

AUGUST ~

10 St. Bk



In this issue

ASRA

A Most Remarkable Story

25¢



Girl Pictures!



Mary Brian

sending Valentine greetings in a special photo posed for the coming February 14th, 1932. The earth might be destroyed by a cataclysm by that time, so we publish the photo now—quick!

International Newsreel Photo.

10 STORY B&K

Vol. 30, No. 2

AUGUST, 1931

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with

GIRL PICTURES GALORE

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The Hold-Up By MARY FOSTER

Illustration by Hazel Goodwin Keeler

THE three women in the nearly deserted parlor car had made acquaintance during their trip westward and this last day their conversation had turned upon divorce—that ever popular topic with feminine folk.

One admitted one; one had had none, but coyly owned to having slight tendencies that way now; while the third, a tall, handsome blonde, admitted she had but recently discarded her third.

The two less-disconnected women looked somewhat askance at her frankness in discussing pro and con marriage in general and her own in particular, but, nevertheless were avid to hear her talk and, from time to time, made little discreet cluckings of sympathy.

“You didn’t make very good selections, did you?” queried the one who was still undetached.

“I thought I did. Of course the first was just puppy love, and we both got over it quick. The second one seemed pretty fair. He had heaps of money and was a good all-around fellow, but at last he fell *awful* hard for a little brunette in his office. She was clever—that girl; nothing but marriage for her.

“He mooned around like a sick calf so long I got tired of it and began to have ‘brunette thoughts’ myself. At last he told me all about it. How ‘This is a case of *real love* that comes only once in a life time’ and all that sort of stuff with which men fool themselves and try to fool others. And ‘Would I release him?’

“At first I felt pretty bad, but who was I to stand in the way of a real history-making passion? So I snapped out of it and agreed. He gave me money—plenty of it too, I’ll say for him—and got a divorce. We are pretty good friends now, but I have to laugh. That was only five years ago and now he is wondering how to get rid of her. He never will. That girl is too smart for him.”

“And you are still friends?”

“Sure! Why not? He was pretty square about it all—more than most. Darn it all, anyone is apt to change their mind. Some folks change their minds as often and as easy as they change their shirts. Anyway I didn’t want him, as a husband, with his mind always on some other woman. Now we are good friends. I don’t expect any-

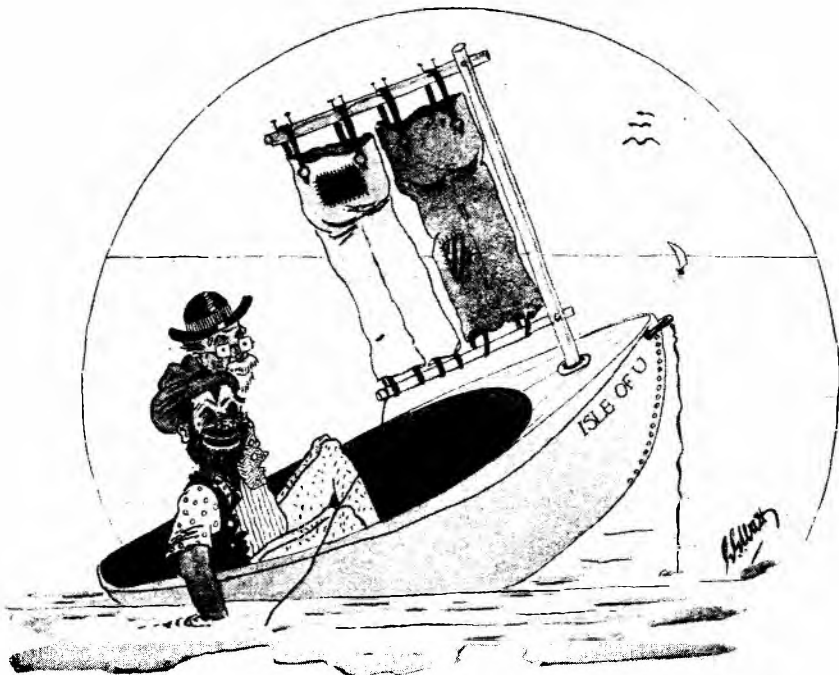
(Continued to page 4)



A French Colleen

*if such a thing can be. Renee Solla of Paris, one of the "sisternity"
of the twinkling toes!*

Herbert Photos.



Gosh, look what a copy of the 1931 10-Story Girl Photo Revue did to these poor fishermen! The volume got 'em so interested they forgot all about fishing and drifted right out to sea. They're able to smile, though, because they had a couple of smelts in their pockets and their trousers needed airing, anyhow!

(Continued from page 2)

thing from him—or he from me—and we get along fine.

“Land! You all know that half the time a woman makes a fuss about losing a husband to some one else it isn't their love that's hurt. It's their pride, or else they don't know just where they can better themselves; or else they are mad because they didn't do it first. I just figured probably he had beaten me to it—so I turned that leaf over and started all over again.”

“What about the last one,” curiously inquired the other woman.

“Say, I thought that sure was for keeps. You see after the other two ‘preliminaries’ I said to myself: ‘Now, Vi, you just be a real canny canary and the next man that wants to put you in a nice little private cage—for life—be sure you want to be *put*—and that the same goes with him.’

“I sure did like him. I do yet—sometimes, but that marriage went on the rocks

because of a ‘hold-up’” and she giggled reminiscently.

“A hold-up? Was he a ‘hold-up man?’”

“Gracious, no! He was honest enough. We both had plenty of money. No! Everything went along fine as silk and smooth as could be for a long time; too smooth I guess.

“At last he got to staying out late and gave me that old-time alibi about being kept at the office, and all that, and me, being pretty much set on him, never tumbled.

“The papers were full of horrible things happening and I used to tell him something awful would happen to him some night when he was out late. Well, it happened all right, I guess.

“One night I was sitting up waiting for him, as usual, when I heard him running up the steps. I got to the door before he could open it. He stood there; his coat over his arm, his necktie untied, his hat gone, and shoes in his hand.

“He came into the house breathless and as he followed me into the library he said: ‘My God, Vi, I was held up. It was terrible! They tied me up and took off my clothes so I couldn’t follow them. But you

bet I got out just as quick as I could and ran all the way home.’

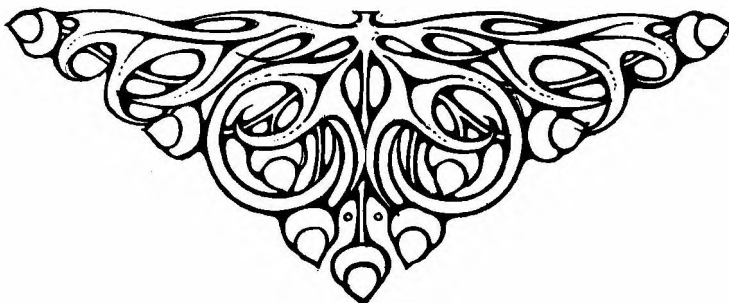
“‘I’d say you got out quick,’ I told him. ‘Too quick!’ And I pointed to the shoes in his hand. One was a woman’s shoe!”



Wonder What the Neighbors Had To Say

The Jolly Rollers met at the home of Inez Gordon Friday afternoon to rehearse the dance numbers for the play to be given next week. It being too hot indoors for any strenuous exertion they disrobed and went out on the spacious front lawn where they had plenty of room to cavort around. Before many minutes had elapsed about a hundred spectators were lined up in front of the house and seemed to be greatly enjoying the unusual sight.

—Item in The Westville (Ind.) Indicator.





*Lady on a
Springboard*

*most of the springboard being
cut off by our editorial scissors
because photo-engraving is ex-
pensive, and the lady is the only
thing you want to see anyway.
Dorothy Jordan is her name—
but you say you guessed that?*

Underwood and Underwood Photo.





by Bob Maxwell

and

Bought Paid For

WESTBROOK threw his hat, gloves and coat on a chair, while his wife, who had removed her gorgeous opera-cloak, was smiling amiably at herself in the glass and arranging a few stray curls with her jeweled fingers. For a moment he looked at her, as if on the point of saying something, but hesitating, finally he said:

"You have flirted outrageously tonight!"

She looked him straight in the eyes, with an expression of triumph and defiance.

"Why certainly," she answered.

"It made me look ridiculous!"

"Is this a scene?" she asked arching her eyebrows. "Do you mean to criticize my conduct?"

"No, only I meant to say that Farrel's attentions to you this evening were positively improper and if I had the right—I would not tolerate it."

She regarded him quizzically.

"Why, my dear Paul, what has come over you? You must have changed your mind and your views since last year. If you recall when I found out you had a mistress, whom you claimed to love passionately, I pointed out to you then, as you did me to-night, that you were compromising yourself,

that your conduct hurt me and that you were making me look ridiculous. What did you say? That you were perfectly free, that marriage between intelligent people was merely a partnership, a sort of social bond, but certainly not a moral bond. Is that not true? You gave me to understand that your mistress was far more captivating than I am and although you said all this in a very nice way and I admit you did your best to spare my feelings, I understood perfectly what you meant."

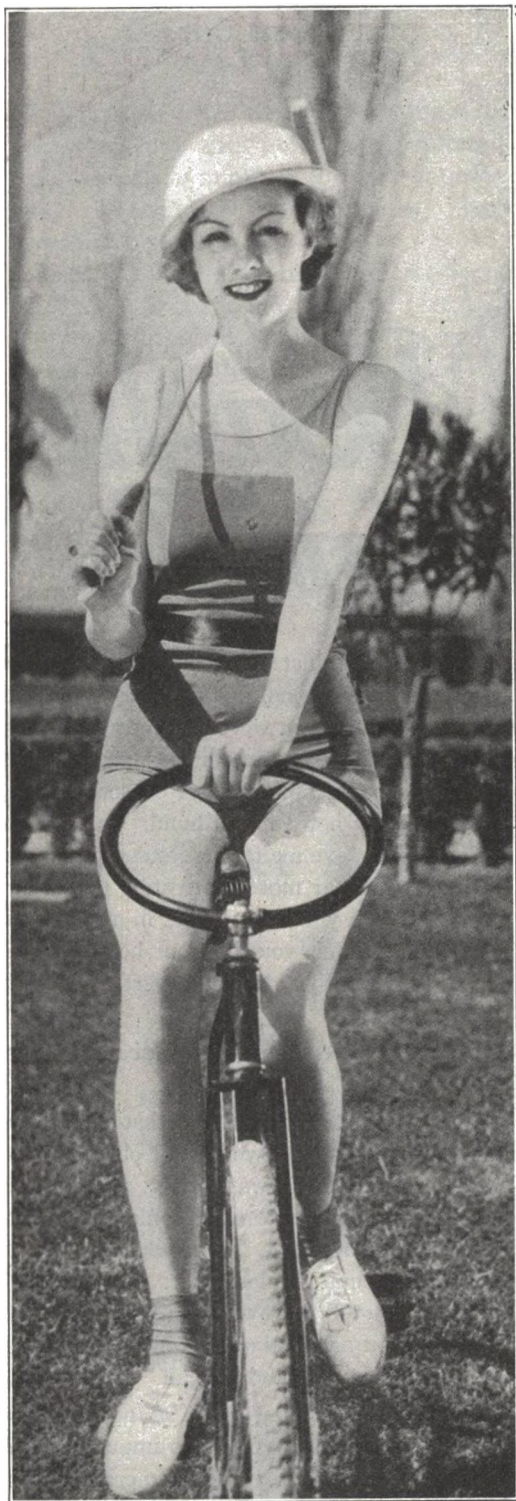
Westbrook colored with embarrassment. His wife continued:

"If you recall, you hinted that if I chose to take a lover, you would not object in the least, providing it was secret. You even told me how clever women could be in such cases and how well they could manage to keep things quite under cover. I understood perfectly, Paul. Now, for the past month or two, you act as though you were jealous and I can't understand it at all."

He swallowed hard. "I'm not jealous, dear, but you're so young, so impulsive, I'm afraid you'll expose yourself to criticism."

"You make me laugh! Your conduct

(Continued to page 9)



Scrambled

Athletics?

*No, just Claire Dodd,
Paramount Star, intro-
ducing Bicycle Polo, a new
fad of tired Hollywoodites.*

Underwood and Underwood Photo.



(Continued from page 7)

would not bear very close examination. You'd better not preach what you do not practice!"

"Don't laugh," he remonstrated. "This is no laughing matter! I'm speaking to you as a friend, a true friend. As far as your remarks go, they are very much exaggerated."

"Not at all. When you confessed to me your undying love for that chorus girl, I took it for granted you authorized me to imitate you. I have not done so—"

"Please—"

"Don't interrupt me. I have not done so. I have no lover—as yet. I am looking for one, but haven't found any to suit me. He must be very nice, nicer even than you are, which is a compliment although you don't seem to appreciate it."

"This joking is entirely uncalled for."

"I'm not joking; I'm in dead earnest. I haven't forgotten a word of what you said to me a year ago and when it pleases me to do so, I'll find a lover and you will be none the wiser, like a great many other husbands!"

"How can you say such things?"

She laughed. "How can I say such things? Why, my dear Paul, it's your own philosophy of married life, isn't it?"

"Maybe it is and maybe it isn't, but there's one thing you've got to understand. I won't have Farrel court you the way he did tonight."

"You are jealous, I knew it."

"No I'm not, but I don't like the idea of being made a damn fool of in public and if I catch that man devouring you with his eyes, like he did tonight, I'll—I'll beat hell out of him!"

Again she laughed. "Could it be possible, Paul, that you are in love with me again?"

"Why not? I could do a lot worse."

She walked towards the mirror, haughty, self-possessed.

"Thanks. I'm sorry for you—because I don't love you anymore."

Impulsively he crossed the room, grasped her shoulders and planted a kiss on her bare back. She turned with eyes flashing.

"How dare you do that! Remember, according to our understanding we are nothing to each other; we are complete strangers!"

"Please don't be angry, I couldn't help it. You look so charming tonight."

She placed a jeweled hand on her swelling breast.

"Then I must have improved wonderfully," she said.

"You look positively charming. Your arms and shoulders are beautiful and your skin—"

"Would captivate Mr. Farrel—"

"How nasty you are! But really, I can't recall having ever met a woman as captivating as you look tonight."

She turned towards the mirror.

"You must have been fasting lately."

"What's that?"

"I said, you must have been fasting lately."

"Why—what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. You must have fasted for some time and now you're famished. A hungry man will eat things which he ordinarily would cast aside. I am the neglected dish you wouldn't mind eating tonight."

"Anne! How can you say such things?"

"Why not? To my knowledge you have had three women in the last year, all of them young actresses. How else can I explain your sudden fancy for me except by your long fast?"

Once more he approached her as she turned to meet him.

"Anne," he said, "you may think me rude, brutal, but I must admit I've fallen in love with you again. I love you madly!"

She seemed surprised.

"Well, well! Then you—wish to—"

"Exactly," he blurted.

"Tonight?"

"Anne!"

"There, you are shocked again. My dear boy, let us talk this over quietly. We are strangers aren't we? I am your wife, it's true, but according to our agreement I am—free. I had intended engaging my affections elsewhere, but I will give you the preference; providing—I receive the same compensation."

He looked at her, puzzled.

"I don't understand you; what do you mean?"

"I'll explain it. Am I as good-looking as the women you have been supporting?"

"A thousand times better."

"Better than the nicest one?"

"A thousand times."

"All right,

how much did she cost you in three months?"

"Listen, what on earth are you driving at?"

"I mean how much did you spend on the nicest of your women for jewelry, apartments, suppers, shows and clothing, in three months?"

"How do I know?"

"You ought to know. Well, let us say

One Thousand Dollars a month, is that about right?"

"Yes, about that."

"Well, Paul," she said, "give me a thousand dollars and I'll be yours for a month, starting tonight!"

He was taken aback by the nature of the request.

"Anne," he cried, "are you crazy?"

"No," she replied, "I'm not; but just as you say. Good night!"

Crossing the hall, she entered her bedroom. A vague perfume permeated the whole room, subtle and voluptuous. Westbrook appeared in the doorway.

"How lovely it smells in here!"

"Do you think so? I always use Coty's, never any other perfume."

"Really, I never noticed

—it's lovely."

"Thank you, but please go, I want to retire."

"Anne!"

"Will you kindly go?"

Westbrook entered and sat on a chair, his wife moving towards her dressing table.

"You won't go? Very well."

Slowly she removed her dress, letting it slip tantalizingly from her well-rounded



Hester Pullem, the milkmaid, says she's gonna hide the new 1931 10-Story Girl Photo Revue from her boy friend, 'cause if he ever got a look at those hundred buxom babies he'd be trying to ring the bell every evening!

hips. Westbrook could just glimpse her beautifully shaped breasts half hidden behind a silken brassiere. He rose and stepped towards her. She retreated.

"Do not come near me," she warned, "or I shall become angry, do you hear?"

Disregarding her warning he attempted to clasp her in his arms, only to be rewarded with the contents of a bottle of toilet-water in his face. He fell back, dripping wet and thoroughly provoked.

"How stupid of you!" he shouted, mopping his face with a handkerchief. "Haven't you any sense?"

"Possibly not," she replied. "But you know my conditions. One Thousand Dollars!"

"Ridiculous!"

"Why ridiculous?" she asked.

"Why," he thundered. "You ask why? Who ever heard of a man paying his wife to share her bed?"

She lifted her hands in mock embarrassment.

"Oh!—how horribly rude you are!"

"I suppose I am rude, but I repeat, the idea of paying one's wife is ridiculous! Positively stupid!"

She looked at him in surprise.

"Really? Is it any more ridiculous to pay a prostitute? It certainly seems stupid when you have a wife at home."

"That may be, but I don't want to be ridiculous."

She sat on the bed and began removing her stockings, revealing her legs and thighs, firm and well proportioned. Westbrook approached a little nearer and said tenderly:

"What an odd idea of yours Anne!"

"What idea?"

"Asking me for a thousand dollars!"

"Odd? Why is it odd? Are we not strangers. You say you're in love with me; all well and good. You can't marry me as I'm already your wife, so you buy me. My God, haven't you bought other women? Isn't it so much better to give me that money than to give it to a strange woman who would no doubt squander it? Come, you must admit it's quite a novel idea to actually pay your own wife for her favors! An intelligent fellow like you ought to see how really sensible it is; besides a man never loves anything unless it costs him a lot of money. It would add new zest, new sparkle to our—conjugal love, by comparing it with your—illegitimate love. Am I right?"

He looked at her dumbfounded. She walked towards the bell.

"Now then, Mr. Westbrook, if you don't go, I'll ring for my maid!"

For a moment he stood there, perplexed uncertain as to what his next move should be. Then suddenly he reached for his wallet, stripped it of its contents and tossed the bank-notes in her lap.

"Here, you witch, but remember—"

She picked up the money, counted it and said:

"Remember what?"

"Don't get used to it."

She burst out laughing.

"One thousand dollars each month, Mr. Westbrook, or else I shall send you back to your chorus girls. Furthermore, if my attentions please you—I shall ask for more!"

Well Supplied BATHING BEAUTY WINS BY 100 PINTS

—Headlines in *The Mansfield (Ohio) News.*



She Does a Mighty Jingling Dance

does Kourana, with all these medallions strung along her fair self. In Paris, in case you'd go to see—and hear!

Herbert Photos.



HE liked the wide-winged cherub better than any other monument because it reminded her of the baby: short, dimpled feet and hands, a round, curly head, and such a cunning, little way of looking at you with its head hanging down.

Of course, there were other stones quite as beautiful and considerably cheaper, too. But she had set her heart on the cherub. And when a woman makes up her mind to have something, wants it more than anything else in the world, she's bound to have it.

So when she told Maurice which one of the monuments she wanted he became furious and said it was a sin and a shame to put that much money in a tombstone for a baby.

The monument she wanted was priced at a thousand dollars.

"But what is a thousand dollars to a young man who is making a good salary?" she argued.

Well, it turned out to be the biggest quarrel they ever had. They were absolutely ruthless in the way they talked to each other. Usually, when they had their little differences, the only thing she could do was to go away and cry.

But this time she was more reckless than he was about what she said.

It may be that it was because she thought he was trying to belittle the baby. Or, it could be that she knew Maurice was not sincere in his objections to the price of the monument.

It makes a big difference when you know a person's running a bluff.

Maurice had never practiced economy in his life. Never. He ordered a taxi when

it rained, wore lavish ties, ate at the most expensive restaurants, gave fifty-cent tips and never was known to shave himself. He was a regular prodigal, Maurice was. He thought it was terrible for her to wear a last-year's hat, or shoes that had been in the repair shop. If anything, he was too full-handed, too wasteful.

Well, when she realized she had said enough, had spent her wrath, she put on her hat and coat and went to play bridge with her best girl friend—Emma Grace. She left the house without telling Maurice where she was going. It was the first time she had ever done a thing like that.

After a while some other girls came in to play bridge also. They played and played and played and played.

She didn't enjoy herself as the others did. She was miserable the whole time she was there. She felt a little twinge of conscience over the way she had treated Maurice. Then she decided to go home and make up with him. She would bake a cherry pie for supper and surprise him.

She found the house dreadfully silent, deserted-looking. It had never seemed that way before. She guessed it was because she felt so bad about the quarrel.

She made the cherry pie and some crisp, sugared doughnuts. She ordered chops and a specially prepared salad. Then she sat down and waited.

Maurice usually came home at a quarter of six. They had supper at six-thirty.

She waited until seven, then she became uneasy, restless. She went into the hall and switched on the light.

It would be just like Maurice to go to the Club and not say anything to her about it because of the way she had walked off

from him. He was fond of "getting even," Maurice was.

Something seemed to tell her to go to the hatrack where his best hat and his raincoat hung. But the hat that was hanging there was his old one. That was strange.

She went to it, took it down. Sticking in the band was a small piece of paper—a note.

"I'm gone for good," it said, and was signed "Maurice."

And then. Well, she went to work, as most women do when they are left on their own resources. She got a job in a loaning office. Her work was easy, mostly dictation, and she liked it.

Her boss was a kind-hearted man. He didn't expect her to rush with her work. He spent lots of time with his three children.

They played around in the office a lot.

She became fond of them, especially the boy. She thought it was because of the one she had lost.

For a year or two she withdrew from people. She occupied two dingy rooms on the fourth floor of a tenement house. All day she thought about the long, tiresome steps and the dark, foul-smelling halls. But she couldn't do any better for she was saving up to buy the stone—the one with the wide-winged cherub.

"Since I've been making my own money I'm more set on it than ever," she told the tombstone dealer when she was ready to buy.

Then they looked through the entire marble yard for the stone she had in mind, but it could not be found.

"I'm sorry, lady," said the dealer, "but we're out of that particular style of stone. You'll have to wait 'til I can order one."

"Oh, but I wanted it for the baby's birthday."

"When is its birthday?"

"Tomorrow—the tenth of June. I came in here, three weeks ago, and picked out

the tombstone I wanted," she sputtered. "The man told me he would set it aside for me."

"You must have talked to the other man. He's out of the city today. Evidently he forgot to mark the stone and it's been sold. But I can get you one here inside of a week, maybe sooner."

Since there was nothing else for her to do she gave the dealer her order, and walked out of the shop.

She was terribly disappointed. Week after week she had looked forward to the time when the blackened, wooden slabs, which marked the little grave, would be replaced with a gleaming white marble. A stone that she never could have bought if she hadn't sacrificed to the last penny. Sometimes she had even gone without her meals in order to put aside a certain sum.

The next day, which was the tenth of the month, she went to a florist's and bought a wreath of pink rosebuds.

She and Maurice had always taken a wreath of pink rosebuds to the baby's grave on its birthday.

Then she ordered a taxi for the cemetery.

It was early in the morning. June was in the earth and sky. Summer and sunshine and roses. It was a lovely, lovely day.

And she found it in the full glory of the morning—a beautiful wide-winged cherub with short, dimpled feet and hands, a round, curly head, and such a cunning little way of looking at you with its head hanging down.

At first, she could not believe it was her baby's grave, so thrilled was she with the beauty of the cherub.

"Of course, I'm mistaken," she cried. "This is some other baby's grave. How stupid I am."

Mystified, she was about to turn away when her eyes caught the inscription on the tombstone:

(Continued to page 16)



Some Bad Colds Started This Hat

and little Fraulein Inge Blaumann, pretty German actress, who had to cancel many engagements, invented this "draught excluder" hat, now being copied by Berlin Modists. (Anyway, that's the way the long publicity story goes, attached to the picture!)

Underwood and Underwood Photo.



THIS IS THE PHOTO REPRODUCED
ON THE COVER OF THE

NEW 1931 GIRL PHOTO ANNUAL

There are 100 more girl photos inside, and it
costs not five dollars, but

50c

All dealers, or direct by express from 529 S.
Clark Street, Chicago.

(Continued from page 14)

PHILLIP RODNEY

Age 3 yrs., 5 mo., 14 days.

Yes, it was her darling
Phil's grave beyond a doubt.

The beautiful wide-winged
angel, standing there on its
base, seemed to say to her:
"Behold the place where he
lies!"

And then she saw flowers
on the grave—another wreath
of pink rosebuds.

Placing her wreath beside
the other one, she knelt in an
attitude of prayer.

And so it happened, that
while she was on her knees a
man came up to the grave and
knelt beside her.

With tears dimming her
eyes, she raised her face to his
and smiled.

"Maurice, why did you do
it?" she asked.

"Because it was the best
way I had to tell you I was
sorry for what has happened,"
he answered.

It was early in the morning.
June was in the earth and sky.
Summer and sunshine and
roses. Yes, it was a lovely,
lovely day.





Zina Palgree

*an Oriental dancer, who makes those wiggles just walk
up and down herself, to the tune of the tom-tom-tom
or whatever they play.*

Mme. Celeste Photo, Villa Moderne,
Montrouge, Seine, France.

Illustration

by
HAZEL
GOODWIN*
KEELER



What's In a Name?

By BEATRICE CHAPEL

JOHNNY THURLOW turned away from the telephone, eyes alight with eager anticipation. Mavis WAS a darling. She had just murmured these words over the telephone right into Johnny's ear.

"Now Johnny, please come out. There will not be a single soul here but me. Dad and Mother will be away all night," and here her voice trembled slightly, "I'm so afraid and lonesome, just terribly lonesome, Johnny, and I always feel so safe when you are around and I really need you tonight, so you take a sneak out here."

And Johnny had replied, "I'll take a chance and come, honey, but I'll bring my pajamas with me for I'm going to stay all night. I know how your Mother feels toward me but wild horses couldn't keep me away, that is if you really want me to?"

"You know we are always of the same mind about every little thing, dear," Mavis had laughed, "so I'll look for you."

While Johnny was decreasing the miles that separated them, Mavis was trying to think what she should fix for a lunch. She hunted up a pack of Dads cigarettes. She did not smoke but she knew Johnny would

want one first thing. She hoped her Pal would wear that tricky checked suit, the one with the flaring trousers. She simply adored that suit, or was it because of the wearer, for Johnny was a wonderful playmate. She knew her Mother would be very angry if she ever found out Johnny stayed all night but she was only young once and she meant to enjoy herself. Plenty of time when she was old as Mother to settle down. Johnny could tell such perfectly killing stories, the kind with a double meaning. There was certainly nothing SLOW about Johnny.

The siren on the Sport Roadster started shrieking as the car came up the drive and Mavis hurried out to greet her guest. Johnny threw open the door of the car and with a bound was up the steps, had given Mavis a hearty kiss, a bear hug, and asked,

"How's the girl? Where's a Camel?"

* * *

Satin pajama legs crossed, cigarette alight, Johnny was regarding Mavis through half shut lids as she brushed out her long hair for the night, and saying,

"Do you know Mavis, you are really a

sweet kid, and what lovely hair," reaching over and twining a curl about a finger, "It's a wonder some really *decent* guy doesn't come along and grab you."

"I didn't intend to tell you just yet," faltered Mavis, "but I AM going to be married in the Spring to Jerry Stone."

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you are in love with that 'pill'," asked Johnny with a frown.

"I didn't say I was in love with him, it's Mother's wish."

"Well, I'm damn sure I'd never marry a person if I wasn't wild about them," returned Johnny.

"That's one thing I wanted to see you about," said Mavis, "I thought maybe you might have something to say to Mother."

"What about? You know if she ever *saw* me in her house she'd kick me out. Here, little Pal, let's forget the gloomy

stuff for tonight. Did I tell you that new one about the travelling man and the Swede girl? You see _____"

Although it was rather raw Mavis had to laugh. You just couldn't withstand Johnny for really Johnny was perfectly adorable.

* * *

"Where do you keep the cold cream," asked Johnny from the bathroom door, "my lips are chapped?"

"It's here on the dressing table," answered Mavis sleepily from the bed.

"Here, here," laughed Johnny, "don't you go to sleep on me just yet after my coming way out here to be with you; besides I've a little secret to pour into your shell-like pink ear. I'll be with you in a minute."

"Hurry then, I can hardly

wait. I'll be awake all right. These sheets are cold. I wish you would get in with me instead of using the other twin bed."



"Why don't you want to take me home tonight, big boy? Got another date?"

"Yeah, with a copy of the new 1931 10-Story Girl Photo Revue!"

(Continued to page 21)



Another
"Latest-in-Intimate
Apparel-for
Milady"
Photos

as displayed by Catherine Moylan. We make up this magazine so far in advance that this photo is perhaps already out of style in "undies."

Underwood and Underwood Photo.



(Continued from page 19)

"Hadn't thought of using it. Where is that darned switch? I want to cut the light off. Oh here it is and here I come."

* * *

An hour later Mavis whispered to her bedfellow, "I thought I heard a car drive in a few minutes ago. Maybe Dad and Mother got back after all."

"Well, if they have, I'm in a hell of a fix," replied Johnny. "I guess you are right. Some one is coming up the stairs now. Did you lock that door?"

"Certainly I did," whispered Mavis. "Yes, it's Dad and Mother. I hear them talking now. Oh heavens she's coming here."

"Well, I'm not going to do a disappearing act in my 'nightie' and it's no use for me to hide for of course they have seen the car: I'll just stick right here. You can let her in if you want to. I'll take my medicine."

"Mother," exclaimed Mavis next day, "you are a regular brick, you certainly acted sensible last night. I thought sure you would break down the door and put Johnny out, but you passed right by."

"Don't thank me, my dear," replied her mother, "rather thank your Father. Of course we recognized the car and I felt just like doing that very thing but he wouldn't let me. Said girls would be girls and he hated to deny you pleasure. But from now on you must never see Johnny again."

"Well, Johnny's going away anyhow, she told me last night; she's going to be married next month and live out on the coast. Really Mother she is not 'hardboiled' like you think. It's only that she has been trying to live up to the name her parents gave her at birth and as to the trousers—why they are the thing at the seaside—all we inlanders will be wearing them before long."

A Close Shave

When Miss Virginia Brenholtz 17 of 911 Franklin Ave., awakened to find a burglar at her bedside early Sunday; she gave him a shave and screamed for help. The intruder, who had pocketed two diamond rings valued at \$1500 and \$10 in cash, fled.

—Item in The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.



VENOM

by Elton Sterrett

JONATHAN TOLBERT collected snakes. Not as a hobby, but because each live copperhead sent to the Serum Institute netted a whole dollar. And a dollar, to a Tennessee mountaineer, looms larger and is more important than the full moon.

All that sultry, sticky August day—one of those when *Ancistrodon Contortrix* forsakes damp, secluded haunts to sun atop flat boulders—he scoured the rugged Signal mountain foothills. The three-gallon glass jar on his back imprisoned but one thirty-inch specimen. Luck persistently kept her fingers crossed.

On earlier hunts he had found copperhead's at Dudley's Cop. Though that lay a mile off his route, he hung his coat over a branch, slung his jar across one shoulder, began the arduous climb.

The spring beyond the clearing trickled refreshingly, enticingly. Tolbert stooped. As his lips touched cool water a flicking thump struck off his tattered felt hat.

He sprang erect. Once before he had felt that sensation. It was the lightning swift blow of a striking reptile. In those surroundings it could mean only a copperhead.

His thonged stick ready, he overturned a

stone. Nothing. A second stone: again, nothing. In the hollow under the third lay a rich prize. Blurred like a movie slightly out of focus a female copperhead and four nearly grown young vibrated menacingly on close wound coils.

Releasing his sole captive—it means extermination of the weakest to confine together unrelated copperheads—one by one the entire family was deftly noosed, threaded through the narrow opening, crowded into the confining jar.

A bag of five should have contented Tolbert, but when his first quarry coiled belligerently before him, he decided to risk lassoing it, planing to draw the thong tight below the head and throw closely spaced half hitches over both stick and snake to make it safely portable.

Dexterously he encircled the spitting head, drew taut his loop, grasped the thrashing, whipping tail. The heavy jar cumbered him. One bare foot slithered down a slimy stone. Desperately he strove for balance. Grasping toes seized, slipped again; he tottered.

He crashed, striving to protect the precious jar. A stone shattered the glass. One agonizing instant Tolbert struggled amid the writhing reptiles, six of the most deadly

(Continued to page 24)



Even Stars Swing Out of Their Orbits

and this one has gotten itself quite upside down. Margot Grayhame, if you care to turn the book, and meet her face to face. She does this each morning in her London flat.

G. F. P. Photo.

(Continued from page 22)

species known to America. Through his mind flashed memories of the horrible death agonies of two negroes, both copperhead victims.

Just when he dared hope he would escape unharmed, that significant thump smote his ankle. Through the grime slowly oozed two tiny drops of dark blood. The female had struck.

Frantically he reached for his knife and the bottle of permanganate crystals—first aid equipment of every snake trapper. His heart froze. They were in his coat pocket, a mile down the mountainside.

He pictured himself as he would eventually be found when circling buzzards marked his body: big, bloated, black, unbelievably repulsive after the poison's spread. He shut his eyes to banish the horror. Groping fingers found a glass fragment. It was razor sharp. With it for scalpel he circled the skin around the two punctures, stripped it from the bone, cast it from him.

Now to suck out the venom. He strove to bring his ankle to his mouth. Strain his mightiest, a twelve-inch gap remained. He was doomed. Already he seemed to feel the numbed swelling presaging the passage of the poison through his veins. His clothes oppressed him. He tore open his collar, loosened his clothes.

His hands clenched on the belt, a long, strong one, discarded by his grandfather when increasing girth made it useless. At the feel of the sturdy leather an idea burst upon him.

Snatching the belt from his trousers, Tolbert buckled it through the last hole, encircled the gory ankle and, after a third failure, forced the loop over his head.

Between the leather strips he thrust his

stick. Turn by turn he wound it. Gradually the ankle neared the face. At last a bare two inches intervened. Neck muscles collapsed under the terrific strain. His chin pressed cruelly into his breast. His thigh, unsocketed by the irresistible force, cracked ominously. Still he twisted, slowly, steadily. Beyond failure lay death, and it was—could it be worse than the self-inflicted tortures?

Another twist brought wound to outreaching tongue. A second more of soul-destroying agony and he could draw out the poison. Feverishly he wrestled with his lever. The pressure around his head was unnerving, maddening. The intense throbbing blinded him, blurred the foot so close to his starting eyes. At last the parched lips tasted blood, his blood. He had succeeded.

Thrice he released the tension enough for space to spit. Twice he nerved himself again to bear the torture of twisting up the belt.

Minutes passed while Tolbert, utterly exhausted, lay so still the circling buzzard wheeled for a second look. At last, neck and thigh shrieking complaint, he sat upright. A reddish, irregular disk drew his gaze. It was the patch from his ankle. Mechanically he studied it. Through the skin protruded two tiny, curved, needle-sharp objects. He reversed the patch. Had the snake, in striking, lost her venomous fangs?

One long minute he stared, felt gingerly, incredulously, of the points. Then the tiny pocket in the hills echoed to laughter—laughter as crazy as that with which the loon shatters the northern twilight.

The reptile, striking angrily in the trashy growth, had driven a tiny twig against the man's bare skin ahead of her broad, blunt nose. Jonathon Tolbert had well-nigh torn himself asunder to suck at two holes pierced by blackberry thorns.



SELF SERVICE

Drawn for 10 Story Book
by Bruce Patterson.

The Cop Is Always Right



By LeRoy Cartwright

THE teller who belonged at window A-C failed to obey orders. He reached for a gun instead of lining up promptly with the others, face to the wall. Larry the Leopard's gun wore a silencer. It made no more noise than would the drawing of a cork from a beer bottle. But the teller sank down as though suddenly too weak to stand erect any longer. Another man who had turned his face for a moment from the wall, swore softly and leaped toward Larry. The popping sound came again.

Larry had hoped to avoid this. There musn't be more of it. He herded the rest of the bunch into the big vault at the rear. He shut the door behind them, turned the knob. Then breathed easier. Perhaps it was for the best—this doing what he'd been forced to do. He could work unmolested now—and a lone man needed non-interference.

Outside the grill, the big bank lobby was empty. The front door had been closed promptly at 3:30. Each remaining customer, passing to the street as he finished his business, had pulled it shut behind him. It locked itself automatically.

Larry had been the last customer. He had pretended to draw a check, suddenly drawn guns instead and leaped the low railing that led to the rear passage behind the teller's windows. He had covered the long line. All but two had the sense—or lack of courage—not to resist.

Swiftly now he raked the contents of the

cash drawers and counters into a big brief case. The safe hadn't been time-locked yet and he dialed it expertly open, rifled it of its packets of bills and securities, made a careless bundle of the latter with the bills in the center, then left the bank, apparently a zealous employee taking a part of his work home with him.

Brisk and businesslike he moved through the crowd on Pine street. A half block north he came to his car. It was a powerful specimen, long, low, top-down; built for high speed and brute stamina. He laid the brief case and bundle in its front seat, slipped in under the wheel. . . . There were sounds behind him. He looked back. A crowd was running toward the front of the bank. He heard the crash of a splintering door, saw a policeman swinging an axe. There had been, then, a telephone in that strong room! He should have thought of that.

He drove hard to make Third street—the first cross street—did it and got by just as the cop there switched traffic east and west. If he could make Fourth as luckily!

Larry had his getaway route well laid out in his mind; had planned two of them, in fact. . . . The first was to turn left at Fourth. One block west to Pacific; neither signal nor officer there. Pacific, a through street running north and south like Pine, was without stop to Anaheim, nine blocks north. . . . Right turn then, when he reached Pacific. North to Anaheim. Boulevard stop there. Slow down for that,

turn west onto Anaheim. Open road from there all the way to the harbor. He'd make San Pedro in ten minutes. Park his car at the foot of Fifth street. "Kid" Terry, five minutes later, would get it, head back east in it and swing south toward the Mexican border. Larry would walk with his loot the half block to the boat landing. There "K. O.," the big fellow, would have the speed boat waiting, motor throttled down but running.

Ten minutes, then, to glide out of the harbor, four hours or a little more to make it to a certain private inlet adjacent to a rough, tough town in the sheltering republic to the south. . . . They'd keep well offshore going down. A speed boat couldn't be seen many miles out. . . .

But the traffic at Fourth when he reached it was flowing east and west. For a moment—the cop's back was to Larry and the sounds behind him had increased—he was tempted to crash by as though unnoticed, risking a left hand turn. Then thought better of it.

However, he was at the head of the procession. He could turn right, and did. He had prepared for such an emergency.

His route now was east to American, which ran north and south as did Pacific. Also American, save for a cop at Fourth, where he would turn on to it, and one at Seventh, three blocks north, was another through street to Anaheim, open road to a getaway if he could reach it.

The two cops on American were his reason for making this route second choice. There would have been none on Pacific.

As he raced the two blocks east, the unlucky break at Pine and Fourth worried him a little. If only he could have caught that cop before he turned—Resolutely he dismissed the feeling to fall back on a fatalistic belief in his luck.

But thirty feet away, the cop at American turned slowly against him, arms ex-

tended north and south. Larry, coming fast from the west, didn't slow down. But he held his breath as he reached the officer and swung left. The officer swore at him but let him go.

There was left now just the cop at Seventh, then nothing more but the red and green light at Anaheim. And from there, eight or nine miles of fast driving to where his boat would be waiting.

Then: "Hell!"

Sixty feet away, the cop at Seventh also turned his back on him, signally the east and west traffic to proceed. Desperately Larry glanced over his shoulder. He could almost see those two men lying on the floor of the bank! He most certainly could hear the hue and cry rising behind him! He drove swiftly on into the intersection.

A westbound motorist stood his car nearly on end to keep from hitting Larry. Indignantly he honked at the trespass. The cop heard him and turned his head. He saw Larry. Instantly he blew his whistle.

Larry, however, had no intention of stopping for anything now. Back of him was a sinister growing something that he knew wasn't in his imagination. It was sirens screaming full blast from police cars. They were spreading out to scour the city! He stepped on the gas.

But the cop blew his whistle again. It had a hard-boiled sound this time. Two cars just ahead of Larry traveling side by side in the rear of the retreating procession—stopped suddenly, the driver of each deciding he must be the one signaled. Larry was too close to swerve around them. He stood the long low boat on its nose and stopped too.

The cop was immediately at his side. He motioned the other two cars on.

"Name and address, Mister!" The cop was beigerent. It was a flagrant violation.

"Edward K. Brown, 1440 South Fig-

ueroa, Los Angeles," answered Larry easily. He was smiling genially upon the officer. . . . Cool and steady now, he said to himself. That was what did it. A ticket would take but a minute; he'd throw it away a block farther on. But if he "riled" the cop, he might win himself an immediate escort, then and there, to the police station.

"Sorry, officer!" Larry was chuckling. "That *was* pretty raw, I guess! But I slid into that damned intersection before I noticed!"

"Yeah?" said the officer grimly and walked around to get Larry's number.

"Oh I wasn't trying to get off," said Larry friendly as the officer came back. He grinned engagingly and held out his hand for the ticket to sign. "Mine," he said. "I earned it beyond a doubt!"

The cop stared. He extended the ticket reluctantly, as though loathe to force it upon so affable a gentleman. Larry plucked at it gently as the officer held on to it. "No hard feelings at all officer! My motto is this: 'The cop is always right!'"

The cop smiled. Suddenly, broadly. He plucked the ticket back and tore it up. "Drive on, Mister!" he said.

Larry stepped on the starter and slipped into high gear. The powerful car leaped forward. . . . That damned sound—

"Turn left, next street!" The voice was suddenly ominous. Larry felt something

against the back of his neck. "And don't look back!"

It was the cop. He was in the rear seat. He was growling: "Like to broke my neck, damn you—startin' in high! I was just climbin' in when you done it!"

The something remained at the back of Larry's neck until he reached the police station and a cell. Ten minutes later he was positively identified by a group of employees from the bank.

The cop reported to his chief before returning to his post. The chief patted his shoulder, praised him, asked: "How the hell, Becker, did you catch on to him?"

"Well," answered Becker laconically, "I heard the police cars runnin' wild; which at first didn't mean a thing to me—they're always doin' that. But I've been on the force fifteen years without havin' the thing happen to me that happened with this guy!"

He scratched his head, seemingly trying to recall a similar instance. He said: "He was going to take his ticket without kickin' and I was going to let him have it. But he went too far. I got a flash all at once that something pretty bad was wrong behind him and that the police was after him when he got so anxious to go on that he pulled a gag on me about his motto being 'The cop is always right!'"

He grinned sourly. "There ain't an officer in town wouldn't have brought him in on that!"

Fiancee!

Prior to his return to work this morning he spent the week-end at his fiancee's home and is now back on the job better versed in business methods.

—Waterbury (Conn.) Republican.



Gang Way When This Dance Begins

for Margot Wahlander of Stockholm, Sweden, makes those swords swing hither and to when the music of her dance begins to play. 'Tis said that more than one stagehand's head has rolled off into the orchestra pit!

Herbert Photo.

A Room of His Own



by Joseph Haus

ALL his life Sturgis Awad had wanted a room of his own.

As a boy he was reared in a foul room in a foul tenement in the foulest street in Hell's Kitchen. The small room, at his birth, held three people—his mother, father and Leonardi, a three-year-old brother. After Sturgis other babies came regularly.

His mother was always tired. His father was always morose. The dirty-diapered babies were always wailing and wanting. The nearby elevated, the adjacent street, gave off smut and dust, oppressive noise and depressive odors.

Sturgis hated it. His childish soul cried out in bitter rebellion.

He saw his mother and father dress from the skin out. He bathed, shamefully, before them all. As he ate, the babies bawled for his food; as he washed the dishes, his fretting mother habitually admonished him. Leonardi, gamin of the alleys, taunted him with being a sissy; his father noticed him only to swear.

Once, walking on Fifth Avenue, he surreptitiously looked through the window of a big house. The room was large, airy,

clean, quiet. The pictures on the walls were beautiful; the rugs looked like real silk. He couldn't smell a thing, not even cabbage.

He leaned over the iron grill-work and peered closer. How wonderful! How beautiful! A boy, his age, was playing on the floor with a marvelous toy train. He glanced up, saw the dirt-streaked face at the window, and screamed. The ragamuffin let go the railing and his scrawny legs twinkled down the avenue.

When he was twelve a charity lady, who had been talking several times with his mother, took him from home. His dwarfed heart pounded a bit when his mother kissed him goodbye, but he knew his father would be relieved, Leonardi unconcerned.

He was placed in a school. He ate at a long table with scores of other young boys; he slept in a dormitory that housed a dozen small iron beds. Every night after the orderly turned out the lights the boys whispered sly jokes that made Sturgis blush; when he undressed they called gleeful attention to his skinny legs.

Peace! Privacy! Solitude! His adolescent little soul yearned for them.

Because of his unusual reticence he was

"nutty" to the other boys; he was a good object, and patient, for their crude witticisms. But he stood it all for three years. Then one day he ran away.

He succeeded easily enough in procuring a job at eight dollars a week in a pants factory. Not much was left over from paying for his meager meals, so he had, perforce, to rent a room with a "friend." The acquaintance was good-natured, but unduly gregarious; curious and prying. He wanted to know why this and why that, wasn't the foreman a ——— ? did Awad have a "broad"? and so forth.

He palled on and irritated the younger room-mate. Sturgis Awad craved, as he had craved nothing else, mute surroundings: silence, to him, was beautiful as any song. God! If only he could afford a room of his own!

Six years of this passed; and then Dot Boyner entered his life. She was slim, blonde, and pretty as an artificial flower is pretty. She twined herself about the lonely man's heart. When he was promoted to a foremanship, and the miracle of twenty-five dollars a week, they became engaged.

Sturgis proudly took her over to Brooklyn to show her the house he had already secretly rented. It was small and cheap; a parlor, dining room; kitchennette; two tiny bed-rooms, adjoining. There was a twin bed in each.

Dot saw this and aped and blushed. She asked: "We gonna have company?"

Sturgis answered awkwardly: "I thought—I thought you'd like it better. More private, you know."

Her warm little body catapulted against his. "No, sweetie!" She clung to him till passion smoked thick from his eyes. "'Sides," she added, "I'd be scared. Alone. All alone! No, daddy!"

Sturgis awoke nights to hear her snoring. It had never before occurred to him that women snored. And she had an annoying

mannerism of sleeping with her head and knees drawn closely together, like a dog. He hated to have her see his tousled hair, his unshaven face, his wrinkled pajamas; tried to sneak out of bed into the bath-room, but at his slightest movement she awoke. And she wasn't very attractive, either, in the early mornings. He sighed wearily.

After she was carrying a child petulance gradually took the place of passion. She became hypersensitive, complaining—even jealous at times.

He pictured in his harassed mind how beatific it must be to awake and not have a perspiring body tossing restlessly by one, to make one's toilette unembarrassed by an observer—to commune in magnificent and soul-satisfying solitude with one's self. If only she'd let him sleep in the other room!

In time his natural reserve took on an added reticence. Offended at his continued silence, she waxed argumentative. She sulked because he refused to retort. His very affability increased her wrath; she became actually shrewish.

One day she visited a married sister over in Weehauken and while she was absent the husband grimly made decision. She returned to find his pajamas on the other bed, his comb and brush on the other dresser, his clothes in the other closet.

She began to whimper. He was exasperated but took her in his arms and sought to console her. "You'll rest easier," he said. "We'll keep the door open. I ain't leaving for Europe, honey." He tried to smile.

But she wasn't assuaged: from tears she moved to taunts. He wanted, did he, to get her frightened to death sleeping alone? Burglars often made birthmarks for pregnant women! Her child might even turn out to be a dumb-wit! And, of course, he didn't care for her anymore. Her imagination ran riot, her tongue ceaselessly.

He smiled wryly and, in mute surrender, went to the clothes closet to move back his

belongings. As he stood there, a steel suit hanger in his hand, she, as a climax, shrilled a loathsome word at him.

For the first time in his life Sturgis Awad lost his temper. "You're crazy!" he exclaimed, and roughly shoved her away from him.

The woman lost her balance, and fell toward the dresser. A sharp corner on it caught her head, blood gushing. She screamed as her body slumped to the floor.

Astonishment and terror mingling, the husband gazed at the unconscious figure; and as he stood thus a neighbor burst into the room. "What's this?" He looked from

the frightened and stupefied man to the still form on the floor, and then at the tightly clenched steel hanger. "Oh," he said, "Oh!"

A policeman came simultaneously with the doctor. But she was already dead. Awad was arrested.

Yes, the neighbors testified, they had quarreled often; never had got along well together. The physician agreed with the prosecutor; the hanger could have caused the wound.

A day later the judge gave his verdict: "Solitary confinement for life."

It was then that the prisoner hysterically laughed. At last he had a room of his own!

The Autumn Leaves Are Falling

The boys and girls of the sophomore class assembled in the basement and enjoyed a masked social last night. The girls were all in costume, consisting of beautifully tinted autumn leaves and a merry masquerade party was held. At the conclusion of the merry making, masks and costumes were laid aside, the rest of the evening being devoted to other business.

—Item in The Cumberland (Ohio) Echo.

Get Your Man!

By EDWIN
BAIRD



Picture by HAZEL GOODWIN KEELER

“WELL, bless my eyes!” said the snappy-looking stranger, rising from his seat in the smoking-car. “If it isn’t McWhinney! How are you, Mac—”

“I guess you’re makin’ a leetle mistake, Mister,” interrupted the young man with the pasteboard suitcase, who had just boarded the train at Elmwood Junction. “My name ain’t McWhinney.”

“What!” The polished stranger scrutinized the yokel’s face. Then he laughed apologetically. “By George, you’re right. You’re *not* McWhinney! There’s a strong resemblance—fooled me completely—but I see now your countenance is more intelligent. However, no harm done, I trust. Won’t you have a smoke? My name,” he added, proffering an excellent cigar, “is

DeGolyer. Thaddeus Meadowcroft DeGolyer.”

“Mine’s Adolph Gooch,” said the ungainly lad, sitting down, lighting the cigar and placing his feet on the cardboard suitcase. “You in the cigar business, Mister?”

“No,” smiled Mr. DeGolyer, “I’m Chief of the Secret Service. McWhinney was one of my best men. And I need a good man to take his place. What’s your line of work, Mr. Gooch?”

“Why,” said Mr. Gooch, visibly flattered, “I ain’t never done nothin’ but work on pa’s farm. But now I’m gonna look for a job in the City.”

“I see. How would you like to be a detective?”

After recovering from his shock, Mr. Gooch contrived to gasp: “I—I’d like it!”

(Continued to page 35)



Regine Flory
and she's a French actress.

Herbert Photos.

(Continued from page 33)

"Good! I'll put you on my payroll at once"—plucking from his pocket some important-looking documents. "Your salary, at first, will not be large—only six hundred a month—but there are many perquisites. McWhinney often earned five thousand a month. You can do likewise."

The pop-eyed Gooch, too dazed for speech, gulped and nodded. Then he signed a paper, wrote thereon his age and birthplace, and whispered eagerly:

"And now I'm a sure-enough detective, huh?"

"Not quite. You haven't your equipment yet." DeGolyer exhibited a pair of handcuffs, a microscope, and a bright tin star. "The Secret Service," he explained, "requires a slight deposit on these—a small matter of one hundred dollars."

Mr. Gooch evinced dismay. "Mister, I'm sorry. I been savin' my money for thirteen years, and all I got is ninety-three dollars and eighty-four cents."

"Oh, well, give me what you have, and I'll make up the remainder myself."

The grateful Gooch, his radiance restored, joyously removed his shoe and therefrom took a ragged bankroll, which DeGolyer promptly pocketed, magnanimously declining the eighty-four cents.

"You are now," said he, "a full-fledged detective, authorized to arrest any person who breaks the law. For each arrest you will receive a bonus of fifty dollars. Take all law-breakers to Detective Headquarters, and collect your bonus there."

He then enumerated some of the laws—and there was an amazing variety of them, it seemed—that were commonly violated; and Mr. Gooch, agape, listened breathlessly.

"And watch out for cigarette smokers," he was warned. "Don't let one of them get away."

"Is it ag'in the law to smoke cigaroots, Mister?"

"In the City, yes. Cigars and pipes are

permitted, but cigarettes—*no!* Arrest every person you see smoking one."

They parted at the City railroad station, DeGolyer telling him to call tomorrow at Headquarters for expense money and a month's pay in advance.

Mr. Gooch, alone, wiped his perspiring brow. He was feeling a bit feverish.

Suddenly, though, he grew alert. His gaze became riveted on a slender youth at a nearby ticket window. The youth was carrying a black leather valise—and *he was smoking a cigarette*. The observing Gooch, like a good detective, noticed he smoked it nervously, his mien furtive, clearly denoting fear of arrest. Then, pinning the tin star to his coat, he briskly approached the perturbed young man, and seized him by the shoulder and snatched the cigarette away.

The young man whirled round and tried to wrench free, but he hadn't a chance with the stout country boy.

"I arrest you in the name of the law," said Gooch, and, heedless of his victim's violent protests, handcuffed him and called a taxicab.

"Detective Headquarters," he told the taxi driver.

As the taxicab bore them away, a police department automobile whirled to the curb, and a squad of plainclothes officers leaped out, raced inside the depot, spread swiftly through the crowds, eagerly scanning every face, quietly questioning the railroad employees, anxiously searching everywhere.

They were still thus searching, fruitlessly, when Adolph Gooch entered the City Detective Bureau and inquired for "Chief DeGolyer."

"Never heard of 'im," grunted the desk sergeant; and then, all at once, this same desk sergeant sprang from his stool and stared in unutterable astonishment at Gooch's manacled prisoner. "Merciful heaven!" he gasped, and, seizing the prisoner

and the black valise, rushed both into an adjoining room.

Gooch sat down and waited for his fifty-dollar bonus. From the adjoining chamber came sounds of excited telephoning. In ten minutes two hasty gentlemen dashed in from the street, and hurried to this chamber and closed the door behind them.

Presently these two emerged, with Pat Duffy, chief of detectives, and addressed themselves to Gooch.

"I congratulate you," said one, producing a fountain-pen and check. "To whom shall I make the check payable?"

"Adolph Gooch." And he was thinking of what they'd say back home when they learned how easily he could make fifty dollars.

The man filled out the check and gave it to Gooch; and Gooch looked at the check—and nearly swooned. He rubbed his eyes

and looked again. It was still the same. It was a certified check, payable to his order, and it called for \$27,500!

"Well, Mister," he said, when he felt he could trust his voice, "this is real decent in you; but I didn't hardly expect—"

"It is in accordance with our agreement," said the man. "We offered a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars for the recovery of the nine hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds that were stolen from our bank yesterday, and an additional reward of twenty-five hundred for the arrest of Russell Joyce, the bank clerk who stole them. We find the bonds are all intact, and young Joyce is in custody. I trust everything is quite satisfactory?"

"Yes, Mister," said Gooch, "everything sure is. I got all the money I want now, so I guess I won't wait for my first month's pay. I'm goin' right back to Elmwood Junction and show 'em a little speed."

Serves Her Right

Miss Alice Baltic escaped with a few minor bruises yesterday morning, when she was struck by a car driven by George Lawhon, while standing in the middle of the road without a tail light.

—Item in The Pomeroy (Ohio) Democrat.



Illustration by
G. N. Sected.

On another occasion Theodore met her in one of the empty rooms of the house. They both sat down on the settee. He put his arms around her waist and kissed her. She returned his kisses with ardor.

A S R A A S T O R Y ?

By STRINDBERG

HE had just completed his thirteenth year when his mother died. He felt that he had lost a real friend, for during the twelve months of her illness he had come to know her personally, as it were, and established a relationship between them which is rare between parents and children. He was a clever boy and had developed early; he had read a great many books besides his schoolbooks, for his father, a professor of botany at the Academy of Science, possessed a very good library. His mother, on the other hand, was not a well-educated woman; she had merely been head housekeeper and children's nurse in her husband's

house. Numerous births and countless vigils (she had not slept through a single night for the last sixteen years), had exhausted her strength, and when she became bedridden, at the age of thirty-nine, and was no longer able to look after her house, she made the acquaintance of her second son; her eldest boy was at a military school and only at home during the week ends.

Now that her part as mother of the family was played to the end and nothing remained of her but a poor invalid, the old-fashioned relationship of strict discipline, that barrier between parents and children, was superseded. The thirteen-year-old son was almost constantly at her bedside, reading to her whenever

he was not at school or doing home lessons. She had many questions to ask and he had a great deal to explain, and therefore all those distinguishing marks erected by age and position vanished, one after the other: if there was a superior at all, it was the son. But the mother, too, had much to teach, for she had learnt her lessons in the school of life; and so they were alternately teacher and pupil. They discussed all subjects. With the tact of a mother and the modesty of the other sex she told her son all he ought to know of the mystery of life. He was still innocent, but he had heard many things discussed by the boys at school which had shocked and disgusted him. The mother explained to him all she could explain; warned him of the greatest danger to a young man, and exacted a promise from him never to visit a house of ill-fame, not even out of curiosity, because, as she pointed out, in such a case no man could ever trust himself. And she implored him to live a temperate life, and turn to God in prayer whenever temptation assaulted him.

His father was entirely devoted to science, which was a sealed book to his wife. When the mother was already on the point of death, he made a discovery which he hoped would make his name immortal in the scientific world. He discovered, on a rubbish heap, outside the gates of Stockholm, a new kind of goose-foot with curved hairs on the usually straight-haired calyx. He was in communication with the Berlin Academy of Sciences, and the latter was even now considering the advisability of including the new variety in the "Flora Germanica"; he was daily expecting to hear whether or not the Academy had decided to immortalize his name by calling the plant *Shenopodium Wennerstroemianum*. At his wife's death-bed he was absent-minded, almost un-

kind, for he had just received an answer in the affirmative, and he fretted because neither he nor his wife could enjoy the great news. She thought only of heaven and her children. He could not help realizing that to talk to her now of a calyx with curved hairs would be the height of absurdity; but, he justified himself, it was not so much a question of a calyx with straight or curved hairs, as of a scientific discovery; and, more than that, it was a question of his future and the future of his children, for their father's distinction meant bread to them.

When his wife died on the following evening, he cried bitterly; he had not shed a tear for many years. He was tortured by remorse, remembered even the tiniest wrong he had ever done her, for he had been, on the whole, an exemplary husband; his indifference, his absent-mindedness of the previous day, filled him with shame and regret, and in a moment of blankness he realized all the pettiness and selfishness of his science which, he had imagined, was benefiting mankind. But these emotions were short-lived; if you open a door with a spring behind it, it will close again immediately. On the following morning, after he had drawn up an announcement of her death for the papers, he wrote a letter of thanks to the Berlin Academy of Sciences. After that he resumed his work.

When he came home to dinner, he longed for his wife, so that he might tell her of his success, for she had always been his truest friend, the only human being who had never been jealous or envious. Now he missed this loyal companion on whose approval he could count as a matter of course; never once had she contradicted him, for since he never told her more than the practical result of his researches, there was no room for argument. For a moment the thought oc-

(Continued to page 40)



Edmonde Guy

*a scintillating jewel of the Paris stage, covered with a few scintillating jewels herself
—and, it is to be admitted, not much more. But oh well—*

Herbert Photos.

(Continued from page 38)

curred to him that he might make friends with his son; but they knew each other too little; their relationship was that of officer and private soldier. His superior rank did not permit him to make advances; moreover, he regarded the boy with suspicion, because the latter possessed a keener intellect and had read a number of new books which were unknown to him; occasionally it even happened that the father, the professor, plainly revealed his ignorance to his son, the school-boy. In such cases the father was either compelled to dismiss the argument with a few contemptuous remarks to "these new follies," or peremptorily order the school-boy to attend to his lessons. Once or twice, in self-defence the son had produced one or other of his schoolbooks; the professor had lost his temper and wished the new schoolbooks to hell.

And so it came about that the father devoted himself to his collections of dried plants and the son went his own way.

They lived in a quiet street to the left of the Observatory, in a small, one-story house, built of bricks, and surrounded by a large garden; the garden was once the property of the Horticultural Society and had come into the professor's possession by inheritance. But since he studied descriptive botany, and took no interest in the much more interesting subjects of the physiology and morphology of plants, a science which was as good as unknown in his youth, he was practically a stranger to living nature. He allowed the garden with its many splendors to become a wilderness, and finally let it to a gardener on condition that he and his children should be allowed certain privileges. The son used the garden as a park and enjoyed its beauty as he found it, without taking the trouble to try and understand it scientifically.

One might compare the boy's character to an ill-proportioned compensation pendulum; it contained too much of the soft metal of the mother, not enough of the hard metal of the father. Friction and irregular oscillations were the natural consequences. Now he was full of sentiment, now hard and skeptical. His mother's death affected him beyond words. He mourned her deeply, and she always lived in his memory as the personification of all that was good and great and beautiful.

He wasted the summer following her death in brooding and novel-reading. Grief, and to no small extent idleness, had shaken his whole nervous system and quickened his imagination. His tears had been like warm April showers falling on fruit trees, wakening them to precocious burgeoning: but alas! only too often the blossoms are doomed to wither and perish in a frosty May night, before the fruit has had time to set.

He was fifteen years old and had therefore arrived at the age when civilized man attains to manhood and is ripe to give life to a new generation, but is prevented from doing so by his inability to maintain a family. Consequently he was about to begin the ten years' martyrdom which a young man is called upon to endure in the struggle against an overwhelming force of nature, before he is in a position to fulfill her laws.

It is a warm afternoon about Whitsuntide. The apple trees are gorgeous in their white splendor which nature has showered all over them with a profuse hand. The breeze shakes the crowns and fills the air with pollen; a part of it fulfills its destination and creates new life, a part sinks to the ground and dies. What is a handful of pollen more or less in the inexhaustible store-house of nature! The fertilized blossom casts off its delicate

petals which flutter to the ground and wither; they decay in the rain and are ground to dust, to rise again through the sap and reappear as blossoms, and this time, perhaps, to become fruit. But now the struggle begins: those which a kind fate has placed on the sunny side, thrive and prosper; the seed bud swells, and if no frost intervenes, the fruit, in due time, will set. But those which look towards the north, the poor things which grow in the shadow of the others and never see the sun, are predestined to fade and fall off; the gardener rakes them together and carts them to the pig-sty.

Behold the apple tree now, its branches laden with half-ripe fruit, little, round, golden apples with rosy cheeks. A fresh struggle begins: if all remain alive, the branches will not be able to bear their weight, the tree will perish. A gale shakes the branches. It requires firm stems to hold on. Woe to the weaklings! they are condemned to destruction.

A fresh danger! The apple-weevil appears upon the scene. It, too, has to maintain life and to fulfill a duty towards its progeny. The grub eats its way through the fruit to the stem and the apple falls to the ground. But the dainty beetle chooses the strongest and soundest for its brood, otherwise too many of the strong ones would be allowed to live, and competition would become over-keen.

The hour of twilight, the gathering dusk, arouses the passionate instincts of the beast-world. The night-crow crouches on the newly-dug flower-bed to lure its mate. Which of the eager males shall carry the prize? Let them decide the question.

The cat, sleek and warm, fresh from her evening milk, steals away from her corner by the hearth and picks her way carefully among the daffodils and lilies, afraid lest the dew make her coat damp and ragged before her lover joins her. She sniffs at

the young lavender and calls. Her call is answered by the black tom-cat which appears, broad-backed like a marten, on the neighbor's fence; but the gardener's tortoise-shell approaches from the cow-shed and the fight begins. Handfuls of the rich, black soil are flying about in all directions, and the newly-planted radishes and spinach plants are roughly awakened from their quiet sleep and dreams of the future. The stronger of the two remains in possession of the field, and the female awaits complacently the frenetic embraces of the victor. The vanquished flies to engage in a new struggle in which, perhaps, victory will smile on him.

Nature smiles, content, for she knows of no other sin than the sin against her law; she is on the side of the strong for her desire is for strong children, even though she should have to kill the "eternal ego" of the insignificant individual. And there is no prudery, no hesitation, no fear of consequences, for nature has plenty of food for all her children—except mankind.

After supper he went for a walk in the garden while his father sat down at his bed-room window to smoke a pipe and read the evening paper. He strolled along the paths, reveling in the delicious odors which a plant exhales only when it is in full bloom, and which is the finest and strongest extract of etheric oils, containing in a condensed form the full strength of the individual, destined to become the representative of the species. He listened to the nuptial song of the insects above the lime trees, which rings in our ears like a funeral dirge; he heard the purring of the night-crow; the ardent mewing of the cat, which sounds as if death and not life were wooing; the humming note of the dung-beetle, the fluttering of the large moths, the thin peeping of the bats.

He stopped before a bed of narcissus, gathered one of the white, starry flowers,

and inhaled its perfume until he felt the blood hammering in his temples. He had never examined this flower minutely. But during the last term they had read Ovid's story of Narcissus. He had not discovered a deeper meaning in the legend. What did it mean, this story of a youth who, from unrequited love, turned his ardor upon himself and was consumed by the flame when he fell in love with his own likeness seen in a well? As he stood, examining the white, cup-shaped petals, pale as the cheeks of an invalid with the fine red lines such as one may see in the faces of consumptives when a pitiless cough forces the blood into the extremest and tiniest blood-vessels, he thought of a school-fellow, a young aristocrat, who was a midshipman now; he looked like that.

When he had inhaled the scent of the flower for some time, the strong odor of cloves disappeared and left but a disagreeable, soapy smell which made him feel sick.

He sauntered on to where the path turned to the right and finally lost itself in an avenue planted on both sides with elm trees whose branches had grown together and formed an arch overhead. In the semi-darkness, far down the perspective, he could see a large green swing, suspended by ropes, slowly moving backwards and forwards. A girl stood on the back board, gently swinging herself by bending her knees and throwing her body forward, while she clung, with arms raised high above her head, to the ropes at her sides. He recognized the gardener's daughter, a girl who had been confirmed last Easter and had just begun to wear long skirts. Tonight, however, she was dressed in one of her old dresses which barely reached to her knees.

The sight of the young man embarrassed her, for she remembered the shortness of her skirt, but she nevertheless re-

mained on the swing. He advanced and looked at her.

"Go away, Mr. Theodore," said the girl, giving the swing a vigorous push.

"Why should I?" answered the youth, who felt the draught of her fluttering skirts on his throbbing temples.

"Because I want you to," said the girl.

"Let me come up, too, and I'll swing you, Gussie," pleaded Theodore, springing on to the board.

Now he was standing on the swing, facing her. And when they rose into the air, he felt her skirts flapping against his legs, and when they descended, he bent over her and looked into her eyes which were brilliant with fear and enjoyment. Her thin cotton blouse fitted tightly and showed every line of her young figure; her smiling lips were half-open, displaying two rows of sound white teeth, which looked as if they would like to bite or kiss him.

Higher and higher rose the swing, until it struck the topmost branches of the maple. The girl screamed and fell forward, into his arms; he was pushed over, on to the seat. The trembling of the soft warm body which nestled closely in his arms, sent an electric shock through his whole nervous system; a black veil descended before his eyes and he would have let her go if her left shoulder had not been tightly pressed against his right arm.

The speed of the swing slackened. She rose and sat on the seat facing him. And thus they remained with downcast eyes, not daring to look one another in the face.

When the swing stopped, the girl slipped off the seat and ran away as if she were answering a call. Theodore was left alone. He felt the blood surging in his veins. It seemed to him that his strength was redoubled. But he could not grasp what had happened. He vaguely conceived himself as an electrophor whose positive electricity, in discharging, had combined with the nega-

tive. It had happened during a quite ordinary, to all appearances chaste, contact with a young woman. He had never felt the same emotion in wrestling, for instance, with his school-fellows in the play-ground. He had come into contact with the opposite polarity of the female sex and now he knew what it meant to be a man. For he was a man, not a precocious boy, kicking over the traces; he was a strong, hardy, healthy youth.

As he strolled along, up and down the garden paths, new thoughts formed in his brain. Life looked at him with graver eyes, he felt conscious of a sense of duty. But he was only fifteen years old. He was not yet confirmed and many years would have to elapse before he would be considered an independent member of the community, before he would be able to earn a living for himself, let alone maintain a wife and family. He took life seriously, the thought of life's adventures never occurred to him. Women were to him something sacred, his opposite pole, the supplement and completion of himself. He was mature now, bodily and mentally, fit to enter the arena of life and fight his way. What prevented him from doing so? His education, which had taught him nothing useful; his social position, which stood between him and a trade he might have learned. The Church, which had not yet received his vow of loyalty to her priests; the State, which was still waiting for his oath of allegiance to Bernadotte and Nassau; the School, which had not yet trained him sufficiently to consider him ripe for the University; the secret alliance of the upper against the lower classes. A whole mountain of follies lay on him and his young strength. Now that he knew himself to be a man, the whole system of education seemed to him an institution for the mutilation of body and soul. They must both be mutilated before he could be allowed to enter

the harem of the world, where manhood is considered a danger; he could find no other excuse for it. And thus he sank back into his former state of immaturity. He compared himself to a celery plant, tied up and put under a flower-pot so as to make it as white and soft as possible, unable to put forth green leaves in the sunshine, flower and bear seed.

Wrapped in these thoughts he remained in the garden until the clock on the nearest church tower struck ten. Then he turned towards the house, for it was bed-time. But the front door was locked. The housemaid, a petticoat thrown over her nightgown, let him in. A glimpse of her bare shoulders roused him from his sentimental reveries; he tried to put an arm round her and kiss her, for at the moment he was conscious of nothing but her sex. But the maid had already disappeared, shutting the door with a bang. Overwhelmed with shame he opened his window, cooled his head in a basin of cold water and lighted his lamp.

When he had got into bed, he took up a volume of Arndt's *Spiritual Voices of the Morning*, a book which had belonged to his mother; he read a chapter of it every evening to be on the safe side, for in the morning his time was short. The book reminded him of the promise of chastity given to his mother on her death-bed, and he felt a twinge of conscience. A fly which had singed its wings on his lamp, and was now buzzing round the little table by his bedside, turned his thoughts into another channel, he closed the book and lit a cigarette. He heard his father take off his boots in the room below, knock out his pipe against the stove, pour out a glass of water and get ready to go to bed. He thought how lonely he must be since he had become a widower. In days gone by he had often heard the subdued voices of his parents through the thin partition, in intimate con-

versation on matters on which they always agreed; but now no voice was audible, nothing but the dead sounds which a man makes in waiting upon himself, sounds which one must put side by side, like the figures in a rebus, before one can understand their meaning.

He finished his cigarette, blew out the lamp and said the Lord's Prayer in an undertone, but he got no farther than the fifth petition. Then he fell asleep.

He awoke from a dream in the middle of the night. He had dreamt that he held the gardener's daughter in his arms. He could not remember the circumstances, for he was quite dazed, and fell asleep again directly.

On the following morning he was depressed and had a headache. He brooded over the future which loomed before him threateningly and filled him with dread. He realized with a pang how quickly the summer was passing, for the end of the summer meant the degradation of school-life. Every thought of his own would be stifled by the thoughts of others; there was no advantage in being able to think independently; it required a fixed number of years before one could reach one's goal. It was like a journey on a goods train; the engine was bound to remain for a certain time in the stations, and when the pressure of the steam became too strong, from want of consumption of energy, a waste-pipe had to be opened. The Board had drawn up the time-table and the train was not permitted to arrive at the stations before its appointed time. That was the principal thing which mattered.

The father noticed the boy's pallor, but he put it down to grief over his mother's death.

Autumn came and with it the return to school. Theodore, by dint of much novel-reading during the summer, and coming in this way, as it were, in constant contact

with grown-up people and their problems and struggles, had come to look upon himself as a grown-up member of society. Now the masters treated him with familiarity, the boys took liberties which compelled him to repay them in kind. And this educational institution, which was to ennoble him and make him fit to take his place in the community, what did it teach him? How did it ennoble him? The compendiums, one and all, were written under the control of the upper classes, for the sole purpose of forcing the lower classes to look up to their betters. The schoolmasters frequently reproached their pupils with ingratitude and impressed on them their utter inability to realize, even faintly, the advantage they enjoyed in receiving an education which so many of their poorer fellow-creatures would always lack. No, indeed, the boys were not sophisticated enough to see through the gigantic fraud and its advantages.

But did they ever find true joy, real pleasure in the subjects of their studies for their own sakes? Never! Therefore the teachers had to appeal incessantly to the lower passions of their pupils, to ambition, self-interest, material advantages.

What a miserable make-believe school was! Not one of the boys believed that he would reap any benefit from repeating the names and dates of hated kings in their proper sequence, from learning dead languages, proving axioms, defining "a matter of course," and counting the anthers of plants and the joints on the hindlegs of insects, to know in the end no more about them than their Latin names. How many long hours were wasted in the vain attempt to divide an angle into three equal sections, a thing which can be done so easily in a minute in an *unscientific* (that is to say practical) way by using a graduated.

How they scorned everything practical! His sisters, who were taught French from

Ollendorf's grammar, were able to speak the language after two years' study; but the college boys could not say a single sentence after six. Ollendorf was a name which they pronounced with pity and contempt. It was the essence of all that was stupid.

But when his sister asked for an explanation and enquired whether the purpose of spoken language was not the expression of human thought, the young sophist replied with a phrase picked up from one of the masters who in his turn had borrowed it from Talleyrand. Language was invented to hide one's thoughts. This, of course, was beyond the horizon of a young girl (how well men know how to hide their shortcomings), but henceforth she believed her brother to be tremendously learned, and stopped arguing with him.

And was there not even a worse stumbling-block in æsthetics, delusive and deceptive, casting a veil of borrowed splendor and sham beauty over everything? They sang of "The Knights' Vigil of Light." What knights' vigil? With parents of nobility and students' certificates; false testimonials, as they might have told themselves. Of light? That was to say of the upper classes who had the greatest interest in keeping the lower classes in darkness, a task in which they were ably assisted by church and school. "And onward, onward, on the path of light!"

Things were always called by the wrong name. And if it so happened that a light-bearer arose from the lower classes, everybody was ready and prepared to extinguish his torch. Oh! youthful, healthy host of fighters! How healthy they were, all these young men, enervated by idleness, unsatisfied desires and ambitions, who scorned every man who had not the means to pay for a University education! What splendid liars they were, the poets of the upper

classes! Were they the deceivers or the deceived?

What was the usual subject of the young men's conversation? Their studies? Never! Once in a while, perhaps, they would talk of certificates. No, their conversation was of things obscene; of appointments with women; of billiards and drink; of certain diseases which they had heard discussed by their elder brothers. They lounged about in the afternoon and "held the reviews," and the best informed of them knew the name of the officer and could tell where his mistress lived.

Once two members of the "Knights' Vigil of Light" had dined in the company of two women on the terrace of a high-class restaurant in the Zoological Gardens. For this offense they were expelled from school. They were punished for their naivete, not because their conduct was considered vicious, for a year after they passed their examinations and went to the University, gaining in this way a whole year; and when they had completed their studies at Upsala, they were attached to the embassy in one of the capitals of Europe, to represent the United Kingdoms of Sweden and Norway.

In these surroundings Theodore spent the best part of his youth. He had seen through the fraud, but was compelled to acquiesce! Again and again he asked himself the question: What can I do? There was no answer. And so he became an accessory and learned to hold his tongue.

His confirmation appeared to him to be very much on a level with his school experience. A young minister, an ardent pietist, was to teach him in four months Luther's Catechism, regardless of the fact that he was well versed in theology, exegesis and dogmatics, besides having read the New Testament in Greek. Nevertheless the strict pietism, which demanded

absolute truth in thought and action, could not fail to make a great impression on him.

When the catechumens were assembled for the first time, Theodore found himself quite unexpectedly surrounded by a totally different class of boys to whom he had been used at school. When he entered the assembly-room he was met by the stare of something like a hundred inimical eyes. There were tobacco binders, chimney sweeps, apprentices of all trades. They were on bad terms and freely abused one another, but this enmity between the different trades was only superficial; however much they quarreled, they yet held together. He seemed to breathe a strangely stifling atmosphere; the hatred with which they greeted him was not unmixed with contempt, the reverse of a certain respect or envy. He looked in vain for a friend, for a companion, like-minded, dressed as he was. There was not a single one. The parish was poor, the rich people sent their children to the German church which was then the fashion. It was in the company of the children of the people, the lower classes, that he was to approach the altar, as their equal. He asked himself what it was that separated him from these boys? Were they not, bodily, endowed with the same gifts as he? No doubt, for every one of them earned his living, and some of them helped to keep their parents. Were they less gifted, mentally? He did not think so, for their remarks gave evidence of keen powers of observation; he would have laughed at many of their witty remarks if he had not been conscious of his superior caste. There was no definite line of demarcation between him and the fools who were his school-fellows. But there was a line here. Was it the shabby clothes, the plain faces, the coarse hands, which formed the barrier? Partly, he thought. Their plainness, especially, repulsed him. But were they worse than others because they were plain?

He was carrying a foil, as he had a fencing lesson later on. He put it in a corner of the room hoping that it would escape attention. But it had been seen already. Nobody knew what kind of a thing it really was, but everybody recognized it as a weapon of some sort. Some of the boldest busied themselves about the corner, so as to have a look at it. They fingered the covering of the handle, scratched the guard with their nails, bent the blade, handled the small leather ball. They were like hares sniffing at a gun which had been lost in the woods. They did not understand its use, but they knew it for something inimical, something with a hidden meaning. Presently a beltmaker's apprentice, whose brother was in the Life Guards, joined the inquisitive throng and at once decided the question: "Can't you see that it is a sword, you fools?" he shouted, with a look at Theodore. It was a respectful look, but a look which also hinted at a secret understanding between them, which, correctly interpreted, means: You and I understand these things! But a young rope-maker, who had once been a trumpeter in a military band, considered this giving of a verdict without consulting him a personal slight and declared that he "would be hanged if it wasn't a rapier!" The consequence was a fight which transformed the place into a bear-garden, dense with dust and echoing with screams and yells.

The door opened and the minister stood on the threshold. He was a pale young man, very thin, with watery blue eyes and a face disfigured by a rash. He shouted at the boys. The wild beasts ceased fighting. He began talking of the precious blood of Christ and the power of the Evil One over the human heart. After a little while he succeeded in inducing the hundred boys to sit down on the forms and chairs. But now he was quite out of breath and the atmosphere was thick with dust. He glanced at

the window and said in a faint voice: "Open the sash!" This request reawakened the only half-subdued passions. Twenty-five boys made a rush for the window and tried to seize the window cord.

"Go to your places at once!" screamed the minister, stretching out his hand for his cane.

There was a momentary silence during which the minister tried to think of a way of having the sash raised without a fight.

"You," he said at last to a timid little fellow, "go and open the window!"

The small boy went to the window and tried to disentangle the window cord. The others looked on in breathless silence, when suddenly a big lad, in sailor's clothes, who had just come home on the brig *Carl Johan*, lost patience.

"The devil take me if I don't show you what a lad can do," he shouted, throwing his coat and jumping on the window sill; there was a flash from his cutlass and the rope was cut.

"Cable's cut!" he laughed, as the minister with a hysterical cry, literally drove him to his seat.

"The rope was so entangled that there was nothing for it but to cut it," he assured him, as he sat down.

The minister was furious. He had come from a small town in the provinces and had never conceived the possibility of so much sin, so much wickedness and immorality. He had never come into contact with lads so far advanced on the road to damnation. And he talked at great length of the precious blood of Christ.

Not one of them understood what he said, for they did not realize that they had fallen, since they had never been different. The boys received his words with coldness and indifference.

The minister rambled on and spoke of Christ's precious wounds, but not one of them took his words to heart, for not one

of them was conscious of having wounded Christ. He changed the subject and spoke of the devil, but that was a topic so familiar to them that it made no impression. At last he hit on the right thing. He began to talk of their confirmation which was to take place in the coming spring. He reminded them of their parents, anxious that their children should play a part in the life of the community; when he went on to speak of employers who refused to employ lads who had not been confirmed, his listeners became deeply interested at once, and every one of them understood the great importance of the coming ceremony. Now he was sincere, and the young minds grasped what he was talking about; the noisiest among them became quiet.

The registration began. What a number of marriage certificates were missing! How could the children come to Christ when their parents had not been legally married? How could they approach the altar when their fathers had been in prison? Oh! what sinners they were!

Theodore was deeply moved by the exhibition of so much shame and disgrace. He longed to tear his thoughts away from the subject, but was unable to do so. Now it was his turn to hand in his certificates and the minister read out: son: Theodore, born on such and such a date; parents: professor and knight . . . a faint smile flickered like a feeble sunbeam over his face, he gave him a friendly nod and asked: "And how is your dear father?" But when he saw that the mother was dead (a fact of which he was perfectly well aware) his face clouded over. "She was a child of God," he said, as if he were talking to himself, in a gushing, sympathetic whining voice, but the remark conveyed at the same time a certain reproach against the "dear father," who was only a professor and knight. After that Theodore could go.

When he left the assembly-room he felt

that he had gone through an almost impossible experience. Were all those lads really depraved because they had used oaths and coarse language, as his companions, his father, his uncle, and all the upper classes did at times? What did the minister mean when he talked of immorality? They were more savage than the spoilt children of the wealthy, but that was because they were more fully alive. It was unfair to blame them for missing marriage certificates. True, his father had never committed a theft, but there was no necessity for a man to steal if he had an income of six thousand crowns and could please himself. The act would be absurd or abnormal in such a case.

Theodore went back to school realizing what it meant "to have received an education"; here nobody was badgered for small faults. As little notice as possible was taken of one's own or one's parent's weaknesses, one was among equals and understood one another.

After school one "held the reviews," sneaked into a cafe and drank a liqueur, and finally went to the fencing-room. He looked at the young officers, who treated him as their equal, observed all those young bloods with their supple limbs, pleasant manners and smiling faces, every one of them certain that a good dinner was awaiting him at home, and became conscious of the existence of two worlds: an upper and an under-world. He remembered the gloomy assembly-room and the wrecked assembly he had just left with a pang; all their wounds and hidden defects were mercilessly exposed and examined through a magnifying-glass, so that the lower classes might acquire that true humility failing which the upper classes cannot enjoy their amiable weaknesses in peace. And for the first time something jarring had come into his life.

However much Theodore was tossed about between his natural yearning for the

only half-realized temptations of the world, and his newly formed desire to turn his back he did not break the promise given to his mother. The religious teaching which he and the other catechumens received from the minister in the church, did not fail to impress him deeply. He was often gloomy and wrapped in thought and felt that life was not what it ought to be. He had a dim notion that once upon a time a terrible crime had been committed, which it was now everybody's business to hide by practicing countless deceptions; he compared himself to a fly caught in a spider's web: the more it struggled to regain its freedom, the more it entangled itself, until at last it died miserably, strangled by the cruel threads.

One evening—the minister scorned no trick likely to produce an effect on his hard-headed pupils—they were having a lesson in the choir. It was in January. Two gas jets lighted up the choir, illuminating and distorting the marble figures on the altar. The whole of the large church with its two barrel-vaults, which crossed one another, lay in semi-darkness. In the background the shining organ pipes faintly reflected the gas flames; above it the angels blowing their trumpets to summon the sleepers before the judgment seat of their maker, looked merely like sinister, threatening human figures above life size; the cloisters were lost in complete darkness.

The minister had explained the seventh commandment. He had spoken of immorality between married and unmarried people. He could not explain to his pupils what immorality between husband and wife himself; but on the subject of immorality in meant, although he was a married man all its other aspects he was well-informed. He went on to allied subjects. As he talked a rustling sound passed through the rows of young men; they stared at him, with white cheeks and hollow eyes,

as if a phantom had appeared in their midst. As long as he kept to the tortures of hell fire, they remained fairly indifferent, but when he took up a book and read to them accounts of youths who had died at the age of twenty-five of consumption of the spine, they collapsed in their seats, and felt as if the floor were giving way beneath them! He told them the story of a young boy who was committed to an asylum at the age of twelve, and died at the age of fourteen, having found peace in the faith of his Redeemer. They saw before their shrinking eyes a hundred corpses, washed and shrouded. "There is but one remedy against their evil," went on the minister, "the precious wounds of Christ." But how this remedy was to be used against sexual precocity, he did not tell them. He admonished them not to go to dances, to shun theatres and gaming-houses, and above all things, to avoid women; that is to say to act in exact contradiction to their inclinations. That this vice contradicts and utterly confounds the pronouncement of the community that a man is not mature until he is twenty-one, was passed over in silence. Whether it could be prevented by early marriages (supposing a means of providing food for all instead of banquets for a few could be found) remained an open question. The final issue was that one should throw one-self into the arms of Christ, that is to say, go to church, and leave the care of temporal things to the upper classes.

After this admonishing the minister requested the first five on the first form to stay behind. He wished to speak to them in private. The first five looked as if they had been sentenced to death. Their chests contracted; they breathed with difficulty, and a careful observer might have noticed that their hair had risen an inch at the roots and lay over their skulls

in damp strands like the hair of a corpse. Their eyes stared from their blanched sockets like two round glass bullets set in leather, motionless, not knowing whether to face the question with a bold front, or hide behind an impudent lie.

After the prayer the hymn of Christ's wounds was sung; to-night it sounded like the singing of consumptives; every now and then it died away altogether, or was interrupted by a dry cough, like the cough of a man who is dying of thirst. Then they began to file out. One of the five attempted to steal away, but the minister called him back. It was a terrible moment. Theodore who sat on the first form was one of the five. He felt sick at heart. Not because he was guilty of the offense indicated, but because in his heart he considered it an insult to a man thus to have to lay bare the most secret places of his soul.

The other four sat down, as far from each other as they could. The belt-maker's apprentice, who was one of them tried to make it a joke, but the words refused to come. They saw themselves confronted by the police-court, the prison, the hospital and, in the background, the asylum. They did not know what was going to happen, but they felt instinctively that a species of scourging awaited them. Their only comfort in their distressing situation was the fact that he, Mr. Theodore, was one of them. It was not clear to them why that fact should be a comfort, but they knew intuitively that no evil would happen to the son of a professor.

"Come along, Wennerstroem," said the minister, after he had lighted the gas in the vestry.

Wennerstroem went and the door closed behind him. The four remained seated on their forms, vainly trying to

discover a comforting position for their limbs.

After a while Wennerstroem returned, with red eyes, trembling with excitement; he immediately went down the corridor and out into the night.

When he stood in the churchyard which lay silent under a heavy cover of snow, he recapitulated all that had happened in the vestry. The minister had asked him whether he had sinned? No, he had not. Did he have dreams? Yes! He was told that dreams were equally sinful, because they proved that the heart was wicked, and God looked at the heart. "He trieth the heart and reins, and on the last day he will judge every one of us for every sinful thought, and dreams are thoughts. Christ has said: Give me your heart, my son! Go to Him! Pray, pray, pray! Whatsoever is chaste, whatsoever is pure, whatsoever is lovely—that is He. The alpha and omega, life and happiness. Chasten the flesh and be strong in prayer. Go in the name of the Lord and sin no more!"

He felt indignant, but he was also crushed. In vain did he struggle to throw off his depression, he had not been taught sufficient common-sense at school to use it as a weapon against the Jesuitical sophistry. It was true, his knowledge of psychology enabled him to modify the statement that dreams are thoughts; dreams are fancies, he mused, creations of the imagination; but God has no regard for words! Logic taught him that there was something unnatural in his premature desires. He could not marry at the age of sixteen, since he was unable to support a wife; but why he was unable to support a wife, although he felt himself to be a man, was a problem which he could not solve. However anxious he might be to get married, the laws of society which are made by the upper classes and pro-

tected by bayonets, would prevent him. Consequently nature must have been sinned against in some way, for a man was mature long before he was able to earn a living. It must be degeneracy. His imagination must be degenerate; it was for him to purify it by prayer and sacrifice.

When he arrived home, he found his father and sisters at supper. He was ashamed to sit down with them, for he felt degraded. His father asked him, as usual, whether the date of confirmation had been fixed. Theodore did not know. He touched no food, pretending that he was not well; the truth was that he did not dare to eat any supper. He went into his bedroom and read an essay by Schar-tau which the minister had lent him. The subject was the vanity of reason. And here, just here, where all his hopes of arriving at a clear understanding were centered, the light failed. Reason which he had dared to hope would some day guide him out of the darkness into the light, reason, too, was sin; the greatest of all sins, for it questioned God's very existence, tried to understand what was not meant to be understood. Why it was not meant to be understood was not explained; probably it was because if it had been understood the fraud would have been discovered.

He rebelled no longer, but surrendered himself. Before going to bed he read two Morning Voices from Arndt, recited the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Blessing. He felt very hungry; a fact which he realized with a certain spiteful pleasure, for it seemed to him that his enemy was suffering.

With these thoughts he fell asleep. He awoke in the middle of the night. He had dreamt of a champaign supper in the company of a girl. And the whole terrible evening rose fresh in his memory.

He leapt out of bed with a bound, threw his sheets and blankets on the floor and lay down to sleep on the bare mattress, covering himself with nothing but a thin coverlet. He was cold and hungry, but he must subdue the devil. Again he repeated the Lord's Prayer, with additions of his own. By and by his thoughts grew confused, the strained expression of his features relaxed, a smile softened the expression of his mouth; lovely figures appeared before him, serene and smiling, he heard subdued voices, half-stifled laughter, a few bars from a waltz, saw sparkling glasses and frank and merry faces with candid eyes, which met his own unabashed; suddenly a curtain was parted in the middle; a charming little face peeped through the red silk draperies, with smiling lips and dancing eyes; the slender throat is bare, the beautiful sloping shoulders look as if they had been modelled by a caressing hand; she holds out her arms and he draws her to his thumping heart.

The clock was striking three. Again he had been worsted in the fight. Determined to win, he picked up the mattress and threw it out of the bed. Then he knelt on the cold floor and fervently prayed to God for strength, for he felt that he was indeed wrestling with the devil. When he had finished his prayer he lay down on the bare frame, and with a feeling of satisfaction felt the ropes and belting cutting into his arms and shins.

He awoke in the morning with a high fever.

He was laid up for six weeks. When he arose from his bed of sickness, he felt better than he had ever felt before. The rest, the good food and the medicine had increased his strength, and the struggle was now twice as hard. But he continued to struggle.

His confirmation took place in the

spring. The moving scene in which the lower classes promise on oath never to interfere with those things which the upper classes consider their privilege, made a lasting impression on him. It didn't trouble him that the minister offered him wine bought from the wine-merchant Hoegsted at sixty-five öre the pint. and wafers from Lettstroem, the baker, at one crown a pound, as the flesh and blood of the great agitator, Jesus of Nazareth, who was done to death nineteen hundred years ago. He didn't think about it, for one didn't think in those days, and one had emotions.

A year after his confirmation he passed his final examination. The smart little college cap was a source of great pleasure to him; without being actually conscious of it, he felt that he, as a member of the upper classes, had received a charter. They were not a little proud of their knowledge, too, these young men, for the masters had pronounced them "mature." The conceited youths! If at least they had mastered all the nonsense of which they boasted! If anybody had listened to their conversation at the banquet given in their honor, it would have been a revelation to him. They declared openly that they had not acquired five per cent of the knowledge which ought to have been in their possession; they assured everybody who had ears to listen that it was a miracle that they had passed; uninitiated would not have believed a word of it. And some of the young masters, now that the barrier between pupil and teacher was removed, and simulation was no longer necessary, swore solemnly, with half-intoxicated gestures, that there was not a single master in the whole school who would not have been plucked. A sober person could not help drawing the conclusion that the examination was like a line which could be drawn at will be-

tween upper and lower classes; and then he saw in a miracle nothing but a gigantic fraud.

It was one of the masters who, sipping a glass of punch, maintained that only an idiot could imagine that a human brain could remember at the same time: the three thousand dates mentioned in history; the names of the five thousand towns situated in all parts of the world; the names of six hundred plants and seven hundred animals; the bones in the human body, the stones which form the crust of the earth, all theological disputes, one thousand French words, one thousand English, one thousand German, one thousand Latin, one thousand Greek, half a million rules and exceptions to the rules; five hundred mathematical, physical, geometrical, chemical formulas. He was willing to prove that in order to be capable of such a feat the brain would have to be as large as the cupola of the Observatory at Upsala. Humboldt, he went on to say, finally forgot his tables, the professor of astronomy at Lund had been unable to divide two whole numbers of six figures each. The newly-fledged under-graduates imagined that they knew six languages, and yet they knew no more than five thousand words at most of the twenty thousand which composed their mother tongue. And hadn't he seen how they cheated? Oh! he knew all their tricks! He had seen the dates written on their finger nails; he had watched them consulting books under cover of their desks, he had heard them whispering to one another! But, he concluded what is one to do? Unless one closes an eye to these things, the supply of students is bound to come to an end.

During the summer Theodore remained at home, spending much of his time in the garden. He brooded over the problem of his future; what profession was he to

choose? He had gained so much insight into the methods of the huge Jesuitical community which, under the name of the upper classes, constituted society, that he felt dissatisfied with the world and decided to enter the Church to save himself from despair. And yet the world beckoned to him. It lay before him, fair and bright, and his young, fermenting blood yearned for life. He spent himself in the struggle and his idleness added to his torments.

Theodore's increasing melancholy and waning health began to alarm his father. He had no doubt about the cause, but he could not bring himself to talk to his son on such a delicate subject.

One Sunday afternoon the Professor's brother who was an officer in the Pioneers, called. They were sitting in the garden, sipping their coffee.

"Have you noticed the change in Theodore?" asked the Professor.

"Yes, his time has come," answered the Captain.

"I believe it has come long ago."

"I wish you'd talk to him, I can't do it."

"If I were a bachelor, I should play the part of the uncle," said the Captain; "as it is, I'll ask Gustav to do it. The boy must see something of life, or he'll go wrong. Hot stuff these Wennerstroems, what?"

"Yes," said the Professor, "I was a man at fifteen, but I had a school-friend who was never confirmed because he was a father at thirteen."

"Look at Gustav! Isn't he a fine fellow? I'm hanged if he isn't as broad across the back as an old captain! He's a handful!"

"Yes," answered the Professor, "he costs me a lot, but after all, I'd rather pay than see the boy running any risks. I wish you'd ask Gustav to take Theo-

dore about with him a little, just to rouse him."

"Oh! with pleasure!" answered the Captain.

And so the matter was settled.

One evening in July, when the summer is in its prime and all the blossoms which the spring has fertilized ripen into fruit, Theodore was sitting in his bed-room, waiting. He had pinned a text against his wall. "Come to Jesus," it said, and it was intended as a hint to the lieutenant not to argue with him when he occasionally came home from barracks for a few minutes. Gustav was of a lively disposition, "a handful," as his uncle had said. He wasted no time in brooding. He had promised to call for Theodore at seven o'clock; they were going to make arrangements for the celebration of the professor's birthday. Theodore's secret plan was to convert his brother, and Gustav's equally secret intention was to make his younger brother take a more reasonable view of life.

Punctually at seven o'clock, a cab stopped before the house, (the lieutenant invariably arrived in a cab) and immediately after Theodore heard the ringing of his spurs and the rattling of his sword on the stairs.

"Good evening, you old mole," said the elder brother with a laugh. He was the picture of health and youth. His highly polished Hessian boots revealed a pair of fine legs, his tunic outlined the loins of a carthorse; the golden bandoleer of his cartridge box made his chest appear broader and his sword-belt showed off a pair of enormous thighs.

He glanced at the text and grinned, but said nothing.

"Come along, old man, let's be off to Bellevue! We'll call on the gardener there and make arrangements for the old man's

birthday. Put on your hat, and come, old chap!"

Theodore tried to think of an excuse, but the brother took him by the arm, put a hat on his head, back to front, pushed a cigarette between his lips and opened the door. Theodore felt like a fish out of water, but he went with his brother.

"To Bellevue!" said the lieutenant to the cab-driver, "and mind you make your thoroughbreds fly!"

Theodore could not help being amused. It would never have occurred to him to address an elderly married man, like the cabman, with so much familiarity.

On the way the lieutenant talked of everything under the sun and stared at every pretty girl they passed.

They met a funeral procession on its return from the cemetery.

"Did you notice that devilish pretty girl in the last coach?" asked Gustav.

Theodore had not seen her and did not want to see her.

They passed an omnibus full of girls of the barmaid type. The lieutenant stood up, unconcernedly, in the public thoroughfare, and kissed his hands to them. He really behaved like a madman.

The business at Bellevue was soon settled. On their return the cab-driver drove them, without waiting for an order, to "The Equerry," a restaurant where Gustav was evidently well-known.

"Let's go and have something to eat," said the lieutenant, pushing his brother out of the cab.

Theodore was fascinated. He was no abstainer and saw nothing wrong in entering a public-house, although it never occurred to him to do so. He followed, though not without a slight feeling of uneasiness.

They were received in the hall by two girls. "Good evening, little doves," said

the lieutenant, and kissed them both on the lips. "Let me introduce you to my learned brother; he's very young and innocent, not at all like me; what do you say, Jossa?"

The girls looked shyly at Theodore, who did not know which way to turn. His brother's language appeared to him unutterably impudent.

On their way upstairs they met a dark-haired little girl, who had evidently been crying; she looked quiet and modest and made a good impression on Theodore.

The lieutenant did not kiss her, but he pulled out his handkerchief and dried her eyes. Then he ordered an extravagant supper.

They were in a bright and pretty room, hung with mirrors and containing a piano, a perfect room for banqueting. The lieutenant opened the piano with his sword, and before Theodore knew where he was, he was sitting on the music-stool, and his hands were resting on the keyboard.

"Play us a waltz," commanded the lieutenant, and Theodore played a waltz. The lieutenant took off his sword and danced with Jossa; Theodore heard his spurs knocking against the legs of the chairs and tables. Then he threw himself on the sofa and shouted:

"Come here, ye slaves, and fan me!"

Theodore began to play softly and presently he was absorbed in the music of Gounod's *Faust*. He did not dare to turn round.

"Go and kiss him," whispered the brother.

But the girls felt shy. They were almost afraid of him and his melancholy music.

The boldest of them, however, went up to the piano.

"You are playing from the Freischütz aren't you?" she asked.

"No," said Theodore, politely, "I'm playing Gounod's *Faust*."

"Your brother looks frightfully respectable," said the little dark one, whose name was Rieke; "he's different from you, you old villain."

"Oh! well, he's going into Church," whispered the lieutenant.

These words made a great impression on the girls, and henceforth they only kissed the lieutenant when Theodore's back was turned, and looked at Theodore shyly and apprehensively, like fowls at a chained mastiff.

Supper appeared, a great number of courses. There were eighteen dishes, not counting the hot ones.

Gustav poured out the liqueurs.

"Your health, you old hypocrite!" he laughed.

Theodore swallowed the liqueur. A delicious warmth ran through his limbs, a thin, warm veil fell over his eyes, he felt ravenous like a starving beast. What a banquet it was! The fresh salmon with its peculiar flavour, and the dill with its narcotic aroma; the radishes which seem to scrape the throat and call for beer; the small beefsteaks and sweet Portuguese onions, which made him think of dancing girls; the fried lobster which smelled of the sea; the chicken stuffed with parsley which reminded him of the gardener, and the first gerkins with their poisonous flavour of verdigris which made such a jolly, crackling sound between his crunching teeth. The porter flowed through his veins like hot streams of lava; they drank champagne after the strawberries; a waitress brought the foaming drink which bubbled in the glasses like a tountain. They poured out a glass for her. And then they talked of all sorts of things.

Theodore sat there like a tree in which the sap is rising. He had eaten a good

supper and felt as if a whole volcano were seething in his insides. New thought, new emotions, new ideas, new points of view fluttered round his brow like butterflies. He went to the piano and played, he himself knew not what. The ivory keys under his hands were like a heap of bones from which his spirit drew life and melody.

He did not know how long he had been playing, but when he turned round he saw his brother entering the room. He looked like a god, radiating life and strength. Behind him came Rieke with a bowl of punch, and immediately after all the girls came upstairs. The lieutenant drank to each one of them separately; Theodore found that everything was as it should be and finally became so bold that he kissed Rieke on the shoulder. But she looked annoyed and drew away from him, and he felt ashamed.

When Theodore found himself alone in his room, he had a feeling as if the whole world were turned upside down. He tore the text from the wall, not because he no longer believed in Jesus, but because its being pinned against the wall struck him as a species of bragging. He was amazed to find that religion sat on him as loosely as a Sunday suit, and he asked himself whether it was not unseemly to go about during the whole week in Sunday clothes. After all he was but an ordinary, commonplace person with whom he was well content, and he came to the conclusion that he had a better chance of living in peace with himself if he lived a simple, unpretentious, unassuming life.

He slept soundly during the night, undisturbed by dreams.

When he arose the following morning, his pale cheeks looked fuller and there was a new gladness in his heart. He went out for a walk and suddenly found himself in the country. The

thought struck him that he might go to the restaurant and look up the girls.

He went into the large room; there he found Rieke and Jossa alone in morning dresses, snubbing gooseberries. Before he knew what he was doing he was sitting at the table beside them with a pair of scissors in his hand, helping them. They talked of Theodore's brother and the pleasant evening they had spent together. Not a single loose remark was made. They were just like a happy family; surely he had fallen in good hands, he was among friends.

When they had finished with the gooseberries, he ordered coffee and invited the girls to share it with him. Later on the proprietress came and read the paper to them. He felt at home.

He repeated his visit. One afternoon he went upstairs, to look for Rieke. She was sewing a seam. Theodore asked her whether he was in her way. "Not at all," she replied, "on the contrary." They talked of his brother who was away at camp, and would be away for another two months. Presently he ordered some punch and their intimacy grew.

On another occasion Theodore met her in one of the empty rooms of the house. They both sat down on the settee. She was wearing a light summer dress, the material of which was so thin that it plainly revealed her slight girlish figure. He put his arms around her waist and kissed her. She returned his kisses and he drew her to him in a passionate embrace; but she tore herself away and told him gravely that if he did not behave himself she would never meet him again.

They went on meeting one another for two months. Theodore had fallen in love with her. He had long and serious conversations with her on the most sacred duties of life, on love, on religion, on everything, and between-whiles he

spoke to her of his passion. But she invariably confounded him with his own arguments. Then he felt ashamed of having harbored base thought of so innocent a girl, and finally his passion was transformed into admiration for this poor little thing, who had managed to keep herself unspotted in the midst of temptation.

He had given up the idea of going into the Church; he determined to take the doctor's degree and—who knows—perhaps marry Rieke. He read poetry to her while she did needlework. She let him kiss her as much as he liked, she allowed him to fondle and caress her; but that was the limit.

At last his brother returned from camp. He immediately ordered a banquet at "The Equerry"; Theodore was invited. But he was made to play all the time. He was in the middle of a waltz, to which nobody danced, when he happened to look around; he was alone. He rose and went into the corridor, passed along rows of doors, and at last came to a bed-room. There he saw a sight which made him turn round, seize his hat and disappear into the darkness.

It was dawn when he reached his own bed-room, alone, annihilated, robbed of his faith in life, in love, and, of course, in women, for to him there was but one woman in the world, and that was Rieke from "The Equerry."

On the fifteenth of September he went to Upsala to study theology.

The years passed. His sound commonsense was slowly extinguished by all the nonsense with which he had to fill his brain daily and hourly. But at night he was powerless to resist. Nature burst her bonds and took by force what rebellious man denied her. He lost his health, all his skull bones were visible in

his haggard face, his complexion was sallow and his skin looked damp and clammy; ugly pimples appeared between the scanty locks of his beard. His eyes were without lustre, his hands so emaciated that the joints seemed to poke through the skin. He looked like the illustration to an essay on human vice, and yet he lived a perfectly pure life.

One day the professor of Christian Ethics, a married man with very strict ideas on morality, called on him and asked him pointblank whether he had anything on his conscience; if so, he advised him to make a clean breast of it. Theodore answered that he had nothing to confess, but that he was unhappy. Thereupon the professor exhorted him to watch and pray and be strong.

His brother had written him a long letter, begging him not to take a certain stupid matter too much to heart. He told him that it was absurd to take a girl seriously. His philosophy, and he had always found it answering admirably, was to pay debts incurred and go; to play while one was young, for the gravity of life made itself felt quite soon enough. Marriage was nothing but a civil institution for the protection of the children. There was plenty of time for it.

Theodore replied at some length in a letter imbued with true Christian sentiment, which the lieutenant left unanswered.

After passing his first examination in the spring, Theodore was obliged to spend a summer at Skoefde, in order to undergo the cold water cure. In the autumn he returned to Upsala. His newly-regained strength was merely so much fresh fuel to the fire.

Matters grew worse and worse. His hair had grown so thin that the scalp was

plainly visible. He walked with dragging footsteps and whenever his fellow students met him in the street, they cut him as if he were possessed of all the vices. He noticed it and shunned them in his turn. He only left his rooms in the evening. He did not dare to go to bed at night. The iron which he had taken to excess, had ruined his digestion, and in the following summer the doctors sent him to Karlsbad.

On his return to Upsala, in the autumn, a rumor got abroad, an ugly rumor, which hung over the town like a black cloud. It was as if a drain had been left open and men were suddenly reminded that the town, that splendid creation of civilization, was built over a sea of corruption, which might at any moment burst its bounds and poison the inhabitants. It was said that Theodore Wennerstroem, in a paroxysm of passion had assaulted one of his friends, and the rumor did not lie.

His father went to Upsala and had an interview with the Dean of the Theological Faculty. The professor of pathology was present. What was to be done? The doctor remained silent. They pressed him for his opinion.

"Since you ask me," he said, "I must give you an answer; but you know as well as I do that there is but one remedy."

"And that is?" asked the theologian.

"Need you ask?" replied the doctor.

"Yes," said the theologian, who was a married man. "Surely, nature does not require immorality from a man?"

The father said that he quite understood the case, but that he was afraid of making recommendations to his son, on account of the risks the latter would run.

"If he can't take care of himself he must be a fool," said the doctor.

The Dean requested them to continue such an agitating conversation in a more suitable place. . . . He himself had nothing more to add.

This ended the matter.

Since Theodore was a member of the upper classes the scandal was hushed up. A few years later he passed his final, and was sent by the doctor to Spa. The amount of quinine which he had taken had affected his knees and he walked with two sticks. At Spa he looked so ill that he was a conspicuous figure even in a crowd of invalids.

But an unmarried woman of thirty-five, a German, took compassion on the unhappy man. She spent many hours with discussing the problems of life. She was a member of a big evangelical society, whose object was the raising of the moral standard. She showed him prospectuses for newspapers and magazines, the principal mission of which was the suppression of prostitution.

"Look at me," she said, "I am thirty-five years old and enjoy excellent health! What fools' talk it is to say that immorality is a necessary evil. I have watched and fought a good fight for Christ's sake."

The young clergyman silently compared her well-developed figure, her large hips with his own wasted body.

"What a difference there is between human beings in this world," was his unspoken comment.

In the autumn the Rev. Theodore Wennerstroem and Sophia Leidschuetz, spinner, were engaged to be married.

"Saved!" sighed the father, when the news reached him in his house at Stockholm.

"I wonder how it will end," thought the brother in his barracks. "I'm afraid that my poor Theodore is 'one of those Asra who die when they love.'"

Theodore Wennerstroem was married.

Nine months after the wedding his wife presented him with a boy who suffered from rickets—another thirteen months and Theodore Wennerstroem had breathed his last.

The doctor who filled up the certificate of death, looked at the fine healthy woman, who stood weeping by the small coffin which contained the skeleton of her young husband of not much over twenty years.

"The plus was too great, the minus too small," he thought, "and therefore the plus devoured the minus."

But the father, who received the news of his son's death on a Sunday, sat down

to read a sermon. When he had finished, he fell into a brown study.

"There must be something very wrong with the world where virtue is rewarded with death," he thought.

And the virtuous widow, nee Leidschuetz, had two more husbands and eight children, wrote pamphlets on overpopulation and immorality. But her brother-in-law called her a cursed woman who killed her husbands.

The anything but virtuous lieutenant married and was father of six children. He got promotion and lived happily to the end of his life.

Let's See How She Looks All Lit Up

Clyde Shane and Don Bender have completed the electrical work on Mrs. Chapman. She has been outfitted from top to bottom with all modern improvements with the exception of being piped for city water. Jake Somers has promised to attend to that as soon as he finishes the plumbing job on the Acker's residence. The painters will then apply the finishing touches with two coats of varnish.

—Item in The Medina (Ohio) Sentinel.

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