A SHORT MYSTERY NOVEL COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

JUNE 25c

THE American MAGAZINE

Beginning **CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND'S**

New Serial **Face The Facts**

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

Thru 50 years–

The pause that refreshes

COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

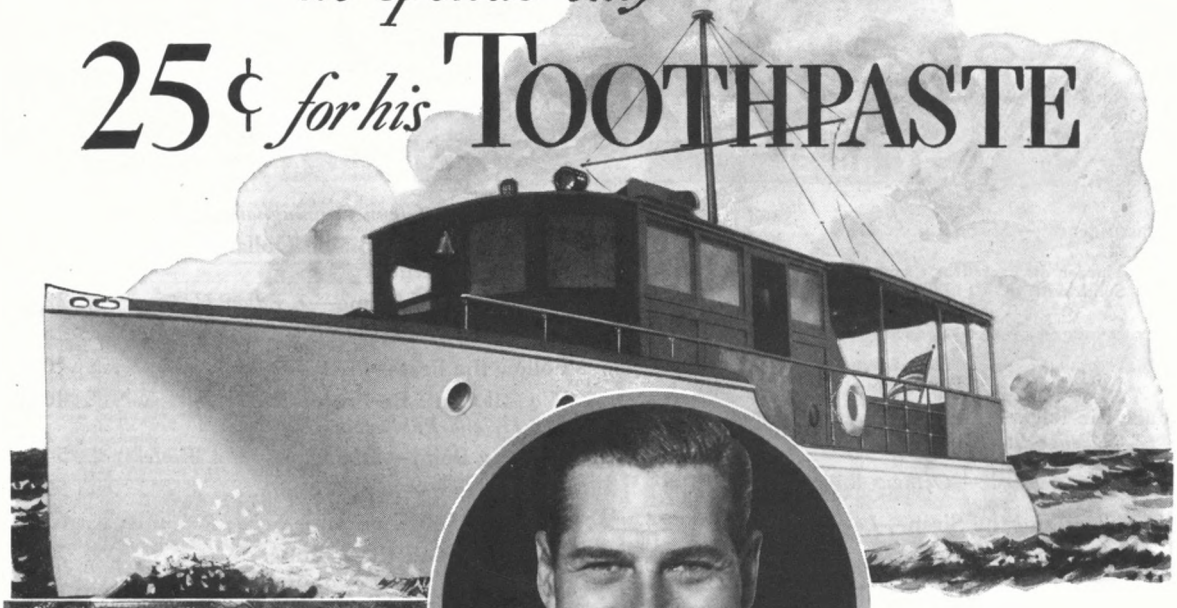
1886 to 1936

Fashions in clothes change. But human thirst is always the same. Since the first ice-cold Coca-Cola made a *pause refreshing* in 1886, its fame has spread... from city to city... country to country... around the world... welcome everywhere, because ice-cold Coca-Cola is what refreshment ought to be.. pure... wholesome... delicious.

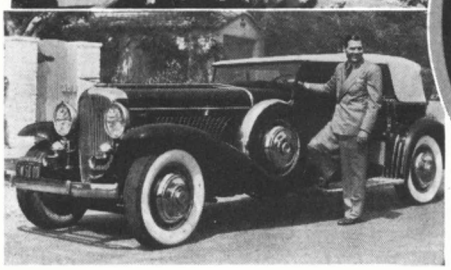
Surrounded by LUXURIES..

he spends only

25¢ *for his* TOOTHPASTE

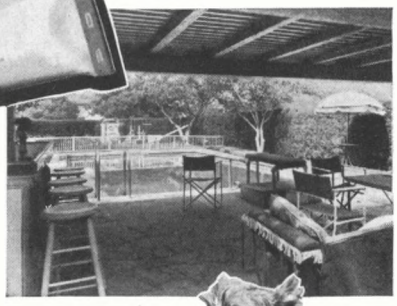


Dick Arlen's beautifully appointed 50-foot cruiser with twin engines. On board, Arlen entertains many of the celebrities of the screen and stage world.



Dick Arlen's Duesenberg with its special body. Arlen is one of the best drivers in California.

Keeping fit is a religion with Dick Arlen. Every day finds him in the pool on his estate on Toluca Lake, California.



Richard Arlen's pet Schnauzer, "Lucky," valued conservatively at $2,500 and the son of a champion.

Richard Arlen says: **"I like a dentifrice that has substance and body to it . . . one that does a good job of cleansing . . . *particularly when it comes to removing discoloration.* Maybe that's why I'm such a consistent rooter for that LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE."**

SCREEN stars don't guess about their tooth paste. They can't afford to, with millions ready to spot the slightest flaw in teeth.

Is it any wonder then that the famous screen star, Dick Arlen, surrounded by luxury and able to pay any price for a dentifrice, chooses Listerine Tooth Paste? Its brilliant results won him as they have won more than 3,000,000 other users.

Why not give your teeth the same wonderful care? Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today, and use it twice daily for three weeks. You will be delighted to see the improvement in the brilliance of your teeth.

See how thoroughly but how gently it cleans . . . See how it erases stubborn discolorations . . . See how it makes precious enamel gleam and shine . . . And note the wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration it gives to the entire mouth.

You will like Listerine Tooth Paste from the moment you try it . . . It is in every way worthy of the fine name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

JUNE 1936 • THE MAGAZINE OF TODAY AND TOMORROW • VOL. CXXI NO. 6

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

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.

Cover: Natural-color photograph, *directed by John E. Sheridan; Paul Hesse, photographer*
Posed by Patsy Ruth: Hat by Lilly Dache

SPECIAL ARTICLES

FACT AND FANCY

NEXT MONTH

Jim Preston was swimming instructor at a desert hotel. He knew all about blondes, brunettes, one-piece bathing suits, and water wings, but being shot at was a new experience. It happens in Philip Wylie's brand-new short novel —THE PARADISE CANYON MYSTERY—complete in the July issue

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

PUBLISHERS OF • THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION • COLLIER'S • THE COUNTRY HOME
Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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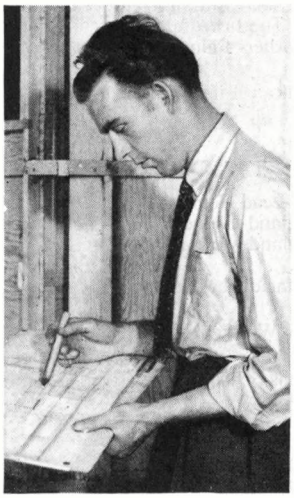
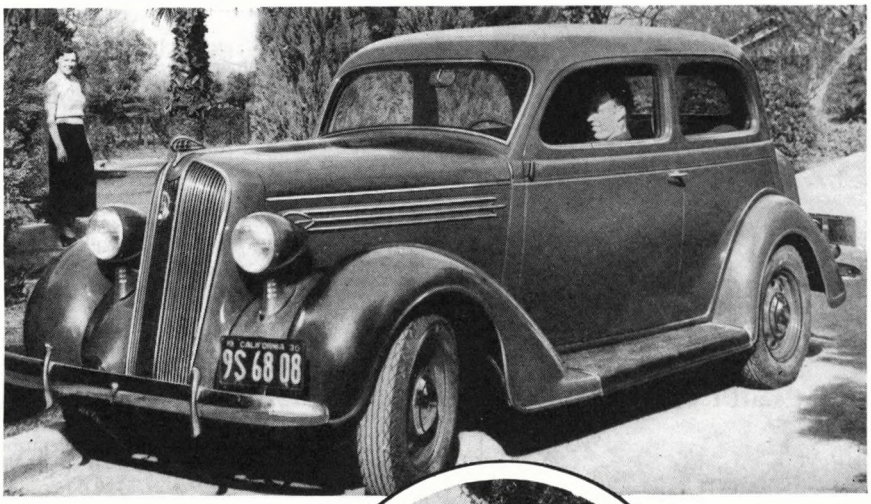
"I Priced 'All Three,' and Plymouth won!"

IT'S THE EXTRA-VALUE CAR IN COMFORT, SAFETY... AND STYLE!





A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH GARY EVANS, ARCADIA, CAL.

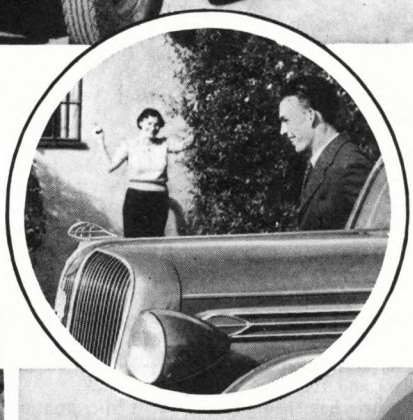
GARY EVANS, Arcadia, California, liked his friend's Plymouth, compared the prices of "All Three" leading low-priced cars... and found the big, new Plymouth priced with the lowest!

"That settled it," he says, "Only the smart Plymouth has the size, comfort and performance I wanted for long camping and pleasure trips. Then, too, I found it's the only one of 'All Three' with 100% Hydraulic brakes and Safety-Steel body... both!

"My Plymouth never gives me any trouble... doesn't tire me to drive all day... and I get unbelievable gas and oil mileage!"

Compare "All Three"... on price, terms, features. Then buy! *Drive* this new Plymouth! Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer to arrange it.

Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation



(*Above, left*) Designer-engineer of outdoor equipment, Gary Evans preferred Plymouth's more solid construction.

(*Above*) Plymouth won hands down on every point — safety, economy, reliability and comfort.

(*Left*) "Every one admires my big, new Plymouth. I like its economy, safety."

EASY TO BUY

Plymouth is priced with the lowest... with terms as low as the lowest! You can buy a big, new Plymouth for $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Co. has made available to all Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto dealers low finance terms that make Plymouth easy to buy.

$510

And Up, List at Factory, Detroit
Special Equipment Extra

"My Plymouth performs brilliantly, economically, never tires me on my trips."

"We needed Plymouth's extra size, power and ruggedness... for we often take long camping and pleasure trips up in the mountain country."

• TUNE IN ED WYNN TUESDAY NIGHTS, N.B.C. RED NETWORK..."GULLIVER THE TRAVELER"

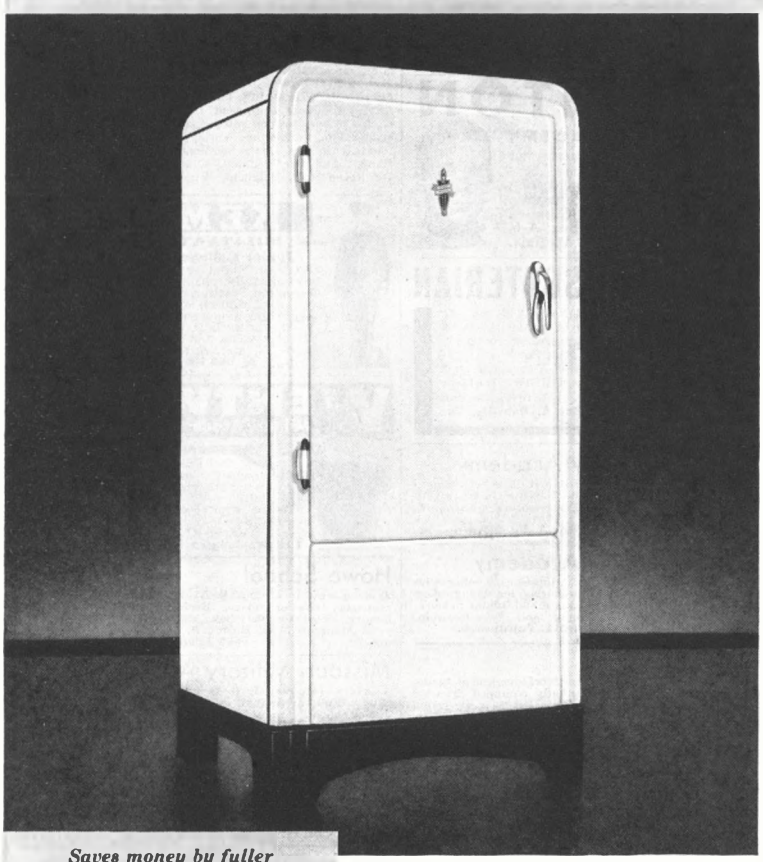
PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Advertised Products

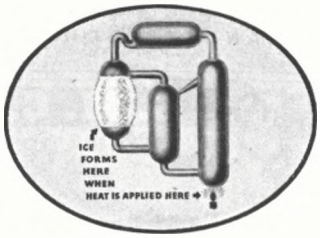
The appearance of an advertisement in The American Magazine is a specific warranty of the product advertised and of the integrity of the house sponsoring the advertisement. Only those products which live up to the claims made for them can be advertised in these pages.

How a single word.. SILENCE

EXPLAINS THE MIRACLE OF ELECTROLUX PERFORMANCE



Its simpler, entirely different principle of THE FLAME THAT FREEZES brings 3 great savings to you



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

LISTEN to an Electrolux and you won't hear a noise. Your first thought will be "What a comfort—what a joy to live with a refrigerator that stays silent!"

NO MOVING PARTS

But the silence of Electrolux has an even more important meaning—for the basically different operating method *behind* this silence is the reason for every one of Electrolux's exclusive advantages. A tiny gas flame—"the flame that freezes"—circulates a simple refrigerant which, alternately heated and cooled, produces constant cold.

LOW OPERATING COST

Because of this almost magical simplicity Electrolux offers a remarkably low operating cost, fullest food protection at all times, and more years of satisfactory service.

GAS COMPANY SERVICE

Your own gas company recommends Electrolux—offers prompt and willing service on every one it sells. This means a lot when you consider that the American gas industry leads all others in being conscientious about its recommendations and thorough in its services. See Electrolux today . . . on display at the showrooms of your gas company or local dealer. (Electrolux also operates on bottled gas.)

● *Electrolux is also sold in Canada*

Saves money by fuller

FOOD PROTECTION

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FOR FARM HOMES IT RUNS ON KEROSENE

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THE SERVEL *Gas Refrigerator*

USES NO WATER

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The answer to that letter must have convinced the woman who wrote it for in a short while she sent a second letter which reads:

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

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FREE 30 SIX-CYLINDER PONTIACS

EACH WITH 1000 GALLONS of GASOLINE

. . . . ALSO 594 BIG CASH PRIZES

6 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

These Prizes Each Week . . . . .

5 FIRST PRIZES, PONTIAC *2-Door Master* SEDANS
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3 SECOND PRIZES . . $100 each • 3 THIRD PRIZES . . $50 each
3 FOURTH PRIZES . . $10 each • 90 FIFTH PRIZES . . $5 each

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1000 GALLONS OF GASOLINE!
Think of the saving this means—a credit card good at your local station for enough free gasoline to run your car probably for a year—perhaps much longer!

Here's your
1936 PONTIAC
***2-door Master* SEDAN**
'The Most Beautiful Thing on Wheels
Most Economical Car of its Class
Triple-Sealed Hydraulic Brakes
Level Floors—Front and Rear
Solid Steel "Turret-Top"
Fisher Bodies

EASY!

Just complete this sentence, *"I like Ivory Flakes for washing silks and woolens because*_____
(in 25 additional words or less)

Enter first contest today—Enter all six weekly contests—Enter each contest as often as you like! Contest open to everyone!

Thirty lucky people will win brand new 1936 Pontiac Sedans—with enough free gas to last the average driver a year! Five hundred and ninety-four lucky people will win cash prizes! And *you* may be one of them! Enter Ivory Flakes' first weekly contest today—enter every week for six weeks. New prizes awarded each week!

All you have to do is finish the sentence that starts in the entry blank—in 25 additional words or less. That's all.

Hints on Winning Sentences

We'd like to help you win! So we're giving you here a sample sentence-ending—typical of the sincere, simple statements which the judges will select for prizes.

"I like Ivory Flakes for washing silks and woolens because I know Ivory Flakes are pure Ivory Soap—gentle enough for even a baby's sensitive skin."

Simple? Yes—as simple as *talking!* So sit down—and write *naturally.* Don't worry if your sentence-ending doesn't sound "tricky" or clever. Mail it! The judges will recognize its simple sincerity and may award you a beautiful new Pontiac, or some welcome cash.

Tune in on "THE O'NEILLS" for more hints on how to win!

(Here are the times, see your local newspaper for stations)
N.B.C. Red Network Coast to Coast
Eastern Daylight Time, **3:45** P.M.
Eastern Standard or Central Daylight Time, **2:45** P.M.
Central Standard Time, **1:45** P.M.
Mountain Standard Time, **12:45** P.M.
Pacific Standard Time, **11:45** A.M.

Prize-winners will be announced on "The O'Neills" shortly after each contest closes.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Finish the sentence on the coupon or write your entry on one side of a sheet of paper, signing your name and address. Entries will be judged for clearness, sincerity, and individuality of thought. Your own words are most important. Fancy entries will not count.

2. Attach an Ivory Flakes box-top (or facsimile) to this entry blank or to your entry letter. Mail to IVORY FLAKES, Dept. C, BOX 28, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

3. Entries for each week's contest must be postmarked before Saturday midnight to be eligible for the contest. Those arriving late for one contest will be automatically entered in the next week's contest.

4. There will be six weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates are as follows:

	OPENING	CLOSING
1st Contest—	Sun. May 17	Sat. May 23
2nd Contest—	Sun. May 24	Sat. May 30
3rd Contest—	Sun. May 31	Sat. June 6
4th Contest—	Sun. June 7	Sat. June 13
5th Contest—	Sun. June 14	Sat. June 20
6th Contest—	Sun. June 21	Sat. June 27

5. Enter each week's contest as often as you choose but be sure to attach an Ivory Flakes box-top (or facsimile) to each entry.

6. The contests will be judged by Miss Elsie Rushmore and her associates. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. All entries and the contents thereof become the property of Procter & Gamble. No entries will be returned.

7. Any one may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contests are limited to the United States only and are subject to all Federal, State, and Local Regulations.

*"I like Ivory Flakes for washing silks and woolens because*_____
_____
_____

Finish this sentence in 25 additional words—or less

PROCTER & GAMBLE, Dept. C, Box 28, Cincinnati, Ohio
Here is my entry for the Ivory Flakes Weekly Contest. I enclose the top (or facsimile) from a box of Ivory Flakes.

*Name*_____
*Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

DON'T DELAY. Enter first contest NOW—enter all six weekly contests!

THE
AMERICAN MAGAZINE
JUNE 1936

Endurance

A WISE MAN once observed, "He who endures conquers." When I first heard that line, I thought it was just another trite proverb. For years it was not significant to me—not until I began to run the mile.

Flash and speed are all right in the hundred-yard dash. It's like the throw of dice or the flight of a rocket. But, in the long run, endurance counts. You may run the first hundred yards in nothing flat—be far in the lead of your competitors—and then nearly drop from exhaustion in the next hundred. And some chap, far in the rear, may pass you by with easy, unhurried steps. When the crisis comes—the final burst of speed—he has enough strength left to win.

My belief that endurance conquers has bolstered me up more than once during the last few years. In the press, at home, on the campus, and over the radio, it has been hammered into us who are young that the gates of opportunity are closed. Many of my classmates have been affected by the campaign of pessimism, but I still believe there is something for those who can stick it out, last long enough—endure! Life, I think, is like the mile.

I'VE SEEN brilliant college men crack up under the strain of trying to learn everything in a year or two. The doctor suggested that they spend a summer in light work, raking leaves and grass. One of them disobeyed and set out to recover his strength by taking a degree in eight months. He ended up in a sanitarium. Had he learned to run the mile, he would not have tried to cram knowledge into eight months. He would have learned the value of endurance.

We can all name many great athletes who lasted just for a season—who burned themselves up in splendid achievements and passed on. The really great figures of sport are those who endured—Helen Wills, Bill Tilden, Babe Ruth, Christy Mathewson. A lot of writers come along, too, with one book—a best seller—and then are forgotten. I don't even remember their names. The writers I know are those who endured—Conrad, Tarkington, Cather, Dreiser, and the great novelists of the past. They wrote good books and bad books, but they stayed in the running.

And if you stay in the running—if you have endurance—you are bound to win over those who haven't. Win or lose, if you're always in the race you are never overlooked.

ON THE CAMPUSES of American universities these days I meet young men and young women who want to change things overnight. They complain that rich men, industrialists, and political leaders are oppressing youth, depriving us all of opportunity. What they mean to say is that they want what the leaders have—and want it now. They wear themselves out talking revolution.

I think that the wild-talkers forget that the leaders of today won their positions by enduring—by outlasting their competitors. Many are advanced in years. If we do not like them, we need not destroy them. The law of endurance says they cannot last forever. They will die. Youth will take over. The relay will go on. And endurance will win, as always.

For myself, I think that defeatists, pessimists, and revolutionists should learn the lesson taught in running the mile, and conserve their wind.

GLENN CUNNINGHAM
(World Record Mile Runner)
Guest Editorial Writer

CLARENCE BUDINGTON

PECKHAM FALLS was drowsily surprised every time the ten-forty train arrived, because it had a vague feeling the engine would give up some day from pure discouragement at the uselessness of its arrivals. The town was astounded if a passenger alighted, but not at all amazed if a resident went away, never to return. In short, Peckham Falls could not be regarded as the Land of Opportunity.

Once it had been a thriving little place, but the Depression had sat down upon it and smothered it. What industry once existed in the way of a pulp mill and a clothespin factory and a couple of miscellaneous enterprises had ceased to awaken the world with their seven o'clock whistles, and such inhabitants as remained, to the number of 2,811, continued to exist by a sort of rotating system which consisted of buying from one another on credit.

The lake was as beautiful as it ever had been; the mountains were as lovely.

Peleg found himself sitting on the ground. "You struck me!" he said, astounded. "And with people looking!"

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN WATER COLOR BY FLOYD DAVIS

KELLAND'S *New Serial*

A RIOT OF FUN

Face the FACTS

Gorgeous cloud shadows moved along their wooded slopes as graciously as if Prosperity were just around the corner, and fish continued to bite. Which was fortunate, because without fish numbers of residents would have had more mealtimes than meals.

Peckham Falls snuggled down in a huge saucer through which rushed or gurgled or trickled a river—the nature of its movement regulated by the seasons. When the melting snows came down, it was a very savage little stream which had a way with bridges, carrying them off their feet with its ardor; when August arrived, it almost ceased to be, and the fishes went to the lake or hunted pools and wished they were squirrels. If you were hunting for a town to look at you could have found no more pleasant

example than this; but if you sought an arena, a scene of action, a field for the display of economic talents you found a Sahara.

Therefore, Fire Marshal Katz refused to believe his eyes when the ten-forty drew reluctantly to a stop and a passenger alighted with a huge Gladstone bag. The marshal rubbed his eyes and stared. The young man stood over his baggage and stared after the departing train. Then he turned and scrutinized such portion of the village as was visible from his point of disadvantage. Villages seldom are at their best in the vicinity of their railroad stations. Fire Marshal Katz heard the young man sigh. It was not exactly a pathetic sigh; it was not an exasperated sigh; it was, rather, a sigh of resignation, as if the sigher were saying to himself that what he saw was no better than he deserved.

He was a thin individual, not tall. You would not have called him wiry, because there was no suggestion of muscles of any sort. He was pale, not with the pallor of illness, but of lack of exposure to anything in the nature of sunlight or exercise which might give tint to his skin. His nose was notable. It was a noble hook. His forehead was high and his hair was straw-colored. There was quite a good deal of it, and it all pointed backward, as if he were facing a strong wind. His eyes were brown and bright and melancholy, and you could not tell much about his mouth because it was in motion, a sort of rotary, ruminant movement attainable only by the habitual chewer of gum.

He picked up his bag and set it down again, and then he glanced at Katz and smiled deprecatingly. "I suppose," he said, "that sign is accurate." He pointed to the name of the station on the face of the depot.

"Accurate?" asked Mr. Katz.

"This really is Peckham Falls?"

"What makes you think it ain't?" asked the fire marshal.

"I didn't think it wasn't," said the young man patiently. "I was simply confronting the possibility that it might not be."

THIS was too much for Mr. Katz, who spat copiously over the edge of the platform. "You talk a lot of words without sayin' anythin', seems as though," he said petulantly.

"Words," said the young man. "The English language contains, at the moment, upwards of 455,000 living words, yet 43 of them comprise more than half of all the words that are written or spoken each day."

"What of it?" asked Mr. Katz.

"Nothing in particular," said the young man.

"Then why did you fetch it up?"

"It just occurred to me," said the stranger mildly.

"Come on business?" asked Mr. Katz.

"On impulse," said the stranger.

"What's that?"

"I didn't wish to be where I was any longer. I therefore determined to go some place else. It turned out to be here."

"For what?"

"One has to be somewhere. I got on the train, and after some thought I determined to get off at the first station whose name began with the letter P."

"Why?"

"Because that's the initial of my first name. . . . I see you wear a badge."

"So I'm a monkey-face, am I?" she flared. "Well, you look like a half-starved cockatoo yourself!"

"Fire marshal," said Mr. Katz.

"Indeed. Out of every one hundred commercial enterprises that suffer a considerable fire but fifty-seven per cent are able to continue in business. Not long ago a forest fire was started by sparks thrown from the shoe of a horse."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mr. Katz. "How long you goin' to stay?"

"Permanently."

"For good? Here?"

"That," said the young stranger, "is my intention."

"I got to stay here. I got to because I can't git away. I never would 'a' come here if I hadn't been born here. Nobuddy else is here that wasn't born here. Bein' born in Peckham Falls is a kind of an affliction like cross-eyes. Either you got it or you hain't. Me, I can't see no reason why a feller that wasn't

born here should come any other way."

"Born," said the stranger. "During the year 1931, 2,220,000 babies were born in the United States; 23,000 were twins, there were 300 sets of triplets, and 6 sets of quadruplets."

"Be ye rich?" asked Mr. Katz.

"I am moderately affluent—moderately. Why do you ask?"

"I was wonderin' what you calc'lated to live on in Peckham Falls. You'd have to fetch it with you. Hain't no way of makin' a livin' here."

"You are alive," said the young man with incontrovertible logic. "Numbers of persons are alive."

"It's because they're too healthy to die. They started out by bein' alive, and just kept on at it because nothin' killed 'em off."

"I," said the young man, "am seeking a business opportunity—a chance for profitable investment."

"What's your name?"

"Peleg Bodkin."

"That gives me a kind of an idea," said the fire marshal. Just why the disclosure of Peleg's name furnished him with a thought it was difficult to say. "Ol' Myron Peddie up 'n' died last week."

"I regret to hear it," said Peleg.

"He used to be in the fire insurance business before he died."

"Indeed."

"Calc'late his widder wants to sell it. How much money you got?"

"A thousand dollars," said Peleg with some pride. "I never had a thousand dollars before. I acquired this sum all at once by the exercise of a certain amount of skill, ability, application, and intelligence. It is why I determined to uproot myself and seek a new environment."

"How'd you git it?"

"By stating correctly the number of beans in a large glass receptacle. This receptacle was exhibited before a motion picture house. The purchase of a ticket of admission entitled you to one guess as to the number of beans in the bottle. The prize was $1,000."

"And you won?"

"I did," said Peleg modestly. "It was easy to determine the cubical content of the bottle. It was a simple matter, then, to arrive at the number of average-sized beans that could be placed inside. But there was another factor."

"What?"

"Shrewdness," said Peleg. "The person who offered the prize would not make its winning a simple matter. He would contrive some device that would make the bottle contain either more beans than it could apparently, or less. It was simpler to make it contain less. This could be done by placing some object in the bottle, which would take the place of a number of beans. My problem was to determine what this object was and its cubical content."

"You done it?"

"By a process of reasoning. The large bottle, shaped somewhat like those sometimes seen in apothecaries' windows, contained four and a quarter gallons of liquid matter. What, then, could be the size and nature of the object concealed beneath the beans? I studied the habits of the manager of the theater. I learned that he lunched in his office each noon. His lunch consisted of a half-pound of crackers, a banana, and a quart of milk."

"IT DON'T make sense," said Mr. Katz.

"I asked the boy who brought the lunch is a milk bottle missing. He admitted that one had disappeared, for which he had charged the theater five cents. So I knew I was right. I therefore subtracted the number of beans that could be contained in a quart milk bottle from the total and arrived at a number which, taking the beans to be of average size, must be approximately correct. I then bought a ticket of admission. I deposited my calculation. On the night of the award my name was announced. I came within six beans of the correct total."

"The only trouble with Myron Peddie's business," said Katz, "is that the' hain't much to insure and nobuddy kin afford to pay the premiums. But it's a goin' business (*Continued on page 110*)

All over the country, in government offices like this, they're making up the gift lists

WIDE WORLD

Dishing up 2

A FRIEND of mine in very moderate circumstances awoke completely the other morning without the aid of coffee. Glancing down a list of foreign sweepstakes winners on the front page of his breakfast newspaper, he saw his own name in boldface type: "Charlie Adams, Pleasantville, Meteor, Scratched, $600." He let out a whoop. He had almost forgotten the soiled sweepstakes ticket in his pocketbook.

Charlie's wife, who had been running a suburban home on $1,750 a year, actually wept with excitement. The little car she had wanted so long . . . the new rug . . . the trip home . . . all of them flashed through her mind like a dream of princely gifts.

Before the end of the week, Charlie had emerged from the obscurity of a small-salaried man into the floodlight of buying power. Insurance men telephoned for appointments. Motorcar dealers offered to take him and his family for a ride in the country. Building trades workmen—painters, plasterers, paper hangers—knocked at the door. The mail was full of handsome handouts from railroad and steamship companies, stores, and appliance dealers. And a few collectors, formerly belligerent, called with back bills and a smile. It was a great experience while the money lasted. . . .

WELL, if you multiply that experience by something like 3,500,000 Charlie Adamses, you will get an idea of what will happen on June 15th in every city and town in the United States. On that day Uncle Sam—or Uncle Santa, if you choose—begins to dish up about $2,000,000,000 in soldiers' bonuses, drawn from the Congressional lottery. The money is gravy—given outright to veterans, with no strings attached, as adjusted compensation for services rendered almost twenty years ago and, like Charlie's sweepstakes ticket, almost forgotten. It is not taxable, as most winnings are. It cannot be taken from the veteran to satisfy a court judgment, to pay back alimony, to correct an error in income tax returns. It may only be saved—or spent! And most of it will be spent. America is oiling its cash registers to receive it.

The money will be issued in the form

All America is oiling its cash registers to receive a share of that soldiers' bonus money. Who's going to get it and why

By Hubert Kelley

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

STATE	TOTAL		
Alabama	$ 26,888,528.74	Montana	10,281,687.92
Arizona	6,668,187.11	Nebraska	21,802,190.95
Arkansas	21,993,238.27	Nevada	1,771,846.11
California	122,833,011.86	New Hampshire	7,298,113.14
Colorado	19,362,059.24	New Jersey	69,579,645.59
Connecticut	26,914,018.40	New Mexico	5,810,422.87
Delaware	3,527,070.50	New York	221,373,427.96
Dist. of Col.	16,278,716.59	North Carolina	34,622,162.80
Florida	21,921,858.79	North Dakota	8,762,475.18
Georgia	32,262,946.70	Ohio	106,061,344.03
Idaho	7,411,798.86	Oklahoma	35,202,766.82
Illinois	141,472,589.16	Oregon	20,679,034.90
Indiana	50,730,624.28	Pennsylvania	155.594,459.25
Iowa	41,019,480.37	Rhode Island	12,356,383.60
Kansas	31,436,036.43	South Carolina	19,316,831.04
Kentucky	34.261,787.60	South Dakota	11,757,600.97
Louisiana	27,849,762.05	Tennessee	32,497,536.52
Maine	12.121,627.12	Texas	83,696,221.25
Maryland	27.931.248.31	Utah	8,035,096.92
Massachusetts	83.147.947.57	Vermont	5,042,465.50
Michigan	77,476.794.12	Virginia	36.811,791.20
Minnesota	52,789,520.36	Washington	34,079,306.15
Mississippi	19,308,411.76	West Virginia	23,345,392.42
Missouri	60,820,922.70	Wisconsin	47,177,680.61
		Wyoming	6,329,955.57

BILLION DOLLARS

of $50 bonds, printed in black and green and emblazoned with the head of Andrew Jackson and the rising sun. These bonds will be cashable immediately at post offices, special disbursing offices to be named by the Veterans' Administration and the Treasury, and possibly at national banks—a matter still undecided as I write. The largest amount a veteran can receive is $1,589; the smallest, around $100.

If a man receives $570—the average payment to each of the 3,500,000 veterans—he will receive eleven $50 bonds and a check for the balance, $20, issued by the Treasury. If he prefers to keep the bonds—and most veterans will not—they will draw 3 per cent interest, not compounded, from June 15, 1936, the date of issue, until June 15, 1945, the date of maturity. If he cashes them on any date before June 15, 1937, no interest will be paid.

I HAVE just returned from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington, where for hours I watched the flow of these $50 bonds through the rude old hand-fed presses which turn out our $5 bills. Since March 1st the bureau has been printing about 120,000 bonds a day, working in two shifts of eight hours each, with about 300 extra employees. The veterans' bond issue is the largest rush order in the history of the bureau. By June 15th it must print 38,000,000 bonds, each flawless and beyond the ability of a counterfeiter to reproduce. The process is very slow, requiring the utmost care and accuracy.

In these days, when government financiers jot down $1,000,000,000 in a budget with a lead pencil, we accept a little figure like 38,000,000 bonds without a twinge of the imagination. It may not mean anything to say that 38,000,000 bonds weigh 125 tons, but if we were to float this bond issue on the Mississippi River, instead of the taxpayer, we would have two solid streams of bonds, laid end to end, reaching from the mouth at New Orleans to the source at Lake Itasca. In other words, you could paper each bank of the Mississippi with veterans' bonds, and you still would have some left over. If you laid the bonds, end to end, they would reach from (*Continued on page 74*)

WORDS and MUSIC

By Octavus Roy Cohen

THE big frame of Larry Drake completely blocked out the inscription on the ground-glass door which announced to the world that this was the Endicott Music Company. He walked inside and through an office strewn with sheet music in various stages of composition. He paid no attention to the slender and earnest young man who labored at a tiny studio piano, nor to the musical phrase—more than faintly reminiscent of something classical—which tapped from the tip of the young song writer's finger. Instead he barged through another door that was marked PRIVATE and inquired loudly whether the chief was in.

Mike Turner deposited his amusement journal on the desk and raised thin eyebrows. He inquired, "Why all the steam? Have you heard a new number you want to rewrite?"

"Smart lad, aren't you?" Larry lowered his two hundred pounds into an ancient chair which creaked alarmingly. "But you should know better. Five years of song plugging, and I have never attempted to perpetrate even one lyric. My job is selling numbers, not writing 'em—and anybody knows it isn't a job to inspire pride. All I'm asking is one new note. A green one, maybe."

"Go on. Go on. I love to hear you talk."

"Oh, yeah? Well, just for that I'll quit." Larry snatched the amusement journal from the desk. He flipped to a page of advance bookings for night spots. His eye ran down the column of C's:

An ex-wife is like a beautiful old song . . . familiar but ever new

When she did her stuff, the crowd stopped dancing to listen. She didn't need Larry—she was tops!

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PARKER

CASCADES, N. Y. Opening October first. Old pop priced hot spot newly renovated. Fifty gorgeous girls, each one year older than last season. Dinner bad enough not to interfere with entertainment. Dance floor usual mob scene. Bankrolled in a big way for new season. Dansapation by Don Farrell, promising a class draw in addition to the hoi polloi. Farrell closing at the Crest Room end of this week and hitting the road briefly. Then back to lead his boys to better tooting for dear old Cascades. Vocals will be gargled by the same little nifty who has been strutting her stuff with Farrell all season. Katharine Stillman is the moniker, and, strangely enough, she can sing. Tommy Garvey will m.c., and at pop prices the place should click.

THE door marked PRIVATE opened again, this time to admit a tall, iron-gray man outfitted in checks and light tie and socks. He placed derby hat and cane on the desk and seated himself in the swivel chair which had been vacated with deferential alacrity by the diminutive Mr. Michael Turner.

If Larry Drake was impressed by the vivid presence of Mr. Endicott, he did not betray that fact. He reread the article anent Don Farrell and Katharine Stillman, adjusted huge feet more com-

Larry lowered his paper. "I've got a bright idea about plugging that football number," he greeted his chief

fortably on Mr. Endicott's desk-top, and said, as he lowered his paper, "Morning, Chief."

Mr. James Hanson Endicott acknowledged the greeting with characteristic directness. He said, "What fire alarm brought you out before noon, Larry?"

"Restless. I had an uncontrollable desire to give my all for Endicott."

"The idea is unique. Go ahead and give."

Larry lowered his feet and leaned forward, broad shoulders seeming about to burst from the ancient coat. His face was attractively homely, his hair unruly. But there were quizzical lines at the corners of his keen gray eyes and his smile was boyishly naïve. He said, "Chief, I'm craving to move mountains."

"You've had your vacation already."

"But this is a big idea."

The voice of Mr. James Hanson Endicott was kindly. He said, patiently, "Listen, Larry—your job is to plug songs; see? To get orchestras to play 'em, vocalists to sing 'em, and the dear public to buy 'em. We don't pay you to have ideas."

"No? And am I supposed to curl up and die under the lash of your vitriolic tongue? Because, Chief, if I am, it's no soap. Now, listen: You know that new football number of ours—that *Touchdown Charley* thing?"

MR. ENDICOTT made a gesture which was intended to convey the impression that he was suffering with a severe headache. But he merely said, "What about it?"

"Don Farrell is opening the Cascades in three weeks. Suppose we could get him to plug that number regularly all through the football season?"

"Is that your idea?"

"It is."

"And I suppose you'll be claiming next that you're the lad who got Santa Claus to plug *Jingle Bells* every Christmas." Mr. Endicott became serious: "Listen, sap—and try to think at the same time. Perhaps you've forgotten that we had a row with Don Farrell more than a year ago. Perhaps you don't remember that to him we're poison and every number we publish is lousy—"

"Well, isn't it?"

The eyes of James Hanson Endicott narrowed speculatively. "What's the idea, Larry? Have you got an in with Farrell?"

"Maybe."

"Well . . . there's no use explaining how much I'd like to have him on our list again. It'd be worth lots, to us and to you. But I've already spent plenty money and exhausted every trick I know. The guy's so big he don't need us, that's all, and there's a limit to how much this firm can sink trying to shoot wild geese with an air rifle. But if you've really got an in, and can land him . . ." Mr. Endicott shrugged. "You savvy?"

Larry Drake hoisted himself to his feet

and started toward the door. He grinned. "Boy makes good. Local lad slays dragon. See you later, Chief—with Farrell in the bag."

The door closed, and Mr. James Hanson Endicott interrogated Mr. Michael Turner.

"Drunk?"

"Sober."

"And he really thinks he can land Don Farrell?"

"Can land."

"But how? What's the in?"

Mike Turner was enjoying himself. His pinched, grotesque countenance was twisted into a grin. And he answered his chief's question with a name. He said, "Katharine Stillman."

"Farrell's vocalizer?"

"Right."

"What's between her and Larry Drake?"

"Nothing."

Mr. Endicott's hand closed over a paperweight. "I haven't committed murder yet this morning . . ."

"Hold it, Chief. And listen: Katharine Stillman used to be Mrs. Larry Drake!"

FOR a few seconds Mr. Endicott was silent. Then his lips made a small O and he whistled expressively. "I never knew that . . ."

"Larry doesn't advertise."

"And he made her what she is today?"

"Not so you could notice it. He was the big shot when they married. Ace song plugger. She was just a little gal trying to get along in the large city. They were goofy about each other—and still are."

"But they got married and lived unhappily ever after?"

"Something like that. You see, there was—"

"Let me guess! Another woman?"

"That started it. Remember Dolly King and Her Royal Subjects?"

"Remember? She's still tops. And she's got a real band."

"She's also got these and them and those. She had 'em when Larry Drake was plugging songs for Harrison and working on that dame daily."

"He's a smart picker."

"That's what Katharine Stillman thought. But get it straight, Chief: They was both too sensible to divorce on that idea. It was what it led up to; see? That was just the beginning. The—the—"

"The wedge?"

"You're a hound with words. Yeah—the wedge. He gave me an earful when it was happening. Got sore because he couldn't convince his wife that when he went out song plugging, he went song plugging. Couldn't sell her on the idea that to him Dolly King was just another job. That started something—and they were so crazy about each other that everything they said hurt."

"How long have they been divorced?"

"More than a year. Right after it happened she got a tryout with Don Farrell and went over in a large way. They say—"

"Yeah, I know. Broadway says lots of things. But is there really anything between her and Farrell?"

"You guess, Chief. Me, I believe there is."

"And, in spite of that, Larry will work on Don Farrell through the ex-Mrs. Drake, eh?"

"Sure. It's an excuse."

Mr. James Hanson Endicott sighed. "I suppose so. Anyway, it's his problem. If she'd sing *Touchdown Charley* and Farrell would plug it the song would be in. But I hope the guy don't forget that it's a football number he's plugging and not a love ditty." . . .

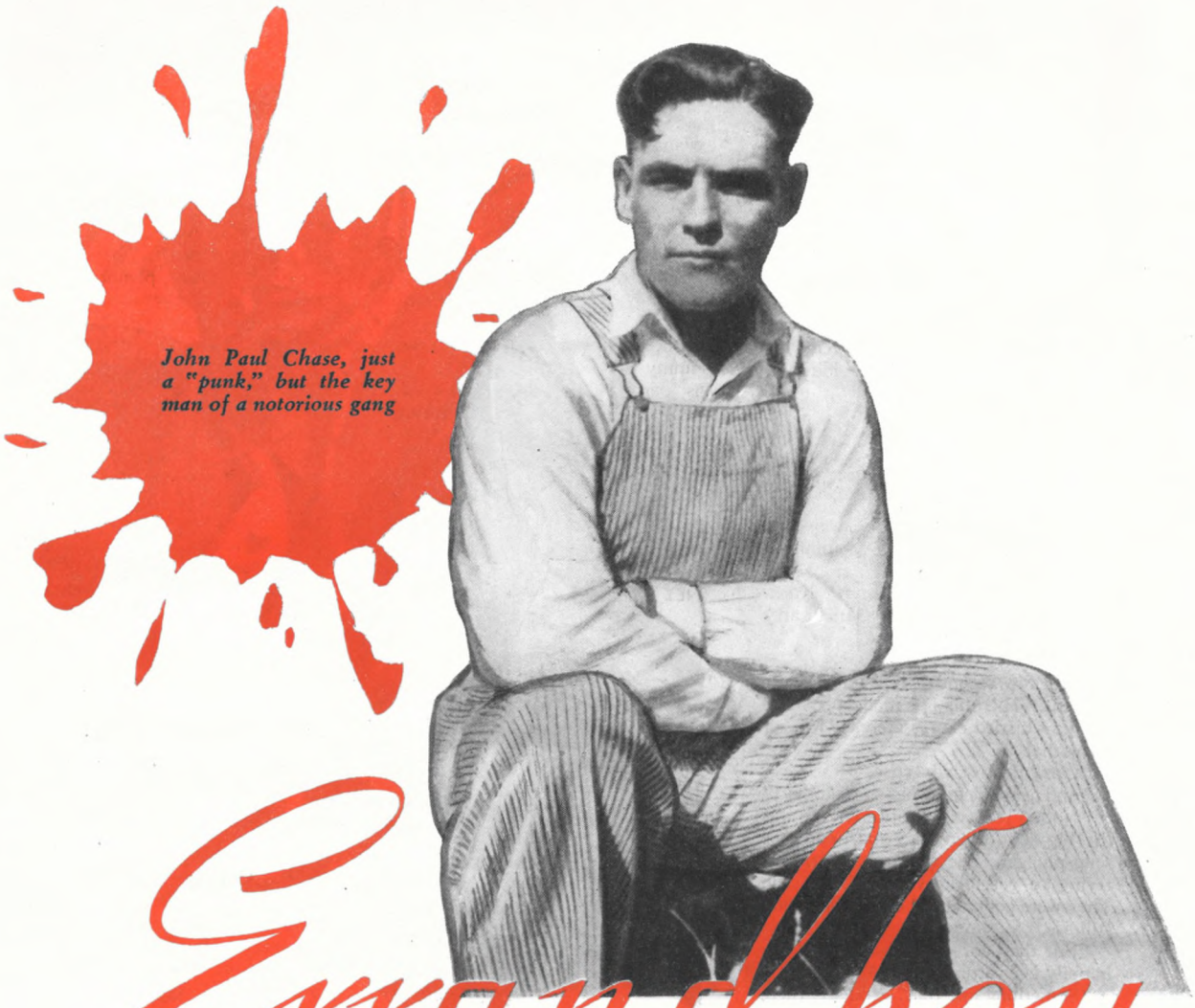
Katharine Stillman, small and dark and vivid, stood in the doorway of her dressing-room and conversed with a very apologetic waiter: "And you say that he absolutely refused to give his name?"

"Yes, miss. He just said to tell you he was a song plugger and you might as well see him tonight as day after tomorrow. He seemed very determined. Of course, if you say so, I'll get rid of him."

"No. Wait." She took an expensive evening wrap from a hook and threw it over her satin gown. "Show me where he is."

THE swank and exclusive Crest Room was populated with the usual number of white shoulders and black dinner jackets. The dance floor was crowded, and the subdued, plaintive music of Don Farrell's orchestra floated through the semi-gloom. Katharine Stillman followed the waiter to a table in the far corner. Then she whispered to her guide, "All right. I see him."

Larry was sitting with his back to her. His coat clung tightly to the broad, muscular (*Continued on page 90*)



John Paul Chase, just a "punk," but the key man of a notorious gang

Errand boy

ONE afternoon in November, 1934, an inspector and a special agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation were slain in a battle with two bandits near Barrington, Illinois. One of the killers was easily identified; we found his bullet-ridden body the next day. He was the notorious Lester Joseph Gillis, otherwise known as "Baby Face Nelson," the kill-crazy associate of John Dillinger. The other man, who had temporarily escaped, was a living sermon on perverted hero worship. His name was John Paul Chase.

The public had never heard of him. So unknown was he, in fact, that after the double murder he walked without danger into a police station, where he was photographed, at his request, for a chauffeur's license, and obtained a job as the convoy driver of a fleet of motorcars from the factory to the Pacific Coast.

He had no fingerprint record, nor even one of previous arrest. Yet in his short, tragic career lies one of the most dramatic stories behind the big guns of crime. For he was the man Friday of one of the most dangerous of public enemies, and the chief handy man of a notorious gang of outlaws.

John Paul Chase had picked the wrong man to emulate. Another youth might have wanted to be a famous engineer, or aviator, or motion picture actor. Chase chose to follow a bandit, and thus became an outstanding example of the hundreds of cases which have come before me as Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in which youth, at a crossroads, has walked down the wrong road into the jungles of crime.

His first step along that road, it seems, was taken in 1932, when Chase was a hanger-on of gang life and a petty bootlegger in a small city near San Francisco, California. There he met Baby Face Nelson, thrilled to his stories of outlawry, viewed his exploits as those of bravery instead of cowardice, and followed him away. Within two years he had been hunted down, tried, and convicted as a vicious killer. As such, he is serving a life sentence in Alcatraz Island Prison in San Francisco Bay.

By J. Edgar Hoover

WITH COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

# of CRIME

Every public enemy rides on the shoulders of a Man Friday, who has picked the wrong man as his hero

Chase had been an ordinary young man with the chances of the average person of his class.

His parents, who came originally from Omaha, were neither rich nor poor. They had come to California in 1901 and in that year John Paul had been born.

He went to school until he reached the fifth grade, then worked at odd jobs, including everything from that of ranch-boy to chauffeur for a Reno gambler and machinist's helper in railroad shops near San Francisco. In 1926 he lost the latter job, but that was a time of prosperity and the dark, good-looking young man could easily have found another position. Instead, he aligned himself with a local bootlegger who, it was rumored, "was in with the big shots." Soon he had met other persons whom he deemed important. The cause of crime often distills into a matter of a youth's viewpoint. And, remember, more than 60 per cent of all crime is committed by persons less than 35 years old.

Other young fellows of Chase's acquaintance were hard at work upon the achievement of ambitions which, like his, had come from hero worship. But they wanted to follow the footsteps of aviators, explorers, merchants, and others who, through the headlines, had captured their interest.

EVENTUALLY he became a guard for a big liquor ring, smuggling shipments along the coast into San Francisco.

Soon he gained a companion known as "Jimmy Burnett."

This person was short, blue-eyed, light-haired, and so boyish-appearing that Chase's companions joked about the fact that the liquor business had gone to robbing the cradle. Chase made no remarks, for "Jimmy Burnett" had made a confidant of him. John Paul Chase knew exactly why this man was here, why he had come alone and worked for some time before sending for his wife and their baby.

Then at last another discovered the secret, and made it common knowledge. A fellow worker named Fatso Negri recognized a "wanted" picture in a detective magazine and showed it to everyone who cared to see. "Jimmy Burnett" and his wife and baby disappeared overnight. For he was Baby Face Nelson, at that time a recently escaped prisoner from Joliet Penitentiary, Illinois, after a second sentence for bank robbery.

Time passed. Repeal threatened the smuggling crew. Chase planned to become a partner in a tavern. Then suddenly all that went by the board. A new vista opened. He seized it eagerly.

One day he drove up to the Spider Kelly Cabaret in San Francisco and somewhat jauntily walked within, inquiring for his old friend, Fatso Negri, who now worked here as a bouncer. Fatso eyed him admiringly, his clothes, his air of prosperity, the car at the curb.

"Say, you're doing swell, eh?" asked the bouncer.

Chase smiled thinly. Then:

"I'm going away, Fatso."

"You mean with the guy from the East?"

There was import in that last question. Baby Face had returned, and this time without fear of his old comrades. He had even dropped in on Fatso Negri and given him money, perhaps to portray a lack of displeasure over the year-old exposé.

NELSON'S return to this region had been to a hide-out used by the most notorious gangsters in America. This was a hospital in Vallejo, run by a gaunt old man seemingly respectable, but in reality an ex-safe blower who acted as host, hide-out owner, banker, and Samaritan to criminality. There Nelson's wife, Helen Gillis, had been taken for an operation while Nelson planned for the future. Nelson needed what might be called a business agent, to act as purchasing man, messenger, contact representative, hide-out finder. This required someone who could pose as an honest citizen, yet be bound tightly by admiration and loyalty to the crooked activities of the crew he served. Thus Nelson had engaged Chase for what seemed, to the bandit, an exceedingly menial position. Outlaw egotism does not permit the realization that a bandit lives or dies by his henchman.

Chase answered Negri's question:

"Yes, I'm going away with him." Then: "Keep your eyes open for a letter. We may send for you, too."

Chase started upon his tasks by driving East for Helen Gillis's mother, that she might be near her murder-consorting daughter. Then he acted as the "front man" in the (*Continued on page 127*)

the SAINT and the SIREN

Another story of SIMON TEMPLAR *and his free-lance campaign against the underworld*

By Leslie Charteris

LIEUTENANT CORRIO was on the carpet. This was a unique experience for him, for he had a rather distinguished record in the New York Detective Bureau. Since he was admitted to it he had achieved a series of successes which had earned him more than ordinarily rapid promotion without winning him the affection of his colleagues and superiors. While he had made comparatively few sensational arrests, he had acquired an outstanding reputation for tracing stolen property, and incidentally had earned a large enough number of insurance company rewards to encourage the kind-hearted observer to list a very human jealousy among the chief causes of his unpopularity. But, apart from this plausible explanation, there were even more human reasons why Lieutenant Corrio had so conspicuously failed to make himself the darling of Centre Street: He was very smug about his successes, and he had additional vanities even less calculated to endear him to the other detectives whom his inspired brilliance had more than once put in the shade.

None of these things, however, were sufficient to justify his superiors in administering the official flattening they had long been yearning to bestow; and it was with some pardonable glow of satisfaction that Inspector John Fernack, who was as human as anyone else, if not more so, had finally found the adequate excuse for which his soul had been pining for many moons.

For at last Lieutenant Corrio's smug zeal had overreached itself. He had made an entirely gratuitous, uncalled-for, and unauthorized statement to a reporter on the *New York Daily Mail*, which had been featured under two-column headlines and decorated with Lieutenant Corrio's favorite photograph of himself on the first inside sheet of that enterprising tabloid. This copy of the paper lay on Inspector Fernack's desk while he spoke his mind to his subordinate, and he referred to it several times for the paragraphs which he had marked off in blue pencil in preparation for the interview.

One of these read: "If you ask me why this man Simon Templar was ever allowed to come back to New York, I can't tell you. I don't believe in idealistic crooks any more than I believe in reformed crooks, and the Police Department has got enough work to do without having any more hoodlums of that kind spilled onto us. But I can tell you this: There have been a lot of changes in the Detective Bureau since Templar was last here, and he won't find it so easy to get away with his racket as he did before."

THERE was another one: "If this cheap gunman that they call 'the Saint' doesn't believe me, he's only got to start something. I'm taking care of him myself, and if he pulls so much as a traffic violation while he's in the city I'll

get him put away where he won't give anyone any more trouble."

Fernack read out these extracts in his most scorching voice, which was very scorching when he put his heart into it.

"I hadn't heard the news about you bein' appointed police commissioner," Fernack said heavily, "but I'd like to be the first to congratulate you. Of course, a guy with your looks will find it a pretty soft job."

Lieutenant Corrio shrugged his shoulders sullenly. He was a dark and rather flashily good-looking man who obviously had no illusions about the latter quality, with a wispy mustache and the slimmest figure consistent with the physical requirements of the force.

"I was just having a friendly chat with a guy," he said. "How was I to know he was going to print what I said? I didn't know anything about it until I saw it in the paper myself."

FERNACK turned to page eleven and read out from another of his blue-penciled panels: "Lieutenant Corrio is the exact reverse of the popular conception of a detective. He is a slender, well-dressed man who might easily be mistaken for an idol of the silver screen."

"You didn't know that he'd say that, either, did you?" Fernack inquired in tones of acid that would have seared the skin of a rhinoceros.

Corrio glowered and said nothing; and Fernack passed on to what was, to his mind, the brightest and juiciest feature of the *Daily Mail* reporter's story. He read it out:

"As soon as I left Lieutenant Corrio, it occurred to me to find out what Si-

The two detectives elbowed the Saint into a doorway and eyed his package suspiciously. Caught with the goods

mon Templar thought about the subject.

"I found him without any difficulty in his suite at the Watlington. The Robin Hood of the modern underworld, who was once the favorite target of gangsters and police alike on account of his ruthless free-lance campaign against criminals whom the law could not or would not touch, listened with his laziest smile while I read Lieutenant Corrio's statements to him.

was particularly proud of his presidency of the Merrick Maskers and had never been able to see anything humorous in his confirmed conviction that his destined home was in Hollywood and his true vocation that of the dashing hero of a box-office-shattering series of romantic melodramas.

Having dealt comprehensively with these lighter points, Fernack proceeded to the meatier business of the conference

An' if any statements have to be made to the papers about it, I'll make 'em."

Corrio waited for the storm to pass its height, which took some time longer.

"I'm sure you know best, sir, especially after the way he helped you get rid of that New York gangster," he said humbly, while Fernack glared at him speechlessly. "But I have a theory about the Saint."

"You have a what?" inquired Fernack,

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

"I asked him if he had any answer to make.

"The Saint uncoiled his six feet two of steel-and-leathery length from the armchair where he had been sitting, and his clear blue eyes twinkled maliciously as he showed me to the door.

"'I think Lieutenant Corrio will put Clark Gable out of business one of these days,' he said."

If there was anything that could have been guaranteed to increase Inspector Fernack's long-established secret sympathy for the Saint, it was this climax of the quotation. It is true he would have preferred to have originated it himself, but the other compensations far outweighed this minor disadvantage.

Lieutenant Corrio's face reddened. He

in a series of well-chosen sentences. He summarized his opinion of Lieutenant Corrio's ancestry, past life, present value, future prospects, looks, clothes, morals, intelligence, and assorted shortcomings, taking a point of view which made up in positiveness and vigor for anything it may have lacked in absolute impartiality.

"AN' GET this," he concluded. "The Saint hasn't come here to get into any trouble. I know him an' he knows me, an' he knows me too well to try to pull anything while I'm still gettin' around on my own feet. An' what's more, if anybody's got to take care of him, I can do it. He's a man-sized proposition, an' it takes a man-sized cop to look after him.

as if Corrio had uttered an indecent word.

"A theory, sir. I think the mistake that's been made all along is in trying to get something on the Saint *after* he's done a job. What we ought to do is pick out a job that he'd be likely to do, watch it, and catch him red-handed. After all, his character is so well known that any real detective ought to be able to pick out the things that would interest him with his eyes shut. There's one in that paper on your desk—I noticed it this morning."

"Are you still talking about this?" Fernack demanded unsympathetically. "Because, if so—"

Corrio shook his head. "I mean that man Oppenheim who owns the sweat shops. It says in the paper that he's just

bought the Vanderwoude emerald collection for a million and a half dollars to give to his daughter for a wedding present. Knowing how Oppenheim got his money, and knowing the Saint's line, it's my idea that the Saint will make a play for those jewels—"

"An' make such a sucker play that even you could catch him at it," snarled Fernack discouragingly. "Go back and do your detecting at the Merrick Playhouse. I hear there's a bad ham out there they've been trying to find for some time."

If he had been less incensed with his subordinate, Fernack might have perceived a germ of sound logic in Corrio's theory, but he was in no mood to appreciate it. Two days later he did not even remember that the suggestion had been made, which was an oversight on his part, for it was then that Simon Templar did, indeed, develop a serious interest in Mr. Oppenheim.

This was because Janice Dixon stumbled against him late one night as he was walking home along 48th Street in the practically deserted block between Sixth and Seventh avenues. He had to catch her to save her from falling.

"I'm sorry," she muttered.

He murmured some absent-minded commonplace and straightened her up, but her weight was still heavy on his hand. When he let her go she swayed towards him and clung to his arm.

"I'm sorry," she repeated stupidly.

His first thought was that she was drunk, but her breath was innocent of the odor of liquor. She was pretty, but so pale that she looked ghostly in the semi-darkness between the far-spaced street lamps; and he saw that she had dark circles about her eyes.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"No—it's nothing. I'll be all right in a minute. I just want to rest."

"Let's go inside somewhere and sit down."

There was a drugstore on the corner, and he took her into it. It seemed to be a great effort for her to walk, and another explanation of her unsteadiness flashed into his mind. He sat her down at the counter and ordered two cups of coffee.

"Would you like something to eat with it?"

Her eyes lighted up. "Yes, I would. But—I haven't any money."

"I wouldn't worry about that. We can always hold up a bank."

The Saint watched her while she devoured a sandwich, a double order of bacon and eggs, and a slice of pie. She ate intently, quickly, without speaking. Without seeming to stare at her, his keen eyes took in the shadows under her cheekbones, the neat patch on one elbow of the cheap, dark coat, the cracks in the leather of shoes which had long since lost their shape.

"I wish I had your appetite." he said gently, when at last she had finished.

She smiled for the first time, rather faintly. "I haven't had anything to eat for two days," she said, "and I haven't had as much to eat as this all at once for a long time."

Simon ordered more coffee and offered her a cigarette. He put his heels on the top rung of his (*Continued on page 132*)

The Saint and the girl were too absorbed to notice the dancers. "Here's how we'll steal the jewels—" he began

Dust gets in your Eyes

On the eve of the party conventions we are promised one of the hottest presidential campaigns in history. Viewing the scene from long experience, Mr. Kent warns that dust storms of bitterness will becloud the simplest facts, that party labels will be smeared by name-calling and caterwauling. He challenges all of us to keep our heads clear, our spirits poised and tolerant, our reason free from the turmoil of humbug.—*The Editor*

By Frank R. Kent

SOME time ago Mr. James A. Farley, genial political general of the New Deal forces, expressed belief that the presidential campaign, which will soon be in full blast, would be very "dirty" indeed. His idea was that the Republicans would be responsible. Suave Mr. Henry P. Fletcher, the Republican National Chairman, agreed that the campaign would probably be "dirty," but this, he thought, would be entirely due to the New Dealers.

The truth is that in politics the definition of "dirt" depends altogether upon who is throwing it. Any damaging assault from one side is considered "dirty" by the side sustaining the damage. But the group, faction, party, or individual delivering the blow considers that a patriotic duty has been performed. Politics is essentially a humbug game, largely made so by the fact that such large numbers of voters are emotional rather than reasoning, are swayed by their prejudices, and are insufficiently posted about political affairs and public business to see through the flimsy pretenses of the politicians. Discriminating people take public statements of politicians on either side with about the same dash of salt.

However, whether the 1936 campaign is "dirty" or not, it is fairly sure to be one of the most heated and bitter

struggles which has taken place in our history. There are, as I see it, three main reasons for this: First, Mr. Roosevelt's record and personality, which create among people either ardent devotion or intense dislike and distrust; second, the critical state of the national finances and the vital general issues which protrude in the campaign—issues of a kind that will affect the future direction of the country; third, the deliberate effort that is being made to array class against class.

IT IS the purpose of this article to present as impartially and as accurately as possible the actual political situation as it exists today, as it will exist in June when the two nominating conventions are held, and as it is likely to be during the four months that ensue before the election in November. Naturally, no man can see clearly that far ahead in national politics. All one can do is set down the probabilities as they appear from a reasonably long experience as a political observer. It is possible, however, to forecast, without qualification, a hot campaign.

As one distinguished gentleman said a while ago, it is apparent that both sides "fume with malicious animal magnetism." Opponents of Mr. Roosevelt seem convinced that he is "the sea-green hyena with obsidian teeth." On the Roosevelt side there are plenty who feel that his opponents are degraded tools of Wall Street and oppressors of the poor, destitute of honor and devoid of shame.

Of course, there are many people who think that some of the things Mr. Roosevelt has done are good and some bad. However, the extremists this time are sufficiently numerous and violent to set the key of the campaign, which will be shrill. There will be "smearing" departments in both camps. The simple facts will be all blotched and obscured, and before the end comes a great part of the voters will have lost their sense of proportion. There seems little hope that tolerance and fairness will be evinced by either side. The indications are, rather, that the struggle will be full of bile and bitterness, hate and hard feeling, unprecedented name-calling and exaggeration.

While there are many reasons for this, I should like to put on record my conviction that one of them is the high-powered and high-priced publicity agent (a development of modern politics), whose tendency is to go to extremes in the way of blackening the other side. He leads the way, strikes the party keynote, exerts an anonymous and unseen influence.

So much for the campaign between the two parties. Now, as to the conventions, which are inter-party affairs, where sometimes the struggles are fiercer and more ruthless than those between the parties: The Republican convention meets in Cleveland, June 9; the Democrats meet in Philadelphia, June 23. Each will nominate candidates for President and Vice-President, and each will adopt a platform. It is safe to say that no party gatherings in our time will equal them in popular interest, because the issues raised transcend in importance any that have arisen in this generation. They involve not only the Supreme Court and the Constitution, but the general direction and character of the government under which we are to live.

Let's look first at the Republican convention. It will be different from any held by that party since 1920. From that time until the 1932 elections the Republicans were in control of the governmental machine; their conventions were dominated by federal officeholders. Now, for the first time in sixteen years, the Republican convention will be a wide-open one, a free-for-all struggle, the outcome of which no one can guess at this time. It will be, therefore, very much more colorful and interesting than the Democrats' show. Usually the reverse is true.

Today only two things seem certain about the convention. One is that it will be called to order by National Chairman Fletcher; the other, that ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, will be the temporary chairman, official sounder of the party keynote. Everything else is shrouded in doubt. There is no Republican boss, no man or group of men in a position to control the convention; and there will be no candidate with anything like a majority of the more than 1,100 delegates. The uncertainty could hardly be greater.

However, there are certain well-defined facts which narrow the field and make it possible to write of the probabilities. For example, the consensus is that Mr. Hoover and Senator Borah, the two most conspicuous party figures, cancel each other out. There is bitter feeling between them. It is almost inconceivable that Mr. Hoover would support Mr. Borah for President; it is quite certain Mr. Borah would not support Mr. Hoover. He did not support him in 1932. In a campaign, therefore, where Republican unity is the first essential, the nomination of either would seem to be clearly out, for the reason that it would alienate the other.

There are other factors working against Mr. Hoover, too. There still exists a strong popular feeling against him. The idea that he was responsible for the depression has not yet worn off. Therefore, it is generally conceded that his nomination would rekindle all the 1932 prejudices and play into the New Deal hands. In addition, the practical politicians in the party are more hostile now than ever. So the general argument is that the Hoover nomination would tend to reunite the Democrats and split the Republicans.

AS TO Senator Borah, the reasons against his nomination are even more overwhelming.

First, there is the antagonism of Mr. Hoover, who, whatever his political liabilities, has probably a larger personal following than any other Republican.

Second, there is the distrust and dislike of the business interests, who regard Mr. Borah as an honest but dangerous man who has embraced practically every economic heresy of his time, even engaging in a passionate flirtation with the Townsend plan, which is now somewhat less of a menace than it seemed to be six months ago.

Third, he is an inflationist, an isolationist, a Prohibitionist, a free-silverite, who has voted both for and against the soldier bonus and supported some of the least sound measures of the New Deal, including the recent Potato Control bill of the AAA.

Fourth, he will be seventy-one years old in June. The oldest President in American history was William Henry Harrison, who was sixty-eight when he entered the White House. No man of Mr. Borah's age has ever been seriously considered for the position.

Fifth, there is intense antagonism toward him on the part of Negroes, because of his opposition, on constitutional grounds, to the anti-lynching bill.

As a matter of fact, people generally find it hard to believe in the bona fide nature of Senator Borah's candidacy. It is held that his real "objectives" are to prevent Mr. (*Continued on page 97*)

Bad Man

By H. Thompson Rich

EVENING had fallen on Longhorn City when a spare, hard-faced man slouched down the main street and selected a pony from the dozen hitched beside Bill Crowley's general store.

"Jimmy!" a subdued voice accosted him.

The hard-faced man made, it seemed, a very slight movement, a mere flick of the hand at his low-slung belt; but it was a movement perfectly appraised by the man in the shadows.

"Wait a minute!" the voice pleaded.

A moment later, his hands upraised, his pony's bridle reins caught in the crook of one arm, a young man moved into the zone of light that shone bravely out through Bill Crowley's back window. "Don't shoot," he said. "I'm—a friend."

For perhaps fifteen seconds the newcomer and the hard-faced man examined each other with unwinking scrutiny. The younger, with that lightning draw fresh in his mind, noted the sinister droop of a gray mustache over a hidden mouth, and shivered a little as his gaze met that of a pair of steel-blue eyes. The man with the gun saw a handsome face, marred by a certain desperation.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Can I put my hands down?"

"All things bein' equal," the lean man said, "I think I'd ruther you'd first tell me how you got round to callin' me 'Jimmy'. Been askin' people in the street?"

"No," said the boy, "I seen you ride in this afternoon, and the way folks backed away from you made me wonder who you was. Then I seen them gold-mounted guns of yourn. Nobody ever had guns like them but Pecos Jimmy."

The lean man bit his mustache. "Put 'em down. What do you want?"

"I want to join you."

"You want to what?"

"I know I ain't got any record," said the young man, "but I can ride, an' I can shoot the pips out of a ten-spot at ten paces, an'—I got a little job to bring into the firm, to start with."

The lean man's gaze narrowed. "Have, eh?" he asked softly.

"It ain't anythin' like you go in for as a rule," said the boy, "but I guess it'll show you I'm straight."

The lean man chewed his mustache. His eyes did not shift. "Figurin' robbin' trains is easier money than punchin'?"

"No," said the young man, "I ain't. But I like a little spice in life. They ain't none in punchin'."

The hard-faced man nodded reflectively. "Well, what's the job?" he asked.

"If you're goin' to take me on," said the young man, "I can tell you while we're ridin' toward it."

The elder slipped back into its holster the gold-mounted gun he had drawn, glanced piercingly at the boy. "Come on," he commanded.

The money was gone—and with it her future

FIVE minutes later the two had passed the limits of the town and had taken the left fork. They were heading for the low range of hills which encircled it to the south, and Will Arblaster had given the details of his job.

"How do you know the old guy's got the money?" came a level question.

"I saw him come out of the bank this afternoon, grinnin', an' stuffin' it into his pants pocket," said the boy. "His name's Sanderson, an' he lives in this yer cabin right ahead a mile. I guess when you ask him for the roll he won't mind lettin' it go."

"I ain't goin' to ask him," said the lean man. "This is your job."

"Well, if I do it right," the boy asked, with a tremor in his voice, "will you take me along with you, sure?"

"Yeah—I'll take you along."

The two ponies rounded a shoulder of the hill; before the riders there loomed, in the moonlight, the dark shape of a cabin, its windows unlighted. The lean man chuckled. "He's out."

Will Arblaster swung off his horse. "Maybe," he said, "but likely the money ain't. I'm goin' to see."

Stealthily he crept toward the house. The lean man, sitting his horse, motionless, heard the heavy thud of a shoulder against wood, a cracking sound, and a crash as the door went down. Then the

fitful fire of a match illumined the windows. Another match scratched and sputtered, and then running feet padded across the short grass, and Will Arblaster drew up, panting.

"Got it!" he gasped. "The old fool! Put it in a tea canister right on the mantel shelf."

The lean man, unemotional as ever, reached down and took the roll. "Got another match?" he asked.

Willie struck one and, panting, watched while his companion, moistening a thumb, ruffled through the bills.

"Fifty tens," said the lean man. "Guess I'll carry it."

His cold blue eyes turned downward and focused again with piercing attention on the younger man's upturned face. The bills were stowed in a pocket of the belt right next to one of the gold-mounted guns.

"Let's get out of here," the younger urged; whereupon the hand which had hovered over the gun-butt grasped Will Arblaster's shoulder.

"No, not yet," the older man said quietly; "not just yet. Get on your hawss, an' set still a while."

The young man mounted. "What's the idea?"

"Why!" said the level voice. "I'd like to see what the old guy does when he finds his wad's gone."

"Ain't he liable to—?"

"He can't see us," said the lean man, "an' we're mounted, all ready."

"What's that?" whispered the young man, touching his companion's arm.

THERE were two riders—by their voices, a man and a girl. They were laughing as they approached the stable. They put up the horses; then they turned the corner of the building.

"I feel mean about it, anyhow," said the girl's voice. "You going on living here, Daddy, while—"

"Tut-tut-tut!" said the old man. "What's five hundred to me? I shouldn't know what to do with it. 'Sides, your aunt Elviry didn't give it to you for nothin'. 'If she wants to go to college,' says she, 'let her prove it by workin'. I'll pay half, but she's got to pay tother half.' Well, you worked, an'— Where on earth did I put that key?"

There was a silence, then the girl spoke; the tone of her voice was the more terrible for the restraint she was putting on it:

"Daddy—the—the—did you leave the money in the house?"

"Yes. What is it?" cried the old man.

"Daddy—the door's broken down, and—"

There was a hoarse cry; boot heels stumbled across the boards, and again a match flared. Its pale light showed a girl standing in the doorway of the cabin, while beyond the wreckage of the door a bent figure with silver hair tottered away from the mantel shelf. In one hand Pa Sanderson held the flickering match, in the other a canister.

"Gone!" he cried.

WILLIE ARBLASTER drew a deep breath and moved in his saddle.

"Daddy—don't take on so—please don't," came the girl's voice. There was a scrape of chair legs on the floor as she forced the old man into a seat by the fireplace. He hunched there, his face in his hands, while she lit the lamp on the table. She went back to her father, knelt by him, and threw her arms about his neck. But he would not be comforted.

"It's gone!" cried Pa Sanderson. "Two years you've slaved in a store; and now I've—"

"Hush, hush!" the girl begged. "Now, Daddy—it's all right. I can go on working, and—"

With a convulsive effort, the old man got to his feet. "Two years more slavery, while some skunk drinks your money, gambles it—throws it away!" he cried. "Where's God's justice? What's a man goin' to believe when years of scrapin', like your aunt done, an' years of slavin', like yours, can be wiped out by a thief in a minute?"

The girl put her little hand over her father's mouth. "Don't, Daddy," she choked. "Come and lie down on your bed and I'll make you some coffee. Don't cry, Daddy darling. Please."

Gently she led the heartbroken old man out of the watchers' line of vision.

The lean man sniffed, chuckled, and pulled his bridle. "Some circus!" he said appreciatively. "C'mon, boy. We got to be gettin' back."

"No," Will Arblaster said. "An'— an' I ain't goin' to take that money, neither."

"Huh?" That voice was slow and meditative.

"Don't know as ever I figured what this game meant," the younger man said. "Always seemed to me that all the hardships was on the stick-up man's side —gettin' shot at an' chased and so on. Never thought 'bout—old men cryin'."

"That ain't my fault," said the lean man.

"No," said Will Arblaster, still very slowly. "But I'm goin' to take that money back."

"Suppose I say I won't let go of it?" suggested the lean man, with a sneer.

"Then," snarled Arblaster, "I'll blow your head off and take it! Don't you move, you, I've got you covered. I'll take the money out myself."

His revolver muzzle under his companion's nose, he snapped open the pocket of the belt and extracted the roll of bills. Then, regardless of a possible shot in the back, he swung off his horse and shambled into the lighted doorway of the cabin. The lean man, unemotional as ever, sat perfectly still, looking alternately at the cloud-dappled sky and at the cabin, from which now came a murmur of joyful voices.

IT WAS a full ten minutes before Will Arblaster reappeared in the doorway and stumbled forward through the darkness toward his horse.

"I'm—sorry," said the boy as he mounted. "But—"

"I ain't," said the lean man quietly. "What do you think I made you stay an' watch for, you young fool?"

The boy made no reply. Suddenly the hair prickled on the back of his neck and his jaw fell. "Say," he demanded hoarsely at last, "ain't you Pecos Jimmy?"

The lean man laughed.

"But you got his guns, an' the people in Longhorn all kind of fell back!" the boy cried. "Who are you?"

The moon had drifted from behind a cloud and flung a ray of light across the face of the lean man as he turned it, narrow-eyed, toward Arblaster. The pallid light picked out with terrible distinctness the grim lines of that face—emphasized the cluster of sun-wrinkles about the corners of the piercing eyes and marked as if with underscoring black lines the long sweep of the fighting jaw.

"Why," said the lean man dryly, "I'm the sheriff that killed him yesterday. Let's be ridin' back."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

Three men in conflict—each one ready to die for his own code of honor. Another story of our Japanese-Americans

Tuna clipper

By Eustace L. Adams

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY JULES GOTTLIEB

I churned along, splashing to scare the shark away, while the men pulled Burton and Miyoshi aboard

EVERYTHING was pretty fine before the new radio operator came aboard. Sometimes late at night when we were hunting for tuna off Panama or Galapágos, I would leave little Miyoshi in the engine-room and go on deck for a few deep breaths of cool air from the Pacific. Standing there, balancing against the slow, easy roll of the La Jolla, I would think how fine everything was and what a good joke on Captain Fukiami that he should actually pay me money for having such a grand time.

Watching the Southern Cross lift above the invisible horizon, I could feel the thudding pulse of my engine coming up through the deck plates, and a sense of deep satisfaction would sweep over me. To have the finest Diesel ever turned out, and to have a helper like small, dark-eyed Miyoshi—well, sometimes it seemed to me that Lady Luck had been almost too generous when she had ladled out my portion.

And then there was the fishing. Of course, there was no fooling around with thousand-yard lines, taking all day to land a single tuna. But there were hours of wild excitement for all hands on the platforms, swinging in the yellowfins so fast that the decks ran knee-deep in them. When they were of the right size, Miyoshi and I would team up on a two-pole hook. We had the timing just right, and we could lift them on the flounce and make them come aboard under their own power, flashing streaks of silver worth three or four dollars apiece.

IT DID not matter to me that engineers from the big liners and oil tankers at San Pedro looked down their noses when, over a beer or two, I told them I was engineer of a Japanese tuna clipper. I would laugh with them when they asked me if I had learned to eat with chopsticks, and how I enjoyed raw fish, and things like that. It was only when they called all Japanese, which included little Miyoshi, spies and enemies, that I would become impatient and begin pushing them around.

It was after the new radio operator came aboard that things changed. Even Miyoshi wondered about him. We were three days out of Fish Harbor, had found a good school of sardines, and had filled our three bait tanks to the hatches. Now we were settling down for the long cruise southward to the tuna grounds between Panama and Ecuador. A fine breeze was coming from the westward to blow the fish smell overboard and wash the heat out of the engine-room.

"*Ma!*" Miyoshi said, wiping his small and capable hands on a bit of cotton

waste. "This new Sparks person—where he come from, eh?"

I looked up from the refrigerating machine, which was losing pressure.

"The Big Boss of the canning factory asked the skipper to sign him on," I said.

Miyoshi nodded. That was answer enough. While Captain Fukiami was nominally owner of the La Jolla, the cannery people had furnished nearly ninety per cent of the hundred-odd thousand dollars she had cost to build. They bought her entire catch at the end of each voyage, and were getting their investment back by taking fifty-five per cent of the profits from the trip. But their mortgage was still a big one, and a hint from them was practically an order.

"He not like the other, no," Miyoshi said. "He do not care for Japanese. Me, I can tell."

I straightened up, being careful not to hit my red head on the deck beams above. I am big—a little over six feet—and my skull is not as thick as people say.

"He'll get over it," I told Miyoshi.

Miyoshi said nothing, but there was a curious look in his slanting eyes. I wondered what Burton, the new operator, might have said or done to upset him, but it did not occur to me to ask. There was this about Miyoshi in common with the fourteen other Japanese in the crew: if he trusted you, he would talk in his own good time. If you appeared too curious, you would see a smilingly polite face with closed lips that said nothing at all.

"Keep your eyes on the injector, son," I said. "I'm going topside."

IT WAS dark and cool and clean on deck. The stars were swinging back and forth in long, even arcs. Small yellow men moved through the darkness like black ghosts, cleaning up after the hurly-burly of netting sardines. In the mess-room half a dozen Japanese were sitting under a drop light, fixing hooks and leaders and feathered lures for the real work to come a week or so hence. Familiar faces, these. There had been few changes in the crew of the La Jolla since she had been launched two years before. Two or three of the fishermen had drifted away, and little Miyoshi had applied for a job seven months ago. I had liked him from the start, and he had fitted into the engine-room as smoothly as a well-oiled bearing. Those, and three changes of American radio operators, had been all. I had been aboard from the beginning, having helped to install the shining new Diesel and not wanting to leave it to the hands of strangers.

I swung up the companionway to the main deck. I reached for the knob of Burton's door. Then, remembering, I knocked.

"Come in," he called, after a long moment.

Burton was sitting at his radio table, the phones clipped to his dark, curly head. Light from the green-shaded drop fixture poured over his face, bringing out the strong, clean line of his cheekbones and shadowing the hard angle of his jaw. He was, I guessed, a year or two older than I—perhaps thirty—and his figure, relaxed under his baggy suit of blue serge, was almost as powerful as mine.

"Hello, Malloy," he said, pleasantly enough. "Sit down."

TILTING a straight-backed chair against the steel bulkhead, I looked at him, wondering vaguely what it was about him that set him apart from the other brass-pounders who had preceded him aboard the La Jolla. It was some nameless quality in him that could not be dragged out for inspection and analysis.

He cut a switch, pulled off his headset, and leaned back in his swivel chair.

"I don't get the range on this short-wave set that I expected," he said.

"Five or six hundred miles in the daytime," I replied carelessly. "That's range enough to exchange dope on the fishing with the other boats in our fleet. And there'll always be somebody to relay reports of the catch back to the cannery."

He glanced at me, and there was a quick, sharp focus in his blue eyes. His face was very bronzed. Radio men are not ordinarily out-of-doors men, but spend most of their time in tight little cubicles listening to the hissing of code through the ether. But that did not seem important.

"Boy, howdy!" he exclaimed. "How this boat stinks of fish!"

"You'll get so you don't even smell it," I told him.

"Will I get used to the Japs, too?" he shot back at me.

"You will if you have any sense, and if they like you well enough to let you."

"They let you, I take it," he said.

"Yeah. The fact is, I sort of like them. Captain Fukiami lets you alone. And a man couldn't ask for a better helper than my little Miyoshi."

"Miyoshi? He's the short, stocky one with the straight shoulders and the good command of English?"

When the Jap turned and made for the engine-room I knew something strange was going on. I tried to pull away from Burton

I stared at him. "You sort them out pretty fast, don't you? They all looked alike to me for the first couple of weeks."

His laugh was careless. "He's the one who showed me to my cabin when I reported aboard. It seemed to me he was a trifle on the impudent side. A little cocky."

"Maybe," I said slowly, "you didn't ask enough questions about your job before you took it. We're the foreigners aboard this vessel, not the Japanese. And this is a funny thing you'd better know now: These Japanese don't run around apologizing because they are Orientals and have yellow skins."

A DULL flush showed beneath the deep tan of his face. "I take it," he said quietly, "that you are putting me in my place."

"No. I'm just telling you how things are."

"I see."

"Another thing: You shipped aboard a Japanese tuna clipper. If you didn't figure on getting along with the crew, you'd have done better to stay on the beach."

He took a long breath, and the angry color faded from his lean face.

"Sorry, Malloy," he said. "I didn't mean to start a row. After all, we're the only Americans aboard and we've got to be together quite a while. My fault. Oke?"

He passed me a cigarette. I hesitated, then took it. "Sure," I said. "Everything's fine."

"Tell your helper, Miyoshi," he said, "that I didn't mean to upset him, will you?"

"He'll be all right. He's a nice little feller."

"He's second-generation Japanese, isn't he?"

"No."

Burton's quick eyes swung up to mine. "How did he get into the country, then?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "And I don't much care. He pulled me out of the engine-room once when the refrigerating pipes broke and the gas got me. If he hadn't come into the country somehow I'd be as dead as a haddock right now. That's passport enough for me."

Burton turned in his chair and picked up his headset. He slid the phones over his ears. It had the effect of shutting me off as if he had slammed a door on me. I ground out my cigarette and got up. It was too bad. I had the feeling that I really should like him, yet something told me that he and I would jam before the trip was over. If he started shoving little Miyoshi around I would knock his head into the scuppers.

As I stood there glaring down at the radio operator, the idea occurred to me to take his headset off and tell him exactly that. But I did not. When I start to play, I play pretty rough, and we needed a radioman to get us news of the fish. So I went out and closed the door behind me. I went down to the engine-room. I always felt better there. The Diesel talked a language I could understand. And Miyoshi was there, calm, accurate, friendly. He was a fine little fellow. Even now, in spite of what happened later, I still say so. . . .

The trouble started off the Bay of Panama. We were eleven days out of San Pedro and had been running slowly down the coast as we searched for tuna. Four of our big clippers were cruising over 10,000 square miles of hot Pacific, all hunting for the schools of yellowfins which would enable them to fill their holds and start back to Fish Harbor. Wireless messages, carefully coded lest the Slav and Portuguese boats should swarm upon us when we found a school, zipped back and forth between us, but it looked as if all the tuna in the sea had gone southward toward the Ecuadorian coast.

It was early in the morning when the lookout in the crow's-nest hailed the deck. Miyoshi and I clambered out of the engine-room, thinking he had seen the rolling porpoises and the cloud of sea birds which would mark a school of fish.

Instead, we saw a magnificent sight. Boiling northward from the southern horizon was a fan-shaped formation of United States destroyers, apparently on their way from the Canal to San Diego or Los Angeles harbor. Behind them was a division of light cruisers and, hull down beyond, were the battleships. During my two years on the La Jolla I had become accustomed to seeing the fleet. Nearly always there were battleships at anchor at the entrance to San Pedro harbor. Yet it never failed to tighten my throat and make my eyes feel queer when we saw them under way in fleet formation. We lined the port rail, watching them while they steamed past, ship after ship, sleek and gray, each flying the flag at the main truck.

CAPTAIN FUKIAMI came out of the pilothouse to watch through his binoculars. Little Miyoshi, too, had a pair of glasses. Standing beside me, his black head close to my shoulder, he watched them in respectful silence as they went by, destroyers, cruisers, battleships, and airplane carriers, a formidable procession of living steel that churned the smooth water into a caldron of leaping waves.

It took an hour for them to pass, and none of us thought of leaving the rail. Burton, standing at the door of the radio cabin, was watching too, and there was an expression in his eyes that I wished I might read. Mocking, somehow, as if he knew a joke he would not share with me, the only other American on the La Jolla.

The hospital ship forged past and three lumbering vessels of the train. The show was over. Miyoshi sighed and placed his glasses in a leather case.

"*Kirei!*" he said softly. "Beautiful!"

We went back to the engine-room. We felt of our bearings, looked at the gauges, and sat down on the locker, smoking quietly and beginning to talk of the things we had seen. And after a while we spoke of war. It was not a tabooed subject—at least, between us. We understood each other—or I thought we did—too well to skirt around the edges of troublesome subjects.

"Your country, Malloy *san*," he was saying, "its future in South America is, and ours in Asia. *Ma!* What is it Nippon does in Manchukuo that others have not done—you in Mexico and Panama, Italy in Ethiopia, France and Spain in Africa? It is because other countries wish control of China, yes, that they make trouble between your country and mine, Malloy *san*. They join with United States to make Japan lose face. Then what they do? They draw back and leave United States what-you-call her neck stuck out—yes? And if United States have much trouble, who in Europe will weep?"

"I wouldn't know, son," I said lazily.

IT WAS nice, sitting there with him among those familiar sounds and smells. The sweetish odor of warm oil, the even throbbing of our fine, big Diesel, and the gentle swinging of the ship—these, combined with Miyoshi's pleasant, friendly voice, made for me a world which contained about all the things that were of any importance at all. I did not care that his skin was yellow and mine white. There was between us a deep and solid friendship of a kind that a man finds only once or twice in a lifetime and, if he loses it, loses quite a chink of himself besides.

"Malloy *san*," he said presently, and with a change in his voice that brought me out of my abstraction, "some person was opening my sea bag yesterday afternoon while I in the crow's-nest."

"Steal anything?"

"Yes. A book." He breathed deeply, as Japanese are taught to do to restrain unseemly emotion. "And I think I know what person it was."

I was not too concerned. It did not seem important that someone should steal a book.

"Give him the deuce, then," I advised, grinning, when I remembered how well, despite his size, Miyoshi could do just that. "Use the old jujitsu on him."

His brown eyes narrowed. "It was not," he said slowly, "a Japanese person who so interested in my bag."

I stopped grinning. "I didn't go into your things, son," I said.

"*Ma!*" he exclaimed. "Am I *kichigai* —fool—that I not know that?"

Staring incredulously at Miyoshi, I tried to get the thing straight in my mind. I did not care for Burton. I knew him no better now than on the first day out of Fish (*Continued on page 130*)

Masquerade

The three spectators were motionless as Joe lifted the inert body in his big hands. "I know this man!" he cried

FOR the occasion of the Mexican masquerade, James Partington Wesley dressed himself from the heels to the guards. He wore a pair of golden, spoon-handled spurs with tiny golden balls in them that kept up a tinkling melody as he walked, a whisper of music at his heels, so to speak. His boots were softer than doeskin and more shining than glass. Over them fitted a pair of the tight Mexican trousers which flared out at the bottom and were decorated up the outer seam with silver and golden conchas . . . real gold, solid gold, of course, from Wesley's big mine, El Rey. About his hips flowed a silken, crimson scarf, fringed with deep golden thread. He had on a Mexican jacket overworked like a church tapestry with intricate arabesquings. His jacket was opened in front over the blue silk of his shirt, buttoned with jewels of different sorts. The sombrero tilted back on his gray head was banded with beautiful Mexican wheelwork, also gold.

This costume set the keynote for the masquerade. Two hundred people in the brightest Mexican dress were having fun all the way from the arches of the big patio, down the terraces of the garden, to the ancient cypresses which stood about the lake festooned with lights; and two orchestras made music, one for the dancers on the tiles of the patio, snapping out the latest jazz, and one on a float in the lake, breathing those lazy Mexican songs which stir the heart and quicken the blood.

The festival was well under way and it was high time for Partington Wesley to descend from his dressing-room-study

By Max Brand

into the midst of all that happiness; but he remained in the big chair with his head reclining against the padded wing of the high back. His appearance was thoughtful; his eyes half open, dull with peering into the future. His gray hair seemed silver-white in contrast with the brilliant black of his waxed mustaches; and on those mustaches there was a single bead of dark red. It had run down—one could see the faint, pink trail—from the forehead of Wesley. Exactly between the eyes, just in the center of his habitual frown, was a bullethole. That was why Wesley was late.

Joe (Kinky) Walton observed the dead man with a judicial eye. He even leaned and looked into the dead eyes before he straightened and nodded, satisfied; then he put the revolver back inside his jacket. All the sound of music and of happy voices that came fountaining up from the patio and spread in wide ripples across the terraces to the lake was hushed by the rapid booming of several explosions. Whole rings and clusters of dazzling white stars appeared in the sky, a dropping constellation of brightness that showed the cloud of white smoke from which it fell.

These ten thousand startling

Not all of the guests at the party had been invited . . . for instance, Joe Walton

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY MATT CLARK

eyes of brilliance looked in through the window, overmastered the lights in the room, and made the shadow of tall Joe Walton flow suddenly across the dead man. He was so startled that he whirled about, and the corner of the table rubbed against his sash. The wood was centuries old, worm-eaten, and therefore as rough as a file. For that reason a fuzzy bit of fluff detached from the silk and remained clinging to the worm-eaten wood. But Walton did not look down at it. The flickering dance of the fireworks in the sky, in fact, had partially blinded him, and the booming explosions still left a tremor in his mind.

There were windows on both sides of the room, from one side overlooking the garden and on the other opening upon the balcony which ran past the entire side of Wesley's suite. It was a very decorative bit, that balcony. The little Moorish pillars had been imported from Spain; the arabesques on the vaulted ceiling had made the same journey to New Mexico. A heavy door closed the balcony at the farther end, the only entrance to Wesley's apartment. At the other end the balcony ended with the blank face of the wall.

Between the columns, flowers bloomed from the deep boxes that stood on the balustrade. Walton breathed the warm, heavy scent of them as he leaned to look down the face of the wall to the water beneath. Wesley had dammed the ravine, so that the head of water lapped against the foundations of the old house. The lake irrigated almost a thousand acres of clover and alfalfa that turned into fat beeves, pork, butter, cheese. This lake was now unlighted. It had no part in the festival, because, the season being July, the creek had stopped flowing and the water had sunk many feet, revealing ugly, raw, muddy banks on all sides. However, dark as it was, Walton could make out the skiff which he had left at the foot of the wall. It had been possible to climb up the wall using the slightest finger and toe grips. To descend, blindly, was beyond even the power of an ape.

HE CONSIDERED everything in quiet order, as he had learned to do during his nine years in prison. Some of the old effervescence had left him the moment he was put on trial for the murder of Leclerc. Now that he had served his term for manslaughter—with time off for good behavior—he was a different man. The life essence in him seemed to have changed. At twenty-one he was the first voice in every song, the first hand in every deviltry. At thirty he was of altered material. The pink had been rubbed out of his cheek. He was a big, brown, smooth, quiet fellow, continually smiling a little.

He was now in the most imminent peril. Wesley certainly was being missed from the party, and people would soon come to look for the head of the house, the patron of the festival. Walton considered diving from the balcony, but remembered the rocks near the surface.

The quick time of the music and the happiness of laughing voices from the patio murmured about him as he turned and went back into the room where the dead man sat. His shoulder brushed against the great velvet curtain beside the French door, and the silken whisper hushed his soul with fear, but he forced himself to relax. It is when we are at ease that ideas jump up out of nothing.

The boots which he had tied together and hung about his neck he placed on the floor, and then he sat down in the depths of a comfortable chair. It was typical of the mixed character of Wesley that he should have furnished his private rooms partly in the old Spanish style, partly with French elegance, partly with twentieth-century American comfort. The face which big Kinky Joe Walton regarded with such calm showed a confusion of qualities, from the noble proportions of the forehead to the precise neatness of that waxed mustache and the heavy, bulbous jowls.

WALTON rolled a cigarette with wheat-straw papers. The crumbs of tobacco which fell in his lap he carefully removed and dropped into the pocket of his Mexican jacket. For he had come dressed for the masquerade. He lighted his cigarette, and leaned in the chair to wait for a thought and capture it on the wing. When ashes formed on the end of the cigarette, he knocked them into the palm of his left hand, pulverized them, and then blew them into a puff of nothingness He wished to leave not the slightest clue.

Calmly he abstracted his mind from the noise of the jubilee and blinded his eyes to the flowers and trees of fire that bloomed with thunder outside the opposite windows of the room. In this way he happened to look up the lines of the velvet curtains to the long cords which looped across the top and hung down the sides. . . . Kinky Joe got to his feet like a cat that sees a bird.

The paper cutter on the long table was a good old Mexican dagger, with a bit of sharpness still left to its straight blade. He used that to cut the cords. When he had four of them he started knotting them together.

His fingers began to shudder at the work. He stopped, deliberately flexed and opened his hands, and resumed the work without foolish haste. He had made the rope and draped it over one of the columns just above the boat when he heard voices and then the rattle of a key in the door that was the entrance to Wesley's rooms, the big, ironbound door on the balcony.

Kinky Joe Walton straddled the flower box before him, grasped the double strand of the rope, and swung him-

self softly over the edge of the balustrade.

The ironbound door of the balcony opened, groaning a little as the weight came onto the hinges. To Joe Walton, descending his double rope, even the whispers of the velvet binding of the cords through his hands seemed loud enough to betray him. The boots strung about his neck tapped on the wall. With his bare toes he kept fending himself away from it, while his hands paid out the ropes. He checked his progress when he heard two voices on the balcony.

"You go in first, Kathryn," said the man. "You go in first and tell him how things are with us."

"You don't want to hide behind me, do you?" she asked.

"I'm not ashamed of being afraid of your father. Everybody is afraid of him."

"He's not my father."

"He's just the same. Adoption makes him just the same as your real father."

"Not by a long jump," said Kathryn. "Real blood has a claim. But if I marry a man he doesn't approve of, I've jumped out the window and out of his mind at the same time."

"Confound the money and all the rest you can get from him. I've got money enough."

"Enough for what?"

"You don't have to live like a princess in velvet, do you? You can be happy without that, can't you?"

"WHAT have I been working all these years for?" she demanded. "What have I been playing such a part for, singing the songs he likes, reading aloud to him in the evening until he is snoring in his chair?"

"Don't you love him at all?"

"I used to when I was a brainless little youngster . . . before I understood why he'd adopted me."

"He adopted you because he wanted to have a girl in the house to raise along with Jimmy."

"He adopted me because of my pretty face. Besides, people think a man who adopts a child must have a heart. He *needs* to give the world that sort of proof."

"Kathryn, you're so lovely that . . ."

"Bah! Stop it! . . . I hate my face! I wish I had freckles and a pug nose. I'd never have come into this rotten house, then. . . . You don't know. . . . When there are no guests it isn't so bad. But when there are people in the place I have to go in and be looked over before I go down to dinner. I have to be looked over like a . . . like a Miss America in a bathing suit. I've hated him so long that I'm half afraid he begins to know it. I hate him so much that I think it's the reason I'm ready to marry you."

"Wait a minute . . . Kathryn!"

"It's anything to get away from this place. I don't love you, Clay. You know that."

"You're going to. I'm going to teach you to, darling."

"Can't you just be real? Can't you say, 'Kathryn, you're nice to look at . . . and you're going to have about five million dollars some day. And, besides, I rather (*Continued on page 160*)

One of the men leveled a gun. "Don't move," he warned. "You're wanted!" The girl stepped closer to Walton

The movies' new charmer retraces the steps by which he has danced his way into a million fluttering hearts

DEEP research into the life stories of child actors has led me to believe that in almost every instance it is the mother who first spies in a youngster a spark of talent, and tries to fan it into a bonfire, while the father protests and says the whole business is futile and insane and that Mother's place is in the home.

But in our family it was Father who said, "Adele is a born dancer, and Fred might not be too bad. Why not give them a chance to develop their talents?"

My sister Adele was nearly seven and I was a year and a half younger. She had taken dancing lessons in Omaha, our home city, for several years and loved it. I had, too, but I wanted to become a professional baseball player, an ambition that has never been entirely kicked off. When I learned in school that I might some time become President of the United States—that is, I was assured nobody had passed a law against it—I wasn't interested. I wondered how chances were to become president of the National League.

When Father made the suggestion to Mother she agreed instantly—perhaps she had some such thought herself, but hesitated to broach it.

HOLLYWOOD was then mostly acre after acre of vacant lots. The word "movies" had not been coined. So there was no question as to whether we should go East or West. Our Nebraska neighbors went to California only to retire and, since our life was just beginning, Mother took us to New York. She adopted eagerly a career that was to keep her with us almost constantly, an ever-present guide and comforter through a lot of trouble for more than twenty years.

I say "a lot of trouble." Adele says it was a lot of fun, and so does Mother. They never worried about anything and were quietly positive the whole expedition would be a startling success.

"If you just keep at it and never give up," Mother would say, "you can do anything."

But I'm a pessimist. I had dire forebodings. Although I was so fascinated with the life I would not willingly have given it up for anything less than a

the feet

By Fred Astaire

second baseman's job on the New York Giants, still there were times in the early days when I was quite sure the musical comedy producers were going to get along splendidly for years and years and years without the snappy rigadoons of Fred and Adele Astaire. And I was almost right.

When we left Omaha, Mother has told me, a good many people guessed we'd be back soon, defeated. Those who realized Adele was a truly remarkable dancer, but who had certain popular convictions as to the morals of the stage, predicted ominously, "Well, the children may be a success, but they'll go to the devil."

Some, however, agreed it was a proper and desirable project. I think that these people must have been those who knew my mother well, who understood her patient determination, her unselfish devotion, her fine diplomacy, her common sense, her charm, and her buoyant heart which was to conquer crushing disappointment and almost unbearable hardship. She did it all. She's grand!

For more than a year about all we did was go to schools—dancing, music, and public—while Mother was learning the ropes and planning for our future. Father, by this time, had bitterly regretted his suggestion and wanted Mother to give it all up. But she had made up her mind we were to have our chance at the stage, and anyway she wasn't going back to allow people to whisper, "They failed. What did I tell you?"

AFTER two years we made our first appearance in vaudeville, in Paterson, N. J., in an act produced by a dancing expert with Mother's help.

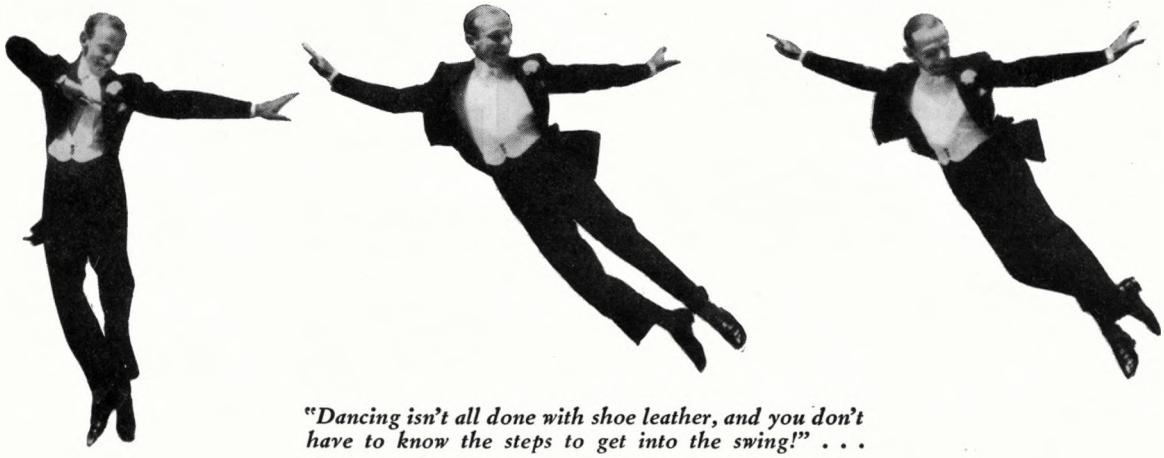
All three of us loved it. We were under way. We were accepted as an "added attraction" on the Orpheum Circuit, which was the pinnacle of vaudeville in those days.

Our beginning was nothing that shook vaudeville to its very foundations. But I realize now—although probably not even Mother appreciated it at the time—we were off on the right foot. Through instinct or luck we obeyed the paramount rule for dancing success, which, I believe, is this: True dancing is not merely a movement of the feet, hands, and body. It is the expression of an idea, the rhythmical telling of a story. That's why a dancer should be, also, an actor.

Bill Robinson, the greatest of tap dancers, is an artist in rhythm. He plays tunes with his feet as effortlessly and as accurately as a fine drummer plays a snare drum. Bubbles, of the team of Buck & Bubbles, is another who can "slap down" with such stirring effect that he makes your hair stand on end.

I like to get my feet into the air, to move around and mix up all kinds of dancing and songs, and make it all part of the story.

There was once a gag in vaudeville in which an actor came out and sprinkled sand over the (*Continued on page 107*)



"Dancing isn't all done with shoe leather, and you don't have to know the steps to get into the swing!" . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Ned, racked almost beyond enduring, faced her steadily, determined to steel himself against her appeal

THE STOLEN

By Edison

What has happened so far:

"VIRGINIA," Ned Holden said, "it is your duty to help me stop a great crime against a nation and a king!" Virginia Griffin had penetrated Ned's disguise, had discovered that T'Fan, the interpreter and guide for the Griffin party was not the Laotian chief he pretended to be. He was an American like herself, and he was working for the Siamese government.

Ned was trying to recover the Emerald Buddha, which had been stolen from a temple in Bangkok. If the people discovered the loss of this safeguard of the kingdom, revolution would be inevitable.

Ned had joined the Griffin expedition believing that Virginia's father, a famous collector of Oriental art, would have the Buddha delivered to him in the jungles of Indo-China But he was beginning to believe that Griffin was the dupe of his secretary, Vicomte Chambon, also Virginia's fiancé. He found a letter in Chambon's baggage: "You will avenge my wrongs as you will avenge the fallen heads. If Chow See Veet . . ." Chow See Veet was the title of an ancient Laotian king and the Emerald Buddha had come from Laos.

Also a jungle hill-folk, the Khas, raided the Griffin camp one night and kidnapped Griffin. Ned rescued him, learning that they had intended to capture Chambon. He suspected two servants hired by Chambon—Pu-Bow and his mother, Nokka, who were Laotian nobles in disguise.

Ned told Virginia of his suspicions, wondering if she would warn Chambon.

"I'll help you all I can," she said.

Together they searched the storeroom where Chambon kept the curios, with Koh-Ken, Ned's old servant, as lookout. There

was a wooden Buddha they had picked up which proved to be a shell containing the Emerald Buddha. But the sacred diamond in the idol's forehead had been removed.

Ned, still disguised as T'Fan, accompanied the Griffins on a trip to the Cave of the Million Buddhas. The crannies in the cave were filled with little plaster Buddhas, each one beheaded.

Griffin revealed to Ned that he knew Ned was a white man. And he showed Ned the diamond from the Buddha. "I discovered the hiding place. I took the diamond as a pawn for the idol's safety."

Ned arranged with St. Pierre, the governor of the province, to have their baggage searched, and turned the diamond over to him.

But when the governor searched the storeroom the Emerald Buddha had disappeared.

The story continues:

NED HOLDEN was a foster child of Asia, acclimated to the incredible East; and he knew the strange history of the Emerald Buddha. But again the facts had surpassed his wildest fancies.

The governor spoke suavely, and led the way back into the lounge. With a dim smile, Chambon strode behind him. Griffin took the opportunity to drop back to speak to Ned:

"If the coast is clear, come to my room in an hour. We've got to try to figure this thing out."

Ned nearly laughed aloud. Figure out the riddle of the Sphinx!

But, back in the lounge, a mysterious ex-

God

Marshall

"You said you loved me," she pleaded. "I ask you —in the name of that love—let André go free!"

citement stole through his veins. Soon he tracked it down and identified it. It was simply the unconscious challenge that he read in Chambon's face.

"Excellency, if that little matter is straightened out to your satisfaction, perhaps I can now let T'Fan go to his own quarters," Chambon said without a trace of mockery or triumph in his tone.

"By all means," St. Pierre replied. "Vicomte, it is still early; will you return with me to the Residence to finish our coffee?"

But Chambon declined courteously and, after a few minutes' chat, St. Pierre took his leave.

"Strange business, that," Chambon said, after he had dismissed Ned.

Virginia turned her bright gaze. She knew she must look and listen in Ned s place.

"What did it mean, André?"

"The rumors T'Fan heard that the Emerald Buddha has disappeared from Bangkok must be true. And you, Père Griffin, were suspected of the theft."

Griffin's expression was entirely blank, but his old poker cronies in St. Louis would have taken warning. "Since you knew better, André, why did you raise such a row about his searching our stuff?"

"I did not want him to see our curios. He might have made trouble about their leaving the country."

"I see," Griffin agreed readily.

"Probably the authorities have traced the stolen Buddha into this country," Chambon went on. "You, Père Griffin, are a famous collector; it is quite possible the thieves will approach you to buy it—or to buy the sacred diamond from its forehead. If so—"

"Report to the authorities at once?"

"Not until we have talked it over. We may not wish to become involved."

MEANWHILE, Virginia took note of every cunning word. Still she longed to help him, to save him from himself. She was Ned's spy, but André's friend. And he could be more, if he would only try. So easily could he recapture his lost ground! Whatever his project was, it had sprung from noble motives; she could see it in his face and feel it in her own heart. But it precluded her and her love.

He did not ask for an hour alone with her. As she rose to go to her room, he made no sign to stop her. And soon he, too, sped away with a light pace and a rapt expression on his classic face.

Griffin called Virginia to his room, and there they talked more intimately than in long years. They must work together now. So Virginia told him all, skipping lightly, perhaps, over the events between herself and Ned in the dusty library earlier in the evening.

"I might have known you suspected what was going on," she said. "If I had remembered all my feeble attempts to fool you at school—"

Griffin chuckled. "So you'd begun to think the old man was losing his grip!"

Virginia's bruised heart seemed miraculously healed as she crept into his arms.

"Honor bright, Dad! I never dared mention it till now, but I *was* a little disappointed when you went in so hard for Oriental art. As much as I cared for André, I didn't like to see him sweep you off your feet with his own hobby."

"It was great fun—mighty enlightening, too. America is going to deal considerably with Oriental countries in the future and we've got to know more about them."

"But you know why he wanted you to buy all those things . . . so he could have them, after he married me."

"I suspected he might have some such idea."

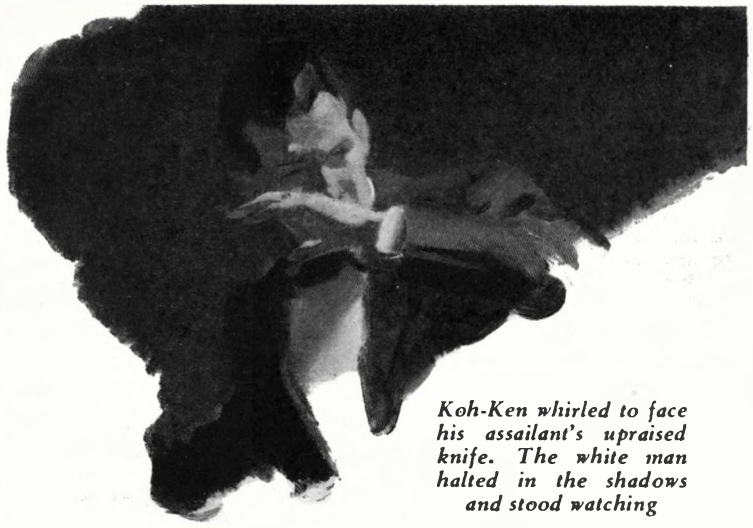
His eyes were twinkling. She felt her cheeks grow red. "Then what do you intend to do with that marvelous collection?"

"It's for the museum in St. Louis—a gift from the pork packer, Old Dan Griffin. I promised the curator so five years ago."

Losing his grip? She guessed not! What a little fool she had been! . . .

AT THAT moment Ned Holden was at his old game of hole-and-corner. Instead of paying court to Virginia in the lounge, a white man and a civilized human being who could decently seek her favor, here he stood in his paint and trappings, watching for Chambon's next move.

But he forgot his bitter broodings when he heard the rattle of Chambon's doorknob. The door opened stealthily, and Chambon emerged. Ned saw his face plainly as he passed under the lantern. It was like that of a sleepwalker in an exquisite dream. Stealing after him, Ned saw him enter the courtyard and pass under the light at the end of the alley. And then Ned spoke in an undertone to the night:



Koh-Ken whirled to face his assailant's upraised knife. The white man halted in the shadows and stood watching

"Koh-Ken?"

"Here I am, Lord."

"Follow him and try to see where he goes. But don't show yourself, or press him close. Knives are out tonight."

He did not hear Koh-Ken's naked feet in the dust, but he knew they were swift. A moment later he turned back to keep his appointment with Griffin.

AND now, for a little while, he could forget his mask and rig-out. Griffin's handclasp and Virginia's smile instantly swept away his long years of exile, and he was with his own people. A chair, a cigar, and a drink of the old man's precious Missouri whisky meant more than the gifts of kings.

"I called you here for a powwow," Griffin said. "We're all in this thing now, deeper than we like, and we've got to find the way out. For my own reputation if nothing else, Virginia and I will join hands with you in getting that cussed Buddha back to Bangkok."

Ned looked him in the face. "It may mean prison for Chambon."

"He's a man, Holden, and a strong man, too. He took that risk when he started. But I'll do what I can for him."

Prison! With a stifled heart, Virginia drew back in her chair.

"It's your turn, daughter," Griffin said, after a long silence.

"I don't think André will ever go to prison. He'd take some other way. . . . But I'll save him if I can."

Ned looked gravely into her eyes. "I'll take any help you can give me—on your own terms."

"Then where do we begin?" Griffin asked.

"At the beginning. Except that we've got the diamond, we're not much better off than when we left Vinh."

"Do you suppose the jewel is safe with St. Pierre? Hadn't he better rush it back to Bangkok?"

"His house is guarded, and no one but ourselves knows he has it. I'd rather the king wouldn't know about it until we've got the Buddha, too."

"But, Holden—what under the sun became of the Buddha? Do you suppose it could still be in the room, under the floor, or in a hole in the wall?"

"I had Koh-Ken crawl under the building and see. There's no space to hide the idol. The walls looked solid to me."

"Could it have been dismembered, and carried off piece by piece?"

"No Buddhist in the world would commit such a sacrilege as to cut even an inch from its base."

"But Chambon is not a Buddhist—"

"A very devout one, I think. I suspect that his grandfather on his mother's side, the noble Corsican for whom the Valinco River was named, became converted to Buddhism on a visit to Indo-China sixty years ago, and passed the religion down through his family. There are many Buddhists in France."

"I've never considered that possibility," Griffin murmured.

"I have." Virginia spoke clearly. "Dad, you've noticed that little jade Buddha he always keeps in his room. I caught him salaaming to it once."

BOTH men nodded. "Holden, why did Chambon—granting he was the one who spirited the Buddha away—take the trouble to fill the wooden image with stones?" Griffin asked.

"To make it weigh the same, and ward off suspicion that it had been used as a hiding place."

The two men smoked in silence; Virginia watched Ned's face.

"What are you going to do about it, Holden?" Griffin asked quietly at last.

"Mix with the natives and try to find out what they know. Discover what part the Cave of the Million Buddhas plays in the affair. Watch every move Chambon makes."

"I'm glad (*Continued on page 137*)

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A WORLD-FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT

We all can't be

By Helena Rubinstein

A LANKY, bedraggled girl burst into the salon. One of the attendants brought her to my private consultation office.

"Five dollars is all I have in the world," she gulped. "I'm trying out for *The Follies* this afternoon. Can you make me presentable? I dance like a demon, but I'm so short on looks I'll never get past the stage door."

I refused the money. "I'll take a chance," I told her.

The attendant looked surprised. She did not see the girl's possibilities as I did. Fire and determination were behind her unprepossessing looks.

That was years ago. Today the girl is a famous actress on Broadway. She's still angular and by no means a beauty, but she knows how to capitalize now on what some people might call her defects. She has that intangible thing called charm. She is one of my best investments in human nature. . . . Of course, we can't all be beautiful, but any woman can make herself attractive. And that girl proves it.

DRAMA. Helping people mold their destinies. That is the work of a beauty specialist. In looking back over the journals I have kept in Australia, England, India, France, America—the world over—I sometimes think to myself, "Here are plots to fill many books."

A queen, a princess, a shopkeeper's wife, a schoolboy's mother in Michigan —they are all in search of the thing they call beauty. It is a part of the emotional life of each woman. The motives of women, and men, also, who come to me for advice, reveal themselves in dramatic episodes. The very woman, perhaps, whom you condemn as vain may be seeking to regain the companionship of her daughter, the pride of her son, or the love of an estranged husband. She may be ambitious to succeed in a career; or she may long for love and marriage.

I have lifted from my records a few of these embryo short stories—appealing, disillusioning, inspiring. They are fragments that offer an insight into human nature—when the barriers are down. Of course, I have changed the names of the dramatis personae.

Margaret Werfel looked at me with tragic eyes. "I'll do anything, if you will just tell me what to do."

I was spending a few days in Detroit, and this woman had driven from a town 75 miles away, through the worst snowstorm of the winter, to ask my advice. She was frightened, and had reason to be frightened. Her life was wrapped up in her only son, and she had suddenly realized that he was ashamed of her.

HE HAD said, "Mother, why were you so old when you married?"

"What—what do you mean?" stammered this thirty-four-year-old widow.

"Well, the mothers of the other boys in school are so young. I thought you must have been pretty old when you married Father."

So Margaret Werfel was frightened, and, as I looked at her, I understood why. Five feet tall, she weighed 179 pounds. Her face was lined, dull, and freckled from exposure to wind and sun. She looked not only old, but tawdry.

I suggested a diet, and advised her to check up with her physician before starting it.

I suggested a routine of exercises. I gave directions about creams for her oily skin and massage movements for erasing

BEAUTIFUL, *but...*

CHARM is within the reach of every woman ... How to make ourselves more attractive!

DRAWING BY BOBRI

lines and wrinkles. I urged the regular use of soap and water. Women too often forget the simple necessity of keeping their skins clean! "If you will do these simple things regularly, patiently, and persistently," I said, "you will soon look thirty-four again."

Three years later I met Margaret Werfel again. She had been faithful to diet, exercise, and skin care. She weighed 133. Her skin was smooth and clear. She didn't look thirty. And those eyes which had been so tragic were shining as she whispered to me:

"What do you think Jackie said the other day? 'Mother, the fellows say you look more like my sister than my mother.'"

Seventeen-year-old subdeb Anne Lancaster came in one Saturday afternoon with enough make-up on to paint a ship.

"Mother nags at me about using too many cosmetics. She's in the salon having a treatment now. Come along"—she tugged at my arm—"and tell her not to be like that *all* her life."

"Let one of (*Continued on page 122*)

They who HAVE..

What has happened so far:

CHET SOMMERS hated Terry's job of social secretary to the rich Mrs. Creigh Towers, hated the depression which made that job a necessity. Chet and Terry were in love but there was no hope of their marrying. Terry's father, John Hefton, had failed in business. Chet, who was working for Hefton's firm of architects, lost his good job and had to support his mother. And Terry had to help her family.

Si Towers, who was Terry's own age, lived with her aunt, Mrs. Creigh Towers, and Gerda, Terry's romantic young sister, hoped one of Si's rich beaux would take a fancy to her pretty sister. And then Rufus Fowler, a friend of Si's, did fall in love with Terry. But she refused to go out with him.

Chet entered a competition for architects—a prize of $5,000 for a modern house. And Si introduced Chet to some people who were planning to build.

Terry's family needed money, and Terry offered to sell Rufus Fowler her mother's Napoleonic escritoire. He bought it for $400, learning later that it was a fake. Shortly afterwards Terry saw the desk, labeled "Reproduction," in an antique shop.

Si gave a party and invited Chet, and Rufus Fowler at the last moment made her invite Terry.

"Borrow one of my evening gowns," Si urged Terry.

"Are you coming?" Rufus called.

"Yes!" Terry cried. "I'll come!"

The story goes on:

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

Chet stared across at Terry and Rufus. "Well, this is a surprise!" he said, and Terry looked frightened

By Reita Lambert

WHEN Si and Rufus had left the party and gone back after Terry, Si told Chet only that she had to run home for something; that she wouldn't be more than ten minutes; that he was to circulate around. Chet drifted with the others to the bar, where, now that the excitement of the lottery was over, the guests were gathering for cocktails. It had been set up at one end of the oval ballroom, a complete and elegant little bar, all chromium and shining black, backed by a bright mosaic of bottles and glasses. And the bar, the small tables circling the dance floor, each in its own discreet bower of potted palms and shrubs, the accordion player wandering about among the guests, all simulated the atmosphere of a very elegant little public café, which is precisely what they were supposed to do.

The accordion player in his embroidered blouse and full, scarlet trousers lounged against a pillar or propped himself against the bar and sang in a thin, melancholy tenor, with an occasional languishing wink for some lady guest:

"Old King Lear was considered very queer;
He gave away his money and lived on bread and beer.
But I gave away my heart, and it was all I had;
Now Lear and me are pals, for we are mad, mad, mad!"

The bartender, smiling and deft, mixed the drinks. Girls perched on the high stools, the men rested their evening pumps on the chromium rail. Chet had a brunette with pearls on his right, a blonde with sapphires on his left. That was how he thought of them. Terry had been right in her guess that Si's friends would like him.

The blonde (sapphires) was saying, with that winning ingenuousness peculiar to the sophisticate, "I've never met you before, have I?"

Chet said gallantly, "If you had, *I* at least, shouldn't have forgotten it."

She brought her little white

hands together rapturously. "O-oh! Now I know who you are! You're one of those knights out of the book."

"So you read books, do you?"

"I thought that would surprise you," she said.

It was all light and easy and charming. The lamps on the little tables diffused a soft glow; waiters came and went through the swinging doors bearing huge trays of elaborate canapés, dainty pastry cups filled with caviar and *pâté de fois gras* and rare cheeses, cunningly devised arrangements of smoked fish and Oxford brawn, artichoke hearts and miniature sausages; a dozen exotic delicacies Chet could not identify. Flowers bloomed everywhere—orchids and gardenias, great crystal bowls of white and purple violets.

The brunette (pearls) said, "If you're not going to eat your olive, may I have it?" He promptly fished the olive out of his glass and she said, "I only like them after they've soaked in a Martini."

"Particular, aren't you?" he said.

"Only about olives and men."

"You don't like a man after *he's* soaked in a Martini, do you?"

She considered that and him, fingering her pearls thoughtfully. "Well, why don't you drink yours and find out?"

Which, Chet thought, was the way it was done. The trick, of course, was to be careful not to make sense.

When Si appeared at his side he was gravely counting cashew nuts into the blond girl's pink palm. Si said breathlessly, "Darling, I'm so sorry. Was I very long? Are you all right? I mean, are you getting acquainted?"

The blond girl inquired wonderingly of Chet, "Who *can* she be talking to, Chet?"

He divided a grin between them. Two blondes now, only Si's were diamonds. "I'm getting along even better than could be expected," he told Si.

She said, "The most tiresome thing happened. I'm simply boiling—do get me a Martini, darling."

"To leave me cold like that—among all these utter strangers," Chet said

He pushed past Terry's escort, forced his way into the cab. "Will you come with me?" he demanded. Will you?"

sadly. "How could you do that to me, Si?"

And Si said dryly, "Yes, I begin to see it was a mistake."

Chet was feeling better by the minute. More mellow and at ease. That was the result, partly, of the Martini, of course, but more of his sense of rising to a difficult occasion. He was devoutly grateful that Si had not pulled that bomb-throwing line of hers. He had feared she might, and it would not have been funny here. After all, these were the people who had kept beauty alive in the world throughout its long malaise; beauty and laughter, all the gracious accessories without which civilization must revert to savagery.

This seemed to him an original and illuminating thought, and he said earnestly to Si, "Did you ever stop to think that beauty is not a luxury? It's a necessity. Man cannot live by bread alone."

She patted his hand lightly. "We're going to have cake too, tonight, darling."

"But I'm serious. I'm on the trail of a great discovery. We haven't had any margin for beauty these last few years—by 'we' I mean what the papers refer to as 'the masses,' the people who've had just money enough to buy bread and who've tried to live by bread alone."

"You said 'bread alone' before, darling."

"I cannot say it too often," Chet said sternly, "the whole point of my argument being that they should have economized on bread and gone in for a little beauty."

The brunette cried, "Oh, is this an argument?" and, to a young man beside her, "Listen, Tommy, and you might learn something."

Tommy said, "You *are* an optimist!" and stared lazily at Chet and wondered if he weren't just a shade tiddly.

BUT Chet was drunk on lights and laughter and charming faces, on all the expensive scents and sounds of conviviality, but that was all. "The poor have managed to feed their bodies," he said, "but they've starved their senses. That's really what ails the world—it's gone sour for want of a little sweetness and light."

A young man with an English accent said, "There's something in that, by Jove! I mean to say, everybody needs a bit of a bender now and then."

"Precisely!" Chet said warmly. "As Voltaire once said, it isn't enough to have courage. We must also have distractions."

"I know what you mean," the blonde cried happily. "We ought to distract all these terrible communists by giving them a champagne supper."

"And the next morning they'd join up with the capitalists," said the brunette's Tommy. "Not a bad idea."

Chet didn't mind their taking it like this; it did not minimize the value of his discovery—to himself. Better to economize on bread than beauty. He must tell Terry tomorrow of his great discovery. *She* would understand. Perhaps she had been the first to understand. She had not resented the expensive antics of the rich as he had done.

Then he was staring suddenly, incredulously, over the top of Si's glossy yellow head. Staring at Terry, who was looking incredibly lovely, coming down the center of the room on Rufus Fowler's arm. "Look! Here— here's Terry." Si set down her glass and turned to look.

"You didn't tell me she was coming."

"Didn't I?" She slid off her stool and went to greet the newcomers. She took Terry by the shoulders and kissed her. "You look ravishing, darling!"

"I've already told her that," said Rufus.

Slender and erect in the trailing satin, her brown hair soft and natural as a child's, framing her face, the color coming and going in her clear cheeks, Terry was like a cool, new garden lily dropped into an exotic garden.

She looked at Chet with starry eyes, but her smile was a little breathless and uncertain. "Hello!" she said.

He nodded, not moving. "Well, this is a surprise!"

But clearly not a happy one. Terry preserved her smile, but her color faded, her hand fluttered to her lips and hair in a bewildered gesture. "You remember Chet Sommers, don't you, Rufus?" she said.

So it was "Rufus" now, thought Chet.

"Distinctly," Rufus said, and to Si, "I see you did save us that cocktail."

"Only one—that's all you'll have time for." She slid her hand under Chet's arm. "Come with me, darling, and Roo, you take Terry around—introduce her to people—"

There was dancing between courses. The troubadour had been whisked away with the bar; the orchestra took possession of the raised platform at the end of the room. There was music and the convivial murmur of polite diners at table; the whisper of sliding feet on the dance floor; the swish of bottles gently turning in their pails of ice. Chet did his best; talked somehow, laughed somehow. But the glow of his cocktails, the glow of his great discovery had left him. He could see only Terry, beautiful as a young goddess, hanging to Rufus Fowler's arm.

ALL the men who had drawn the wrong girls danced with the right ones. Chet asked Si to dance, and she said, "But, darling, don't you want to hear my good news first!"

(Terry was dancing with Rufus, her train looped over her wrist.)

"Good news! You bet I do!"

"I've made an appointment," she said, "for us to see Cynthy's father tomorrow afternoon."

"That is good news!" (Now Terry was laughing. Did the big antique collector have a sense of humor?) "That's great news!"

Si said gravely, "He isn't any too agreeable, darling. This morning when I talked to him, he wanted to know—well, what you'd done, if I'd ever seen any of your houses."

"Well, everyone isn't going to take me on faith, as you do," he said.

She propped her chin on her locked hands and smiled at him through her lashes. "*I* know you're going to do great things, Chet."

"You're a darling to say so." (Terry and Rufus had gone back to their table. It was almost directly opposite.) He said lightly, "By the way, who is this fellow Terry's with? I mean, what does he do—if anything?"

"Rufus? Oh, he breeds horses, for one thing." She smiled slyly. "I think Terry's kind of crazy about him."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well—she got up out of bed to come tonight. Rufus pretended he drew her out of the hat, you know. Of course, she wasn't *in* the hat—it didn't occur to me to invite her. That's why I had to go back home. He was afraid she wouldn't come if I didn't make her."

"So that's how it was," he said.

"Yes. And she'd gone to bed when we went back for her. She didn't happen to have an evening dress with her, and when I offered (*Continued on page 142*)

PERISH ME Gently

I'M NOBODY but Sue Millet, cook at the Sun Glen Shores Resort. You know, the one with the ballyhoo, "Warm All the Year Round." It's just far enough South so that we keep open all the time, but at certain seasons the only guests are assorted generations of mosquitoes, beetles, and such. Sun Glen is owned and managed by Alice Holt the Horrible. As I say, I'm only the cook. But things can happen, even to a redheaded cook, especially when all the sticky functions are wished off on her.

One morning I'm getting breakfast for eighty guests who have eighty different ideas of how an egg should be boiled. At the zero hour, in comes Holt dragging a girl of fourteen by the hand. Behind them follows the spindliest specimen of the human species, male, that I've seen yet. He reminds me of a yardstick's shadow.

"Sue, dear," says Holt in her best basso profundo, "this is Mr. Guthrie McRae, the novelist, and here is his little daughter Betsie."

I'm not glad to meet either of them. Whenever Holt calls me "my dear" I'm expecting the knife between the shoulder blades with every breath. This time is no exception, only it's not a knife; it's a scimitar.

"My dear, you're getting a thrill. You're to take care of little Betsie while Mr. McRae is a guest at our resort. He'll be writing all day, and little Betsie has no mother. I know you'll be glad to look after her."

I glance at little Betsie. She's got yellow hair with all the allure of a floor mop, and big green eyes which at the moment she's crossing at me.

"Say hello to Miss Millet," prods her father. His hair is thick and brown, and his blue eyes, behind thick lenses and expansive tortoise shell, give a very impressive storm warning. "Say hello, Betsie."

"Phoo," says Betsie. "I don't like freckled ladies with red hair."

"No, no," cries McRae. "Nice little girls aren't rude."

"As if I didn't know that, too," scoffs the McRae blunder.

"I don't see how I can spare time to watch this little—to watch Betsie," I protest. "My cooking—"

"Tut!" warns Holt, at the same time fixing me with eyes of the best cold steel.

I see losers aren't choosers.

At this moment the fourteen-year-old plague of locusts sees my wrist watch on the table and throws it on the floor.

"Betsie, stop being unbearable," orders her father.

"Am I really being?" she pipes, suddenly very gentle. McRae nods. Betsie walks toward me. I draw back, expecting a covey of rattlesnakes, but she holds out her hand. "I'm sorry, Miss Millet." She returns the wrist watch to its place.

I'm shattered by this change of pace. Holt pats Betsie's head. "Come along, Guthrie, and read to me in my study."

"The program is for me to feed her and shoo her out with the chickens?" I ask McRae.

"I'll appreciate your kindness. I don't believe in governesses. Too much supervision harms growing children."

I want to tell him no amount of supervision could harm Betsie, but with Holt present I have less fight than Napoleon stuck in the snow halfway back from Moscow.

"One thing more—Betsie is to sleep in the extra bed in your cabin," says Holt. And, having discharged this depth bomb, she goes out on McRae's arm.

"Aren't you glad I'm letting you take care of me, Sue Skillet?" shrieks Betsie, stamping on the floor.

"You may see tears in my eyes, but they're not for joy."

I FORGET about Betsie, as the waitresses are becoming very clamorous for a few portions of breakfast. Then there's a crash, and I remember Betsie again. She's pulled a whole shelf of tin pans to the floor.

"You ghastly little grampus, why did you do that?"

"Because I knew they wouldn't break."

"Put 'em back in place."

"Fluff!" says Betsie. "You old horse!"

Now, I'm only twenty-six, and a few men have told me they thought I was good-looking, so in my gathering resentment I slap the little rain cloud. I hold my breath, expecting a lusty call for Poppa, but Betsie only stands up straight and looks at me out of her green eyes.

"I had it coming," says she, smooth as a countess.

"You did." But I'm further unstrung. She's the first child I've seen who ever admitted being wrong just after being brought to time.

"Give me a big kiss and let me go outside," says she next.

"Couldn't we pass the big kiss?" Betsie reaches for a pan of biscuit dough. "All right, I surrender," I moan.

Throwing her arms around me, she moistens my cheek generously. "You kluck," smiles she. "I like you—some. And you're quite pretty."

She's soft and sweet, by mistake, and a little iron melts out of my soul. "Why be so ornery when you can be nice?"

"Poof for you and poof-poof for your parents!" She reaches the door. "You

By John Saunders Fitch

At least she wasn't quintuplets—and that was the only thing you could be thankful for about Betsie the Terrible

want to be exhilarated I'm not quintuplets."

This continues, with few intermissions, all day. By eight at night I'm Sad Sarah in person. I take Betsie to my cabin with the laughable notion of getting her into bed. The cabin is only twelve by sixteen feet, hardly the pasture for this human mustang. I quaveringly suggest that she undress. She laughs, and the Comanche scalp whoop is butterflies and roses by comparison. She announces that she never goes to bed before twelve.

"Tonight you do," says I, feeling like the light that failed.

She studies me a moment with those green eyes while I await the cataclysm. But without further words she slips into her pajamas. "Good night, Sue."

There's a knock, and McRae puts his head in. "May I wish Betsie good night?"

Betsie holds out her arms. "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" she cries, repeating herself some.

"Good night, sweetheart." He holds her hard. "I'll take you fishing tomorrow."

I GO outside, and McRae follows. "Miss Millet, does Miss Holt insist that all men guests read to her in her study? If she's singling me out, I'll have to decline further honors—"

"I don't speak English," I tell him.

"No, I suppose you can't talk about your employer." He studies me a minute, like Betsie does. "Sit on this bench, won't you? How was Betsie today?"

"Are you just being conversational? She was like this today. I go on watching her only if I have to."

"She is tempestuous. She has a lively mind and one idea suggests another."

"One earthquake follows another, you mean."

He's silent. I feel a quick stab just like Betsie gives me when I've spanked her and she looks up at me like the cherub she is not. Both McRae and his young whirlwind have color to shame a rainbow, and even though they're eccentric and fiendish, respectively, you want to stand well with them.

"I know you think me a very strange father—but, being a writer and not wanting to part with her, I must arrange as best I can." He sighs and looks at me. "Besides, even after two years, I can't be with Betsie too much; reminds me very sharply of her mother."

"I guess it's hard losing a wife," I yammer. My nerve centers are all at once agitated with something stronger than sympathy.

He glances at the lake, smooth as copper in the sunset. "I wrote nothing for a year after her death."

This tale is beginning to unlace my heartstrings. "Well, if it will help you any, Guthrie," I promise suddenly, "I'll go on caring for Betsie. I see how it is now. Count me in."

"That's kind, Sue. I'll make it worth your while." He gets up. "Well, I must succumb to Miss Holt's allure, for tonight."

As he goes I shiver. My heart has eased two notches in his direction. It threatens to break all bounds. I'm like that; all needles toward some man one minute and just a pincushion for his darts the next. Queens have been beheaded for less. And, Guthrie being a novelist, he's slightly out of my social price range. . . .

BETSIE being out fishing all next day with Guthrie, I struggle to get back to normalcy. Holt inquires if Guthrie's been in my kitchen. When I tell her no, she acts like I've been putting cobras in her closet.

"You're sure he's not been in?"

"Not unless he's good at the Invisible Anatomy stunt. Though he may be here in the spirit if not in the flesh."

"No impertinence, please. You're to send him to my study if you see him."

I'm wondering how seriously she's playing Spider to McRae's Fly. I'm in a dither over her interest in Guthrie. He's thrown no killing ogles in my direction, but my feelings are on the skids, so I have to fight Holt off and hope.

But with my next breath I have a new theme, and the burden of it is: "Why fall for any man? Ignore him, so help you."

Guthrie asks me to get supper for Betsie and him at eight that night. I try to sidestep him, but as he stands there I feel so much like kissing him I want to hit him with an ax. He coaxes me until I promise to go up and lay out a little walrus hide for them to gnaw on.

In the kitchen I'm excited, though I know it's foolish. "But if Guthrie makes a point of having me get his supper, it means something," the imps of infatuation whisper (*Continued on page 70*)

the

TURNING POINT

EVERY man and woman, at some moment in life, stands at the crossroads, unable to decide which way to go. Then Destiny plucks the sleeve, and points. . . . The deciding factor appears in many guises. But, however it appears, it makes a little drama—an American miniature. Here is one of them.

●

A TABLE-JUMPING séance was the turning point in the career of Guthrie McClintic, one of the most successful producers and directors in the American theater and husband of Katharine Cornell, the famous actress.

At the age of nineteen young McClintic thought he was a failure. He had been to dramatic school, traveled with road shows in small parts, and had arrived in New York, ready to conquer Broadway. But nobody would give him a job.

Broke but not quite hopeless, McClintic called on one of New York's foremost producers. The producer was out, and an assistant informed McClintic superciliously that there were no openings. The boy reached across the desk to shake hands, and knocked over an ink bottle. Infuriated, the assistant ordered the "impudent young ass" out of the office.

McClintic stepped into a hotel and wrote a bitter letter to the producer, denouncing him for employing snobs, for producing English plays, for refusing young men a chance to live. He informed the producer that he, Guthrie McClintic, a poor young actor, was a better director than anybody on Broadway. And so, having expressed himself, he put the letter in his pocket, with no intention of mailing it.

Three weeks later, the landlady at his rooming house invited him to a spirit séance. The room was darkened; the table began to jump. And then:

"A message for you, Mr. McClintic," cried the landlady. "The spirits tell you to mail that letter at once."

"What letter?" growled the lad.

But after he had gone to bed he remembered the letter to the producer. On an impulse, he jumped out of bed, dressed, and ran to the nearest mailbox.

Two days later he received an answer from the producer.

"Come in," it read. "You've got what it takes. I think we have a place for you."

He was given a job as stage manager. Since 1920 he has produced at least one Broadway hit a year. —JOHN WINTER

DRAWING BY BOBRI

Dixie flavor

For more than a year Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Smith have been touring the country, sampling and reporting the recipes of locally famous cooks. Here's the last lap of their 35,000-mile journey—the deep South

By Beverly Smith

OIT WAS 'way last spring when Grace and I set out on our gastronomic wanderings in search of typical American dishes. They carried us to festive boards in hundreds of homes—in New England, the Northwest, Southwest, Midwest, and the Middle Atlantic states. And now we were coming to the final course on our national menu—the South: from the Carolinas down to Florida, from Tennessee to Louisiana and between.

Southern Cooking. What eulogies have been pronounced, what crimes committed, in thy name! Some say it is the best in the world, some that it is the worst. Both are not far wrong. A lazy and trifling Southern cook, turned loose with a frying pan and plenty of stale grease, is a modern Borgia. But *good* Southern cooking. Ah, that is something else!

It has in it the cunning seasoning of the French, through the Huguenots of Charleston and the French families of Louisiana; the fire of Spain, drifting up from New Orleans and Mexico; and the dark magic of the African. And all this exchanged and blended, in the old days, by the interminable interfamily visiting among the plantations.

The colored cooks of the South are the only real hereditary cooks of America, comparable to the great cooking families of France or Austria. In America the white cook, if a man, yearns to sell autos; if a woman, dreams of opening a beauty shop. This is swell for ambition, but hell on seasoning.

The colored cook, for better or worse, intends to cook all her life, and likes it and raises her little girl to do the same. In this way a lore and a tradition develop and are perpetuated. But something else is necessary. The colored cook cannot and will not cook well unless she has a mistress who understands and appreciates her. It is when you have this team, working harmoniously and happily together, that you learn how good Southern cooking can be.

Our task of searching out the good things of the South was lightened and made pleasant by the attitude of the Southerners, who, one and all, regarded our tour with enthusiasm. They went to unending trouble to help us find what we were seeking.

ROLLING down into North Carolina, we made our first stop at Wilmington, because here, we had heard, were to be found three old ladies who have brought the oyster roast to a new perfection.

We called up two of the couples who had written us, Mr. and Mrs. Glasgow Hicks and Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Clendenin, and planned the expedition. That night the six of us drove down to a spot between Masonboro Sound and Cape Fear River, near Whiskey Creek, where the three Misses Cazaux—Annie, Rosa, and Zara—make their home and their fame with the "brush roast."

We were greeted by three very little and charming old ladies, and soon Big Ed and the other Negroes were getting ready for the roast in the clearing near by.

First, Big Ed kindled a crackling brush fire under an iron grating; then he fed and strengthened it with oak, cedar, and hickory. He spread a wire netting over the grating, and dumped a half-bushel of oysters, fresh from the Sound, into the netting. The hissing flames licked right up around the steaming shells.

It was a cold night, and the fire felt good. Little puffs of steam from the oysters mingled with the hickory smoke which drifted to eager nostrils.

Now and again Big Ed cradled the oysters gently in the netting, for even heat. In five minutes they were done, and we hurried in to take our places around the big (*Continued on page 94*)

Love OUANGA

Spice's heart was singing with happiness when she answered the bell—but she opened the door to trouble

By Kenneth Perkins

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL

Spice slumped on a bench. The Blood of the Lamb Congregation gaped and wondered. A city gal sho' nuff—what did she want with them?

SPICE MACKSON'S shotgun flat was sandwiched between a pool parlor and a warehouse used for storing Mexican and Southern wool. It was a happy flat, because of the gilt joss, the canaries, the baby, and the phonograph. Ceaselessly the latter ground out New York jazz until Cuban rumba records converted Spice to the truer African rhythms. To these she was forever dancing.

Light yellow of skin, so light that the stain of cigarettes showed on her slender finger, Spice harmonized with the background she had created for herself. The yellow and miasmic sunshine seemed to emanate from her. She favored mantel ornaments that were of ormolu, and although they were speckled second-hand things, they were gay and cheerful, and they increased the glow of the room.

When Spice had company, which was often, she put her baby to bed in the kitchen, on a mattress of Spanish moss spread over two packing cases. Spice then would paint her lean face, bead her already rank growth of eyelashes, turn on the rumba muted with a dish towel, light an incense stick in the joss—and she was ready for her caller.

At night this would be some young man or other to take her to a dance. During the day it would be some woman, perhaps, for a hair treatment. But, young or old, man or woman, she warmed to them all. People and things had the effect of starting silent harmonies in her. Her bones thrilled in a perpetual rhythm with the world. She loved her canary birds. She loved the courtyard, its chickens, its smell of fern and oleander and wine barrels, its smell of moss-moldy flagstone. She loved, above all things else, that little one, born without much pain, born a moist, shining black brighter than a crow's wing in the sun. He was the whole world and all its fragrances, pleasant or pungent, rolled into one.

Now Spice was waving her hands in the air to dry the blood-red enamel she had painted on her blue nails. The harmony of sound and movement attracted the baby boy. Doubtless he felt it in

his bones. His eyes clung to his mother, and he aped her graceful movement with his feet as well as his hands. He babbled. The canaries sang. Everyone was happy. And Spice happiest of all, for Tad Barley was coming.

"He's goin' to be your pappy," she said to her cherub. "Time you was gettin' a father. Folks'll be asking you about that some day. Tad Barley. I'm goin' to marry yup with him—when he comes, oh—" she crooned—"there'll be a celebration when he comes!"

The child squealed and laughed. But then he sneezed.

Spice's hands sprang together like two birds.

"Didn't I done tell you? You been husky all evenin'. Breathin' heavy. It'll git down low in yo' lungs. You been tired ev' night. 'Tain't the croup, like they all tell me. It's goin' git worse." She wailed. "Got to fix yup some tu'pentine and sugar. And I ain't goin' out till you stop breathin' that-a-way."

She put the child to bed in her room. She panted in time with his breathing. She tucked another shawl about him, using many safety pins. She tucked up a shawl over the batten windows against the dank breath of the oleanders and figs in the courtyard. She set up a box on one side, draped a chair on the other. She turned the gas light low.

The bell rang. Spice dabbed a stopper wetted with cologne behind her saffron ears, then flitted through the front room, buoyed by a strange thrill. She knew Tad Barley loved her. Hadn't the boy told her that it made no difference—her having that little child? There was love!

She opened the door.

Yes, it was love—but it was also trouble.

TAD was only a boy, and at this moment he needed mothering—far more than Spice's baby. His big, doglike eyes were rimmed with white, his smooth skin was wet, so that it had the shine as well as the dark color of gun metal. His superb shoulders, which had made him a hero in high school, drooped like an old man's.

But at the very sight of him Spice's heart sang.

"The Big Boss is on his way here, honey!" he said as she pressed herself into his inert arms. "He says we can't marry up."

"What do *you* say, chile?"

"I say, yes, thass all. But he's sending me to Des Moines, where they's a Negro officers' camp. And he going to run you out of town. He says he'll pick out the girls for his sons to marry."

Although at the moment she was interested in the smell of the shaving lotion on his clean-cut jaw, Tad tried to make her understand that his father was a powerful man. A big lawyer, president of lodges, a political boss. It was said that Aesop Barley could swing the Negro vote of New Orleans.

"Best thing for us to do is to marry up right away and e-lope," Tad said.

Spice arranged his fawn-colored tie—he was a monochrome in tan. She smoothed his hair, for it was straight like hers and hence unruly.

"How come you figure I can leave N'Awleens, boy? I got my beauty parlor," she explained tenderly. "And I got my baby. I want fo' him to be a city boy, to wear shoes and learn school. Think I'se going out somewheres and make a cotton choppin' Nigra out of him? Oh, no! *We* marry yup and live right in this flat, and you study fo' a lawyer."

"I'm telling you for your own good, Spice. If my dad ever sees me here again it's you that's going to get hurt. Don't know how. But he'll bend you sure 'nough!"

The bell rang again. "It's him!"

Spice went to pieces. She clung to Tad, then pushed him into the back room. "Go out in the yard and through the poolroom next do'."

When he was gone she went to the front door, gasped a deep breath, and opened it.

AESOP BARLEY was a massive pie-bald gentleman in frock coat, his neck oozing over a wing collar, his face sagging in two folds that seemed caught up by buttons at the corners of his mouth.

The girl wilted, aghast at the size and splendor of this visitor. She was only vaguely aware of what he was saying. He explained impressively that he had instructed a committee of welfare workers to inquire into Miss Mackson's character. It had been established, said he, that some customers did not come to her hairdressing establishment for that especial purpose. "I mean, needless to say, the menfolk." He cleared his throat. "And you have a child whose father is not known. Why my son hasn't paid that matter some mind I can't make out. He seems to have forgotten that I want him to go to great heights as a leader of our Race—like his father."

"Sure. I know what you mean," Spice said with astonishing sympathy. "I got a son, too. And he's goin' far, same as yours."

"I have a court order, Miss Mackson, stating that you are not morally fit to take on the responsibility of raising a child."

He got up with a definite air which was impressive, even though his gray striped trousers stuck a moment to the varnished chair seat. He waved his giant arm to someone outside. Then he turned and announced his sentence. The child was to be taken to a welfare organization. If his mother left town and two, perhaps three, years passed, the child would be returned to her, provided she had stayed out of New Orleans in the interim.

A police officer and a maternal-looking woman with steel-wool hair entered. A paper was produced and read. But Spice did not listen. She rushed into her bedroom and snatched the baby up in her arms. When she saw them coming to her, her wits scattered. She thought of a razor. She thought of screaming for help, but, as in a nightmare, her throat cramped in gasps. She bleated like a ewe for a lost lamb.

Time was racing, unmeasured, syncopated in crazy beats. She heard new voices cackling hysterically that her child had been taken. It seemed that the room was full, for neighbors swarmed in the flat.

They handed her water, but she took gin.

"Did you tell 'em about de tu'pentine and sugar?" she asked blankly. "Got to have that or he goin' cough all night."

"What you goin' do to Barley, gal?" someone shouted. "You got boy friends will go shoot him full of buttonholes eff'n you jess say!"

"That don't git my baby back," Spice said, her senses awakening slowly. "He's had plenty bootleggers indicate at him. Which he's got a bodyguard, and you cain't scare him that-a-way."

"Then don't scare. Jess do!"

"Which I go to jail, and lose my baby anyways. And my chile got a mother which done murder somebody."

"But he done took yo' chile!" they screamed. "And you ain't doin' nothin' about it!"

Spice chewed at her rouged lips, which made her teeth red. This talk of threats and murder was only the chattering of birds.

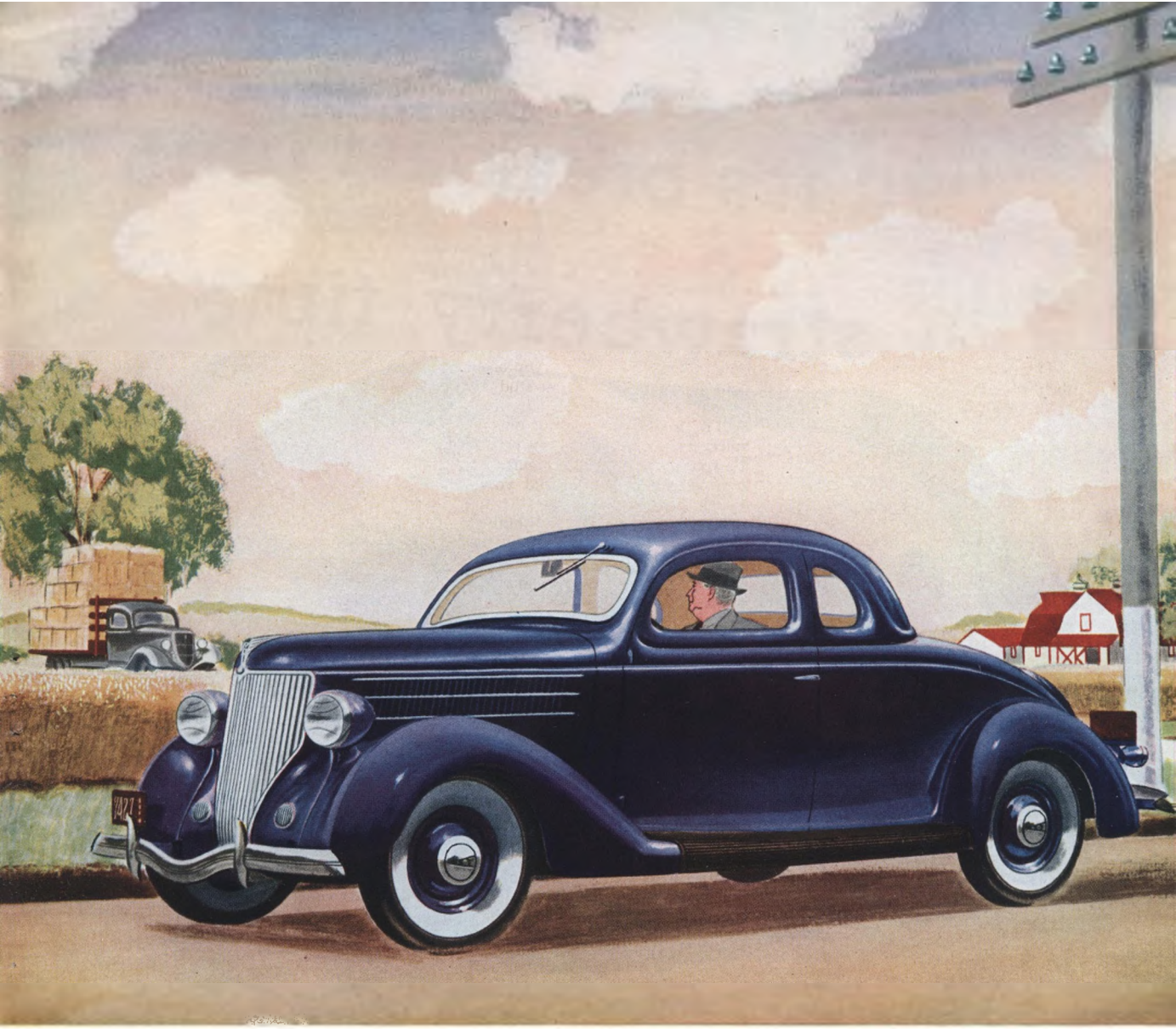
Finally she said through her reddened teeth, "I'm goin' to prayer meetin'."

The stifling hot flat was bedlam. The women yelled and cawed. Where was the maternal and tigress passion? Was it latent in her? Was it there—dead? They screeched. She had given birth to the child, but there was no yearning in her breast. She was not a mother. Spice got up and glanced at the mirror as she drew on her toque and tucked in a wisp of hair like a blackbird's wing. Then she said casually, "Old Swamp Suzanne goin' be at prayer meetin'. Caise because they's a funeral tomorrow and she goin' be a mourning lady. I'll fix hit so she pray fo' Barley a whole lot."

"Swamp Suzanne," the oldest one in the room said slowly, "H'm. Thass somethin'!" . . .

THE Blood of the Lamb Congregation held its meetings in a warehouse well below St. Anne and the Puerto Rican docks. On this night, prayers for their dead deacon were featured. The deacon's body lay in an undertaker's basket which was festooned with paper roses and lit by candles.

Spice entered, gasping at hot, dank air thickened with the scent of dust, of kerosene and cotton and of burlap. Oil lamps shed a (*Continued on page 86*)



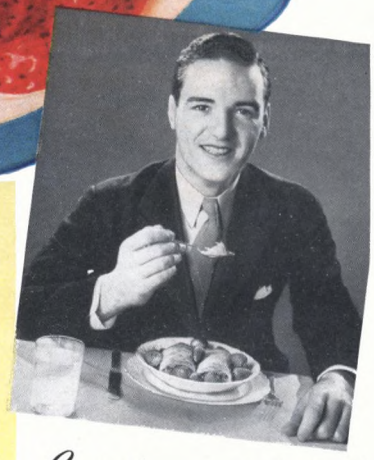
Designed for Dependability

The Ford V-8 engine has established an outstanding record for efficiency and reliability. Millions of owners know about this from personal experience—it is revealed in cost and performance figures. . . . The Ford V-8 engine was developed for the motor car and truck. We designed it and we build it for this purpose alone. It is interesting to note, however, that this engine has been drafted for other uses where the service is far more severe than in a motor car. Ford V-8 engines are now operating air compressors, generators, industrial locomotives, irrigation pumps and feed cutters. . . . This business has not been sought. Manufacturers of this equipment have selected the Ford V-8 engine because of its power and ability to stand up under long, hard use. . . . An engine that can make a record like this is a good engine to have in your car.

THE FORD V·8

$25 A MONTH, WITH USUAL DOWN-PAYMENT, BUYS ANY NEW FORD V-8 CAR ON NEW UCC ½% PER MONTH FINANCE PLANS

When it's breakfast time in strawberry time



"I VOTE SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES THE FLAVOR HIT OF THE SEASON"

Come on! Join in the chorus! Here are juicy red strawberries that melt in your mouth—nestled around oven-crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat—singing to your appetite from a bowl of rich, cool milk.

It's the "National Breakfast!" And a favorite lunch—or any meal. And remember, it's ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. Order crisp, delicious Shredded Wheat and fresh strawberries from your grocer today!

Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. seal.

Get these vital food essentials every day

Each plump, golden grain of wheat is a natural storehouse of vital food essentials—vitamins, mineral salts, carbohydrates and proteins. And Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away. You get the essentials you need for energy and endurance, to help build strong bones and sound body, to keep you feeling fit...Try Shredded Wheat tomorrow morning and eat it regularly, every day.

SHREDDED WHEAT

THE NATIONAL BREAKFAST

A Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

How BRAVE are you?

By J. W. Wrightstone, Ph. D.

Dr. Wrightstone is Research Associate in Teachers College, Columbia University.

WOULD you walk a mile for a fight—or from it? Would you dash out into traffic to save a life? Maybe you're not the hero or heroine you think you are; maybe you're a lot braver than the average. Here's a chance to test your courage in three ways and to have some fun with your family and friends.

Check the *one* situation under each question that comes closest to describing your most typical reaction under the circumstances. Be sure to check yourself as you really are, not as you would like to be. Then, after you have checked a situation under each of the six statements, turn to page 148. You'll be surprised!

MORAL COURAGE

I. ***If I lost my job, or my business, and had only enough savings to support myself for a short time:***

a. I'd live on my savings, following a few leads for jobs in my line.
b. I'd try to borrow enough to begin a small venture of my own.
c. I'd live with relatives and let them support me.
d. I'd accept work tentatively unless it included menial tasks.
e. I'd take any sort of job so that I could be self-supporting.
f. I'd apply to charitable organizations for help.
g. I'd take any job temporarily and keep trying for a better one.
h. I'd give up and wait for things to straighten out.
i. I'd appeal to friends for their advice and help.
j. I'd move to a place where chances for employment were better.

●

II. ***If I discovered that I had an incurable disease, like cancer:***

a. I'd carry on and help others less fortunate than myself.
b. I'd probably give up and spend my time resting.
c. I'd try, besides work, to improve my interests or hobbies.
d. I'd go about my daily work, cheerfully trying to do my best.
e. I'd probably go to pieces and not regain my usual good-nature.
f. I'd continue to keep as active as possible among my friends.
g. I'd continue to do some kind of work that my health permitted.
h. I'd go to a sanitarium or hospital.
i. I'd offer myself as a subject of experiments at a medical center.
j. I'd probably commit suicide.

MENTAL COURAGE

●

III. ***In discussing such subjects as religion or politics, if my opinions were asked:***

a. I'd let the discussion take its course and say nothing.
b. I would state my opinions calmly and firmly.
c. I'd tend to agree with the majority opinion.
d. I'd change my expressed belief if facts tended to show it to be erroneous.
e. I would give my opinion but make a few reservations.
f. I'd rarely disagree with an influential person's opinions.
g. At considerable embarrassment, I'd support a minority point of view if I believed it true.
h. I'd try to change the topic of conversation.
i. I'd remain silent at the time but discuss the subject later.
j. I'd offer an opinion if I were sure it wouldn't be debated.

●

IV. ***If I believed in a cause, such as pacifism or communism, and were asked to express my opinion:***

a. I'd be careful about stating my views when an opponent was near.
b. I'd remain silent on the subject.
c. I'd express my views carefully, making allowances for others' opinions.
d. I'd state my opinions, regardless of what my hearers might say.
e. I'd attempt to convince others by conversation.
f. If my views would cost me advancement, I'd keep quiet.
g. If most of my friends disagreed with me, I'd feel I was wrong.
h. I'd defend my views, even at the cost of my position.
i. I'd rarely discuss such questions except among friends.
j. I'd offer to contribute time and money to further the cause.

PHYSICAL COURAGE

●

V. ***If I were passing a house occupied by several families and saw smoke and flames issuing from it:***

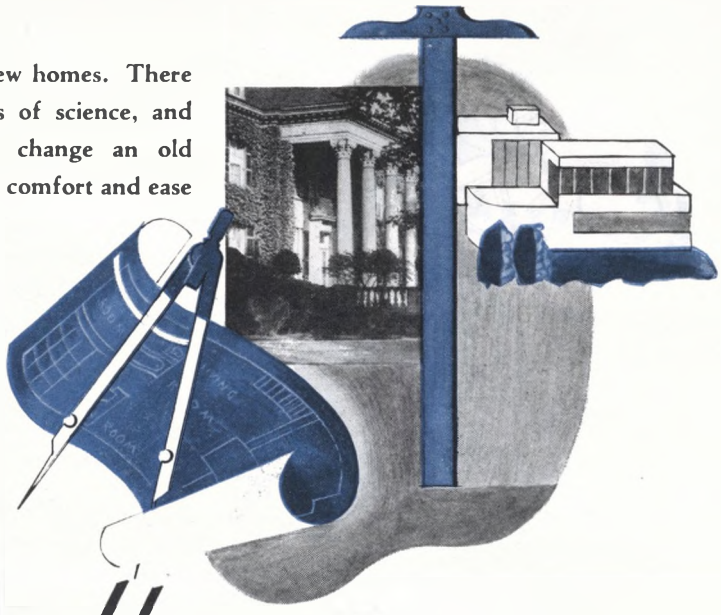
a. I'd merely call, or tell someone to call, the fire department.
b. I'd probably be frightened, so that I'd be of little help.
c. I'd ask a fellow near me what to do.
d. I'd rush into the house and help rescue the people near the fire.
e. I'd rush into the house and yell to the tenants.
f. I'd enter a blazing room if someone was cornered there.
g. I'd go on my way, since the fire department would surely be notified.
h. I'd get a policeman and ask him to go into the house with me.
i. I'd tell the people who were gathering what to do.
j. I'd scream for help, staying near the house.

●

VI. ***If I saw a child in the path of an oncoming auto which was rapidly bearing down on him:***

a. I'd call to the child, telling him to get out of the street.
b. I'd close my eyes so I would not witness the accident.
c. I'd rush to pull the child out of the path of the car.
d. I'd call to the driver to stop his car.
e. I'd get away quickly from the scene.
f. I'd get in the path of the car to signal the driver.
g. I'd readily risk injury or death to push the child out of danger.
h. I'd be paralyzed with fear.
i. I'd scream for others to help.
j. I'd attempt to save him if the chances were I wouldn't be injured.

There's real magic in today's new homes. There are houses from the test tubes of science, and wonder-working materials that change an old place into a bright, new world of comfort and ease



LET'S GO *Househunting*

By Selma Robinson

SO WE bought a house. It was an old house, built some twenty years after the Civil War. It was a substantial house on a quiet Manhattan street. It had charming Victorian fireplaces of white marble, and a garden. But it had, beyond that, floors that sloped as much as two inches from front to back. The walls were as wavy as a chorus girl's hair. Still, it had charm.

One thing we knew definitely: Charming or not, we did not wish to become slaves to our house. We had been brought up in apartment houses with small, compact flats; if anything went wrong we could move any October 1st. We were willing to make some concessions to charm, but not many. Our house would have to be easy to take care of, inexpensive to run. With pencil and paper we sat down and wrote out the "musts."

Item: A superb kitchen with the best refrigerator we could buy, the most modern sink we could afford, and plenty of work space. A perfect cooking range.

Item: Walls, whether papered or painted, that could be washed.

Item: Floor corners that would not gather dust.

Item: An improved heating system, with a humidifier.

Item: Plenty of bathrooms and plenty of everything in them.

And so on and on. It was a sizable list.

YOU cannot imagine the magic that is being wrought in the field of housing today unless you are remodeling or building a house. There are wonders so breath-taking that you almost refuse to credit them. The ingenuity of man, backed by the swiftness and precision of machines, has produced a new order of living—*living*, mind you, not existing. Living in clean, sanitary, pleasant conditions that make work in the home as easy as it can be, and leisure a joy without interruptions. The newest of the new houses almost run themselves, and even improvements available for old houses make you want to start experimenting. They are fresh, exciting, unprecedented.

The materials are new, man-made. They are synthetic substitutes for woods and metals and other natural building materials. They came, not from trees and mines, but from test tubes. They do things materials have never done before. They are compressed, fireproof, adaptable, beautiful, holding in their thin layers more strength, more efficiency than older materials many times heavier. The shapes are new, defying tradition and prejudice. The tools which produce them are new and awe-inspiring. The men who design them are young, unhampered, curious—part artist, part engineer.

Familiar materials you never thought to meet undisguised in a house, materials like steel and asbestos and glass, are being employed for decorative as well as practical purposes. No longer do they imitate something else. They can be what they are, and be proud of it, for a new beauty has been discovered in them!

This is what confronted us when we went shopping for house-improvements: steel and copper houses; glass houses; fireproof walls, highly insulated; fire-resistant floors; washable wall coverings; fire-resistant paints; light from invisible fixtures; foundations that are termite-proof, waterproof; air conditioning, of course; marvelous bathrooms, and simply incredible kitchens.

Take the kitchen we found in our house, so typical of the dear, dead days beyond recall (fortunately), and see what it turned into. It was a room about 12 by 16 feet with an old brick chimney breast, in front (*Continued on page 64*)

Storing up Health *for 1956*

How healthy will your boys and girls be twenty years from now?

The time to lay the groundwork for healthy adult life is during Childhood — and the place is outdoors—running, jumping, hiking, wrestling, swimming, skating, skiing, bicycling, playing football, baseball, soft ball, tennis. Supervised gym work or self-directed exercises at home supplement outdoor play.

While the majority of healthy boys and girls need no urging to take part in active games, many of them can develop better muscles, greater skill and more natural grace in their sports if they have proper direction. The way your child sits, walks, runs, stands, lies in bed may determine, long in advance, whether or not he, as an adult, will be straight and graceful in form—without bone or posture defects.

Sunshine is one of your child's greatest allies. It is essential for health and development. But sunshine which passes through ordinary glass loses its real, beneficial effect. Gray light of a cloudy day outdoors is more healthgiving than bright sunshine filtered through ordinary glass. Sunlight helps to prevent rickets. It is as important to keep a child out in the sunlight, as it is to safeguard the quality and amount of his food.

Have your doctor examine your child at regular intervals to find out whether or not he has any defects which if uncorrected would prevent proper growth and development.

The building years of childhood are of vast importance to the mind as well as to the body. A child, in active games, may learn the spirit of fair play, honesty and courage, which contribute to success and happiness in later life.

Send for a free copy of "Keeping Fit Through Exercise," which is planned to help parents as well as children enjoy better health. Address Booklet Department 636-A.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

It takes ALL KINDS

By Albert Benjamin

HENRY REIDER, of the University of Nebraska museum staff, has constructed a musical instrument from the ribs of a prehistoric rhinoceros found near Ainsworth, Nebr. His "bonaphone," similar to a xylophone, has two complete octaves, including the sharps and flats.

HARRY HABERMAN, 215-pound Wauwatosa, Wis., tavern keeper, does seamstress work as a hobby.

PAUL FRITSCH, Portland, Ore., has trained flies to lift dumbbells made of cork and to do other gymnastics.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, Janesville, Wis., is memorizing an encyclopedia of 25 volumes, 500 pages each, by writing each item listed several times, then repeating it to a listener. He learns one subject a day.

WILLIAM R. AHERN, Worcester, Mass., recently won a $500 Yankee ingenuity prize sponsored by the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, by building surveyors' instruments from junked radio receivers, washing machines, and vacuum cleaners.

MR. AND MRS. E. M. CANFIELD, both commercial aviators of Williston, N. D., have made a profitable business of hunting coyotes by airplane, collecting the bounties and selling pelts. Recently they bagged their 1,000th coyote from the air.

ELLIS EDMUNDS, Newport News, Va., railroad engineer, is known throughout his section of Virginia for his ability to play tunes on his locomotive whistle.

HERMAN SCHALLERT, Rome, Wis., storekeeper, at 74 recently completed a floor lamp carved from 2,260 pieces of wood taken from an old organ, bedstead, and table.

RICHARD SHOTWELL, Armstrong County, Pa., has trained bullfrogs to act, dance, and fight.

H. ROY MOSNAT, Belle Plaine, Iowa, seed-grower, has grown four-leaf clovers each with a diameter of nearly six inches.

MRS. ROBERT J. BURDETTE, of Pasadena, Calif., has collected more than 1,000 different bells.

PROFESSOR HOWARD BECKER, of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., his wife, and three children, recently completed a 1,200-mile tour of Europe on one five-passenger bicycle.

LOUIS SCRUGHAN, age 6, earns three dollars a day drawing jurors' names during court sessions at Charleston, S. C. The law says that only a person unable to read may pull the names from a box.

LEWIS D. GILBERT, 28, of New York City, of independent means and no job, has made it his life work to attend stockholders' meetings, ask questions, and seek reform in the conduct of these meetings and in the relationship between directors and stockholders.

BOBBY CRAM, 13-year-old Santa Barbara, Calif., boy, has invented a new type weather vane, the "sail vane," which enables yachtsmen to study wind from every possible tack as six miniature boats revolve on a pivot. The invention reproduces sailing conditions found on the ordinary triangular sailing course.

FRIEDA MARIE BYERS, 8-year-old San Francisco, Calif., girl, types at the rate of 115 words a minute. She started typing when she was three years old and practices 45 minutes daily.

PROFESSOR HENRY C. MAY, inventor of a "mechanical man" exhibited at the Pacific International Exposition at San Diego, Calif., tried to teach his robot to shoot a pistol, and the robot shot May in the head. He lived.

EDWARD SMITH earns his living scooping bubbles from the center fountain in Rockefeller Center, New York. The bubbles are thought to detract from the beauty of the pool.

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

(*Continued from page 62*)

of which was planted a pathetic-looking gas range, black iron, all legs and no belly. The burners were full of elaborate, grease-stained grooves. Two awful washtubs stood in one corner, and beside them was the sink, a shallow shell of stained porcelain. The icebox was of golden oak with a tin interior. The floor was of wood, guaranteed to poke splinters into even the toughest pair of hands, and the baseboard was wood with many moldings to trap filth. The walls were a dismal buff color. There were many curtained pine shelves, that would have been dusty after a week's use. That was the kitchen. . . .

This is the kitchen now:

Enameled steel wall cabinets, an inexpensive grade, to be sure, but perfectly good and very handsome. A monel sink combined with an under-sink cabinet for storing pots and pans. The stainless metal side pieces give eight square feet of working surface, and the sink itself is deep enough to hold a large family's dishes. My range may be regulated to any temperature. Its burners light automatically and there isn't a part that cannot be easily removed and cleaned.

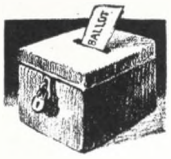
Next is a refrigerator that opens when you merely touch its handle—touch it with your knee if both your hands are filled. It will reveal a well-lighted interior with a water tank for ice-cold (not iced) water; trays for 105 cubes of ice, a wire basket for eggs, a hydrator for vegetables, and an especially delightful gadget: a chilled rolling pin that insures flaky pie-crust, because it makes repeated flourings unnecessary!

BUT, with all this, my kitchen was comparatively old-fashioned by the time the paint dried on the walls. I hear talk now of tall, shallow refrigerators that do away with groping and bending for that grapefruit at the back of the bottom shelf. I hear that someone else is working on a circular refrigerator with revolving shelves.

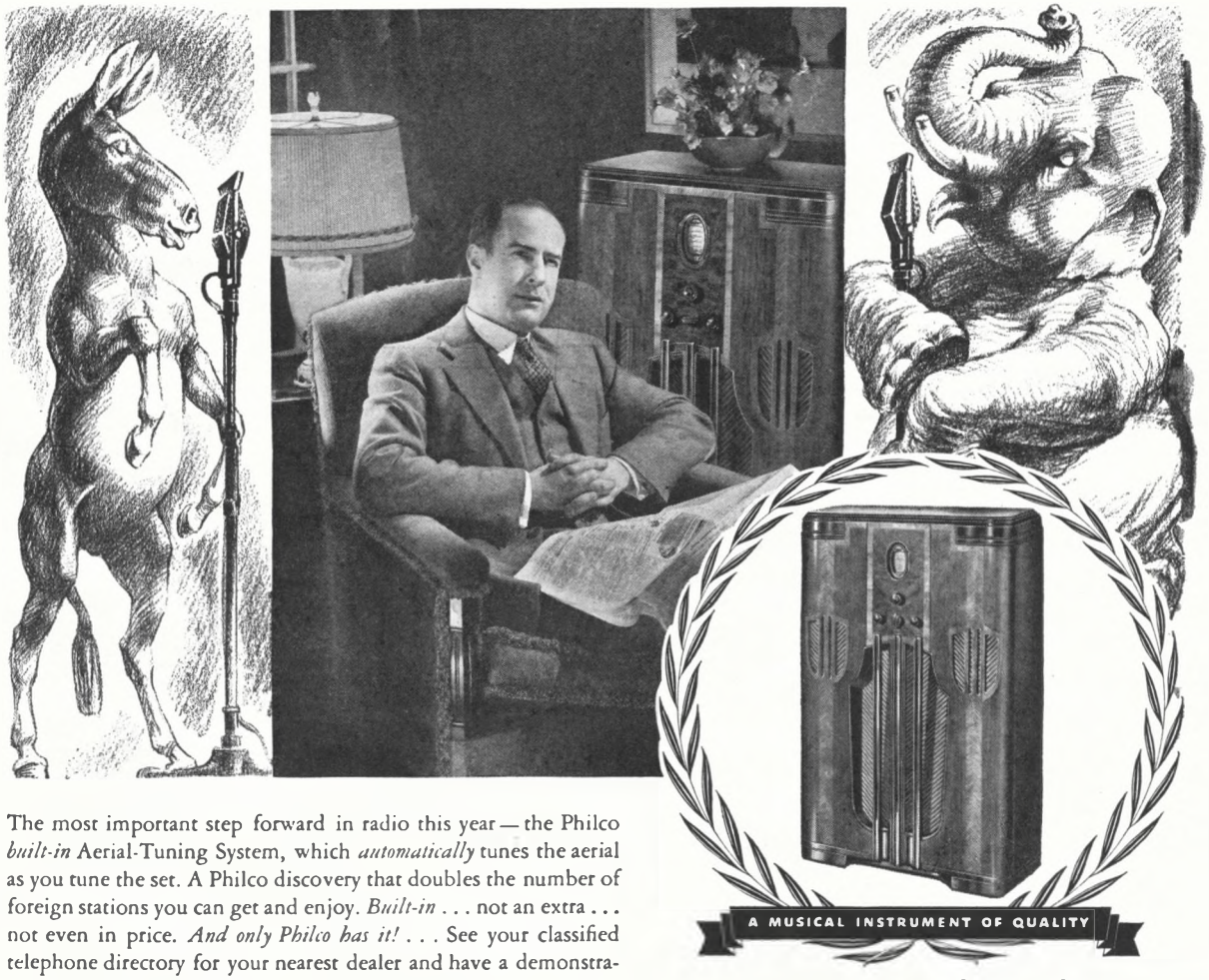
By the time you read this, an even more revolutionary idea may have been hatched. Two great companies may shortly be offering you, not merely individual sinks and stoves, but *ready-made kitchens*, with the equipment built into the walls. One of these kitchens will contain concealed wall cabinets of white plastic; work space, sink, and floor cabinets, built on a seven-foot panel that will interlock with the other equipment panels. The other kitchen will be an electrical one that will vary with the price. The walls will be built like an automobile chassis, with frames into which working units of standard sizes will fit. Heights will be uniform. Counter-tops will be of porcelain, colored plastic, monel, or stainless steel.

This idea of remodeling or building a home section-by-section is a new and a practicable one. A generation ago a man would offer his womenfolks pearl necklaces, one pearl for each birthday. Today, the same idea holds true of housing. You may buy your wife three feet of bathroom, or six feet of kitchen, adding pearl by pearl until the room is complete.

Suppose you wanted to buy for yourself a bathroom with walls of steel and with a fine lavatory, a silent toilet, plenty of storage space, and all the rest. If you, yourself, ordered such a room its cost would be prohibitive. But prefabrication gives you



Already cannonading thunders along the political front. Republicans assemble at Cleveland to name a candidate. Democrats head toward Philadelphia to endorse the policies of their leader. Rival aspirants for high office cultivate microphone appeal . . . realizing how vital a part radio will play in this election. Let Philco take you to the conventions . . . bring you the acceptance speeches . . . give you a seat right in front of the speaker at every important meeting of the campaign. Without leaving your living-room . . . hear both sides of every argument . . . weigh the programs proffered . . . make up your mind on important issues by hearing them discussed at first-hand! As a patriotic American citizen you not only want to vote . . . you want to vote intelligently . . . fully informed on the attitude of the rival candidates. Hear them . . . clearly and naturally . . . through Philco High-Fidelity and you feel they have come to your home for a man-to-man chat on the problems facing the nation!



The most important step forward in radio this year — the Philco *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System, which *automatically* tunes the aerial as you tune the set. A Philco discovery that doubles the number of foreign stations you can get and enjoy. *Built-in* . . . not an extra . . . not even in price. *And only Philco has it!* . . . See your classified telephone directory for your nearest dealer and have a demonstration. Sold on the Philco Commercial Credit Time Payment Plan.

FORTY-THREE MODELS $20 TO $600

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO . . . SPECIFY A PHILCO FOR YOUR AUTOMOBILE

THE NEW PHILCO 116X

A true High-Fidelity instrument bringing you the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. Exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers prevent "boom". The famous Inclined Sounding Board projects every note up to your ear level. Five wave bands bring you every broadcast service in the air . . . Foreign, American, Police, Weather, Aircraft, Ship, Amateur. With exclusive, automatic *built-in* Aerial-Tuning System, $180

this bathroom ready-made, with a system of wall panels, each completely outfitted for its purpose and each interlocking with the next, at a fraction of the cost. You may buy your prefabricated bathroom one section at a time until it is complete.

Perhaps your first investment will be the lavatory unit, which will serve, not one, but six or seven purposes. One company's, for instance, is 90 inches high, 20 inches wide over all, ready to be set, plumbing and all, into a shallow recess. Yet this narrow panel contains ample supply cabinets: a medicine chest with inside lighting; a utility shelf for shaving equipment; a lavatory generously proportioned; nonslip towel bars, at either side of the bowl; and a built-in laundry hamper, which may be lifted out for emptying and cleaning.

These are the obvious features. But, more important, is the saving of costly labor effected. Your plumber installs only one panel instead of cutting the wall for a medicine cabinet, drilling into plaster to connect electric lights, and so on. Behind the unit itself, easily accessible for cleaning or repair, are the pipes, the plumbing, the sinews of the thing. The bathtub is on its own steel panel, hung, as well as planted on the floor. You can buy the toilet on part of another wall panel, and so on, and transform an unused hall-room or large closet, about 5 by 7½ feet, into an extra bathroom.

THE ready-made kitchens I mentioned are being made in the same way, for assembling in your home. Today it is still necessary to buy each item by itself, and though each follows the same trend toward simplicity and cleanliness, our kitchens are still custom-made rather than prefabricated. But, tomorrow or the day after, the prefabricated sectional kitchen will be available.

Kitchens, ostensibly the province of women, seem to hold a special fascination for the industrial designers. They have designed some of their finest products for use in the kitchen. With characteristic masculine efficiency they view it as the factory of the home, where a well-planned layout and complete mechanical equipment is essential if you want comfort and convenience. The kitchen, they point out, should be a masterpiece of intelligent architecture—no Doric columns, please heaven, but a sensible plan that fits you, your mode of living, your philosophy, even.

If you are a "family" man with several children, you will want a kitchen that is quite the opposite of a bachelor's kitchenette and bar arrangement. Then comes your architectural plan. The President's kitchen required a 24-foot stove but no electric baby-bottle warmer. You may find the bottle warmer preferable. Anyway, the White House kitchen was made to function efficiently—and so should yours. Its "U" shape is a good one to copy, for step-saving. In all new kitchens planned today, the principle of progression is followed in work units. Nearest the delivery door should be space to receive food; next, a place to store it (the refrigerator); next, the place to prepare it (a cabinet, counter, or worktable); next, the sink, with its dishwasher and towel drier; next, the range. If you have enough space there should be a counter or shelf where you may set down soiled dishes. The "U" shape saves walking back and forth.

The kitchen should be light and well ventilated, sanitary as a hospital but cheerful as a nursery. It should have an electric clock, a radio, a planning desk, a high stool, and conveniently high sinks and cabinets to avoid backaches. Kitchen floors (or any other floors) should be easy to clean and grease-resistant. They may be wood fiber, rubber, linoleum, or mastic, with cove corners—that is, rounded, so that dirt cannot collect there. Baseboards of one of the tough cellulose products that will not chip or crack are more sanitary than the wooden kinds. Kitchen lighting should be diffused, so that it casts no shadow, and there should be additional light over the work center. The laundry should have a fine washing machine, with a spinner to whirl clothes dry by centrifugal action; or an electrically heated cabinet equipped with bars for hanging and drying the clothes. There should also be an ironing machine. There are irons which run lightly over fine tucks, gathers, etc. Because they have high heat yet weigh so little, they require almost no pressure.

There isn't a kitchen need today which the designers have overlooked. Stainless steel utensils, with bright, comfortable handles. Electric towel driers, built into cabinets. You may have a silver tray and a cutlery rack, or bread and cake tins, that fit into deep drawers. You may have tilting bins for sugar and flour that fit back into the wall when they're not in use, ventilated vegetable cabinets, plate warmers, soiled-linen hampers, ironing boards, and tray cabinets all built in. If your ceiling is too high it may be brought down to meet the top edge of your wall cabinets so that no dust will gather there. Your floor cabinets will be legless, brought down to the floor, with dark bases set back a few inches to give you toe room.

You may have stoves that will turn the rankest cooking amateur into a chef. There is an electric range with a timer that rings an alarm when your roast is done or your cake baked. Gas ranges, too, are equipped with oven heat regulators and timers. These ranges cook a dinner quietly and correctly while you are away from your kitchen, on pleasure bent. Or you may get a miraculous coal stove, expensive to buy but almost nothing to operate, since it uses *half a ton of coal a year*, a stove that will boil water in fifteen seconds (I've timed it myself), yet with an oven where you may keep food cooking twenty-four hours and it won't burn!

NATURALLY, some of this equipment is very high in price, but some is surprisingly low. You may have your choice of materials, depending on your allowance.

The use of unpainted metals in kitchens undoubtedly points toward a new trend. Don't be surprised if kitchens are all metal in a decade or two. Don't be shocked if we return to a modern version of the old tin bathtub, this time a stainless metal bathtub. Don't be surprised at anything that may happen. With a present which gives you an electric garbage crusher that pulverizes small refuse so that it goes down the drain like coffee grounds; which offers machines to open cans, shell peas, slice beets, peel potatoes, and extract orange juice, almost any kind of future is possible.

Raymond Loewy, industrial designer, is working on a kitchen built around the cook, with doors on both sides and a revolving stool in the center, so that she may twirl herself from one place to another without ever leaving her stool. His idea of a perfect kitchen floor is one of rubber floor composition slightly inclined, with a drain at one end, so that when the day is finished, the cook may step out of the kitchen and spray it clean.

The industrial designers say that other equipment will find its way into the well-appointed kitchen: compressed-air machines for blowing sand out of your spinach, your asparagus, your lettuce; a special glass washer, like the kind they have at soda fountains; and perhaps a drain where you may empty garbage and flush it away.

So much for the kitchen. The same intelligent planning can extend into other rooms, in terms of beauty and comfort. The bedroom will have draft-free cross ventilation through corner windows, uninterrupted wall space for artistic arrangements of furniture, plenty of closets and floor plugs. In the bathroom, the window will be placed high enough to insure privacy and also to keep drafts off your back. The radiator, if there is one, should never be placed under the basin, because the heat dries the trap and permits germs to rise and be breathed in.

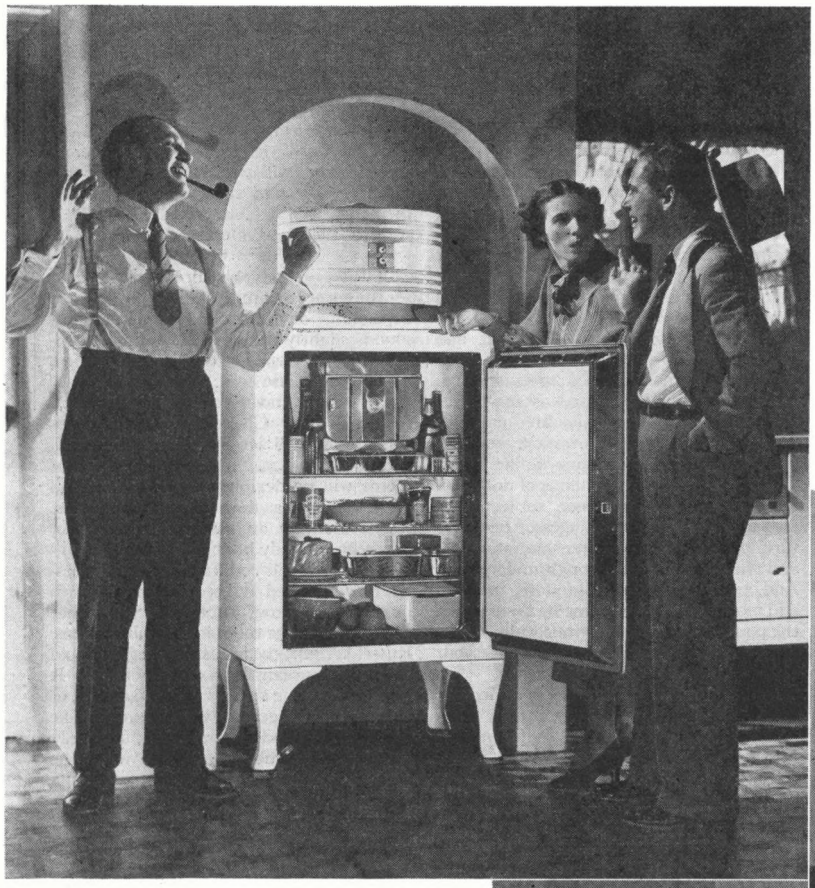
FLOORS are an interesting study in themselves and they can be whatever you want them to be, whether you are remodeling or building afresh. You can have a floor of inexpensive mastic that will last a lifetime, though it will absorb stains. You can cover an unattractive wooden or cement floor with beautiful linoleums laid in patterns. You can have composition floors that look like stone or one of the newer pressed-wood floors. If you visited the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago, or if you have been to New York recently, you must have noticed the floors in the prefabricated houses. Something like a billion and a half pairs of shoes (unsuspectingly scuffed by walking over a rough panel for test purposes) trod the floor at the Exposition house. And in the demonstration house of a New York store there have been 300,000 visitors. Yet the floors, with occasional waxing, showed *no signs of wear*.

These pressed-wood floors are now available for remodeled or new houses. They are set in mastic over either a concrete or wood subfloor, and their price is about 30 to 35 cents a square foot, including the laying and the mastic. Tempered pressed wood is made of wood chips, exploded under high steam pressure into long, cellulose fibers. The wood is impregnated with oil to waterproof it and then compressed and tempered by a process which reduces it to a layer ⅛ of an inch thick. This, then, is pressed wood. Laminated with waterproof glue into three-ply interlocking tiles, it makes a beautiful floor, resilient, quiet, tough, nonwarping. Single layers of pressed wood make baseboards and kitchen tops.

And still, modern-minded architects are looking for the ultimate floor which will have the cushiony quality of a thick carpet, the durability of hard wood, the cleanability of linoleum. They may find it, they think, in a kind of rubber composition.

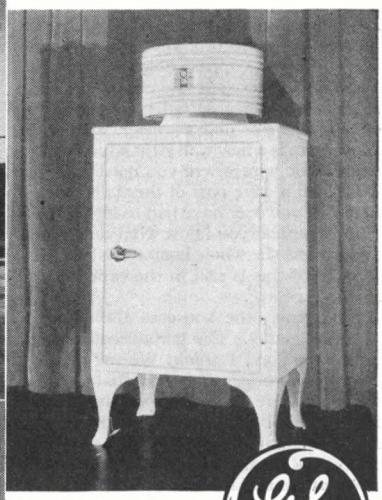
Many of the floor coverings are also used for walls—linoleum, for example, or tempered pressed-wood tiles, in a wide assortment of colors. Composition tiles, also

You'll *always* be glad you bought a GENERAL ELECTRIC



LIFE with a General Electric Refrigerator is one bright smile of satisfaction after another. You'll *always* be glad you bought a G-E! Your electric bills will be lower, too—for the new G-E uses *less current* and delivers *double the cold!* And the sealed-in-steel mechanism carries five years performance protection!

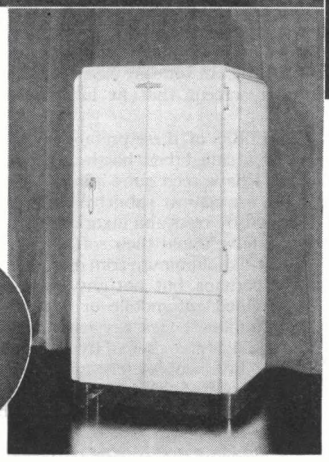
Research keeps General Electric years ahead always—in all ways! The General Electric Company's brilliant staff of scientists and engineers has developed and perfected many of the marvels of modern magic that have made living today easier and more pleasant. Out of their vast experience, wide knowledge and ceaseless research come these greater new General Electric Refrigerators for 1936.



PROOF of General Electric's superiority lies in this amazing fact: it actually *costs less* to own a G-E! Can *you* afford anything less?

Think of the "firsts" General Electric introduced! The first sealed-in-steel mechanism; all-steel cabinets; stainless-steel super freezer; sliding shelves—and now, five years performance protection! See the new G-E Refrigerators at your dealer's right away. General Electric Company, Section A6, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

"We've had a General Electric Refrigerator in our Flushing, Long Island, apartment for five years," says Mrs. V. J. Newman, "and its dependable economy still gives me a thrill! We'll never be without a General Electric." (Not a paid testimonial.)



(*Above*) The GeneralElectric Monitor Top—standard of excellence; the refrigerator that has established an unparalleled record for attention-free, expense-free, service in American homes. Many sizes from which to choose.

(*Left*) Beautiful G-E Flatop; acknowledged style leader. Every General Electric Refrigerator has the famous all-steel cabinet and every proved modern convenience feature. General Electric prices start at $79.50 f. o. b.

FOR BETTER LIVING

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATORS

used in trays and table-tops, make a beautiful, washable, colorful surface. Glass tiles can be had for a kitchen or bathroom. There is a new paper, an expensive one to be sure, used in the prefabricated houses, which is impervious to alcohol and even lipstick stains, though it has all the softness, beauty, and rich pattern of fine wallpaper. Ply-wood veneer, now used for a wall covering, is not much thicker than wallpaper. And there are washable wallpapers in thousands of patterns.

MODERN lighting, too, is an achievement that grows more important. Light tends toward the indirect and diffused, coming from concealed openings. In a demonstration house in Cleveland, light is used as a painter might use color. If you are in a romantic mood you may turn on the moonlight. If you have a window facing on a dark court you may have light which is the color of sunlight. In this house, lights are built into the beds for reading.

Decorators are getting away from lighting fixtures and are resorting to cove lighting, hidden in ceiling molding, or built-in lights concealed behind ground glass panels. Lights that shine only on bedroom floors may be had, so that you can arise in the night without disturbing your better half, and at the same time keep from stubbing your toe. It will soon be possible for you to shave by artificial sunlight. And, speaking of lights, you will be pleased to know that designers are at work perfecting a cove floor strip of composition through which will run copper cables. This molding may be severed at any point and a plug of the same shape inserted, giving you lamp outlets *wherever and whenever you please.* Also, there is a new wall strip which carries the electric wire where you need light but looks as if it were part of the wall covering itself. If you ever have had to install extra electric outlets you know what an expense and a mess the whole business is!

Some of this is still in the experimental stage, of course.

In a sense, the house of the future is available today. The prefabricated house is here to stay, I think. We use factory-made automobiles, knowing that custom-made cars are impossible for the average income. We buy factory-made clothes at a fraction of custom-made prices. Now we are offered factory-made houses to take the place of houses built by the archaic, expensive method of hand labor.

These houses, largely prefabricated by machine, are neatly assembled on the home site in a month's time. You are told beforehand that your four-room house, completely equipped with air conditioning, oil burner (or any other kind you choose), luxurious kitchen with dish-washer, refrigerator, monel sink, and even a three-days' supply of food in the built-in white cabinets, will cost you $4,950, not a penny more. You supply a lot, leveled off, water and power lines, and the prefabricators do the rest. Savings of 25 to 50 per cent over similarly built and equipped houses are made possible through standardization of integral parts, and the concensus is that in some distant day you will be able to buy a prefabricated house *and* a lot for $2,500.

So far the number of prefabricated houses in use in this country is small. What's important is that, in one company selling them, sales increased 400 per cent in the last year. The majority of them have been bought by the quite young and the quite old—two classes which insist on houses that require little care. A few months ago two prefabricated hotels, each containing 45 rooms, were shipped to Midway Island and Wake Island, the bases of the airline across the Pacific Ocean. The hotels were complete in all details, including furnishings, and are especially designed to meet tropical conditions.

Though prefabricated houses are of several materials—steel, copper, wood—it is the paneled house of composition board which is most popular now. These prefabricated walls are of cement and asbestos compressed by hydraulic pressure. They are weatherproof, fireproof, termite-proof. The walls themselves bear no weight; that is left to the sturdy steel beams set into a concrete foundation which extends well below the frost line. You don't need a cellar, because under the house is a 16-inch-deep enclosed chamber through which warm air is circulated. (However, you may have a cellar if you wish.) The roof is of a mineral compound, reinforced with steel and finished in a combination of cement and asbestos. Roofs are flat, both because they drain better than pitched roofs and because they may be utilized as sun-decks.

These compressed walls are amazing; 2¼ inches thick, they are more weatherproof than a wall of stone 3 feet thick. They are the result of millions of dollars of research. They have been subjected to blowtorches, extreme changes of temperature, hammer blows, water, and storms—and they have come through undamaged. And, because they are standard, you can add more rooms at any time by unfastening the panels and extending your walls. Or, if you decide to move, you can dismantle your house and set it up in a new place.

The prefabricated house designed by Robert W. McLaughlin, Jr., a New York architect, is built around a "moto-unit" of heating, air conditioning, plumbing, and refrigeration. Bathroom and kitchen are back to back, supplied by the same plumbing pipes. Their equipment is complete to the last and most expensive detail. There are pressed-wood floors throughout, washable walls, steel-frame casement windows that open on a small crank and may be adjusted to reflect sunlight into the room or pivoted about for easy cleaning. There are copper screens that fit into the frames.

CRITICS of these prefabricated houses have called them harsh and "un-American." I have seen quite a number of them so far, set against suburban hillsides, surrounded by trees and luxuriant shrubbery, and I have found their soft gray with the pewter-like aluminum trim most attractive. New, perhaps, but not any newer than a streamlined automobile or a streamlined train. Window boxes, gay awnings, porches, and the like give them a free, homey look. I have been completely unimpressed by critical cries of "standardization." Some of the houses have their windows arranged in corners, some have a solid wall of window, some are painted. On the whole, I found less standardization than in the developments outside most of our large cities—those rows and rows of depressing houses, with every doorway, every window, every chimney exactly like its neighbor's.

As for their being un-American, Mr. McLaughlin feels that they are houses the Pilgrim fathers would have approved of. The Pilgrims, he reminds us, built their tiny wood and stone houses, not because they wanted to be quaint, but because they were practical, thrifty people. Wood and stone were the materials at hand. Heat had to be conserved, so they made their rooms small and low-ceilinged.

The Pilgrims were the first functionalists. They built their homes to suit their needs. Since life today is swifter and more complicated than it was then, we should copy their theories, Mr. McLaughlin argues, instead of their homes.

THE future, which may be just around the corner or a million light-years away, depending on the public's acceptance, sounds slightly miraculous. With air conditioning developed to a greater efficiency, our future house will have no windows. Air, washed and filtered, will come in through ducts. Glass walls, and perhaps glass roofs, will let in sunshine but will preserve privacy. The arrangement of rooms will be flexible, with movable wall partitions used as the Japanese use screens.

The German architect, Mies Van der Rohe, has already built houses with movable walls. In this country, Frederick Kiesler has designed a "space house," with heavy, soundproof rubber curtains that will cut one large room into smaller rooms. Russel Wright, the industrial designer, told me about his plans for a country home. It will have folding screens or sliding walls, or some such arrangement whereby rooms like dining rooms and bedchambers, used only a part of the time, may for the rest of the day be thrown into one enormous living-room.

Such a house will call for a new type of furniture, adaptable, versatile, modern. The strange part of it is that most of the furniture is here already. We have accepted, readily and gladly, beds that are built into the wall or fold back into closets; sofas that may be broken up into separate chairs; desks that open into a bar; sideboards with attached tables; cabinets that serve three purposes: bookcase, desk, and linen cupboard. These pieces are interchangeable, as much at home in a bedroom as in a living-room. They are made of new fabrics, dust-resistant, washable, and their frames are metal, light and strong. For some time now, we have been using furniture like this and finding that its simple lines combine well with Early American and other period furniture. We are, the furniture manufacturers tell us, much more modern than we think!

So back I went to my Victorian house, forcing washed air through the old hot-air ducts, enjoying to the full my modern kitchen, stepping with pleasure on my linoleum and pressed-wood floors, and dreaming of the day when I might live out in the country in a house as practical and efficient as an airplane, and look through broad, unbreakable glass windows at the unchanging hills and the ancient trees.

Names of the manufacturers of the materials described in this article may be obtained by writing to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, *250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

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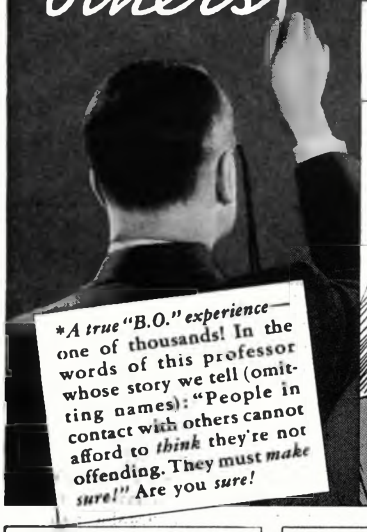
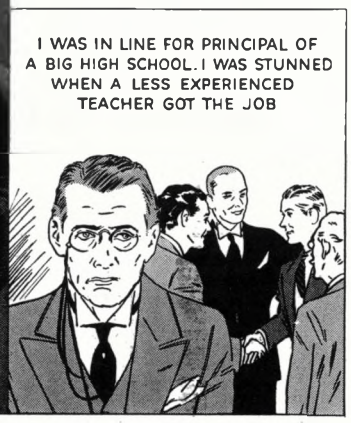
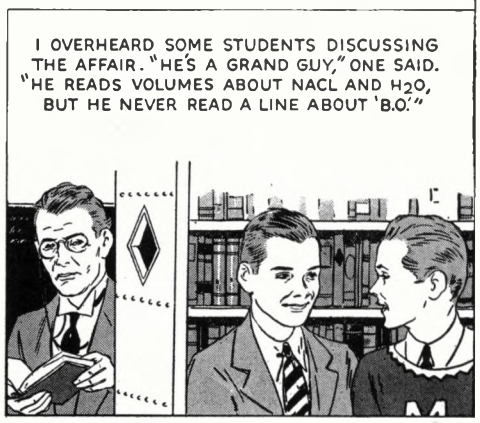
I thought "B.O." was something that happened to others!

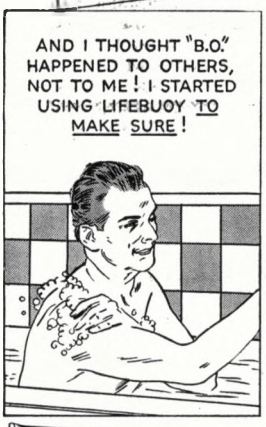
*A PROFESSOR LEARNS A VALUABLE LESSON FROM A STUDENT



*A true "B.O." experience—one of thousands! In the words of this professor whose story we tell (omitting names): "People in contact with others cannot afford to *think* they're not offending. They must *make sure!*" Are you *sure!*







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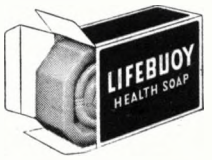
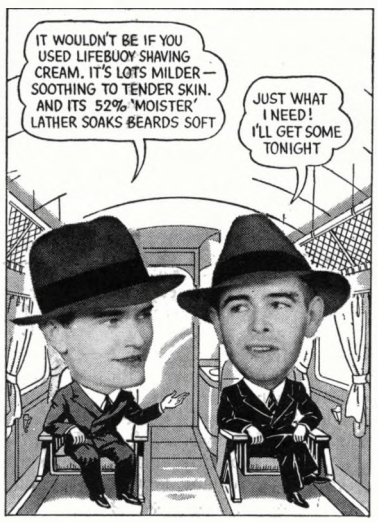
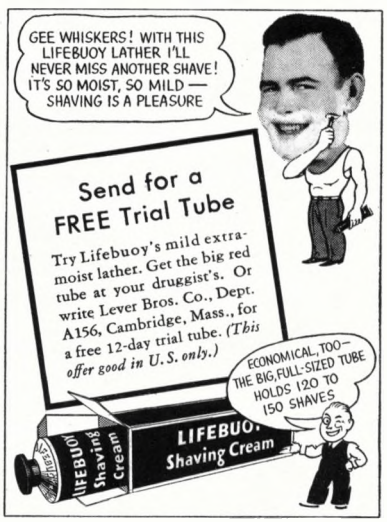


BEATS OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS FOR MILDNESS





PERISH ME Gently

(*Continued from page 54*)

in my ear, and I'm all in a dither again.

"Sue, that supper was very good," smiles Guthrie when they finish.

"Yeah, what there was of it," grins Betsie, polishing off the cake.

After several detours, Betsie finally departs for bed, after kissing Guthrie at length. Guthrie takes my hand. "I'm afraid, Sue, we're rather a strain on you."

"Oh, I can endure it." I let my hand linger in his but he releases me with disappointing lack of ado. He still looks at me, however, and I'm not scanning the ceiling myself.

"You're a brick, Sue." My hopes ascend. But then he rises. "Well—must turn in. Sleepy after fishing."

"Yeah, I dessay."

He goes, leaving me lonely as a June bug that's lived until July. . . .

THINGS drag their slow length along, and the Misery Freight has one new passenger. One afternoon Holt comes into the kitchen in a bantering mood.

"Well, well," booms she, "how is my little brood? Twenty extra for supper, Sue—get out fresh pies at once."

She thinks I pick them like apples. "While we're on the subject," I corner her, "I'd like to go out tonight, and I haven't seen Mr. McRae. Will you please tell him to look after Betsie?"

"I certainly will not!" thunders Holt, the obliging. "You are being paid to care for her. Besides, Guthrie's taking me to a dance tonight."

This news is not welcome. "I haven't been away from this hole since I had Betsie shoved on me," I tell her. "And, now that my curls are unpinned, no other child of fourteen would need putting to bed."

"Miss Millet!" Holt's voice is down among the tombstones. "Never again refer to my resort as a hole. And never again contradict. I give the orders here. You take them. Get your mind off frivolous dates or I'll have to find a new cook."

I'm boiling too high to do anything but sizzle, or else Holt's hunt for a new cook would start with her next breath.

Next evening Guthrie comes tapping, tapping at my chamber door, and is about as welcome as the raven was to Poe. "Sue," says he, "Betsie tells me you were put out last night. I'm sorry." I only sniff, and he continues, "Miss Holt should have told me. I would have found someone else for Betsie."

"That helps everything, doesn't it?" But he looks so sheepish that my heart begins its undulations again.

"You're always very short with me, Sue. I regret that, because I want very much to hold your good opinion."

"My good opinion can hardly be worth as much to you as Miss Holt's."

The good ship McRae quivers as this torpedo hits. He walks away.

I go to bed, but sleep and I are miles apart. I'm seeing only too clearly that if I'd encouraged Guthrie at all, I might be the object of his affections instead of the stitch in his side.

Finally, as my endurance is tottering, Guthrie comes to me very confidentially. "Sue, will you go out with me tonight? I've got something important to ask you."

"Well," I shiver.

The rest of the day I spend in the maelstrom.

As I dress, my hands tremble over the red and ropey strands. My famous male-resistance is now a jelly. Guthrie comes with a chambermaid to watch Betsie.

"You look charming," he tells me when we're in his car. We drive to a pavilion and Guthrie waltzes me around. He takes me to a booth.

"Sue," he breathes, "I want you to listen to me."

"I'm eager to do nothing else."

"You're familiar with my position, and know I need a wife if ever a man did." I goggle at him. "Now, you're a sensible woman. You have personality and charm, Sue, and you're fascinating because of your independent spirit and shrewdness."

"You must've been reading Advice to a Would-be Wooer," I tell him. "But don't stop," I urge.

He takes my hand between both of his. "I think I'll never know a finer woman than you, Sue. You're everything a man can admire."

I can practically see the little cottage in the suburbs, all furnished for two love birds. At the moment I forget Betsie, the young hawk.

"You could become utterly indispensable to any man, if you chose," Guthrie continues, "because you have all the qualities to make you indispensable." The wedding bells are deafening my ears. "I respect all these qualities in you, Sue, and for that reason I want to ask you something very serious. You're not the kind ever to let me down, are you, Sue?"

"I won't let you down, Guthrie," I promise, with my temperature at one hundred and four.

He leans closer, and I inform myself that joybells are arriving. "Just recently," he says, "I've run across Carol Norman, a woman I've known since college days."

I LOOK at him, in the dark for a moment, thinking this must be a digression from the main theme. But then, as he continues, the fires begin to sear me.

"Sue, my wife has been dead two years. If you were I, would you marry again? If I should marry Carol, it would not be love's young dream, far from it. Carol is twice divorced. We have no illusions. But we have much in common. We speak the same language. Have I made myself clear enough for you to give me an answer, Sue?"

"Ai, ai, or 'woe' in Greek," I moan to myself; and I thought he was beating all that bush to lay the marigolds of matrimony in my lap. I'm slain all right, but I haven't assumed a horizontal position.

"Would you advise me to marry Carol or not, Sue?"

"Perish me gently, Guthrie," I cry. "Why go to all the misery of bringing me out here to tell me you're going to marry another woman?"

"But, Sue, you know how well you stand with me. There's no one I think more of than you. I know you care nothing for me—your conduct has made that plain—but I want your advice, anyhow. Would you marry Carol or not?"

"Ye gods, Guthrie! Marry her—today, tomorrow, or even yesterday. But spare me the details. Go marry the Shah of Persia's most winsome wife or the old hat-rack in your Aunt Petunia's vestibule."

He gives me that look. "But, my dear Sue—"

I leap up. "Guthrie McRae, you're deaf, blind, and without brains. You're the most unseeing man who ever nibbled little apples. Go ahead and assemble your love life at will. And I won't be reading about it in the papers."

"You're not leaving?" he asks coolly.

"You grasp a vague notion of my plans."

"Sue," says he, "if you'd only thought of me as I think of you—" And then he breaks off deliberately.

There's a bus leaving the pavilion and I get into it. . . .

I PULL into Sun Glen Shores very late, and from the time the sun takes down the shutters I'm sitting on the steps until time to get breakfast. I'm too thrashed out to have any throes left in me. I just get up, in gray grief, and go in to work.

I've cooked my own gander, and isn't the knowledge soothing! Besides, I've mismanaged marriage bids ere now. I've lived through them. This time silver hairs will be spread among the red, but the drugstores are still carrying hair dye.

I'm cutting the bacon when I'm aware of a brightness that isn't caused by the morning sunlight. "Sue! Sue!"

It's Guthrie, fresh as a daisy and dressed in his best. "Sue, darling, I've thought it all out. I was insulting and blind, as you said. It's you I love." He looks away but he must see me wilting. "Sue, you do care for me, in spite of the way you've acted and the things you've said?"

I look at him. "One question, Guthrie McRae—is there a woman named Carol Norman in your life, or isn't there?"

He smiles, his eyes lighting up like Betsie's do when she's extracting a particularly fast one from her bag of tricks. "I said you were shrewd, Sue. No; Carol Norman, as you suspect, was purely imaginary. But I had to pull the wool over your eyes to get you to see me at all, you contrary critter." . . .

On the first day we're at Miami I get this note:

Sue, you poor old fish, I suppose I'll see you when you come back with Dad, if they haven't shot you before that. Well, it's my own fault. I told him that if I had to have a stepmother, she'd need red hair and freckles. Every time I mention you and Pop to Miss Holt, she chokes—so I've been speaking of you often. Hurry back. Remember, I'm not half as bad as I look—I'm twice. BETSIE.

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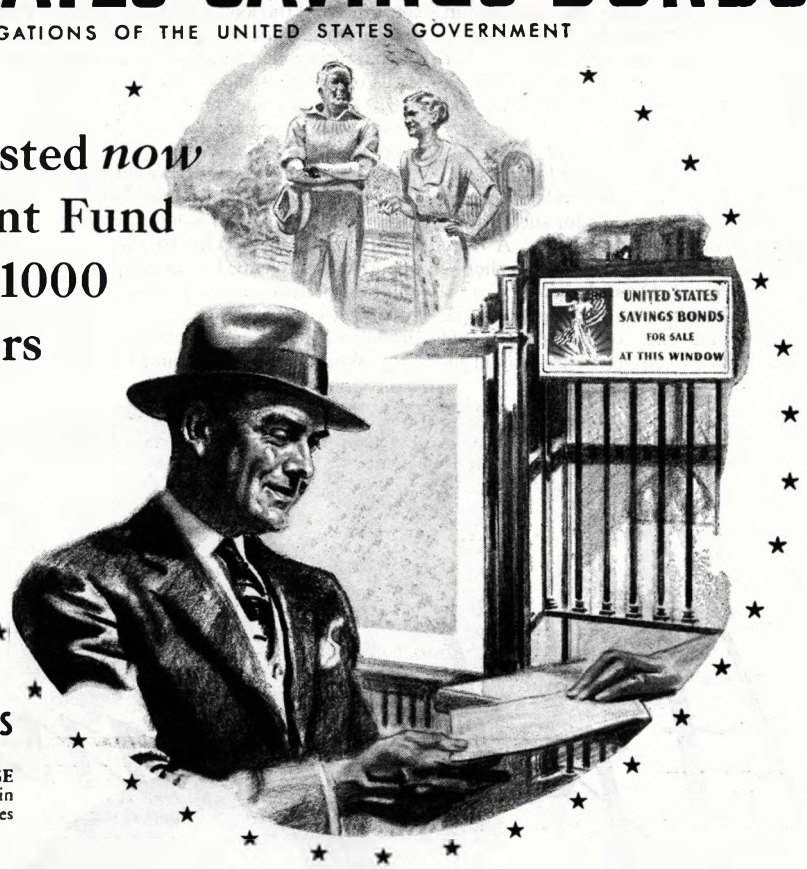

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A job behind the

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS

Questions by **George Kent**

Answers by **Percy S. Straus**

Mr. Straus, the head of a great department store, R. H. Macy & Co., New York, talks of opportunities . . . and what it takes to get them

QUESTION. Mr. Straus, I wish you would tell me just what are the chances for a job and a career in the department-store business today.

Answer. I can think of no field that offers greater opportunity for young people of imagination, personality, and character.

Q. Why do you say that?

A. Because in no other business are there so many different kinds of jobs to be done. No other calls for such a wide range of talents and abilities. A large department store is more than a shop—or a number of shops. It is a city, complete, self-sustaining. It requires the services not only of salespeople and clerks, but of competent persons in al most every conceivable craft and profession.

Q. But, in so large an organization, isn't there danger of an employee's being neglected—lost in the shuffle?

A. Less so, I should say, than in other fields. Here individuality and originality count for more in actual dollars and cents.

Q. Will you please explain what you mean by that?

A. Well, in a department store we deal with people, not machines. Every transaction involves at least two human beings—the employee and the customer. And no two transactions are alike. For purely selfish reasons, therefore, we are constantly on the lookout for distinctive and promising personalities. Without them, stores languish and become dead shells of counters and shelves.

Q. And are the rewards commensurate with your need for gifted young people?

A. Decidedly yes. Promotion comes comparatively swiftly—promotion to higher positions, larger salaries, broader opportunities for service to the store; opportunities to travel, to develop latent abilities, artistic and otherwise; opportunities to master the difficult art of dealing with human nature.

Q. What wage can a beginner expect?

A. This depends, of course, upon the store and the type of work you are hired to do. Salespeople in our store start at not less than $16, which, with commission, gives them an average weekly salary of $18 or more.

Q. How high can they go?

A. Again, I can answer only for our organization. The only limit is ability. If a person is capable only of routine duties he may stop anywhere up to $50 a week, depending on the job. Salespeople such as those in rugs, furniture, and jewelry may get up to $5,000 a year.

Q. What about executives?

A. The salaries of our junior executives range from $30 to $75 a week; merchandise executives, between $4,000 and $20,000 a year.

Q. And beyond that?

A. A number of our executives earn $25,000; several earn $50,000.

Q. Do salary increases follow any set rule?

A. In our store they certainly do, to the extent that the performance of every employee is reviewed semiannually. This salary conference is attended by the departmental chief and members of the personnel staff. The production and general performance record of every worker in our store is carefully analyzed at these meetings. In the case of salespeople, their sales records are the major part of their performance. All salaries are then considered in the light of the performance for the past six months.

Q. Suppose I decide to look for a job in your store. Just how do I go about it? What is the first step?

PHOTOGRAPH BY SIGNE, INC.

COUNTER?

And what are the chances for that capable young salesperson to get out from behind the counter and go up?

A. You first apply at the employment office.

Q. Have I no other choice? Is there no inside track? Do I have to get in line?

A. You certainly do. You will find yourself in a waiting-room with several hundred other men and women. In the course of a year 150,000 or more apply here for jobs. And we are only one store. . . . But you will not be neglected. Personnel gets our most serious attention. It is the lifeblood of a department store.

Q. How does your employment office operate?

A. First, there is the elimination of those who are obviously unsuited. A highly skilled and trained personnel officer presides at this first contact point. This interview must, of necessity, last not more than two or three minutes. The examiner quickly sizes you up, listens to your voice, takes in your general appearance, and makes a quick decision. This inspection may be brief, but it has proved itself to be surprisingly sure in determining whether you are a good prospect.

Q. What then?

A. If you survive this preliminary interview, you are passed on to a specialist, who makes the final decision. This second interviewer may take advantage of mental or manual tests which are given under the direction of a trained psychologist.

Q. When am I hired?

A. Only after you have passed through four or five hands, including a physician, who examines you for physical fitness.

Q. Well, if I get by all of them, do I go to work immediately?

A. You go on the pay roll at once, but not on the job. Your first work is a session in school.

Q. School? Do you mean that literally?

A. Literally. A school with blackboards, presided over by teachers with chalk and pointers in their hands. If you have been picked for a cashier's job, for example—a job which has been reduced to a few precise motions—you are schooled at a specially designed desk supplied with tin nickels, dimes, and quarters, and stage currency. In other classrooms employees learn how to make out sales slips—one for a C. O. D. order, another for a package paid for and taken, another for a package paid for and sent, a fourth for a depositor's account. Between classes each employee goes to the department to which he has been assigned. In many selling departments we have found it helpful to train the new employees during the evening, so that they may become accustomed to the conditions on the selling floors without interfering with the customer service. Experienced members of the selling staff act as sponsors in making the new employees feel at home.

Q. And when the schooling is over I am on my own?

A. Not entirely. We have training supervisors on each floor, who watch the salespeople at work, give them pointers, offer suggestions, and correct errors.

Q. Getting back to employment, are there usually vacancies to fill and jobs available?

A. Yes. Very few days pass without our adding several new persons to the staff.

Q. Well, how many employees does a large department store have?

A. Speaking for this store, we employ a permanent staff of 10,000, many of them salespeople. Our average weekly pay roll is about $250,000. In the Christmas season all department stores must greatly increase their staffs. Some stores have a holiday volume which necessitates almost doubling their regular staffs.

Q. Does this mean that there are a lot of people always coming and going?

A. This is true, to a degree, throughout the year. The ordinary labor turnover, even during normal times, means that vacancies are apt to occur almost any time. Most of our difficult employment problems, however, come during the holiday season, when a large force of additional workers must be hired and trained to serve with a relatively high degree of skill for a short period of time. Many of our permanent workers are recruited from (*Continued on page 104*)

Dishing up 2 BILLION DOLLARS

(*Continued from page 17*)

America back to the battlefields of France.

New York State alone, with 377,000 veterans, will receive about $221,000,000. Pennsylvania will get more than $155,000,000. Then comes Illinois, with $141,000,000 due; California, with $122,000,000; Ohio, with $106,000,000; and Texas, with $83,000,000. Even little Rhode Island gets $12,000,000, and down at the bottom of Uncle Sam's gift list is Nevada, whose 3,066 veterans will receive $1,771,000. Every state in the Union will be in the millions June 15th, most of them away up.

The 3,500,000 men who are getting the windfall are not, as a class, the unemployed. Here is one governmental gift that is not going to the depression's under-privileged. It is going to the folks. I have been chatting with applicants for the bonus in the New York and Washington offices of the Veterans' Administration, and have met as many different kinds of persons as there are in the country—brokers, taxi drivers, doctors, lawyers, schoolteachers, steel workers, office workers, grocers, and brick masons. And, going to the records of the American Legion, which keeps a close check on its 850,000 members, I find that the average veteran who will receive the bonus is 41 years and 6 months old, and earns about $1,815 a year. A comparatively few women, who served as nurses, drivers, and clerical workers in the war, will receive the bonus.

About 75 per cent of the Legion's members own motorcars, and more than half own their own homes. Of the 85 per cent that are married, three-quarters have children. And about one-third of them are proprietors of their own businesses—of which grocery stores, restaurants, filling stations, and garages are in the plurality. Most surprising of all, only 5 per cent of these veterans are unemployed or on relief. Project these figures to the entire 3,500,000 recipients of the soldiers' bonus and you will get the same idea I got while talking with men in the application queues—that the veterans are average middle-class Americans.

IT WOULD seem a simple matter to hand these men their gifts averaging $570 each. But the little task of giving away $2,000,000,000 has provided jobs for almost 3,000 men and women on the Civil Service waiting lists, required the leasing of extra buildings by the Veterans' Administration, and sent something like $12,000,000 into trade channels—even before a bond has been paid! Officials at the Veterans' Administration in Washington have informed me that they are spending more than $5,000,000 in the clerical routine of giving the money away. And each of the 38,000,000 bonds to be issued costs 1½ cents to print. (The paper, the same kind that is used in currency, is produced at great expense by a private factory which the Treasury Department does not like to discuss. The specific formula is secret, but it is quite safe to say that 75 per cent of the paper is linen and 25 per cent is cotton. There's some money for the flax and cotton growers.)

Recently I dropped into the spacious LaSalle Building in Washington, leased by the government merely for the purpose of making 7,000,000 computations incident to the regional payment of the bonus, and saw 300 young men and young women working over typewriters, adding machines, comptometers, and automatic bookkeepers. And that office was only one of 53 regional offices in the Veterans' Administration of the United States.

TO UNDERSTAND the colossal task of giving away this money, go back to the first bonus plan in 1925, when the government issued adjusted service certificates (endowment insurance) to each veteran, payable in 1945. Roughly, these policies were based on compensation of $1.25 a day for overseas service and $1.00 a day for domestic service. They had a progressive loan value after the first two years, and, small though it was, many veterans took advantage of it. Then, in 1931, Congress increased the loan value to 50 per cent of the face value of the certificates at 4½ per cent interest. Most veterans borrowed their 50 per cent.

Now, when the face value of the certificates is to be paid over in full as a bonus, those loans and some interest must be subtracted. The amount of figuring going on is almost frightening.

Every veteran, too, must register his fingerprints upon his application for the bonus. These fingerprints must be compared with those he registered in 1925 when he first applied for compensation. If there is any question as to his identity, they must be compared with his original fingerprints, taken on the day of his enlistment in 1917 or 1918.

I went in search of these original fingerprints a few days ago in Washington. Somebody told me they were stored in Ford's Theater, where Lincoln was shot; but something else was stored there. A man in overalls said the files had been moved to War Department Building E.

Building E proved to be a badly cracked stucco building, a relic of the war, with wooden floors and dirty gray windows. On the top floor, guarded with four or five antiquated fire extinguishers, stood 92 crude wooden filing cases, some of them splitting down the sides with the warp of Washington humidity. In these boxes are stored the treasured fingerprints of the war. And not one of the 3,500,000 prints on file has been classified. The government must know your name before it finds your prints.

The bonus gift will be poured into hands soiled with ink pads. Every bond will bear the name of the veteran to whom it is issued, stenciled by the Veterans' Administration. Before he cashes it, he must press his ink-stained fingerprints upon a little space provided on the face—then sign it. Only he or his guardian may cash the bond. It is not negotiable. It is only cashable—by him.

The bond issue will be printed by June 15th, provided that computations of the Veterans' Administration keep pace with the printing presses and the vouchers for gifts flow into the Treasury without interruption. The bonds will be dispatched by mail. Thousands of postmen will dip into their bags at doorways in every town and city of the land. And the little boom will be on!

A banker in New York who, in his lifetime, has conscientiously opposed 49 different bonus bills, told me the other day that he doubted whether the expenditure of $2,000,000,000 this summer would make a ripple on the surface of trade.

"When the boys borrowed 50 per cent of their certificates in 1931," he reminded me, "there were no appreciable results."

In 1931, I observed, when the veterans borrowed more than $1,000,000,000, the money was a pebble in the path of the juggernaut as it plunged down the hill of depression. But business is rolling up again now. Won't $2,000,000,000 be so many ball bearings? I'm inclined to think so, since it will go directly into trade channels.

In 1931, a survey of veterans who had borrowed on their certificates showed that 65 per cent of them spent their money for the necessities of life. More than half of them were unemployed. Some of them were in desperate circumstances. Only 20 per cent of them were able to save or invest the money they borrowed. And in spite of the repeated charge that most of them would spend their money for riotous living, the survey showed that only 7 per cent spent the loans without benefit to themselves or others.

I think it will be different this time—that is, if the veterans spend their money as they have told me they will.

A tall, seedy fellow in the application line at Washington said, "Listen, buddy, I'm not going to spend my money. I've spent it. I've bought a filling station in my home town in Virginia—nothing down. The owner knows how much I've got coming and he was willing to wait. He *knew* he would get it. See? I've already got the filling station. Now I want my money. I came here to hurry things along . . ." which, of course, he couldn't. The bonds will be issued in order of application.

I CHECKED back with a survey, conducted recently by the American Legion to find out how the veterans would spend their money, and discovered that 365,000 veterans, representing every state in the Union, have decided to buy small businesses of their own. About $133,000,000 will be invested this summer and fall in new business enterprises—filling stations, garages, lime kilns, chicken farms, restaurants, and every little business you can think of.

One round-shouldered veteran with red hair on his hands told me he intended to study sculpture at night. I asked him why he hadn't tried it in 1931, when he borrowed half of his certificate.

"In 1931," he said, "my family was starving. I've got a good clerical job now."

It is estimated that $17,000,000 will be spent this fall for education—by men, if you please, whose average age is 41.5 years. That, I think, is a triumph for adult education. Most of the money will be spent for home study courses . . . mechanical engineering, drafting, electrical engineering, and so on.

And it is a triumph, too, for good intentions that more than half of the veterans questioned really mean to use their money to get out of debt . . . to pay back bills. It is estimated that $623,000,000 will be spent for this purpose. But the nation's large credit organizations are not impressed.

"We'll wait until we get it," one executive said. "Every man intends to lead a good life when he is able. I'll venture to say that not one tenth of the veterans will pay their back bills—not because a veteran is different from other people, but because he's like other people. That's the way human beings are."

And yet I can't find it in my heart to doubt that man who looked me squarely in the eyes as he stood in an application line and said, "Yes, sir, I'm going to square myself with the world—the doctor, the dentist, and the department store. My bills have been overdue for seven years."

THE survey shows that $92,000,000 will be spent to build new houses; $133,000,000 for repairs on old houses; $34,000,000 merely to paint houses. More than $129,000,000 will be spent for the purchase of homes, and $31,000,000 for the purchase of lots for homesites. And 153,000 veterans intend to spend $66,000,000 to buy small farms.

Furniture dealers in every city of the land are already advertising new credit plans for veterans—nothing down, some of them say; pay when you get the bonus. It is estimated that $61,000,000 will be spent for furniture, $45,000,000 for other household furnishings, and almost $10,000,000 for rugs and carpets alone.

Some of the men who have gone without new suits for years—and I met one who intended to "dress up and find a new job"—will spend $50,000,000 for clothes. And $88,000,000 will be spent for women's and children's clothing.

While a statistician for a national organization of automobile manufacturers told me that machines had not quickened an hour in anticipation of a little boom in business, the preliminary survey shows that 300,000 veterans will spend $108,000,000 for passenger motorcars and 45,000 will spend $14,000,000 for trucks. All right. Grant that such a figure is just a dent on the motorcar industry—a drop in the bucket, as he put it. It is a bucketful of transactions. The Department of Commerce estimates that 500 hours of work are created in building a motorcar—not merely work in a factory, but work extending back to the sources of materials—to the mines, the forests, the sheep ranches, the wool markets, to railroad lines, steamship companies . . .

I don't expect a mighty upturn in business when the postmen begin to call at the nation's doorsteps with gifts averaging $570. Nothing of the kind. But, somehow, whether the gift is rightly or wrongly given, I do expect more than 3,000,000 happier and more beautiful American homes and American lives as the result of it.

+ + + + +

Graduates go out into a world of Time. Moments must be preciously guarded, appointments sedulously kept... After honeymoons new husbands must catch trains, and lovely brides serve dinner at eight . . . What more fitting gift can there be to make your best wishes last through the years than a Hamilton? Every Hamilton is a faithfully honest timekeeper, with a heart of 17 or more fine jewels. And no Hamilton is cased in less than the highest quality platinum, solid gold or filled gold. You can pay as little as $37.50, or as much as $1000, for the Hamilton of your desire. Hamilton Watch Company, 865 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

(Top roll, left to right)

TERESA. A tiny square model of exquisite taste. 17 jewel movement. 18K white gold. The 8 diamonds are set in platinum. $135.

ALDYCE. "Queen" of them all—in new round shape! 17 jewel movement. Case of 10% iridium platinum with 46 diamonds. $250.

MARGOT. Diamond-set models can be reasonable. This has 17 jewels, 18K white gold case, 8 diamonds set in platinum . . . $125.

(Center roll, left to right)

ALCOTT. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. With applied gold marker dial and silk cord (as shown) . . . $55.

BERKLEY. 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow. With filled gold link bracelet (shown), $42.50. With silk cord, $40.

GAIL. 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow. With filled gold bracelet, $40. Or with silk ribbon (as shown) . . $37.50.

DEVON. 17 jewels. 14K filled natural yellow gold only. The season's "hit" in ladies' sport watches. With leather strap, $45.

ROBERTA. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. With filled gold chain bracelet (shown), $55. With silk cord, $52.50.

(Bottom roll, left to right)

BOONE. 17 jewels. 14K filled natural yellow gold. Inlaid black enamel dial, in two tones. $50. Applied gold numeral dial, $52.50.

PRESCOTT. 17 jewels. 14K filled natural yellow gold. New popular style-setting round design. With applied gold marker dial . . . $45.

TURNER. 17 jewels. 10K filled gold, white or natural yellow. Applied gold marker dial. $40. With black enamel dial, $37.50.

SHERWOOD. 19 jewels. 14K natural yellow gold only. Applied gold numeral dial (shown), $77.50. Inlaid black enamel dial, $75.

(Pocket Watch)

New design. 17 jewels. 14K filled gold, white or natural yellow. $50. With special applied gold marker dial (as shown) . . . $52.50.

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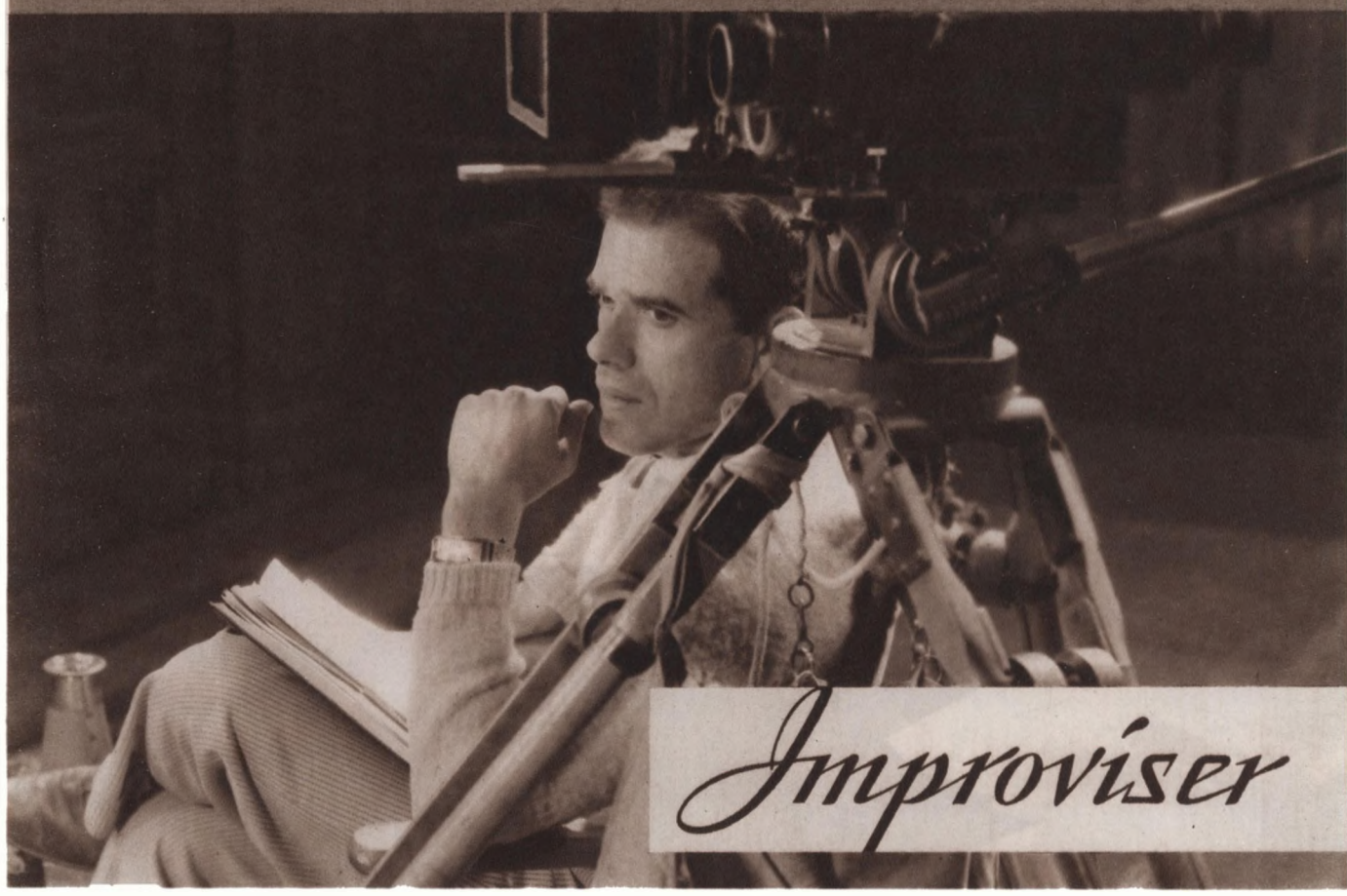
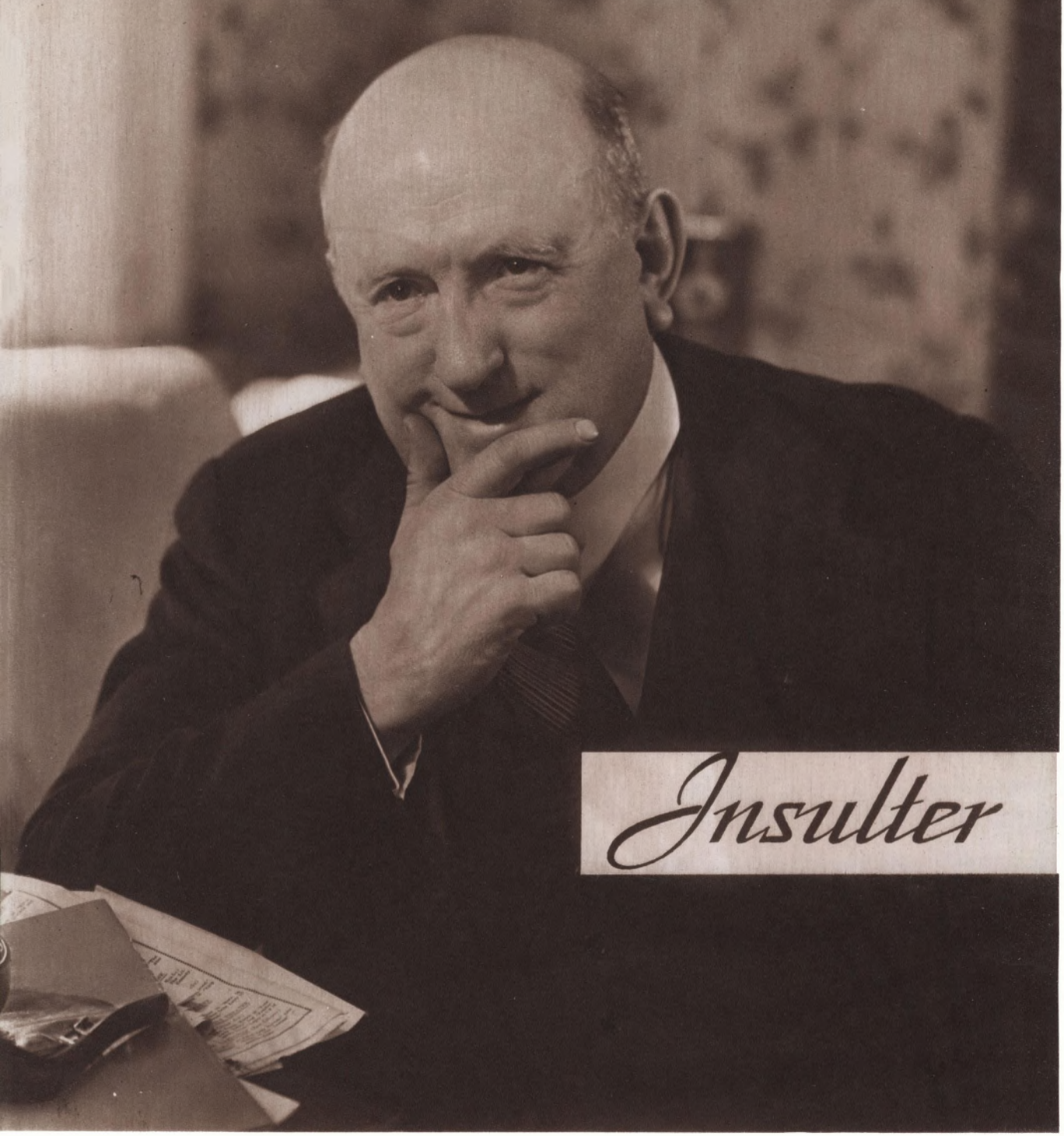


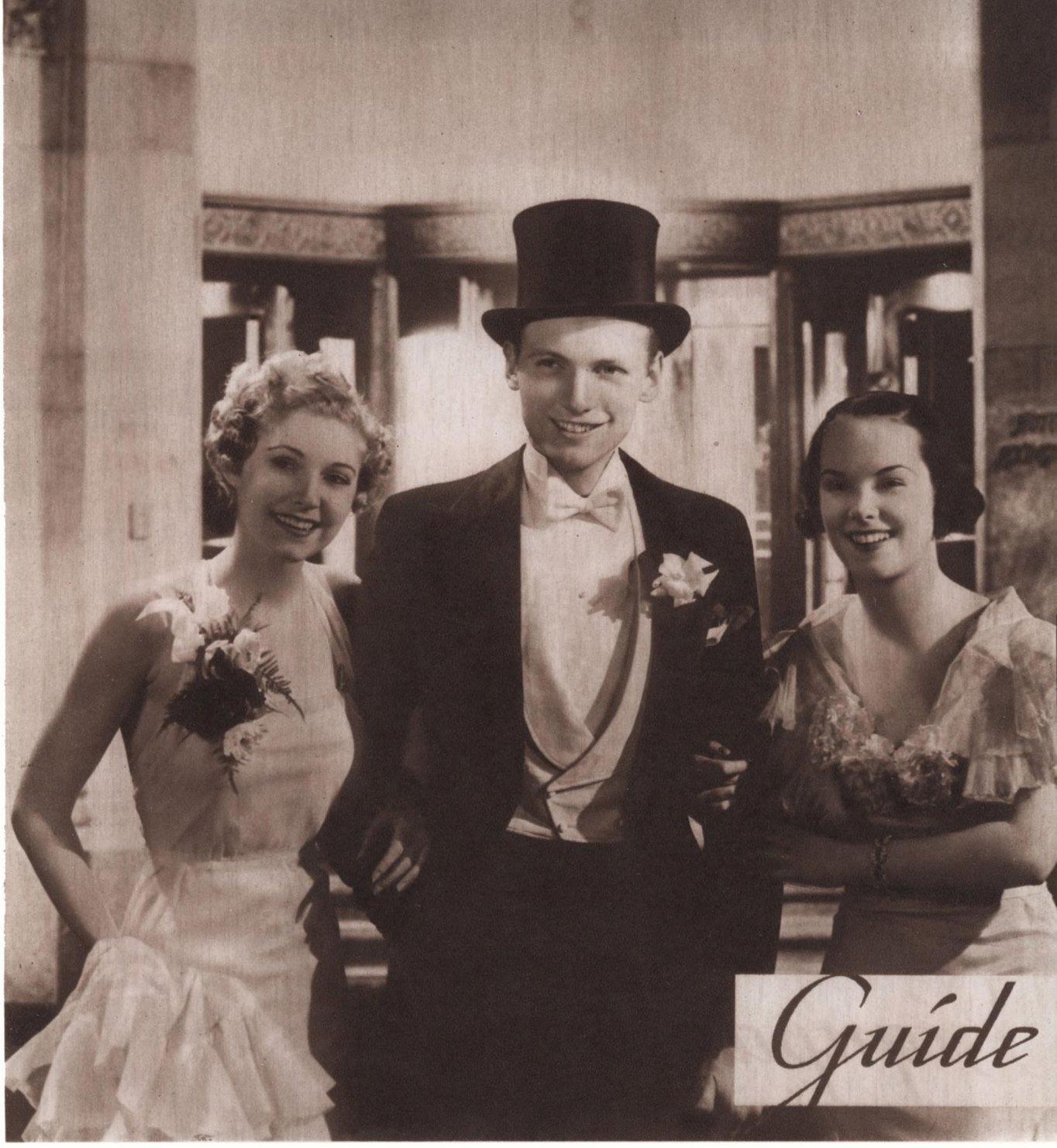
Improviser

FROM improviser of gags for custard-pie movie comedies to ace director is a big jump. But Frank Capra, 39, made the grade because he admits electricians' and prop boys' ideas are frequently better than his own. Hit the top with his prize-winning *It Happened One Night.* Now finishing *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* movie version of Clarence Budington Kelland's AMERICAN MAGAZINE serial, *Opera Hat.* Mild-mannered Capra, veteran director of 26 pictures, never loses his temper. In moments of tension, he ruffles his unruly hair, says nothing. Jots down critical notes on a nickel tablet while seated on a movie lot woodpile or window sill. In directing, puts himself in the shoes of the movie fan. To keep his actors natural, allows no grease paint, false eyelashes, etc. Fellow toilers in the movie business voted him America's best director in 1935. Made him president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Although Capra rates tops now, he's never asked for a single wage boost along the way up.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THIS man's probably champion hell-raiser of all time at banquets and conventions. While most men find agreeability an asset in making a living, Luke Barnett, of Pittsburgh, gets high pay as an entertainer for insulting America's great and near-great. Since 1905 hundreds of thousands of convention delegates have seen him in action. Favorite role is that of a Polish waiter. Spills tomato juice on shirt fronts of honored guests. Tells them, "Sit up. Haven't you ever been to a banquet?" Has humiliated diplomats, U. S. senators, governors, sports and movie stars. Before diners mob him, toastmasters explain that he's only clowning. Only three times have they failed him. . . . Result: two river duckings, one thrashing. His victims include: Babe Ruth; Governor LaFollette of Wisconsin; Eddie Guest, poet; Floyd Gibbons, newsman; Senator McAdoo of California. "I talk little about my business," he admits, "because one truly offensive person in the country is enough. We all need better manners."



PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER KEANE, HESSE STUDIOS, FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

A YEAR ago Ted Peckham, 21, of Cleveland, was just an unemployed youth in New York who needed a job badly and wanted desperately to see the night life. He figured many women of respectability visiting the city alone would pay certified young men to be their escorts. So he signed up 14 unemployed Yale, Harvard, Princeton graduates, founded a business. He was right. First week 57 clients clamored for escorts. Now his young men guide hundreds weekly from swanky restaurants, to theaters, to clubs. They're paid according to what they wear and how late they are out at night. For instance, a lonely lady from Iowa can retain a Princeton B. A. in tuxedo from early evening to midnight for $5, plus expenses for both. Or she may prefer a Yale man in full dress to hit the high spots at the pace that kills until 6 A. M. That's a cool $10, please. Peckham matches clients and escorts as to likes and dislikes. Author of plays for amateur theaters. Hollywood has asked him to help direct a movie based on his escorting.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN SCOTT FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

WITHOUT him tens of thousands of high school and college students might not have graduated this year. Aubrey Williams, director of the National Youth Administration in Washington, made it possible for them to stay in classrooms, out of the labor market by giving them part-time jobs. Did it with $50,000,000 of federal funds. Refused to make student aid a dole. Some 350,000 boys and girls in all parts of the country earned their way building parks, teaching, making surveys, running farms, libraries. Softies with the idea the government owes them an education got the gate. As a boy, Williams supported his mother on a $3.50 weekly wage. Studied nights at a Y. M. C. A. school. Sign-painted his way from his Springfield, Ala., home to and through Maryville (Tenn.) College. Has always worked hard. So has no patience with loafers. President Roosevelt heard of Williams' social service work in Wisconsin and Ohio. Teamed him with WPA boss Harry Hopkins, whose right-hand man he is.

PH BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

ONE reason for the growing popularity of table tennis is diminutive Ruth Hughes Aarons, 17, of Stamford, Conn. Not only has she held the U. S. women's singles and mixed doubles championships since 1934, but she has put on a colorful show to boot. Gives spectators an eyeful by playing in rainbow-colored slacks of her own design. Also employs unusual strategy. Instead of waging an offensive battle, she maneuvers opponents into attacking, then quickly runs up the score by her phenomenal defense. Rain chased her from a tennis court to a ping-pong table 4 summers ago. Today owns 50 cups as proof of her table prowess. Now on national tour. Unhandicapped by her 5 foot 3 inch height. Frequently stops her opposition in 30 minutes, 3 straight games. "To win," she explains, "you need good eyesight and a fast brain more than strength." Miss Aarons is studying clothing designing. Expects to enter that business in a couple of years. Also wants to graduate to the ranks of Grade-A lawn tennis players.

Beanstalker

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

THOUSANDS of city youngsters who wouldn't have known a pea vine from a beanstalk are learning from this woman how to raise back-yard gardens. Ellen Eddy Shaw, at the Botanic Garden in Brooklyn, N. Y., runs the only garden school of its kind. Carries her knowledge to public and private classrooms. In turn, delegations of youngsters visit her for instruction about seeds and soils. Summertimes they get acquainted with toads, worms, and such. She inspects many student gardens. Recently received an imperative post card: "Come and see my garden—Patsy." The "garden" boasted one forlorn carrot. "Ain't it fine?" asked Patsy. "Great," agreed Miss Shaw, as she proceeded to help the boy expand his acreage. From her many official gardens she and her thousands of students send flowers to homes, hospitals, churches, schools. 1,000,000 penny packets of seeds put up by her youngsters go to schools each spring. Thousands of grownups confer with her annually about the care of plants, new varieties.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE W. VASSAR FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

EXPERIENCE in repairing damage done by tenants when she sublet her New York home started Mrs. Richard Rodgers in the unique business of restoring everything from fish bowls to houses themselves. Found that most of her friends faced similar problems. So last September she set up a clearing house for damaged goods. Now commissions hundreds of artisans to reweave carpets, restore oil paintings, mend lace, pottery—everything under the sun. From all over the country people send her delicate jobs to be done. Has restored 1,790 worm-eaten doors, intricate stained glass, faded ivory miniatures, tortoiseshell combs, men's suits, shattered plaster-of-Paris animals. Recently turned an old African war drum into a table. Mrs. Rodgers has to invent gadgets, design new furniture, give advice on clothing, gifts. Finds no time for repairing anything of her own now. A fine vase lay broken at home for months. Her maid kept asking why it wasn't attended to. So Mrs. Rodgers had the job done.

VIRTUALLY raised in an airplane, 11-year-old Billy Lee, of Augusta, Ga., is America's youngest solo pilot. At 4, he spent his days working the controls of his father's ship. By 7, he flew the plane while Dad "stood by." Graduated from a real flying school last fall. Had then logged 100 hours flying time. Every day that Lee Sr. took him for pilot instruction Mrs. Lee enjoined, "Don't let Billy solo today." But father and son bided their time. One day flew to Savannah, Ga., on business. While Mr. Lee contacted customers in town, three expert pilots checked the lad at the field. Billy was urged to "take her up alone." But the dutiful 11-year-old demurred for parental okay. When Father returned the boy asked, "Did we promise Mom I wouldn't solo today?" "Not today," was the answer. And up Billy soared for the first U. S. flight by a junior his age. "Outrageous," said Mrs. Lee when she heard. "Shucks!" Billy exclaimed. "I'll have to wait five more years for a gov'ment pilot's license."

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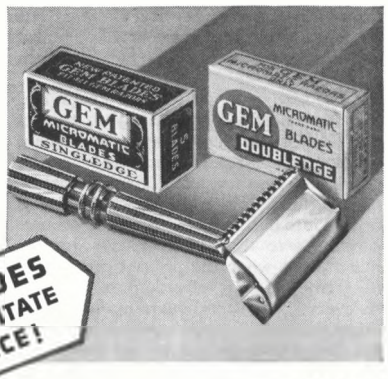
Treat your chin to Effortless Shaving—made possible by the Gem Micromatic. This razor puts into your own hand the easy, gliding stroke of the master barber. Its beveled top automatically fits every hillock and hollow, at the correct angle, flat against the skin. Instead of *scraping* hairs off mid-way, Gem ripples softly through lathered whiskers to leave you smooth as silk the first time over . . .

Dual-Alignment (Gem patent) locks the blade at 5 points so you can safely whisk off your beard with keener edges than were ever before possible. Keener? Gem Blades are made of surgical steel, 50% thicker, stropped 4840 times, under repeated scientific inspection. Only perfect, guaranteed edges can reach you.

If an old-fashioned razor has penalized your face with nicks and scratches, pay yourself the compliment of a Gem and enjoy the new luxury of Effortless Shaving. The regular chromium-plated Gem Micromatic Razor, attractively cased with 5 Gem Blades, at all dealers, $1.00.

SKEPTICS PLEASE NOTE:—

This below-cost offer makes it easy to convince yourself. 25¢ and this coupon bring you a test outfit consisting of handsome gold-plated Gem Razor (regularly $1.00) with a single- and a double-edged blade. A quarter's a low price for learning years of comfort!



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GEM MICROMATIC Razor and Blades

Love OUANGA

(*Continued from page 58*)

smoky light on some thirty Negroes, silhouettes against a like substance of ebony. Despite the confined circle of light, Spice felt that she had wandered into a region of immensity.

The worshipers were restless while one zealot, who wore a bright yellow ascot tie, gave testimony concerning the remission of his sins of dice-throwing and the drinking of Sweet Lucy. No one paid any particular attention. Some prayed, some were at sewing. One told another how to make a face powder out of bay rum and bergamot. Others ate pecan pralines or unwrapped ham sandwiches.

SPICE slouched to a bench, forgetting to throw away her cigarette.

The company gaped. Here was a "city gal sho' nuff" a high griffe, and dressed like white folks. The childlike wrist jingling in bangles the rhinestone purse offering its powder puff, the cigarette stuck to the rouged, wistful lip. What a flame of light in that musty meetinghouse!

Spice grinned with affection. "How you-all, folks?"

A very old and very black man who led the meeting with a Bible and a amp with a hurricane shade, started singing *The Ninety and Nine*. It was the theme song for the entrance of every new disciple. The congregation picked up the long, sad pull of the words, men booming huskily, women wailing.

Spice saw some get to their knees, and she aped them. Bodies swayed, throats yearned for the theme, lifting to luscious wails. Hands reached to the darkness which was heavenward. The syncopation floated into Spice's bones. Her being drifted into harmony and she felt a strange generosity to the whole world. She was like a piano when the pressed pedal gives its trembling wires freedom to sing on. As every thought and yearning in her soul projected itself into some part of her body, her impatience to tell of her lost baby focused into a material desire. She slipped through a praying and gossiping group, and took a seat beside one of the mourning ladies in the first row.

A shriveled black hen of a woman with tangled strands of kinky white hair spun together like shreds of cotton, a guinea blue dress, and her feet in sandals cut out from a leather bag on which "U. S. Mail" had been stenciled—that was Swamp Suzanne.

"I got a chile of mine, please, ma'am," Spice crooned "He done get stole f'um me by Aesop Barley."

Swamp Suzanne continued her mourning, not listening. Spice had to say it over again Others moved behind, listening. Here was a lamentation to which womankind would listen

A commotion arose. What was this that was being told?

Some knew Spice, all knew Aesop Barley. The congregation huddled about the old crone and the young girl and jabbered like crows.

The power of Swamp Suzanne, Spice knew, existed in philters, greegrees, and a knowledge of the bone combinations of black hens. Her age was immemorial. She puffed and pondered; then, with a miraculous understanding of the first medicament this bereaved young madonna needed, she said:

"Go get some gin, chile."

Spice sent the drummer for two bottles of gin, giving him the price and a tip.

THE preacher got the meeting under way again only by announcing that "ev'body pray ag'in' Aesop Barley and bend we's minds ag'in' him like the Chillun of Israel did ag'in' the walls of Jericho."

"But this won't do him any hurt," Spice said. "He's learned a lot of college, had dis yere what you call degrees conferred on him."

"O. K. Then let Swamp Suzanne confer a greegree on him, too."

When the gin came they all drank it as a sort of pledge. Spice drank, and the burn of her wrists and feet went out. And the cadence of the hymns which ached in her heart, tinkled and thrummed like banjos.

"You take this ouanga," Swamp Suzanne said. "Hit's some volcano ashes stuck together lak a face. You bury it over to St. Louis Cemetery, then dig it yup and it'll come alive. You pray to it what you want to happen to Aesop Barley."

Spice shook her red toque. Aesop Barley knew all about such greegrees, and would laugh as anyone who had been to Howard and Tuskegee would laugh. The old ouangas could not harm him. They must all pray. She fumbled with the compact, lipstick, cigarettes of her purse, produced some crumpled bills, and said tensely, "I want him to hyar de rada drums till he breaks."

Swamp Suzanne and the congregation were astonished. The voice was so gentle. Even the eyes, despite their fire, were as soft as a ewe's. The little girl obviously was capable of serving only the good gods. Had she come here to ask Swamp Suzanne's intercession with the gods of the Congo? Did these high yellow girls in New Orleans who had been to school still remember their grandmothers' gossip of two generations before?

"Go git some mo' gin, chile."

Spice paid for four jugs. They were brought while an old woman shouted prayers in a rage, ending each sentence in wails and grunts like an animal settling down into its den after a combat.

It was eleven o'clock.

"Swamp Suzanne, pray de ole prayers!" they all cried ecstatically. "Two, three of de boys go out and keep watch. De police won't bother us the night befo' carnival—do we coonjine all night. Conduct us de service, Swamp Suzanne! Lead us befo' de ole gods!"

"Go git me a black hen—and two mo' drums. Get de statue of Vaudaux f'um my cabin. And someone go over to a saloon and phone Barley we'se holdin' a Service Petro ag'in' him and goin' rot his bones."

SPICE'S eyes glowed like marshfire. She saw this old peddler of herbs, of petrified potatoes, of Spanish fly and rusty needles turn into a figure of light, like a saint.

But the old crone must have a red dress if the meeting was to be according to the old and dreadful rites. Spice slipped out of her dress and gave it to the shriveled little bird of a woman. It made the bird look bigger and more predatory.

By one o'clock the sorrows of Spice brought the spirituals back to their dominant chord. The harmonies reverted to their beginnings, a faith far older than Leviticus.

For Spice the thick air in its upper, hotter strata was like something hovering. She saw a woman drawing certain symbols—the interlocking circles—in corn meal spread upon the floor. Several worshipers had acquired, surreptitiously, the more material touch of the Promethean fire. The old preacher read that part of Genesis which records the miracle of a boy and a ram. He evoked the picture, merging the two—Isaac and the beast—into the one sacrificial thing. And he read of the Children of Israel worshiping the brazen serpent. The serpent, it should be understood, was God, and God was Damballa.

A washerwoman was speaking close to Spice's ear. Among her "appointments" of the next day was one at Barley's house to return his laundry. She had gone home to get one of the shirts and this she showed to Spice.

"Swamp Suzanne she goin' to r'ar up and change him into a cawpse, same as she

done to a Cuban once. De Cuban know'd he was voodooed and turning into a black Nigra. I seen him lyin' on de levee when I was a kid. He was shakin' dice ag'in' a worm—'If you win, worm, Ah lose!'"

Spice heard the voice thrumming in her ears like her own blood. Her throat ached, her lips burned in fires. She sent for more gin, and this was put in a wash boiler and heated over a gas plate. Swamp Suzanne scattered dead hornets in the brew, saying, "Hyar's de strength!"

A mulatto sat down with two others at the drums. Their fingers were drumsticks, but one had a shoe tree. The mulatto drew his rosin-smeared thumb across the head of the mamma drum, making a bone-thrilling roar of sound.

Swamp Suzanne returned from a dark corner, her hands clutching a cracker box. She ordered the men to set up a barrel for an altar.

"Tonight," she said in husky confidence, "hit goin' to be a meetin' hyar which is same as befo' they was any denomination in the world. Ev' religion sprang f'um what us-all goin' see tonight." She lifted the box. "Hit's in yere—The Serpent. Goin' to keep him in yere. This ole cottonmouf ain't so good at religion. We know he's Damballa. But the snake don't allus know it. Forgits hisself sometime."

"You mean hit's a cottonmouf you got in that there box!" Spice said softly.

"Hallelujah!"

One said it, others echoed. Only Spice Mackson stood distracted and open-mouthed, glassy of eye. The cracker box held all the power of her African ancestors.

The mamaloi lifted her hoarse, rumbling voice in prayer:

"Old Master! Look down on us-all! Hearken to we's prayer." Softly to a drummer: "Get that boula talkin', son."

This time, nimble and yet tired with practice, the drummer's fingers played the slow, expectant rhythm.

"We invocatin' you, Pié Jupité!"

The congregation joined in. Spice too followed the chant.

The queen's lungs roared: "We invocatin' Papa Legba!"

"Papa Legba! Oh, Papa Legba!"

"We prayin' to Isaiah the Prophet."

"Oh, Isaiah, Isaiah the Prophet!"

SOME who were inflamed with drink arose. Spice, without reason, imitated them, swayed sinuously to her feet. A vacuous smile, like the grin of fear, stretched her vivid lips. She was loose-jointed, lolling of head. That queer beauty of hers—too lean, too Negroid, too stark in yellow powder and black-red rouge—had fled from her. She was ghastly, lurching, her arms stretched out and floating crazily in the air.

Then suddenly she saw the voodoo queen thrust her hand into the tin box on the altar and hold it there until a grimace of pain came to her face.

"The Circle now! All mak' the Circle!"

They gathered around, arms intertwined. Spice found her shoulders locked in the arms of two men.

"Damballa's crawlin'. Holy Sperrit, Vaudaux, tak' possession of us-all. The Serpent's wigglin'. An' the wigglin', it's a-passin' through me. Mak' it look like a serpent with you-all's arms, folks."

Spice sank to her knees, half fainting, but the two black arms, part of a great,

undulating python now, buoyed her up.

"Damballa, Old Master!" the priestess shrieked to the rafters. "Curse Aesop Barley, lak I curse him. Wear him and tear him and rot him lak it's rottin' this yere cawpse in the basket!"

A red mist beat across Spice's eyes, for she saw one man with a fluttering hen. She saw him tear off the head with his teeth and spurt blood over many bowed shoulders. She got to her hands and knees, crawled over a cotton bale, found a coat one of the women had left there, put it on. No one saw her, for it was a debauch now, savage, unbridled.

Thus she fled out into the open, where she blinked dazedly. For the arc light, to her surprise, made the street as light as day. . . .

AESOP BARLEY had not slept that night. The telephone message announcing that the Big Boss was to be voodooed had come when he was seated at a banquet with lodge brothers, ward politicians, committeemen. It had suggested to Barley the theme for a speech: "*The new Negro casts off the shackles of a hundred centuries of fear.*"

His guests had applauded enthusiastically. One promised to announce the speech in the newspaper.

At three o'clock Aesop Barley, lying on his couch in his evening clothes—for he had not gone to bed—felt a slugging in his head as if drummers were thumping on the top of his skull. Insomnia, of course, had made his nerves raw. He was about to telephone the police to hunt for the source of the drums when he reflected that this would be embarrassingly sensational. It would get into the newspaper, perhaps in the very same issue with the announcement of his speech: "Aesop Barley, precinct boss, enlists police to protect him from voodoo gang."

He would show the police, his committeemen, his lodge brothers how little of Africa there was in his blood. He would go out himself and find out where that drumming came from. He would put a stop to it quickly enough. The practitioners of the cult would flee at the very sight of him. No need of a patrol wagon. No need of a gun. Just a gold-headed cane and a degree from Tuskegee were sufficient protective ouangas, the first against the material, the second against this nonsense his grandmother had called magic.

Spice Mackson found him wandering on the banquette, his elephantine body still encased in the dress suit except for a change of coat. She stared aghast at his face, which was the color of a channel catfish. His lips, swollen to huge slabs of liver, showed red where he had gnawed them.

Aesop Barley, oblivious of the few who were out at that hour, looked down and saw this lone walker of the streets, this frail wisp of a thing with enormous eyes and smeared, gaping lips.

"Where you going, woman?"

"To your house to warn you, das where I was goin', Mr. Barley, suh. They changin' you to a cawpse. Lawdy-lawd, man! Yo' eyes sho' look daidlike!"

"Where those drums!" Barley burst out, as the torturing vibration hammered against his head. "You tell me, woman! I'll stop those burrheads plenty!"

Spice was aghast at such temerity. She was beginning to see, despite Barley's looks, that he was too great. The blood that feared the jungle gods was but a drop in his veins. He was too nearly white.

"Take me there, woman," he ordered.

He followed her at some distance. Keepers of the all-night oyster bars and saloons might see him and recognize him. They must not think he was following this mule girl up into a narrow alley.

This precaution, he discovered, a little too late, gave Spice a chance to warn the worshipers. They must have whisked off like rats from a ship, leaving everything behind them, including the hen feathers, the undertaker's basket and its contents, and the image of Vaudaux.

But one of the drummers, unknown to Barley, remained hidden behind a bale. Spice had paid him to stay. For the drumming, she knew, must go on.

Barley came in groping. He stopped when about to step on the interlocking circles in the dust. His eyes bulged, gluing to the symbols. Boyhood fears engendered by his grandmother smoldered, and he staggered back.

"Better take a drink, Mr. Man. You look daid and gone already!"

Barley slumped like a landslide against a cotton bale, his great chest puffing. A drink would do no good now. But he made no protest when the girl held a can to his mouth. He was aware that she was stroking his forehead with hot hands. He did not see her palms, which she had smirched with soot from under the wash boiler. He only knew that it felt motherly. She was a gentle thing, this woman whom he intended to jail for practicing a lawless cult.

"You told 'em I was coming, didn't you!" he whispered huskily. "Scared 'em off. Tried to voodoo me, and find they can't and they run away!" He grinned. This at least was a sort of triumph. The only point that worried him was how much they had accomplished before he routed them.

"Where's that drumming coming from?" he asked piteously, covering his ears. "I'll get that drummer! I'll clap him in jail!"

"How you figure on gettin' him? You can't, caise because they *ain't* no drummer! Only the mamma drum over yonder with the python painted on it same as when they brung it f'um Haiti. Regular rada drum—thass what!" She was glad he did not see that it was only a Salvation Army drum behind the bale. "But they ain't no one drummin' it—exceptin' Damballa, beatin' it fo'evah up yonder!"

"You mean it's a-drumming and no one beating it?" he groaned.

"Sho' nuff. Damballa's beating it. Dar he!"

SHE took Barley's shoulders and turned him heavily, ponderously, lifting his head so that he faced the terrifying image of Vaudaux. A smoky light hovered over it, making it grin. It looked alive. Closer inspection would have revealed that it was not an African idol, but merely a giant Mardi Gras puppet with a bulbous nose of papier-mâché and varnish.

Similarly, Spice discovered at that very moment that the open cracker box held, not a cottonmouth, but a toy snake in wooden segments, painted green. So this was what tricky old Swamp Suzanne had used as the symbol and habitation of the Old Master! If she could trick her congregation with that, Spice could trick this nerve-ridden hulk, her one-man congregation. She put her hand in the box, her thin arm writhing in uncanny timing to the drum. She picked up the wriggling thing and shoved it back, her face grimacing like old Swamp Suzanne's. Barley gave a hoarse scream.

The drumming lifted with his outburst, overpowering it, hammering it back into his throat. He tensed, listening for the direction, but miraculously it reverted to the soft and apparently distant tom-tom beat. It took up the torture of the long night where it had left off. It filled all the air. It ate into Barley's brain.

"They got your clothes on the cawpse, Mr. Man!"

"You're lying!" he yelled; but then a thought struck him with a dull, heavy impact. "My laundress got my clothes, maybe. I'll investigate her plenty!"

"It's a buck Nigra they got lyin' in de coffin. Black as a Bambara. Which you's turning into him yo'se'f!"

"I'm not black. I'm high yellow. I'm white, 'cept way back!"

"Oh, so you ain't black, ain't you!" Spice cawed. "Look hyar at yo'se'f."

SHE held her compact mirror to Barley's face, which she had smeared. A frantic bleating came from deep in his throat. He saw his cheeks splotched yellow and black, like sugar cane destroyed by mosaic. His popping eyes, the brows lifted high, the tilted forehead foreshortened in the glass, the jaw gaping wide—all this made him definitely Negroid. His hand clutched at his face, to wipe away the taint of African blood. The gesture succeeded partly, clawing two marks of yellow which turned red. "I won't let 'em turn me into a black Nigra! I won't let 'em! I won't! I won't!"

A wisp of cotton on the back of his neck turned cold with sweat and moved downward slowly. Aesop Barley had heard of that Cuban who lay on the levee for hours, living but dead. He had heard the more grotesque legend of the worm and the dice. What was that slow, scummy thing crawling down behind his ear?

In his reversion to type, Barley's diction descended to the broader vowels: "Stole mah clothes and put 'em onto a cawpse!"

He sank back with a groan. His leg, stretched out, had the feeling of going to sleep. It was a feeling, not of prickling blood coursing back into cramped veins, but of numbness. It felt dead.

"Whar dat lookin' glass?" His own ears detected the change in his tongue. He was talking, not like Barley of Tuskegee, but like a buck Negro of Congo Square.

"Hyar a big glass, Mr. Man. My compact's too small, caise because yo' face is grow'd big, same lak the man who died."

She turned him again, trying to lift his massive weight by pivoting it on sagging knees. But the weight was far beyond her strength. He fell forward, crashing against the undertaker's basket.

"Dar you, Mr. Man! Look at yo'se'f. You lyin' down dar in a coffin!"

Barley saw the dead man's face.

He lifted his head and howled like a wolf. "They done voodooed me caise I tuk her chile!" He reached up with his fat, shaking arms, he walked on his knees to Spice's feet, he groveled before her. "I didn't know what I was doin', gal! It's me that done wukked this on myself!" He

clung to her knees, shuddering in every muscle. He begged through chattering teeth: "Save me, gal! Take yo' baby. I'll give him back. I'll never touch him ag'in. You're free!" He blubbered and wept. "If you'll only help. Take this greegree from me!"

Spice signaled the drummer to stop. The sudden quiet gave her an empty, dazed feeling in her skull, as if she were in a vacuum. A tension and a spell broke.

From a mother who thought death itself was too good for the thief of her babe, she turned into a thing of mercy. Having seen old darkies puff cigar smoke at restless babies to quiet them, she lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply, puffing the smoke in Barley's gaping mouth. She wiped his face with the hem of her slip. She stroked the corrugated hide of his forehead, trying to smooth it out.

HE LAY back finally, exhausted, panting, shivering.

"You got the three-day chills, Mr. Barley," she said softly. "Wait'n' I'll heat it up some gin fo' you."

She found a coat one of the worshipers had left, in the panic of escape, and this she put over his wide shoulders. She remembered that young Tad Barley had inherited his athletic build, except that the sleek, strong lines of youth were not blurred by tallow. She mothered the broken man as she had mothered her own babe. She gave him gin.

The hot exhilaration spread in his lungs, and his soul was comforted.

It was about that time when a long shaft of lint-driven light slanted through an upper window, and the dawn fell on Spice Mackson. Aesop Barley looked at her and wondered. Where was the coonjining little yellow flapper his son had wanted for a wife? He had heard that all she desired on earth was to dance, and a man to dance with. Where was she? Not here.

His eyes blazed at her. She was a haggard rag of a woman, exhausted, broken, limping, reaching weakly for a post to hold herself up. Her face was a satin gray, her eyes sunken in her skull. As she flopped to a cotton bale she was like a beaten animal slinking to its lair after a murderous combat, curling up to lick its wounds. She had fought for her young. Whatever the ouangas she had used for weapons, they could not be called evil.

A fantastic whim swept Barley as he looked at her. If she bore his son a child, she would fight for it like this. She would tap all the power of Africa to win. Evidently she knew how.

It was not a hate ouanga she had worked, Barley said to himself.

It was a love ouanga. . . .

THERE was torture in that streetcar ride when Spice went home—glare of daylight, toot of horns, bang of wheels over battered rail joints, the jolt of her limp spine at each stop, every one an eternity. She wondered with muddled and helpless computation when the baby would be brought home. Barley lived near the warehouse, whereas she had to cross town, changing cars, dragging her feet for many squares. And Barley had his own car with which to get the child and bring him home! A wild hope put winged slippers on her feet.

And when she got to her square she saw the batten window of her flat thrown open

and Tad Barley sitting on the sill waiting. She ran, her lips moving and a hot glow gripping her. "He's goin' to crush me in his arms! My baby got a pappy! I got a man!"

"Hot almighty, chile! Where you been?" Tad gasped, as they met on the stairs, clinging to each other.

"Huntin' de streets all night fo' my baby," Spice said truthfully—after her fashion.

"Wait'n' I tell you, honey. Pull yourself together! The Big Boss said everything O. K.!" He hugged her, his body giving her strength. "Funny how he changed his mind so complete. I figure he got to thinking and feeling guilty-like, on account someone phoned there was a voodoo meeting. But he said no, he investigated, and it was only some revival folks. And he sent me to the Welfare—"

He saw her eyes dance wildly, searching the doorway above them. "Go look in the back yard, honey!" he laughed triumphantly.

She fled through her flat and out to the yard, calling, singing, "Little man! Little man! Whar you at? Yo' mammy's hyar!"

She found him crawling on the flagstones. Perhaps it was Tad who had put the tissue-paper crown on his head. He was holding court with the hens and the puppy hound, his palace the pattern of glass bottles, shells, broken pieces of plaster saints which made a border for the flower bed.

She took him in her moist, hot arms. He gurgled, struggled free, fixed his crown.

She wept, she worshiped.

Here was one of the gods, a little one, but as real as ever her ancestors had worshiped in Guinea.

WORDS and MUSIC

(*Continued from page 21*)

shoulders she remembered so vividly, his brown hair was tousled.

She moved forward and touched his shoulder. She said, "Larry—it's grand seeing you . . ."

He rose, towering over her. In one long glance he took in every detail of wrap and gown and girl. Then he pointed to the chair opposite. "Sit down, Kit," he said casually. "I've got ideas."

She seated herself and arranged her evening wrap on the back of her chair. She waited, but he seemed in no hurry to begin, and she reflected that it was funny, meeting Larry this way.

She said, "Aren't you going to be conventional?"

"Tell me how."

"Well, you might say that you're delighted to see me."

"I might. In fact, I will. I'm glad—and how."

"You say that as though you mean it."

"I do mean it. Listen, Kit—you're in the one spot where you can do the most good. I want Don Farrell."

KATHARINE glanced up. "Your flattery overwhelms me, Larry. For a fleeting moment I had toyed with the idea that this might be a personal tribute."

"Personal?"

"Well, after all, since we were once all in all to each other—"

"Skip it!"

"But I can't skip it, Larry; I can't, really. Should I forget that you pried me loose from one-arm lunchrooms and saved me from a fate worse than death? Should I forget that all this glitter and glamor has arisen from the fact that you thoughtfully released me from your protection after teaching me the facts of life? Should I forget—?"

"Lay off!" There was a deep gruffness in his voice. "This is business. . . . You're a singer."

"Flatterer!"

"You're going into a nifty spot as soon as you get back from your road jaunt. You're with a name band and you've got a wire. Get me?"

"Not very clearly."

"Well, listen: To me a singer is just a microphone. She's an air wave into the home of Mister John Q. Public."

"How beautifully you talk."

"Yeah. . . ." He leaned across the table and his words came with deadly seriousness: "And, what's more, Kit, I tell that to all the girls."

Their eyes met and held. The glittering background of the Crest Room faded from them and they were once again in a tiny, two-room apartment, the apartment which they had shared as man and wife . . . They remembered a green-enameled alarm clock of 98-cent vintage, with its hands indicating ten minutes to four. Four in the morning. And Kit sitting up in bed, eyes heavy with sleep and doubt and anger as Larry moved slowly from dresser to chair and back again. The scene came back with amazing clarity, and she remembered every word which had been spoken:

"But—four o'clock, Larry?"

"Can I help it? This is a screwy business I'm in."

"Been with Dolly King?"

"Oh, for the love of Mike! Don't start *that* all over again."

"Why not?"

"Because to me" (and she realized now that he had used the very same words) "because to me a singer is just a microphone. . . . Can't you understand?"

But she hadn't understood. She had tried and tried, but she couldn't.

She looked back on it now. On the build-up. The growth of bitterness and tension. The formal, angry-eyed aloofness, punctuated, more and more infrequently, by tears and regrets and passion. They hadn't separated because she was jealous. Not directly. They had separated because of what that first doubt and uncertainty had led to. They had been so deeply in love that they couldn't fail to misunderstand each other, because words that they said hurt, and were not forgotten.

She remembered telling herself that there couldn't be a divorce.

But there was.

And then—this. She sat opposite him, thinking . . . and knowing that he was thinking the same thing. They were both thinking that it was a far cry from one-arm eateries to the Crest Room. . . .

A warning note from the orchestra snapped them back into the present. Katharine rose. "I have to go." She hesitated briefly. Then: "Give me your number, Larry. I'll sing it for you."

He, too, had risen. "It isn't quite as simple as that," he explained. "Don Farrell had a split with our firm more than a year ago. Besides, this is a football number and I want it plugged all through the fall."

"Rather complicated, isn't it?"

"Very. Meet me for lunch tomorrow and I'll tell you all about it."

"But I can't—"

"Rose Room at twelve-thirty. Be seeing you."

And he was gone. . . .

OF COURSE, Larry was late, but not so late as Katharine had expected. At 12:45 he breezed into the hotel lobby, where she was sitting. "Look, Mamma," he said. "That man's here again."

"So he is. Large as life and twice as unnatural."

Across the table, she eyed him speculatively. Since their meeting last night she had been trying to diagnose her own emotions. No use denying that it had been good to see him. No use denying, either, that their encounter had been disappointing. It was embarrassing to admit that she was merely a means to a business end.

Of course, a natural doubt crept into her mind. The foundation of their unhappiness had been her expressed distrust of his professional attitude toward the most attractive Dolly King. Knowing the quirks of Larry Drake's mind, she more than half believed that he was attempting to prove a point: to impress upon her that she was now in the position the famed Dolly had held two years previously, and that when he was on a song-plugging job he thought of his mission and of nothing else. It would be like Larry to think of such a procedure. To say, without words, "Now will you believe me? Now you can see for yourself."

She had thought about it all night and throughout an interminable morning. She was glad to help him, but— "I have news for you," she began.

"What man bit whose dog?"

"Don Farrell bit my head off—which I guess answers your question."

Larry was aware of an inexplicable feeling of satisfaction at the thought that Don Farrell had been displeased with Katharine. Broadway had been gossiping about the suave, genial orchestra leader and his new vocalist. One columnist had declared that they were "that way" about each other. And, reflected Larry with no particular enthusiasm, why not? Don Farrell had discovered Katharine; had given her the chance without which she would still be grubbing along in obscurity. The fact that she had great ability in addition to youth and beauty was merely a further reason why the man should be applauded.

The gossip had disturbed Larry. He informed himself—with rather too great vehemence—that he was neither concerned with nor interested in her personal life. He had sought her with the idea of achieving a business triumph and proving beyond all argument that song plugging—his brand of song plugging—was a full-time and sexless job. He neglected to ask himself why the thing meant so much to him.

"Seriously, Larry," she was saying, "I told Don Farrell what you wanted."

"And he said . . . ?"

"He stated very clearly that he would never again do business with your firm."

"Which seems to cover quite a bit of time. So what do you do now?"

"Now?" Her eyes opened wide. "Nothing. I've done all I can."

"Which proves that you know less than nothing about the fine art of song plugging. Consider me for a moment—why I've often remained out night after night until—well, shall we say until ten minutes of four in the morning?—to land a prospect."

HIS eyes were level, and Katharine fidgeted. "And did you land her?"

"She plugged my song, which is all I'm ever interested in."

She said, "I shall watch with great interest your progress with Don. But I'm afraid I can't be of any help."

"You can if you want."

"Meaning what?"

"You've got influence with the lad.'

She said, "You've been reading my mail."

"Didn't have to. I've been listening." Then, suddenly: "Are you going to marry the guy, Kit?"

"What difference would it make to you?"

"None . . . but I was curious."

"You always were." She looked away. "But to get back to your job . . ."

"You can really help," he said grimly.

"How?"

"I'll tell you at dinner tonight."

She regarded him intently. Same old Larry. "Sorry," she said. "No can do."

"Why not?"

"Because of what is politely termed a previous engagement."

"Not Don Farrell by any chance?"

"By some chance—yes."

"Lunch tomorrow?"

"Not even breakfast the next day. And we're leaving town tomorrow night."

"So soon? That cramps my style a bit. What's the route?"

"Chicago—until we open at the Cascades here."

"That'll give Don plenty of time to prepare his own orchestration of my number."

"You're optimistic, but foolish. I'm sorry. I wish I might have helped."

"You will help," he answered. "Don

Farrell will start plugging *Touchdown Charley* regularly from the Cascades October first. Little Larry never fumbles." . . .

But his confidence was shaken. Queer how upset he was. Business disappointments did not usually affect him this way. And all the next day he tried to take stock of himself, but without signal success.

He thought of Kit. In fact, he had great difficulty in thinking of anything else. He remembered her dinner engagement with Don Farrell, and the thought disturbed him. Farrell was a good guy. Regular. Successful. His name meant something. And of course Kit must be grateful to the man who had given her her chance. She had even been grateful to him once for falling in love with her, for bringing laughter into her life. Now there was Don Farrell, offering her more than he could ever offer.

LATE that second night he realized what this new contact meant to him. He realized that the business of planting a number with Don Farrell was utterly inconsequential and, from the first, had been merely an excuse to do what he had desired to do for a long time. Sap! He was in love with her. All over again. More than ever. It was quite bewildering. He had to do something—and at once. But her train had already gone.

Five minutes later he was bending over the counter of a telegraph office, framing a message, addressed to her, on the train:

HOPE THIS DOES NOT FIND YOU AS IT LEAVES ME—AWAKE STOP GO BACK TO SLEEP STOP JUST FELT LIKE WISHING YOU HAPPY ROLLING.

He read the message over with a feeling of embarrassment. The thing was too confoundedly obvious; and because what he was trying to say was so very apparent, he signed it "James Hanson Endicott."

But to Katharine, lying awake in her berth with the telegram in her hand, Larry's meaning was far from obvious. Or too obvious, according to the point of view. It told her this: That Larry wanted it distinctly understood that this high-pressure salesmanship was merely a matter of business. She told herself fiercely that if he wanted things that way it was all right with her. She said to the darkness, "We're through. He's telling me—and I'm believing him."

At her hotel in Chicago a box of gardenias was waiting. So he hadn't forgotten her preference for gardenias. During the early—and happy—days of their marriage the fragrant little white flowers had represented the ultimate extravagance, the ultimate gesture of affection. She tore open the envelope, expecting to find the ridiculous little caricature of a goat he always used for a signature. Instead, written in the precise hand of the Chicago florist, was a simple message:

"Endicott Music Company. We never say die."

Katharine sighed. If it was a song plug he wanted, the least she could do was try to get it for him.

And so she started working for him that night, her first move being to accept Don Farrell's dinner invitation. But it was difficult to request a favor which she knew he did not want to grant. She felt that she was taking an unfair advantage, but she was determined to meet Larry on his own ground.

Don Farrell's devotion was not without effect. Katharine was immensely flattered, and she found herself contrasting his suave solicitude with Larry's affectionate brusqueness, or rather the brusqueness which had once been affectionate. It wasn't until the coffee that she brought up the subject:

"It's really a good number, Don. And it fits the football season."

He said, politely, "I don't doubt it."

"You're too important to let a silly misunderstanding keep you from plugging a number you would normally use."

"Perhaps I'm important enough not to use it if I don't wish to."

He was logical, so she took a personal tack. She said, "I'd be happy if you did plug it."

Don Farrell touched her hand. Briefly. "This Larry Drake—does it mean so much to you to help him?"

She laughed nervously. "The answer is *yes* and *no*. A long time ago he was terribly good to me. I'd like to do something for him."

"And, a long time ago, your gratitude to him did not affect your heart?"

"Let's not go too deeply into that, Don. I married him, if that's what you mean. We've been divorced more than a year."

"Any regrets?"

"Certainly not."

"I've heard he's a good lad."

"He is. But crazy."

Don said quietly, "I'm not a speechmaker, but I wish you'd marry me. Any chance?"

She had known that this was coming. She put her hand over his, and said, "Do I have to answer now?"

"I wish you would. I'm pretty terribly fond of you."

"And I'm fond of you. You've done so much for me . . ."

"Forget that side of it. I love you and I want to marry you. What's the answer?"

She hesitated. He was a pretty grand person, this Don Farrell; gentle and steady and reliable, everything that Larry had never been. And Larry had told her in so many words that his present interest in her was merely professional. There was irony in the thought that it was Larry Drake who was making the decision for her. She said, "Yes, Don—I'll marry you."

His eyes were bright. "Gee, darling! You don't know how happy that makes me." Then a mood of generosity came upon him. He said, "And for you I'll drop my feud. I'll have a talk with your Larry when we get back to New York. And now—if you don't mind—suppose we talk about us." . . .

KATHARINE did not wire Larry of her success in getting Farrell to plug his football number. She told herself that it would be better if Larry and Don talked it over. Actually, her achievement left her cold. She had done what Larry wanted. She had even consented to marry Don.

At the office of the Endicott Music Company, Mr. Michael Turner addressed Mr. James Hanson Endicott. "The boy friend," he observed, "is slightly nuts."

"Larry?"

"Yeah, Larry."

"On account of what?"

"The dame he used to be married to."

"What makes you so wise?"

"His expense accounts. He's been sending her flowers and telegrams . . . and not charging 'em to us."

"He will—if Farrell plugs the number."

Mike said, "Sometimes, Chief, you're not right bright. Larry isn't thinking about that number."

"No?"

"Certainly not. He's in love all over again."

"Good grief! Really?"

"Yes—really. It's my hunch the dame has been doing whatever she's been doing just for auld lang syne. Closing the books, as it were. But Larry has gone off the deep end. If he proposes, and she says no, or if rumor is true, and she's engaged to Farrell . . ." He left the sentence up in the air, its implications unmistakable.

"Maybe she'll take Larry on again."

"Would you—if the ace band leader of the country was panting to say 'I do'?"

"I don't know . . . but that's a good title for a song."

"What is?"

"I'm Panting to Say, 'I Do.'" . . .

BY THE exercise of more will power than he believed he possessed, Larry Drake managed to remain away from the Cascades during the dinner show. He realized that the opening would be no time to intrude. Everybody would be nervous. And he didn't want Katharine to be nervous when he saw her. It seemed to him that she *couldn't* misunderstand his campaign. "It's turned out as screwy as everything else I do," he informed himself. "I try to prove that when I go after a dame who's got an air spot, I keep things impersonal. Then right away I start courting her."

He sat in a far corner drawing geometrical designs on a white tablecloth with a newspaperman's soft pencil.

Then Katharine was on the platform, sheathed in white satin. She had class. Tops, that's what she was. Don Farrell had done that for her.

Here was the perfect setting for him and for her. Jazzy night spot. Gaiety. Lightheartedness. The scenic designers had done their work; now it remained for him to speak his romantic lines. But he had stage fright.

He mashed a cigarette unmercifully against the bottom of the ash tray. He had forgotten business, forgotten everything except the girl bowing acknowledgment of her applause. He had keyed himself to a high pitch of emotion. Everything was right. Everything had to be right. Of course they had changed—or, anyway, she had. He was what he always had been, a song plugger; she was near the top of the Broadway heap, and going places in a large way. But he couldn't insult her by thinking that that would make the slightest difference. She simply wasn't that kind.

He rehearsed the scene. She would come over to the table and greet him lightly. He would say, "Sit down," and then he would tell her that he loved her, that he always had loved her, that he always would love her. No banter. No lightness. He wouldn't even let her speak after that first greeting, for fear he'd lose the words he was planning so carefully.

And then she was standing beside him, looking coolly into his eyes, as though she didn't anticipate all the mad, crazy things he was going to say. He heard her voice:

"And how is the Endicott Music Company tonight?"

He said, "Sit down."

She did, then leaned across the table. "What's the matter, Larry?"

"I've got something to say . . ." His voice came from deep down, in a husky growl.

"We've both got things to say. Listen. I have news. The best news in the world. Don Farrell has agreed, as a personal favor to me, to plug your number regularly." She paused. "*Now*, aren't you happy?

He tried to concentrate on what she was saying. To reply. But he couldn't shake off the feeling that she was using the wrong words, that the scene was wrong. He said, "Listen, Kit—I want to tell you . . ."

"And I want to tell you," she said almost defiantly, "I'm engaged to Don Farrell."

Her words crashed into his brain. Engaged to Don Farrell! The room was swimming before his eyes and the words that he wanted to say would not come. He rose unsteadily. Something was ghastly wrong. He saw a little frown on her forehead and an expression of complete bewilderment He turned and shoved toward the exit.

The crowd was dense, the tables were close together. Blindly he stumbled against one of them and upset it. A woman shrieked, and a man grabbed Larry's arm and said, "Why don't you watch where you're going?" Larry shook him off and plunged ahead. He heard somebody say, "Now, don't *you* go starting something, George. Can't you see the man's drunk?"

And he was drunk. Drunk with disappointment. Drunk with the hurt of it. He lurched from the room and seated himself at the almost-deserted bar.

"Scotch," he growled. "Straight."

Katharine had watched him go. She had seen his face—and understood. She had witnessed the upsetting of the table as he stumbled from the room. And she sat motionless, wondering why her heart was pounding and why she felt both pleased and frightened.

SOMEONE sat down on the chair which Larry had vacated. She looked across at Don Farrell and heard his quiet voice.

Don said, "So that's the way you feel about him, is it?"

She nodded. "Yes . . . I didn't realize . . ."

"I know you didn't. But you do now. So go find him and tell him so."

"But Don! Our engagement?"

"Forget it. And you'd better catch your Larry before he does something foolish."

She edged between tables and into the bar. She heard Larry say, "Another Scotch. And make it snappy."

She spoke to the bartender. "Two Scotches," she said, "and I can get along very well without the snappiness."

Larry wanted to look at her, but couldn't. "Kit," he said, "get out of here."

"Why?"

"Because you're going to tell me not to get drunk, and I'm going to tell you to go to the deuce."

"And then . . ." Her voice was softly reminiscent: "Then I'll say, 'You'll have a headache in the morning and expect me to take care of you . . .'"

"And I'll say, 'I can take care of myself without you.'" He turned and gazed at her miserably. "And—oh, gee, Kit!—when I say that I'll be a cockeyed liar."

Her hand covered his. "And that'll be all right, too, Larry," she said ever so gently, "because I never believe you anyway."

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Dixie flavor

(*Continued from page 55*)

board table with a hole in the center for the shells.

Beside each plate was a little bowl of melted butter, and a dish of chowchow. In came the basket of smoking oysters. Three tiny colored boys, Elson, Louis, and Clarence, spry as monkeys, opened the oysters as fast as we could dip them in the butter and eat them.

These brush roast oysters (contrary to all the usual oyster rules) are cooked until they shrivel to the size of your finger-end, but they somehow don't toughen up, and seem to concentrate the entire tang and savor of the oyster, with the added flavor of fire and smoke and the melted butter—and a bit of chowchow between dozens.

With the oysters goes an ideally harmonious accompaniment specially prepared by the sisters Cazaux. They call it johnny cake, but it is really a hot, crisp shortbread.* Miss Annie gave us her recipe.

While we were in Wilmington there was a controversy in the newspaper letter columns about the origin of Wilmington's Christmas delicacy, Sally White cake.* Some said it came from Virginia, others claimed to have it direct from a great-great-aunt named Sally White, others said it started right in Wilmington.

I don't care which is right, because when a cake is as good as the Sally White its ancestry becomes irrelevant, like that of Alexander Hamilton.

Mrs. Clendenin makes it about as perfectly as anyone can. When you taste it, with its blend of citron, fresh grated coconut, shredded almonds soaked in rosewater, crystallized cherries, and the whole enriched by old peach brandy, you will understand why Wilmingtonians clamor for it at Christmas.

EARLY the next day we drove northwestward toward Chapel Hill. We were going to see Louis Graves, authority on the pleasures of life, one of them being his mother's beaten biscuits. Years ago Graves walked out on a successful New York career to go to North Carolina, edit the *Chapel Hill Weekly*, and enjoy the philosophical leisure of a small town.

There was good conversation at table that evening, what with Mr. and Mrs. Graves, Phillips Russell, the biographer, Paul Green, the dramatist, and Frank Graham, president of the University of North Carolina, dropping by. But the star guest was the dish of beaten biscuit.*

Many states claim beaten biscuit for their own—Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Alabama—and we have eaten them in all these. Our choice goes to the crisply tender masterpiece of Mrs. Graves. Hot, with butter, seeming to crumble and vanish instantly as you bite into it.

We have her recipe, but whether we are going to be able to get such results in our kitchen I don't know. Beaten biscuits take time, trouble, and practice.

From Chapel Hill we turned southward again toward Charleston and Savannah, those two leisurely, lovely cities, where the spirit of the Old South survives more happily than in any other place.

In Charleston began our preoccupation with rice and okra. Here we learned to prefer tiny shrimp and oysters to large ones. Here we ate hominy (the small hominy often called grits) with breakfast every morning, and rice with dinner. And here the melody of slow, careful cooking, and precisely the right mixture of seasonings, was played for us every day.

We were to have, in Charleston, such delicacies as sweet potatoes cooked with orange, okra soup with corn sticks, shrimp pie, peach leather, and chicken pilau,* but among Charlestonians the greatest reverence is reserved for rice.

We've never met a Charlestonian whose eloquence on the subject of rice could not move us to joy or tears. They tell shocking tales of rice encountered on their travels.

"Gluey, sticky, molded in a little *shape*," they exclaim. "I called the waiter, but he said that was the only kind of rice he knew." They tell you of the Charleston boy who was sent to Oxford, but came back on the next boat because he was "starving to death without his rice and duck sauce (gravy) for dinner."

TRAGIC. Tragic. But then, as you are about to despair, the Charlestonian's face lights up, and he tells you of rice "as *we* cook it." All is well with the world again, and you can see that dish piled lightly with the tender, white, flaky grains. "Every grain must be separate," is the watchword.

Our second morning in town, a courier arrived, bearing a plump bag and the compliments of Mr. and Mrs. D. Mackay Alston. In the bag was genuine Carolina rice raised on one of the old plantations. We got into the car and drove to the Whitney plantation on the Edisto River at Willtown Bluff to render our thanks.

The Alstons had finished dinner when we arrived. We asked if rice, by any chance, had been served. "We have it every day in the year," Mr. Alston said. They brought us plates of it. Here was rice* indeed. Of such quality, and so justly cooked, that it is delicious eaten perfectly plain, with a flavor of its own.

In Charleston they begin to stir up your appetite while you are still abed in the morning. About seven-thirty, sweet sounds drift through the open windows, the songs of the colored street vendors.

"Swimpy raw, raw, raw" (in ascending scale). "RAW swimp!"

"Straw-bayries. They fresh an' they fine; they jis' off de vine. Yes, mam."

Then sounds of laughter, derision, and entreaty, as the cook goes out to bargain. Yes, those good things are coming into *this* house. How pleasant this morning diversion.

We'd like to live the year around in Charleston, sampling every dish of every season. But, since we can't:

How about, for breakfast, shrimp paste and hominy? The shrimp paste,* a rich mixture of shrimp pounded fine, fresh butter, well seasoned. An old Charleston dish. The cool shrimp and the hot hominy make a rare blend.

For dinner (this usually about 2 P. M. in the South) how about okra soup,* cooked long with beef, ham, and tomatoes, and served with rice and crisp corn sticks?

And for supper, why not a slice of cold wild turkey, and yams baked with sliced orange and a little pineapple juice?*

All these dishes are found in Charleston homes, but nowhere are they prepared better than at the Villa Margherita on the Battery, where black Ethel (who is said to *think* in double cream) cooked them for us, and told us, afterwards, how.

THE Villa is not a club or a *pension de luxe*, nor yet a hotel, but something of all three. Its owner and resident genius is Miss Liese Dawson, frail as a flower.

Mrs. Clelia Waring, of Charleston, served us tiny Bull's Bay oysters, scalloped with crumbs from crusty whole-wheat rolls, and a cherished bottle of Ohio wine, 1888. Her husband, Tom, city editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*, introduced us to one of his favorites, Jerusalem artichoke pickle,* new to us and delicious.

And so on to Savannah. But wait a minute. We almost forgot the Pine Bark Stew which all South Carolinians begin to hanker for when the catfish are running nicely. For this we were indebted to Mr. Joe Hodges, of Orangeburg, whose Pine Bark Stew* is famous. The name refers to the color, not the ingredients of the stew.

Savannah. There's a city for you. Where every other block is a spacious square with shady benches. Where Phillippe Ballinger invented the Wild Oat and Lucrezia Borgia cocktails. Where they eat Hopping John for luck on New Year's Day. Where Mr. Keith Read told us about the soft-shell turtle that caused Grover Cleveland, eating it, to weep for joy.

And where Mr. Read's niece, Mrs. Thomas Charlton, assembled a dinner of Savannah delicacies for us.

Mrs. Charlton did us proud with crab soup,* the first whiting of the season served with okra and tomatoes, and the preserved guetchee limes that grow wild only here. Coming from near the Chesapeake, I thought I knew all about crabmeat, but this soup was the best I had ever tasted. Afterwards we went out to the kitchen to compliment the amiable Sarah, and learn from her the secrets of the soup and of that dark good-luck dish, Hopping John.*

Throughout this southern country, the cooking changes somewhat as you move away from the coast. Atlanta, for example, does not eat as Savannah does.

In Atlanta inquiry among those who love good eating led me to Ralph McGill, sports columnist of the *Atlanta Constitution*, a man as learned in matters of the palate as in those of the diamond and the gridiron.

He steered me to such things as turnip greens cooked with side meat, and black-eyed peas. And souse meat, firm and cold, with homemade pickles and a dish of collards and thin, crisp hoecakes, well buttered; and pecan pie.* (On such did Bobby Jones grow great.)

Best of all, he showed me how to make Faucon Salad,* one of those salads that take a good deal of time and care in the making and are worth every bit of it.

"Faucon was an old fellow who came up from Biloxi, Mississippi, to Nashville, Tennessee, many years ago and opened a restaurant," Ralph McGill told me. "The salad was so good that it made him famous. He always made it himself, and could never be hurried. He's been dead now for many a year, but the salad lives on."

McGill was right. We found Faucon Salad in many parts of the South. With the years it has developed embellishments and variations. Of them all, I think McGill's version is the best.

From Atlanta we turned southward again toward Florida.

What with recurrent real estate booms and the flood of tourists from the North, Florida's original character, as well as its cooking, has been pretty well submerged. You can go down there for the winter, eat in a boardinghouse or a hotel, and imagine yourself in Terre Haute or Albany.

But if you hunt around you will find a lot of good things. The little stands along the way that sell fresh gingerbread and cool, fresh milk. Orchards where they will squeeze you great beakers of orange juice ripe from the tree. Or a bowl of hot coquina broth.

The coquina is a tiny bivalve about the size of your little fingernail. Daytona Beach is a good place to find them. You go along the beach at low tide, scoop up coquina and sand with a shovel-like sieve, then shake out the sand, wash them in seawater, and make them into a broth. It is something like a clam broth, but a finer and more delicate flavor. Sir Malcolm Campbell used to like a cup of this after gambling with death in a speed test of his "Bluebird."

THEN, of course, there's the Florida lobster, the superb stone-crab (there's an alarming report these are growing scarce), and that glorious fish, the pompano.

You can't beat plain broiled pompano, but for an occasional variation the Spaniards have a wonderful way of baking it *en papillo*,* sealed with all its juices in greased paper, along with a cream sauce enriched with crabmeat, shrimp, and crawfish. If you go near Tampa, visit the near-by Ybor City, largest Spanish settlement in America. It was here, at Los Novedades Café, that Joaquin del Barrio showed us this way the Spaniards have of glorifying the pompano—and it would go nearly as well with any of the bland fish. . . . Finally, if you get down as far as Key West, don't miss the Spanish bean soup and turtle steaks.

And now on to Alabama to see Earl McGowin and his brothers, the lumbermen, who not only have 150,000 acres of prime timber, but a gifted cook named Willi, who showed us how to make the best barbecue sauce for broiled chicken* ever heard of. And to call on Mrs. Ray Fondee, of Mobile, who gave the secrets of "the Nicest of Nice Tea Cakes"* from a recipe that has been in her family from 'way back.

And to Nashville in Tennessee, to receive advice from William C. Frierson, the philosopher and re-employment administrator, and sample his mother's Tennessee "Sharky Custard."* And to explore with Stanley Horne the pleasures of Tennessee country ham, and the Spiced Round which all homesick Tennesseeans in foreign parts have shipped to them at Christmas time.

Then, all too briefly, into Kentucky to sample the julep. "Ice, sugar, mint, and

good Bourbon, suh, but no fruit, in heaven's name!" And to learn something of Colonel J. T. Looney, of Lexington, whose rich stew, "Burgoo," is served at all great racing and political events, and who had a Derby-winner named after him. Remember "Burgoo King"?

And through Memphis and Natchez, down into the Mississippi country where they raise such glorious tomatoes. Here Mrs. Ruth Stephenson, of Jackson, gave us stuffed ham and stuffed Creole tomatoes* the like of which you never tasted for delicate blending of many seasonings.

In Baton Rouge, Louisiana, Mrs. Irving Foote, wife of the professor of education at Louisiana State University, whose cooking fame had first reached us months ago in Texas, fixed us our first real Creole gumbo.* We were to eat many other fine gumboes in Louisiana, but none finer than this: a rich, succulent, fragrant soup which, served with rice, is a meal in itself.

BOWLING down the highway from Baton Rouge that first warm afternoon of early spring, we noticed dozens of cars parked by the road, the while their owners waded earnestly in the marshy waters near by.

We stopped to watch a particularly purposeful pair of waders: an elderly gentleman and his chauffeur.

They were planting little nets in the shallow water. The nets were held in place by small iron tripods, each marked with a bit of gay ribbon. After a while they would come back along the line, raise the nets, and pour their lively contents into baskets.

I asked the gentleman what he was doing.

"Why, sir," he said, "this is the beginning of the crayfish season. When it warmed up today, Henry here and I decided not to wait for the markets. Many others had the same idea." He waved toward the other waders along the marsh, and explained how the nets are baited with scraps of meat.

"How do you plan to cook them?" we asked.

"Well, now," he mused, "I may boil them, and eat them just so, with some cold beer. Or I may use them to give the ultimate color and flavor to a bouillabaisse. Or—oh, yes, yes, yes—we will make them into a beautiful bisque, a rich, hot, comforting bisque."

Now his eyes were dreamy, and his smile was a pleasure to see. We thanked him and stole reverently away.

We needed no road signs to tell us now. We *knew* we were coming into New Orleans: the gastronomic capital of America.

We had been hearing about this town in every state we had visited. Now we have spent two weeks here, and look down on its St. Charles Street from our window as we write. We have explored its famous restaurants and eaten in its hospitable homes, and even taken some counsel from its dignified bartenders, and we are here to say that the rumors of New Orleans' culinary greatness are not exaggerated. There is no other town just like it in America.

The multitude of little oyster bars wide open to the street, tempting you with freshly opened bivalves from Bayou Cook at twenty cents a dozen. Oysters so tender and rich in flavor as to shake my loyalty to those of the Chesapeake. Coffee shops where they make it a matter of pride to have the coffee rich and hot and strong and fresh, with the best of cream.

Why, in this town the very taxi drivers are interested in food, and argue about it hotly on the streets.

Soon after we reached New Orleans we were able to appreciate what the old bisque worshiper in the crayfish marshes was talking about. We were invited to a noonday feast by Mrs. Christian Schertz, a charming devotee of New Orleans and its cooking, in her 200-year-old home on Bayou St. John.

Also present was Mrs. Stanley Arthur, an authority on New Orleans cooking.

While we had cocktails, the cook, pretty, coffee-colored Remy, who speaks French but luckily can give her recipes in English, was putting on the finishing touches to the crayfish bisque and the jambalaya.

RECIPES

for one or more of the following dishes mentioned in Mr. Smith's article will be sent to you on request. Address RECIPES, *The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

●

Cazaux Sisters' Shortbread *(North Carolina)*
Mrs. Clendenin's Sally White Cake *(North Carolina)*
Mrs. Graves's Beaten Biscuit *(North Carolina)*
Chicken Pilau *(South Carolina)*
Mrs. Alston's Rice *(South Carolina)*
Miss Dawson's Shrimp Paste *(Charleston)*
Ethel's Okra Soup *(Charleston)*
Miss Dawson's Yams with Orange *(Charleston)*
Jerusalem Artichoke Pickles *(Charleston)*
Joe Hodges' Pine Bark Stew *(South Carolina)*
Mrs. Charlton's Crab Soup *(Georgia)*
Sarah's Hopping John *(Georgia)*
Atlanta Pecan Pie *(Georgia)*
Mr. McGill's Faucon Salad *(Georgia)*
Señor del Barrio's Pompano en Papillo *(Florida)*
Willi's Barbecue Chicken *(Alabama)*
Mrs. Fondee's "Nicest of Nice Tea Cakes" *(Alabama)*
Mrs. Frierson's Sharky Custard *(Tennessee)*
Mrs. Stephenson's Creole Tomatoes *(Mississippi)*
Mrs. Foote's Gumbo *(Louisiana)*
Remy's Jambalaya *(New Orleans)*
Mrs. Arthur's Café Brûlot
Mrs. Torian's Frozen Buttermilk and Frozen Cream Cheese *(New Orleans)*
Billy Maus's Courtbouillon *(Louisiana)*

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I have tasted many a New Orleans bisque, but none could come up to Remy's. A fusion of many flavors so craftily mixed that no one could be tasted separately, and yet each contributed to the grand harmony. Between sips of the soup, we would pick up a shell with our fingers to suck out the morsel of savory stuffing within.

Now came the jambalaya,* that creole combination of rice, ham, oysters, shrimp, and hot little chorisse sausages. And a mixed salad.

Afterwards the shutters were closed and the room was darkened. My first thought was that this was to permit thankful meditation. But no. Here came Remy bearing a great silver bowl and tray. Café brûlot!*

Mrs. Arthur took charge, blending coffee and brandy, orange and spices, and lighting all to a beautiful blue flame as she recited an incantation of her own:

"Coffee as black as a bayou,
Fruit that is golden for soul,
Brandy and spices and fire—
And magic is done in a bowl.

"Draught of the gods, never wasting
A moment in cheering you up.
Smelling like heaven, and tasting
Like paradise poured in a cup."

A meal which we shall not forget. . . .

Remy later gave us some of her recipes. The formula itself is of no great value unless you are willing to follow the method with infinite patience and care.

Most creole dishes, Mrs. Walter Torian explained to us, begin with a mixture of flour and lard, to which certain seasonings, such as garlic, parsley, celery, onion, thyme, bayleaf, or a combination of these is added. But it is no good just to throw the seasonings in the pot. They must be chopped so finely that they disappear in the blend. They must be added one at a time, at suitable intervals, and with restraint.

Creole cooking fights shy of water. They would rather use oyster liquor, or bouillon, or tomato juice, or wine, or meat or chicken stock. Nor are they ever afraid of patient stirring or long simmering.

Mrs. Torian gave us two of her favorite recipes: one for frozen buttermilk,* the other for frozen cream cheese.*

NEXT day we made a pilgrimage across the Mississippi and down to Goose Bayou near Lafitte, where the noted pirate, Captain Lafitte, used to disport himself with his merry men. For here, it had been arranged, we were to have the perfect courtbouillon* as cooked by Billy Maus.

Billy Maus was waiting for us, all smiles. He was proud of his courtbouillon, and delighted to see with what joy we devoured it.

Here is a dish which I wonder has not spread all over America. It is usually made with redfish, but red snapper or any one of a dozen other fish would serve almost as well. It is cheap, and it makes an ordinary fish into a heart-warming treat.

All good things must end some time. We have traveled 35,000 miles; we have learned that if *all* America cooked as well as the specialties of each section are cooked at their best, the American cuisine would surpass any the world has known.

PS. When we started on this tour Grace weighed in at 125, and I at 155. We have just weighed again. Grace is now 123, I am 154. I guess we'll go out and eat.

Dust gets in your Eyes

(Continued from page 29)

Hoover from dominating the convention, to nominate a candidate of his choice, and to mold the platform along what he calls "Liberal" lines.

However, despite his handicaps, Senator Borah is bound to be a formidable factor in the convention.

While it is too much to say that the nomination of either Mr. Hoover or Senator Borah is impossible, it is safe to say that each is as remote as the other.

This being the case, let's pass on to what is left of the Republican field. There are four availables: Governor Alf Landon of Kansas, Colonel Frank Knox of Illinois, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, and Senator Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa. There may be others available but, if so, no one has suggested them at this writing. As to "dark horses," they are exciting to hear about, but in reality they develop about once every other generation.

The chances are, I think, that the Republican nominee will be one of the four men just named, probably one of the first three. Mr. Hoover or Mr. Borah would be, I should say, about 50-to-1 shots; anyone else about 100-to-1. It becomes interesting, therefore, to glance for a moment at the three with the best chance: Landon, Knox, and Vandenberg.

THE wheel may easily turn against him before June 9th, but at the moment most observers believe Governor Landon is in the strongest position. His chief political assets can be grouped as follows:

First, his geographical location is ideal. It is conceded by Eastern politicians that the Republican candidate must come from the West this time. The reason for this is Mr. Roosevelt's reputed strength with the farmers. Kansas is one of the great farm states—and Landon, it is held, could carry Kansas.

Second, during his two terms as governor he has balanced the state budget, reduced taxes, and compelled Kansas to live within her income. This is in such contrast to the federal government that it makes him conspicuous.

Third, he has established a reputation for common sense which has attracted considerable support. He apparently has no enemies and, while admittedly he is without national experience, some powerful influences are behind him.

Colonel Frank Knox is a robust, virile, able man. He has become a presidential candidate through the sheer force of his speeches and editorials assailing the New Deal and its policies. More than any of

the other availables, he has been outspoken in his criticisms and his proposals. A successful newspaperman with a colorful career, Colonel Knox was a member of the famous Rough Rider regiment of Theodore Roosevelt. He followed that inspiring man into the Bull Moose Party in 1912, returned with him to the Republican fold in 1916, and has been a strong and sturdy Republican ever since. He has a considerable following throughout the country. He will have, besides Illinois, a number of other delegations, and he may easily emerge as the winner.

THE third of the "availables," Senator Vandenberg, is the least active. He has—up to now, anyhow—done nothing to promote his candidacy. He has no publicity bureau and will enter no primaries. All of which is intelligent and to his advantage. The Vandenberg chance will come in the event of a deadlocked convention, when it is necessary to "agree" on a man. The two things that give Senator Vandenberg a place on the list are: first, he was the one Republican senator, up for re-election to succeed himself in 1934, who weathered the New Deal landslide and won; second, his record in the Senate is such as to qualify him as a candidate for the anti-New Deal side. For example, he voted against the NRA, the AAA, the WPA, and the TVA. On the other hand, he supported the social side of the New Deal program—Stock Exchange regulation and the Social Securities bill. Thus, it is held, he should be acceptable to both "Liberals" and "Conservatives."

To some, however, two other votes of Senator Vandenberg will commend him more than these, in that they show real courage. In 1934, facing a fight for re-election, Mr. Vandenberg voted against the soldier bonus and for the World Court. In addition, he voted to sustain the President's veto of the bonus bill. It must be remembered that Mr. Vandenberg not only faced an election, but lived in the same state as Father Coughlin, then at the height of his power. Also, Mr. Hearst owns a newspaper in Detroit. Both he and Father Coughlin were strongly in favor of the bonus, bitterly against the World Court. Under the circumstances, it must be admitted that Mr. Vandenberg's votes were courageous.

Then there is Senator Dickinson. He is in the field with the hope that somehow or other the lightning may strike him in the convention for no other reason than that he hails from the great agricultural state of Iowa. A certain amount of undercover activity is being evinced in his behalf, but there is no real Dickinson sentiment anywhere and no real reason for his nomination. He is a very long shot, indeed.

That about exhausts the Republican situation. One of the men mentioned, in all probability will be nominated, with an Eastern Republican, such as James W. Wadsworth, for vice-president. But there will be a lovely fight and a lot of fun before the convention finally acts.

Now then, turn to the Democratic or New Deal side of the picture. What a contrast! There is, here, no uncertainty whatever as to who will control the convention, who will be nominated, who will dictate the platform. From start to finish it will be dominated by the White House. The convention will be largely made up of federal officeholders. The ticket again will be Franklin D. Roosevelt for president and John N. Garner for vice-president. The platform will be what Mr. Roosevelt wants. However, all this does not necessarily mean that there will be complete harmony in the convention. On the contrary, there seems a fairly good chance that there will be an explosion whose reverberations will last as long as the campaign.

In every state there are numerous Democrats who are opposed to Mr. Roosevelt. Some are so antagonistic that they will vote for any Republican; others will simply stay away from the polls; others, for personal political reasons, will give him perfunctory surface support. No one knows how many such Democrats there are in these groups. They may prevent Mr. Roosevelt's re-election or they may not. But they will be powerless to prevent his nomination or weaken his control of the convention. There is a real split in the Democratic Party, a split of which there was no trace in 1932. It has been fairly obvious for a good many months, but until the sensational speech of Alfred E. Smith in January it had not been voiced in a national way. The speech was a blast against the New Deal and the President, and there is no doubt that a great many Democrats feel as Mr. Smith does. Some of these will be at the Philadelphia convention as delegates. The time will come when they will have to vote on a platform, the first plank of which will be a whole-hearted and complete endorsement of the Roosevelt record. "Then," said Mr. Smith, in his January speech, "Democrats like me either will have to put on the livery of hypocrisy or take a walk." It is that moment which promises to make this Democratic convention exciting and dramatic.

IT MAY be that before the convention—or in the convention—the administration steam roller will flatten out the opposition, and the anti-New Dealers, led by Mr. Smith, may decide not to put on a show. It may be that, one way or another, the White House will capture some of these anti-Roosevelt Democrats. Blandishments have already been tried out on some. On the other hand, there is a chance that, rather than endorse the Roosevelt record, a considerable number of delegates will "take a walk"—in other words, bolt the convention.

What follows then no one can foresee. Perhaps an independent Democratic ticket will be put in the field, or the bolters may go all the way over to the Republicans. Or they may just stand pat in unorganized opposition, leaving individuals to determine whether to vote against Mr. Roosevelt or just not vote at all. Or, as I have said, there may not be any bolters. At any rate, there are dramatic potentialities in both party conventions. Each has its discordant elements and in each the cohesive power of the party label is weaker than in any previous struggle since the Civil War.

This does not mean, however, that these party labels are about to be lost. It is true that they have been weakened and that the swingable voters with no party ties have greatly increased. But, in my judgment, there is no foundation for the idea that the old parties are soon to die and be succeeded by two new parties with nice new names, such as Conservative and Liberal, or Constitutional and Progressive. I know that such notions are abroad in the land, but they are not new.

In 1912 the Republican Party was widely split by the Bull Moose movement, and the Republican candidate, Mr. Taft, carried only two states, as compared to the six carried by Theodore Roosevelt. Some of our best political writers and observers pronounced the party's doom. The elephant, they said, was dead. The

"No, Junior, no! It will only get Daddy started on politics again"

George H. Mabie

Progressive Party, having polled more votes, would succeed it in 1916. It was all very logical and persuasive but it just didn't turn out that way. It was the Progressives who disappeared in 1916. The Republicans lost by a hair in that year, but were victorious in 1920, 1924, and 1928.

After its third successive defeat in 1928 solemn funeral orations were preached over the Democratic Party. Leading magazines argued that it could no longer survive. A new party would take its place. When one considers the amazing and unprecedented triumph of the Democratic Party in 1932 the absurdity of those forecasts seems complete.

THE truth is that these labels—Republican and Democratic—are practically indestructible. They may be entirely meaningless so far as principles, policies, doctrines, and traditions are concerned. The two parties may exchange platforms and positions. Each may stand in one campaign for what the other did in the previous campaign, or both, as has often been the case, may stand for practically the same things—or for nothing. But the labels will persist, at least into a somewhat remote future—and for very simple and comprehensible reasons.

First, there is no real point in changing the names, no real reason why they cannot be adapted to any set of principles or policies, fitted to the views of whatever faction becomes dominant.

Second, the names are convenient for machine politicians in the different states, who conduct their business, which is politics, under the labels, who are not affected in the least by the national success or failure of the party to which they adhere, and who would suffer from the change. To these local organization leaders the label is an asset, like the trade-marks of commerce.

Third, and even more cogent, the two major parties, under their present labels, are recognized by law in nearly all the states. State laws apportion between them the state boards of election supervisors, the judges and clerks of election, and the position on the local ballot—on which third parties can get position only through petitions. Thus the roots of the two old parties are so deep in the states that it is almost impossible to pull them up. To abolish either or both parties would require almost as much time and labor as amending the Constitution of the United States. It would mean that nearly every state legislature would have to repeal existing laws and enact new ones.

I agree that no one can remotely imagine what the Republican and Democratic Parties will look like in 1940, what they will stand for, with whom or what they will be identified. But I do not agree with those who think a third party will arise by then. Third parties in this country are temporary campaign propositions and quite unlikely to become permanent. There is no space between the roots in the states.

This year, at any rate, the two major parties promise to put on a spectacular campaign, all by themselves. There will be plenty of attractions for us to gape at without raising the third-party specter. It may be a "dirty" campaign, but it is sure to be interesting.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

WIDE WORLD

By Mildred (Babe) Didrickson

I blow my own HORN

America's most amazing all-round woman athlete breaks world records as most housewives break eggs. . . . Here she tells how she made good—and just how good she is

★

I'VE been called a boaster and a braggart.

But I don't think I'm that. I don't figure it's anything else than an extra large amount of confidence in myself. When people ask me about myself I just tell them how it is. That sounds fair enough to me.

I don't think it's boasting to come right out and admit that I have officially or unofficially broken or equaled almost all of the Olympic records for women. That I won the National Women's A. A. U. track and field meet in Chicago in 1932 singlehanded. That I was twice given All-American honors as forward on The Golden Cyclones girls' basketball team. That I hold the women's record for the baseball throw. That I won the Texas Amateur Women's Golf Championship. That I hit the longest ball of any woman golfer. That the sports I have taken part in include running, jumping, hurdling, shot putting, discus throwing, javelin throwing, baseball, tennis, golf, hockey, boxing, wrestling, riding, billiards, pool, skating, football, fencing, basketball, swimming, shooting, weight lifting, and diving.

Playing softball baseball, I brought in 22 runs in one game. Our team stayed at bat so long I was up 13 times. I got 9 home runs, 2 three-baggers, and a double. That season I had an average of 9 runs a game.

I don't think I'm boasting, because these things are all true and a matter of record. Of course, I'm proud of them. I worked hard, and I took a lot of hard knocks to put them over. So, to go around tittering bashfully when the subject comes up would be just a lot of false modesty and affectation, the way I see it.

MY FOLKS came from Norway to Port Arthur, Texas. That's where the seven little Didricksons were born. I arrived in 1913. Two years later my family moved to Beaumont, Texas, where they still live.

Up until two years before the 1932 Olympic Games I had never competed in an athletic event. But one afternoon I was in a sporting goods store looking for a pair of gym shoes to wear when I took the required gym course at school. I picked up a 50-pound weight and did some tricks with it. That caused some talk. And the first thing I knew I was an athlete and playing basketball.

I played three years on the girls' junior-high basketball team and high-school team at Beaumont. We were playing in Houston, and Colonel McComb, the coach of the Golden Cyclones girls' basketball team of Dallas, was "scouting" the game for material for the Golden Cyclones. He didn't come up there to scout me. He was looking over another girl on the team.

But when the game ended, he asked me if I would like to come to Dallas to work for an insurance company and play basketball. A couple of days later I got a telegram offering me the job at $90 a month. So I jumped at it.

It was a honey, that basketball team. One of the best in the United States.

Then one day they had a track meet in Dallas. I went out and saw it. They had a javelin lying on the ground. I said, "What do you do with this thing?" I picked it up and somebody showed me how to grab it. I just rared back like one of those Texas steers and let her go. The first time I threw it I broke the world's record. I threw it 129 feet 10 inches. I was sixteen years old.

Colonel McComb heard about it. So they decided to have a track team. And I was it. In the high jump, the first time I ever jumped I got over 5 feet 2. I went into the Western Roll and went a lot higher. In the National Women's Track championships I went into the baseball throw. I pulled back and let her go, and I broke the American record by 38 feet. I threw it 296 feet. At

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Dallas I threw it 272 feet 2 inches.

The first track meet I ever took part in I won five gold medals, four for winning four events and the other one for being high point scorer.

I had only three days' practice hurdling --I had never jumped a hurdle before that. But in the 80-meter hurdles I ran 'em in 12 seconds flat, beating the world record of Helen Filkey, Illinois track star. In New Orleans I turned around and waited for 'em to come in. That was in '31. In '32 I won the Texas A. A. U. meet by myself. I went into the Southern A. A. U. meet and won that, too. Then the grand slam came. I won the nationals all by myself by a margin of thirteen points. The Illinois Women's Athletic Club had a team of 22 members, and I made more points than all of them put together. I won five of the events and tied for first in another one. After that I said to myself, "Well, I must be pretty good. I guess I'll take the Olympics, too."

THERE were 85,000 people there at Los Angeles for the Olympics. When I threw my first javelin, it slipped in my hand as I threw it--but it slipped all the way to a new world's record. I said to myself, "Well, I'll just leave it there." I had the last throw if I needed it. But I didn't need it. I threw that javelin 143 feet and 4 inches. When it slipped it went just like a peg to second. I'm sorry it slipped. I was going to lay it into that first one. I'll bet I would have thrown it 177 feet.

Then came the 80-meter hurdles. There were the heats and the finals. I broke the world's record each time I ran it. I beat the gun the first and second time in the finals and was called back each time. The third time I just sat there in my holes and let those other girls go, because if I had broken the third time they would have thrown me out of the race. I looked up and saw those other girls down the track and I said to myself, "Well, Ella (Ella's my middle name), you better get goin'." I caught them on the fifth hurdle. And I broke the record plenty bad. I ran it in 11.7 seconds.

Then they had the high jump. After the bar got up to 5 feet 2 it was just Jean Shiley, who was a champion jumper, and me. We went on up to 5 feet 5¼. When we were jumping off the tie, I cleared 5 feet 6 all right, but I hit the bottom of the standard when I was over on the ground and the bar fell off. I tried it again and cleared it, and the man who was judging said I was diving. After we were through I went right up to 5 feet 10. They got a new rule now that says diving is O. K., but it was made too late to do me any good--although Jean and I both got credit for the world's record.

I got quite a collection of medals.

After the Olympics I went back to Dallas and got a raise in salary. Then I got mixed up in an auto endorsement squabble. I told a guy I liked the car, so they wrote in to the auto people and they used my picture standing beside their car. The Amateur Athletic Union threw me out. They investigated, and reinstated me as an amateur in good standing. But I decided to go pro anyhow. I have said plenty of times and I now repeat that I did not receive one penny or any other kind of consideration in exchange for the opinion I expressed about that automobile.

It broke me all up to have to turn professional, but when I had once done it I quit worrying about it. I went through a siege of headaches while the A. A. U. was playing on-again-off-again-Finnegan. And when they changed their minds for the last time and reinstated me, I had changed my mind too, and signed to turn pro. I needed the money. My family is a big one and we had hard sledding.

I guess it was the best thing for me. It was coming some time, and it was better that it came when I was at the top than later when I started to slip.

AFTER that I organized the "Babe Didrickson All-American Basketball Team." I was the only girl on that team and we played against all-men teams. The man who promoted the House of David baseball team asked me to join up with his team in the spring. I played with them for a while and I netted a nice piece of change out of that baseball business.

I pitched a few times for the Davids. I had a fast one with a hop on it. I pitched for the St. Louis Cardinals one day in Florida. Dizzy Dean said to his boss, "Well, you'd better sign her up. Then you'd have three good pitchers."

I had made about five or six grand more.

Then I tried billiards, and vaudeville, and playing on a men's basketball team.

I wasn't much good at billiards. Ruth McGinnis, the girl they signed up to play against me on a tour, used to make me look pretty bad.

It was fun touring the country. In my vaudeville act I did the things I knew how to do, like jumping, putting the shot, acrobatics, and playing the mouth organ. It wasn't bad. I could afford to go to shows and buy myself new clothes. I bought a swell fur coat, the first one I ever had. And met a lot of interesting people.

"How did Rosy Morn finish in the third race?"

Fred Neher

After my tours around the country as a pro, I went back to Texas and took stock of my situation. I had hived up enough money to last me for three years. Now I'm my own manager and a good one. When I was nineteen I got the courts to give me a legal order to transact my own business. So I made up my mind to make myself into a golf champion before the bank roll and the three years were gone. I'd done everything else. I played in my first tournament in October, 1934. So I thought, "Well, I'd better get going so I can win the nationals." I wanted to make a grand slam of the women's fixtures like Bobby Jones did of the men's.

I packed up my duds and took off for my sister's home in Santa Monica, Calif. After I got there I did nothing but play golf. Every day, six days a week. I got me a golfing instructor named Stanley Kertes.

The first time I ever had a golf club in my hands was in the first months of 1932. I was passing by one of those driving courses in Dallas, and I stopped to watch. Pretty soon I thought I'd take a crack at it, so I went inside and bought a bucket of balls. I teed up and brought my club head around. The first time the ball stayed right there on the tee. The second time it sort of dribbled off to one side for about fifty yards. But I kept swinging, and before the bucket was empty I had hit a couple that sailed down there for 200 yards. It was a sweet feeling.

THE next time I went out I got the guy that owned the course to show me how to hold the club and stance and things like that. At the end of the week I bought a set of clubs. After three or four rounds I broke a hundred.

About three rounds later I broke 90. Then on my trip east after I turned pro I played nine holes at White Sulphur Springs and shot a 39.

When I was out at the Olympic games I played a five-ball round with Grantland Rice, Westbrook Pegler, Paul Gallico, and Braven Dyer. It was the eleventh round of golf I ever played and I was pretty much tired out after all those heats and finals. I was sort of hacked, too, having to play with such famous sports authorities. But I stepped up there and whaled one, and they looked at me like they couldn't believe their eyes. It flew straight down there for 200 yards, and I felt better, although my short game was terrible.

Well, I came back over that course in 43 for the nine, with several three-putt greens. I told those four men, "Gee! I sure would like to learn to play this game." They seemed to think that was a funny remark.

In my first tournament I had a card of 92. It didn't win the tournament, but for a first public appearance it was nothing to cry over.

There were plenty of laughs back in 1932 when I announced to everybody who would listen to me that I was going to go places with a golf bag some day. But I heard a few scattered cheers when I won the Texas Women's Golf Association championship at Houston. I had to beat Mrs. Dan Chandler two up in a 36-hole match. And Mrs. Dan Chandler is not one to lie down and say uncle. I was proud of beating her.

I still think I could have taken it—that grand slam in golf. Maybe not that year,

or this year, but sooner or later. If I hadn't won that Texas tournament I would have been all right. But they investigated me then, and they wouldn't let me in the Trans-Mississippi and Western women's amateurs. So I decided I might as well go for the gold. A sporting goods company came up and got me and signed me up. I get a salary and royalties.

I went up to see the National Men's Open. They let me play Helen Hicks and a couple of guys. There's where Gene Sarazen saw me. So he asked about a tour this year. It sounded good to me. My share of the tour with him comes to $600 up to $1,000 a week. Sometimes we give half the gate to charity funds. That Gene has really made a golfer out of me. Now I'm on the right track.

IT WON'T be long now. I want to be in that Men's Open and all of the women's opens I can get in. I can get in the upper seventies and sometimes in the eighties, but that's when I mess around too much. The biggest weakness my game has is that I have too much fun with the galleries. I give the gallery a run for its money. When I get a six or a seven I say, "Well, it looks like I'm doing all the playing around here. Well, I guess I'll use my eight iron."

Another thing I say the crowds like: When the announcer gets up and introduces us and gets off a lot of stuff all about Gene and me, when he's through I say, "Well, can we *play* now?" Then when everybody is slicing, pushing 'em over to the right, I'll say, "Well, there must be a bottle of Scotch over there in those bushes."

Joyce Wethered, English collector of championships, is my goal. I'm trying to catch her. It's going to be tough. But I'm kind of getting the idea it's a pretty tough game anyhow. She's too good for me right now. She knows how to concentrate. But I'll get that inward calm myself some time.

I've played every game except one. I could never get much interested in dolls. When I was little I would rather play with my Dad's hammer or hatchet than dolls.

Don't put that down as proof that I'm not feminine. I like to sew and knit, and I can cook pretty good, too. One of the dresses I designed and made won the first prize at the Texas State Fair.

I'd rather dance than play golf. That's the only thing I'd rather do than play golf. The clubs we play on tour usually have a dance afterward and all that. When the boys shuffle up to dance with me they look kind of doubtful. They think I'm a Muscle Moll and they wonder if I'm goin' to hit their feet like I hit those tee shots. But I've got surprises for 'em.

People are always asking me, "Are you going to get married, Babe?" and it gets my goat. They seem to think I'm a strange, unnatural being summed up in the words Muscle Moll, and the idea seems to be that Muscle Molls are not people. I look forward to having a home and children just like anybody else, maybe more than some. Only I can't get married for a while yet. My contract won't let me, and I've got a three-year contract. I wanted to be independent first before I got married.

Another part of this Muscle Moll legend is that of course I wouldn't care for nice clothes. You should have seen the blue crepe party dress number I took with me to the Olympic Games, and I made it myself.

A question that people like to ask me is, "What are your training secrets?" I never trained the way most athletes trained. I do about the same in training that I do other times. I eat what I want. I like vegetables, even spinach, and I don't care much for meat. In all my life I have never gone on a diet.

I figure I'm about two years ahead of myself on this business of making the future safe for Babe Didrickson. I bought myself annuity bonds. And I play the stock market a little bit. But not *too* much. I'm not going to be broke when I'm through. At the end of it all I aim to have three hundred a month coffee and cake money coming in from these bonds. I could pay up these annuity bonds now but I want to keep a little cash on hand. I aim to open me a couple of businesses in a couple of years, selling women's sports clothes and that sort of thing.

I practice two hours before a match. I play every day of the week. You've got to practice if you want to be a golfer. My kid brother is going to be a great player some day. I'm putting my nieces and nephews through school. And my Dad doesn't have to work any more. All he does is have a good time. I sent him a set of clubs, and he spends a lot of time pitching golf balls at a bucket in the back yard.

I'M GOING down the Pacific Coast this year with Gene. Then Florida. Then catch a boat to Australia. In these matches all I have to do is come in on three or four holes and halve some more, and Gene will do the rest. Gene's very patient with me. He doesn't give me even a three-foot putt. He makes me hole it out. He says, "I don't know why I wanted to take a gal and make a golfer out of her."

My ambition is to be announced as the greatest woman golfer when that announcer steps up at the first tee to do his stuff. That's going to be a tough job.

I beat 'em on determination. Like in that national where I ran all those heats. You've got to have that determination. And my jaw helps plenty, too. It's more like a Texas Ranger's jaw than anything else. And those rangers were hot when the going was tough.

You've got to have the idea there's nobody out there can beat you. If you believe that, then there *isn't* anybody can beat you. You've got to believe in yourself. You say to yourself, "I'm the best and I know it," and you'll be the best.

It's a sort of lonely business being a woman pro. There's no Women's Open or Pro championship to play in, but I'm going along doing the best I can carving out a living with a 14-ounce driver and a wisecrack or two.

Sometimes when I connect with one clean and pretty and it goes streaking down the fairway making a white line in the air like a piece of string, I turn to the gallery and say, "How'm I doin'?"

I think I'm doin' all right.

A job behind the COUNTER?

(*Continued from page 73*)

those who secure their first jobs during the seasonal peaks.

Q. Would you say that department-store work is valuable training for other lines?

A. Yes, indeed. Hundreds of major executives in other lines owe their success to department-store work. It bred in them a versatility, a capacity for handling people, that assured their progress. Our executives sometimes leave us for other jobs. Many have achieved success as authors, teachers, and, in one case, as emergency relief administrator in a large city.

Q. Other employees stay with you for long terms of service?

A. I would say that a third of all our employees have been with us more than five years. Our 25-year club has more than 300 members. We even have a 50-year club. Our paymaster is a member. She started with us at $1.50 a week, and flirted with conductors on horsecars for free rides to work.

Q. Can you give me a few pointers—something that would help me answer the questions asked of job applicants?

A. The most important point is to get the right viewpoint of department-store work. Start in by thinking of the thousands of people who enter the store each day. Each of these people is a world in himself or herself, each intent on his or her own need. Here is a bewildering variety of temperament. Our job is to understand it, please it: if possible, we must balance variety with variety, meet each individual on his own ground.

Q. Balance variety with variety? What do you mean?

A. I mean, to fit the particular personality of the employee to a particular type of customer. Let me give an example: A motherly woman in our infants' wear department—a source of strength to harassed fathers and young mothers—wanted to sell lingerie. But her temperament is precisely what we needed in the baby section . . . to fill the needs of those who shop there. That is why the man who sells you a dressing gown in haberdashery

is well groomed; why a bustling lady of middle age, with a head full of gingerbread and muffin recipes, presides over our pots and pans. A look at them—and the customer receives assurance and confidence.

Q. Do applicants, as a rule, fall into such definite categories?

A. No. The problems of personnel would be simple if they did. We would merely have to hire people by types. No; most men and women we engage are neither one type nor another. And so we must look first for intelligence, for personality, integrity; we must gauge the general impression an applicant makes. If a girl talks well, makes us feel at first glance that she believes what she is saying, we are interested. The detail of what she should sell can be determined later.

Q. What type of employee do department stores need most?

A. We engage more people for sales positions than for any other job, but for these jobs we never seem to have trouble in finding fairly competent people. Those whom we need and are always seeking are youngsters capable of filling executive positions.

Q. By what qualities do you recognize an individual with executive capacity?

A. There are seven qualities, the first of which is character; and, by character, I mean the ability to differentiate between right and wrong and courage to select the right, even if it means going against others. The other qualities, which are more or less self-explanatory, are, in order of their importance: personality, self-control, integrity, loyalty, desire to learn—and imagination.

Q. You place imagination last. Why?

A. Imagination has given department stores some of their most successful merchandising ideas. But of what value is imagination in an employee who is disloyal—who is without character?

Q. Can you give me an example or two of the contribution this quality has made?

A. Imagination is the creative quality. It is the ability to visualize new departments, rearrangments of old ones; to work out advertising campaigns, novel methods of presenting merchandise. I recall, for example, a young fellow who worked in the yard-goods department. He was appalled by what he believed was a poverty of ideas on the part of the textile manufacturers. He proposed that we send him abroad to hunt up unusual designs. His arguments were convincing; we sent him to Europe. He came back with a sleeve of a costume worn by Bohemian peasants and a gay apron from a Balkan state. Designs were made—and we sold more than a million yards.

Again, a woman of no especial pretensions worked behind the hardware counter in the basement. It occurred to her that customers seeking bathroom equipment must be inconvenienced daily by having to march up and down floors hunting for items scattered about in many departments. She suggested a bathroom section, in which all items would be available. Now the shopper need come to one place only.

We have a suggestion contest going on all the time. We pay for the suggestions which are accepted, but beyond the bonus is the recognition that here is an employee who thinks.

Q. And do you find it difficult to get

employees who possess all the seven qualities you seek?

A. So difficult that we long ago abandoned any general outside search for them. We train our own executives.

Q. Meaning that you promote them from the ranks?

A. We do that wherever possible, but I have more in mind our system of recruiting promising material from the colleges. This recruiting begins shortly before the end of each semester.

Q. How is this recruiting done?

A. Our Personnel Department has for years maintained a close contact with most of the Eastern universities. Retailing has thus become an attractive field to the undergraduates, and we receive hundreds of applications from young men and women who would like to carve out careers for themselves in our store. We go directly to the colleges, interviewing many of the applicants, and, in some cases, arrange to place them on our training squad when they have finished with their schooling.

Q. How do you manage their training?

A. We take them for a six months' tour of the departments—a working tour. One day, they will be in men's wear; the next week, in toys; three weeks after that in rugs; and so on. In addition to this intensive job-training, they attend various lectures on store policies and procedure, given by capable and prominent store executives. When they have completed six months of training they have a thorough knowledge of how the store functions; they have become capable salespeople in a number of lines. They are ready to concentrate on one department, to learn one job from beginning to end, and we give them the opportunity if they have met our expectations. At the end of the six months they are all in junior executive positions, and another training squad comes along. This training squad also includes any promising store employees, regardless of educational background, whose performance justifies this investment and hope.

Q. How about the college man not fortunate enough to make the training squad?

A. If he makes a favorable impression on the personnel official who first examines him, his educational record will be enough to get him upstairs to be examined by the officer who deals only with executive placements. He may then find himself a member of the promotional group—another squad of men and women of ability, ticketed for special attention. They are guided and watched closely, their chances of obtaining better positions quite as good as those of the members of the training squad.

Q. Are these squads limited only to college men?

A. Usually, they are. But often other and more mature individuals are admitted. For instance, a young fellow from Minneapolis came from his father's small shop to the employment office. He looked so promising, we placed him on the training squad. In two years, he became a merchandise counselor.

Q. Do you insist, generally speaking, on a college education?

A. Four years at college discipline the mind, and we welcome the trained mind. But education cannot create ability. It cannot build imagination. And, as a general rule, it does not foster initiative. All of these qualities may be present, including the well-trained mind, in an individual who has come up through the school of experience. The diploma, by itself, is no certificate of fitness.

Q. Yet, confronted with two individuals, both promising—one a college graduate, the other, a work-toughened youth with no more than a grade-school education—which would you choose?

A. We would, in actual practice, engage both of them. First-class material is too rare to be permitted to escape.

Q. Which have the better opportunity for advancement in a department store—women or men?

A. In many stages of department-store work, except the very highest jobs, women have perhaps a better chance to succeed than men—not because they are more gifted, but because they are better able to understand the needs of our customers, who are principally women.

Q. You make an exception of the "very highest jobs."

A. I do—not because women are barred from them, but because, in this store at least, women have yet to demonstrate their ability to hold them. As directors of operations, as buyers, as stylists, as promotional and advertising executives, women have done remarkable work.

Q. What is the highest position a woman ever attained in this store?

A. In the seventies we had a woman general manager. Up to about fifteen years ago we had a woman as chief cashier who was as close to the firm as any one in the organization. Now the highest position held by a woman is that of merchandise counselor. We have only twelve of them, and they rank next to the executive vice-presidents. Three of that twelve are women. One of them, daughter of a rabbi, came to us as a stock girl. Endowed with extraordinary shrewdness and a great deal of initiative, she became successively salesgirl, assistant buyer, buyer, and is now one of our highest executives.

Q. Can you give me any other examples of women who have been successful?

A. The files abound with such stories I could name offhand three young women who came to us fresh from college at salaries of $18 a week. Seven years later they had attained yearly salaries of five figures. They are still moving forward.

Q. Do you discriminate against married women in any way?

A. We are interested in the marital status of an applicant as it reveals her character, but for no other reason.

Q. It would appear that the most direct route to the top in a department store is through the sales end of the business. Is this correct?

A. In general, I should say yes.

Q. This means, doesn't it, that the better opportunities are for the good mixers who get along easily with people?

A. Yes.

Another interview with a leader of industry, giving advice about jobs and opportunities, will appear in an early issue.

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Q. But how about the youngsters of temperament, who are shy and awkward among people? Have you room for them?

A. We do hire them, but only as specialists, for some special capacity they possess. A statistician need not be social, and a chemist in our laboratory may be a recluse and still perform his work satisfactorily.

Q. Do you employ many of these specialists?

A. A considerable number. There are very few crafts and professions which are not represented. For example, we generate our own electricity, and we heat and cool the store from our own plant. We also make plans for remodeling the interior of the store ourselves. For this work we need electricians, carpenters, painters, architects, draughtsmen, plumbers—and scores of miscellaneous experts.

Q. Do you employ any lawyers?

A. Yes, we have a permanent staff of lawyers; and we have such experts as furriers, upholsterers, tinsmiths. Our sports department employs, at various times, ski-jumpers, boxers, golfers, tennis players.

Q. Do you have an age limit?

A. Naturally, we prefer young people. But we also like to take advantage of special training that an applicant may have acquired elsewhere. As an example, there was the former proprietor of a smart dress shop. We engaged her immediately. Then there was a noted singer, who had lost her voice. She was famous for her clothes, so we found a place for her as a model.

Q. Have your long-time employees any guarantee that they will be taken care of when they are old?

A. We maintain an informal pension system, or, rather, have paid pensions to long-term employees who have outlived their usefulness.

Q. Finally, Mr. Straus, have you anything to add concerning the department store as a career for young people?

A. I will repeat that I can think of none better. I started here in 1897—started by working on a delivery truck. I wanted to be a teacher, but my parents wanted me to work in the store. I worked two years, and then I obtained a leave of absence which I hoped would be permanent. I went to Constantinople, where my uncle was then Minister to Turkey, became an attaché at the legation. I thought then that I would be a diplomat. But that, too, was vetoed. I remember coming back to buy horses for our delivery trucks. I remember directing the loading of these vehicles when we moved uptown. I remember my first order as a buyer. I bought a carload of occasional tables.

Yes, I wanted to be an educator. I wanted to be a diplomat. I became the head of a large department store. Have I any regrets? None whatever. It has been a full and happy life. Nowhere would I have been in such close contact with life, with human beings, as I am and have been in this store.

Q. In the broadest sense, what does the department store offer the young?

A. Primarily, an opportunity for self-realization. So varied are our activities that I can honestly say there are few square pegs in round holes in the intelligently operated department store. No one need be miscast. If he is, he can change—and keep changing until he finds the work he was meant to do.

Follow the feet

(Continued from page 41)

stage and announced, "I will now show you a few steps." Then a stagehand solemnly walked across the stage, carrying a stepladder. The gag was good because so many dancers made that very announcement vocally or by inference. I don't think a mere exhibition of footwork is true dancing, any more than intricate exercises played on a piano are true music.

The story the dancers tell must be easy to guess. I have no patience with arty new-thought dancers who rush around the stage on their toes, waving their arms in a movement that is supposed to be of deep significance. You scratch your head and guess it's a waitress signaling the kitchen that the gentleman wants two soft-boiled eggs, but it turns out it was a pink wah-wah bird flying to tell the other pink wah-wah birds that Admiral Dewey had won the Battle of Manila Bay.

Great dancing is expressing something effortlessly. The moment the audience begins to wonder if the ballet dancer's toes hurt her, when the tapper leans over and seems to be grunting, when the waltzer begins to lug his partner—that breaks the illusion and it becomes an exhibition of hard work by somebody who is trying to show off, not a gay story told by a person who is having a lot of fun.

Take yourself and ballroom dancing. Do you think almost continuously of your feet? Are you wondering which step you will try next? Are you experimenting with new steps you haven't yet mastered? If so, you're a pretty bad dancer.

If you would be a good ballroom dancer know your steps so well that neither you nor your partner will think about them. Do your practicing at home, and never attempt in a ballroom a step you haven't perfected. Get out there and have fun.

AFTER several years, to New York, out of New Orleans, came a band playing a new kind of music called "jazz." About the same time, in musical comedy, there appeared a couple who danced new ballroom dances with a distinction that never before had been seen in the theater. They were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle.

America went dance-mad. Almost everybody wanted to learn all the new steps, from the bunny hug to the tango, and about the only way they could even find out what the dances looked like was to see them in the theater.

We made our own versions of these dances, and put them into our act.

Taking advantage of the dance craze,

we built an act that got into Big Time. I knew it was the best we had ever done, so I wanted a stupendous name for it. I put in a great deal of brainwork, writing hundreds of titles and throwing them away. At last I hit it: "Fred and Adele Astaire in New Songs and Smart Dances." Somehow, now, this literary effort doesn't seem to show any touch of genius, but at that time we all thought I was a brilliant fellow and that it was a smashing line.

For more than two years we played the "New Songs and Smart Dances" throughout the country. Then came the big news — the Shuberts wanted to talk to us! *Wow!* I was about seventeen, and almost before we could catch our breath we were on Broadway in a musical comedy—*Over the Top*, with Ed Wynn. After that came *The Passing Show of 1918*. Then Charles Dillingham sent for me and said he wanted us to do two numbers in *Apple Blossoms*, the Fritz Kreisler operetta, and that the salary would be $500 a week!

That was more money than we had ever received and I was sure there was some catch in it, but we quickly accepted. Word came that Kreisler wanted to see me, and I went to his studio. He said, "What sort of music do you want for your dances?"

I tried to hum a tune to show him, but he didn't catch the idea, and impulsively I sat down at the piano and played. *I* played for Kreisler! And the tune was one of his own compositions!

He didn't seem to mind my interpretation of his work, and a few days later had not only composed special music for us, but, at the first rehearsal, played it himself while we practiced!

It turned out that there was no trick to it, after all. We were paid the $500 a week in real money, and *Apple Blossoms* was a tremendous hit. We adored Charles Dillingham; he was wonderful to us and we felt terrible when he died not long ago.

IT WAS not until our next engagement, in *For Goodness' Sake*, that we achieved our real ambition and were characters in the plot, instead of just a pair of dancers.

In 1922 we went with *For Goodness' Sake* to London, where it was called *Stop Flirting*. The managers were surprised that Americans had shown an interest in Goodness. A show about Flirting, they said, was much more likely to draw the British.

The next nine years were filled with a series of successful musical comedies (including *Funny Face*) in America and England.

My father died in 1926, just as we were gaining a foothold in musical comedy, and I am happy to say that he had an opportunity to see that his generosity was not wasted. He was a fine man and always my great pal.

The last show in which Adele and I appeared was *The Band Wagon*, four years ago. In May, 1932, Adele was married to Lord Charles Cavendish and went to England to live. She was a great artist, incomparable and inimitable, and the grandest sister anybody could have. We had a million laughs together in our career—and still do. She has a terrific sense of humor. In spite of alluring offers from musical comedy and motion picture producers I don't think she will ever come back. She's having too good a time. However, we never can tell. She's whimsical, and may change her mind. Never having tried one, she's a little curious about movies. . . .

Now I was on my own. It was important, I thought, to try to prove to myself and to audiences that I could get along without Adele. *The Gay Divorce*, containing a good part for me, seemed to be just the thing. I seized the papers the morning after it opened and read that the show was something terrible.

I protest that it never really was quite as bad as that.

"Two Astaires," said a critic, "are better than one."

One columnist wrote: "Astaire is quite unattractive physically and would not look out of place jerking soda in a prairie-town drugstore."

IT SEEMED as if my luck had gone away with Adele, but for once the public didn't believe the critics, and *The Gay Divorce* ran for thirty-two weeks. While it was running, a representative of a motion picture company—who fortunately had not read what the columnist said about me—offered me a contract in Hollywood.

It had never occurred to me that I was anything the movies could use. I had a pretty good smile, which I had heard was one of the essentials in pictures, but an inventory of the remainder of my face would disclose no features that were hailed as what the successful movie star should wear.

The Gay Divorce was to close in New York in the spring and go to London in the fall. I had nothing to do in the summer, so I thought a trip to Hollywood would be interesting. I signed a contract that gave the producer options on my services for a number of years—although these clauses seemed to be a waste of good paper, for I was sure one picture would be all the public could stand and that the options would never be taken up.

Since I was going to make a picture, I wanted to be an actor who danced, not just another dancer, and soon after I arrived in Hollywood I visited the producer's office and began, "I have been dancing for more than twenty years and—"

"Well!" he said. "Sit down. You must be tired!"

It was such a good gag I forgot what I had come in to say.

They made tests of me that were absolutely awful. Perhaps my employers thought so, too, for they were slow in getting started on the picture, *Flying Down to Rio*, and lent me to another company to do a dance number with Joan Crawford in *Dancing Lady*, my first appearance on the screen.

There have been stories to the effect that I was buried in that picture, that no one on the lot appreciated me, that I was treated as an ugly duckling, and that Miss Crawford's company overlooked an opportunity to sign me up.

They may be interesting stories but they aren't true. I was under contract to another company and was merely borrowed for *Dancing Lady*. The script called for a dance, and I danced it; several executives said I was good and that they wished I could stay on their lot; and after I finished the job I returned to the home

LITTLE WHITE LIES

ARE white lies ever justifiable? asked a young man in a letter which appeared in our February issue. Readers were invited to reply to him. The winning answers were written by:

First, $25.00
Miss SANDRA FLOOD
Johnson City, Tenn.

•

Second, $15.00
HUGH C. GARVER, Jr.
Annapolis, Md.

•

Third, $10.00
Mrs. F. D. CASSELMAN
Bairoil, Wyo.

•

Here is Miss Flood's letter:

Are white lies ever justifiable?

HEAVENS, YES! The only people I have ever known who deal only in "bare-faced truth" are either entirely without culture or highly erratic.

It's just as bad to *act* a lie as to tell one, but even the most conscientious champion of the explicit must admit that no well-bred person can act the unvarnished truth.

A man acts a white lie every time he eats gooey hors d'oeuvres to avoid offending his hostess. A man is living a white lie when he listens, with a show of interest, to the dry anecdotes of Friend Boss. No gentleman would dream of failing to return a lady's salute even if he dislikes her and disapproves of her.

I maintain that if a person were obliged to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth for a month's time, he would emerge without a friend, without a job, and probably bearing several nice battle scars. No one would stand for it. Unadulterated truth is a luxury that may be indulged in only by the extremely rich with chronic cases of gout.

A white lie is one of the kindest things on earth. It is a balm to wounded feelings and a blessing to inferiority complexes.

If you want to see your friends flee in desperation at the very sight of you, or, if cornered, turn sick with horror, just start a "no fib" campaign. It won't take you long!

bench a much better and wiser motion-picture actor than I was when I left it. I had taken this jaunt on my own design, purely for educational purposes. As a result I did a much better job in *Rio* than would have been possible if it had been my first picture.

At that, when *Rio* was finished I wished I could burn all the film. Although Marie Dressler had warned me and told me she always felt dreadful for days after she saw herself on the screen, and Maurice Chevalier said it would be a terrific shock, I wasn't prepared for the very peculiar Fred Astaire who appeared before me on the screen. Friends tried to comfort me by promising that I wouldn't look so bad to audiences, but I was sure my first guess had been right. This was the end of my moving-picture career.

In preparing for *Rio*, I first met Ginger Rogers, who had danced in several New York shows and had earned herself an enviable reputation as a picture star. She is an excellent dancer, quick to learn, with a natural sense of rhythm, a gay spirit, and a willingness to try any step once, twice, or for hours at a stretch. Like me, she didn't want to be tagged as a dancer, and we both gloomily predicted that dancing in pictures would never become popular.

With *Rio* completed, but not released, I flew to New York to get away from it as quickly as possible and took the first boat to London to open in *The Gay Divorce*.

The Gay Divorce was a hit in London and I think I danced well every night except the one when Adele came to see the show. It was the first time she ever sat in the audience and watched me dance. To see her out in front, instead of beside me, threw me all out of balance. I was self-conscious and felt that I was giving a bad performance. Adele said she had tears in her eyes throughout the show, so couldn't see me, but was tremendously thrilled by the crowds and the applause.

I HAD been playing in London for a month, Christmas was near, and I was making rather definite plans to spend the remainder of my life on the stage. I knew that *Rio* was to open in New York around Christmas time, and I hoped nobody would spoil my holiday season by mentioning it.

Then I received a strange cable from the producers who held the options on my contract: "Please advise when can count on you for next production. Merry Christmas."

It didn't make sense. A few days later came cables from friends: "*Rio* got swell notices," and "Reviewers rave about you." By the first boat came notices: "Fred Astaire has an ingratiating screen personality in addition to his terpsichorean prowess," and "Fred Astaire is a new personality that should hit."

Everything had turned upside down. To my astonishment the motion picture, which I thought would pass me by, had turned out to be my friend.

I was reminded of an incident when I was making *Dancing Lady*. My colored valet came rushing, radiant, into my dressing-room, crying, "My gosh, Mr. Astaire! Miss Garbo just went by, an' she said 'Good morning' to me!"

The motion picture was saying "Good morning!" to me! . . .

I returned to Hollywood, at the end of

the London run of *The Gay Divorce*, to make the same show in pictures. The title was changed to *The Gay Divorcee*, for a gay girl is more interesting than the gay decree of a court.

Now I felt at home in the studio. I wasn't afraid of the camera any more. I found I liked motion pictures better than the stage, because in pictures there's always a new problem to solve. On the stage you may create new dances for a show that will run a year—which is pleasant, but monotonous. In pictures, once you do a scene right for the camera, that's the end of it, and a new adventure is coming up.

At first I was lost in the tremendous sets, such as the ballroom in *The Gay Divorcee* and the huge Venetian set in *Top Hat*. It was like dancing in a circus tent, until I became familiar with it.

My "new step" shoes, fortunately, were not affected by the new environment. They are an old pair that I keep tucked away until I'm having trouble trying to figure out a new step. When I'm at my wit's end I go to my dressing-room, dig out the shoes, put them on, return to the stage, and the shoes go right to work moving my feet into exactly the new step I need! Sometimes.

I feel that the last two years have been the luckiest I have ever had. I have much to be thankful for. I love to dance. I enjoy playing comedy. I like to create new dances. Throughout my life I have found that hard work is great fun, and I am encouraged by the philosophers who say victories gained through real labor are those that will last. I hope so. But I have my fingers crossed—and I'm still working.

It isn't all done with the feet—really.

FACE *the* FACTS

(*Continued from page 15*)

jest the same. I calc'late you could buy it."

"For what sum?"

"Three, four hunderd dollars."

"I think I should like the insurance business. I know little of its intricacies or its ramifications, but doubtless I can rapidly master the details."

"Oleander'll be able to do that fur ye."

"Oleander?"

"Yeah, Oleander Tidd. Peddie kept her to run the office while he went fishin'."

"Is there a hotel?"

"Jason keeps it open because he's got to live some'eres," said Mr. Katz. "Listen; I kind of take an interest in you. You're a funny cuss. I'll drive ye down to the hotel and we'll git a bite, and then I'll take ye to the Widder Peddie if you're interested."

"I shall be greatly obliged to you."

PELEG'S eyes turned as a large car drove up to the platform and a young woman alighted. She was blond, beautifully dressed, exquisitely formed, and had a face of rare loveliness.

"Irene Lee," said Katz. "Niece of ol' Morton P. Ross. Own about eight, ten thousand acres back tother end of the lake. Call it a camp. Come here summers 'n' hunt 'n' fish 'n' play cards. Live in New York. Don't have no use fur nobuddy."

"She's very nice to look at," said Peleg.

"Snippy," said Katz.

"If ever," said Peleg, "I were to marry I think I would choose a girl like Miss Lee. I consider it much more satisfactory to marry a beautiful and charming girl than one who is homely and without graces."

"There's my car," said Katz. "Kin you lift that bag?"

"With ease," said Peleg, who managed to raise it from the platform by the exercise of every ounce of his strength and to stagger with it toward Mr. Katz's old car.

Miss Lee emerged hurriedly from the telegraph office and collided with him so violently that he lost his balance and sat down upon the walk.

"Clumsy!" said Miss Lee.

"You swoop," said Peleg. "If you will consider the incident with unbiased mind you will see that the collision was due, not to ineptness on my part, but to swooping on yours. Also, you must be reminded that it is not courteous to use such an epithet to a stranger. In short, Miss Lee, I am compelled to inform you that you are not as nice as you look."

"What!" exclaimed the astounded Miss Lee.

"You are," said Peleg, "like a persimmon. Lovely to look at but very puckering to the taste. Do you realize that of the population of the United States who have reached marriageable age only 60 per cent are married? You make one understand this condition."

Miss Lee stared at him an instant, flushed a very lovely red, and, not enjoying the experience of being nonplussed, turned with a flick of her skirts and reentered her car.

"Now," said Peleg, "if you will assist me to my feet, we will go to the hotel. And afterwards we will investigate this business opportunity of which you spoke."

Mr. Katz sighed. "I dunno," he said, "as I ever seen one like you before. We hain't got none in town. I bet you 'n' Oleander Tidd 'll get on swell."

After a satisfying meal at the hotel, Fire Marshal Katz escorted Peleg Bodkin to the little white home of the Widow Peddie, to whom he was presented.

"Customer for the insurance business," said Mr. Katz.

"I got an offer," said Mrs. Peddie, "of four hunderd dollars, but 'tain't enough."

"'Tain't much of a business," said Katz.

"Peddie contrived to support us with it—that 'n' fishin'. I hain't got nothin' left now but my cats, but I got to feed them 'n' me."

Peleg cleared his throat. "It is interesting to note," he said, "that Americans spend upwards of $1,000,000 daily to feed the household pets in 20,000,000 families."

"I swan!" exclaimed Mrs. Peddie. "I'll take five hunderd for the business, but Oleander 'll be mad."

"Oleander's always mad," said Katz. "How about it, Mr. Bodkin, eh? Includes what's in the office, don't it?"

"Lock, stock, and barrel," said Mrs. Peddie.

"It sounds to me," said Peleg, "like an excellent investment. True, I am not versed in the business of supplying fire insurance, but then, neither am I versed in any other trade or calling. I accept your proposition."

"Better be legal and make out a paper," said Katz.

"To be sure," said Mrs. Peddie, and she wrote laboriously the first legal document of her career. It read:

"I have sold my fire insurance business that was left me by my husband to this man here for $500, including whatever there is in the office, and he can hire Oleander like my husband did if he wants to, but it is none of my business."

This proved eminently satisfactory to Peleg, who accepted it, counted out $500, and stepped forth from the little house the proprietor of a business which sold to the public fire insurance and surety bonds. It gave him a feeling of importance.

"I never owned anything before," he said. "I find myself quite elated. I think I shall begin operations at once."

"Oleander 'll be there. I'll show you where it is," said Mr. Katz.

PRESENTLY they climbed the stairs to an office above the gents' furnishing store and opened a door embellished with the name of the former owner and a statement of his calling. A little girl stood on a box before a high desk which ran along one side of the room.

Peleg took her to be a little girl. She was not more than five feet tall and her short, black hair was mussed, and the thin face she turned over her shoulder was wrinkled up in a grimace of irritation. It must be confessed that Peleg was not a noticing person, but the idea did enter his head that this child was pretty skinny and rather drolly homely.

"You can't play checkers here, Angus Katz," she said tartly.

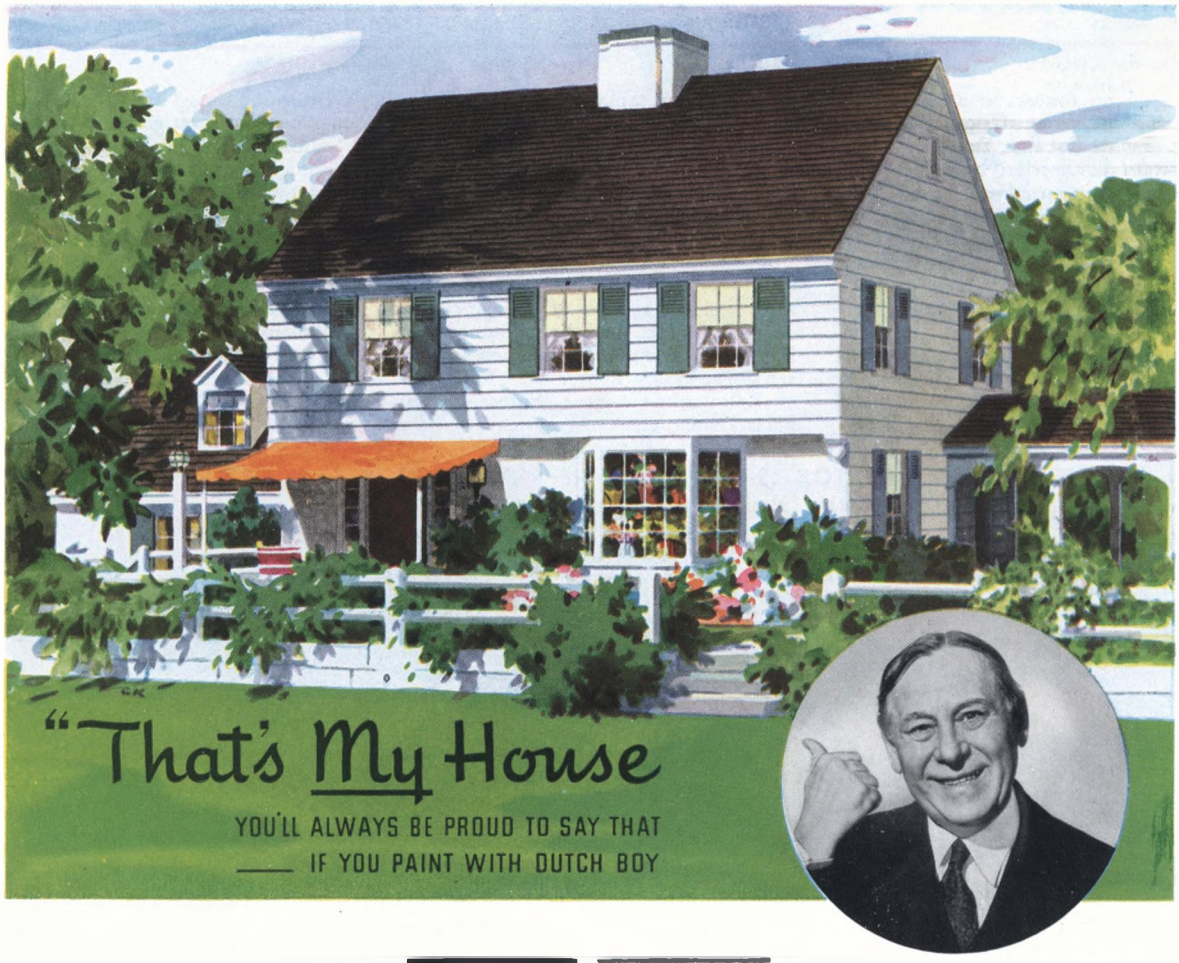
"Nobody's figgerin' to play checkers. And you better scrape up some manners, because this here is your new boss—if he takes it into his mind to hire you."

"Boss!" exclaimed the girl.

"He just bought the business from Mrs. Peddie."

She stamped a tiny foot. "Bought it out from under me! I wanted it. It's mine. I run it. I won't have it." Her face puckered and Peleg thought she looked like a little monkey. She sniffed and rubbed her pert nose on her sleeve.

"You have a cold," he said gravely.



YOU'VE a right to be proud.

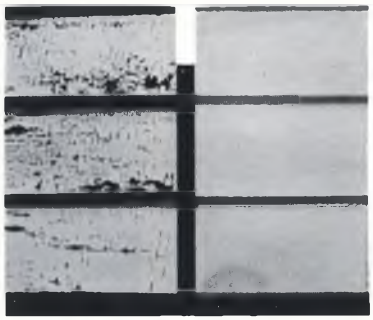
First of all, you *can't help* the feeling. For you know that you've given your home the best possible paint protection.

As time passes, you see that it is not only lasting protection, but lasting beauty. Dutch Boy wears well. So your house always *looks* well. Never does failure of the paint make you ashamed of your home's appearance.

And, then, when the time comes to repaint and you figure out what Dutch Boy costs per year, you've cause for pride again. You've spent less — much less—than the neighbor who used "cheap" paint, only to be humiliated by seeing it quickly disfigure his house and disgusted by having to do the job over so soon.

The unretouched photographs in the center are submitted as evidence. They tell a typical story of the difference between "cheap" paint and Dutch Boy.

Your painter knows this difference. By experience. The durability of Dutch Boy always backs up his reputation. Then, too, he can mix it to suit the requirements of your particular job and tint it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.



"CHEAP" PAINT

After a few months. A short life and a sad one. Now the surface must be repainted. But first the old paint must be burned off and then an extra coat—a new priming coat—applied. And all this is expense the owner never figured on.

DUTCH BOY

After several years. Same location as "cheap" paint job. Look at the difference in condition. No cracking and scaling here. When repaint time does come, no burning and scraping and no new priming coat will be needed.

How to Finance Painting

Don't say, "I'd like to paint, but haven't the cash just now." Under the new Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan, the terms are—*nothing down and a little each month.*

If you want more details about this plan, check the coupon. But send in the coupon anyway and get our free 32-page booklet, illustrated in color, telling you how to improve your home with paint and how to buy the right kind of paint job. Address Dept. 212, nearest branch.

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

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Department 212
(See list of branches above)

Please send me your free booklet "The House We Live In," containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

☐ Include folder describing Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Dutch Boy White Lead

GOOD PAINT'S OTHER NAME

REFRIGERATOR *Value* HAS NOW BEEN MADE *Visible*

There need no longer be any question about the real value of the refrigerator you buy. For the first time, the three most important questions that a customer should ask have been answered specifically and definitely in the 1936 Kelvinator.

First, will it keep food safely cold? Second, how much will it cost to operate? Third, does the manufacturer accept the responsibility for its satisfactory performance?

In the 1936 Kelvinator the answers to these questions have been made tangible and visible. And because of this fact, Kelvinator has already been chosen by thousands to replace refrigerators formerly in use, and by other thousands who had not bought.

Kelvinator's Built-In Thermometer, for the *first* time, makes safe temperatures *visible*. It tells you how cold the food compartment is.

Kelvinator's Certificate of Low Cost of Operation answers your question regarding the amount of electric current it will consume. And that amount is one-half and even one-third as much as many refrigerators now in use.

Kelvinator's 5-Year Protection Plan assures long years of service and it is written and signed by the oldest company in the electric refrigeration industry.

In addition, the Kelvinator cabinet, designed with the aid of Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky, introduces new beauty combined with the maximum of convenience.

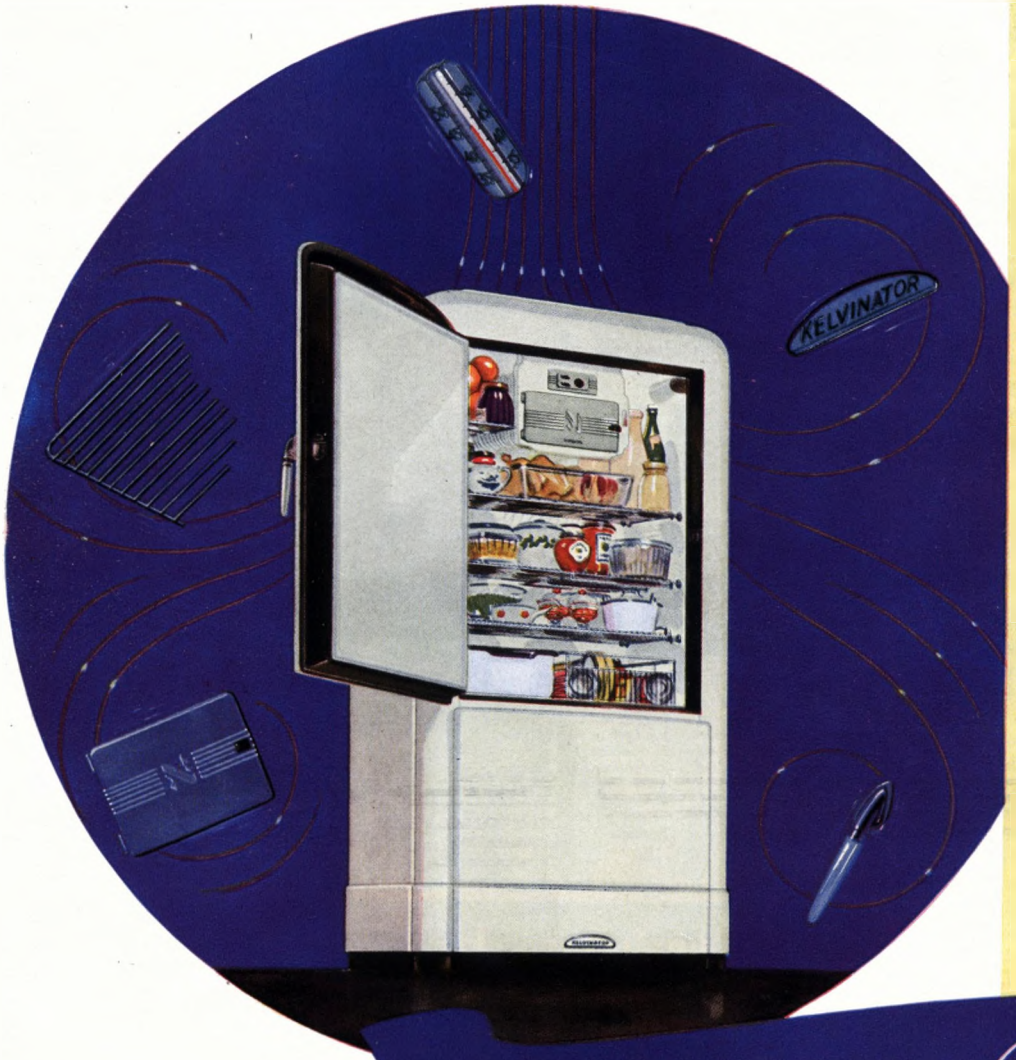
Flexible rubber grids in every ice tray in standard models, sliding shelves, interior light, automatic defrosting switch, food crisper, utility basket—these and many more features make Kelvinator the refrigerator of greatest usefulness.

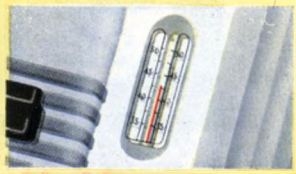
Your Kelvinator dealer will be glad to give you all the details and tell you about the liberal Rediscо Purchase Plan.

THE 1936 KELVINATOR IS THE ONLY REFRIGERATOR THAT OFFERS ALL THESE FEATURES

1. A Built-In Thermometer. . . . 2. A Certificate of Low Cost of Operation. . . . 3. New beauty in design. . . . 4. 5-Year Protection Plan. . . . 5. Flexible grids in all ice trays in standard models . . . 6. Interior light. . . . 7. Food crisper. . . . 8. Vegetable basket. . . . 9. Automatic defrosting switch. . . . 10. Sliding shelves.

A New High Standard of Modern Refrigeration





Visible COLD

The controls of the 1936 Kelvinator keep food compartment temperatures ideal. And you can *see* what the temperature is, because a Built-In Thermometer tells you that food is being kept *safely* cold.

Visible ECONOMY

Today, for the first time Kelvinator provides you with a Certificate of Low Cost of Operation. The 1936 Kelvinator uses *one-half* or *one-third* as much current as many refrigerators now in use.

Visible PROTECTION

You should know today whether the refrigerator you buy will give you long years of service. The 1936 Kelvinator is backed by a 5-Year Protection Plan, signed by the oldest company in the electric refrigeration industry.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England

See the new KELVINATOR *Your next refrigerator*

And then, betrayed by his thought about the monkey, he went on recklessly: "The ape can catch a cold from a human, and vice versa. This is true of no other animal. More than $450,000,000 is the American economic loss from common colds every year."

"Who's an ape?" demanded the girl fiercely. "You've a nerve coming in here, when I never saw you before, and calling me Monkey Face. Angus Katz put you up to it. Maybe I have a monkey face, but I haven't a monkey brain."

"I did not call you Monkey Face," said Peleg unhappily. "The word I made use of was 'ape,' but I did not mention face."

"Ape is worse than monkey," said the girl. "The Widow Peddie is a cow—a mooley cow. I could scratch her eyes out."

"What's your name—er—little girl?" asked Peleg with rare diplomacy.

"Little girl!" Her size was her sorest point. "I suppose you like giantesses. I suppose you dote on fat women."

"When we go fishin'," said Katz, "we throw 'em back bigger'n you."

SUDDENLY she was ominously calm and businesslike. "My name," she said, "is Oleander Tidd. I've run this business for two years while Mr. Peddie caught black bass. I wanted to buy it for my own. But that old cow deliberately sold it away from me. I guess that's all. I'm through." She paused and regarded him. "Monkey Face!" she said tensely. "Do you want to know what you look like?"

"I don't think so," said Peleg.

"You look," she said, "like a half-starved cockatoo. It's your nose, I guess."

"Children," said Peleg, "should not be impertinent."

"And how old are you?" she asked.

"I," said Peleg, "am twenty-six."

"And I," said Oleander, "am twenty. Twenty. Do you hear? Twenty. And I've hated every year of it. So take your old insurance business and run it."

"I guess I'll be going," said Mr. Katz. He turned and went out softly, for he had experience of Oleander's tongue, and the signs all pointed to her unleashing of it. He had no relish for being flayed.

"But," said Peleg when the door closed behind the fire marshal, "I—I mean to say, I haven't the least idea how to run it. I don't know what one does. I just bought it because it happened to be for sale. It might have been a meat market, if you get the point. And I wouldn't have known how to operate a meat market."

Oleander got down off her box and peered up at him. "Didn't you know about me?" she asked.

"I never heard of you," he said.

"Then you didn't do it on purpose—to spite me?"

"Such an action," he said, "would be quite foreign to my character. I do not spite people. Do you know all about fire insurance?"

"Where did you come from?" asked Oleander. "And why?"

"I came from New York. I don't know exactly why, except that New York did not seem to have any marked desire to shower benefits upon me."

"How much did you pay Mrs. Peddie?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"What did you do for a living in New York?"

"I did research for people. I looked up facts. I studied in libraries. If a man wanted to make a speech, and he were very busy and very ignorant, I would assemble the facts on his subject for him. I collected data for authors. It was interesting but not remunerative." He paused and studied her. "Did you ever enjoy yourself?" he asked.

"When I imagine," she said.

"I never enjoyed myself," he said. "I did not suffer, I was not acutely unhappy, but, on the other hand, I never experienced that zest of life which characterizes certain people. I never found occasion to be hilarious. I thought if I abandoned my career and sought new fields I might discover this gaiety which I have observed in others."

"My gosh!" exclaimed Oleander. "You came to Peckham Falls looking for whoopee!"

"For instance," said Peleg, "I have derived no pleasure from women. Do you know that 60 per cent of all people of marriageable age are unmarried? Other men seem to find women attractive. Today I saw a very beautiful girl. Was it a pleasant experience to me? It was not. She knocked me down."

"You shouldn't go making passes at strangers," said Oleander.

"Her name was Irene Lee."

"You did step out. You'd better have some practice before you tackle Irene."

"I should like," he said, "to be intimately associated with some woman who looks like Irene Lee—but I should prefer a more genial disposition."

"So you busted out of New York on a hunt for love and romance?" asked Oleander. "And landed in Peckham Falls in the insurance business."

"At least," he said, "it is a change."

"You'll find all the excitement here you would find in an oyster bed," she said. "I'm hungry. I'm going out to lunch."

"The longest time a person ever abstained from food," said Peleg, "was 74 days. The record was set by Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, who starved himself to death in prison in 1920."

"DID you open your conversation with Irene Lee with a lovely observation like that?" she asked. "It accounts for her knocking you down."

"Knowledge is power," said Peleg.

"Maybe it depends on what you know."

"I presume," said Peleg, "that I have the most varied and heterogeneous education of any living man. I have stored in my memory more diversified facts."

"Do any of them touch on the insurance business?"

"None, I am afraid."

She sighed. "Then I guess I'll have to stick around."

"I was hoping you would do so."

"My salary is ten dollars a week. This business makes about eleven dollars a week. That will leave one for you, and you can do nicely on it."

"Why doesn't it make more?" he asked.

"Because Peckham Falls is too dead to skin," she said, "because there isn't anything in it to insure, and because nobody can pay premiums. If you insured every building in town and each owner paid his premiums you wouldn't make enough money to give a banquet for a butterfly."

"You are very discouraging."

"You'd better sell this business back to me for four hundred dollars, take your loss, and hunt for love and beauty somewhere else."

He shook his head. "Not enough buildings," he said.

"No."

"In that case," he said, "we should induce people to build more. Efficiency dictates that you should take measures to create a demand. We are facing that situation. Our one hope seems to be to create a demand for fire insurance."

"Just how do you go about it?"

"If there are not enough buildings to insure, we must have new buildings."

"Who is going to build them?"

"That is something you and I must arrange," he said seriously.

"Nobody has built so much as a smokehouse here in ten years."

"It seems to be the only solution."

"SWELL," said Oleander. "You get somebody to put up a twenty-story building on Main Street, and I'll get the insurance for you. It sounds good. But, in the meantime, do you know how to fish?"

"I have never fished."

"You'd better learn," she said.

"Fish," said Peleg, "produce more malformed young than any other creature. Some are hatched with five perfect heads and one body."

"Differing from people," said Oleander, "who have one perfect body and no head at all."

"Contracts for the erection of residences totaled $297,096,000 for the first eight months of 1935, an increase of 74.5 per cent over 1934. This does not seem to have benefited Peckham Falls."

"Nothing ever benefits Peckham Falls," she said.

"You don't seem to favor my idea."

"Of getting people to build more buildings—so we can insure them? It's a little roundabout, isn't it? It would be more to the point if you could think up some argument to induce Pink Higgins to renew the policy on his barn."

"Is that my desk?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I think I shall sit down at it. It will give me the sensations of being head of a business enterprise."

"You sit," she said. "I'll go to lunch. I'll stop in at Pink Higgins's on my way."

"What shall I do?"

"You might," she said, "while away the time by telling yourself facts. Maybe you could find one that would make it possible for us to pay last month's rent."

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked.

"Worse," she said. "Mind you do nothing."

"Why?"

"Because," she said, "the more I study your character the more I think you're the kind of person who can't do anything right. But you'll be company, and that's more than Mr. Peddie was." She stopped at the door. "Do you think I'm hideous?" she asked.

"That," he said, "is much too strong a word."

"Am I a shrimp?"

"Does it matter?" he asked.

She smiled wryly. "It's curious," she

said, "but I'd sort of like to be admired—even by you. But I guess you haven't anything to admire with."

"On the contrary," he said, "I have an acute appreciation of beauty."

"And you didn't notice any in me?"

"I'd rather discuss the insurance business."

"Haven't I a lovely figure?"

"Now, Miss Oleander—"

"Aren't my eyes beautiful?"

"OUR arrangement is, as I understand, one of business. It is not a part of your duties to be beautiful, nor are you subject to criticism if you are homely. It is a matter of total indifference to me."

"You don't care for my hair?"

Peleg spoke with some exasperation. "I am compelled to tell you," he said severely, "that I wouldn't care if you were bald.'

"In some ways," she said slowly, "I prefer Mr. Peddie. He was sixty-four, but he was vital. I may even say he was hopeful. It made the days interesting. I learned to dodge."

"You will not have to dodge me," said Peleg.

She looked at him again and smiled crookedly. "You must be alive," she said, "because you move and speak. But you're not very alive. You're about as alive as Peckham Falls."

"Perhaps," said Peleg, "we will both come to life together."

"That will happen," she said, "on the day when stones lay eggs. And it will be about as important."

The door slammed, and he was alone.

Peleg sat alone and considered his situation. He looked about his office and wondered helplessly what were in the various filing cabinets, and why. He wondered why people built houses. He wondered vaguely why people pursued any of their varied and futile activities—in short, why they went to the trouble of living at all. He was not especially gloomy nor apprehensive of the future, but rather regarded it fatalistically and with resignation. In a dim sort of way he knew that other people had adventures; he knew that splendid, exciting things happened to them; but it never occurred to him that they could happen to him.

His mind went back to the depot and to the beautiful but disagreeable girl he had encountered there. He speculated idly upon how it might feel to be in love with such a girl and to know she was in love with you, and the idea rather appalled him—that was, if such an emotion as love really existed. Such information as he had about it was derived from an occasional play or picture. Peleg was quite certain the transports he had witnessed upon the stage or the screen could never be for him. He could not imagine himself entertaining such a feeling.

He walked to the window and looked down into the drowsy street. He knew he would not see a familiar face. He saw very few familiar faces anywhere because his had been a lonely life. But now, as he regarded this strange town which suddenly had become his home, he knew what loneliness meant. It descended upon him like a damp, brown fog, cold, clinging, chilling him to the bone. And he was afraid.

For the first time in his life he knew fear—fear of that dreadful procession of years which must come marching past—cheerless years, dreary years, hopeless years. He seemed to have nothing to do with life, to be untouched and forgotten by it. The activities of the world seemed to be none of his business, and the world itself seemed, if not to resent, at least to be inhospitable to his presence.

Peleg had never been the sort of person to ask for things. He had been too shy to request and too mild to demand. Ambition was a thing whose acquaintance he had never made.

Now, as he stared dully down into the street he asked himself a question he never had asked before: What did he want? If, by simply asking, he could have something different, what would it be? He confessed that he did not know. Perhaps there was something fine and desirable in life, but he could not be sure he wanted it nor how to go about acquiring it. It might be better and simpler to continue to drift, to continue to exist, to live along until the time for living was over.

THEN the telephone rang and he went to the instrument.

"Peddie's insurance office?" asked a voice.

"It was."

"What do you mean—was?"

"It's mine now—it's Bodkin's insurance office."

"I'm speaking for Mr. Ross. Morton P. Ross. He wishes a surety bond immediately. Can you come out to his house at once?"

"Why—yes."

"Bring the necessary forms and applications. The matter is pressing."

"Very well," said Peleg.

The instrument clicked; Peleg hung up the receiver and once more stared helplessly about his office. A surety bond. In a vague way he had some idea what a surety bond was, but he had no glimmer of a notion how one was to be obtained. This was business, it was how he was to earn his living, and he did not know what to do next. He strode to the window and looked out, hoping to see the tiny form of Oleander Tidd. All at once he realized that she was indispensable—he could not carry on without her. It was his first experience of being dependent upon a human being, and he resented it mildly.

WHILE he was scanning the street the door opened and she entered.

"Lovely view," she said dryly.

"I—I was looking for you," he said.

"Is that the way I affect you already?" she asked.

"It was not a desire to see you as an individual—or a—er—separate entity—but as an employee of this business."

"You're so sentimental!" she exclaimed. "Why do you want this employee?"

"A man by the name of Ross just called up and wants me to come immediately to his house and make him a surety bond."

"Morton P. Ross?"

"That was the name."

"Whee!" exclaimed Oleander. "We've never been able to stick a nose in there. He does all his insurance through his brokers in New York. I'll pop right out."

"Taking," said Peleg, "the necessary applications and forms."

"Are you telling me my business?"

"And me."

"You! Why you?"

"I wish," he said, "to see how one provides a surety bond.

"Well," she said reluctantly, "come along, but don't gum things. Look intelligent and keep your ducky little mouth shut. Don't shed any astounding facts."

"I shall be merely a spectator," said Peleg.

They went down the stairs, where they met a nondescript young man whose name evidently was "Pete," for that is what Oleander called him. "Pete," she said, "drive us out to Ross's."

"I will if you'll go to the dance with me Saturday night."

"Not till you get a new pair of feet and have some control over them," snapped Oleander. "Where's that thing you call a car?"

"I'll get it," said Pete.

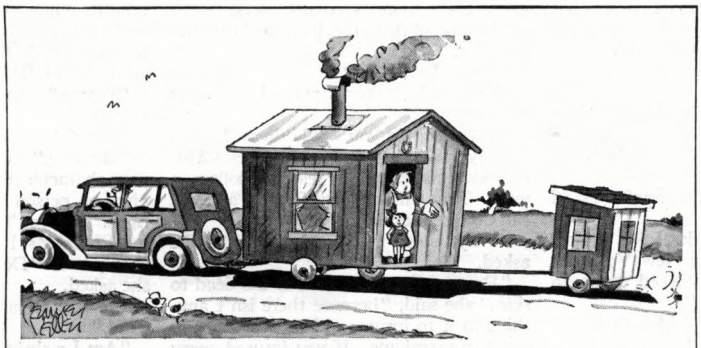
"You order people around," said Peleg.

"Lots of times it works," said Oleander. "We've got to have a car. We need one."

"I never owned a car," said Peleg.

"Neither did I," said Oleander, "but Napoleon said every insurance agent has a car in his knapsack. . . . Here's Pete." She turned to the young man. "Miss as many things as you can," she said.

They started off with a quiver and a jerk, and, after fifteen minutes' drive along pleasant roads, came to a great, ornamental gateway through which entered a drive of bluestone, a meandering drive that swept between broad lawns and beautiful planting to a house as yet invisible. Presently they drew up before a columned piazza, and Oleander leaped to the steps. She did not wait to



"Why don't you play out in the woodshed and let mother take a nap?"

Reamer Keller

see if Peleg followed but thrust a determined little finger against the bell. A manservant answered.

"Mr. Ross sent for us," she said in a businesslike voice.

"From the insurance office?"

"Yes."

"This way, miss."

The man led the way into a gracious library where were gathered five people: an old man with savage, discontented face and white, bristling mustache, a wizened old man full of life and venom, with cold, gray eyes; then a man of forty-five or so whose skin had the high polish of one who scrubs himself mightily with soap and water. He was pink. His eyes were large, with a sort of juvenile look in them, as if he were in a state of perpetual surprise. He had that healthy look which seems to belong only to men who take no exercise, either mental or physical.

The third person was a woman, a dark woman, almost swarthy. Her hair was black, close cropped to her narrow, foreign head. Her eyes were black, lustrous, beautiful, and when one looked at them he forgot the rest of her face—the slash of a mouth with carmine lips, the white, uneven teeth, the thin cheeks and high cheekbones. Her figure was slender and startlingly lovely. She stood silent, alert, forbidding.

One of the remaining men was a gray, mouselike individual with yellowish white hair plastered upon a pale skull. That was all the impression he gave—of being a sort of animated shadow. But the other man, the fifth person, was different from the others in that he was young, dynamic, powerful. He was very tall and heavily built and handsome, with a set, formal, academic beauty.

"I AM Miss Tidd from the insurance office. This is Mr. Bodkin," said Oleander.

Morton P. Ross nodded abruptly from behind his satinwood desk. "Mr. and Mrs. Andriev. My brother, Mr. Barnaby Ross. Mr. Dennis Mahone." he said shortly. Then he turned to Mrs. Andriev. "You are sure about the day?" he asked.

"It is a day for you to initiate new enterprises. The stars in their houses are propitious until midnight."

"Mr. Bodkin," said Ross, "Mr. Mahone is associating himself with me. He will have the handling of sums of money. I wish him to be properly bonded."

"Yes, sir. In what amount?"

"One hundred thousand dollars."

"I will have," interrupted Oleander, "to have certain information about Mr. Mahone. It will be necessary to know the nature of the business, in what capacity Mr. Mahone will act, and what sums he will be expected to handle."

Suddenly, from across the hall came the blare of a jazz orchestra coming from the loud-speaker of a radio. Morton P. Ross scowled and slammed his palm down upon his desk. "Tell 'em to shut off that infernal contraption. I won't have it. Tell 'em to shut it off at once!"

His brother moved, ghostlike, toward the door. Peleg, feeling perhaps some embarrassment at this interruption and the consequent pause, cleared his throat.

"Last year," he said, "our most popular songs, comprising a group only 85 in number, were played over the radio 1,255,669

(Continued on page 116)

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.

**** Sparkenbroke

By CHARLES MORGAN

The author of *The Fountain* has turned out a great novel, the story of an emotional life. Piers Tenniel, later Lord Sparkenbroke, even as a child was "different." In manhood, his reputation became enormous as a poet-novelist and a rake. When he met Mary Leward at the home of friends, the loyalties of all of them were subjected to stress few could wholly survive.

The values of this novel do not lie in the situation, but in its author. If "required reading" means anything to you, this is it.

Borah of Idaho

By CLAUDIUS O. JOHNSON (*nonfiction*)

It is customary for a gentleman with presidential aspirations to have an "authorized" biography written, that possible voters may know in what log cabin he was first nurtured, and how fast and how far a bright boy could get away from it without losing the simple touch. Such statistics can be found herein. The Senator's record is admirable, but it's a long book and likely to bore you.

**** Education Before Verdun

By ARNOLD ZWEIG

Last year Humphrey Cobb, in *Paths of Glory*, struck his readers with a dramatic tale of murderous official tyranny in the French army. Now Zweig shows in his novel the same sort of thing behind the cloak of the German uniform.

Private Bertin, a cultured Jew, found himself drawn into an officers feud. He happened to know the circumstances in which the younger brother of a lieutenant had been sent to a convenient death by superiors against whom the boy had protested. The vengeful lieutenant uncovered Bertin as a witness, and the inoffensive Jew became the target for the concentrated attention of officers who, even before, had held a fanatical dislike of his race. Like the dead boy, he found himself ordered to the hotter spots of the sector. Thus Zweig lays his pattern of vicious individual intrigue against a background of the greatest calculated horror the world has ever known—the "mincing machine" of Verdun.

Mr. Zweig and his books have been banished from the country of which he writes. We can stand one like this each year.

*** My Life and Work

By ADOLF LORENZ (*nonfiction*)

Biography of the famous European "bloodless surgeon," widely known in this country, whose discoveries have restored to normal the backs and legs of hundreds of children congenitally lame.

For his early education Dr. Lorenz thanks his uncle, a Benedictine monk, and his decision to study medicine he attributes to a lady who impressed him greatly. On his way as a recognized brilliant abdominal surgeon, chance blew his career higher than a kite. The great Lister's antisepsis procedure called for constant carbolic washings and sprays, and to his utter despondency he couldn't take it. His hands were open blisters. He was forced to turn to "dry surgery," the orthopedic branch. The results of his pioneering are still the accepted standard.

A delightful book in which personalities, anecdotes, travels, surgical opinions are mixed with little order.

* Woman Alive

By SUSAN ERTZ

Susan goes Wells on us, with sad results.

*** Third Act in Venice

By SYLVIA THOMPSON

Far and away her best novel since *Hounds of Spring* in 1926. This might have the subtitle, *Troubles of a Weak Young Man*. Switching her backdrops from Lido to London and back, Thompson's talent for biting portraiture hits on all eight, providing more than mere entertainment for man and spouse.

** The Rubber Band,

By REX STOUT

The third story of Nero Wolfe, fat sleuth whose outdoor work is always done by proxy, tops the current supply of puzzle fiction.

*** The Weather in the Streets

By ROSAMOND LEHMANN

A novel essentially feminine in its delicate execution and appeal. The story is the progress, over the course of a year, of a young divorcee's affair with the well-intentioned but married idol of her adolescence. Not, of course, for the kiddies.

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times. Of these songs only two were composed more than ten years ago."

Morton P. Ross stared at him, his mouth half open. The others stared at him with varied expressions. Peleg was startled, a bit frightened at his own temerity.

Oleander, her little face oddly puckered, was staring from one to the other of the group. Peleg, himself, became conscious of a tension, a quietness, a sort of eagerness, and he wondered at it. It was if everyone were in a hurry to get something done before an interruption could come.

"Proceed," said Mr. Ross shortly.

"Mr. Ross," said Oleander, "you come to us now when you need a favor. For years we have tried to induce you to give us a part of your insurance business. Now you have got to have this surety bond in a hustle. We want the business, but we want more."

"Eh?"

"You want this bond today?"

"Instantly."

"You get it if—"

"If what?"

"If we get twenty-five per cent of your insurance in this town."

"You get nothing. You're lucky to get the premium on this bond."

Oleander got to her feet. "In that case," she said, "good afternoon."

"What?"

"You live in this town for a large part of the year," said Oleander, "but you do most of your purchasing from the city. You do not patronize merchants or professional men here more than is absolutely necessary. It is unfair. We here must live. Now, after high-hatting us for years you come running to us in an emergency. We want the premium. But we don't want crumbs that fall from your table. We'll take a full meal or we won't eat."

THE old man rumbled in his throat, but he peered at Oleander with cold eyes that seemed for an instant almost to twinkle. "Clear out of here," he said.

"Very good," answered Oleander calmly. "Shall we go, Mr. Bodkin?"

Peleg did not like unpleasantnesses, and this seemed to him rather like a scene. He almost cringed at the prospect, but got to his feet to follow Oleander.

"Come back here," snapped Mr. Ross.

"No insurance, no surety bond," said Oleander.

The old man slapped his desk. "By dad, you win!" he exclaimed. "Twenty-five per cent, did you say? We'll make it fifty." There was admiration in his chilly eyes. He turned to Mahone. "That's the way to do business," he said. "When you get 'em on the hip, sock it to 'em. Miss—"

"Tidd," said Oleander.

"Get busy," he snarled.

Oleander spread her forms and applications and questionnaires, and proceeded with the matter in hand.

"Sign," she said presently. "I'll have to move. I can put this through by telephone." She thrust the pages in her brief case. "I'll be out about the insurance tomorrow."

"Needn't," said Mr. Ross. "The business will be transferred to you." Then, as if the words were repugnant to him, "And thank you," he said grimly.

Peleg was suddenly aware of another figure. Irene Lee stood in the door. She

eyed the little group before she spoke. "Is something dead?" she asked in a brittle voice. "Why do the buzzards gather?" Miss Lee delivered this observation, stared fixedly at her uncle a moment, then turned on her heel and disappeared.

Mr. Ross sat with fixed face and brooding eyes.

"That," said Mahone, "seems to have ripped it."

"We will proceed," said Mr. Ross coldly. "Young woman, you guarantee that Mahone will be bonded before six o'clock?"

"I do," she said.

"Then you'd better be getting started."

Oleander lifted Peleg to his feet with her eyes, and he, in a state of distress and bewilderment, followed her from the room and out of the house, where the young man named Pete awaited them. They entered the car, but Pete met with difficulties in getting the thing started. He ground away patiently, but the engine would not come to life. Then the starter died utterly.

"Have to crank her," Pete said cheerfully. "Lots of times I have to crank her."

"And lots of times she won't start then," said Oleander.

PELEG sat stiffly in the seat reflecting upon the scene they had just left. "It was peculiar," he said.

"What was peculiar?"

"The conduct of those persons," he said. "Did it not appear to you that the proceedings were somewhat furtive?"

"It appeared to me," said Oleander, "as if skulduggery was down the wind."

"In that case," said Peleg, "should we become associated with it?"

"Our racket," she said, "is earning premiums."

"I," said Peleg, "have always been scrupulously honest."

"What," she asked, "have you ever had to be honest about?"

"A just question," he said after a moment. "I have never been tempted. I must admit, therefore, that I do not know whether I am scrupulously honest or not."

"You probably are," said Oleander disparagingly.

"Would it be your idea that this skulduggery is directed against the interests of Miss Lee?"

"I suppose it would be more wicked to hornswoggle Irene Lee than it would any of the rest of them."

"She is startlingly beautiful," said Peleg.

"If Helen of Troy had been a frump there would never have been a Trojan horse," said Oleander. "Don't get your ethics mixed up with sex appeal. . . . What's the news from the motor, Pete?"

"It ain't started yet," the boy said serenely.

As he spoke, Dennis Mahone came out of the door and stood watching them. He moved over to the steps and peered down with a saturnine glint of humor in his eyes.

"Pile out," said Oleander to Peleg. "Maybe your dynamic personality will inspire the spark plugs."

Obediently Peleg opened the door and went to stand helplessly beside Pete. "Possibly," he observed, "there is no gasoline."

"More likely," said Mahone, "there's no engine."

"That," said Peleg, "is an unkind remark. This young man, in a friendly spirit, drove us to this house. If his car is

not in the best of order we should sympathize rather than jeer."

"Are you teaching me manners?" asked Mahone disagreeably.

"I know very little about manners," said Peleg. "I have never read a book upon that subject." He looked up at Mahone seriously. "But even with my limited knowledge I should say yours were execrable."

"Little man," said Mahone, "one more crack like that and I'll cuff you up to a peak and bite off the peak."

Peleg, whose lonely life in libraries had not taught him that effect often follows cause, decided that here was a moment when honesty was the best policy. "I do not like you," he said.

"Oh," said Mahone, descending a step. "You don't like me. Give two reasons and bound them."

"Your eyes," Peleg said gravely, "are too close together. I think you are basically an untrustworthy person."

"So," said Mahone. He stepped to the driveway. Peleg, who knew only dimly that violence existed in the world, felt no apprehension. Indeed, his mind was quite taken off Mahone by the appearance of Irene Lee in the door.

Mahone slapped him with his open palm; it was a blow delivered with right good will, and Peleg found himself sitting on the gravel. He was astounded. Nobody had ever struck him before. It was a new and bewildering experience. So he sat there to consider it. He wiped a trickle of blood from his lip and glanced at Irene Lee, who was looking down at him without expression either of pity or of scorn.

"You—you struck me," Peleg said.

"Does anything follow?" asked Mahone.

"Must you brawl on the front steps?" asked Irene Lee coldly.

"The yokel forgot his Sunday manners," said Mahone.

THEN the motor started. Peleg got to his feet in such a state of mind as he never before had experienced. He felt, for the first time, a sensation of bitter humiliation. He was shamed. Nothing had ever happened to him to shame him before. There were other and powerful mixed emotions which he could not define. He was only conscious that he wanted to get away from there—to get away from everybody, out of sight of human eyes. He felt a tug at his elbow, and looked up into Oleander's grim little face.

"Well, John L. Sullivan," she said, "do we throw in the sponge?"

Peleg stood upon trembling legs. "You struck me," he said, "and people were looking on."

"Get into your car and scram," said Mahone, "before I boot you off the place."

Oleander bristled. "For two cents," she said, "I'd scratch your eyes out. Look at him! Is that the sort of men you hit? Not unless you're so yellow you make a lemon jealous. I'll bet you're kind of proud. I'll bet Miss Lee is proud of you." She paused. "Did you ever hit a man?"

This last sentence touched Peleg as if it had been a hot iron. "I—but I am a man," he said in a small, quivering voice.

She patted his shoulder. "You think so," she said, "because you own a pair of pants. Now get into the car and let's get out of here."

He got into his seat obediently. His eyes were bright; his lips seemed thin, making of his gentle mouth a hard, straight line. From his lip a tiny trickle of blood ran unheeded down his chin. She took her handkerchief and wiped it off but he did not seem to notice the action.

"Well," she said, a bit uneasily, "you asked for it."

"Did I?" he said, and fell silent again.

"Did he hurt you?" she asked.

"I never knew about being struck," he said. "I never knew how people felt who were struck. You never know the meaning of words—to understand them perfectly—until they happen to you."

"What word?" she asked.

"Humiliation," he said bitterly.

THERE was another stillness. She saw him double his fist and peer at it. It was not a dangerous-looking fist.

"I never struck a man," he said. "But fists were made to strike with. It's what nature intended them for."

"I guess yours isn't a striking fist," she said.

"It would seem not. She saw what happened, didn't she?"

"Irene Lee?"

"Yes."

"I was shamed before her."

"What of it?"

"Somehow it is worse to be shamed before a woman. She saw him strike me."

"So did I," said Oleander.

"Oh, yes," said Peleg, as if that were a negligible matter.

"I'm a woman," she said.

"I presume so."

"But you wouldn't have been so humiliated if I had seen you slapped down—and she hadn't?"

He looked at her without comprehension, and she saw that he did not understand. "She is very beautiful," he said. "It does something to you—to you, *yourself*—not to your body, but to *you* when you are struck before a beautiful woman. I think I am angry."

"Is that a novelty?"

"Yes," he said simply. "I have been provoked, but this is the first time I have ever experienced rage."

"So this is what you look like when you're in a rage? My goodness! You're positively terrifying."

"I am not," he said. "I am pitiful."

"It didn't occur to you to get up and sock him on the chin?"

"Why, no. I couldn't have done it. He would have knocked me down again."

"You certainly have a logical mind," she said tartly.

"But what should a man do in such a case? I mean a man who never struck anyone—a man who hasn't a chance?"

"Well," said Oleander, "if it had been me I would have kept on tearing into him until he killed me."

"To what purpose? I might have been severely injured. I could not have knocked him down. He would only have struck me again and again."

"I can think of another word you've missed the meaning of."

"What word?"

"Self-respect," she said shortly. "I'd rather have my head knocked off than to get a black and blue spot on my self-respect. I wouldn't be ashamed of being knocked down by a bigger and stronger man. I wouldn't be humiliated if he thrashed me within an inch of my life. That doesn't count."

"What does count?"

"Being afraid to take it."

"So that's it?"

"That's it," she said succinctly.

"I don't think I was afraid," he said thoughtfully. "I was astounded. I was bewildered. I did not know what to do—but I do not think I was afraid."

"Didn't it occur to you to get up and take a crack at him?"

"It didn't," said Peleg.

"And the main emotion you get out of it is humiliation because Irene Lee saw you cuffed?"

He considered that. "That was bad," he said. "But that was not all. I—all of a sudden I was dissatisfied with myself."

"That," she said, "ought to come in the classification of understatement."

"Why?"

"Think it over," she said.

He was now embarked upon a perilous voyage of introspection, of self-analysis.

"I was dissatisfied with the sort of person I am," he said. "It never occurred to me to criticize myself before. As I sat on that gravel and looked up at Mahone I wished I were not myself at all, but a man like him. I wished I were not the sort of person other men knock down."

"Which leads to what?"

"I do not *want* to be the sort other men knock down."

"Then," she said, "you'd better learn to keep your mouth shut. You can't go around speaking your mind and looking as if you couldn't back it up. You're asking for clips on the nose."

"Is it my looks?" he asked.

"It's all of you—inside and out."

"But I might look as I do and still be a dangerous, dynamic sort of individual."

"The age of miracles is past," she said. "You can't tell by looks. Take the beetle, for instance. It is a little creature, a negligible thing, yet it is the strongest living thing in proportion to its weight. It can lift 885 times its own heft. If a man possessed the same relative strength he could lift 70 tons."

"TELL me more," she said ironically. "You're not a beetle."

"But it may be I possess equally astonishing attributes. Speaking figuratively, I might be able to lift 70 tons."

"All right, Mr. Beetle. Let's see you do your stuff."

He compressed his lips. "That is my intention," he said. "Something has happened to me—inside. I do not feel as I felt yesterday, or even an hour before. Then I did not care greatly what happened to me. My only hope was to continue to exist without unbearable discomfort. But he struck me."

"Just a slap."

"It was a contemptuous slap. It would not have been so bad if he had hit me with his fist."

She turned suddenly serious eyes upon him. Something had happened to him if he were able to see that distinction.

"I am no longer contented with myself. I have taken a resolution."

"Such as?" she asked.

"To be no longer contemptible."

"It's nice work if you can get it," she said.

"Do you know," he said, "that a pound

of steel wire, if drawn through a tiny diamond hole and made into hairsprings for watches, increases in value from $5 to $62,000?"

"What's the bearing of that?"

"I have a feeling that something like that has happened to me. I want to have been drawn through a diamond hole, to have had my worth multiplied. In short, Miss Tidd, I wish to arouse the emotion of admiration for myself in others. I wish to accomplish things."

"Does that include knocking people down?"

"Be still," he said. "I want to think."

"What?" she demanded in astonishment at his tone.

"I said," and his tone was one she had never expected to hear from his lips, "I said to shut up."

THE car drew up before the entrance to their office and they mounted slowly. Oleander was angry. Or was she angry?

"I am going to be busy," she said sharply. "You go and sit down somewhere quietly—and crawl through your diamond hole." Already she had the telephone off its hook to commence the task of rushing through Morton P. Ross's surety bond. As she waited for her connection, she turned a sarcastic eye upon her employer.

"All right, Napoleon Bonaparte," she said, "go into your dance."

"Miss Tidd," said Peleg, "it is a scientific fact that some persons become charged with an astounding amount of static electricity. There are recorded cases in which they have thrown off sparks so strong they have ignited coal gas."

"Dear, dear!"

"I feel I am about to throw off sparks," said Peleg. "I feel that the man Mahone charged me with some dynamic force when he slapped my face "

"Devote it to the insurance business," she said shortly.

"I feel," he said in a hushed tone, "that I may have become a dangerous man."

"Dangerous to rabbits," she said.

He got to his feet. He stood there, still pale, still with a trickle of blood dried on his chin. He smote his desk with clenched fist.

"I'll show her," he said. "I'll show her! I may not have muscles, but I have intelligence. Knowledge is power. I have knowledge. I know that the number of hairs on an adult's head averages 129,000. I know no woman has ever set foot in the republic of Mount Athos for 900 years. I shall pit my knowledge against the muscles of other men. I know practically everything, and I shall use that knowledge to—to tear Peckham Falls up by its roots and lay it at her feet."

"I'll bet," said Oleander, "she'll be tickled pink. If there are any chunks left over, may I have them?"

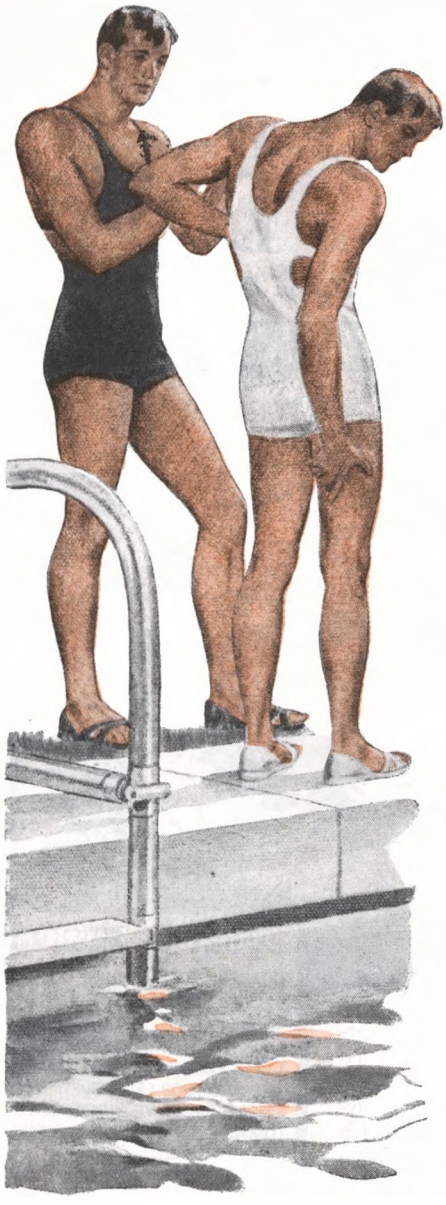
"There are," said Peleg, "50,000 identified species of flies in existence. The most fantastic is the Ree Gadfly. When its face is enlarged photographically it assumes the exact likeness of a monkey."

"Maybe," snapped Oleander, "I have a monkey face, but, by heck! I've got the nicest pair of legs in Peckham Falls."

"What of it?" asked Peleg.

"When you find out," said Oleander, "I'll commence to have hopes of you."

(To be continued)



When a professor raises one son with every advantage and the other with none — and when the twins grow up and fall in love with the same girl — what happens?

THE Better HALF

By Eleanor De Lamater

"MY MOTHER," Bill Haddon said, "wants me to marry you. Do you?"

Lee Ferriss smiled. She had on a pale yellow dress that almost matched her hair and did match the wicker chair she was sitting in. She looked at Bill's nice face beside her, and beyond him at the startling blue-green of the club's outdoor swimming pool. She said:

"Heavens, Bill! In public like this? You surprise me."

"The deuce I do! You know perfectly well, when you came for this week at Highwater, that you and I were supposed to get together. Didn't you?"

Lee's very dark blue eyes moved over the crowd around the pool and came back to the young man beside her. She looked straight at him without any deepening of color in her faintly tanned face. "Certainly," she said.

"Well, then—shall we?"

"Think it's a good idea, Bill?"

He smiled. His pleasant, uneven face lit up. "Sure I do, darling. You're a grand girl and a knockout to look at, and you're rather alone in the world—aren't you?—since your father died. We've known each other for a coon's age and we get along swell. That's the setup. What more could we want?"

"I don't know," Lee said slowly. "It seems as if there ought to be something more, but maybe not. Maybe we'd better."

"Exactly! Well, then, shall we say—?"

But she stopped him. She was looking away again, toward the head of the pool. "Wait!" she said. "Not now, Bill. Save it. They're getting on with the show."

The show they were getting on with was a swimming meet, part of the last gala autumn week end before this particular beach club closed for the season. It was a brilliant day. Last week's violent easterly storm had washed the air and the sky, leaving them glistening. Lee leaned forward in her yellow dress. It was not a pose, nor was it a way to put Bill off. She wanted to watch.

Lee Ferriss was twenty-three. She was the daughter—orphaned now—of Ira Ferriss, the soap king. As Bill had said, she was rather alone in the world, and she was finding the state more and

more unpleasant. That was the reason —again as he had calmly stated—for her visit with the Haddons. It was her first visit to Highwater and, she knew perfectly well what people thought it meant. She thought so herself. It meant that she was lonely and tired of drifting, and that she would probably marry Bill. Driving the seventy-odd miles from her country place, she had half phrased it to herself.

"If Bill's as nice as ever," she had thought. "And if he asks me— And if I like the place."

Well, he was still nice, and he had asked her. And she did like the place. She liked it very much. It was a seashore community. But something about it was different from others she had known. Not the rolling, wooded country, with the blue water edging it everywhere. Not the luxurious life. These were pleasant, but not new. It was the people who had charmed her. They were gay, sure of themselves, yet simple. If they knew perfectly well that the Ferriss millions were hers now, they did not show it. In short, they were nice to her without a hint of fawning. She had had so much of that, and hated it so, that she was grateful.

So now Lee leaned forward with interest. If their swimming meet was important to the hundred or so men and women and children around the pool, it was important to her, too. It really was, for she intended to become one of them.

A MAN in white flannels, with a red badge pinned to his lapel, stepped forward from the group of judges. He said, through a megaphone:

"Last event. Fancy diving from the high board. On points."

He looked at the paper in his hand: "First contestant, James Wallace. Running front jackknife."

A stocky youth in a green bathing suit climbed the diving tower, stood poised for a moment on the springboard, then bounded forward and straight up from its end. A good dive. But his legs tilted backward a little as he hit the water.

"Overthrow," Lee murmured, and Bill Haddon nodded.

The second entry did a handstand which was flawless, but too easy to be impressive. Then the announcer said, "John Lambert. Swan dive."

Lee looked across the pool at John Lambert, where he stood tense on the platform. He was tall. His figure was lithe and powerful, the skin deeply tanned. He had even features and dark eyes and he wore an all-white suit. He took two stiff-legged steps, hit the end of the board hard, and soared. For a moment his body seemed to hang in the clear air, arched, the arms outflung. Then it straightened, dropped, and cut the water cleanly.

Lee smiled with pleasure. "Whee!" she said to the man beside her. "Perfect! Nobody can beat that."

But Bill smiled back, shaking his head. "Wait! You ain't seen nothing yet."

The megaphone drawled, "David Lambert. Half twist."

Suddenly Lee straightened in her chair. Her (*Continued on page 152*)

She thought it must be done with mirrors, the two men looked so exactly alike. "There's a story about them," Bill told her

We all can't be BEAUTIFUL, *but...*

(*Continued from page 47*)

the operators make up your face as I think it should be done," I replied, "and I'll talk to your mother."

It took a double cleansing to remove those layers of mascara, foundation cream, and rouge. Her face was dusted lightly with a peach-toned powder, a little lipstick smoothed on her lips, and that was all. She blinked her eyes when she looked in the mirror, and said accusingly:

"But, Madame, you're worse than Mother. I look so *naked*."

"Will you do this for me—leave your face like this until after dinner?" I asked.

"Well—Bill's coming. He's my big moment. Suppose he walks out on me?"

"Take my advice and risk it," I urged.

Anne reported to me Monday morning. "I guess you and Mother are right, after all! Bill's invited me down for the Princeton prom. He said he'd never really known what I looked like before."

The glowing skin, natural color, and smooth contours of youth need little make-up to bring out the natural charm. . . .

ELLEN LENGLEY was forty. She was a good horsewoman and a fiend at bridge. She could have been handsome, but her face was leathery and weather-beaten, her hair almost never combed. She was proud of saying, "Oh, I never primp. It's silly. Who cares what you look like, just so you're good company? And, besides, I have a devoted husband."

One night her husband mumbled in his sleep, "Virginia, why can't my wife look like you?"

Ellen was troubled for the first time in her sixteen years of married life. She pondered silently, and observed. Virginia certainly had a homely face. About all she had to start with was a trim figure and a neat pair of ankles. But she groomed herself perfectly, was sleek and smart-looking, so that you never stopped to remember that she wasn't pretty.

Ellen took her cue. She bought a comb for her pocket. She spread a protective make-up film on her face for those long hours out of doors. A skin-clearing cream became part of her daily routine. She massaged her hands daily with bleaching cream and wore heavy gloves when riding. She was never seen again with pale, chapped lips. She rested with lotion pads on her eyes to relieve the strained, tired look they sometimes had.

She was surprised, herself, at the transformation in her looks.

One evening at the club she felt the young thrill of her early married days, when Albert walked around the moonlit terrace holding her hand.

"What lovely soft hands you have, Ellen. I had almost forgotten how exciting it is to hold your hand."

Albert, to this day, doesn't know that he talked in his sleep

As a rule I have found that a real woman will go through any torture to keep a man's love. But Mrs. Granston was spoiled by wealth and comfort. Everything had been too easy for her all her life. Married for ten years to a Viennese doctor who was famous for reducing women of all Europe, she carried overeating to grossness. She weighed 191 pounds.

I asked her if she thought it was good for her husband's reputation to have such a fat wife.

"Oh, Rudolph doesn't mind *me* being fat! I'm adored by him, not esteemed!"

Her common sense, her perceptions must have been blunted by too much self-indulgence. She had forgotten what no woman should ever forget—that a man doesn't like to compare his wife unfavorably with other women.

Last year Rudolph got a divorce. His wife's grossness nauseated him. He was too much of a gentleman to tell her so. He left home.

Mrs. Granston still eats an eight-course dinner. . . .

SOME men are sophisticated in their knowledge of make-up. They have a feeling for it. This case was reported to me by a representative in Peru:

The shop had just opened its doors when a young man rushed up. "I must see you before my wife comes in," he said.

He took a photograph from his pocket. "You will recognize her from this picture. She is dark and, since the baby came a few months ago, she has developed an obsession about her looks. She complains of being sallow."

For twenty minutes the young man examined the various shades and textures of the cosmetics which the attendant placed before him. She made a note of his selections, making suggestions as well, to help him. That young husband had a real feeling for beauty and color. He might have been an artist—but no, he was in the real estate business.

When his wife was made up later with a powder that had a rosy undercast to counteract the sallow tone, with red coral rouge, and blue-green eye shadow instead of the somber black she had been using, her dark beauty smoldered. She had made the mistake of trying to conceal a dark skin with a light powder. Instead, the olive cast of her complexion showed through the pale powder and looked muddy. A shade one tone darker than her skin was natural and becoming.

She was pleased with herself, and her eyes sparkled. The next day her husband telephoned to say that his wife was better-looking than he had ever imagined and that she had regained her good-humor.

Perhaps more wives would bloom into loveliness if there were more husbands like Mr. Valdes. . . .

"My husband's beard grows so fast I'm ashamed to go out with him in the evening," Mrs. Andrews complained.

A dark powder was selected for him, through which a light growth of beard would scarcely show. He calls it his "Scotch" shave, and uses it regularly in lieu of a second shave in one day. . . .

Unequal distribution of beauty in one family is often tragic. Joan and Ruth were only fifteen months apart, but Joan's spectacular beauty made her the darling of playmates and grown-ups. Ruth, the older, was being pushed more and more into the role of second fiddle.

She grew sulky and belligerent. She took to playing hooky from school.

It's true, Ruth's mouth was a little large, her nose turned up a trifle, her eyes were large and clear, but not flashing. She had one redeeming feature—her hair. Given a chance, it would have been golden and curly, but a bad scalp condition made it dull and oily. It was suggested to the mother that Ruth's appearance might be remedied through attention to her hair.

Finally, at the age of thirteen, Ruth got her hair treatments, and emerged with a golden, fluffy crown that lighted up her whole face, made her almost radiant. People speak today of Ruth as "the one with the beautiful hair." She's sure of herself now, and holds her own against Joan.

Ruth is a brilliant example of how beauty can be built around one good point. Bring out one good feature in a woman—play it up and play up to it—and you change the history of what might otherwise have been an "unattractive woman."

A lovely girl with chestnut-colored hair was in the salon today. Against my judgment and persuasion, she had her hair dyed red. On thinking it over, I wish I had not allowed it to be done.

Yesterday, a governor's wife confided that she was scarcely able to carry out her duties, because her feet were so painful. I have always been on my feet a good deal, and I told her my formula for tired feet:

Change your shoes three times a day. Massage your feet night and morning with tissue cream. Use boric acid powder generously to absorb moisture, and always wear stockings one size too long. . . .

I PERSIST in thinking that I should have refused to dye Miss Dean's hair red. She has silenced my objections, temporarily, by flashing a diamond ring in my face. "Madame, do you still insist that I am foolish to change the color of my hair? You see, it was a trap to 'snare a man.' I had heard so much about my brother's friend, Pete, and his penchant for red-headed women, that I played a hunch, and had my hair dyed the day he came to town. It worked! Here's the ring to prove it!"

Some day I shall persuade her to let the red grow off. But I'll have to be patient and subtle about it.

You can't help women who won't help themselves.

For thirty-eight years Mrs. W. G. Carruthers has been a client of mine. She wants to keep young and beautiful, not to please her husband or children, but simply because she is vain as a peacock. She is willing to spend money recklessly on every beauty aid that can be administered to her, but she is too lazy, mentally and

physically, to do anything for herself. She has had three operations to lift her face. Recently she came to me (she is now seventy-six) and said:

"It's time for me to have another operation."

"But, Madeline," I gasped, "you look a charming fifty-five. You don't want to look like a debutante. It won't be becoming to you. You have a few lines, it's true, but it's more mellow at your age to have a few marks of maturity."

"You're insulting," she shouted. "You are supposed to make me look sixteen if I want to look that way. I have enough money to *buy* youth. I'd rather die on the operating table than live and look like a has-been. If you won't send me to a surgeon for an uplift, there are plenty of people who will!" And she flounced out of the office, never to return, I knew.

If she had been willing through all these years to give her skin simple care she would not have needed a surgeon's knife three times in twenty-five years.

ONE of my masculine clients has just scored a hit in a play. Last year when he walked into my salon he was at the end of his rope. "My stage career is ended! How can I play a romantic juvenile with pouches like these under my eyes? No make-up will hide them now."

I suggested astringent compresses under the eyes, a little eye cream left on overnight for the crow's-feet at the corners, and eye exercises. "It will take several months to get results," I warned. He persevered. His eyes are no longer puffy. He is back on Broadway.

Here are the exercises he used: (1) Follow a large imaginary circle on the wall; let eyes travel round this circle slowly 10 times, keeping head perfectly still. (2) Open the eyes wide and count five; relax muscles and count 5. Repeat 5 times. (3) Cup the hands, keeping fingers tightly together to shut out light. Hold cupped hands over closed eyes for 3 to 5 minutes. Repeat often during day. . . .

IN LOOKING through my notes about Russia, made a few years ago, I find the one I like best is the remark made by a young woman factory worker:

"Madame Rubinstein, you are from America, where the women never wash their faces!"

As a matter of fact, American women, in their pursuit of beauty, use plenty of soap and water, because certainly cleanliness is fundamental to beauty. Soap of high grade should be a part of every woman's beauty equipment, though the woman with dry skin should be careful to lubricate it with a soothing cream after washing.

Shortly after Mussolini came into power he charged me with diverting Italian women from their duties to the state by making them beauty-conscious. He forbade all cultivation of beauty. But he soon learned that a nation of plain women serves other causes less enthusiastically than women who are lovely and know it. The Soviets, too, have abandoned their policy of women unadorned. Dictators may come and go, but the urge toward personal beauty will not be suppressed. . .

"Bathroom bandits" can be caught but not curbed, according to Mrs. Holt. "My

husband uses up my cosmetics before I get a chance at them," she said. "He simply dotes on my lotion for a shiny nose."

Such bandits are also susceptible, I am told, to their wives' eau de cologne, hair tonic, and sunproof cream. Men have learned that peeling noses are not inevitable in the summertime. . . .

DR. LEFFINGWELL sent us our first case of melancholia.

"She has a depression psychosis that I cannot penetrate. Will you help me?" he asked. "Get her interested in her looks, and we'll see what happens."

Mrs. Harrison, apathetic, drab, badly dressed, came in. We shampooed and waved her hair; gave her a facial and rouged her lips lightly. We made an appointment for the next day and the next and the next, each time introducing her to something new. She had manicures, pedicures, relaxation treatments.

We always sent her away looking as pretty as we could make a sober, disconsolate woman look. After two weeks she showed her first glimmer of interest.

"I want a lipstick to put in my purse," she said.

I got permission from her husband to take her shopping. She had been wearing black. One of our gayest operators went with her to select a dress of cheerful color. Mrs. Harrison chose a bright green.

"I'm Irish, you know," and she laughed!

I hastily reported that laugh to Dr. Leffingwell. He was jubilant.

That was a number of years ago. Mrs. Harrison's melancholia is a part of the past. But she never buys a dress without bringing in a swatch of the material for our opinion.

"Do you think this color is exciting enough?" she'll say, her eyes twinkling.

Since the war, medical men and psychiatrists have been interesting themselves in good grooming as an aid to rehabilitation of both men and women. The psychological effect of having the bloom of health in your cheeks is a big step toward recovery. To regain an interest in yourself, in your looks, restores your determination to get well. . . .

VARIOUS estimates have been made of what the average woman spends on make-up without ever visiting a beauty salon. Twenty dollars a year is one estimate.

The average woman is very busy running a house or bringing up a family. Here's an efficient and workable program which I developed for Mrs. Dale:

She keeps one drawer in the kitchen for a handy beauty station. While the meat is in the oven she spreads nourishing cream on her face to replenish the natural oils and prevent wrinkles. This cream also protects her face from the stove heat.

When she is cleaning the house she inserts under the nails an edging of soap to prevent the grayish look that sometimes becomes chronic. If nails become brittle, she puts nourishing cream under them before going to bed.

A strong solution of peroxide and lemon juice bleaches her nails when stained from working in the garden.

While she is telephoning she has time to do hand exercises, one hand at a time, stretching the fingers wide apart, then clenching the fist and stretching again. Or she lets her hand drop limply from the wrist and shakes it vigorously. While she is waiting for water to run or the oven to heat she "combs" her eyelids. She smooths tissue cream on her hands and "combs" lightly with her fingers, tips pointing downward diagonally, from eyelid to eyebrow to the temple.

When those horny cells of the epidermis rub up, making permanent gooseflesh on her arms or thighs or other parts of her body, she dissolves a handful of common salt in a half-bowl of cold water and scrubs the body briskly with a stiff brush dipped in this water. Then a good rub-down. Her skin is once more smooth as satin. And, contrary to the Russian woman's belief, she washes her face with soap and water, an essential part of her efforts to keep a clean, clear skin.

FORTY years a beauty specialist! In that time I have seen the cosmetic industry in the United States grow into a $380,000,000 industry—the fifth largest in the country. But it is not in dollars and cents that I measure the success of my work. It is measured in terms of the individual happiness of my clients.

The figures show that $200,000,000 a year is spent in beauty shops. But not all the money in the world will make a woman beautiful unless she does something for herself.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Painting by Rockwell Kent

BEAUTY AND PROTECTION

BY SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

When in the spring sunshine, you look at your house freshly painted with SWP you see and you feel the joy of living. Here is your most cherished possession . . . radiant . . . bright . . . and beautiful. And that lasting coat of beauty is more than beauty. It is lasting protection . . . to your property . . . to your pride . . . to all that means a bright and colorful home.

Few things can give you the pleasure that comes from a can of paint. And through the years Sherwin-Williams famous SWP will give you—as it has given thousands of others—the beauty . . . and protection . . . and pleasure . . . your painting expenditure entitles you to. SWP has all the properties that bring satisfaction in your finished painting. Smooth and silken texture . . . sunfast, durable, true toned colors . . . glossy, gleaming surface . . . and the durable long life your paint job must have.

Using SWP on your home identifies you with the best known and most widely used house paint in America. Its name is a proud possession of the Sherwin-Williams Co., because of the countless home-owners whose pride in their homes is enhanced by the beauty and protection SWP gives.

For your interior repainting S-W Semi-Lustre and S-W Flat-Tone are companions to SWP, in producing the pride and pleasure that comes out of a can of Sherwin-Williams paint . . . in transforming your house to your home.

"All you need to know about paint is Sherwin-Williams." And paint headquarters in city, town or hamlet is where the "cover the earth" emblem is displayed. There the Sherwin-Williams dealer will help and serve you.

You can have twelve to eighteen months to pay for your painting. Ask the Sherwin-Williams dealer in your locality about the S-W Budget Payment Plan. Write directly to Sherwin-Williams Co., Dept. A-1, Cleveland, O.

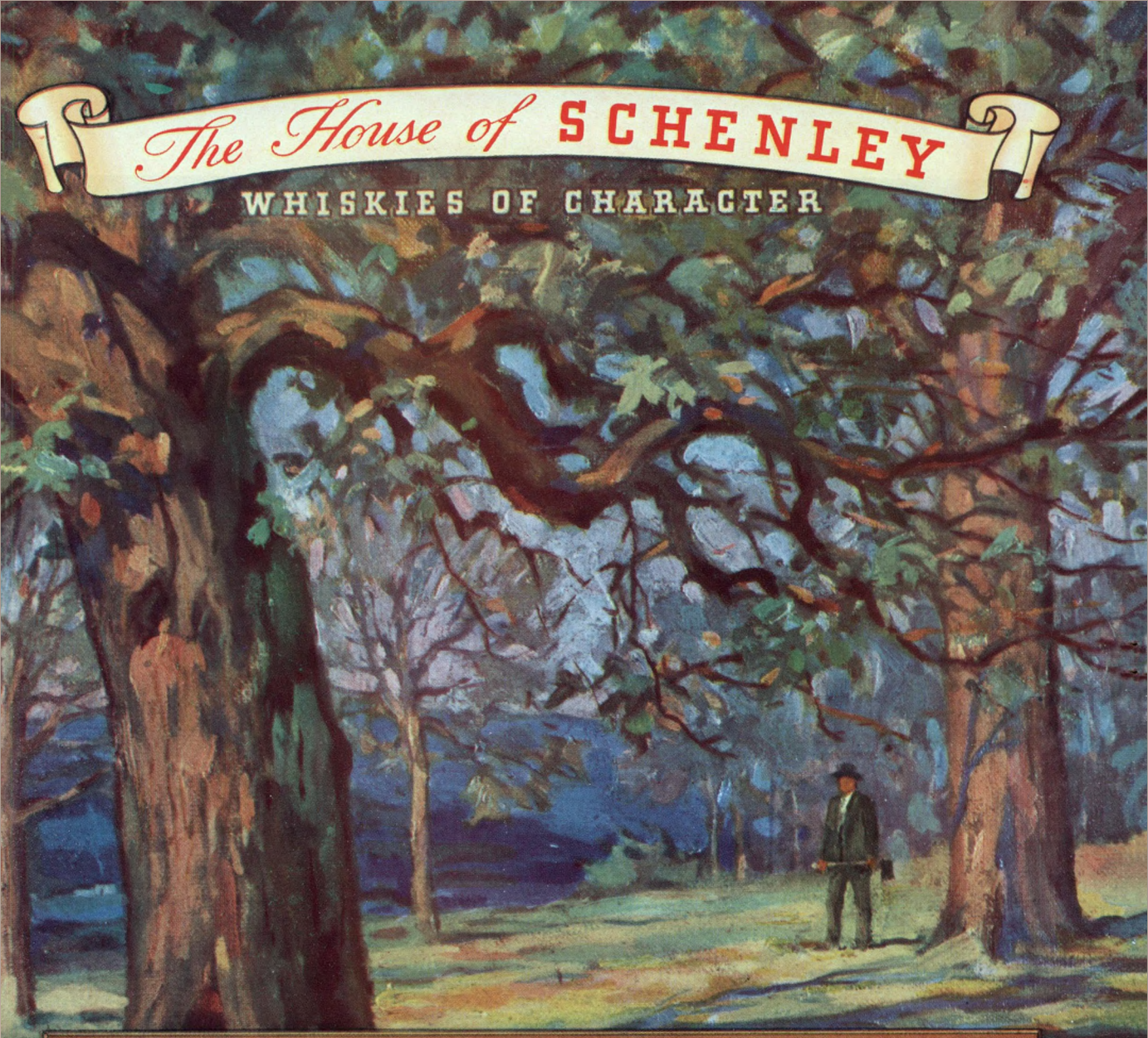
The Sherwin-Williams dealer in your locality will give you free of charge a copy of the beautiful Home Decorator. Or write direct to the Sherwin-Williams Co., Department A-1, Cleveland, Ohio.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PAINT

The House of SCHENLEY

WHISKIES OF CHARACTER



THE FINER THE OAK, THE FINER THE BARREL

and the finer the whiskey character

In the Ozark Mountains there stretches a special tract of highly-prized white oaks... trees taller, broader, far older than their neighbors. Trees more fully seasoned by Mother Nature and Father Time... and therefore drier, and possessing the ideal quality and quantity of resins and gums that are so friendly to whiskies slowly aging in the wood. It is from these towering oaks that the barrels for *Schenley's* delicious Mark of Merit whiskies are fashioned. And so . . . when you taste that delicate barrel-seasoned richness which distinguishes *Schenley* whiskies, you can thank the giant Ozark oaks for the generous part they have played.

SCHENLEY'S **ANCIENT SPECIAL RESERVE**
BOTTLED IN BOND
under U. S. Gov't Supervision
100 proof Straight Whiskey

SCHENLEY'S **GOLDEN WEDDING**
90 proof—a Blend of Straight Whiskies

SCHENLEY'S **OLD QUAKER** Brand
90 proof
Straight Whiskey

Errand boy of CRIME

(*Continued from page 23*)

purchase of a car for Baby Face, thus sardonically enough, by his first official action, laying the groundwork for the destruction both of his master and of himself. Following this, they all drove to Minneapolis and rented an apartment. Here he was introduced to the other members of the Baby Face Nelson gang.

These were the criminals who were also to form a part of Dillinger's gang when he later escaped from Crown Point jail. So they planned jobs and waited, while John Paul Chase underwent his apprenticeship as gang agent. Soon this position became one of high importance, for when Dillinger finally escaped from Crown Point jail, Baby Face and his new assistant were in harried flight. Nelson was accused of murdering a citizen of Minneapolis, Theodore W. Kidder, an unexplainable crime in which it is said he trailed the man in his car, lured him into conversation, and shot him down.

BEFORE dawn the next morning, pasty-faced with fear of pursuit, Baby Face Nelson made a hurried getaway from Minneapolis, accompanied by Helen Gillis and their baby. Of course Chase also went along. The morning editions carried a description of the supposed slayer of Mr. Kidder and the number of the murder car, California license 6-H-475. In the days which followed, headlines screamed the name of Baby Face Nelson. The license had been checked in California, and the name James Rogers had been trailed down to the revelation that Nelson, in company with an inconsequential bootlegger, had bought the car. Chase was forgotten in the transaction; his name did not even appear in the scareheads.

As the quartet raced across America toward Bremerton, Washington, where the baby was to be left with a sister of Helen Gillis, Baby Face Nelson merely skulked and cowered. It was Chase who would approach some tourist camp in darkness and arrange accommodations for "myself and my family." It was Chase who drove them to the very door of the cabin, where the party alighted and hurried within, only to leave at dawn. Chase bought the gas and oil, purchased the food for luncheon, and did the driving when surroundings seemed dangerous. They reached Bremerton safely and left the child. Then they hurried for the protection of Reno, where Nelson, at one time, had also been a chauffeur for gamblers. Soon after that, Fatso Negri saw Chase again.

It was in a San Francisco saloon. Chase gave Fatso no explanation of his presence, only a command:

"Here's a hundred dollars. Go to Reno and get my clothes out of the hotel where I've been staying. I had to leave town quick. Understand?"

The underworld asks few questions. Fatso merely obeyed orders and brought back the clothes.

"Say, that town's hot!" he exclaimed. He meant that Reno was seething with investigation. An important witness had disappeared in a criminal case and there were rumors that the missing witness had been slain by Baby Face Nelson. There is evidence that Chase had driven the car which Nelson had used in the disposal of the body. After that, Nelson had skipped, of course. Chase, the man without a record, had driven the murder car into San Francisco, disposed of it and there dispatched Fatso on the errand to Reno. Life for John Paul Chase was a constant succession of jobs like this.

WHEN Chase and Nelson met again in the vicinity of Chicago, Chase took on completely his round of duties. While gangsters skulked in hide-outs, the business agent went about in the open and made possible their depredations. Murderers cannot kill without guns and ammunition. Chase bought them. They needed cars. He was the go-between in their purchase. He carried the word from gangster to gangster of the "meets" or congregating places, sometimes at a soft-drink drive-in lot, sometimes upon the open road, often in the yard of a schoolhouse outside Chicago. Chase was the sinews and the lifeblood upon which this crew existed. Yet his standing with the leader, while one of trust, amounted to so little that when Baby Face, with Dillinger and other gang members, went, in April, 1934, on a holiday at Little Bohemia, a roadhouse near Rhinelander, Wisconsin, the faithful business agent was not even invited.

That holiday went awry; special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, on the trail of Dillinger, followed them there. In the getaway after the battle which followed, a member of the Dillinger gang was killed. Also Baby Face murdered a special agent, W. Carter Baum, thus making Nelson for the first time an object of pursuit by the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

And for the first time, also, Chase became involved. Our special agents, in taking up Nelson's pursuit, began to check every possible action in this man's past. They looked into the sale of that car bought in California—almost the first job Chase had done for his leader. They established that John Paul Chase had aided in this purchase.

So Chase was included as an object of investigation. A short time after he and Baby Face met again, following the Little Bohemia battle, word came from the Pacific Coast underworld that special agents had been making inquiries. As a result, Fatso Negri received the letter which John Paul Chase had promised long before. He became the messenger boy, to carry out Chase's orders.

Despite eagerness to catch Baby Face Nelson, federal activities at this time were necessarily centered upon the more important Dillinger. Inspector Samuel Cowley had been sent by me to consolidate all activities in the chase. He drew a constantly narrowing circle about Dillinger and his comrades. More and more secretive the gang became, more fearful.

Chase now assumed the task of liaison agent and instructor to Fatso, the new but necessary messenger boy. Ceaselessly he lectured him. As activities became more secretive, the gang separated more widely. Negri lived at one place, Chase at another, and members of the actual bandit crew somewhere else, meeting only at night, usually in the previously mentioned schoolyard on the outskirts of Chicago.

Once Chase promised Fatso a real thrill. They went to the schoolyard. Shadowy cars were parked near by. Helen Gillis acted as a lookout. In conference with the rest of the gang was a well-built man to whom everyone showed deference. Chase clutched Fatso's arm.

"Take a good look at him," he exclaimed. "That's John Dillinger! I'll let you meet him. Now, don't get excited."

However, it was Chase whose voice trembled when he introduced "his friend from California;" Chase who stood about open-mouthed while Dillinger, Nelson, and others talked of the narrowing circle of federal pursuit. These men were jumpy, nervous, easily excited. The price of protection from the underworld was going steadily upward. As time went on, the schoolyard meetings became even more desperate. At last the gang decided upon the looting of the Merchants' National Bank at South Bend, Indiana.

Chase, in his role of Negri's boss, ordered steel vests, bullets, a rifle, and other guns. Fatso made the round of underworld supply depots and got them. Then came the robbery, in which, according to evidence, Chase moved along his road of ambition, by taking part. There was shooting during that robbery, and a policeman was slain.

The loot was divided among the members of the gang Fatso, with his first bandit wealth, took a trip home, only to return with harrowing news.

"All that country's swarming with federals. Asking questions everywhere. The place is hot, I'm telling you!"

Chase sneered. He was now a success, an associate of men who made the headlines. With them he had talked over plans for a dozen bank robberies.

"Listen," he told Fatso; "when we pull off some of these big jobs we're talking about, we'll have so much money we can go anywhere we want and they'll never find us."

THE answer to that boast came in the flaring headlines of newspapers, the cry of "Extra! Extra!" Inspector Samuel Cowley's carefully laid plans had met fruition. John Dillinger lay dead of federal bullets and again Baby Face Nelson was in flight, once more headed toward Nevada and as usual depending upon his agent and the skirts of womankind to protect him.

This time he felt he could not trust to Helen alone. He persuaded a hanger-on to accompany himself, Helen, Fatso, and Chase, and to bring his wife and baby along for further camouflage. Even then,

he remained nervous, so Chase sent Fatso into San Francisco for Chase's girl. Now, with three women and a baby to afford him cover, Baby Face settled himself for a time at a Nevada lake resort. There he heard that several other members of his gang had fallen before law-enforcement bullets. Desperation overwhelmed him. Then terrifying word came from Reno:

"The place is alive with federal officers. They've been everywhere—to all your old contacts. They've got a line on the fellow in the gambling hall who's been tipping you off. They're closing in on you. It's time to run!"

Away went Baby Face Nelson, hiding behind three women and a baby, with John Paul Chase to go into town for gasoline and oil, or to rent a cabin in a tourist camp.

Money was short. The fugitives sneaked into the Vallejo hospital, where the gaunt old safe-blower reached behind a bookcase and brought forth a tin box from which he doled out a thousand dollars. Then:

"Get away from here! You're hot! It's the federals! I've managed to fool them so far, but I can't do it forever. Get going!"

They tried to make contacts with old friends of the bootleg days. Everywhere there was the same answer:

"Keep going! The federals have been here looking for you. If they even hear of us talking to you, they'll sock us for harboring you."

SO THEY turned east. Here and there they stopped at tourist camps, only to arise with a start and begin moving again. Then, at last, they gave up thought of shelter and camped in the open, while Negri and Chase or the women went into town for groceries, which were cooked over a small camp stove. Even then, Baby Face would waken in the deep night, sweating with fear as he gave the command:

"Get in these cars. We've got to keep going!"

Fatso was glad to drop behind when a car he was driving broke down in Colorado. Now there was only Chase to protect the craven murderer, to buy supplies or put in a guarded long-distance call to friends in Chicago. Always the answer was returned:

"Stay away from us. You're hot."

This is one of the reasons for the success of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—to so surround a hunted man that his every protector is frightened.

Then, in the search for a hiding place, the fugitives stopped one day at a certain lake resort near Chicago. And there John Paul Chase tightened the thongs of doom. He spoke to the manager:

"We've been thinking," he said, "that we'll come back here for a real stay after the season's over."

Then they were away again, with that remark to remain behind them, working inexorably toward their downfall. They had stopped at this place before and special agents had discovered the fact. The owners had been admonished that if ever the bandits reappeared to give notification of the fact.

So the resort owners reported the visit and that John Paul Chase had said they were coming back. Inspector Cowley at once sent special agents to take up residence in the resort.

Months passed. Nothing happened. While these special agents watched away the dreary days, John Paul Chase and the cowardly man he protected traveled again into the West upon an aimless journey, then swung once more eastward. At last, in November, a car was seen moving about the streets of the lake resort town and a keen-eyed special agent thought he recognized the man within as Baby Face Nelson. A call was shot through to Inspector Cowley; cars began to converge, then circle, in an effort to find the much-sought fugitive.

In the afternoon of a cool November day, Baby Face Nelson, his ever-present wife, and John Paul Chase drove along the highway which led from the resort. A car passed them and the face of a man showed for an instant at the rear window.

"That guy looked at me," snapped the jittery Nelson. "Maybe he's a federal!" Then he uttered a command: "*Let 'em have it!*"

John Paul Chase sat with an automatic rifle across his lap. This was his moment. He was guarding Baby Face Nelson and in that car ahead were federal officers.

"I'll take 'em!" he exclaimed. Up went the rifle, flame spurting from its muzzle as he fired through the windshield. Answering fire came from the car ahead. Chase again pressed the trigger and outbursts of flame spat from the rifle.

In the car ahead, the special agents continued to fire, meanwhile speeding forward toward a road where they could turn and double back, hoping to block the bandit car. The swift government machine was stepped up to its fullest power, swerving into the other road, circling, and then halting to await the approach of Baby Face Nelson. But the bandit car did not arrive. A federal bullet had damaged the water pump and the Nelson sedan was limping, slower, slower—

NOW another car was drawing upon the bandits, to swing wide and come to a stop. Two men leaped forth—Inspector Cowley and Special Agent Herman Hollis. Baby Face Nelson had anticipated them, swinging out of the car with John Paul Chase behind him. Chase rested the barrel of his automatic rifle on the hood of the car and began to fire, while Baby Face worked from the rear.

Hollis fired a shotgun, wounding Baby Face Nelson, who stumbled about the rear of his car. Chase continued to fire, trading the automatic rifle for other weapons. Two witnesses saw Nelson clutch his stomach, and then stumble to the running board of the car, there to act as gun loader while his companion assumed the position of the man in front, the killer.

The fire was continuous. Somewhere Helen Gillis lay cowering in a ditch; her husband did not even ask his comrade where she had gone. At last Nelson, in desperation, seized a machine gun and staggered into the open, firing as he went.

Inspector Cowley was on the ground, killed by Chase. Now Hollis fell, fatally wounded, before the machine gun in Nel-

EXPECTATION

IN the January, 1936, issue appeared a letter from a young woman of twenty years who asked what qualities she should look for in a husband when she contemplated marriage. Readers were invited to reply by writing letters on the subject, *What I Expect of a Husband* or *What I Expect of a Wife*. The writers of the three winning letters are:

First, $25.00
MRS. MABELLE DAVIS AUSLANDER
Los Angeles, Calif.

•

Second, $10.00
GEORGE W. HOYT
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

•

Third, $5.00
WILLIAM T. SHEPHERD
Belleville, N. J.

•

Here is Mrs. Auslander's letter:

WHAT I EXPECT OF A HUSBAND

PRIMARILY he must have a sense of humor, the saving grace of all humans.

An income sufficient to provide comfortable, civilized living and well-made clothes—the kind that make you hold up your head when you enter a swanky restaurant.

A disposition that is equable in public but not too good to prevent his telling me privately what he thinks of my bridge game and tendency to flirt with black-eyed men.

A keen appreciation of the beautiful, be it a sunset or a cake.

Men must like him, and women too, and porters and children and head waiters.

He must be sweet, with that special and essential quality of sweetness which is given to gods and men.

He must not be too old to play with an electric train or too young to dance with all the wallflowers at a party.

He must wear his clothes and drink his liquor like a gentleman.

He must have understanding and patience with a small boy and sympathy with an adolescent girl.

I hope I may be worthy of such a man, for I have been married to him for eighteen years.

son's hand. The baby-faced killer staggered on to the government car, dragged himself into it, and swung around to pick up the man who through faithful service had helped to bring all this about.

"Where's Helen?" Chase asked as he climbed in.

"I don't know!" shouted Nelson. "We haven't got time to wait for her. Get this car started!"

"Here she comes!" answered Chase. A moment later all three were in the car and gone. Baby Face Nelson died that night in the home of a small-town politician near by. Helen and Chase took him out and left his nude, blood-spattered form beside a cemetery. The woman staggered blindly away. John Paul Chase was left alone to pay for his rise in crime.

He bought the daily newspapers. There was no mention of his name. Taking heart, he answered an advertisement for men to convoy cars to Seattle, and was even bold enough to go to a police station for a chauffeur's license under the name of Elmer Rockwood. He crossed the country safely. But when he reached Seattle and strove to contact old friends, the story changed.

"You're done for!" they snapped. "Stay away from us."

In Butte was $2,000, money he had sent to a friend for some such contingency as this. He took a bus for the Montana city and telephoned his contact.

"Get out of town!" came the guarded answer. "The G-men know about that money. They're watching that safe-deposit box! Keep going!"

San Francisco was closed to him. Reno meant instant arrest. Only one possible haven was left—once, years before, he had worked for a short time at the California State Fish Hatchery at Mount Shasta. Perhaps if he went there—

THE wires hummed the next day with the news that the Federal Bureau of Investigation had gotten its man. Not one item of the history of John Paul Chase had been neglected. As soon as he had appeared at the fish hatchery, local officers, warned beforehand by special agents, had placed him under arrest.

On that day, John Paul Chase's story of misplaced ambition came to an end.

His trial was one of many. Garage men, gamblers, steel vest purveyors, criminal informers, the hospital manager, even Fatso Negri and Helen Gillis, went to prison for their minor parts in a major tragedy. Their sentences were short; they had only harbored criminals. But John Paul Chase had looked upon banditry as a profession and had traveled the entire route. For this there must be commensurate punishment.

Thus, handcuffed, he was taken home, back to the San Francisco region. But now his home is on the bleak rock where stand the sixty-foot walls of Alcatraz Penitentiary and where he is condemned to be a prisoner for life.

MORE SECRETS of the G-men, told for the first time by the head of America's Scotland Yard, will appear in an early issue

Tuna clipper

(*Continued from page 35*)

Harbor. Of course, we ate together, for it is the custom on tuna clippers to serve American food to the operator and engineer after the Japanese have had their boiled rice and raw fish. But even then we did not talk much. No, I did not care for him. But I could not imagine him a petty thief.

"Are you quite sure, son," I said carefully, "that it was not a Japanese?"

"Very sure, Malloy *san*."

"You stay here," I told him. "If they sight a school of fish they'll be ringing up full speed."

I WENT into Burton's cabin without knocking. As usual he had his headset on and was bending over his work table. Quickly he slipped his phones off and swung around in his chair.

"Have you been in Miyoshi's sea bag?" I demanded.

"I'm sorry, Malloy," he said crisply, "but I'm busy now."

"You're going to be busier in a minute. Did you go into his bag? Start talking or I'll throw you overboard."

"You're big, Malloy, and I hear you're hard," he said evenly, "but don't start anything with me."

He was watching me carefully. Whatever he saw in my face made him reach again for his drawer. This time he jerked it out. There was a big automatic there and his hand dropped close to the butt. There was something else in that drawer. Light caught and danced on the smooth brass surface of a sextant.

"Since when," I snarled, "do pier-jumping brass-pounders play with celestial navigation?"

"And since when," he countered, "do engine-room helpers read *Jane's Annual* for light amusement?"

"I don't know what they read. I don't even know what *Jane's Annual* is."

"It's a volume published in England. It contains descriptions of practically every man-of-war in the world, including those of the United States Navy. Amusing reading for a Japanese fisherman, eh?"

Something in the back of my mind was struggling to come forward, something which, I realized, had been back there for a long time waiting to come forward and to spoil everything. Everything had been so fine until Burton came aboard. I stood there, hating him, and he knew it. Slowly his fingers clasped around the corrugated butt of his automatic."

"Take it easy, Malloy," he said. "I've warned you."

"Burton," I said slowly, "just who in the dickens are you?"

"Frankly," said he coolly, "I don't trust you, Malloy. I think you've been on Japanese tuna clippers too long."

He was still watching me carefully. I saw the gun move a fraction of an inch. saw his finger work itself up over the trigger. In spite of that I was just about to move in on him.

A hail from the crow's-nest snapped the tension that crackled in the tiny cabin like static electricity. Feet pounded on the deck outside. I took a long breath. My nerves, stretched to their limits, relaxed.

"They've found a school of tuna," I said mechanically.

Suddenly I was glad that something had interrupted us. It would not do any good to lick Burton or to have him shoot me. Now things could be postponed.

"It's all hands on the platforms," I said tiredly, "when we begin fishing."

I TURNED away. I stumbled on the sill, going out of his cabin. The bright sunshine hit me and I groped blindly for the rail to guide me aft, where the platforms were. Slowly my vision cleared.

"Here," said Miyoshi's voice, "is our platform, Malloy *san*."

Already most of the crew had poured over the rail and were standing, three and four to a platform, on the several steel grills which hung overside a few feet above the surface. Captain Fukiami, handling steering wheel and engine from the duplicate controls in the pilothouse, was heading the La Jolla slowly into a patch of dark water. Two of the crew, standing on the bulky bait tanks, were chumming, dipping nets into the after tank and scattering sardines into the water.

"We see if they little ones or big ones, yes?" Miyoshi said, handing me a short pole and buckling the leather apron around me to protect my stomach from the butt of the pole. "I think maybe we need three-pole rig, yes."

Another figure took a place on the gratings next to me. Dully I stared at him.

"You advertised for a mate, didn't you?"

Lawrence LaRiar

"Curse you!" I shouted at him. "Isn't there any other platform but this?"

He looked at me, but said nothing. He had found a pole and an apron. He turned away from me and glanced down at the water. It would have been easy, right then, to tip him overboard. The sharks out there could have handled the rest. But I could not do it.

Now we could see the tuna. They were coming up after the chum, thousands and thousands of them. The porpoises darted swiftly away from the vessel and the sharks slid watchfully around to the outskirts of the school, but the tuna had no fear.

"Fifty to seventy-five pounds each," Miyoshi said. "A three-pole hook!"

We changed the leaders on our three short poles, attaching the lower end of the stout wire to a single large hook. I tried not to look at Burton.

The fishing had begun. The school might feed only a few minutes. There was no time to brood over personal hatreds.

"Watch us," I snarled at him. "You can see the fish go for the lure. When he feels himself jabbed by the hook, he'll try to dive. Turn the dive into a leap. Swing him up over our heads. If you gum the works and hook either of us, I'll feed you your own heart—see?"

Miyoshi, smoothing out the feathered lure, looked up. "One acquires merit, Malloy *san*," he said, "by being patient."

I'll say this for Burton—he was no handicap to our fishing. After the first three or four awkward casts he acquired the cadence of the thing. Swing down, stand tensely, our three poles rigid, as the fish came up for the lure. A tug. Then up, smoothly, the three poles working as one, while over our heads would fly a great, gleaming tuna to bounce, flapping, on the deck behind our shoulders. On every side of us, small yellow men were bending in groups of three, lifting their poles with exquisite teamwork, seldom missing a cast, seldom failing to lift one of those shining silver streaks up to the deck.

"Hi!" Miyoshi yelled.

Lifting with a smooth, even pull, eyes alert for a loose hook, dangerous as a flying knife, I knew I ought to be wildly excited. But I was not excited now. My heart was heavy and I was trying not to think about the two men beside me.

I SAW a big tuna sweep up for the lure, grab it. A four-pole team would have had trouble bringing it over the rail. And Burton was a split second late in making the lift. The great fish got its head down for a dive.

To this day I do not know why Miyoshi and I did not drop our poles. Perhaps he, as well as I, had only part of his mind pinned to the job. But, the next thing I knew, he and I were going overboard.

Something else happened. Burton, in a frantic effort to regain his balance, jerked on his pole, and the big, barbless hook shook out of the tuna's mouth. It caught me. It caught my right arm and tore through. I smacked the water, ablaze with pain. I gasped, and the whole Pacific seemed to rush into my lungs.

Strangling, my right arm useless, I floundered up to the surface. The world was reeling in great, dizzy circles. I tried to find Miyoshi. Through paroxysms of coughing I saw him, fifteen or twenty feet to my left. He was making heavy weather

of it, dog-paddling after the fashion of most Japanese. I started for him, but I did not get anywhere. It was about all I could do to keep my own chin out of water. I wanted to yell at him, but breath was tearing in and out of my waterlogged lungs, and no words came. My right arm was dragging after me. Pain raced up and down it from hand to shoulder.

The Japanese were lining the rail, shouting excitedly at Miyoshi and pointing at something a little beyond. I shook the water from my eyes and glanced in the direction they were pointing. An ugly black fin was there, slicing swiftly through the surface. I floundered painfully toward Miyoshi. But, even as I splashed along, pulling my right arm after me, I knew I would never make it in time.

IT WAS then that Burton came down in a clean, swift dive. He started for me.

"Go back, curse you!" I coughed at him. "Get Miyoshi!"

Oh, there was no bravery about that, no noble self-sacrifice. I knew I could get back to the side of the ship if he would take care of Miyoshi. He came up close to me as if he were going to take me in tow.

"Put your hands on me," I snarled, "and I'll take you under with me!"

He twisted in the water and went like a speedboat after the little fellow. The fin was much closer. I churned along after him, splashing hard to scare the shark away. The triangular fin swerved aside. I heard, above the yelling of the crew on deck, the heavy bark of a rifle. Captain Fukiami, at the door of his pilothouse, was emptying a full clip at the shark. And then Burton was towing Miyoshi toward the nearest platform. A dozen brown hands hoisted them over the rail.

I was being hauled up through a dim red fog of pain. I scrambled over the rail. My arm was a dead weight. But there was no time to bother with it. It seemed very important to know what Miyoshi was saying to Burton.

"Who am I," he said, looking up into the radio operator's face, "to question karma? I embarrass greatly, Burton *san*. How, now, can I kill you?"

I staggered in between them. The narrow deck between rail and bait tank was knee-deep with tuna. I fell, picked myself up, and fell again. Strong arms were around me, lifting me to my feet and steadying me. They were Burton's arms. I did not want them holding me up. I pushed them away.

"You give me my life, Burton *san*," Miyoshi was saying in a puzzled sort of way. "It make very difficult, oh, yes."

"We'll talk it over later, Miyoshi," Burton said quietly. "Come on, Malloy; let's get that arm of yours fixed up."

I tried to pull away. Something was going on and I wanted to understand what it was. But Burton's arms were too strong. He helped me up the ladder to the main deck. I looked back. Miyoshi was descending to the engine-room. The crew were going back to the fishing.

My arm was not too bad. Just a tear that ripped a few muscles loose. But it took quite a long time to fix. Burton was grave and silent as he drenched it with iodine and wound the bandages from shoulder to elbow. He looked as if he wanted to talk, but there was nothing I wanted to hear. Miyoshi was in the en-

gine-room, and somehow I knew that he needed me now.

"I guess I'd better tell you," Burton said when he was almost through with the bandaging. "I knew it all the time. I just didn't know which one it was. I thought it might be Fukiami, even if he has been sailing out of San Pedro for twenty years. It could even have been some of these young Japanese who are American citizens because they were born in this country. But—"

I picked up my right arm with my left hand and hurried out of his cabin down to the engine-room. Miyoshi was not there, but his drying footprints were. They led past the port side of the Diesel, past the main pump, and straight to the workbench. Confusedly I followed them. It seemed tremendously important to be with Miyoshi right now. He was not at the workbench. My eyes lifted to the tool rack, where the polished steel wrenches and spanners were hung in orderly rows. Vaguely my mind registered the fact that two big wrenches were missing.

The wet outlines of Miyoshi's footprints led forward along the engine, and I stumbled after them. It was odd that I should be so weak. But I knew I must find Miyoshi without delay.

IT WAS an effort to climb the ladder to the deck. I bumped along the alleyway, my shoulder scraping the doors which gave into the cabins of the fishermen. A man was just coming out of the cubicle which Miyoshi shared with three others. I stared at him in astonishment. He was dressed in a well-fitting blue uniform, with two gold stripes on the cuffs and the insignia of the Imperial Japanese Naval Reserve on the collar. I blinked as he turned to look at me. It was Miyoshi. He was quite pale, but the friendly smile was still on his lips. Gazing dumbly, I noticed an odd thing. The two wrenches were hanging from his left wrist, lashed there by a bit of lanyard.

"Malloy *san*," he said, breathing very deeply in the way he had when he felt emotion, "I sorry, very, but now it must be. I take to Nirvana bright memory of most fine friend I ever knew. Will you tell Burton *san* that Captain Fukiami and others will be most surprised? I sorry to make them lose face."

"Listen, Miyoshi," I said, wishing my brain would clear so I could really understand things. "Listen—everything will be all right. Come to my cabin and—"

"*Slikata ga nai*," he said regretfully. "There is no way of doing."

He reached out and touched my sleeve with his hand. Then, quickly, he turned away. I grabbed him. Quite easily he twisted out of my hands.

"Miyoshi!" I called desperately. "Wait! Wait just a minute! I want to talk—"

He paused at the end of the alleyway, a small, gallant figure. His hand came up to his uniform cap in quick salute. Before I could stumble to him he had disappeared at the break of the deck. And when I got there I could not find him. There was a widening circle of ripples on the water. I threw my leg over the rail. But I knew it would not do any good. So I turned away and bumped along the corridor toward my engine-room. . . .

NOW, sitting aside and thinking, I guess it was about the only thing he could have done. It would have been no service to Japan had Lieutenant Burton, United States Naval Intelligence, arrested the little fellow as soon as the La Jolla came inside the three-mile limit. It was better the way it was.

The fact of the matter was that Burton really liked the little fellow. Or so he said. Miyoshi could not have learned much, anyway. Our navy has comparatively few secrets, Burton told me, and those that are worth guarding cannot be solved from the decks of a tuna clipper. But most nations, including our own, he said, plant agents wherever there is a possibility of picking up bits of useful information. That is the way things are in this eighteenth year after the war that was to end all wars.

It seems strange, now, going down into the engine-room and not finding Miyoshi there. Strange, too, on the platforms, teaming up with anybody who comes along. I guess it is as Burton said: I have been with the tuna clippers too long. Oh, well, an engineer who knows his Diesels can find a job almost anywhere.

ANOTHER Japanese-American story by Eustace L. Adams will appear in a forthcoming issue.

the SAINT *and the* SIREN

(*Continued from page 27*)

stool and leaned his elbows on his knees. She told him her name, but for the moment he didn't answer with his own. "Out of a job?" he asked quietly.

She shook her head. "Not yet."

"You aren't on a diet, are you?"

"Yes. A nice, rich diet of doughnuts and coffee, mostly." She smiled rather wearily at his puzzlement. "I work for Oppenheim."

"Doesn't he pay you?"

"Sure. But maybe you haven't heard of him. I'm a dressmaker. I work with fifty other girls in a loft down near the East River, making handmade underwear. We work ten hours a day, six days a week, sewing. If you're clever and fast you can make two pieces in a day. They pay you fifty cents apiece. You can buy them uptown for four or five dollars, but that doesn't do us any good. I made six dollars last week."

It was Simon Templar's first introduction to the economics of the sweatshop, and the cold facts as she stated them made him feel slightly sick. He realized that he had been too long in ignorance of the existence of such people as Mr. Oppenheim.

"Do you mean to say he gets people to work for him on those terms?" he said incredulously. "And how is it possible to live on six dollars a week?"

"Oh, there are always girls who'll do it if they can't get anything else. I didn't have any job at all for three months, and six dollars a week is better than nothing. You learn how to live on it. After a while you get used to being hungry; but when you have to buy shoes or pay a dentist's bill, and the rent piles up for a couple of weeks, it doesn't do you any good."

"I seem to have heard of your Mr. Oppenheim," said the Saint thoughtfully. "Didn't he just pay a million and a half dollars for a collection of emeralds?"

"That's the guy. I've seen them, too—I've been working on his daughter's trousseau because I've got more experience of better-class work than the other girls, and I've been going to the house to fit it."

"You've been in the house, have you?" he said, even more thoughtfully. "And you've seen these emeralds?" He stopped himself, and drew smoke from his cigarette to trickle it thoughtfully back across the counter. "Where are you going to sleep tonight?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. You see, I owe three weeks' rent now and they won't let me in until I pay it. I guess I'll take a stroll up to the park."

"It's healthy enough, but a bit drafty." He smiled at her suddenly with disarming frankness. "Look here; what would you say if I suggested that we wander around to a little place close by here where I can get you a room? Stay there tonight and meet me for dinner tomorrow, and let's talk it over." . . .

SHE met him the following evening, and he had to do very little more than keep his ears open to learn everything that he wanted to know.

"They're in Oppenheim's study—on the second floor. His daughter's room is next to it, and the walls aren't very thick. He was showing them to her yesterday afternoon when I was there. He has a big safe in the study, but he doesn't keep the emeralds in it. I heard him boasting about how clever he was. He said, 'Anybody who came in looking for the emeralds would naturally think they'd be in the safe. It'd take them a long time to open it, which would give us plenty of chances to catch them; but anyhow they'd be disappointed. They'd never believe that I had a million and a half dollars' worth of emeralds just tucked away behind a row of books on a

shelf. Even the man from the detective agency doesn't know it—he thinks the safe is what he's got to look after.'"

"So they have a private detective on the job, have they?" said the Saint.

"Yes. A man from Ingerbeck's goes in at seven o'clock every evening and stays till the servants are up in the morning. The butler's a pretty tough-looking guy himself, so I suppose Oppenheim thinks the house is safe enough in his hands in the daytime. . . . Why do you want to know all this?"

"I'm interested."

She looked at him with an unexpected clearness of understanding. "Is that what you meant when you said you'd like to do something about me?"

The Saint answered with a very quiet and calculating directness.

"That was more or less my idea," he said calmly.

She studied him with a sober and matter-of-fact attention as if they were discussing where she might find another job, but a restrained intenseness with which he thought he could sympathize came into her voice. She said, "I couldn't call anybody a criminal who did that. He really deserves to lose them. Have you ever done anything like that before?"

"If you were reading newspapers a few years back you may have read about me. I'm called the Saint."

"You? You're kidding." She stared at him, and the amused disbelief in her face changed slowly into a weakening incredulity. "Oh, if you only were! I'd help you to do it—I wouldn't care what it cost."

"You can help me by telling me everything you can remember about Oppenheim's household and how it works."

She had been there several times; and there were many useful things she remembered, which his skillful questioning helped to bring out. The supremely simple and obvious solution came to him a full two hours later, when they were dancing on a small, packed floor above Broadway.

HE TOOK her back to their table as the main batteries of lights went on for the floor show, and announced serenely, "It's easy. I know just how Comrade Oppenheim is going to lose his emeralds."

"How?"

"They have a man in from Ingerbeck's at night, don't they? And he has the run of the place while everybody else is asleep. They give him breakfast in the morning when the servants get up, and then he takes a cigar and goes home. Well, the same thing can happen just once more. The guy from Ingerbeck's comes in, stays the night, and goes home. Not the usual man, because he's sick or has been run over by a truck or something. Some other fellow. And when this other chap goes home, he can pull emeralds out of every pocket."

"But when would you do it?"

He looked at his watch mechanically. "Eventually—why not now? Or at least this evening." He was almost mad enough to consider it; but he restrained himself. "But I'm afraid it might be asking for trouble. It'll probably take me a day or two to find out a few more things about this dick from Ingerbeck's. I should think you could call it a date for Friday."

She nodded with a queer, childish gravity. "I believe you'd do it. You sound very sure of everything. But what

would you do with the emeralds after you got them?"

"I expect we could trade them in for a couple of hamburgers—maybe more."

"You couldn't sell stones like that. I'm sure you couldn't. Everything in a famous collection like that would be much too well known. If you took them to a dealer he'd recognize them at once, and then you'd be arrested."

"Four blocks north of here, on 52nd Street," said the Saint, "there's a little bar where you can find the biggest fence in the United States any evening between five and eight o'clock. You could sell him the English crown jewels if you had them. If I borrow Oppenheim's emeralds on Friday night I'll be rid of them by dinnertime Saturday, and then we'll meet for a celebration."

HE WAS in high spirits when he took her to the lodginghouse where he had found her a room the night before. He was in such good spirits that he had walked a block from the lodginghouse before he remembered that he had left her without trying to induce her to take some money for her immediate needs and without making any arrangement to meet her again.

He turned and walked back. The dimly lighted desert of the hall was surrounded by dense oases of potted palms, and one of these obstructions was in a direct line from the front door, so that anyone who entered quietly might easily remain unnoticed until he had circumnavigated this clump of shrubbery. The Saint was just preparing to step around this divinely inspired decoration when he heard someone speaking in the hall and caught the sound of a name which stopped him dead in his tracks. The name was Corrio. Simon stood securely hidden behind the fronds of imported vegetation, and listened for as long as he dared to some of the most interesting lines of dialogue he had ever overheard. When he had heard enough, he slipped out as quietly as he had come in, and went home without disturbing Janice Dixon. He would get in touch with her the next day. For the moment he had something much more urgent to occupy his mind.

It is possible that even Lieutenant Corrio's smugness might have been shaken if he had known about this episode of unpremeditated eavesdropping, but the unpleasant knowledge was hidden from him. His elastic self-esteem had taken no time at all to recover from the effects of Fernack's reprimand, and when Fernack happened to meet him on a certain Friday afternoon he looked as offensively sleek and self-satisfied as he had always been. It was beyond Fernack's limits of self-denial to let the occasion go by without making the use of it to which he felt he was entitled.

"I believe Oppenheim has still got his emeralds," he remarked.

Lieutenant Corrio's glossy surface was unscratched. "Don't be surprised if he doesn't keep them much longer," he said. "And don't blame me if the Saint gets away with it. I gave you the tip once and you wouldn't listen."

"Yeah, you gave me the tip," Fernack agreed benevolently. "When are you goin' out to Hollywood to play Sherlock Holmes?"

"Maybe it won't be so long now," Corrio said darkly. "Paragon Pictures are pretty interested in me—and they want me to take a screen test."

Fernack grinned evilly. "You're too late," he said. "They've already made a picture of *Little Women*."

He had reason to regret some of his gibes the next morning, when news came in that every single one of Mr. Oppenheim's emeralds had been removed from their hiding place and taken out of the house, quietly and without any fuss, in the pockets of a detective of whom the Ingerbeck agency had never heard. They had, they said, been instructed by telephone that afternoon to discontinue the service, and the required written confirmation had arrived shortly afterwards, written on Mr. Oppenheim's own letterhead and signed with what they firmly believed to be his signature; and nobody had been more surprised and indignant than they were the next day when Mr. Oppenheim, on the verge of an apoplectic fit, had rung up Mr. Ingerbeck himself and demanded to know how many more crooks they had on their pay roll and what the blank blank they proposed to do about it. The impostor had arrived at the house at the usual hour in the evening, explained that the regular man had been taken ill, and presented the necessary papers to accredit himself; and he had been left all night in the study and let out at breakfast time according to the usual custom. When he went out he was worth a million and a half dollars as he stood up. He was, according to the butler's rather hazy description, a tallish man with horn-rimmed glasses and a thick crop of red hair.

"That red hair and glasses is all boloney," said Corrio. "Just an ordinary wig and a pair of frames from any opticians. It was the Saint, all right. What did I tell you?"

"What th' deuce d'ya think you can tell *me?*" Fernack roared back at him. Then he subdued himself. "Anyway, you're crazy. The Saint's out of business."

Corrio shrugged. "Would you like me to take the case, sir?"

"What—you? I'll take the case myself." He glowered at Corrio thoughtfully for a moment. "Well, if you know so much about it you can come along with me. And we'll see how smart you are."

IN THE house the two detectives found a scene of magnificent confusion. There was the butler, who seemed to be getting blamed for having admitted the thief; there was a representative of Ingerbeck's, whose temper appeared to be frying rapidly under the stream of wild accusations which Oppenheim was flinging at him; there was a very suave and imperturbable official of the insurance company which had covered the jewels; and there was Mr. Oppenheim himself, a short, fat, yellow-faced man, shaking his fists in an ecstasy of rage, screaming at the top of his voice, and accusing everybody in sight. Fernack and Corrio had to listen while he unburdened his soul again from the beginning.

"And now vat you think?" he wound up. "These dirty crooks, this insurance company vat takes all my money, they say they don't pay anything. Just because I tried to keep the emeralds vere they couldn't be found, instead of leaving them in a safe vat anyone can open—"

"The thing is," explained the official of the insurance company, "that Mr. Oppenheim has failed to observe the conditions of the policy. It was issued on the express understanding that if the emeralds were to

be kept in the house, they were to be kept in this safe and guarded by a detective from some recognized agency. Neither of these stipulations has been complied with, and in the circumstances—"

"It's a dirty svindle!" shrieked Oppenheim. "Vat do I care about your insurance company? I vill cancel all my policies. I buy up your insurance company and throw you out in the street to starve. I offer my own reward for the emeralds. I vill pay half a mil— I mean a hundred thousand dollars to the man who brings back my jewels!"

"Have you put that in writing yet?" asked Lieutenant Corrio quickly.

"No. But I do so at vonce. Bah! I vill show these dirty, double-crossing crooks—" He whipped out his fountain pen and scurried over to the desk.

"HERE; wait a minute," said Fernack, but Oppenheim paid no attention to him. Fernack turned to Corrio. "I suppose you've gotta be sure of the reward before you start showin' us how clever you are," he said nastily.

"No, sir. But we have to consider the theory that the robbery might have been committed with that in mind. Emeralds like those would be difficult to dispose of profitably. I can only think of one fence in the East who'd handle a package of stuff like that."

"Then why don't you pull him in?" snapped Fernack.

"Because I've never had enough evidence. But I'll take up that angle this afternoon."

He took no further part in the routine examinations and questionings which Fernack conducted with dogged efficiency, but on the way back to Centre Street he pressed his theory again with unusual humility.

"After all, sir," he said, "we've all known for a long time that there's one big fence in the East who'll handle anything that's brought him, however big it is. I'm pretty certain who it is, though I've never been able to get anything on him. Even if this isn't one of the Saint's jobs, whoever did it, there are only four things they can do with the emeralds: They can hold them for the reward; they can cut them up and sell them as small stuff; they can try to smuggle them out of the country; or they can just get rid of them in one shot to this guy I've got in mind. Of course, they may be planning any of the first three things, but they may just as well be planning the fourth. I know you don't think much of me, sir," said Corrio, with unwonted candor, "but you must admit that I was right a few days ago when you wouldn't listen to me, and now I think it'd be only fair for you to give me another chance."

Almost against his will, Fernack forced himself to be just. "All right," he said grudgingly. "Where do we find this guy?"

"If you can be free about a quarter to five this afternoon," said Corrio, "I'd like you to come along with me." . . .

Simon Templar walked west along 52nd Street. He had dressed himself with some care for the occasion in one of the most elegant suits and brightly colored shirts from his extensive wardrobe; and he was a very beautiful and resplendent sight as he sauntered along the sidewalk with the brim of his hat tilted piratically over his eyes. In one hand he carried a brown-paper package.

Fernack's huge fist closed on his arm near the corner of Seventh Avenue; and the Saint looked around and recognized him with a delighted and completely innocent smile.

"Why, hullo, there," he murmured. "The very man I've been looking for." He discovered Corrio coming up out of the background, and smiled again. "Hi, Gladys," he said politely.

Corrio seized his other arm and worked him swiftly and scientifically into a doorway. Corrio kept one hand in his side pocket, and whatever he had in his pocket prodded against the Saint's stomach. There was a gleam of excitement in his dark eyes. "I guess my hunch was right again," he said to Fernack.

Fernack kept his grip of the Saint's arm. His frosty gray eyes glared at the Saint angrily, but not with the sort of anger that most people would have expected. "You darn' fool," he said. "I told you when you came over that you couldn't get away with that stuff any more."

"What stuff?" asked the Saint innocently.

Corrio had grabbed the package out of his hand and he was tearing it open with impatient haste.

"I guess this is what we're looking for," he said.

The broken string and torn brown paper fluttered to the ground as Corrio ripped them off. When the outer wrappings were gone he was left with a cardboard box. Inside the box there was a layer of crumpled tissue paper. Corrio jerked it out, and remained staring frozenly at what was finally exposed. This was a fully dressed and very lifelike doll with features that were definitely familiar. Tied around its neck on a piece of ribbon was a ticket on which was printed: "Film Star Series, No. 12: CLARK GABLE. 69c."

An expression of delirious and incredulous relief began to creep over the harsh angles of Fernack's face, much the same expression as might have come into the face of a man who, standing close by the crater of a rumbling volcano, had seen it suddenly explode, only to throw off a shower of fairy lights and colored balloons. The corners of his mouth began to twitch, and a deep vibration like the tremor of an approaching earthquake began to quiver over his chest; then suddenly his mouth opened to let out a shout of Gargantuan laughter, like the bellow of a joyful bull.

CORRIO'S face was black with fury. He tore out the rest of the packing paper and squeezed out every scrap of it between his fingers, snatched the doll out of the box and twisted and shook it to see if anything could have been concealed inside it. Then he flung that down also among the mounting fragments of litter on the ground. He thrust his face forward until it was within six inches of the Saint's. "Where are they?" he snarled savagely.

"Where are who?" asked the Saint densely.

"You know what I'm talking about," Corrio said through his teeth. "What have you done with the stuff you stole from Oppenheim's last night? Where are the Vanderwoude emeralds?"

"Oh, them," said the Saint mildly. "That's a funny question for *you* to ask." He leaned lazily against the wall towa.d which Corrio had forced him, took out his

cigarette case, and looked at Fernack. "As a matter of fact," he said calmly, "that's what I wanted to see you about. If you're particularly interested I think I could show you where they went to."

The laugh died away on Fernack's lips, to be replaced by the startled and hurt look of a dog that has been given an unexpected bone and then kicked almost as soon as it has picked the bone up.

"So you do know something about that job," he said slowly.

"I know plenty," said the Saint. "Let's take a cab."

He straightened up from the wall. For a moment Corrio looked as if he would pin him back there, but Fernack's intent interest countermanded the movement without his even speaking. Fernack was puzzled and disturbed, but somehow the Saint's quiet voice and unsmiling eyes told Corrio that here was something to be taken seriously. He stepped back, and Simon walked past him unhindered and opened the door of a taxi standing by the curb.

"Where are we going to?" Fernack asked.

The Saint grinned gently, and settled back in his corner with his cigarette. He ignored the question.

"Once upon a time," he said presently, "there was a smart detective. He was very smart, because after some years of ordinary detecting he had discovered that the main difficulty about the whole business was that you often have to find out who committed a crime, and this is liable to mean a good many disappointments. Besides which, the pay of a police lieutenant isn't nearly so big as that amount of brain work seems to deserve. So this guy thought of a much simpler method, which was to persuade the criminals to tell him about it themselves. Of course, he couldn't arrest them, but there were plenty of other ways of making a deal out of it.

"For instance, suppose a crook got away with a tidy cargo of loot and didn't want to put it away in the refrigerator for icicles to grow on. He could bring his problem to our smart detective, and our smart detective could think it over and say, 'Well, Elmer, all you do is just go and hide this loot, and I'll do a very smart piece of detecting and find it. Then I'll collect the reward and we'll go shares in it.' Usually this was pretty good business for the crook, the regular fences being as miserly as they are; and the detective didn't starve on it, either. Of course, the other detectives in the Bureau weren't so pleased about it, being jealous of seeing this same guy collecting such a lot of credits and fat insurance-company checks; but somehow it never seemed to occur to them to wonder how he did it."

HE FINISHED speaking as the taxi drew up at an apartment hotel near the corner of East 12th Street and Fifth Avenue.

Fernack was sitting forward, with his jaw square and hard and his eyes fixed brightly on the Saint's face. "Go on," he said gruffly.

Simon shook his head and indicated the door. "We'll change the scene again."

He got out and paid the driver, and the other two followed him into the hotel. Corrio's face seemed to have gone paler under its olive tan.

Simon paused in the lobby and glanced at him. "Will you ask for the key, or shall I? It might be better if you asked for it," he said softly, "because the clerk will recognize you. Even if he doesn't know you by your right name."

"I don't quite know what you're talking about," Corrio said coldly. He turned to Fernack. "I've got an apartment here, sir—I just use it sometimes when I'm kept in town late and can't get home. It isn't in my own name, because—well, sir, you understand—I don't always want everybody to know who I am. This man has come to know about it somehow, and he's just using it to try and put up some crazy story to save his own skin."

"All the same," said Fernack, with surprising gentleness, "I'd like to go up. I want to hear some more of this crazy story."

Corrio turned on his heel and went to the desk. The apartment was on the third floor, an ordinary two-room suite with the usual revolting furniture to be found in such places. Fernack glanced briefly over the living-room which they entered, and looked at the Saint again.

"Go on," he said. "I'm listening."

THE Saint sat down on the edge of the table and blew smoke rings.

"It would probably have gone on a lot longer," he said, "if this smart detective hadn't thought one day what a supremely brilliant idea it would be to combine business with profit, and have the honor of convicting a most notorious and elusive bandit known as the Saint—not forgetting, of course, to collect the usual cash reward in the process. So he used a very good-looking young damsel, having some idea that the Saint would never run away very fast from a pretty face. In which he was absolutely right. . . . She had a well-planned hard-luck story, too, and the whole act was most professionally staged. Even the spadework of the job had already been put in, so that she could practically tell the Saint how to pinch the jewels. So our smart detective must have thought he was sitting pretty, with a sucker all primed to do the dirty work, besides being there to take the rap when the smart detective made his arrest and earned the reward."

Simon smiled dreamily at a particularly repulsive print on the wall.

"Unfortunately, I happened to drop in on this girl one time when she wasn't expecting me, and I heard her phoning a guy named Corrio to tell him I was well and truly hooked," he said. "On account of having read in the *Daily Mail* some talk by a guy of the same name about what he was going to do to me, I was naturally interested."

Corrio started forward. "Look here, you—"

"Wait a minute." Fernack held him back with an iron arm. "I want the rest of it. Did you do the job, Saint?"

Simon shook his head sadly. "Would I be such a sap?" he asked reproachfully. "I knew I could probably get away with the actual robbery, because Corrio would want me to; but as soon as it was over, knowing in advance who'd done it, he'd be chasing round to catch me and recover the emeralds. So I told the girl I'd thought it all over and decided I was too busy." The Saint sighed, as if he was still regretting a painful sacrifice. "The rest is pure theory; but this girl gave me a check-room ticket this morning and asked me if I'd collect a package on it this afternoon at the railroad

station and take it to an address on 52nd Street. I didn't do it because I had an idea what would happen; but my guess would be that if somebody claimed the package they'd find emeralds in it. Not all the emeralds, probably, because that'd be too risky if I got curious and opened it; but some of them. The rest are probably here—I've been looking around since we've been here, and I think there's some new and rather amateurish stitching in the upholstery of that chair. I could do something with that reward myself—"

CORRIO barred his way with a gun as he got off the table. "You stay where you are," he grated. "If you're trying to get away with some smart frame-up—"

Simon looked down at the gun. "You talk altogether too much," he said evenly. "And I don't think you're going to be safe with that toy in a minute."

He hit Corrio very suddenly under the chin, grabbing the gun with his other hand as he did so. The gun went off crashingly as Corrio reeled backwards, but after that it remained in the Saint's hand. Corrio stood trembling against the wall; and Simon looked at Fernack again and rubbed his knuckles thoughtfully.

"Just to make sure," he said. "I fixed a dictograph under the table yesterday. Let's see if it has anything to say."

Fernack watched him soberly as he prepared to play back the record. In Fernack's mind was the memory of a number of things he had heard Corrio say which fitted into the picture offered by the Saint much too vividly to be easily denied.

Then the dictograph record began to play. And Fernack felt a faint shiver run up his spine at the uncannily accurate reproduction of Corrio's voice:

"Smart work, Leo. . . . I'll say these must be worth every penny of the price on them."

The other voice was unfamiliar:

"It was a cinch. The layout was just like you said. But how you goin' to fix it on the other guy?"

"That's easy. The dame gets him to call for a package in the railroad station and take it where I tell her to tell him. When he gets there, I'm waiting for him."

"You're not goin' to risk givin' him all that stuff?"

"Oh, don't be so wet. There'll only be just enough in the package to frame him. Once he's caught, it'll be easy enough to plant the rest somewhere and find it."

Corrio's eyes were wide and staring. "It's a plant!" he screamed hysterically. "That's a record of the scene I played in the film test I made yesterday."

Simon smiled politely, cutting open the upholstery of the armchair and fishing about for a leather pouch containing about fourteen hundred thousand dollars' worth of emeralds.

"I only hope you'll be able to prove it, Gladys," he murmured; and watched Fernack grasp Corrio's arm with purposeful efficiency.

***LESLIE CHARTERIS** will appear again in an early issue with another adventure of The Saint in America.*

THE STOLEN God

(*Continued from page 45*)

I'm not in your shoes—though mine are uncomfortable enough."

Virginia seemed to leap forward in her chair. "Ned, be careful! That stone idol isn't worth the risk of your life. Of course there's nothing to fear from André—"

"Not a thing, of course," Ned agreed.

"But the men working with him—the natives—if they suspect you—"

"I know. But you see, Virginia—it's the safeguard of a kingdom. And I'm pledged to bring it back." . . .

It was nearing midnight, so Ned went to the courtyard to look for Koh-Ken. But the old Siamese was not in his favorite shadow, and there was no answer from the darkness to Ned's whispered call.

But just then the Unseen moved again. The spirit of unfathomable mystery that brooded over the whole affair of the Emerald Buddha spoke out of the night. It was a human voice, a little more than a deep-throated murmur. Ned knew at its first guttural note that he had heard it once, perhaps twice, before. And, although he could not place it, the thrill of some great adventure, past and half-forgotten, made his heart bound.

"T'Fan?" the murmur came.

Ned's hand went to his pistol. "Yes, I am T'Fan."

"You are seeking Koh-Ken?" The voice spoke in debased Laotian.

"Is he in trouble? Speak quickly."

"Tonight he trailed the steps of him you call Chambon. He followed him to the house in the palm garden with the white gate, by the lamppost three streets toward the setting sun."

"I know the place. A rich Laotian lives there. What happened?"

"When Tuan turned in the house, Koh-Ken hid in the garden to watch and listen. He is hiding there still, but a servant came to guard each gate, and I could not take word to him what I know."

"What is it, man?"

"Those within know that he is hiding

there. Listening by the wall—for I am of the Little People, only fit to listen and watch and carry word—I heard my lord The Leopard tell the guard so. But the plan how to kill him and remove his body safely from the premises I could not hear."

Sick terror gripped Ned by the throat, but he rallied all his reserve forces, and instantly he was free.

"Come with me, and we'll save him." His voice might have moved most men to the noblest of their powers.

But the unseen presence answered without a change of tone: "Nay, I can only watch—and listen—and carry word."

And now Ned saw that the work was his alone. So off and away . . . down the alley . . . into the cross street. . . . But not too fast—no, he dared not go too fast. He must reach Koh-Ken with undiminished strength. And with his wits about him! He must make his head stay cool. There would be a guard at the gate. He must speak to him civilly, his hands at his sides, and offer a plausible excuse. . . . "Friend, my master has sent me to bring Tuan." "How did you know he was here?" "I had it on the word of passer-by." And while he played for time, Koh-Ken could escape.

Not far from the white gate a street light glimmered, only a lantern hung on a pole, casting a dim, yellow circle on the road. There was something sickening about that little pale hole in the night. . . .

THERE was a shout in the blackness beyond, and then a thud. So cruelly clear was his inner eye that he knew instantly the story behind those sounds: Koh-Ken leaping the wall and his dry old bones striking the ground. But now he was up, running toward the light. Ned knew it by the nearing sound of his footfall, frantic-fast on the hard ground, and the swelling clamor of his cries.

Ned called on all his inner reserves and sprinted to meet him. He, too, was shouting, partly to encourage the runner, partly to frighten his pursuers. But Koh-Ken was already running his pitiful best; and his pursuers plunged on all the faster.

And now Ned knew the end of that tragic race. Into the farther rim of that yellow ring, Koh-Ken's form took shape. He tried to plunge on a few paces more. But he knew—*he knew*—Ned could hear it in his cries. Just behind him, into the yellow circle, burst the foremost of his pursuers, and a second was taking shape where the light and darkness met. But even now—and Ned's heart blazed up in fierce pride—Koh-Ken did not beg for mercy. He heard the hunters' feet close behind him, knew that escape was impossible, and remembered that he was Koh-Ken, Number One boy to a Tuan. He would not end his honored days with his back to the foe. There was face to save yet. While Ned's pistol shots, still out of range, whistled futilely through the air, Koh-Ken whirled to fight.

The scene was branded forever on Ned's memory. The end came in a weird silence, dropping heavy and deep between one report and another of Ned's pistol. The first of the two pursuers plunged forward with an upraised knife. There was hardly light enough to flash the blade, yet Ned saw it pass under Koh-Ken's upraised arm, to plunge deep in his breast. At the same time he identified the killer beyond any shadow of doubt.

It was Pu-Bow.

The second pursuer had halted at the edge of the lighted ring, a mere dim shape in the shadows, but he, too, was betrayed by the mocking, evil glimmer of the lantern. A V-shaped patch of white showed at his breast.

All this Ned saw as he ran. And now the killers were running too, swallowed up by darkness, leaving a huddled form under the lantern. In a moment more Ned was crouched in the road, holding Koh-Ken's shuddering breast against his own.

"Did Chambon order this work?"

"Nay, lord, but he did not snatch away the knife."

"Full payment will be made. But what is behind it, Koh-Ken?"

"I had spied on them and heard their plans. His mother found me out and ordered my lips be closed. Tuan spoke for my life, but yielded at last."

"You mean old Nokka, Pu-Bow's mother? Try hard to tell me, old man."

"She is the dau—"

And in the middle of the word, Koh-Ken died.

Ned closed the pitifully staring eyes, and laid down the body on the road. It was only a moment later that the echo of his pistol shots in the silent streets brought a native policeman. The officer calmed down when he flashed his light in the dead man's face. It was only a knife case after all, and the victim a Siamese.

"But he was the cook of Tuans, guests at the bungalow," Ned explained.

"Wah! Then there will be trouble. Tuans prize their servants like the sons of kings." At once he remembered his official "face." "And who are you, with your sarong stained with blood?"

"I am T'Fan, headman of Tuan's outfit. It was my shots you heard, trying to scare off the murderers."

"I see you are a chief." The policeman now spoke softly. "Could it be ye two are friends?"

NED locked his jaws and listened to his own heart. This was his own war. He had no intention of sharing it with native police officers. Anyway, his hands were not yet free!

"I, a friend to a Siamese dishwasher?" he answered the officer. "But he was my master's servant, and when he did not come to his bed, I went to seek him. I wouldn't have my lord lose face, so I tried to scare away the footpads with my pistol."

"So they were only street bandits? Did you see them under the lamp?"

"Only at a distance. I would not know them again."

"Then there will be no trouble for you. Go and report to the sergeant at our barracks. I will remain with the dead."

Ned obeyed, and was soon allowed to return to the bungalow. At once he wakened Griffin and told him the story in a few brief, blunt words.

"Good God, what next?" Griffin cried. "But it couldn't have been André you saw at the edge of the light."

"Face the truth, Griffin. I saw him leave—the unknown spy saw him go in that house—Koh-Ken spoke his name with his last breath."

"He'll say he was asleep the whole time, and you can't deny it. Now I'll go with you to see the governor."

Griffin dressed rapidly and they stole through the corridor. But Ned stopped him at the door of Chambon's room.

"I want to know if he's come back," Ned whispered. "He keeps his door unlocked—open it and look in."

Griffin nodded, and opened the door. He gazed a few seconds—tiptoed a little way into the room—then stole back and rejoined Ned. "He's in there, asleep."

"Playing possum, you mean."

"If so, it's the best acting I ever saw. He's lying there, dead-white, like a man in a trance."

In a few minutes they were at the Residence, talking in low tones to the wide-eyed governor. There it was agreed to blame the crime on street bandits and not let Chambon and Pu-Bow know they were under suspicion.

IN THE morning Ned steeled his heart for the hardest ordeals of his life. They began with meeting Pu-Bow at the servant's breakfast. It was no easy thing to dip into the same rice pot with that red hand.

"Our lords will be hungry enough to dip with us, too, unless I can soon find them another cook," Ned said.

Pu-Bow's slanted eyes did not even flicker. "Is that your way to break the news? But we have heard it already from the policeman in the courtyard. And you, T'Fan, held him in your arms as he died."

"Yes, and his blood all but ruined my sarong. But I frightened away the thieves before they could take his purse, and it will pay for the washing—and perhaps a little extra."

"Come tonight to a meeting of your fellow chiefs at the joss house, T'Fan," Pu-Bow murmured, "and you may find understanding."

In the meantime old Nokka sat by, saying not a word to interrupt the parley and without a trace of expression in her dull, slanted eyes. Yet only last night a command from her thin lips had made Koh-Ken a corpse, her son a murderer, and a white man an accessory to the crime. And all at once the rage and hate in Ned's heart was tempered by humility. He had been suckled in the arms of Asia—but even he would never understand. . . .

A few minutes later Chambon, himself, called Ned to the lounge and questioned him in Griffin's presence. It was the finest dissembling Ned, an expert in the art, had ever seen; he could not catch one false tone or guilty glance.

After the talk, Chambon called up one of the native drivers. "If I am not needed at the old fellow's burial, I want to go with a native guide to the Cave of the Million Buddhas," he told Griffin. "But I will be back in an hour with a surprise for you to brighten this sad day."

Griffin had to nod. Ned saw no way to have Chambon trailed on such short notice, and there was nothing to do but seek his footprints later.

When he had gone Virginia appeared in the door. Ned followed her into the little reading-room, haunted by the ghosts of last night's happiness.

"Father told me of the charge you've made against André," she began. She was pale, but her eyes were intensely bright. "Ned, you know it isn't true. No matter what has happened, André would never consent to—to—"

"We'll talk about it later," he said.

"But you have only Koh-Ken's dying word," she pleaded. "Perhaps he meant to say someone else. And the glimpse of his clothes in the darkness—"

"All that can wait for his trial," he told her. "In the meantime, let's declare it a closed subject between you and me."

"Wait." Her breast swelled; she spoke in clear tones: "Do you mean you're going to have him prosecuted?"

"Yes, I'm going to have him prosecuted," he answered at last. "Chambon will have a chance to prove his innocence." Then, racked beyond endurance, "But I don't think he'll succeed, by the time I've got the whole story."

"And you expect me to help you get it?"

"Not any more. I expect you to do all you can to save the man you love."

She was silent a little while. "Listen to me, Ned. I know, if you don't, how fine his nature is, how noble in so many ways—if he let Koh-Ken be killed before his eyes, it was because he was crazed by this strange thing he's trying to do."

She stepped nearer, her power increased. "The law might not save him, but you can," she went on. "Ned, I ask you to join me in helping him all you can."

Ned's face was drawn, wet with sweat. But he shook his head.

"Wait! Last night, in this very room, you said you loved me. Ned, was it true?"

"It was true. It will always be true."

"Then I ask you in the name of that love to let André go free."

Their eyes met.

"I'm going to keep faith with Koh-Ken," he told her. . . .

IN THE promised hour Chambon returned from his trip to the Cave of the Buddhas. He came in glowing and excited, carrying a large object wrapped in grass matting.

"See, Père Griffin, what I have brought you," he said.

Half dazed, Griffin began to remove the matting. Under the matting was a magnificent bronze jar, with two iron rings held by the mouths of tiger-heads, its whole surface decorated with an art forgotten before the fall of Rome.

"It is a *hu* jar of the Han dynasty," Chambon told him, almost too excited to articulate.

"Wonderful," Griffin echoed in awed tones. But he was looking, not at the vase, but at Chambon.

And a few minutes later the grueling game swept on. "André, if this is the prize you've been working for, we may as well be rolling along on our journey," Griffin said blandly.

"Oh, not yet, Père Griffin! There are still many things to see."

And things to do, it seemed! Griffin could feel reasonably sure that the Emerald Buddha was still in the neighborhood and the plot had not yet gone through.

Ned's next move would be to explore the Cave of the Million Buddhas. To give him a clear field, Griffin and Virginia took Chambon out of town on a sight-seeing trip, with Pu-Bow for interpreter and old Nokka to cook supper in the woods.

"You had a grueling experience last night," Griffin said adroitly, "so you can stay at the bungalow and rest."

But as soon as his antagonists were out of sight, Ned rose from his weary bed. In

one of the government road-trucks, driven by a trusted Annamese, he started by a roundabout road for the Cave of the Million Buddhas. Leaving the car and its driver waiting in the woods, he stole into the cave, creeping close to the wall. Although it was supposed to be empty save for the bats on the ceiling and the snakes in the rocks, he remembered a light in a lost passage, and it seemed to him that anything in heaven and earth might be living and peering out from the unplumbed deeps beyond.

In utter blackness—the absolute zero of light—he crept on. Groping along the wall, once his hand plunged into a cranny and clutched some little hard thing that seemed to cling to his fingers. He knew what it was—a headless Buddha begging to be made whole—and he threw it from him with a gasp. It rattled on the floor, and little echoes of the sound ran over the walls and across the ceiling.

And now a new impression began to knock softly on the outer door of Ned's consciousness. At first he tried to ignore it. But slowly the conviction grew that it was a more substantial companion. It had feet that sometimes made a leathery noise against the stones.

Unless he was the victim of his own haunted imagination, there was someone in this cave besides himself. Sometimes it seemed behind him, sometimes in front; once he heard it drawing along with a faint, dry noise over his head. Very softly Ned changed his pistol to his right hand and got his flashlight ready in his left.

Still he did not press the button. His trained mind, grappling with terror, still made him stop and count costs. That soft-footed thing in the darkness might be a leopard. But if it were a man—and, of all the things that walked and whispered in this haunted cavern, only flesh and blood could really harm him—that man was blind, too. In the darkness they were fairly matched. But if Ned turned on his light it would draw his enemy's fire before he could reply.

NED stole on a few more steps. At this point the wall curved in front of him and blocked his way. His groping hands told him he had come to the narrow pass that St. Pierre had called the Tunnel, explored on Ned's previous visit to the cave.

If he got through first—alive—then *he* could be the one to lie in wait, the hunter rather than the hunted!

But it was no easy thing to stoop down and grope his way through the low pass. If there were knives waiting at the end of the Tunnel, now was their chance.

Pressing against the wall, he gripped his pistol and waited.

But though he waited nearly half an hour, there was not a footstep or a breath.

Ned pushed on. Soon his groping hands found the rude ladder of stone he had climbed on his previous visit. He listened, then with growing courage swept the beam of his flashlight along the walls.

He was alone. His eyes told him so, and all his instincts, too. With a strange, deliberate defiance, like one who has nothing to lose, he turned out his light and climbed silently up the wall and into the opening.

Turning on his light, he began to explore the passage.

Beyond the glittering chamber he had glimpsed before ran a long, stately corridor. He had not gone far before he realized that this had been a sacred place to the Laotian Buddhists, the inner mystery of the whole mysterious cavern.

The walls were decorated with religious symbols, many of them animistic, antedating even the most primitive Buddhism. There was the Seven-Headed Serpent of the Siva cults, the Peacock, the Dragon, and startling figures representing the creative principle in man and woman. Where the passage widened, stood two long lines of stone images, still unbroken—one row representing devils, with grotesque twisted faces, the other row benignly smiling gods.

Again the passage narrowed. Great wings of rock hung down at intervals from the ceiling, and here he noticed a number of black holes, regularly spaced and about the width of his hand, that appeared to have been recently drilled. And just where these rock formations almost blocked the corridor, his light picked up something that made his eyes bulge in their sockets with disbelief.

Standing against the wall was a plain wooden box, clean and new, and on it was printed in fresh ink the name of a firm of powder makers in Delaware.

The box contained several sticks of dynamite.

NED stared—gasped—felt his brain go dead, like something that leaps against a stone wall and falls back stunned—and then he continued on down the passage.

Now he was nearing the end of the corridor. His light showed the distant gray of solid stone blocking his way. Unless there was another branch passage yet to be explored, his quest had failed.

But suddenly his sinking heart leaped up again. A big, flat stone leaned against the wall, and on it something was written.

All through his adventure he had heard of "writings on the stone." He divined that he had made the greatest discovery on the trip, quite possibly the key that would unlock the mystery of the theft of the Emerald Buddha.

The writing, boldly carved, was in Pali, the sacred language of Indo-China. Ned had never learned to read it, but there were numerous French savants in the territory who could translate it for him. In his pocket he had a fake identification card such as the French issue to natives, and a stub of a pencil; quickly he copied the writing, character for character.

It was rich reward for dangers run, but more was to come. In the side wall, at the end of the corridor, there was a black hole. Flashing in his light, he saw a steep flight of stone steps carved out of solid rock and leading down to what appeared to be a crypt or recess fifty feet below. The walls of the shaft were dotted with more little black holes that looked fresh, but the stone steps had been worn smooth by millions of naked feet now stilled. Though he made the treacherous descent, he found nothing but a square cell cut in the stone, empty save for a stone bench and a bronze begging bowl. It seemed likely that some Buddhist saint had lived and died here, shut from the world centuries before.

There was nothing more to see, and now at last he must face the haunted journey to the open air. It seemed longer than before. The row of devils leered at him in turn as his roving light picked up their evil faces. But now he had arrived where

the branch passage opened into the main corridor of the cave.

He stood in the corridor. It was only a little way now to the tunnel, where he had lain in ambush; who was lying there now? He found the place soon, but he had not yet found the courage to run its gantlet. The strength ran out of his muscles, the lime from his bones, and he leaned, shaking and sick, against the wall.

"What does it matter?" he told himself finally. "In this life I am Ned Holden, an exile from my own kind, and the love that might have brought me home is lost. Perhaps I will do better in the next existence."

Although his white man's mind rejected the teaching, still it gave him the blind courage that hurls the Pathan howling against the British guns—and, before he knew it, he was through the tunnel and scenting the distant freshness of God's good air in the wide, black corridor beyond.

AND here that loitering, fumbling someone walked at his side again. He had waited patiently for Ned's return. His feet made a dry, faint, rasping sound against the stones.

Ned heard someone give a hoarse cry—and it was himself:

"Who's there?"

His voice echoed, fainter and fainter against the walls, and died away in a whisper; but there was no answer.

"Speak, or I'll shoot!" He was not conscious that he spoke in English, a white man first and last.

He heard the feet patter off, stop, rustle against the stones, and pass out of hearing.

But his comrade of the darkness had not left him for good. Sometimes behind him, sometimes ahead, occasionally against the opposite wall, he could sense the Presence still. And just before he reached the last turn of the passage, when his yearning heart began to hope, the Unseen moved openly and gave breath. A sibilant whisper streamed through the silence.

"Hide quickly," it said in debased Laotian. "They are coming."

Ned did not stop to question. With a wild upsurge of his heart, he leaped into the nearest recess in the wall. Then there was a sound of little feet pattering on the stone floor, and all was still.

But only for a moment. From the mouth of the cave came the sound of steps. They drew closer, careless steps and bold. Now there was a mutter of voices as men talked together. A dim radiance began to flicker on the walls and slowly brighten till the passage was lighted by a yellow glare. Peering out of his hole in the wall, Ned saw two Laotians, in the yellow robes of Buddhist priests, pass by with torches in their hands. One of them carried a miner's pick over his shoulder.

As they came opposite, Ned lowered his face lest its white gleam catch the priests' gaze, but they looked neither right nor left. The flickering glimmer slowly dimmed. The noise of their footfalls died away.

But Ned did not stir until he heard little feet pattering again, and then a whisper outside his hiding place:

"They are gone now. You can go in safety."

Ned crawled out into the passage and leaned on the wall. At last he tried to speak and give thanks, but his throat filled and his lips would not shape the words.

"Who are you?" he managed to gasp at last in the Laotian tongue.

"No one that a Laotian chief would remember," a guttural murmur answered.

"But you might have saved my life. Tell me, in case the chance comes to pay the debt."

"I am only one of the little people, and cannot fight the chief's battles. I can only look—and listen—and carry word.". . .

When Ned returned to the bungalow, Griffin and his party had not yet finished their outing. He had time to go to the Residence and report his discoveries to the governor.

"I cannot read Pali, either, and there is no way to send those characters by wireless to Hanoi," the governor said. "But in two days a deputy commissioner who knows the language will visit me here."

Ned gave him a copy of the script for safekeeping and was back in the bungalow when Griffin and his party arrived.

Virginia passed him without a glance, but Griffin paused, smiling.

"Have a good rest, T'Fan?"

"Yes, lord. But I would seek a further favor. Tonight I would go with Pu-Bow to do worship to our gods."

He spoke in Pu-Bow's hearing, to tie his hands in case his invitation was a trap, but Ned hardly expected Griffin to catch on so quickly and chime in so well.

"You can go, provided it's safe. I won't want any more killings. Pu-Bow, will you be responsible for his life?"

"He will be in no danger with me tonight. I am only a poor bearer, but I pledge his safety in the name of our Shining One."

And Ned knew that pledge would be kept. The protection of Lord Buddha lay over him.

He soon realized that Pu-Bow had accepted him as a Laotian patriot, and was eager to enlist him in his own cause. But he would not tell that cause in plain words. That would not be the way of the East. And the greatest possible breach, not only of Oriental manners, but of his own role as an Asiatic, would be for Ned to question him directly. But at last the veil of mystery was beginning to lift; the meeting tonight in the joss house would reveal many hidden things.

SOON after dark Pu-Bow led him to an incense-scented room, back of the town pagoda. These were the quarters of the saffron-robed priests; two of them, young men with shaven heads, sat against the wall clicking their beads. A score of Laotian men were assembled there, smoking, chewing betel nuts and talking in low tones. Not only their garb, but their pale color and fine features showed they were all high caste, nobles and mandarins from outlying towns.

Presently the priests drew back a curtain, revealing a typical Buddhist altar, and began the conventional invocation. Ned sat up straight when the older priest whirled to the congregation with lifted arms. And now began a strange catechism, the priest asking questions, and the congregation answering in one voice:

"Where did it come from?"

"From beyond the White Peaks."

"Who brought it here?" the priest went on.

"The Great King Vong, first Lord of Life."

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"Was the Shining One pleased?"

"Nay, he was angry." And now a low moan moved through the crowd.

"How fared our people then?"

"The crops failed. The hundred cities fell to plague and fire. The land was accursed."

The priest clicked his beads and stood a moment in meditation; then the remorseless catechism went on:

"Who saw that the land was weakened and came to conquer?"

"The dark folk of the South." And Ned knew they meant the Siamese.

"Where spread their banners?"

"Over our ruined cities and the palaces of our king."

"Was the king slain?"

"Yea, but his royal daughter escaped to pass down the blood?"

"How many times have the winter rains come and gone since then?"

"Fivescore and seven."

THIS was true, Ned knew. The Siamese had conquered Laos in 1828.

And now the priest's voice fell to a broken murmur barely audible in the breathless room:

"Did—they—touch—the Divine One with their bloody hands?"

"Yea." But it was more a groan than a word.

"Did—they—carry it away?"

"Yea." And every man in the room covered his face with his hands.

"Will it ever be returned to its rightful place?"

"Yea, yea." And now the tall chiefs raised their heads, their eyes luminous.

The priest paused for the sake of suspense. When he spoke again, it was in a dull monotone:

"Who will restore it?"

"He who will come."

"Whose hand shall guide him?"

"She of the true blood."

"When will he come, to restore all that was lost?"

The answer came in one great whisper, like a rush of wings:

"When the pale men from the West have held their pickets in our land for two-score and two years."

Ned felt his short hairs rustle up under his wig. The French had occupied Laos since 1893, precisely forty-two years.

Now the catechism was over, but something greater was to come. The priest drew the curtain across the crypt at the end of the room and blew out all the lamps except the altar light. The men rose.

"He who will come may not yet show his face," the priest explained. "Only when the writing is fulfilled will his veil be lifted, between one gutter of a candle and another. But she of the true blood looks into the faces of her kinsmen."

With an unfailing sense of the dramatic, the priest raised the curtain. Standing under the altar light was an old Laotian woman, with the lost diadem of the dead kings gleaming on her gray head and a blue ceremonial robe trailing from her shoulders. Her slanted eyes were closed, her face waxen and dead, her lips curled in a dim, serene smile. Still Ned recognized her. That royal and majestic woman, descendant of the last Laotian king and transmitter of his crown, was no other than old Nokka.

(To be continued)

They who HAVE...

(Continued from page 51)

her one she jumped at it. That must prove something, doesn't it?"

He wet his lips.

"It proves she didn't have an evening gown with her."

"You couldn't blame her if she did fall for him," Si said, confiding in him. "Roo is a lamb, really. And of course he has heaps of money."

Chet let out a laugh. "Funny, how that word keeps bobbing up these days. Two or three years ago I never gave it a thought. I was one of those money-isn't-everything singers."

She moved her golden head in negation; her eyes dwelt softly upon him. "You still are, darling. The first time I saw you I knew you had a soul above sordid things—like money."

"You can't have a soul above money," Chet said grimly, "unless you *have* money. I've just discovered that." He sprang up suddenly. "Come along and dance. Fancy our sitting here talking about money!" He drew her out on the floor. "And you looking so beautiful, too—like a princess!" The Princess and the Pauper, he thought. And Terry and Rufus were the Pauperess and the Prince. And they called them fairy tales!

"And so," Rufus was saying, "I bribed Oaks to steal one of the cards for me and wrote your name on it."

"That was very bad of you," Terry said. "I'm surprised you'd do such a thing."

Rufus grinned contentedly. "I thought it up all by myself, days ago."

"And yet you told me you were never original."

"Perhaps I never had the same incentive," said Rufus.

Her slender, ringless hands were clasped under her chin. The muscles of her face were stiff with smiling. She felt as though she had no heart in her breast at all; nothing inside her but a kind of sick hollow.

That was what Chet's face, set and furious, had done for her. She wondered how she could have thought that he would be glad to see her. She should have foreseen the shock it would be to him—seeing her come in with the man he had disliked and distrusted from the first.

She looked across at Rufus now, and the muscles in her cheeks relaxed until her smile was no more than the sad little ghost of a smile. She said, "I shouldn't have come, though. It was wrong of me to come, Rufus."

"If you say it like that, I'll begin to feel horribly guilty."

"It isn't your fault—entirely. I hadn't been to a party for a long time. I thought it would be fun."

"It will be fun, once you get a little acclimated—"

SHE shook her head. "No, it isn't fun to come to a party where you've not been invited—in another woman's clothes."

He said easily, "Oh, come now, you take life much too seriously."

Her smile flickered and was gone. "You don't take anything seriously, do you?"

He answered her as gravely: "I never have until I met you. Don't look like that, my dear! You must have guessed how I feel about you—"

"I didn't have to guess," she said. "You see I know about the escritoire."

Even his poise was not proof against that. It was a moment before he could say, "You know what?"

"I know now that it's a reproduction. This afternoon I saw it in the shop, and they told me—how they'd 'taken it off your hands.' They told me it might be worth sixty or seventy-five dollars."

But Rufus had had time to think. "Well, it isn't the first time I've slipped up. Your parents sold it to me in good faith—"

"But you didn't buy it in good faith," she said. She looked at him levelly. "My parents aren't collectors, connoisseurs. You are."

He shrugged again. "Even connoisseurs can be taken in by—"

"You weren't," she said in a low voice. "I can't thank you for it. I don't even think it was kind. We're not objects of charity."

He said, "Please!"

"If you hadn't thought we were—why should you have bought it?"

"I bought it because I liked it. It was a charming piece—"

"So charming that you got rid of it the very next day!" she said, and realized that she had spoken too loudly. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to make a scene, but I wanted you to know that I knew and that I'm going to pay back the money—all of it. It will take me a long time, but I shall do it eventually. I can't accept a favor like that from anyone!"

"I never asked you to," he said, and he was serious enough now. "I never dreamed you'd find it out. I—I gathered that your people were in some kind of a jam—as so many of us are likely to be these days—and I thought it would be too bad to tell them that something they were fond of and had decided to sacrifice, was a fake. As for paying me back, you can do that, too, if you like."

"Oh, I will!"

"But not in money," he said. "You know now how I feel—I've never felt this way about any woman; never thought I was capable of it—but you've haunted me—ever since that first day when you walked into the library—"

"Please—"

"No, wait! I want you to hear me out. I haven't liked it, particularly—no man likes being haunted."

"I never meant to—haunt you."

"My dear girl, you've made that quite plain. You're in love with this what's-his-name, this architect boy. Aren't you? How do you *know* you love him? If you're so eager to pay back that debt, you can do it by giving me a chance, Terry. Let me see you now and then—let me take you about a bit. Who knows," and he smiled, "something might come of it."

"Nothing would," she said.

He said, low and passionate, "Darling, I'd do anything for you."

"It isn't doing things for people that makes them love you," Terry said.

"No, I guess it isn't," he said. "Then you wouldn't care to—work out your debt, as it were? All you'd have to do would be to grin and bear me a few times. I won't even insist on the grin."

She gave him a tremulous smile. "That's nice of you—not to insist on the grin."

"I have my generous moments, you see."

"I know that. But you paid cash—I'll pay cash."

"So be it." He laid his napkin on the table. "You won't refuse to dance with me, I suppose?"

As he led her out, Chet and Si danced past. Si sang out, "Hi, darlings!" Chet looked straight ahead, his face stony.

The order of the party was to dance a little, eat a little. Chet danced with Si, with his brunette (pearls) and his blonde (sapphires), with tall girls and short, fair girls and dark. It was the same with Terry. A score of times during the course of the evening she danced past him, now with Rufus, now with another. His sense of grievance deepened with every accidental glimpse of her. By midnight he was in the grip of a thousand devils.

HE WAS dancing with Si when the orchestra—having, no doubt, exhausted its new repertoire—dipped back into the past. Into Chet's past and Terry's. With the plaintive nostalgia due an aging melody, it began to play the song that had come drifting across to them the night he had told her he loved her. "In your Easter bonnet with all the frills upon it"—as it had drifted that August night over two years ago—"you'll be the grandest lady in the Easter parade."

They had never heard it since that they did not look at each other, that the quick color did not rise in Terry's cheeks and her eyes waver shyly from his. Now, unconsciously, his eyes went seeking hers, and found them. Across the width of the room they met, remembering: the dim porch at Freedale; the smell of drenched flower beds; the disembodied scraps of words and laughter from neighboring porches.

Si was singing it softly as she danced: "On the Avenoo, Fifth Avenoo—" She broke off to say, "I've always adored that song, haven't you?"

"Yes, nice song," he said through dry lips. Over Rufus Fowler's shoulder Terry's eyes were calling him! Chet closed his

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OUR CHANGING WORLD

By John Dungan

BEFORE long housewives may run their homes by telephonic remote control. Automatic electrical devices for synchronization with a family telephone are already being sold. They are capable of closing windows when it looks like rain, cutting on or off electric stoves, fans, lights. At home the telephone would automatically receive all calls. At the sending end the housewife need only sound a different pitch on a whistle for each operation she required done. Sound translated to light hitting "photo electric cells" would complete madame's orders.

● **Farmers can now put six kinds of bacteria to work producing profitable vegetable gums by planting them in indoor water tanks. One type of gum made this way by J. R. Sanborn in his laboratory at Cambridge, Mass., costs only one cent a pound. Billions of these cellulose-forming germs turned loose in cow ponds would produce material for dresses, bathing suits, plastics, shoes, "rubber" belts, and transparent sheeting.**

PERMANENT ice is one of the greatest wonders discovered in the last few years. Consider its possibilities! When produced commercially, you can have open ice-skating rinks on the hottest summer days, ice-plated drinking glasses, refrigeration and air-conditioning without upkeep, ice buttons for summer suits and dresses.

● **Incidentally, it may not be many years before we can take our air-conditioning with us onto public streets, have it with us in the country. Canopied, temperature-controlled sidewalks are being discussed. There's even the possibility of year-round air-conditioned clothing—lightweight, airtight suits fitted with celluloid helmets and equipped with chemical or mechanical protection against extreme heat and cold.**

FIRE sirens are being mobilized by the U. S. Department of Agriculture to wipe out "seventeen-year" locusts, due this year. The high-pitched sound waves of the sirens, it is expected, will drown out this insect's mating calls, stop its reproduction. Higher sound waves, inaudible to human ears, have been known to kill mice and smaller pests by congealing their blood. It's highly possible that these vibrations may some time soon be put to work exterminating roaches, vermin, and plant parasites.

● **By 1986, says A. W. Robertson, chairman of the Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co., people will find it healthier to stay indoors most of the time. They'll live in soundproof buildings with windowless rooms. They'll work or rest under ultraviolet artificial sunshine, and breathe "pasteurized" air, devoid of germs and fumes. When that day arrives, Dr. Alexis Carrel and other scientists believe, people may expect to live about 100 years, accomplish the day's tasks in 4 hours, and be a lot happier.**

IN a few years letters and documents requiring fast delivery will be flashed in facsimile by radio to any part of the civilized world. The U. S. Weather Bureau has begun to radio almost perfect weather maps to ships in mid-ocean, and a telegraph company experimentally transmits handwritten letters short distances by wire. Photographs sent by cable from abroad have been used by newspapers for years. Just around the corner is the day when G-men in Washington will radio pictures and fingerprints of criminals to every police station in the country.

● **Automobile manufacturers have added dozens of devices to balloon tires and shock absorbers to make riding smoother, yet comparatively little has been done to make highways more resilient. However, engineers in some southern states have told me recently of a simple experiment which may lead the way to elastic roadbeds twenty-five years from now. They've battened strips of cotton onto a mesh between layers of asphalt. I believe a cheap synthetic rubbery product used as the second layer of three-layer sidewalks, streets, roads, and even home and office floors, would prevent innumerable accidents, and provide rest for nerves jolted every time you take a step or are bounced in a car.**

GIVE laboratories ten more years and you can choose your cigarettes as you do your candy—by flavors. Clove and licorice brands are already for sale. You can even make good lemonade from tobacco, if you know how. There is actually more citric acid in the "weed" than there is in grapefruit. But maybe you prefer the unadulterated taste of tobacco.

● **Relief is in sight for the apartment dweller who hates the odor of his neighbors' boiling cabbage. Within two years a smell-less variety will be found in the markets. In Florida an odorless, "tearless" onion is being perfected.**

(*Continued from page 143*)

eyes and opened them. Would Si understand if he excused himself. No, he must wait. Wait until someone cut in. A man touched his shoulder. "*If* you please!"

Chet relinquished Si, swung his eyes round the room, but Terry and Rufus had gone. When he was sure of that, Chet ducked his chin in his collar and tacked a course through the dancers to the lounge. In the shadowy corners a few couples were sitting out the dance. Not Rufus and Terry. At the entrance of the lounge a little maid in black and white said sweetly in answer to Chet's question, "Why, yes; Mr. Fowler and some young lady just left."

AS CHET came out of the revolving door into the street, Rufus was just helping Terry into the taxi. It was snowing, a thick, sticky December snow. Cars were skidding, traffic policemen yelling. A porter was busy keeping the walk under the marquee cleared, and the doorman stamped his feet as he held the taxi door for Rufus. Chet ran across the sidewalk, took Rufus by the sleeve, drew him aside, and thrust his head in the taxi.

He said, "Ted, I—I came—will you dance this with me?"

She did not move at sight of Chet's wild, white face save to reach out her free hand, touch his sleeve.

"I was dancing with Si—I had to wait until someone cut in—then you'd gone. It's *our* dance, Ted!"

She leaned back suddenly in the seat "No," she said. "It's too late, now. I'm going home."

Rufus said to Chet, "Sorry. We'll have to be getting out of here."

Chet thrust his head farther into the taxi. "Ted, when I saw you come in with him—after you'd promised not to see him again—"

The driver of a cab behind them stuck his head out of the window and yelled, "Hey! What d'yuh think this is—a afternoon tea party?"

Rufus laid his hand on Chet's arm. "I'm afraid we're holding up the traffic, Sommers." His voice was calm, his manner casual, but the power of his grip on Chet's arm brought that young man's head out of the taxi with a jerk.

"Take your hand off me!"

Rufus did so promptly, leaned across Chet, and gave an address to the driver.

Chet said truculently, "Wait a minute. Perhaps you didn't know that Terry and I are engaged."

Rufus made him a little bow. "I congratulate you. And now if you'll permit me—" for Chet had planted himself in front of the taxi door.

Chet said, "I want you to keep away from her, do you hear?"

Terry leaned forward. "*Chet!* Please go back—you'll catch your death of cold—everyone's looking—"

"Will *you* come with me? *Will* you?"

"No," Rufus said, "she won't. Now, will you move away from that door or shall I—?"

Chet's arm shot out. Rufus clutched at the taxi, clutched at the air, staggered, and went down. The doorman blew his whistle. The porter pinioned Chet's arms to his sides and yelled for help; cab drivers braked their cars and came running; a policeman came running; a staring crowd gathered. And Rufus lay quietly in the

snow with his head against the iron support of the marquee. . . .

Si's party achieved headlines in the next day's press. Scarcely the headlines, however, that an observer of that snowy midnight scene would have expected:

PROMINENT SOCIETY MAN SUFFERS FALL—POSSIBLE SKULL FRACTURE

Rufus Fowler, well-known society and racing man, and owner of the mare My-own, which won last autumn's Massachusetts Handicap at Suffolk Downs, slipped and fell on the wet pavement a little after midnight last night as he was leaving the Hotel Pelletier, where he had been a guest of Miss Si Towers at a dinner dance in the Oval Ballroom, and suffered a possible fracture of the skull when his head struck an iron support of the marquee.

Rumors that he had been assaulted by a fellow guest were indignantly denied by Mr. Fowler upon his regaining consciousness at the hospital where he had been removed following the accident, and his supposed assailant was released from the jail where he was being held without bail pending an investigation this morning.

Through his physician, Mr. Fowler issued a statement that he had been about to enter his taxi when he slipped and fell. Explaining the alleged altercation between him and his alleged assailant, who gave his name as "John Smith," Mr. Fowler said that "Mr. Smith" had followed him out to the taxi to deliver an important message. He demanded the prisoner's immediate release, and said he would also demand an explanation and apology from those responsible for "Mr. Smith's" arrest.

The mysterious Mr. Smith refused to comment on the affair or to disclose his identity when he was released this morning. According to the hotel doorman and a porter who witnessed the encounter, both young men were highly stimulated but not belligerently so—

A great many people read this account of Mr. Fowler's accident with as many different reactions. Mrs. Towers read it before she was out of bed; she left her coffee untouched, threw on her negligee, and carried the paper straightway to Si's room. She had expected to find her niece still sleeping, was surprised to find her sitting up in bed, her breakfast tray across her knees. "Well! I'm glad to find you're awake—"

"Good morning, Auntie. I've been awake for hours—"

Her blue eyes were sunk in deep purple hollows and the corners of her lovely mouth drooped piteously. Her aunt held the paper out to her, pointing. "Have you read this?"

MRS. TOWERS thrust the paper at her and stalked to the window. What was the world coming to that decent, well-born, well-bred young men and women could so far forget their social responsibilities!

She turned in alarm at a strangled sound from the bed. "Oh! How awful! How ghastly! In jail!"

Her aunt hurried to the bed, overjoyed at this outburst of proper concern on the part of her erring child. "You—you mean you didn't *know* about it?"

"How should I know?" She crumpled forward, sobbing.

Mrs. Towers removed the breakfast tray and sat down on the bed. "But, my sweet, they were your guests—don't cry like that! This 'John Smith' person—who was he?"

"He—I tell you I don't *know!*"

"But he was one of your guests."

"So were fifty other people."

"But a vulgar brawl—spending the night in jail!"

"Well, it serves him right! It serves him right!" Si sobbed.

Her aunt protested, "Serves him right! For what—"

"For—for leaving like that—I mean, for following them—I don't know *what* I mean."

That was clear to her aunt. She was really alarmed. She held the shaken figure in her arms until the paroxysm was over. "There, there, dear, don't take it so hard. He's probably not hurt badly at all—the papers always exaggerate."

"All night in jail—"

"We'll call up the hospital at once."

She did so, and was informed that Mr. Fowler had been taken to his home early that morning; that there had been no fracture, only a bad cut.

Her aunt bathed her temples with eau de cologne. "You see, dear, this is what comes of—in my young days, such a thing couldn't have happened. We'd have had chaperons—the young men wouldn't have dreamed of getting over-stimulated—"

"They didn't," Si said, and her lips curved in a bitter little smile. "It was the stuffiest, dullest party I ever had in my life!" Presently she sat up. "Aunt Stell, I'm going over to see Rufus."

"I think you should, dear. I'll order the car," she said.

"Tell them to hurry!" Si said, and bounded out of bed. . . .

RUFUS lay propped up in his immense canopied bed. In a royal-blue robe embroidered in gold dragons, with a bandage wound like a turban around his head, he looked a good deal like a pallid young sultan.

Si stood at the foot of the bed and looked at him, unsmiling. "Are you really all right, Rufus?"

"Aside from a slight headache," he said. He patted the bed. "Come and sit down."

She sat down on the bed and loosened the fur collar of her coat. She said, "Did he hit you very hard, darling?"

"Hit! Don't talk foolish!"

She sighed and drew her gloves off slowly. "It's been terrible. We were dancing, and suddenly he disappeared. I waited and waited. Then I realized that you'd gone, too—and Terry."

He said lightly, "You don't want to believe everything you read in the papers, Si."

She lifted her eyes from her gloves and looked at him. "I don't. I don't believe you *fell*—I know you were knocked down. But that about his being in jail—that was true, wasn't it?"

He laid his hand over hers. "He's a very impulsive person, darling. So are the police. But as soon as I came to I made them release him."

She said quietly, "I hate you, Roo. It's all your fault. If you hadn't insisted on having Terry—before that everything was going fine."

"Yes," he said. "I can see it was a mistake, a mistake all around." His hand closed on hers again. "Look at me, Si—didn't you know he is in love with Terry?"

"No. Not really. Oh, I knew they were old friends." (*Continued on page 146*)

"Or that she is in love with him?"

"Didn't *you* know that?" she said.

"No," he said. "It's only penetrated last night—when he snubbed her at your party. I happened to be looking at her when he did it."

"You're mad about her, aren't you?"

"Something like that," he said. He gave her a thin smile. "And it isn't going to do me any good, as you can see."

"I don't see that at all!" She leaned to him; her voice was a little shrill: "You've got everything—including money—"

"There are one or two things in the world you can't buy, little one."

"Don't be naïve!" she said. "You can make her if you try, darling."

"It's nice of you to say so," he said. "It isn't that you want me to take her off Chet's hands for you, by any chance?"

She drew her hand free. Presently she said, "What really happened?"

"He followed us out. Wanted Terry to come back and dance with him."

"Wanted her to dance, after ignoring her all the evening!"

"Yes. She refused, of course, and he knocked me down. A very primitive and painful demonstration of the *grande passion*, darling."

"Real passion!" she said. "The real thing! Not just polite program notes." She looked at him, and her eyes were burning. "If he ever knocked a man down for me I'd die of rapture!"

Rufus said, "That you should say anything so savage, so uncivilized!"

"Love isn't civilized. Not real love—it can't be." She stood up, her small hands fisted hard against her breast. "It makes you want to fight—if it doesn't it isn't real—I never knew before!"

PLUMP knuckles sounded discreetly on the door, and Rufus's Chinese boy, Charlie, looked in. "Young lady asking for Missie Fowler. Name Missie Hefton."

"Show the lady in, Charlie."

Si waited until the door had closed on him, then she leaned over Rufus. She warned him urgently, "You're not to tell her I know what really happened. She mustn't know that—ever."

"A good idea," he said.

She straightened, glanced at the door. "You see, I couldn't very well forgive him if I knew the truth—and I mean to forgive him, darling."

Terry came in a little hesitantly. When she saw Si she stopped, and her hand went nervously to her throat. "Oh! Good morning! I—I didn't know you were here."

"Oh, yes. I always visit the sick," Si said. "Come on in. There's the invalid. Doesn't he look like a sultan with fourteen jealous wives!"

Rufus said, "Hello, there!" and held out his hand. "Come and sit down. I'm sorry I can't do the honors more gracefully, but the doctor says if I get up I'm likely to have brain fever. Very flattering. Most people never give me credit for having one—a brain, you know." He motioned to a brocaded chair, and Terry sat down. Si perched on the bed.

Terry said, "I—I came to say how sorry—"

"Doesn't it make you feel simply murderous! Poor Chet—in jail all night! *That's* the most awful part of it—not that poor old Roo hasn't suffered, too—"

"Don't dramatize my bump, darling."

"But to make all that fuss out of a simple accident!" Si said. "I could kill them. But, thank goodness, Chet had the good sense to keep his mouth shut. That 'John Smith' idea was absolutely genius."

Terry's eyes went from Si to Rufus, and Rufus said calmly, "Policemen love to make arrests."

"Of course, if he had given his real name," Si said, "it would have been too bad—right now, just as he's beginning to make the right contacts—"

"Yes," Terry said. She leaned forward, her hands clamped on the carved arms of her chair. "I thought of that, too."

"You haven't heard from him, I suppose?" Si asked casually.

"No—no. But I'm sure he'll call you—or come to see you—to apologize."

"He's nothing to apologize for," Si said. "Poor lamb, he's not responsible because a dumb policeman—"

"I mean, the publicity—"

"He couldn't help that, either," Si said. "I've only been worrying for fear he wouldn't be able to keep that appointment with Mr. Furness this afternoon."

"Yes," Terry said. "But I was afraid—you mean that's all right, too? You—you *are* going to keep it?"

"Heavens, yes! You don't suppose Chet thinks this is going to make any difference, do you?"

"I don't know. He—he might think you're offended—"

"I'd better call him up."

"YOU could reach him at his office," Terry said eagerly, and Rufus closed his eyes. "I'll give you the number—I'd better write it down. I know he'll be very grateful."

"If we can land this one commission, it will lead to simply dozens," Si said. "The trouble is, he has been absolutely buried—socially, I mean, and that's fatal." She drew on her gloves. "And it isn't as if he didn't have plenty of social charm." She went and stood in front of a long, gold-framed mirror set between the windows, to inspect her make-up.

She came back to the bed and asked Rufus earnestly, "Don't you think I'm right, Roo? I mean, if a man plays around with the right people, he does business with the right people. Isn't that so?"

Rufus looked back at her as steadily. He was enlightened now, and he thought with awe what a pitiless adversary was a woman in love. "It makes you want to fight—if it doesn't, it isn't real—" Well, Si was fighting, with what weapons nature endows her fragile creatures in lieu of fists.

"There may be something in it," Rufus said.

"There's everything in it." She turned back to Terry: "Oh, I meant to tell you—you must keep that evening dress you borrowed, darling." She stooped and kissed Rufus on the cheek. "Good-by, darling. I'll drop in tomorrow with some elderberry wine and junket. 'By, Terry."

She was gone. Terry looked at Rufus, and found his eyes fixed upon her, anxious and kind. She said, "Si doesn't know what really happened, does she?"

"I didn't tell her. Why should I?"

"That was wonderful of you. I was afraid she'd know—and Chet would lose this marvelous chance—"

Rufus said, "Just give that bell a push,

will you? I'm going to have Charlie bring us some coffee."

"Please don't. I must go—"

"Not yet." Charlie came, and Rufus ordered the coffee. "Good and hot and plenty of it—and hurry." He smiled on Terry, an excellent imitation of his lazy, cheerful grin. "I'll bet anything you like that you didn't eat breakfast."

"I wasn't hungry—I'm not hungry now. I—I'm fine." She sat forward in her chair. "I had to come—I wanted you to know how dreadfully sorry—you see, I realize it was all my fault. Chet—I don't know how to explain it—"

"Why try? It's all over."

"He's very gentle, really—and fine. But he's had a great deal of trouble and sorrow lately. I know how terribly humiliated he must be—and how grateful to you, for making it all appear so—so—different—"

"So civilized," Rufus said, and laughed shortly. "But I'm afraid I was thinking more about you than of your impetuous friend. After they carted me off—how did you get home?"

SHE looked down at her clasped hands. "I—I ran away. When I heard them say you weren't dead, I got out of the other door of the taxi and walked home. I was afraid if I tried to explain they would make me tell my name, and the newspapers would print it, and Mrs. Towers—I had to think of her—and my job. I'm afraid it was cowardly—"

"You walked home! Last night—in those sandals."

"I didn't happen to have any money with me— Oh, it wasn't far. I didn't mind. I only minded not knowing what had happened to you—and Chet. It wasn't until I saw the paper this morning—" She stopped. The memory of that long night vigil was too fresh and strong. Presently she said, "When I read that you weren't badly hurt, I was so *glad*."

"Hurt! It takes more than a bump to hurt me," Rufus said. "If you'd fallen off as many horses as I have— Ah! Here's coffee! Bring the table up here, Charlie. Miss Hefton will pour. Two sugars for me, please—plenty of cream—" She had walked home through the snow, not knowing whether the man she loved would be tried for murder or not. "Drink it down; there's a good girl!" She had had to think of Mrs. Towers—and her job. "How about a muffin?"

She picked up the golden muffin, carried it as far as her lips, and set it back on the plate. Quite without warning, her lips quivered, her face crumpled. She dropped her head on her arm.

Rufus set down his cup with shaking hands. "Terry, don't. Don't cry, dear. It's all over!" He reached out, and drew the heavy, carved chair close to the bed. He drew her head against his shoulder, pulled off the little brown hat, and laid his cheek against her dark head. "There, there, dear; it's all over now, you know."

And gradually she grew quieter. His arms held her close; very gently he stroked her hair, and he found himself thinking, "If I never have anything else, I'll have had this."

After a little, she drew away from him, sat up. "I'm so sorry—please forgive me—" Her lips still quivered, she dabbed at her wet eyes with a sodden handker-

chief, and he handed her his big, clean one. "Thank you—I'm so terribly sorry—"

"Perfectly natural," he said, harsh and loud. "It's the reaction."

"It must be—knowing that you're all right—Chet's all right—"

"*Everything's* all right!" he repeated cheerfully. He drew the back of his hand across his eyes and stared. Tears! He, too! Well—blame it!—something had to be *real!* You ought to be glad to know there was something genuine in this papier-mâché claptrap people called life, these days. To know that there were still men who could fight for love and women who could weep, as Terry had wept, until her lovely, calm, proud face was blotched and unsightly. What right had he, what right had Si to intrude on a love like this? He said lightly, "Feel better now? How about a hot cup of coffee?"

She shook her head, stood up. "I don't know how I can ever thank you—or repay you—"

"Don't talk nonsense! I'd give what's left of my head if I could undo it all—for your sake, my dear. Now run along home and forget it."

AFTER she had gone he lay quite still for a little while with his hands pressed hard against his eyes. His head ached badly. But when he felt he could talk to her naturally he reached for the telephone and called Si. When he heard her voice he said, "Look here, darling, I want you to lay off that boy—our friend Chet, you know. Those two, they've got something that you and I don't know a thing about. They'll make it up if we leave them alone."

"Would you like to make a little bet on it?" Si said.

And presently he said, "No. Because if I lost, I'd lose more than my bet. I'd lose something pretty grand that I only just found about ten minutes ago." . . .

"You will notice," said Chet to Horace Furness, father of Cynthy, "that every bedroom has its own sun deck."

"Sun deck," said Mr. Furness, looking at Chet's House of the Future. "That's what they're called now, is it?"

He sat on the deep sofa between Cynthy and Si. Jack Cromwell hung over his bride's shoulder and Chet, with his open brief case on a chair, stood before them. Chet was pale—his prison pallor, Si had called it, teasing him—but brushed and polished, cool and self-possessed. He had emerged from his brief but agonizing incarceration into the chill December dawn a desperately sober man.

But it was not until he read Rufus Fowler's genteelly expurgated account of his "accident" that Chet's cup of humiliation overflowed. To live under the burden of such magnanimity was intolerable. And so he had entered Horace Furness's library impelled by the most powerful motive he had ever known—the need to reinstate himself in the eyes of the man whom he hated, and who had befriended him, and the woman who had once loved him.

"This is the ground-floor plan," he said, handing it over. "Naturally, since I designed it to enter in the Modern Homes Contest, the specifications limited me as to size. But you'll notice the house is constructed so as to admit of an addition to either the east or west wing without impairing its structural balance."

"Kind of a sectional bookcase," Mr. Furness said. "If you have a new baby—you add another section."

"Exactly," Chet said. "The idea was to design a house for a married couple. In the event that they have children—which three out of five do not—the nursery wing may be added at small expense."

"In short, it makes no provision for the future generation until it's pretty darn' sure there's going to *be* a future generation," Mr. Furness said, and winked at his blushing daughter. "No wonder the birth rate's falling off. No baby of any pride is going to run the chance of being turned away by an S. R. O. sign."

Patiently, clearly, Chet pointed and explained and elaborated. They would notice how every room was exposed to the sun, every window equipped with sun-ray glass; the hundred per cent scientific, hygienic kitchen in which, experiments had proved, the average housewife might prepare and afterwards clear up a four-course dinner within two hours.

"But why should she?" Mr. Furness asked mischievously.

Chet said that these days, with women's interests invading wider and wider fields, time was precious. Mr. Furness said he supposed they thought it was, anyway.

"Darling," Cynthy said, "you're just being old-fashioned."

Chet said suddenly, "Wait a minute. I've got some plans and sketches here of a really old-fashioned house—the sort of house our grandparents lived in. It might be interesting to compare—this house, you'll notice, has only two more rooms than the other, but everywhere you look, you'll see wasted space. Look at the unnecessary hall space, the impractical closets—that little dark one under the stairs, for example. Notice the cellar and the attic—both unnecessary, both eliminated in the modern house."

"Well, well, well," Mr. Furness said, looking at the sketch. "This is the kind of house I was raised in—pretty much that same floor plan. The hall running through the center—the old grandfather clock stood about here. That attic—Lordy, what fun we kids used to have up there!"

"I think it's simply sweet!" Cynthy said. "So quaint and old-timey."

Si said, "It looks a little like a Breton farmhouse and a little like a Cape Cod cottage—which is it, Chet?"

"Neither," he said. "It's kind of hodge-podge—"

"Darned cozy-looking hodgepodge," Mr. Furness said.

CHET came and looked down at the pictures of the house he had designed for Terry. He looked down at it and his eyes softened, his mouth relaxed. "Impractical as the dickens," he said.

"Look at that fireplace!" Jack Cromwell said.

"Field stone, is what I planned to use for that," Chet said. "It's a copy of one I saw in an old English inn when I was a boy. They'd built it out of the stones on the place. I liked it because it looked—well, it had a kind of permanent feeling. That's something you don't get in the modern house—the average person doesn't care about it, really. They like to feel free to come and go."

"Mostly go," Mr. Furness said. "That's what's the matter with most people these days—always moving around, restless, never taking time to grow roots; no place to grow 'em, for that matter. That's what I dislike about these newfangled houses they don't look any more permanent than a birthday cake."

"No one wants them to," Chet said. "People like change, nowadays."

Mr. Furness was looking at the House of the Past again. "Now, this place looks as

HOW BRAVE ARE YOU?

HERE are the scores for the test on page 61. Draw circles around the numbers that correspond to the items you checked—one in each of the six columns. If, for instance, you checked item "d" for Question I, you would circle the number on line "d" under column I—number 6, in this case.

	QUESTIONS					
Item	I	II	III	IV	V	VI
a	5	6	1	3	5	5
b	8	3	9	1	1	3
c	2	8	4	8	3	9
d	6	10	8	9	9	6
e	9	1	7	7	8	2
f	3	5	6	5	10	8
g	10	7	10	4	2	10
h	1	4	2	10	7	1
i	4	9	5	2	6	4
j	7	2	3	6	4	7

To score your moral courage, add the numbers you circled for Questions I and II.

To score your mental courage, add the numbers you circled for Questions III and IV.

To score your physical courage, add the numbers you circled for Questions V and VI.

If your score for any type of courage—moral, mental, physical—is below 10, you are inclined to be timid in that respect; between 10-15, you have a good quality of courage; between 16-20, a superior rating.

★

though it was built to stand. You can see kids growing up in it, getting married from it, bringing their own kids back to it to have Thanksgiving dinner with the old folks."

"Of course, it will have all the modern conveniences," Chet said. "Naturally, we want to take advantage of the gadgets our ancestors didn't know about. But when our ancestors built a home, log by log or stone by stone, they built part of themselves into it. That's why I—well, I wanted to see if I could design a house that I'd feel that way about."

He was aware of Si looking at him dreamily, her chin sunk in her palm; of Jack Cromwell bent over the sofa back with his cheek on his wife's head; of the pleased and friendly regard of Horace Furness. Chet cleared his throat and laughed. "Of course, people don't have time to bother much about their houses these days if they can get hold of a good architect and interior decorator who'll build them a House of the Future."

"But we adore the other one," Cynthy said firmly; "don't we, Jackie?"

JACK CROMWELL said, looking at the sketch on Mr. Furness's knee, "He might have designed it especially for that lot of ours." And he said to Chet, "There'll be three oak trees on the east—all of 'em over a hundred years old—and a couple of the most magnificent elms you ever—"

"I don't think we ought to terrace that slope, after all—not with a house like this, do you, darling?" Cynthy asked her husband. "Of course, if we were going in for that modern—"

"I'll bet Chet just brought it along for bait," Si said. Her voice was glad and eager. "Didn't you, darling? I'll bet you knew all the time they'd like the other one."

Chet moistened his lips. "No. No, I'd no idea anyone would like it. I didn't design it to sell."

"Well, it seems that you've sold it, young man," Mr. Furness said, and got, somewhat wheezily, to his feet. He linked his plump arm in Chet's, began to walk him up and down. "Suppose we drive out there tomorrow morning. I'll have my contractor come along and we'll talk business."

"Thanks, I—I'd like to do that," Chet said, "but I'm afraid I can't build that particular house for you, Mr. Furness, though I can do you an approximate duplicate."

"But we want that one!" Cynthy cried, and jumped up. "We don't want one like it—we don't want *anyone* else to have one like it, do we, Jackie?"

"Gosh, no!" her husband said. "That's the whole point. It's unique—"

Mr. Furness said, withdrawing his arm from Chet's, frowning a little. "Am I to understand you don't *want* to sell it?"

Chet swung hunted eyes around the room. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I designed it for—myself."

"Oh, but you could do another!" Cynthy's voice was relieved.

"No," Chet said, staring down at her whitely. "I could never do another—just like that. That's why I can't sell it."

Mr. Furness said abruptly, coldly, "Well, that's settled," and turned his back on Chet, went to Jack Cromwell. "At any rate, now I've got an idea of what you two really want, I think I can manage

to dig up something you'll like. If you'll excuse me, I'll run along. Good-by, Si. Good-by, Mr.—er—"

"Please don't go!" Si said. "Please wait! Chet doesn't mean it, Mr. Furness—do you, Chet? He just doesn't realize—"

"He sounds to me like a young man who knew his own mind perfectly," Mr. Furness said, and went out.

Cynthy promptly threw herself into her husband's arms. "After b-bringing it here!" she sobbed.

"CHET, what's the *matter* with you?" Si said. "Do you realize what a chance you're throwing away?"

"Yes. I—I do. I'm terribly sorry but, you see, the house isn't only mine. It's Terry's, too." She drew back, her hand at her throat. "We've been building it together for two years. Planning it. More than half the ideas were hers. Don't you see now why I *can't* sell it?"

"No," Si said. "I think Terry would be the first one to advise you to sell it. She's awfully anxious to have you succeed."

"You don't say!"

"This morning when I saw her at Roo's she was worried to death for fear you couldn't keep this appointment."

"Worried about—" he began, and stopped. Then he said, "Where did you say you saw her?"

"At Rufus Fowler's."

"What was she doing there?"

"Darling, how do I know? She went for the same reason I did, I suppose—to console poor Roo."

"You mean you didn't go together?"

"No, she dropped in just as I was leaving and—"

"You left her there alone with him?"

She said, "Don't look so outraged. Going to a man's apartment doesn't compromise a woman these days. Anyway, what I started to say was that we were talking about you—how marvelous it would be if you landed this commission."

"I wondered why my ears burned this morning."

"Even if she did help design it, couldn't you just give her a percentage of the commission?"

"That's an idea," he said, and laughed. "You think she wouldn't mind that, do you?"

"I think she'd be terribly glad to have the money, Chet," Si said earnestly.

"Well, now, I hadn't thought of that," he said. "She *has* been growing a little money-conscious lately, which is very sensible of her. Money! That's the important thing, isn't it? Sentiment is all very well, but there's no profit in it."

Si made an impatient gesture toward the weeping bride. "Chet *please* stop talking like an idiot and tell Cynthy she can have that house."

He stooped and began to gather up his blueprints. "With pleasure," he said. . . .

TERRY was in Mrs. Towers' small study, wrapping Christmas gifts. Mrs. Towers had written her greeting cards, left them with their accompanying gifts. "Don't feel you have to do them all tonight," she told Terry before she went out. "You look a little fagged, my dear." She patted her secretary's pale cheek.

The gifts were piled on two card tables and Terry sat at the Hepplewhite desk, which was stacked high with holiday ribbons and wrappings; white paper and red paper and silver paper, starred paper and Santa Claus paper; red and green, gold and silver ribbon, wide and narrow, bundles of stickers and greeting cards. "Merry Christmas from Aunt Stell"—"Love and a Happy Christmas to Cousin Delia." Gay folders with little slits concealed beneath their flaps, crisp, new bills concealed in the slits. These were to go with the children's and servants' gifts.

The ormolu clock on the desk said a quarter past seven. Presently it would be dinnertime. Chet was to have seen his man at five-thirty. And Si hadn't come back yet. She picked up a box of cocktail napkins with cocky little roosters embroidered in each corner. "Happy Christmas to Cousin Marion." She laid the card on the napkins with frowning concentration, for she knew she dared not relax. She was like a person caught in a blizzard, aware that if she did not fight the terrible mist of fatigue, sleep would overtake her.

The ormolu clock said twenty past seven when Si's voice sounded, clear and high, greeting Miss Sopworth in the hall: "Hi, Soppy!" The blood beat against Terry's temples like distant tom-toms. She heard light, swift steps across the bedroom; her eyes were fixed on the door as Si flung it open. She was still in her coat and hat. A very little hat perched on one side of her golden head, flaring silver fox collar framing her face, and excitement flowing from her in invisible waves.

"Well, darling, he got it!" she said.

TERRY got to her feet, stood there swaying a little. "Oh, no! Oh, I knew they'd like it. I knew they couldn't help liking it!"

"Not the new one," Si said. "The old-timey one. That's the one they're mad about." She drew off her hat, shook out her curls. Terry felt behind her for her chair and sat down. "That was the funny part of it—they simply *loathed* the new one and went out of their minds about the other."

"What—other?" Terry said, attentive and grave.

"The one he calls the House of the Past—that you helped him with. At first he didn't want to sell it on that account. He said it was partly yours—"

"That one? He sold them that one?" Terry said, slow and careful.

"Yes. And he's going to pay you a percentage of his commission."

Terry laughed a little at that. "He doesn't have to do that! That's silly. I really had very little to do with it. We just—well, we used to talk about—what we'd like in a house, if we ever had a house."

"But you'll have to let him do it, darling. It'll make him feel much better about it and it's really only fair."

Terry smiled and shrugged. "Well, if it will make him feel better."

Si crossed the room, stood beside Terry's chair. "You don't mind his selling it, do you?"

"Mind? Goodness, no! Why should I mind?"

"I told him I was sure you wouldn't." Si took off her coat, dragged it after her as she went to the door. "I'm completely dead," she said. "What a day—*and* night!" She turned and looked at Terry, came back a few steps. Her slim white

fingers were clutching the deep pelt of the silver fox collar. She said, "Listen, Terry, darling. I meant to tell you this morning—I want you to have that evening cloak you wore last night. It's so lovely on you and it goes so well with that dress."

Terry continued to look at her, her head a little on one side. "Would it make you feel better?" she said. She got to her feet, stood holding to the back of her chair. "Because it isn't necessary, you know, to buy me off. I'm not going to try to hold him—to get him back, I mean."

Si had fallen back, her blue eyes wide and startled. Now she lifted her shoulders in a graceful gesture of bewilderment. "Darling, whatever are you talking about?"

"Chet," Terry said. "I'm talking about Chet. I couldn't afford him, anyway, you know—any more than he could afford me. We can't afford each other, because we're poor, you see." Her hand opened and closed on the chair-back. "None of this would have happened if we hadn't been poor. It *couldn't* have happened, because we loved each other. But we didn't have anything *but* love, and that isn't enough. Some people say it is, but that's silly, isn't it?"

Si said, infinitely cool and gracious, "Really, I don't understand what you mean, at all, darling. I don't think you realize what you're saying. I think you must be ill—"

"Oh, no! I'm not ill," Terry said more loudly, and gave a little laugh to prove it. "It's not nice of me, though, to make a vulgar scene like this, is it? I should have more dignity—and pride. But somehow you don't when you're poor. Somehow things like that—the veneer—kind of rub off." With her free hand she pushed the hair off her forehead, smiled brightly on Si. "I just wanted you to know that you don't have to give me the wrap—or the dress, either."

Si shrugged again, went to the door, turned back. "Really, darling, I think you ought to go to bed," she said, and went.

TERRY turned back to the desk. Now, where were Cousin Marion's cocktail napkins? She looked about for them, but the mist was thickening, and the cards, the Christmas gifts were waving gently like the reflections in a moving mirror. "Not the new one—the old-timey one—that is the one they're mad about." Now, why couldn't the room stand still a minute. She would get part of the commission for her ideas. Well, it was something to be paid for anything as illusory as an idea; for anything as ephemeral as a dream. That was all it had ever been—a dream. Yet, even after last night, she had still believed it would, some day, come true. Now, of course, it never would. Still, the money would be welcome. It would be enough, perhaps, to pay Rufus. Only, she wouldn't have to pay him in money, now. She could "work it out," as he had suggested. Why had the idea shocked her so last night? It was really a very good idea. Very jolly idea.

The room was swimming now, round and round in a black mist. Perhaps she *had* better go to bed. She started across the room, and then she sighed and fell, and lay still in a little heap among the Christmas packages.

(To be continued)

THE Better HALF

(*Continued from page 121*)

mouth dropped a little open. There on the platform stood a figure. It wore a black suit. Otherwise it was the same figure which had just performed. The same strength, the same bronzed skin, the same face. He had changed his suit! He was up there again—and yet he couldn't be, for he was just pulling himself out of the pool. John Lambert—David Lambert— There were two of them!

Lee gasped, heard Bill's chuckle and his whisper: "Twins!"—and watched the lyric ease of David Lambert's body as it sailed, twisted slowly, and vanished.

"End of first round," the announcer called. "Second round, James Wallace. Back jack."

But Lee turned to Bill. "Those two! Why, they're—!"

He grinned. "Thought you'd sit up. They're famous around here—the Lambert twins. Awfully good eggs, both of 'em, and practically inseparable. There's a story about them—"

"What story?"

"Too long. Tell you later."

SHE murmured, "I thought I was seeing things. They—why, they might be the same person!"

Bill nodded. "We feel that way, too, and we see them every day. Couldn't tell them apart, except for their clothes. Johnny always wears light things—a shirt or a tie or a coat—and Dave wears dark. They never switch. Black and white, we call 'em sometimes."

Lee sat back again, to watch. Each contestant did two more dives. It was obvious that of the four the Lambert twins excelled. But between those two Lee would see no shade of superiority whatever. Neither could the judges. They delayed, conferred, and finally announced:

"Tie for first place—John Lambert and David Lambert. The run-off—one more dive each. Ready? John Lambert—front one-and-a-half."

Bill grunted. "Dave'll win; always does."

He did. John's one-and-a-half was graceful and complete to the last revolution, but David's half-Gaynor was so beautiful—and so difficult besides—that the audience stood up with a spontaneous shout. It was over. They knew the winner, even before the name came across to them from the megaphone.

The Lamberts climbed out of the water together, both of them blowing and shaking themselves. Lee stared. They stood side by side midway of the pool's length, directly across from her. They were laughing. One of them slapped the other's brown shoulder and then they shook hands. They were incredible, standing there on the short turf; tall and vivid and, except for those contrasting suits, identical.

She leaned forward, smiling, clasping her hands together. She was sitting so when the two turned and faced her. She did not know that with her hair shining and her face lit up, she stood out from the crowd about her. But she did know that the two pairs of dark eyes opposite looked at her suddenly; looked straight at her and held her own gaze shifting helplessly between them. She felt dizzy.

"Now, which is which?" she wondered aloud. "Which of them won?"

Bill did not hear. But she did not need his answer, for the Lamberts turned away, and one of them made a small, modest gesture with his arms and shoulders. It said plainly, "*I* didn't win. Leave me out." It was a charming gesture. The white-clad figure made it.

Someone cried, "Never mind, Johnny! Here's to you, Johnny!"

Lee turned to follow Bill away from the pool. So Johnny wore the light clothes; Dave the dark. And Dave always won. Well, winning wasn't everything.

IT TOOK Lee and Bill a little while to get away from the club. People kept hailing them. Young Jim Wallace, still in his green bathing suit, approached them.

"Wait a bit, wait a bit, you two! This is a big day. I'm celebrating, and I want to give Lee Ferriss a drink. I like Lee Ferriss."

Bill, holding Lee's elbow, kept on walking slowly toward the car.

"Can't stay now, Jim. But we'll see you later at the beach party."

He put Lee into the car and slid in, himself. As soon as they had left the club grounds Lee turned.

"Now!" she said. "Tell me about those two. Are they real, or is it all done with mirrors?"

Bill laughed. "They're an eyeful, aren't they? Everybody gasps at first. But they're real, all right. They're our local drama."

"Go on!" she urged. "You said there was a story to go with them. Tell me."

"It's not a story, exactly. It's fact. Their father was Dr. Adolph Lambert. Ever hear of him?"

"No."

"No. You wouldn't. He didn't go in for fame much, and of course all this happened maybe twenty-five years ago. Well, anyway, Doc Lambert was nuts about his wife. They say he just about worshiped her. Then these twins, Dave and Johnny, came along. She died having them."

"Oh."

"Yes. It just about sunk the doctor. He almost went crazy. And he blamed the kids. Wouldn't speak of them or act like a father at all. He dove into his work like mad. He was doing research, specializing in the mind and psychology and that stuff. Anyway, working along those lines and feeling like he did about his kids, it wasn't long before he had his big idea. He took

those two youngsters—less than a year old, they were, and what are called identical twins—he took them and used them for an experiment. Like guinea pigs."

"What experiment? How long did it last?"

"It's still lasting. I guess it'll last until they die. He took one of them and concentrated on him, gave him all the special training and advantages he could. The other one he let alone, just let him grow up along with his brother; well treated, you know, soaking up whatever he could and would but—well—untutored."

"Good heavens!"

"He kept it up. He died five years ago, but by that time, of course, the experiment had a good hold on the two kids, and it didn't let go. It'll never let go now. . . . Oh, they manage all right. They have enough money, and they work their place, Linden Hill. But there it is. They're a couple of Theories, working out something they didn't start and can't stop."

Lee leaned back in the open roadster. She was oddly moved. Then, on a sudden thought, "But haven't I heard of something like it? Isn't it—don't they say one is 'conditioned'?"

"That's right."

"Bill—with these two—which is which?"

"Dave is conditioned. Johnny isn't."

"I thought so!"

Again she heard the affectionate cry, "Here's to you, Johnny!" and echoed it in her mind. Bill slowed the car and turned into his mother's driveway. "Here!" he exclaimed. "Twenty minutes talking about other people when, I wanted to be strictly personal! Remember what I said, Lee honey? Are we engaged?"

She had meant to say yes. She had meant to settle it and relax in the comfort of belonging to someone. But now there was something—a restlessness, a question—she couldn't tell what. It made her say, "Not yet, darling. I'm not quite bowled over yet. Give me till tonight."

"Okay," he said cheerfully.

Obviously he wasn't bowled over, either. Not that she wanted him to be.

THEY were late in starting for the beach party that night. The moon had come up, round and radiant with approaching October. The road stretched white before them along a bluff which dropped to the shore. The bluff was only a low bank here, but far ahead it rose until it was almost a cliff.

Just before the road began to climb they came to a clearing filled with parked cars. Below, on the beach, were a bonfire and moving figures and gay voices.

"Here we are," Bill said.

They crunched through the sand until the fire's wide circle of light shone on them. Suddenly a voice cried, "Lee Ferriss! Darling!"

Lee jumped. She peered around. A girl had started up from a group near by and was stumbling toward her. She was a small, dark girl with enormous brown eyes. Lee laughed with pleasure.

"Norah! Where did you come from?"

"I drove over with the Powerses."

Lee squeezed her hand. She turned to the man beside her. "Bill, this is Norah Cox. We went to school together. Mr. Haddon, Miss Cox."

Bill and Miss Cox looked at each other, bowed, murmured politely. Then, for no

reason, their eyes met again and held.

A little pause seemed to come around them. Bill gestured at the score or more people sitting and lying on the sand.

"May I come and hunt you up later?"

"Please do!"

Then someone in the shadows called her. She nodded to them both and went away.

"Who is she?" Bill demanded.

"I told you. Norah Cox. She's a darling."

"She is that!" He grinned. "Come on. Let's join the brawl."

The "brawl" was fun. They picked their way among the lounging figures, answering greetings.

Presently Lee found herself in the midst of a lively group. The sand was cool beneath her. A man banked the silvery stuff up behind her, so that she could lean back in comfort. Someone gave her a hot dog.

Fun, she told herself. Delightful. She liked Bill. She liked these people and the beach and the lovely night. But her eyes kept roving back and forth. She was waiting for something.

TOWARD midnight it happened. One belated car sounded on the road. Headlights swung out from the bluff, pointed above their heads for a moment, then flicked off. Presently two tall figures appeared silhouetted on the edge, one dark-clad, the other distinct in white flannels. At once shouts came from all around the fire:

"Lamberts, ahoy! Come right down here! Where've you been?"

The firelight was full on Lee's face, yet she watched those two shamelessly as they jumped from the bank, came forward together, and looked around. She waited. They both saw her at the same moment. But it was Johnny Lambert who crossed toward her instantly. His brother turned aside and sat down with a distant group.

"Hello, everybody," Johnny said. He was looking at Lee, but he spoke to Bill: "Er—how about it, Haddon?"

Bill glanced up. He scrambled to his feet and made the introduction. He added, "Here's your first Lambert, Lee. Go easy on him. We have only two."

He gave her a quick special smile which said, "Have your fun!" Then he turned and strolled away. Good old Bill!

Johnny Lambert sat down in his place. She looked at him. He was very handsome. Close, like this, with his brown face and the white clothes, he was stunning. Lee felt excited. She said:

"You're rather late, aren't you?"

"Yes. Dave had to tend to a cow that was calving, so I waited for him, of course. I'm Johnny, you know."

"I know," she recited. "You're Johnny. You're the Man in White."

He said gravely, "I'm the crude one."

Lee almost gasped. So soon? To mention that in his second sentence?

"I saw you this afternoon," she murmured hastily. "You were splendid."

"Dave was, you mean. Isn't he grand?"

Nice, she thought. A good sport. Generous. She let her smile say so. He turned so that he was stretched beside her, propped on an elbow. She leaned back, too.

"I saw *you*, this afternoon," Johnny said. "You're lovely!"

Lee had been told that before. But never so quickly. Never in a low, disturbing voice. She stammered a little.

"Th-thank you."

"I thought so then," his hushed voice went on. "And I think so now. Can a man fall in love with one look?"

She was nervous. Without thinking, she said, "You ought to know."

"I don't. I don't know much, you see. Nobody taught me."

His dark eyes were humble. Lee felt her heart turn right over.

"I can read," he told her soberly, "and talk straight and write—because I'm pretty quick at picking things up. But there's no —no background. Now, my brother—"

"Yes?" she prompted, seizing upon it to escape this dangerous sympathy.

He cleared his throat. "Dave's not a bit like me. He knows things. His mind works. We're both good at physical things because we're built the same. But even there he's better than I am. Like the diving today. He had the edge. He always has. He's trained, you see." He paused, and added, "Dave's a prince!"

Lee looked away. She was a little embarrassed by his frankness. And yet—he was sweet, she told herself. Resigned and loyal and not at all embittered by what had been done to him. She wanted to pat him. It was a strong impulse. She might have given way to it, but at that moment a voice above them said:

"Well, for cryin' out loud, it's Lee! I been looking everywhere for you, Lee."

Jim Wallace stood there, pale and dishevelled. He rocked on his feet.

Johnny snapped, "Beat it, Jim. You're drunk."

"Nix! I been looking for Lee. I want to hold her hand."

Lee shrugged. He was *very* drunk. The man beside her stiffened. His voice sharpened: "*Will* you get out?"

Jim Wallace swayed forward.

"Get out, yourself! I saw her first."

Then everything happened like lightning. Johnny was up, snarling.

His fist swung. But the blow did not land. A figure was between them suddenly, blocking it. With one hand the figure pushed Johnny's chest, so that he sat down hard. With the other hand it gripped the intruder's coat. A cool voice said:

"Take it easy. The war's over."

IT WAS David Lambert. He said nothing more, but marched off with his shambling captive. Lee saw them go to the shore's edge. She saw Jim's head firmly ducked in the water, and watched him disappear toward his car, looking subdued. It was over. Scarcely anyone had seen.

Johnny, beside her, was crestfallen. "Only wanted to shut him up," he said.

Lee heard the bewildered note in his voice, and again she felt that ache of sympathy. When his brother came back and stood before them she looked up at him defensively, with a sense of challenge.

"You want to watch that temper, old boy," David drawled. "A man can't go around socking drunks." His eyes swung to Lee, cool, impersonal. "Sorry, Miss Ferriss," he added.

She stared back at him. She felt resentment, anger. He was so sure of himself. She said deliberately, "If you're apologizing for Johnny, you needn't. Johnny and I could have managed without your help."

It was insufferably rude, but she felt like being rude. She wanted to show this man that his superiority was not superiority to her. His head bent gravely.

"Sorry," he said again, and walked off.

Johnny looked after him, sighing. "That's Dave for you. Always does the right thing. Golly, I wish I could think fast like that!"

This time Lee did pat him.

"Lee!" He seized her hand. "Forget all this. We were talking about you. And me. I want to ask you—could you—do you think you could get to like me?"

"I like you now," she admitted.

His grip tightened.

"Then look! Let's get out of this. Let's take the car and drive up to the lighthouse and back. I want to say something—something important. Come along."

Lee disengaged her hand. With any other man she would have laughed, knowing it the best way to put restraint between them. But Johnny Lambert had no restraint. She felt a little breathless.

"No," she said. "I can't do that."

"But I'd bring you right back. Why can't you?"

"Lots of reasons. I'm with Bill Haddon, you know. I can't go off and leave him."

"You can ask him. Let's go ask Bill—"

"Ask me what?"

BILL had loomed up before the fire. He stood looking down, his arm through the arm of a girl—Norah Cox.

"Hello!" Lee said.

"Hello. You do look absorbed, you two. Say, Lee—Norah's got something in her eye. Thought I'd take her up to the house and fish it out. D'you mind?"

"Of course I don't mind! Run along and get it over."

Bill said, tightening his grip on her arm, "Come on, Norah."

Lee opened her mouth to ask, "Shall I go with you?"

But the words never came. She saw Bill's face in the firelight. He was looking down at his companion. He was smiling, but his eyes were grave and concerned—and adoring. They went away slowly.

Lee swallowed, staring after them. As plainly as if he had shouted it, she knew what had happened to Bill. Even when he turned at the bank and waved to her, she knew that the pleasant, reassuring future she had planned was not to be. All very well to arrange it amicably when neither of them knew any better. But now—what had she said to him?—"There ought to be something more." Yes, there was something more. Bill had found it.

Well, she couldn't pretend that her heart was broken. But Bill was a darling. She had leaned more than she knew on the prospect of a life with him. She had no refuge now. She felt cold.

Johnny's voice beside her made her jump. He seemed to have been speaking for a moment, but she heard only: "—that ride to the lighthouse. You'll come, won't you—now?"

She looked at him. He was here, at any rate, ardent, his eyes seeing no one but her.

Lee smiled suddenly. "All right, Johnny. I'll go. Lead on."

He stood up and pulled her to her feet. They plodded toward the bank, up the steps. At the top he said, "You'll see. Nobody'll even miss us."

"Don't be so modest," said a voice. "I will."

Johnny checked. Then he laughed. "Come out of that, Dave!"

The dark figure rose up tall in the ton-

neau of an opening touring car. Lee felt herself stiffen.

"Whither away?" David Lambert asked pleasantly.

"I'm taking Lee for a drive. Let's have the car, will you?"

"Certainly."

He stepped down. He held the door open for Lee. She slid in beside Johnny.

David stood there a moment. Then he asked again, "Whither away?"

Johnny stepped on the starter. "Up to the lighthouse," he said.

Instantly his brother's face changed. "I wouldn't do that. Remember how close that road runs to the edge. After the storm last week it's apt to be washed out in spots. And you know you can't turn around, once you're on it."

"Bosh!" said Johnny.

"Oh, no. Not bosh. This lady's in your care, Johnny. Think that over."

Johnny seemed to think it over. In a moment he muttered, "Oh, well. It doesn't matter. Maybe you're right, Dave."

"Atta boy! I think you'd better—"

"And *I* think," Lee interrupted, suddenly furious, "that you'd better mind your own business, David Lambert!"

HE LOOKED at her, and she rushed on, scarcely knowing what she said:

"I'm tired of your grand airs, and I'm tired to death of your interfering! You may have an unfair advantage, but not over me! I'm not impressed!"

"Never mind," Johnny said again. "It doesn't matter."

"It *does* matter! It matters to me. You and I are driving to the lighthouse. Now!"

"But—"

David said briskly, "You heard the lady, Johnny. To the lighthouse it is. Get going!"

He wheeled and walked away, the length of the car. From there, he ordered again, "Get going! Step on it."

Johnny did. They shot up the narrow road, a stone wall on one side of them, the bank on the other. One hundred yards, two hundred. Then David said, from the tonneau, "But I guess I'll go along."

In the front seat, Lee subsided like a pricked balloon. Her temper cooled and she knew that she had behaved outrageously. The man behind her was impossible—conceited and officious—but he should not ruffle her again.

The trip was longer than she had expected, but it was very beautiful. The road rose steadily, rather bumpy, following the line of the bluff. Below on the right —increasingly far below—was the shore and the flat expanse of water stretching away forever. Lee leaned back as the car trundled along. It was not a new car. Two or three miles slid by in silence. Then Johnny said softly:

"I love you, Lee."

She started, and glanced over her shoulder. But he was not self-conscious.

"Oh, Dave can't hear. Not in this rattletrap. What about it, Lee?"

"You're such a sudden person," she murmured cautiously. "We've only just met."

"That's right. And I'm not much. I—I've missed out on a lot of things most people have. I admit it."

Lee turned and looked straight at him. For the first time that appeal failed to move her. It occurred to her suddenly that he overdid it.

"I love you," he said again. "Don't you love me?"

Did she? It could happen like this, quickly. It had happened to Bill. Why not to her? She looked away, struggling for an answer. The answer never came—

"Whee!" Johnny whistled sharply.

The car slowed. It began to creep like a worm. Lee saw the reason. The margin between the road and the cliff's edge had been steadily narrowing. Here, all at once, there were yards no longer between them and the sheer drop. There were only feet. Impossible to turn. Impossible to back, down over the long way they had come. They had to go forward. The car crawled.

Lee sat perfectly still. The drop was at her elbow now. She could look down and see the sand, and the sheer wall. It was not very high. Fifty feet perhaps. But it was high enough to kill them or to injure them horribly, if they went over. She kept hoping that the precious space beside them would widen, but it did not widen.

So David Lambert had been right! She began to feel ashamed.

Suddenly the car stopped. Johnny straightened from his hunched position over the wheel.

"Dave," he said.

That was all. Next moment he was out, on the ground, and his brother stood at the car door.

"Get out, please," he said to Lee.

"No!" she said, staring at him.

He did not raise his voice. "Get out!"

She got out. He said, "I'm afraid you and Johnny'll have to walk back, Miss Ferriss. I'll get the car across and come around the long way. It's quite a hike, so perhaps you'd better start."

But Lee's head went up. She felt a kind of gaiety, a kind of joy. She could be as brave as he could! With a quick movement she stepped into the back of the car, pulling Johnny with her.

"I hate walking," she announced. "And I love motoring. Forward, driver!"

One moment David stood stiffly, unyielding. Then, for the first time, he smiled directly at her. He slid in behind the wheel.

"Very well, madam."

They went ahead.

THAT was a silent, precarious passage. The car inched forward, moving like a snail, but never stopping. The shore and the flat sea waited below. Nobody spoke. Johnny sat quite still. His face was turned fixedly toward his brother's dark back. Lee held on to the side. She was excited, but hardly at all frightened. She looked at the broad, steady shoulders before her and thought calmly, "He'll make it."

He did make it. After what seemed hours, the road veered inland. It straggled up to the base of the lighthouse. They were there, safe, a full mile of that treacherous track behind them. They all moved, breathed deep, made small, explosive sounds. The car's pace quickened. David did not stop. He said over his shoulder, "Back by the other road." And swung onto it, going fast now.

There was little talk on the back seat as they swept along. In the reaction after their danger Lee felt tired and confused. Something kept knocking at her mind, some perception, but she could not quite grasp it.

Johnny spoke once. He turned to her, saying, "That was a tight squeak, but you

understand, don't you, Lee? Things like that throw me. It's because my nerves go haywire. I was never trained and drilled to control them—like Dave was. You see?"

"I see," she said.

She began to see other things. She began to see that Johnny made his strange bringing-up an excuse for never accepting responsibility, never rising to an emergency. He wouldn't even try. He simply turned to Dave, expecting Dave to pull him through.

Very quickly it seemed they were back at the parking space above the beach. The fire had died down, but there were still people about it. Lee could see Bill Haddon's tall figure silhouetted against it. David pulled up.

"Last stop," he said. "Run along, you two. I'll turn this buggy so she's heading out."

They got out, Johnny giving his twin an affectionate punch as he passed him. They walked to the edge of the bank. Then Lee looked back. Dave had swung the car around. He was still sitting there. She said hurriedly:

"Go on, Johnny. I'll come in a minute. I—I dropped something."

"What was it? I'll get it."

"No. Do go on. Please!"

She gave him a little push, so that he stumbled down the steps. She went quickly back to the car. But just behind it she stopped. Dave sat there, both hands on the wheel. He was saying something.

"—sick of it!" she heard. "If I could just relax once! If I could just be a run-of-the-mill guy, not a blasted superman, thinking for two!"

LEE stood still. A question asked itself in her mind, and was answered instantly, lucidly. Which of these men was afflicted, was at a disadvantage? Not Johnny, who was pitied and encouraged; who used his handicap blandly, to get what he wanted. No. It was David who was burdened. It was David who had been stretched up to standards too rigid for every day. He was conditioned. He *had* to win. Lee nodded her head slowly.

He spoke again, in front of her: "I'm so doggone *tired!* Nobody knows."

She walked forward.

"I know," she said.

His head jerked around. He looked at her in silence.

"*I* know," she repeated. "I've been silly, but that's over. This is a fresh start. I'll be at Highwater a week longer. I hope you'll come to see me—Dave."

His answer, delayed and slow, might have been irrelevant. She did not think so.

"I'll always have to look out for Johnny."

"Of course," she said quietly. "I understand about Johnny."

"Thanks." He turned his head away, then back to her. "Thanks. I'll come to Highwater."

She nodded. She turned and went away, down the steps and across the beach.

That was all. He had not said, "I love you, Lee." He had not told her she was lovely, nor even admired her with his eyes. But she felt quiet and happy and safe. He might not guess what was bound to happen, what was certain to be between them quite soon now. He might not know.

But Lee knew.

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The HOUSE Detective

EACH month Mr. Whitman, the household Sherlock Holmes, and author of the book, *First Aid for the Ailing House*, tracks down the solutions of homeowners' elusive problems. Here are typical questions he has answered recently for readers, as well as hints culled from his voluminous notebooks. If you wish his advice, write Mr. Whitman in care of this magazine, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope. He cannot, however, undertake to answer legal or financial questions.

QUESTION: I have an old walnut dining table, the drop leaves of which are warped. How should they be treated to straighten them? What would be the proper way to refinish the table?—Mrs. F. J., Turlock, Calif.

Answer: The concave side of a warped leaf should be exposed to moist air, and the convex side to hot and dry air. Lay the leaves on the grass, concave side down, in such a manner that the sun will strike the other side. If the earth is not damp in your section, use a piece of wet carpet. The leaves should be exposed for only a few hours at a time, but the treatment can be repeated as often as is necessary in order to straighten them out. Then allow a few days for drying out, and varnish them all over, as well as the rest of the table.

• •

WARM-WEATHER dampness often makes furniture drawers swell and stick. Before that times comes, all parts of a drawer, inside and out, should be given a coat of shellac or varnish to prevent the absorption of moisture. A sticking drawer can sometimes be eased by rubbing paraffin on the edges. If this doesn't work, the edges making the trouble should be rubbed down with sandpaper or a coarse file.

• •

QUESTION: Our house is infested with moths. How can we destroy them?—H. E.

Answer: Somewhere in your house, possibly in several places, you will find garments, bundles of woolen material, upholstery, pillows, etc., in which the moths have established themselves and from which they spread through the house. Your first move must be to locate and remove these centers of infestation. Look on closet shelves, in the attic, or other little-used places. The best moth preventive is paradichlorobenzene, commonly called moth crystals. This, however, must be used very liberally to get results. In a closet of ordinary size, expose two pounds on the top shelf and close the door tightly. The vapor is deadly to moth worms, and, in sufficient concentration, to eggs also. All clothing should be dry-cleaned before being stored for an off season.

• •

TO prevent heater doors from rusting during the summer, leave them open, and coat their edges with oil. To prevent the smoke pipe from rusting, take it down, clean inside, and store in a dry place, such as the attic. Similar care should be given to the horizontal pipes of a hot-air heater.

• •

QUESTION: We have just had our house painted. Now the putty around small panes of window glass is cracking. What causes this?—Mrs. W. W., Springfield, Ill.

Answer: The putty is no doubt in contact with bare wood, which acts like blotting paper. It sucks the oil out of putty and causes it to lose strength. To prevent this condition the bare wood around panes should be given a coat of paint or of linseed oil.

• •

PORCH screens, and other screens not intended to open, should fit tightly, so that insects cannot crawl through cracks at the edges. A filler for such cracks can be made

By Roger B. Whitman

by tearing newspaper into small pieces and boiling them in water for an hour or more. This will reduce the paper to a pulp. With the water squeezed out, the pulp can be packed into cracks with a putty knife, and will harden.

• •

QUESTION: Our living-room ceiling has several large, dark spots on it. They seem to get larger at times, especially during rainy weather. The floor in the room above gives no indication of the cause of the spots. How can we remove them or cover them so that they will not show through new paper?—H. S., Paulding, Ohio.

Answer: In the next spell of damp weather, examine the spots carefully. If they are wet, there may be a leak in the roof or elsewhere. Having made sure that water is not reaching the ceiling from above, wait for dry weather and then, when the plaster is thoroughly dry, give the spots two coats of good aluminum paint. It is possible that the plaster in those places may be of a kind that absorbs moisture from the air. If so, aluminum paint will waterproof it.

• •

A STEAM or hot-water house-heating boiler should not stand empty in summertime, for the inner surfaces will rust. Let the used water remain in it, with enough fresh water added to fill the boiler completely. When the water must be changed, the time to do it is not in the spring, but in the fall, since fresh water is more corrosive than water that has been repeatedly heated.

Masquerade

(*Continued from page 39*)

like you.' That's the way you feel."

"I don't . . . Kathryn . . ."

"That's the way you feel, though. You've seen too much devil in me, Clay. If I weren't half convinced that you're a liar, I wouldn't mind going in to break the ice for you with J. Partington Wesley, as he likes to call himself."

ALL of this talk had been quite clearly audible to big Joe Walton as he inched his way down that rope, blessing the velvet sheathing which made it flow so softly through his hands. But his shoulders were aching with fatigue as he neared the intimate lapping of the little waves of the lake. He reached the boat.

Above him, he thought, perhaps the two of them were already in the dead man's presence. They would make no noise, for Kathryn was not the screaming type; she never had been, even when she was only eleven or twelve years old and had been "his girl." Or perhaps at this very moment they were putting hands on the velvet rope, and an electric torch would shine over the edge of the balcony and find him like an eye in the night.

He began to draw on one part of the rope, very gently. The smooth of the old marble pillar above and the velvet casing of the rope made it run easily. A thick coil of it was already in his arms when the pressure ceased from above. Something flew coiling down, noiseless and almost weightless, and showered over him. That was the last half of the rope.

He swept it together and dropped it in the skiff.

There were two small oars, but he dared not risk the clicking noise of the oarlocks. Instead, he knelt in the center of the boat and used one oar as a paddle. His strokes were soundless as he slid the skiff to the rocky place from which he had started his voyage. There, stepping ashore, he watched the stars in the lake put out in groups and single brightnesses by the spreading wake he had left behind him.

He wanted to be off that instant, for the lights from the windows of Wesley's room shone clearly across the water; they converged like a group of spears, aimed straight at the eye of Joe Walton. However, he made himself wait until he had rolled and tied the curtain rope around a weighty rock. The water at this point was at least twenty feet deep, so he dropped the bundle at once. The skiff he set adrift, just as he had found it, to be carried by the changing wind to another point on the lake. Then he retired to the brush.

There he waited for a long moment, staring towards the huge, looming outline of the house. It seemed totally incredible that Kathryn and Clay . . . that would be young Clay Bristol, no doubt . . . had not found the dead man by this time. But still the house had not been alarmed. The jigging rhythm of the patio orchestra continued; the laughing voices drew in the distance to a single focal point of happiness; and far off, on the lake beneath the terraces, he could make out with surprising clearness, through the nearer music rather than over it, the song which the Mexican orchestra was playing on the float:

Blue eyes all the long day I remember;
Brown eyes I find in the soft, treacherous shadows;
But black eyes I remember in the night.
Then sorrow descends upon me from the sky
And the starlight gathers like frost upon my soul.

As he listened, Joe Walton remembered the stringy, swift little body of Kathryn Wesley and her brown eyes, already too old with thought and brooding. There grew up in him a desire greater than thirst in the desert to learn what was actually living in the mind of the girl, and to have sight of her again. Besides, it would be better to show himself in the festival. His first intention had been to find Wesley in the midst of the celebration, and now it seemed best to go down among the people, and among their numbers to wash away all suspicion.

First, he examined himself carefully by match light. The dust on his knees and elbows he was able to brush away; the cloth was undamaged. The boots he had carried around his neck were scratched here and there but he was able to rub the scratches out. So he pulled on socks, then boots, and stood up to take his way to the house of Wesley. His horse remained where the reins had been thrown under the lee of the great projecting rock. He climbed into the saddle, and gave the gelding a brisk mile's gallop to start the sweat streaming properly before he came to the long double shed under which the horses and the automobiles of the visitors were sheltered. Just before he reached it, a huge tree of crimson fire flung trunk and branches into the sky and hung there for a moment, bathing the house, the terraces, the lower lake with blood red; immediately afterwards came the booming of the report and the rapid, flying echoes. . . .

A WALL of flowers, woven over the cruel thorns of a hedge of Spanish bayonet, prevented the guests from passing directly into the patio but permitted them to enter through a great floral gateway onto the second garden terrace. From this point of view each arrival saw the entire picture at its best, from the wide patio entrance, down the terraces, to the colored lights which shone, like flowers also, among the huge Mexican cypresses that fringed the lower lake. The float on which the musicians were moored was lighted with Japanese lanterns only and bloomed faintly on the black of the water. But the main feature of the festival was a little Mexican village—or the face of a village's single street—which ran down through the center of the garden.

Every house held some sort of Mexican reality: a baby that squalled until its mother soothed it with ancient Mexican songs; a trained pig, with the dirty old man who had trained it; three or four readers of the future through cards, palm-

istry, and the stars; workers of mysteries with cards and dice.

The crown of all was the little plaza with the white face of a miniature church on one side, and a series of shops opposite where all the goods were free gifts to those who chose to take them.

Best of all was the Wesley interpretation of a barbecue. The center of it was a whole ox turning on a great spit that got its motive power from a mule trudging in a patient circle. Now and then someone wanted a portion of that fat beef, and the spit was stopped while the attending chef cut to one's taste and measure.

A series of old, hand-hammered Mexican iron pots stood over low fires, and in them simmered several kinds of beans in several kinds of Mexican hot sauces, and finally the greatest pot of all, in which were young chickens cooking slowly, so tender that they almost dissolved into the soup.

No matter to what part of the plaza one turned there was food, and more food, not served at a definite time but whenever and wherever one chose to have it. For instance, there was a whole row of Dutch ovens in which saddles of venison were ripening for the most tender mouth; there were continual fresh batches of roast corn on the cob, *tortillas*, long loaves of crusty bread, complicated pastries grouped around a monstrous cake five feet in diameter, with frosting an inch thick. And almost every bird that ran on the desert or flew in the Mogollon Mountains could be had roasted or boiled or fried to the taste.

BIG Joe Walton had gone as far as the plaza, sauntering, before Sam Bent caught him suddenly by the elbow and said, "Great Scott! . . . it's Kinky!"

Walton turned on him that new smile of his which no one except the men of the penitentiary had seen before this day. He said, "Hello, Sammy. But I'm not 'Kinky' any more. I've had all the kinks rolled and hammered out of me."

Sam Bent stepped a little closer, still with his eyes going up and down the tall body of his former friend. He said softly, "Do they know that you're here?"

He hooked his finger towards the house, all dim in the night except where the lights flashed upwards on the clusters and files of great flags which decorated the façade.

"They didn't invite me; they didn't invite half these people," said Walton. "They just said that all old friends would be welcome. I used to be an old friend, didn't I?"

Sam Bent stared at him. He said, "Wesley tried to hang you, nine years ago. Have you forgotten that?"

And Walton answered, "Sammy, I've spent nine years in a place where it's not worth while remembering."

"You mean that?" asked Sam Bent.

Walton kept on smiling; he made no answer. Bent stepped back, nodding.

"All right," he said. "All right!"

Walton went on. It was just as well that Bent had recognized him. That was why he was there—to be recognized. Five minutes later a chilly little whisper began to stir around him, and he knew that the news which Bent had reported had overtaken him. He found eyes were being fixed upon him with a covert hunger, and instantly removed when he looked back. Of course, they thought that he had come back for one or two reasons: either to get

his revenge on Wesley or to prove that his spirit was humbled and that he was ready to kiss the hand which struck him down. He did not care in the least what conclusions these people reached. Nine years of pain either rub the flesh and soul raw or else put on a fine-grained finish that even the most potent social acids cannot eat through, and Walton was able to look in every eye and maintain that quiet smiling. All he wanted was to be seen, and when that was accomplished he could leave the Wesley grounds. In the meantime, he was strolling idly through the crowd.

Little Dick Martin came running up to him from behind. He was no longer "little," for time had put on him ten pounds a year. He panted with fat and surprise and good nature.

"Old Kinky!" he said, squeezing the hard knuckles of Walton's hand. "The old Kinky back among us."

"With all the kinks out, brother," smiled Walton.

"I don't know what's up your sleeve, but I'm glad you're here!"

"I'm looking for my girl," said Walton.

"Girl?"

"Little Kathryn. She used to be my girl."

"Kathryn? She's not little any more."

"I suppose not. Things don't stand still, except in jail."

"How was it?" asked Dick Martin.

"The best rest cure in the world," said Walton.

"Cure for what?" asked Dick stupidly.

"For fireworks, and things," said Walton, as another bomb exploded above them and filled the air with intricacies of white flame. "If you see Kathryn, tell her that I'm looking for her, will you? So long, Dick."

"Wait a minute," said Dick.

"So long," said Walton, and walked on.

EVERYONE knew about him by this time; people were hurrying into the plaza to make sure that it was indeed Joe Walton, murderer, who had come to the Wesley party.

A man with powerful shoulders and a good deal of the bulldog in his face stepped around in front of him as he sauntered. People came to a pause on every hand. This fellow was perhaps twenty-three but he carried about with him an air of authority and possession.

"Are you Joe Walton?" he asked.

"That's my name," said Walton.

"I'm Jimmy Wesley," said the other.

"You've grown to quite a man, Jimmy."

"I've grown enough to ask you what you want here?"

"All the old friends were invited," said Walton, with his smile. "So I just dropped in. Glad to see me, Jimmy, aren't you?"

It was a warm night, but Jimmy began to sweat more than the weather explained. He was dressed as a cavalier of the old Spanish school, with lace at his wrists and a ruff sticking out from his bull throat.

"You came to get at Father," said Jimmy, thrusting out his chin.

"Matter of fact, I'd like to see him," said Walton.

"You're seeing me. Will that do you?" asked Jimmy Wesley.

"I'm not here for fighting. I'm just here for fun," said Walton.

"The deuce you are," answered Wesley. "Hey, boy!"

He stopped a dark-faced Mexican who was going by with a wineskin and a tray of glasses under his arm. Just another touch of the old style.

"A couple of glasses," ordered Jimmy Wesley.

When they were filled with expert speed, he held one out to Walton. "Have this with me, will you?" he said.

"Thanks," said Walton. "I'm not drinking."

Jimmy Wesley put the glasses slowly back on the tray without taking his eyes from the face of Walton.

"All right," he said. "I guess I understand."

"I hope you do," said Walton. "You look like a bright boy, Jimmy."

HE WALKED past the hard, set face of Jimmy Wesley with no other farewell. It had been rather clever of Jimmy, he thought, to have put him to that old fashioned Western test of the host and the guest. As a matter of fact, hunger raged in him, and thirst also, but he would not break bread or taste so much as pure, cold water as the guest of the Wesley millions. He told himself that he was a fool and that he should never have let Jimmy catch him on such an old and silly superstition. But the beliefs we are born with lie deeper than the skin of all except the liars. . . .

"Joe! Oh, Joe!" called a voice behind him.

He knew the voice. He had heard it that same evening, not long before, as he dangled at the end of a velvet rope. Now, as he turned, he saw her coming. She was like something of Velasquez, except that the stern old Spanish painter had never found a face and a throat as lovely as hers to make immortal. She lacked that dignity which Velasquez liked to pour over the feeble court of the Spanish king. Actually, she was picking up her skirts so that she could run to Walton.

He saw the faces of the witnesses gaping as they watched. Actually he felt their breath stopped and not retaken as she hurried up to him with one hand held out.

"I'm so glad!" she cried. "I've been hunting everywhere."

She put her hands on his shoulders. "Kiss me, Joe, won't you?" she asked.

He thought of the face of the dead man, which she must have seen only a little time before; then he leaned and kissed her lips, tenderly.

"I'm still your girl, Joe?" she said, taking his arm, walking with him, and putting all her enchantment in her eyes and in her laughter as she looked up at him.

"How much of this is for the crowd and how much for me?" asked Walton.

"About fifty-fifty, dear," she said.

"What a dull time you must have been having," said Walton.

"Simply rotten," answered Kathryn. She added, "You haven't told me whether or not I'm still your girl, Joe?"

"What d'you think?" he asked, with his smile.

They were wandering out of the patio, towards the softer lights of the lake below.

"I don't know," she replied. "You have such a new face that perhaps you have a new heart, too. . . . It's darker, here, and the fools can't keep on staring. . . . I'm really glad to see you, Joe."

"There's no Wesley in your blood," said Walton. "I'd like as much of you as

you'll give, Kathryn. How much is that?"

"I don't know how much of me there is," she answered. "Shall we find out?"

"Let's find out," said he. . . .

Sheriff Bill Leinster had a modernized wooden leg. The modernization consisted in the rubber tip, and it was the only modern thing about Sheriff Bill. Once he was a lean, hard-drawn desert man with no extras in the way of flesh, but after Mickey Kinkaid put two bullets through his right knee and he had to take to the wooden leg, he was less active and he put on weight. He was resting his artificial limb in a rocking chair and drinking beer as cold as the mountain snows when Kathryn Wesley found him, not many minutes before she ran to join big Joe Walton so cheerfully.

The sheriff had made a valiant effort to costume himself for the party. He took a fancy to a jaunty red cloak of cotton velvet, but though the color fitted well with his rosy complexion, the skirts of the cloak were by no means large enough to reach around his tub of a body. He also liked a small hat with a big feather in it that stuck on his round, bald head like an inkwell with a quill. His jeans, to which he was accustomed, and his rough old cowhide boots, he could not give up.

He was just finishing his beer with one hand and signaling with the other for a fresh glass when Kathryn Wesley came down into the patio to him.

She said, "Uncle Billy, will you come along with me?"

"You know how many miles I've rode today?" asked the sheriff. "I've rode thirty miles with my peg leg tied to a stirrup leather and me all sluiced around sidewise in the saddle like a sack of barley. So don't ask me to go along anywheres with you unless you got the people to help to carry me, Kate."

She leaned over him a little. "Father has been killed," she said.

THERE was a drop of beer left in the glass, after all, as the last of the foam melted down. And Sheriff Bill Leinster finished the drop, put down the glass, and swung himself up to his feet with a sort of clumsy agility. He used a cane in his left hand and kept the right free for emergencies.

"Go ahead and I'll follow on after you," said the sheriff.

But she took his arm and helped him, saying, "You just lean a lot of weight on me, Uncle Billy. I don't look like much, but I'm a pretty good mountain climber."

"You ain't much upset about your daddy's death," said the sheriff cheerfully. "How come, Kate?"

"You know how come," said the girl.

"Yeah. You and him never got on very good, did you?"

"Never very good," she said.

"How'd you find him?"

"You'll see."

"Tell me something, Kathryn."

"You ask your questions all at once, Uncle Billy, and then I won't come out in a spotted rash trying to answer them by installments."

Bill Leinster laughed and panted as he reached the level of Wesley's balcony. In the library, which was on that floor, they passed a man with a scarred face and a pointed beard, in a sweeping cloak.

"Hello . . . ain't I seen you somewhere?" asked Bill Leinster.

"I am Don Pedro de Alvarez," said the man with the scar on his face, and the tension of the scar-tissue pulled his mouth crooked as he spoke. "You may have known me in the African wars, señor."

"Yeah? African?" echoed the sheriff. "Yeah, maybe!"

And he went on, muttering, "Darn these fellows that take a costume party so serious that it gets onto their tongue, like whisky. How about him, Kathryn?"

"I don't know," she said. "He's just a poor devil, I suppose."

"You always know a man as soon's you see him," answered the sheriff.

"All I saw of this one was his scar, Uncle Billy. . . . Here's the door."

IT WAS made of thick wood with heavy bands of iron wrought into the surface to give it extra strength. The girl took a key out of her purse.

"Wait a minute, Kate. This is the only door into your daddy's rooms, ain't it?"

"That's right."

"Who's got the keys to it?"

"I have this one; then there's Jimmy . . . no, not Jimmy any more. Father gave Jimmy's key to Wickett."

"Who's Wickett?"

"He's the tough fellow that Father hired as a bodyguard."

"Why would James P. Wesley want a bodyguard?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Where's this Wickett now?" asked the sheriff.

"I don't know," she answered.

"Was he around when you seen what happened?"

"I didn't see what happened. I only saw the results of it. Father told Wickett to circulate through the crowd and see that nobody made any trouble on account of the wine."

"When it comes to free booze," said the sheriff, taking the key from her and examining it," there's a lot of the boys that'll work overtime and not ask for no extra pay. . . . Tell me something, Kathryn."

"All right," she said. "But don't take me by surprise, Uncle Billy."

"Are you a good girl?" he asked.

"Don't trust brown eyes," she said.

"Ah, Kate," he said, "you always been an ornery, mean little cuss of a spunky cayuse, is what you always been. Ain't you a good girl, Kathryn?"

"I've got my good spots," she said.

"Look me in the eye."

She looked him in the eye, unwavering.

"You could do darn' near anything, I guess," said the sheriff, musing over her.

"Anything that becomes a lady," said the girl, with a faint smile.

"Yeah? Murder don't become nobody!" said the sheriff.

Her eyes pinched a little, suddenly, the light shrinking to a point. She said nothing but kept on watching his face.

"Well . . ." said the sheriff, and unlocked the door.

He stood and looked down the balcony. There was a sudden salvo of fireworks that shook the house; the sky filled with dartings of light and then a glow.

"A gun wouldn't be heard through a noise like that," said the sheriff. "You been here alone when you seen him?"

"I had a witness. Clay was with me."

"I don't like him," said the sheriff.

"Why not? Clay's all right."

"He's just one of them darn' Eastern-

ers," said the sheriff. "Now, take it right up from here. What did you do?"

"I stood here with Clay and talked with him for a while."

"Was he making love to you, Kate?"

"No. He wasn't."

"Ain't you a liar, Kate?"

"Partly," she said. "I forget."

"You never forgot nothing in your whole life," answered the sheriff. "Then what happened?"

"We went down to Father's room."

"Why was the two of you calling on him?"

"We wanted to ask if he'd permit Clay to marry me."

"Would you have to be permitted if you wanted to marry somebody?" asked the sheriff.

"What you think, Uncle Billy?"

"I think you'd go and grab your man and marry him, and that's that!"

"I've got a five-million-dollar tag on me," said Kathryn, "and I believe in taking care of high-priced goods."

"All right. . . . You don't care how mean you show yourself, do you?"

"You know me so well, Uncle Billy," she answered, "that I have to pick my times for lying, and make them very few."

"Well, maybe," he answered. "Come along, then."

They went down the balcony to the open French windows of the room where the body of Wesley was sitting.

"Neat, eh?" said the sheriff.

"It was a good shot," said the girl. Her voice was perfectly level, but Leinster looked suddenly at her.

"Crying over him, eh?" he asked.

She mastered herself quickly. "Not really," she said.

"Kind of loved him, didn't you?" he persisted.

"I never loved him. But I loved some of the things about him," she said.

"Look here. Why'd your father take the key away from Jimmy and give it to this chest-protector of his, this Wickett?"

"Well . . . Jimmy has been doing a little light drinking, and Father didn't like it. He warned Jimmy, and finally he took the key away from him."

"YOU don't lie well till you get warmed up to it," answered Leinster, "and then you go right along like a trotting horse. What was the real reason that he took the key away?"

"Give me time, Uncle Billy, and I'll think up something else."

"While you're thinking, you can run along, honey. . . . But am I gunna have to see a rope knotted around that pretty little throat of yours?"

"I hope not, Uncle Billy."

"I hope not, too, but, as sure as there's been murder here, I wouldn't spare you none, no matter how long I've known you."

"Of course you wouldn't," she agreed.

"Only the three keys to that door? Your key, and Wesley's, and Wickett's?"

"That's all."

"Any other way of getting to these rooms?"

"Turn yourself into a lizard and climb up from the lake, or take a good pair of wings and fly."

"Will you run along?" asked the sheriff.

"I'll run," she said.

He waited until he heard the heavy, ironbound door clang with a booming sound at the end of the balcony. Then he approached the dead man. He took a cigarette out of a filagreed box on the table and fitted it, with a horrible exactness and unconcern, in the bloodless wound between the eyes. Then he backed away and sighted down a revolver until he was exactly in line with the direction in which the cigarette pointed. The sheriff found himself standing directly in front of the French window that opened upon the balcony.

Sheriff Bill Leinster removed the cigarette and threw it into the fireplace. After that, he began to hobble about the room and out on the balcony. At the balcony railing he took out a small electric torch and moved carefully down the balustrade until he came to one of the boxes where the flowers were, perhaps, a trifle bent. Here he held the torch level on the flowers for an entire minute. By the end of that time he was certain that some of the green branches were lifting, more slowly than the hand of a clock. So grass, crushed down by a footfall, will keep on rising for hours until all or nearly all of it is standing erect again.

AT THIS point, Leinster leaned over the balustrade and swept the water of the black lake beneath him with his torch. The cone of light, spreading wide, passed like a dim ghost over the lake until it spotted, far away, the black outline of a boat, apparently adrift.

Leinster nodded. He went straight back into the death chamber, where he paused to examine the corner of the table. A slight trace of blue fuzz adhered to the edge of the worm-eaten wood. This he removed with care and then twisted into a thread. It made a single line of dark-blue silk. Leinster tucked it away in his vest pocket.

Afterwards, he lifted a baffled eye to scan the room. Something about it was wrong. There was something loose, inert, uncared-for about the place; and presently he saw that it was because the curtains, instead of falling in straight, neat lines, sagged loosely from the upper corners of the windows. All the curtain cords, which had controlled and kept in place the sweep of red velvet, had disappeared.

Here the sheriff returned to the balcony, shaking his head, his teeth gritting hard. But, instead of continuing his examination, he gripped the key with a sudden decision, plunged it into his pocket, and at once left the master's wing of the house.

Going downstairs was the sheriff's hardest physical maneuver in these days. He managed the thing, as a rule, by sliding one shoulder against the wall and swinging the wooden leg well up and out with each step he made. When he had reached the level of the patio, however, he was able to swing along at a good rate. He passed towards the Mexican improvised village, then to the right through the flowered entrance.

Pie Tucker was just coming in.

"You leavin', Sheriff?" asked Pie.

"I just forgot something," said the sheriff, and he hastened on as though he were in fact on the trail of something of the greatest value. He turned the corner of the long double shed where the automobiles and horses were standing. He went on around the first bend of the rough road which swept up the rise to the Wesley house. Behind a growth of tall shrubbery he sat down on a convenient rock and

lighted his pipe. He was panting hard and was covered with perspiration.

He tried to put his mind in order, but all he could think was, "My stars, I'm fat! I'm old and fat!"

He kept on puffing at his pipe and patting his wooden leg until a small automobile pulled out on the road from the Wesley place and started down towards him. The sheriff got up from his rock and stepped through the brush.

"Hi!" yelled the sheriff, waving his arms as the light flared over him. "Stop!"

The car slid swiftly on down the road towards him. He pulled an old forty-five single-action revolver and fired twice in the air. Even then the machine ran on for a moment before the brakes groaned. The sheriff hobbled after it. The headlights flung their cone brilliantly up the road and struck a yucca, photographing it on the memory; the car itself was a black patch.

"Hello, partners," said Leinster. "Who might you be?"

There was a slight pause, and then a voice said, "Why, hello, Sheriff. I'm that same Don Pedro who spoke to you a while ago."

The sheriff poked his head inside the car. It was empty, except for the driver. "Oh, you the gent that went to the African wars?" asked Leinster.

"Against the infidels, Sheriff," said the driver.

"Outside of that, what might your name be?" asked Leinster.

"Well, it's Alvarez, all right," answered the other.

"Now, doggone me, but I'm surprised to find you leavin' so soon," said the sheriff.

"The fact is that I don't wear the sort of face that makes other people happy," answered Alvarez. "I thought the crowd here would be big enough to cover me up, but it wasn't."

"Somebody sure done a lot of damage to your face, brother," said the sheriff.

"It was a mule," said Alvarez. "A mule with a fast pair of heels. After she kicked me, I thought my brains must be mixed up with the blood that was running out of my head."

"Alvarez, you sure gunna pull right out and leave this crowd?" asked Leinster.

"That's my idea," said the man in the car. "Anything wrong with that?"

"There's nothing wrong with that," said the sheriff. "But what I was wondering was this: Would you do me a favor?"

"I don't see why I shouldn't, if it lies along my road," said Alvarez.

THE sheriff rested his wooden leg on the running board.

"Fact is," he said, "I was wondering if you could backtrack and do me the favor right there in Wesley's house."

"Something important?" asked Alvarez.

"It's important to *me*," said the sheriff. "It's *doggone* important to me and the law, you might say. You see, Alvarez, I thought that the gent who left the house in a car wouldn't be you. I thought it would be somebody else. That's why I raised the ruction and stopped the car. Hope you don't mind."

"I'd like to help," said Alvarez.

"I got no right to ask," said Leinster. "Some kinds of nervous gents would be sort of jittery, being held up with a gun. But you take it so doggone easy, Alvarez—and you ain't got your brain set on the party—so I sort of thought maybe you wouldn't mind lending me a hand."

"Well, I won't mind at all," said Alvarez.

"It's a kind of a dirty job," said the sheriff. "I'll tell you what it is: There's a dead man back there in the house that needs some watching."

"Dead? Great Scott!" exclaimed Alvarez.

"I won't ask you twice," explained the sheriff gently. "I don't wanta drag you in, but the fact is that there's a dead man back there that hadn't oughta be dead. He's a gent that oughta still be alive, and that's a fact. . . . But he's dead. Would you stand watch over him for me?"

Alvarez suddenly laughed. "You afraid that he'll get up and walk?" he asked.

"I dunno," said Leinster. "I ain't sure of anything. I don't understand. You think you could lend me a hand, partner?"

"Climb in," answered Alvarez, "and I'll do what I can."

AFTER the sheriff was in the car—a slow and dragging process for him—Alvarez turned the car.

"I wouldn't say you were Spanish blood," remarked the sheriff.

"Nobody would," answered Alvarez. "I don't even speak that lingo very well. But the Spanish must be in me back there somewhere. Otherwise I wouldn't be wearing the name. Spanish, mind you. I know well that there's no greaser."

"Sure, there ain't," agreed Leinster.

They left the car, not under the shed, but near the entrance to the grounds. The sheriff, entering, asked to have Jimmy Wesley called; and Jimmy overtook them before they reached the patio. Fifty of the guests, most of them the youngsters of the party, had remained in the patio, preferring to dance to the jazz music on the waxed tiles; and now one of Wesley's carefully planned entertainment numbers was taking the eye of the crowd. Four Indian girls were doing one of the queer, bending, stamping tribal dances.

The sheriff took Jimmy Wesley by the shoulder. "Jimmy," he said, "you get a couple of men to watch at the entrance and at the stable sheds, out yonder, will you?"

"Watch for what, Uncle Billy?" asked Wesley.

"Watch for anybody that leaves. Watch close, and when they leave, bring back a description of the first man—or woman—or both. Understand?"

"What kind of funny business is up?" asked Wesley.

"You get the men on the job, and then you come back. I'll be up in your father's rooms. . . . Funny thing he ain't come down yet."

"He'll be down, all right," answered Jimmy. "He's ripening himself with some old corn whisky, I guess; but he'll be blossoming all over the place before the night's finished. You wait and see."

Young Wesley went off, and the sheriff looked after him for a moment.

"He don't waste no love on his dad, does he?" asked Leinster.

"I've noticed it that way," answered Alvarez. "The fact is that when the father is a big man and a strong head, the son gets jealous. Ever think of that?"

"Maybe you're right," nodded the

sheriff. "Lend me a hand up these stairs, will you? . . . Zowie! There goes some more fireworks! Speakin' for myself, I'd rather look at a good fat, yearling than at all of these fireworks."

"I'll go with you on that," said Alvarez. "One of those yearlings with the fat right in the eyes."

"Brother," said the sheriff, "you're a man after my own way of thinking."

They reached the balcony door, which Leinster unlocked with Kathryn's key.

They walked into the dead presence of James Partington Wesley, his head still comfortably resting against the cushioned top of the chair. Alvarez simply said, "Wesley, eh? . . . That was a center shot, Sheriff!"

"Yeah," said the sheriff. "Wesley wasn't looking when he got that. He was leaning his head back just that way, in the chair, and somebody stood off and took a careful sight. Somebody mean and cool and steady. Anyway, we got this room for a trap, and Wesley is the bait in it, now."

"Bait?" said Alvarez.

"If you'll help me, we'll make a trap, all right," said Leinster. "I'm going to fade out for a minute. Jimmy Wesley is coming up here. When he sees the dead man, you watch what Jimmy does."

"Where'll I watch from?" asked Alvarez.

"From here," said the sheriff, and led the way to the big room on the right. It was a library, all the volumes bound in full morocco leather, blues and greens and warm reds. It was a somber, heavy room, in spite of the color of the bindings.

"I leave this door open," said the sheriff. "You can watch around the corner of it; and you can see a whole lot in that big mirror. Mind doing it, Alvarez?"

Alvarez ran the tip of his tongue over his lips. "There's been murder here, Sheriff," he answered. "You've got a right to tell me what to do. . . . Where'll you be now?"

"I'll come back in time to get part of the show," said the sheriff. "Just keep your ears open and your eyes filed down right fine, will you?"

"Like needles," said Alvarez, and smiled. The smile pulled his mouth crookedly to the side against the scar tissue on his cheek. . . .

THE majority of the Wesley guests remained in the patio or strung through the various attractions of the Mexican village, but a few preferred the quiet of the lower lake, the stringed orchestra with its single mournful flute, and those soft old timeless Mexican songs that drifted in from the float. Big Joe Walton sat beside Kathryn Wesley on the bank. He had gathered some pebbles and threw them one by one, at little intervals, into the water, which was spotted with varying colors from the lights strung through the trees above them. Therefore, by choosing his mark with absent-minded care, he could make the pebbles throw up a splash of violet, of red, of pale green, or of thin gold, and afterwards the small ripples slid away along the surface and seemed to mix up all the colors like oil.

"What's the song? How does it go, Joe?" asked the girl.

The mild chorus floated to them over the water, clear and small, like a thing of the mind.

"It goes like this," said Walton. . . . "You don't know Spanish?"

"Never picked it up," she answered.

He began to translate in detached lines and phrases:

"Love has made me a stranger . . .
In all the familiar places of my life
Love has made me a stranger.
The voices of my friends are strange to me;
Their eyes have no meaning.
All that rejoiced me is like meat without salt;
Only with you, my beautiful and dear one,
Only at your side I seem to sit at a feast
With wine and roses."

The music ended. A little ripple of laughter ran along the near banks of the lake.

"THOSE words were rather nice," said the girl. "It's queer that people would laugh at them."

"Youngsters always laugh at love," said Walton.

"Why, Joe?"

"It's too big for them to speak of it; so they giggle like fools. Ever notice something, Kathryn?"

"What?"

"Girls are always laughing at nothing."

"I don't laugh a great deal," she said.

"You're not young enough," he answered. "You never were young enough."

"You've grown rather wise, Joe."

"I've had ninety years of thinking behind me," he answered.

"There goes another song. Translate it, will you?" she asked. "And put your arm around me, Joe. . . . That's better. Let me get my head comfortable. . . . I hope this doesn't seem silly to you, now that you've grown so old."

He said nothing. But as the music started he translated again:

"Chiquita—the devil take you, Chiquita!
I lived in the mountains;
I was as free as a goat.
When the eagles began screaming in spring;
When the waterfalls were shouting in the cañons;
When the birds sang to each other;
Then I laughed in my heart because I was free.
But I drove my flock to the village, Chiquita;
The devil take you, Chiquita!
Over your shoulder, why did you smile at me?"

The song being ended, silence remained along the banks of the lake.

"That's an amusing one. I wonder why they don't laugh at that?" asked the girl.

Walton plumped a small pebble into the water. It made a little musical sound; the water jumped up like a finger of gold.

"The youngsters don't laugh at that," said Walton, "because there's sense in it."

"Hm-m," murmured the girl. "I don't think it's particularly clever."

She turned her face up towards his, to wait for the answer. Instead, he merely plumped another stone into the lake and watched the pale-green splash that followed.

"Turn your face down," said Walton.

"Why?" she asked.

"I don't like to have it so near," he answered.

"Hm-m," she murmured again, without moving. "It's a queer thing, rather nice and rather sad. To have a man like you caring so much about me, I mean."

"I haven't said a word about caring for you, Kathryn."

She laughed a little. "Look up here, Joe," she said.

"Well?" he asked, raising his head.

"You see those stars through the branches?" she asked.

"What about them?"

"That's the way I see the truth through all your lying, Joe."

"I don't lie, except when it's important," he answered.

"This is important, isn't it?"

"Not a bit. I'll never see you again."

"Will you look at me? Don't you like to?"

"The looking is all right," said Walton, continuing to stare at the lighted float.

"Tell me something."

"About what?"

"WHAT really happened, when you killed Leclerc?"

"Oh, about that? I simply had a grudge against him, and went out and filled him full of lead. It seems that his body fell down into the cañon and was carried away by the water. That must be why the corpse was never found."

"That's what the jurors believed. What really happened?"

"That's what happened. I've got nine years of proof that that's what happened."

"No. It was something else. You couldn't have killed a man. You could now, but then you couldn't. Tell me the truth. Kiss me and then tell me."

"I won't have any more of this nonsense," said Walton.

After a moment he turned his head and kissed her. He said, "We'd been out prospecting—your father and I. We'd made a strike. We came back to his place before we filed the claim. There was no hurry. Leclerc was here at the old house. It didn't look the way it looks now."

"I know," she said.

"Leclerc was a dog," said Walton. "When I saw him at the house we had some words. I hit him. The cook saw me do it. Your father held me back. Leclerc got out. As he went, I swore that I'd use a gun the next time I met him."

"What was the matter between you and Leclerc? Was it a girl?"

"Yes. I was a fool. Your father and I argued about Leclerc. Afterwards he left the house for an hour or so. He came back. We had a gloomy sort of lunch. Your father went out again. When he came back he had the sheriff with him."

"Uncle Billy?"

"Yes. I saw them coming and knew something was wrong. I started to get out. I was on my horse when they turned loose with their guns and shot the horse down. It pinned me with the fall. They arrested me for killing Leclerc. They showed me his hat with a bullet hole through it and a bloodstain, where they'd found it on the side of the cañon. And James Partington Wesley swore that he'd seen me meet Leclerc and shoot him down without giving him a chance to draw."

She, after a moment of silence, said, "That strike that you and Father made . . . was that what turned out to be El Rey, the big mine?"

"That was El Rey," he answered.

"Did you come here to kill him?" she asked.

He plumped a stone into the water. He threw still another. "Did you ever hear the story of Delilah?" he asked.

"What of it?"

"Shall I leave you, or will you get up and leave me?"

"Do you think I'm trying to draw you into trouble, Joe?"

"Well, good-by," said Walton.

"If you go now, when will you come back?" she asked.

"I'm not coming back," he answered.

"You will, though."

"Are you so sure of that?

"When you translated those songs, you were saying, around the corner, that you care a lot about me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, Joe, I can talk Spanish like a native. I know what the real words of the songs were."

He dropped back his head and groaned.

"You meant what you said . . . in those translations, didn't you?" she begged.

He would not speak.

She said, "Suppose you and I are both as bad as we can be—hard and bad—still we could love each other, couldn't we?"

Three men came out of the darkness, suddenly. The voice of Clay Bristol said, "Walton, don't make a move! You're wanted!"

The girl stepped close to Walton. She held him by the arms and lifted her face to him. "We could love each other, couldn't we, Joe?" she asked.

Two men came to his shoulders, each of them with a naked gun.

"We could love each other, Joe, couldn't we?" she repeated.

His head bent by degrees.

"Watch him!" cautioned Clay Bristol. "He's as dangerous as a snake. Fan him. See if he's wearing a gun!"

"Here!" said one of the others. And he drew the big revolver from under Walton's armpit.

The head of Walton sank. He stared into the face of the girl. "Are you straight?" he asked.

"Maybe I never was before. Even five minutes ago. I am now," she answered.

"Yes," said Walton. "We could love each other."

She stood on tiptoe, with her arms straining around him, and kissed him for the third time that night. . . .

THE wind drifted the skiff gradually across the lake and touched its stern against the shore. The peg-legged sheriff hauled it up and scanned it from stem to stern with his torch. He found nothing of interest, except that when he turned one of the oarlocks, it squeaked and groaned loudly. After that, he resumed his walk around the edge of the lake.

When he came to the place where the brush advanced close to the edge of the bank, the light showed him one faint imprint of toes on a little sandy spot. Otherwise the surface was brick-hard from sunbaking, or else was rock.

The sheriff sat down, lighted his pipe, and took out a small notebook and a pencil and a little pair of calipers. With the calipers he laid out the dimensions of that big toe and all the little prints that tapered down beside it. Afterwards, he tried to sketch in the rest of the foot from suggestion. That was pretty inaccurate work, but he knew distinctly that the man who had stepped on this spot was large and heavy;

otherwise the bare toes would not have dug into the sand so strongly.

The sheriff went back through the brush. He found a place where footprints suddenly began, indicated by the small dents where a pair of high heels had been stepping along. These prints led to a tall rock where a horse with a crossbarred shoe on the left forefoot had idled for some time. A few hairs were lodged against the face of the rock, where the horse had chafed an itching flank. It was a gray horse, a tall gray horse with a barred shoe on the left forehoof.

SHERIFF LEINSTER went down to the house again and swung his wooden leg up the stairs, but when he came to the balcony and through the open door of it, he moved with a greater care, bringing down the rubber tip of his wooden leg so softly that it made not the least sound; his cowhide boot became as soft as velvet, and as silent. So he came to the French windows, through which he looked again into the face of James Partington Wesley. A shadow came out of the library door. That was his new acquaintance, Alvarez, with his scar-face distorted by mouthing, silent speech. Alvarez was frantically indicating the door at the farther end of the room; at the same time he began a catlike advance. The sheriff, moving more slowly, reached the door at the lower end of the room at the same moment with Alvarez.

"Get your gun ready," said Alvarez, putting his lips at the ear of the sheriff, and whispering with a hissing breath. "I'll throw the door open, quick."

Leinster hooked his cane over his shoulder, steadied himself against the wall with one hand, and pulled out the old single-action revolver. Then Alvarez cast the door suddenly wide. It threw a gust of wind before it that rattled among some papers scattered on the floor in front of the little steel safe which filled a corner of James Partington Wesley's bedroom. The door of the safe was wide open; half a dozen of the neat, shining little metal drawers were pulled partly out; and Jimmy Wesley kneeled on the carpet with his hands full of documents.

Gradually he stood straight. The stuff in his hands dropped to the floor and spilled out in a wide, white splash.

"You go and see if Jimmy has got anything interesting in his clothes, will you?" said the sheriff. "Jimmy, I'm kind of surprised to see you here."

Jimmy said nothing. Alvarez came up to him from behind and slid his hands over the body of young Wesley.

"Nothing on him," he reported.

"Where'd you throw it?" asked the sheriff. "Tell me where you threw it, Jimmy, will you?"

"Threw what?" asked Jimmy.

"The gun," said the sheriff.

"What gun?"

"The one you used in there," said Leinster.

The head of Jimmy thrust forward. "Oh . . . that . . ." he said. "I murdered my father, you think?"

"You gave so darn' little about him, you might of, mightn't you?" asked the sheriff.

"He hated me," answered Jimmy. "Why should I pretend?"

"What happened to bring you in here?" asked the sheriff.

"When I heard that you wanted to see me," said Jimmy, "I came up, and found the rooms empty; except for the dead man. So I stepped back in here, naturally."

"Why naturally?" asked the sheriff.

"Naturally, because I knew that the safe was here."

"What made you think about the safe, sonny?"

"I knew it held the new will."

"What new will?"

"The one he wrote out in favor of Kathryn. All in her favor!"

"He wouldn't do that, would he?" asked the sheriff, shaking a deprecating head. "I mean, you being his own flesh and blood, he wouldn't favor a girl that only belongs to him by adopting her?"

"He would have done anything to smack me down!" said Jimmy. "Anything! . . . I came in here and found the door of the safe open, and I started to hunt for the new will; but of course it was gone."

"How come the door of the safe was open?" asked the sheriff. "Did your father like to let the insides of the safe have fresh air, now and then?"

"Listen to me!" said Jimmy Wesley. "Are you fool enough to think that I came up here, expecting to find you, and then put a bullet through my father's brain and sneaked back in here?"

"The body's cold," said the sheriff, "or doggone near cold, now. No, I think that you done it a while back. You come in and had an argument with your father, earlier in the evening and . . . what was the argument about, Jimmy?"

"Who told you that I had an argument with him in there?" asked Jimmy Wesley.

"I have to know a lot of things," said the sheriff, "without telling folks how I find them out. You look pretty sick, Jimmy. Suppose you sit down and take a good, deep breath and then tell me how it happened."

JIMMY WESLEY got to a chair and dropped into it. Alvarez followed and stood behind him. Something about this moment pleased Alvarez so much that he kept smiling, which made his face a constant study of horror.

"Now go right ahead. We want to know everything," said the sheriff.

"I'm not going to talk," said Jimmy. "I'm going to wait for a lawyer's advice."

"Unless I take a lot of care, Jimmy, this case won't ever get to the hands of a lawyer," answered Sheriff Leinster. "The fact is that when the boys down there in the garden hear that you killed your father, a lot of them is likely to get together and hang you to one of them fine big cypresses down by the lake, sonny. . . . You better talk to Uncle Billy, I guess."

Jimmy fumbled at his throat and stared. After a moment he half spoke and half whispered, "I didn't do it! Uncle Billy, I didn't do it!"

The sheriff pointed a finger at him like a gun and said, "You go back to the moment when you were arguing with your father. Tell me what it was about."

"Haven't I got a right to a little money?" cried Jimmy. "How can I get along on a hundred dollars a month? You know a man in my position has to live like something. . . . Take tonight. I met Jeff Akers and he reminded me that I owed him five hundred. I came up here and told

Father. I told him I was half crazy. I had to have it. He just lay back in his chair and laughed at me. That was all. When I begged him, he said, 'Things like this will toughen you, Jimmy. You need toughening. You're too soft. I didn't have a hundred dollars a month to spend till I was a lot older than you.' I said that he hadn't been raised the way I was raised and that people hadn't expected him to be free in his spending.

"Look here, Uncle Billy, if there's any drinking, don't people naturally look to me to do the spending? They haven't any money, most of them. They know I have —or ought to have. They laugh when I say that I can't get hard cash. I told Father all that but he just lay back in that chair and sneered at me. Then he told me to get out, and he added something about the new will. He told me I was a disgrace to the family—because I did nothing. I just sat around and lived on his money. I told him that he'd never trained me or educated me to work at a profession, and what else could I do? He got wild. He told me to get out, and I got. That's the straight truth!"

"Part of it's straight," said the sheriff. "You got out, and went as far as the balcony. You stood there in the shadow and looked back and seen him, and all at once you hated him like hell. You pulled out your gun. You took a good, steady aim, and you let him have a slug right between the eyes."

Jimmy leaped to his feet. Alvarez's hand shot out and gripped him at the nape of the neck.

"Uncle Billy!" cried young Wesley. "You're wrong! I didn't do it!"

"Who else would of wanted to?" demanded the sheriff.

"Anybody. There's a thousand people that hate him. . . . There's Kathryn. Wouldn't she want to get rid of him before he changed his mind about the will again?"

"Sit down!" commanded Alvarez calmly.

The sheriff looked at the carpet on the floor. Then he spat on it.

"You're sure a thoroughbred, Jimmy," he said. "There ain't a drop of anything but skunk in you!" . . .

CLAY BRISTOL, who seemed to be in command of the party, said to Kathryn, "I never thought you'd make such a *public* fool of yourself. . . . Do you realize that Walton has murdered your father?"

She did not seem to hear. "I'm going along with you, Joe," she said "Do you mind?"

"You keep back. Keep out of it, Kathryn," said Clay Bristol.

But she put her arm through that of big Joe Walton, and walked up the path beside him. Bristol wanted to stop her, but one of his party, a fellow dressed like a clown in tights, pointed out that it hardly mattered how they took him so long as he was willing to go along.

When they went up through the pseudo-Mexican village people began to notice them. One fellow, rather drunk, bawled, "They've got Kinky Joe for something! This time, put him where he'll keep!"

Then, beyond the village, as they came towards the upper terrace, a woman began to scream, off in the shrubbery on the right. She did not pause to take breath. Her voice was a searing blast of sound. It went through the brain, thin as a needle. People ran one way and another, scattering all over the place. Before the escort got big Joe Walton through the patio the news had overtaken them: Wickett, James P. Wesley's bodyguard, had been found dead in the shrubbery, stabbed through the back to the heart!

The sheriff, on his way to see the dead body, went swinging out through the patio. But even murder could not take all the dancers away from the waxed tiles, and the orchestra, determined not to let the good time die out of the air, struck into its jazziest tune.

The sheriff stopped the cortege. He said, "Hello, Kathryn. How are you, Kinky? You boys just take them upstairs and leave them in the rooms of Mr. Wesley, will you? Just turn them in there and guard the door, will you?"

Clay Bristol said, "You don't mean to turn them loose?"

"They ain't gunna go away unless they use wings," said the sheriff. "Do it just that way, will you?"

He went on across the patio, making good time, swinging his fat body through almost ninety degrees with every step he made. His guides hurried before him. Scores of people were jammed around the place where the body had been found trampling down the brush, spoiling the flower beds.

THE sheriff, when he arrived, saw that a handkerchief had been thrown over the face of Wickett. He did not hasten to disturb the dead man. First he mopped the sweat from his face and neck and panted out, "Well, there's a lot of cooks around this broth! . . . If the murderer put in some time coverin' his track, he wasted his brains. He might of known that you folks would wipe out all sign."

At this, the nearer ranks backed up and gave him a little more space. He got laboriously down on one knee and pulled the bandanna from the face of Wickett. The silk made a strange little sound as it pulled lightly across the bristles of his unshaven skin. He was a swarthy, brutal hulk. His scalp was fitted down so close to the eyes that hardly half an inch of forehead appeared.

"Somebody give me a hand. Turn him over," said the sheriff.

At this, there was a little pause, for no one wished to touch death. The sheriff had to look up. Under the rebuke of his gaze, two of the nearest men obediently laid hands on Wickett and turned him over. He had chosen a long white satin cloak to set off his beauty for the masquerade. Just between the shoulders, rather low down, there was a stain of red around a thin slit in the cloth.

"Looks kind of Mexican, don't it?" asked the sheriff cheerfully.

One of the men who had helped turn the dead man answered, "That's one of the troubles with Wesley. He keeps so many dirty greasers around. They got their knives, all of 'em, and they know how to carve out some dirty tricks, too!"

"A greaser is sure a talented coyote," said the sheriff. "Leave me have a look at the pockets of this man Wickett."

He went carefully through the pockets of the dead man. What he took out was merely the usual wheat-straw papers and

tobacco; and in addition he found a small pocketknife, a few dollars in paper, a bit of silver, a wallet that contained two or three letters, and no more.

"That's all there is on him, except what the murderer would of taken," said the sheriff. "How long's Wickett been around these parts? How many enemies has he got?"

"He ain't likely to have any," said someone. "He's only a few days here, all the way from Tombstone."

"He got a quicker ticket back than he looked for," said the sheriff, and got himself with difficulty to his feet. "I guess that's all. You sure there wasn't anybody gunning for him?"

"Gents that go gunning don't use knives," said someone.

"That's a true thing," answered the sheriff. "Some of you mind carrying poor Wickett back to the house? I'd help, myself, but a wooden leg ain't much good under a load. Just take him into the house and lay him out decent in a back room, where nobody's likely to see him. . . . Go ahead and whoop it up, ladies and gents. We'll all be with Wickett soon enough!"

He started on back towards the house, but paused a few times to mop his wet face and neck and the streaming baldness of his head. As he looked up, it seemed to the sheriff that the black of the night was swirling overhead and that the stars shone with a strange dimness.

By the time he reached the patio, the dancers were making their crooked circles again. The shock of Wickett's death had blown over like a gust of wind and left them untouched. Only a few of the older people were leaving the masquerade with sobered faces.

THE sheriff found a cold glass of beer, sipped a part of it, and then climbed up towards the Wesley rooms. When he pushed the door open, he could hear quick, hurried voices inside the room where the dead man sat. So he closed that door softly and listened as he moved cautiously down the balcony.

Jimmy Wesley was saying, "They've got enough on me, and on you, Kathryn. We all ought to get out of here. . . . They'll drag you into it, Walton. The three of us could charge out and break through . . ."

The sheriff appeared in the French window and smiled upon the three.

Walton sat unconcerned in a chair, smoking a homemade cigarette. Kathryn was perched on the arm of his chair, smoking also, and tapping ashes from the smoke before they had a chance to gather. Otherwise, she seemed as calm as could be.

"The judge and the jury is gunna be mighty interested when they hear that you was planning to leave us all," said the sheriff. "Suppose you tell us what they've got on Kathryn, will you?"

Jimmy had leaped as though from a spur when he heard the voice of the sheriff. Now he stood in a sullen silence, glancing once at the girl, then staring at the floor.

"Go on, Jimmy," said Kathryn. "Talk, Jimmy. He'll get it out of you sooner or later. Stand up like a little man and tell your piece."

"Meaning that I'm not man enough to keep my mouth shut?" demanded Jimmy.

"Meaning exactly that," said the girl.

"You hate me because you know that I see through you!" cried Jimmy. "You've always hated me, and that was always the reason! Yes! I'll tell him what I know."

"Of course you will," said the girl.

Jimmy said, "*You* know about her, Sheriff. You know she was always a wildcat. I don't have to tell you that."

"Cats keeps their paws clean," said the sheriff. "Anyway, I don't care what she's been. I care about what she done tonight. What was it, Jimmy?"

JIMMY took breath. His lips parted, before he spoke, and then he almost shouted, "She killed my father!"

Walton said, "Jimmy, I never knew that rats came in such outsizes."

Jimmy cried, "I'll tell you what she did tonight. She sneaked down to the gun-room and she came out with an automatic. I saw her go; I went in after her and checked over the guns."

"Is that right, Kathryn?" asked the sheriff.

"That's right," she answered. The smile did not diminish on her lips.

"Well, go on, Jimmy. What happened then?"

"I'd gone to her," said Jimmy, "after I'd had my argument with Father. I told her what he'd said, and I told her that in the morning he'd change his mind and *she* would be in the soup, and I'd be out."

"And then she decided that she'd make hay while the sun was shining? She'd bump off James Wesley before he had a *chance* to change his mind?"

"That's it. She came right up to his rooms with the gun, and she came in and talked to him. That's the last I ever saw him alive."

The sheriff said, "Well, Kathryn? You came up here with a gun?"

She looked for a long moment at Jimmy. She was still looking at him as she said, "That's right. I came up here with a gun. I'd decided that it wouldn't be safe for me to go around the place without a gun in my bag. Because Jimmy, there, had just finished telling me that Father had made out the will in my favor, but that he'd murder me before it ever was executed in my favor."

"What did you say to your father?" asked the sheriff.

"I came in to tell him about Jimmy, and then I changed my mind. When I started thinking of it, I realized that Jimmy was too low to worry Father about him. So I went out after I'd let him look over my costume."

"Does that sound right? Don't that sound like a lie?" cried Jimmy.

The sheriff sighed. He said, "It's kind of hard to listen to him, but I guess I have to. . . . Joe, you mind taking off your right boot and the sock that's over your foot?"

Walton stared, then started to obey.

"While he's doing that," said the sheriff, "you can tell me, Kathryn, what the three of you have been talking about while I was away and you were up here."

"We talked—oh, about one thing and another. Nothing important except when the big brother began to get panicky and tried to stampede all three of us."

"If you won't tell me, I've somebody here who will," said Sheriff Leinster.

He walked down the room to the library door. Alvarez came out of the deeper blackness of the room. Only his scarred face could be seen, pulling and twisting out of shape as he laughed.

"Jimmy's the murderer, all right," he murmured. "He's been running around like a squirrel in a cage. He wanted to cut up the curtains and make a rope out of them, and then they could swim across the lake and escape. He said that they'd all hang. But Jimmy's the only one that will get his neck stretched."

"Good!" said the sheriff. "He's the one that I'd like to hang, out of the lot. You've still got a gun?"

"Yes. This one."

"Here's a better one," said Leinster. "You take this, and if anything starts, shoot—and shoot to kill."

"Man or woman?" said Alvarez, grinning horribly.

"That's right. Stay kind of in the background where you'll be out of the deal but ready to step in when I need you."

"You can trust me, Leinster," said Alvarez.

"That's what I'm doing," said the sheriff.

He went back to the chair where big Joe Walton sat with a bared foot, patiently smoking and waiting. Leinster put a piece of paper from his notebook under the toes of the foot and drew an outline with pencil around it.

"Stand up, will you?" asked the sheriff.

Walton rose. The sheriff made his tracing again. He studied the strong way in which the toes of Walton gripped the floor even when he was standing passive. Afterwards, Leinster got to his feet and went to a chair. He sank down into it and heaved a great breath.

"I guess I got the right man," he said. "Kinky, you tell just where you've been and what you've done, tonight, will you?"

WALTON regarded him for a long moment. Then he started pulling on his sock. As he got into his boot he was starting his tale, slowly. He simply said, "Well, Uncle Billy, when I started for this house I wasn't sure of my welcome. So when I got close, I rode around and got off my horse above the new lake behind the house. Right by a big rock. I threw the reins and stood there looking at the lights in the house and all that, and watching the fireworks go crash in the sky, now and then. I went down into the brush a little closer. There was a boat floating beside the bank, near me. I decided that I'd get into the boat and row up closer to the house and see what I could see. And hear what I could hear."

"Like an Indian, eh?" asked the sheriff.

Kathryn left the arm of Walton's chair, took a place opposite him, and watched his face intently.

"Like an Indian," agreed Walton. "That was the way I felt. Exactly like an Indian. There would probably be water in the boat and I didn't want to spoil my boots, so I took them off. Anyway, the bank was steep. I walked down to the boat and got in. There wasn't any water in it, after all. I tried the oars, but they made a lot of noise in the rusty oarlocks. So I simply took one oar and used it like a paddle. I drifted the boat over to the house, but there wasn't much use in being so close. Just the music and the voices out of the patio came out to me. The walls of this house are pretty thick. I began to feel

like a fool. What *could* I find out, anyway? And who was apt to be talking about me?"

"Father was likely to," said Jimmy. "Father *did*, too. Why else did he get Wickett as a guard, except that he knew you were getting out of prison?"

"Maybe," said Joe Walton. "Anyway, after a moment, I paddled back to the place where I'd left my boots, got back to my horse, and came on in. That's all."

The sheriff looked at the blue silk sash around the hips of Walton. Then he pulled from a vest pocket a little blue silk thread and began to twist it between his fingers.

"You're an uncommon bright man, Kinky. I wouldn't want you on my trail. I sure wouldn't. It ain't the lies that people tell. It's the way they tell 'em. And your way is sure near perfect."

THE sheriff scanned their faces.

"I want you to reckon back to a long time ago, when you was only a shaving of what you are now, Kinky. When you was about fifteen. I remember a time when you climbed Apache Rock clean to the top. I guess you're still the only gent that ever got to the top of that mesa and enjoyed the view." The sheriff paused.

"What does that mean?" asked the girl.

"I guess Kinky Joe knows what it means," he said. "And there's sure no smoother rope than velvet curtain cords, eh, Kinky?"

The girl glanced at the tall curtains, hanging unevenly. "Joe, what does it mean?" she asked.

"I guess it means that I'm to hang, Kathryn," he said.

She sprang up, crying, "No! . . . They can't! . . . I'm going to tell . . ."

Walton pointed a steady finger at her. With a quick flash of his hand, Alvarez, moving like a big cat in the background, jerked up his revolver and covered Walton.

But Walton merely said, "You sit down and be still, Kathryn. Sit down!"

She sank slowly into her chair. The agony had whitened her face.

"It was Walton, was it?" demanded Jimmy. "Yes. He's up to murder. Only, I don't still see when he could have got through the balcony door."

"You and me could smile about that, Kinky, couldn't we?" asked Leinster.

He put the blue thread back into his vest pocket, rolled and lighted a cigarette. After that, he hoisted his wooden leg and crossed it over the sound knee. He said, "We'll drop Joe Walton for a while and go into some of the other things that kind of interest me in this here job. . . . Take the murder of Wickett, now. What you gents say about that? Kathryn, stop starin' at Walton, and try to lend your brain to me. You got a pretty good head inside that mop of hair. Lemme hear what you've got to say."

She was oblivious of the voice of the sheriff except to turn one desperate glance towards him. Then she was staring once more at the face of Walton. She said suddenly, "It wasn't murder. It was an honest fight. With guns . . ."

"Honest fight?" shouted Jimmy. "Then where's Father's gun? Where's the honesty of shooting a man that's sitting in a chair?"

The girl, slowly broken down by this blow, gradually dropped her head until her face was blinded by her hands. She gripped her face with those tensed fingers.

The sheriff said, "Let's get onto Wickett. Why would he be killed—knifed in the back?"

"What difference does it make how a hired gunman was killed?" demanded Jimmy impatiently.

"It makes a whole lot of difference," said the sheriff. "It's part of the whole dog-gone picture, Jimmy, and even if I got enough to hang Kinky Joe, I still don't know the whole truth till I can fit in Wickett."

"Why is he a part of the picture?" asked Jimmy. "You get two hundred folks together and there's always likely to be trouble, some place or other. You know that!"

"Sure, I know that," answered Leinster. "But it happened too pat. Wickett was the bodyguard of your father. And Wickett was killed the same night as James Wesley. Them two things hitch together mighty pretty. They can't be both happenstance."

"You figure it out. I don't give a hang," said Jimmy. "I'd say: Get Walton to jail as fast as you can—or else the people will sure lynch him tonight!"

"Yeah. Maybe they would. Maybe they would," nodded the sheriff. "Lemme see. What would the killing of Wickett mean? It would mean that afterwards the killer would have a better chance and more time on his hands when he come to taking his shot at James Wesley, wouldn't it?"

"Wickett was down there in the grounds. Father'd sent him there. The killer wouldn't have to touch Wickett."

This strong suggestion came from Jimmy. Something about the remark touched the strange risibilities of Alvarez. He began to laugh, very softly. Perhaps it was the horrible inappropriateness of laughter at such a moment that made Joe Walton jerk up his fine head and stare fixedly at Alvarez, with a certain absent look in his eyes, as of one remembering.

THE sheriff said, "Still and all, there might of been a reason for the stabbing of Wickett. Stabbing is a silent way of doing a gent in, if you're dead sure that you know how to find the right spot with the point of your knife. The man that killed Wickett knew. He was as sure as a butcher. He split Wickett's heart with one stroke, and Wickett dropped on his face. Now, just suppose that the killer didn't want Wickett out of the way. He didn't care. But he wanted to borrow from Wickett something that Wickett wouldn't loan."

"Go on!" cried Jimmy, excited. "What was it?"

"Why, when we searched through the pockets of Wickett, we didn't find the key to the balcony door, did we?"

"That gives you a reason for the murder," said Jimmy. "He kills Wickett, and then . . . why, I see it all!"

"Do you?" said the sheriff admiringly. "You go ahead and tell us all about it, will you?"

"Of course I will," said Jimmy. "After Walton scouted around the lake, he went back, as he said, and came into the garden of the house. He hunted out Wickett, killed him, got the key, and then came in through the house . . ."

"He would have been seen," said the sheriff. "And he wasn't seen. Walton

isn't the sort of fellow who could walk through a crowd and not be noticed. No, I've asked questions, and from the minute he came in through the regular entrance of the grounds, he was seen and watched every minute. Kinky Joe didn't murder Wickett. That's all I'm sure of. Got any more ideas of who might of done it?"

He scanned his small audience, but there was no immediate reply. "Well," said Leinster, "I guess we got plenty of time. Somewhere in this room is the gent that murdered Wickett. Somewhere is the gent that killed James Wesley. Maybe Wesley himself. That ain't impossible, if somebody was good enough to throw his gun into the lake afterwards. But here I've got all the people that could of done the work. I've got the potatoes and the tomatoes and the meat and the beans and the peppers all here in the pot, and if they cook a little longer, I'm gunna have my stew fit and ready. Time'll do a whole lot of things. It'll do more than fire, but it just takes longer."

Joe Walton yawned and made another cigarette. "You mean," he said, "that Wesley may have walked out into the garden, called Wickett to one side, and stabbed him in the back . . . and then that he came back in here and shot himself?"

"I've heard of stranger things," said the sheriff. "But I don't wanta leave you out of the picture. We'll say that Wesley didn't stab his bodyguard. Kind of hard for *him* to get back and forth without being seen."

Again the silence followed his voice.

He said, "There ain't any hurry. Take it easy, everybody."

"I never heard of such blamed nonsense," said Jimmy, growing very angry.

"Alvarez, you got any ideas?" asked the sheriff.

"No," said Alvarez.

JOE WALTON jerked up his head again and stared at Alvarez.

"Go on, Alvarez," said the sheriff genially. "I've got an idea that you could help us, if you'd put that brain of yours on the job!"

"You've got Walton. He's enough hanging for you, isn't he?" asked Alvarez.

Walton slipped out of the chair to his feet and made a step towards Alvarez.

"Joe! Joe! What's the matter?" asked Kathryn, snatching her hands down from her face.

"Keep back, there!" shouted Alvarez. "Don't make another move or I'll split your wishbone, Kinky!"

"Leclerc!" said Joe Walton. "Leclerc!"

And he went in at Alvarez, dodging, his big body swerving like a snipe in the wind.

Alvarez yelled, "Take it, then. Take it, curse you!"

The useless click of the hammer on the chamber followed. Alvarez screeched and started to run; then big Joe Walton reached him and crushed him to the floor.

The sheriff had not moved. He went on smoking his cigarette and nodding, and with every nod the little hat slipped a bit more askew on his round, bald head. Joe Walton stood up. The body of Alvarez dropped down from his big hands like a dead bird in the talons of a hawk.

"It's Leclerc!" said Walton. "I knew his laugh first, and I couldn't believe it. I knew the laugh, and then I knew the voice! Leclerc!"

He lifted the loose body and flung it down on the floor. Alvarez's head struck headily. He lay on his back with his arms sprawling out wide.

"Maybe you're right, Joe," said the sheriff. "Maybe we sent you to prison for nine years all for nothing. Go through that hombre, Jimmy, and see what he's got in his pockets."

They took out a thick wallet, a very thick wallet filled with new money in brown paper binders.

"Ellery & Chipping . . . it's stamped on the labels," said Jimmy. "That's father's bank."

"Ay, and I figger that that's your father's money, too," said the sheriff. "Here—he's waking up. Leave us hear what he'll say."

ALVAREZ got to his feet, dragging himself up by keeping a grip on the edge of the table. His forehead was cut, and the blood running down from it got into the narrow trench of the old scar along his cheek. It made it seem like a new wound, very horrible, and deep as the bone.

"I'm kind of sorry about givin' you a faked-up gun, Alvarez," said the sheriff. "But when I seen you leaving the party so doggone early, why, I figgered that the earliest gent to leave this party might be the one that killed James Wesley. And so I just kept on dickerin' around with you. . . . I knew Joe Walton never in his born days shot a man that was sitting all peaceful in his chair. But keeping my finger on Joe was the fire that put the smoke in your eyes. Eh? . . . What kind of a fool were you, Alvarez, to carry the money of James Wesley around in your pocket?"

Walton stepped to the other side of Alvarez.

Kathryn cried out, "Don't touch him, Joe!"

"I'm through with him . . . nearly," said Walton. He raised the loosely hanging arm of Leclerc and pushed back the sleeve. "Here it is. Here's his signature. I can still find men that'll swear to this scar on the arm even if we've never seen the scar on the face. . . . Leclerc, are you talking, or taking it with your mouth shut?"

Leclerc looked with dead eyes on Walton.

"He won't talk," said the sheriff. "He don't have to talk. Maybe we'll find something in his car that will tell us the rest of the yarn." . . .

As a matter of fact the stuff was under the back seat of the little car—a litter of documents, and the will which favored Kathryn among them. Apparently he had caught up from the safe—having unlocked it with the key which he found on Wesley

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—the contents of the cash drawer, just as they were. The hard cash he jammed into his wallet. The rest, on the hope that they might prove to be convertible bonds, perhaps, he had hidden under the seat of the car.

He would not speak, but the story was fairly clear when they were able to go through Wesley's books. For on them, each month, for nine whole years, appeared sums paid out to one Alvarez and mailed to France, to Spain, to Italy, even to far-off India. Two hundred a month, then two hundred and fifty, three hundred, four hundred, until the sum had mounted to five hundred some six months before. Two months later the entries ceased. Perhaps Alvarez had squeezed the golden goose once too often and Wesley refused to continue paying. That refusal, of course, had brought Leclerc back to renew his threat of blackmail in person. His story of how Wesley had planned, with him, to ruin poor young Joe Walton, of course, would smash the rich man like an eggshell; and yet continued irritation, the long, steady drain, the mounting demands, finally had made Wesley make the fatal refusal.

There never was proof about Wickett but the thing was reasonably clear. Leclerc had managed to draw the bodyguard to the side, amidst the shrubbery, and had run a knife into him for the sake of the key which would be Leclerc's passport to the private balcony of Wesley. What the argument with Wesley had been, no one would ever know, for the lips of Leclerc were locked. Perhaps Wesley had trusted that Leclerc would fear his own share of the legal punishment that would follow a revelation of the truth. And Leclerc, shrinking away from him, shot him from the shadow of the French window. Perhaps he had timed his shot with the flash of one of the exploding fireworks, and fired in consonance with the sound of the explosion instantly afterwards. Then he had dared to plunder the safe, had left the balcony, throwing away gun and key; and in the nearest room he had remained until his shaking nerves were quieted. . . .

"IF YOU knew that it wasn't Joe," said Kathryn, long afterwards, "why did you torture him, Uncle Billy?"

"I knew, and I didn't know," said the sheriff. "I kind of had a hunch Kinky Joe couldn't of done it. But I wasn't quite sure."

"I came near enough," said Walton, "to get into that room with a gun in my hand. I came there meaning to have it out with him."

"A Kinky Joe don't fight a man that's sitting in a chair," said the sheriff. "The blue silk thread kind of shook me up. But I kept on waiting. Wickett . . . when I heard about him dying, I knew you didn't turn the trick. Who was it, then? The first man that left the party? Jimmy . . . that little skunk of a Jimmy?" He stopped.

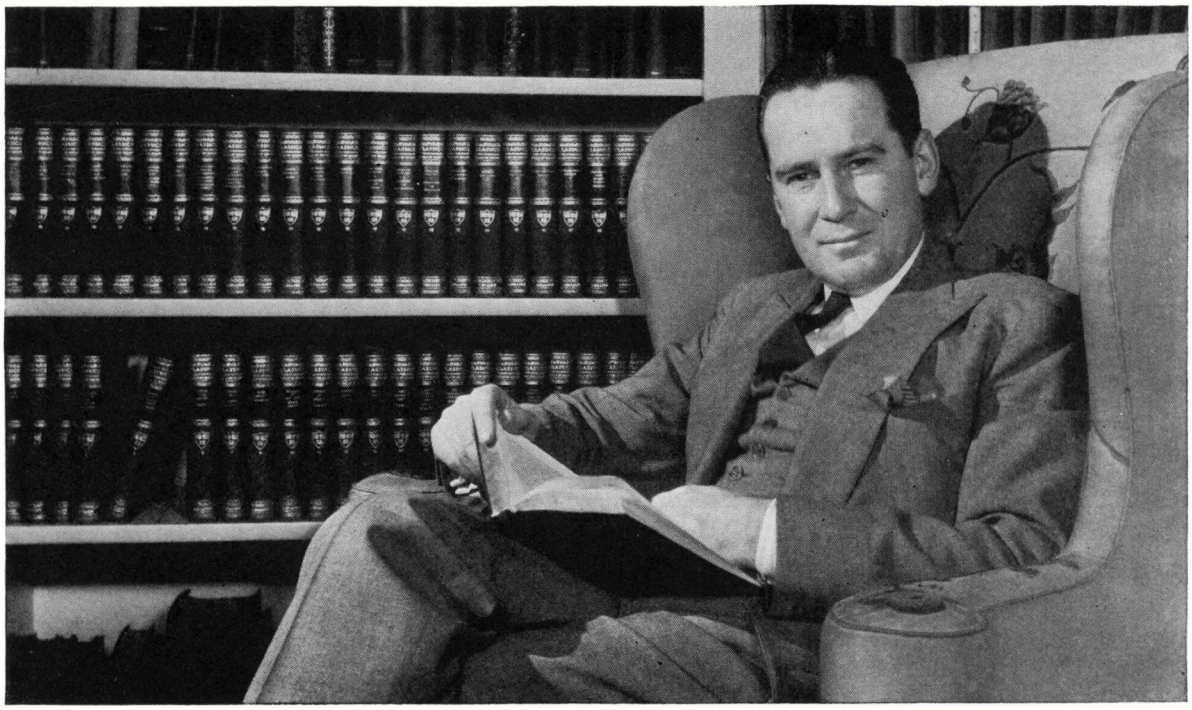
"Or me?" asked Kathryn. "Did you ever really suspect me, Uncle Billy?"

The sheriff cleared his throat. "Well . . ." he began.

"Steady, Uncle Billy," said Walton.

"Why, Joe," said the sheriff, "I wouldn't say nothing to upset your wife, would I?"

"Sure, you wouldn't," said the deep, soft voice of Walton.



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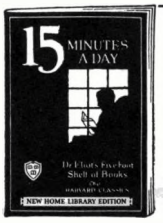

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What the READERS Say

Argument

Modesto, Calif.—I have just finished *Second Generation*, by Eustace L. Adams (March). His story of the plight of Japanese-Americans is too much intended to arouse sympathy. For fifteen years I, a second-generation American, have taught second-generation Americans of all types and races. These children of aliens are not taught patriotism at home; consequently most of them develop a sneering attitude toward everything American, including our schools and our flag.—Miss F. R.

Los Angeles, Calif.—I am of the second generation, of Japanese parentage. We are not the down-trodden, defeated people that Mr. Adams makes us appear to be. Neither are we betrayers or cheaters. In part, we have succeeded in building up trust among the people we deal with. Is it fair that we should be misrepreented in this story?—Mrs. L. E.

Long Beach, Calif.—Thank you for publishing the story, *Second Generation*. The treatment of the subject was sympathetic and deserves the thanks of every peace-loving citizen of the U. S. The ambitions of the "big-navy" advocates have to conjure up some potential enemy and, on this coast especially, the Japanese are the victims. This is not a personal matter to me. I could live in Hitler's realm as far as Nordic blood is concerned. I approve of the story because it fosters the spirit of good will toward other races.—W. R.

Mr. Adams went to the West Coast for The American Magazine to study the problems of American-born Japanese. He lived and talked with these people, and embodied his first-hand observations in fascinating fiction. *Tuna Clipper*, the second in this unusual series of stories, appears in this issue.

Feminist

Sebastopol, Calif.—The first time I heard the statement, "This is a man's world," I resented it, because I am a girl. But upon second thought I wouldn't take the world if it was given to me as a present. Look at all the sickness, poverty, murders, suicides, and countless other things which bar the way to happiness. If a man is proud to claim these things he can have them.—Miss W. E.

Why not toss a coin for them?

Alf

Wakefield, Mich.—I'll wager that underneath his "old blue serge suit" "Frugal Alf" Landon (March) is just reasonably efficient and saving. Future school kids will be forced to digest stories of Landon's "prison shoe strings" and "the one-orchestra fraternity dance" along with Washington's cherry tree and Lincoln's pig in the mud. Haven't we had enough of this?—E. S. . . . PS. Of course he'll be our next president.

Crux

Johnstown, Pa.—Richard Connell's novel, *Keep the Change*, gets to the crux of the present economic unrest. This nation may yet escape the fate of every other great nation and empire if its "Million-dollar-a-year Mikes" would fraternize with the producing multitudes.—R. B.

DOES IT PAY TO BE GOOD?

WASHINGTON, D. C.*—Have you heard the saying, "Be good, and you'll be happy—but you'll never have much fun"? Well, I had heard it years ago, and laughed gaily at its humor; but now, at nearly thirty, I'm beginning to wonder about that little sentence. I can honestly say I've been good—for the simple reason, I suppose, that I never had enough courage to be anything else. And while I've been happy with my family and my work, I've certainly not had the fun. Now I'm faced with the fact that life is running right by me and I'm missing things. It's the only life I'm going to have, and I'm getting panicky about it. Do you think my "goodness" has been stupid, or has it been worth while?—*Miss J. C.

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MUST goodness necessarily be dull? Are there certain kinds of conventional goodness that *are*, in fact, "stupid"? How would you answer this young woman who is trying to find an honest set of values?

For the best letter on the subject, *Does It Pay to Be Good?* we will pay $25.00. Second best, $15.00. Third best, $10.00. Address your replies to GOODNESS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No letters will be considered after June 15, 1936. None will be returned.

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Artist

Jackson, Miss.—Congratulations on *Singing Iceman*, the article about Richard Crooks by Hubert Kelley (April). It was a swell story of a great singer. I only wish that it had been a little harsher regarding America's attitude toward singers, painters—any artists. My family and friends are either appalled or amused because I am working hard to become a good painter. They seem to feel that I am a strange sort of "nut." No one would think it odd if I wanted to become a banker or lawyer or storekeeper. Why must an artist be considered effeminate or freakish?—S. L.

Verse

Altoona, Kansas—I want to tell you how much I liked Billy Cooper's page of poems in your March issue. As an old friend of her father's I know she is a fine young woman. Her father would be proud of her. She rides a horse better than any man I ever saw.—M. B.

Wichita, Kansas—I do not know Billy B. Cooper, but I do like good poetry, and I like hers and I like to find poetry in The American Magazine.—Mrs. C. H.

Emissary

How does it feel to be one of America's Interesting People? Here's a letter from Richard Langham Riedel, boss of the U. S. Senate page boys, who appeared in the January issue under the title "Emissary."

Washington, D. C.—Since the sketch in the American appeared, I have received stacks of letters from old friends of my family and newer friends all over the United States and from other countries. At the Senate, there has not been a day this session during which some senators, newspapermen, employees, or distinguished visitors have not made mention of the *Emissary* in The American. One of the most amusing incidents occurred while I was walking across a busy street intersection here, when a man I did not know—a passenger in a taxi waiting for the light—yelled: "Hey! I saw your picture in The American!"—R. L. R.

Bride

Ridgewood, N. J.—I want to thank The American Magazine and Mr. and Mrs. Smith for those colorful articles and recipes. I detest cooking but have to do it because I'm a young bride and my husband isn't making much money yet. (He will, though!) But when I read those articles, the dishes described sounded so *darned* good that I really got excited about experimenting over the stove. My husband's even more grateful to him than I am.—Mrs. F. D.

He's sowing the seeds for Four Roses

IN A FEW MONTHS, this field will turn to gold, with rich, firm grain waving in the summer breeze.

The best of the grain will go to Frankfort, to be used in making Four Roses Whiskey. *But it won't go to Frankfort right away.*

For Frankfort insists that all the grain that goes into Four Roses Whiskey must be properly aged. After the harvest, the grain must be seasoned — till the moisture is gone and the grain has the hard, flinty soundness necessary for fine whiskey.

There's a good reason for this fussiness about grain. Our 70 years of experience have taught us that, when the goal is truly *great* whiskey, the most painstaking care is necessary every step of the way.

This care is evident in our adherence to the slow, costly *old-fashioned* way in which we distill the straight whiskies that go into Four Roses. Most of all, it is evident in the skillful way these straight whiskies are blended, so as to give to Four Roses the outstanding virtues not of one whiskey alone, but of *several!*

So you see it's not by accident that Four Roses is the glorious whiskey it is. We've been making whiskey since 1865—and we honestly believe that Four Roses is the best we or anyone else has ever made. One sip — and you'll know Four Roses is the whiskey you've been looking for.

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Send 10¢ in stamps to Frankfort Distilleries, Louisville, Ky., for Irvin S. Cobb's Recipe Book.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS

A RARE PLEASURE. At the left—leisurely diners enjoying the continental *cuisine* at Jacques French Restaurant, a nationally famous *café* in Chicago. Here it is that soft lights and impeccable service give the perfect setting for such dishes as Baked Oysters *à la Jacques* and other specialties of the house. And Camels add the final touch to dining. "Camels are most popular here," Jacques himself (*above*) observes. "They are the favorite with those who know fine living."

MRS. HAL LEE, pictured here in the kitchen, says: "When telephone, doorbell, housework, and planning stretch my nerves taut—it's hard on digestion. I smoke Camels to help keep my digestion in healthful working order."

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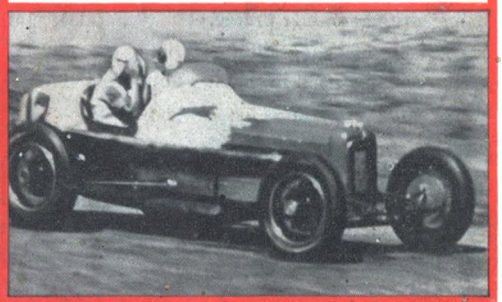
THE FLARE of the welding arc climbs to 8700° F.! Dan Rafferty, master welder, says: "Smoking Camels during and after meals helps my digestion."

THE WINNER! Kelly Petillo (*below*) takes the 500-mile Indianapolis classic. Petillo says: "Smoking Camels goes a long way in helping my digestion."



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