good night, sir. And you, ma'am."

WHEN he had gone Fairfax looked at Isabella, a mysterious smile on his lips. "It's queer the difference the lack of a periwig makes to a man who's an Irishman, a surgeon, and wants to land at Tortuga."

To Doña Isabella this was Greek. But she remained incurious. Her concern at the moment was that Fairfax should sleep. A tormenting thirst, however, kept him wakeful, and she gave him frequently to drink, water mingled with the juice of limes, and once, on his demand, with brandy. And then, when her vigil had lasted some three hours and he had turned so quiet that she thought he slept at last, he suddenly stirred with an oath and a laugh, and ordered her to summon Tim.

Of Tim, when he arrived, Fairfax demanded to know the time and the ship's position. Eight bells, he was told, had just been made, and they were already a good fifty miles from La Hacha.

Then came a question that was entirely odd: "How far from Cartagena?"

"A hundred miles, maybe, or more."

"How long to make it?"

The mate's eyes opened wide in surprise. But he answered stolidly: "With the wind as it blows, maybe twenty-four hours."

"Make it, then."

Tim's expression was suddenly of concern. "Ye've the fever, Captain. What should we be doing at Cartagena?"

"Riconete is at Cartagena, and he'll pay fifty thousand pieces of eight for the head of Captain Blood." He paused; then added, "There'll be five thousand pieces for you, Tim, when the money's paid."

Tim's suspicion was now a certainty. "To be sure. To be sure. But where do we find Captain Blood?"

"In the cuddy, where you bestowed him."

(*Continued on page 100*)

"Ye're light-headed, Captain."

Exasperated, Fairfax snarled at him: "Od rot you, Tim! My head is clearer than yours will ever be. I recognized him when he asked to be landed at Tortuga."

Tim blinked foolishly in amazement.

"Be off now, and put about. When that's done, you'd better make this fellow fast. If you take him in his sleep it'll save trouble. Away with you."

Doña Isabella, sitting with a face of horror, did not find her voice until some moments after Tim had bustled off in an excitement tempered by no qualms.

"You cannot do this, George. You cannot sell the man who save' your life."

He considered her with amusement. "Pish, child! Blood is a pirate rogue. The seas'll be cleaner without him."

"But you owe your life to him; he is here in your ship because of that."

"That's a lie, anyway," said Fairfax. "He took advantage of my condition. He's come aboard the Heron so as to escape from the Main in her. He'll find out his mistake tomorrow."

She wrung her hands, a fierce distress on her white face. "Oh, what infamy!" she cried.

"Infamy be hanged," said Fairfax, with his ugly, contemptuous laugh. "It's a duty, I tell you—the duty of every honest gentleman, to lay this rogue by the heels."

"Honest?" she echoed, a deepening scorn in her dark eyes.

"If you don't like it, you may blame your own stupidity in losing the jewels. How else now am I to pay Tim and the hands, buy stores at Jamaica, and pay for making the Heron fit for the ocean voyage?"

Her bosom was in tumult. "It was for that? My jewels were for that?" A sob shook her. Then, changing to a pleading tone, her two hands on his sound arm, "Jorgito . . ." she began.

HE FLUNG her off with a violence that knocked her breathless against the bulkhead at her back. He was the more savage because his movement had brought a twinge to his wounded shoulder.

"Enough of that, my girl. D'ye think a man's to be pestered so? You'll learn different afore we're acquainted much longer. Get you to bed."

She went without another word, so swiftly and quietly as to convey a sense of something ominous. A sudden suspicion of betrayal brought him gingerly from his bed, despite his wound. But when he had seen her pass into the stateroom opposite and a moment later heard a sound of sobbing from beyond her closed door, he crawled back to bed, reassured. Still he would make quite certain of her. He bawled for Alcatrace. And when the steward, awakened by the call, leaped from the stern locker in the main cabin, where he slept, it was to receive a sharp order to see that the lady did not leave her room.

Very soon, a heavy list to starboard informing Fairfax that they had gone about, this man, who accounted his fortune made, sank at last into an exhausted sleep.

At about the same time Captain Blood was taxing his wits to explain this list of a ship that hitherto had ridden on an even keel. Was it possible that the wind should so suddenly have veered? He eased himself out of the hammock, in which he lay half dressed, groped for his shoes and his coat, and then went on deck to ascertain.

One of the hands squatted on the hatch-coaming softly singing, and at the break of the poop the steersman stood at the whipstaff. But Blood preferred to put his question to the clear, starry heavens, and the North Star now abeam on the starboard quarter told him all that he required to know. Always prudently mistrustful of anything against reason, he climbed the poop. Here the mate hailed him jovially:

"A fine night, sir."

Blood's answer applied a test: "To be sure. "But I see the wind has changed."

"Aye, it's come on to blow from the south."

THEY paced the deck together to the starboard rail. As they leaned against it Blood's hand was inside the breast of his coat.

"I hope you love your life, Tim," said he gently. "For it's in danger of losing it you are this minute." Something hard and tubular was pressed closely into the mate's side below his ribs. "I want the truth of it, Tim. Why are we going back to the Main? D'ye know who I am? Do you?"

It was just because he did know that the mate stood chill and palsied, never doubting that if he moved his insides would be blown out by that pistol. Fear tore the truth from him: "I do, Captain. But . . ."

"Hush, now. It'll be just suicide if ye utter another falsehood. Ye'll be heading for Cartagena, of course. For isn't that the market for the goods you carry? If it's your notion, I can forgive it, for you owe me nothing. Is it?"

Tim invoked the heavenly hierarchy to witness that the notion was Fairfax's.

"Ay, ay," said Blood. "I believe you. I suspected that he recognized me. But I'd saved his life, and I thought that even a blackguard . . . No matter. What share were you to have of the blood money, Tim?"

"Five thousand pieces he promised me."

"Glory be! Is that all? Ye can't be much of a hand at a bargain, and that's not the only kind of fool you are. How long d'ye think ye'd survive to enjoy the money? When it was known ye'd earned it, as known it must be, my buccaneers would hunt you to the ends of the seas. As for the five thousand pieces, you may still earn them by taking my orders whilst I'm aboard this brig. Do that, and you may call for the money at Tortuga when you please."

"I take the Almighty to witness . . ." Tim began with fervor, when Blood interrupted him:

"Now, don't be wasting breath on oaths, for I put no trust in them. My trust is in the pistol in your ribs. And it'll never be very far from them this night. Ye've no pistols of your own about you, I hope." He ran his left hand over the mate's body to assure himself of this. "We're going back to the Main, Tim. But not to Cartagena. It's for La Hacha that we'll be steering a course. So come along now and bid the steersman put the helm over."

They came together to the rail, and Tim piped the hands to quarters. A few moments later the foreyards ran round noisily, and the brig was heading southeast.

All through that clear June night Blood and the mate of the Heron sat side by side on the poop, whence Tim passed on Blood's orders. Once, towards the dawn, Blood condescended to explain himself:

"Don't be supposing me vindictive, Tim. It's not Fairfax I'm taking back to La Hacha. It's the little hidalga I'm concerned for, now that I've plumbed the depths of the blackguard who's carrying her off. I am taking her back to her family, little thanks though I may get from her."

Daybreak showed the loom of the coastline ahead, and by seven bells, with the sun already high abeam on the port side, they were rippling through the greenish water at the mouth of the harbor of La Hacha.

They ran in, and from the poop rail the now weary Tim continued to be the mouthpiece of the man beside him. He ordered them to let go, and when they were at anchor summoned the six men who composed the crew of the brig to the waist. There he commanded them to remove the coaming from the main hatch, and then to descend into the hold. When this was done, Blood drew the mate to the companion. "You'll go and join them, Tim, if you please."

Captain Blood dragged the coaming over the hatchway and battened it down, to a storm of howling from those he imprisoned in the bowels of the brig.

The noise they made aroused Fairfax from an exhausted slumber and Doña Isabella from a despondent listlessness.

Fairfax, realizing at once that they were at anchor, and puzzled by this, got stiffly from his couch and staggered to the port. It looked out towards the open sea, and he could see only the green, ruffled water and some boats at a little distance. Then from the cabin he heard the protesting voice of Alcatrace:

"De orders, ma'am, are dat you do not leabe de cabin. Cap'n's orders, ma'am."

Doña Isabella, who had emerged in excitement from her stateroom, stood for a moment in indignant helplessness. Inspiration, then, she took from a brace of pistols lying on the buffet in the forward part of the cabin. She sprang for them, and seized one in each hand.

"Out of my way, Alcatrace!"

Before that menace the Negro fell back in squealing alarm, and the lady swept out.

ON DECK, most of Blood's anxiety about the immediate future had been allayed upon beholding the broad-beamed Dutch ship that was to carry him to Curaçao riding at anchor a quarter-mile away. But before he boarded the Dutchman he would take the eloping hidalga ashore, whether she liked it or not. With this intent he made for the gangway leading aft, to be suddenly confronted by the lady herself, with a pistol in each hand.

"Out of my way! Out of my way!"

Respectful of pistols brandished by a woman's trembling hands, Blood leaped nimbly aside and flattened himself against a bulkhead. He had been prepared to have her resist his intentions for her, but hardly in so uncompromising and lethal a manner.

"Where is Tim?" she demanded. "I want to be put ashore at once. At once!"

"Glory be!" said Blood, in relief. "So ye've come to your senses. Or maybe ye don't know where we are."

"Oh, I know where I am. I . . ." She halted there abruptly, suddenly bewildered by the remembered identity of the man confronting her.

"Ye know? Faith, then, if ye knew the part I had in bringing you back, ye wouldn't be wagging those pistols at me. If it's ashore ye want to be going, faith, ye'll save

me a lot of trouble; for that's where I intend to take you."

"You, Captain Blood?"

"Oh! Ye know that, too, do you? No matter. But if I do your will and put you ashore can I trust you to hold your tongue until I'm away again?"

"Should I betray you?" She thrust forward her little pointed chin. Her eyes were reproachful. "I told you last night what I think of you."

"So ye did. And heaven knows ye've cause to think still better of me this morning. Come on, then."

He swept her across the deck, down the Jacob's ladder, and into the longboat they had been towing, which he had warped to the foot of it.

He had barely cast off when a face, ghastly in its pallor and in the fury that convulsed it, looked over the side at them. It was Fairfax, who, with the help of Alcatrace, had staggered to the deck.

"Good morning to you, Jorgito," said Captain Blood. "Doña Isabella is going ashore. But her brother'll be alongside presently, and never a doubt but he'll bring the alcalde with him. They'll be correcting the mistake I made last night when I saved your nasty life."

"Oh, not that. Never that," Doña Isabella appealed.

BLOOD laughed as he bent to the oars. "D'ye suppose he'll wait? He'll be under way again as soon as he can get the coamings off the hatch. Though heaven knows where he'll go now. Certainly not to Cartagena. It was the notion he took to go there that decided me to take you back to your family, child."

"It is also what make me wish to come back."

"Ye knew that, too! And it's what changed your mind?"

A frown darkened the vivid little face. "Was it not enough?" She breathed fiercely. "I am Isabella de Sotomayor," she proudly reminded him by way of explanation. Then, on a sudden thought: "But you? How did you know?"

"I?" He pulled a stroke or two, then rested a moment to answer her. His lean, intrepid face was lighted by a smile, half humorous, half complacent. "I am Captain Blood," he said, and he dipped his oars again.

But before they reached the mole her persistency had drawn a fuller explanation from him. It brought a tenderness to eyes now aswim in tears. "Last night I thought you were sent by heaven to save that man. Today I know you were sent to save me."

It was all the thanks he had, for his prudent haste would allow him to stay for no more when he had landed her on the mole. He pulled away again at once.

By the time he was climbing to the deck of the Dutchman that was to take him to Curaçao, the Heron was already rippling out to sea, a disgruntled, raging, fearful heron in full flight from the neighborhood of the hawks. That was his only regret.

RAFAEL SABATINI will spin another yarn about Captain Blood in a future issue of The American Magazine.

Turn back the Clock

(*Continued from page 43*)

famished for a sight of him, she declared in that brittle way of hers. How was he? And how were the birds? The season was on, wasn't it? And so *this* was Poke! So this old veteran was what had been just a wiggling puppy when she went away!

She knelt on the hearthrug beside Poker, talking rapidly, without looking at Tom or giving him a chance to say much; sort of stimulated and driven as if still a bit unpoised at being told by him that she was rather difficult, now, for a small-town boy.

Her Roger wouldn't be in until late, she explained. He'd been flying in, and was grounded by weather at Lansing. Two of the boys were driving down for him. . . . Oh, yes, the house was full of people.

"It's mother's circus!" she said, and laughed, and a quality in the laugh, perhaps a hint of bitter resignation, stung Tom.

He'd come over now for cocktails and meet people? No? She shrugged when he begged off for the evening, and alarm seemed to take a place in her expression.

"But tomorrow night? It's the bride's dinner, Tom. You . . . you'll come, of course?" Still, it was a question.

"Why, of course!"—quickly, because alarm had gotten into the tone. "It'll make me very happy," he lied valiantly; lied to shield the old Mona, who had managed to push that note of alarm through the new Mona's voice. . . .

HE WALKED across the lawns through the frosty evening to the dinner, feeling rather numb. Mona came toward him through a noisy throng of strange people. She led him forward by the hand and called them about her. She announced, with her chin a little high—a little too high, he thought—that he was her best and oldest friend. She recited the names of smart, glib girls; of suave, self-possessed men. All had been turned to type with precision. Mona's mother's sort of people; not folks. Not like a country lawyer in ready-made dinner clothes with dog hairs on his pants.

He was glad, after a moment, that Poke had rubbed against his knees and left white hairs there. It gave him some thing to do to cover his confusion. He was confused because amusement began to show in glances of appraisal. Subtle, covert amusement, but he caught it.

He wanted to laugh at himself for being angered because he amused them, but he couldn't. His inability further infuriated him, confused him. He bent to brush off the dog hairs, glad of the escape from their scrutiny that the seclusion of the posture gave him.

He straightened at Mona's touch to hear her say that this was her Roger, and to hear her mother say that he was just a neighbor.

"Just a neighbor," he heard her say to another woman.

"Just a neighbor," she said in a light and casual explanation, but humiliation rode in her tone and it was moments before Tom could get his mind on Mona's Roger. Being what he was had transgressed something more important to Mona's mother than all the homely virtues with which he had been traditionally concerned. He was folks, among people, her people, the sort of people on whom his Mona had been patterned.

The sickness of great loss swept him. He wondered if Mona had caught her mother's words, her inflection. Her color was high, her chin high. He wanted to cry out to the old Mona, his Mona, but he couldn't. He couldn't get through the veneer of scorn and smugness her mother had laid upon her.

HE GAVE up; got his mind back to Roger, the most precise, the most impeccable of them all. You saw everything of his exterior at once, and the penetration of eyesight was rebuffed and deflected there. You'd never know what lay beneath the man's skin; you'd never know what was locked in his heart, good or bad, by looking at him. Mona's mother's people, these, concerned with seeming; not folks bent on be ng.

Tom got through the dinner, somehow. He edged into a sun-room when dancing began, struggling to regain composure foolishly lost, he knew, by being an object of amusement.

"Tom! Aren't you going to dance with me?"

It was Mona. He mumbled something and took her in his arms.

"Tom!" She trembled a little. "This will go on and on. It's prescribed that I sleep early; one of the things that shouldn't be difficult for a—a small-town boy to understand. I'll be up hours before any of the others. Can't you and I and Poke—?"

He thrust her away in amazement. "On your *wedding* day?"

She laughed oddly, pressing her forehead against him.

"Really, dear Tom, things like that are done! Take me along, Tom!" She looked up at him, then. "Let's go! Let's swing a lot of the old places!" she said, shaking his arm as they danced, all at odds with the music's measure. "You don't know," she said, "what it could mean to me." And quick tears showed in her eyes, and, of course, after that he neither protested nor argued. . . .

So here they were. He squinted at the sun and felt for his watch, recalling with a twinge that he'd forgotten it. He'd forgotten it because he was so flustered at taking Mona hunting on her wedding day.

"Ten after twelve," she said, glancing at her wrist. "Bacon sandwiches?"

"Ay, m'leddy! And high-compression coffee!"

They'd left the car beside a little creek. Sunshine beat down into an amphitheater on the swamp edge. Butter-colored poplar leaves waggled in the breath of breeze.

Mona drew off the old shooting coat, revealing her scarlet sweater. She laid her birds in the shade—two grouse, three woodcock. She'd wiped Hardy's eye. He had only one bird of each species.

She gathered the wood; always, that had been her job. Hardy went along the creek with the coffeepot, looking for a log on which to cross the mucky border. He passed up two before venturing out above the creek bed. He passed up two because he needed time to get hold of himself. This was their last hunt together.

SHE had the fire going when he returned, and sat cross-legged on a mat of sweet clover, Poke's head contentedly on her knee. She looked at Hardy lingeringly without speaking. That wasn't the new Mona, the Mona who had to have words going. That was like the old Mona, who could say to him, without the use of words, that here was all that one could ask of any hours.

Bacon shriveled in the pan, and his heart shriveled in his breast. He couldn't stand much more of this. This bringing home to his eyes and ears, along with his memories of the old Mona, was more than he could endure. He'd be cracking and crying out to her, making a spectacle of himself by trying to break the shell her mother had built around his gentle, unacknowledged sweetheart!

"I suppose we'd better swing the Finn's pasture," she said.

"There'd be about time. By then . . ." He couldn't finish.

"And then Lemon Lake and the edge at Yates, and hit the cherry ridge—"

"Good heavens, girl!" Her impracticality startled him out of his distress. "Your *wedding*'s at eight!"

"Yes? And even so?" Her smile, as if struggling with something, baffled him.

"Home's an hour-and-a-half away from the ridge and—"

"The bacon's burning!"

So, the old Mona used to interrupt him with amused sweetness when they debated this or that.

He flipped the pan, glad of the small emergency. Beyond belief that any Mona, made of his Mona, could approach her marriage ceremony so casually!

"Do you remember when Gyp got into the porcupine at Yates?" she asked, and laughed, low in her throat. He was glad smoke blew into his eyes to start tears. She'd laughed like that in reminiscence beside so many noonday fires!

"And what a time we had with Gyp's gun-shy pup?" It was almost as if she'd never been away; almost as if no influence like her mother had ever entered her life. Tom couldn't respond; all his thought and

energies went into covering what he felt. It might have been any day, with the two of them thinking no farther ahead than that day.

"Only one o'clock?" he asked, when he chirruped Poke into the rumble. "Sure your watch is going?"

She held it to her ear, and nodded.

They tried the Finn's pasture, finding birds. Mona shot badly.

"Losing your eye," he said. "You've had enough. We'd better start for home."

"I'll get on them. I'll settle down. We'll try Lemon Lake."

Years ago, she'd go dogged like that when she missed.

Tom drove rapidly along the rutted road; they put the dog down again.

"Just a little ways here," he declared. "It's a long swing."

"It's only ten to three"—dismissingly.

He looked for the sun, but could find no evidence for his doubt of her watch through the thickening film of gray clouds which had hastened down from the north.

Poke cast to right and to left. He found a bird, and Tom dropped it; stood another and Mona fired twice.

"Winged!" she said regretfully as the bird pitched into the poplars. "Come on, Poke! Bird down!"

They didn't find the bird. Poke tried hard but made no foot scent. Hardy said it was no go; they'd better give up.

"And leave a wounded bird?" Her eyes were incredulous. "Try over here, Poke."

It was three-thirty when they finally gave up, far back in the swamp.

"We'll have to go on now!" he insisted.

Mona went on one side of a cedar clump, Hardy on the other.

"Do you insist on spoiling my day?" she asked, when they came together again.

"No," he said, shutting his teeth tightly on his pipe stem to hold back the things he wanted to say: that he'd not spoil any day for her—any hour or moment or breath. That he'd endure any torture for her, even this. . . . But if she couldn't take her wedding day seriously he could, and if the torture didn't end soon he'd be putting on a show!

They gained the edge again and Mona turned into the wind, away from the car. He protested with a hollow, half-there feeling, but Mona pushed on behind the dog as if not even hearing. They raised a bird and she missed widely. . . .

THINGS fogged up for Hardy. That was the pain in his heart, rising to fog the clarity of thought and impression. He shot at two birds and scratched one down. Mona's voice was in his ears, a jubilant tone, as it used to be when he'd made a difficult shot.

They were turning back finally. She was saying that it was ten minutes to four; saying that darkness would come early but if they hurried they might get in on the cherry ridge in time.

He drove rapidly, and the bouncing over the crossroad threw her against him and he shrank away. He couldn't endure touching her. If he went to smash and told her the things he wanted to tell he'd never get over it.

Her voice came as from a great distance: "Feels like snow. Snow will put them back into the swamps. They won't be out for days again!"

She'd used to voice fears in that tone,

and she spoke now as if the birds being back in deep swamps mattered a great deal; as if the whereabouts of these birds could ever matter to her again!

He turned off the road, cutting off the motor.

"What time now?" he asked.

She leaned close to her wrist to see. "Twenty after five. Let's hurry! It'll be dark any time! Come on, Poke! Hie on!"

She led the way into the narrow trail through swamp cedars and out onto the abrupt ridge where choke cherries grew between the alder swales fringing the green swamp.

"Look!" Her voice was vibrant. "Look at Poke, Tom!"

THE old setter, head high, went forward with tense, eager patter. His ears were cocked, tail barely waggling. "Birds ahead!" his posture said. "Birds galore ahead!" he was telling them.

"Look!" Mona said tremulously, just as she used to speak when the thrill of getting into them got hold of her throat.

Fifty yards away a bird roared out; another; two together.

"They're wild!" she said breathlessly. "They're in the cherries, and wild! They won't sit. We'll have to run!"

Poke made a quick little rush and stood. They ran past him, and three birds flushed thunderously, poor targets in the fading light. Both fired; both missed.

The dog loped on and stood again.

"Hurry!" she gasped and raced toward him, gun held across her breast.

She shot twice quickly at targets which were indistinct blurs. She ran on, following the setter, now gone frantic from such an abundance of scent.

"Come on, Tom!" she cried.

A quick flurry of hard snow came, blotting out horizons.

"No use!" Hardy cried. "This ends it!" he called.

"Come on! Come on!" she insisted from on ahead.

Poke stood yet again, but she ran past him, not even trying for the birds that rose. The thought that she had lost her head completely, that she was in the grip of some wild hysteria, struck Hardy, clarifying his own mind. He called out chokingly and began to run. She gave him no heed. He ran his best, gaining rapidly.

"Stop it!" he cried. "What's wrong with you, Mona?" he cried, gripping her shoulder finally and pulling her to a halt.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Did you ever see them so thick?" She breathed hard, a hand to her breast. "There must've been a . . . dozen under that . . . big tree. In all the years . . . we've hunted, we've . . ."

She began to laugh a little wildly. She let her gun butt thud the ground, and put a hand against a charred stump.

"What on earth—!" He stopped, lifting his head quickly.

The wind carried the hoarse wail of a locomotive whistle.

"The southbound!" he gasped. "Mona! Your watch was wrong! It's after six-thirty! We'll never make it!"

She did not reply for a moment. She leaned on her arm, rigid on the stump.

"No," she said in a whisper. "We'll never make it."

Still she did not move. A queer creep ran up Hardy's back. No regret was in her tone; finality, but no regret.

HE FOUND his hands on her shoulders, and felt her tremble.

"And you don't care about—? And you haven't intended to make it? Mona?"

She shook her head from side to side.

"Last night was the first time I'd ever seen . . . folks close to people. And my mother found it necessary to apologize for you. And those people thought you funny. I knew, then, how many years had been wasted, Tom."

He did not move. He scarcely breathed.

"And I thought, with Poke and you, I'd find the courage to say it. But I couldn't . . . So I kept setting my watch back, a few minutes at a time . . . so I couldn't make it . . . So now, if you'll take me home . . . I'll tell them all that it isn't my wedding day; that I'm not the Mona they thought I've become, not the Mona *anybody's* thought I've become; that I'm—"

"Not your wedding day?" His hands were relaxing their grip, slipping down her arms, around her back, drawing her close.

"Do you want it to be, Tom? Do you still want it to be . . . my wedding day?"

He gave her the answer with his lips, but not with words; just his lips on hers, as her arms circled his neck and Poke, given up at last, came in and sat beside them, panting, his tail threshing the bracken.

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You're Telling ME!

(Continued from page 55)

going to shoot some leading questions about your experiences. . . . What is the most pathetic thing you ever saw?"

The stenographer's pencil began to cut capers. . . .

Duranty. That's easy. It was in Russia during the famine of 1921. There were two little boys, one about twelve and the other seven, sitting in the dusty courtyard of a house that had once been a fine mansion. It was a hot day in summer, very dusty, and there were many other children in this courtyard, dying at the rate of about 100 a day. I noticed the two because they wore the remnants of two tiny uniforms, the sort which only sons of the nobility wore in the very expensive, smart Russian schools. Their features were pinched and shrunken. I offered the smaller one some biscuit and chocolate I had in my pocket. He paid not the slightest attention. The elder one took it listlessly and tried to get the little one to eat it. But he wouldn't. Of course, they were dying. And nothing could be done about it, you see.

Seabrook. To be utterly pathetic, it must be something that you can't do anything about.

D. Yes, I think so. If you can help a bit, the pathos is somehow not so deep.

S. What you have just told is deeper, I think, and more dramatic than anything I could tell, but it set me wondering about something. I was thinking that the most pathetic thing I had ever seen was a bearded man, badly wounded and tangled in the wire in front of Verdun. He had been there all night. When we found him he was crying softly, and gently whimpering, "Mamma, Mamma, Mamma!" But it isn't quite that. It is always actually little children, don't you think?

D. Yes, I think so. They are the most helpless.

S. Yes, or kittens or puppies. You see, I have never seen little children starving. I have never seen anything like what you saw in Russia. I suppose, really, the most pathetic thing I have ever seen is a cold wet, hungry kitten, or puppy, lost. . . . What was the funniest thing you ever saw?

D. It was Harpo Marx when he came to Moscow to give a little private performance. His hosts were a few of the greatest Soviet theatrical people. He played his harp, dropped knives and forks. They thought he was a sublime genius. I did,

too. . . . But you don't want that. . . . Yes—I know. The funniest thing was the face of an American sergeant. He had been invited to a magnificent meal, by French mess sergeants, in an outfit where they did themselves handsomely between fights. American supplies had run very low. The meat was tender, delicious, and plentiful, doused with the sauces and gravies that have made French cooking famous. Yes, it was the face of that sergeant when he learned he'd just eaten the American army mule he had buried a week before.

S. The funniest thing I ever saw was a dowager duchess smacked in the face with a custard pie, thrown across a reception hall by Charlie Chaplin in one of his early films. . . . But that won't do, either. . . . Your sergeant's face reminds me of an African savage face I once saw. It was in a village, behind the cliffs, down southeast of Timbuktu. The governor-general had steamed up the Niger to Gao, with an ice machine aboard. He sent me a block of ice. I gave my pet chief a lump the size of an egg and tried to teach him to suck it. He dropped it like a red-hot poker, but picked it up and wrapped it in a piece of leather. He admired it as if it were a piece of rock crystal or a jewel. He tied it round with string and carried it away. When it vanished, he thought it was witchcraft. He wore a lofty, hurt look for weeks. . . . What was the cruelest thing you ever saw?

D. It was in the great bull ring, in Madrid, in 1919. The bull was faster and more dangerous than most, and the matador was not Belmonte. I mean, the matador was not tops. So the picadors kept forcing the bull to rip open the bellies of blindfolded horses to tire it out, and to weaken it from loss of its own blood, jabbing their lances into it as it killed the horses.

S. I'm not sure cruelty to animals can be the cruelest. I was thinking of people. But maybe you are right, just the same. . . . The cruelest things I ever saw were among the Arabs—but the point is they didn't think so. One cruelty was prolonged for life. To punish his wife for something that had happened years before, a desert prince in the Nefud had twisted her arms behind her and fastened them there—permanently. She had learned to eat and drink and sleep on her belly like a dog. But, when I talked to her, she defended her husband. She said her punishment was just and that she was not unhappy. . . . Another thing was when I saw old Adhan Atrash Bey kicked to death by his own nephews, in the mayor's house at Souieda, in the Mountain of the Druses. Adhan Atrash was a frail, almost tottering, benevolent-looking old gentleman. But he had betrayed the Druses and members of his own family to the French—for money. This was in 1925. The nephews pushed him to the floor in the mayor's parlor—I remember there was a handsome Bokhara rug which got all spattered when the blood began to gush from his mouth—and calmly kicked him to death. I couldn't ask him what he thought, because he was dead, but when I dared to suggest that it was particularly cruel because he was "after all, a feeble, white-haired, tottering old gentleman," they looked puzzled and said, "On the contrary, if he had been young and robust, it would have pained him a great deal more; it would have taken him longer to die."

D. They're good stories, Willie, not only of cruelty, but of stupidity. The cruelest thing I ever saw . . . that bull-ring episode, or any cruel thing . . . is also the stupidest.

S. I was going to ask you about the noblest thing you have ever seen.

D. Well, that isn't easy. Self-sacrifice for others is generally associated with what people define as noble. But, to me, nobility suggests something on a larger scale, panoplied. . . . I think the noblest sight I have ever seen with my own eyes was King Albert of the Belgians riding into Brussels, his own capital, after the Allied victory and armistice. A lot of visual things entered into it. He was a fine, tall fellow, every inch a king, on a marvelous horse; his queen rode on one side, and his son, the young prince royal, now the king, on the other. It had real emotion, and it also had a high, romantic touch. The king coming back to his own. All around were cheering crowds, stirred and crying.

S. He was a symbol.

D. It all was symbol—of courage, perseverance, endurance, and victory. It was great theater, yet absolutely real.

S. I believe you've got me stumped on that. A noblest sight is obviously a thing seen. I was thinking, rather, of something I had once heard a man say, something which revealed nobility of soul. All I actually *saw* was a man sitting, conversing quietly with others.

All he said was simply, "I'm sorry."

He was the Sultan Pasha Atrash, war lord of the Druses, and he was speaking to a delegation of French military officers who had come to demand that he surrender a guest in his palace—a stranger to his house. If he did not surrender the guest, the French told him politely, they would be obliged to send over a fleet of bombing planes and a regiment with machine guns in armored cars. But the Druses are traditionally and fantastically hospitable. So the Sultan Pasha shook his head with a sad smile and said, "I'm sorry," profiting nothing by his refusal.

Next day the French razed the palace to the ground and left it in smoking ruins. Two of the Sultan Pasha's sons and a brother were killed in the incidental fighting.

Moved by his nobility, the French offered to build him another palace. He just smiled and said, "A house which cannot protect its guest does not deserve to stand."

But, tell me, Walter, what's the strangest thing you ever saw?

D. I can tell you what it was, but here's a curious thing about it: I cannot tell you *why* it was the strangest. You may not think it was strange at all. It was simply a detachment of a Red Spear battalion I saw one night on the south side of the Yellow River, on the road to Lo-yang, in China. They weren't Communists, not really—just peasant rebels, who had suffered misery and torture. They were not in uniform, had few rifles. They were dangerous only from fear, and they barred our way to Lo-yang. They were just a lot of men grouped around a row of campfires, like the stories you read of American Indians. I had an interpreter, a boy who could speak their outlandish language. Nothing happened. Nothing at all. They wouldn't let us go to Lo-yang, so we just had to go back. They did us no harm.

S. Is there nothing more, Walter? Nothing to add?

D. Well, not really. There was just something else there besides the men—a strange presence, the strangest I had ever known. I didn't see it. I sensed it. Something happened later, but not to me. About two weeks afterward, a correspondent from a London paper went down there, and that was the end of him.

S. Walter, you know quite well what you saw. You're just trying to draw me out. Very well, then. You and I know perfectly well that the strangest thing is Death. And if any man has met Death face to face—I don't mean merely danger of death; I mean death personalized—and has lived to tell it, he knows. You saw Death staring at you out of human eyes set in faces that night. They decided for some reason, or none, not to kill you.

D. Yes, Willie. But how did you get to the essence of my episode so quickly?

S. Because, Walter, once only in my life I, too, saw the same thing. Death stared at me, personalized, out of human eyes, and passed me by. It happened late one night on the prosaic main street of Augusta, Georgia, in summer, bright as day with electric lights, almost in front of the building where I worked as city editor, with an all-night drugstore open across the way and a cop named Doran standing over by the monument. . . . Augusta, of course, is the Deep South. No race problem. All Negroes know "their place." All old ones are "Aunt Charlotte" or "Uncle." All whites, even cotton-mill scum, are Olympian. . . . Well, as I strolled along the empty, bare sidewalk toward the corner, a smallish Negro man in overalls, work-clothes, was walking from up the street toward me, so that we would pass, walking. Only, I noticed, as we approached each other, that he was taking the whole sidewalk. He wasn't swaggering or swaying. He was just taking the whole sidewalk. As we came within voice distance, the Negro said calmly, not threateningly or aggressively, but in a calm, gentle monotone, "Git out of mah way, white man." The electric light was bright. I saw his face. It was calm, too . . . as calm as Death. I don't mean anything ghostly or supernatural. He was a plain, smallish, flesh-and-blood, cornfield Negro. But he was Death, walking. I stepped off the curb, and he passed me silently, without turning his head.

D. That's pretty hot, Willie. Did it ever bother you afterward?

S. No, because I don't think I'm a coward. I don't think I am afraid of any man who is fighting and angry. That element didn't bother me at all. That isn't why it has stuck in my mind all these years. It is because it filled me with a sort of awe. I had seen the Pale Horseman, blackfaced, dismounted, and afoot, disguised. I thanked my lucky stars I had recognized him in time to step aside. . . . To get back to sights less deadly, what is the most beautiful thing you have ever seen?

D. The Rigistan at Samarkand, in Asiatic Russia. The great central square, three-sided, with its arches and columns, with its domes of blue and white tile towering toward the sky. Others have thought so, too. Lord Curzon called it the "noblest monument" in the world.

S. I was thinking, as you spoke, of Timbuktu, all purple and red and golden, seen from one of its own roofs at sunset. Thinking, too, of the New York skyline at twilight from Brooklyn Heights or one of the bridges. But I think maybe the perfection

of beauty has to be alive. I am thinking that a royal Bengal tiger is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

D. Tigers smell something awful. If you insist on beauty being clothed in warm flesh, or fur, what's the matter with the girl you fell in love with for the first time and thought was the most beautiful thing in the world?

S. Nothing, except that it's too obviously tangled with other personal emotions—and anyway you always find out afterward she isn't.

D. So you do, so you do. I'll stick to my blue-tiled domes and you can keep your blasted tiger.

S. Walter, we seem to get personal, anyway, so let's end this on a personal note, after all. We may have adventured in strange places more than most, but I imagine we're both average, normal, and typical enough that some of the adventures inside of ourselves—the homely, lonely ones—might interest other people a little. But we've got to be honest. Let's try four simple questions. I'll begin by asking you. . . . At what moment or period of your life were you most discouraged?

D. Well, I suppose when I lost my leg; when it gangrened after the wreck in the French tunnel and they had to cut it off. I thought I was going to die any minute and I was so used up by pain, so tired, that I simply didn't care any more. You know, I think profound discouragement nearly always relates to something physical—metabolism, indigestion, or something of the sort, if not actual pain.

S. I suppose so, Walter, yet my worst periods seem to me to have been psychological, if you'll forgive the word. My blackest depressions, despairing, tragic, almost suicidal, have been when I've tried to write and couldn't. I think my worst moment came after I had signed a contract to write my first book—on Arabia. I kept trying and couldn't get it started. I thought I could never write anything good, and wished I were dead.

D. Yes, Willie, that's different. It sounds pretty bad. I don't think I've ever experienced it. I don't think I've ever wallowed in despond except from causes of a physical character.

S. I envy you. You're better balanced. They said in the hospital where they cured me of drink that I was neurasthenic. They said nothing could ever cure me of that. . . . What was the unhappiest moment of your life? Unhappiness is different from discouragement.

D. That I can say very definitely. When I got the news that my best friend, Bill Bolitho, had died suddenly. (William Bolitho, who died several years ago, was London correspondent for the *New York World*, an essayist of note, a dramatist, a soldier, and a gifted conversationalist. He was British, born in Capetown.)

S. Well, mine involved another person, too. It was when I saw in a drunken flash one night that my drunkenness was destroying Marjorie, my wife. . . . What was the happiest moment of your life?

D. When I was a kid, in England. When I made the football team. When I got my "colors" in my public school. Here in America you'd call it a prep school, of course, and call it getting your "letter."

S. My happiest moment was on a freighter, headed for the Ivory Coast, when I smelled that vast, savage continent be-

fore anything came in sight, smelled it in the Atlantic breeze before I had ever seen Africa. It smelled tawny, yellow, spice-laden, jungle-laden, like tigers and cinnamon.

D. Darn your tigers. There are no tigers in Africa.

S. No cinnamon, either, so far as I know, but that's how it smelt. It was bright, heavy, spicy, henna in my nostrils. It was like being in love with a red-headed girl or seeing a "tiger, tiger, burning bright . . ."

D. I wonder if there's anything better than happiness.

S. There might be. Achievement, maybe. Or deep, lasting satisfaction. Contentment is for cows, but intelligent, justifiable satisfaction isn't quite the same thing as contentment, is it? Have you ever had a sense of great, real satisfaction?

D. Yes, I think so, quite recently. It was after President Roosevelt had announced at a press conference in Washington that the United States was going to recognize Soviet Russia. As everybody was walking out, he held me back for a moment and said cordially, "Well, don't you think it's a good job?" I felt proud and pleased, because for seven or eight years I had been trying, had been doing, all I could toward bringing about a Russian-American *rapprochement* and understanding. I felt I had had some small, definite share in it. I suppose it was the greatest satisfaction I have ever had.

S. I envy as well as admire you for that, Walter. I've been happy at times in my life—often still am—but real satisfaction is something that I've never earned or felt. I've never been satisfied with anything I've ever done. I'm afraid I could even shorten that sentence: I've never been satisfied with anything.

The PARADISE CANYON Mystery

(*Continued from page 39*)

minute the man came nearer. He was obviously moving fast, but for a long time he looked like a fly crawling on a wall. Finally, the man was near. "I'm sorry!" he called.

He wore breeches and puttees and a flannel shirt. He had a goatee. His face was very white. He was middle-aged, but he moved with a hard alacrity.

"You're not hit?" the man said, as he came up.

"Nope. Only my necktie. But what's—?"

The man stared at Jim. His eyes were not exactly frightened. Excited, rather. "It's that brown shirt. Just the right color. Faded, isn't it?"

Jim ignored the slight upon his haberdashery. "Right color for what?"

"A lion. Panther. Light was poor. I was using my telescopic sight. Your back here—just like a lion's—when you moved. You're lucky. Astonishing you aren't dead. Can't understand missing. Must be a strong air eddy up the hillside. . . . Oh. My name's Dr. Galt. I'm a guest at the Paradise Canyon Hotel."

"Mine's Preston. I'm the new swimming coach there. Out for a walk. Where's your rifle?"

The doctor was by then quite calm. He smiled. "Left it, to expedite getting here. Thought you'd fallen back, hit. Don't bother about the gun. I'll send some of the boys out to find it. What do you say we go back?"

"Thanks," Jim answered, "but I'm going to walk a bit farther."

"Right. Oh, right. By the way—bill me for a new tie—eh?"

"Sure," Jim said.

The doctor started down the path. Jim stared at his back. Funny bird. Any normal person would have been frightened nearly to death by so close an approach to manslaughter. Bill me for the tie! Jim climbed back on the rock. "Shaking like a leaf!" he said to himself. Then he began to laugh. "Some place," he said to nothing. "Been here three hours and I see the handsomest girl ever made, and the best sunrise, and the biggest jackass."

He started back.

HE HAD crossed about half of the desert floor that lay between the mountain's precipitous foot and the village, when he stopped sharply. There was a crackling in the brush along the trail. He was frightened again. He thought, now, not of snakes, but of the lions the doctor had mentioned. What did one do for lions? He grabbed up a large rock, and waited.

A horse walked easily from the bushes, saw him, and stopped.

Jim greeted it with relief. "Hello, horse!" He dropped the rock. The horse moved a step nearer, looking at Jim. There was a saddle on it, but nobody in the saddle. This desert, he thought, is thick with people. He raised his voice so that it would canvass the adjoining acres: "Hey! Anybody lost a horse?"

Nobody replied. Jim chuckled. Doubtless somebody taking an early ride had been thrown. The rider was walking back—and so was the horse. So, gently calling, "Whoa, boy!" he started toward it. The horse was big and handsome. There was silver filigree on the saddle.

JIM caught the bridle. He started to lead the horse. And then he stopped.

Why not ride? He went round the horse. The left stirrup was gone. "Well!" Jim exclaimed. He looked at its attachment. It was the sort that comes free if a fallen rider catches his foot and is in danger of being dragged. Someone had taken a really nasty spill. Better hurry in; help might be needed. But Jim didn't hurry. His exploratory hand came away from the saddle with blood on it. Then he observed that on the off side blood had trickled down the cinch. The saddle, in front, was soggy with blood. But where the horseman had sat, it was clean. That meant the rider had started to bleed on his horse, fallen, caught his foot, and pulled the stirrup free.

Jim tied the horse to a bush. He hurried off in the direction from which the animal had come. He followed the tracks for a hundred yards and then lost them in the record made by other desert riders. He called, but was not answered.

He ran back to the trail, untied the horse, and started leading it toward town. He was within sight of the spot where the paved street began when he saw a man coming toward him. It was Dr. Galt.

"I thought," the doctor said, as he approached, "I'd come back and intercept you. See you've captured somebody's mount. Why didn't you ride in?"

Jim was going to tell him, and then checked himself.

"Want you to do me a favor." Dr. Galt tugged at his black goatee. "If you will. . . . Say nothing about the little—accident—we had this morning. I'd hate to have it known that my carelessness with a firearm—You'll understand that?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to say something about it. Look."

The other man followed Jim's finger. While he examined the bloodstains Jim scrutinized him. He lost color. That was all. "Somebody's had a bad fall."

"You think so?" (*Continued on page 111*)

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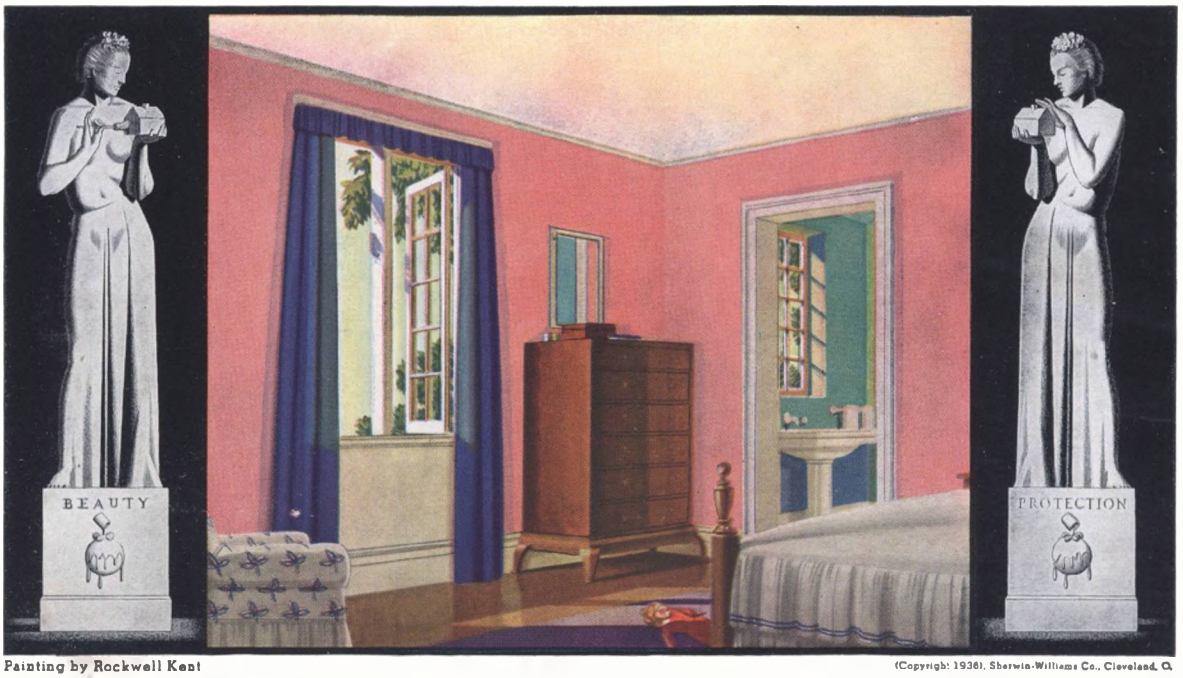

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"I imagine so. Fallen—cut himself—mounted again—and perhaps fainted from loss of blood."

"Or been shot."

The doctor's face sagged. "Good heavens! But that's absurd! Preposterous!" Then he caught Jim's shoulders in strong fingers. "Look here. If the rider *has* been shot, then I must recover the rifle at once! That'll be my insurance against any such suspicion. . . . See here, young man, if you implicate me by telling of our misadventure this morning, you'll only confuse the issue and give—but why presume?"

"That's what I was wondering," Jim answered. "Did you by any chance hear a shot this morning?"

The doctor did not reply. He started rapidly toward the mountain. "Be back in an hour," he called.

The man was either crazy, or guilty of something, or both. Jim considered chasing him. Instead, he hurried into town.

In fifteen minutes he learned that the horse belonged to the hotel riding master, a man named Poling, and that Poling had gone out at five, alone. In the same fifteen minutes the two policemen of Paradise Canyon had organized a posse, on horses and in cars, to look for Poling.

JIM went into the hotel. There was life there now, and now, for the first time, he saw it completely. Besides the six-story building, with its lobby-lounge and vast dining-room, there was, on the side toward the mountain, a series of landscaped streets lined with Spanish bungalows. There were gardens and fountains. A brook meandered through the private village. There were three tennis courts. In the distance was the swimming pool. From the rear veranda of the building he could see the diving platforms and the bathhouses. At one corner, down the farthest of the short streets, were stables and a riding ring, all in all a sumptuous and charming arrangement for living healthfully, if expensively, in the sun. A man in white flannels approached Jim.

"Mr. Preston?"

"Yes."

"I'm Howard, the manager. Glad you're here. Had breakfast yet?"

"Not yet. That is—I had some very early."

The man was tall and blond. He had a wide, pleasant face built over-amply around a wide and not quite pleasant mouth.

In a few words Jim described his adventures. The shock Jim's narrative made on Mr. Howard was only less noticeable than his effort to accept the story casually. His big face became absolutely bloodless.

He said, "Very strange that Poling should get hurt while riding. He was an expert. But you can never tell—"

"I suppose not."

Howard seemed anxious to be rid of Jim.

He waved his arm.

"I'll show you around when you've eaten. Go to the rear dining-room, near the kitchen. Ask for Sam."

"Thanks." Jim walked through the dining-room, thinking to himself that whatever had happened, Howard had a hunch about it and it had frightened him.

He pushed open the kitchen door and yelled for Sam.

A jovial, rugged-looking man in a waiter's coat hurried up. Jim identified himself, and, for the first time, he was made to feel that his advent to Paradise Canyon was not an intrusion. "Oh—yes. Mr. Preston. I'll hustle you some breakfast. Just ask for anything. I'm the person to get it for you." He hurried into the kitchen and returned with oatmeal and silverware. "Hear you had a narrow squeak this morning."

"You did? What did you think of it?"

"I don't ever think—just listen." Sam laughed. "And you found Poling's horse."

"Yeah." Jim ate.

"He'll be the maddest man in the county. He used to be a cowboy. Came here from Texas. Why, that bird could ride standing on one hand!"

Sam went out laughing. He returned very quietly—with Jim's eggs. "They just brought Poling in," he said.

Jim looked up, startled.

"Shot—through the heart."

"Oh," Jim said.

Sam was very serious. "I guess Dr. Galt'll have a lot of explaining to do."

"Did they know each other?"

"Yeah. They did. And didn't like each other. Poling has made a joke around here of the way Galt rose. And last year Poling took two thousand dollars from the doctor at a bridge game. They both thought they were good at both things."

"Still—" Jim said.

Sam shrugged. "You never know how far a razzing may get under a guy's skin."

Jim went back to the lobby, after thanking Sam for serving his breakfast. Mr. Howard took him to the pool and showed him the system for keeping records, the water-heating plant, the filter, and the chlorinator. When that was finished Jim was summoned by the two local cops and the mayor. He repeated his story. He didn't learn much. Poling had been popular. They had found him in the mesquite, with a .30-.40 rifle bullet lodged against his backbone. He hadn't died instantly. He'd kept in the saddle for fifty feet, trailing blood. Then he'd fallen. And, lying there, he'd tried, with his last drop of consciousness, to write something in the sand. His finger had scrawled a letter "G." That was all. "G" was Galt's initial. And Galt was still missing.

AFTERWARD, Jim returned to the pool, to his new duties. It was ten o'clock. He sat down in a canvas chair. He couldn't get his mind off the red saddle.

A handsome brunette girl came to the pool. Her face was so familiar that Jim said, "Hullo!" and then racked his brain in an effort to place her. She smiled and said, "Hello," and dived. She dived neatly, and it was only when she came up that Jim realized he did not know her at all, personally. She was Arlina McKay, of Diamond Pictures.

He was still blushing when another girl said, "Good morning!"

He turned. Frankie Bailey was approaching with an older woman who looked like her and a man of about thirty, tall, bony, and bespectacled. "My mother, Mrs. Farnham," she said. "Mr. Preston. We drove here together last night. And Mr. Willet, my fiancé."

Jim was surprised that Frankie was engaged to such a person. She looked, in the bright daylight, like a calm and quiet person with a good sense of humor and a love of life. Willet was apparently humorless, irascible, silly, and fond, if not of books, at least of chairs.

She walked out on the diving board, looked up, made her four-step run, and did a competent half gainer.

Willet began to talk, chattily, as if he seldom stopped. "Nice diver. Loves sports. Fine girl. Told me about your ride up here last night. Said you were a champion, or something. Can't go in for such things myself. Weak constitution. Why not get out and show her up? She needs discipline. I'm sure I can't do anything with her. Not even make her marry me, after four years of steady effort."

"Herb!" Mrs. Farnham said. "Maybe Mr. Preston isn't interested in the troubles you have with our Frankie."

"Should be," Herb answered. "All the gossip columnists are. Print the whole sad story annually. Where's Galt, Mother? Always around here putting the evil eye on Frankie. Probably taking one of his morning walks." He looked at Jim as if soliciting sympathy. "This fellow Galt has been chasing Frankie here on the desert every winter. Though I don't think Frankie likes him especially."

"HERB!" Mrs. Farnham said again. "I think I'll knit. Do you mind running back to my cottage for my knitting bag?"

"Not a bit." He started limply toward the bungalows.

"Mr. Preston," Mrs. Farnham said, "I presume Herb will be here at the pool a lot. Don't mind him."

Jim, who had been completely flabbergasted by the man's self-abnegatory, intimate, rambling discourse, answered earnestly, "I won't."

"But don't pity him, either. He's really quite bright."

"Sometimes," Frankie called, climbing out of the pool.

Jim walked along the edge to meet her. "Look," he said; "you'll hear about this any minute, so I'm going to tell you." And, in a few sentences, he gave her the high points of the morning's tragedy.

"It's too terrible to seem real," she said when he had finished. "But, look. I know Henry Galt well—"

"So your fiancé said."

She regarded him harshly. "Mr. Preston you're new here. You don't know the people. Somebody may have shot Ted Poling, but it wasn't the doctor."

"But where—?"

"Probably out walking—and worrying dreadfully over what he did to you."

Jim climbed out of the water. "You don't happen to know what kind of rifle he had, do you?"

"I should. I gave it to him. It was a .30-.40."

The group of swimmers had commenced to emerge from the dressing-rooms. Jim turned toward them, but he said to the girl, "That's what killed the riding master. A .30-.40 rifle."

She lost all her color. "Of course—he might have had *two* accidents—but—"

Jim assumed that under normal conditions the afternoon would be very gay. People would crowd the pool and the tennis courts. The orchestra would play at four on the veranda. But, on this day, few people engaged in sports, and the grounds were dotted with small clusters of persons, sitting and standing, talking. Mr. How-

ard, the manager, had told Jim that on warm evenings he was to keep the pool open, with floodlights on, till ten o'clock. He did so, although no one came to swim.

Sam brought his supper in containers. He had little information. "They're having the coroner's jury tomorrow. Hundred people out hunting for Galt. Some detectives from Los Angeles flew in at noon. But I don't think they'll get anywhere."

"Why?"

"Because Galt was smart. He probably figured a getaway before he shot the guy."

Sam left. Jim heard him walking through the orange trees toward the main building. He pulled a table up to the low wall around the pool and spread his supper on it. He sat down, out of the glare of the lights. He began to eat.

Something fell with a splash into the pool near where he sat. Puzzled, Jim rose and went over to see what it was. He bent over the illuminated water and caught the flash of a sinking object. Then he was shoved hard from behind. He sank, pushed on the bottom, swam a few strokes, and surged up on the deck. There was nobody. He ran into the dark, dripping, and tried to see who had crept up to duck him. He observed nobody. Then he hurried back to the pool and looked along its bottom. He saw something shiny there. He plunged in again and came up with it. A half-dollar.

Someone had tossed a half-dollar into the water and, when he'd gone to see what it was, shoved him in. That was absurd. Senseless. Maybe somebody—Frankie's dopey fiancé, for example—was trying to kid him. A poor time for practical jokes.

He called the desk on the pool phone. Mr. Howard heard his report. "Change your clothes, Preston," he said, "and come over here. I'll have men search the grounds."

Jim changed into slacks and a jersey. That, he had observed, was the prevailing costume. He did not turn out the lights around the pool and, as he left, he looked rather ruefully at his untouched supper. . . He felt his scalp prickle. His meal was untouched no longer. The plate, on which had been steak and vegetables, was gone! He'd been ducked so his meal could be swiped, by someone who had no other access to food. That meant—Galt.

He ran to the main office.

The grounds of the hotel were quietly ransacked. But hunting in the night was fairly useless.

WHEN Jim came out of Howard's office he saw Frankie and her mother and Mr. Willet and a dozen others playing "Bingo" at a long oak table on the porch. Frankie was wearing a pale-green evening dress. She looked, he thought, like a daffodil. He paused involuntarily.

She read numbers: "Seventy-one." She dropped the ticket in a bowl. The players put down counters on their cards. "Eight." "Fifteen."

"Bingo!" an elderly man called. He read off his numbers, and another girl handed him a dishful of silver.

Frankie beckoned to Jim. "Want to play?"

He shook his head slightly. She came to his side. "Come on! It's all right—if I invite you." She gestured toward a man with gray hair. "This is Mr. Farnham, my stepfather—Mr. Preston."

The man turned. Jim estimated that he weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. He had slaty eyes. Farnham, Jim later learned, was a steel manufacturer with a reputation for hardness and violence.

"How do you do?" he mumbled.

Jim sat down and bought a card. He had feared that the stakes would be too high. But the people at the table—all of them rich—were playing for dimes. Mr. Willet, across the table, gave a caricature of a salute. "Good evening, champ!"

JIM played for an hour, and lost twenty cents. Then the game broke up. He had enjoyed himself. It was only when he reached his own room that he remembered he had not slept at all on the previous night. He undressed and went to bed, and did not waken until the telephone operator called to tell him that it was six-thirty. . . .

The inquest was held in the moving-picture theater at ten. Jim gave his testimony first. Next, Mr. Farnham gave a brief biographical sketch of Dr. Galt. Frankie described the rifle she had presented to him on Christmas. Three cowboys from the riding stables told about the feud between Poling and Galt. One of them said that Mr. Farnham had made an appointment to meet Poling at the riding master's ranch on the afternoon of his death. Farnham readily admitted it. He was going to plan a hunting trip, he said. A verdict was withheld, pending the finding of Galt. Search parties were organized. A special effort was made to cover the vicinity in which Galt had hidden when he shot at Jim. Jim, himself, with detectives, went over every step of his walk. But the rifle was not found, although a score of men tramped all day in the fiery sun.

Late that afternoon Jim went to the post office to collect a shipment of bathing suits and shoes he was to sell at the pool. On the way back he met Frankie coming out of a dress shop. She invited him to play "Bingo" again that night, and they strolled to the hotel together. He asked where Herb Willet was.

"Working on the case," she answered.

He grinned. "What does he expect to uncover?"

Frankie was almost indignant. "I wouldn't laugh too much at Herb. He's chattery, a silly man—if you like. But he's an authority on ligulae."

"Ligulae?"

"What the dictionary calls 'a genus of mollusks.'"

"Oh. Oh, I see."

"And that's not funny, either. To be an authority on that you have to wade in the Everglades in Florida. Fight snakes, panthers, swamps."

"And what has he found out about—Poling?"

"He hasn't said."

"I'll ask him."

"Do. But don't come to play 'Bingo' unless you have the proper respect for Herb. I like him."

He smiled at her. "That," he said, "makes him O. K. with me."

The orchestra played again that evening. Mr. Howard wanted to revive the morale of his clientele. Poling's body had been taken ten miles away to his ranch. He was to be buried in another town. The bar was busy again. When Jim closed the pool for the evening and strolled over to the hotel he was aware of the effort to dissipate the miasma that had hung over the community.

He was wearing gray flannels and a blue coat, the best his wardrobe afforded. He had whitened his shoes. He might have been one of the sons of the heavy, assured hotel guests rather than an employee. He was introduced to several people.

A Mrs. Voight, sleek and past forty, was especially interested in Jim. She held his hand for so long that Frankie winked at him. "I had no idea there was a swimming master!" she said. Diamonds glittered on her fingers. "I must take some lessons. I'm *terrified* of water. I have a splendid idea! Won't you join my panning expedition next Friday?"

Jim grinned uncomfortably. "Panning expedition?" he echoed.

"Gold panning. There are places here where you can really pan it out. A few cents' worth. And I'm getting up a party—"

"If I can get away—" Jim answered. "Can you really—?"

Mr. Farnham spoke. "Pan gold here? Not enough to pay. But it's a stunt."

Down the table, Herb said, "If you knew the right spot maybe you wouldn't have to pan. Death Valley isn't far away, you know. And right around here, in the early days, they used to take out fortunes."

"How interesting," said a mousy lady.

Herb immediately agreed with her—and with himself. "It is," he went on with trivial enthusiasm. "Absorbing. Romantic. Talk to one of the old hermits who come into town for grub occasionally. You've seen 'em. Some of them are the sons of Forty-niners who are still poking around on the desert for millions their fathers found and lost. Not altogether absurdly, either. Ten years ago one of those old desert rats struck a pocket with half a million in it. Right outside Paradise Canyon. And legends, Mrs. Vandermahlen! The lost Cosset claim. The lost Golden Gregg. Supposed to have been a cavern. Fabulous country—"

"LET'S play," Mr. Farnham said impatiently.

"Let's." Frankie handed the bowl of numbers to Miss Waite, the pretty hostess of the hotel. She collected the dimes and began to draw numbers. Jim started to fill his board, as did Frankie, sitting beside him. After a few minutes she whispered, "I've only got one place on two rows to put me out."

"I'll bet I win," Jim answered. "I have three rows ready to shoot."

"Thirty-seven!" Miss Waite called.

"Bingo!" Frankie and Jim spoke simultaneously.

"You'll have to split the pot," the hostess said. "Read your numbers. Miss Bailey?"

Before she checked her count, Frankie held out her hand to Jim. "The winnahs!" she said. They shook. And from the downward glance to her hand, Jim's eyes traveled to his newly whitened shoes. He pulled one foot toward his chair leg. There was a henna stain upon it, a stain like partly dried varnish. He bent farther down. Frankie's attention was attracted to the movement. He touched the stuff and looked at his fingers. He glanced around the table. No one was noticing him. Frankie was reading off her score. He stretched back so that he could see the long board running the length of the table

and the wider centerboard beneath its top. He raised an edge of the cloth cover. In that way he could see the legs of the people across from him, the baseboard, upon which was a lot of the stuff that had marked his shoe, and a section of the shelf-like reinforcement under the top. On it, was a form. There was not enough light to identify it. Frankie glanced down, faltered, and went on. He realized that she, also, had seen.

Then Herb dropped one of his game boards on the floor. He ducked and groped for it for several seconds.

Frankie finished counting, and the prize money was handed to her.

PEOPLE began to talk in preparation for the next game. Frankie whispered frantically to Jim, "What is it?"

Herb, white-faced, leaned toward them and whispered, "It's Galt. There's a knife in his back." His voice barely reached Jim. "We've got to break up the game before anyone else finds him."

Frankie looked at Jim with agonized eyes. "I—I—can't—play—now—" she whispered to him. "Oh—"

Jim caught her hand. "You've got to!" He addressed the table. "I'm going to play three boards, and then quit."

Farnham said, "What the deuce are you young people scheming?"

"To beat you again," Herb said amiably. "This is going to be my last tonight, too. Getting late." He yawned delicately.

Of the three people who knew about the thing beneath the table, only Herb Willet was able to put his counters on the proper numbers. In fact, he won. "Bingo!" he cried finally. "Well! Victory at last! I'm going to knock off—on that one."

Mrs. Voight eyed Jim. "It's so early—and such a beautifpl night—"

Jim rudely stretched. "Got to turn in. I get up at six-thirty. Well—"

People began to rise. Curiously enough the three who had precipitated the departures sat in their places.

There were good-nights.

They waited till the porch was empty. Then Jim and Herb bent down simultaneously.

"It's Dr. Galt, all right," Jim said.

"Stabbed—" Herb whispered.

Frankie was trembling. "Let's get Mr. Howard—right away."

THEY went into Mr. Howard's office. A clerk summoned him from his bungalow. Ten minutes later a Captain Spencer from Los Angeles joined them with one of the Paradise Canyon officers. Spencer was a small, wizened, very tanned person with a pleasant voice. The men walked to the porch and pulled down the shutters by which it was enclosed during the summer. They then drew the blinds along the inside windows.

The Los Angeles policeman got down on his knees and looked at the body for a full five minutes, crawling along the floor. Then he grunted, "Lend me a hand."

Jim and the local officer aided him in carrying the body to a divan. Dr. Galt's eyes were shut. He had not bled much. They turned him on his face. Protruding from his left shoulder was the handle of a knife. Frankie looked away, shaking.

Spencer said absently, "Now—what about the idea that this man shot Poling?"

"He could still have done it—and be

killed by someone else," the local officer said.

"Yeah. He *could* have."

Frankie spoke in a high and jittery voice: "How did he get here? Why did they put him under that table? Suppose—he'd rolled off when—!"

Spencer said reprovingly, "I'm afraid you'll have to leave, Miss Bailey. A murder is never thrilling. It's invariably—ugly—and unnerving."

FRANKIE made an effort to control herself. "I have to stay. You see—I talked with Dr. Galt—yesterday afternoon."

Spencer raised his eyebrows. Everyone else was thunderstruck. He said, "Do you want to dictate your story?"

"No. I'll tell it. As often as you like. It isn't much. You already know that"—she gestured expressively toward the body—"he is—was—one of the most famous surgeons in the Middle West. He saved lives. He didn't take them."

"Miss Bailey—please—!" the captain said.

"I'm getting to it. I knew he was hiding out, staying away, for some decent reason. And I imagined he'd be near here. Maybe watching us all. So I walked up on the mountainside yesterday afternoon alone and stood in plain view of half the desert for an hour. I didn't see him coming till he was almost beside me. We sat down and talked. He said that missing Mr. Preston so narrowly had alarmed him. He said he had been afraid of murder even then. He'd heard a shot, earlier in the morning, while he was hunting. He wanted the rifle right away—to clear himself.

"While he was hunting for his gun, he saw the riders find Mr. Poling. So he slipped down there and learned that a .30-.40 rifle bullet had killed him. Then he knew he *had* to have his own gun so he could show it wasn't the one that had been used. He hunted all day. He told me that the posses looking for him sometimes came within a few yards of him. But the very ease with which he hid explained why he couldn't find his rifle. Every rock was like every other. Toward five he worked his way back along the mountainside—till he saw me. He asked me to say nothing to anyone—for the time being." She said to Jim, for no reason, "I didn't like Dr. Galt much. But I *was* relieved."

Spencer sniffed. "Very praiseworthy of you! You didn't suggest, by any chance, that if his yarn were true he could come in any time? If his gun *hadn't* been used, and was on the slope, it would eventually have been found—and cleared him."

Frankie hesitated. "It wasn't to clear himself that he was staying out in the desert."

"What do you mean?"

"He told me all about hunting for his gun. Then he said that there was a great deal more happening in Paradise Canyon than the mere killing of a riding master. Those were his exact words. He *started* to tell me. He said he hadn't been hunting lions—exclusively—at any time this season. He'd been investigating. Whether he would have told me what he was investigating or not, I don't know. A crowd of people rode over the Rim Trail just then. He ran. They saw me and I waved."

"I suppose you can get some of those riders to testify to spotting you on the mountainside later yesterday?"

Frankie's eyes burned. "Do you think I'm making this up?"

The captain turned from her to the body. "I don't think *you* are." He bent over. "The knife is precisely the sort served with my chops here this noon. Stainless steel, pointed."

"I wonder," Jim said slowly, "if it could be the one that was on my plate when it was stolen last night?"

"That's what I was wondering. Will you mind letting me take your fingerprints, Mr. Preston? Just as a check." He paused. "Whoever did it was able to carry a hundred-and-fifty-pound man from wherever it was done to here. Or drag him." He turned to the manager. "Can you close off this porch?"

"It would be awkward, under the circumstances. It was bad enough to have Poling shot. But this—and under a table where twenty guests had been playing games all the evening!"

"I'm very much afraid you'll have to. Before any more persons muss up the room we'll send experts through it. Take a day, anyhow."

"Very well—" Mr. Howard was beaded with perspiration.

Herb Willet spoke for the first time: "Can we go?"

"Certainly." The captain addressed Mr. Howard: "I'll want to interview everyone who was on duty around here last night—late, I mean." Then he said, "You can go, too, Mr. Preston. I doubt if we can take fingerprints at the local jail. But tomorrow, when the experts arrive—"

Jim nodded. He went out into the lobby with Frankie and her fiancé.

Herb said, "I'll take you home, Frankie. Good night, Preston."

THE tall, bony man walked off with the girl, out the door, and into the garden. As he went, Jim found himself speculating on whether or not Herb Willet could carry a hundred-and-fifty-pound man.

Frankie walked slowly. Neither she nor Herb spoke. When they were within a few rods of her bungalow, he led her into an arbor covered by bougainvillaea. "You're getting stuck on that swimming guy," he said. "Falling in love with him."

"That's—!"

"Ridiculous? Look, Frankie. In trouble, a woman turns, not to the man who *can* help, but to the one she *wants* to help. Tonight when you had looked under the table, you turned to Preston."

"I *wasn't* going to say it was ridiculous. I was going to say that this was no time to discuss such a thing. If I do like him—what then? Dr. Galt—"

"Quite. Dr. Galt lies yonder with a steak knife in his heart. But I only wanted to hear you say—admit—you found that fancy diver attractive." There was a long pause. "A man," he continued, "gets sick of being thought of as a jackass."

"Herb! I don't think of you as—!"

There was a sudden vehemence in his voice: "Will you marry me, then? Tonight!"

"Certainly not."

"Oh. Right. Silly of me—"

Jim, who had followed them, pressed his body deeper into the black shadows of the vine. Frankie's admission of interest in him was submerged in the recesses of his mind. The thing that occupied his startled attention was the change in Willet. For a few moments he had been direct, emotional nearly violent. Perhaps he had detested Dr. Galt for pursuing Frankie. Jim wondered if Frankie had ever flirted with Poling, the riding master. And he wondered if, by any chance, Herb had been out on the desert on that fatal morning. . . . Herb and Frankie left the arbor.

AT NOON, the next day, Jim was palely facing Captain Spencer and two unintroduced men from Los Angeles.

"Your fingerprints were on that knife, Preston," the captain said, after staring at him for several seconds.

"Then it *was* the one swiped with my supper."

The policeman ignored that. "You never saw Poling alive?"

"Never. Alive or dead."

"You haven't any idea who tossed you in the pool?"

"None. My back was turned. And a man with soft shoes wouldn't make a sound on the tile."

"Nobody had been near you?"

"Only Sam."

"I've talked to Sam. He didn't hear anything, either." He eyed Jim a moment. "Sam's fingerprints were on the knife also. So it was the one on your plate, all right."

"I thought it would be."

Spencer thrust his face very unexpectedly into Jim's. "Suppose I told you, Preston, that I'd learned you *did* know Poling? That I'd found out what you had against Galt? That the fingerprints on that knife—yours—were in the position of a stabbing hand, and not a hand that is cutting meat?"

Jim was scared to his roots. He realized, with dread, that he was a stranger in this part of the country. But he looked back steadily at the policeman. "I'd say you were a darned fool."

"And I would be." Spencer glanced impatiently at his assistants. "But it was worth trying. I might tell you that I have investigated you, and your record's perfect. I might add that your fingerprints were in the carving and not the stabbing position. Smudged. By a glove. The murderer probably tried to leave your prints on the knife—as much of them, anyhow, as he could—and still use the thing." He looked sleepless and irritable. "You're bright," he said presently. "You tell me what it's all about. Usually I look for some piece of junk that will tell me which one of several people killed the body. This time I have a mountain of junk—horse, saddle, bullet, knife, a letter 'G' traced by a dying man to be a help and acting only as a hindrance, the plate your dinner was on—"

"You found that!"

"In a culvert on the golf course. Sure. We hunted for it."

Jim's eyes suddenly widened. "Look. Did you pump Dr. Galt's stomach to find out if he ate the meal?"

"To—what?"

"Well, maybe he stole my food because he was hungry, and ate it, and somebody stabbed him while he was eating—with his own knife. Or maybe the murderer deliberately snatched my plate to get the knife. You could tell—"

Spencer grinned at Jim, and then turned to one of his men: "Call the undertaker and then send Dr. Cable over there. Have 'em report at once."

They sat in the office and waited. It took a long time. Finally the report came back. Spencer answered the telephone. When he hung up, he said, "Empty. So your plate was swiped to get the knife."

"But to look as if it were for the meal."

"Yeah."

"I wonder where the food went?"

"Probably down the culvert. Water runs through it, you know. It's the stream from Blind Canyon. But what does that prove?"

"Nothing," Jim said thoughtfully, "except that the man who killed Dr. Galt was plenty ingenious. He knew Galt was hanging around the hotel. He knew he was going to kill him. So he threw a coin in the pool to get me to the edge to swipe my dinner and make it look as if Galt himself had stolen it, but really to get a knife that had somebody else's fingerprints on it."

Spencer answered, "You find me a motive, and I'll get the murderer, no matter how slick he is. I think we ought to look into the private lives of the renowned doctor and the riding master, very thoroughly. And then of everyone who knew them. How about that Willet, for example? He's a queer duck. Didn't Galt chase his fiancée?"

"I don't know," Jim answered. "These people live a little bit differently from any I've known."

Spencer chuckled. "You ought to see how they live in Hollywood! Well—thanks, Preston. Keep your ears open. And thanks, also, for the idea of finding out whether or not Galt had eaten. It's interesting, but it doesn't do us any good to know he died hungry."

JIM walked to the employees' dining-room. He did not feel hungry. Sam appeared soon after he sat down. "The soup is thin today," he said. "The stew is good. I recommend the veal, though. Did they give you a third degree?"

Jim grinned. "Bring anything. . . Yeah. We both signed that knife with our fingers."

Sam nodded pleasantly. "I'm lucky. At nine I go home."

"Where do you live?"

"On the desert. Near Marble City. I got a house. I've worked for the hotel for ten years, and saved. Bought me a little home and a car. And my break was being away. Captain Spencer worked for three hours this morning on the boys who stay at the hotel. They came out sweated through."

Jim laughed. Sam went out, and came back with breaded veal cutlet and vegetables and salad. Jim had been thinking. "You say you've been here for ten years?"

"Since the place opened." Sam's amiable face became sober. "And I've seen plenty. Not only in the picture crowd."

"That's what I was figuring. You probably know the Farnham-Bailey people pretty well. You probably knew Dr. Galt and Poling."

"I did." Sam moved closer to Jim. "And if that cop hadn't torn into me the way he did, I could have told a lot."

Jim pretended only moderate interest. "Such as what?"

"Take Miss Bailey. Now, she hates her stepfather."

"Does she? I've noticed that she always calls him *Mr.* Farnham."

"That's it. She doesn't like that big

guy. Take Mr. Willet. He hated Galt. I think, personally, that he's nuts. Always following people."

"Really? Who?"

"Everybody. I've seen Mr. Farnham go past my place on the desert on one of his hunting trips maybe thirty times. And, like as not, soon afterward that Mr. Willet would tag along on his trail. He'd follow Galt, too. And he'd ask questions of the help, plenty of questions."

"About what?"

"About the other people here. He's a screw ball. He's engaged to Miss Bailey. Why doesn't he marry her? Why'd he chase Miss McKay last season?"

"The movie actress? Did he chase her?"

"They got to be mighty good friends. I tell you, Mr. Preston, if I was that cop I'd want to know where Willet was the other morning. I'd ask him so many questions he'd get dizzy."

"Why didn't you say all that to Spencer?"

"I did—some of it. But he was so tough and loud he got my goat."

"Suppose I dropped a bug in his ear?"

Sam shrugged. "I was thinking of going back to him, anyway."

Jim went back to the pool. Galt's body was going East after the inquest, the second in four days. The verdict of that inquest was pretty sure. Person or persons unknown. People came to swim, and remained to whisper to each other.

IN THE middle of the afternoon Mr. Howard dropped over and privately asked Jim to do all he could to divert the hotel guests. People were checking out. The Los Angeles papers were playing the murders in banner headlines. Reporters were arriving on chartered planes. Jim contributed what he could by diving until he was weary. Frankie didn't show up. But, late in the day, Herb Willet strolled down to the pool. He waved languidly at Jim. He took off his beach robe and lay down in the sunshine and stayed there until the other bathers had left. The opportunity to talk to him alone was welcome to Jim. Nobody had questioned Willet. Willet was an extraordinary and subtle person. So, eventually, he walked around the pool and sat down beside the knobby, prostrate form of Frankie's fiancé. Willet said, "Hello, Preston," and closed his eyes wearily.

Jim looked away, his earnest face strained with anxiety. "I was thinking about Dr. Galt," he said presently.

"So was I—not surprisingly."

"Any guest at the hotel could have stabbed him," Jim continued. "An outsider would have had trouble getting into the grounds."

"True. The fence around the place. And the watchmen."

Jim felt the excitement of his ambitious undertaking. "Any guest. Take yourself. Suppose you'd wanted to do it."

Willet smiled superficially. "Suppose I had. Take me. How would you work it?"

"Well—suppose you hated both Poling and Galt, for private reasons. Suppose you knew Galt went out often before daylight with his .30-.40. Suppose you got one like it—waited for a morning when Galt was out and Poling was riding. Shot Poling."

"Wait up, there. What if Galt came in with an unused gun?"

"What was to prevent him from reloading it—or even swabbing it out?"

"Right-o. You're smart, Preston."

"This is just to line up—a hypothetical person." Jim halted, and wondered exactly what Willet's continuing and slightly impertinent smile meant. "All right. You find out that Galt lost his gun—a pure accident—but a break for you. Galt is out in the bush. So you locate him. You pull a fancy trick to get my steak knife. Later that night, when Galt is prowling around here, probably to get food, or maybe to get you, you stab him. Somewhere near the porch. Then you see the night watchman's light somewhere out on the grounds. So you heave Galt onto the porch—just to hide. While you crouch there in the dark you notice the table shelf. You put the body there. It's shielded by the tablecloth, so that you practically have to be on your hands and knees to discover it. Then you go to your bungalow and turn in."

Willet inhaled smoke, blew it out, and looked up. "That's about how it happened, I venture to agree. Now, Preston, why do we do all this bloody business?"

It was time for Jim to use his facts. He looked up at the sky instead and said idly, rapidly, "You did it because you're jealous. Because Frankie flirted with Poling and Galt. Because Galt came here every winter and tried to take her away from you. You did it because you're psychopathically jealous and suspicious of everybody near you. You're unbalanced. Because you are even jealous of me. Because you charged Frankie with falling for me only last night—when she hardly knew me. Because, Willet, you're a homicidal maniac, and it's been growing on you for years, and the fact that Frankie won't have you for a husband has finally touched you off. Don't get up! Don't move! I'll clip you where you sit if you budge!" Jim spoke with abrupt alarm, for Willet was grinning at him in a manner which, under the circumstances, was manifestly insane.

"All right," Willet said; "I did it. Now. How do you prove it?"

Jim stared at him. He had neither proof nor witnesses to this confession. "I'll just ask you to come over with me to see Spencer. You can tell him."

Willet began to laugh. He sat where he was. Presently he said, "See here, Jim. I didn't do it. I said I did just to make you see one thing: You'd never be able to prove it, short of forcing a confession. But where did you find out all that stuff about me? I imagine you tagged Frankie and me the other night." His face clouded for a moment. "But the rest of it?"

"Never mind," Jim said. He was watching Willet closely, unsure of whether the man was sincere in his amusement or skillfully evading him.

WILLET'S expression gradually became confidential. "Look. I'm older than you. Five or six years, anyway. I like you. I think I understand you. I think I know what it must be like to take all the bilge and insult from people like these and to be a mere hired man, when all the time you're a first-class engineer."

Jim stared.

"I *have* been investigating. And shadowing people. For years. You included. And now I guess I've either got to give up my line of inquiry or take you in on it. I much prefer to do the latter. It would involve your silence, at least until the air cleared."

"I can't promise it," Jim replied.

"I don't ask it—till you hear what I have to say. It's this. . . . Four winters ago I met Frankie. She's a swell kid. Sincere, even-tempered, good-looking, normal—flirtatious, if you like. I love her. I don't think she loves me. Anyway, though, we became engaged. At that time her mother had just married Farnham. And Frankie didn't like Farnham especially. He's dull and domineering and aggressive. Very well. The Farnhams were planning to take Frankie to Florida for the winter, and I, naturally, was going too. Well, suddenly they switched plans and came here. So I did, too. I couldn't figure why Farnham wanted to go to the desert. He doesn't ride well. The hunting's nothing extra. I wondered about it frequently. Then Dr. Galt showed up, and has showed up every winter since. Apparently because of Frankie. But do you think a man of his attainments and temperament would give up a big practice for months every winter because he was hopelessly crazy about a girl? I wondered about that. I wondered, when I found out about it, why Howard worked every winter as hotel manager, when he's worth a couple of million."

"IS THAT the truth?" Jim asked with astonishment.

"It is. Though he doesn't make any open parade of it. All right. Here were three important and wealthy men hanging around here season after season for no really good reason. So far, so good. Arlina McKay hung around so much she lost two fine contracts in Hollywood. And Mrs. Voight stayed here one winter when her brother died in Chicago and when her mother was ill to the point of death just over in Tucson. I figured that there was some attraction I wasn't getting."

"I can't agree," Jim answered. "I think that's your imagination."

Willet nodded. "So did I. *But*—for four seasons Farnham has kept a hundred thousand dollars in cash in the safe at the Paradise Canyon Hotel. Galt has a letter of credit for seventy-five thousand every year he comes out, though he spends, at the most, only a tenth or a fifteenth of that. Mrs. Voight keeps a tremendous account in the local bank. So does Howard. Quarter of a million. Miss McKay, also—"

"Why?" Jim asked.

"I don't know, but I've guessed. Galt, Farnham, Howard, Mrs. Voight, and Miss McKay—all had a fortune on tap, in cash. So, you might think they were all prepared to *buy* something. What? Well—they were all horseback riders and hunters. They all kept scouring the landscape. I followed all of them at one time or another, and, from the way they habitually behave when they think they're unobserved, you'd guess that they were hunting for a lost object. Now, Jim, what in the world is there in these millions of waste acres of sand and rock that would make—?"

"Gold!" Jim exclaimed softly.

Willet looked at him thoughtfully. "So. Am I crazy? Or a murderer? Or—is there something going on here that involves, not my jealousy, which is real enough, but five rich people who have been waiting and hunting for years, unknown to each other, for something they stand ready to buy the

minute they find what they are seeking."

"You mean, they're trying to find a mine, or something? And when they do—"

"They'll be all set to buy the land it's on from whoever owns it. I think that each one of them is convinced that there's a tremendous fortune somewhere out on that desert. Most of the desert is owned—by somebody—ranchers, old prospectors' claims, estates. So they want to be ready with cash to purchase it—when and if."

Jim said, "Did Poling keep a big account, too?"

"I could never find out about him. If he, also, was on that gold hunt every winter, and had available cash, he kept it at his ranch or buried somewhere."

"Why did they always hunt in the winter?"

Willet gazed at him. "I wish I knew."

"Why didn't you ask, pointblank, any one of them?"

Willet got up and pulled a chair close to Jim and sat down. "That's not hard to explain. First, I merely marveled. Then I followed Farnham. Saw him ride out and stop and stare silently all over the desert, and come back without firing a shot, saying the hunting was lousy, but fun. Then I observed that other people were doing the same thing, or something similar. So I entered the hunt. I didn't know what to look for. I don't think they know. They never refer to maps. They just tool along on foot or horseback, staring everywhere. Howard, by the way, has tried all sorts of mechanical ore locaters. If you don't believe this story, I'll show you where he caches them, out in the sand. I enjoyed it. I was near Frankie, outdoors, and I learned a lot about the desert. Sooner or later, maybe even this winter, I was planning to get them all together and blow the whole business wide open, just for fun, at a dinner or something. Then—Poling got killed. You see?"

"See what?"

"I connected that instantly with this gold business. This patient, secret hunt. Then Galt. I thought it meant—"

"That somebody had discovered the mine!"

He nodded. "So, I kept quiet."

"But—you can't!"

"Why not? I'd like to see the murderer caught."

"You've got to tell the whole thing to the police."

WILLET looked grimly at Jim. "I don't want to. You can compel it, of course, but see here: This murderer's clever. Don't you suppose he has a peach of an alibi ready in case of need? And suppose the papers get hold of my yarn? Why—the desert'll be crowded with thousands of people overnight. They'll come here and dig. They'll hunt. Do you have the faintest idea of what a gold rush is? To let this story out would mean that hundreds, at least, would break their hearts and lose their last few dollars."

Jim was silent for a minute. Then he said, "You have a car?"

"Sure."

"Would you mind showing me that cache of Howard's?"

Willet grinned. "Good going! I stuck it in deliberately. If you had swallowed the story without any proof I'd have been disappointed in you."

They drove through town. They turned

into the desert on an unpaved road. It petered out in divergent streams of horse tracks. Presently they were driving on hard sand and gravel, dodging cacti and mesquite and sage. The sun had dropped behind San Ferdondo. Willet took a bearing from a slag pile and a distant canyon. He stopped the car. On foot, they proceeded through the lavish colors of sunset to a small dune. At its foot, in the dry brush, were half a dozen packing crates, bleached and empty. Jim looked at them. They were addressed to Howard.

"Dig about there," Willet said, pointing with his toe.

In five minutes Jim dug up a carefully wrapped instrument. Its manner of operation was as undecipherable as its function.

"An electric diviner," Willet said. "Works with dry cells. All those gadgets are phony."

THEY stood side by side. Jim suddenly and shockingly wondered whether Willet had brought him there to kill him. He looked at his companion's face. But Willet was staring toward the color-drenched clouds. Jim felt weak with relief. The guy was sound, after all. Suddenly a dazzling thought occurred to him.

"Tell me, Willet—Herb—did any of those gold hunters ever lie down?"

"Lie down? They crouched. A man standing on the desert is pretty conspicuous. So they were continually dismounting. I never got near enough to see them lying down. Why?"

"But they *could* have been lying down?"

"Sure. Farnham and Galt were always squatting behind something or other. Maybe lying. I couldn't say. But—why?"

Jim didn't reply. His eyes ranged along the rocky miles of San Ferdondo's slope. "I believe your whole story," he said finally. "And I'll help you on it. I'm sorry I tore into you this afternoon."

Willet smiled. "That's all right. Darned amusing. And—nervy. How could you have known I didn't have another knife? We were all alone."

"M-m-m. That's what I was thinking just a second ago."

Willet laughed heartily and slapped Jim's shoulder. "All right. Now—we've got to watch day and night, and do a lot of first-class thinking. If we don't get anywhere in a few days we'll have to tell the police. Where do we begin, do you think?"

"Let's talk to the desert rats. All of them. Pump them about the old legends."

"I have, to an extent. But we can try further."

They started back to the car. "Another thing—" Willet said, and paused awkwardly.

"Yes?"

"Frankie. She's more or less excited about you."

Jim was embarrassed. "She's a pretty fine girl. But I hardly know her. And—"

"I just wanted to say—I'm pretty fond of her. But I want you to know also that she probably doesn't love me. And if she ever does fall for anybody that guy'll have to become either my best friend—or my bitterest enemy."

Jim didn't say anything. Herb Willet had been too earnest for any reply. He looked now toward Jim, meeting his eyes with an expression that was friendly but deeply concerned.

"Forget it," he said finally. "You know how it is." . . .

On the day after that, at the second inquest, the verdict of an unknown murderer was eventually given.

In the forenoon of the day following the inquest he learned accidentally that Mr. Howard was going for a ride. Jim wanted urgently to see one of the "gold hunters" on the quest, so he closed the pool, under the pretext of cleaning it, borrowed some riding clothes from Herb, hired a tranquil nag, and rode out in the wake of the hotel manager. Mr. Howard merely took what seemed to be an arbitrary direction, although it was probably one in which he had not previously searched, and went over the country slowly, often dismounting to examine the terrain.

Jim returned to the hotel at two-thirty, weary and hungry. He took a shower, started refilling the pool, and went to the kitchen for something to eat. The chef was in an irritable mood, so he asked for his friend Sam. The chef said that it was Sam's day off, or that the day before had been, and if people wanted to eat why didn't they show up at mealtime? Jim started into town for food, and found Sam asleep in a chair in the sun on the employees' porch. He had a newspaper over his chin and chest and had been snoozing for so long that his exposed face was sunburned, but when Jim woke him he amiably rallied cold chicken and iced coffee.

Mr. Howard didn't get back from his search until four o'clock.

Mrs. Voight left in her car for a trip to Los Angeles. She said she was going to remain there for the week end. After she had gone Herb dropped over to the pool. "Mrs. Voight," he said, "had a camping outfit in her car when she drove away. Don't you agree, Jim, that she's probably not going to L. A.?"

Jim said, "Did it ever occur to you, Willet, that the hypothetical person who may have located the hypothetical mine, may be intending to kill his rivals in the search one by one? Poling, then Galt. I followed Howard to have a look at just what you'd described, and I half expected all the time he was scanning the countryside that a rifle would crack and he'd fall from his horse. If Mrs. Voight is really going to camp out somewhere and make a furious effort to find the missing mine, she's doing it at a mighty unhealthy time."

Herb nodded. "I suppose she is."

TOGETHER they watched the sun go down. At last Jim said, "I have one idea—maybe foolish. I'm not going to explain it now, because it isn't ripe. But if I need help I'd like to feel free to call on you."

"Anything. Any time."

"Buy a raincoat."

"A—what?"

"I've got a raincoat. I'll lend it to him." Frankie spoke from a spot behind their chairs. "What's the idea, Jim? Raincoat? What are you planning?"

Herb grinned at her. "A hunt. For ducks. Jim says they sit all over the Salton Sea in rainstorms. Want to join us next time it pours?"

"I'd love to," she said. "Anything to get away from the glooms. And now it's worse. My stepfather broke his arm this afternoon."

"Where?" Jim asked casually.

"Oh, out walking. He said he was restless this morning and went out in the baking sun to walk it off. He came in all bandaged up."

Herb and Jim looked at each other. Their eyes were expressive. *Perhaps* Mr. Farnham had broken his arm. Perhaps it was not a break. Perhaps it was—a bullet wound, for example.

THAT evening Jim went into town to several cafés, and he met two of the oldest living inhabitants of the desert. At the cost of a few drinks he was overwhelmed with stories of the gold rush. A giant nugget lost, a mine in a cavern, a mine that ran under a graveyard, and a river that ran underground—so many stories that Jim realized it would be impossible to sift from them the one which was being investigated by the guests of the hotel.

He walked home late and went to bed.

On the day after, Frankie came to the pool to swim and stayed all the morning. She and her mother and Herb invited Jim to have lunch with them, and Sam served it on bridge tables beside the pool. The sky was bare of clouds, the sun blazing hot, and Jim had the first long opportunity to talk to Frankie, as well as to consider his own feelings about her. Their meeting on the night of his arrival had been an enchanted adventure. In the hours of alarm that had followed, she had often looked to him for courage. He had expected that, and it had made him proud. And now, all day, talking to her, lying in the sun, diving for her, playing in the water, he could see glimpses of a deeper radiance in her gray eyes which existed there because it must also be in his own.

He was in love, and he had never been in love in that way before. Over his possessive and complex desires hung the shadows of death, and between him and the girl stood a man whom he liked increasingly as his acquaintance grew.

When the long gores in the sides of San Ferdondo filled with blue dusk Frankie left reluctantly, and Jim was sad at her departure. Any distance between them would, from now on, make him feel purposeless.

Captain Spencer walked up to see him. "Want to chew the fat a while?" he said. "Asked you to keep your ears open—remember?"

"Sure. But nobody's said anything hereabouts that would interest you."

"M-m-m. Nice day. Hot." He sat and viewed the panoply of desert twilight. "Haven't picked up a thing, eh?"

"No. Have the police?"

"No."

"Why don't you start something? As far as I can see, all the cops do is eat and sleep and draw their pay." Jim grinned. "Isn't there any routine you can use in things like this?"

Spencer yawned. "We haven't been loafing all the time. Like to ask you a couple of questions, as a matter of fact."

"Sure."

"Why'd you follow Howard out on the desert yesterday?"

Jim was surprised. "How do you know I did?"

Spencer sighed. "I was right behind you."

"Oh."

"And where'd you go with Herb Willet the other night?"

"Out on the desert again."

Spencer's head moved imperceptibly. "I can take you in, and ask you all this, you know."

Jim pondered. "I wouldn't have anything to say if you *did* hold me."

"I know it. I just hoped you'd help me out—because I also know you have some sort of hunch."

"I tell you what—I have. I admit it. But it's too daffy to give you now. If I get hold of anything that clinches it, or makes it make sense, I'll spill it immediately."

Spencer was silent for longer than Jim had been. Finally he said, "Why do all these people spend their winters out there with the tarantulas, Preston? That's what you've guessed, isn't it?"

"You know about that?"

The officer was gently sarcastic: "I haven't your brains, of course, but—your friend Mrs. Voight is out there now."

"I thought so."

"In Alto Grande Canyon. And Farnham's broken arm—isn't broken."

"No?"

Spencer fished in his pocket. "Here's the bullet the doctor took out of it." He flipped it to Jim. "A 30-.40. Same gun that killed Poling. Farnham offered the doctor a thousand bucks to substantiate his broken-arm story. The doctor hurried to me." He rose. "Sure you don't want to tell me what your hunch is—yet?"

"Positive."

"Or why you want Herb Willet to buy a raincoat?"

"You listened in on that!"

"From the chlorinator shed." Spencer began to walk away, slowly and peacefully. "I'm giving all of you plenty of rope. That's my routine—in such cases."

Jim thought that he laughed, but he was not sure. . . .

TWO days later the weather changed. When Jim woke up, it was pouring. In those two days the murders of Poling and Galt had remained enigmatical. Jim went down to the lobby in the elevator. The night clerk was eating his pre-retiring meal.

"When'd the rain start?" Jim asked.

"About one."

Jim went to the phone and called Herb Willet's bungalow. "I think it's going to pour all day, so that lets me off duty at the pool. How about that duck hunt?"

"I'll be ready in a quarter of an hour. Pick you up in front of the hotel."

"Better meet me somewhere else. Say, the caddy house on the golf course."

"Oh. Right!"

Jim put on old clothes—and an oilskin coat. He tramped through vertical sheets of rain to the deserted caddy house. A car slid up, and for a moment he was frightened. It wasn't Willet's sedan. Then he saw Frankie at the wheel. He hopped in, dripping.

"The barnacle gathered I was up to something," Herb said. "She stuck. It's just as well. My car wouldn't start."

Frankie, in the blue raincoat which she had offered to lend her fiancé, turned from the wheel. "Where do we go? And what are we looking for?"

Herb winked at Jim. "A gold mine," he said. "Which way do we go, Jim?"

"North."

Frankie turned into the main road. Jim looked back through the rain. No other

car was leaving Paradise Canyon on their trail.

"You don't mind," Frankie said, "if I'm faintly amazed? A gold mine?"

Herb chuckled. "All right, darling. Let me explain. Our young friend, Mr. Preston, is a gentleman of considerable intelligence—"

"You can skip that. I know it."

"And—an engineer."

"Engineer!"

"An honor graduate. Now—for reasons we haven't time to detail, he and I feel sure that various persons hereabouts have been gold-hunting for some years."

Frankie was vastly excited. "So that's it! That's why my stepfather insists on the desert every winter!"

"Exactly. We are at the moment assuming a lost mine. Our bright young friend knows that the hunters have no maps. He knows they hunt only in the winter season. Why, he has said to himself, do they hunt only in winter? If they never refer to maps there must be some *other* way of locating the assumed treasure. If they hunt only in winter, it must be locatable, so to speak, *only* in winter. What, he asks himself, happens in winter and not in summer, spring, or fall? It rains, says his massive mind. But are these people looking for a stream? No. Then what? How about an *underground* river? Suppose they are not *looking* but *listening*? I didn't get the brilliance of the hunch, even when he asked me if I'd ever seen any of the searchers *lying down*, ear to the earth, till he told me to buy a raincoat."

Jim replied diffidently, "It's a loony idea, but—"

"Loony? It's genius! You are absolutely right! Our friends have scoured the local desert listening for a subterranean gurgle that will, according to some antique yarn, double or maybe quadruple their already ample funds. By golly! They're looking for the Golden Gregg! The mine in a lost cavern!"

Herb was staring open-mouthed at Jim.

Jim said, "I think so. Don't you suppose that's what Poling meant by the 'G' he drew on the sand? I've been wondering, if he had lived a few seconds longer, whether he wouldn't have marked down two 'G's' and an arrow or something."

"You think he found it!"

Jim nodded.

"But where are we going?" Frankie asked.

HERB replied to that question. "Ask the professor. He's an engineer, remember. That doubtless means something of a geologist. What is the compass bearing, anyhow, Jim?"

"I'm not very sure. But I've taken a pretty good squint at the mountain and the land around here. I'd say there were two spots in this neighborhood where you might expect an underground river. One's below Red Water Canyon. And one's right under the west pass."

Frankie was shaking her head affirmatively. "And we're going to cut across to Red Water?"

"And get out," Jim answered, "and slog."

They got out. And slogged. For an hour. Then two. Finally four. Their feet became heavy with wet sand. Rain ran down their necks. The visibility was so low that it was difficult for Jim to reconstruct the theoretical path of a possible underground watercourse. When they wandered any distance from the glistening side of the mountain, it was lost to view. When they finally gave up, they could not locate the car.

And it was while they were scrambling through the wet brush hunting for the car that Frankie suddenly stopped dead still and then threw herself down in the mud.

There was no doubt of it. The sound was sonorous, liquid, eerie, and it made the ground tremble a little. She yelled.

Herb ran up from one side and Jim from the other. They dropped to the earth. They listened. Herb rose silently.

Frankie said, "Now what, professor?"

JIM looked through the rain toward the mountain to take bearings. Then he grinned. "Maybe we're right. Probably nuts. But, assuming we're right, we can assume that at least one person found this spot. According to the Golden Gregg yarn, there was an entrance to the cavern. Whoever found this place may have found the entrance and, if so, probably covered it. Shall we carry on? Or quit?"

Frankie wiped wet hair out of her eyes. "Carry on."

Herb smiled. "Got any ideas, from your lessons, about where to look?"

Jim nodded. "That's easier. Can't be far. Water's worn this spot thin. We're standing on a dome. Look for piled-up rocks or recently cut brush, or anything disturbed."

Jim, himself, found the opening—a crack in an exposed ledge, three feet wide and about two feet high. A barrier of stones had been built in front of it, and the stones were covered by recently transplanted cacti. Jim called the others. He had rolled away the rocks when they arrived.

They all regarded it without speaking, awed, afraid. Jim took a flashlight from his pocket. "I'll go in," he said.

"Me, too."

He shook his head at Frankie. "Not today. You two watch. It may be impossible to explore down there with so much water. I'll see."

She grabbed his arm. Her voice was suddenly imploring: "Please wait! Suppose—"

"Suppose there's a man in there," Herb said. "Yeah. Better wait."

Jim hadn't thought of a possible occupant. He knelt. "I'll take a quick look, anyhow. If I'm not back in ten minutes get the cops."

He went in. His flashlight showed a rapidly widening tunnel with a dry floor. Within fifty feet he could walk upright. A sound overhead frightened him. He shot the light up. A bat whizzed past his ear. The tunnel dropped. The floor became rocky. The water sounds grew deafening. Then he reached a turn. He rounded it. He stood at the edge of a cavern too vast to be plumbed by his light. Its floor was white sand. Great, shining stalactites hung from its ceiling. Through its center a black river roared in a deep channel. Near the river were some rotten planks and rusted pieces of metal. Fresh footprints marked the sand from the place where he stood to the debris, and the sand itself glittered with myriad minute fires in the light.

Jim faded back into the shadows. He filled his pocket with the sand. He went back the way he had come. Only then was he terrified. He began to run.

When he emerged in the daylight he found Frankie crying on Herb's shoulder. She shouted when she saw him, and threw her arms around him for a brief, relieved instant.

Herb's anxiety melted into interest. "What?" he asked.

Jim said tremulously, almost hysterically, "It's it. The Golden Gregg, I guess. There are ruins of a sluice down in there. And the sand—" He held out a handful.

They bent over it. "Are those specks gold?" Frankie whispered.

"Yeah," Jim said.

Herb looked at him. "You know where this is, don't you, Jim?"

"Oh, sure. We'll find it all right. And we better cover it up exactly as it was."

"I mean—this is on Poling's property. Poling's ranch."

They stared at each other. Then they covered the cave mouth carefully and hunted until they found the car. They started back toward Paradise Canyon.

"It looked—inexhaustible," Jim said.

"M-m-m," Herb answered.

"The sand's rich. And the river may have carried miles of it under the earth."

"Wasn't thinking about that."

"Oh." Jim gazed at Frankie. His face was depressed and speculative.

Herb saw the expression, and said gently to the girl, "Look, Frankie. It's going to be tough on your stepfather."

"My stepfather!"

"I hate to say it. But he was looking for that mine. Galt was. Your stepfather had a date with Poling the day he was killed. Suppose it was to buy Poling's ranch and not to arrange a trip. Suppose Poling wouldn't sell. Suppose Galt found the cave that morning, and Farnham was hiding in it."

FRANKIE slowed the car. "I can't believe that!"

"Farnham's a tough, quiet, acquisitive man. And remember—I know why you don't like him—"

Frankie shrugged. "Just because he is beastly to his employees doesn't make him a—murderer."

"No. But—"

"We'll let the police decide that, anyway—won't we?" she said.

Herb turned. "Think we ought to tell the cops—yet, Jim?"

"No."

Frankie said angrily, "You've got to! You can't hide all this information!"

"Just for a day or two—" Herb's voice was reserved.

"If *you* don't, *I* will!"

Herb ignored that. He said to Jim, "I'll talk to Farnham. I think the best way will be to give it to him quietly—"

No one spoke again.

Jim was thinking. Farnham? It certainly looked like Farnham. But there were others: Howard. Mrs. Voight. Arlina McKay, the movie star. . . . It was late afternoon. Dark. They drove under the archway that led to the grounds of Paradise Canyon Hotel.

"You change," Herb said to Jim, "and come over to my bungalow. I'll sit on Frankie. And I'll have some food sent over. I'm starving."

Jim went to his room. He had a hot shower. He put on dry clothes. His face

was set, thoughtful, grim. In the lobby he saw Mr. Farnham. His heavy form was relaxed in a deep chair and his eyes were on the pages of a novel. For the convenience of the guests there was a rack of umbrellas at the door to the gardens. Jim took one, and ran through the rain to Herb's bungalow.

Herb was still bathing. Sam brought in and set up a bridge table. Jim talked through the open bathroom door.

"Farnham's alone in his house now," he said.

"Good."

"I just passed him in the lobby. He was getting a terrific stack of bills from the cashier. I wonder what for?"

"Great Scott!"

"Yeah. And he ordered his car."

"No kidding."

"Going to have it call for him at the bungalow in half an hour."

"I'll get a wiggle on."

Sam brought in a tray of covered food and a portable heater. Herb came out and tipped him. He and Jim sat down at the table. Jim was watching him attentively. "I think—" he said.

Two minutes after Sam left they had run through the rain to Farnham's bungalow. There, in the dark living-room, Herb had seated himself. He was listening to a muted radio. Farnham had not come over from the hotel. Jim was hiding behind a portiere.

THEN the door opened. Footsteps approached through the murky hall. Sam came into the living-room. He was still wearing his white waiter's uniform. But he was no longer a waiter in deed. He held a revolver in his right hand. Jim jumped.

But he missed. A moment later Sam was whispering tensely, "Up! .Up! Both you guys! Now! Get over in the corner there!" He started toward them slowly. "I'm going to knock you both out. I gotta—!"

The front door creaked again. More footsteps. Frankie switched on the light. She saw Sam covering Jim and Herb. Sam's face grimaced and he whipped his gun toward her. "Come here!"

She stood, paralyzed, beside the switch.

"Come here! Now, look! You're tying those guys up! Then you're coming along with me! In *your* car! Get it?"

Frankie nodded her head.

Sam was panting. "I'm on the spot! I'm leaving! You're going with me. If anything happens to me it'll happen to you first! See? Now. Work fast. Use those portieres—"

There was an instant of stiff pantomime. Then a shot snapped it. Sam's gun fell to the floor. He cried out and grabbed his wrist. Captain Spencer walked into the room, grinning vaguely. . . .

Two hours later, in the presence of Captain Spencer, Jim, Mr. Howard, and a stenographer, Sam had finished his confession. Sweat-soaked, nursing his wounded wrist, he sat back in his chair.

Jim spoke: "If I can't be of any more use, Captain, I'd like to go to dinner. They're waiting for me."

"Go ahead. And—thanks. Thanks plenty. If you ever need a job—"

Jim grinned slightly. "Don't thank me. If you hadn't showed up when you did—"

"What did you expect me to do after I found you and Willet and Miss Bailey

were missing? Sit around when you came back, without giving you any attention? You see, I rather thought that you and Mr. Willet had a hand in things. Not flattering, but—"

Jim's grin widened. He went out of the room and through the garden. The rain was only a thin sprinkle and a fresh breeze was stirring. Soon it would be clear. He entered the Farnhams' bungalow. He was enthusiastically greeted. A long table was spread with silverware and china, and only Jim was needed to complete the party.

They sat down. But nobody was eager to eat. Farnham put the question that even Herb had been impatient to hear answered: "How in the name of creation did you come to suspect that waiter?"

"It went like this," Jim answered a little wearily. "When I was taking a shower this afternoon I got the water too hot, and nearly burned my face. That reminded me that I'd seen Sam with a sunburned face a few days ago. It dawned on me that the thing was odd, because Sam's a busy person. He couldn't have had time to sleep on the porch long enough to get a bad burn. Besides, his chin was under a newspaper, and hadn't been sunburned at all. I thought—suppose he was faking sleep and faking the burn. How, I wondered, would a guy burn his face in the sun, and not his chin? And why would he want to make it look as if it had happened some way it hadn't? It struck me that about the only way it could be done would be to wear a false beard all day. I thought that was funny—for a minute. Then I didn't think it was so funny, after all."

"BUT why would he wear a beard?" Mrs. Farnham asked perplexedly.

"That's what I wanted to know. I recalled that the chef said that the day before had been Sam's day off. Look: If Sam had been out on the desert all day in a false beard, and was working the nap-under-a-newspaper to alibi his partial sunburn, it meant that Sam was declared in on the whole business. Then I thought a lot of things. In the first place, Sam was the one person nobody had investigated who could have done both murders. He lived outside the hotel grounds, so no one could have checked up on him the morning Poling was found. He went home at night at various times, so he might easily have been around here when Dr. Galt was killed. Then, he had just left me that time when I was pushed into the pool. I thought of the ten years he has spent here. And I wondered if he hadn't possibly lived a double life, by establishing himself—disguised as one of the desert rats—around town nights, and if he hadn't used that disguise when he went hunting for the mine. As a waiter, he could pretty well keep track of the other gold hunters. And, as a desert rat—in a beard and sun glasses—he could hunt for himself.

"That was right, as it turns out. Sam had been hunting for that mine for four years. He found it. He said he had savings and that he tried to *buy* Poling's ranch, but that Poling liked the place and wanted to keep it. A few mornings ago Sam went over to Poling's and told him about the Golden Gregg and asked for a ninety per cent cut on all the profits. Poling said no. He got on a horse and started to town. Sam shot him, on the way in, from ambush. Probably he figured he could buy from Poling's estate. Then Sam drove away to take a look at the mine—and got there just as Galt was coming out. Galt didn't see Sam. Galt had stumbled on the cave when he cut back to hunt for his rifle. Captain Spencer found that gun, by the way, long ago. He knew Galt had not killed Poling. But he kept quiet. Spencer's pretty tricky."

JIM drew a long breath. "Anyway, I figured Sam was the murderer. He also knew Galt had found the mine and was hunting his gun. He knew he'd have to kill Galt. Sam hid on the grounds here, and stabbed the doctor when he slipped in late at night. When I came over to Herb's place this afternoon, and Sam was there, I just yelled into the bathroom a few hints that would make Sam think that you, Mr. Farnham, were about to do him out of a chance to get Poling's place, and the Golden Gregg. Then Herb and I waited in your bungalow for Sam to appear. Only—I guess I'm not much of a murderer-catcher." Jim paused. "You see, if he'd gotten away, by using Frankie as a hostage, he could have dropped her and left the car, and turned himself into a bearded hermit whom everyone around here knows by sight. In other words, Sam would have vanished: and the man who killed Poling and Dr. Galt would never have been caught. Though Sam would perhaps not have gotten the Golden Gregg. Maybe he'd have worked it secretly."

Herb broke the long silence in which Frankie and her mother and stepfather were digesting that information: "The nerve of the guy! To kill a man with a knife that actually had on it his own fingerprints! If anything would serve to confuse suspicion, that would."

Jim nodded. "Sure. That's why he went to such pains to get it. He's inventive. As a matter of fact"—he grinned again—"there's been a lot of smartness used here. Spencer, for example, told me that you'd been shot, Mr. Farnham, and hadn't broken your arm. Did it just to jar me. He knew I knew something. He even showed me a bullet and said it had been taken out of your arm."

Farnham chuckled. "Barking up the wrong tree."

Herb turned toward the big man: "Tell me one thing. How come you started looking for the Golden Gregg?"

Farnham looked uncomfortable. "It seems foolish, now. And almost criminal. But remember when Mrs. Voight was getting up a gold-panning party a few days ago? Well, I went on one three years ago. By George! They were all on that party—Howard, Miss McKay, Mrs. Voight, Galt, myself—and *Sam was in charge of the victuals!* Funny I never thought of that! Anyway, there were about twenty of us in all, and it was pretty exciting to see the yellow sheen in the bottoms of those pans! The stream-bed we worked—or, rather, played in—had water in it only during the rainy season, and nobody knew how it was fed. Underground springs, the guides said.

"Then, that night, we had entertainment. A cowboy played a guitar and sang some songs. And one of the old-time prospectors told his stories. Among his stories was the one about the Golden Gregg, and he had minute data about it—how it had been found by a prospector who heard the gurgle of water, and so on. Well, such stuff gets you. It's sufficient to say that it occurred to me then and there that the underground springs where we were camping were the outlet from the cavern that hid the Golden Gregg. The gold we were panning was just a water-borne sample of the gold in the cave.

"I made up my mind to do a little listening out on the desert for underground water. So, evidently, did five more people present that night. When I got started I couldn't quit. I began to be obsessed with the idea that somewhere out in the desert were millions, maybe hundreds of millions, in gold. Of course, I guessed that the same thing attracted Galt here each winter. Once or twice we hinted toward it, but we never really discussed it. Then, when he was killed, and Poling, I naturally felt—"

"Let's not talk about it any more," Mrs. Farnham said to her husband.

"Let's not," Frankie agreed.

AT NINE o'clock the rain stopped. Frankie grew restless. Finally she said, "Jim—take me for a walk."

Her mother looked at her protestingly. Jim's heart beat hard. He turned to Herb questioningly.

The tall and bony man smiled—sadly, perhaps, but gamely. "Go on, children. I'm tired. And you have my blessing. . . By the way, Jim, I'll want you to sign some papers tomorrow."

Jim was looking into Frankie's eyes. "Papers?" he echoed. "Papers?"

"Yeah. The reason I was still bathing when you came over to my bungalow this afternoon was that I'd been getting off some wires. I had my lawyers buy Poling's ranch—at least, they've already got an option. It's in your name—and mine."

"What!"

"Sure. You found it—for your half-interest. I bought it—for my half. And you'll have to be in charge of operations. I don't know enough about engineering to fix a tire." He walked up to Frankie. He took her hand. "Have a swell walk," he said softly. "And look: I'm leaving Paradise Canyon tomorrow or the next day."

"Leaving!"

Mr. and Mrs. Farnham looked on with surprise. Jim turned his head away.

"Yeah. Got to rush to Florida. A guy down there has turned up eleven new ligulae that I don't have in my collection. So it's up to me to push out in the Everglades pronto and catch up with him."

"Oh," Frankie answered. Suddenly she kissed Herb. Then she took Jim's arm. They hurried out into the night. There were tears in her eyes. Across the gardens a breeze blew, from the rain-freshened vegetation, the scent of jasmine. She took Jim's hand.

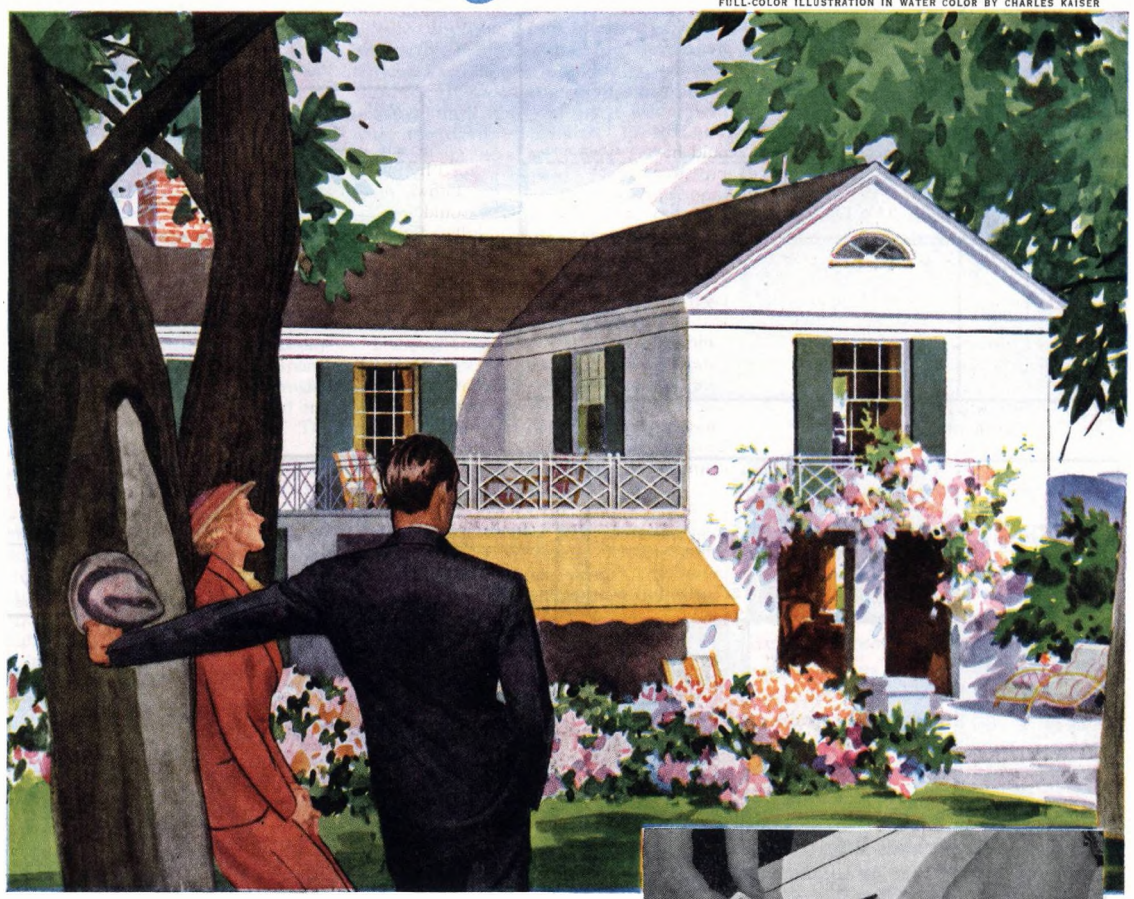
NEXT MONTH—Judge Priest, that lovable Kentucky character created by Irvin S. Cobb, makes his first appearance as an amateur detective when murder strikes in his bailiwick.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

PLAN IT *Yourself*

Here's the brand-new game of house-building by a distinguished architect. Put your dream-home together the way you want it . . . with scissors and paste

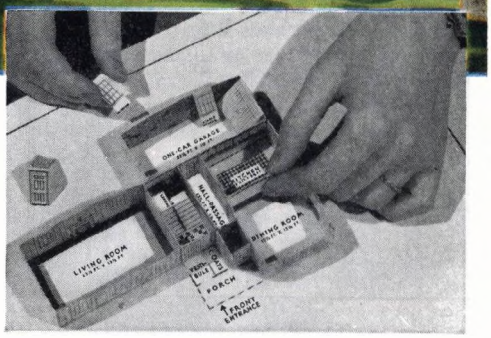
FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY CHARLES KAISER



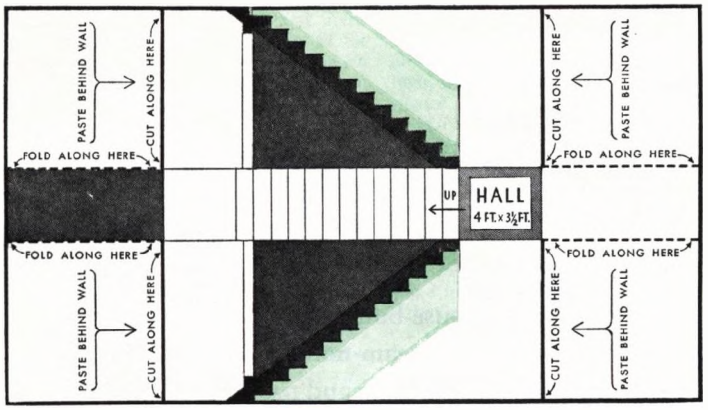
By Gerald K. Geerlings

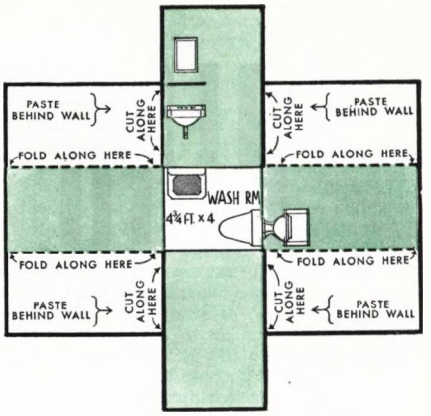
IT IS estimated that about 10,000,000 people intend to build new homes within the next five years. If you are one of them, you probably spend hours, now and then, discussing floor plans with your family. But, if you are like most people, your dream-home somehow never takes form. You never quite *see* it as a completed arrangement, in proper dimensions and proportions, until it is built. Then it is too late.

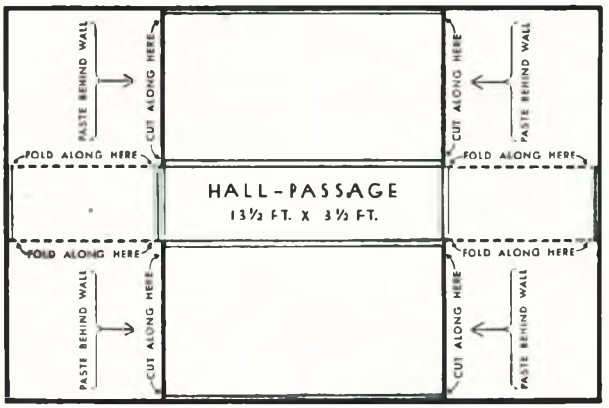
To help you solve your problem, we present the game of house-building, which will enable you to *see* your house and

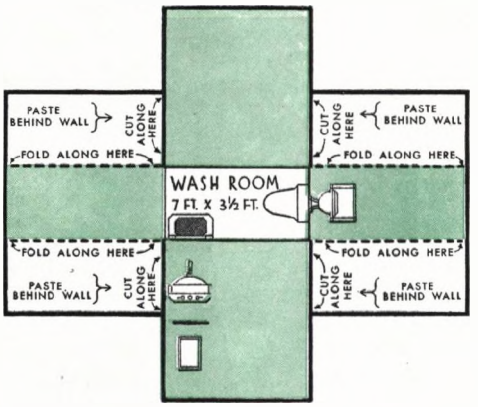


One of the many possible arrangements of first-floor rooms constructed from the cutouts on the next two pages and mounted on a cardboard lot. The painting shows this house as it would look when completed

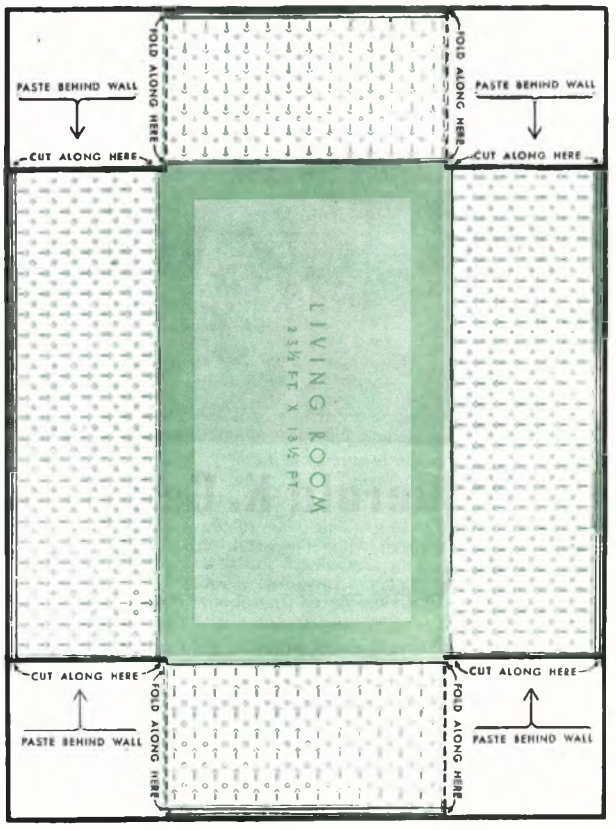

PASTE BEHIND WALL
CUT ALONG HERE
FOLD ALONG HERE
UP
HALL
4 FT. x 3½ FT.


PASTE BEHIND WALL
CUT ALONG HERE
FOLD ALONG HERE
WASH RM
4¾ FT. x 4


PASTE BEHIND WALL
CUT ALONG HERE
FOLD ALONG HERE
HALL-PASSAGE
13½ FT. X 3½ FT.


PASTE BEHIND WALL
CUT ALONG HERE
FOLD ALONG HERE
WASH ROOM
7 FT. X 3½ FT.


PASTE BEHIND WALL
CUT ALONG HERE
FOLD ALONG HERE
ONE-CAR GARAGE
23½ FT. X 10 FT.


PASTE BEHIND WALL
CUT ALONG HERE
FOLD ALONG HERE
LIVING ROOM
23¼ FT. X 13½ FT.

every nook and cranny in it before you decide to build. It is not only a simple and easy way of planning a home; it is a lot of fun. All you need is a pencil, a pair of scissors, a pot of paste, and a piece of cardboard.

In this issue we are giving you all of the space units ordinarily needed for the first floor of a two-story house—living-room, dining-room, kitchen, garage, hall passage, stairs, and wash-room. You may choose between two types of stairway, single and double, and two sizes of wash-room.

Now, you simply cut out the space units, fold up and paste the walls, according to directions, and, as quickly as you can say, "build your own home," you have all the rooms for your first floor, no larger than thimbles and matchboxes. Then you can shift them around to your heart's content until you find the arrangement that you want. And, when you finally decide upon it, you can paste the rooms together and mount the first story of your house on the building site, which should be drawn on the cardboard to the scale of the rooms—one-eighth of an inch to the foot. Then you can look down into your roofless home and ponder upon furniture arrangement and color schemes.

In a forthcoming issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, the rooms for the second floor will be presented, and you may complete your miniature home as you want it to be.

If you don't want to draw doors, windows, fireplace, and furniture, just write to HOMES, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Ave., New York N. Y., enclosing a self-addressed and stamped envelope, and we will send you a sheet of furniture cutouts, and doors and windows of various types and styles. They are all drawn to the scale of the rooms and building site—one (*Concluded on next page*)

THIS IS HOW YOU DO IT

Read the article, *Plan It Yourself.*

Cut out each of the nine space units along the outside heavy lines.

Cut down (from ceiling to floor) at the four corners of each unit, as indicated in the diagrams.

Carefully fold up the four walls for each unit at the floor lines.

Fold the remaining flaps where marked. They slip neatly behind the adjacent walls, to which they should be pasted securely. Now you have 9 standard space units with walls and floors, scaled ⅛ inch to 1 foot.

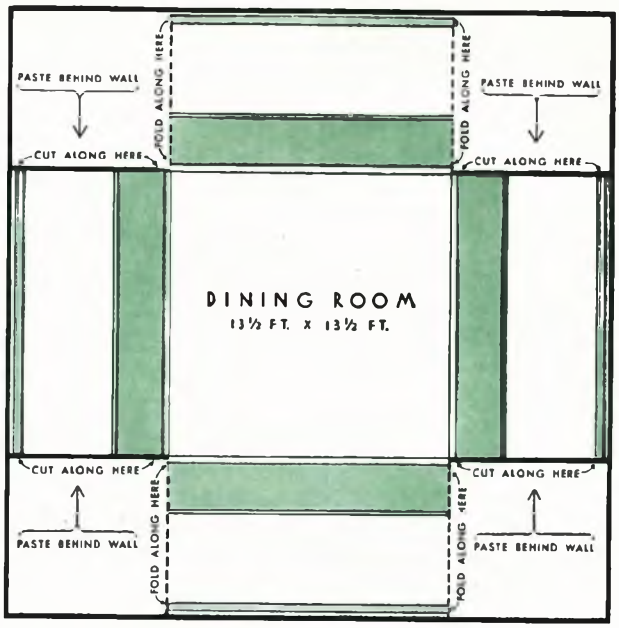
Draw the boundaries of your intended lot on a piece of cardboard—using the same scale—and mark the points of the compass.

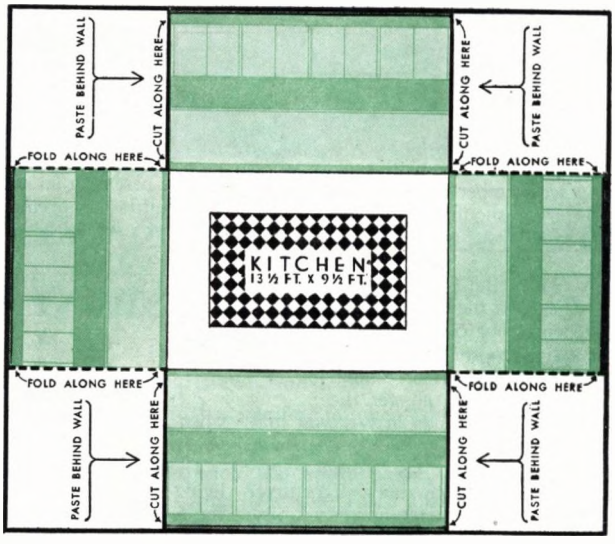
Arrange your space units as you want them in your new home, choosing a staircase and wash-room from the alternatives shown. In arranging the rooms on the cardboard lot, take everything into consideration—building restrictions, view, sun, prevailing winds.

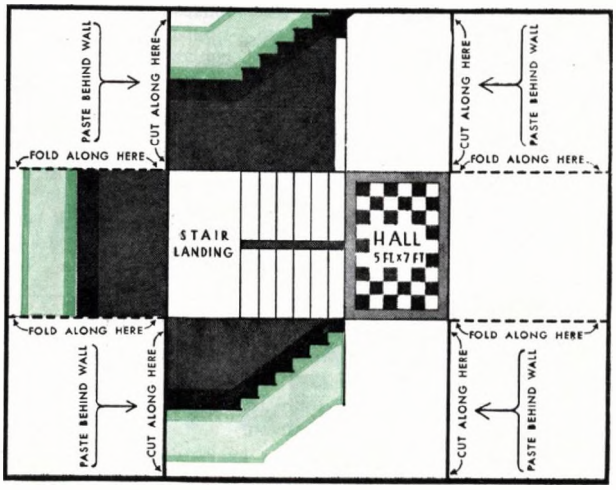
When you are convinced you have discovered your ideal first-floor plan, paste the walls of the adjoining rooms together and paste the floor of your new home in its position on the lot.

Connect up your adjoining rooms with single and double doors and windows, shade in your closet space, and arrange your furniture. If you don't want to draw your doors, windows, furniture, and fireplace, write to HOMES, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and we will send you a variety of cutouts to serve the purpose. Our doors and windows are double cutouts, which may be folded and slipped over the walls.

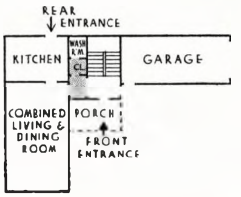
Save your first floor when you have finished. Cutouts for the second floor will appear in the next issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.







Here's a typical floor plan which may be arranged from the cutouts. The dining-room is not used. It can be added in years to come, preferably on the left, with doors opening to the kitchen and the living-room



eighth of an inch to the foot. The doors and windows are printed so that they may be doubled and slipped over the walls, showing both on the outside and inside of the house.

Before you begin to arrange your matchbox rooms into a home, think of your new house in terms of everyday living. In your imagination, walk up to the front door and find out whether the approach is friendly and inviting. Fancy yourself driving into the garage with a load of parcels; then carry them to the kitchen. Is it easy and convenient? Picture the children coming in from the sand pile or swimming pool, and see whether they can get upstairs without tracking up the whole first floor.

WHEN the front doorbell rings, is the walk from the kitchen a long one? Would a maid have to interrupt a party in the living-room or dining-room in order to answer the door? When friends arrive, you may find it convenient to have a coat-room and lavatory near the entrance—perhaps under the front stairs. Expensive? Not so much, if you properly utilize your space.

When you put your paper house together, you will find all sorts of odd corners cropping up here and there. What you do with them depends upon your imagination and ingenuity. Many of them should be made into closets. You can shade them in on the floor. Be sure they are adequate for your needs and placed where they are most convenient.

If you want a front or side porch, a vestibule, coat-room, or other small space units not shown here, you may draw them in your floor plan, as indicated in the photograph at the beginning of this article. When you finally consult your architect, he can tell you whether your additions are feasible and economical. You should draw only to the scale, of course—one-eighth of an inch to the foot.

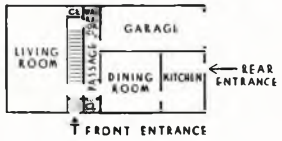
Here are a few things to keep in mind when you are planning and arranging your rooms and furniture:

The entrance from the hall to the living-room should be well away from the fireplace, so as to permit a permanent grouping of furniture there. Furniture distributed only along the walls makes everybody feel stiff and distant. Built-in bookshelves, sometimes with cupboards or shallow closets below, can be fitted into corners or used with good effect to flank the fireplace.

You will probably find that a squarish dining-room will best serve your purpose, even if you use a long table. And when you place the furniture be sure that the interior of your kitchen is not visible to guests at table, even when the kitchen door is open. If possible, have a door from the dining-room to the garden. You may want to serve meals in the open next summer.

The most important thing in kitchen planning is to have as much uninterrupted counter and cupboard space along the walls as possible. The doors to the outside and to the dining-room, you will find, are best placed at opposite ends of the kitchen, so that the cupboards do not have to turn the corner.

The typical floor plan shown at the top of this page is an economical arrangement, in which the dining-room and living-room are combined. It shows what may be done if you do not care to use all the space units shown. But if you economize be sure to plan your house so that extra rooms may be added through the years—a dining-room, a garage, a maid's room. The most economical house plans are usually square or rectangular.



Another typical floor plan, employing all space units

AND, now, one last word before you begin to play: In building a house—a paper one or a real one—remember these three fundamentals:

(1) Your pocketbook, which will govern the number of rooms and types of materials and equipment.

(2) Your plot, which will determine the size and shape.

(3) The points of the compass and the view, which should influence the position of certain rooms.

And before you build a real house remember that electricity is being used increasingly to lighten labor and add to the comforts of the home. Every provision should be made, not only for present electrical equipment, but for expansion in the future. Indeed, most architects advise that it will be cheaper in the long run to build a modern electrical home, one in which all electrical equipment and wiring are built into the structure. The last ten years have seen a tremendous increase in the use of oil burners, air conditioning, iceless refrigeration, electric dishwashers. A thousand and one minor electrical conveniences have been introduced into the American house. You will find it cheaper and more satisfactory to provide for plenty of electric outlets and wiring now, rather than tear into walls and partitions for later installations when you are able to buy all the equipment you need.

In this game you're the architect and the customer. See whether you can serve yourself. We wish you luck. Our only regret is that we cannot attend the housewarming.

PRIZES FOR PLANS

HERE'S a chance to cash in on your ability to plan and furnish a home.

When you have completed your first-floor plan from cutouts in this issue, according to the directions given, make a sketch or flat tracing of the complete layout, lot and all. If you make a sketch, be sure it is scaled ⅛ inch to 1 foot. Indicate doors by gaps, and windows by double lines, and draw the furniture on the floor, as you want it to be placed, top view only.

Then send your tracing or sketch to PLANS, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. The plans will be judged by a competent architect.

FOR the best plan for the first-floor room- and furniture-arrangement, we will pay $50; for the second best, $25; and for the third, $15.

No entries will be considered after July 15, 1936. None will be returned.

★

200 MILES TO THE *Stone Age*

(*Continued from page 27*)

whitened bones. Some of them didn't look animal. I thought of the records which revealed that some fifty men had gone into Seriland and never returned. Could those bones be—?

Pablo, slightly in the lead, halted and pointed off to the right. "Fire," he said.

I paused and adjusted my camera and flash apparatus, cautioning Pablo to be quiet. My hands were trembling. I was prepared for anything—anything but what happened just then. The bushes directly ahead parted and a tall man stepped into the clearing. He held his right hand raised, and his teeth gleamed in a smile.

"Señores," he said in a broken Spanish which I am approximating in translation, "welcome to *Isla Tiburón!*"

He looked like some weird Robinson Crusoe. A loose-fitting skirt of skins was his only garment. Stuck through a cord about his waist was the wickedest-looking knife I have ever seen. A dirty rag was wound around his head.

I FOUND my voice and got out a lame greeting. He smiled again and I ventured a question: "Who are you, señor?"

"Chico Romero," he answered politely. "Chief of the Seri *Indios*. And these"—he indicated the edge of the clearing with a sweep of his hand—"are my people."

My heart did a loop. I hadn't even heard them, much less seen them. But there they were, probably fifty of the evilest looking chaps you ever laid eyes on.

The chief's voice brought me back with a start: "We go my camp, *si?*"

Chico set off, ahead of us; of the others there was suddenly no sign. Soundlessly the horde of jungle men had melted into the night.

There was a scurry of feet as we reached an open space where the fire burned. Chico went straight to the fire and squatted down beside it, cross-legged, motioning to us to do the same.

I had a nasty feeling that many eyes were watching us from the outer blackness. Once I glanced across the fire and saw two dark faces peering from the low opening of a brush shelter. They were women's faces, and each had a white stripe painted across it just under the eyes.

Our host snatched up a stick and began jabbing into a heap of fish lying near

him. Harpooning one, he held it over the blaze. "Eat," he said.

I nudged Pablo and picked up a stick. After a few jabs I secured a foot-long fellow and held him over the fire.

Before Chico's fish had time to get much more than warm he began eating it. He wolfed all of it. And I mean *ALL*. Those mullets were not even cleaned! Head, tail, scales—everything was present.

I DON'T know how long that weird feast lasted nor the number of scaly fish Chico put away. I was beginning to feel a trifle ill. I flopped back on the sand while the sky turned over. When the stars again resumed their accustomed places, I sat up, and my eyes popped. Around the fire sat the entire savage horde of jungle men. Again, without so much as snapping a twig, they had materialized out of the darkness and were preparing to join the mullet feast.

There were few words spoken, and then in a guttural jargon that I couldn't understand. More than half of them were eating their fish without toasting. They just squatted there, the firelight flickering over their bestial faces.

I suddenly thought of my camera. Here was a perfect shot. Carefully I drew it from its case. Then I opened the can of calcium powder (I carried none of the modern flash bulbs) and poured a little pile on the tin reflector. Everything was all set. Then, in the act of thumbing the igniting medium, I knocked the flash tin, along with the whole can of powder, into the fire. There was a terrific flare, a yell from the mob, and when the black dots had quit dancing before my eyes the clearing was bare. Every Seri had vanished!

In their panic they had left behind a bow and several arrows. I picked up one of the four-foot shafts, and Pablo let out a cry: "Don't, señor! Drop eet—poison!"

I didn't doubt that. Pablo had told me that the Seris dip their arrowheads into a deadly concoction made by allowing rattlesnakes to strike a piece of liver, which is then left to decompose. The tiniest scratch by one of these barbs is said to be fatal. I kicked the reed shafts with their feathered ends into the fire. But I picked up the bow. I still have it.

"All right. Let's go," I said to Pablo.

Pablo was some yards ahead of me when we reached camp, so he made the discovery first. The canoe, with all our supplies—canned food, rifle, ammunition—was gone! There were tracks of our ghostly jungle men everywhere. I had extra film packs in my coat. Also a first-aid kit. And my pistol. That was all.

Pablo slumped down on the sand with a groan. I stretched out near the brush shelter, which the Seris had wrecked. I didn't try to kid myself. The Seris knew that it was impossible to leave the island without a boat. Hordes of man-eating sharks make Little Hell the most dangerous water in the world. Point one. . . . Point two: We now had no food. Nothing one could eat grew on Tiburón. A few mule deer frequented the wild hills and bird life abounded. But we had no rifle. There were fish in the sea, but how to catch them? It was a pretty tough spot. . . .

Someone was holding a blowtorch to my face. My hands were blistering on a red-hot stove. I awoke all at once, scrambling up from the burning sand. It was morning in Seriland, and the sun was a 20,000-candlepower spotlight. I saw Pablo coming toward me, carrying a big fish. He grinned as he reached me.

"How in the world did you do it?" I asked, eying the fish hungrily.

"Catch 'em—Yaqui trick."

So we had breakfast. Pablo's drooping spirits greatly revived and, after our meal, he seemed actually anxious to set out in search of the cannibals. Rather, Pablo's eagerness centered around finding a canoe.

We went first to the scene of the horrible "mullet feast." But the clearing was still and lonely. The Seris had obviously deserted this camp. So we walked on, up the beach. We had gone about three miles when faintly, from somewhere inland, the sounds of a commotion reached us. I started toward the low ridge a half-mile distant. Pablo followed reluctantly.

The crest of the hillock bristled with scrub growths, but by crawling the last few feet I managed to glance over the edge without showing too much anatomy. What I saw made me gasp. There were about fifteen Seris down there—men and women—a different tribe from the one we had first encountered. They had downed a small deer, and most of them were engaged in eating it—like a pack of starving hyenas!

With teeth and nails they were making short work of it. I knew they'd eat most of the animal on the spot—raw—and the remainder they'd bury in the sand for a later meal.

There were five women in the group. All of them had their faces painted, a sort of domino mask effect running across the nose an inch in width, and cleverly done in red, black, and white motifs. Two or three of them wore necklaces made of shells and bits of colored wood.

This was my first glimpse of the Seris in daylight, and a more ragged, wild crew you never saw. Their clothing consisted of nothing more than tattered rags and a few pelican skin garments. Yet, in spite of their filth, in spite of the fact that none of them had ever known vegetable diets (no vegetables grow on Tiburón), the Seris were glowingly healthy.

I inched my camera toward the crest of the hill. There were weeds growing two feet high and I had to get the lens above them. I rose quickly on my knees, aiming the camera for a snapshot. But instantly they saw me. Cutting loose a wild yell, they turned and flashed into the bush.

THE next three days—during which we saw not one Seri—Pablo and I walked, walked, walked, determined to catch up with these weird people.

Tiburón Island is a tiny dot on the map, but try walking over it! Thirty miles long by some twenty wide, with not a full-grown shade tree on its whole blistered surface. There are only a few water holes on the island, but on the morning of the third day we stumbled upon one.

We saw the women first. There were four of them leaning over the muddy spring, filling large clay jugs. In a moment they arose and each woman transferred her jug to her head. Then they started off through the bush, chatting garrulously.

We set off down the trail behind them. But I had not figured on the speed and silence with which the Seris travel. The trail was easy to follow, but it was a full hour before we sighted the ladies far ahead, crossing a clearing.

Five minutes later we heard the noise of the camp.

We stepped into a strange setting. Chico Romero, the chief, stood near the entrance of a brush hut, an enigmatic expression on his dark face. Near by, another big fellow had halted what evidently was a crude hair-cutting of one of his comrades. He held a long knife in one hand.

Some women and a number of children, mostly naked, were there, and swaggering about the glade were those frightful jungle men. Most of them, as well as the women, had their faces painted solid black. An eerie wailing issued from the hut.

Chico Romero advanced, inviting us to sit by the fire. Then Pablo and I were handed rusty tin cups filled with a warm, gooey stuff that resembled billboard paste. It wasn't bad—just a thin gruel of some seeds called *pozale*, or *pinolatl*, which is eaten by several Mexican tribes.

The wailing grew louder inside the hut. I turned to Chico questioningly.

"Aco, he die," stated Chico, not bothering to tell me who Aco was. "Aco be buried tonight—before great hunt."

So that was the reason for the black faces and the shorn locks. The Seris were in mourning.

"The great hunt?" I said. "What sort of hunt?"

"Pelican," said Chico. "Perhaps the señor would join the great hunt; sí?"

"Why—yes—glad to," I stammered.

I PRESSED Chico for more details, and learned that once a year the tribe assembles, on a date fixed by the tribal shamans, or headmen, and, awaiting a still night, they paddle to near-by Tassne Island and slaughter pelicans by the thousands. The affair is conducted as a religious rite.

"My clan pelican clan," Chico explained.

"Then only your clan goes on this hunt?" I asked, not knowing whether his clan comprised the entire tribe or not.

"No, no—all clan, he go on great hunt," the chief replied.

"Chief," I said, "have you ever been to Sonora?"

"Three or four time go there. Long ago all my people live there."

"Who are the Seris?" I asked. "Where do they come from?"

"Seri pelican people," answered Chico with childlike simplicity. "Pelican great bird—wise bird. Pelican make all the world—make Isla Tassne—make Isla Tiburón—make everything out of sea."

I asked Chico why he and his tribe had run when they saw the flare in the campfire.

"Great lightning scare Seri people," he said. "How you catch it—there?" He pointed to the sky, then to my camera.

I got his point. Chico thought I had loosed a lightning bolt in his campfire!

Further questioning brought out that the Seris had other gods besides the pelican—the sun, moon, butterfly, dog, and turtle. The tribe is divided into clans, each clan having its particular god. Strangely enough, their religion allows the Seris to kill two of their gods—the pelican and the turtle.

I asked Chico why his people painted their faces when a member of the tribe died. His own face was unpainted.

He told me briefly that: Aco had died because a god was angry. To hide from the god's wrath the remaining members of the clan painted their faces. The god couldn't see them now so they were safe from any harm. That, I concluded, was why we had been allowed to enter their camp. They were immune from my "lightning."

About three in the afternoon a dance got under way, several of the dancers wearing the heads of mule deer. This was a religious affair, preparatory to starting on the pelican hunt. And it was a nightmare! They were like leaping demons, yelling maniacs, wild, savage jungle beasts growling and clawing at one another.

In a near-by clearing some boys and young men were shooting arrows with great bows, six feet or more in length. Groups of the fierce jungle men crouched near by. It was obvious that they didn't enter into the sports or even the ceremonies. They acted only as guards for the others. The Seri barber went about shearing the matted tufts from his comrades' heads. The women wailed in the hut.

When the sun, a huge, sizzling orange, was getting ready to plunge into the sea, a tenseness settled over the scene.

All the afternoon small groups had been arriving, until now the glade was filled with nondescript humanity. Fires were springing up here and there and more *pozale* was being brewed. Neither Pablo nor I was offered any. This lack of courtesy I ascribed to Chico's absence. He had been missing from camp for almost an hour, and I wondered what that meant.

Pablo was getting the jitters again, and he kept searching the outer edge of the clearing with frightened glances.

I thought again of those stories about the Seris being cannibals. The savages were openly casting hungry glances our way and muttering. I had noticed that the men were drinking much from two large jugs. If the stuff was liquor of some sort—! It was. They were obviously getting drunk. I was thoroughly frightened.

JUST before sunset a great shouting began down by the beach. It was like a bomb exploding in the camp. The Seris leaped up and shattered the air with shrieks and blood-chilling yells. Then Chico Romero stepped into view, and behind him came a man who didn't look like a Seri.

The newcomer held up his hand, smiling. When the din quieted, he began a little speech in Spanish, with here and there a Seri word thrown in. When he finished the ground shook with shouts.

I knew by this time that the man was Mexican, but why was he here? The Seris seemed to know and respect him. He had caught sight of me and was approaching.

"Señor," he said, "Chico has told me of your presence here. I must warn you that you are in a very dangerous predicament."

I introduced myself, and learned that the man's name was Roberto Thomson; that he was a sort of acting superintendent of Tiburón under the Mexican government. I hastened to explain my visit to the Seris, and told him of Chico's invitation to hunt pelican with them.

Señor Thomson shook his head. "Dangerous, señor, most dangerous. The season of the pelican hunt—it is regrettable. They drink of the native beer, drink too much. They are but children, señor, and they are dangerous even when sober."

"But I came down here in the interests of science," I blurted. "Surely the law—Mexico—would not allow these savages—"

Roberto Thomson shrugged. "The señor

must know that Mexico does not invite strangers to Tiburón. It belongs to the Seris. I am employed by my government to look in on them occasionally—see that no firearms get into their hands. That is all."

Firearms! I told Señor Thomson about the theft of our supplies and my rifle.

"I'll see that you get them back," he promised.

But I was more interested in getting information about this strange people from Señor Thomson. I bombarded him with questions.

"Little is known about their early history," said Thomson. "Some say they migrated from Asia centuries ago. There are old men living in Sonora today who claim they have witnessed cannibal rites among the Seris. But that was long ago. Today—who knows? It is said they still hold secret ceremonials when human flesh is eaten."

The Seri language, he said, differed from all other languages, and had little or no connection with any native tongue. Therefore, they must be a distinctly different branch of the human race. They are a dull, fierce people who have always spurned everything of civilization. That is the reason why Mexico banished them to Tiburón Island.

Señor Thomson explained that a few old Seri women—clan mothers of the tribe—were in authority at all times.

HELL had broken loose while we talked. The Indians were now thoroughly drunk. I said, "I think it would be best if Pablo and I left with you, Señor Thomson."

The superintendent shook his head. "It would be most unwise and dangerous to try that now," he said. "No; you must go on the hunt. I believe Chico fears me enough to see that no harm comes to you."

I wasn't at all convinced. Chico certainly was not to be trusted if he too started drinking. Every other Seri was insane from liquor. I turned to face the howling mob. The longer I watched, the more certain I was that our lives were in great danger.

I whirled to face Señor Thomson. I would demand that he get us out of here. But Señor Thomson was not there. He was hurrying across the clearing. I shouted to him, but he didn't turn. Panic seized me. I started forward, but the crowd of jungle men moved in closer. It was too late.

A voice spoke behind me: "The señor will come now."

Chico Romero! I whirled to face the chief. He swayed drunkenly and his eyes, in the firelight, were bloodshot.

"The señor will come now—make lightning." He pointed to my camera.

So that was it! Chico wanted me to duplicate the "lightning" feat. Perhaps he meant to watch how I did the trick, then kill me so he could get possession of my camera, where he thought the "lightning" dwelt. He would then be a great power in his tribe.

Chico repeated his order. As Pablo and I fell in behind him, I realized that the superintendent had left, washing his official hands of all responsibility. He was saving his own hide.

A semblance of quiet reigned as we stepped into the circle around a fire—a circle composed of aged men and several clan mothers. The latter were in charge. One, a toothless old hag, harangued in a high, shrill cackle. There was a respectful silence until she had ended. Then mad yells broke out, and the mob started toward the beach.

Pablo and I were quickly surrounded by a score of the jungle men, while Chico led the way. Apparently he had forgotten his command to me to "make lightning." For that I was glad. In five minutes we were piling into big native canoes—Pablo and I in one containing Chico and a half-dozen of the burly guards. All of them carried knotty clubs.

Well, we were in for it now.

AS WE neared Tassne Island, the Indians became quieter, and when our canoe at last grated on the sands of the pelican rookery, there was black silence. Everybody scrambled out, and it was then I discovered that the whole tribe had come, including the women and children. The canoes were drawn well up on the beach, the men shouldered their clubs, and their wives and daughters sat on the sand. They would remain here until the hunters had made the kill.

We were off, Chico leading, the jungle men bringing up the rear. I had planted the location of those canoes firmly in mind before we started. Something told me that we would need one before this night was over.

For a quarter of a mile we trudged up a gentle, rock-covered slope. Then we were amongst the pelicans. They were everywhere, a living blanket over the ground. The slaughter was on! Clubs cracked, and the harsh croaks of the maimed creatures mingled with the occasional yell of a Seri when he inadvertently got in the way of a swinging club. In a few minutes the place was a shambles. The birds hadn't a chance. The Indians shrieked like fiends.

Now was the time, while they were in the heat of it. If we were to try sprinting for it, here was our only chance. I nudged Pablo, who by some miracle had not become separated from me. "Come on!" I muttered.

We leaped away toward the beach, sharp thorns snagging us, toes and shins banging against rough boulders.

Just before we reached the canoes, a mass of moving shadows loomed ahead of us. The Seri women! I yelled like a native and cut loose with a few shots from my pistol by way of warning. The mass scattered and we leaped through. The shots caused an instant lull in the din behind us. Then I could hear the sounds of pursuit. We'd have to make it snappy. Arrows, tipped with agonizing death, would begin to zip out of the darkness.

Pablo found a canoe, a fairly light one, and, after a horrible moment of tugging and wrenching, we had it afloat. The savages were racing down the beach yelling like fiends. We crouched low in the boat, expecting to have the howling pack aim a shower of arrows at us. But for some reason they didn't. In five minutes we were out of range.

Gray dawn found us halfway across Little Hell. Then I noticed the sharks, shooting around and under the boat like gleaming torpedoes. I shivered and sat perfectly still. Pablo began singing some ancient song as the sun rose above Sonora.

I WONDERED if it had been such a morning when, in the year 1536, the Spaniard, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, came upon the Seris. He was the first European to lay eyes on them. Then they numbered many thousands, multitudes of them living on the mainland of Sonora.

The Seris have changed little since those days. One valiant attempt to civilize them, made in 1844, resulted in tragic failure. Don Pascual Encinas, a wealthy grandee of Sonora, sought to lure the Seris to his great ranch by offers of food and friendship. For a while the undertaking held promise of success, the Indians periodically attaching themselves to the ranch and even building huts. But their nomadic nature wouldn't let them remain long in one place. They grew bold, killing the good Don's cattle, which they ate raw.

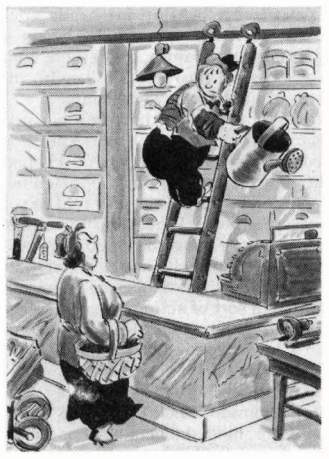
By 1855 these depredations became so unbearable that the Don was forced to have slight punishments inflicted upon the culprits. This resulted in the horrible Encinas war, in which hundreds of the Seris and many of the Don's people were exterminated. In a short time the Indians had all fled back to their wild haunts, and the taming of the "cave men" was never again attempted.

Well, I hadn't contributed much to the little already known about the Seris, but I had tried. Truthfully, I believe their history is as much a secret to them as it is to us. That they are a prehistoric people—at least, an offshoot of some long-dead race—I am convinced. I am convinced, too, that they were (perhaps still are) cannibals.

Pablo finished his song only when our boat touched the sands of his beloved Sonora. I glanced across the sparkling waters to Isla Tiburón.

I said, "Pablo, shall we go back and have dinner with the 'cave men'—say, tomorrow?"

My Yaqui boatman smiled his enigmatic smile. "Not *mañana*, señor. Not ever—me! Seri *mal hombre*—devil man."



"Haven't you something smaller? It's just something to get my husband out of bed mornings"

Reamer Keller

WHAT IT takes TO GET INTO THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 21)

there are in this world a thousand girls who might become as successful as Norma Shearer and a thousand young men capable of following in Clark Gable's footsteps. You who are reading this might be one of those, but, before you start for Hollywood, remember the chances are about 100,000 to 1 you're not.

If you think you are one in 100,000, probably the reason we haven't found you is that you lack one important quality—the bulldog grip that sets its teeth into an ambition and lets no power take it away. Suppose you are ambitious to become an actor. Your parents discourage it, so you give up. Or Hollywood or the nearest Little Theater or dramatic school is miles away and you can't afford the experiment. Or you abandon your ambition, for marriage or a good job.

If you haven't made the fight necessary to bring yourself to the attention of the stage or screen, it probably is just as well our scouts never happened to spy you, for, even if you passed the tests, you probably would be very unhappy. You haven't an intense singleness of purpose.

A FIERCE determination to get into pictures is only one of the necessary qualities. A young man came unannounced into my office the other day.

"I want to become an actor," he said.

I asked him how he got into the studio.

"Climbed over the back fence," he said. "I hitchhiked out here from Ohio—I'm washing dishes in a restaurant for my food." He said firmly, "I'm going to be an actor or die."

I did my best to help him, but he just wouldn't do. He had no real desire to act. He merely wanted money and fame. He's still in Hollywood, as an extra.

A few months ago I interviewed a girl who had come all the way from Budapest. She had prepared herself by learning to speak perfect English. She was a beautiful girl, but it was fortunate that she had a round-trip ticket, for she had a hard, cold quality that wouldn't do.

A girl in Sydney, Australia, who had won a beauty contest, wrote that she was coming to Hollywood. I was dictating a letter advising her to stay at home when she was announced. She had come on the same boat with her letter. Her slovenliness

showed in her dress, her speech, and her bearing. She's working now in a Los Angeles department store.

Only rarely does Fate point a finger at a talented girl or boy who has made no effort to get on the stage or into pictures. But there is the case of Jean Parker. She was on a float in a parade in Pasadena and her picture appeared in a newspaper. There was real character in her face. A studio head said, "She might do," and sent out a scout, who found her and brought her to me. She was a Pasadena High School girl, unusually intelligent, ambitious, and determined. She wanted to become an actress, and in another year or so undoubtedly would have brought herself to the attention of some producer.

Jean didn't appear in a picture for two years. During that period she came three times a week to take lessons from me. When she was ready we gave her a small part. So great was her charm that she was instantly in demand and has become one

HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES?

MR. HINSDELL has prepared this test for those who wonder whether they have what it takes to be a motion picture star. The test is not infallible, he says, but it is a pretty good index to your qualifications. Some of the questions may strike you as silly, but don't be too sure. One must have temperament as well as ability.

In each group check one answer—the one you honestly believe fits you best, even if it's unflattering. When you have finished turn to page 138 and learn your score.

I. ***Why do you want to become a motion picture actor?***

a. My friends have told me I would be a hit in Hollywood.
b. It has been my one ambition.
c. I honestly think I could do better than many actors I have seen.
d. To make money.

II. ***If you were given a chance in Hollywood and failed, what would you do?***

a. Stay in Los Angeles and be satisfied with extra work.
b. Go home and forget all about it.
c. Find a Little Theater group or a stock company, and work on the stage until I learned to act.
d. Never take "No" for an answer and keep calling at the studios.

III. ***If you were really in love and your sweetheart was tiring of you, what would you do?***

a. Write a letter to an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column.
b. Be thoroughly dejected, but eventually forget it all.
c. At first be crushed by despair, then pull myself together, make myself over to suit, and fight grimly and intelligently until I won him (or her) back.
d. Find somebody else.

IV. ***Are you physically attractive?***

a. I do not feel qualified to judge.
b. I'd rather not boast about myself.
c. Yes.
d. Not very.

V. ***How were your grades in high school and college?***

a. Not so bad.
b. Excellent.
c. I never went to college.
d. Not so good.

VI. ***In school, what did you do besides study, go to classes and to parties?***

a. Was a leader in the dramatic club, officer in many other organizations, and a rather competent athlete.
b. Not much.
c. Was prominent in dramatics.
d. Was a member of a few organizations and interested in athletics.

VII. ***If you were in New York for one day and had to choose from among the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a successful play, and a visit with old friends, which would you choose to do?***

a. Attend the play.
b. Go to the Metropolitan, seek out great paintings and statues, and make notes so I could practice imitating them.
c. Visit the friends.
d. Go to the Metropolitan and look at the most beautiful exhibits.

VIII. ***If several other persons are at a dinner table and you start to tell a story, what do the others do?***

a. Most of them listen but try to break in with a story of their own.
b. They stop eating, gaze silently at me with genuine interest, and, when I have ended, ask me to tell another.
c. All of them give me their attention until the finish.
d. Most of them keep right on eating and talking.

IX. ***Imagine you are portraying a man (or woman) who has just been told that his wife (or her husband) has been untrue. Which would be the most dramatic:***

a. To shoot yourself?
b. To grab a gun and shout that you were going to wreak revenge?
c. To telephone gaily to a friend of the opposite sex and say, "Here's good news; I'll soon be free"?
d. To roll on the floor and shriek?

X. ***What is your honest opinion of your speech?***

a. Can you speak English correctly when you try?
b. Have you studied pronunciation and diction so thoroughly that correct speech is a part of you and requires no effort?
c. Do you often look up pronunciations in the dictionary and with some effort try to avoid slovenly and incorrect speech?
d. Do you speak with the accent peculiar to your part of the country?

XI. ***Do you sing, dance, play a musical instrument, take part in games—***

a. Because you know you're pretty good and like to show off?
b. Because you love doing such things?
c. Because you heard that was the way to be popular?
d. Because you think you're doing people a favor?

XII. ***When you are walking down a crowded street, do you—***

a. Enjoy being in the crowd and pause now and then to talk with friends?
b. Pay no attention to anybody?
c. Make every walk a gala occasion for friendly visits and thereby usually arrive late for appointments?
d. Speak to the people you know, but hurry on about your business?

XIII. ***When you hear a train whistle in the night, do you—***

a. Wish you were on it?
b. Complain because it keeps you awake?
c. Wonder where it is going and what sort of people are aboard?
d. Let your imagination run riot, put yourself aboard, create fellow passengers, and take an exciting trip?

XIV. ***If called for an interview with a casting director at a studio, would you—***

a. Dress in impressive clothes and try to "sell" your talent?
b. Go as you were and trust to luck?
c. Be too frightened to go?
d. Dress in quiet good taste and answer truthfully every question asked?

XV. ***Is your health—***

a. Poor?
b. Fair?
c. Good?
d. Excellent?

of the screen's most popular youngsters.

Eleanor Powell, an extraordinary tap dancer with no experience as an actress, was engaged for *Broadway Melody of 1936*. She came to me to learn how to become an actress. I liked her eagerness to learn and her determination to perfect herself in every detail—the traits, obviously, that had made her an outstanding dancer. We worked together every day and within a week I discovered she had real ability as a mimic. We developed that, and, as she found herself, out came what it takes to make a delightful screen personality. Her part in the picture was extended and she was instantly a hit.

Virginia Bruce was so beautiful that at first glance you would suspect she had no brains. But she has—plenty. And that quality which isn't always prominent in exquisite girls—a delightful simplicity and warmth. She came from Fargo, N. Dak., determined to enter pictures, and for a long time was little more than a show girl. She had a fair singing voice, but when she came to me her speaking voice was not all that it should be. Strangely enough, in manner and appearance she was ideal for speaking sophisticated dialogue and had real talent for it—and that talent is rare. To take advantage of that quality she had to become a real actress and to develop the proper voice.

GOOD singers sometimes have poor speaking voices. They may try to sing their lines or they may go to the other extreme and, in what is perhaps an unconscious effort to protect their vocal cords, speak in dull monotones. A good speaking voice can be developed, for we are all born with good voices. All it takes is practice.

Standard speech is the pronunciation of words according to the dictionary, in tones that unobtrusively help to dramatize the sentences. It isn't always to be found in London drawing-rooms or in Palm Beach cabañas. It is just as slovenly to say "Bah-ston" as it is to say "goil" or "caow."

An actor's voice must be flexible, and he must be able to play upon it as though it were a piano. Too many persons use only one or two tones in a sentence and perhaps not more than four or five in an evening's conversation.

We almost never discovered Robert Young, who did so well with Helen Hayes in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*. He was a Los Angeles boy who was prominent in Little Theater productions in Pasadena and was brought to the studio by a scout and signed for a trial of six months. His six months had almost expired, no one had paid much attention to him, and he was about to be released when he was sent to me. I knew he was discouraged and that he approached this interview hopelessly. But as he walked toward me I was immediately impressed. He wasn't the kind of boy who would betray his heavy heart. His head was up, his eyes were clear and looked straight into mine, and he carried himself like a conqueror.

When I gave him a scene to play I found real talent and a skillful sense of repression. Amateurs and ham actors usually put over their points like a brass band playing *Dixie*. If the line is, "He's shot me! I'm dying!" they flop around on the floor bawling like roped calves. I gave a scene like that to Bob Young. He sank into a chair, looked, quietly surprised, at blood that

stained his hand as he touched the wound, and said, lost in amazement, "Why, he's shot me. I'm dying."

I knew he had the stuff. We started to work immediately, and a few weeks later Bob was in a picture.

Undoubtedly the boy or girl who lives in the vicinity of Hollywood has an advantage over those who must come from a distance and support themselves while waiting. Irene Hervey perhaps would never have become an actress if she had not lived in Santa Monica, only a few miles from the studio. After school every afternoon she applied for work. Day after day she was told there was nothing for her, and day after day she said, "All right, I'll wait," and sat in the casting office until it was time for her to go home for dinner. Finally one of the men in the casting office told me about her, and I sent for her. She had something more than determination, and after long training made good in *Stranger's Return*. She's on her way.

Next to California, New York furnishes the most actors, because New Yorkers are close to opportunity—dramatic schools, Little Theaters, and the legitimate stage.

ACTORS, I believe, are born. We can only guide and develop them. When I say, "That boy has talent," I mean he has a score of traits that, working in synchronism, will cause people to say, "I like him." They enjoy tremendously being in the same auditorium with him. He is on the screen and they are in their seats, but spiritually they're right up there with him.

It should be obvious, it seems to me, that the first requisites are popularity and friendliness. Actors who had the spirit of friendliness to the nth degree were Marie Dressler and Will Rogers.

No actor gets a start unless he has that warmth of character and love for his fellow men. Unfortunately, admiration, publicity, fan mail, autograph fiends, and fawning friends often turn them into conceited fools. They not only drive the studio crazy; this swell-headedness shows in their acting and, unless they return to normalcy, they are soon out. Only the strong keep their balance.

I picked one charming girl who was put under a trial contract for three months. For two months she developed rapidly. Then something happened. She adopted grand manners and began to snub some of her old friends. I made a test of her, and the executives looked at it, and said, "She hasn't got it. Let her go."

When I broke the news to her she was furious. The executives, she stormed, were dull-witted, unable to appreciate real talent; moving pictures were made for and by morons. She was entirely too good for such a stupid business. I lost my temper and told her that she was spoiled, selfish, conceited, and that her inflated ego had ruined a promising career.

I thought she would never stop crying. Finally she said, "You're right, Mr. Hinsdell. Please let me try again."

She had two weeks to go on her contract and I let her try again. I never saw a girl work harder. We made a new test, and when those same executives saw it they grabbed the arms of the chairs and cried, "She's great! Where did *she* come from?"

Up to a certain point the road to success in acting is the same as that which reaches the peak in any other profession or business. Then the road abruptly branches.

Intense vitality gameness, a fierce and immortal ambition, eagerness to learn and to work, ability to concentrate and to take pains, and an understanding of the world and its people are to be found in all successful men and women, be they presidents of corporations or motion picture stars. . . .

Now we come to the fork in the road. I never have known an actor who was a good businessman.

Actors have a strange mixture of good taste and silliness, a selfishness in pursuing their ambition and a vast generosity in sympathizing with their fellows. They all have the knack of being somebody else, and they're never quite sure, offstage, just which somebody else they ought to be. It all tends toward developing a sense of childish irresponsibility, and no wonder some of them get into hot water with impulsive marriages and divorces.

Because of all this, and at the same time in spite of it, they have a rare and distinct charm which is born in them. This charm must be developed and guided. Myrna Loy has had it all her life, but it reached the screen only a year or so ago. For years she played villainesses and exotic women. She was whipped inside when she came to me. She was sick of playing sirens and getting nowhere.

I saw at once that here was a girl who was much more attractive than any character she had ever played. She had a real sense of humor, but nobody knew it, for she always had to slink around and menace people. First, I gave her confidence in herself; then I began to develop that lovely voice, that smile, and to make that sense of humor and that confidence really show upon the screen. I never knew a girl who worked harder, and when we had taken off the mask the real Myrna Loy appeared and her success was instantaneous.

Of Robert Taylor they say around the lot, "He is such a good actor that he has overcome the handicap of being handsome." He was a student at Pomona College, ambitious to act, and was discovered by a scout when in a college play. I saw in him three fine qualities: He was an indefatigable worker; he had a great liking for people; and he had a delightful small-town timidity that he has never lost.

In addition, he had a fine voice. Bob was intelligent, too. He knew what was going on in the world. He thought broadly.

A MINOR actress came to me three years ago and told me she knew she was slipping and she didn't know why. I talked with her for an hour without getting a clue and then asked, "What do you read?"

"Read?" she said. "Why, the moving picture columns in the newspapers."

"What else?"

"Nothing."

It turned out that she hadn't read a magazine or a book for years—not even one!

I gave her a list of popular magazines and told her to read every word in them, including the advertisements. "I want you to learn not only what people are doing in fiction stories," I said, "and how the G-men are operating, but also what's new in washing machines and tooth paste."

For three years she has been reading several hours a day. I was able eventually to interest her in Shakespeare and Dickens,

and now she really likes them. Today she is one of our best leading women. Reading has rounded her out, made her a more interesting personality, and you can see it on the screen.

The first test I give an amateur is Poe's poem, *The Raven*. If he goes at it in a singsong manner, appreciating none of the beauty in the lines, I usually can check him off as poor material. I watch pronunciation and euphony. If a person has real talent he will have taken the trouble to learn how to pronounce words and to use his voice well.

Sometimes pronunciation and euphony are unimportant. I worked for months teaching those points to Johnny Weissmuller, and then they put him in *Tarzan* and all he had to say was, "You? Me? Love?" and to let out blood-curdling howls.

I study the personal appearance of candidates for evidence of good taste. Too much make-up and loud clothes are a bad sign. I show them pictures of the frieze on the Parthenon and of famous statues and ask them what they think of them. If they seem to get any inspiration from them at all I am pleased. I have cured many actors of slouchy carriage by getting them to study and imitate figures on the Parthenon.

I ask them to act as though they were in a burning house, and if they just shriek and run out I realize they have no imagination. The least they could do would be to telephone to the fire department. If they tell me they practice in front of a mirror I realize they have much to unlearn, for that kind of practice teaches you only to make faces, and even comedy is not merely making faces.

I want applicants to be frightened when they come to see me, for the hard-boiled ones won't do. I want them ingenuous, pliable, impulsive.

But most of all they must love everybody, and everybody must love them. Their school records must show not only good grades but also an unusual number of the honors that students give to the competent and the popular—class presidencies, team captaincies, chairmanships of committees.

They must have not only rare charm, but a talent for acting which can be so developed that the charm shows on the screen. Even Will Rogers had to study acting in order to "be himself" in pictures. I have known lovable and tremendously popular people who, in newsreels, have appeared to be dull and uninteresting merely because they knew nothing about acting. Jack Dempsey was a failure in pictures because he didn't know how to be himself. Two or three years of intensive dramatic coaching and experience in stock companies—such as all good actors must have—might have made him as popular an actor as Clark Gable.

I RECEIVE thousands of letters and photographs from young people who want to get into pictures. To all I give the same answer, "Don't come to Hollywood until you have learned something about acting. Join a Little Theater group—that's the easiest way to start. Then, when you're cast in an important part, write me all about yourself and tell me when and where you are to appear. There is a very good chance that we'll send a scout to look you over."

They who HAVE...

(*Continued from page 47*)

love-ly roses!" Her eyes darted back to the box, and Rufus picked it up.

"I didn't know whether you liked candy, but I thought I'd take a chance—" he began.

"For me! Oh, I *adore* candy—"

"Darling, you're dripping all over the floor," Terry said.

"Oh, *am* I? Well—thanks so much—"

She flew to the kitchen, tearing the paper off her box. The kitchen was fragrant with the aroma of freshly made coffee. Her mother looked fresh and pretty in the print silk she had made over last week. Gerda drew an ecstatic breath. "Look! *Look* what he brought me! *Five* pounds! Listen, I bet he's in love with Ted!"

"Stop talking nonsense," her father said. "And take off those wet clothes."

Her mother said quickly, "John, will you carry the tray in? I don't know what I'll do if he asks for cream—"

But Rufus did not ask for cream. He drank his coffee black, said he always drank it black. Which Terry knew was a gallant lie. He drank it hurriedly—though it was delicious coffee, he said, much too delicious to gulp it down like this, but he had to get back to town for a dinner engagement.

Heartened by the coffee and the pleasant consciousness of dispensing hospitality, even John Hefton warmed to his urbane guest. When Rufus said, "This modern homes contest seems to be creating a good deal of interest," Mr. Hefton shrugged and said grandly, "It amuses me very much. The Japanese have been building our so-called modernistic house for centuries. No cellars or attics, adjustable panels designed to enlarge or diminish the size or the number of rooms—simplicity."

"That's true," Rufus said. "I'd never thought of that."

"Introduce a few American gadgets into

a Japanese house and you've got what all these youthful innovators are sweating blood to perfect."

"That sounds like a pretty wonderful idea to me," Rufus said. "Why don't you do something about it?"

When Rufus left, a few moments later, his spell still held them. John Hefton was smiling, his wife's cheeks were flushed, Gerda's eyes brilliant. She said, "Listen, Ted! Are you going to marry him?"

Mrs. Hefton said, "Gerda, how *can* you?"

"Well, I bet he *wants* to. Doesn't he, Ted? Doesn't—?"

Terry laughed. "He wouldn't have me for a gift," she said. . . .

RUFUS drove back to New York through a driving snow. As he had suspected, and hoped, he found Chet Sommers with Si. They were seated side by side on the London sofa in the library before a fire of blazing birch logs.

Rufus said, "Sorry to move in on you this way, but—"

"Darling! Come in!"

"I came to have a word with Mr. Sommers," Rufus said. "I didn't know how to get in touch with him otherwise—"

"We were going to the theater, but it's such a wicked night—"

"Glad you found me," Chet said, standing stiff and tall, looking steadfastly at Rufus. "I had intended calling on you before this to—"

"Well, sit *down*," Si said. "Would you like a highball, Roo?"

"No, thanks. But I'd like very much to speak to Mr. Sommers alone. I know it's rude—but if you could give us five minutes together, like a dear, obliging girl—?"

Si's smile remained intact but her blue eyes slid from Rufus to Chet. She said, with a shrug of slim, sapphire-velvet shoulders, "I can't think of a good excuse why you shouldn't." At the door she stopped and smiled again at Rufus. "But remember, anything you say will be used against you, darling," she warned him.

Rufus bowed and closed the door, came back to the fire and Chet. "I hope you'll forgive this," he began, but Chet interrupted:

"Nothing to forgive. I'm very glad of the opportunity to apologize for my—my violence the other night. I—"

"No apology necessary," Rufus said amiably. "That's why I wanted to see you, to explain—"

"There's no explanation necessary, either," Chet said.

"Oh, but there is. You see, I had no idea you and Terry were engaged—"

"We never were—officially," Chet said.

"The point is that if I had realized the seriousness of your prior claim," Rufus said, keeping his voice even and friendly, "I never should have dragged her to that party. She didn't really want to come—"

"She's not the sort of girl to do a thing against her will," Chet said.

"But that's precisely what she did. I bought an interesting old desk from her parents recently and for some reason she felt I had done her a favor in buying the thing. The whole business was due to a misunderstanding—"

"I beg to differ," Chet said. "*I* understand perfectly."

"The fact that you're estranged proves you wrong," Rufus said. "I want to straighten things out between you if I can."

"I'd rather hoped you were looking for an opportunity to take a sock at me," Chet said. "You see, *I* don't enjoy being under obligations to you, either."

Rufus lifted his shoulders. "You're not under obligations to me."

"Oh, yes, I am. And I'll continue to be until—"

"Until I take a sock at you, as you express it?" Rufus said, his fingers curling hard in his palms. "I probably should have the other night if I had remained conscious long enough. Which, fortunately, I didn't. Two punches wouldn't have been quite so easy to hush up as one."

"True—" Chet looked away; his face was deeply flushed. "I repeat my thanks and apologies."

"Please don't," Rufus said. "I didn't come here to quarrel, Sommers. I came because I hoped I'd be able to clear up this business between you and Terry."

"Nothing you could do or say would clear up anything for me," Chet said. "You see, I happen to know that even after that brawl—the very next day, in fact—she came to your apartment."

"But, good heavens! What of it? She came to offer her sympathy. Do you suppose if there was anything between Terry and me I'd be here pleading with you to make it up with her?"

Chet's chin thrust out. "Are you trying to tell me you're not in love with her?"

Rufus turned sharply. "No, I'm not trying to tell you that. I'm trying to tell you that she's not in love with me!"

"I'm afraid you underestimate your charms," Chet said—and Si opened the door.

She said, "Your five minutes are up, gentlemen!" and came in, smiling. She came slowly over to the sofa, stopped beside Rufus. "How's Terry, Roo? You don't happen to have seen her?"

And, all unthinking, Rufus swallowed the bait. "Yes, I have. She's still ill," he said, looking at Chet. "Perhaps you didn't know she'd been ill."

"Overtired, is what the doctor said, darling. It's a darned shame."

"Ill?" Chet said and glanced at Si. "No, I'd no idea she was ill."

"She's not," Si said. "The doctor said a couple of days' rest would fix her up—"

"She seemed ill to me, very ill," Rufus said inexorably, and made for the door. "I must get along while I can still navigate the car. Good night, Si. A thousand pardons for intruding—"

Perhaps he had accomplished something, after all, he thought. Chet hadn't known that Terry was ill. They would be almost certain to make it up now, darn him! Darn him!

SI SAT down in a corner of the sofa, a graceful picture of well-bred nonchalance. Inside she was seething; burning with curiosity and fear. She touched the place beside her. "Come and sit down—I hope Roo didn't bring you bad news."

"He's always bad news to me," Chet said. "You may as well know—I don't like him. He burns me up."

"I'm sure he doesn't mean to. Roo's sweet, really."

"No fooling! Well, maybe it's an inferiority complex," and he thought, "Darn him!" realizing that in every one of his encounters with Rufus he had been

placed at a disadvantage. "The poor are always at a disadvantage with the rich, my child," he said.

"Chet, you've got to get over talking like that!"

He grinned wearily. "I know." Then he said, "I don't remember your saying anything about Terry's being ill. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because she isn't," Si said, calm and light. "Just overtired. Roo's dramatizing it because he's in love with her. I can just see him, going out there, laden down with flowers and solicitude."

"You think he went out to Freedale?" he said quickly.

"Why, he just said so, silly! He's just come from there. There was a foot of snow on his car—I happened to notice when I was looking out of the window."

SO HE had just come from Freedale, had he! Was Terry really ill? Si hadn't told him she was! She had said only that Terry seemed delighted at the prospect of getting a percentage of the commission. That hadn't seemed like Terry—but none of it had seemed like Terry. And she hadn't cared whether he sold their house or not—of course, he hadn't asked her. But actions speak louder than words and her actions had proved she didn't care.

"Come and sit down," Si said softly. She reached out and took his hand. "That's better. Now, what were we talking about when Roo came?"

He turned his head to look into her eyes. "What does it matter?" he said, and at once was sorry he had said it. Si had been so sweet to him, so forbearing. That she should be in his arms the next moment did not seem strange; only the tears filling her blue eyes seemed strange. "Si! Oh, come; you're not crying! Over a kiss!"

"No," she said. "I just happened to get something in my eye." . . .

Terry went back to New York the morning after Rufus had come to Freedale. And that same afternoon Mrs. Sommers called at the Heftons'. It was the first time she had called in two years, but she had heard that Terry was home ill.

"She wasn't really ill," Mrs. Hefton said. "Just tired. She had been working pretty hard. But she looked splendid when she left today."

The two women sat bolt upright in their chairs, the shadow of their two years' estrangement between them. Mrs. Sommers had found it hard to forgive May Hefton for saving her home and her husband from their common disaster, when *she* had saved nothing. But she was not a mean woman, only a vain one, and it was vanity more than malice that had inspired her visit today. She had assumed, since Terry had been home, that the Heftons already knew of her son's good fortune. And so, as soon as the social amenities would allow, she said, "I suppose Terry has told you about Chet's marvelous success."

"No," Mrs. Hefton said, and realized suddenly that Terry had not spoken of Chet during her three days at home. "No, I don't think she mentioned—"

"Why, that is odd," Mrs. Sommers said. But it was wonderful, too. As she recounted the story of the Cromwell-Furness commission, she felt warmer toward Terry than she had ever done, for May Hefton's expression was as wondering and astonished as she could have hoped. "You see, Chet just happened to meet this Mr. Furness—a very wealthy man, I understand—through Miss Towers—"

"Towers! You mean the niece of the woman Terry works for?"

"Yes. He met *her* at a party in town—odd, wasn't it?—and she urged Mr. Furness to look at Chet's designs, and the young couple—Mr. Furness is building the place for his married daughter—were carried away with one of them—"

Her thin, faded cheeks flushed with pride as she talked.

"You say Chet met Si Towers at a party?" Mrs. Hefton asked.

"So I understand—I see very little of him lately. But he has been 'stepping out.' I've always said it's very important for a young man to meet the right people."

"Yes," May Hefton said. "Yes, I suppose it is." She reached behind her suddenly and picked up the opulent box of candy, lifting off the cover. "Won't you have a chocolate?—Oh, do take more than one. John and I are not very fond of candy and Gerda will make herself sick if she tries to eat all five pounds!"

Mrs. Sommers helped herself to two chocolates. "My, my, don't tell me Gerda is having beaux already."

"Oh, no! An admirer of Terry's brought them out yesterday from town. And the roses—let me give you one to pin on your collar. There were a great many more, but Gerda took some to her schoolteacher today."

"Well!" Mrs. Sommers said. "Well!"

WHEN her caller had gone Mrs. Hefton went into the library, where her husband was working, and told him the story. "I thought it was odd," she said when she had finished, "that Terry never spoke of Chet. I suppose now that he's in *society* she's not good enough for him!"

"Perhaps *he* was never good enough for her. But I'm not at all sure that this break was his fault."

"She was in love with him, John! I *know*."

"Well, I don't believe she is now. I don't believe she's in love with anyone or anything except money now. Playing around with this race-track man, who wouldn't marry her in a million years. Simply because he has money—can bring her candy and flowers—"

"Well, why shouldn't she!" his wife cried. "Terry's never had any money for herself! Any fun!"

"Fun!" John Hefton said, terrible in his rage. "Money! Those are the important things in life! Love, loyalty, self-respect, pride—these are nothing, I suppose!"

"No! You can't wear them or eat them or warm your house with them! We've had all those things, and what good have they done us? What have they done for our children?" She turned and went, stumbling blindly, to the door. With the knob in her hand she dropped her head against the panel. She sobbed, "John. Oh, John, my dear," and went back to him and laid her graying head on his breast. "I didn't mean it, dear! I don't know why I should say such dreadful things to you!"

But John Hefton knew. He held and comforted her. "We're not ourselves these days, May. I think we must all be a little mad—we've cause enough." And, when

she had quieted, he said, "You remember that nutty idea of mine—about the Japanese house? Well, I've been trying to work something out. Come over to the desk . . ."

Mrs. Towers was glad to have Terry back, but rumors that she had gone to Si's party had reached her via the back stairs and she felt it necessary to speak to her secretary.

She said to Terry the morning of her return, "Naturally, your private life is none of my affair, except as it affects your work. You can't burn the candle at both ends and keep well, and if you're not well—well, you see what happened the other day."

Terry, who had come back even thinner than before but looking strangely more vivid, said, "I assure you that won't happen again, Mrs. Towers." . . .

AT FIVE Terry left her room with some notes and checks which required Mrs. Towers' signature. As she went down the stairs, Si came out of her room. For an infinitesimal space of time the two girls looked at each other. Then Si said warmly, "Hello! You back? How do you feel?"

"Just fine!" Terry descended the remaining stairs briskly. "Perfectly dandy. Didn't I act like a goose?"

"You did not! It's a wonder you didn't break sooner—the way Aunt Stell drives you."

"She doesn't drive me at all. How are things with you?"

"Oh, utterly hectic, as usual," Si said easily. But she was shocked by Terry's appearance. "You—you shouldn't have come back so soon, Terry. You ought to have a real rest."

"I did. A beautiful rest." Terry looked down at the papers in her hand. "Si, I want to apologize for blowing up like that the other day. I was a little lightheaded, I think."

"Oh, please!" Si stepped back, her eyes round, her chin quivering. "Please don't talk about it. I was so terribly sorry."

"But *you've* nothing to be sorry about," Terry said. She gave a little laugh and started down the hall. Si followed her, her upper lip caught hard between her teeth. Once she put out her hand toward Terry, drew it back timidly. At Mrs. Towers's door, Terry smiled at her. "Well—be seein' you."

Si said in a small, breathless voice, "Wait a minute, darling—I meant to tell you—I'm specially glad you came back today because Chet's coming for dinner. Will you come down and join us?"

Terry's smile did not falter. "For dinner? Tonight? Thanks, but I can't. I'm dining out, myself."

"I just—I thought perhaps—"

"But remember me to Chet, won't you?" Terry said. "And you were sweet to ask me—"

She went in and closed the door, and Si stood for a moment in the hall while the hot flush faded in her cheeks and her quick breathing quieted. Now she saw that of course Terry could not have accepted. Still, she had asked her . . .

That night at dinner Mrs. Towers spoke to Si about Terry. She was pleased that Si was dining at home, for a change; entertaining her new young man, the architect who was to build Cynthy's house.

"By the way, dear, did you know Teresa came back today?" she said. "And I want you to tell Rufus Fowler that I don't approve of the way he's rushing her, at all." And she explained to Si's new man, "I'm speaking of my secretary. One of Si's friends has taken a fancy to her—"

"But, darling, why shouldn't he?" Si said quickly.

"Well, he should realize the girl has work to do."

"But he's in love with her," Si said quickly again and with a glance at Chet. "I think the man wants to marry her."

"Nonsense!" her aunt said. "Not that she isn't good enough for him—she's too good for any of these silly playboys of yours, but the girl should marry some nice boy of her own class."

TO HER surprise, Si's new man spoke up: "I think I should warn you that you're treading on thin ice, Mrs. Towers. I happen to be a member of Terry's *class!*"

"Chet and Terry are old friends," Si said easily.

Mrs. Towers was a little disconcerted, but only momentarily. Nothing Chet could have said would have pleased her more than that bold, blunt statement. She thought, "Well, Si's got herself a real man at last!" And then she realized that this was hardly consistent with her remark about Terry, and she laughed. "I apologize. I'd no intention of saying anything so undemocratic. But I don't think it's a good plan for a girl who has to work to run around with these boys who don't. It's bound to make her discontented, I should think, and it's bad for her health—"

"Rufus isn't bad for any girl's health," Si said. "He protects 'em and feeds 'em—he's feeding Terry somewhere right now." Out of the corner of her eye she saw Chet turn sharply to look at her, and she smiled at him. "He took her out to dinner tonight. Soppy told me!"

"That woman!" Mrs. Towers said, and shook her head and told Chet, "Our seamstress—been with us for fifteen years—quite a character." She said to Si, "Is there anything going on in this house that she *doesn't* know?"

"Well, she knew that Terry'd gone out with Roo," Si said. "I'm sure she thinks Terry has stolen one of my best prospects." She confided to Chet, "Rufus used to think he was in love with me before he met Terry." . . .

AND Terry was saying to Rufus across a small table of one of New York's most exclusive and expensive restaurants, "I must be home by eleven at the latest." She had brought her one good evening dress in from Freedale. The delicate hollows along her cheeks seemed a little deeper, but she had rouged her lips red as wine, and Rufus had never known her more deliberately gay. "If I don't get back I'll lose my job," she said. "Mrs. Towers doesn't approve of all this night life of mine."

He said that he would get her home before curfew. Indeed, he had resolved only yesterday that he would not see her again. But she had said she was coming back today. It would be no more than courtesy to telephone and inquire after her health. And so he had called her, and the sound of her voice had been his undoing.

He had asked her how she was, and she had said just fine, now that he'd called, now that she knew he didn't despise her He had told her not to talk drivel, and then he'd heard himself saying, "What are you doing tonight?" And here they were.

He said now, making his voice sternly paternal, "Terry, I wanted to see you tonight because I've seen Chet, and—"

"Oh, so have I," she said. "I happened to see him over the banisters tonight when he came to have dinner with Si." She turned suddenly to look at the dancers, with the empty, defenseless eyes of a blind woman. Then she turned back to him, smiling. "You haven't asked me to dance. Aren't you going to?"

So Chet was dining with Si and Terry had seen him over the banisters, and what a swell little fixer *he* had been! He was dancing with Terry, which was life and love and romance, that poets wrote about and polite dinner parties found amusing. But there was nothing very funny about it, really; nothing except himself. He, of course, had contributed the comic relief, casting himself in the role of noble friend and arbiter. He drew her in against him suddenly, roughly, and she looked up at

HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES?

Here are the scores for the test on page 132. Give yourself the number of points indicated for the answer you checked under each of the fifteen questions. Then add them up and get your total. A perfect score is 60. If your grade is 57 or more, you are a grand person and have the traits that it takes to become a motion picture actor.

I.	*a* 2	*b* 4	*c* 3	*d* 1
II.	*a* 2	*b* 1	*c* 4	*d* 3
III.	*a* 1	*b* 3	*c* 4	*d* 2
IV.	*a* 4	*b* 2	*c* 3	*d* 1
V.	*a* 3	*b* 4	*c* 1	*d* 2
VI.	*a* 4	*b* 1	*c* 3	*d* 2
VII.	*a* 2	*b* 4	*c* 1	*d* 3
VIII.	*a* 2	*b* 4	*c* 3	*d* 1
IX.	*a* 3	*b* 2	*c* 4	*d* 1
X.	*a* 2	*b* 4	*c* 3	*d* 1
XI.	*a* 3	*b* 4	*c* 1	*d* 2
XII.	*a* 3	*b* 1	*c* 4	*d* 2
XIII.	*a* 2	*b* 1	*c* 3	*d* 4
XIV.	*a* 2	*b* 3	*c* 1	*d* 4
XV.	*a* 1	*b* 2	*c* 3	*d* 4

him, smiling that bright, empty smile. He said, "I shouldn't have come out with you tonight, Terry. You know that, don't you?"

She shook her head. "I don't see why—if you wanted to—"

"Oh, I wanted to, all right. But that isn't why I came. At least, I thought I came to remind you that you were still acting like a little idiot."

"Well, please don't, Rufus."

His arm closed more tightly about her. He said grimly, "I begin to think it's I who am acting like an idiot, darling." . . .

AND back in the sewing-room at the Towers house, Miss Sopworth was in the process of making up her mind. Of the thirty-nine articles of her faith, the strongest was her belief that all men are *not* created equal. She had never resented this, for she was convinced that while the rich might reap their reward upon earth, the poor would reap a better one in heaven.

But during her period of waiting for this millennium Miss Sopworth ardently subscribed to the traditional caste system. Si had been the object of her adoration for fifteen years. And not of one feature, one dollar, or one conquest would she permit Si to be reduced if she could prevent it.

Miss Sopworth had been making up her mind about Rufus and Terry ever since she had seen that encounter between them on the stairs the day of the memorable escritoire interview. She had seen them leave the house together and she had been horrified and indignant. Her indignation had deepened with every subsequent meeting between them. She had heard from Cook—who had heard it from Marie—an account of the party, with the fiercest resentment, and tonight when she had seen Terry dressed up in her evening dress and with an orchid—an orchid!—on her shoulder, leaving the house on Rufus Fowler's arm, she had made up her mind.

Her sewing table cleared, the machine covered, Miss Sopworth bent over her table. With her nearsighted eyes close to the paper, she carefully composed her letter:

Mr. John Hefton,
Freedale, N. Y.
Dear Sir:

I am taking the liberty of writing to advise you that your daughter, Teresa, is accepting attentions I am sure you would not approve of, from a young man who is a friend of her employers. He is a nice enough young man, but very wealthy and moves in the highest social circles. You will see that his intentions toward your daughter cannot be serious, especially as he has long been devoted to another young lady of his own class.

You will probably think that it is very meddlesome and bold of me to write you, but your daughter is a sweet girl and I think you ought to warn her before her affections become involved.

After some hesitation, she decided to take refuge from any unpleasantness that might result from it in anonymity. And so she signed herself, after the immemorial fashion, "A Friend," stamped and addressed the envelope, and went happily home with a sense of duty well performed. . . .

Terry had said she wished she could run out home for a few hours, and Rufus had offered to drive her out the following evening. He had taken along an extra coat for her, a voluminous raccoon affair, and insisted on her putting it on before they left the house. She wrapped it nearly twice around her, tucked her hands in the wide sleeves, and laughed up at him. They were alone in the hall and the mood of the night before—gloomy, uncertain, reckless—was still upon Rufus. He took her suddenly into his arms, bent his head. But she lifted her face, waited with such passive expectancy for his kiss, that his cheeks flushed, he dropped his arms, led her out abruptly.

All the way out to Freedale, driving through the sweet, sharp night air, he stormed at himself. What ailed him anyway? She had wanted him to kiss her. . . . No, she hadn't *wanted* it. She would have tolerated it, had expected it.

"Just look at the stars! Aren't they marvelous tonight?"

He did not bother to look. "M-m-m—"

And Terry was thinking, "Next time he will. He will kiss me," and closed her eyes and felt the cold air against her lids. But she was snug inside the big, soft coat. So he had two coats, half a dozen of them perhaps. Money—money—money—

Mrs. Hefton was in the living-room, knitting a sweater for Gerda's Christmas. Gerda, it seemed, was over at the church practicing carols. "Come in, darling! You must be frozen—no, I guess you're not, in that nice, warm coat."

She made them warm themselves at the fire, however, and Mr. Hefton came in from the library, where he had been working. Terry explained that she had forgotten a number of things that she needed in town and presently excused herself and ran up to her room. Rufus and Mr. Hefton discussed the weather and politics, and it came to Rufus, as he talked, that he had conceived a real affection for this comfortable, shabby house.

John Hefton was speaking of another house: "You remember that crazy idea of mine? That removable-panel idea of the Japs—"

"Perfectly. Darned good idea, too."

"I've been fiddling around with it. If it wouldn't bore you too much I'd like to show you a sketch or two."

Rufus professed a desire to see the sketches. Mr. Hefton said, "You'll excuse us, Mother?" and led the way across the hall to the library. His pipe was still smoldering on the ash tray among the blueprints on the desk. He went over and picked it up, and Rufus looked with nicely simulated expectancy down at the prints. But Mr. Hefton opened the desk drawer and took out a letter. He said, "By the way, this came in the morning mail." Rufus accepted it and Mr. Hefton removed his pipe from his mouth and pressed down the tobacco with his thumb.

RUFUS read Miss Sopworth's letter, and looked up from it with his ruddy cheeks blazing. "Why, this—this is the most absurd tripe I've ever read. Who the dickens?—I've got it! That nosy seamstress at the Towers'—"

"No doubt. I'm not particularly interested in the writer, Mr. Fowler. That's not important. In fact, the letter itself is not important." He tore it across and dropped it in the wastebasket. "That was what I was going to do with it when it came this morning—"

"That's what it deserves," Rufus said quickly. "You certainly couldn't believe there's a word of truth in a thing like that."

John Hefton flashed him a look, took a

puff at his pipe. "Why, as to that, it's true enough you're paying attentions to my daughter, isn't it?"

The red in Rufus's cheeks deepened. "Yes, but the implications—"

"The implications are—to use an old-fashioned phrase—that you are trifling with her affections."

Rufus let out a laugh. "That needn't worry you. Terry's affections are not involved, as the lady expresses it."

MR. HEFTON flashed him another look, searching and thoughtful. He said then, "I'm making no accusations, you understand. I've a good deal of faith in Terry's judgment and common sense. Nevertheless, as our anonymous friend says, you do move in very different social circles. True, Terry has been considerably better off than she is at present but she never has been what you would call a society girl—never cared to be, as far as I know—"

"Good heavens!" Rufus burst out. "You couldn't find a finer girl—a finer lady—than Terry in any walk of life."

"I quite agree," Mr. Hefton said dryly. "Unfortunately, that doesn't contribute to her social standing, as far as the world's concerned, and, since the world is what it is, I think it might be better for you both if you saw less of each other."

"It—it might be better for Terry," Rufus said in a low voice. "As far as I'm concerned—well, knowing Terry has been a wonderful experience for me, Mr. Hefton. I'd hoped—I didn't know she was engaged to young Sommers until the night I asked her to marry me—"

"You—until what?" John Hefton said sharply, remembering Terry's "He wouldn't have me for a gift!" "You say you asked Terry to marry you?"

"Yes. You see, she is the first woman I've ever wanted to be my wife," Rufus said. "I'd no idea she was engaged."

Mr. Hefton took off his glasses and wiped the lenses. He said, frowning, "She's not. She and Chet—that's all over, I understand."

"I know—that was my fault. When I realized I'd caused trouble between them and that Terry still loved him, I tried to get them to make it up—"

"Just a minute, please. You say you were the cause of their breaking off and then you tried to get them to—make it up." He replaced his glasses and mopped his moist head. "But you were unsuccessful in that?"

"Yes. Terry has decided she'd ruin his career."

"And does Chet subscribe to this?"

"I doubt if he knows it. He thinks she has treated him badly—"

"And so he's seeking solace in Mrs. Towers's niece and Terry is comforting herself with you, is that it?" Rufus looked at him; John Hefton's tired eyes were twinkling. "It sounds quite like a story—or one of these involved modern plays."

Rufus looked sternly at Terry's father. "Unfortunately it happens to be real life. Now that you know all the facts, isn't there something you can do to—to straighten things out between Chet and Terry?"

"My dear young man," Mr. Hefton said, and there was that in his eyes which made Rufus feel suddenly inept and callow, "this is Terry's problem and Chet's. If Chet loves Terry, he won't accept her sacrifice, never fear."

"But you don't understand. It's Terry—"

"And women in love don't give up their men for the sake of their careers—though I can understand Terry's making such a statement. She has been badly overwrought lately. But you young people these days are so quick to dramatize your emotional crises—and you do it so badly."

Rufus demanded, "Just what do you mean by that?"

John Hefton made a weary gesture. "All this—Terry renouncing Chet, Chet renouncing Terry, you trying to bring them together when you profess to love Terry—it's all too lofty and self-conscious to ring true. Love is a ruthless emotion, my friend, not a study in elegant poses."

"You don't have to tell me what love is, Mr. Hefton! I love Terry—I'd give my life for her—"

"Wouldn't it be more sensible to marry her?" John Hefton asked quietly.

Rufus said grimly, "And what sort of marriage would that be? She doesn't love me—I've already told you. Do you think I want to marry a woman who loves another man? Who'll spend her life dreaming about him, longing for him?"

"I can see you've given the matter some thought."

"Oh, it's a temptation, I'll admit. But it would be wrong for us both—and I love her enough to want to see her happy."

The older man said musingly, "And what is going to make her happy? From what you tell me, I doubt if she knows, herself. Terry's been through a good deal in the past couple of years. She seems to have absorbed the universal hysteria."

"I don't think you realize what this means to Terry, Mr. Hefton," Rufus said.

"Probably not. Probably not," John Hefton said, and reached up suddenly and laid his hand on Rufus's shoulder. "Too bad you couldn't have had a better break in the affair," he said. "Sometimes it's a handicap for a man to have too much money. Now, if Chet had had your money—or you'd been a poor boy like Chet! Poverty can be a real asset—under certain conditions—a romantic asset, as it were. Especially with a girl like Ted." He gave the young man's shoulder a slap. "Well—suppose we get Mother to make us a cup of hot cocoa. You kids ought to have a drink of something warm before you start back."

THEY all ended up in the big kitchen. Mrs. Hefton made cocoa, and Terry came down and perched on the table.

"Sit on the table, married before you're able," her father chanted. He was in the highest spirits.

But Rufus was furious. He had not been made to feel so inept, in years. He grew more and more angry with himself and with John Hefton. Elegant poses, indeed! And what had the old boy meant by that last crack of his about its being a handicap for a man to have money!

"Now, if we just had some marshmallows," Terry said. "Wouldn't you love a marshmallow on your cocoa, Rufus?"

Rufus looked at her, sitting on the table swinging her slender feet. The hot cocoa had brought color into her cheeks, her eyes shone, she looked gay and charming; she was flirting with him deliberately, openly. Rufus felt the heat in his face. "Sure; a marshmallow would make everything just dandy," he said. . . .

The next morning Rufus walked into the private office of Felix Scrivner, advisory counsel for the vast Fowler holdings.

"Well, for the love of Pete!" Mr. Scrivner said. "Where did you come from?" He tipped back his chair and stared at Rufus, incredulous and a little alarmed. He was a big, brawny man with a jovial manner and shrewd eye. He had served Rufus Senior for the last fifteen years of the old gentleman's life and, with some misgivings and considerable affection, had watched easy-going, carrot-topped Rufus Junior grow up. In the end, affection had predominated, and now he informed the obviously excited young man, "If I could lay my hands on a flag, I'd hang it out. You've not been near me since last Christmas. How about a drink? I've got a little something choice right here in my—"

"No, thanks. You're going to think I'm drunk, as it is," Rufus said, and sat down.

"Never saw you drunk in my life," Felix said. "Why should I think you're drunk now?"

"Because I am—in a way—only not on the demon rum." He leaned across the desk. "How'd you like to play Santa Claus for me, Scribby?"

The lawyer frowned on him. "How would I like to play what?"

"Santa Claus. Maybe you've heard of him. Benevolent old gent—white beard—pack on his back full of sugar plums and electric trains for good little boys."

"You got an electric train for some good little boy?"

"No," Rufus said grimly. "Not a *good* boy. This one's a sullen, ill-bred lout and I hate his soul."

"Doesn't sound like he rated an electric train. What's the boy's name?"

"Sommers. Chet—I suppose that stands for Chester. He's an architect. His father bumped himself off a couple of years ago when his firm went under."

"Sommers. What's the son been doing?"

"I don't know. Anything he could get, I suppose. Now, I want you to make him rich," Rufus said, and added with sibilant unction, "*rich and prosperous.* I understand he's an able architect, darn him. Work him in on that new office-building project."

THE lawyer burst out, "But, good heavens, Rufus, we're lousy with architects! Besides, all the best men in the country have submitted plans for that office-building project."

"The best men in the country don't need the money; he does. If he's any good, go the limit."

"You're crazy! We can't do a thing like that. It's not ethical."

Rufus said quietly, "I've come of age, Scribby, my lad. Get that? Okay. Now, we're builders, we need architects. This boy is an architect and *he* needs money. I want you to arrange things so that he can make it—not just enough to be solvent, you understand—but real money! You'll keep my name out of it, of course. The Manhattan Corporation won't mean a thing to him." He leaned back in his chair, frowning. "I can't understand why I never thought of this before."

"I wish to the deuce you'd *never* thought of it. What if this boy is no good?"

Rufus gave a derisive snort. "Don't worry. He's good, all right."

"What has he done?"

"He hasn't had a chance to do much yet, but old Horace Furness has just commissioned him to build a house for his daughter and son-in-law—and Horace is no philanthropist, you know."

The lawyer let down the front legs of his chair and leaned forward and looked at Rufus. "May I inquire why you're so interested in this young man whom you so obviously dislike, Rufus?"

"Yeah," Rufus said, and Felix saw the muscles along his cheek quiver. "I want to see if success won't reduce his box office appeal, as it were. Now, let's get down to details." . . .

IT WAS after five when he left Mr. Scrivner's office and joined the throng of homebound clerks and office workers crowding the sidewalks. Rufus walked with his head up and his chin out. Life was real and life was earnest, with a hey nonny-nonny! At the first crossing a red light showed, and he found himself herded with a restless crowd at the curb. With his eyes and thoughts still fixed on his own private excitement, it was a long time before he realized that he was looking straight into Chet Sommers' face.

Chet had his brief case under his arm, his hat shoved a little way back on his dark head. There was color in his long cheeks; to the observer he had the appearance of a good-looking, purposeful young businessman. But Rufus looked at him, and something in him, somnolent as a nice cat purring before the fire, leaped suddenly to its feet and became a lion. Rufus edged through the crowd and confronted his newly acquired protégé.

"Hello!" he said. "This *is* a coincidence."

Chet's surprised glance settled into a puzzled, inimical stare. "How are you?" he said shortly.

"I'm just fine," Rufus said. "How are *you?*"

Chet's astonishment deepened. "Couldn't be better, thanks."

"Don't thank me," Rufus said. The light changed to green and the crowd surged forward, Chet with it, until Rufus put a hand on his shoulder and drew him back. "I just wanted to ask you—do you still feel under obligations to me?"

Chet shook himself free, and his eyes flashed. "Look here, are you trying to start something?"

"Trying to finish it," Rufus said. "You remember what you said last time we met about being indebted to me? About wanting me to take a sock at you? Well, what do you say we clear it up?" Chet flung a look around him at the crowded sidewalk, and Rufus said, "Oh, come, you don't have to think of your public. Remember last time—that night I slipped and fell?"

Chet said, "You're entitled to your revenge, of course, but—"

A few men had stopped to stare. A policeman across the street, idly swinging his stick, sensed something wrong and started for them. "What's all this?" he demanded fretfully. "Come on, now; move along—"

"Oh, hello!" Rufus said and grabbed Chet's brief case from him. "Here, hold this a minute, will you? Now, Mr. Sommers!"

Chet went down under the impact of that first blow, leaped to his feet, and

struck out powerfully. His blow grazed the cheek of his antagonist, who delivered a neat one of his own on Mr. Sommers's unprotected jaw. But by this time the policeman had recovered from his astonishment. He roared, "Hey, what do you *mean*? Askin' me to hold this—who do you think you are? Lay off that—" He shoved his great bulk between the two young men, held them apart with his powerful arms. "Of all the dirty nerve—!"

"Okay, Sommers. We're quits now, eh?" Rufus yelled, panting.

"You're right we're quits!" Chet said, and drew his sleeve across his bloody chin.

Rufus shouted exuberantly, "I'll send you a receipted bill when I get home—paid in full—"

"Don't fool yerself! Ye ain't goin' home!" the policeman said grimly. "I'll have ye up fer disthurbin' the peace an' insultin' a officer of the law! Askin' me to hold this darn'—"

"Don't bother about the receipt," Chet said. "You and I aren't through yet, Fowler! But next time, we start fair! That's understood, is it?"

"You said it, fella! Next time we get an even break—" Suddenly he grinned, thrust out his hand. "What say we shake on it?"

"What th' deuce!" the policeman said devoutly.

Chet smiled grimly and wiped his hand on his trousers. Half a hundred interested spectators were smiling, too. "Okay, *Mister* Fowler! Shake!"

The two shook hands. Then Rufus turned to the irate officer, his red hair on end, his tie under one ear. He said buoyantly, "Okay, buddy; let's go!"

(To be continued)

Square Peg

(Continued from page 53)

chariots thundered through the misty mountain passes of Thrace. They were all alive; they were all real . . . and Chapel clock struck eleven.

"Time you were in bed, young gentlemen," said Fuzzy, and smiled.

Chadwick turned to Fuzzy and said in a rush, "If you please wouldn't report young Heiler for being out, sir . . . he's only a kid, and—"

"I shan't report either of you," said Fuzzy. "Run along to bed."

The door slammed, and young Heiler looked up at Chadwick as if he thought he was a hero. Chadwick knew he wasn't a hero at all, and it was somehow sickening that young Heiler should look at him so.

"Good night, kid," he said very gruffly, and Young Heiler said, "Good night, sir. Thank you, sir," and was gone.

The moon was still silvering all the Yard, and Chadwick thought for a second, with his old smugness, how smart he'd been to just sit still and listen to Fuzzy. For he could put all that Fuzzy'd said into his paper on the Spartans. Then he realized he wasn't smart at all. Fuzzy had done it on purpose—just so Chadwick could write a good thesis.

He felt small and mean and worthless as he walked across the yard.

HE DIDN'T feel right all the next day. He felt as if something was going to happen. . . . And it did. He came back from luncheon to find Deveraux's sister sitting in his room.

She was sitting very straight on the window seat. Even before she spoke Chadwick knew that she'd dressed herself as carefully as she could so that she wouldn't shame Deveraux before the School.

"You're Dev's roommate, aren't you?" she was saying, and Chadwick hadn't looked at her face before, but he did now.

It was a thin face, and burned brown, and her hair was black above it. And as she spoke it seemed as if the wind and the sea had come rushing into the room.

"You're Jill," said Chadwick. And then, "How is he?"

"They've set the arm," she said. "It was a clean break. He'll be all right now. I needn't have come."

It was horrible having this tall girl feel she wasn't good enough for the School, and Chadwick said, "Of course, you *had* to come." He looked out the window and said very clumsily, "I'm glad you came. I wanted to see Dev's sister." And as he spoke, he knew it was all true.

This tall girl changed everything: the whole room, the whole School. Chadwick felt that something shining and gallant had touched him, that ever since she'd been a small girl Jill had been sacrificing herself so that her brother could go on and on. And now she thought she'd let him down merely by showing herself to the School. And he had to tell her somehow that she hadn't, that the School would be proud of her, instead.

"You're just as nice as I thought you'd be," he said, and a sudden shyness swept over him.

Jill smiled, and all the tenseness drained out of her. "I've just seen Mr. Adams and his daughter. They were very kind," she said. "And a little Austrian boy brought me over here. He talked about you."

"He's just a silly kid," said Chadwick swiftly. He looked down at the floor and tried to explain. "We sort of have to look after him," he said. "You see, his uncle was here a long time ago. He just walked out that gate there, thinking he'd be back as a senior after summer vacation."

It suddenly swept over Chadwick that Otto Heiler the First had gone out that gate laughing and young. He hadn't been any older than Chadwick was now.

"He couldn't come back," he said soberly. "He was killed."

He looked at Jill to see if she understood, and she did. "The little Austrian boy showed me his name on the Memorial," she said.

It was awful to sit here and think of all the Old Boys, Chadwick thought. They'd gone out that gate, all of them, gay and laughing and young. And now some of them were only names on the smooth marble of the Memorial and some of them were old, old men. He wondered, in a swift rush, what would happen to him, to Deveraux, to Shaw, to all the boys in the School. They'd go out that gate, just as the others had, and the great, gray world would gather them in.

He wondered if Jill was thinking that too, for she said, "I wish you'd look after Dev a little." She stared straight at Chadwick as though she trusted him and knew he could help her. "He had to work awfully hard to win this scholarship," she said softly. "And now he's won it, he won't let up. He'll strain too hard if someone doesn't stop him." She said in a rush as if she were releasing some old, secret worry, "He isn't very strong."

Chadwick knew it was an effort for her to tell him that, and he said very slowly, "I'll try. But I don't know that he'll like it." He stared out the window and said, "I haven't been very nice to Dev."

"You've been very nice to me," said Jill.

It was queer, but he blushed and couldn't look at her. For it seemed to him for a sharp second that she knew just how things had been.

Jill was on her feet now, and she looked calm and unworried at last, as if she was sure everything was going to be all right because Chadwick would make it so.

It was so important that she shouldn't be strained and worried any more that Chadwick told her, "I'll look after Dev."

"I'm sure you will," she said, and was gone,

But something of herself was still left in the room. It was only the ghost of a word or a look, but it would be there just as long as Chadwick remembered it.

HE WONDERED how he could look after Deveraux, and knew he'd have to have help; and he went downstairs and out into the steady stream of afternoon sun.

He saw Shaw going down the white gravel path and hurried to meet him. It was going to be hard to tell Shaw; it was going to be hard to make him understand.

He looked up and there was Shaw's face, rather forbidding. He said, gulping the words out, "Please, Shaw, can I speak to you for a second?"

Shaw stopped and nodded, and he could see that Shaw didn't like him at all.

"It's about Deveraux," he was saying. "He's here on a scholarship—"

Shaw looked a little displeased. "Everybody in School knows that," he said. "It doesn't make any difference at all."

Chadwick's face went red.

"It isn't only that," he said, and knew

he was clumsy, and couldn't help it. "He has to work summers. He and his sister sell ice cream from a cart."

Shaw looked utterly disgusted, but he said very slowly so Chadwick would understand what he thought about it, "I should think that would be jolly."

Shaw's disapproval was like a sharp, driven knife. He thought Chadwick was a spy. He thought Chadwick was a sneak. He was starting to turn away.

"Please, Shaw," said Chadwick, and his voice shook. "It isn't that way at all. His sister's just been here. She says Dev worked so hard to get that scholarship that he can't stop. And he isn't very strong."

Shaw looked puzzled, and Chadwick said swiftly, "She's afraid he'll strain too much, and she asked me to stop him, but I don't think I can. He doesn't like me."

All the disapproval had gone from Shaw's voice, and he said, "I thought you didn't like him."

Chadwick looked straight at Shaw and said, "I guess I didn't like anyone."

It was as if Shaw understood everything then, in a sudden flash.

"All right now?" he asked as if Chadwick had turned into an old friend.

"All right now," Chadwick said.

Shaw smiled and said, "Gosh, you're a queer sort of kid!" And though the words didn't mean anything, it was a shining accolade.

Someone was pulling at Chadwick's sleeve, and it was young Heiler. He said, "Your father's come, sir."

CHADWICK walked slowly across the grass. He didn't know what he was going to say. Everything was all mixed up. It was worse because he didn't know what his stepfather was actually like. For he'd never bothered to find out.

There he was, sitting quite straight in the one stiff chair in the room: a small man, short and thin and rather insignificant, his hair gone gray before its time, and a tired look about his eyes.

"Oh," he said as Chadwick came in, "I thought you'd have your things all packed."

Chadwick simply stood there and said, "No, sir. I'm not going, sir. I can't."

"Can't?" his stepfather said, and looked puzzled, and Chadwick knew he wasn't going to understand. And, in a way, it would be all Chadwick's fault.

Thoughts went through his head so fast that they seemed to flash. He remembered when his real father had died, and that had been a long time ago. And ever since that time Chadwick had been able to twist his mother around his finger. Then, when his mother had married again, his stepfather had just stood aside and let him do it. He'd let Chadwick leave school after school, either because Chadwick didn't like them or because the schools couldn't stand Chadwick any longer.

And now he was here in the room, and he was just like a stranger. It was awful to have to tell a stranger things, but Chadwick had to try.

He wet his lips, and said, "My roommate's in Infirmary. He broke his arm." He stopped, then went on quite steadily: "I've got to stay, sir. His sister asked me to look after him."

"Oh," said his stepfather, and his eyes suddenly looked less tired. He smiled as he asked, "Is she a pretty girl?"

"No, sir," said Chadwick, "but—"

His stepfather was as quick as Shaw. He was quicker. He seemed almost to know what Chadwick had left unsaid. He said, "Of course, you can stay if you like. Your mother got the impression you were unhappy here." He lit a cigarette and said softly, "Something upset you, son?"

Something caught in Chadwick's throat, and it must have been the way his stepfather was looking at him. The small, gray-haired man was worried and lonely. He wanted something. He wanted a son.

Chadwick couldn't quite believe it, but it was so. He put his head in his hands and felt horribly. He choked and said, "It's all my fault, sir."

His stepfather put a hand on his shoulder and Chadwick could hear him say, "You're too young to take it that way, son. Maybe it's my fault. Maybe I should have looked after you better, but I didn't want to interfere."

"I wish you had, sir," said Chadwick. "You're a swell guy," and then quite quickly, "Excuse me, sir."

He was awfully upset now, and he was going to make a fool of himself. But it didn't matter. It didn't matter, because his father was here in the room; he'd had a father all the time, quick and keen and kind, but he'd never known it. And he'd never known how much he wanted one.

His stepfather was quite calm. He was saying, "Thanks for the compliment." He looked at Chadwick keenly and said, "This roommate of yours must be quite a chap."

Then Chadwick knew he'd understand; he'd understand everything. "He is, sir," he said. "He's very poor, and he's had to work hard all his life and he's here on a scholarship. And I kept telling him how rich we were and rubbing it in."

His stepfather shifted on the chair. "When you were telling him all that," he said quietly, "you didn't know, did you, how poor he was?"

"No, sir," said Chadwick and didn't feel upset now. His father was here in the room; his father would help him straighten everything out. For they weren't strangers any more. It was as if some warm tide flowed between them, a tide of utter understanding.

"Like him a lot, don't you?" said his stepfather, as if he and Chadwick had shared secrets all their lives.

"Yes, sir," Chadwick told him, and it was true. "But I didn't know how much until I saw his sister."

"Like her, too?" said his stepfather.

"Yes, sir," said Chadwick in a rush. "You couldn't help it, sir. She's spent all her life helping Dev. She's—" He was so in earnest that his face flushed.

His stepfather was kind and looked away. "So you're going to stay and make it up to your roommate now," he said, and Chadwick nodded.

THEY sat in silence for quite a long time. Chapel clock struck, and Chadwick knew his stepfather was waiting for him to pull himself together. It was nice of him to just be quiet and not make a fuss. Then he thought of something else.

"Sir!" he said, and his stepfather said, "Yes, son!"

"Haven't you a house down on the shore at Gloucester, sir?" Chadwick was asking.

"Why, yes," his stepfather said. "It's an old house, though. Why?"

"There's a boy here who's homesick,"

said Chadwick slowly. "He's only a silly little scrub. An Austrian. His uncle was an Old Boy of ours who was killed in the War. And Austria's such a long way off, you see, sir, that young Heiler can't go home this summer. He's got to go to Minnesota."

HIS stepfather blew smoke rings and said, "That must have been the boy who brought me over here. A nice boy. He talked a lot about you."

"He's silly," said Chadwick swiftly. "But he doesn't really want to go to Minnesota, sir. He's always lived on salt water and he's homesick for it." He stared straight at his stepfather. "Couldn't you and I and he go down to Gloucester for some of the summer, sir?" he said.

There was a strange look in his stepfather's eyes, and he said softly, "You want *me*, Chad? You want me to come along?"

"Yes, sir," said Chadwick, and quite carefully didn't look at him. "You're swell, sir. You understand things."

There was a knock on the door, and Shaw was standing there. Shaw's face was moonlike behind his glasses, and he said, "Excuse me. I didn't know—"

"Come in," called Chadwick's stepfather, and smiled. "My son and I were just talking together."

Shaw took off his glasses and said, "Deveraux's feeling better. They'll let you in to see him now."

Chadwick stared uncertainly out the window. He said miserably, "I don't know—"

"You'd better go," said Shaw.

Chadwick turned to his stepfather and said, "Excuse me, sir." Then he was going across the grass, and his legs were shaky, for this was the hardest thing of all to do.

He was afraid. He was afraid Deveraux wouldn't want to see him; he was afraid Deveraux wouldn't want to speak to him. It shouldn't matter so much, but it somehow did. He couldn't tell Deveraux that it was all different now; and Infirmary's door was wide and high and forbidding before him, and he was saying something to the nurse and didn't know what it was.

She said, "Of course, he'll be glad to see you," but that wasn't so. He'd go into the small white room and Deveraux would hate him. He wanted to turn back, he wanted to run away, but the door was open now and he was walking in.

Sun shone into the room and it was cheerful there. Beyond the wide window all the School dreamed in a warm haze, and on the white cot Deveraux was dreaming, too. He looked thin and pale and a little old-fashioned, as if he'd stepped out of an old, dim print; he looked as if he'd driven himself to death, and there were dark circles about his eyes.

CHAPEL bell had begun to toll, and as the boy on the bed looked up, Chadwick felt suddenly as if he'd just come from a long, dark journey to find a friend, a friend he'd always have as long as he lived.

He said softly, "Hello, Dev," and it seemed as if the words broke down a wall between them.

Deveraux's face didn't look so tired and drawn, and he stretched out his good hand. "Hello, Chad," he said. "I was hoping you'd come. It's sort of lonesome here."

Ladies on RELIEF

(*Continued from page 66*)

Suzanne look after you, all right, O. K. But you get whalefare, too. You got a right to whalefare, better than anybody else." Suzanne whispered, "I get whalefare—it makes my pin money. But I don't need it. I give you mine after this. Please when can I come and see you?"

"Any time you like, Suzanne," replied Abbie, with an uplifting of heart. This hearty, friendly voice was like medicine.

"I be over soon. . . . Mr. New-comb, you got my order for whalefare all ready, *ouai?*"

The redoubtable official passed it over. "That's the last one, you mark my words!" he said. "You get out, and stay out."

Suzanne waved airily at Abbie, and left.

Finally, Abbie was left alone with Mr. Newcomb. He sat back with a sigh. "Some of 'em are fakers, and I know it, but what can I do?" he growled. "And then, of course, some of 'em ain't. It's a rotten job, and anybody else can have it. . . . Well, Miss Shadlin, I'm sorry to see *you* here. You know what I mean. I been expecting you, though."

The remark was meant to be kind, but it sounded brutal to Miss Shadlin. He had been "expecting her." As an undertaker expects a call from a certain house. But she was steeled to the prospect, now.

"You don't want to feel bad about it, Miss Shadlin. Now, you're one of the people that I'm glad to help. You've been a taxpayer; you did a l you could; and you're in need. There won't be any more red tape about it than is absolutely necessary. I can't do anything for you this week—I mean, not officially, I can't; but, personally, I can let you have a few dollars, if it would help."

Abbie took the friendly loan. Her pride seemed to have withered wholly. She was even conscious of reaching for it with open eagerness, and she did not care. She was actually hungry.

Mr. Newcomb went on, relaxing himself: "Now, Miss Shadlin, there's a case for you—that Bilodard woman. She's no more entitled to relief than I am. I wonder, by the way, Miss Shadlin, that you let her get so friendly with you. . . . Oh, I know what a wonderful kind heart you have, and all that. And I remember you did used to have something to do with such cases, for a society of some sort. But I thought she acted pretty familiar to you."

"Suzanne is my friend!" burst out Abbie defensively.

"Your friend? Oh, yes; I get you. I know you're friends with everyone. That's a wonderful spirit, Miss Shadlin. But—if you knew—well, it ain't proper for me to talk with you about it. I wish you'd run in and see my wife, though. She could talk with you."

Abbie did not reply. She knew Mr. Newcomb's wife somewhat. The mere thought of Mr. Newcomb's wife set her to wondering when Suzanne would call. There was such an exhalation of friendliness and spontaneity about Suzanne. And when one is Miss Shadlin's age, and alone and on welfare, one does crave something—and perhaps *those* are what one craves.

Suzanne called upon Abbie without delay. She swept in, effervescing, in her new fur coat. But, as her sharp perception told her that the coat was painfully guilty evidence in Abbie's eyes, Suzanne shed it quickly.

"I'm so glad to see you, Miss Shadlin! Just to t'ink I find you down at whalefare office! For me, I don't care. It is just my little joke. I am full of the devil, as you always know. But for you—such a nice lady—it is rotten! But I have t'ought of some-t'ing to help you. I talk it over with the girls last night."

"The girls? What girls, Suzanne?"

"Ah, my friends. My little sister, Anastasie, is one. Also I talk with Miss Idley and the Polack. They both say yes."

"The Polack, Suzanne?"

"*Ouai*. Sure, you never saw her, that's right. She's all r'ght, but stingy. But I tell her she got to do it, so she say yes."

"Suzanne, I don't understand. What must the Polack do?"

"We all go on whalefare, Miss Shadlin—Anastasie, Idley girl, and the Polack—and me. We give *you* all we get out of whale fare. Ain't that good, eh?"

ABBIE suddenly understood—all too clearly. She blushed to the deepest crevices of her wrinkled face. "Oh, no, Suzanne!"

"Sure! You see, we don't need whalefare, Miss Shadlin. We all do ver' well. Cottons mills, they running three shift."

"You—you girls are not working in the mills?" ventured Abbie, struck by a ray of hope.

"Why—*us?* You bet no." Miss Bilodard winced at the suggestion of such a crudity.

It thereupon came to Abbie Shadlin, for the first time, that there are two ways of looking at life, and she and Suzanne were poles apart; and, curiously, that this did not prevent either of them from being sincere, or generous in spirit. Abbie felt

slightly dizzy. She managed to say:

"Suzanne, you have a good heart. But you must never think of such a thing again. It hurts me. I—don't think you would understand if I tried to tell you. Let us talk of something else."

"Miss Shadlin," burst out Suzanne, "I saw ver' nice coat in window when I came along. Just right for lady like you—so respectable. I'm going to buy it for you."

Miss Shadlin sighed deeply. She feared Suzanne could never understand. But when Suzanne left the house she fully understood this: that she and the other girls were *not* to go on welfare for Abbie's benefit; nor was she to think any further of buying coats or anything else for Abbie.

Suzanne promised, because she would have promised Abbie anything. But it was clear that she did not comprehend Miss Shadlin's inflexible mental processes.

NOT long after this Mr. Newcomb was not surprised to see Suzanne flitting into his office. But he was surprised that she came in at the head of a detachment. The squad consisted, besides the leader, of Anastasie, Miss Idley, and the Polack.

Mr. Newcomb muttered a curse and gazed vindictively at Suzanne, who greeted him with a large smile of mingled friendliness and tolerance. The local administrator was afraid of Suzanne's sharp tongue, her torrent of assorted language—and something else. Suzanne had a hypnotic effect on Mr. Newcomb. He always found himself doing the contrary of what he intended to do. But he bristled:

"No use to come here any more, Suzanne. Your case has been threshed out. You're off the list. Do you understand? What do these others want? Did they come with you?"

"Sure. We all go on whalefare. Don't we, girls?"

The girls nodded violently. Anastasie snickered.

"You all go on welfare!" bawled Mr. Newcomb. "Well, you all got another think! You all get right out of here, and stay out. I know you all—know all about you. The nerve of you!"

"Sure; we all go on whalefare. All of us unemployment," said Suzanne, with that irritating conviction which comes from not listening to what the other person has said.

"That comes from letting you get away with it, Suzanne! You've been getting your handout, so now you call in all your friends. Well, it won't work, I tell you. We'll settle this right now."

The town official went to a door leading to another room. "Come on in, fellows," he said. "Here's that case I told you about."

Two other men emerged from the other room. One was the county field agent and the other a federal inspector. Newcomb deferred to the federal man and gave him his chair at the desk.

"Now, tell it to *him*, Suzanne," said Newcomb triumphantly.

"We all go on whalefare," said Suzanne. "This is my sister; this Miss Idley; this—what's your name?"

"Anna," replied the Polack. "Anna Woljevska."

"Her name is Anna," said Suzanne. "She whants whalefare."

"My good woman," said the federal inspector, with that vast kindness of tone used by English judges when they award the death sentence, "I know something about your case from Mr. Newcomb. I assume—ah—that these others are similar. I'm not suggesting, Miss—Miss—"

"Bilodard," supplied Mr. Newcomb.

"Miss Bilodard, I'm not suggesting that you had any wrong intention in asking for and accepting aid. No doubt you saw other people getting it, and you thought you were entitled to it. I want you to realize, however, that our funds are limited, and properly go only to those in need. This is *not* a division of prize money. Now, you understand that, don't you?"

"Sure," replied Suzanne. "We don't mean any wrong t'ing at all. We just whant whalefare."

"I don't think she understood," said the federal man ruefully.

"She understands plenty," replied Mr. Newcomb. "She's just acting dumb."

"Perhaps I can make it plain," went on the federal agent with a ray of hope. "Welfare is for the unemployed, Miss Bilodard, who are in distress. Now, I take it—not to hurt your feelings, understand—that you ladies are—not unemployed."

"All unemployment, all of us," responded Suzanne. "Sure. Why not?"

"But, you see, what I mean is, you are not—that is to say—"

"Oh, why mince words about it?" burst out Mr. Newcomb. "Their income is bigger than a lot of men with families."

"Exactly," agreed the federal agent.

"Hincome? I don't know about hincome," retorted Suzanne. "I say we all have got unemployment. That's why we whant whalefare. See? Anyway, what you call hemployment, eh?"

"Why, work. Work in the mill, work in the store, work in the office, work on farms—all kinds of work."

"Sure. That's right. You know," Suzanne congratulated, delighted to find this stranger so intelligent. "Well, we ain't got work in mill, work in store, work in hoffice—"

"Yes, but you see, you *do* have an income—you do get money to live on—"

"O-ho! O-ho! I see!" cried Suzanne indignantly. "You, mister, the rep'sentative of the government, you are telling us girls that we got to do bad, so you don't have to put us hon whalefare. What a shame! What if the government at Whashington hear about this? You gentlemens turning girls out in street—"

"Wait, wait! Let me say a word, will you? We are *not* giving any such advice. I merely said—"

"Well, what makes the difference?" said Suzanne scornfully. "You say we don't get no whalefare. So what *could* we do? We don't got hemployment, are we?"

THE federal man looked at the county man, who looked at the local man. The county man stirred uneasily. "Let me out of this," he said. "I'm a family man with children. I don't think I'd like this idea to get into the papers, with me in it. You two can settle this case."

"Don't be absurd! We're not responsible—"

"I know that. But I can see the newspaper headlines now: 'Brutal Welfare Agents Spread Immorality.'"

"Ever had a case like this?" asked Newcomb of the federal agent.

"Why, no; not exactly. . . . To tell you the truth, Mr. Newcomb, this looks

like a local matter, with purely local aspects. I think you can probably best deal with this alone."

"No, you don't! You can't unload this thing onto me!" cried Newcomb. "I've had enough grief already."

"I think, then," was the response, "that we had better retire and discuss the matter. It isn't so simple. The lady's argument has its point. It would *not* sound well in the newspapers. We can't force them to support themselves—*that way*."

"Maybe, gentlemens, I could help you," suggested Suzanne. "You are all nice mens and whant to do right t'ing. We girls don't whant to make no fussing for you. Tell you what! You gentlemens sign this telegraph paper I got here and we promise not to ask no whalefare."

"What paper? Let's see it. What's the game now?"

SUZANNE reverently removed a telegraph blank from her bag and handed it over.

Newcomb glanced at it. "Who wrote this? You didn't," he growled.

"No. I get it wrote. Lawyer wrote it. Friend of mine."

"You've got lots of friends. . . . Here; you read it," said Newcomb, passing it to the federal agent. "My head aches."

The federal man gazed at it in surprise for a moment, and then read aloud:

FLORENCE K STAPLETON FOUNDATION NEW YORK CITY

WE THE UNDERSIGNED EARNESTLY REQUEST YOU TO RE-ESTABLISH LOCAL BRANCH OF YOUR ORGANIZATION HERE STOP CONDITIONS VERY BAD STOP WE ARE NATURALLY IN POSITION TO KNOW STOP MISS ABBIE SHADLIN WHO FORMERLY OPERATED LOCAL OFFICE IS STILL IN TOWN AND WOULD UNDOUBTEDLY BE WILLING TO RESUME ACTIVITIES IF PROPERLY APPROACHED STOP NEEDLESS TO SAY SHE WOULD BE IDEAL BECAUSE SHE KNOWS CONDITIONS STOP UNFORTUNATE WOMEN HERE HAVE CONFIDENCE IN HER STOP RESPECTFULLY ASK YOU GIVE THIS EARNEST CONSIDERATION

"I don't think I understand what this is about," concluded the federal agent. "What does it mean, Mr. Newcomb?"

"Oh, I get the idea," replied Newcomb. "It's all right. Probably a good idea. Miss Shadlin had done great work among —well, among such as those we have in our midst. I'll sign it, gladly. . . . What you say is, Suzanne, that if we'll sign this telegram, you'll lay off this welfare stuff? Why do you want *us* to sign it?"

"You are very himportant gentlemens. You are big shots," replied Suzanne. "Anyt'ing you gentlemens says, went."

There was a whispered conversation among the three men. Then they signed.

"I'll send the telegram, Suzanne," said Newcomb in a strangely gentle voice. "I'll pay for it myself."

Suzanne seized the paper avidly. "No-o!" she cried. "I send it myself. You gentlemens might change your minds before. Come on, girls; we go. We forget the whalefare. You can struck me off the list, Mr. Newcomb."

"Wait a minute, Suzanne," said Newcomb, holding out his hand. "You're a queer woman, Suzanne. Shake hands, will you?"

"We is all queer," replied Suzanne, putting out two fingers with magnanimity. "All peoples is queer. Miss Shadlin, she is queer. She don't want not'ing done for her nor give to her. So you promise, gentlemens, you don't say not'ing about this to Miss Shadlin, eh?"

They promised. The squad retreated, all looking happy except the Polack, whose perplexed face indicated that she had somehow been swindled into wasting her valuable time. . . .

A FEW days later a messenger boy came to Abbie Shadlin's cottage with a telegram. It was a long time since Abbie had received a telegram. She opened the envelope with trepidation:

MISS ABBIE SHADLIN WALKERVILLE

RECEIVED ADVICES RECENTLY FROM HIGH SOURCES OF APPALLING CONDITIONS IN YOUR TOWN STOP DIRECTORS OF FOUNDATION HAVE INSTRUCTED ME TAKE STEPS TO REOPEN LOCAL BUREAU CLOSED SOME YEARS AGO STOP YOUR NAME NATURALLY OCCURS AS IDEAL PERSON TO FORWARD OUR WORK AMONG UNFORTUNATE WOMEN STOP PLEASE WIRE COLLECT WHETHER YOU ARE OPEN TO APPOINTMENT STOP IF SO OUR FIELD AGENT WILL COME TO OPEN SUITABLE QUARTERS FOR YOU.

"Is there any answer to send?" asked the messenger boy.

Abbie Shadlin's hands trembled so that the paper fluttered in her hands like a poplar leaf in the breeze. "Just send the word 'YES,'" she said.

The room seemed flooded with sunshine. There was nothing that life could offer so sweet as the resumption of this work. Her second thought was of Suzanne.

"Beginning with Suzanne I shall do a great work," she said.

BRIGHT-LIGHTS Girl

(*Continued from page 19*)

love unesthetic things. . . . Is that the governor's mansion?"

"Yes. And right beyond it is the jail. You have to register there in a couple of days. Regulations."

"Oh, yes. I remember now. Where do you live?"

"In Punaavia—one of the districts."

"Have you a house?"

"A small one."

"Really? It sounds wonderful. Who does your cooking and housekeeping?"

"A Chinese boy, my dear. . . . Look; this is your hotel, and I imagine you'll want to clean up and rest a bit. Do you want me to drop back here for you, or meet you tonight?"

She looked at me a little puzzled. "I really haven't seen anything of you at all. Why don't you come back here in about half an hour? That is, if you're not too busy."

I felt a trifle petty at that. "Darling, I've got all the time in the world. I'll pick up my mail at the post office and come right back."

AT TWELVE she left me to do a few necessary errands, and I picked up Helen. By some miracle she was on time. She looked at me questioningly, expecting Kay, of course, and I had to explain that Kay was having lunch with Harper Todd.

"Harper Todd," she said, her eyebrows raising a little.

"He came down on the boat. What's he like?"

"Oh, he's not very amusing, but he's harmless enough. The grandstander type. You could have asked them both."

"I didn't feel like it," I said. "He annoyed me."

"Yes, he would," she said reflectively. "You say the girl is merely a friend of your family's?"

"She's engaged to a friend of mine at home. Or, rather, was. And I feel a little responsibility, you know."

"Yes, Stephen, I understand." . . .

The Lafayette was crowded when we arrived at ten, which meant that by midnight it would look like a motion picture orgy set without the velvet drapes. The native orchestra of guitars and ukuleles were working out on the explosive rhythm of *Papio*, one of the perennial favorites, and sailors and banana tourists were whirling brown-skinned girls enthusiastically, to the general idea, if not to the time, of the music. Kay's eyes sparkled.

"A dive," she said. "It's wonderful, Steve! You wouldn't want me to miss this, would you?"

"It's all grist for your book, I suppose. But nothing ever happens, Kay. This just goes on for hours."

"Have you been here often?"

"Once. The hours don't agree with my fishing habits."

We found a table wedged into a corner. After we had ordered, Kay said, "But some of the girls are lovely, Steve. Look at that one, and the one just dancing by."

"The island is noted for it," I reminded her. As a matter of fact, most Tahitian girls are lovely, far more beautiful than tourist literature photographs of them. But I didn't like Kay to see this side of

Tahiti first. Papeete on boat-night is no more like Tahiti than San Francisco's Chinatown is like California. But Kay loved it. She was the night-blooming flower, the bright-lights girl with a vengeance. Even subtracting George and adding Todd, the thing didn't come out right. It still didn't explain altogether the hyper-bright eyes, the unmotivated restlessness.

"Have you made any plans for the next few days?" I asked.

"A few," she said. "Harper is going to drive me around the island tomorrow, and the next day we're going to Moorea."

"You're biting it off in big chunks, aren't you?"

"Possibly. Why?"

"Nothing," I smiled, "except I haven't seen such vicious energy since the last boat came in."

She made a face. "Deliver me from vegetating."

"It's really pretty much fun," I said.

HER eyes were darting over the room preoccupiedly. "Who was the girl with you this morning?"

"Helen Fitzpatrick. Her family spend the summer here every year, and she's marrying a guy from Los Angeles this fall. About her past history, I can't say."

"Does she go fishing with you?"

"Once in a while. She's a nice girl."

"Yes," she murmured. I knew she wasn't listening. "Let's dance. This music sounds like it ought to be fun."

We danced a couple of times, and at about ten-thirty Todd came in. He joined us at once. From then on I listened while he and Kay talked.

The tempo of the Lafayette had perceptibly increased. The music was louder and faster, boring through the smoky room with insistent, pagan rhythm. Quite a number of the sailors were now definitely drunk. Here and there people were shouting, whether in argument or to make themselves heard was hard to tell. I began to feel that perhaps I had been wrong. In time, it seems that something was bound to happen. Watching a moment longer, I turned back and said:

"I'm beginning to see faint signs of a brawl, Kay. Maybe you won't be disappointed, after all."

"Where?" she asked eagerly.

"I'll lay a small bet on the fourth table over to start it."

"Oh, no," Todd said. "There won't be any trouble. You're in Tahiti now."

"Personally," I said cynically, "I think it looks more like Marseilles right at the moment."

With gratifying promptness the fight started. A fist streaked briefly across a shaft of light and a man hit the floor. There was, of course, that instant pandemonium of waiters rushing, spectators crowding around, and another fight starting; or possibly it was the same one continuing. We couldn't tell. I stood up. "Let's go."

I shoved a fifty-franc note into the nearest waiter's hand and grabbed Kay's arm. Todd went ahead to clear the way—at least, I suppose that's what he thought he was doing. He shoved several people out of his path rudely and, since the fight was still confined to the other end of the room, unnecessarily. At the door his luck broke. Somebody very violently resented such treatment, asked Todd what the idea was, and swung on him. I saw that I was wrong about his luck breaking. Todd blocked, and sent the man spinning. It was all very professional.

"Get the car started," he said guardedly to me, and began backing out the door. I shoved Kay into the front seat and maneuvered the car out into the open, not too far from the door. In a moment Todd came out.

"We'd better step on it," he said. "It looks a little rough in there."

"Ah!" Kay sighed ecstatically. "The dreamy, peaceful South Seas."

I shot the car out into the main road and headed for town.

"Sorry I had to hit that fellow," Todd said, glancing behind him. "But it pays to be firm with those birds."

"Oh, undoubtedly," I said a little broadly.

"You didn't get hurt, did you?" Kay asked solicitously.

"Hardly," he laughed.

"Fine. This is swell, Steve," she said, with the wind in her face. "I love brawls. Where do we go from here?"

I slackened the speed a little. It was all going very flat. Since Kay had been with us, I was annoyed with Todd for pulling the rough stuff, and I was disappointed in Kay because she was being taken in by it all. It wasn't like her not to know what the score was.

"You two take the car and I'll go home," I said. "My eye's bothering me a little."

"Oh, no, Steve! Why didn't you say something sooner?"

"Sorry, old man," Todd put in.

"I can pick up a car in Papeete and you can go on and do the town. You ought to see the market at five tomorrow morning, anyway, Kay, and I couldn't possibly last that long."

"Oh, you can't pass up the market," Todd repeated to Kay.

She was silent for a moment. "Are you really serious, Steve?"

"Yes, really."

"All right. You know best." . . .

I DIDN'T see her for the next three days, but as the marlin were running and I was out at the crack of dawn and didn't get back until dark, I must confess I didn't make any attempt to see her. I remembered, too, that she was booked up pretty solidly with Todd. But, coming in Tuesday night just as the sun was setting behind Moorea and the sky had that gorgeous soft blend of coral and blue and lavender, I realized I would have to take her out fishing at least once so she could see Tahiti in its most perfect setting.

When I got home I found a note from Helen asking me to bring Kay to dinner Thursday night. I called Kay at once, and while I was waiting I had a few pangs of conscience. After all, I hadn't done anything to make her stay more pleasant.

"Hello," I said. "Are you getting tired of sight-seeing?"

"Oh, hello. I was just thinking about you—very uncomplimentary things. You've been neglecting me."

"It isn't a chronic condition, though. What are you doing Thursday night?"

"Nothing."

"Good. We're invited to the Fitzpatricks' for dinner. Can I pick you up about six-thirty? (*Continued on page 148*)

"The day after tomorrow," she affirmed.

"Yes. And will you go fishing with me soon? I think you'll like it. It's not very exciting except at times, but—"

"I'd adore to," she said. "In fact, I was going to wait two more days and then invite myself if you hadn't asked me. . . . 'By. See you Thursday."

Holding on to the dead receiver, I had to remind myself that there probably wasn't anything more to say, and that it was as simple a thing at that. For the abruptness with which she rang off made me think for a moment that she was a little hurt about something, which, considering it was Kay, was absurd. . . .

THE Fitzpatricks' house was on the ocean side of the road, but all you could see above the bamboo hedge was the steep pandanus roof nosing gently into the center of a grove of coconut palms and, beyond that, water. It was always a little surprising to see how much distance there really was between the front terrace and the beach. Walking down there after dinner, Kay and I felt, in the cool darkness, as remote from the house as we did from the surf pounding dully on the reef a quarter of a mile out.

It might have been the effect of her dinner gown—women do respond sometimes to the type of clothes they have on. I suppose—but something about her seemed softer, more subdued. The restlessness was still there, but it wasn't flamboyant any longer. We stood for a moment looking out over the water.

"You know," Kay said pensively, "you really can't find the charm and beauty of a tropical island—you've got to let it find you."

I didn't answer, and an embarrassed little tinkle of a laugh escaped her. "Doesn't that sound sentimental?"

"It's pretty hard to find it doggedly sight-seeing," I said. "Or is that what you meant?"

"That's sort of what I meant. And I'm beginning to think you're right about the book."

"Don't make up your mind about that already. You've been here only five days."

"Yes, but I'm losing my enthusiasm."

"Already?"

She nodded. "Maybe I'm just tired. I'll be all right tomorrow."

"You need a change, I think. Go fishing with me tomorrow."

"All right. Helen's awfully nice, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"You get along so well, too. It's too bad she's getting married this fall."

"Listen," I said a little irritably. "Is it a disease, or is it just the maternal instinct that makes all women try to tell a man what type of girl he should marry?"

"Oh, has she done the same thing?"

She was looking up at me slightly amused, her eyes brightly questioning and a half-smile on her lips. Of course, she used it unconsciously, but it was the sort of look no woman should use unless she expects to be promptly and forthrightly kissed. For a split second I almost yielded to the impulse, but there was enough sanity left in me to realize how embarrassing it would be—for her, at any rate. After all these years.

"Let's go back." And then, since I had to make some explanation, I added, "They'll think we're rude if we stay out much longer."

"And that would *never* do," she said brightly. . . .

She was, when I met her with the boat the next morning, more like her old self than she had been at any time since she landed. Within five minutes we were on the old basis again—casual, congenial, and comfortable in that solid fondness for each other which makes no personal demands.

Lolling in the fishing chairs with our legs dangling over the gunwales, we were even in danger of forgetting about fishing until, just outside the pass, the boat shot forward with increased speed. I stood up.

"Where are we going?" Kay asked.

"After those birds. Bonito feeding."

"What birds?"

I stood behind her and pointed along her shoulder. "You have to look a fraction of an inch above the line where water meets sky. Now do you see some dim, wheeling specks?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "Are there really fish there?"

"If they'll wait until we catch up to them, you'll see." I reeled in until the feather gig was not more than twenty yards back of the boat, and set the star drag rather heavy. Then I stuck the butt of the rod in Kay's chair and handed her some gloves. "Put these on. You might need them." She put them on. "Now, just hold the rod."

We caught up with the birds and started through the school. Bonito were jumping all around the boat, their bluish-silver bodies gleaming in the sunlight as they sliced cleanly out of the water and back in. "Hang on, Kay."

The rod bent, the reel sang with its crescendo *zee, zee*, and I shouted, "Hit him!"

"What do you mean, hit him?" she gasped.

"Jerk the rod toward you. Set the hook."

She pulled on it experimentally, and then I reached over and took hold of it for a moment. "Too bad. It's gone."

"You mean the fish is gone?" she asked, dismayed.

"I'm afraid so. Next time, hit him."

MATUA, my Tahitian boatman, had turned, and we caught the school again. This time Kay wasn't quite so panicky when she got the strike, and managed to hook it. After the fish had made its first run—a 9/0 reel full of 24 thread line is too much tackle for a bonito—she said, "Now what do I do?"

"Reel him in," I laughed.

She started reeling. Every once in a while the fish would jerk and make a short run, and Kay would be frozen with apprehension. But she finally got him in where Matua could catch the leader and swing him aboard. She was ecstatic. "It's so thrilling, Steve!"

I looked around. The birds were still feeding, off to the north a bit. "Want to catch another?"

She hesitated. "All right, but my arms ache a little."

"You can stand one more."

We ran through them, and this time she hooked a slightly larger one. She was a little tired and I began to get worried. I didn't want the bonito to attract a shark; it's no fun to pump up one of those brutes and lose your marlin bait in the bargain.

"I—I can't get him in, Steve," she said finally.

"Too tired?"

"I'm afraid so. I hate to quit, but—"

I reached over and took the rod, working fast. I wasn't any too fast, either. We could see the yellow shape of the shark just under the surface about ten feet behind the spent bonito. I screwed the drag tight and put on the pressure. Matua caught the leader and jerked the fish in, almost out of the shark's jaws. "Close," he said.

"I can't believe my eyes!" Kay said, awed. "Steve, how large is that shark?"

I looked at him again. "About twelve feet. Maybe four hundred pounds."

Matua speeded up the boat as I took off the feather gig and put the smallest bonito on a 12/0 hook with a 15-foot leader. Kay's eyes were held by the wavering, yellowish-brown shape of the shark, dropping back a little now. "This is marvelous!" she cried.

"They're a darned nuisance," I said. "Sure you've had enough?"

"Positive. My arms still ache. Now I want to see a marlin."

I laughed. "So do I, but don't be too optimistic."

We got out the teasers. "Is that shark still back there, Matua?"

"He gone," Matua said.

I DROPPED the bonito in the water, got it to trolling properly, and leaned back. "This is apt to be a long and boring process," I said, "so relax and—"

Matua had jumped for the starboard teaser and was pulling it in almost before I saw the purple shadow directly behind it. I held my breath, skipping the bait a little and trying to ease it over in front of the marlin. The line played out, slowed, and then, as Matua accelerated and the line tightened, I came back hard on the fish seven or eight times. He came to the surface at once, leaping clear of the water, his head shaking angrily, his short, blunt sword pointing to the sky.

"Big one!" Matua yelled.

The fish leaped five times, his broad silver-and-black sides glistening in the sunlight before he sounded. And then I became aware that Kay was hammering me on the back and screaming inanities.

"It's gorgeous, Steve, gorgeous!" she said. "I never saw such a superb thing!"

The line was stripping off the reel in short, strong jerks. Two hundred yards went out; three hundred. At about three hundred and fifty he stopped and I began pumping, working him hard. I got back a hundred and fifty before he came to the surface on a long slant.

"He's coming up," I said.

Kay had quieted down. She was now merely tense.

This time when he came out he tail-danced along the water for several yards and, as usual, I half expected to see him throw the hook. But he didn't. He was apparently hooked well. He went down again, giving me a chance to relax for a moment and get into the harness. Fortunately, he didn't go down deep. He was circling slowly, and each time he circled I got back a little more line than he took out.

I got the double line on the reel in something under two hours. I screwed up the drag a little and worked faster. The fish was tired. We could see him perhaps thirty feet under the water, lying almost

motionless, a deep bluish-black on top. Suddenly he gave a flip to that broad tail and took out the line again.

"Shark!" Matua said. "Two, three!"

I eased the drag and let the fish run.

"Will they attack that big fish?" Kay asked.

"Just give them a chance," I said. "That's what they're hanging around for."

I pumped the marlin in again, keeping an eye on the sharks. Two of them were swimming leisurely around the stern, waiting. The other was off a little distance. The marlin was tired, but he wasn't dead. Again, when I got him about a hundred feet from the boat, the sharks started to close in. I got mad. You can with sharks. I decided right then that I was going to lose the marlin rather than let those murderous brutes get to him. When the marlin came up again I released the drag, giving him a free line. He shook his head but the hook stayed in. I screwed up the drag as tight as it would go.

"Step on it, Matua," I said.

"You mean go 'head?" he demanded.

"I'm going to break the line."

Reluctantly, he gave it gas, and we surged forward. I straightened the rod out. The line strained, twanged above the water for a moment, and snapped. The marlin leaped once more, apparently out of sheer joy, and disappeared. I reeled in the few limp yards of line, unhooked the harness. Matua threw out the clutch, swearing softly. He put the other bonito on a shark hook. "O. K.?" he asked. Matua hated them, too. I nodded.

"Well, that's that," I managed to say. "Try to get that big one. When the shark is hooked," I told Kay, "the line spins out pretty fast, so be careful not to get too close to it."

"Does he catch it just with that clothesline and his hands? No rod?"

"Yes. It's quicker." The bonito splashed into the water.

"Look, he's taking it!" she said, bending far over the stern.

"Better stand back. It's—"

THE line jerked, whipped up from the spinning ball as the shark felt the hook, and swirled. Kay didn't scream, but when the loop caught on her arm, skinning it all the way down as it tightened at her wrist and jerked her overboard, the look of quiet terror on her face turned my heart to a twisted piece of cold lead. I grabbed the bait-trimming knife, which was mercifully almost under my hand, and as I dove remembered to thank God it was razor-sharp. The salt water stung my eyes. I groped above me for the racing line, caught it, and hung on. I couldn't see the other sharks. The rushing water clawed at the knife, making it hard for me to keep the blade in one spot. The line parted and I kicked to the surface, gasping. If only the loop would unravel now, with the pressure off. . . . To my left, something floated slowly to the top. It was there for only a moment. Remotely, as I buried my face in the water and struck out, I knew that Matua would get there first with the boat.

He had her on board when I got there. We laid her first over the gunwale, trying to get out as much water as we could, and then, while he hooked up the engines and headed for the pass at full speed, I went to work on the floor of the cockpit with artificial respiration. I had to keep telling myself to pump slowly, for I was frightened almost out of my mind and babbling things, whether to Kay or Matua or myself I didn't know.

When we reached the pass she was stirring a little and breathing more regularly. I continued, afraid to stop, although in another minute she was definitely conscious and whimpering. Half-formed little sounds that tore you up. I picked her up and held her in my arms, trying to get her to talk. Finally I made out a word that sounded like "thirsty" and the relief was so intense I began to tremble.

When I looked up, Matua had tied up the bow and was running back toward us.

"Run up and tell Ah Kee to make some coffee," I said. "I'll carry her in."

I picked her up and stepped out of the boat. "Feel better, darling?"

"A little," she said weakly. She was holding on tight and her eyes were closed. "I'm so thirsty," she murmured.

"We'll have some coffee in a second."

She nodded her head slightly and then I carried her up to the house, trying not to joggle her too much.

AH KEE had the coffee ready by the time we had finished bandaging her arm. I held the cup for her. It was so hot that she could take only tiny sips, but it revived her. She sat up a little straighter and looked at me. "What happened, Steve?"

I told her. "Don't you remember?" I asked when I finished.

"Not much," she said. "Only trying to get my breath, and the strain on my arm."

"Thank God, it was just a loop and that the other sharks were scared off. Do you think you could sleep for a while?"

"I think so. I feel so weak."

When she awoke two hours later she was feeling much better and wanted to hear the details again. I repeated them.

"And you didn't leave anything out?" she asked finally.

"Nothing that I can think of. Why?"

"I just wondered," she said. "When I was coming to, I had the queerest dream. I—I thought I heard you say, 'Don't die, my darling, my adorable—'"

"Sort of like a nightmare, I suppose," I interrupted.

"No, not exactly." Something in her voice made me look at her sharply. "It was—heavenly," she said faintly. To my complete astonishment, tears began gathering in her eyes.

"Kay!" I said. "Do you mean that?"

"Of c-course, you idiot. I didn't come to Tahiti to write a book."

I stared at her stupidly.

"And why do you think I ran around with that f-fool Todd if it wasn't to make you notice me? And when you didn't, I was lost. I was even jealous of Helen."

She didn't have to say anything more—not just then, at any rate. It was like the closing minutes of a third act, all doubts dissolved, all questions answered. Everything, in fact, seemed of a familiar pattern except the kiss. That was fresh and new and ineffably wonderful. But it wasn't quite perfect. It was interrupted by the curtain speech; Ah Kee's hesitant, half-apologetic voice tinkling from somewhere off-stage, not so much asking a question as confirming a fact: "Dinnay f'two, yes?"

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Respectable Eddie

(Continued from page 35)

the innocent expression of an outdoorsman. Perhaps that is why he often wore overalls and a big straw hat when he swung into a bank on a swift foray which netted thousands of dollars. If he had possessed the usual bandit's love of publicity he might have been known as the "King of Bank Robbers." But Eddie Bentz preferred peace and quiet, his books and his art and his good companions.

"You see," he mused, "I figure that being nice to decent people helps a lot in keeping clear of the law. Why, lots of times people I've known—nice people—have warned me that the police had been around asking questions. They figured that a nice, quiet fellow like me couldn't possibly be mixed up in anything crooked."

Burglary became Bentz's occupation after he had escaped from the Washington State Training School, and as a burglar he was sent to a reformatory, then to a state penitentiary.

But he tired of burglary. Besides, he had met daring criminals, and while he studied the books he had come to love in his first penitentiary sentence, he also studied criminality.

"I decided to become a bank robber," he told us. "They're the aristocracy of the criminal profession."

AT FIRST he worked through the Middle West with old-timers, robbing in the nighttime, learning all his comrades knew about the "souping," or dynamiting, of safes and vaults. But times changed. The automobile came into general use, and the getaway became more difficult, the pursuit more rapid. The construction of safes was improved. So Eddie Bentz changed his methods. He became the associate of Eddie Doll and James Ripley, a criminal pair known as the Gold Dust Twins, who had invented the getaway chart and perfected present methods of daylight bank robbery. Then he improved upon their ideas.

The Gold Dust Twins had hired a "finger man" in every town, someone either connected with the bank or aware of its operations, so that the robbers might have a knowledge of cash and bonds on hand. This was a weak point in their system—a finger man, unused to crime, might, upon arrest, name his confederates. Bentz found a way to obviate this danger. He was able to get, by himself, a perfect picture of the bank's resources.

"Books are what did it," Bentz explained to special agents. "A lot of those mugs had never been in a public library. It pays to be educated."

Bentz would go to the public library and get out the files of the local newspapers. There he would look up the advertisements of the bank in which he was interested, and study its assets and liabilities. He would note the cash on hand, the cash due from other banks, the amount owed the Federal Reserve, and the bond inventory. From his study of banks and banking, he could read a statement as expertly as any financier. With this knowledge, he was able to determine how much loot awaited him.

Immediately his standing among bank robbers skyrocketed. Every big gang wanted him for its adviser. Then he took another unusual step. He offered robbers who worked with him in holdups a major part of the cash if they would give him the bonds and other securities, which they usually threw away or burned. Bentz's excursions into respectability had taught him that there were attorneys who would buy bonds without question, here and there an insurance man who would suborn a felony by buying back stolen property in order to keep the losses low in his district, and sometimes a defalcating banker who wanted stolen property with which to cover his own peculations when the examiner came around.

In this way, Bentz's share of the loot often proved to be worth a hundred times as much as that of his companions who were so eager for cash.

THUS Edward Wilhiem Bentz took on a position of great importance in the underworld. And while his friends and associates—from Al Capone to Harvey Bailey—were captured, one by one, by federal forces, Eddie Bentz remained free. He had made a study of the federal laws as divorced from state statutes, and strove earnestly to commit only those crimes which fell within state jurisdiction—where state lines often allow a wily criminal to laugh at pursuing officers.

"We men who drive a lot hafta keep in with th' cops"

George H. Mabie

To this end, Bentz quietly severed connections with anyone who broke federal laws. For that matter, he was clever enough to remain only a short length of time with any gang. After all, he was a leader, who could choose his men. When money ran short he merely looked over the list of banks he had studied for possible robbery, checked the getaway charts which he had made on nice days when it was a pleasure to drive in the country, then sent for his men. There were a dozen hangouts in America where he could find any of fifty expert bank robbers.

BENTZ worked on the principle that public memory is short, and that if a security is hidden away for five or ten years it becomes safe again. It is his boast that throughout America, in at least a hundred places, he possesses $1,000,000 worth of buried bonds awaiting a time when they can be "cool" enough to place on the market. The Federal Bureau of Investigation will work assiduously to find them.

After the robbery the rest of the gang might drink and carouse. Eddie Bentz returned to quiet, respectable surroundings. He liked to live in the best hotels and apartment houses, or, fulfilling some strange yearning for family existence, take a room in some respectable home, where the family was awed by his knowledge of literature and travel. His collection of motion pictures pleased children and his generosity made them love him.

There was never a suspicion that he was anything but a man of substance. Wherever Bentz went he carried five trunks, with his best-loved books, some of his favorite old coins—and, deep underneath, his four revolvers, his steel, bulletproof vest, and sometimes a machine gun. However, there is no record at present that Bentz used these weapons for other than intimidation. He sneered at the bank robber with an itching trigger finger.

When he lived in hotels and apartment houses he liked to know the owners personally—under an alias, himself, of course. There was a reason. If officers should query the owner about any suspicious persons in his building Eddie knew that his pleasant acquaintanceship with the owner would automatically cause him to be eliminated from a list of suspects.

As for the police: One day, in Illinois, a swiftly driven car sped by the covert where a motorcycle policeman lay in wait for speeders. Instantly there was pursuit.

"Where's the fire?" the policeman asked sarcastically, when he caught up with the driver. The man he faced was unusually apologetic, a big, ruddy-featured man, attired in chauffeur's uniform.

"I'm terribly sorry. But my employer, Dr. Mason, has just received an emergency call and—"

The explanation was convincing. And presently the car whizzed away. Back at headquarters, when the license was checked, it was found that it bore a false name and fictitious address. Eddie Bentz had escaped again. Incidentally, he always included a chauffeur's uniform in his wardrobe, for just such emergencies.

His criminal activities usually brought

Bentz into the Christmas season with annual savings of $50,000. By this time the back roads used by bank robbers at work were choked with snow or filled with ruts. So Edward Wilhiem Bentz would forego robbery and turn to the resorts. His record shows that he visited Miami as a gentleman sportsman, that he played the races at Agua Caliente, that he took the baths at Hot Springs, or played golf at the Southern resorts. He shot a good game, in the low eighties, and played at some of the most exclusive clubs in America.

Queerly enough, Eddie Bentz sent himself to prison. He set the trap for himself on the day that he married.

With all his cleverness, Bentz possessed one characteristic in common with most criminals: He could not endure life without a moll. For years one woman remained faithful to him in jail and out, only to be tossed aside when he found the person he really wanted. This was a seventeen-year-old girl called Verna, who had run away from her home in South Milwaukee, Wis. Eddie met her in Chicago, took her to cafés and night clubs, bought her expensive clothes, and told her of his past. It thrilled her to know a real bank robber, who carried guns and a steel vest. With a certain degree of honor Eddie insisted that she should realize the dangers of his calling. Verna looked upon his story only with the eyes of youth. Eddie wanted her to be his wife, and she thought it highly exciting to be the wife of a bank robber. So they were married.

At first, it was all great fun—big hotels, theaters, night clubs, and wine and dancing. Verna toured the shops, her pocketbook stuffed with stolen money, while her husband fatuously granted her slightest desire. Thus, when she decided that she wanted a home, he acquiesced.

This purchase was made with the utmost canniness. Carefully Bentz studied the map of the United States.

There was one place where he was not known—where he had committed no crimes and associated with no criminals. That was New England. So a big, farmerish-looking man moved into Portland, Me., with his young wife, Verna, occupied an expensive home in a good residential district, and went into business. Edward Wilhiem Bentz, under the alias of Frederic Wendell, became president and general sales manager of the Ultra Products Company. An important part of the company's business was the distribution of small metal horses, elephants, dogs, and toy soldiers, such as are sold to school children in small stores.

TO FURTHER business, Bentz took to the road, depending upon his persuasiveness to place the goods in the hands of jobbers and wholesalers. However, as he drove from town to town, thoughts of other, and more exciting, days were heavy upon him. Often the bank on the corner held his attention more completely than the job of selling toys. There was one which interested him greatly—the Caledonia National Bank at Danville, Vt.

However, a trip to the public library showed him that he could not hope for much more than $20,000 in cash and negotiable bonds. So onward went Eddie Bentz, peddling his toy horses and dogs and elephants and leaden soldiers. But the market was not active. Bentz became nervous, morose. At last, he confessed to Verna, "Things aren't going right. I don't seem to be able to push this merchandise. Either I get out and raise some new capital or the Ultra Products Company goes broke."

The "new capital" rested in the vaults of the Caledonia National Bank. One morning shortly afterward, three men sauntered into the institution, quietly took their positions, then leaped into action with flashing guns. A few minutes later the town buzzed with the report of a $23,000 bank robbery of which $8,500 was in cash and bonds.

When Eddie Bentz, after a short time of hiding, returned to Portland, all thought of continuing the Ultra Products Company was gone. The newspapers had carried a few lines which brought him terror. After more than a quarter of a century of wariness his caution had relaxed. He had missed the fact that Congress had given to the Federal Bureau of Investigation the task of apprehending those who robbed a national bank or other depository of federal funds. Thus Eddie Bentz found himself in the position which he had sworn to avoid. By robbing the Danville bank, he had violated a federal statute. The men of the F. B. I. were on his trail.

DESERTING their new home, Eddie Bentz and his wife hurried to Albany, N. Y., where some other outlaws were in hiding. The cash proceeds of the Caledonia robbery had been small for Bentz; the greater part had gone to his comrades. Now, pressed for money, he found himself in an unusual role—that of asking old pals to take him in on a robbery. Their answer was the cold-blooded one of the underworld when self-protection is paramount:

"Get away from us! You've got federal heat on you! Look at that!"

"That" was a picture of Bentz published in a Boston newspaper. Special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation had studied carefully the methods and descriptions of the robbers of the Caledonia bank. They had noted that one of the criminals was big and farmerish of appearance. Then they had gone to what is known as the single fingerprint file of the Identification Division of the Bureau, where are gathered the fingerprints and photographs of 12,500 of the nation's criminals. They had taken the photographs of all "big, farmerish-looking fellows" from the files and laid them before the employees of the bank. From this array the victims had unerringly picked the picture of Eddie Bentz.

Now the long chase began. Bentz had made as much of a study of the Bureau as the Bureau had made of him. Again he checked over possible havens. New York was big, and he was unknown there, even to the underworld. To New York he went with Verna.

He forewent his theaters. He dropped his golf. He ceased to haunt book shops and museums and public libraries. He and his wife moved at least twice a month, leaving behind no forwarding address.

It was a new and harrowing life for Verna, now twenty-two. She loved life and sparkle and excitement. After all, she had married Eddie Bentz for just that. Skulking concealment was something she had never considered.

"I'm going home, Eddie," she said.

The separation was agreed upon. Verna,

with the brown Pekingese dog which had accompanied this pair through their days of prosperity, went home to South Milwaukee. Special agents had been waiting many months to sight that dog.

The agents followed the girl about her home town, hoping she might lead them to Bentz. Then they noted that she was evidently back to stay. They asked Verna to come in for questioning.

She would not tell where Eddie Bentz was hiding. The questioning went on and on, quietly, often pleasantly. At last Verna made a slip of the tongue which she deemed unimportant. She mentioned the place in New York where she had stayed with her husband in a furnished apartment. To her it meant little. Eddie had lived in another neighborhood later and, beyond this, he never left a forwarding address.

But Eddie Bentz had also made a slip. With his usual eagerness to win the good will of respectable people, he had lent money to the landlady of this particular apartment house. Then, in desperation, almost penniless, he had found a hide-out with a burglar in Brooklyn. The burglar needed some furniture. Bentz had returned to the landlady in New York and bargained with her for the furnishings of his vacated apartment in lieu of the money she owed him. Special agents found the truck driver who had carted that furniture. He led them to the hide-out in Brooklyn.

Thus Eddie Bentz awoke one morning in a squalid building to hear voices outside his hide-out. The burglar stood white-faced in the middle of the room. Eddie Bentz read his silently moving lips:

"The Federals!"

Again came a command from the hall beyond:

"Open that door! We're federal officers!"

There was no answer.

"Open that door or we'll force our way in!"

Then glass tinkled as a tear gas grenade crashed through and broke. Eddie Bentz looked wildly about him. At one side of the room was a dumbwaiter, the shaft leading to an empty apartment above. He rushed for this, his giant arms and thick-muscled legs lifting him higher and higher within it—

There, in the rooms above, the special agents found him and ordered him forth, hands in the air. Silently Eddie Bentz obeyed. Then, a lifetime done—Eddie Bentz should be very old when he leaves prison—he faced the inevitable.

"I hope they send me to Alcatraz Prison," he said slowly. A special agent seemed surprised. After all, Alcatraz was designed as a place for criminals to fear. Eddie Bentz smiled slightly. "All my friends are there," he added.

More secrets of the G-men will be told by their chief, J. Edgar Hoover, in an early issue.

YOUTH takes the wheel

(*Continued from page 31*)

Committee has a smaller number, and there are scattered organizations having no party affiliation or leaning toward Socialism or Communism.

The point is that nobody knows exactly how all of these young people are going to vote. Assuming that President Roosevelt is to be the Democratic candidate, there is no guarantee that the members of the 3,300 Young Democratic Clubs are going to vote for him; or that the members of the Young Republican Division will vote for the Republican candidate. The Young Democrats may favor a conservative Republican candidate—if one is named. The Young Republicans may dislike their candidate and swing to the New Deal.

The older branches of the Republican and Democratic Parties are making drives to keep the youngsters in line. They realize that youth will determine the result of the election, and because of their efforts, and the efforts of the youngsters themselves, the march to the polls in November will be the heaviest in history, with youth leading the way and settling the issue.

The determination of this new youth to safeguard its future is stirring millions of other people, but slightly older, who could have participated in the last campaign but did not become sufficiently aroused to register and vote. That interest, together with the unique issues exposing what politicians describe as "the pocketbook nerve," is moving still more millions, who, in past elections, have been too busy or indolent to bother about citizenship duties. So a voting bonanza is in prospect.

The number of people who can vote this year is nothing short of astounding. The population, 21 years old and over, as of April 1, 1936, is officially estimated at 79,660,000. Of course, some millions are unnaturalized aliens, illiterates, or inmates of institutions. Nevertheless, after all deductions are made, there are 65,363,990 competent to vote.

Some 55,000,000 will register. Even if the customary 15 per cent of the registered voters should again fail to go to the polls, 46,750,000 would still participate. Thus there will be a marked increase over the previous record established in 1932, when the rank and file of the people, then on the warpath for a "change," made the total 39,816,522. And the increase will be due principally to the insistence of youth that it have its say.

Both dominant parties will battle as never before to "get out the vote." They are already finding the voters receptive.

YOUTH, idealistic and hopeful, is going to learn a lot about practical politics while all this campaigning and electioneering is going on. Oratory will burst in floods from radios, the rear platforms of special trains, trucks with banners and torchlights, and people who will ring your doorbell and invite themselves in for an hour's visit. But, for all that free information, youth is apt to be left ignorant of the really important secret in voting, the paradox of the Electoral College, the strange American system which makes it possible for a man to be elected president by the people in popular vote and lose out in the Electoral College, or vice versa. It is this possibility which youth must foresee and meet squarely if it is to decide the election.

For instance, let's say that the Republican presidential nominee sweeps the populous Eastern states, rolling up great popular majorities against President Roosevelt. (At this writing, no one doubts that he will be the Democratic candidate.) Yet the President carries the less populous states throughout the South and in the West by slim popular majorities. He loses the electoral votes of the Eastern states because of the landslide there against him, but the total of the electoral votes of the Southern and Western states that he carries gives him the majority in the Electoral College, even though his Republican opponent wins the majority of the popular votes of the country as a whole.

The latest comparable instance of this kind happened in 1912, when the Bull Moose movement split the Republican Party. Wilson received only a plurality of the popular votes cast, 6,286,214 to 7,609,942 divided between Taft and Theodore Roosevelt. Yet Wilson was given 435 electoral votes to only 88 for Roosevelt and a meager 8 for Taft.

Because of the electoral system, candidates give close attention to states having the largest number of electoral votes. Not infrequently just one of these states—say, New York—with 47 electoral votes, can determine the ultimate result. Of course, there are exceptions, as in 1916, when Hughes swept the East, the Empire State included, but was defeated because he lost the South and West, with California finally carrying Wilson over the majority mark.

Pressure will be exerted on 12 states to a greater extent this year than ever before. They are California, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin. They cast 25,958,146 popular votes in 1932, or 65 per cent of the total. Their popular vote this time will be nearer 30,000,000.

They have 264 electoral votes. This is 49.71 per cent of the total. If either major candidate could carry all of them, he would need only the electoral votes of any one of the 36 other states to assure his election.

Some states in the group will be subjected to extraordinary pressure. They are "pivotal." The division of strength be-

tween the two dominant parties is quite even in them. Either party can capture their electoral votes if it labors long and hard enough. Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana seem at the moment to be excellent examples.

Some smaller states will be equally pivotal and equally sought after. All the Middle West will be a battleground. That section has been Republican quite consistently. But Roosevelt swept it in 1932. It remained stanchly New Deal in the by-elections of 1934. Every Western state that the Republicans can capture now will be so much to the good, even though the electoral votes are relatively few. By the same token, every state the Democrats can retain will be just so much towards building the total they must have to win again. With agricultural relief a highly controversial issue, the votes cast in the plain states will set an all-time total.

CONDITIONS are different in the South. That section is stanchly Democratic. Nevertheless, the South will experience more campaigning this year than it has for many a political moon.

Real electioneering is done down South only in abnormal times. One of those times was 1928. Then the religious issue as well as the prohibition question caused an upset, with Hoover carrying Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, and Texas, not to mention the border states, which normally are more Democratic than Republican.

This is another abnormal year for the South, because of the reaction among some conservatives and some liberals against the New Deal. First, Huey Long started roughing President Roosevelt. With his passing, Governor Talmadge has resumed the process. The remnant of the Long machine still dominates Louisiana. Talmadge is very much in evidence in Georgia.

The Administration must awaken its supporters and stir party loyalty. That is why the President made an address in Atlanta a few months ago. His appearance there and the demonstration then staged for him were a part of the mechanics employed to get out the vote.

Vote totals in all sections other than the South are built not only by the presidential campaign but by the other elections that are held simultaneously. For example, a new Congress will be elected. Democrats will strive to maintain their majorities in both branches. The Republicans will attempt to reduce the Democratic strength.

The minority entertains hope now for the first time since the 1932 debacle. But the majority will offer stiff resistance. Both parties will have senatorial and congressional campaign committees, with such subdivisions as speakers' bureaus, publicity sections, and registration divisions.

Figures tell this story better than words. The Roosevelt sweep of four years ago and the New Deal hurricane of 1934 have given the Administration a three-to-one membership majority in each branch. But the votes cast in the Congressional districts were ever so much closer than the Democratic domination of Congress indicates.

Take the House, which has 435 members. Republicans can concede only 148 districts to their opponents. With signs pointing toward waning sentiment in favor of the New Deal, the minority insists that 104 districts are surely Republican and that they have from a good to an excellent chance in 86 more districts and a fair to a fighting chance in 47 others.

There will be hard-fought contests throughout these districts. Some will come close to polling a 100 per cent registration. Thirteen went Democratic two years ago by pluralities of less than 1,000 votes each. A shift of 500 votes this time would throw them Republican. In some 80 other districts less than 2,500 votes separate the two parties.

Governorship contests will add to the total votes cast. A good gubernatorial squabble often brings out as many votes as a hot presidential battle does.

The G. O. P. has taken an awful walloping in state contests in the last two elections. Only 9 of the 48 states have Republican governors today. The minority party intends to reclaim various states now Democratic, by organizing the states and getting new voters to the polls.

The vote will be larger, too, wherever a real battle occurs for seats in state legislatures and county offices.

Other methods will be used to reduce the normal stay-at-home vote percentage. The Democratic National Committee employed one in selecting Philadelphia as the Democratic convention city. Philadelphia was chosen, not because it has better accommodations and is more centrally located than any other municipality, but rather to build Democratic sentiment and to get out Democrats who ordinarily would not bother to vote, because the state is dominantly Republican. If the expedient should work, Pennsylvania's 36 electoral votes would offset the loss of half a dozen small Western states, if they should be lost.

AT THIS writing it appears likely that the Republican National Convention will employ a somewhat similar expedient. I mean that it will almost certainly make a Westerner its standard bearer. It is not that men in the West are more able than men in the East this year. Rather it is that the party must carry goodly portions of the West if it is to regain control of the government. A Westerner is more likely to get out the western Republican vote and attract people who have wandered into Democratic pastures than an Easterner.

But the outstanding considerations that will make for record voting are the importance of the issues involved and the fact that these issues cut directly across party lines. There will be less apathy than in any election since Bryan came orating out of the West. The people are emphatically for the New Deal or emphatically against it. They will demonstrate their aroused convictions by voting.

Some who have been Republicans all of their lives will vote Democratic; and some who have never thought of marking anything but a straight Democratic ticket will cast their ballots for the Republican candidate. This rending of party ties makes for uncertainty. It causes every individual to feel that for once he or she must act.

That is where youth comes in. The electoral system may, through chance, offset the great flood of young votes, but this is unlikely. Youth, if it becomes aware of the electoral system and if it rallies its banners and remains true to them, cannot be defeated. The next president will carry the standard of the young.

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The HOUSE Detective

EVERY month Mr. Whitman, household sleuth and author of the book, *First Aid for the Ailing House*, solves new mysteries brought to him by puzzled homeowners. If there's anything wrong at your house, write him in care of this magazine, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Mr. Whitman will be glad to give you his advice. He cannot, however, undertake to answer legal or financial questions.

Here are a few of the helpful solutions he has given to homeowners' problems:

QUESTION: What is the best way to remove all the old paint on an automobile?—B. M., West Chicago, Ill.

Answer: Ordinary automobile finishes can be taken off with a strong solution of washing soda—say, three pounds to a gallon of water. Some of the special lacquer finishes will resist this treatment, and can be softened only with a solvent called amyl acetate.

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TO CLEAN oil and grease stains from concrete garage floors, scrub with trisodium phosphate or scouring powder, following with plenty of water. Kerosene will soften hard masses of oil-soaked dirt, and scrubbing with kerosene will take out much of the stain that remains. Gasoline should not be used, for it is likely to be set on fire by the friction of scrubbing.

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QUESTION: How can I test to see if the foundations of my house are being eaten by termites?—Mrs. P. L., Rome, Ga.

Answer: You should first examine the wood sill resting on top of the masonry foundations. Jab it with an ice pick. If this shows the wood to be soft, you can suspect termite damage. For information on the control of termites, write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., or your state Department of Agriculture.

TREE roots, seeking water, will penetrate open joints of a sewer pipe, and clog the pipe. Clearing them out gives only temporary relief, for new roots will follow the same path as the old. The only permanent remedy is to re-lay the pipe with tight joints.

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QUESTION: Can you give me a formula for wallpaper paste?—Miss F. P., Salem, Iowa.

Answer: Add 2 tablespoonfuls of powdered alum to 3½ lbs. of good wheat flour. Stir in enough lukewarm water to give the mixture the consistency of sirup, and make sure there are no lumps in it. Then add slowly, stirring well, a gallon of boiling water. Continue adding this water until the color changes and the mixture thickens. Float a half-pint of water over the paste before it cools to prevent the forming of a crust.

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IN summertime a house can be kept comfortably cool by setting up a circulation of air through it. A large, slow-speed fan, made for the purpose, is placed in the attic. Air is thus drawn in through open windows on the floors below and blown out through attic windows. All of the air in the house is changed several times an hour. In the evening the current of outside air dissipates the heat absorbed by the house during the day.

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QUESTION: I want to make a game-room of my cellar, but I find the cement floor remains dusty in spite of frequent cleanings. Is there any remedy for this?—Mrs. N. M., Fairview, Mass.

Answer: To lay the dust on your cellar floor, use zinc sulphate. It is inexpensive and can be bought at any paint store. Dissolve it in water—three pounds to the gallon. Then pour the mixture on the floor and distribute it with a broom so that the floor will be well soaked. Let it dry naturally.

By Roger B. Whitman

DARKISH stains that appear on paint in damp and shady places are usually mildew. Paint can be made resistant to mildew by the mixing-in of powdered calomel, ½ to 1 ounce to the gallon. Before repainting, mildew should be scraped off, and the traces washed with an alkaline cleaner.

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QUESTION: Is it possible to cover scratches in mahogany furniture without refinishing the whole piece? The scratches are just through the finish, not deep in the wood.—R. A., Bozeman, Mont.

Answer: You can hide the scratches by running varnish along them, using a camel's-hair brush. A thin coat should be sufficient.

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A SQUEAK in a stair usually starts with the lifting of the tread, or flat step, from the riser, which is the vertical board supporting its front edge. To take out the squeak, draw the tread down against the riser with nails or a screw, or drive the thin end of a shingle between them to take up the looseness.

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QUESTION: My window shades, which are quite old, are beginning to get dry and show signs of cracking. Aside from that, they are in good shape. Is there anything I can do to restore their toughness and prolong their life?—Mrs. L. V., Winter Haven, Fla.

Answer: You can renovate your shades with house paint of the color you wish, thinned with one quarter as much linseed oil. Stretch the shades flat for painting, and rub the paint into the fabric. Hang up to dry, and do not roll until the paint is thoroughly hard.

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TO avoid filling the meshes, when painting an insect screen, use carpeting instead of a brush. A strip of carpeting 2 inches or so wide and 8 or 10 inches long should be tacked to a piece of wood for a handle. The finish is then spread on the carpeting—very little is needed—and the tool is used like a scrubbing brush.

A DOG HAS His DAY

(*Continued from page 30*)

with a pang at his heart, wondered why it was that he didn't love her more dearly.

"Oh, how beautiful you are," his soul whispered to hers. But there was no reply, no reply at all. Only, the puppy turned its head slowly towards William and looked at him. Was there in its eyes, even from the very first moment, a certain contempt? Did its gaze wander to the incipient paunch, the bowed legs, and rise again to the round, rather pathetic face, in which the eyes, William's best feature, were hidden behind the thick, gleaming glasses?

AS THEY stood together in the cozy living-room, while the puppy wandered cautiously from table to chair, from chair to sofa, he was sure that Isabelle was above the puppy's social line, and that he—alas! —was below it. The puppy sat down.

"Look out!" William cried. "He had better be put in the garden."

Isabelle regarded him scornfully. "*This* puppy is intelligent. Helena tells the most amazing stories about it. It isn't, technically, house-trained, of course, but it is wonderfully mature for a puppy. Helena says it avoids all the really valuable rugs."

And the puppy did seem to be wonderfully sophisticated. Not that it wasn't a real puppy. It rushed about madly, it bit everything and everybody within sight, it went suddenly to sleep in your arms in the most adorable manner. In fact, it had everything that a puppy ought to have. The trouble was that it knew all about its charm. It was perfectly aware that when it lay on its side and grinned at you over its silken ear, it was entirely bewitching. And when it pretended to be angry, growling, showing its white little teeth and flashing its amber eyes, no one in the world could resist it. It was, in fact, because William did frequently resist it that the puppy showed the contempt which he had noticed on the very first occasion and which now was unmistakably there whenever he approached. Isabelle insisted that it should be called Roosevelt.

"Why?" asked William.

"Well, I think he's the most wonderful man in the world, and the puppy is the sweetest thing in the world."

"I don't think," said William sulkily, "that Roosevelt would like anyone to call him the sweetest thing in the world. He isn't at all that kind of man."

She looked at him reflectively. What had happened to him? Was it, perhaps, that she was only now really beginning to discover him? And if she discovered him a little further, how would it be then? Would she be able to endure it?

There is no doubt that after the arrival of the puppy they bickered a good deal. A happy marriage between two persons depends greatly on mutual charity, unless one of the two is so absolutely a sheep that he doesn't mind what is done to him. Isabelle was a woman who had charity for everyone and everybody, but it never worked unless Isabelle's pride was fed first. William, unfortunately, continued increasingly to look at her with that puzzled, bewildered expression which is so justly irritating to wives. And then the puppy confirmed her in her growing sense of injustice. People love dogs because they are so flattering. If you are unjust to your friend and feel a certain shame, your dog quickly restores your self-confidence. It encourages you to be kindly to itself and, when you respond, it loves you.

The puppy, Roosevelt, must have been born a courtier, its tact was perfectly astonishing. For instance, when it arrived in the bedroom in the morning and greeted the twin beds with little yelps of ecstatic pleasure, it almost at once discriminated between Isabelle's bed and William's. It went to William first, so that Isabelle, looking enchanting in her early-morning, sleepy bewilderment, was given the opportunity to say, "Isn't it coming to Mummy, then?" And Isabelle's little smile of gratified pleasure when it rushed over to her, as though William never existed, was something enchanting to witness.

When guests were present, as they often were, how Roosevelt was adored. And how, then, he made it appear that it was really because of Isabelle that he seemed so charming. He bit delicately at a lady's dress, or chewed playfully at the corner of a handsome purse, with a side glance at Isabelle, as though he were saying to the ladies, "It's because I love her so. It's because I'm so wonderfully happy with her that I'm behaving like this."

WILLIAM had never greatly cared for Isabelle's lady friends and generally avoided occasions when they would be present. That was one of Isabelle's complaints. But now he simply could not bear to be there. Isabelle's patronage of him was one thing, but Isabelle and Roosevelt together were more than any man could endure. And so they had a quarrel.

"You're behaving ridiculously about that dog."

"Ridiculously?" That was something Isabelle would never forgive. "You've hated it," she asserted, "ever since its arrival. And why? Shall I tell you?"

"Please do," said William, stony-faced.

"Because it prefers me to you."

"Oh, darn the dog!" said William.

Yes. That kind of cruelty and jealousy Isabelle could never forgive. . . .

Meanwhile, the bulldog made frequent appearances, but never when Isabelle was about. Greatly though William disliked it, he began, very reluctantly, to be interested in its personality. It wanted so terribly to be loved, and it was a certainty nobody loved it. Building was in process near by. And William, after he shaved in the morning, looking out of the window, would watch its approach to the different workmen, wiggling its body and leaping heavily up and down, and all the workmen repulsed it. They were good, kindly men, no doubt, as most workmen are, but they felt about it as William did—that it was too ugly to be born. He christened it "Ugly" and, as soon as he had given it a name, it seemed to have at once a closer relationship with him.

"Get away, Ugly, you beastly dog!" he would say. And the dog would be apparently in an ecstacy of enjoyment at being called anything at all. Once, while William, in a fit of abstraction, sat there wondering why it was that he was so lonely, wondering why everything was going wrong with Isabelle and what it was that she really lacked, Ugly came close to him and, not knowing what he did, he tickled it behind the ear. The dog did not move. Like a lover who, after months of waiting, is at last momentarily caressed, he dared not breathe lest the spell be broken.

As soon as William realized what he had done, he moved away with an irritated murmur. The dog did not follow him, but stayed there, stretched out, looking at him. How unpleasant is this naked sentimentality in this modern, realistic world! And yet William was sentimental, too. Someone loved him and, although he detested the dog, he was not quite so lonely.

IT HAPPENED, of course, that Roosevelt and Ugly had various encounters. Ugly would come across the path into the garden and, finding Roosevelt there, hoped that they might have a game. But Roosevelt, young as he was, played only with his social equals. He did not snarl at Ugly. He did nothing mean nor common. He allowed Ugly supplicatingly to sniff him, to walk around him, even to cavort and prance a little, and then very quietly he strolled indoors. And then Isabelle realized that Ugly existed.

"William, do look at that hideous dog! What's it doing here? Get away, you horrible animal!" And Ugly went.

William found himself, to his own surprise, defending Ugly. "He isn't so bad," he said. "Not much to look at, of course, but rather a decent dog."

"Oh, you would!" said Isabelle. "It only needs for the most hideous animal I've seen in my life to come your way for you to praise it. Really, William, I don't know what's happening to you."

William said very gently, "I don't know what's happened, either."

He made then, almost as though it were under Ugly's instructions, a serious attempt to make Isabelle love him again. He was very patient, thoughtful, generous. A few people in the world knew that William Thrush had an extraordinary amount of charm, even a kind of penetrating wit when he liked. But William's charm was unconscious. It failed him when he tried to summon it. And now, the more he tried,

the more irritating to her he became. She was quite fair in her judgment of him. No really strong-minded person likes those who crawl. Nor do they like a defiant independence, either. The breach grew wider, and Isabelle confessed to her closer friends that she didn't know whether she could stand it much longer.

Then, as nothing ever stays where it is, but always advances to its appointed climax, the catastrophe occurred.

ONE of the troubles between William and Isabelle had always been that William liked to read and Isabelle did not. William liked long, long novels, preferably about family life; novels that went on and on forever and ever, in which you could be completely lost. Isabelle, on the other hand, could not bear to read. She looked at the social column of the daily paper and sometimes a film magazine or a fashion monthly, but for the most part, as she said, she "adored to read but just didn't have the time to open a book."

On this particular day William was deep in a novel by one of those novelists who have so many characters in their family that they have to have a genealogical table at the end of the book. To this same table he would often refer, with a pleasing sense that he was staying in the most delightful house with an enormous family of cousins.

The door leading onto the porch was open and the afternoon sun poured bountifully in. He was aware then that something had occurred. There had been no sound, no movement, but, looking up, he beheld a very horrible sight. Ugly was advancing towards him and one of his eyes, a blood-red ball, was nearly torn from his head. The dog made no sound whatever. He simply came towards William, only once and again lifting a paw feebly as though he were absurdly puzzled as to what had happened to him. When he got near to William he crouched down and, still without a sound, looked up into his face.

William's first feeling was of nausea. He hated the sight of blood. Then almost at once he was overwhelmed with pity. He'd never in his life before been so sorry for anything. Something in the distressed, trusting patience of the dog won his heart completely and forever. That the animal should be so silent, making no complaint, seemed to him, himself, as he ought to be. That was how he'd wish to behave had such a horrible thing happened to him; how, he was sure, he would *not* behave.

He said nothing, but arose from his chair and was about to take the dog in his arms and hasten at once with it to the nearest dog hospital, when Isabelle entered and Roosevelt scampered out from a room near by. She was smiling and happy. She greeted the cocker puppy with little cries of baby joy: "Oh, the darling! The ickle, ickle darling! Wasn't he an angel to come and see his mummy?" And then she saw the other dog. Ugly had turned his head and was looking at her. She screamed. She put her hands in front of her face.

"Oh, William, how horrible! How frightful! It must be killed at once!"

William got up, took the heavy, bleeding dog in his arms, and, without a word, passed her and went out. The dog lay in his arms, made no movement, and uttered no sound. William was exceedingly tender with it. He went into the garage, laid the dog on the old rug, got out his car, picked up the dog again, got into the car with him, and drove off to the dog hospital.

Here he talked to a very kindly plump little man and discussed whether Ugly should be destroyed or not. When the little man took Ugly in his arms to examine him, the dog very slowly turned its head and with its one eye looked at William, as much as to say, "If you think this is the right thing for me to do, I'll suffer it." William even nodded his head to the dog, and a silent understanding seemed to pass between them.

"It seems to have no damage anywhere else," the doctor said. "It was done, of course, by another dog. They do that. They just take hold of one place and don't let go again. Poor old fellow!" The dog doctor caressed him. "Not very handsome, anyway, is he?"

"Oh, I don't know," said William. "He's got a kind of character about him, I think."

"Is he your dog?" asked the doctor.

"No. I don't think he belongs to anybody, but he comes to our garden sometimes. I've grown interested in him."

"Well, I can tell you this," the doctor said. "I guess he'll be all right. We can sew it up so you'll hardly notice it. He won't exactly be a beauty, you know."

"Yes, I know," said William, who wasn't a beauty, either. He went home.

For some reason or another Isabelle had been greatly excited by the incident. She sat there and gave William a terrific lecture, the total of which was that for ever so long now he'd been letting himself go. He was becoming soppy, almost a sissy, in fact.

"A sissy?" said William indignantly.

"Oh, well, you know what I mean. You're getting dreadfully sentimental. You always had a tendency that way, but lately it's been terrible. All my friends notice it."

I don't know why it is, but there is almost nothing so irritating in the world as to be told by someone that one's friends have been silently, mysteriously observing one, to one's disadvantage. William, for the first time in their married life, lost all control of himself. He stood up and raved. He said that it didn't matter whether he was getting sentimental or not, but anyway, perhaps sentiment wasn't a bad thing. What really mattered was that Isabelle was selfish, cold, and unkind, that she hadn't any idea of the horrible woman she was becoming.

ISABELLE suitably replied. In fact, they both thoroughly lost their tempers. And while this was going on Roosevelt sat in Isabelle's lap making little playful bites at Isabelle's dress and beautiful fingers. While he sat there he looked at William with a really terrible sarcasm in his soft, amber eyes, sarcasm and scorn.

"I tell you what," William cried in a last frenzy, "I hate that dog! Puppies ought to be nice, gentle, loving creatures. Look at him! He's hard as iron and the most horrid snob."

So then Isabelle burst into tears, went to her room, and locked her door. There followed days of constrained silence, and after that William went down to the dog hospital, saw Ugly with a bandage over one eye, reminding him of an old colored woman they'd once had who was beaten so often by her husband at night that the

mornings when she didn't arrive with a bandage over her eye was a lucky one for them all.

"He's a patient dog, I must say," the doctor remarked. "Never a whine. Seems fond of you, too."

William was surprised at the pleasure that he felt at the tribute. The day came when Ugly's eye was gone, the empty space sewed up, and his whole air rather that of a drunken soldier who had been in the wars. What was to be done with him? William, realizing that the crisis of his life was upon him, decided that Isabelle had her Roosevelt, he should have his Ugly. He went home and told her so.

THIS was at breakfast. She said no word, and he left for his work in the city. When he returned in the late afternoon there was a strange silence about the house. He had been thinking, and had decided that in some way or another this awful trouble with Isabelle must be stopped. After all, surely he loved her. Or, if he didn't, they were at least man and wife. How miserable he would be without her.

Would he? At that appalling wonder, his whole soul shook. So he returned home with every intention of making everything all right again, although how he was to do that he didn't in the least know.

Ugly greeted him, coming in from the garden, rolling his body about, baring his teeth, showing an ecstacy of pleasure. But Isabelle was not there, nor Roosevelt.

On his writing table lay the note so essential to all dramatists and novelists who have learnt their job. What it said was that Isabelle had gone to her mother in Santa Barbara and would remain there. She wished that William would give her a divorce. She had been seeing for a long time now how impossible things were. She had taken Roosevelt with her.

William read the note and felt a dreadful shame and despair. His impulse was to depart at once for Santa Barbara. And so he would have done if it had not been for Ugly. He could not leave him just then. The dog was new to the house, and the maid had no especial affection for him. In a day or two he would go.

But he did not. The days passed, and he did not. A quite terrible thing happened to him. He found that he liked the house better without Isabelle than with her. He found that he adored his freedom. Having liberty of action and thought showed him what all these years he'd been missing. He discovered a number of other things. He took long walks up the canyon with Ugly. He talked to the dog, and it seemed to him that the dog answered him. Strangest of all, he was less lonely than he had been when Isabelle was there. He felt that he was on the verge of making a tremendous discovery. He was about, in thought, to discover the answer to what had been lacking in Isabelle for him. He was about to find out for himself what was the real meaning of life. It was as though for years there had been a padlock on his mind. Someone, something, had all this time inhibited his thought.

A letter came from Isabelle, and he made his discovery. In her letter she said she was now ready to return. Santa Barbara wasn't half the place it had once been, and her mother was in many ways unsympathetic. And that she missed her dear old William. As he wrote his reply to her letter, he solved his problem. He wrote:

Dear Isabelle:

I don't want you to come back. This sounds very unkind and rude on my part, but I've done a lot of thinking in the last few weeks, and I know that I must be honest.

For a long while I've been wondering what it was that was wrong between us. I admire you so much. You are far finer than I. You had been so good and so kind for so long, that it seems absurd to say that you are lacking in anything.

But you are. You have no heart. That sounds like a thing you read in a novel, but I mean it just like that. I don't think you're any the worse for not having one—it is only that I have suddenly discovered that that is the one real difference between human beings. Either you have a heart or you haven't one. What I mean is, either the heart is the part of your body that functions more than any other or not.

This is the one insuperable difference between people. Not whether you're a Fascist or Communist, American or French, teetotaler or drunkard, clever or stupid. All those things can be got over quite easily. I'm not saying, either, that the people with hearts are preferable to those without. I think it is possibly just the opposite. The people with hearts are nearly always too sentimental, too emotional, prevent the work of the world being done, get in the way of real thinkers.

The people without hearts are, as the world is now going, the ones we really want. But the difference is there. I can't help feeling emotionally about things. You can't help the opposite. But we mustn't live together any more. This is a difference that nothing can get over.

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM THRUSH

PS. There is the same difference between Roosevelt and Ugly.

WHEN he had posted the letter and was walking in a last cool flash of sunshine up the canyon, Ugly ambling along beside him, he thought that possibly no one had ever written so silly a letter. And yet he had this sense that he had made this marvelous discovery. He had, of course, only found out through personal experience one of the tritest of the little platitudes, but it seemed to him to change everything. He looked at all his friends, male and female, and saw the dividing line with absolute clearness.

Ugly, whose vision, of course, was now sadly dimmed, saw a golden leaf, one of the first signs of autumn, twirling through the air. He leaped rather foolishly, ran a little way, and looked back at William. William smiled encouragement. Then he turned back home, Ugly delightedly following.

***HUGH WALPOLE** will bring another equally human story to the readers of The American Magazine in a forthcoming issue.*

THE STOLEN God

(Continued from page 58)

leopard, the guide led him through the garden, weaving around obstacles Ned could not see, and finally halted him behind a shed built onto the rear of a native house. Above him was the lighted square of a second-story window and a faint murmur of talk.

"Climb the roof," the presence whispered. "I will wait below." For he was only one of the Little People, after all.

Ned slipped off his sandals, drew himself silently onto the low edge of the shed, and climbed to its juncture with the wall of the house. Standing erect, he could look full into the lighted window.

Ned was gazing into the upstairs lounging-room of a rich Laotian family. The walls were hung with tapestries; two pale-blue Chinese lamps gave a soft light. On the teakwood divans reclined the host, an old mandarin Ned had seen at the joss house, and his three guests, Chambon, Pu-Bow, and Nokka. And the Genii of the Black Smoke hovered over the room.

Nokka was just putting down her pipe. Pu-Bow lay with a look of trance. The old mandarin was at that moment preparing a pipe, toasting the opium into a ball over a spirit-lamp, while Chambon looked on with dreamy eyes.

"But, after all," Chambon said in French, "none of us will live to see it. And—who knows?—it may be all a myth."

No one answered, but the mandarin continued to whirl the opium ball over the flame.

"IT'S ALL so vague, so shadowy," Chambon went on. "Even now, I am half inclined to give up the plan and keep the Emerald Buddha for myself."

"So speaks the white man, who believes nothing, possesses nothing, he cannot see with his eyes and touch with his hands. Remember the teaching: 'When the gold is spent and the maidens dance away, still remain the treasures of the soul.'"

Nokka's words flowed out in a low monotone, but even Ned, a white man and an alien, felt their power. Chambon's face looked very still and white.

"I said it mostly to test your faith." There was something in Chambon's voice and manner Ned could not define, a quiet consciousness of place and power such as

might be expected in a high priest or an illustrious prince. "Now give me my pipe again. Otherwise I stay bound to the Wheel." And to hear this solemn Buddhist expression on the lips of a fellow white man filled Ned with wonder.

The old mandarin passed over a pipe of beautifully inlaid woods. Chambon placed the opium ball in the aperture, lighted it, and consumed it in a few rapid puffs.

"Are there any more of those cursed practical things to decide before we sleep?" he asked at last.

"What is to become of Virginia?" Nokka asked. "She has my heart—and I do not want her to grieve."

"As soon as our work is done and we can leave the Orient, everything will be as it was before between her and me."

"You will tell her the truth?"

"In the end, yes. She would not understand it now, or appreciate it."

"And Tuan Griffin?"

"We will go on collecting treasures—for his collection." An earthly smile touched lightly Chambon's rapt face.

"There is one other matter: What is to be done with T'Fan?"

Ned, perching on the roof of the shed, pricked up his bewildered ears.

"There is no harm in T'Fan," Pu-Bow broke in. "He is thick-headed as a buffalo, not to know what is going on, but he is a good workman, and I wish we had enlisted him in our cause."

"I am not so sure," Chambon said. "Remember, he came with us on the recommendation of the governor in Vinh. And if he is in French pay—"

"Why take the risk?" Old Nokka's black-bead eyes rolled quickly from side to side in their slanted pits. "What is one little life, compared—"

"But would you want us to—?"

"Quickly! If he is a traitor to his people he should thank you to be freed from the Wheel. If he is loyal, he will be born again in better station, with not so thick a head."

Chambon finished his pipe and laid it down. "He is well liked by Virginia and her father, and I am sorry we cannot trust him. Pu-Bow, I leave the matter in your hands. Now I must sleep."

THE old mandarin turned down the lights, and Ned stole away. He had not learned the whereabouts of the Emerald Buddha, but at least he had new evidence to support his theory of the mystery. If a lost queen of the Laotian people had wished to enlist a French Buddhist in a bizarre cause, she would have found no more powerful ally than the Black Smoke. Ned knew now that Chambon's strangest deeds were the fruit of ideas implanted in his mind during opium trance by Nokka, years before in France. . . .

Sundown of next day again found Ned and Griffin closeted with the governor at the Residence, and Virginia sat beside them. They were waiting with suppressed excitement for the arrival of the deputy commissioner who would translate the mysterious Pali inscription. He proved to be an engaging young Frenchman named DeFosse. An experienced executive, he took a chair by the table and began to study the inscription. He had transcribed only a few words when he glanced up with a glimmer of excitement in his eyes.

"This is a very interesting thing, your Excellency."

"It came from the Cave of the Million Buddhas."

"I think it is going to clear up—"

They never heard the end of that sentence.

A violent explosion rocked the house. The floor swayed, the window glass burst and flew out, echoes like giants' feet ran from room to room. The oil lamp whisked out, and darkness added its terror to the blast of air and sound.

Ned was thrown forward, half stunned, but, as sense came back, he found he had clasped Virginia in his arms.

"What was it, Ned?" she whispered.

"I don't know. It was in this house—"

Meanwhile confused cries rose in the darkness.

"Is anyone hurt?"

"*Dieu avec nous!*"

"Strike a match, someone."

NED got out his flashlight and swept it through the room. It lighted up one white face after another, but no one was hurt, no visible damage done save to the window. His routed faculties began to rally to his need. The light trembling from his hand slowly grew steady.

"St. Pierre, was that an infernal machine set for DeFosse?"

"I do not know. It seemed to come from my office."

"Your strong box is in there, and the sacred diamond—"

And now Ned knew the answer. His pistol out, his light flashing, he darted through the hall into the office. Just inside the door lay a native watchman, stunned, with a bleeding scalp wound in his head. The windows had been burst out clean and the furniture knocked over and broken by the force of the explosion. The safe gaped open, its heavy door broken off, and bundles of official papers were strewn on the floor.

Ned did not stop to search the debris. Running to the window, he gazed out into the moonlit garden. Against the outer wall of the garden, pearl-gray in the moonlight, he saw a black shape. It drew itself up, mocked by fantastic shadows—stood poised an instant on the top—and sprang out of sight.

His glimpse of the fugitive had been brief and dim, but it was all he needed or wanted. It was the same form he had seen under the lantern on the road, the night of Koh-Ken's murder. He could bless the stolen jewel—it would justify the most remorseless man hunt of his life. His hands had been tied, but the unswerving movement of events had set them free.

With a little gray smile still lingering on his lips, he leaped through the window and gave chase.

At first Pu-Bow thought he had got away scot-free, the sacred diamond in his pocket and victory in his hand. But there was someone on his trail, someone who ran with long, free strides. It might be—and this dark foreboding struck him with stunning force—he would not get away at all. At once he rallied, like the great chief he was. It was only the man's shadow in the moonlight that made him think of Nemesis. Quickening his pace, he tried to shake him off.

Into a forsaken courtyard—down an alley—over a garden wall—through a hidden gate—and now again he dared to glance behind him. There would be noth-

ing but the empty, silent street. . . . But a black shadow, tall and lean as death, came leaping toward him along the moonlit wall. He would tire the man out, leave him gasping in the street, turn and knife him in the shadows. . . . And here was a narrow passage between two doorways, and, just beyond, a recessed doorway where he could lie in wait. . . .

Still there was no echo of sound, and the passage was as black as—as his own yawning grave. . . . He stole out and began to tiptoe through. But just as he reached the end and started to dash for the open road, a tall shape loomed in front of him. He leaped back with a yell—there was a roar and a spurt of flame, and something whistled by his shoulder. But he wheeled and sprinted back down the passage into the alley, his pursuer only ten paces behind him.

But now his luck turned. A neglected palm garden, so rank and thick that the moon could not thrust through even a pencil of light, give him his great chance. He slipped through the postern gate, circled the garden, and ducked into a black corner of the wall. The wet grass had muffled his step, and the palm leaves, brushed by his body, swayed and grew still. Although his pursuer entered the gate hardly ten paces behind him, he was instantly mazed in the dark and silence.

Pu-Bow heard him run into the middle of the garden, and then pause. Now he was sweeping his flashlight in a slow circle, the palm trunks rising before it like a moving grate. But Pu-Bow had crouched behind a friendly bush, and the light only brushed his eyes as it passed by. When his pursuer advanced farther into the garden, Pu-Bow stole out the way he had come.

Still his luck held. He had hardly reached the road before a small, dense cloud rolled over the moon, blotting him out. It soon drifted by—the tide of the moonlight rushed in clear and deep over the ruined city—but he had had time to overtake a group of coolies on the road. He fell in behind them, sharing their anonymity. Soon he found an alley, too narrow for the moon. Unless his pursuer had marked him down and cut him off, he had every chance to reach the bungalow.

His enemy would expect him to approach the building through the dark entrance to the courtyard. But he was Pu-Bow, The Leopard, the cunning one. So he crept from the alley, full into the street, and, mixing with passers-by, headed straight and boldly for the front gate. He walked at his customary pace.

HE REACHED the gate. He turned in. Standing at one side was a tall man in native garb. His pursuer had been tall, too, and his heart made one sick lurch. . . . But now the sentry lights identified the man merely as the Laotian chief whom he knew as T'Fan. His right arm was in a curious position, pressed close to his side.

"I've been waiting for you, Pu-Bow," came his voice. It was the voice of one half out of breath from running.

"Is not the day's work done? I am tired and would sleep."

"Only a little service is required. . . . Give me the diamond."

With a shapeless sound, savage as the snarl of his namesake, his wooden mask distorted by a supreme ferocity, Pu-Bow whipped out his knife and darted toward Ned. The steel flared bright through the air, and swiftly. But the two little red spurts from his enemy's pistol were brighter and swifter still.

For Pu-Bow there was peace, but for Ned the tide of events swept on with gathering stress. He knelt quickly over his victim and thrust his hand under the bloodstained sarong. He knew just where to look—nearest Pu-Bow's heart. But he had hardly clutched the diamond when up from the hushed garden rose a shrill skyrocket of sound that he knew was a woman's scream.

Once before he had heard that inhuman cry. He whirled quickly, his pistol ready. The French sentries were running toward him, clamoring, but the danger lay farther off. Around the end of the building came old Nokka, howling. And she was all the more appalling for her gray hair, streaming back as her shrunken limbs flew with a horrible renewed agility over the ground.

NED burst past the sentries and ran to meet her. Old tigress though she was, deadly to face, still she must be warned of the sight of her cub lying in his own blood. He intercepted her half across the garden and, raising his hand, gently spoke her name. The pity she read in his face in the sentry lights turned her again into a woman, and she paused, sobbing.

"Is he dead?" she gasped.

"Badly wounded. We'll save him if we can."

"My son?"

"Yes."

"Who did it? They could not have known he was—my son and the last of the kings."

He followed her as she pushed through the group of sentries and looked down at the wounded man's face. Suddenly she uttered a sharp cry: "Oh, thanks to our Shining One! That is not—" Then her hand went to her mouth.

"Not your son?" Ned asked quickly. He spoke in classic Laotian, which the new-drafted French soldiers would not understand.

She tried to rally, to find strength to retrieve her blunder, but she could only gasp for breath.

"Then who is your son?" Ned persisted remorselessly. "But I see now. André Chambon. But he is French—and you are a Laotian woman."

Now that the truth could no longer be concealed, royal pride made her answer straight.

"Half my blood is Laotian. My mother was the daughter of a queen's daughter. But my father was French Corsican, and a white man."

In the haunted silence, Ned hardly knew his own voice: "He married your mother during a visit to Laos, and took her back to Europe?"

"He married her in this very city—by the Buddhist ceremony—and lived here with her until several years after my birth." Nokka still seemed dazed, and spoke in dull tones.

"That makes everything clear. When you grew up you married the older Chambon, and André is your son."

"Truly my son! Although only a quarter-caste, his soul is pure Laotian, and he is the last of the kings. Chow See Veet! And you, T'Fan, are his subject and must stand by him to the end." . . .

In the meantime the sergeant of the guard had sent for a stretcher to take Pu-Bow to the mission hospital. He was about to arrest Ned and march him off to the guardhouse when St. Pierre and Griffin emerged from the bungalow.

"I'll take T'Fan in charge," said his Excellency. "Meanwhile, you and your men admit no one to the grounds."

Ned followed his friends into the lounge. Here they joined DeFosse and Virginia.

"Where's Chambon?" was Ned's first question.

"He was with us until we heard the shots," Griffin answered. "St. Pierre sent one of the house guards to investigate, and Chambon went with him."

"He didn't show up." Ned related the facts of the shooting, and turned the diamond over to St. Pierre. "I suggest that you post a special military guard over it tonight. Monsieur DeFosse, did you finish translating the script?"

"Yes, and here it is." The commissioner handed Ned a paper.

And this was the Writing on the Stone:

Woe unto us! Where is our Emerald Buddha, who used to dwell in the crypt at the foot of the stairs?

Answer, thou vain King who first moved Him from His rightful place to thy pleasure-city, whereby our land was afflicted. Exult, ye Siamese who later bore Him prisoner to the South. Lie still, ye million little gods who guarded Him, slain so ye may not follow and avenge.

But take heart, O Laotians. When invaders from the West have reigned forty years, thy lost King and Lord of Life will return from exile across the sea and with his own hands restore our Emerald Buddha to His rightful place.

There ye will let Him sleep, resting from His journeys, a hundred years, and no man shall disturb His rest with offerings. Then He will waken—our kingdom will flourish as of old—and the Khas go back to their chains.

Griffin passed his hand across his forehead. "I still don't see where Chambon comes in on this."

"It's plain enough," Ned told him. "We simply failed to remember that a Frenchman must have grandmothers as well as grandfathers . . ." His words trailed off; the pale quiet of his face changed to the flush of excitement. "*Where is Chambon?* This is the crucial night! Let's get busy!"

"The last I saw of Chambon, he was hurrying down the corridor," De Fosse told him.

NED sped away, and did not see Virginia dart for her room. Near the entrance to the courtyard he met one of the French sentries.

"Have you seen Vicomte Chambon?"

"Just a minute ago. He got something out of the storeroom and carried it out that door."

Ned turned to follow, then wheeled, his eyes glittering. "What did it look like, the thing he was carrying?"

"Just one of those curios—the broken bust of a stone Buddha. It must have weighed fifty kilos, but he didn't want any help. And since that first secret order about anyone moving the baggage is no longer in force—"

Ned darted to the door, cursing his own blindness: "You fool! You stupid fool! It couldn't be—and yet it is—"

He reached the courtyard only in time

to see Chambon lift something heavy into a waiting automobile, leap into the seat, and drive off. Ned turned to raise the alarm for a belated pursuit, but paused to listen to a hammering sound in front of the bungalow garage. A native mechanic had rolled out one of Griffin's cars and was working by lantern-light on a spare tire.

Ned was beside him as though he had covered the distance in one bound.

"Give me the key! It's an emergency—"

But the man sprang back, protesting. Ned reached for his pistol to enforce the obedience. But just then Virginia appeared beside him in the moonlight.

"It's all right," she assured the mechanic, in French. "Do what he tells you."

The man handed over the key, and Ned leaped into the driver's seat. "Thanks, Virginia," he called, as he pressed the starter.

AS THE wheels began to turn, Virginia sprang into the seat beside him.

He pressed his brake. "Get out, Virginia."

"No, I'm going all the way. Or else you're not going, either."

"But, Virginia, it's deadly business. You mustn't risk it."

"I brought my pistol. And I may be able to stand between you and André. If not for your sake—for his."

"It's your right, I suppose. But I warn you—I'm going to get back the Emerald Buddha at all costs."

She seemed to accept his terms. As Ned turned off the car lights, trusting only to the doubtful glimmer of the moon, she uttered no word of fear or protest. And now, even though she fought on Chambon's side, Ned began to feel a strange exultation in the touch of her shoulder.

Far ahead, where the road curved sharply through a break in the trees, he saw a flicker of moving light. Plainly, Chambon was heading straight for the cave.

"I'm going to take the side road and come in from behind, in case there's a trap set," Ned told Virginia.

"And then what?"

"God only knows. You must stay well back out of danger. That's only fair to me. Because—if it comes to saving you or the Buddha—I'm afraid—"

"That you might save the Buddha?" There was humor close to tears in her tone.

"That's what I ought to do. But I'm not that game."

"I'll remember, Ned. Now, if it won't slow up your driving, tell me the exact situation."

"Chambon has the Emerald Buddha, concealed in the stone bust. It was there all the time St. Pierre was searching the storeroom."

"But I found that bust myself, grown around with the vines."

"It was planted, vines and all." Ned spoke out of the side of his mouth, his gaze riveted on the moonlit road. "Chambon and his allies laid their plans in a masterly way, even to a spare hide-out for the Emerald Buddha in case they had to move it on short notice."

The car lurched around a curve, but she paid no attention. "And they moved it between the time we opened the wooden image and St. Pierre's search?"

"While we, like so many fools, were outside watching the door! The stones that puzzled us so must have been in the hollow bust the whole time, to maintain the proper weight, and why we didn't guess it I don't know."

"How could you guess it? The bust looked too short."

"But we never measured it, to make sure." Suddenly Ned struck the steering wheel with his fist. "You remember Chambon spoke of its odd cross-ribbed doublet? Those ribs foreshortened the bust, creating an illusion that fooled us all."

Virginia said nothing until they were around the next bend. "And now what's he going to do with it? Just put it in the crypt to fulfill the prophecy?"

"It's more than that, Virginia. He's restoring it to Laos—because of an obligation."

He felt her gasp. "What obligation?"

"He'll have to tell you that, himself."

"But what's to prevent the French from sending the idol back to Siam? Does André intend to hide it in the cave?"

"Past any finding for generations to come. That's why I'm risking our necks on this road tonight."

And now both fell silent. They were nearing the hill behind the cave. Fearing that Chambon would hear the motor, Ned coasted down and stopped the car in a screen of woods.

"Why did I let you come?" he whispered, as they got out of the car. "It's a dreadful risk—"

"André won't harm me, nor will the priests. Think of me as another man."

"And the worst of it is," Ned muttered, "I'm *glad* you came."

SOON they found Chambon's car, and near by the hollow shells of the stone bust. And now they stood on the moonlit threshold of the cave. No light showed within. Ned reasoned that Chambon had rounded the first turn in the corridor. Although it involved some risk of discovery, he turned on his flashlight to guide their steps. The race was to the swift.

Soon they, too, had reached the first turn. Beyond, Ned could see a faint glimmer that slowly died away; plainly it was the reflection from Chambon's light filtering back through the tunnel. Ned led on, muffling his own light in his hand. But he turned it off as they neared the tunnel, and ravenous, leaping darkness swallowed them both. Virginia's little fingers dug into his palm as they crept through.

When they emerged and looked ahead, they saw a wedge of yellow dance on the cavern walls. Once Chambon loomed in silhouette against it, and they saw the Emerald Buddha under his arm. His light was attached to a strap across his forehead.

Hurrying on, presently they saw the triangle of light shrink to a shining disk, and then slowly, with short, fantastic leaps, move up the wall.

"He's climbing up to the lost passage," Ned whispered.

And then he noticed something of which he did not speak. That little golden moon climbed slowly only for the first ten feet, then gained the passage in one streak of fire. Ned believed that friendly hands had reached down to draw Chambon aloft. A faint glimmer stole out a few seconds more from the mouth of the upper passage, then died away. Ned turned on his own light, and, clasping Virginia's hand, sped on.

Now they too were just below the open-

ing. He drew the girl to him, so that he could look into her eyes.

"Virginia, do you want to help me get the Emerald Buddha?" he whispered. "To save trouble for your father—and Chambon, too?"

"And for you, too?" But he did not understand.

"For the good of everyone. If you do, climb into this hole in the wall and hide till I come. It'll be black and lonely, but you'll be practically safe."

"You needn't think of that." One little sob got free. "Think only of your own safety. But if it will really help you—"

"It will. It gives me a free hand. I promise I'll try hard to save Chambon. And you can act as my lookout against attack from the rear."

"What shall I do?"

"If any natives come by and enter the upper passage, wait till they're out of hearing, and then fire your pistol, twice. That will give me time to get ready. Has your wrist watch a luminous dial? If I don't return in two hours, hit for home."

She nodded. "If that's the most I can do." And now he was helping her into one of the deep pits in the limestone.

"Don't mind the little Buddhas," he whispered gaily. "They'll be glad for company." And just before he let go her hand, he pressed it to his lips.

"Be careful," she called after him in an undertone.

"You, too. And I love you forever."

Extinguishing his light, he climbed up the wall, and the little soft noises of his departure died away.

IN LIMBO darkness Ned stole along the passage, guided only by the glimmer of Chambon's light far in front. Before long he saw it stop and focus on the stone of the Pali writings. His heart swelled in awe to think that the last king of the Laotians was about to keep faith with his people and his god.

The light ran to the wall. Ned saw Chambon's arm framed against it as he reached into a cranny. Then little green sparks danced and flew. Chambon squatted on the floor, the sparks showering from his hand. Now another man, evidently a Buddhist priest, materialized from the darkness as he lighted a hanging lantern. Ned slipped off his sandals and stole nearer.

He passed the double row of stone images and crept under the low-hanging wings of rock. Here his hand encountered a fine wire strung along the ceiling. When he traced it down and found that it entered one of the numerous drill holes observed before, his last question was answered and the whole of Chambon's mighty concept stood forth.

With hushed breath, feeling his way, Ned tiptoed on. He saw the lights ahead slowly brighten, the details of the scene stood out, at last the glimmer of the faces of his prey. They were less than a hundred feet distant. If his luck held a moment more he would be close enough to cover them with his pistol.

The shower of green sparks around Chambon's hand became a cluster of little blue stars, flashing and spurting light. Ned could identify them now—the jewels of the diadem old Nokka had worn at the joss house, probably the ancient crown of the Laotian kings. Chambon was prying out one of the jewels, no doubt to set in the forehead of the Emerald Buddha, to take the place of its original ornament.

There was only one thing missing from the scene—and it laid a heavy trouble on Ned's heart. On his previous visit to the cave he had seen two yellow-robed priests. Tonight there was only one.

Now Ned was within fifty feet of his goal. He could almost see pale ecstasy on Chambon's face. His pistol was cocked and ready; in a few steps more—

But the profound Oriental mind, fired by religious fanaticism, which had planned everything so well, even to providing an auxiliary hiding place for the stolen Buddha, had not forgotten the chance of surprise attack. Ned was right; there were two priests, after all.

A stunning blow on the back of his head . . . skull-splitting pain . . . nausea . . . bars and streaks of light before his eyes. As he sank down, a strong arm circled his neck, and the point of a knife pricked his side. There was only one hope—the hand that had smitten him was bound by ancient Buddhist law to peace and mercy.

The priest's shout brought Chambon and his fellow priest.

"Who is it?" Chambon asked calmly. His questing light focused on Ned's face. "I am sorry, T'Fan."

"Will you finish him now, lord?" the attacker grunted. "He is a French spy—but the work is forbidden to me."

"You forget, Father. Can I touch our Holy One with red hands?"

"Forgive me, lord! But what shall we do with him? His strength will soon return and hurl him against my knife."

"Tie his hands and feet with the cords from your pouch, and let him lie."

While one priest held the knife, the other trussed Ned securely.

"Be wiser in your next life, T'Fan," Chambon said in low tones. "We were half expecting trouble from the white men, but not from another Laotian, and now you must answer to your gods."

"Now?" Ned asked quietly.

"I would spare you if I could. But no one but myself and these two priests must live to know what happens here. In a few minutes we will leave you. Out in the main corridor I will touch two little wires together. This passage will vanish as though it had never been, and the waters will rush in." Then, with a faint touch of humor on his rapt face: "*Au revoir.*"

At once he turned, and with the two priests went back to his work.

MEANWHILE, Virginia stood her watch like the loyal soul she was. Once she thought she heard a shout, as of alarm, stream thin and faint from the mouth of the upper passage, and, shortly after, a dry, intermittent rustling in the corridor outside her hiding place. A few seconds later she heard the strangest sound of all, beyond her wildest imaginings, and yet too plain to deny. Just in front of her rose a hoarse whisper.

"Veer-geenia," it said. And a little hand groped in and touched her shoulder.

She would never know why she did not faint with terror. It was not thought or sense that saved, only her delicate intuition that the little hand meant her no harm and belonged to a little friend.

"Yes?" Virginia answered.

The voice gobbled something in an unknown language; she caught only the name "T'Fan."

"Is he in trouble?" She began to climb out of her hiding place.

And now the little hard hand tugged at hers. It led her to the wall, then held her flashlight shaded by his fingers while she climbed up. And now he had joined her, quickly as a monkey up a tree, and began to lead her down the black passage. Far ahead burned two lights, one evidently a lantern hung on the wall and the other a dancing flashlight.

Presently her guide stopped and knelt at her feet. She felt his hands on her ankles, tugging at her slippers. Quickly she drew them off, and again they stole on.

WHEN they had passed long-hanging wings of rock, the guide's hand slipped out of hers, and she felt him pushing her gently forward. He could not fight his lord's battles. He was of the Little People.

But now she was within two hundred feet of the lights, and they would guide her straight. Low down between them she thought she saw the shape of a man lying curiously huddled on the passage floor. She crept nearer. Nerve that she had never dreamed she possessed steadied her movements. She could see plainly now. Chambon and two men in yellow gowns were working over what appeared to be a cobweb of fine wires, glistening in the light. The form on the floor was Ned, his ankles bound, his hands lashed behind his back.

She crept up beside him and gently touched his face. He moved stealthily so she could reach his bound hands. Her little fingers flew at the knots.

Instantly she handed him her pistol, but he did not raise the weapon yet. He waited till his numbed wrists grew strong, and meanwhile Virginia was untying the cords binding his ankles. Before she had finished, Chambon rose and vanished down the stairway, apparently to complete the wiring for the coming blast. It was another index of the turn in Ned's tide of fortune. Now his foes were divided, an opportunity he would not pass.

First testing his strained muscles, he rose stealthily. When he felt Virginia's hand touch his shoulder his will to win grew unconquerable. All man he stood there, his powers at their supreme height, poised for the great stroke of his life.

Very quietly he stepped out into the lantern light and raised Virginia's pistol. His only sound was a sibilant hiss commanding silence. The two priests flung back, their flat eyes bulging from their wooden faces. As they looked into Ned's face, their arms slowly raised.

With his free hand, Ned waved them back against the blind end of the passage.

"Face the wall," he told them in undertone. "Virginia, can you tie their hands?"

She only smiled at his doubt, and, with Ned's own thongs, went tiptoeing forward. Meanwhile, Ned stood a little to one side of the stairway opening, in case Chambon should make a surprise attack.

But Virginia never finished her task. They heard Chambon's step frantic-fast on the stone stairs. Now he was coming to fight for his own, his shout resounding in the passage.

Ned had no time to seize a commanding position, to cover all three enemies. Anyway, the desperate cry that burst from the

stairway told him plainly that no mute pointed pistol would stop Chambon's charge. With a sense of impending horror, Ned turned to shoot at him the instant he appeared.

But he was spared that. It so happened that Chambon's last leap to the top of the stairs all but fell short, and he landed off-balance. Ned struck at him with his free arm, to knock him down and take him alive, but Chambon reeled back to dodge the blow. Somehow he missed his footing—pitched backward—fell crashing down the stairs.

They heard his body strike the floor of the crypt. With a cry, Virginia ran to give him what aid she could. White with horror, Ned still guarded his prisoners.

"Let us go," one of them said. "Chow See Veet is dead."

"Walk ahead of me, down the stairs," Ned answered in hoarse tones. "Keep your hands in the air." With his free hand he unhooked the lantern from the wall.

"We will obey, but you can put away the pistol. The prophecy has failed. There is nothing more."

"We will see," the other priest answered his fellow. "Perhaps the prophecy has been fulfilled by the act of God."

But Ned did not know what he meant, nor could he interpret the fires rising in his slanted eyes.

Oblivious of Ned's pistol, the older priest picked up the Laotian crown, and he and his fellow filed down the steps. Ned stalked behind. Virginia was waiting for him in the darkness below.

"Dead?" Ned murmured.

"Yes. I felt his heart."

Ned held the lantern high. It showed Chambon lying full-length in the crypt, one hand out and open, his eyes closed and his face composed save for a curl of his lips like a dreamy smile.

Then up and spoke the older of the two priests, and his voice resounded in the chamber:

The older priest turned solemnly to him.

"You may return the Emerald Buddha to Siam. We do not need it now—its spirit has entered unto him, this sleeping one. The prophecy has been fulfilled."

He laid the Laotian crown beside Chambon's head. Both priests knelt, touching their heads to the floor, then rose and climbed up the steps. Ned and Virginia followed in dead silence.

At the head of the stairs, Ned picked up the Emerald Buddha, and the silent file trudged on down the passage toward the main corridor of the cave.

WHEN the two priests exchanged a few words in an undertone, Ned and Virginia were too dazed to guess their import. Only when they had climbed down out of the upper passage, and the older priest paused by the wall, could they guess the strange epilogue of the night's events.

On the wall hung two pairs of wires. The priest was touching the ends of the first pair together. As the wires touched, there was a second of suspense, then a terrific explosion at the far end of the upper passage. The whole cave rang, like the gong of doom; a blast of air leaped out of the opening, almost bursting Ned's eardrums and buffeting him like a tempest; the lantern went out. Yet he guessed that only the well of the stone stairway had been blasted down; and the main charge, to destroy the whole upper end of the secret passage and let in the "hidden waters" was yet to be set off.

The priest would have fired this also, save that the sudden darkness delayed him in finding the wires. Before he could grope for them, Ned thrust him gently aside.

"You have sealed his tomb already," he said. "To set off the main charge would be dangerous for us here. Let us go."

So, leaving the million little headless ones with a new god to guard, they pushed on to the open air.

At the mouth of the cave they met Griffin and St. Pierre with an armed search party. But it was not until they returned to the bungalow that the last stone in the mosaic pattern was set in place and they were free to look forward into the glowing future, not back to the lost, dark past.

THE tale of the night's events was hardly told when to the door of the bungalow came a little half-naked man, dark as the shadows he hovered in. He asked to speak to T'Fan.

"The Emerald Buddha will go back to its temple, and not the Khas to their chains," he gobbled in debased Laotian. "And now I have come for my own."

"I don't understand," Ned gasped. "If you mean a reward, you can have almost anything you name."

"Nay, I want only what is mine. The night we stole the white master from his bed, I left my knife in the netting. If Tuan has mercy, he will give it back."

Griffin ran to get the knife from his baggage, and the little man thrust it lovingly into his belt. At once he turned to go.

"But I haven't even thanked you," Ned cried. "I will send a reward to enrich your whole village. We couldn't have won without your help—"

"Nay, I am only one of the Little Folk, fit only to watch—and listen—carry word." And then his dark form melted into the shadows. . . .

"But how about your own chains, Ned?" Griffin asked, as Virginia leaned on his chair in the bungalow, and the three were alone. "Are you bound to this fantastic country for the rest of your life?"

"I'd like to break free and return to my own country," Ned answered. "Do you suppose there's a place there for a man like me—with such training as I've had?"

"Well, there might be," Griffin drawled, with a twinkle in his eyes. "You'd have all international diplomacy to aim for, and I know an old pork packer with enough influence to get you started."

Ned's face lighted up and he started to speak, but Griffin raised his hand.

"No, you don't! We'll talk about it in the daylight. Why we're not all down and out I can't imagine. Virginia, have you enough common sense to go to bed?"

She hesitated a brief instant, her gaze on Ned's. "I'm afraid that common sense isn't my strong point," she answered, with a dim smile.

"She'll be along in just a minute, Griffin," Ned broke in stoutly.

Griffin went to his room and banged the door. Ned and Virginia headed, with one mind, for the little, dusty reading-room where they had met twice before.

Very carefully, Ned drew the blind on the window. But he hardly had need to light the lamp, so gloriously shining were Virginia's eyes.

(The End)

FACE *the* FACTS

(*Continued from page 25*)

cryptic," said Peleg. "What you say seems to have no meaning."

"Stick around," said Oleander. "You'll find out."

Startlingly the air was torn. It was the siren calling the volunteer fire department.

"Now what?" asked Oleander.

The door opened as if in answer to her question, and Fire Marshal Katz intruded his head through the opening.

"Fire up to Ross's," he bellowed.

And we got half the insurance yesterday!" exclaimed Oleander. "Luck chases us around like a lost puppy."

"Got my car. Want to go?" asked Katz.

"Get your hat, mister," Oleander said to Peleg; and presently they were racing toward the residence of Morton P. Ross.

ALL of Peckham Falls was making a holiday toward the estate of Morton P. Ross. Fires came rarely, and were events to be enjoyed. The apparatus of the volunteer department careened gaily along the road, and but for the rapidity of the pace everybody might have been going to the county fair.

"Clang that bell!" Fire Marshal Katz shouted to Peleg.

He had a great brass bell mounted on his radiator, and when Peleg did his duty by it the face of the fire marshal lighted with artistic delight.

"Don't git much chance to ring it official," he said. "Keep her a-whizzin'."

They reached the Ross gates and skidded into the driveway. Smoke poured from second-story windows on the easterly side.

"Looks like it might be a snorter," said Mr. Katz happily. "I got to investigate."

"Speaking for the insurance company," said Oleander, "I'd like to see more quenching and less investigation."

"The boys 'll git her out," the marshal said confidently.

"Fire's in Ol' Man Ross's bedroom!" shouted a fireman, as he rushed toward the house with an ax.

"Must 'a' been smoking in bed," said Katz.

"He doesn't smoke," said Peleg.

"How do'ye know?"

Peleg could not think how he knew. It was a fact, however, stored in his mind. But how he had come by it he could not remember.

The Peckham Falls fire department, to their own surprise, possibly, proved efficient. In less than an hour the fire was extinguished and the house safe.

"I kin commence my investigation now," said Katz.

"And we," said Oleander, "can give a once-over to the damage."

So, before the house became private again and while firemen were still in possession, they hurried to the front door and entered the hall. Katz led the way up the stairs and into the wrecked bedroom. Peleg surveyed it with some bewilderment, wondering how anybody could ever estimate the damage. He cleared his throat.

"Fire losses in the United States in September, 1935, totaled $16,641,900, a decline of $1,495,100 from August," he said.

"Where's Mr. Ross?" Katz demanded.

"Oh, they carried him over to the gardener's cottage," said a fireman.

"Carried?"

"Didn't expect him to walk, did you?"

"What happened to him?"

"Got hurt somehow. Didn't hear."

"The odor is distressing," said Peleg. "Do you realize that the ability to distinguish between degrees of sensation varies with the different senses?"

"That," said Oleander, "makes everything clear. It looks as if the boys had a good time in here."

Peleg stood close to the door staring at the room. It was a curious fact that in a year he would be able to describe it accurately and minutely, giving an inventory of its contents and locating every article named. He did not do it on purpose. He simply could not help it.

"I hope Mr. Ross is not seriously injured," he said. "It will interfere with my projects."

"Such projects as which?" asked Oleander.

"I have not yet had the opportunity to tell him," Peleg said.

"Anyhow, let's clear out of here," Oleander said. "We've seen all there is to see."

THEY retraced their steps to the first floor and out of the house. Firemen were clearing away their apparatus, and the crowd of villagers had dispersed.

"Where's this gardener's cottage?" Peleg asked.

"Why?"

"I wish to speak to Mr. Ross."

"People around here speak to him when he sends for them," said Oleander.

"In that case," he said, "I shall establish a new custom."

Oleander shook her head hopelessly. "You go, and get booted out," she said. "I'll wait here for the remains."

Peleg walked down the graveled path. As he rounded a turn he came suddenly upon Mr. and Mrs. Andriev, whom he had met the day before in Mr. Ross's library. They were speaking earnestly.

"I warned him. I told him the hour of acute danger was from eleven to twelve," the woman was saying.

"Bijou," said her husband in an agitated voice, "did you get that warning from the stars—or—"

"What matter? It proved a warning to be heeded."

"Matter? It matters this: Knowledge you get from the stars is not evidence in a court. Other kind of knowledge may be dangerous."

Then, suddenly, they saw Peleg and fell silent. He passed them with a nod, which they returned, and, after the next turning, found himself before the gardener's cottage. Upon its piazza, wrapped in blankets and in a big chair, sat Martin P. Ross. His face was bandaged, but his eyes were uncovered.

"Good morning, Mr. Ross," Peleg said.

"Eh?" The old man seemed to be wrenched back from some depth of shadows to the present.

"Good morning."

"FOUL morning," said the old man. "Who are you?"

"Peleg Bodkin—insurance."

"Oh," said Ross.

"I'm glad," said Peleg, "you were not seriously hurt."

"Are you. Glad to know it. Glad to know somebody is."

"Undoubtedly everyone is," Peleg said.

"Think so, eh? Wish I agreed with you. Who'd you say you are?"

"I'm the man who provided the surety bond for you yesterday."

"You don't belong in Peckham Falls. What d'ye want here?"

"I have a number of projects. I wish to lay them before you."

"Who sent you? Who's mixed up in this?"

"No one sent me. I came because I am dissatisfied with my condition in life. It is essential that I make a great deal of money. You can help me to do so. Therefore I have presented myself."

"Sound kind of simple-minded," said Mr. Ross.

"In reality I am not. Knowledge is power. I have a vast and varied store of miscellaneous knowledge. I regard myself as complex. I am also persuaded I am astute."

"Know who I am, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. You're astute. . . . Who would want to kill me, and why?"

"No one would want to kill you. The idea is absurd."

"You think it was an accident? . . . Listen, young man. I don't know you. You're a stranger. I can't think straight and I've got to get my mind tidied up. I got to talk to somebody. Can you keep your mouth shut?"

"I fancy so."

"I can't talk it out with anybody I know—because I got to suspect everybody I

know. Darned if I don't suspect you."

"In that," said Peleg, "you are wrong."

The old man stared at him until Peleg wriggled in embarrassment. "You look silly enough to be honest," said Ross abruptly.

"Honesty is the best policy," quoted Peleg desperately.

"The deuce you say!" exclaimed Mr. Ross. "What I say is I darn' near got killed an hour ago—and I don't think it was an accident. What d'ye think of that?"

At this hour in his career Peleg was an individual with a one-track mind. His own plans were of such supreme importance that he was unable to estimate other events at their true value or perceive their significance.

"I didn't come to talk about that. I came to talk about—" he was saying, when Mr. Ross interrupted him fiercely:

"I don't give a hang what you're wanting to talk about. I'm telling you, young spriggins, that I think somebody tried to murder me an hour ago."

THE word *murder* struck Peleg's consciousness with shocking impact. *Murder* was a word in the dictionary. But Mr. Ross had snatched the word out of the dictionary and flung it into actuality.

"'Murder!' Did you say 'murder'?"

"You're a fool," said Mr. Ross.

"By no means," contradicted Peleg with dignity. "You are asserting that somebody, with malice aforethought, tried to take your life?"

"I can't see any other answer," said the old man.

"Who?" asked Peleg.

"That," said Ross, "is what's grinding. I got no facts."

"One must have facts. Without facts life cannot persist."

"Looks like mine can't. I can't even swear anyone tried to murder me. But I'm sure in my mind. Since I came to I've been studying—who? It could be anybody in the world. It could be you. But I think it was somebody close—somebody in my house. A man don't like to be murdered by somebody he trusts."

"I shouldn't think so," agreed Peleg.

"What do people commit murder for?"

"Hate, cupidity, fear," said Peleg.

"There are people who hate me; there are people who want my money; there are people who fear me."

"If a crime has been attempted," suggested Peleg, "the police should be informed."

"I don't want any police in this."

"People hire private detectives."

"Yeah, to get evidence in divorce cases. If you're thinking about one of those idiots that grow orchids or drop their final g's and reason it all out from a torn postage stamp, I say *bosh!*"

"Why not the police?"

"Young spriggins, because it might be better to be murdered and dead than have the police catch the one who did it."

"What are you going to do?"

"It *could* be somebody from outside. But whoever it was had to know things and have a chance. They had to pick the time. . . . What's your name?"

"Peleg Bodkin."

"Idiotic name. Bodkin, as I figure it, it had to be an inmate of my house."

"A servant?"

"Improbable. Why?"

"Who are the other inmates of your house?"

"Brother Barnaby."

"The little man who moves around as if he were a mouse?"

"That's Barnaby. It might be Barnaby. There's Andriev and his wife."

"Who are they?"

"Astrologers—at least, she is."

"Fortunetellers?"

"Astrologers, I said," replied Ross savagely.

"What are they doing here?" asked Peleg.

"None of your business," snapped Ross. "There's Perkins, my secretary." He scowled. "Maybe I could find a good motive for that boy."

"What?"

"None of your business, either. Then there's Dennis Mahone. Can't see how my death would help him."

"And that's all?" said Peleg.

"No," said Ross. "There's Irene."

"Miss Lee?"

"Her," said the old man, and his lips were tight. "My niece—and my heiress."

"Nonsense," said Peleg with some violence. "She's beautiful."

"The defense would want you on the jury," said the old man.

Peleg drew himself up. He became as imposing as he could manage. He withered Mr. Ross with his scorn.

"It's absurd," he said. "The one person in the world who cannot possibly be guilty is Miss Irene Lee."

As he uttered the words a slender figure rounded the shrubbery and stopped behind him. "Of what cannot Miss Irene Lee be guilty?" asked a cool and lovely voice.

Peleg turned. His knees weakened. His throat went dry and his intelligence flew to bits. "Why—er—I mean to say—what we were talking about was murder."

"Oh," said Miss Lee—and suddenly she was not there, not erect upon the path, but prone, her face, fortunately, upon the grass border. She had fainted.

IT WAS the first time Peleg Bodkin's hands had ever touched a woman. He was kneeling over Irene Lee, lifting her head from the grass and looking accusingly at Morton P. Ross.

"Put her head down," snapped the old man. "If you want to hold anything up, hold her feet. She's fainted."

"I'll run for the doctor."

The old man's face was set. "Run nowhere," he said. "She'll come to."

That seemed to be true, for Irene was already stirring. She struggled in Peleg's grasp and sat erect. Peleg helped her to her feet, where she stood uncertainly.

"I fainted," she said.

"You better get to the house," said her uncle unsympathetically.

"What did that man say about murder?" she asked.

"He said you didn't commit any."

"Did anyone?" she asked.

"Not yet," said the old man grimly.

"Are you all right, Uncle?"

"You'd be surprised how right I am," he said.

She seemed dazed but, more than that, she seemed afraid—afraid to be where she was. Whatever purpose had brought her to the gardener's cottage had been forgotten, and she wanted to go away. She

turned, silently, wavering a little, and commenced to walk back to the house.

"Can—can I help you?" asked Peleg.

"No," she said starkly, and disappeared around the shrubbery.

"Want me to call in the police now?" asked Ross.

"Because a—a beautiful woman faints is no adequate reason to suppose she committed a crime," said Peleg.

"Right," said Ross. "On the other hand, it's no reason to suppose she didn't."

"What are you going to do?" Peleg asked.

"Take care of myself. He, she, or it might have better luck next time."

"But aren't you going to investigate—to get at the truth? You—if I understood you correctly, you don't even know an attempt was made on your life."

"See that bandage?" demanded the old man, pointing to his head.

"Naturally. Were you badly burned?"

"Wasn't burned at all. It's a gash."

"You fell and struck your head."

"On what? On a thick rug?"

"Then what, Mr. Ross?"

"It could," said the old man, "have been a bullet. I don't know."

"But the fire?"

"It could," Ross said, still in that odd, grim voice, "have been set to hide the fact that a bullet was fired. If I'd have been found burned to a crisp nobody in these parts would have looked for anything else."

"You're going to do nothing?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Ross.

"Then," said Peleg, "we'd might as well talk about something else."

MORTON P. ROSS eyed Peleg, and a glint of saturnine humor came into his sharp, malicious old eyes. "Such as?" he asked.

"Business. I came to see you, as I said in the beginning, on business."

"What business?"

"It is my intention," said Peleg, "to increase the amount of insurable property in Peckham Falls—in order that I may do a greater volume in insurance business. I want you to build something."

"What?" asked the old man.

"Well, I was thinking you might buy and enlarge some of these mills that are shut down. That would mean more stores, more buildings of all kinds."

"Which you would insure?"

"Precisely."

The old man could not remember to have ever encountered a young man who remotely resembled Peleg. Peleg was not a fool. His face was intelligent; his eyes were good; his language that of an educated man—but he was naïve and inexperienced past all belief.

"What would I manufacture?" he asked.

"I worked that out," said Peleg. "I figured it out last night in bed."

"Break it to me gently."

"An invention," said Peleg; "something that can be sold in vast quantities; something in the nature of a staple."

"All right, son. What is it?"

"Oh," said Peleg. "I didn't select the article or device. As soon as you have determined to go ahead, we'll find one."

"And make millions?"

"Inventions do," said Peleg. "In the United States there are 50 patents earning $1,000,000 a year; 300 earning $500,000; 2,000 earning $100,000."

"Well, son," said Ross gravely, "I'm with you. The second you come to me with a gadget we can make a quarter of a million dollars a year with, I'll go ahead."

"Thank you, Mr. Ross," Peleg said. "I was sure if I could explain my project to you there would be no difficulty."

"*If*," said Ross, "it wasn't a bullet, and *if* I fell and whacked my head, then how in tucket did the fire get started?"

"FIRES," said Peleg, "are started in peculiar ways. Recently a forest fire was caused by sparks from a horse's hoofs striking stones in a narrow roadway."

"There wasn't any horse in my bedroom," said Ross. "I stay in my room until ten-thirty or eleven every morning. Mail in bed. Got up this morning to go to the bathroom and shave. Last I remember. . . . See the room?"

"Yes."

"What'd it look like?"

"A ruin," said Peleg. "The bed was in the right-hand corner, torn apart and chopped with axes. The curtains were pulled down. Chairs on each side of the fireplace were partly burned. The carpet was burned. An oval piece was burned out of it extending from the fireplace into the middle of the room."

"Eh?"

"A regular spot," said Peleg, "with defined edges."

"Fire don't act that way. Fire burns up and not down."

"This hole was about five feet wide and possibly seven feet long."

"See a Cape Cod fire lighter?" asked the old man.

"Brass," said Peleg.

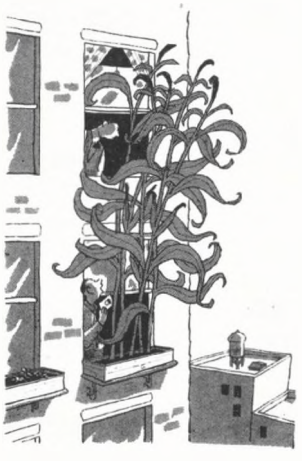
"If somebody poured the stuff out of a Cape Cod lighter on the rug and touched it off," said Ross, "it might burn a hole like that. Huh. Then why wasn't I burned. Most 'a' been luck or carelessness. Mason dragged me out; must ask him."

"Mason?"

"The butler."

"I think," said Peleg, "that you bumped your head."

"You don't bump a crease in your forehead," said Ross.



"Don't blame me! The package says radishes"

Dave Gerard

"If," said Peleg, "it was a bullet, the guilty person must have been a man."

"Why?"

"Men shoot guns," said Peleg.

Ross snorted. "Pistol range right over there back of the garage. Half a dozen women in this neighborhood shoot. Irene's best of the lot."

Peleg was thinking hard. He did not know why Ross suspected his niece and seemed to ignore all the rest of the possible suspects. Then he had a thought.

"Did you trust Miss Lee up to now?"

"Trust? Huh. If you mean did I think she was planning to kill me, I didn't."

"But there was somebody you didn't trust," said Peleg. "Not implicitly."

"Who?"

"Dennis Mahone," said Peleg.

"What makes you think I didn't trust him?"

"If you trust a man," said Peleg, "you don't get out a surety bond to protect yourself in case he turns out to be dishonest."

Ross stared at Peleg and fumbled with his bandage. "Did I say you were a fool?" he asked.

"You did."

"Maybe you aren't," said the old man. "Now, clear out. I got to think."

"If what you believe is true," said Peleg, "it isn't safe to leave you unprotected."

"What," snorted Ross, "could you protect me from? Nobody be fool enough to tackle the job so soon again. Go get your patent."

"Very well, sir. You may expect to hear from me forthwith."

The old man chuckled, but as Peleg walked away his eyes became dreary and careworn. He shook his head, and his chin sank upon his breast. . . .

PELEG found Oleander waiting impatiently in the fire marshal's car. The marshal was chewing gum furiously and talking.

"Funny fire," he said. "No sense to it. Looks kind of suspicious to me."

"Probably Martin P. Ross set it to collect a couple of hundred dollars' insurance," said Oleander ironically.

"Funnier things has happened," said Katz. "I ain't satisfied. This here job of mine's to investigate suspicious fires, 'n' the law don't say millionaires is exempt."

Peleg was uneasy. Ross wanted no outside investigation. As one looked at Katz it did not seem as if any investigation conducted by him would lead to discoveries, but one could never tell.

"Cape Cod fire lighter," said Peleg.

"Eh?"

"Brass container full of inflammable liquid. Used to ignite fires in fireplaces. One dips a knob affixed to a wire in the fluid and lights it with a match. It is then placed under the wood in the fireplace and burns until the wood catches."

"Sure. What's that got to do with it?"

"Mr. Ross probably lighted the device, then fell, tipping over the container, which caught fire. You noted the large hole in the carpet, the shape liquid would have formed if a can had been tipped over."

"How'd you find that out?" asked Katz.

"I've been talking to Mr. Ross," said Peleg.

"Darned if that couldn't be it," said Katz. "Guess that settles it."

He delivered Oleander and Peleg at the foot of their office stairs, and they mounted

to the inclement room where the business of insuring Peckham Falls against the ravages of fire was conducted.

"We must arrange for more space," said Peleg.

"What for?"

"Numerous clerks and assistants whom we shall require."

"To do what?"

"To take care of the vastly increased volume of business we shall have."

"Where's it coming from?"

"One—only one—of my projects," said Peleg, "has succeeded. Mr. Ross is going to open and enlarge one or more of the factories here."

"What?"

"I explained the situation to Mr. Ross, and he agreed readily."

"Maybe. Say, mister, why did you head Katz off? Why didn't you want this fire investigated?"

"We were speaking of an increase in our business," said Peleg grandly.

"I wasn't," said Oleander. "What's funny about this mess? Lay all your troubles on Mamma's knee."

"If it was anybody," said Peleg, "it was not Miss Lee. It must have been Mahone."

"If what was who it must have been why?" demanded Oleander.

"The one that tried to murder Mr. Ross," Peleg said. "But it did not occur, so we talked business."

"And Ross is going to open up factories?"

"He is."

"To manufacture what?"

"Oh," said Peleg, "we haven't decided that yet. But I'll let him know in a few days."

"Halt! Advance, friend, and give the countersign. Where'll you find out what he's going to manufacture?"

"It will be an invention," said Peleg.

"Which one of the inventions?"

"One to pay a profit of at least a quarter of a million a year."

"But where is this invention?"

"I haven't ascertained that yet. It's my part of the agreement. I am to find it. Then Mr. Ross will carry out his part."

OLEANDER collapsed in her chair. "All you've got to do is find this invention—one that will pay a quarter of a million profit—and Ross will do the rest?"

Peleg nodded. She got up and walked over to his desk and, reaching out a tiny hand, pinched his shoulder. "He's real," she said. "There is such an animal."

"So," said Peleg, "I must set about finding what I want."

"Of course, you know where to look?"

"Oh, no, but I shall advertise in the papers," said Peleg, "and from the answers select the one we shall utilize."

"Ever hear of P. T. Barnum?"

"I have."

"When," said Oleander, "he said there was a fool born every minute, he made an understatement."

"I fail to see how that remark is pertinent," he said.

She went back and sat in her chair. "I don't know as I can stand any more today. I feel as if I were coming down with a rare disorder. Doctors won't be able to diagnose it. It'll baffle 'em. But I'll know. Bodkinitis!"

"The rarest physical disorder," said

Peleg, "is loss of thirst. Only four such cases have ever been reported by scientists."

Oleander eyed him. "If I had to make a silk purse," she said, "I don't see why in blazes they had to give me an ear off a half-witted sow. I shall now go out to lunch."

"And I," said Peleg, "shall prepare an advertisement for the papers." . . .

Peleg could not believe his eyes. There, just inside the door of his office, stood Irene Lee. Despite the fact that she was agitated he thought he had never seen anyone so beautiful, and the sight rendered him speechless.

"Mr. Bodkin?" she asked.

"Yes. Of course. Surely."

Her eyes moved across the room to Oleander Tidd and remained there. "Haven't you a private office?" she asked.

"Not yet," he said. "That's a point. Remind me, Miss Tidd. One of the first things we must have is a private office."

"And a samovar?" asked Miss Tidd.

MISS LEE'S eyes were not friendly as she continued to stare at Oleander's pert face. "I have been trying," she said to Peleg, "to get over the idea that I wanted to see you privately."

"Yes, indeed. Exactly," said Peleg, but he did not know what to do about it.

"I'll go up to the library," said Oleander, getting to her feet. "I want to read a book on etiquette for office girls." She went out, not closing the door gently.

Miss Lee's face was still beautiful, but it was not agreeable. "Rather impertinent," she said coldly.

"Miss Tidd," said Peleg, "is queer."

"What," asked Irene abruptly, "did my uncle say about me?"

"Just before you fainted?"

"Yes."

"We were—er—talking about murder," said Peleg uncomfortably. "We were, in a manner, discussing suspects."

"Does he suspect me of trying to shoot him?" asked Irene.

Peleg did not like the feeling that came over him. It was unpleasant—cold, and affecting the pit of his stomach.

"Did he—did Mr. Ross mention 'shooting' to you?"

"He has mentioned nothing to me."

"Then how—I mean, if he didn't mention it—how came you to know there had been any shooting?"

Irene Lee sat down suddenly, and her face was gray. "How did I know it? People do know, don't they?"

"I'm afraid not," said Peleg. "I don't think even Mr. Ross knows it." He paused and there was an aching silence for a time. "I don't think you had better know it, Miss Lee. I guess you didn't ask me that question. What you asked was something about how he fell down and bumped his head."

"When Mason found him," said Irene, "when he opened the door, the room was all in flames, and Uncle was crawling on his hands and knees."

"Toward the door?" asked Peleg.

"Toward the door," said Irene.

"Which," said Peleg, "is why he was not burned. Which is why—Somebody must have thought he was dead. Probably somebody was frightened and in a hurry. They tipped over the Cape Cod lighter and touched a match to it. If he had been dead his body would have been burned. Nobody would have suspected a shot."

"Does Uncle suspect me?" she demanded. "He looks at me so strangely."

"He—as it stands, I think it has occurred to him it is possible."

"But what I've got to know is if he has any reason for it. Is there some knowledge that makes him suspect me?"

"I don't know," said Peleg.

"Or is it just because—because he knew I hated him?"

"Eh?" Peleg spoke as if the syllable were jarred from him by a blow.

"I did hate him," she said. "He was trying to ruin my life. He was making me obey him. And I wouldn't."

"I don't think I want to know any more," said Peleg. "I guess I don't want to hear any more. It would be better if we talked about something else—something that didn't have anything to do with murder." He paused and stared at her, and felt as if the world had come down in ruin about his feet. "Did you know," he asked, changing the subject for safety's sake, "that 1,700,000 men and 1,300,000 women in the United States wear wigs or toupees?"

Irene Lee looked slightly dazed. Her eyes were big and bewildered and frightened. "I didn't try to kill him," she said. "I didn't. But he thinks I did, and you think I did. Oh, why doesn't somebody do something? Why? Why does he just sit and stare? I'm afraid. I'm afraid!"

Peleg felt a sudden calmness settle upon him. He was not flustered. He found himself capable of clear thinking, and it rather surprised him. It surprised him more to discover a certain confidence in himself and in his ability as a man. Never before had he reflected upon whether or not he had ability as a man. Emergencies were outside his experience. He had never been called upon to deal with such things. He was aware of an efficiency of which he had never dreamed.

"Go home," he said, "and—" He wanted to be firm, to be emphatic. "And shut up," he said sharply. "If you didn't do it there's nothing to be afraid of. If you did—we'll see. Somebody will do something. I will. I—for reasons which I shall not state—shall interest myself. I shall cope with the situation. I shall cope adequately."

"What can you do?" she asked hopelessly.

"Go home," he repeated, "and continue to shut up. At once!"

SHE got to her feet and moved toward the door. There she stopped, and turned and opened her lips.

"Shut up," said Peleg imperatively.

She opened the door and went out. He sat with eyes fastened on his blotter, his body tense, his hands cold. He was thinking, thinking hard, and trying to believe her when she said she had not attempted to kill her uncle. It seemed to him an insuperable task. He could not believe, because he could not understand how she would know her uncle had been shot unless she had been present at the shooting. And if she had been a witness, an innocent witness, she would have declared the name of the guilty one.

"Nevertheless," he said aloud, "I shall cope."

"With what?" asked Oleander from the door.

"Circumstances," said Peleg firmly.

"Did Miss Lee ask you to cope?"

"I prefer not to discuss the matter."

"She picked out a swell coper," said Oleander. "If I wanted any coping done I'd have come to you, too. You ought to hang out a sign: *Hot and cold coping at all hours.*"

"Nevertheless," repeated Peleg, "I shall cope."

"I'm not so bad at it myself," she said. "And if that beautiful but dumb snatcher thinks she can get anywhere with a man I've gone to work on, she's due for startling events."

AT THIS moment there came a knock on the door—not a timid knock, but a thunderous one that threatened to crack a panel.

"Come in!" called Oleander.

The door opened and a man strode across the threshold. He had to stoop, lest his hat be brushed off by the lintel, but three of him could have come in abreast without crowding.

"Where is he?" this visitor bellowed in a bass voice so deep that it seemed to come from caverns under his feet.

"Where is who?" asked Oleander.

"The feller that put this here into the paper." And the man waved a clipping. "The feller that's lookin' fur an invention. Where is he?"

"Here," said Peleg.

"I got it," said the man.

"Ah," said Peleg. "I'm glad to see you. Won't you sit down?"

"What d'ye know about barrels?" bellowed the stranger.

"The term barrel," said Peleg, "is applied to many cylindrical objects, and is a word of uncertain origin common to the Romance languages."

"When you 'n' me git to whizzin'," said the man, lowering himself by sections into a chair, "it won't be applied to but one object, and that's this."

From a roll of paper he extracted a small wooden object and plumped it down upon Peleg's desk. It was a miniature barrel, polished, headed, and hooped.

"Ah," said Peleg.

"Nothin's ever been done about barrels. Folks is satisfied with barrels, consarn 'em. Jest content with old-fashioned barrels knocked together by a cooper. How many barrels is used in this country in a year?"

"I don't know," said Peleg.

"Neither do I," said the man. "My name's Amber—Pythagoras Amber. Once I was a cooper. I got to studyin' barrels."

Peleg dipped into his memory. "In the year 1936," he said, "the beer industry alone will require 2,500,000 barrels for replacements."

"See?" demanded Mr. Amber. "What's the defects of old-fashioned barrels?"

"I'm sure I don't know?"

"Bulk and weight, fur two things."

"Why are these disadvantages?"

"Weight's a disadvantage on account of freight," said Amber. "You got to pay freight on how much a thing weighs. The lighter the less."

"Exactly," said Peleg.

"Bulk, on account of storage. Take one salt concern. It ships 5,000 barrels of salt a week. Look at the storage space they got to have!"

"And you have cured these defects?"

"Look at that!" roared Mr. Amber. "Look at it!"

"It looks very nice, indeed, but it's rather small."

"If ye kin make it small, ye kin make it big, can't ye?"

"Unquestionably," said Peleg.

"If ye take a barrel apart and spread it flat," said Mr. Amber, "you could pile a hunderd barrels in the space two or three would take if they was all set up."

"I don't understand."

Amber did something to his model barrel. The hoops came off, the top came out, but the staves did not fall apart, because there were no staves. The wall of the barrel was in one piece, which he spread flat. "There!" he exclaimed. "Knockdown. See? All one piece, except head and hoops. A boy kin set 'em up. Lighter 'n' stronger. Lookit!" He took the wall of the barrel, bent it into a cylinder, and with a couple of swift operations displayed it as a tight barrel. "Now what ye got to say?"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Peleg.

"Tight," said Amber. "Ship liquids. Ship powders, like flour. Ship nails. Ship potaters. Ship anythin'. And, mister, they cost a sight less to make than any other tight barrel. Stronger. Won't weigh more'n half what a beer barrel does. How much d'ye s'pose the breweries spend a year for recooperin' barrels?"

"I have no knowledge," said Peleg.

"Neither have I, but plenty," said Amber. "I got this covered with enough patents to make it sink in water. Well, is it a deal?"

"I beg your pardon."

"You advertised fur an invention that was a staple and would make more'n a quarter of a million profits a year. Ye got it. Here it is. What more d'ye want? Do we do business, or don't we?"

Peleg stared at the barrel. It looked very nice. Certainly it came apart and went together again. But matters moved a bit too swiftly even for him.

"This," he said cautiously, "looks like what I want. It has those attributes upon which I insisted. But I am not in possession of sufficient statistics."

"Hain't a-goin' to sell statistics," said Mr. Amber.

"To whom would we sell them?"

"Anybody 't wanted 'em," said Amber. "I hain't got no prejudices. Any feller with the price kin buy a barrel."

"I should have to know something about costs of manufacture."

"We'll figger 'em," said Amber reasonably.

PELEG wished he could think of another pertinent question, but none occurred to him.

"All we got to do," said Amber, "is have a sawmill 'n' a veneer mill 'n' plenty hardwood timber. Got to have steam ponds 'n' dry kilns. Buy the iron fur hoops. Then we kin set up my machines 'n' turn 'em out by the billion."

"What machines?"

"My machines," said Amber. "Think I whittle 'em out with a jackknife. It's the machine does it. Got it patented. Nobody's a-goin' to hornswoggle me. Set up enough machines 'n' I kin turn out a billion a day. Make 'em any size 'n' any weight. Mister, how many freight cars would ye have to hire to ship five thousand empty barrels?"

"I'm sure I can't say."

"Neither kin I," Amber agreed amiably, "but plenty. But, mister, ye kin ship twenty thousand of these here, knocked down, in one freight car. Lookit the savin'."

"I see the point," said Peleg. "You are sure, then, there will be a great demand for these barrels?"

"Billions," said Mr. Amber.

"And we can guarantee to the manufacturer a profit of $250,000 a year?"

"Chicken feed," said Mr. Amber. "Is it a deal?"

"It is," said Peleg, "a deal."

"Shake," said Mr. Amber, and they shook hands solemnly.

OLEANDER, who had been listening with unbelieving ears to the progress of this transaction, coughed loudly for attention. "It's a deal?" she asked.

"We have agreed," said Peleg.

"Yes," said Oleander. "I see you've agreed. You understand each other perfectly?"

"To be sure," said Mr. Amber.

"No chance for misunderstanding?"

"Not that I'm aware of," said Peleg.

"Good," said Oleander. "Then explain it to me. What is the deal?"

Amber stared at Peleg and Peleg stared at Amber. Neither spoke.

"Calc'late we're satisfied, hain't we?" Amber asked.

"For my part," said Peleg, "I am content."

"Well, then," demanded Amber, staring hard at Oleander, "what's all the argument?"

"I guess," said Oleander in a feeble voice, "there isn't any."

"Now, I call that sensible." He turned to Peleg. "When to whizzin'?"

"Right off," said Peleg.

"Suits me," said Mr. Amber. "Like beer?"

"No," said Peleg.

"Neither do I," said Amber, "so we don't have to drink none. I was kind of dreadin' it. Well, when you need me I'll be over to the hotel. Yeah. You better take care of these here patents; I might lose 'em." He tossed a huge envelope on the table.

"Miss Tidd," said Peleg, "please put our patents in the safe."

"Be seein' ye," said Amber, and he made his cautious way out of the office. Oleander sighed. "Now what?" she asked.

"Oh," said Peleg, "the rest is simple. Ah—I shall be busy. Will you rent suitable quarters for our new offices and hire a force of assistants?"

"Now?" asked Oleander.

"Immediately," said Peleg. He peered at her and smiled with self-satisfaction. "It is very, very easy to become an important financial figure," he said.

"I'm astonished there are any poor people," she rejoined.

"It is odd," said Peleg, with a puzzled frown.

"They just haven't discovered how easy it is to get rich."

"Quite probably," said Peleg. "I shall call at once upon Martin P. Ross."

"I don't believe Irene tried to kill him, either," said Oleander. "But she's capable of it."

"What?"

"Both of us aren't dumb," said Oleander, "and I'm in the majority."

(To be continued)

What the READERS Say

Politics

Well, the political pot begins to boil; and one of the first signs is a family argument like this:

Milwaukee, Wis.—I am disgusted to find another article about Postmaster Farley and his political henchman. I am speaking of *Farley's Guess Man*, by Thomas Sugrue, in your May issue. Why cannot we have stories about the really idealistic statesmen who are trying to be of service to their country? Why must you instead rake up all the sordid details of a political campaign? We American women want to read of good things, not bad—even though the bad things may be interesting.—Mrs. S. G.

And in the same mail arrived a letter from Mrs. S. G.'s husband:

Milwaukee, Wis.—My wife and I have been arguing about *Farley's Guess Man*. She is writing you a letter about it now, so I've decided to say my say, too. I must state right now that my wife is a fine woman and more often right than I, but—well, what *does* make women think that by staring steadfastly at beautiful things you can cause ugliness to melt away? Personally, I am all for more articles that tell us how politicians work. It's the only way we have of learning where they go wrong and how they can be corrected. The women can go in for idealism, God bless 'em, and let us realists do the real work.—S. G.

Spoken like a master politician, S. G.

Bears

Camden, N. J.—Singing Iceman, in the April number, was a grand article. I like and admire Richard Crooks as a man and a singer. But when it comes to scaring bears by trilling high C's—well, all I can say is, "Congratulations for the biggest belly laugh I've ever had."—J. F. McL.

Glad you enjoyed your laugh, Mr. McL. Just the same, this was not a tall story. Naturalists will tell you that bears are that easily bluffed.

Youth

Jamaica, N. Y.—I feel rather fed up with the younger generation—the so-called victims of the depression—even if I happen to be one of them. They may envy the "big shots," but they cannot realize that it takes years of steady and serious work to earn a "big shot's" job. It seems as though our young people's ambition is to start at the top and hope to goodness they never hit the bottom. Thousands of men and women enter the business and professional worlds yearly as novices. Those who cannot quite make the grade sit back on their haunches and cry, "The depression has spoiled my one big chance." The question is, was any one of those who failed capable of handling "one big chance"? I work hard. But, if I don't get any farther, I hope I won't blame it on an already overworked depression. I'll blame it on myself. Perhaps my job is all that I am capable of handling.—H. L.

Random Shots

Uriah, Ala.—Don't you know that the house a Baptist preacher lives in is not called a rectory but a pastorium?—Miss G. F. H.

Boston, Mass.—If you do have a turn now and then it's no sign that you're a worm.—Mrs. M. C.

Ontario, Calif.—Poetry to me is something for the masses—not for the chosen few.—J. N. N.

New York, N. Y.—For that writer who said, "All productiveness is masculine," I wish a diet of bull's milk and roosters' eggs.—B. F.

I THINK

***LOS ANGELES, CALIF.*—I think it's quite all right for my husband to wear a green tie with a pink shirt if he wants to. I have no patience with women who dictate the kind of clothes their husbands should buy. There's little enough freedom on this earth.—Mrs. D. L.**

•

WHAT do you think? A lot of men seem to like to have their wives shop for them and with them. But maybe that's just a hangover from childhood, when mother picked their clothes. A lot of wives feel it their duty to select clothes for their husbands. They think that men have no taste in such things. How do you look at the matter? We'd like to know. Husband or wife, if you have strong convictions on the subject, one way or the other, write a letter to the Readers' Page, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. For the most interesting letter, we will pay $10. Letters will not be considered after July 15, 1936. None will be returned.

Earmarks

Greenville, Miss.—Will somebody tell me just what an American is? Is it someone who was born in America or who has taken out naturalization papers? Is it someone whose lineage goes back to the Revolution or the Jamestown colony? Or is it someone who believes certain things? I've been hearing a lot about America for Americans. I want to know by what marks I shall know them.—O. T. G.

The questions raised by O. T. G. seem deserving of an answer. Let's have your ideas on the subject, setting forth briefly just what you consider to be the distinguishing marks of an American.

Suggestions

Carlisle, Pa.—Isn't it about time we had a transcontinental express highway, without curves, for passenger cars only? Overhead crossings would cut down the danger of speeding. And, by the way, why don't the highway engineers put in an occasional "switch siding" to give a tourist a chance to rest without violating the law against stopping the car on the slab?—M. F.

Kansas City, Mo.—My husband and 5-year-old son spend hours looking at pictures of things in advertisements, catalogues, and dictionaries. I wonder why nobody has thought of publishing a *Pictionary*, a large book containing small pictures of everything with just a one-word label under each. A picture tells more than words. If it's too expensive an undertaking, why doesn't the government do it as a boondoggle?—Mrs. R. P. S.

Cleveland, Ohio—My wife has had an inspiration which she is too modest to report. I think it's swell, and other women should know about it. Discovering that about a dozen women in the neighborhood, like herself, had children under school age, she organized a rotating nursery school. Each mother takes turn about teaching it. That leaves eleven young mothers free on the morning of every week day—to shop, read, work . . . or just gad about. And it doesn't cost a dime.—J. R. T.

Ogden, Utah—I started keeping a diary a year ago. In the first two or three months, I found that my daily activities were so dull and meaningless that they weren't worth putting down. So I set out deliberately to live up to my diary—to make the daily routine interesting enough to write about. I've met more fascinating characters in the last six months than ever before in my life. I've gone more places, investigated more things, increased my knowledge tremendously. I pass the idea along to you. If you don't know how little you're getting out of life, just try writing about what you do.—B. M.

Little lady, may we borrow your bridal bouquet?

YOUR orchids, little lady, illustrate a very important point about Four Roses Whiskey.

Those orchids didn't, like Topsy, "just grow." Horticulturists labored with infinite skill, blending and cross-blending the most exquisite specimens so as to combine the special beauties of each in the magnificent flowers you now carry.

Like your orchids, and for the self-same reason, Four Roses Whiskey is *blended.*

Each of the straight whiskies that go into Four Roses *(and only straight whiskies do!)* is a noble liquor in itself. But like all straight whiskies, each has its own distinctive characteristics.

By blending these whiskies the way 70 years' experience has taught us to blend them, we bring out the best features of each whiskey . . . so that they combine to give the incomparable richness and smoothness for which Four Roses is so famous.

That's why we sincerely believe that Four Roses is the finest whiskey you can buy today, regardless of age, type or price. One taste of Four Roses and you will *know* this is so.

Send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville, Ky., for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book."

* * *

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Paul Jones (92 proof), Old Oscar Pepper, Mattingly & Moore (both 90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies. Also Paul Jones Distilled Dry Gin (90 proof).

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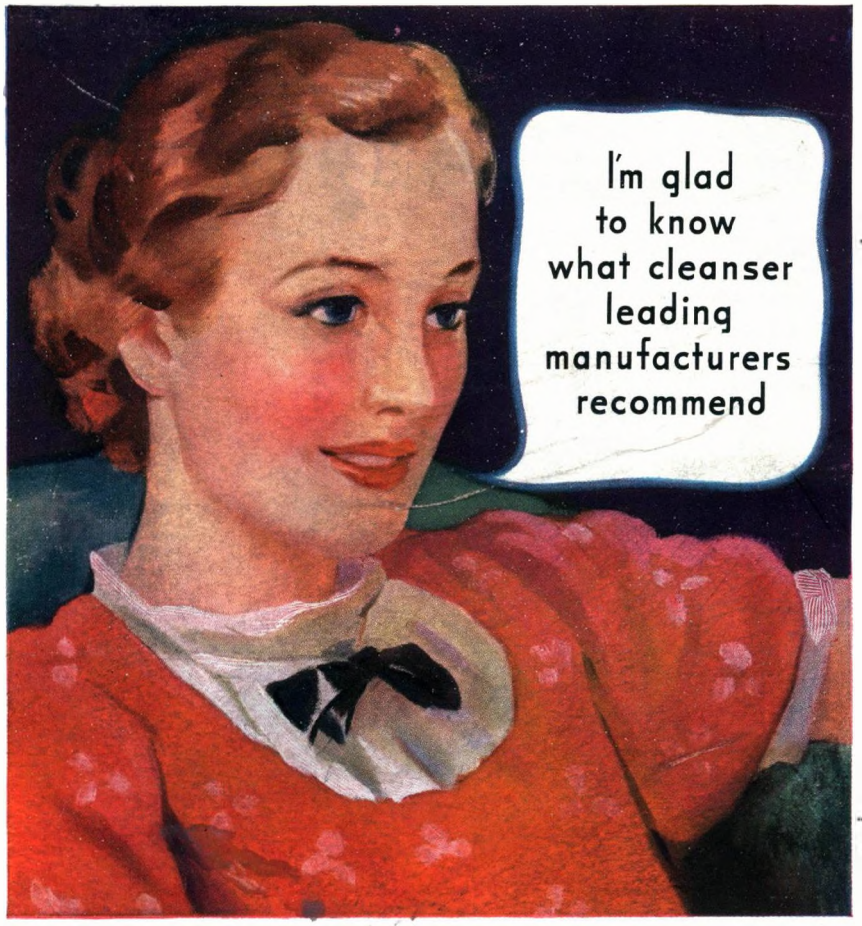

Old Dutch doesn't scratch—it's made with SEISMOTITE

Of course you take pride in your modern bathroom, kitchen and laundry equipment, and you're anxious to secure long service and satisfaction from it. Then don't gamble with cleansers. Clean the modern, scratchless way with safe and saving Old Dutch.

Leading manufacturers recommend Old Dutch because the "glass slide test" proves it doesn't scratch. Here's how to make this scientific test:

Place a little Old Dutch between two pieces of glass and rub them together. You'll hear no grinding or grating and no scratches will be made in the glass because Old Dutch is free from harsh, scratchy grit. Then try any other cleanser and notice the difference.

Old Dutch is made with Seismotite — the modern scientific cleaning material. It removes food odors, and polishes to gleaming cleanliness in less time and with less rubbing. What's more, Old Dutch actually costs less to use because it does more cleaning per package. Be safe and thrifty. Use only Old Dutch for all your cleaning.

Silverware offer extended to Dec. 31, 1936
You still have time to build your complete set

3 Iced Drink Spoons $1.50 value for 50¢

Wm. A. Rogers A-1 Plus Quality Silverware, made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd. Old Dutch makes it possible for you to obtain at an amazingly low cost, a complete set of this fine silverware in the beautiful "Crosdon" pattern, by taking advantage of these additional offers.

You have a choice of 11 different units. Send 50c and the windmill panels from 8 Old Dutch labels, (or complete labels for each unit ordered. You may order any one of the units listed or as many as you like.

Old Dutch Cleanser, Dept. S200, 221 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
I am enclosing _____ Old Dutch labels or windmill panels therefrom and _____ c for which please send me

- [ ] 6 Teaspoons
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- [ ] 1 Cold Meat Fork
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